

Timing
By
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He slowly withdrew the blade from the scabbard. The metal shone like still water. The sun glinted off the perfectly forged steel.

“I shall first slice off your arms,” the knight said. “Then both your legs.”

He continued to pull out the sword, taking his time, making a show of it.

“Then I shall disembowel you and show you your own innards,” the knight laughed.

Two more inches of deadly steel.

“Then I will twist- Hey! Where are you going?” The knight stood there, his sword half drawn. “Okay. Gotta speed up my presentation. I always lose them after disemboweled.”