

Night Riders

By Zalan Orban

Popping pills of electro pop on its mechanical tongue, the engine hummed along to the radio; A top 40 track that knew perfectly how to encapsulate the emotions and motions of the lover's lives. Outside, the sky of blue was now stitched away beyond a yardage of leather, spotted with millions of holes just waiting to be patched up. The two drove alongside the choruses of trees and glowing streetlights that vanished away in the blurs of motion. The windows were down a crack - enough to keep vomit off the dashboard - allowing for only gulps of the fresh air.

"You did good tonight, babe," she told him.

"Fuck yeah, I did," he smirked.

Their auras radiated like nuclear bombs about to expl... BOOM! When they came to a red light, his foot drummed lightly upon the accelerator, presumably to the same quickening beat of his chest. Together they smiled, his lips chapped, hers sticky with lip-gloss. They didn't like to talk on these rides - they preferred to bathe in the tension - but they always had to.

"Same place this time, babe?" she asked him.

"Nah, too risky. We'll hit the other side of town," the confidence soaking itself into his skin.

The moon came out of hiding and snuck in for a peek at the couple who were burning holes in the road.

The smoke from the exhaust pipe left much to the imagination. Her favourite song came on and she turned the radio up, the exhilaration bubbling in her blood. The electric guitar and faded reverb punctured her voice box, inducing her chants and cheers that were oh so unharmonious. A lollipop of vanilla and strawberry clung to her tongue, and to her side, her lover flipped out his lighter, sparking his cigarette.

"You made a lot of mess. Fucking smarten up next time, ok," he told her.

She inhaled his words, like he did his tobacco, and then exhaled her reply.

"Ok, babe."

The car, perfumed with beer and jack, intoxicated the empty coke bottles that rattled in the back seat. Besides the booze, the air was fogged with adrenaline. Side by side, two kick drums crashed and boomed beyond a pair of rib cages, and he drove, feet sporting black leather boots of which he tore from the sky above him. To his side, Superstars were laced to her feet and drowned in red; the colours of their latest exhibition. The blood from their souls now soaked into to the carpet and dripped from their eyes.

"This one was a squealer," he tittered.

"Yeah, almost thought we were gonna get caught," she laughed, her relief slung over the dashboard.

They experimented with dialogue, impersonating screams and cries, and came to a halt at a river, their presence sending the forest into paralysis. Animals secreted behind trees, fearing the life of their bones to the sound of the gravel beneath the lovers' feet. The wind shivered and cowered and kept his mouth shut, his slightest whimpers leaking into the foggy air. The vibrant hues of the forest were now stained in fear, but the lovers masked in the darkness, feeding off of it like a vacuum.

"Make sure the coast is clear," he asserted.

Her gaze expanded to her surroundings and she assured him of their solitary.

"Clear," she remarked.

With white gloves on their hands, they made their way to the boot. As he slumped the clump over his shoulder, the river to their side wept, knowing perfectly well the fate of the dormant figure that flopped over him. He eased towards the river effortlessly, and she followed, rope in her hands, glory in her eyes. She tied 3 large rocks to the sheeted figure, and he with his celestial arms picked up the body, ready for the disposal. The crash of body sent echoes of ripples through the milky waters and the greatest of weeps burst from the river's surface. The body kissed the rocky floor, her body soaking in like memory foam. Droplets of moonlight dripped across her face and kissed her goodbye. The lovers kissed on the mouth, and the engine of their car once again hummed its tune.

"I love you, babe," he told her.

She stroked his chest and swooned. "I love you too."