

KING OF HILLS

King of Hills  
By  
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Song lyrics used in the novel:

Rev Theory - Light it Up

Rev Theory – Say Goodbye

Hinder – Up All Night

## CHAPTER 1

### rock you like a hurricane

„Meg, get your ass up! You’ve got school!” I groaned hearing my dad shout somewhere from the hallway. The pillow was thrown over my head, wishing for him just to leave me all alone with my wonderful lover- the bed. „Megan!” His voice seemed to be almost too close for my comfort. He pulled the blanket away, leaving my bare legs exposed to the brisk breeze coming from the open window.

„What time is it?” I peeked from underneath the pillow. He looked fresh and shiny. And fiercely smelling of that cologne of his. Something Hugo... Boss? I didn’t know.

„Time to get your ass to class.” He opened the heavy drapes, blinding me with the sudden sunlight. „Now clean yourself up, you look like a hobo and smell like a liquor factory.” I sat up, feeling a bit dizzy of the sudden movement. I ran my fingers through that bird’s nest my hair happened to be, and found some parts of... leaves in them? What the actual fuck? „Knox borrowed your guitar, so just go with one of the old ones.”

„He did what?” Devious Knox touching my gun? The same Devious Knox from the Midnight Noir? Devious Knox a.k.a. Ryan King? That dirty dog who happened to be the manwhore of the band *and* the lead guitarist? His filthy little fingers sliding over *my* strings? Hells to the no.

„Up I said!” He took me by hand and pulled up from the bed. No! My precious!

„Why did he take my baby?” I retorted as he pushed me in the bathroom. Didn’t he have like a shit load of other guitars? Custom made models?

„Something to do with tuning accuracy and better sound, I don’t know... Meg, just please, get yourself ready, the class starts in half an hour.”

„Fine...” I rolled my eyes, slamming the door. My feet carried me over to the sink. I raised my eyes to look at my reflection. Oh god. I didn’t even believe a single comb could handle that... that thing my hair was and those panda eyes. Why didn’t I ever learn? I rinsed my face and quickly brushed my teeth although it did no help in whatsoever. I was still tasting tequila and it made me question, what had I injected myself with last night? I sure as hell didn’t remember drinking tequila. I didn’t have time for shower so I had to make the best of

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what I got.

When I returned to the bedroom, dad had already left. Now why was I living with my father? Cause I was a worthless pile of shit? Maybe that's it? Teaching a bunch of douchebags the art of music, more precisely the whole course of guitar playing, didn't quite qualify as my dream job. Yes, precisely, I was a teacher. And I hated my job. With a passion. But as I said, I'm making the best of what I've got.

I opened the closet and experienced one of the biggest avalanches in my entire life. I don't have time for this, for fuck sake! I pulled the first t-shirt and changed in it. Hmm... Slayer. Yeah, that will do. I had a little bit of trouble with getting my jeans, cause they were at the very bottom of the pile, but I was a stubborn gal' and sooner or later they had to surrender. With a loud tearing sound I finally got to the black piece. Ooo, look at that, a new hole. Even better. When I had pulled them over my bruised legs, I took the black cardigan I had worn yesterday and ignoring the strong cigarette stench I threw it on, ending the whole quest with a leather jacket, my favorite dancing boots and some *raybans*.

„Meg, for Christ sake!” Dad stopped in the doorway when I was putting one of my Schecter guitars in the suitcase. Good for nothing assholes comes over and just steals one of my babies, could life get any better? „Oh good, you're done. Let's get going.”

And yes, my dad was giving me a ride to school, cause I, the smart, intelligent, amazing, I, smashed my car a couple of months ago and I was too poor to get a new one.

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„Come by the studio, later, 'kay?” And run into the whole Midnight Noir crew? Not in a million years, daddio. „You'll need to drive my car to Bobby's, see what's that squealing sound coming from the engine.”

