

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 101[1,369 words]

Tank POV

“Prez, my little lady, wants to fix up the club, and the grounds, open up the gates between the two properties, so we can expand out further, but not open to guests, only for club members, that

you trust, and she wants to find out about some of our retired, like would they be prepared to work for her, and teach the younger ones coming through. Do some upgrades at your hospital and schools. You should have heard her talking on the balcony, as her ideas flowed, even wants to help the homeless, make more places for them to spend the night, give them a meal a day, more than the soup kitchens do now. What do you think?” I asked, more excited about what Fixer was planning for her vision for the town, and next door, than Prez, who looked stunned by all of this.

“So Fixer, you are looking at what you can do for the club, and the community, and not what you can do for you?” Prez asked, looking between the two of us.

“For me? I don’t get what you mean.” Fixer stared at Prez, looking lost.

“Most girls, and a lot of guys too, for that matter, being told they have a lot of money, would be looking at new clothes, a new car, or, in our case, a bike, travel the world, start bossing people around because they are rich and feel above everyone else. Because of money’s power and control.” Prez put it bluntly, and although I got what he meant.

“I need more clothes? I just bought some new work shirts, coveralls, and gloves. Got some new shirts and jeans too.”

Lots of girls have a wardrobe full of today’s fashion, and loads of shoes, bags, and jewelry. You don’t want to glam up?”

“Why buy more than I need? I can only wear one pair of boots at a time, and a spare. I don’t need more jewelry, I have Grandma’s in my room, but I never wear them, plus more in a lock box in the bank. I don’t get what you mean.” Fixer really was clueless in so many ways.

“If sister got the opportunity to buy more clothes, makeup, bags, and shoes, would she?” Fixer frowned for a while, then her eyes widened.

“She would buy the store, even if she never got to wear them all. Show off all the bling and gloat over it. But that’s not me, I don’t need all that.” She argued back.

“You said you will be going to the quarterly meetings; from now on, you will need business attire; you can’t go in jeans and a shirt.”

“I am me. If they don’t like their new boss wearing a guys cut, that’s their problem. I am not taking off my cut to go into a boardroom of stuffed shirts. Besides, we have a month before that meeting to talk to Gramps and find out who I can bring. If I can have others, I want some of those you suggest might like to work with me, to come, meet the managers, and get our feet wet.”

“Gramps?” Prez looked between us.

“Gramps and Grams, for my father’s parents, Grandma and Grandpa, for my mother’s parents. I never had this issue before, and it’s confusing, so I broke it down to something I could use. Give them both their own titles.”

“Got it. Let me get this right, you have more money than our town bank, and you want to spend it fixing up our town’s problems.”

“If I can help, then yes, I know what it’s like to live on the streets, and no, I am not encouraging kids to leave home so they can live on the streets, because it’s better now, I thought of that, just a roof over their heads, and a meal a day, and possible people who could help work out why they left home, and try to help, and not have social workers getting in there face. Maybe some of our guys would be interested in helping the kids; many know what it’s like to come from a broken home.”

“Is she for real?” Prez was still shocked over my little lady and how unselfish she was.

“Fixer by name, Fixer by nature.” I chuckled back, giving my little lady a gentle squeeze.

“That was the right name for her. We had a lot of suggestions, but I am glad we ended up with this one.”

“Prez, I want to make an area for a sterile tattoo area, and teach someone they have to have a real interest, and can supply some designs they have drawn, to prove it.” Fixer was full of ideas, I love it.

“I have two young lads who have done some part-time work at the tattoo shop in the other town, one showing real promise, and I will talk to him. When will you get the room done?”

“Have to pick a place, give me a few weeks, to choose one, and get it ready. Might put a portable room out there, already set, just need power and water. Will see.”

“So, your parents?” Prez asked, I guess he didn’t digest all we had said earlier.

“The couple who gave her a terrible life are her uncle and aunt. Tandy is looking into what can be done legally, but I thought we could make their life a little uncomfortable while he takes the legal way.”

“I don’t want to hear it. They are part of my past, that I am trying to get over, do what you will, but don’t include me, I want a clean start.” Fixer mumbled as she looked at the table; her mind must be running all over the place with possibilities.

“Let’s call it a night, go have dinner, find my girl, and Jenny, and talk about moving next door. Don’t have to say you own it yet, we all know it was empty, let them believe you are renting it, till you are ready to say more.” Prez suggested, meaning he was full and needed a break, to digest all we had been saying, and to make a few investigations on what Fixer had wanted.

I picked up Fixer and carried her out of his office. She nestled into my chest, her hands around my neck.

The smell of the grill lured us outside, where men were cooking meat on the hotplate, and the girls were putting out salads and cold cuts. It was a hive of activity, getting it all set. Men who had finished setting up the fold-up tables and chairs were cracking open beers and standing around chatting as they waited for the meat to cook. This was just our club members; it was rare to have outsiders here during the week, not impossible, as Doris and Pixie had shown, but not very often.

“Fixy Fix, come here, we have this table today.” Sticks and Jenny were sitting at a small table, one of the permanent wood ones, talking. They had become good friends, since Jenny gave Sticks an earful for not passing along the message that Blaze was interested and for wasting over a week of good fuking. Jenny has no filter, she tells it like it is, but was a bubbly, outgoing kinda girl.

“Fixy Fix?” I repeat what she said.

“Yeah, Maxi Max to me is now Fixy Fix.” Sticks laughed as if it were something great. But I didn’t get it. A girl thing, I guess.

I took a seat and kept Fixer on my lap.

“Where have you been all day, Fix?” Jenny asked, her eyes gleaming with mirth, as she waited for Fixer to answer.

“Lawyer, and shopping. Got a cute top for you, saw it and thought you would like it.”

“Ooo, after dinner.” Jenny rambled on about her day, Sticks joining in every now and then, as she had been with Jenny.

Prez joined us and gave me a look, and I shook my head no. He nodded, and soon food was on the table, and talking slowed, although Jenny and Sticks managed to still keep the conversation going between mouthfuls.

“Hey, Sticks, Jenny, Blaze, can you come to my office? We have something to discuss quietly.” Prez made it sound like a request, but it was more of a demand. I knew we were included,

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Maxine/Fixer POV

It was like I was listening to someone else’s life, as Prez and Tank talked about my life changes and what I wanted to do. I had always dreamed of helping the street kids; if ever I had a chance, give them areas to play, something more challenging than the usual swings and slides. Like flying foxes, and rock climbing, part of why I want to fix up the water hole, and make some jetty’s and a water slide, maybe some proper rope swings.

At dinner, I was bursting to tell Jenny what was going on; we don’t have secrets, and I want to share my wealth with her, as much as she will let me, to get her away from her folks completely. Time called by Prez, and we walked to his office, the members watching us go, including Cricket and Bruiser, who had not been included in this chat. Maybe later. For now, it was our Prez and my BFF who would be included.

Tank led me to the lounge chair and pulled me onto his lap. By now, I am expecting nothing less. I like his lap as my chair. Or maybe it’s the cuddle I get and the nuzzling. I giggle as I sit, his beard tickling my neck as he places a kiss on my shoulder.

“Fixer, would you like to explain?” Prez asked, and all heads turned to stare at me, with frowns and surprised looks on their faces.

“Jenny, remember when I told you about the will from Grandpa, and how Tandy said after my parents had left, that I would know more when I get older?”

“Sure, we fantasized over what he could mean for months.” She giggled. We had, pretending I was born of royalty, and the world at my feet.

“Today I found out what that meant. I am not yet ready to tell everyone, but I own next door.”

Jenny squealed like a banshee, got up, and did a happy dance before Blaze pulled her down and onto his lap.

“What does that mean, you own it?” Sticks asked the most stupid questions at times.

“Her Grandmothers family owned it, and her grandmother hid it from everyone. It was to go to my mother, but she died, so Grandma willed it to me, and some money for upkeep, because my aunt proved to be a bi.tch.” I started, but Jenny interrupted me.

“Back up, your mother? Why didn’t she get it when Grandma died?” Jenny asked, trying to piece it together.

“Because the person we all believed to be her mother wasn’t her mother but her aunt, and Grandma refused to give it to that greedy woman,” Tank answered for me.

“Now you’d better start explaining from the beginning.” Sticks pushed, not being privy to much of my life, and Tank filled the room in, with most of what we had found out so far.

“Is Tandy going to get them arrested? Like that one big lie.” Jenny asked, having climbed off Blaze’s lap and was almost on Tank’s as she held onto me, trying to give me comfort.

“Yep, he said he will grab all the evidence, and charge them, including the medical records, and charge the daughter too, because since she turned eighteen, she can be charged as an adult, and I have had a few times where I have gone to the hospital for a check up, and had said an altication with sister on the records. I hadn’t charged them before, because I didn’t think I could charge family, but Tandy is going to fix all that. He promised to go right back to when my real mother died, and Grandma gained custody. He said something was fishy about how all that came about, and he has hired an investigator to look into it.’

“You said your mother died, who’s your dad, don’t tell me that piece of shiet.” Jenny spat out.

“Nope, my dad, he’s MIA, in military and his team went missing, he knows about me, got regular updates, but being the kind of life he has, he couldn’t take on a child, so he left me with Grandma, he was angry when he learned about my mistreatment, but could do little about it, he was deployed for too long at a time, his way of coping with the loss of Mother, by the time he came back, and talked to Tandy, because Grandpa died, he didn’t know what to do, he couldn’t give up his job, he had five years left to do on the contract he had signed. It would have been over last year, and could come for me, but he went MIA before anything could be organised, and he wasn’t sure how to handle, suddenly turning up in my life, and announcing he was my dad.” I understood, the longer it was left, the harder it became, and it would look like he never cared.

“That’s so sad.” Jenny had tears in her eyes, no doubt thinking of how different my life could have been.

“Cheer up, things are getting better now. So, are you coming to live with me? I am moving in tomorrow.” I said, looking at Jenny’s red eyes, and then to Sticks’ worried face.

“Me too?” Sticks asked, suddenly realising that I had included her.

“Yep, thought with you being pregnant, you wouldn’t want the baby to grow up in the clubhouse. I want the three of us to pick a room we can use as a toy room when we all have children, or have visitors, and we can throw them in there to play.”

“Wow, okay, I would love to come live with you and Jenny, what about Cricket?” Sticks asked, and I looked over at Jenny, then Prez.

“I spoke to Bruiser while getting dinner. He wants to stay here for now. He takes the role of security seriously, and staying in the clubhouse was, as far as he was concerned, part of that job. One day, we might be able to convince him otherwise, but for now, he’s happy here.” Prez looked at Sticks, a look that said Don’t push it.

“Yes, it’s not far to go, you can walk it in good weather, going to put a gate between the two, so we can come and go. There will be many changes to the place, moving forward, but for now, we’re keeping it all low key, let people think we are renting it.” I said, looking at Jenny, give her a knowing smile. Now she was back on Blaze’s lap, a look she knew meant. I will give her more details later.

We talked a bit more about my lost family, what it would mean to me, but not going into details about who they were. Also talked about my grandparents, and how they hid the inheritance by leaving the land in their great-grandmother’s surname. When looking, if you don’t know that side of the family, you wouldn’t know it was Grandma’s maiden name.

The more I learned, the more twisted it became, all this hiding because in most families, someone was greedy and wanted it all. My aunt and uncle were the ones in this family, and grandma had a sister that was the greedy one, but luckily she never had children, so no one will come out of the woodwork to try and claim it, besides the will was too powerful, for anyone to fight it, plus the time to contest it, was over, so my uncle and aunt wouldn’t be able to take it from me, even if they tried.

Jenny and Sticks didn’t want to leave the office, enjoying talking about next door and ideas for what could be done; they never asked what sort of funds Grandma left for upkeep, but knowing the size of the property, they assumed it would be substantial.

But Prez’s phone rang, and our time in his office was over.

“Go pack and get ready to move tomorrow,” Prez said, as he covered the phone to get us to leave.

We all left his office, and he returned to his call.

“Coffee?” Jenny offered and guided me to the kitchen, Tank following behind, Sticks leaving us to it, and headed upstairs to start packing. I didn’t have much to pack; never been one for a huge wardrobe.

“Want to talk here or in your room?” I looked at Tank as he started to gather snacks.

“Our room.” Blaze, assisted Tank, and while the girls took the coffees, the boys brought up the snacks, and entered our room.

I placed the coffees on the table, and the guys unloaded the food.

“Alright, spit it out.” I looked at Tank and nodded to Blaze.

“He’s cool.” I nodded, and started to unload on Jenny, she asked questions, and I answered them the best I could, all the while the guys stayed quiet and listened, sometimes sucking in air in shock at what they heard, they might have had some questions on the tip of their tongues, but held them in, as Jenny, and I skipped through my childhood, and repercussions, I had talked to Tandy about, and what my new grandparents want to do, they according to Tandy, have a lot to make up for, and making sure my aunt, uncle, and cousin are dealt with, was the start.

“You mean if they manage to stay out of jail, they would be safer in jail?” Jenny asked as I ran out of things to discuss.

“Yeah, Tandy sent me a message that my Gramps will ensure that they are dealt with. It might not happen immediately, but eventually every broken bone and bruise I ever received will get tenfold, or words to that effect.” I giggled at the thought of my cousin being bruised and broken, like I had been, by her.

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Tank POV

It didn’t surprise me that Bruiser wanted to stay in the clubhouse; he was happy in here, and Cricket loves the attention. Moving out would take that away from her. I feel that Sticks would like a break from the pressure of the club routine, as she starts to get bigger with the child. Pins was stepping up, more, and appears to be at Cricket’s side a lot, and has no qualms pulling Cricket back when she gets out of hand.

The dynamics had changed a lot since our blowout. With the girls, it was like blowing away the cobwebs and giving them a clear direction. We all have our roles to play in this club, and now they have a clearer picture; the girls have settled down. The five of them get along well, and there appears to be no more fighting for top dog. Bruiser sorted Cricket out, who had lost the baby, and thought she had lost Bruiser and the club, but she was wrong. We don’t like that, not sure where she got that impression from, but all sorted now.

Having the girls happy makes a huge difference in the clubhouse. There’s no tension among the females; only the men appear on edge, but that’s because of the threat from Jones’ gang. We could get a call on a moment’s notice, to be ready to rumble. It was part of our life to be ready to fight. We don’t go looking for it, but if the need arises, we don’t back down.

Jenny reacted about the way I had expected. Blaze sat, listened, occasionally raised an eyebrow, and looked up at me questioningly. I would nod my agreement with what he was hearing, and you could tell that both Prez and Blaze are not happy about Fixer’s past. Jenny’s questioning and talking with Fixer had revealed far more than I had known. I, too, want to go put a bullet in their

heads, but I want Tandy to try the legal way first. That would hurt them a lot, before hurting them physically, and then we would need to beat her grandparents, Astore, to the punch.

It was good for the girls to move out of here. I understand what Fixer meant by saying that coming to the workshop each day was like going to work, it would put things into better perspective. Prez got a glimpse of Fixer's wealth, knowing who the Astore family was, but he would be in for a shock if he could see those files that Fixer has. It blows my mind, yet Fixer didn't see it as her wealth but as money to do good. She amazes me every day. Even Jenny talked about what could be done for others when we were upstairs, away from prying ears. They were both on the same page, looking at what they could do for others, and not thinking about what it would do for them.

I couldn't believe my ears. Even Blaze was shocked, but the look on his face was priceless. He loved Jenny even more after hearing the two of them talking. They both had hard lives in different ways, but still hard lives. Their parents never showed them love, they became soul sisters, both have broken hearts, neither got the parental love and care every child should have. Jenny's way to cope, when she got old enough, was to be a free spirit, never having a boyfriend for long; none could be trusted to be more than a romp in the sack.

Until now, Blaze has caught her well and truly, both very smitten with each other. It was like a fairy tale. Blaze didn't mind that she had experience; according to him, she wasn't any worse than he had been, having fun with girls, giving them what they wanted, and taking what he needed. Why shouldn't a girl do the same, as long as it was tastefully done, and not out in the main hall for all to see? He was all for it. She didn't diminish in his eyes, and being Fixer's best friend meant he saw her as a good person, and he was right. Jenny was as caring as Fixer, but with more zeal and energy, and they saw life in two different ways, both wanting to help the poor or the wounded.

The club was fortunate to have gained two lovely, caring, generous girls. We need more girls in our club who share and care; that would benefit the club, not themselves. We don't need selfish ones who are attracted to the lifestyle and then can't cope with the hard times. Many hate roughing it, as we did on the camping weekend. Then arriving home to that mess, I saw many girls losing it, those who were here for the fight, I expected them to be lost, and glad that Fixer could get them busy, take their minds off what they had witnessed, but the girls that arrived later, with Prez and the group some lost it, were in tears, and took off to their rooms, not helping at all. They won't last long; they were girlfriends of patch members, but, having yet to receive a cut, I doubt they would last, not pitching in, as one would expect or hope. It doesn't go down well with most to watch a girl lose it, as they did. One look, and they ran. What did they expect? We're a bike club, not nursery school. It wasn't our first fight, but it was our first time hitting out at our clubhouse like that. Let me clarify: we have had fights, many of them, in the clubhouse, at visiting clubs, while getting drunk, and in fights that get out of hand. Most of our fights are not on club grounds and away from the girls' eyes, but that doesn't mean running when trouble was over and first aid was needed. For me, that was a deal breaker.

"Goodnight, time for this chicklett to head to bed." Jenny gives Fixer an air kiss and then pulls her in for a hug.

“Don’t change,” Jenny warned before releasing her and leaving. Blaze follows close behind, after a bro slap for me.

“Shower, or in the morning?” I asked, we hadn’t done anything strenuous, and Fixer hadn’t been in her workshop, so no grease and grim.

“Nah, I need sleep.” I was disappointed at that reply. I was hoping for some more bed dancing.

Fixer strips off her clothes slowly, folding each piece and placing it on the chair, nice and neat, and I was turned on, watching her, it was like she had music running threw her head, as she removed her clothes, did she deliberately strip that way, to gain my attention, because my shaft stood to attention, watching her.

She went to fill a glass of water, placed it on her bedside table, and turned to look at me as she climbed into bed. A smirk on her face as she notices my shaft standing tall and wanting attention.

“Pleased to see me?” She said once in bed, and I was still standing there, staring at her. She didn’t put on PJs; she always wears PJs. Was that a signal that she was interested?

“You bet,” I replied, kicking my clothes to the side and climbing in beside her. Pulling her to me and capturing her lips. She responded by parting her lips, allowing my tongue to enter her mouth, and my hands roamed her warm body, my hands feeling rough on her soft skin. But she didn’t mind; her hands roamed my body with urgency.

I leaned on one arm, and the other moved between her legs. She was wet and ready.

“You’ve been holding out on me,” I whispered as I moved to rub my shaft on her moist core, wetting it with her juices.

“Don’t tease me.” Fixer thrust her hips up at me, signalling that she was ready, and I was more than ready.

I pulled back and lined my tip to her entrance, and thrust into her moist core. It was hot and tight, and deeper than the last time; she took all of me, and that thrilled me, as she groaned as I started to get a rhythm, and pace, but she wanted more, her fingernails dug into my back, leaving her legs, her heels digging into my bu.tt, putting pressure on me to go faster, deeper, harder.

This girl is a man’s wet dream, and she’s all mine. I couldn’t ask for anything more. She was a generous lover and pushed me to my limits before we both exploded at the same time, screaming out each other’s names into the night.

She was glistening with perspiration, her eyes closed, her breathing short, gasping breaths, and she was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen, after making love to a woman.

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Maxine/Fixer POV

Jenny asked all the awkward questions.

I knew she would; we have known each other since we learned to crawl and gravitated to each other.

Awkward because it was revealing to those in the room more than I had ever told them before, more than I thought I was ready to answer, but Jenny kept pushing, and in the end, I pretended the others weren't there, and we talked, yelled, cried, and made decisions based on what we know.

"We move next door, will be good, I can be honest with Mum and Dad, I am not living in a clubhouse, with a bunch of bikies, I am moving in with you. They don't need to know the rest, if I am going to stay off their radar for now. I haven't lived at home for a while, so I have no clue why they are bothered trying to get a rise out of me for moving."

"Maybe because you will be too far away from them to just show up and knock on your door, pretending to need milk." I giggled because they had done that more than once. They drove past a shop on the way to borrow milk from her; it was a feeble excuse.

"I passed my exams, six months left, and I will be a paramedic in real training. All my theory was done, and what practical I can do, not being out on the field, now I'm doing six months in the ambulance. It will be a hard six months, but I have to do it if I want to be a paramedic. The EMTs have said that if I perform well in the field, they will hire me. I am so close."

"You will be fine, you are not a sixteen-year-old, going out on work experience, you are more mature, and have seen enough accidents to be hardened up a bit. Plus, it's what you have been working so hard for, you got this." The first time Jenny was out with a rescue team, there was a six-car pile-up. She threw up. After she had completed the rescues, they praised her for keeping it together under pressure, but she felt a failure for throwing up.

"Will you keep working in the workshop on the club grounds?" Jenny asked, knowing the effort the guys put in the set it up.

"Yes, that way it's like getting up and going to work, stops me from being slack."

"You and that word slack? Should never be put in the same sentence." She laughed. There were times I would work all night long, so engrossed in what I was doing, she'd come over to visit and find me fallen asleep in a puddle of oil, beside the machine I was working on.

We ate all the snacks, and Jenny has no work tomorrow, so she's going to have the guys

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come over to her place in the afternoon, clear out her home, and move it next door. For the next two days, she will be sleeping at the ambulance station, they will be on a

forty-eight-hour shift, on call, similar to the fire department, but with different hours. Two on two off, three on, three off, and so on, helps keep them fresh like other places run their department like, but here in our town, that is what they have done

They left for the night, excited about moving into the other house, and leaving the place she shared with some chick, who had been hinting lately that she wanted her gone, so her friend could move in. Jenny was happy to oblige her, now she had somewhere to go, and a much better place at that.

Tank was giving off signals that he wanted to use my body tonight. He's like this randW CLA always touching, stroking, needing to feel me close to me, and was nearly always semi-nude as he's ready all the time, he was with me. Jenny said it was because it had been a long time between drinks, and he was now very thirsty, and it was making up for lost time. I am enjoying the catch-up he was doing, but I am not used to it. The constant touching that is Never had anyone wanted to be that close to me. If I am not wrapped in his arms or on his lap, he would be holding my hand or touching me in some small way.

Taking off my clothes real slow, and I sang a Joe Cocker song in my head, "You can leave your hat on." I didn't have a hat. I would have made a better show of it. It never occurred to me how turned on I could get, just by removing my clothes, or seeing the lust build in Tank's eyes, when I looked through my arms as I leaned down to place my folded clothes on the chair, to see if he was watching, my panties were soaked, I did fold them, but laid them carefully down, so Tank could see them, and as I did this, my lady parts throbbed with a growing need. At this rate, I was going to be the one to jump his bones, instead of waiting for

him to make a move.

Tank was on me in a flash, like magnets being pulled together, he began teasing me relentlessly. I had to squirm and shuffle about to get him to take me, and not just play. I was so brazen, lifting my legs, that action appeared to help relax my muscles, and Tank could thrust deeper, giving me his all, and ooh, yeah, hit that right spot.

"That's it, right there." I groaned at Tank when he moved his hips slightly, like he wiggled or something.

I dug my heels in his butt, using them to pull my hips up higher, harder, faster. This gained a groan from Tank, and his pace picked up. This position of my legs gave a different sensation,

and a false sense of more control over the pace, and one that had my tunnel pulsing and building up for release fast.

“Yes,” I whispered, shouting, and thrust my hips up, trying to get more of him inside. He filled me so much already that I didn’t think there was any room left, but it appears that there was

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some more room, and I was sure I had all of him inside me now, and that was an awful lot of man that filled me. I would never have dreamed, I could take all of him. My nails and heels dug in deeper, just before I exploded in a wave of pleasure, and felt him pulse inside of me; his pulsing was another sensation that sent thrills through me.

He murmured incoherent words, hopefully that were good ones, but I was too far gone in my own pleasure ride to bother getting him to repeat it. I was covered in sweat, my body sated, tingles still running through my core. As Tank moved just a little bit, to adjust his weight on me, that movement sent a sensation through my body, as the swollen, over-sensitive part between my thighs was rubbed, by accident or deliberate, I couldn’t tell, but I liked it, even if it made me shudder as it was touched, so very sensitive, making me want it to be touched again, but too sensitive to allow, it was a conundrum of mixed feelings of wanton need.

Tank rolled off, headed to the bathroom, returned with a warm cloth, washed me, and left. I don’t remember much after that. I was so relaxed and content that sleep claimed me, hard and fast.

The smell of coffee woke me, and I opened one eye to see Tank waving a steaming cup of sweet nectar under my nose, like I had done to him many times. It occurred to me that I didn’t dream, not good or bad; nothing, or if I had, I don’t remember it, and that to me was a good thing.

Tank was sitting on the bed beside me, coffee in hand. He placed it on the bedside table, helped me sit up, kissed my nose, and reached over and grabbed the coffee, handing it to me as he moved to the table. I took a sip of coffee and watched him move. He was fully dressed in black jeans, ripped at the knees, not shop-made rips but ones of fair wear and tear from being on his knees working on a bike, and a black T-shirt, and bare feet.

He brought over a tray and placed it in front of me before carefully climbing up on the bed to sit beside me, took the coffee from the tray, and took a gulp. I watched his throat move as he swallowed, and naughty thoughts flickered through my mind.

“Eat, we have a busy day today.” Tank encouraged, taking a fork, digging into a slice of bacon, the lifting it to my face.

“Say ahhh.” he joked, and that dredged up my saying that for a different reason last night.

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Tank POV

That was the best night's sleep.

Why? You may ask.

Because my girl, slept in my arms, all night, no moving an inch, not thrashing about, no crying in her sleep, this was rare, she used to cry or thrash about, every night, and even scream out, depending on what nightmare she was caught up in, but last night, or should I say, this morning, I woke in exactly the same position I fell asleep in, both of us, having a deep peaceful sleep.

I had expected my little lady to have a rough night, so much of her past was discussed yesterday, bringing deep hurts that even made me growl, and I hurt for her.

