

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 1[1,606 words]

Maxine POV

“Go home, you have worked too much overtime this week. Have an early night and give that boyfriend of yours an early treat.” My boss practically pushed me out the door, a wicked grin on his face.

“Okay, okay, I’m going. I’m going. I straddled my bike and started her up. This was going to be a great night.

Today was my boyfriend’s birthday, and I was going to give him my V-card as a special gift. I had brought new lingerie, black lace, see-through, and I had shaved my mound, leaving a trail that looked like an arrow pointing down to my juncture.

I was ready to give him my all, my first, my heart, take the big plunge. I felt I was ready.

I pulled into the driveway to see my sister’s and my boyfriend’s cars. I had no idea my sister was coming home today. She was still at college in her final year, though I heard she wasn’t doing so well. The poor golden girl has not met up with expectations, not that I was worried.

My ex-boyfriend showed up three hours early; our date was not for a few more hours.

What was he doing here already?

Walking in the back door, I heard voices and headed towards them; they were in Dad’s office, with the door slightly ajar. I moved silently to the door and waited outside to hear what secrets they were having now. They occasionally do this when they are planning something and don’t want to include me, but I’m puzzled as to why my boyfriend and sister were included.

“We never planned for it to happen.” My sister replied softly, as if she were some kind of victim; she was an expert at that. She should have been an actress; she would have won multiple Oscars by now.

“When?” Dad asked, and I waited in the hallway to hear what this was all about.

“Christmas day, we had too many of your special eggnogs, and things got heated. The party was more or less over; the presents had been given out, and the food had been eaten. We were all mulling around, talking, when Zoey said something, I don’t remember what—but we went upstairs to continue talking, and ended up in Maxine’s room. We did start by just talking, and before I knew it, we were kissing and things got heated, and ended up in her bed, like I said, and I was so lost in that moment that I forgot to use a condom. When we came out, no one seemed to notice we had been gone, so we pretended it never happened.” My boyfriend replied, and my

heart just hit the floor, as I took in that my sister and boyfriend did the dirty in my bed at Christmas.

MY BED.

I slept in that bed, with their jizz on the sheets.

I feel suddenly sick at that thought. How could they do that to me?

She stole another boyfriend from me again. But he was just as much to blame; I guess our relationship was not that strong yet. Not on his side at least. He continued to pretend, kissing me and taking me out on dates, as if that never happened.

What a jerk.

Now I feel cheated, dirty, ashamed, and angry all at once. What if she hadn't gotten pregnant, and I ended up married to that cheating scumbag? Would her wedding present be to tell me she had slept with him first? I wouldn't put it past her to do such a thing. She had done that before with my boyfriends, and I guess this one was just as vulnerable to her advances as the last one.

"He gave me the best Christmas present ever." My sister crowed with delight. I could imagine her tenderly touching her belly.

"This is good news. I have wanted grandchildren, and the last grandchild I would have expected would be from you; you have never kept a relationship for long." Mum said, sounding excited at the news.

"What now?" My sister asked, still playing the perfect victim.

"We get married?" My now ex-boyfriend suggested —sounds more like a question.

"What about Maxine?" My sister asked, as if I were an inconvenience that needed to be sorted out, and now they think about me, but it didn't sound like concern.

"What about her? This is about my first grandchild, and his or her safety comes first. She will have to live with it." My mother spat, revealing that famous favoritism, because she had always taken my sister's side in everything, even when proven wrong. They never backed me up.

"I am technically her boyfriend." He started to say something, but was interrupted.

"Not anymore, you're not. I will arrange with the local publican to hire the outdoor garden area, and we shall have an engagement party this Saturday. Get that sorted before you start to show, and Maxine will show her support." Dad's voice floated out, sounding resolute. I had no say in this, not that I wanted to be his girlfriend any longer; he had proven not to be what I wanted in a guy.

“She will have to leave. I need her room for the nursery. I would prefer it if she didn’t attend the engagement party. What will those who know she was the real girlfriend show up, and see that it was not Maxine getting engaged?” Mum added. Yep, that was my mother, trying to regain her dignity and save face.

I couldn’t take it any longer. I was devastated enough, and listening further to their support for the love for the cheater was eating me up inside. I didn’t want to cry in front of them; the tears were a mix of anger and hurt.

I pushed the door open, revealing myself standing there.

All faces turned to look at me.

“Let me get this straight. You took my boyfriend to MY bed, did the dirty with him, leaving your mess in my bed, as a sort of Christmas present for me. Guess that made your day, thinking I was sleeping in your mess. Now you want my bedroom for the bastard baby you have created, and I am what, just pushed out the door? Like yesterday’s trash?” I asked to ensure I understood correctly that the whole family was fine with me being tossed aside.

“Exactly, I am taking your boyfriend, your bedroom, and you, my dear sister, have to move out.” My sister sounded like she had won the lottery. Her face beamed at her triumph.

“Fine with me.” The look of shock would have made me laugh if I were not so numb inside. I moved away to my room and packed what I could into my duffel bag. I will come back for the rest later, when they are not around.

My heart was breaking, not because I lost my boyfriend, although that hurt a lot, considering that what I was going to give him for his present today was saved for doing something stupid at least. But also because both parents were supporting this deception, as if it were the best news they had received in a while, that they had been trying to get rid of me for a while, and now succeeded in a spectacular way.

I walked downstairs and looked at them.

“When I find a place to stay, I will be back for the rest.” I spat at them, a mixture of hurt, anger, and defeat. I never fit into the family, a black sheep, so maybe I should become one. I had always had top grades, won awards, done my best, but even being first, I was still last.

My best friend was the only place I could think of going to; it had to be temporary. Jenny will be cool and let me sleep on her couch till I find a new home. I climbed onto my bike and took off to the only sanctuary I had over the years.

Jenny welcomed me into her home, like I knew she would, and together we had a pity party consisting of beer and vanilla fudge ice cream. We called the family and my ex some interesting names, some of which I had never heard before, but they sounded good. The drunker I got, the more inventive the names became.

The next morning, after waking up on Jenny's couch and remembering yesterday, it did not go as planned. I pulled myself together, had a quick shower, and left for work. It was eight in the morning, and Jenny was still asleep when I left. That might be okay for some, but my workday today would be ten hours long, and I was running late.

"You're late, night must have gone better than planned," Mike said jovially. They sort of knew what I was planning last night. The others chuckled along with Mike. I grumbled some shiet and got to work.

By the end of the day, Mike pulled me to his office.

"Okay, out with it. The guys have been tiptoeing around you all day. What happened? He rejected your advances?" He asked, his hand on my shoulder, keeping me in place, looking at me with concerned eyes, a father figure, better than my dad had ever been.

So, I told him what happened when I got home and where I spent the night, and now I'm looking for a place to stay. I was proud of myself; I didn't cry, or whine, or show any emotion at all — just explained my predicament in cold, emotionless words. Clear and succinct.

He said he wouldn't say anything in the shop, but would talk to the prez. I had no idea why, but I was not in the right frame of mind to question it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 2[1,596 words]

Maxine POV

Today was my sister's engagement party; engaged to my ex-boyfriend.

Yeah, you heard me right, my ex. What a joke that was.

I had been dating Dan for six months when my sister, who was a year older than I, came home for Christmas and ended up in bed with my boyfriend. She's a shameless hussy, always has been, but I never expected him to sleep with her. I thought we were secure in our relationship.

The only good thing I took away from this was that I never went to bed with him; my virginity card was still intact, not that I was trying to keep it – I just never got the chance to lose it. She always managed to have any guy I was interested in dump me for her, and when she got bored with them, she'd move on. So, in a way, I didn't have a boyfriend till she moved out of her home and headed to college.

But when my sister came home and met him, she seduced him and got pregnant. He did the whole 'get down on one knee and proposed' scene. Apparently, it was romantic, but I wasn't

there when he did it because they didn't want me around. It hurt a lot at the time, and I was glad to have my girlfriends around me, helping me get over it.