„Are you allowing me to drive? Your car?” I hid my fake surprise under the *raybans*, roaming my pockets for that adorable pack of Marlboro gold. „Wow.” I mouthed.

„Cut it. I have a lot of stuff to do and I don't have time—,”

„Okay. I'll do it.”

„Good luck, Megs!” yeah, yeah. I slammed the door, as soon as I had dragged my ass out of his expensive leather seating's. A freshly lit cigarette in my fingers and a worn out guitar case in my arm- I was ready to head for the gates of hell or better known as Musicians Institute. And it appeared I wasn't the only one this miserable looking.

„Oh my fucking god!” I went closer to the person standing by the gates of the Institute. „Has the world finally gone to its end?” If the dark haired person wouldn't be wearing a dark pair

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of shades, I'd probably see the daggers she was sending me. „Bailey fucking Harris is on time! This must be some kind of a Christmas miracle you guys!”

„I'll seriously stab you if you don't stop.” She took a deep drag, leaning against the fence. A couple of curious new faces passed us by. Freshmen. The least favorite group of these know-it-all douchebags, whose mommies and daddies expensive pockets are full of dough I'll never ever see.

„So what's your first class?” I asked curiously, blowing a silver cloud through my lips.

„Seniors, thank god. I'd kill myself if I'd have freshmen with this fucking hangover. You?” My eyes laid on her drumsticks. Something new, I remembered her smashing her old ones on one of her student's arm. His folks nearly went to court if it wouldn't be for her drummer talent. The kid himself dropped the charges.

„I'm not so lucky. A bunch of new a-holes.” Our eyes landed on a guy coming our way.

„Welcome my sunshines, how is this wonderful day treating you?” If I wouldn't be so hungover and about to throw up, I would've bashed his skull in. None of us replied. „That good, huh? Okay, jokes aside, we're still hitting the bar right after this misery, right?”

„Oh god yes,” Bailey exclaimed. The tall dude who just approached us was Chris. Hot, tattooed and loved alcohol. What else to wish for? And he instructed on everything there is to know about rhythm and strings. Majority of his class consisted of underage girls, you can take a wild guess- why?

„I can't... Have some stuff to take care of.” The very last thing I wanted to do right now when the booze was still dancing mambo inside my veins, was to add some more gasoline to the flames. I had to get sober at one point.

„Hey Justin,” We both looked at Bailey, who had dragged some guy aside. He looked dumbfounded, just like the rest of us.

„Yes, mis Harris?” he spoke quietly.

„You're heading for my class?”

„Yes...”

„Great... Fucking awesome man. Want an A plus at the very first lesson?”

„Sure, why not?” He shrugged.

„Go and buy me some smokes.” He blinked a couple of times, looking from me to Chris.

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Bailey left the half smoked cigarette lingering from her lips as she pulled a wallet from the back of her jeans, giving the kid a twenty dollar bill.

„Hey, don't look at me, I'm not your teacher.” Chris raised his arms in defense. The Justin guy, hesitated for a moment, but finally turned around and went back. Was he even legal? Oh who the fuck cares anymore. Any of these douches had their fake ID's and they could keep blabbing around how they're of highest society, but hell man, I've smoked with almost all of them through recess.

„Marlboro gold!” She shouted, the guy just raised his thumb in the air.

„So now you're enslaving your students?” Chris asked, adjusting the strap of his bag.

„I ran out, what did you want me to do? At least this way they serve some kind of purpose in life.” She replied, putting out her cigarette against the fence.

„Oookay... it's been fun chatting with you, but the class is starting and those jerks will eat me alive if I turn in after an hour, like you usually do.” I threw the cigarette butt on the concrete floor.

„And there goes mis goody two shoes,” I heard Bailey saying, so the only logical decision was to flip her off with a very beautiful middle finger.

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I marched in the class ten minutes after the bell, seeing all the new students in their places (partly, some of them were lounging on desks) and waiting for me like I was a god or something. How cute.