What surprised me was the mention of my Dad. He apparently was one of her Grandpa's closest friends, fished together, and went hunting together. He must have been as devastated as we were when he died. That was the bike that Fixer had just started to work on. It has been a bike wreck for many years. There are other bikes she wants to fix up, but that old Walla was my Dad's; he died riding it. The same accident that took Mum, and although I didn't know back then, Fixer's mother died in the same accident. We didn't believe it was an accident, four cars, two bikes, and a semi-trailer collided on a straight stretch of road. Some say the truckie fell asleep at the wheel, crossed the line, and wiped out the bikes and two cars; the other two cars were following the truck and couldn't avoid being involved in the carnage. We tried to investigate, but too many doors shut tight, and even our men in the force couldn't open the file once it was sealed. That raised red flags for us, but we didn't have the authority to reopen it. I was a child, only seven at the time, and Zero was five. The club was devastated by the loss of two of its members and two old ladies. Soon, we became the orphans of the club, having many mothers and fathers yet none. We weren't treated badly, but it was hard growing up with no parents to guide us. We were to some extent lawless, doing anything and everything to get attention. Good or bad, as long as we were noticed, until we no longer tried, and together, Zero and I during high school, started on our own path.

Maybe it's time to investigate that accident again. With Fixer's real father's parents' connections and power, they might be able to dig into it. Surely they would like to know the truth behind that accident. Not what little we know. I wonder if her father had clippings and other information in his possession, and if Tandy went digging. Got to talk to Tandy, find out what he knows, what was done back then. I have a new drive and direction, time to go digging, with Astore backing, we just might find out what really happened to my dad and mum, and although I haven't told her yet, her mom. I want to wait till I have news, but if her grandparents, Astore, say something, I am screwed. As torn as I am talking about it, I feel I must.

I throw on some jeans and a shirt and head downstairs. The kitchen was empty, but trays of food were on the table, some on warming plates. I made coffee and piled one plate high with food, and headed back upstairs. All the while thinking about how I am going to talk about this, she was only two, and wouldn't have much memory of the time, and lucky for her, she survived the accident, might not even know she was in the car at the time, too young, I feel.

Copying Fixer, I waved the coffee under her nose. It seems we love to do this to each other; it was a gentle way to wake her up. Touching her makes her jump, and she takes on the defensive. I learned that on day one, talking to her doesn't work either; she just grumbles something incoherent and pulls the covers over her head. At least coffee draws her awake, and often I get her happy smile as a reward.

Helping her sit, I climbed onto the bed and force-fed her, pushing a mouthful of food into her mouth. Then, while she chewed, I put some in my mine. I was content, feeding her, and she didn't fight me. When the plate was empty, and her coffee cup done, I pulled her between my legs and let her rest her back on my chest, my hand drawing circles on her belly, the other cupping a breast.

"Babe, do you remember much about your mother, the accident that occurred, or had they managed to hide it completely from you?" I asked softly, wondering how they covered her mother's death.

"There are photos in an album, left for me, by Grandpa, but I have not looked into it. A lot of boxes in the workshop; you might have noticed that they are not unpacked yet. When I move into the house next door, I will have them moved over and go through them. I think it has a note on one of the boxes: "Don't open till I was twenty-one," and Grandpa made me promise not to open it till I was twenty-one. But with all these recent changes, I think a few months early won't hurt me." She didn't sound upset or anything, and I had to think about how I was going to handle this. Do I wait for her to open the boxes, or dive right in?

As I was thinking about this, she made the decision for me.

"Why the sudden interest in my birth mother's death?" She asked in a soft voice and didn't stiffen up. She felt relaxed against me, not in any hurry to get out of bed.

"I want to see if your grandparents can get a better investigator to look into the accident that took her life. You might not remember, but you were in that accident, called a miracle survivor." I said, still drawing larger circles on her bare stomach.

"No, I don't remember too young, but why? It was so long ago? What interest does that have for you?" She had an enquiring mind, and if she doesn't get enough information, she will keep pushing.

"My Mum and Dad died in that same accident. I was seven at the time, and they said the driver fell asleep at the wheel. I don't buy it, and all doors snapped shut when others at the time tried to investigate. Now I am older, and I want answers. We lost two good men that day as well as your

mother, and others. There's a coverup, I am positive. I hope that with your family's power and money, they can open doors we couldn't. Plus, over time, those hiding in might have died, changed, or thought they were safe, and this was forgotten Zero and I have never forgotten." I explain, and that last bit with a little too much werom.

"I thought you had judges and police in the family." She asked, and that was the same question I asked.

"We do, but they put jurisdiction crap on the guys, because the accident happened in another town. They shut down the information, and without real evidence, we couldn't push for more. The judges' hands were tied, and if there was any evidence, they hid it before we got the bikes and cars back. The walla you are working on was my Dad's, he was VP back then, mum on the back, and the sergeant of arms, who died alongside him, they were coming back from a meeting with another club. Your grandpa stopped coming to the club after that accident" He went to school with my Grandpa, but Grandpa died a long time ago, and your Grandpa took his place, not to replace him, but a promise kept, he was to look after my Dad, and after that accident, your Grandpa felt he failed in his promise. It was hard to get him to come to the clubhouse; if we saw him at all, it was out in the street or at the swimming hole, fisting, when we saw him, he nearly always had you tagging along." I said with a chuckle, remembering that child, younger than me, following her Grandpa around, and not afraid to bait her own hook, always trying to be like him. I wish I had paid more attention back then, but with me being five years older, she would never have been on my radar. I am still shocked we are together now. I don't deserve her, and the connections we have that I hadn't realised we had like her grandpa, astound me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 106[1,525 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

Talking about the loss of his mum and dad must have been difficult. If Tank says it was fishy, and something felt wrong, I believe him, which makes me wonder, was his father the real target, or a bonus death to whoever set it up?

Now I want to look inside those boxes, and like Tank, get this started.

"Ready to move to your new home?" Tank asked as he reached down to put on his socks and boots.

"Sure, won't take long to get the last few things packed, you looking forward to moving out of the only home you have ever known?" I asked him, at least he's here every day.

"More than ready, been ready for a few years, but had no direction as to where to put down my roots, had to be in town, or close by, nothing appealed." He said as he started to throw his clothes

into a duffel bag, not caring how wrinkled they'd get. I packed the items I purchased yesterday with a little more care; I still have them in bags, so I left the tags on as well. This would be the most I have moved homes in the last few months, like ever. Luckily, I don't own much yet, and by the sounds of Jenny's enthusiasm, I feel I will be out buying clothes I could never wear, and a few lacey items, she believes I should have just for Tank. I liked that idea. We will go shopping in the city when we can, maybe on her next three days off work, giving us time to get there and back.

I will see if I can get the helicopter to meet me in the paddock, take us there, and back.

Wow, did I really think that?

Did the money already corrupt me?

I can't believe how easy it was to think of calling in the helicopter, which would let everyone know in a flash that I had money. Maybe can get the helicopter out the back, near the water

hole, no one would see me unless they were swimming. But that was for later. For now, I need to move, settle in, and get a lot done and fast. Jenny met us as we reached downstairs. Blaze and her bags were already in the van, Sticks had more than all four of us put together, and had to take hers in a different van. The members came out to watch us pack up and leave. No one had been told what was going on, and the whispers of what they thought was funny and outrageous. Tank helped me gather the boxes from the shed. There were four of them untouched since Grandpa died, and one that was untouched since Grandma died.

"Ready?" Tank asked as he climbed into the driver's seat.

"Let's do this," I said, looking over at the people watching.

"Yes." Jenny squealed with a clap.

We took off and drove down the drive. Prez didn't come; he left it all up to Sticks to do what she needed to get settled in. He was stuck in his office again, doing whatever he needed to do. Tank would have to return quickly, more or less, dump and run.

The fob opened the gate.

There's a keypad at the gate that I need to set up a code for us all to use to open the gate. That keypad can use his thumbprint instead of numbered codes. I just need to get everyone in my security room once I have it set up, and have them put their thumb and palm prints. I keep the fobs for guests, but don't expect too many.

We pulled up at the front door and started to unload. Tank left everything just inside the doorstep, leaving Blaze to take them to our room. Tank had to get back. Blaze would stay, and I believe he would carry all the bags and boxes inside if we let him.

“Catch you soon, babe.” Tank kissed me and disappeared back into the van, down the driveway.

“Let me show you around, and then to the top floor, where you can choose a bedroom,” I said, and started the tour, leaving the top floor for last.

“This floors ours, the end double doors are mine and Tanks, the one to the left of it will be my Grandparents, and the right children, when we get around to having them, you can choose one of any of the others, or you can choose one on the next floor down. If you take the next floor down, you don’t have an en-suite; you have a shared bathroom. Only this floor has en-suites. Blaze, can you bring all my bags and boxes to my room? Pretty please?” I asked, knowing he would be up and down those stairs a few times as he brings all our things upstairs. He nodded and left, leaving Jenny and Sticks to choose the room.

The first door Jenny opened had both girls swooning and screaming at its sheer size. We were all used to having shoeboxes as our bedrooms; now we have triple-size bedrooms on the top floor, with the smaller ones downstairs. They looked at all the options on this floor, and both chose one on the east side, opting for the sunrise rather than the sunset.

Blaze was sweating by the time he had finished bringing up all the bags and boxes, placing them in the chosen rooms, and, of course, his mind.

“I love this house, Fixer, thank you for inviting us to live with you,” Blaze said, as he gulped down the water I had given him.

“It’s big enough for us not to get under each other’s feet. Oh, and our rooms up here are all soundproof, so scream your lungs out all you want, unless of course you have the window open.” I chuckled as they looked around the room, wondering if it truly was.

“Sounds great. When the baby comes, he or she won’t wake you all, and I can kick Prez out if he can’t sleep.”

A few hours later, all the bags were empty, and we headed to the kitchen for food and drinks.

“Follow me out back.” We had eaten and were just chatting when I thought I would give them a more thorough tour.

“Wow, look at this place.” Sticks said as we passed the pool area.

“This garage can hold all our bikes and some cars. Once we get your ID in the system, you can access this one.” Blaze gave a loud whistle that echoed in the empty garage.

“Down that path will lead you to the water hole. I am looking at putting more sheds in over there.” I pointed to where I was going to put the hanger, but hadn’t talked about that yet.

“What about maintenance around this place?” Blaze asked, as it was kept in good condition.

“I can keep the team that was working here for now; they are trustworthy, and if you don’t want them in your rooms, I can restrict their access and ask them to stay away. I will be meeting them tomorrow, gardeners and cleaners, who can work on a schedule I set. Tandy has already warned them of the new owners.”

“But you aren’t a new owner, just new at knowing you own it,” Jenny argued, causing me to laugh at how stupid this whole thing was, like I could have moved in here years ago if I had known. That part hurt Jenny too, thinking we both could have gotten out of home a while ago.

As we headed back to the house, after checking out the pool, gym, sauna, and BBQ area, I heard Tank’s motorcycle, followed by Prez’s. I had already asked Tank to bring the bikes out back to the garage, and soon they came into view, heading straight for the one I had left open for him.

“Need to bring my baby over here, too.” I whinged, not liking my bike not near me, where I can climb on and go for a ride at a moment’s notice.

“We can go back tonight, or collect it tomorrow,” Tank said, as Sticks started to give Prez a larger tour. He hadn’t been here before, not for lack of trying, but opportunities were limited, and those who had lived here in the past loved their privacy.

It was getting dark, and we had yet to consider dinner.

“What does everyone want?” Prez called out during a quiet moment after Prez’s tour of the place.

“Pizza.” Sticks called out, and after a few groans, Prez made a phone call to get some delivered. While we waited for the pizza, I corralled everyone to the sensor pad and had their thumb and handprint saved, giving them access to most of the house, some places they won’t have access to, but then, they shouldn’t need to enter the hanger, or my office. Unless I am with them.

The intercom buzzed, informing us that food had arrived, and Jenny fought Sticks over who was going to open the gate. Giggling as they tried to push each other aside. There were intercoms in all the rooms down here, and some on each floor, and I have linked it to my phone too.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 107[1,521 words]

Tank POV

Prez loved what he got to see of the house.

“This is perfect, Sticks will love it here, and I bet the girls will enjoy setting up a playroom. What do you think about having a creche here? I feel we should keep the club business on the

club grounds. Here should stay private. For guests and us, something I have actually longed for, some place where I can have space to be on my own, and think.” Prez was confiding more and more in me, and sharing the load, as I guess he should, but it’s an eye-opener.

“I agree, I hadn’t stopped the girls’ chatter, as their ideas flow, but I will eventually have to slow it all down, and go over what was feasible and would work, and what won’t. Opening our home up,

like the girls were saying, to me was opening us up for disaster. Sooner or later, we will find we have no places to be alone. The security would be lost because we can’t keep track of everyone coming and going. I feel this should stay as our safe haven. A place of peace and security, a place for privacy.” I replied softly as the girls prattled on, and Blaze stared between the girls, looking a little shocked. Non has a filter at the moment, and Jenny can make most blush, with her blunt way of speaking at times.

“Yep, nothing will happen yet, just talk. I would like to be part of it, though, since we’re living here too. You know, so I can be prepared for what we are up against. The clubs are going to be talking; they are already shocked that I moved out, almost as if I am supposed to always be at the club. Forgetting I have a right to have a life too.” I hear him, everyone expects him to be in his office twenty-four-seven, even I have been cornered more than I had expected, since becoming VP. It was like I should know everything the Prez was thinking, which was stupid, but what can I say?

“Prez, how come some of our guys are drunk before lunch? Do we have a drinking issue that needs sorting out?” Jenny asked, looking over at us, and I have to admit, this was the first time I didn’t have Fixer on my lap. I miss her, even though she is a few feet away.

“They are our night crew, breakfast was their dinner, they have a few drinks before heading to bed, more often than not, a couple take shots to wipe them out faster. Before heading to bed.” He shrugged like it was nothing, and in some ways, I guess it wasn’t; we just got used to it.

“The pills?” She pushed, the medical side of her coming forward, and a thought of her helping the Doc entered my head; she would be better than Fixer, as she was being trained.

“No Doze, can get them at the pharmacy, health shops, some supermarkets. Over-the-counter pills, night shift take them to stay alert all night, some riders take them when on long rides. We don’t do hard drugs in our club. If I find some, I give them a chance to get rid of them or leave. We have children around, don’t need that. I know weed was around, can’t miss that smell. We don’t have a problem that I am aware of.” Prez’s father was the one who insisted on the drug rules; we don’t do drugs, sell, or buy. Same with guns; we have our own licensed guns, but we don’t sell them.

‘Jenny, we might need your medical skills at times, to help our Doc. You have the training; it would be great for someone to assist him. He had asked Fixer, but you would be the better one to help out, if you are not at work.’ I suggested, Prez rubbing his chin in thought, nodded in agreement that she would be the better choice.

“Glad to, need all the experience I can get.” Then turned back to Sticks, talking about her baby, and what to expect. I feel Sticks was glad to have someone in the house with medical experience, of some sort.

The night wore on, and it wasn't long before we all headed to bed, some things sorted out. It felt odd closing the place down, making sure the doors were all closed and locked. Sensors activated. Fixer went through the routine; she wanted to set a precedent going forward to ensure the house was safe. The chances of making it to our doors were slim, with so many motion detectors around the place. Previous tenants were security freaks, putting in state-of-the-art security, we didn't need to physically check the doors, the app had it all covered. If there was a red dot, then that door was open. The windows were all security screened, so even if a window was open, they had to break through a hard steel mesh. It was an amazing security system, and in many ways, I'm glad it was in place, saving us from having to do something drastic to the place. Mind you, Fixer has a lot of plans, but how many she will implement, and how many are just blowing in the wind, time will tell.

Don't get me wrong, the money hadn't gone to her head, yes, it was great that money was no problem, but my little lady was still frugal. Wants to use club members and retired members before going outside of the club. She says she has no business sense, but what I have seen is that you can't gain anything from a diploma; it's part Grandpa-and-Grandma teaching, part natural instinct, and part experience.

“Want to christen the bed?” I asked, with a cheesy grin, wiggling my eyebrows at her, as I slowly unzipped my jeans, and lowering them slightly, leaving them hanging on my hips, my boots already off and in the corner somewhere, I had kicked them. Lifted my shirt over my head, showing off my abs, and gained the sound of air being sucked in as a reward. Yep, sounds like she was interested. I threw the shirt at a chair, where it hit the back of the chair and slid to the floor.

I stood shirtless, jeans hanging, waiting, watching, as Fixer removed her clothes, slowly, copying what I had done, her boots kicked close to mine, took off her shirt, making a show of it, circling it over her head, before she threw it to a chair, it landed half hanging but somehow. managing to stay on the chair.

“Nice throw, bet you can do it again.” I teased at her effortless way she had thrown her top and managed to hit the chair.

Fixer smirked, unzipped her jeans, and turned, giving me her back view. She wiggled them slowly down over her bottom, and down her legs, stepping out of them one at a time, and while holding the jeans, turned to face me again, and whirled the jeans over her head, before. letting go, and the jeans landed on the seat of the chair, and ever so slowly fell on the floor. Her face dropped when the jeans hit the ground.

“Oh, well, can't win them all.” She shrugged, but her smile was back as she stood there, staring at me, her hands hanging loosely by her sides, her eyes roaming over my body. She was in her matching bra and panties, a set I think Jenny recently gifted her. It was black, lacy, and the G-

String did all the right things to me, as she removed her jeans, and gave me that perfect view of her ar.se, toned, taut, and totally sexy, and socks, yeah, rainbow-colored socks. Totally Fixer style, loud and bold.

“Good try,” I murmured, my shaft hard as a rock, and I was glad I had loosened my jeans before Fixer had put on a show.

I turned my back on her, as she had done to me, and slowly lowered my jeans, revealing I was commando again. This was harder than I thought it would be; I am no stripper, but I tried to make it interesting for her, tightening my cheeks as I lowered the jeans down, and shaking my backside as I stepped out of them. Turned and twirled the jeans overhead, mimicking her action, and let go. My jeans flew through the air, landed on the chair seat, and stayed. I grinned as they stayed on the chair; it was like I just won something I didn’t know I was competing for.

Fixer clapped her hands at the show. Her eyes were roaming my body as I stood in only my socks, my shaft standing at attention, lust filled her eyes.

“Want to help me remove the rest of my clothes, since you have cheated again, by not having boxers on, I purchase you more, what’s the excuse this time, humm?” I burst into laughter at her taunting me. To be honest, I didn’t think; I just pulled on my jeans and shirt and raced out the door. I often went without; it’s not that uncomfortable.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 108[1,469 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

The evening went well, the girls chose the rooms I thought they would, a sunny side in the morning, no heat of the afternoon, not that this place would get hot, with the high ceilings, insulation and air conditioning, that kept the house comfortable all day, even had individual settings in the bedrooms, an amazing system, that I love already.

The girls were full of ideas.

I let them rave on, sorting through their ideas, the guys listening but not adding their opinions.

What I won’t do, and the more they spoke of it, the more certain I was: that I didn’t want others in my home. This was my home, not a drop-in center; if they want a creche, it should be at the club property or in town, not here. I didn’t move in here to have all the club to follow. At first I had thought it sounded good, but no longer, she had more and more people coming here to my home, and she was talking like it was a second club house.

Now I feel selfish.

Sticks was talking about how the club would benefit from having this property and what they could do with it. I looked over at Prez and shook my head no. In the direction Sticks was going, he nodded and mouthed. "I will talk to her." It was our first day in our new home, and I didn't want to bring the mood down.

I had given Tank the authority in the security system to add people if he felt the need, and the first person he added was Prez.

It was bedtime, we were all yawning, and happy to get into bed and christen it. The others were over the moon about the size of their rooms and all the little touches, like a minibar, a kitchen, a shower, and a bath. Mine had a small spa on the balcony, just for us. If we wanted to enjoy the outdoors, with a roller shutter, if we want to be unseen, not that many could see us up there, we would be pretty well hidden.

Time for a competition or lesson on strip tease, I tried to get Tank worked up, and only made myself horny as hell, when he copied me, and lowered his jeans, revealing he was commando, that was so unfair. But ooooo, that butttttt was a nice sight as he provocatively lowered his jeans. I guess he won, because I felt my core throbbing with need, just watching him as he revealed his barebutt. I could watch him do that all night, loving that he got into the role quickly. How did I get so lucky?

I asked him to help remove the rest of my clothes, but he stood staring at my body, like he was frozen on the spot, just standing there.

How frustrating, although I did enjoy seeing the lust in his eyes as he looked at me from head to toe and back up again.

I am not a patient woman when it comes to wanting this man as badly as I do. I want him so badly that I am aching inside with need. If you told me six months ago, I would be huffing because a man was taking too long, and wasn't taking me to bed right this minute, setting my body on fire, I would have called you a liar.

*Come remove my underwear, and don't rip them. Please." I begged, surprising myself at the huskiness of my voice.

Tank blinked a few times and shook his head before a wicked grin spread across his face. He moved toward me in two giant steps and reached behind me, reaching behind me, and fiddling with the back of my bra.

"Tank." I breathed out his name. Tank looked up at me, confused.

"You unclasp it from the front." He stepped back and bent down to be eye level with my cleavage, studied the bra for a while, his face scrunched as he looked it over. Lifted his hands and touched the bra, feeling around the front, and then his eyes widened in shock when the snaps popped open, and my bra flew apart, nearly hitting him in the face. I giggled at his face, which will get me through some bad times in the future.

“That’s neat, gonna enjoy playing with those snaps, in the future,” he grinned as he removed the bra and twirled it around, throwing it towards the chair, then went down onto his knees, placed his hands on my hips, holding me in place as he used his teeth to lower my panties. He let go of my hips, and his hand wrapped around my ankle, and he lifted the foot, causing the panties to fall out of that leg, and then the other foot. I don’t know what happened to my panties at that stage, as Tank held one leg over his shoulder, and lowered his mouth to my moist juncture, and licked me. All coherent thoughts fled, and my mind went south fast, concentrating on that mouth of his, and that tongue that was invading my core. It was a good thing that he was holding onto me, because my legs went to jelly, as I erupted in sheer pleasure, his tongue sucked and flicked at my nub, sending me spiraling to an abyss of sensations, that had my body exploding, in waves of bliss.

Tank lowered my leg, and waited for my jelly legs to steady, then lifted me up and carried me to bed. He chuckled before removing my socks and then his own, having completely forgotten about them. He returned his attention to me. He started by kissing my toes, one at a time, sucking my big toes, making me giggle, then my heels, his beard tickling my feet. I giggled as he rubbed his beard over the instep, having squirmed at the sensation, and tried to garner more giggles.

Slowly he kissed his way up my body, I tried to reach for him, as he got closer, but he brushed my hands aside, and continued to play with my body, I needed more, and before I could asked, one of his hands snaked down my body, started to play with my core, nub, then inserted a finger, and played with my lady parts, better than any vibrator, or hand job that I could do, it was like he knew where every sensitive part on my body was, and latching his focus on each one. Moving to another sensitive spot, and then another, till I was ready to explode again. The man knows how to work my body; it’s frustrating that he won’t let me play with his, while he plays on mine.

We had come so far in such a short time. I loved his body, strong, corded muscles, tone, yet not an inch of fat anywhere. His beard was kept neat, and his hair hung just above his shoulders. He puts it in a ponytail when we travel. There was nothing not to like, and the way he teases my body makes me feel his experience shine through. I thought I would be jealous of other girls having had him first, but somehow wasn’t, if anything, I was glad he got to experiment and learn so he could give me the best of his lessons, even if he had a bad experience once, there was not sign that hit hindered him now, he was more than making up for not having been with a woman in a long time. I was getting all the built-up need of his that he couldn’t let out before, and he was insatiable. I loved it, I needed it, as I got

accustomed to his touchy-feely, which was a constant from him.

He crawled up the rest of my body, kissing his way up, nibbling on the nipples, sucking, gently biting, sending my lady parts pulsing, a groan fell out of my lips, and I squirmed, needing something, he pressed down harder on my nub, and that was all that was needed to send me into another eruption of bliss, that was twice, and he had yet to insert his shaft into me. I had no idea that a woman could explode so many times in a session of lovemaking.

Yet he had yet to cum once.

“Let me give you pleasure too.” I requested breathlessly.

“Not tonight, maybe tomorrow,” he lined himself up, his shaft rubbing my core, coating his end, with my juices, before he thrust gently inside, filling me, and we started the lovemaking in long, slow thrusts, my hips moving up to meet his thrust inside, and his slowly picked up the speed. We both started to sweat, our tempo fast, needy, rushing toward a crescendo, and we reached that climax together, shouting out each other’s name, loud into the night.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 109[1,436 words]

Tank POV

That bra, I love it. I hope she has more. I don’t want her to ever buy one that closes at the

back; these were so much more fun to play with, once I worked it out. When she needs new ones, I want them all to have front closures. I want to be able to pop with my teeth. My mind was already busy with what I could do with her clothing, how I could remove them with ease.

My little lady was so responsive to my touch, like super sensitive, it didn’t take much to bring her to her peak.

Three, she managed three climaxes. I love seeing her face when she explodes, she blushes, pants, and screams my name each time. I love discovering more places on her body that make her squirm. I can’t wait for her to ride me. I get to play with her body as she bounces on me, but that won’t be tonight. I think she’s done for now.

I clean her and myself up, and spoon behind her, a favorite position for us both.

The morning came, and I was a little disoriented at first, forgetting for a moment that I was in our new home. Looking around, Fixer was in a towel that came just below her crotch, her hair wet, in the mini kitchen area, making coffee, the main cooking would be downstairs, and I hadn’t heard of any of the girls making a roster about who would cook or anything. She looks over at me, her smile breaks out at seeing me awake, and walks over holding two coffees.

“You’re up early,” I say, sit up, and take the offered coffee.

“Yeah, you didn’t wake to the knock on the door. After I answered it, I took a shower, wanted to go to the clubhouse, and collect all my tattoo tools and paints here so I could work on you again. I would rather do that here if you don’t mind.” She replied, blowing and sipping her coffee.

“I can help. Who was at the door?” Seems odd to have someone knock this early, and why didn’t I hear it? I am usually a light sleeper, but I am going to blame Fixer for wearing me out so much that I slept like a log.

