

Kassandra Heit
klheit@fullsail.edu

About 400 words

The Hitch Hiker

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Loose jeans, white knuckles, and a nine-millimeter handgun. These were only a few of the things she knew about the man who picked her up on the side of highway eighty-five. After spending five hours trying to flag down a ride in the scorching sunlight, any ride seemed like a means to survive. Now, she felt like she would die by the hands that gripped the black leather of the steering wheel.

He seemed fine... at first. His sleek cherry red sports car pulled up alongside of her with the engine purring and the exhaust fumes adding to the unbearable heat. A smile of pearly

whites brought the relief of escaping the black top. "Hey," he called out, "where you headed?"

"Atlanta." She replied, her southern roots clearly reflected through the simple word. Her arms dropped down to lean on the car door before she peered inside at the man good looking enough to play the love interest in any romantic movie she had ever seen.

The familiar stranger leaned over, pulling at the small knob to unlock the door. "Hop in." He leaned back in his seat again, resting his arm on wheel as he waited for her to climb into the passenger seat.

Once the car hit the pavement, the smile was gone. She couldn't even ask for his name before her eyes were met with the gun resting on his jean covered thighs. The lack of music would have normally made for an awkward silence. Now, it made her thoughts run wild without that small distraction.

Although the cool air blowing out of the vents created goosebumps on her arms, it did nothing to stop the perspiration from running down her spine. Her hands clasped together in an attempt to hide the trembling that was bound to start to spread throughout her body if she didn't calm herself down. "Uh, thanks for picking me up. I didn't catch your name before."

She watched as his hands moved around the wheel as he changed lanes, making their way to the thin layer of fuzz that wrapped around his jawline. It was the second time she saw his lips separate and curl upwards into a smile. Only this time, it sent a shiver down her spine, making goosebumps appear for another reason all together. The hand he had used to stroke his face moved towards her. As the tinted plastic covering his eyes turned towards her, his thumb and index finger pressed into the flesh of her chin in a gentle but firm manner. "Just call me Sir."