

Jamal Cornell  
jamal.cornell@gmail.com

about 600 words

Danny Boy

by Jamal Rashad

Papers flutter atop the round table's wooden surface as a brisk breeze strew them about; Daniel places his hand over them to prevent them from floating off with the wind's trail. "We can't continue to see each other, Moira. What if your husband finds out?"

She lights a cigarette and puffs until the tobacco glows brightly. "He won't. Stop worrying, ok?" She blows a plume of smoke from her ruby lips. "We've been too careful. There is no way we could screw this up with all the planning we did." Moira

uncrosses her legs, placing her right foot onto the wooden patio deck, then crossing her left leg over her right. The cusp of her heel loosens, causing the remainder of her shoe to dangle from her toes.

Daniel undoes his sky-blue and cream striped necktie enough to allow himself to receive a little air. He can never quite contain himself when Moira teases him with her toned legs and feet; she knows it. "B-but what IF he does? Huh? He **will** murder us, and there's nothing that'll be done about it. He's a capo for the biggest mob boss in all of Sanction City!"

"And he's also the WORST capo the don has! His head is so far up his own ass, he hasn't even noticed that I stopped wearing my ring two weeks ago." She blows smoke towards Daniel, ashing the cigarette into a porcelain ashtray sitting on the table. She brushes a stray hair from in front of her right eye, "that's why I'm with you, Danny; you noticed."

He smiles, blood rushing to his cheeks as he gazes into her emerald eyes.

"See? Even the way you look at me; it makes me melt. I know I'm supposed to be this tough mafia wife but when I'm with you? I feel like I'm 17 again and crushing on the most popular boy in the neighborhood." She places her hand on the table, palm facing upward, as if to beckon Daniel's hand to join hers.

His hands reach across to hers, one under and the other over. His smooth hands always tickle and surprise her when he touches her; they contrast the coarseness of her husband's.

It always amazes her that, with the type of work he does for the Family, he manages to keep such smooth and elegant skin. Her husband, on the other hand, does nothing all day and manages to still have dry skin, rough hands, and body odor that would make a skunk run in fear. She pulls her hand away and turns her head to cover her shy grin. She stands, fixes her form-fitting black shoulder-strapped dress, and walks over to Daniel, and sits across his lap. A comforting sigh escapes her lungs when he places his hand on the small of her revealed back. She grabs the middle of his necktie, pulling him closer to her, and kisses him. "I love you."

"I lo—" Daniel's body slumps over in the chair.

"Danny!" a second bullet whizzes through the air, hitting Moira in the back as her last words echo through the once peaceful night.

A hand closes the cover of the scope attached to a silenced sniper rifle. "That'll teach them to sneak around on me."