“Slept like a log.” What a silly saying, we have so many of them, and we use most of them. They don’t all make sense, like a log doesn’t sleep, if you take them literally, but most people understand what we mean when we say them.

“Prez, said to tell you that Doris had been moved. Care to share?” I was undecided. I know that Fixer has a higher level of need-to-know than the other woman; even Sticks doesn’t get everything, yet we have, for some reason, given Fixer an in that no other woman has ever gotten before.

I debated for a while about how much, if anything, to tell her. She was part of the interrogation, and if Prez didn’t want me to share, he wouldn’t have asked to forward the message.

I sigh, hating that Prez put me in this situation. I know Fixer wouldn’t push if I said it was club business; she’s good like that, but in some things, I feel, she should be included.

“We had the judge sign off on her sanity. She has been moved to the sanatorium with a ‘never to be released, a danger to society’ stamped on the order. She appears to be rambling incoherently, things we can’t make sense of, mixing up different things. We got all the information we could from her before she appeared to lose it, and the bruises we have labeled self-harm because she was pulling her hair out, so that it would be believable.” I sipped my coffee, waiting for Fixer to digest what I had said.

“Sad, she was not like Pixie, did things with more calculation, and not just using her body, as Pixie did, but I guess it’s for the best. I thought she was borderline schizophrenic, so her rambling might be just that, could have been on meds, to help her keep the voices at bay, and being in the cells, no medication, had it come back in force. We couldn’t have known for sure. There was nothing in her home to support what my gut was feeling when we searched, and her bag held little to support my theory either.” Fixer had mentioned once before that she believed Pixie and Doris needed medical help; something about them gave her the heebie-jeebies.

“Want help with the tattoo gear relocation?” I offered coffee, now finished, and was holding onto Fixer, love having her in my arms.

“Nah, just need to get to the clubhouse. I have decided that the small building near the fence will be my tattoo shed, as it has everything I need. power, water, and close to the clubhouse property, we can have a gate put near it, so when I need to tattoo someone or train the person, they can use that gate to enter the building. The building doesn’t appear to have been used in a long time.”

“What’s the plan? For our home that is.”

“I am meeting Tandy this afternoon, he has arranged for the staff who look after our home to formally meet me, and talk about what they do. Tandy will look after their

payments. As previously, they have been discreet for years, and, according to Tandy, happy to continue if I want them. I see no reason to change what was already in place, if Tandy trusts them, then I trust them, he would have done a complete background check on them, as the previous tenant was a wealthy tycoon, that was using the house as a halfway place, living here for six months, for the summer, and back to his home for the other six months, while he built his own home.” I don’t remember the guy; he must have kept to himself, for the town not to make a huge fuss about a wealthy man here. Mind you, I kept to myself and the club, didn’t care who was next door.

“Want me to come with you to meet Tandy in town?” I had nothing planned today, unless Prez had work for me to do; he had been getting me more involved in reducing his piles of work on his desk. I felt like a glorified secretary at times, he had me filing so much paperwork, he doesn’t want girls in his office, touching his paperwork, it was always one us men folk that helped keep his room clean and tidy, as much as we could, girls clean lots of places, just not his office, too much sensitive work in there, and it’s one of two rooms girls don’t go in, unless called for. Plus, I can be there for her, protect her, keep others from taking advantage of her, and take as much of an in that she will let me have.

“That would be nice, you should meet the people who will be keeping the place running for us, then you won’t be shocked when you see them around the house, and year. This is all new to me. I have never been a boss before, and I feel a little out of my depth.” Fixer was being honest with herself, and that was important.

“You will do great, you have seen both sides of the coin, and have a good heart; your non-trusting side will keep you from going astray. Stick to what you know, and ask questions or get help with what you don’t. You are doing so very well for someone who has suddenly become a mega-billionaire, or are you a gazillionaire? Whatever you are, you are grounded and won’t let the money corrupt you. Trust yourself, and hopefully me to help you get through this initial stage of being wealthy. You might need bodyguards around at all times when outside the club property or your home. Maybe when you are ready, we can assign some club members to be that. For now, no one knows, even Prez doesn’t know the full extent, and unless you told Jenny, it was only us, till word gets out.” I am trying to stay calm. When the world eventually learns who she was or how rich she was, they will come to beg, steal, or borrow money. Like winning the lottery, everyone wants a piece of your pie.

She reminds me of the “Forrest Gump” movie: he didn’t change just because he was rich; he still lived a meager life and helped others.

That’s my little lady.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 110[1,444 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

The soft knock on the door woke me. It was around five am, the sun was slowly lighting the sky, but had not yet risen over the horizon. A happy-looking Prez smiled at me as I answered the door, glad I thought to grab a robe, before answering, or he might have gotten to see more than he would have expected.

“Hey, last night was the most soundly I have slept in years, thank you for including Sticks and me in your home. What’s the plan today?” I informed Prez what I had planned, and he gave me a message for Tank.

“Don’t go to town alone. If Tank can’t go get one of two of the boys with you, I might assign a couple to be available when you need to go out, just like I do for Sticks. Never can be too careful. Maybe Blaze can be your bodyguard; he doesn’t have a permanent assignment, at present, helps with the bar, and tags along with Zero most of the time.

As he lives here, it might be a good choice, won’t look out of place either, if he tags along when Jenny goes with you.” It felt strange having others worry about my safety. I have never been cared for as much as I have since Tank took me to his bed on that first day.

Not since Grandpa died, and I was all alone, well, except for Jenny, had anyone cared about my safety, and now I have a whole slew of guys who want to protect my back; it was still something I was getting used to. Also, Prez asked what I was doing; he didn’t sound like he was trying to order me about or get me to change it. He sounded genuinely interested and wanted to make sure I was safe.

“Sure, I will have to look at bodyguards, I guess. When others find out that I have some money, they attempt a kidnapping or some other form of crime in an attempt to gain quick money. Tandy was already talking about that; he had assigned some guys for the previous tenant.

I was more concerned with out-of-towners suddenly showing up. Will get portfolios on the staff, so you and the others will recognise them when they are here and what they are meant to be doing.” Prez nodded before disappearing down the hall. Not long after that, I heard his bike start up and slowly head down the driveway.

A long shower, shaving my legs, armpits, and lady parts, and I was ready for the day. In a good mood, after another dream-free night, I made coffee, glancing at the sleeping lump on the bed, and glad he was still sleeping, he often has to leave on a quick run, for some reason or other, and comes back exhausted, I am glad for the nights he gets to stay all night.

Even Prez looks well rested, and I hope he gets more nights like that, maybe moving out of the clubhouse, puts him slightly out of reach, and they can learn to do some things themselves instead of being micro-managed.

Tank was awake and watching me, as I finished tidying up, putting the milk back in the fridge, I had done some shopping yesterday, for our fridge, today I hope to do a larger grocery shop, fill the frigde and freezers up, the girls can do their own fridge, I am not going to be running around

making sure theirs was restocked, they can do that themselves, I put the basic in the fridge downstairs, it up to them from there, I don't intend to do cooking up here, maybe toast at best.

Tank didn't appear to want to use my body; just happy to hold me. I am more than happy for him to do that, as we talked. Tank had a few things to do at the club, then he will join me on the trip to town, and will ask Jenny later if she wants to do some shopping while I am with Tandy. If Prez assigns Blaze to be my bodyguard, I wonder if he can keep his mind on the job if Jenny were with me, and if in danger, would he leave me to protect her first? So many negatives to having Blaze as my bodyguard. I might have to think about that more and talk to Tank. Once I have thought it through, I know if it were between Jenny and me, Tank would choose me, if in danger, even if he was given the job to protect Jenny. It's only natural you want to protect what's yours.

I understand this, and would expect nothing less, no way would Blaze or Tank protect someone over the one the love, plus in most situations, I can look after myself, I am not bullet proof, but one on one, and even two, on one, I can hold my own, I am quick, and trained, Jenny has little training, I gave her some basic self defence, and places that are vulnerable to a man, she just not that coordinated, and tends to panick, when under that sort of pressure. I feel for Jenny, she freezes instead of fighting, part of the bullying she had from her family, her father was abusive, which was why she couldn't protect herself, years of ingrained attitude from her father, where she had to stand and take it, makes it hard for her to do anything else, it was hard wired in her brain.

"Morning." I greeted Jenny and Blaze as I made downstairs.

"Want breakfast?" Jenny offers, as she makes some toast for her and Blaze, not to sign Sticks yet.

"Nope, going to eat at the clubhouse, got stuff to do there, am going to town after lunch, if you want to do shopping for your room." A squeal was her answer, causing both men to look at her. My BFF was vocal and easy to excite.

"Where do you want to meet up?" Jenny asked, a huge smile on her face.

"Going to bring my bike back here. Tank is going to take me to the club, and follow me back, and then take me back again. We shall go from the clubhouse. You can help me if you like, transferring all that tattoo stuff to the small building to the left."

"That's a perfect place for tattooing. I will take some cleaning products over there and get started on cleaning and dusting. Meet you there, is it locked?"

"No, I left it unlocked for now. Once set up, I will keep it locked. Need to check the security feed works, been empty for a long time according to the reports I have." The security system can give a report on every time it has been accessed, and where, going back years, it had been empty for at least two years; that was the last time the door was opened.

“Thanks, I have an appointment in town. I will drop you off at the shopping center, and go to my meeting, then come find you. We can get some new things for the place. I want new sheets and towels, more food, and to fill that freezer and that pantry. Think about what we want, and we can bulk buy. Gotta go.” Tank and I left them to eat. I followed Tank and waited outside the garage as he started his bike and brought it out to me. I was getting used to being on the back, enjoying it far more than I had expected. Maybe it was the cuddling his back, playing on his stomach, and being able to fondle with him when he least expected it. Love it when I shock him with the little things I do.

He was fun to play with, and making him laugh was my greatest joy. Outside of the bedroom, that is.

But then in the bedroom all gloves are off, since he found places that I didn’t know I was ticklish, and I am trying to find somewhere on his body that was, but he appears he doesn’t, so only on the bike, and doing something he doesn’t expect, makes him laugh, or squirm, making being on the back, more interesting. Nothing too dangerous, I won’t put us in that kind of situation.

Tank, parked next to my bike.

I started her up and, when happy, rode back next door, where it will be housed. No need to ride it next door all the time.

I can walk here once we open a gate between the two. Want a real one, with security on it. One with thumbprint access or something will have to negotiate that with Prez.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 111[1,577 words]

Tank POV

The more I am with Fixer, the prouder I am of her and her ability to listen before reacting. She listened to all I had to say about Doris and shared her thoughts, but never did it sound judgmental; if anything, she sounded concerned for Doris’s health and glad she was put into care, where someone would look after her. She didn’t expect Doris to fall so easily when she was hitting her, and in a small way felt guilty that she had hurt her so much.

It didn’t take long to get her bike into the garage, back to the clubhouse, and to start packing the little gear she had for tattooing. I had talked to her, and she had agreed to purchase some up-to-date equipment. and more paints, not that she wants to do the tattooing, but was keen to train someone, hopefully we have an artist in the club, and possibly try their hand at tattooing, you just never know, if we have one that is apprenticing at the other town, we could poach them to do club tats. Will need to talk to Prez and find out if he has a list of the guys’ professions.

I did the few things that Prez wanted me to do, nothing really urgent, but had to be done, ordering stuff online, oils, tools, stuff for the workshop. He wants Fixer to start on another paint job, but was waiting to see what she did to mine first. She will bring her bike back once mine is done, and put something similar on hers. I feel she might do some painting in the garage, or a shed close by, she got some portable gadget, on order, so that can do so small, detail work, it's impressive, her bike was already perfect, it was just to add our club log and me, no big paint job, like the other bikes need, maybe she can do mine at home too. Take pressure off what she has on her plate. Today, she had too much going on to do much, and Prez seems to have accepted that she is a free spirit and will come and go as she finds time, not under the pressure of his time restraints. Not like in the beginning, the whole Fixer dynamic in the club ripples through the place, like a gentle flow of energy, which was welcome. In one way or another, Fixer had touched all our lives.

A quick bite to eat and ticking off another chore from my list, I needed to check out our gym, make sure it had been cleaned, and see if the room needed anything, like new towels, soaps, etc. Not hard tasks, more like I am checking up, making sure the jobs have been done, we have some new recruits, and today I am checking they have been doing their assigned jobs.

So far so good, the new recruits aren't slacking, one I am impressed with, we are above the requirement. Going to be interesting to see who can survive a Saturday. This Saturday, we will be back to normal, doors open for the scantily clothed girls to come and give the guys relief, and some wannabes. The repairs are done, and Prez was looking at some changes, not just the outside, but a new modification inside. It has been years since it was refurbished, the smoke smell seems to cling to the inside, hence the idea of a big refurbishment, upgrade the bar, redo the public area, new tables and chairs, yeah, in a way that attack did us some good, getting us to improve our clubhouse, that hadn't been given a lick of paint in years.

Done with my tasks, and it was nearly time to collect Fixer and Jenny, take them to town. I went out the back, to her workshop, to find her knee deep in grease. One of the guys had bike trouble, and she had gotten engrossed in its repair.

"Fixer, it's time to go," I called out to her, glad I was a little early, and it would give her time to get cleaned up.

"Start it up," Fixer said to the patch member, and the bike roared to life. Fixer fiddled with something, had it rev a few more times.

"Take it for a spin, let me know if you have any further issues, and it should be okay now." The guy took off, spinning his back wheel in the gravel as he went, the showers of gravel hitting the side of the workshop with a loud clatter.

"Hey, thanks, need to shower, we're going in the van?" She asked as Fixer threw the rag on the bench, and, turning off the lights, she headed towards the exit.

“My truck.” I have to help her up when we take this vehicle, and I enjoy that she waits for me to gather her in my arms and place her on the seat, gaining a few kisses for being so helpful. Humm, perfect.

The work Jenny had done in that shed was amazing. I am still shocked by it all. Blaze was walking around like a proud peacock.

We left for town. I dropped Blaze and Jenny off at the stores and parked near Tandy’s building.

I had stayed in the truck, answering a call from Bruiser about the gym. Fixer was standing at the back of the truck, fiddling with her phone, when an obnoxious voice shouted out.

“Why the fuck didn’t you come to my wedding, bi.tch?” I climbed out of the truck fast, and looked out to see a Barbie doll, with a skirt a few sizes too small for her, and a shirt that left her almost spilling out, stiletto heels, that I have no clue how she manages to walk so fast over gravel, came thundering towards our truck, her eyes glaring at Fixer, spewing out obscenities, my men would be proud to say under certain circumstances. Like when Bruiser put them on the ar.ses one too many times at training.

“Hello, sister dearest,” Fixer replied in her calm voice, which could cut glass. Our guys run when they hear it.

“Don’t, “Hello, sister dearest,” me you brat, why didn’t you come to the wedding?” She spewed out a few words that I dare not repeat, and didn’t like what she was calling Fixer.

I stayed back and waited, giving Fixer a chance to sort it, before I stepped forward and ended it for her.

“Did you lose your baby?” Fixer asked, a bit softer, but still cold.

“No, I am still pregnant.” She spat back, not liking the change of subject.

“How far along are you then? You’re tiny.” Fixer looked down at her flat belly, frowning at how small it was.

“Six months, of course, I fell pregnant at the Christmas party, and it’s now June.” She spoke as if it was obvious, but even I could tell she was lying; no way she could be six months pregnant with that flat tummy.

“So bi.tch, why didn’t you show? I invited you. Or has your mind gone so far that you didn’t remember?” She screamed at her, spit coming out of her mouth as she screamed at her.

“I told you, when you invited me, that I wouldn’t be there, I had my own wedding the day before, and I would not be thinking of you, while I am having sex with my husband.” Fixer smiled as she told her this.

“You are married and have se.x, tell me another joke, you would never fuk a man, you’re too frigid.”

“I think you have said enough. I suggest you leave,” I said, having come up behind her sister, leaned forward, and spoke close to her ear. She screamed and jumped away from me, almost falling to the ground.

“You bastar.d. How dare you sneak up behind me like that?” She had her hand over her heart, panting as if she had just run a mile flat out.

“I didn’t sneak; if you weren’t shouting at my wife like you were, you would have heard my footfalls on the gravel path.” I was standing over her, so close she had to feel me. She backed up fast, screamed a few more nasty words towards Fixer, seeing she was getting nowhere, turned, and fled, screaming profanities as she went.

“You okay?” I asked Fixer, running my hands up and down her arms, and she looked a little pale.

“Yeah. Let’s get inside, before we are running late.” I accepted this as “I don’t want to talk about this out here, let’s move on.” Fixer will talk when she’s ready.

We reached Tandy’s office, and the receptionist looked up as we entered and smiled. Yep, you heard me, she smiled, nothing like the bi.tch we met the last time, I guess Tandy set her straight.

“Down the hall, second door on the right, they are waiting for you.” She said in a polite, professional voice.

As we neared the door, we heard a lot of voices. I looked at Fixer and frowned. How many were going to be here today?

Fixer pushed the door wider and entered first. I was right behind her, my hand on her lower back. They were standing around a table, eating snacks, and holding drinks; it looked more like a party than a meeting.

“Good, right on time, come in, fix yourself something to eat and drink, and take a seat. I will introduce you to them all shortly.” Tandy said, turning back to the man he had been talking to before we walked in.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 112[1,510 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

It was good to feel my bike between my thighs. I need to take her for a spin later; she been neglected for far too long. I placed a cover over her, as she barely got warm coming that short distance. I looked longingly at her one last time before closing the garage door and climbing back on Tank's bike, my mind back onto the job at hand.

Quickly, with the help of Tank, we boxed up all the tattoo gear and took it the long way around to the new tattoo shack, as I have named it. We have yet to make a gate, maybe that can be done, once we find someone to do the tattooing, because I just don't have the time, to do all the things that Prez wants me to do, sometimes, I wish I was like Jenny, have her specialty and sticks to it, I am a jack of all trades, and that can pull me apart, with trying to prioritise the jobs needed to be done, and the pressure from others to be next.

Jenny had done a fantastic job getting this place cleaned up. The smell of disinfectant was the first thing I smelt as I entered. It was so clean and tidy, a desk in the corner, a filing cabinet, a bench for the client to lie on, the sink, pristine and shiny; it was beautiful.

'Hey, I put a cupboard over here, for your ink storage, and this one for the equipment. Do you have the sterilizer on order? That can go there, on a bench. I have Blaze bringing it here from the back room, which was unused. Also, two of those spotlight lamp things to get better lighting. This place had poor lighting for the intricate work you'll be doing. I thought of ordering one of those you see the dentist has. What do you think?' Jenny's ideas were running a mile a minute; she was more excited about this room than I was.

"Jenny, ever thought of giving tattooing a go? You play with skin, you know how it works, and you were always good at school, with art. You could do it on your days off." I suggested, suddenly liking the idea, that she often drew pictures I thought would make good tattoos.

"Me?" She stopped prattling and looked at me, shocked, mouth hanging open.

I walked over to her, put my finger under her chin, and closed her mouth.

"Yes, you. Do you still have that folder full of drawings? Some of those are great for tattooing. You are a natural. I remember how you worked for ages to perfect inserting a cannula needle, which you had to do to pass your exams. Out in the field, you would need to give a drip line. You are not scared of a needle and understand skin depths."

"Um, I could give it a go. But need some guinea pigs to use first." She said softly, as she looked around the room at all the work she had done setting it up.

"I can be your first test dummy; you can put the club design that Fixer made on me." Blaze's voice came from outside. He had driven here in the van, in the back, with more items that Jenny wanted in here. Much more organized and thought out than what I had in mind, this was more like walking into a real tattoo shop; she was going to put up pictures and all, making it more professional.

“After my next shift at work, I have a two-day stint, by then our sterilizer will have arrived, and the few items that Fixer has ordered.” She sounded interested, and that solved another problem for me. I can do Tanks and mine here, instead of where I was going to do it in the garage. I would never have thought that in a few hours, Jenny could have converted this so well.

“Time for town, we can get something to eat there, or here?”

“Town,” Jenny said, and we climbed into the truck.

“You grab something, who knows, Tandy might have something waiting for us,” Tank added, leaving me wondering more about this meeting. I thought it was going to be a quick meet-and-greet. But Tank knows him better than I do.

I climbed out of the truck as Tank’s phone rang, so I leaned against the back of the truck, giving him privacy to talk. I understand not all conversations are for my ears, and sometimes I just don’t want to know; I have enough rattling around in my head, don’t need to add more.

The voice that has had me on tenterhooks for most of my life, and thought I wouldn’t have to deal with any longer, now that she was a married woman, whose voice can burst my eardrums with her high screech. Made me angry, pissed off, ready to fuking scratch her eyes out, break her nose, and improve her face with two shiny black eyes. My sister. No, she wasn’t my sister; she was my cousin. I need to remember that. However, that didn’t change the fact that she was the worst piece of dung ever excreted out into the world. She didn’t come out crying or cooing like normal babies. No, she was born demanding, screaming, wanting the world to know she was here, and they better pander to her needs, and I bet even dad at the time wanted to push her back where she came from. She was one of those babies that only a mother could love. As she grew up, she looked better and better on the outside. I don’t mind admitting she can look stunning, but she learned to manipulate everyone around her. As her outer skin looked appealing, the inner became a bitter, twisted mess, and I have no clue why she turned that way.

I greeted her as politely as I could and noted the lack of a baby belly. How long can she pretend to be pregnant? Like, surely she’s not that dumb. Or maybe she is, never been more than eye candy and leg opener in her youth, think she failed nearly every class at school, and went to college under lies, if she actually did go to college, I never did find out what one if she did. Wouldn’t surprise me if she didn’t. I didn’t correct her for calling me “sister.” I don’t know how much she knows, and if she was part of the plot to make my life unbearable, I don’t want to let the cat out of the bag too soon.

If it wasn’t for my grandparents, I think I would have died at a young age, and knowing the level of money involved, it wouldn’t surprise me if that was their intent. Luckily, they don’t know who my father’s parents are, or they would have made my life a lot different, maybe even be nice, as they try to weasel money from them, greedy buggers they are.

Tank sorted my cousin out quick smart, and soon we were facing bi.tch face, sorry the receptionist again. Although this time she was smiling and polite, she almost got up to walk us to

Tandy. Fortunately, her phone rang, and she could only tell us where to go and sit back down to answer it.

Laughing, and the clatter of china cups and plates, was heard as we walked down the hallway. Inside the boardroom have to be at least twenty people eating, drinking and laughing, they turned as we walked in, and all eyes were on me, looking me up and down, assessing, and I think we came up short, but the way some scrunched up their noses, then they looked at Tank, and I wanted to scratch more eyes out, as they eye fuked my man.

Tandy broke the tension as he greeted us, told us to grab food and drink, and said introductions would start shortly. They still had one more person to arrive. Was there not enough here already? Do they all work on my property?

Tank loaded up one plate, as I made coffee, and took a bottle of water too. We sat at the top of the table, where Tandy indicated, and Tank pulled me onto his lap. Guess he didn't like the way the men looked at me, any more than I did with the women looking at him. I didn't mind. his possessive side. I liked that someone wanted me that badly.

We had eaten most of the food when a man older than dirt walked in. He looked around and stopped when he saw me. A smile bloomed over his face, and he walked towards me, his cane making a clicking sound each time it hit the tiled floor. Something, call it instinct, made me stand up and give him a warm smile.

He pulled me into his arms, wrapping them around me, and took a deep, calming breath in my hair.

"You look just like your father, and a hint of your mother. God rest her soul." He said, his voice raspy with age.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 113[1,465 words]

Tank POV

I pulled Fixer onto my lap, and we started to eat, listening to those talking around us, most of it was about some party the group had gone to, or maybe it was a work do, or team building, it was hard to know, maybe it was all three, but in different groups, we were not included in the chat, it felt like we were waiting for something, but what I wasn't sure.

Fixer made a sign that she had had enough to eat, and I could finish what was on the plate.

That was when a man walked ever so slowly into the room, looked around, which had gone instantly quiet, and the people gave him a kind of respect you don't often see, nodding and bowing to him. He was as old as time, walked forward, like he owned the world, even though it

was at a slow pace, his pace, not in any rush, to reach where he was headed, and it was as if everyone held their breath as they waited for him to speak. He took everyone in, and it felt his had summed them all up in one quick glance, and when he looked at me, and I was garnished with unexpectedly smile, but when his eyes moved to Fixer on my lap, his smile bloomed into something so much more, his cold eyes, softened and lit up, with a sparkle of joy, a dimple on his cheeks formed, and you could tell he was genuinely pleased to see us, her.

He continued forward, and Fixer climbed off my lap to stand. I couldn't tell if she knew who he was, but this man held everyone's attention in the room, including Fixer. No one spoke, all waiting for him. When he reached her, he pulled her into his arms and spoke softly to her. I wasn't sure what he said; his voice was too soft, and he spoke words only for Fixer to hear.

"People. This young lass is my grandniece. I am her mother's uncle, on her grandmother's brother. Treat her like you would me." He announced to everyone, and I caught Fixer as she fell backwards onto my lap.

"Hey, Fixer, you okay?" I held her close to me; she was shaking, and tears were flowing down her cheeks. Deep, heavy sobs came raggedly from her, whose name I still didn't know, who sat in a chair next to me, the one that was left for Fixer if I hadn't pulled her to my lap.

"Yes, I will be okay. Give me a minute; this was unexpected." She said, while wiping her tears.

The room's attitude to us changed in a flash; only Tandy was not surprised.

"Fixer, this young man..." that got the room chucking.

"You may not remember, but you have met him a few times in the past: Mr Simon Anderson, he was your grandmother's twin brother, and owns the other half of the family fortune. The other half of what you now own. What your uncle and aunt gained was something they hatched up together to hide your true wealth." Tandy gleefully announced, and those in the room stared at Fixer with new awe and interest. They judged the person by her looks and failed in their assumption.

"Simon, Maxine goes by the name Fixer now. The man holding her, as you may recognise from the video of their wedding, goes by the name of Tank, and they moved into the family mansion yesterday." Tandy was full of smiles and pride as he talked, not just giving his great-uncle the information, but the whole room.

