

## **The Harley**

A short story by Chava Hudson

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Joe watched Carli as she sashayed towards the café on the sidewalk. He enjoyed the way her legs meandered long and lean from her shorts for more than what should be legal. As she walked, loose as a jungle cat, he studied the very interesting fact that with each jutting forward of one of her wondrous limbs, her hips tilted ever so slightly from side to side. It was going to be a glorious day.

“Well good morning, beautiful,” he said, nodding as Carli approached the streetside table where he sat with David.

“Morning,” she said, not really stopping, since she had been anticipating her iced coffee. She planned to take it down to the beach where she would do a little reading while the morning air was still cool.

“You look lovely this morning,” said Joe, hoping to detain her so that he could get a close-up of her legs. “As perfect as this summer day,” he added.

She felt a little flustered. All of Joe’s efforts deserved more than just a hello, but she wanted to go to the beach. “Yes, it is a beautiful day, isn’t it?”

“I think he meant you,” said David. “Joe, this is the part where you’re supposed to introduce me.” He too gazed at Carli and his blue eyes filled with deep appreciation as he took in her legs, thinking for just a moment how nice it would feel to have those legs wrapped around him. He extended his hand. “I’m David.”

Carli shook it. "It's nice to meet you."

“So what brings you out on this wondrous morning?” asked Joe.

“Just thought I’d get a coffee, do a little reading at the beach, and clear my head,” said Carli.

“How do you clear your head?” asked David.

Carli pointed to the café. “Caffeine,” she said.

“You know, they say that caffeine is the Ritalin for adults who have ADD,” said David.

“David is a doctor, so he ought to know,” said Joe.

Carli felt David’s eyes on her thighs and thought that a doctor should have had seen enough legs that he wouldn’t be so fascinated by a new pair. She remembered her mission. “Well, it’s been very nice to meet you,” she said. “Very educational. I’m going to get my coffee now,” she said, waving her hand. As she did this, Joe caught it mid-air. “So, why don’t you join us?”

She was tempted. They were amusing and David was certainly charming and handsome. And a doctor! She would get her coffee and then she would see. She was already mentally reviewing her day to see if she could get to the beach later. They both looked at her so imploringly that she almost laughed. She had them drooling!

David said something but Carli couldn’t hear him over the approaching sputter of a motorcycle. Based on the volume, Carli thought it was going to a very big bike. It was a Harley, painted with orange and black flames and as wide as a horse. On top of it sat a woman, her huge flower tattoo branded like an emblem where the back of her low jeans gaped dangerously from her tank top. Locks of blond hair hung below her helmet and lay

on her tan bare shoulders. As she rode by, both David and Joe rose to their feet as if they were going to sing the national anthem. They totally forgot she was there.

“That’s some bike,” said David, finally to Joe. “I’ll bet that thing cost \$18,000.”

“I think I’ll get my coffee now,” Carli said, but neither one of them noticed as she slipped inside the cafe.

“See you later,” she said as she passed them again moments later sipping her drink. She was determined now to be on her way to the beach, no matter what they said. But they didn’t try to stop her this time. She was already a has been, and they hardly noticed.