My guitar suitcase landed on the big wooden desk with a loud thud. I took off my sunglasses taking a long glance over those faces, who looked irritated as fuck. You're not the only ones darlings. „So...” I exhaled, taking a seat on the table, making most of them widen their eyes on me. Look, I'm no teacher material, get over it. „Let's start with the basics... Which one of you knows how a guitar looks like?”

„If we didn't, do you seriously think we would be here?” Some smartass in a polo shirt spoke up. One of the guys, who were sitting on their desks. His face looked... expensive. I hoped he had an insurance.

„Hell yeah.” A blond guy high-fived him. Oh man, I really hate freshmen.

„Oh? So tell me...”

„Brad.” He had that smug smirk on his face saying he knows everything and I'm not

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welcomed here, but then why was he taking my class?

„Brad.” I grinned. „Can you explain me why economy sweep picking is better than the basic one? Of course if it is better.”

„Cause it takes less effort.”

„Will it take less effort in shredding?”

„Well yeah.” He shrugged, looking around and seeing encouraging grins.

„That’s a fucking F, mate. And now shut up or I’ll make you shut up.”

„What? You can’t swear in class.” Another douchebag spoke.

„Says who?” I jumped off the table. „Listen amigos, I am the teacher, you’re here to learn something, so I’d suggest you all shut your pie holes and start learning something other than robbing your folks off their green bucks. So let’s start again... I’m Megan Hills, your teacher for guitar practice and this is me in my good mood, so don’t fucking piss me off. I’m not here to entertain you and neither are you. Let’s be honest, I want this lesson to end as badly as you all do, but that’s not going to happen so soon, so quit jerking off and let’s cut to the chase.” With a corner of my eye, I noticed a girl raising her hand. „Yes...” I exhaled, turning to face the chalk board as I stripped myself off the jacket.

„Is Devious Knox still teaching master classes here?”

„Out...” I hissed.

„But-,”

„Out of my sight!” As the girl got up from her seat with a great frustration over her face, I took a chalk in my fingers. „If any of you are here just because of Knox, here is his phone number” I draw a bunch of numbers on the chalkboard. It was just like every other freshmen course. Sixty percent were here just to look at Knox’s ass, rather than learn something. And thanks to the experience, his phone number had been engraved in my brain. „call him and ask yourself and please, never return to my class. What concerns the rest of you, the straight thinking people, we’ll start with a bunch of chromatic scales.”

Was I being a little harsh on my students? Sure was. Did I hate mister Knox with everything I had? Not quite. I just disliked his manwhore reputation and arrogant, bastard like attitude he was so proud of. This leads us to the question- do I know him personally? We’ve been introduced, but thank god it was many years ago and he had forgotten my lovely face.

I wish for it to remain that way.

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## CHAPTER 2

### Bust a move

It was a hard and bumpy road towards the lunch break. I couldn't believe how stubborn and arrogant these freshmen could get. If they knew it all, why were they even attending my class? Go and trouble Chris with your bullshit if you don't need my wisdom and skills. Did they actually think I enjoyed those shit talks I just experienced with them? Oh and the never ending questions- are we going to play something from guns n roses? Or maybe Led Zeppelin! Oh I know- how about you all just shut the fuck up?

„So how's the freshmen treating ya?" Chris teased as I joined him and Bailey at the lunch break. I took a seat with the magnificent view through the large window. At this point the very least thing I was willing to see were those know-it-all faces.

I replied with a death glare, flunking my behind on one of the reddish chairs and putting my feet on the table. My eyes roamed Chris' plate- what on earth did he do to get a pasta? Kill someone? I looked over Bailey's lunch which consisted of a half full glass of energy drink. I smirked when she pulled a metallic flask from the inside of her leather jacket and spiced up her drink. „Take it easy chump." She raised her eyes, frowning. „You won't make it till the end of schoolday." I pointed to her drink, raising a mug of black coffee to my lips.