They say, I dodged a bullet.

I agree with them, stupidly.

He might have been a sports jock with good looks, but doing this tells me he was weak and shallow, and I was too good for him, or so my BFF says. I prefer to believe them over the excuses my ex made.

I had to move out of my home after I had a massive fight with my parents a few days ago, when the truth was exposed; they supported her, not me, and the next thing I knew, I was out the door and the evil sister. The engagement party was intended to introduce him to her friends and make the relationship official, but I was not invited. My parents want nothing to do with me. I made them all uncomfortable, considering he was my boyfriend first. Anyone working out the timeline for the baby can piece it together, and see they were cheating on me, and it would have been awkward, and too many questions would have been raised.

Not that I needed to say all of that, I kind of said it all before, but grrrrr, I am so angry at how my so-called 'family' kicked me out of my so-called home, with no care for me or my feelings.

It was easier to push me away and disown me than have to explain to them that my sister cheated with my boyfriend, and hey presto, a baby was on the way.

Because I was kicked out of the house, and only had a short time to pack anything, I took the opportunity of the party to sneak into the house and take more of my possessions, like opening my father's safe, and grabbing every piece of paper relating to me, and a little money too, no a lot of money, and grandma's jewelry that she left me.

So, with the help of my BFF, we packed my belongings and took them to her place until I found a new one. I ride a motorcycle, so I need help. I have the money to buy a new place, but I'm unsure if I want to stay in this town now. Once my apprenticeship is over, I might move away. I stayed that night at Jenny's place, as I figured out what to do.

Today, I am moving into my new place —a bungalow above the bike shop where I work. I am in my final year of apprenticeship, and I am a motorcycle mechanic, proud of it, I might add. I can also work on cars and trucks. If it had a motor, I could fix it; I always could, thanks to my knack for it, which I developed since I was eight, when I fell in love with engines. My Grandpa taught me, kept me out of everyone's way. I guess you could say I was a tomboy, with no frills and lace. My Grandpa kept me sane and busy, so the BS in our house didn't hurt me as much.

The place has two bedrooms and is fully contained, meaning it has everything I need. I had purchased some new sheets and towels, that sort of thing, but it had a fully stocked kitchen; I only needed to buy the food. It might be small, and above a noisy bike shop, but at night it was a

quiet area. No one would break into this shop; the local bikie gang owned it. They were good guys, scary, but so far, no trouble for me.

My BFF, Jenny, was helping me take my belongings upstairs when a group of bikers arrived and assisted us. I had five boxes and two suitcases filled with all sorts of items.

“Thanks, guys, for the help,” I said sweetly, my BFF batting her eyes at them and swaying her hips suggestively as she walked and thanked them.

She makes me laugh with her antics, which are totally opposite to mine. I like jeans and am rarely seen in a dress, whereas she was seldom seen in jeans.

“We got a party at the clubhouse, tomorrow Saturday, you should come and relax a bit, bring your girls with ya,” Bruiser suggested as he threw his arm over my shoulder, walked me to the settee, pushed me down, and handed me a beer they had brought with them.

This was how they acted around me, ordered me about. Sometimes, I’m okay with it; other times, I get all worked up and growl back at them. Today was acceptance. I know they mean well, and I feel lucky to have them as family; they try to make me feel better.

“That sounds like a blast, count me in, and I can bring two other girl friends with us. Max, do you want me to pick you up?” Jenny offered, taking a beer from one of the guys. She was not a beer drinker; however, in this situation, I could see her not refusing anything they offered. I guess I’m going, whether I want to or not.

“No, I’ll ride over,” I replied as one of the guys ordered pizza.

“That’s the spirit. Nothing like the wind in your hair to blow the cobwebs away.” They stayed because they didn’t want me to be alone, not on my first night here.

Pizza arrived not long after, and my little bungalow was soon feeling too small and crowded, with six huge bikers in the room. Some sat on the floor; others pulled up one of the three kitchen chairs. I know, I know, three chairs sound odd, but that’s what was here, and beggars can’t be choosers; the rent was dirt cheap, and I think the boys are the ones to make sure I had everything I needed.

They found out about my situation the next day, because, I was still quiet at work, which was not like me, often I am singing to the radio, or swearing at something, so one of the guys approached me, to find out what gives, and I softly told them, what went down, and when word got around the bikers heard I needed a place to stay, because I was kicked out of my home and why, they came to me, like protective brothers. Now I have a whole gang of bikers who have my back. I feel privileged to call them friends.

They even offered to rough the ex up for me, but I refused the offer, because strangely, I was happy to get rid of the loser if he was a cheating bastard. Better now than when I am fully

invested in our relationship. Plus, I was in deep enough shite with my parents and sister without making it worse.

The pizza was gone, my BFF left for home, and the guys did too. It was late, well, for me, midnight. I usually fall asleep quickly because I have to be up for work at five. Tomorrow, being Saturday, I have the morning shift before the party later. They let me leave work early so I can move in here.

“Hey, don’t forget to come, we need our prettiest mechanic at the party, some of the boys might need a tune-up,” Bruiser said with a laugh as they climbed on their bikes and left. I know what sort of tune-up he was talking about, and it had nothing to do with a motor.

I looked around my new home. It wasn’t much, but it was all mine. The guys were great; they took the empty pizza boxes and beer cans with them, and the place was relatively clean. Not at all what you would expect from a group of rowdy men.

The clubhouse.

I had never been to it, despite having worked there for nearly four years, and they had never extended an invitation to me. I know they had lots of parties; maybe I was too young. I turned twenty recently, but they might think of me as the fifteen-year-old who showed up one day and told the boss I was going to be his apprentice. He laughed at first and said he would give me a go to prove myself. He thought I was joking and that I would be gone by the weekend, but over the holidays, I worked hard and have been here ever since.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 3[1,268 words]

Maxine POV

The beeping sound of my phone alarm made me sit up and look around. It took a moment to remember where I was. The room had a small curtain that barely kept the light out. There was a streetlight just outside my window. I can envisage myself getting better blackout curtains soon. Although it was annoying, it wasn’t among my top priorities for making this a home.

The shower was decent, with nice pressure. I followed my morning routine, only to realize how foolish I was to wake up so early, living above my place of work; I didn’t need to ride here. After finishing breakfast and cleaning up the kitchen, I still had half an hour before I needed to be at work.

I had two ways to get into my place: one was through the back stairs, and the other was through the shop. With the code to turn off the alarm, I decided to head down and start work early. It was

better than moving stuff around; I can do that later. I had a bike to finish by this afternoon. The customer would be here at two.

Turned off the alarm, turned on the coffee pot, the radio, and headed to my workstation, where the fat boy was waiting for me to finish. I sat on the stool with casters and began my job, singing loudly to the heavy rock song that came on the radio as I installed the new spark plugs and double-checked the oil. It was a simple, easy-peasy service. Once finished, I started the bike up, let it idle while I made coffee, then returned to rev it a few times. It sounds lumpy, like it was just turning over perfectly; it was music to my ears. I love that throaty, deep, lumpy sound. You can feel it vibrate through my chest.

“That’s a sound I loved to hear as I enter work.” My boss, Mike, said as I turned the bike off.

“It’s ready to go, unless you want to take it out for a test ride. Want a coffee, pots hot.” I offered as I threw the dirty rag in the bin.

“Sure, I will take the bike out for a spin, and you can make me a coffee.” He smirked as he grabbed the bike. I opened the garage door, and Mike took off. I smiled as he disappeared down the street, and I turned to make both of us coffee. If you hadn’t guessed already, I would drink a lot of coffee. I am not a fan of soft drinks or tea; for me, it’s coffee or water.

With a broom in hand, I began cleaning the shop. I am not out here very often, but I try to sweep the floor at least once a week; they have another apprentice who’s a second year, who gets to do most of the cleaning up, but he’s never here on a Saturday.

