Soulmate by Robert Tackett

“Baby! You almost ready”? He called playfully. He knew she always took quite a bit of time to get ready to go anywhere. She always had to have things just right. Including her hair! She was getting out of the shower and the condensation was thick in the bathroom, fogging up the mirror. Music was playing from the kitchen. Depeche Mode’s West End Girls.

“Almost, Baby”. She replied loudly. “Don’t rush me, ok”? She admonished.

Quickly walking in on her in the bathroom, he responded with a big mischievous grin. “I’m just teasing, Baby”. Kissing her softly on the lips. “I know you’re almost ready”.

Looking over her still very wet body, he admired her beautiful nakedness. How he loved her. Encircling his arms around her he kissed her on the back of her neck, he knew this drove her over the edge in excitement. As she wiped the fog from the mirror in front, he simple stated, “I love you”.

“Oh, I love you too, Baby”. She replied, turning her neck, as she returned his gentle kiss on the lips. He let her go with a sudden twinkle in his eye as he suddenly squeezed her breasts before jumping back out of her reach and ran out the door before she could swing!

“Don’t start something you can’t finish”! She yelled at his retreating back, laughing.

“First day of vacation”! She heard him reply over the music.

She finished with her hair and joined him in the bedroom, her hands on her hips, she let the towel drop to the floor.

“I’m ready”! She joked. She noticed his wolfish smile, his eyes open wide taking in her beauty.

“Baby, you know we can’t miss our reservations”. He chided.

“See”? she laughed. “I knew you couldn’t finish what you start”! She teased in good humor.

“PCC’s”. He said shaking his head, smiling.

She was all business now. Slowly, they dressed together. For him, all black boxer briefs. For her a barely there black thong. Both wore long sleeved black shirts. No logos. Thin, wool socks for them both. Then all black cargo pants. Black tactical belts. Tucking their pants into black, leather combat boots. They made a sight. Black sunglasses topped them off. No jewelry, other than black G-Shick Tactical watches. She slid her pocketknife into her front pocket, it was a Gerber, tanto blade with an automatic opening button. She loved it. Her unit had issued it to her in Iraq and she never went anywhere without it.

He preferred the small Smith and Wesson, tactical boot knife. He tucked it into the small of his back and let his shirt cover it. They picked up their 5.11, all black gloves with knuckle protectors and finished their preparation. 2 small backpacks were soon loaded with water, snacks, an IFAK and baby wipes.

She leaned over him to the nightstand and pulled out two pay-as-you-go burner phones. She unwrapped the new phones and loaded up sixty minutes apiece on them with a pre-paid phone card. She added each other’s number to their phones and they were ready.

“Bags are ready”? He began.

“Bags check”. She replied.

“Phones read”? He continued.

“Phones check”. She replied.

“Time check”. He asked.

“SP in one-five mikes”. She answered without emotion. All business.

“Time for one last review”. He added.

“Roger”. She moved to the laptop on the table and logged on. Checking their email, she then opened a hidden folder. Reading the email, she replied, “We’re good to go”. Closing the laptop, as he grabbed their black leather, riding jackets, they picked up their helmets as they went out the door.

She jumped onto her little Kawasaki. It was a Ninja 400cc, electric blue racing bike. It may have been small, but it was fast! And low enough to the ground to make it easy for her to ride and stop without tipping over. She loved it.

He had the bigger, faster, ZX 10R Kawasaki Ninja. Power and speed beyond belief. They both ensured the bikes were in neutral as they started them up and allowed time to do a gear check, ensuring nothing was loose and might fall off while on the ride. They secured their bags to the tanks of the bikes. Got their helmets on, checked their internal comms. They used the R3, modular helmet to keep in touch while riding and to listen to music for long rides.

“SP one mike”. She stated looking at her watch. They climbed on their bikes and taking one last look around the street, they headed off down the Pacific Coast Highway.

“Oh, man! I love riding”! He exclaimed, admiring the view of the beach with it’s waves and happy beachgoers on one side and the rolling green hills on the other. It was a beautiful sight, a beautiful day.

“I love riding too”. She answered into the intercom. Somehow everything she managed to say seemed so sexy! Maybe it was her delicate accent. Maybe. “Monitor speed limit”. She added. “We do not want to attract any attention”. And down the road they went.

After about an hour of leisurely riding they stopped for lunch at an out-of-the-way hamburger joint. Off the beaten path, but good food.

Checking her watch, she said, “Time”. They looked around and got back on their bikes. “Fuel check”. She said.

Looking down, he said “Three-fourths”. Then started it up. “Distance”? he asked.

“Fifteen miles”. She replied, adding, “Small gas station. Out of the way”.

“I’m at three-fourths also”. She replied. Good. Plenty. She started her own bike and together they sped off down the road again.

They parked at the edge of an old, still in service gas station. The station only had two pumps. The building had seen better days. Old, peeling white and blue paint on the outer walls. No security cameras. Outside restrooms. Looking around, no one else was parked here. They both parked and seemed to be checking their motorcycles. They kept their helmets on.

As if on cue, a little red Miata sportster came into view. The sun was just getting ready to set. The car parked at the gas pumps.

“I just love predictable tangoes”. The man said, to himself, but out loud. She just nodded her head in silent agreement.

The lady passenger got out and went to the restroom. She was dressed as any other Hollywood type, short bright dress, heels, short blonde hair, styled. Nails done. Of course, their done. Red lipstick. Very beautiful. The driver, looked like any LA hipster of the times. Tall, dark clothes, sports jacket. Long hair. He went in to pay for the gas.

Keeping her helmet on, she followed the lady into the restroom. Once inside, she locked the door behind her. Lifting her visor, she held out her hand. The lady turned and asked, “What do I do now”? She asked as she was rummaging through her purse. She brought out a thick envelope and handed it to her.

By now, the driver had come out and pumped the gas. When the man had finished pumping his gas, he then went to the restroom himself.

Taking the envelope, she carefully counted it before responding. “Act natural”. She replied, before turning away and unlocking the door. She left and closed the door behind herself, remembering to lower her visor back into place. As she made her way back to her bike, where he was waiting, she nodded her head. He followed the man into the restroom.

Her heart was pounding. She sat on her bike and started it up, quietly, sure not to rev the engine. She did not want to attract any attention. Soon, her man exited the restroom and made his way to her. He quickly got on his own bike and started it up.

“We’re good to go”. He replied. All business.

She made the “okay” sign with her thumb and forefinger. She drove away and as soon as thy were a safe distance away she hit the gas quickly accelerating away from him. The envelope tucked safely inside her jacket pocket.

He knew that there was not a trace of them ever having been at the gas station. Over his intercom, he said matter-of-factly, “They should put up some cameras. Someone could get killed in there”. Hearing her laughter, as she was gaining distance on him, he hit the throttle as she replied.

“It’s just not safe anywhere anymore”! She spoke into her mike. She added. “I just love it when you take me on vacation”!

“SitRep”. He replied.

“Our travel agent has a reservation for us up in Frisco, next”. She replied. “I figure we have a day or two to get there. No rush”.

“Sweet”. He spoke as he easily caught up to her as she hunched over the tank to reduce drag. “Damn. You look hot on that bike”. She knew he was watching her.

“Oh, Baby, You’re making me blush”. She said coyly, adding, “Thank you! And you know what else looks hot”? She asked.

“My man! Now he is hot”! And she raced away, red-lining the little 400. Laughing. “Don’t something you can’t finish”! As she raced away in the distance.

Laughing. He gunned the throttle chasing after her, anticipating the catch.