

Loretta and Mick were going down a highway to go back home.

Well, Mick was going to drop her home she thought tiredly as she closed her burning cinders she called eyes and listened to the car's engine. The car's engine was soothing her but something else was pricking her awareness. It wasn't the cold air seeping in through the door. She was trying to hear another car but none past.

"Are we alone," she asked her eyes still closed.

"Why don't you open your eyes and look around?"

Loretta's eyes snapped open at that and sarcasm filled her throat," if you have forgotten I am blind, so please tell me oh visual one, Tell me if we are alone?"

Mick was quiet for about a mile before he answered,

" Yes we are alone."

Loretta shivered when she heard that and it had nothing to do with the frigid air. She was used to the highway being alive with noise, but as they drove she could only hear their car engine rumbling through the night air.

"Its pitch black out there."

"How do you know its pitch black out there?"

"Because I don't see any light on this highway."

He laughed a delighted laugh and Loretta was reminded how much she liked him when he wasn't being an ignorant jerk. Her hand started to clench and unclench as she listened to the tires screeching on the road.

"Why are you nervous L he asked in a kinder tone.

She felt comfortable warmth run through her chest when he used that nickname.

"It's too quiet," she said I am used to this highway being alive with noise. Cars rushing by and honking. Anger and frustration in the air.

He chuckled as he continued to drive in the black and cold sea of the highway. ,

"You know you should be a writer. You always have a descriptive way of describing things. "

Loretta began to laugh when she felt the bump.

"Shit," mick said as he pressed on the brakes.

The seatbelt held her back but bit into her stomach. As the car stopped on the highway horrible and bloody scenario ran through her mind she shook it off before it could take hold and manifest.

"I'll go see what it was," Mick said as he unbuckled his seatbelt, "you stay here."

Loretta felt panic, but before she could say no Mick was out and wandering outside.

"Stupid," she muttered as she stared out of the car, "How do you think you can see anything?"

Loretta grabbed the flashlight that Mick kept under the seat for emergencies; and stepped out of the car. Immediately the cold air wove around her. She placed a hand on the car using it to guide her. She felt rust flecks come off on her fingers. She was reminded how old the Volvo was.

As old as time," she thought as the car ended and she stood there and switched on the flashlight.

She passed the beam over the ground then turned it on and off. She didn't hear Mick's footsteps crunching on the road as he approached her.

She felt a hand on her shoulder and jumped. Her nerves were already stretched beyond their limits.

"Did you find anything," she asked breathlessly.

As she recognized Mick's cologne. It smelled sweet but subtle, not overbearing like her father who drowned himself in it.

I need the flashlight," he said as he pried the flashlight from her fingers.

Loretta finally let it go but another thought was bothering her.

Did you drink today at the club," Loretta asked

What?"

Did you drink today at the party?"

Loretta felt his bafflement and his anger rise like waves in the air.

"I am not drunk."

"How many drinks did you have?"

"One martini and only half of that cause I knew you were getting uncomfortable."

Loretta's back went up, "Are you accusing me of something?"

"No."

“Yes you are your accusing me for ruining the night,” she said outraged.

“No I am not.”

Yes you are,” she said as tears started to burn in her eyes.

There tears of rage she told herself, not sorrow. Her stomach clenched into a fist.

Loretta took a step away deciding that this was the last and first night, she would go on a date.

She took a few steps away when she felt a hand wrap around her wrist.

He jerked her to a stop and tugged her toward him.

He whispered” That’s not what I mean and you have every right to go out on a date.

Loretta sniffed trying to battle back her tears.

She felt a tear escape the dam she was trying to build

He caught it on his fingertip and pulled her to his chest. ” Don’t cry

“

She buried her face in his shirt and tried to build a firmer dam.

She felt a hand tip her face up and he brushed a kiss on her lips.

At that her tears dried up and she felt like she was going to melt.

“Stay here he said in a gruff voice and stepped aside the flashlight bobbing in the air.

She pressed a hand to her lips. Loretta had felt the promise on his lips a still felt thick warmth running through her veins.

When he came back he said,”

It was nothing.”

She was still reeling, but she nodded. He grabbed her arm and guided her to the car. As she sat down she realized two things. Mick wasn’t a total jerk and this was the best night of her life.

She smiled slightly as a third realization hit her.

Her first kiss happened.

The car started to move and she settled back. The quiet noise of the highway wasn’t that nerve-racking, actually it was quite romantic.