The sound of the bike returning prompted me to pick up the two cups of coffee and head back out to the workshop. Mike had a massive grin on his face as he parked the bike.

“Great job, you are our top mechanic. But don’t tell anyone, or I will have to deny it.” He joked, taking his coffee from my hand as he walked by, no doubt letting the customer know the bike was ready ahead of time.

I moved to the next bike, which was a total rebuild; it had been in a minor accident, and while the frame was being checked, I would work on the engine and gearbox. It was the only job on my list at the moment. The bike owner was in no hurry; he had a broken leg, giving me a few weeks to work on his bike and any urgent jobs that might come into the shop.

The client arrived and happily took possession of his bike, very happy with the job done.

“I hear you’ve been invited to the club party tonight,” Mike said as he rang up the sale on the cash register.

“Yep.” I said popping the ‘p’.

“You can leave now, we have no more customers expected. Good job today.” It was close to one o’clock, near the time I would knock off.

“Thanks, boss.” I saluted him and rushed upstairs, before he could change his mind. Giggling all the way up. I heard him chuckling as he locked the door below, behind me.

I decided on a quick shower; I didn’t want to smell of oil when going to a party. Put on my skinny black jeans, a black blouse that had red flames on the back and on the pockets, black boots that had some chains around the ankle, and hair in a ponytail. I will get what we call helmet hair, so it’s a waste to do much with it now. I use mascara and strawberry lip gloss, which is more to moisturize my lips, which tend to dry out when I ride my bike, and that’s it. The last thing I grabbed before leaving was my jacket.

My mum used to grumble that I wasn’t like my sister and put more effort into my appearance, but I like who I am, and I didn’t like wearing lots of makeup; it was my choice, and I feel that I am not a frilly, lacey chick. It was a deal breaker with my mum. She had my sister dress up and left me in the care of Grandpa until he died when I was seventeen.

It broke me when he left the world. He was the only person who got me. My grandma had been gone since I was young, and I filled the hole in his heart with my love for bikes and fishing. He left me his money and bikes. Dad got his house and business. My mum hated that I gained all that money. When Grandma died, she left me her jewelry, and Grandpa made sure to keep it safe till I was old enough to have it.

I ate something and put some more of my stuff in the cupboards before my phone chimed to let me know my girlfriends were on their way to the party.

I pulled my bike out of the small garage and started it up. I threw my leg over and took off, heading to the property. The clubhouse was half an hour out of town, set on a large property a little bit back from the road.

Ten minutes later, I came up behind the girls and hung out behind them. My friend waved me on to take the lead. I shrugged and overtook her. The turn off arrived, and I rode happily up the long drive, and trees lined the road. An open, large steel gate appeared, and I was glad it was still enough light to see clearly.

Men stood by the entrance, watching us arrive.

“Hey.” I greeted the biggest man I had ever seen.

“Who invited you here?” The man asked gruffly, in a deep husky voice.

“Bruiser,” I answered, with a firm, clear voice, hoping that the fact that he frightened me would be noticed in my voice.

He pulled out his phone and called, I assumed, Bruiser.

“Max?” He asked, as he looked at me questioningly, and I nodded. He said something more and hung up the phone.

“Come in, the car behind your girls?” He looked at the car behind, which clearly had a woman in it.

“Yep,” I replied, not at all liking how he intimidated me with his manner.

Perhaps it was the way they greeted strangers.

One look makes the weak run.

Well, I am not weak, and I won’t be running.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 4[1,449 words]

Maxine POV

This rather large biker leaned in to look inside the car, his bulky figure partially blocking the open window, causing the girl nearest it to back away.

Satisfied, he looked at me with a knowing smirk, then motioned for us to enter.

The clubhouse was nothing like I had imagined. Firstly, it was four levels high. Verandah all the way around, that I could see. It was more like a mansion than a clubhouse.

Women were gathered near the door, looking in, as if they were waiting for something; some were sitting on the wooden fence that surrounded the verandah. They were dressed in barely anything, showing all that was available, some love that sort of thing. People like me dress to stay warm or cool and don’t care about showing off the goods.

Bikes sat in neat rows in front, and cars were parked to the left of the building; the ratio of bikes to cars was approximately four bikes to one car.

I parked the bike with the others, climbed off, and took off my helmet. I placed the lid on the bike and shook out my hair while waiting for the girls to park and come to me. I heard some muffled scoffs, but I couldn’t care less—I wasn’t here to please them.

Bruiser came out of the clubhouse behind me.

“Max, you came by bike. Sweet.” He gave me a gentle squeeze and moved to take a closer look at my bike. The paint job was a wolf, fading in smoke. It took me months to finish, as I kept changing my mind, and the smoke obscured the mistakes.

“Who did the paint job?” He asked as he moved around to look at it from all sides.

“Me.” I was proud of the results.

“Does Mike know you can paint?” He sounded surprised.

“He has seen my bike when I used the garage to do a service. He never asked who did the paint work, just that he liked it.”

“Sweet, looks like we have someone to do touch-ups, and possibly a full paint job. We have a family reunion in a few weeks, and the ladies are invited to come along. You can join us.” Bruiser offered as my ladies arrived; they were not included in that invitation, I assumed, because I have a bike.

“Bruiser, you already met Jenny, Melony, Karen, and Heather, my other BFF, and Alice, Karen’s sister, and BFF to my sister.” Adding that comment, hoping that Bruiser knew precisely what that woman was like. Alice battered her eyes and leaned forward to show off what was under that almost shirt. My ladies greeted him with the respect he deserved.

“Ladies. Hands out.” Bruiser stamped the girl’s backs of their hands; they all had a bear, except Alice, who had a rabbit on her hand. I frowned, trying to figure out what the rabbit was all about.

He pushed my hand away.

“You are family, no need for a stamp.” I couldn’t stop the smile that crossed my face. I felt so special. Then the shoe dropped. Rabbit meant she would open her legs. Bruiser got my meaning loud and clear. It took a while to understand the purpose of the stamps.

“Come inside and meet the ole ladies.” I understood what he meant; these were ladies who had been claimed and had a different level of respect that those not claimed would never understand. I have met a few of them over the years and gained more insight into club life. They respect me as much as I respect them.

We entered the place, and the girls who had been waiting outside gave us a dirty look, as they were still stopped from entering.

“What’s so special about them?” One pouted, but Bruiser ignored her.

Inside was cleaner than I had expected —my fault for judging a group of men, since they often look messy when I see them at the shop. The place had a large, open space, with tables where you stand, as well as booths dotted along the walls, and stools at the bar, which ran the full length of the room. I loved the spacious room, the pictures on the walls, and some bike parts scattered about as decoration. A few barstools are bike seats; it was different, and it appealed to me. Being a lover of bikes.

“Sticks.” I greeted her as we got closer to the ladies Bruiser was taking us to.

“Hey, Maxie Max. How’s it blowing?” She stood up and pulled me into a warm embrace. This chick had no filter or personal space. Sticks was the President’s; her real name was Sandra, but she was my height at five-nine, and she had no shape to her body, just a lovely bean pole, almost no chest to speak of, yet she had had two boys. Hence the name Sticks.

“Doing better,” I replied. She would know what was going on.

She introduced us to the other ladies with her, and it didn’t surprise me that Alice had already moved away from us before we had finished the introductions.

“What’s her story?” Sticks asked as she watched Alice start to try her luck with the club men.

“Same as my sister. Bruiser put a rabbit stamp on her hand.” Sticks and the other girl roared out laughing.

“She will be used, abused, and kicked to the side by the time the night is over, and I doubt they would let her back in. We don’t need her sort in the club.” Maggie spouted as we watched a patch member knock her offer back.

“The regulars are not going to like her working their turf. So, to speak.” Tootsie said, with a smirk, that the regulars know the rules and stick with them.

Don’t approach a patch member; if interested, they will come to you.

Nom’s are fair game.

But most girls would prefer a patch member.

