

# Claimed by the Biker Giant

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### Chapter 1

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 it 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; we were going out today, but that's 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 victim. She was an expert at that and should have been an actress, as 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, as 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 rushed, and my heart just hit the floor. I slowly 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 my 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, eyes shining. "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 innocent victim. "We get married?" My now ex-boyfriend suggested, although it sounded more like a question, that he was struggling to come to a decision. "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 real 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 favouritism, 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 as he had just 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 if those who know Maxine was the real girlfriend show up? They'd be expecting the engagement to be with her?" Yep, there it was. My mother trying to regain her dignity and save face while happily twisting the knife to please her favourite, 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 on their faces 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 I know they won't be around. I didn't want to take the chance I'd lose it in front of them. My heart was breaking, not because I'd lost my boyfriend, not because I'd saved myself for that jerk, on HIS birthday, but because both parents were supporting this outrageous decision. For them, it was the best news they had received in a while, and a reason to finally get rid of me in a spectacular way. I walked downstairs and glared 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 knew what I was planning last night. The others chuckled along with Mike. I grumbled some obscure shi.t and got to work. By the end of the day, Mike pulled me into 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.