„That's the point." She replied matter of factly. „If I'll have to explain to another asshole what a fucking staff is, I'll going to murder a fucker."

„I thought you had seniors," Chris interposed, halfway through his meal.

„So did I. I'm surprised they can even tell the right drumstick apart the left." She took a mouthful of something which smelt suspiciously like Jagerbull.

„Don't wanna sound dumb or anything, but... aren't they exactly the same?" I chuckled in my coffee mug.

„That's the fucking point!" Bailey expressed her anger by deciding to call it quits with her glass and instead raise the flask to her lips and take a big mouthful.

„Meg?" A shrill voice chimed from behind me. Not now. I have a lunch break for Christ sake. The woman who happened to be the headmistress walked around me and stopped at the end of the table, just where my feet happened to be. I looked up at her. Her short red hair was spiked up and was that a new nose ring I noticed?

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„What’s up Steph?”

„I’ve heard some complaints about you.” She rested her hand on the tip of my boot. She sighed.

„Already? I believe I’ve set a new record this year. Sweet.” I noticed Chris’ grin, cause he knew, if it wasn’t for me, Stephanie would surely be talking to him right now. I had nothing against the headmistress, she was my people you know, only ten years older, but she sure as hell knew how to kick some ass. Musically speaking.

„I’ll congratulate you with a cut of your salary.” She had to do what she had to do, so I didn’t really mind. If it wasn’t for Steph, I’d surely be wiping floors at some expensive looking office building.

„Yeah, whatever, I did in fact owe you some money.” I took a sip from the white mug.

„And there’s something else...” She started

„I’m listening.”

„It’s about Dev’s masterclass...” She stated warily, leaving me dumbfounded. „I sent you an e-mail Meg... Weeks ago.” E-mail? What e-mail? I hadn’t received anything, not that I really had checked or anything.

„I didn’t get it.” The white mug landed on the glass table. „When is it?”

„After the brake.” After the... What? I nearly choked on my own saliva. Oh, but that means, my services won’t be needed here. Rad.

„Oh cool, so I can—,”

„No, sorry. You need to stay. Someone needs to fight off those chicks and who’s better for the job—,”

„--Than a person, who had been reported on violence towards students? This is a job for Bailey, not me.” I argued, crossing my arms over my Slayer t.

„Bailey’s too... aggressive.”

„Damn sure.” She agreed emptying the glass.

„Is that booze?” Stephany’s blue eyes landed on Bailey’s empty glass and later on the flask which was so carelessly laying on the table.

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„It’s medicine. I have a prescription from the doc.” Bailey replied simply, searching her pockets for her cigarettes. „It’s either this or it’s me getting in a fight.”

„You both really shouldn’t be teaching...” That was a little too obvious, but knowing how none wanted to work for pennies, Stephanie wasn’t left with different options than employing these shitheads.

„That’s true.” Chris added, resting his hands on his stomach as he leaned against the chair back.

„Chris, I don’t even wanna start with you...”

„What?”

„Okay, so when is mister asshole arriving?” I mimicked Bailey’s action and pulled out a pack of smokes, right after getting to my feet. My eyes wandered around to see lots of eyes on us. See, all the other teachers were... senile if you will and worked by oldschool techniques. Our group? We stood out in the crowd.

„Any time. He invests a lot of dough in this fucking place, so don’t piss him off too much.”

„I’m not promising anything, Steph. Anyhow, been great talking to you. I hope we won’t repeat it anytime soon.”

„Well fuck you too.” She smiled as me and Bails went through that glass door which lead to the yard, where a good bunch of seniors were already relaxing themselves with some cigarettes between their lips. Time to catch up on the latest gossip.

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I had finished catching up with all the seniors quite early, which left me another fifteen minutes until the next lesson. Believe me I was as thrilled about seeing Devious Knox as you are, so trying to find my redemption somewhere, I decided to find it in music. Obviously.