Don’t touch a taken member; the women will gang up and make your life miserable if you feel one of theirs.

Wait to be let into the clubhouse and then stay in the public area.

No going upstairs uninvited.

The first two floors are designated for guest rooms, while the top floor is reserved for permanent residences. Those who don’t have a home of their own to go to. They are private and not open to wandering girls.

Don’t touch or sit on someone’s bike, unless you are given permission.

The patched old ladies are the bosses of the girls; they tell you to leave or do something, and you do it.

There were more rules for the girls visiting, but I couldn’t remember them all at that moment. None had applied to me until now.

Alice had already broken at least three, to my knowledge. I am staying out of it. That rabbit on her hand told the members that she would open her legs for any of them, and no one would support her if she broke the rules. That she was not welcome to return, in other words, have your fun, and then kick her to the curb.

The doors were opened to let the other girls in. They looked at us in the no-go zone and pouted. We were sitting in an off-limits area unless we were invited. From what I understood, they were here to spread their legs and give the guys some relief, but not become part of the family. They might be hopeful that something would change; it was rare for a patch member to take one of these ladies, who had most likely been with every unattached member of the gang, at some point.

My girls left me with Sticks and wandered about with the other ladies, getting the tour of the place.

“Want to look around?” Sticks were offered, and before I knew it, we were walking around the vast ground floor.

“Ready to see the workshop, the guys might talk you into helping out, once they know who you are.” Sticks led me down a small pathway, lined with flowering shrubs, and to a set of large, farm-size sheds. Inside were bikes, some in bits, others crumpled from an accident, and others like they had just been detailed and were someone’s pride and joy.

There was a workshop here, where men were working on their bikes. They looked up at us when we entered and frowned. If Sticks were not with me, they would have most likely growled at me to get out.

“Who’s this Sticks?” A monster of a man asked, in the deepest voice I have ever heard, he looked a lot like the man at the gate, but with more toned muscles, that I would love to run my fingers over. Just a tad taller, and although he looked big and scary, he made my lady parts sing in a way they had never sung before.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 5[1,397 words]

Tank POV

A few guys aren’t into parties, so I stopped going until later in the night, when the girls who showed up were already taken. I dislike the women who come here hoping to adopt our lifestyle. I prefer to use my hand rather than one of those women.

Don’t get me wrong, I have had my share of women; however, I had a girl who pushed me to take her, and when I did, she ended up in the hospital, because I am not exactly a little man, and I ripped her apart. She needed stitches, and I have not been with a woman since.

Like my brother, we are both large men; he is six feet six inches tall, and I am six feet eight inches tall. He's carrying extra weight, where I am all muscle. I pride myself on keeping in shape, but being this large has its downfall, and having a large d**k has had me worried about hurting another woman. No matter how much I might want to, I can't; I never want to go through that again.

The Prez was the only person who knew why I wouldn't join the parties; he was with me when we took the girl to the hospital, she forgave me, and tried to pursue me to keep her, but I couldn't. Each time I started to get intimate, I had flashes of her screams, and my d**k went down like a popped balloon.

We were in the workshop, doing some minor tune-ups. As I prepare for our ride, I'm excited. When they bring the ladies, the men are usually in a better mood and on their best behavior.

I was looking at rebuild. I started it last week. We have a few wrecks that need to be started; some have been sitting here far too long. We can only go so far before we need Mike's help. None of us was a mechanic. I was scratching my head, as I was almost at the end of my knowledge, when I heard someone enter, and a soft perfume that shouldn't be in this shed hit my nose. Stick's voice reached my ears, and I lifted my head up to look in her direction.

"Who's this Sticks?" The most beautiful girl I have ever seen had entered our sanctuary, a place where few girls are allowed, which made Sticks bring this beauty down to this dirt and grease, which was unexpectedly.

"That is Max, from the shop, Mike's apprentice, who I think had finished her apprenticeship and is doing something extra on Harleys and getting some specialized license," Banjo said as he moved forward to greet them. The others stood up and moved forward too, making me feel like a dill for not recognizing Max. Although I have only seen her a few times from a distance, and she was usually deep in bike repair, I barely got to see her face. We have not been introduced because I wouldn't have forgotten that beauty if I had.

Sticks introduced us all, and we greeted her before I decided I could use her help. I put the thoughts of what I wouldn't mind doing to her behind me, not that I could do it.

"Max, come look at this wreck. I am stuck with what to do next." I called her over on the bike I was working on.

"Tank, surely you could have waited for another day? She came for the party, not to work." Sticks grumbled as Max walked to me. She was clean and smelled nice, and I had a fleeting moment of guilt for calling her over. The few times I had seen her, she was covered in oil and grease, wearing coveralls that hid her shapely figure.

"Max, are you sure?" Sticks pulled on her hand to get her attention.

"Yeah, I am more at home in here than out there," Max said with a smile and turned back to me.

“What’s the problem?” She asked me to move forward and inspect the bike.

I went into detail about what happened to the bike, what I had managed to do so far, and what I needed to move forward. Max removed her leather jacket and slung it over a nearby bike seat, then squatted down.

For the next two hours, Max worked on the bike with me, guiding me through the tricky bits I couldn’t do. The others came forward and used this time as a sort of training session, and Max didn’t seem to mind at all. We asked questions as she worked on the bike, and she used me to lift the heavy parts. It was teamwork, and we completed more repairs in that time than I would have on my own.

“Hey, Max,” Bruiser called out at the door. He stood with his legs apart, arms folded, and I wondered if we had done something wrong.

“Back here.” She returned to the call of her name.

He arrived and burst out laughing at us.

“Max, I invited you to a party, you know, dancing and drinking, and socializing. This was not what I meant as a party.” He was still chuckling when the Prez walked in, with Sticks on his arm.

“You still got her working out here?” Stick all but growled at us, when the Prez’s lady growls, we all listen. She’s the last person we want to make angry.

“What?” I was confused, Max didn’t seem to mind, and we all were having a good time out here.

“Hey, Prez. The party over?” Max calmly asked, but it sounded more like she had hoped it was.

“Not even close, babes.” The Prez answered with a smile. He had gotten closer to Max over the years she had been at the bike shop. He had often talked about the female mechanic and her sassy ways. I had thought he was exaggerating, but after spending a little time with her, I was hooked.

“We have nearly completed the repair job on Spider’s bike. If we can have Max here for a few days, I bet we could hit the road by the end of the week.” I said it as it was my way of asking her to stay for a while and fix the bike. Spider was almost healed and ready to get back on his own bike.

“Would have to ask Mike about that, she’s his employee, even if we own the shop, he runs it, and I don’t get involved with his employees,” Prez replied contemplatively.

“He here?” I asked, as Mike often doesn’t show up at the weekend parties.

“Yep, came half an hour ago.” Sticks answered as she handed Max a bottle of water.

“Max, if Mike’s okay with it, would you work with us for a week, get some of these ready for the weekend ride?” Sparks asked, and I kicked myself for not considering that she might not want to spend a week here.

“Sure, if Mike doesn’t need me, we have several bikes in for service before the ladies run.” Her sweet voice carried across the warehouse, and the guys nodded in understanding.

“Thanks, babes,” Spike called out. Each one of us here enjoyed that she worked on our bikes; it might sound odd that we’re letting a chick touch our bikes, but Max was not like most chicks. Who wants to sit on the bikes or lie on them? Max knows what she’s doing and has proven herself on numerous occasions. I wish I had known how attractive she was. Man, I had a semi since she walked in the door.

The Prez will even let her ride her own bike, a privilege few ladies get. She was more part of the crew; no other girl I know works on bikes like she does, and her reputation over the time she’s been an apprentice has been exemplary. Not a guy chaser.

When word got out that our girl had been cheated on in the worst possible way, we all wanted to go and kill the man, even though half of us had never really met her, yeah, seen her in a distance, or legs poking out from under a truck, but never sat and talked with her before today.