"So, at last, the family has taken to living in our home. I grew up in that house; we once owned all the land around it, including that clubhouse land and the township, and slowly sold it off as the town grew. We still own a huge part of the area, including the forest, that people assume belongs to the government, but it doesn't, not yet anyway. We have had offers to have some of it parceled off, but we kept hold of it until we had you old enough to be included in the family estate decisions." Simon said in his gravely, emotional voice, he was holding Fixer's hand gently in his gnarly one, bent with age.

“I remember you, you gave me a fishing pole for my sixth birthday, and went fishing with Grandpa and me.” Fixer blubbered out.

“That we did, it was the last time I saw you, because of other issues, having been called out of the country. But you were never far from my thoughts, and when I heard how badly you were being treated, I wanted to pull you out of their grasp, but they had tricked you grandmother, when she was in hospital, with pneumonia, they made her sign a paper that gave them guardianship, but thankfully not power of attorney, they were dumb, not know that it was different. Your grandpa was so angry, and decided not to push it, because if they went to court, they might learn they needed the other paperwork, that was when Tandy got involved more, so when ever they asked for money, they had to see Tandy, and have proof of purchase and investigated if you receive what they were claiming for, that I believe was just after your grandma died, and your grandpa thought better to have legal representative.” Simon began to reminisce, loving that Fixer remembered some of their time together.

The room was enwrapped as the two chatted away, almost like Simon and Fixer had forgotten the others were in the room.

“Simon, we need to wrap things up. Maybe the two of you can catch up later, or possibly you can take her home and look around. But this was for Fixer to meet these guys, if they are going to continue to work at Fixer’s home.” Tandy pushed, and already an hour had flown by.

‘Right, right. Can I come over, later, about six, can bring takeaway with me, and look around the place, you can tell me all about the changes you are going to do, Tandy mentioned a helipad, that’s a great idea, means I can pop over more often.” Simon stood up and gave Fixer his card.

“That’s my direct line, don’t give it to anyone, only you and Tank,” he said, giving Fixer another brief hug, shaking my hand, and shuffling out the door, the crowd parting to let him by. I was looking forward to tonight, when he comes to visit, and hopefully stays the night. I feel Fixer would love for him to stay for a little while and catch up on her family history. I think the box with the photos should come out too, while he was here, and might give some clarity to some of it.

“Team, as you now know, this is Fixer and Tank, your bosses. If she decides to keep you on, after the way you greeted her when she first arrived, I wouldn’t blame her for firing the lot of you. I am ashamed of you all.” Tandy admonished them, making it clear that they were here for her, on his request, not the other way round.

“Fixer, let me introduce you to the team one at a time.” Tandy started introducing each person, informing her of their history with the house, and working with her family; some go back generations of employment with her family, and what their job was at the house. Some were bodyguards, and I was wondering whether she would keep them or leave her guards with the club, but in some ways, it makes sense to have outsiders caring for her safety, because if a war happened, the club would come first, and she could be left with no protection. Plus, these guards have been guarding family members for a very long time, and all are highly trained. I think we

need to talk about this. They would know the dangers she will face better than we do, having been around the family for many years.

“Thank you, I will check these portfolios and let you know how I want to proceed. Please continue with your party. I need to leave.” Just like that, Fixer dismissed those around her, collected the files Tandy had ready for her, placed them in a provided bag, handed it to me, nodded to the people as we went by, and together we left, our heads held high.

I heard, as we left the room, that Tandy was telling them off and that if they were out of a job, it was their own fault. That their behaviour reflected badly on him, and tarnishes his name, having worked for the family for generations, does not hold water when the new boss was treated so poorly.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 114[1,429 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

When the old man shuffled into the room, I felt the change; the people became alert, giving him a kind of respect you seldom see, but as the man's eyes eventually looked at me, and this bright smile broke out, something in that man's eyes spoke to me, a distant memory, trying to come forward, one that was warm and fuzzy. It was not until he engulfed me in his arms and spoke softly that I knew instantly who he was. My Grandma's twin brother and she had a close bond, as many twins do.

I had forgotten about him.

Lost memories of good times, amongst all the bad ones, were associated with it.

I had little memory of him before Mum died. What I have are the times we have gone fishing and spent time together. At some school holidays, I think he took me to a theme park, and once he took me on a helicopter ride. My first Helicopter ride was more fun than the rides, but spending time with him and Grandpa was great.

What had me blanking out those good times was the beating my sister would give me when I came home happy, and wouldn't tell her where I had been. I never understood why she never called Grandpa “grandpa,” but I know now he wasn't her Grandpa, which makes me think if she knew that I am not her sister. Who was her real Grandpa?

Any way back to the man, who was now sitting beside me, and holding my hand, while I stayed seated on Tanks lap, he felt so guilty for what happen, and he was not around to stop it, he worked for the government, as overseas doing some hush hush work, and couldn't be contacted, until it was far too late, like when he missed my real Mum's funeral, he didn't know she was gone for nearly two months. That shock of returning to find her gone must have devastated him.

We were going to talk in more depth tonight, and I thought of that box. I might have him with me when we open it; he might be able to fill in some of the blanks.

His departure left Tandy to take over and start the introductions.

The room's attitude towards Tank and me had changed big time; they now understand I was more than a biker from next door who was taking over the house, that I actually owned it by birthright, and they stuffed up big time. In a way, it made me feel good that they were so shocked by how much they had underestimated me. If they have, maybe others will too, and I can be safe in plain sight.

What's that saying?

"Don't judge a book by the cover." Yep, they should have read the inside cover before buying the book.

Now they are trying to suck up and mend the fences they broke. I am finding it rather amusing how people can change so fast when they can see they fuked up majorly. It's their jobs on the line, as Tandy so eloquently told them. I didn't want to listen to them, trying to suck up. I think Tandy understood when I packed up the files and left.

I text him to come tonight with Uncle Simon and see what we can work out.

I am positive the people I just walked out on will not judge someone so easily next time.

We had just moved the truck to the other car park when Jenny came running to us, threw some bags in the back, and squealed about something she found and dragged me away, leaving Blaze and Tank watching the enthusiastic Jenny dragging me away. I am used to this side of Jenny; she was an "out there" kind of girl. No matter how bad it was at home, she never let it affect us, both of us trying to help each other, two birds of a feather, where she was out there making up for me and my untrusting side to everyone, I was pushing her flamboyant side, never judging, and always giving honest answers, we both have lived through enough lies, not to need us to lie to each other. We were balanced, in an odd way, and it worked. When she took up with Blaze, I was over the moon, and when she agreed to BFF. my move in with me, I almost cried with joy. I never want to lose.

"Look at that top, what do you think?" Jenny said as she pulled me into a shop neither of us would have considered entering, even when I offered to pay, because I was an apprentice with a small income before she got a job.

"Put it on, can't tell with that Bo.obless manikin." I chuckled because both were blessed, with ample in the top division.

"Jenny complied while I looked around the shop, which had the latest fashions on show.

“See anything you like?” Tank asked, coming up behind me and wrapping his arms around my waist, nibbling my ear, and gaining the giggling squirm he loves to get out of me.

“Not really, we purchased a whole lot of clothes the other day, and I have yet to wear all of them,” I replied as I replaced a blouse I liked the color of.

“How about some business attire for those meetings you have to go to, as you are now the boss.” Tank must be loving all of this, and how uncomfortable I am at being called the boss. I am having to learn the ropes fast. Luckily, I have Grandpa A to help with his side, and at the moment, Tandy, but I get the impression that Uncle Simon might be playing a larger role in my life moving forward.

“Is there a problem with my wearing my ‘cut’ to those meetings?” I asked, I don’t want to hurt the club.

“Wear your ‘cut’ with pride, but if the meeting was too important, we understand that you may not always be able to wear it, like some can’t wear it at work, it would be ruined in moments, but it should be worn at all club events and duties. If you have to go to a ball or a gala event, we don’t expect it to be worn.”

“Sure, thing, as long as you are happy to wear a bow tie, and Armani suits.” I giggled at his scrunched-up nose at the thought of a suit like that.

“Hum, um.” He stuttered out before he was saved.

“What’s got you worked up, afraid of being outdone by others in a suit, that they might want to take your girl from you, not up to snuff for the toffs?” Blaze bumped his arm, stirring him up, in a way I couldn’t.

Jenny came out wearing the top, and Blaze’s eyes bulged out.

“Honey, you can’t wear that,” Blaze said, tripping over his tongue. Her face dropped.

“Why? I think it looks good.” I asked, the color made her eyes pop, and the low front gave a lovely view of her chest.

“That she does, and that’s the problem. I would be fighting men off her all the time. She’s not wearing my ‘cut’, so they will see her as available. Looking like that, I will have my hands full keeping them off her. So no, well maybe buy it and wear it only for me, at home. Where only we get to see it.” He said, caving in at the end, his look like he was pleading with her.

“That’s good, huh? I will buy it then.” Jenny smiled as she turned to get changed.

“Close your mouth, you are dribbling,” I say to Blaze, and Tank gave him a bro slap that to me sounded painful.

Jenny brought a few more items before moving to another shop. This one was furniture, full of ideas for the tattoo shed and the main gaming area. She wants a bigger television, one just for sports, she loves following the football, but I don't, so much. But she had managed to drag me to some of the college games when they were close by.

"That one, what do you think?" I am standing in the television section, watching a live feed from a projector, showing a game on the white wall, a sound box nearby, and surround sound in the room.

"But that's not a television," I argue, not understanding what I am looking at.

"It will fit in the room, and you can make the screen project smaller or larger, depending on what you are watching, and how life-size you want it to be. Can we have it, please, please,

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 115[1,490 words]

Tank POV

The meeting was a shambles after Uncle Simon left, but then what could I expect when a group of people misjudges you and suddenly has to eat humble pie and grovel? My little lady was a champ, she listened to Tandy as he introduced each person and their role, and didn't bother with their humble pie, she waved them away, and asked for the next, once done, she packed up and left, leaving Tandy chuckling, as she did, I heard him say, as we passed him, "just like you grandpa and uncle, no doubting who you are.

Shopping was all about Jenny. My little lady didn't seem all that interested; she wasn't a big spender and only bought things she needed or could use. Nothing would sit in the cupboard, unused, waiting for the right occasion to wear it. Jenny would buy the whole shop if she liked it and could afford it.

Fixer asked my opinion on the television, and to be honest, to me it was not a television, it was a movie set, and we had a theater room with something like this in it already, and didn't see why we needed another one, but not to bring the mood down, I hesitated, scratched my beard.

"Well, to be honest, to me, it's not a television, I'd like a real set, not something on the wall, but then I don't know much about technology, never really gave television much of a thought. At the clubhouse, I rarely watched movies; I mostly watched the news or some interesting program. Blaze, you watch the television at the clubhouse, what do you think?" There you go, shift the problem, just like Fixer did.

Blaze went red, as he was now in the spotlight. I could see he wanted to please Jenny, but picked up that two of us don't really care one way or the other, it was a Jenny thing.

“Sorry, Jenny, but the theater room has a projector television; the games room, for aesthetics, should have a real screen.” You could see the excitement fade out of Jenny’s face for a brief moment before she forced a smile back on.

“That’s okay, we can have that one.” She pointed to a screen that I would have chosen, between Fixer and Jenny. They purchased some nice things for the house, making it more homely, and Fixer took a catalogue with her.

We arrived home late afternoon and began putting everything away. I felt like we brought all the food from the supermarket; the pantry and freezer were full of all sorts of things. We would never run out of food in this house.

It had gone dark when Tandy arrived, carrying a cheesecake.

“You are the best. How did you know cheesecake was my favorite?” Fixer asked as she took it from him and placed it in the fridge.

“Your Grandmother made the best cheesecake in the district, won awards at the fair. How could I not know that you and your Grandpa loved cheesecake? You were both her taste testers when she was trying a new flavor.” He glowed with pride as he explained.

Uncle Simon arrived with two bodyguards, carrying our dinner. The table was already set, and we were waiting for the last to arrive. The food he brought was roast beef and all the trimmings; it looked and smelled fantastic. The chef prepared the food professionally, especially for us. Two more chairs were placed around the table.

“No need to include us, we can get food elsewhere.” One of the guards had tried to protest.

“You put your life on the line for family, you get to eat with family, sit,” Fixer demanded, causing Uncle Simon to chuckle.

“Told you she was special, now sit and join us.” Uncle Simon said, smiling at Fixer for including the bodyguards. I guess they are used to not being included in gatherings.

“This looks great, Uncle.” Fixer complimented the man, and we dug in. An hour later, the food was gone, including the cheesecake, which I have to admit was rapidly becoming a favorite of mine.

“Uncle Simon, I have a box I would like to open while you and Tandy are here. Grandma left it for me.” Uncle Simon’s face dropped at first, with the mention of his twin, but brightened up.

“You have my interest. Where shall we open it?” He eventually said.

“Lounge room, might as well be comfortable, and we can spread out. I am sharing something here, something that even I don’t know was in that box. This will be close to my heart, expect

tears, and need lots of tissues. Let me remind you, it doesn't leave this room." Fixer answers, her voice already choking up.

I walked with Uncle Simon on one side, and Fixer on the other side of him. She was glued to his side, doubt she was holding him up, more like he was holding onto her, not wanting to let go of his niece, as she would disappear at any time. I can see in the future that we will have

Uncle Simon visit more often.

The offending box was sitting on the floor next to the coffee table, which had been cleared of everything, ready to receive the box's contents.

"Your mother would have some things in here that were sentimental for her." Uncle Simon said softly, his gravelly voice raspy with emotion, as he looked at the box and saw his sisters' writing clearly on the top, giving instructions.

Fixer moved to sit beside the box, and with a sharp knife, slit open the tape, keeping it closed, and lifted the lid.

The top was a photograph album. Fixer carefully removed it, as if it would fall apart in her hands, and handed it over to her uncle.

"You go through this first, Uncle, then you can explain some of the photos to me." Uncle Simon ran his hand over the cover.

"I will wait till we have emptied the box, I don't want to miss a thing." He said, looking back towards the box, waiting for the next item.

The next item was a scrapbook. Fixer flipped the first page and sucked in a breath, and quickly closed the cover, handing the scrapbook to Tandy.

"You might want to look through this; maybe there's something Grandma found. I will look after you have had a look, and we can discuss what it all means. I didn't get to see what the page looked like, but when Tandy opened it, he took a deep breath and flipped quickly through the first few pages.

"This was all on your mother's car accident, not just from newspapers, but other things, maybe she has more in the box. Tank, you might want to read this too; it might contain answers about your parents." At this, Uncle turned to look at Tank, his face full of surprise.

"Your parents were killed in that accident, too?" He asked incredulously.

"Yes." I snapped back, which I regretted the moment it left my mouth.

“I didn’t know, wow, fate has brought you two together for a reason.” He looked speculatively between Fixer and me, something going on in his head that I couldn’t begin to understand.

The fixer removed a large jewelry box next; inside was like opening the vault to the crown jewels. So much bling, all very expensive, according to Uncle and Tandy, they recognised them immediately as Fixer picked them up one at a time, and inspected each one, and when she had finished, she handed the box to Jenny to look through, Jenny more into jewelry than Fixer, she would most likely let her wear some, but as they belong to her Grandma, and some according to Uncle Simon, her mother, it was unlikely that Fixer would part with them.

Next was an envelope with a letter and a safety deposit key from a bank.

“I know which bank that belongs to. When you are ready, we can go together. I am interested to see what they have left you in there.” Uncle Simon said as he accepted the letter and began to read it.

“Your grandmother has left Deeds to the land, properties, and other legal papers, all in your name now, of course, she transferred them to you before she died. My team’s actually looking after them. I didn’t know they were yours. It was in our family name; only the first name changed, but everything else was kept in the family name, Anderson. I received instructions on how to care for them until the real owner was of age to claim them. Why I didn’t know they were yours was because it didn’t put Maxine, no, the deeds, as believe it or not, your middle name was Maxine, your first name was Zaria. I didn’t piece it together, and that was on me. It was your uncle and aunt who took you in, changed your name, and until now have forgotten your real name.” Uncle Simon spat out angrily, but who was he angry with? Himself or the uncle and aunt.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 116[1,585 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

The meal was delicious, as I wouldn’t expect anything less from Uncle Simon. I get the idea that he always has the best quality of everything. It’s a pity he stayed single his whole life; he would have been a great father, spoiling the children rotten, even his wife would have wanted for nothing. He blamed his job, and never being home long enough to establish a lasting relationship, most cheated on him while he was away. That he gave up looking for a wife, and stuck to one-night stands, something a bit longer, if the woman interested him. Plus losing his twin, and how bad it hurt, he didn’t want to have that feeling again, not over someone so young and full of life. She never once complained about her husband being away so much, having been deployed.

That box was a square meter, a big box, that I wanted to open, and at the same time, I was afraid of what I would see.

The first item, was a brightly colored photo album, I didn't bother opening, it would mean more to uncle, and then he can share the memories with me, the next was a large A3 size scrapbook, and when I opened it up, there staring at me, was the newspaper clipping of the accident, I closed the scrapbook fast, not wanting to look at that yet. Handing it to Tandy, who then said that Tank might want to go through it with him, as it concerned his parents, too, which got Uncle Simon staring at Tank.

"Thought you would have investigated me when you found out I had married Tanks chuckled at Uncle Simon's reaction.

"As tempting as it was to do just that, I wanted to meet you both first, without any prejudice that an investigation might dig up. I think you both are made for each other, and now knowing that you have this link, I am more than pleased I didn't dig up dirt on you." Tank gave him an honest smile, and a new level of respect between them was found.

The jewelry box, was large, and full of trinkets, that Uncle Simon would be able to fill me in on, what they meant, maybe why there were purchased, I had thought I had all my mother and Grandmothers, jewelry, so these must be something special, after a quick look I handed the box to Jenny to look at, she loved that sort of thing, but she would never own them, something tells me they need to be kept safe, we have a safe in this house, a walk in one, hidden behind a secret wall in the master bedroom, I found it by accident, when cleaning, and haven't told anyone about it yet, not even Tank. There were things in there that looked old and could belong to our family. I want Uncle Simon to look at them. It wasn't included in any of the information I had on the house, which was strange.

When Uncle Simon said my real name, I had forgotten about the birth certificate Tandy had given me. I had been looking into who my mum and dad really were and hadn't realized that my name wasn't Maxine, sure, Maxine was on the certificate, and that was all I had taken in, it was like I was having information overload that day, I am much more calm today, having my uncle here, and Tandy for any legal questions, they had given me a sort of calming effect.

The next item out of the box was more photos. I placed them on the table to go through after I emptied the box; the photos were in black and white. School albums, these must have been mum's, then a hand-stitched blanket, a silver serving tray, goblets, and a jug. The items just kept coming, all special to mum, or Grandma, who had put this together with love and care, each with a meaning I hoped to understand at some point. I finished the box and placed most of it back in the box to sort through again another time. We had albums and paperwork to sift through.

"Come, sit with me, and we can go through this album. Tank you, go sit with Tandy and go through that scrapbook. Tandy let me know if there was anything new, for what we had already investigated over the years." Uncle Simon took over the rest. I left Jenny to continue sorting through the large jewelry box and, if she wanted, go through it again. Her eyes gleamed at some of the items, explaining they were too expensive to wear.

For the next hour, Uncle Simon explained each and every photo in both books, as far as his recollection could go. It was good that whoever put these albums together, and I have a feeling it was Grandma, had dated and given some description beneath each.

“Simon, we have to open our investigation again,” Tandy announced just as we finished the second album.

“Talk.” He barked out, and then, as an afterthought.

“What’s new. Summary, please.” He looked at me and smiled before looking back at Tandy.

“There are photos here of the accident site, before it was cleared, by someone who was part of the first responders. It looks like they managed to get copies of the photos before it was closed to the public, making it difficult for us to investigate. We have a new direction, that truck driver had form, been involved in numerous accidents, where he had walked away unscathed, and the others didn’t, it appears like that truck driver, had intentionally hit you sisters car, and it was the following two cars, he miss judged, and could have contributed, to his cause of death, however there was a question mark on the seatbelt broken. If it had only been your sister and the two bikes, the driver might have walked away. The bikes were never part of this, and were, as the person in this report said, collateral damage. Sorry, Tank, your parents’ death was not a gang-related incident.” Tandy gave a brief summary of the events by whoever had written this report, which had mysteriously disappeared. From where Tandy could work out, this guy had BCC’s grandpa in every report and picture he had made. The guy retirement, away from the investigation.

Who had this kind of power?

“We can add that to what we know, see if we can come up with a name, linked to the driver. Maybe we need to look into the uncle and aunt; they didn’t try anything at first, that was the only reason they didn’t get a full investigation on them. Maybe we should have dug, knowing what they were like later on. We hadn’t thought family would do that; they had seemed nice and stable, always polite and joining in family events, or so I am told. I still don’t understand why she went to that town; she didn’t buy anything, that we know of.” Uncle Simon and Tandy talked about what they knew, leaving the rest of us to listen, except for Tank, who added a few bits his boys had found out years ago.

“I would like to see that report, if you can get your hands on it. We might be able to correlate ideas here. Now we have fresh evidence.” Tandy requested, and Uncle Simon nodded in agreement.

“I think that will do for tonight, Uncle Simon, Tandy, please stay the night, and we can continue this in the morning when we have all had a night to think about it.” I offered, and was happy when they agreed, we found them rooms, and the two bodyguards, who were shocked, were included in everything. I guess not many people even see them, like invisible men, there to lay their lives on the line for you. I don’t like attitude, we’re all doing a job, and should be treated as

equals, not everyone has the guts to protect someone as a living. I respect them and their profession.

“You not too upset, are you, Tank?” I asked, not knowing how to approach the subject, he was floored by what he had seen and read, and I can see it rattled him more than he might admit.

“I won’t deny it; seeing those photos was hard. I hadn’t seen that before, Dad and Mum, crumpled, bloody body on the ground, dead, before the police arrived and took over, all this information was squashed, hidden or destroyed, why you Grandma held onto this, I don’t understand, mind you, she didn’t know me, and most likely save it all for you, to decide if you wished to go forward with this. They might have tried to get more information, tried the legal way, and got the same as us, which might be why they didn’t divulge it, worried the police would confiscate it, and history would be lost. I am a little emotional, as you can guess, my mind running all over the place, trying to figure this out, and where it would go from here.” Tank was a mess, you could tell by his eyes and how his shoulder sagged. I wanted to comfort him, but didn’t know how.

We had just turned out the light and were holding each other when Prez’s bike came up the driveway. Tank was up in a flash, heading downstairs to let him and Sticks know we had guests and to stop the bodyguards from appearing with guns drawn. We had told them that.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 117[1,498 words]

Tank POV

The last thing I expected out of the box was this kind of heartache. Not just a report, but all those vivid pictures, etched into my brain, never to be forgotten, someone needs to be accountable. The death of the driver was not enough to appease my mind.

I had prepared myself for Fixer to be a crying mess and for me to be strong for her, but sitting with Tandy, talking about that scrapbook and what we remembered of the investigating, from the records at the club, and a little bit of investigating Zero and I had done, in the past, this had brought so much more came to light that I had never known before. It was a nightmare for.

When we turned to page two, past the newspaper clipping, the photos started. At first, they were the cars and the truck, and then we turned the page to the four bodies and two crumpled bikes.

Seeing my parents like that. I don’t mind admitting tears flowed down my cheeks as I saw my mum and dad. I knew the others, but this was my parents; I couldn’t look away, taking in where they were on the road, nothing like the police reports. Dad was still by the bike, his leg under the bike. Trapped under it, he wouldn’t have been able to get out from under it, even if he was alive, his head was at a weird angle, and his lifeless eyes staring into space, His sunglasses broken, and

on the ground nearby, where Mum had been thrown over the bike, and had ended up in front of one of the cars, that had, by the look of it, run over her, she was face down, her back looks like it might be broken, where a car drove over her, her arms and legs spread out in broken angles. Neither stood a chance; it would have happened way too fast. The truck was on the wrong side of the road. It had two trailers, and the back trailer was still on the other side of the road, where the two cars following him jammed under it.

The truck driver appears to not have his seatbelt on, or it had been cut, because he was thrown out of the windscreen, the report said something about the impact of the two cars following threw him out the window, he might have hit the windscreen on impact of Fixers mums car, but the added two hits behind him, had sent him further out the window. He was half hanging out, blood still pouring out of him, and as far as I was concerned, he got off too lightly. I wish I could bring him back to life so I could kill him all over again.

These pictures never made it out to the public or even to the coroner's inquest on the accident. Our club was a mess for a little while; we had to have a temporary Prez and VP, both gone in an instant. So we might not have had the opportunity to investigate thoroughly

I until a few weeks later, by which time the cover-up had started. I was too young; I could only read the reports, but this here had way more information than they ever managed to dredge.

"There's plenty here, to give us some new direction, and I am sure we have more connections now, since you are back, you missed it all, arriving back in the country, what three months after the fact, way too late to get any real information, even the truck drivers house was burnt down, removing any hint of who might have been involved." Tandy was filling Simon with what was in the scrapbook, and I bet that metal tin, which Fixer opened and closed quickly, might have more information in it.

Fixer wants to know, at the same time, was afraid of the answers. I don't blame her. When she sees the pictures of her mother's lifeless body in the car, she will lose it for sure, just like

I did.

Should I show Zero? He deserves to know.

Will talk to Simon and Tandy later, before we dig further into this.

We had all gone to bed, lots of information weighing heavily on our minds, when Prez's bike roared up the driveway, and I raced out the door, not bothering to get dressed; fortunately, I still had my boxers on. I made it down the stairs, three at a time, and found the bodyguards sneaking towards the back door, guns in hand, ready to take whoever it was down.

"Shadow stop." He looked over his shoulder at me and waited for more.

“By the sounds of that bike, it was Prez and his pregnant woman, don’t go scaring her,” I said, and Shadow and Dark put away their guns, but stayed close by. Not ready to return to their room until positive identification happened.

The sounds of the access code being accepted and the door unlocking had them change their stance, no longer in attack mode, but more casual, as I had seen them both most of the evening.

“Prez, Sticks meet Shadow and Dark. We have guests staying the night; you will meet them tomorrow.” I introduced the two bodyguards and turned to leave. There wasn’t much else I could do, and I didn’t want to be questioned by the Prez this late at night. I heard them all following me, up the stairs, the two bodyguards, stopping on the second floor, in a guest room, while Prez and Sticks continued up to their room.