I opened my laptop, plugged in the speakers and pressed ‘play’. Killing In The Name Of by Rage Against The Machine blasted through the speakers. It was good this room was sound proof, saved me a lot of trouble. Otherwise all the normal functioning teachers would’ve already smack talked their way to Steph’s office and I really didn’t need it.

I checked my wristwatch to see I had another ten minutes left when the song ended. One of my shame tracks started playing- Sail by Awolnation. Perfectly fine for clubs and gatherings including almost too much liquor to handle, but not a class for classic rock, alternative rock, hardrock or rock in general. Or was it?

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A bright idea had just been born. I went around the table and bent down to open my guitar suitcase. My eyes laid on a used to be black guitar body, now it was partly black with bunch of bump stickers and scratch marks for my over enthusiastic rehearsing. But hey, whatever gets this thing floating. We could all thank Devious Knox for stealing my newest baby from me. But nevertheless, I loved all my children equally. Even if this was old and on the edge of breaking apart, it was my first gun and I loved it with all my heart and soul. Made a damn good bargain for it too. Bought it off some hobo on the street for ten bucks.

Now to set the right distortion... I needed something between warm and dirty, something partly clean. I didn't really think this old *Boss* pedal would cut it, so my hand roamed the side pocket of the case, digging out my own favorite *Pioneer*, before plugging everything to the *Marshall* amp which hadn't been here when I went on a lunch break. Where's the old one? The one who hisses and squeals when applying too much pressure? I had actually grown fond of the old grumpy cat.

When I hit the first power chord a new vision had been born. We seriously needed to do a cover of this song and as soon as possible. I lost myself into the riff of the song, it wasn't anything too difficult, I just transposed the vocals to my solo's, playing the main theme and throwing in some new moves, some fresh licks, wrapping up with a killer solo. I hadn't improvised in a long time and I felt darn proud of myself.

„The distortion's way too powerful..." I heard a masculine voice conclude a couple feet from me. My head turned to look over my shoulder. A tall, buff and tattooed guy. The one and only arrogant bastard himself, we all welcome Devious fucking Knox.

„Thanks for the advice," I unplugged my guitar from the amp, „But next time- speak when you're asked for."

„I'll keep that in mind," He tapped his temple, smirking. I made my way around the table to press 'pause' on the playlist. A couple guys of his crew came in, bringing him the essentials.

When they were setting up everything for mister rockstar, I decided to make myself seem important and sat down, checking my e-mails and seeing a couple 'Last notice' bills and in fact an e-mail from Stephanie with the subject- Devious Knox masterclass. I heard a couple of students coming in, but didn't raise my eyes to notice any of them. Instead I started a round of *Sudoku*. My ears perceived sounds I really did not wish to hear. Of course how could I forget about his fangirls?

„So we're set?" One of his crew guys asked.

„Yeah, I think so. It's just a masterclass so we can go with the *Marshall*." Dev replied.

„You know what you're playing?"

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„Just some basic licks and shredding.”

„Good luck then... Text me when you're finished.”

„Okay thanks man. I'll see you later.”

„What distortion pedal were you using?” Dev turned to me.

„*Pioneer*.” I answered simply.

„May I?”

„Be my guest.” I shrugged. No actually don't be, but the faster he starts, the faster I'm out of here. I really hadn't noticed what the hell he was even doing or who had turned up to his masterclass, I was that deeply in to that fucking game. And I lost. Awesome.

„Okay, so I think we can start, I believe I don't need any introductions, but if there's someone, who doesn't know me, I'm Devious Knox-,”

„I fucking love you man!” Somebody cut in, coming out of the closet with their homosexuality. Just when the whole class erupted in laughter, I was forced to raise my eyes from the macbook and see the class pushing it's limits. My eyes widened, cause not even the half of these people were my students. I noticed Dev sitting a couple of feet from my desk, just next to the amp.

„Okay cool... So... While I'm checking the tuning you guys figure out what's it gonna be...”