She was fun, had me chuckling a few times, but most of the time in here, she had been all about the bikes, and not flirting, like most chicks do when around us. They see the glamour of the lifestyle, but it’s not for everyone.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 6[1,481 words]

Maxine POV

I was guided to a washroom on the side of the workshop, which had a deep steel sink and a shower, but no mirrors. There was a cupboard under the sink containing soaps and cleaning products, as well as a shelf with dark-colored towels. A door that led to a toilet, which was cleaner than I had expected. So far, this whole gang house had been cleaner than I thought a load of men would leave it.

I had underestimated the guys and made assumptions about how guys I knew from school or parties would act; none of them were like that. Maybe it was because they are mostly men, whereas my experience had been with boys my age and lower.

I cleaned the grease off my hands and arms and dried them.

As I went through the routine of cleaning myself up, I thought about the party they had been pushing me to attend and how it had churned up my stomach. The last few times I went to a

party, I was with my ex-boyfriend, and he ended up with my sister, so parties were not my thing. I always seem to lose something at parties. Mostly friends, who don't like the fact that I don't drink, I have never been a drinker, I might drink a beer to be sociable, and it would take me ages to finish it. Still, I never take shots and am never blind drunk. I had only once been drunk, and I didn't like the feeling or the way it took me all day to recover, nor the hangover that seemed to be more than a headache. My friends get drunk, and I spend a lot of time cleaning up the messes they make, so I seem to be the one doing the cleanup most of the time, as they know I have their backs, even when I prefer not to do that part of it.

I had just finished cleaning up when Tank came in, took one look at me, and started to chuckle.

"What?" I asked, looking confused as he laughed.

What did I do that was so funny?

He didn't say a word.

He leaned over, picked up a cloth, and soaped it up, then gripped my chin in his huge hand, and gently wiped the side of my face, his eyes concentrating on the task, as if it was the most important job he had to do with care. He was so gentle, touching my face with soft, quick movements.

His eyes then met mine, and I was lost in the deepest blue orbs I have ever seen. I swallowed a lump that formed in my throat and blinked a few times to break the trance he had put me in, and took a step back, my body hitting the sink behind me.

"You had some grease on your cheek." He whispered in a husky voice so deep that it had my lady parts jumping for joy and need, something I am not familiar with.

"Thank you," I whispered back, my voice croaking, and I was shocked by the sound of my own voice; it was lower, sexier, and surprised me as much as Tank's did. His eyes widened at the husky sound.

He took a step back and motioned with his hand for me to move past him.

I quickly left the washroom and waited in the workshop, taking in the wrecks and wondering how badly the rider would have been hurt if the bike had looked like this. Hoping no one lost their lives.

I thought about that for a while.

I loved my bike, but I would never ditch it because I was scared. That the thought of falling off had never entered my mind, if I died while riding my bike, then I would have been doing what I love doing. I found I was okay with that. Not that I want to die, but I have thought about how I would like to go when my heart has been broken.

“Hey, what are you doing still in here?” Rocket asked, pulling me out of my thoughts.

“Hiding?” I joked back, giving him a sheepish smile. He chuckled and came to stand beside me, looking at the bike I had been staring at.

“Can it be fixed? It’s been sitting here for a long time, with no one having the skill to start repairing it. Well, they could give it a go, but this bike is so old that parts are almost impossible to get.”

“Yeah, I can give it a try. I have some contacts who can obtain parts, but I can also manufacture some parts. I’ll see what I can do. Perhaps I can come over on weekends and dedicate some time to it.” I suggested it would be a shame to let this panhead go to waste. There are enough pieces of the wrecked bike left to serve as a starting point.

“Sweet, it will be good to see this bike out on the road again.” Rocket looked genuinely pleased that the bike could be restored. I restore old cars, trucks, and bikes with Grandpa. I have the equipment stored in a shed for when I have a place of my own to use the machines. I wonder if they have a shed where I can put them. I will need one of the machines.

“Ready?” Tank asked; he had shed the work shirt and pulled on a gang shirt. His muscles are on display. Yummy. He makes me feel tiny when I am beside him.

“Tank, Max said she can restore the baby.” Tank’s head turned to look at the wreck, and then at me.

“For real? Max, can you do that?” Tank looked surprised. After spending a few hours with me, working on bikes, he had to ask that?

“Yeah, I can, need to talk to the Prez about some space, but I can do it.”

Both guys frowned and looked around the workshop. But they didn’t say anything. Or question me further. Tank put his hand on my lower back and gave a slight push, making me start to walk out of the workshop. It was dark out. Tank guided me to the back door, Rocket leading the way. He opened the door for me and waved me in, as if I were someone important.

Causing me to giggle.

Yeah, you heard me; I giggled like a schoolgirl. It was ridiculous, and not something I had ever expected to come out of my mouth. The guys didn’t even blink at the giggle.

The place was warm inside, vibrating with the loud thump of the bass. You could hardly hear the person next to you speak over the heavy music. It reeked of cigarettes and booze.

The girls who had been at the door waiting to get in were busy with patch members kissing and almost doing the deed right there on the chair. Some were grinding their hips against the man below them, and the small amount of clothing they had on was even less now. I assumed they

were well on their way to being drunk. This was a classic visual of why men lose respect for some kinds of women. I am embarrassed to see it in front of me. I looked around the room and saw my friends still with Sticks, and a couple of guys hanging around nearby.

My friends look like they are having fun, and they have a few patch members who seem friendly to them. I hope the girls know what they are doing. The gang life was not for everyone.

Dad had once spoken badly about gangs, and he hated it when I became an apprentice at the bike shop. Grandpa was the one who encouraged me to have an apprenticeship. He hated that Dad and Mum were backing my sister in everything, and maybe encouraging me to be a mechanic at the bike shop was his way to get back at Dad.

Dad had even tried to get me to leave the bike shop when Grandpa had died. But I had made a pact with Grandpa that I wouldn't give in to Dad. To live the life I want, and never give in, no matter what the consequences are. I wonder what Grandpa would say if he were alive and saw Dad kick me out of the family home, for the sake of my sister. He would be livered, that's for sure. But I did as Grandpa said, stood firm, and stayed true to myself.

"Hey Maxi Max, come join us. Cricket, grab Max an iced water." Sticks patted the chair next to her, and before I could move to sit beside her, Tank grabbed me around the waist and took a couple of giant steps to the chair, and sat down, holding me on his lap. The girls looked at each other, then, between Tank and me, the confused look changed to a grin and a nod —whatever that was about.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 7[1,513 words]

Tank POV

I don't know what came over me. I think I shocked everyone in the room, as well as myself. One minute, I was following Max and chatting about the bike build. It would be great to get that baby back on the road. The owner could walk again now, and I was sure he was eager to ride her again.

I thought, like all of us did, that it would be impossible to rebuild. Next, I lifted Maxine and carried her to the seat Sticks offered her. I am sitting and keeping her on my lap, my arms around her, not too tightly, waiting for her to fight to get off me, but she didn't; she sat perfectly still, as if trying to work out what was going on.

The girls were giving her a knowing look, but keeping quiet; it was enough that they read the signals, not that it was that hard to figure out. All the guys would read this as me staking my claim.

Was that what I was doing? I wanted to protect her and be there for her; she had been through a lot lately, and if I could make her feel just a little better, I wanted to. I wish I had gone with the guys to help her settle into her apartment, but we had too much to do here.

“Would you like a drink, Maxine?” One of the guys who had been fixing bikes asked, but I don’t remember his name. “I have water coming, thanks for the offer though.” Her sweet voice answered, reviving the semi. “Sure thing, sweetness. You need anything, give us a call.”

It took all of my strength not to yell at him to ‘back off’. Even the others around me gave him a look that said, ‘You’re an idiot.’ Pulling her back closer to me, stacking my claim more obviously, having Brett lift his hands in surrender, and backing up.

