

## **Fortunate Son**

"Fortunate Son" blasted from the red convertible's radio, most of the song was drowned out by the heavy rain clattering against the car. The infrequency at which it was happening had begun to aggravate, the young auburn-haired man whose ladylike hands firmly gripped the steering wheel. Anthony, the designated driver, fixed his eyes on the set of backlights hovering ever so far away from the car, before darting them left to right.

Anthony could feel the scrutiny on him, his reluctant passenger was more of a watchdog than a traveller, hunched as though he would pounce on Anthony at a moment's notice. Enzo sat quietly in the seat beside Anthony with his cigarette in his mouth and silently mouthed the words "I'm no Fortunate Son" to himself. The long scar perched on his lip moved seemingly agreeing with the sentiment.

"You nervous or something?" croaked his watchdog, Enzo.

"No..." Anthony blurted out, before biting down on his tongue, he felt Enzo's glare pierce straight through his tough guy act.

"Then why do you keep looking around, you expecting a miracle?" Enzo crassly remarked.

The music blared on and Anthony let out a small sigh before looking down

"No-I-I've never done something this bad before...I'm feeling kinda-"

"Queasy. It happens, they say your first time goes one of two ways- either you sleep like a baby for the rest of your days or you never sleep again."

Anthony turned to the passenger and stared at him quizzically for a brief moment before turning to face the front.

"Well that is...reassuring, to say the least"

"Eh look, Anthony, y'know you should be thankful it's you doing this and not someone else."

"What do you mean I should be *thankful*?"

Enzo rolled down the window by a mere inch and lit the cigarette that had been resting in his mouth as the storm raged on outside. Just as quickly he rolled the window back up and continued looking out into the darkness of the night, which more aptly resembled an infinite abyss interrupted by the dim yellow headlights of the car.

"Ask yourself something, if any other guy was sent to do this, you think they'd want to make it

quick and painless?”

Anthony’s beady blue eyes fell to the bottom of his eyelids, the realization and truth of the matter was painfully obvious. Even though he would never admit it, Anthony knew somewhere in his heart that no one deserved to die. Be it saint or sinner, criminal or cop, family or stranger. No life was void of at least some intrinsic value, least of all his own brother.

Anthony knew this, but he also knew that his brother was a problem, but not just any problem, Lt. Roberto Marciano was the kind of problem that had enough evidence to send everyone in the Parchezzi crime the family to prison twice. A cop by profession and an enemy of organized crime by choice.

But as destiny would have it, Roberto’s only brother Anthony Marciano Jr. would be both his savior and his damnation by way of a single bullet to the head, no torture, no interrogation, no humiliation. It was more a mercy killing than an actual assassination, yet Anthony couldn’t help but feel otherwise.

It felt wrong travelling 5 hours to Roberto’s holiday retreat and gunning him down in front of his family, in front of a family that had grown to like maybe even love Anthony. It was every type of wrong, but if the mob was happy, Anthony would go home a hero.