“Tank, I want deets tomorrow.” I waved my hand to acknowledge that I had heard him and continued to my room. Fixer was sitting up waiting for me, tears were flowing down her cheeks, as the evening information started to hit her hard. I rushed over to her and pulled her onto my lap, letting her tears flow freely, not attempting to stop them. It was a little while later that I realized I, too, had tears flowing down my cheeks.

I have no clue how long we cried. I know I was rocking her gently in my arms, as she wept, and when her tears stopped, she was asleep. I carefully laid her down and spooned in behind her, still churned up inside myself, but was happy when sleep found me not too long after. Fixer getting out of bed woke me far too early; I needed another hour, or maybe another day. “Hey, why so early?” I asked, softly, my voice croaky from last night.

“It’s not early, it’s already eight o’clock.” She said getting dressed quickly.

“What’s the hurry?” I sat up and threw my legs over the side of the bed.

“Got to get busy on the investigation, don’t want Uncle and Tandy to start without me, I bet they are both already looking into it, I never sleep this long, I feel I am running behind.” She said, coming to me, and giving me a quick, bruising kiss, before rushing out the door. I looked at the closed door and wondered what just happened. It was over so fast, and now I am playing catch-up.

I take my time, having a shower and getting dressed, and I see no reason to rush downstairs. Fixer will keep me in the loop. If I miss anything.

I am still having trouble pushing the image of my parents out of my head, like I didn’t know they took photos like that. Was this taken by someone close to Fixer’s Grandparents, to forward the information to them? Something more must be happening here. Something we can’t ask her Grandparents about. Wish I had all that information before. Even the club will be happy to get this information; we have always had our doubts. Hopefully, this will clear things up and give them peace.

The smell of bacon frying came from the kitchen, and laughter filled the air. Entering, I find I am the last one to arrive; all the others were busy either cooking, setting the table, or making coffee.

“Moring sleepy head.” Sticks greeted me, and I felt like I was running behind already, when all eyes turned to me.

“Breakfast then talk, Prez wants to sit in on this, we gave him a brief rundown on what Fixer has in her box of tricks,” Tandy said, as Shadow took the coffee pot to the large table. Uncle Simon was putting out the mugs on coasters I didn’t know we had. He pottered around slowly, but got the job done. I like the man; he might come across as fierce, with his cold eyes as they assess everyone and everything, but get him like this, and he’s jovial, cracking jokes, and a totally different person than the one we met at Tandy’s office.

He’s totally cool, even dressed in jeans today, didn’t know he brought clothes with him. But I like this version of him, not so scary.

We ate and laughed; it looked like Prez was fan-worshipping Uncle Simon. He could barely

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 118[1,662 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

Breakfast was fun; every hand came to help prepare, and even my uncle helped in the kitchen, which at first surprised me. Our first meeting gave me the impression that everyone pandered to his needs, but after getting to know him last night, I should have realised he was not like that. He might be all-powerful, but only when he needs to be. Uncle Simon was soft, kind, and caring. Well, to me, that is, I don’t ever want to be on the bad side of him.

We laughed a lot.

Uncle Simon knows how to captivate the audience.

The more we talked and joked, the more little fragments of memory filtered through. I hadn’t seen him since Grandpa’s death, and had forgotten he was my uncle. When he visited, it was fun, and I called him ‘uncle,’ but I had thought that was an honorary title, not a true uncle. But I see I was wrong; he was my true uncle, my Grandma’s twin brother. He regrets not being involved in our family much more, for all the times he had lost and never gotten back, for his work keeping him away for long stints, and for missing important events. Like his family’s’ funeral, my birth, and my mum’s death, all missed because of his government job, which he can’t explain to us, what it was, what he does, just that he regrets not taking more time to get to know us all, while the others were alive, and wishes he had known how short life was. That he wasted so much of it and wants to make up for lost time while he still has some life left in him.

“Do you remember that fishing trip, where your grandpa caught the biggest fish ever in that river? He was so impressed with its size, he let it go, saying you managed to live this long, get out there and make more babies, for me to catch. It was such a photo moment. He bragged about that fish for years.” Uncle Simon reminisced, his eyes twinkling with joy, as he recounted some of his visits, which mainly involved fishing. His niece’s wedding and my birth, yet the other important ones that he missed, he will never forgive himself for not trying harder to get back. When Mum died, he was out of contact; no one could raise him. When he surfaced again, and the task was done, he was shattered and spent a week with us, crying with Grandpa, Grandma, and cuddling me, or so I am told; I don’t remember that.

Now it was box time again.

Tank suggested getting the bad out of the way first, so we have good things to look at afterwards, to cheer us up. Uncle Simon has ordered clothes and his laptop to be delivered. He is going to stay for at least a week. He can work from anywhere and has no pressing responsibilities at home. He desperately wants to get to know me better, guide me through the minefield that my sudden wealth might have caused, because I have a lot of businesses under my name that I knew nothing about, and on both sides of my family, meaning from my Mum and Dad, who I am still hoping were alive,

Uncle Simon was going to use his connections to find out what he could about Dad’s last known location; maybe he could get extra help in that area, now that he knows the family is stuck, his nephew-in-law. I know Uncle Simon was a big shot in whatever area he worked in for the government, so fingers crossed, he has better pull to get things done. Money might talk in the world, but not in all areas of government. That way, my Grandparents A couldn’t get information, all their wealth, and still that door was closed to them.

I am beginning to dislike what was in this box; it was a mixture of good and bad.

At the moment, not enough good information, and way too much bad.

All new to me, so it was extra bad, seeing and hearing a lot of this for the first time, the sadness it invoked, and the deep need to understand what really happened.

Grim photos of the accident, never been released or seen before, neither Tandy nor Uncle Simon had seen these, and it rattled Tank; he wasn’t prepared to see his parents’ bodies like that. Me, it was terrible and unsettling for me, but with me having been so young, it didn’t hit me the same way. It was like watching a very graphic movie, and being told that was your mum, I don’t remember her like Tank remembers his family.

That was what we worked on first, the scrapbook, every news clipping, photo, a list, itemising it all, dates, where they came from, who they talked to, copies of police interviews, that never surfaced at the inquest.

How did Grandma get all these? That’s a big question.

Why did she never use them? Was another question, unless she had answered these questions and left the answers somewhere safe, hoping I would find them, we might never know.

I came up with an idea, and turned on the big screen, yeah, we had a drop-down one in the lounge, and connected my phone to it, then took a copy of each photo, so we could all see them at once, blown up, as that gave us so many more details. One by one, we searched the photos for clues. I guess we were all looking for some hidden clue. Something that might tell us why this happened, because the reports we have read said that the truck driver was not drunk, or had drugs in his system, and had only been driving for three hours, not long enough to be fatigued, he was paid to do this, like his other accidents, that were covered up, but by who, his seat belt had been cut partly through, as the bottom, he didn't stand a chance once he was committed to the accident. A photo showed it clearly. The more we sift through this, the more we wonder how many were involved, or who had such power.

My blood ran cold, and my stomach became a hard lump of concrete.

"There, that dirty rotten scoundrel. I will kill him." I shouted out, and I stared at the screen, in horror, disgusted, and with such anger, I was fuming. I stood up because I had all this rage inside and couldn't stay seated, and started to pace, cursing, crying, and shouting all at once.

"How the hell did he know the exact place to be waiting, or was he following safely behind, watching, waiting. That low life, scum of the earth, bas.tard. Bet he planned it all, and watched in glee as his plan unfolded before him. Most likely went home and laughed with his family." I kept saying. Tank was quickly on his feet and wrapped his arms around me, stopping my pacing. At first, I wanted to push him away because I needed to vent, but then his warmth and strong arms cemented me in place.

"Talk to us, what can you see in that photo that has you so worked up?" Uncle Simon asked. Concern laced his gravely voice as he looked between me, the photo, and Tank. No one could see what I saw; it was too well hidden. If I hadn't been looking for something like that, my gut screaming to look closer, I too would have missed it.

"That low life, scum of the earth, was who I can see in that photo." I cried out, angry tear flowing down my cheeks; I was shaking with rage, so ready to kill him. I hadn't realized I could harbour such anger; I have been one to control it for so long. It was like a switch had been turned on, and I was overflowing with years of frustration, all ready to be released on that person, that family.

"Sorry, but you need to point it out. I can't see anything more than your mother's car, and her body, and two men trying to get her out, and which low-life scum of the earth? Help us out here, please." Tany said, everyone staring at the screen, trying to see what I saw.

I walked up to the screen and pointed to a face hidden in the trees, one I recognised the moment I saw it.

"That dirty rotten..." Tandy said at the same time.

“Who is that?” Came from Blaze, the bodyguards, and Sticks.

Uncle Simon and Tank were cussing.

Jenny rushed to my side, and Prez stood and paced.

“Before we go racing over there and killing the man, we need more answers, like did he work alone? Who was his connection to have all this squashed? Was the rest of the family part of this?” Uncle Simon announced, stopping the men who were ready to race out and drag that scumbag over here so we can work on him, in the underground cells. Yeah, I was surprised to find them, but they are there, a secret passage going down, it was part cell, part safety room, this place has everything, although it looks like that area hadn’t been used in a long time.

“Grab that whole family and send them to the cells.” Uncle Simon smiled at me. He knows about the cells and most likely knows more about this house than I do, having grown up in it when he was small. They moved out and put it up for rent before the children started high school. That was the house my Uncle got, and he seemed happy to get it, but I have no clue how he didn’t know about it. He appears to be oblivious to much of what was owned, perhaps because his wife was out of the loop.

Still confused, I piece it all together, and I no longer believe that my aunt and uncle could be related to me at all.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 119[1,592 words]

Tank POV

Breakfast was the best start I could ask for to begin a day.

Uncle Simon and Tandy had us in stitches as they recounted some of their childhood escapades; they made mine look dull. Even the bodyguards were relaxed and joined in, but we all knew what was to come, and eventually the inevitable began.

Fixer, by name, Fixer by nature, my little lady had a mind that didn’t stop working, trying to find ways to make things easier, simpler. That was how she came up with the idea of sharing the scrapbook so we could all see it, at the same time, and discuss it.

I was better prepared for the pictures this time. I had nightmares of these pictures last night. I almost phoned my brother to come and look at them, but his temper was worse than mine, and if we somehow found out who did this, he would be out that door so fast, he wouldn’t care for the consequences, only focused on revenge and justice.

That was his kind of justice, eye for an eye.

The screen lit up, in full color, every detail clear. It was heartbreaking to see the lifeless, mangled bodies. The only consolation was that they wouldn't have felt a thing, and it all happened too fast for them to panic or react. That thought gave me some satisfaction and peace of mind. I would have hated to think they lay there on the unforgiving ground, in pain till death claimed them. They also died together, at the same time, and in a way, I guess Dad would have wanted it that way; he wouldn't want his wife to suffer any more than Mum would want that for Dad.

We discussed each picture, breaking it down, checking every part of the scene, the skid marks, the angles of the vehicles, hunting for clues that something was wrong. Anything, but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. I couldn't see anything out of place, aside from the carnage, which would be what you would expect. No magic sign pointing to a cut break line, or wheel nuts removed.

Then, about ten pictures in, one from a different angle showing her mother's car, Fixer jumped up, pacing the floor, shouting obscenities, worse than any I had heard from her mouth, and I had heard quite a few. She stamped her feet, screamed, tears running down her face as she paced in the small area between the chair and the table. She thumped her sides, lifted her head, and screamed at the wall. Like it was at fault for the way she was feeling.

All of us were in shock at this sudden outburst, which was just sitting staring at her.

Shaking my head to clear it, I jumped up and wrapped my arms around her, trying to calm her down, but it was as hard as stopping the tide from coming in. Holding tight against my chest, afraid she was going to hurt herself.

"If you can't speak, then show me what has got you so worked up?" I asked softly, the room watching me, confusion on their faces, looking between us and the screen, trying to see what Fixer had seen, which had gotten her so worked up.

She pushed herself out of my arms, calmer but still a mess of quiet rage.

Walked to the screen and pointed at a bush, and it took a moment before it became clearer, and I saw beyond the foliage, a face peering out of the bushes, watching, but not hidden. enough for my little lady not spot him. I have been so focused on the carnage that I failed to look around. Failed to consider that someone would be watching. That was so sick. No, that's beyond sick. Was he the instigator who made sure the job was done and that she didn't live?

Uncle Simon and Tandy both yelled out obscenities; the place was filled with words no child should ever hear. Jenny was on her feet so fast, and holding onto Fixer as if her life depended on it, tears falling from her face, Blaze looked lost, unsure what to do, he didn't know that face, neither did the bodyguards, Sticks was unsure, but Prez had stood and started to pace, not saying a word, that was our man, he was the quiet thinker, not giving any hint what was on his mind.

“Fixer, are you okay? What do you want to happen here?” Jenny asked Fixer softly, and Uncle Simon jumped in with a warning to us not to go rushing to his place, guns a-blazing. There had to be more than what we knew so far. We needed a plan to take him down.

“Grab that whole family and send them to the cells,” Fixer growled out, cells?

“What cells?” I asked, confused. There was more to this house than what you see on the surface.

“This house has a safe room and two cells below the cellar. Most think the cellar was as far as it goes, but it’s not; there’s another level going down, past the cellar.” Uncle Simon replied, Fixer nodding her agreement.

“How do you know about the cells?” I asked, she hadn’t mentioned it, mind you, you were only here two nights.

“Letter from Grandma, explaining the house, and its hidden secrets.” What more was in that letter? I wondered to myself.

“Who is that? Hiding in the bushes.” Sticks asked louder because no one replied when the question was posed before.

“Fixers, pretend father, or her uncle, or maybe not even related, we are not sure, we know that her pretend mother was the daughter of her Grandma’s sister, but where her husband comes into the picture, we are having that investigated, we are having the whole family investigated. I want answers and fast. That man has got away with killing eight or nine people, that we know of, and that count could be higher, all for what reason? Money? Greed? Was he the one who organised that killing? I can’t see how he had the power to keep it quiet, to hide all that evidence. Someone else must have had a part in this. That man’s not powerful enough to cause all that disappearance. Did my sister put anything else in her letters? Like, how did she gather all of this, and why not act on it? Something’s still missing. A clue has to be here somewhere, and Dad, why does he not act, who had power over them to keep them from acting, on this information?” Uncle Simon stated as he worked through things in his mind.

“Uncle Simon, we have more to go through yet. Do you want to start over, from the first picture, and look for him hidden in more pictures, like we might get a shot of him arriving, because he couldn’t have already been there, no one can stage a head-on that well.” Fixer suggests, and so we start over, taking in the scenery as well, one gruesome picture at a time.

“There,” I say, pointing to the screen.

In the picture, a car had arrived and was parked in the background on the side of the road. The shot, although a little blurry, shows her uncle just getting out, and the next picture shows him disappearing into the bushes.

Four more pictures of his face were found; if it wasn’t so serious, I would have called this “Where’s Wally”; the man looked like he was smiling in some of the pictures.

The pictures from the accident were done; we moved to the newspaper clippings, the explanation given, and then the reports that Grandma had managed to gather. The story was completely different from what was reported. The autopsy reports showed no one was drunk or had drugs in their system. Yet the newspaper reported that the truck driver had drugs in his system, and had been driving for over fourteen hours, all lies. Need to find out where all that information came from.

Maybe fresh eyes will get us somewhere, and if need be, private justice, he's not the only one who can stage a car accident.

I hope Uncle Simon had the connection and power to get the real answers on this.

"I agree with you, Fixer, we need to bring him in, the whole family if we need to. I hear next door has some nice, well-used cells, too. Can we use them instead of here? It might scare them more to be in your cells, with scary bikers around, than in a luxurious home. Mind you, no one would believe you if you said you were in a cell here." Tandy suggested, getting more and more agitated by the pictures.

"Loved to share them with you, let's make a plan," Prez said softly. We have some archives that you both might wish to see, as well as some footage from the news and some people we discreetly interviewed.

"Prez, don't forget we have that trip in a few weeks' time, visiting the Jones turf." I remind him, feeling a little guilty for having to, when this was so important.

"What's that?" Uncle Simon asked, looking between Prez and me.

"We have had a small altercation with the Jones gang. We are waiting for our men to be fully healed, and then we will go and give them a small visit. Give them the same treatment they gave us, but we don't intend to let any of our own die." Prez calmly replied, and I watched as Fixer's head darted to me, hurt in her eyes, a look I had hoped I would never see.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 120[1,533 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

"Okay, let me tell you what's on my mind, what I think might have happened." Nods around the room have me standing and pacing again, as I work this through my head.

"As I no longer believe my uncle, formally known as my dad, is even related to me I am just going to call them, Barry, Shiela and Zoey, so you can relate better, because it an insult to Uncle Simon to call that man Barry an uncle, and as I still have a father out there somewhere, he can't

be father. Prez, can you get your men onto recording their phone calls, hacking his computer, and tracking them? I don't trust them; my gut says something was going down and soon, and all of them, including my ex, were involved." Prez nodded and called someone.

"Wait, what did you say his full name was?" Prez asked as he pulled the phone from his ear.

"Barry and Sheila McClain," I replied, leaving a bitter taste in my mouth for even saying the name out loud.

Prez spoke for a bit, then cursed.

"Right, get onto it." He hung up his face, angry.

"McClain was the name of one of the dead in the second car, a girl, too young to be out and about, who was hit by the back of the truck, and she was linked to the Jones Gang. Maybe all our wars have been instigated by Barry because of that accident, which was no accident. Or he had a vendetta against the Jones gang, as he was somehow associated with them; we are investigating that connection, but all fingers are pointing back to that man. He may not have even known one of the Jones members' kids was involved in the accident till it was too late, and then pushed the blame on us somehow. It makes no sense, but it's the best I can think of for now." Prez spat out. This was getting deeper and deeper, a web of lies all starting or leading to Barry.

"Okay, I will continue with my thoughts. Mum had to have been called to the other town for some reason. What Grandma pieced together was that Mum went to a cafe, had a coffee, and looked like she was waiting for someone who didn't show up, before heading back home. I believe Barry had been following her to the other town and contacted the truck driver to let him know she was on the way back home. Barry might have waited half an hour or so before following. He knew where she was going and didn't need to keep an eye on her; he couldn't risk Mum noticing his car following her. He arrived after the first responders, but before the police closed off the road, and emergency vehicles were arriving. The person who took most of those photos on his phone was the same person who sent Grandma and Grandpa all that information, and might have had them taken from him, so I am glad he forwarded them on before they could be confiscated, and before he was given early retirement." I stopped pacing and looked around the room, all deep in thought.

"You might be right, that sounds feasible, we have a lot to sift through, all this has made me have hope in getting answers." Uncle Simon said as he picked up the scrapbook again and looked at some of the news reports.

"We need to get hold of Barry. I want him in the cells. But first, how about we have some fun? I want burner phones purchased and to call him every hour, day, and night. We start with a disguised voice telling him we know what he did and that vengeance is coming; he can't hide. Rattle him a bit, see if he calls someone or runs to them. I hope he does, I want all involved. Can we get some bugs in his home and car? I want to hear everything." Once I start, I am on a roll, thinking of all the ways to get to him.

“What about the women?” Tandy called out.

“They can wait, watch them, bug them, but don’t want to pull them in yet. You never know; if they are deeply involved, they might be the ones to run for help. One thing is for sure, that Zoey can’t be pregnant, and how deep the ex was in this, who knows.”

“What makes you say that?” Prez asked, not having been here when we discussed this.

“For someone as far along as Sticks, you would expect a bulging belly; she’s as flat as always. Not even hiding that she has a flat belly.” Tank replied for me.

“You have seen her?” He asked, frowning.

“Yep, in town, she’s a right piece of work, would have said chip of the same block, but we don’t know if she is Barry’s daughter, thought he was stepdad.”

“Yeah, I have my doubts too, will find out soon enough, the investigation will cover that too.” Uncle Simon pulled out his phone, read a message he’d just received, and pocketed it.

“We need to get to town, open that safety deposit box, and I need to clear out mine and put the contents in the safe here.” Uncle Simon said, standing, as if the conversation was over.

“How long are you staying?” Prez asked; he had missed a lot yesterday and was playing catch-up.

“At least a week, Fixer has offered me a room to make my office, and I will have some work brought here. Will be spending a lot more time here now that we have reconnected.” He said proudly.

Prez, Blaze, Sticks, and Jenny followed Prez out the door and went to the clubhouse to go through the boxes they had from that incident together. Tandy, Uncle Simon, Tank, and I were going to town, Tandy back to his office to look up some things, and us to the bank for the contents held there.

The radio played softly as we drove to town, the bodyguards following close behind. All of us were lost in thought. I was sitting in the back seat, letting Tank and Uncle Simon have the front seat in his truck. Tank was tapping his fingers on the steering wheel to the tune, and Uncle Simon was lost on his phone, tapping away, I almost chuckled as it appeared that Uncle Simon was tapping on his phone in time with the music, it might have been my warped sense of humor, that like to think that, but either way, it managed to bring a smile to my sad face.

“Fixer, you are right, Zoey is Barry’s daughter, the mother must have cheated on her husband. We are still checking on what happened back then. Maybe Barry was her first husband, with a name change, who knows, with that twisted family. I am glad my aunt was not around to see this. She would be devastated to see the direction her daughter and granddaughters have gone.” Uncle Simon suddenly said. He must be starting to get reports in. They work fast under his command.

The bank manager was quick to rush out and greet us, almost bowing to Uncle Simon, who was quite the celebrity, and was shocked when I asked for my box, as he hadn't put me as Uncle Simon's niece, suddenly he was more respectful, and bowing to me, if what Tandy said was true, I have more in this bank, than the whole town, put together, not that it affected me, it was one less thing I had to worry about, Tandy had a good team looking after a lot of my investments, and Uncle Simon promised to go over them with me, help me understand it all better, so I am not taken advantaged of in the future.

A large A3 bulging envelope was handed over, and a purple velvet box; lifting the lid revealed the family seal, something I didn't know we owned. These were for the filthy rich, and never in my dreams did I think I would hold one, let alone be the custodian of one.

"They are a pair, I have one exactly the same, just the initials slightly different, show it was a male version, where yours was a female version, when I pass, you will gain mine, and have the pair." I didn't want to think of Uncle Simon not around. He wasn't that old; he was only late sixties early seventies, Mum was thirty when she had me, he was no longer shuffling his feet, or looking bent over, it was all a ploy, to see what I was like, he had mentioned others pretending to be his niece, and he tests all who claim it now, but one look at me and the confidence that Tandy had, there was no hiding I was who I claimed to be, mind you I never claimed it, it was thrust upon me. He had made himself look very old, and if I hadn't seen pictures of him, I wouldn't have recognised him after he had showered and removed all his disguise. He was handsome, and I could see Grandma's eyes shine through, along with the small things that were the same.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 121[1,419 words]

Tank POV

Uncle Simon shocked me when I entered the kitchen; he had removed at least thirty years from his face, his body, and his hair. He was full of energy, and his energy filled the room, without even trying; it was all natural, or years of cultivating. He might still be old, but he was no longer wearing a feeble disguise, and I prefer this more vibrant version of him. I found it hard to believe he was as slow and dried out as he claimed to be.

It feels like the quiet before a storm, or maybe in the eye of the storm, with chaos looming all around us.

Fixer, my sweet little lady, was the center of my world at the moment, with me circling around her, waiting for something to happen. She had blown my world apart in more ways than one. The information her family had been hiding, waiting for her to open and act on, was mind-blowing. Prez was rushing to get the things suggested started in earnest, Uncle Simon and Tandy are pulling in favors, and working in areas no one could dream of. While I am assigned to be her bodyguard, although I won't be telling her that.

Prez and I had a little quiet discussion, the day before, as he called it, I called it an argument, as much as I know a lot of club work has to come first, my lady comes above some of what he was trying to push onto me, a lot of other members can do it just as well as me. I won because he, too, would put his lady first, and that baby that was getting closer to being born, first, only the more urgent tasks should be done. I had convinced him to delegate more, stop trying to be the whole club, use them, they need to feel needed, and be part of the work on club matters, too. It took a bit of shouting back and forth, and then I went deadly calm, like I see Fixer go when she's very angry. I quieted my voice, took the anger out of it, and spoke in a low, authoritative voice. This change made Prez stop and stare at me, as if assessing me, and seeing me for the first time, since we started to argue, to actually listen to what I had to say.

"No, not happening, and when that baby is born, and you suddenly can't do everything like you have been, locked away in that room, trying to be everything, you will burn out, and end up sick, not able to do anything. Then you might remember today, and my words, as you lie in bed, unable to perform, or hold your child, because you were too stubborn or afraid to let others in." I had stormed out after saying those words and went to find Fixer. She has a way of calming me, like no other. Just holding her in my arms brings me peace.

Today was better. Prez was more interactive and shocked by some of the revelations. Like the people in the other cars, we all have been focused on our own families, we failed to look at the other two vehicle occupants, more to do with thinking they were innocent victims, caught up in this accident, collateral damage, as I am told it was called, but the if the girl was part of the Jones gang, who else was, and did Barry manage to sway them into blaming us for it all, but how would they believe we would kill four of our own, just for his gang, no! I feel I am still missing something here.

Prez took the others with him, he gave me the nod, and I assumed he would delegate some work. I hope he does, that will reduce a lot of problems, like how Sticks and Cricket had been feeling. My little lady, when cornered or reaches the end of her rope, will fight back, but Sticks and Cricket don't, and now with Jenny included, in some small way, she too will be like Fixer, and buck up, if it doesn't sound right. I am glad Jenny was here, but will keep an eye on her, she was the only one that can twist Fixer around her little finger, and I intend to monitor what she does, I don't think Fixer even sees it, or if she does, was indulging her for now, it hard to tell, without asking, and I don't want to cause an issue, not when there was so much tension in the air, over all these findings.

I sang in my head the tunes on the radio, trying not think about those pictures that are burned in my skull.

I see them when I close my eyes, and I bet they will visit me in my dreams for months to come. Knowing and seeing are two different things. I knew my parents died in an accident, but to see the graphic pictures, taken before paramedics or coroners could cover them up, was horrifying. I am still debating whether Zero should see them. I am torn, because he has the right to see them, as do most of the club members, but was it the best thing to do for everyone? I might have to speak with Prez and give it a vote.