“What are you doing?” Maxine asked softly; she didn’t fight me. “Protecting you, you don’t need these guys thinking you are available, you will be freer to walk about, if they think you are already taken.” It was true, the guys won’t hit on her if they think I have staked a claim.

“Should I be saying thank you?” she chuckled back. “Do you want these guys chatting you up?” I was a little annoyed and worried she might say yes. “I have just left a bad relationship, not in a hurry to start another.” It might not be the words I want to hear, but it made me feel a bit better.

“Then being my girl will protect you.” I nuzzled her ear, and she wiggled on my lap, making my semi harder. Better not do that again. That was how I gained a girl. I hadn’t meant for it to go that far, but now that I have suggested that she be my girl, I found I was okay with that.

“Okay, we can take it slowly, get to know each other. I am in no hurry to do more than that. Can you cope with no s*x?” She replied softly. I am unsure if she realized how good I felt when she said yes. “Perfect. Can I kiss?” I will accept whatever she gives me. I can’t say why, but this girl gets to me—breaking down the barriers I had put up.

The two hours I spent working with her made me want to get to know her better. She was witty and made me laugh more than once with her cocky, sassy mouth. Giving us as much as we gave her, I liked that she wasn’t chasing or afraid of us. “Maybe.”

She giggled back, not moving, happy to lie on my chest and have my arms wrapped around her waist. She felt good in my arms, a strong, toned body, not an ounce of fat on her; she didn’t feel like I would break her, like many of these soft-bodied girls felt like. I liked the fact that she was teasing me.

I have not been challenged like this before, by a woman. Most come and throw themselves at you, showing all the goods they have to offer, which often made me look away —uninterested in something most of the guys have already tried—but Maxine was challenging me, and I bet she will make me fight for every step forward we might make.

“Would you mind if I announced to the guys that you are mine?” I asked, nibbling her ear, and bit down softly on it. “Does that protect me from wandering hands and them hitting on me?” She asked, and I growled in her ear. “Who hit on you?” I wanted to tear him limb from limb.

“Back off, big man. You were there when he was being polite, but I got the message he wanted more, and so did you.” She growled back at me, and that turned me on more than I wanted to admit. “Yeah. Yeah. I get it, and to answer your question, you bet your sweet tooty it does.

Once I name you as mine, none of the guys would ‘hit on you,’ as you put it; if they did, I would deal with them. You come to me, and I will give them a bloody nose as a reminder. I won’t mean you my ole lady yet, just hands off as we sort it out.”

I am hopeful that she would say yes, yet it’s the only way to protect her, although she already has a lot more respect than even some of the ‘claimed ladies’ have, because she was included in the family years ago, but didn’t know it. Heck, even I hadn’t known that she was an honorary family until I heard the guys talking in the workshop about this sweet young thing.

“I can handle myself, have been for years.” Maxine still wouldn’t back down. Maybe I am pushing too hard. “If you let me in, you would need to have to ‘handle it’ by yourself any longer; the guys and I will have your back.” Why was it so hard to get this girl to want me? I have women falling at my feet, and for once, I decide I like a chick, and she’s giving me a hard time.

Deep down, I love it, but it’s frustrating too. The chase was on. “Let me think about it.” She replied and sipped her water, the ice clunking against the glass as she tilted it to drink, and I watched with fascination as her slender throat moved as she swallowed.

Maxine didn’t move off my lap, happily continued her conversation with Sticks and the girls, more girls came to sit around us, her friends had returned.

However, the slutty one was still out having fun with noms, only one patched member touched her, but then he goes for any girl that will spread her legs, he don’t mind who they are, as long as they are willing. By the sounds of it, that girl had been with five different guys already.

That must be an all-time high. We have one more nom left that might consider giving her one, and one I can’t see taking her to bed. He looked more like he wanted to slap her around a bit than bed her. The others are busy doing tasks; they have no time to have fun.

Mind you, those who have had the girl shouldn’t have had time either, but I turned a blind eye to that. Sometimes you’ve got to let them have their little pleasures, as long as no one gets hurt and the jobs are done.

Being a nom was rough, and having some fun after a long run with none can refresh the batteries, so to speak. Maxine moved to place her empty glass on the table, it was nothing complicated, a simple movement, but the way her butt- cheeks moved on my semi, had it hardening so far that my jeans got tight, and I thought I was going to explode right then and there, it have been a while since a girl managed to make me this close to coming with no effort at all.

Just being herself was all it took. Pizza arrived: Thirty boxes. Hope that was enough to go around. The nom’s got started on their work, going around offering the pizza to the patched

members first, and then to us, the visiting girls, they would get some last, if there was any left by then.

Most of the time, they get nothing, and most are too busy screwing or trying to get more attention from the guys to bother eating anyway.

It amuses me watching them, looking so desperate to be part of the family, but don't realize that they would never be made one, even if they got pregnant, none would claim her or the child as theirs, as they sleep around too much for anyone to admit it could be theirs.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 8[1,504 words]

Maxine POV

Poor Tank, he was trying so hard to get me to commit to him, and although I like him, he makes me feel safe in his big, strong, muscular arms, holding me on his lap, his body warmth warming me as I lie against his chest. All feels great, and more than I had expected. I am hesitant to commit to anyone, so soon, it has only been a little over a week since I was kicked out of my home and lost my boyfriend.

It felt too soon to commit to another guy I hardly know; it took a lot for me to accept my ex because of my insecurities, and I don't trust my sister with any man I choose; they all succumb to a pretty face and a willing body sooner or later.

"Sticks, what do you think about what Tank asked? Do you think it's too soon to commit to another guy?" I asked, after Tank put me down, so he could go to the bathroom. I had waited till he was out of sight before asking.

"You're the first girl he ever asked to be his. He rarely interacts with the ladies. I would take him up on the offer, it's a 'get to know each other' time, and while you are working out if you are gonna stay together, it keeps the others respectful of the two of you. You are already one of us, regardless. But it would be better for you and the guys that have their eye on you to take up the offer, be at least attached to one of the guys, to keep the piece." Sticks replied, giggling as the other girls of her group nodded their heads in agreement.

"It doesn't hurt none, honey, you're safe with a tag," Cricket added, showing off her new cut, having been officially claimed as one of the guys' old ladies.

"Other guys have eyes on me?" I am shocked by that comment. I am not the sort of woman most guys give a second glance at.

"You are a preferred woman over almost all here, and definitely those loose ones that bore most of the patch members. It was not easy to find a woman to fit into our lifestyle that was not

already a skank. You fit that place. You are gorgeous, confident, give as good as you get, take no shiet, yet respect the boundaries of this lifestyle, plus-and this was a huge plus for most here-you can fix their bikes. For free. What more can a guy want? You can virtually take your pick from the single interested patch members.” They glowed with pride at what was said, the others nodding in agreement. In their eyes, I was a perfect candidate for the members and for the group.

The ladies tried to convince me to accept Tank, get back on the bike, so to speak. I get what they are saying, and with my sister being engaged, she won’t be trying to take my boyfriend this time. Would she want a biker? Like that would go against everything Mom and Dad would like, mind you.

I can’t see what she saw the benefit of taking my boyfriend for. He wasn’t anyone special or of high status; his family was average.

But a biker would definitely make a mother have a heart attack, not her precious little girl with a dangerous biker.

That thought alone had me smiling. I can do this. Why not be what my parents say I am, a bad girl, falling with the wrong crowd? Mind you, if I were falling in with the wrong crowd, how come they love my ex now? My parents have no clue; any boyfriend of mine would be the bad guy in their eyes.

Well, until now. When my sister decided to get pregnant, he was the wrong guy until then.

Tank came back and picked me up, causing me to squeak out in surprise, as he sat where I was sitting and pulled me back onto his lap.

“Miss me?” He nuzzled my neck again, and I shrugged my shoulders and squirmed in an effort to move his face from my neck; his beard tickled.

“Mayyy beeee,” I replied, drawing out the word.