„Murder City!” A girl shouted, making Dev chuckle, before his fingers started ripping up that Schecter in the intro of the song. Suddenly he stopped, making me raise my eyebrow on him and see him holding a red bra. Okay. Here we go. I went over to him, ripping the clothing piece out of his hands, ignoring the note which had been attached to it and went to the girl I knew in fact had nothing in common with lead guitar practice. She was one of Chriss' students. A blond girl and very underage.

I made my way across the class to the front row where the girl was seated, „Listen, I don't give an actual fuck why you're here, but bust another move on him and I'll make sure you're on probation.”

„But—,”

„Another word and you're expelled. Comprendre?” She nodded. „Good. That also goes to the rest of you. If I see any of your underwear flying in his direction-,” My eyes scanned the students. I couldn't believe I was actually doing this? Why do I care if he's charged for child

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molestation after this, it was none of my business, but the joy of seeing the fear in those kids' eyes was just something else. „You'll automatically transfer to Bailey's class.”

„What if I'm already in her class?”

„Then what are you doing here, moron?” My eyes narrowed on a kid who had one of those hairstyles that covered half of his face, I wondered how he possibly saw the world with just one eye. „Look, I'll be nice. Don't move, don't make a sound and you'll live through the day.”

I turned on my heel, managing my way back to the seat behind the desk. Dev looked amused to say the least.

„Wow... I mean... wow.” Not even a complete sentence could make them erupt in laughter. Figures. My boots landed on the desk and I leaned further in the chair, getting ready for my daily power nap. I closed my eyes, hoping this will be quick. „In my days there were some... strict teachers, but she's something different, right?” No funny replicas, no nothing. Good. „Fine, I get it you're scared, that's cool, I'd be too if she was my teacher...” Did I hear a double meaning to that? „Anyhow I need someone to play rhythm for me. Do you guys think your teacher is up for it?” I raised my middle finger in the air, flipping him off. He started laughing. „Cool. So, anyone else?”

Not even opening my eyes, I knew every possible hand been raised up. A deep exhale left my lips. „Frank, you're up. I owe you for smashing your guitar.”

„But—,”

„It's a once in a lifetime opportunity, buddy.”

„But...”

„But what?” I opened my eyes, looking over the front row in attempt of finding his marine blue orbs.

„I haven't bought a new guitar.”

„Take mine. It's yours. Now you have a guitar and you can play with your idol. I believe we're even.”

I waited for him to come up to the desk and take the guitar. Once he took a seat next to Dev I closed my eyes.

„Hmm... 'kay... You're cool with doing this in E minor? Something E to A?”

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„Hey, wake up.” Something or rather someone was playing an annoying asshole and yanking me by my shoulder.

„What?” I hissed, finally opening my eyes to see the class empty and Devious Knox standing in front of me. Wow, I really did fall asleep.

„I’m done. Some of my guys will come for the gear tomorrow.”

„Yeah okay.” I sighed, getting my feet off the dark table and throwing a look over the watch. Half past five. „You finished just now?” A great frown appeared on my face, the masterclass was supposed to end a good hour ago. What was he still doing here?

„No,” He smiled. Thank god, otherwise they’ll sue me for child labor, seemingly making them work after hours. „You know I have to say, this is the first time I’ve seen a teacher so...”

„Adorable? Beautiful? Amazing?”

„Rude.” I rolled my eyes, picking my laptop suitcase from the ground and packing up the macbook. „Are you always like this?”

„Dude, just because you’re famous and everyone wants to be your sex toy, doesn’t mean you can butt in my life. I want nothing to do with you.”

„How can you possibly know what I’m like? You just met me.” He frowned.

„Oh like it’s so not obvious... You’re so full of your goddamn ego I’m not even sure you know what to do with it anymore.”

„Am I?” His frown just turned upside down. Why was he smirking?

„Just look at yourself,” I walked over to the amp and disconnected the distortion pedal from it, „You obviously know who you are and what you’re worth. There should be a tattoo all over your forehead- an arrogant dick.”