We arrived at the bank, and Fixer and I entered first. No one paid much attention, but when Uncle Simon walked in behind us and guided us in the right direction, the manager came rushing out of his office, and he virtually pushed us aside so he could bow and verbally lick Uncle Simon's boots.

"Dickson, may I introduce you to my Niece and nephew, Fixer and Tank? You have a box for her." The man looked at us and turned red from pushing us aside, as if we didn't matter.

"Nice to meet you. Sir, are you here for your box too?" The manager turned back to Uncle Simon and continued as before. We were still not that high on the worship list until Uncle Simon named the two boxes we required and asked Fixer to sign some documents that Tandy had left here so she could work remotely on her bank accounts.

"You are Zaria?" He asked, turning a sickly pale.

"That was my birth name, yes. I go by Fixer now, my married name." Fixer smiled proudly at him and linked her arm through mine.

"This way." He ushered the three of us towards a door I had never noticed before, and into a room full of black doors of all sorts of sizes, like the ones to get your mail from the PO box. I presume the locked boxes that people use are for the bank to hold their personal items.

Uncle Simon opened his and started putting the contents into a briefcase; he had one for Fixer, too.

Fixer opened hers, took a deep breath, and pulled open the door. She had a very large envelope bulging with information. She placed it into the briefcase, with a bit of effort, as it was larger than the case, and Uncle Simon helped get it in, and then the sealed box, it was so pretty, I had never seen one before, and the power that seal holds, blows the mind.

We got home, and Fixer let Uncle Simon into our room, and I learned where the safe was; it was huge, behind a large floor-to-ceiling mirror that I had looked into many times, not knowing what lurked behind it.

We sat in the lounge, coffee in hand, and Uncle Simon and I watched as Fixer opened the bulging envelope and let the contents spill onto the table.

Fixer, these are stocks, shares and bonds, quite a few by the looks of it, and all in your name of Zaria. Do you know your mother chose your name, which means Brilliance, bright, light; Flower, blossom; Dawn, sunrise. She said you were the light of her life and that you would one day bloom into an amazing flower. A new beginning, she was so proud of you, walking early, almost like you were in a hurry to start living, even at that young age. I am positive she would be proud of who you have become." Uncle Simon said softly

as he picked up each item, looked at it, and placed it into piles that only he would know the meaning of until he was ready to explain.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 122[1,551 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

The contents spilt onto the table, and Uncle Simon was quick to sort through them.

“Stocks, Shares in what?” I asked, shocked that there were so many.

“Some of these date back to when your Great Grandpa helped a friend start a business, gained a partnership in the company, as payment, and the mining stock would be worth a bit now, I guess, as it was purchased in the early days of that mine’s development, which they helped finance. You have a hand in all sorts of companies because your family has invested their money in people’s ideas, in starting up a business, or in a failing one that needed a hand, and as each company grew, it paid dividends that were reinvested to help other companies. Gaining either a partnership of the company, shares, or bonds, your family never asked for repayment of the money, like it was a loan, but an investment in the business, and if it went bust, the money was void. Tandy had a list of all your part ownerships, looks after the income, and has it all under control, but we are all getting old, so need new people in place, that can be trusted, that will part of Tandy, and my job, to make sure you are not scammed, or taken advantage of, while you learn the ropes. Don’t worry, I have a lot of left in me yet.” He joked as he waded through the paperwork.

“Here’s a letter, looks like your grandmother’s writing.” I looked at the letter in his hand, and a cold shiver ran down my back. A voice from the dead entered my mind, and I took it from him like it was going to bite me.

I carefully opened the letter and pulled out at least a ten-page letter.

“Read it out loud, so that everyone can hear what she has to say.” Uncle Simon asked.

“Dear Zaria, by now I am assuming you know your real name, you should have opened the box I left for you, and seen all the gory and grim pictures, and what details of your mother’s death, we could gather.

Know that both your grandfather and I tried to fight the injustice, but we failed, partly due to Barry. Be careful around him; he would kill his mother if he thought it would make him money. He’s greedy and shares with no one.

Some questions you may be asking.

Firstly, know that I was tricked into giving guardianship to those two lowlifes. I was sick in the hospital, and they gave a good reason for taking me to their home till I was out of the hospital. They had me sign a temporary agreement to give them guardianship till I got out; however, it wasn't temporary, and when I was well enough to claim you back, I couldn't. I was devastated and cried for weeks. They thought they would get your money, that the accident had paid out. But I put it in a trust fund that only I, your grandpa, or you could access when you got older. Tandy was a co-signer, too, if we were not available. We made sure to purchase what you needed, and kept it here, or they would have given it all to their daughter, and yes, she was their daughter, out of wedlock, and a spoilt brat.

I was shocked when that daughter of theirs beat you up and killed the kittens, yes, I know about them too. It was a warning to stop trying to get you back and to stop looking into the accident. Barry made sure I knew all about it. We never stopped trying till then. Your grandpa and I cried our hearts out at how cruel they could be to a child, all for money. We gave them small amounts to appease them, nothing like we could have given them had they been nice people and treated you right.

Now, some things are not in that box, which I learned after I sealed it shut.

You need to know that the man who gave us those pictures is no longer alive; he passed away from cancer. lovely man. You can't go hunting him; he left everything he found to us, and was in that box. He has no wife, and everything he owned went to charity, so there's no hidden notebook or information from him.

Now, some of the important things: the first car following the truck, both died, the couple had just eloped, the girl was a member of the Jones gang, the guy was our former mayor's oldest son, the mayor was the reason everything was hidden, he didn't want the marriage or link to the Jones gang to come out. When the mayor died, we tried to get the investigation started again, but that was when that kitten incident happened, and each time we stepped out of line, you gained another beating. I feel Barry's daughter was bullying you far more than we knew, and for that, I am sorry that you were the pawn for them to keep us behaving.

My twin brother, Uncle Simon, should be out of hiding by now and should be able to help you. Not long after your mother died, he had to disappear for a while, something to do with his job. I hope he was okay; anyway, he should be able to help you get justice. If he's back, his contacts can break the seals on the files that the former mayor put in place, even our new mayor couldn't do anything. Not sure why, but yeah, find him.

Now the truth about Sheila, she was my best friend's daughter, my best friend lived with us since she was born, and everyone believed she was my little sister, and we never corrected them, we went to school together, and were tied to the hip, where ever I went she was there not far behind, she died at childbirth, and never revealed who the child's father was, the child 'Sheila' was from a gang rape, and none of the lads were caught, if they were, we never found out, but I promised if anything happened to her, I would raise the child as my own, so I adopted Sheila, who was a little older than your mum. I gave them both love, but when Sheila knew she was adopted, although I never explained who

her father was, she rebelled and ran away from home. When she was sixteen, when your mother got married, Shiela started to show up, at random times, being sickly sweet, but not staying more than a day at a time, she showed up after being gone for about six months, with baby in arms, and needing somewhere to stay, said the father was abusive, we aided her, then after your mother died, and I was full of grief, Barry showed up, and I felt we were being used, from there all things went bad, and out of our control, I got sick, and the rest you most likely know by now. There is a folder with this letter; it contains her birth certificate and everything my mother left me about my friend's history, whom I call my sister. All my life, I loved her dearly, and am sad that her daughter became so evil."

Tears were falling down my face, and I couldn't read any more. Tank took the letter from me, folded it up, and put it back in the envelope.

"You can finish it later." Tank pulled me onto his lap and rocked me gently.

"Agreed, that was more than I could take. We can resume tomorrow after we have had a chance to process all that we just learned and get some action started on opening those files, or at least finding out what happened to them. Knowing Sheila was not family was a surprise; I didn't know. Was away more than I was home, I knew my sister was pregnant, and when I came home to visit, there was two girls, your mother, my niece, who was about three months old, and Shiela about one and a half, I thought my sister had two girls close together, I had been gone long enough for that to have happened, I was in another country, playing diplomat, trying to do gain a prisoner exchange. I should have known, but I was so caught up with my job and trying to bring men home that I missed what was going on at my own doorstep. I have lost the best years of my life for my country, and I am guilty of letting my own family down while trying to help others." I climbed off Tank's lap, moved over, and climbed onto Uncle Simon's. His surprise look was priceless; his arms not hesitating to fold around me, and he rested his head on my shoulder, talking in long, slow breaths. He was shaking a little, and I thought he might be crying. He had lost so much and gained so little; what was all his wealth, our wealth, worth? When you are so lonely and miss so much.

"I love you so much, little one." He whispered to me, pulling me a little tighter to him, and I let him take what comfort he could by holding me as tight as he wanted.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 123[1,638 words]

Tank POV

My heart was breaking as Fixer read the letter.

At first, I was angry, as we learned new things, but then I felt bad for being angry, as my little lady read the letter, tears forming on her face the more she read, and I saw Uncle Simon's face was almost the same as Fixer's.

When the sobs came as she read the letter, I removed it from her hands and, after putting it away, pulled her to me. I was shocked that she left me for Uncle Simon, and then glad that she had. Moved to him, they needed to start growing a bond, one that all families should have. Seeing Uncle Simon pull her close and whisper in her ear made me wish I had other family besides Zero; he would never hug me like that. I missed my mum at that moment. A tightness formed in my chest, and tears spilled down my cheeks. This was not what I wanted, but it's hard to stop once the thoughts formed, and things that can never be, hit you hard.

"Come here, son. I have room for you, too." Uncle Simon said, when he lifted his head and saw me watching them.

Fixer turned to look and moved to the side, opening her arm, and I was engulfed in a group hug, where the three of us allowed the tears to flow freely. This might be the one and only time this will happen, and for a while, I will let myself be held, like a child, and be comforted by my senior. I needed this more than I was prepared to admit. It was just the three of us, for some time, holding each other, like we were giving each other something, and not just taking. It was nice, comfortable.

"Fixer, leave the letter for now, give it a few days, and we can go over it again. Let's do what we have learned so far, and start some investigating. Let's get Prez involved, because he needs to feel involved. We can get him to check out the Jones gang and Barry. My gut says they are linked somehow. I will get our team on Sheila's side and find out whether Zoey was their child. I feel she might not be; something about the timing doesn't work, now that I think about it. I will also send the information on the accident to my investigation team; they can get doors open that no one else can, no matter who sealed them. If they exist, we shall find them." Uncle Simon was sorting out what we could do now and what we needed to leave for when we were ready to take another look at that letter.

"Uncle Simon, I don't understand how you didn't know a lot of this. You are Grandma's twin; surely you knew." Fixer asked the question that was plaguing me, too.

"To answer that question, I need to give you an idea of my childhood." He took a deep breath before he started.

"Josey had always lived with us. I remember holding her as a baby, well, sort of, she was two years younger than us. She went to school with us, and my sister took her under her wing, protecting her, making sure she didn't get bullied or hurt. They were thick as thieves, those two. She always called Josey our sister, introduced her to new people as such, and I guess over the years, I came to believe she was, too. When your Grandmother turned eighteen, she and your grandpa disappeared for the weekend and came back

married; they had eloped, because your grandmother didn't like the choices our parents had for her. Dad was so livid that he made them both start studying the business with him, believing he was a hard taskmaster, and that being all day with him was a chore. His answer to that was to send me to military school. He said it would make a man out of me and away from the temptation of women. I was so angry at my sister, my parents, and the world, and I stayed away from home, breaking all contact. I was good at my job, and rose in the ranks, fast, soon they found I was a good linguist, and taught me many languages, moved me to more of a liaison position, a negotiator, but I can't tell you much, but sometime was in a bad place, wounded more than once, and was sad each time I recovered and sent back out into the field. My sister kept sending me letters, but I never replied. I was so bitter. I heard she was pregnant and decided to come pay her a visit after the baby was born, only to find out she had two children: your mother was three months old, and the other girl, Sheila, was a little over a year old. My father was dead and gone, and I didn't feel sad that he was. I didn't question who the other child was; I just assumed I had gotten dates mixed up. I came home maybe every two or three years, missing most of the growing up. I loved my job, the challenge, never knowing if I would still be alive in the morning. I slowly, over time, and rise in the ranks, softened, the bitterness gone by the time your parents married. Your father was in my team, how I met him; he was rising in ranks and was a good soldier, loved the Marines. It was when we were talking casually, after returning from abroad, that I learned he was my nephew-in-law, and you were on the way. Till then, I hadn't known who he was other than a kindred spirit, having joined the military to get away from family pressure. I regretted not being around for the family, having been away in the military for too long. Tandy was a great help, keeping my side of the family fortune under control, and I had little to worry about. I was forty-eight when you were born, your mother thirty. Your mother had you the same year she married, coming early, and was in the hospital for a month because of how premature you were." Uncle Simon went quiet for a while, not saying much at all, and I thought that was the end.

"When I visited, your grandmother had both your mother and Sheila living with her." He went quiet again, as if lost in time and remembrance.

"Uncle Simon, can we go to that safe room and look at all those items in there? There are some very old antiques. I would like to know what you know about them." Fixer said, "I was glad it was just us, and his two bodyguards were home at the moment. I didn't want the others to know about that safe, don't know why, just wanted it a secret between us.

We headed together up to our bedroom, and Fixer opened the door to the safe, Uncle Simon asked his body guards to keep watch, and he closed the door, if the others came home, they won't be able to just knock and walk in, like Jenny likes to do, no manners sometime that girl, she flounces into a room and bounces on the bed, not caring what you were doing at the time. But we love her all the same. She makes Fixer laugh and has had her back for most of her life; we let her get away with more than anyone else would.

The room was not as dusty as you would expect. The door had a good seal on it, one wall was shelving, full of jewelry, and a crown, or are they called tiaras, they are the same to me. A filing cabinet that I wasn't going to open, leaving that to Uncle Simon or Fixer.

There was a bookshelf with lots of old first-edition books someone had collected, stamp albums, silverware, and assorted items. On a shelf were the two seals and Uncle Simon's briefcase. On the floor were boxes of who knows what, and two very old metal boxes, you see in antique shops.

Uncle Simon sat on a box and started explaining what he knew about different items, and it didn't take me long to realise that these family heirlooms dated back to the fifteenth century, and some were so old they should be in a museum. I was in awe of what was here and hesitant to touch anything, afraid it would crumble in my hands.

Over an hour, they talked, and I listened, learning the history of our town, and the neighbouring ones, the family feuds, and the close bonds that he knew about, but plenty he didn't. He had a journal open and was identifying some items by what was in that journal, which looked as old as time itself. The pages were old and brown, but somehow they were still intact.

"Thank you, it helps to know some of the history, and that our family had kept such good records. I see the new book over there. I will assume that was Grandma's handiwork." Fixer said, pointing to some books that didn't look as old.

"You may be right. Let's get out of here. The others will be home soon, and I want to cook spaghetti." We left that room, Fixer closing the door, and making sure it was still invisible, leaving no tracks, which it didn't because the door went inwards, not out.

Together, we worked in the kitchen, Uncle Simon, at ease there as much as in any situation. I had seen him so far; he blended in so well, and I can see why he did so well in undercover work.

The kitchen smelled of garlic and homemade tomato sauce, made by Uncle Simon, who was amazing.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 124[1,429 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

Uncle Simon's hugs were comforting, and including Tank in our hug brought a fresh wave of tears, but these were not sad tears, but ones of joy, that Uncle Simon had included my man, my rock, the chosen one, that he was accepted into the family fold, not that I needed that acceptance, but that he had, hit me harder than I had expected.

The safe room wasn't that thrilling, so what, I didn't see all the fuss over old gems, the only part I was interested in was getting into that filing cabinet that we didn't open yet, and more of those journals, history I liked, bling not so much.

We worked as a fine oiled machine; you would think if you were observing us, that we had done this many times, we didn't need to tell each other what to do, we just did it. The aroma filled the kitchen and drifted into the other rooms, giving the place a smell like an Italian restaurant.

"Taste." Uncle Simon pushed a spoon towards me; he had his homemade tomato sauce. I opened my mouth to allow him to push it in, and the flavour filled my mouth. If I hadn't seen him make it from scratch, I would have thought he ordered it from the local restaurant.

"Wow, I want that recipe," I said, licking my lips and looking longingly at the sauce, hoping for another taste.

"That good?" Tank said, coming over and dipping his finger into the sauce, and gaining a slap on the back of the head for it.

"Keep those fingers out of my sauce, who knows what they have been doing?" Uncle Simon tried to growl at Tank, but he couldn't keep the chuckle away or the grin on his face as Tank rubbed the back of his head, pretending it hurt. There was strong camaraderie among us, and we worked seamlessly as a team. Yeah, I thought it before, and I will think it again a few more times, as I can hardly believe I have Uncle Simon as my uncle, he might be Sixty-Eight, but he was a toned, fit man, I guess his job kept him active, and he had to stay fit, he looked better than many men younger than him. He had already used our gym downstairs twice since arriving, promising to give me some pointers and to continue that training Grandpa had started. I still can't believe how well he fooled me into thinking he was some scary old man.

The sound of bikes coming up our drive had the two bodyguards on alert. They looked at us as they stood, still unsure.

"Relax, that's Prez and Blaze," I called out to them as they started out the door. They stopped and turned back. I was glad that they were here, two men who would put their lives on the line to protect us, and it didn't always have to be Tank who did that job. It gave me a mixed feeling of relief and sadness that these men, whom I was getting to know, would die for me, for Uncle Simon, and Tank, who was still not completely happy, I had other bodyguards outside of the club. Uncle Simon had more coming that would live here, he advised making quarters for them, a small bunk house, they would be more than happy to live in. I had given Uncle Simon the go-ahead to organise it through the men he trusted; I was still navigating who I trusted yet. Uncle Simon said it was like a flat pack; a truck would arrive with all the concrete, or whatever the walls are made of, and would erect it, but first some groundwork had to be done to prepare to link power, water, and sewerage to the main lines. I understood the basics, but didn't even start organising it. The first men to arrive in a few days will be for groundwork; by then, we should have more security here to watch the workers.

Yeah, as you can tell, I still have trust issues, but I have come a long way, but with all these sudden life changes, I am back to being a little paranoid. It was like winning some major jackpot, but more than money, it came with so much more, and a huge amount of responsibility. My portfolio has thousands of workers who rely on me to do a good job so they can keep their jobs and get pay rises to live more comfortably.

“Let’s get this on the table. I am starved.” Uncle Simon announced as he picked up the spaghetti, and before I could grab the sauce, Tank darted forward and snagged it. I opened the oven, pulled out the garlic bread, and picked up a bowl of salad, heading to the dining table. The others came stopping in, boots heavy on the tiled floor.

“That’s the kind of smell I like to come home to,” Blaze said as he pulled out a chair for Jenny to sit in. Seeing this, he had Prez acting the same, which stunned a few of us because I couldn’t remember him doing that before. Tank and I headed back to the kitchen for some more dishes we had made, and Uncle Simon placed fresh juice and a jug of water on the table, the sound of the ice clunking as it hit the sides of the glass jug.

All set, I sit and Tank sat on one side of me, and Uncle Simon on the other, as if an unspoken go had been made, they men grabbed the hot food, and started to plate up, and the girls took the salads, the bodyguards waited for us, only taking some garlic bread. Tank loaded my plate with spaghetti, then poured on the sauce. I placed some salad on our plates; this was synchronised: the passing of plates and each loading the other with food.

“Guys, hope you are going to eat more than garlic bread.” I chuckled out, prompting them to look at Uncle Simon before picking up some spaghetti and sauce, foregoing the salad for now.

“They have been taught to wait for the others to eat first.” Uncle Simon replied for them, giving them a smile of approval.

“Not in this house, you work, you eat, like the rest of us, no more waiting around me, no need to get cold food.” I shrug, before twirling some spaghetti on a fork, and coating it in sauce at the same time, and putting it in my mouth, groans of pleasure escaped my mouth, as I sucked up a rogue strand of noodle. Elegant I wasn’t, and personally didn’t care if I looked disgusting, I was enjoying my food, which was better than any restaurant food I had ever tasted, not that I had been to many, but this was soooooo, good.

After we all had eaten at least half of our food, in comfortable silence, only the clatter of knives and forks was heard. Prez spoke, causing me to look up; we were not told not to speak at the table, and we were all too busy eating.

“We have started the ‘phone Barry’ campaign, according to our men watching him, and the bugs. He was a little shaken up; he had started to scream down the phone before even seeing who was calling. He was definitely rattled. He was becoming jumpy, checking his area a lot, before coming out of a building. So far, he had not contacted anyone, or even

discussed the phone calls with his wife, or whatever she was; he had growled at her a few times, taking his frustration out on her, but had not gotten physical. She looked confused by his change of behaviour". Prez reported calmly, as if it were a normal conversation at the dinner table.

"Good, keep it up, don't let him sleep, we need him nice and jumpy when we take him to the cells. What about the women, you mentioned the wife, what about the daughter, the happy couple still living at home? Did they legally get married, or was it another fake thing they had done?" Uncle Simon asked and kept eating.

This was weird for me, as a child, if I was allowed at the dinner table, I wasn't allowed to talk, at Jenny's, her parent's grilled you for find out what you did for the day, at the club house, it was noisy and bedlam, everyone talking at once, we had yet to build a norm here. It was fascinating how the dynamics at the table can vary so much.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 125[1,422 words]

Tank POV

It feels and smells like I am in a family restaurant; the table setting is the best: China and silver cutlery, all polished and shiny. Fixer had folded a napkin around the utensils, making them look pretty. Glasses for drinks sparkling in the light, even put a vase of flowers in the center, to add some color, it was perfect. We all dug in, and Fixer made sure the bodyguards knew they were family and to dig in, too. Their surprised faces made me smile as they looked between Fixer and Uncle Simon, seeking their boss's approval. Uncle Simon gave Fixer a smile of appreciation. She didn't stand on ceremony here; you sit at her table, you eat, everyone is equal.

Prez started the room talking. Hearing that Barry was becoming jumpy was good news; his actions showed he had been up to no good, and he most likely was wondering what that caller knew and what it was about. He had made many enemies over the years and broken many laws in the process.

"The women are too comfortable, nothing on their phone tap?" Uncle Simon asked, between bites.

"Nope. Sheile talking about her girls group, fundraisers, and Zoey, about some guys she was screwing the other day, and how much better he was than her husband." I almost spat my mouthful out across the table.

"Sounds like Zoey, didn't think she could stay faithful, until she finds someone she loves, if she was even capable of that, she will continue to bed the full football team, so to speak." Fixer made it sound like that was all Zoey was good for, a quick romp in the hay,

that's a sad life, sooner or later, her so called beauty, will wrinkle and fade, and she will become as twisted and lonely as Sheila, she might appear to be happy with Barry, but you can see the cracks in the group, not so loving behind closed doors.

"Let me get this family right, correct me if I am wrong." Sticks start, gaining our attention to her.

"Uncle Simon and your grandmother are twins?" She started staring at Fixer.

"Correct."

"Your grandmother had your mother, Amaya, and also raised your best friend's girl, who was Sheila." She continued to stare at Fixer, as if willing her to tell her she was wrong.

"Sheila ran away from home when she learned that she was not their daughter. At what did you say? Sixteen?"

"Correct, as far as I know, we have investigators looking into the Sheila, Zoey connection."

"But isn't Zoey Sheila and Barry's daughter?" She asked, frowning.

"We are not sure; they are trying to appear that way, but Shiela returned with a child, and we haven't seen any likeness in them. We have obtained DNA samples from all three and sent them to the lab. We are waiting; it will be another day or so before we know for sure. Like they spoil the girl, but I can't say I have seen them act like a loving parent; maybe they don't have a maternal bone in their bodies." I thought about that and how they act, and would have to agree: they were like three people cohabitating in the same house, but not really showing that family bond. I would have expected them to be as loving as they claim to be.

"That was one very confusing mixture, a girl who turns out not to be your sister, and a daughter who might not be their daughter, a marriage that might not be a marriage, twice, A pregnancy, we can see was not a pregnancy, or had lost the child. So your ex was being cheated on, do you think it was possible they didn't really get married? I am sorry that the family confuses me; they should make a tv series about that sick family." Sticks says as she reaches for more sauce.

"The real question that bugs me is what's the end goal, the purpose for all of this that started years ago? They had to have a purpose behind all this, like when it started. Was it when Shelia ran away from home?" Jenny throws in there, and she's got a point. How far back does this go?

"Do you think they found out after they arranged the accident, and didn't get as much as they thought, that there was more to be had, and tried to figure out how to get it? They tried by beating up Fixer, and that didn't work; they took away her boyfriends, and that

didn't work. Did they kill Grandma? Or Grandpa, I don't know the reasons behind their deaths, they were still young?" Jenny continued as we were still pondering her first load of questions.

"Grandma died of breast cancer, fast and aggressive, not something they could have caused," Fixer said softly, sadness in her eyes.

"I will have Grandpa's death looked into, I thought he fell off a ladder, at home, Fixer?" Uncle Simon queried.

"Came home from work, and went to visit him. It was my day to cook. He was on the floor out in the garden, tangled up in the ladder. I called the ambulance, and was transported to the hospital. He never regained consciousness to know how he ended up like that. He died in my arms in the hospital." A tear tracked down her cheek as she talked about that day, one she hadn't shared with anyone till now, by the sounds of it.

"Nope, the coroner said it was death by misadventure, and no need to investigate. I have the reports, his death certificate, and what I could find out at the time."

"I thought he died some other way; we were told differently," Jenny said, looking perplexed.

"There were a number of stories going around, no one believed me, so I kept quiet, and gathered all I could of the evidence. Some of the stories were so far-fetched, but they served their purpose: to hide what really happened and confuse everyone. Sheila and Barry were pissed off when they got nothing from his will; it all went to me. They tried to contest, but Tandy stepped in and squashed all attempts. He saved me a few times over the years, now I know why, he had a lot of my life in his hands." Fixer still had a wet cheek and refused to wipe the tears away.

"Onto other matters. The investigation regarding the accident is underway, have some good men on it. I have also organised for the paperwork in the club archives to be gathered, and tomorrow I will bring it over here so we can correlate our information. We have four club members who need justice, and if this accident had anything to do with the Jones gang, setting their club alight won't be enough." Prez continued with a bit more aggression in his voice, as his anger over the whole incident surfaced, before he could push it back down.