“Do you need anything, like something to eat or more water?” Tank was so cute when he was trying to be tender, yet he-man mucho at the same time.

“Yeah,” I replied as I wiggled again in his arms and he tightened his hold to stop my moving.

I got the huge rock-hard bulge against my butt, and was shocked by how big it was. My ex never had one that big, not that I had paid that much attention, since we didn’t get that far for me to investigate. He wore loose pants, hiding his junk, or I never got him hard enough for it to rise like Tank’s does.

It made me feel good that I could make him want me like this; it didn’t feel sleazy or dirty, like the girls that come to this club, like my sister, or Alice, my sister’s friend, who looks like she had just been with another prospect, the patch members have been turning her away, as she broke rule after rule, I am shocked they hadn’t thrown her out yet.

Without asking me what I wanted, a tray of finger food arrived, and a large glass of water with ice.

We all dug in, I grabbed the spicy chicken drumsticks and munched on them like I hadn't eaten all day. Jokes were told as we ate, and more patch members pulled up a chair, and our small group grew to over thirty. More and more food came out. I looked over to the area where the girls were, which included Alice, and they were watching us; jealousy filled their eyes.

Alice, being the ignorant, stupid chick that she was, moved the rope that segregated us and tried to be with us. Still, before she took more than six steps, a huge nom or prospect, I learned that different countries call them different things. Still, they mean the same: a nominee or a prospect is

a guy during a probationary period before gaining a patch. Anyway, the nom picked her up, and with a snap of the Prez's fingers and nod of his head, Alice was carried out the door.

What happened after she was taken out of the building? I will no doubt hear about it later, and somehow it will all be my fault, as they are good at pinning the blame on me every time.

"We're gonna go, hope to catch up again soon," Jenny says as she wiggles off the lap of the guy who had been cuddling her all night. He didn't appear to want to let her go.

I stood up too, which annoyed Tank, but he didn't push to keep me on his lap. I said goodbye and waved to Sticks and the girls, and I grabbed my jacket and headed out with the girls. They headed to the car, and I went to my bike and grabbed my lid.

"Where do you think you are going?" Tank asked, stopping me from putting on the helmet.

"The girls called it a night. It's time to go home," I stated the obvious.

"Why go because they are?" he asked, still confused by my simple statement.

"Yeah?" I replied as a question, wondering if I should leave or stay. I was enjoying myself, had no work tomorrow, and had yet to talk to the Prez.

"Stay." He said, not coming too close and pressuring me, but simply stating it.

"I need to talk to the Prez, do you think he will have time?"

"Sure, come back in, and I will go find him." I hadn't asked earlier, but when he sat with us for a little while, it didn't seem the right time, he was busy watching the crowd, for trouble, more like the girls causing trouble than the guys, as they appeared pretty chilled to me, but those skanks can get nasty the more they got drunk, louder, more aggressive. I was surprised the guys put up with them, like this; surely they should have cut them off by now.

I waved goodbye to my girls and noticed no Alice in the car. I wondered briefly how she got home, and then pushed it out of my mind. She's a big girl and can deal with it herself, not my worry.

Tank held my hand as he dragged me back into the clubhouse and headed to the back.

"Skins, boss in the office?" Tank asked as we passed the bar.

"Where else would he be?" he retorted, causing a smile to bloom on my face. He was just like me, with a sarcastic comeback.

He stopped at a double door and knocked.

A muffled voice called out, and Tank opened the door.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 9[1,533 words]

Tank POV

I panicked, no other word for what I felt as I watched Maxine put on her jacket, and was reaching out for her lid. It was a foreign feeling for me; I rarely panic. That was more my brother than me.

"Don't go." I tried again, louder this time.

Maxine turned to look at me, tilting her head as she took me in.

"I should see my friend safely home." She argued that Max was a good woman-caring, considerate. How could her family kick this woman out of her home?

"They will be fine, what could you do following, not like you could stop something from happening." It all sounded right, but her frown said otherwise. I stayed quiet as she turned and waved to her friends as they drove by. One screaming out the window, not to do something she wouldn't. Or words to that effect.

"I need to speak with the Prez anyway." Maxine made it sound like she was staying a little longer only for that reason, and it made my stomach drop. I was hoping for more -more of what exactly? I hadn't worked that riddle out yet.

Prez was exactly where he should be, seated in his chair, in his office, doing what the Prez does; I have never tried to find out what he does; he was the boss, the figurehead, and we all answered to him; he could make or break you. The respect we all have for him was high. I couldn't do what he does, or even try to. He has amazing organizational skills. He listens to us all. When we

gripe or bring in gossip that could be important, he never judges us, and when we fail, he gives constructive criticism and encouragement.

I have known him all my life and fought with him.

I would die for him, and he would for me, and my brother.

We were born here, grew up together, his father was the Prez, and we all expected him to take over when his father was done. I know no other life, and have never wanted to be part of anything else. There were fourteen of us lads who were born here, closer than any family could be; all their mothers are our mothers. They shared the duty of raising us rambunctious boys; it wouldn't have been easy. We obeyed the rules, but at school or away from home, we were not exactly law-abiding types – nothing major – and I would like to think it was like any lad growing up and learning to become a man. We rode bikes, drank beer, smoked -well, I didn't smoke, but most of the others did -and we did stuff. At the same time, we were underage, which could get us in trouble, but somehow, in all the chaos of living and growing up, we survived without having the cops visit our folks. Mind you, it helped that we owned most of the small town, and the cops often turned a blind eye to the minor infractions. We never went to extremes that would cause trouble for the club.

I pushed Maxine on the lower back, urging her into the office and to a chair in front of the Prez.

“What can I do for you? Maxine?” He looked from me to her and back again. It was rare to have a girl in his office, like this, anyway. Those who came in were scruffy and looking for sanctuary, or skanks that were trying to get him between their thighs.

“I have a storage shed, I rent it full of gear, and I would like to move it here. Do you have a spare shed with power and water access that I could use?” She didn't sound scared of the Prez; that was a good sign, but I think I would have been shocked if she had been.

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I might have only just started to get to know her personally, but I had known about her for years heard stories and paid little attention to her till now. She was still underage at first, and that was a bit of a no for me. Then, when she became of age, I hadn't thought of her anymore, except that she was becoming a great asset to the gang with her natural flair for repairs.

“What's in the shed?” Prez asked encouragingly.

“My grandpa's things.” She shrugged.

“Can you be more specific?” He leaned forward, his elbows on the table, his hand fisted together, and he leaned on them, staring at her with interest.

“Things I need to repair the baby, a lathe, a welder, a wash bay, and spare parts. Stuff like that.” Prez's eyebrows rose, and he smirked.

“Come with me, I might have the space you need.”

We followed him out into the darkness and down the cobblestoned path. We passed a few sheds and ended up at one at the back of our largest shed, where we stored wrecks and unrepairable bikes. Old cars and trucks could be seen just beyond the light from the security lighting about the place.

Our fenced land, which was our club’s home, was just over one hundred acres. Out there were cabins and small houses where some of our married members lived, those who didn’t want to live in town or have a place of their own outside the compound. This section was our wrecking yard, full of wrecks and parts, some waiting for someone who could restore them to their former glory.

The old shed door creaked loudly into the night, the beat of music in the background from the party, yet this door sounded loud as it opened.

Going to have to grease that. I thought as the Prez stepped inside and flipped the switch.

This was our third-largest shed, not one I would have thought he would choose.

“This had power and water, as you can see, it is full of wrecks and parts, we can move them and make space for.”

“This will be good, I need to clear this and...” Maxine went on to explain what she wanted, how to have it arranged, and why.

“Done, I will get the boys to empty this side tomorrow, and help you empty that storage shed, get it set up, ready for use.” He never mentioned rent for the space, and I wasn’t about to ask, in case he wanted that to be between the two of them.

“Thank you, I’d better get going if I am to return early in the morning.” It was already after midnight, and I didn’t like the idea of her out on the road alone.