„So now I’m a dick... Cool.” I threw the amp in my bag, realizing my guitar was gone. Along with the suitcase. Dev noticed my confusion and explained „You gave it to that kid, remember?” Oh right.

„You’re many other things too, but I’m too late to count them all down.”

„If I’d be such a dick, would I be offering you a ride?”

„I don’t know, would you?”

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„Well, I am now.” Ride him or ride with him? He didn’t quite clarify the matter. Either way, the ride wouldn’t be pleasant.

„After all the shit I just said to you, you’re willing to give me a ride...” He’d still be a dick. „Are you that desperate?”

„I’m not desperate,” He laughed. Yes, I know, he can get anyone he pleases. And he could please to have many at once and it wouldn’t be a problem. „I just want to show you I’m not what you think I am.”

„Oh buddy, you’re way worse, but however, I won’t refuse the ride. Let’s go.”

## CHAPTER 3

### Aqua over Duran Duran?

„Where will it be, milady?” Dev didn’t bother himself buckling the seatbelt, instead he took a pack of Marlboro red and put a cigarette between his lips, lighting it up.

„I’ve to go to the studio.” I said simply, taking a moment to buckle up.

„Recording studio?” I nodded, „The one on the Beach Boulevard?” He opened the window before starting up his black BMW.

„The exact same one.” I checked my phone to see a couple of text messages lingering on the screen saver. My finger slid over the screen, unlocking it.

„So you’re in a band or something?” He blew out the smoke through the open window, before driving out of the parking lot.

„Yeah, would be great...” I replied. But actually I was. If you could count our trio messing around at my house when we’re upside down drunk, then yes, I was. I opened a text from Bailey.

“That would’ve been cool.” He said.

“Huh?”

„I mean, we’d just have something in common.” And why would that be a good thing?

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*r u home? chris ran into his ex.* I frowned, quickly typing up an answer.

*Nop. Handling business. I'll text u, when I'm free.*

I received a reply just seconds later. *shithead*

With a grin I stuffed the phone in my bag. I made a small glance towards Dev to see him, smirking. What was his problem? Just then I noticed a Duran Duran song blasting throughout the car. Oh god, how I hated them. And he was singing along. Keep applying the gasoline to my misery.

„Man, you have a shitty taste...” I whispered, crossing my arms.

„You don't like Duran Duran?” He sent me a short, but surprised look.

„Why would I? It's like cancer for ears, man...” He chuckled.

„I just figured you know your music scene- you should also know what good music is.”

„Exactly...” I agreed, „Basing on my experience, which is almost as long as I have my driver's license, I can tell Duran Duran is in fact not something you call 'good music'”. I made an air quote with my fingers. Fine, maybe he wasn't such an asshole I assumed him to be.

„Fine,” He switched his cigarette from his right arm to his left, still holding the steering wheel, he leaned over to open the glove compartment. „There should be something you like.”

Dev shook off the ashes of the cigarette through the small opening of the window, before taking his very last drag. I took the pile of cd's, and honestly? He had some good bands here, like Black Water rising, Burn Halo, couple of Metallica's album's, but what really caught my eye was Aqua. I held out the cd, barely containing my laugh. His eyes shifted from the road to me and back.

„That's Boyd's,” He jerked the cd out of my hand and threw it back in the compartment. „You can choose anything, but that.”

„But I want exactly that,” Once again I picked up the cd case, opening it and taking out the cd itself. With a swift movement I changed Duran Duran cd to Aqua, roaming my eyes over the back of the case and looking for that one song. Number four. Let's hit 'play'.

„*Hi Barbie, hi Ken! Do you wanna go for a ride? Sure Ken! Jump in! I'm a barbie girl, in a barbie wooooorld...*” I sang along when the song started blasting through the car, I even turned the volume up. Before I knew it, the inevitable happened. It was a matter of seconds,

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