"Good, I am staying here for the foreseeable future, Fixer has agreed to allow me to make this my home base, and move in, once we get the heliport up and running, I will be able to move about more freely, plus with me living here, it will hide the fact that it belongs to Fixer, my status in the community and in the elite world, helps the illusion, they would make that assumption easily, only us here at the table, know any different. It'd better stay that way, while we get ourselves established, and Fixer more settled in her life changes." Uncle Simon said to the room, looking at each one, with that cold stare he had perfected. Even I had a chill run down my back when his eyes met mine.

“It’s okay, Uncle Simon.” She patted his hand and smiled up at him. His eyes softened as he looked at her and nodded.

“Talking about changes, that truck will be here tomorrow, and start on the bunkhouse, also, have a guy arriving later tomorrow, with the approval for the heliport and hangar, we will have that started before the end of the week, helicopters can land out in the field, but having a designated area would be safe for all concerned, and a hanger for the helicopter a must. We are including a room for the pilot, a friend of mine, who will act as a bodyguard when here and not flying, a dual job. He flew in missions and has a lot of under-fire experience, not that I am expecting any of that.” Uncle Simon said the last with a chuckle.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 126[1,525 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

Remembering how I found grandpa that day had me in tears again. I tried to control them, but Tank’s hand landed on my thigh more or less telling me I didn’t hide it very well, It was an emotional time, with very little support, if it wasn’t for Tandy and Jenny, I would have given up, and joined the homeless, they welcomed me, and then getting that apprenticeship job, save my life, getting me out of my slump, and giving me something to concentrate on, Grandpa taught me a lot, and I was able to focus on that, forgetting the world around me that tended to take all those I loved away from me with a snap of a finger.

“Come, let’s clean up and go have some fun; we had enough dullness for one day.” Uncle Simon announced as he stood to start clearing the table.

“Sticks and I can clean up, you three cooked, take a break.” Sticks didn’t look like she appreciated being thrown under that bus, but Blaze started helping clean up, and so did Prez; she couldn’t argue. I saw Tank do a double-take as Prez got up to help clean. He shook his head, as if he was clearing it, and watched Prez leave with some empty plates.

“Never thought I would live to see the day when Prez cleared a table,” he said under his breath, but I was close enough to hear him.

“He’s not that bad; he just had too much on his plate. Once he delegates, he will be human again,” I replied with a chuckle, not that I had known him to be anything but a grumpy bum.

Tank wrapped me in his arms, from behind, and walked with me, step by step, his head on my shoulder, and we sort of marched, he was blowing and nibbling my ear, as we reached the lounge, where he promptly picked me up and sat me on his lap, nuzzling my neck,

making me squirm and giggle, because his beard tickled. He was making my lady parts cry out with need, and a promise of what might come later tonight, I would be taking him up on that, if what he was hinting at was a prelude to some lovemaking. The bulge I was sitting on was evidence that he, too, was enjoying what he was doing, and maybe I was on his lap to hide the evidence.

“We can look at those photo albums we didn’t look at last night if you like. I would prefer to go over what we collected from the bank when it’s just us, so we can concentrate clearly.

but There’s a lot to digest, plus the rest of that letter. I feel there will be some hard things coming up, and we need to be alone, so I can help you through the pain it will cause. Not just you, me too.” Uncle Simon said before the others entered the lounge that, having completed the kitchen cleanup, it wouldn’t have taken long. We had already cleaned up the pots as we finished with them.

“What’s the plan? Games? Movie? Or more talking?” Jenny asked as she walked in, removing the somber mood I was starting to fall into, because Uncle Simon was discussing that letter, something I was not ready to face. Even Tank’s bulge has reduced, as Uncle Simon started talking about the letter and the bank contents. Reality of what was yet to be covered was not something even he was ready for. We still had so much more to work through, to learn, and I hope that Tank will have time to be with me each step of the way. I know the club comes first; I have never doubted that, but I hoped that, with the changes in my life, he would have more time for me and not desert me at my hour of need. That was my worst fear: that he would have to choose between his club and me, giving him an impossible choice, dividing his loyalty, and tearing us apart. All my life, something or someone has always shown up to take away the help, making it out of reach when I needed it most, leaving me alone to crawl through life as best I could.

“Sounds like a plan, let’s put the sadness away for tonight, and have some fun.” Sticks clapped her hands like an excited child, and my stomach plummeted, because I had no clue what she would consider fun. Compared to me, I would be happy to spend time working on a bike, or maybe finish Tank’s tattoo and do mine.

Deciding before they mentioned what they wanted to do, I leaned back and whispered to Tank.

“Want to finish that tattoo while they have fun.” I didn’t want to have fun, not yet; I had too much to accomplish or finish.

“You sure? I love that to be finished.” Tank kissed my nose, encouraging me to do what I wanted.

“Okay, let me up, I’ll go get my portable kit, and some ink. We can get the outline finished; we can do it right in this room, that way we are here and sort of joining.

I got up and headed upstairs to my room. I had a small kit up there that I used to use when on the streets. It's not the high-quality machines I had shipped, but it does the job and leaves the tattoo with a rustic look, which is what I wanted for our tattoo. Something no tattoo parlour can create, to me, it was a tattoo of the streets, a unique look. No perfect lines, giving the tattoo, that look, that to me catches your eyes,

I heard Sticks calling out. "Where are you going?"

Tank replied, "She will be back shortly."

I quickly gathered what I needed and found my mood had improved, as I had a plan.

Reaching the lounge, Tank had removed his shirt and was sitting there, his chest glistening and exposed, telling me he had cleaned the area I was to work on. I placed my tool on the table and grabbed some medicated wipes, washing his chest.

No one spoke as I prepared Tank's chest and had him lie back in the chair, so I could have easy access. Placed my newly drawn tracer over the area I was going to work and started the machine, getting lost in the ink, wiping the excess, and wiping the blood. Anyone talking became background noise as I worked. Every now and then, I would move back, look at Tank's face to ensure he was coping with this machine; it wasn't the same feeling as a professional tattoo machine, and at times could go a little deeper if I didn't pay attention to what I was doing.

"You good?" I asked, as I wiped his chest clean.

"Yep, I like the feeling of this machine. I want all my tattoos done on this." That surprised me.

"That looks fantastic," Blaze said, almost making me jump at how close he was to me, us.

"Sure does, will yours be the same?" Prez asked, wondering if the girls' version would be the same.

"Yes, exactly the same," I replied as I refilled the pot, ready to start again.

"How will you do yours?" Sticks asked, now they were all crowding around us.

"I use a mirror," I answered, as if it were obvious; it was the only way to see my chest, where I want to put the tattoo.

"Fixer, you have your grandpa's touch. Was that machine his old machine?" Uncle Simon asked as he moved closer and looked at the case. The machine came in. Grandpa's initials were on the case.

“Yes, it is, the best machine I have ever held,” I replied, happy that Uncle Simon recognised it. I love using the equipment that Grandpa left me; it was fine-tuned by him, and can’t be replicated, as far as I could tell.

I got back to work on Tank’s tattoo; he was doing better than most, even me, but then tattooing myself wasn’t that easy. I saw Uncle Simon pick up the kit, inspect it, and then move to sit closer and watch me at work. I hadn’t worked under scrutiny like this since I tattooed some rich kid on the streets, his minder, close by, watching my every move, as if I was going to hurt the guy, shiet, I wanted to be paid, so I wasn’t about to do something stupid, although the kid deserved it, if I had.

This part of the tattoo was done, and I needed to leave it for a week before adding more color.

“You know the drill in caring for the tattoo, keep it clean, dry, and put that cream on, will color next week sometime,” I said, as I finished cleaning him up, and moved to care for my machine.

“Smooth work, I had never watched a tattoo being created before, that was so cool, better than any game or movie we were about to play.” Blaze cooed, he had yet to have his first tattoo, not because he was afraid to have one, just never found one he wanted. He was a blank canvas, a tattooist’s dream.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 127[1,442 words]

Tank POV

Zero was coming back today, he left after our wedding, he was sent with a group to see what was happening at the Jones gang clubhouse, do a bit of reconnaissance and to take photos if they could, for our attack, that was getting closer, the men who were injured as well on the mend, those with broken bones, will take longer, and Prez was talking about postponing the attack, a little longer, because of the investigation into the accident and Barry, he feels we would be better equipped to attack, we are having a meeting after the guys return, to discuss what they learned, and the change of plans.

The guys are itching for revenge, and we been carefully selecting who knows about the possible Barry connection, we don’t want a renegade go take revenge, it shouldn’t happen, but when guys get drunk and rowdy, unexpected can develop, and so we avoiding telling some of the hot heads till we have our boys back, and more information to divulge. So far, the talk around us about Barry was because of Fixer, and the word was mainly about her abusive father. Prez was more than happy for them to think that, for now, it wouldn’t be the first time we have harassed someone for being abusive to a family member.

I don't mind admitting I miss my brother, there was a lot to talk about the new investigation, and I want to prepare him, before I offer to show that pictures, after a long thing, I feel it best he sees them, even as bad as they look, he has that right, we are close, and withholding might cause a dent in our relationship, one I can't risk happening. He doesn't even know about our moving in next door, as they have been on the phone in silence till they get back. Fixer has a room ready for him, decorated in colors similar to those in his room at the clubhouse. He might not want to come here, like Bruiser didn't.

We had just settled in the lounge room when suggestions of games were brought up. I internally groaned at the idea; Jenny and Sticks liked the worst type of game. But when Fixer suggested my tattoo, I was happier about it than about the childish games I am not interested in joining. Plus, I get to have her name stand out on my chest. I love having her name on me, can't wait to see mine on her.

Fixer, set up and set to work, the others watching her as she set up, all fascinated. Fixer was concentrated on her work, giving those who were slowly closing in on her no mind. I watched her face as she concentrated. Every so often, the pink tongue came out and swept her bottom lip, sucking it in. I have a semi just watching her, and waiting for the pink tongue to pop out. The feel of the gun, as it pieces my skin, was different than the one at the tattoo shop; it was less painful, and I put that down to Fixer and not the gun, maybe, it's hard to know, but I like this better. She will be doing all my tats from now on.

"You do a good job. Grandpa would be pleased that his legacy was handed down. Although, from what I hear, there was little that you turn your hand to that you haven't mastered. You do our family name proud." Uncle Simon said, as Fixer finishes the last of the inking for today, smears it with cream, and steps back to clean her tools and pack up.

The gang comes forward to scrutinize her work, some reaching out as if to touch me, but one look at my face, and their hands stopped mid-air.

"I like those lines, they aren't rough at the same time, not completely smooth, it's an odd look, perfect," Blaze said with awe.

"The bike chain as the outlining, nice touch. Great job, can't wait for the color, see what you're going to do. I want one." Prez grinned.

"Didn't think I would see that kit in action ever again." Uncle Simon said, not looking at me, but stood with Fixer, inspecting each piece after they had cleaned it.

"Grandpa was my first Tattoo, hiding some scar he had, he was my skin to practice on, his insistence that I learn, to cover my own scars, then had me do a few on myself, to aid my understanding of what the person I am inking would feel. Grandpa was a great teacher. I miss him." Fixer's voice was croaky as she tried not to get choked up with emotion.

I pulled her to me, holding her too tightly to my chest. She was shaking, like I expected. When we talked about her Grandpa, she loved him so deeply. Uncle Simon put all the gear

back in the slots and zipped it closed, turning the kit in his hands and running his fingers over the initials.

“I had this kit made at one of my overseas trips, it took about a year to get back home, but I kept that kit with me, until I could hand it to your Grandpa myself, he needed to know, I accepted him, as my brother-in-law, after all the stress our parents put him and my sister through, just because they wanted to do things their own way. They had your mother by then. But your Grandpa never once made me feel it was my fault for the family division. I rarely saw my parents after I was sent to military school. When I visited home, it was to see them and my niece. Your mother was a beautiful girl, turned into a stunning young lady, just like you; you are almost a spitting image of her.” Uncle Simon’s group hugged us, then Jenny joined in, until the entire group was in a group hug, with Fixer at the center.

Once the hug fest was over, Uncle Simon pulled out the photo albums of the family and went through them slowly, giving us all in idea of how large the family once was and slowly became less children born, to no only Uncle Simon and Fixer are left, and Uncle Simon was not likely to be having children at his age, which leaves Fixer to carry on the family name.

“What about her father’s side of the family, what do you know of that side?” Jenny asked, making me look at her, wondering what was going on in her mind. She had changed. Not the same girl as when we first met.

“Not my place to say, I believe Fixer was going to meet her grandparents soon, she will get an idea of what was left in that family. Hopefully, her dad would be located, too.” Uncle Simon replied, solemnly, and all eyes turned to Fixer.

“I have no clue, will be meeting them in a few days, they are in Mayfield, so only a few hours’ drive away. Been too busy getting all this sorted first.” Fixer shrugged.

When she had left Tandy’s office, after talking to them on the phone, she had admitted that she would like to meet than, and get to know the full story of the family, but they are strangers to her; they never tried to find her before, so why should she be in a hurry to meet them now? But she does want to meet her dad more than anything. He was her priority; he would have been devastated losing her mother, and then all this BS that followed, he must have felt he had lost her, too. Fixer felt she needed the chance to know him; he, too, was lost when her mother, ‘Amaya’, had died. His estrangement with his parents would have meant he only had Fixer’s grandparents to turn to, and when they lost custody, he had to have felt he lost everything. But legally, he could have returned and reclaimed Fixer, but he may not have known that.

Can’t turn back time, but we can move forward. Uncle Simon has his feelers out, looking for him. We have our fingers crossed that we find him alive and willing to get to know Fixer.

“Time to call it a night, going to be a busy day tomorrow, with the lads returning,” Prez announced, standing up and stretching his back.

We headed upstairs, the day been another emotional one.

I rushed to the large mirror and looked at the tattoo. It was exactly what I expected, no, it was better than I expected. The slight feathering on the edges made it so much better than plain, straight lines.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 128[1,587 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

The tattoo turned out better than I had hoped for. It will look great when done, adding the color to complete it, and then do something similar for me. I would drag a large mirror, in front of the floor to ceiling mirror, and position it, so I can see the tracing I am going to use, for my tattoo, so I won't be working backwards, I thought of that while doing Tank's tattoo, it would take me a long time to do mine with this much detail in reverse, with one mirror, I hope that idea will work, sounds like it would, if I can get the reflection large enough. I am actually excited to give it a go.

I felt the eyes of the others watching me closely. I could almost feel their breath on my neck. They were trying to come that close to watching. Uncle Simon was the only one watching to make sure no one encroached too close to me, although they already felt very near. Tank was staring at my face as I worked. He had developed a semi-hard shift. Was having a tattoo turning him on, or was it something else? I wasn't leaning on him, so it couldn't be me.

They all closed in on Tank once I had completed the outlining and stepped back, and told Tank that it was it for today and to care for it. You could easily see what it was going to be. It can easily be adapted for others to have their wives on their bodies, and the club logo. I didn't know the kit was a gift from Uncle Simon; Grandpa might have mentioned it. But that was so long ago that I had forgotten. I was ecstatic that Uncle Simon shared that information with me, us. It kind of gave me another personal link to Uncle Simon and the bond he had with him, reminding me of the good we had, and not all the bad. I need more good to fill my life, not that I am complaining; it's been good.

We didn't end up staying up late. Game and movie ideas slowly died away.

Tank had been stroking me tenderly, and I was hoping that I was reading his signals right. When it was time for bed, I started to walk towards our room, but didn't get far before I was suddenly lifted off the ground and in Tank's arms. He turned me around so that my legs wrapped around his waist, one of his hands on my back, the other supporting my

weight, caressing my backside. In this position, he captured my lips and peppered kisses all the way to our room.

Once in our room, he used his foot to close the door. His lips never leaving mine, as he devoured me hungrily, reaching our bed where he gently lowered me down. One last sweet kiss, and he pulled back to inspect my swollen lips.

Tank then proceeded to remove my boots, socks, and clothing, till I was lying on the bed, and he pushed my thighs apart. So he could inspect between them, and moisture formed just from his perusal, and I squirmed, trying to get friction, or something, to alleviate the need that had sprung up faster than a fly on food.

“Are you going to stand and look all night? Or get stripped and take me?” I boldly asked, wiggling my eyebrows at him. And give him what I hope is a seductive smile. But most likely look like I am constipated. However, having found confidence with the sight of his lustful eyes, I became bolder. Tank’s eyes widened at my question. As if I had pulled him away from what was on his mind, or what he was dreaming he would do to me, which only made me want him all the more. I had turned into a wanton woman since being with the man of my life.

It didn’t take him long to undress and throw his clothes away. A clunk sound echoed in the room when he threw his jeans away, his large, heavy belt buckle making a loud clunk as it fell from the chair to the floor.

When he was done, he must have had second thoughts, because he stopped, turned, and moved to the mirror to look at his tattoo. His eyes met mine in the mirror, his grin wide, his eyes sparkling with joy and pride.

He turned and headed back to me, eye-fucking me as he prowled back.

This man was a Greek god. I still can’t believe how lucky I was that he chose me for his wife. Now it was my turn to enjoy the view. His shaft was getting bigger as I stared at him. I licked my lips, remembering what he tastes like, and gaining a soft growl from Tank.

Oh, I am in trouble. I forgot he gets turned on by the little things I do without even thinking.

Tank grabbed my ankles with two hands and dragged me to the edge of the bed, dropped to his knees, and his head disappeared between my thighs.

“OH.OH. Yes. Right there.” I screamed as Tank gently bit my clit, then plunged his tongue inside of me, and suckled on my juices that were flowing. His tongue thrust in and out, then he added his finger, then another. His thumb found a sensitive spot, and when I jumped from his touch. Tank focused on that sensitive spot, till I exploded in pleasure, screaming out his name.

He waited for my breath to return to normal. Before he lifted my legs wide, dragging me further to the edge of the bed. He lined up his shaft and plunged deep inside, supporting my legs as he adjusted his stance, widening his legs to line up better, and started to thrust. Hard, deep, rough. His balls are slapping against me. Giving me a different sensation. This guy's got so many moves, and each one hits the spot.

"YES. YES. Harder, right there." I scream out, eyes closed as I concentrate on that feeling that was rising inside of me.

"Cum for me, little lady." My tunnel clenches around his shaft as pleasure fills me. Tank screams out my name as his warm seed squirts inside. He plunges in a few more times, before lowering my legs, leans down and picks me up by my waist and pushes me further on the bed, before he collapses on the bed beside me, panting and sweating.

I lay quiet for a while, letting the afterglow wash over me.

"Babe, why didn't Uncle Simon know about all that info about the accident?" Tank asked, breaking the glow I was feeling.

"Uncle Simon was away when all that went down. Guess each time he visited, Grandpa didn't want to burden him; it's not like Grandpa had all the answers, and with Uncle Simon's work being top secret. I am not even sure if Grandpa knew he had that pull, not back then; he was still rising in the ranks. He was on top of his tree when he retired from that work; he still has that top ranking for life." I answered because I had asked Uncle Simon that same question. He never doubted the police force, trusting they would do the right thing, and my Grandparents never told him any different, so he didn't need to investigate. A lot of this was news to him, and although Uncle Simon hid it well, it hurt when he saw all that information, and learning how my Grandparents had been scammed, hurt, and blackmailed by using me as a weapon, they didn't comply, and I gained another beating, or something like that. I had no clue that was why I would suddenly get a heavy beating; I hadn't done anything wrong.

Grandpa and Grandma had more power than they realised, but were so blinded by their fear of losing me, the last of the family, and their child, that they didn't use the other resources they had within their grasp, too worried that Barry would find out and make my life worse. They owned a lot of the town, as in property and respect, but after all the cover-up, they were living in fear for my life. Fear and abuse can make people blind to the truth or feel stuck in a situation, not seeing a way out of it.

I felt bad that I was their downfall, that in a moment of weakness and trust, they had given away their most treasured possession, and that they had nowhere to go, with the police and mayor covering everything up. Who could they turn to? They lost trust in a lot of people, some trusted friends, might not be so trusting.

With all that they had been taught and power at their fingertips, without trust that those who want to do quiet investigations can't be as trusting as they thought. Tandy was the

only person they trusted, and he had promised not to conduct any investigations until I was old enough to make my own decisions.

If only they had talked to Uncle Simon, he would have gotten the problem investigated and taken us out of danger. Or perceived danger.

Often, I wonder how they managed to get into this situation. I still feel there was more, and now that Grandpa's death might be suspicious, too, they could have been hurting them, too, not just me.

Poor Grandpa and Grandma, who had lived in terror and fear for so many years, more for me than their own lives.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 129[1,430 words]

Tank POV

All through getting that tattoo, all I could think about was what I was going to do to with Fixer once I got her to our bedroom, my semi wouldn't go down, it pulsed occasionally, reminding me of a growing need, as I fantasized about a hard and fast coupling, that would blow her mind, something different to what have had before, with in the way I intend to take her. My mind was going rampant with ideas, I hope my body agrees, and doesn't blow the load too soon.

Having raced upstairs, my mind focused on what I was going to do, my shaft hard so hard it ached. Having undressed Fixer and enjoying the view, that she was already so wet for me that her folds glistened with her juices, she asked if I was going to just stare.

That got me divesting myself of my clothes, and as I glanced toward where my belt clunked, I noticed myself in the mirror and had to check out my tattoo. It was a V-Twin motor; the outline instead of being a thin line, it was small bike chain links, so tiny and intricate, so far I had the V and base of the motor, inside the left V was her name, and the right was mine, the base had the club logo, it was special and beautiful, and I can't wait for the color to be added.

When I turned back to Fixer, her look of longing and need in her eyes had me eager to continue what I started.

I grabbed her legs and had to taste her first. When I saw her glistening p***y on impulse, I bit her, yep, that's right, I nipped the bud, that was right there asking for him, before I licked and fingered her, until she came, then before she could calm down, I dragged her till she was almost hanging off the bed, stood up, and held her thigh, making her shoulders and head the only thing on the bed, I supported her body with my arms, easily,

lined up me rod, and thrust deep inside, moving in and out hard and fast, she could do nothing but take what I was dishing out, that was what I thought, until her talons dig into my arms, causing a little my brain pain, and heightening my pleasure, weird as that may seem, her giving me pain, had confused, between the joy and pain, and my balls, contracted, and it was game over, as she screamed and so did I. It was hard, fast, and rough, rougher than I had intended, but Fixer didn't seem to mind. I lowered her leg, lifted her by the waist, and pushed Fixer further onto the bed.

Falling beside her, in satisfaction of a job well done.

We talked for a while, mainly about Uncle Simon, and why he wasn't here for her grandparents. They were taken advantage of when Grandma was sick, and Grandpa wanted to stay by her side in the hospital; neither saw them offering to take the child, and giving them temporary custody was an issue. They had been super friendly until then. Supporting them in the loss of their daughter. They should have had Tandy check what they signed first, mind you. They both had signed enough contracts to understand what they were signing. All I can think is they trusted them, as Grandma had raised Sheila and was trying to make amends for her running away and rebuild their relationship, even though it was Sheila's fault and she wasn't to blame at all. Trusting can be a downfall for many a strong person.

Sleep came easily, with Fixer wrapped in my arms, she was snoring quietly, and I am pleased since moving into this house that she hasn't had a bad nightmare, a few whimpers in her sleep, but no large thrashing about, trying to kill me.

I got up during the night to relieve myself, and taking another look at my tattoo, I am still in awe of it. Now back in bed, pulling Fixer to me, she didn't stir at all. For me, that meant she trusted me completely. In the early days of us sharing a bed, Fixer would wake suddenly, in a defensive move, when touched during the night. Still, today, not a tiny sign of fear of attack, if anything, she wiggled to get in closer to me, making me well up with emotions, a little action with huge meaning.

Fixer, moving woke me. I tried to hold onto her, reaching out to keep her in my arms.

"Let go, or get wet." She whispered seductively, it took a moment to understand that this would be a kind of wet, I wouldn't like, and had to release her, I opened one eye and watched her leave for the bathroom, she was still unclothed, and I enjoyed watching the way her cheeks, flexed as she walked, her natural movement was more of a turn on, than any attempt to do more by dancers have ever done to me, her return was just as exciting, her bo.obs have a gently bounce, her hips a soft sway, and her mound shaved, and I could see the arrow pointing down, she had shaved clearly as she moved towards me.

I looked up to see that she was smirking as she returned to the bed.

"Like what you see?" She purred at me, already knowing the answer.

“What’s not to like? Come ride me, babe.” I offered, throwing the covers back, for her to see my body ready for her.

“Want to go to the bathroom first?” She looked at my groin and sucked in her bottom lip. I groaned at her innocent action, which, for some reason, gets me going.

“Nope.” I grabbed my shaft and wiggled it at her.

Fixer climbed on the bed, leaned down, and nibbled the nob. She licked the length, using her teeth to graze along the side before coming back up and nibbling the end again. Fixer lifted a leg and straddled me, grabbed my hard shaft, and lined it up with her hot, wet hole. She lowered herself down on my shaft, her hot channel, hugging me like a glove. The sensation as she tightened her core around me felt like she was strangling my shaft; it was that tight. I doubt I could fit any more inside of her, unless she released me from her clench. Fixer wiggled about, with me deep inside of her, and using her core muscles, pushed against me, and released. I nearly lost myself as she played with me, her skill with muscle control was out of this world, love that woman’s ability to catch me unaware.

Fixer released the tight hold on me and started to rise up and down. I lifted my hips to get the force and friction I wanted, as she came down, and when I went to hold her chest, she brushed my hands aside. I guess she was in control of all things when she was on top, and I respect that.

Fixer closed her eyes, and rode me, gently at first, a mixture of thrusts, and muscle control, like she would stop, when fully in, and squeeze me with her muscles, then did the same, when almost all the way out. It was an odd way to ride me, but who was I to complain? I had to try to go with the flow. Then, she must have got what she wanted, and picked up the pace, no longer muscle clenching, but thrusts, and pushing back down on me, harder and harder. I was glad she was the one in control, because I wouldn’t have pulled her down on me that hard. I was afraid she was going to hurt herself, but she didn’t stop; if anything, she picked up speed. Fixer started to glisten from the perspiration she was creating, her breathing started to go shallow, and she pulled in that lip of hers, and that was the end of me.