“Stay,” I said again, just like I had when she was going to leave earlier.

“Why? Where would I sleep?” She looked at me, searching my face.

“Sleep with me, I don’t mean you have to spread your legs for me, I am not that kind of guy, but I want to hold you.” I didn’t mention that if I could, I would have, I was that kind of guy, but not anymore.

“Promise?” She asked, making my heart sink further. This angel had been hurt too much; her trust, even I could see, was at an all-time low.

“Promise, I won’t do anything without your permission.” I had seen guys change from being randy sod to a respectful guy. When the right girl showed up, I used to rib them, call them

whipped, but I understand now. Find the right girl, and you are whipped, bending over backwards to be better than what you used to be. Not wanting to risk losing a good thing when you find it.

The Prez nodded. We didn't need his permission to keep a girl overnight, but even he could see this was something different. He knew my story and might be surprised by my request, but didn't show 1.

The light was turned off, and then the screech of the door closing, a loud bang as metal met metal, and the bolt slid into place.

"I will get a padlock and give you the key; it's not that we don't trust others, but some might be tempted to give the machinery a try and break something. Drunken lads tend to do stupid things." Prez answered the unspoken question: "I understood." Given the opportunity and the liquor courage, men might want to give her a go.

Maxine allowed me to take her hand and led her inside and up the stairs. I have one of only four rooms on the top floor; that is more than a single bedroom and nothing else. My room was like a small apartment, with its own bathroom, a mini kitchen, and a balcony overlooking the backyard. The Prez has one, the master of arms has the other; the last was empty. We lost our VP a couple of months ago, and no one has wanted to take over his room since. However, I have heard a whisper that might change soon. Voting for who would take his place was about to start, and I had no clue whose names were on the list.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 10[1,489 words]

Maxine POV

The shed will be perfect. I can get all Grandpa's machines set up, and it will be used again, just like

he would have wanted. Dad never wanted anything to do with what was in that shed, and when he got the house, he threatened to throw it all down the dump, even though it had been willed to me. The lawyer was the only saving grace, stopping him from doing something stupid, and my renting the storage shed was a solution to it. Now the gear will get used as it should be. It was wasting away in that shed.

"Stay, it's late, and if you insist on going home, I will have to follow you to make sure you get home safely, and I really don't want to get on my bike this late at night," Tank said softly.

Like that was the real reason he didn't want me to go, for my safety?

I bet they have been on their bikes, blind drunk, and late at night, not thinking of their safety. I know I have been out on my bike in the early hours of the morning, over-tired and not safe to be riding, but I needed the wind in my face and space to think.

“I agree, Tank has had a few beers, and it’s not safe, stay,” Prez added, slapping Tank on the back as he passed by us, lending his support in the argument, before entering the building before us.

Not that I was arguing, more like an internal debate.

I had held off giving myself to my boyfriend because I wasn’t ready yet, and he didn’t push. When I was ready, it was too late. So what am I waiting for?

Would the guy who takes the V card really care that it was him -something to brag about, maybe?

The girls all were pushing for me to be with Tank, and he did make me feel comfortable around him, like I was already his, and he treated me with care. More attention in one night from him than I had in ages from my own ex-boyfriend. But we only just officially met. Even the Prez was happy about me being with Tank.

I was coming out of the bathroom, down the hall, not the one for visitors, but one the patch members use, when I heard him tell Tank not to stuff it up and to treat me right; losing me would hurt the whole gang. To claim me before any of the others try to. You know it’s time to put the past behind you.

Why were they pushing Tank so hard?

What did he have in his past that made him shy away from women?

I was intrigued -now I wanted to know: was it like me -a cheating girlfriend? Or something else, but what?

“Please stay, I won’t do anything you don’t want me to. I would feel better if you were in my arms tonight.” He pushed a little harder. As we entered the building, he was holding my hand, and once inside, he waited at the bottom of the stairs, hopeful for my answer.

“Okay,” I whispered, time to do something different -hoping for a romantic night with the one I love for the first time -was out the window for me. The smile that bloomed on his face was priceless; you would think I just gave him a new bike.

He led me up to the top floor and down a long, empty hallway. There was a window at each end of the hallway, and small ground-level night lights outside each door. He stopped at a door and placed his hand on a square on the wall. It lit up green, and the lock clicked open.

He pushed the door open and stood to one side to let me in.

Such a gentleman. I rarely got that with my ex, even in the early days of dating.

Damn, hope I am not going to keep comparing him to my ex all the time, that's exhausting, and unproductive. Grandpa would be clipping me behind my ears if he heard me talking to myself like this.

His room, as he called it, was bigger than my flat above the shop.

It was comfortable, with all the mod cons, definitely all male, with the dark curtains, and bike doona cover and matching pillows. A carpet mat by the large king-size bed, of the ghost rider, one that was made popular after some movie, can't remember the name, and it was not what I had expected to see. I wondered briefly if they were gifts from a girlfriend, as it would be something most girls might think a guy would like, but they pushed it away. Some guys might like this stuff.

Not for me, though, and I am a little shocked at it to be honest, thought men liked plain stuff on their beds, but then what do I know, I haven't exactly been in a lot of men's rooms, even my ex didn't let me in his.

I walked to the window and moved the curtain to look out. You could see the car park and, in the distance, the main gate, which still had a guard nearby.

The door clicked shut, closing off the thump of the music that was still going on downstairs. I am told it will go all night. They had visiting members from another club staying the night, not that I paid that much attention to the visitors; they were polite to us at the table I sat at. No one would cause trouble around the Prez's woman.

Turning I looked at Tank who had moved to sit on the bed and was removing his shoes, I looked at the huge bed and tilted my head, as I took it in, the bed was custom made, and would most likely be why he had a top floor special room, he needed the bigger room for this bed, it was a good foot longer than most beds, to accommodate his six foot, eight, or maybe nine inches of all man, he removed his shirt, causing my eyes to look at his toned body, he had muscles on his muscles, no wonder he had no trouble lifting one of the motor cycle engines for me, he was wow.

I couldn't peel my eyes off his chest as he stood up and removed his jeans. My mouth went dry as I soaked in the eye candy before me.

A chuckle pulled me from my ogling.

"Wipe your chin, you are drooling."

I wiped my mouth without hearing what he was saying, and then blushed when his laugh became louder at my action. Placing my hands on my hips, ready to give him a serve, and all that came out was.

“Do you blame me?” I squeaked out, instead of the strong voice I had intended to use. Surprising me with my tone, I sounded all breathy.

Tank groaned and ran his hand through his hair.

“You going to sleep in your jeans?” He pulled the blankets back and climbed in, sitting there waiting.

“Come on, there’s plenty of room.” He patted the side of the bed next to him, and I could feel my blush again.

First, I placed my jacket on the back of a chair, then shucked off my socks and shoes, taking my time. Turning my back to him, I hesitantly removed my jeans, hearing another groan behind me, which had me looking over my shoulder at Tank, who was staring at my G-string-covered arse.

“Wipe your chin,” I said, copying what he said to me, and like me, he wiped his chin with the back of his hand.

I burst out laughing; that action broke the tension inside of me, like I needed something to take away my nerves. He wasn’t someone I needed to be scared of.

He looked at me, and then the back of his hand, and it dawned on him what he did.

“Cheeky.” He smirked, his eyes twinkling with mirth.

I was facing him now, so I got brave. Slowly lifted my shirt over my head – yeah, I should have done the T-shirt first, not sure why I did the jeans first, I felt exposed before him.

Just like wearing a bikini, just like wearing a bikini. I kept repeating in my head as I shyly moved to climb up into the bed. It was higher than the average bed -just like everything about this guy: bigger, taller, drool-worthy good.

The moment I lay down, he scooted down next to me and pulled me to him, causing me to turn my back on him, and he spooned me from behind. This was the first time I had shared a bed with a guy; our sleepovers were girls only, and we never spooned.