“I am going to blow my load,” I warned, and together we exploded, both screaming out each other’s name in unison.

She fell forward, resting her head on my chest, as we gathered our breath back. What a great way to start a day.

Jenny was starting her new job and wouldn’t be home for a few days, and Zero should be here by lunchtime. I can’t wait to see him. I miss my brother; he has been my reason to keep pushing after we lost our parents. He needed his big brother as much as I needed him.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 130[1,453 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

The start of the day, was fantastic, I love it when Tank let's me take control, as much as what he did last night, the unexpected, bet, if we lived alone, we would have been active in a lot of places in this house by now, trying out the gym, pool, spa, lounge chair and carpet in front of the fireplace, but alas, we are not alone, and I can only fantasize about other places we can try.

Might give it a go when we are alone and hope to have fun before others arrive, which might put a new spin on our enjoyment and the risk of being caught. Not that most of the men in our club would be too fussed, I have seen them going at it in the main hall, so catching us at home wouldn't cause them any issue, but it might me. I have never considered doing it in front of someone else; I feel it was something special between Tank and me. But the thought of being naughty, and being caught, was different from being in the main hall and going at it, to being caught trying a new place, or position, in the house.

Think I might be becoming a sick puppy.

"Shower? Want to wash my back." I teased Tank. I was off the bed and racing to the bathroom door before he could answer. When I looked back, he was only a few steps behind me, his long stride eating up the ground fast. I squealed when I saw how close he was to me, and giggled as he reached to turn on the water at the same time.

"Not fast enough, Babe." His voice was deeper, huskier. It made me tingle between my legs, and I was ready to go again.

Although I was tempted to take Tank in the shower, I knew how important today was for Tank and the gang, and holding him up for another round in the shower felt selfish to me. I can dream of doing it later, somewhere else, like the pantry, or maybe the workshop. A girl can dream.

We were in the kitchen preparing food when Uncle Simon arrived.

"Morning, kiddos." He greeted us and jumped in to help prepare the food.

"Hi, Uncle Simon. What do you have planned today?" I asked as I whipped up a batch of pancake batter.

"Catching up with Tandy, talking about some of the things we have discovered, and other ideas. Also, check up on the helicopter, as we got two trucks and workers here today, getting things moving, on the bunk house, helipad, and hangar. Tandy was coming here,

so I can be around for the arrivals, and get things started, have some of my men arriving too, will stay in some of the guest rooms, if you don't mind, until the bunk house is built." Uncle Simon replied, as he chopped up strawberries, getting them ready for a sauce to go on the pancakes, along with some maple syrup.

"I forgot they would be coming, didn't think workers enjoyed working on the weekend?" I was getting my days mixed up; we have had so much happening lately that it could have been Monday today for all I could remember. The days have all melted into one.

"Don't worry, most of the workers I have employed get paid good money, and are always happy to work, any time, for what they get. Also, bonuses for getting things done on time, or earlier, always give them motivation to get on with the job, it's like contract workers, they get paid by the job, and if they want the bonus, they work even on public holidays, because it's their loss, not mine for taking longer to do, the less money they could be making." Uncle Simon was more experienced than we were in this area, and I am so glad and appreciative that he was staying here with us to teach us what he could.

"Uncle Simon? Do you understand why my grandparents trusted my non aunt and uncle so much, I understand about them signing over my custody, grandma had mentioned something about me have had a fall, and needed stitches, but the Dr needed guardians signature, so they gave me permission, sad they trusted and didn't look carefully at what they signed, but they were both under emotional pressure, with Grandma being so sick. How did they know about an inheritance? I don't get it." I queried hoping Uncle Simon had talked to them at some point.

"First, you are right, your Grandparents were experienced people, in business and contracts, even if they kept a low profile, and hidden, for the most part, but they trusted Sheila more than she should, especially when your Grandpa never liked Barry, and his gut said he was underhanded. I agree, he should have read the whole guardianship paperwork, but on top it did say temporary; however, if you read it completely, the title of it was misleading, and that would be where they were caught out. At sixteen, they lost all custody of you, or if you took a job before your sixteenth birthday, so when you took the job as an apprentice mechanic, you became your own person; they had no more control over you. Regarding the inheritance, Sheila knew, that your Grandma had the payout for when your mother died, the car insurance, and that sort of thing, that pays out for the surviving children, you father, would have received a share from the life insurance policy, but signed it over to your grandparents, and Sheila knew they owned the cottage they lived in, and pushed to get ownership, your grandma thought if she left them what little money she had in her petty cash account, plus the cottage, they would think that was all there was. They couldn't get the house till your grandpa died, and that, my dear, was why I was interested in knowing what really happened, because they didn't deserve that house, and if they killed grandpa to get it, that adds to the list of reasons to kill the three of them. I should get some answers soon, and from what I understand, Barry isn't coping with the non-stop calls. He tried to change his number, but that didn't work, and his work phone gets calls too, so he was starting to crack. It won't take much longer, and he will tip his hand. They knew enough for a greedy man to want something for nothing." Uncle

Simon answered as he filled the little jug with pancake topping and started juicing oranges.

“Uncle Simon, will they do the same with Sheila and Zoey? The phone calls, I mean. Once Barry was situated in that nice, cosy cell, we started on the other two. Like we know where Barry is, do you? Or something like that, have a female voice over, and make it sound suggestive.” I say, thinking about why they, too, should get the phone treatment, and maybe some mysterious messages in the mail.

“Oh they will my dear, and I like your suggestion, more than what I had planned, will get a voice over, created, so the person doing the calling, only has to push a button, and let the machine do the talking, give the message and hang up, over and over again, make them think Barry had deserted them, leaving them to face us alone. If we do it by recording, the voice will keep the same sultry tone, and we can make a number of messages, all slightly different. Once we have started the phone calls, you can bump into her a few more times in town, as she had with you, and ask where Barry was, plant that seed even deeper.” Uncle Simon was on a roll. Once he gets an idea, it steamrolls into something much larger, and he liked my way of thinking, and I was tempted to ask what he had planned before I made that suggestion, but help my tongue, better I don’t know. Some things are best left unsaid.

“Hey, Fix, what’s ya cooking?” Jenny came bouncing in, and all serious talk got shelved.

“Your favorite, for your first day at work,” I replied, giving her air kisses, so as not to get flour on her new uniform, which wouldn’t look good on her first official day on the job.

“Girl, you spoil me.” She said and started to help with setting the table.

The chatter around the kitchen was light, and soon everyone was around the table, eating and having a laugh.

I liked my life at the moment. I liked the small group we have here; we all get along, just need Zero and Tank to be complete.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 131[1,508 words]

Tank POV

My little lady was so much into teasing, gone was that blushing, innocent girl I met not that long ago, the one I felt the need to protect with my life, that I needed to take my time with, have patience for, as she learns to trust again, to trust me, and now this confident vixen had bloomed right before my eyes. Her willingness to explore our bodies and try different positions has me battling to keep up with her. She was this cheeky, seductive,

teasing, stunning, blossoming temptress all the time, with small gestures, and bodily grabbing me, and giving my shaft a squeeze, sometimes gently, sometimes hard, always unexpected, like in the kitchen, or on the bike. Never out in the open, where others can see, but pretty close to it.

Like today, we're in the kitchen making a special breakfast for Jenny before she leaves for two days. She just leaned her back up against me, and when I moved to give her a hug, she pushed her b.utt against me, wiggled and moved away, see temptress, tease. Leaving me wanting more all the time. I am unsure what to do or how to handle this new side of the little lady. Like, do I do the same to her, sneak up and tweak her n****e? Slap her butt? Or let her continue and leave me with a semi all the time, never knowing what will come next. Don't get me wrong, I like the new development that she's willing to start exploring and learning more about her own body, as well as mine.

Poor Blaze will be lost until he gets used to it. Jenny will be on call forty-eight hours straight. Our town wasn't that busy, so they could grab a few hours' sleep between calls, but

sometimes, like during big accidents or when neighbouring towns needed help, they could go a while without sleep.

So we are going to have to be extra patient and kind to Blaze and keep him busy. As he was a sort of bodyguard for Fixer, it shouldn't be too hard to keep him busy, and we do have all that work about to start here, after our initial meeting, he and the other non leadership members can leave, and while I am in the other meeting, Blaze can return home and get to know those arriving, and learn from Uncle Simon who was staying and where, I believe we have a transportable home arriving, that can hold ten beds comfortably, and if we pushed them closer together fifteen, for the workers to live in, while they build the bunk house, the bunk house will hold at least fifty people if need be. We will only have the men who are Uncle Simon's guards in our home until we can get a second transportable home to arrive for them to live in. Apparently, Fixer insisted we give them somewhere other than our home to live, since she doesn't want them trashing it. I understand, and deep down, I don't want them there either.

Sticks won't be in this meeting, and neither will Fixer, to start with; she will be joining us for the second meeting, along with Uncle Simon. Fixer will be in the workshop, wants to do some paintwork on my bike and her bike, and get that logo on there, so we will both be riding next door. Once she had done the paint job and the time was right, she wanted to do a bit more on the baby; some parts she had ordered had arrived, and she was itching to get started. When she learned whose bike it used to be, she was sad, and I was glad we never really divulged it before, when she asked, just that it was a good friend, someone we all cared for. The other bike was also here in the pile of broken bikes, but it was not one that Fixer had wanted to get her hands on. Not yet, she was enjoying rebuilding the older bikes; this particular one reminded her of her grandpa's bike, the same model, and so it has a special place in her heart.

Breakfast was a great, everyone was keeping it light and fun, no serious subjects mentioned, it was like we were one large family, different to breakfast at the club, more intimate, yet with so many people here, you would think I was being crazy, but we worked, even the bodyguards, came in to help themselves to the food, and left to eat it somewhere else. Leaving us to continue our silly banter and fun.

Jenny left in a rush, Blaze taking her to work. She will eventually get a small car for work or a small moped; she has yet to decide. The idea of going to work on a bike in winter doesn't sit well with her. Jenny might like the idea of the bike scene, but only when it suits her. She was looking forward to a weekend ride somewhere, like our camping trip, but if it's raining, we haven't yet convinced her that gearing up in wet-weather gear and riding in the rain is fun; all she could see was cold, wet, and dangerous on the roads.

Uncle Simon left to pick up Tandy and bring him back here. I am unsure whether Tandy will stay the night; it was never discussed, and I doubt even Fixer knows, but she would welcome Tandy to stay if it gets late, but then she likes Tandy, and wouldn't care if he lived here, he brought a different kind of calm with him, and a past that only he can fill her in on.

Anyway, it was a moot point; time will tell.

Sticks would stay here, clean up, and then get some rest. She was getting tired quicker as her pregnancy moved along, so we all agreed she would stay here, do what she needs to do, and rest up. She was in the middle of doing up the room attached to hers, as her child's room for sleeping and playing. We have another room on the ground floor to make into a games room for children, but this one needed to be completed first, and it gave Sticks something to do. She had improved in attitude since we moved here together. Stick was less snappy and tends to listen more and laugh more. It's only early days, but the improvement was noticeable, and that helped ease Prez down. He was a lot better since moving out of the clubhouse, where everyone wanted his attention all the time, it was draining him, making him bark at friends, and always on edge.

Fixer and I climbed on our bikes and, together with Prez, rode next door. We sounded good as we rode up the drive and into the club car park. Fixer and I rode our bikes closer to her workshop and climbed off. I will wheel it into the workshop once she opens it up, before I head to the meeting.

"Ten minutes," Prez called out to me as he went inside. He will no doubt be inundated with guys needing his attention, and it might take longer than ten minutes for the meeting to start, but I have to be there in time, as the VP.

"You can go in," Fixer said as she wheeled her own bike inside, with practiced ease, for a small woman, well, small compared to me, but above average for most I know, but her confidence handling the bikes was a joy to see, not many women I know have that confidence to push something that heavy around.

“Nope,” I replied as I pushed mine in behind her, not allowing her to send me away without a kiss.

“Where do you want it?” I asked, stopping close to her bike.

“Next to the paint area door.” She pointed to a place, and I backed my bike in, left my lid on the table, and gave my little lady a squeeze and kiss before heading in.

“Call me when you need me in there.” I nodded and left her to work.

It had been a couple of days since I had been here, but the greeting from the members you would have thought I had been gone for weeks.

“We have a meeting in ten, get in there, guys,” I announced, as I headed over to the Bruiser and Cricket, who were chatting to a guy I didn’t know, maybe a new nom, young enough to be one.

“He Tank, this guy wants to be in, we thought you should meet him, before we give him a chance. Prez didn’t have time to talk.

“We have a meeting in ten, what can you tell me in five?” I nodded for them to speak. Either the Prez or I need to give the guy a go-ahead to try out, and Bruiser would have to watch him closely. We are still on edge after having our trust broken, and new recruits are at the top of our distrust radar, worse than ever before.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 132[1,382 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

Last night I tried something new, the feel of Tank, going so deep, when you’re on top, was an incredible feeling of being full, and I was positive that I had all of him inside of me. I tried to use my muscles to see how Tank would react, tightening my core, and gaining those groans of pleasure each time was my reward, before I felt the need to do more than play and experiment-going faster and pushing back down on Tank as hard as I could. Let’s say Tank didn’t say no, and I was more than willing to see how far I could go. A few times when I pushed down hard, and Tank raised his hips to meet me, I felt a small amount of pain, but it was good pain, which was odd, because pain was never a good thing before, but it spurred me on to keep going harder and faster and trying to get that feeling again.

I like this new me, one who was becoming bolder and taking what I want, instead of waiting for handouts. Not that I had been with any other male, I was thinking more along the lines of waiting for the man to take control and show me what I was allowed to have,

not any more, I am taking what I want, and if Tank doesn't like it, then he will have to suck it up.

He exploded at the same time as me, so I must have been doing something right.

He roared my name out louder than ever before, his breathing was short, and he was covered in sweat.

Yep, I think he liked it as I did. I thought, satisfied with my attempt to take charge.

Time stops for no man. That's the saying, but it doesn't stop for women either. Maybe that saying should be changed, because I am positive, it goes faster for us. Maybe time speeds up for women? I don't know, but it appears that I have fewer and fewer hours in a day now.

Jenny was a mixture of teary emotions, both happy and sad, glad to start her new job, scared she would mess it up, and sorry that she was going to miss us and our fun, and of course, Blaze. He was able to keep up with her bubbly, outgoing personality; she can be a little overboard at times, which tells me she was keen to keep this guy. She had so many she liked that couldn't handle her vivacious personality, but Blaze seemed to enjoy and thrive on her exuberance. They suit each other, and I hope Blaze doesn't take another woman while Jenny is at work; that would break her more than any other guy has so far. She seems to be invested in Blaze.

Tank's bike was done, the logo and our names on the back, just like his tattoo. This will give Tank an idea of the coloring that will be on his body soon, and mine, it won't be exact, but it will be close.

Now my bikes turn.

Because I had already made this pattern twice, once on Tanks bike and once on his body, adding it to my bike was easier, because I had completed it enough for it to be lodged in my head, I had finished the bikes and Tank first, so I could be better prepared for when I attempt to put it on my body, I had set up the mirrors so that I could do my tattoo. Still, I hadn't yet felt confident enough to try it. Now that I have completed the bikes, I feel more confident that I can replicate it on my body.

My bike was complete, and the paint was drying.

I went to the baby and looked her over. I had new parts for her and had to decide on the frame. I was still not completely happy with it. I spent the next hour on the frame before I was satisfied that it wouldn't be a problem. I power coated it, which took time, and now that too was in the paint air dryer overnight. As I started pulling apart the engine, I heard bikes arriving, so I headed to the door to see who had arrived. The lads from the stakeout were back. Tanks will be pleased to see his brother back. He had missed him more than he would admit out loud.

I threw my rag in a bin, and headed towards the arriving me. Girlfriends were out waiting to, crying that they had returned, and no one was injured. Twenty men went, taking turns for round-the-clock surveillance, all back healthy, and from what I can see, as girls throw themselves at them, ready for a different kind of action. But Prez will want a report before anyone gets to be with their girls, that way.

“Fixer, come to the office.” A voice called out to me.

I turned away from the happy reunions and entered the back door. Cricket was waiting for me as I entered.

“They are waiting for you in the main meeting room.” Cricket didn’t seem happy that I was going into the meeting, but I don’t blame her; it was rare for a woman to be included, and Cricket has always been jealous of me. There was nothing I could do about her insecurities, something she needs to deal with; I had hoped that with us moving out, she would improve, but she was still on this power trip, and I personally don’t get it. She will never be in my close friends’ circle; she gets included because of Bruiser, but that’s not my call. Sticks and her were tight, but that might be because Sticks was Prez’s woman, and Cricket craved power and the attention that came with it. She doesn’t see me the same way. I am someone who made it to the top by being Tank’s girl, and Tank got promoted; she doesn’t know that she made it the same way, being Brusier’s woman. That’s what confuses me, talk about kettle black. What would she think if she learned my secret, that I have the power she craves? Would that send her over the edge, and hate me more, or suddenly want to be my bestest buddy?

The room went silent when I entered. That didn’t bother me. I rushed over to Zero and hugged him. He lifted me off the floor and spun me around.

“Hey, bud. Get your own woman. Fixer, are you cheating on me?” Tank growled, but his chuckle spoiled it.

“I think I have a girl.” He replied shyly.

“Who?” Tank asked, looking confused and pleased at the same time.

Zero looked at me.

“One of the girls that Fixer brought with her on that first day, I had seen her a few times before I had to go away.” His eyes stayed on me, waiting to see if I knew or put it together yet.

“Melony,” I replied, as I put all the dots together, with all the cryptic questions I had received from Melony on the phone.

“Bingo.” Zero beamed at me.

“She’s a good catch,” I said. I only had a few friends in my inner circle. She was one of them. That very first day we ever came to the club house, we had Jenny, Melony, Heather, and Karen, out of all the girls, I am glad it was Melony, and if he moves into our home, like Tank wants him to, Melony would be a good fit. Alice tagged along, but she was never part of my inner circle, more like Zoey’s best friend, and here to spy on me. But ended up being taken by all the noms and a few patch members who wanted to try something different; word was she was terrible and not worth the effort.

“I like her, she was fun, and not too demanding or clingy. We have been texting while I was away.” Zero continued to talk about Melony as we took our seats, and waited for the room to settle, and for Prez to start.

“Settle,” Tank growled out, suddenly, almost making me jump. Bruiser chuckled at my response, because so far it had been Bruiser who called the room to settle, but it made sense that it would be Tank. But it still made me jump.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 133[1,501 words]

Tank POV

Today, I am in a very good mood, doubt even this meeting could bring me down. My girl gave me the best start of the day, and my brother will be home too, so what could go wrong?

The first meeting was boring, as I knew it would be. We discussed the pending attack on the Jones Gang, the report due today, some changes to the clubhouse, listened to anyone’s gripes and complaints, a party coming up, and a road trip for fun.

“How’s living next door going?” One of the members asked. What would it have to do with him?

“Great, I get to have a few hours break from you guys, ragging in my ear, and unwind a little,” Prez answered. They hadn’t asked about Blaze or me.

“You seem chirpier.” One joked, but Prez gave him the cold look, and the chuckling stopped, and the subject changed. I want to perfect that look. I thought that, as he moved to reopen the meeting for more serious discussion, when no one had any thoughts or complaints to share, Prez dismissed them.

The sound of bikes arriving has us all piling out of the clubhouse to see them arrive. All appeared to be in good health, and I was relieved to see my brother’s bike and a healthy-looking man on it. None of the guys looks the worst for wear. I am interested in hearing how the trip went.

I turned and caught sight of Fixer watching the bikes, as I turned. Was she looking at the men, making sure they were healthy, or listening to the bikes, looking for one that needed her help? It was hard to know; her face was blank, keeping her thoughts to herself. Cricket called out to Fixer, and by the tone, I was saying, Cricket was still not happy that Fixer was doing so well. I don't know what was wrong with that girl, but since my promotion and my wedding, she been a bitch to be around. I thought it was the loss of the baby, but she doesn't seem to be getting any better. When she thinks no one is looking, she gives Fixer grief; Fixer hadn't been here in days, yet Cricket was still that narky girl, might have to talk to Bruiser about her. This can't go on.

Fixer entered the room. I could tell immediately that Cricket had cornered her before she entered the room, and it would most likely have not been pleasant. Fixer was not one to make trouble; more like to end it. How long she will put up with Cricket will depend on how much Cricket gets in her face and what she says when she does. I have learned that Fixer had started to change, for the good as far as I was concerned, and if she flattened Cricket for her behaviour, I would be Fixer up in a heartbeat. No one, and I mean no one, should upset my little lady. I had a go at Prez for his behaviour against Fixer, and that has improved. Sticks had settled down a lot, and they get on really well. But Cricket seems to be getting worse. Would living here have her thinking she was the boss when the rest of us were not around? Then forgets to tone it down when we arrive? Maybe Bruiser encourages her.

"Settle," I called out, getting the room quiet, and Fixer jumped, almost causing me to chuckle, she wasn't used to me having to be boss, she sees me as her man, Tank, and I am happy with that, but she has to get used to the other side of my life, that was just as important to me as she was. More or less.

"Report," I called out, and left the members to sort out who would do the reporting.

A member stood; he didn't need to, but we don't say much if that was what made them comfortable.

"The clubhouse appears to be in a shambles, bikes coming and going at all times, day and night, no real security, no cameras could be seen, no locked gates, it was like it was an invitation to come and attack, and because of that, I suggest caution." He sat down, having said his peace.

"I disagree. Not the caution part, that I do agree, but the rest was not how I saw it. There were two cameras that I could find." The screen behind us lit up, and we all turned to watch.

"There and there." A red dot appeared on the screen from the pointer he was using. The cameras were so well camouflaged that it didn't surprise me that the first speaker never noticed them.

“There was also a sensor beam at the gate; when broken, I would suggest they are alerted to an arrival.” The screen went darker; it was nighttime, and when a bike rode into the beam that hadn’t been invisible before, you saw it light up in the night-vision glasses covering the camera filming this, as the beam was broken.

“The riders in and out are on a timer; it may appear random at first, but according to my notes, it was not so random.” Again, the screen showed a neatly written spreadsheet of times in and out, and you could see a pattern forming.

“They have no real destination when they leave, Zero and I followed a few as they rode out of town, stopped at a fuel stop out of town, at in the cafe and returned, if they were checking to see if they were being followed I didn’t see it, I stayed way back, and kept going when I saw them at the fuel stop, parked off the road, and walked back through the trees, watched them eat and laugh, before they got on their bikes and headed back towards town, I didn’t follow them back, but stopped at the fuel stop, fuelled up, and ate, watching the staff, none appeared to call anyone to say I was there, or show any signs of worry.” A picture of the men in the cafe, and fueling up, then leaving, then some of being inside the cafe, the staff. They appeared relaxed and never looked around or watched others; they were out having fun.

“So, they are pretending life goes on, and nothing is going down. I don’t like this, by the way. Anything else?” Prez asked, and he looked around the room, waiting.

“Yes, I have a photo that was taken on our way home. Taz and I stopped at a gas station; he wanted to check his tyre pressure, and said the bike felt soft. Anyway, while he was checking his tyres, at the side, and out of sight, a car pulled up, and parked not far away, and two bikes arrived, you can guess from there, here’s the picture. I thought you would find it interesting.” Zero said as the picture came up on the screen.

Fixer stood up and started to pace the floor, gaining all eyes on her, as she rambled on about something, but I knew who that picture was, even if others didn’t, and it was not someone I had expected to meet up with some of the Jones gang, just out of town. She kicked the chair as she passed, and picked it back up on her return, only to kick it again as she walked by it, and picked it up. This time, she sat back down and looked up at the picture again.

“Who’s that for Fixer to be so mad?” One of the patch members asked, looking around the room, hoping he wasn’t the only one not having a clue.

“Her name is Zoey.” Zero answered and didn’t elaborate any further.

“She’s banging hot. So what’s the story?” Another member asked.

Fixer turned to look at the member who spoke, her face blank, not tears, not emotion of any kind. If I were the member who called her banging hot, I would be worried about that look.

“Did you shag Alice when she was here that day?” Fixer asked, and I wondered what that had to do with any of this.

“Yeah, too sloppy for me, didn’t enjoy it, but what does that have to do with that chick?” He replied, as confused as I was.

“Zoey banged her too. Zoey doesn’t mind a girl or a guy, as long as she gets off. Zoey is the chick who stole my boyfriend, had her way with him in MY bed. She was ten times worse than Alice, and most likely slept with every guy she could find and seduce. So banging hot? Well, she does a lot of banging, that’s for sure, but HOT, that had to be your choice, because she’s not hot to me.” Fixer chuckled, a mirthless chuckle.

“So, we have another link to the Jones gang, and not who I expected. I am going to assume all of them, Barry, Sheila, and Zoey, are connected to them.” Prez said, before they started on what they had discovered about that family.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 134[1,460 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

My good mood soured. How dare that low-life, cheating, good-for-nothing woman still be infecting my happiness?

Zero shared four photos he had taken, the first of Zoey arriving in her new car, seemingly waiting for someone, then two bikes arrive, and Zoey throws herself at one of them, next was them going at it against the car, not caring who could see, then the other guy has a turn, before they ride off, didn’t even look like that they did much talking, more a booty call. Still, who knows? That was all I saw before I lost it. Zero could have shown a lot more, but I was gone, too many memories of seeing exactly that, with my exs. Zoey had always been an exhibitionist. Loves others seeing her having a good time. Although out here, unless she knew someone was watching, it wasn’t for my benefit for a change. Maybe she loves d**k too much.

They asked who she was, and nearly threw up. As I answered their questions, I was worked up over having seen her and was obviously not pregnant, and needed an out, but also needed to hear the rest. I sat back down being a meeting of importance, I couldn’t sit on Tanks lap, he was of authority, and if I sat on his lap, that would only give members more reason to continue this meeting without me in there, at the moment they still see me as one of the guys, and not some bimbo on her man’s knee, I need it to stay that way, and stay strong.

The reports started, and I became numb as they discussed people I thought I knew.

“Barry and Sheila were never registered as married; no legal record had been made of such an event, nor was Zoey, Zoey was never pregnant; she had so many abortions that she would have difficulty falling pregnant, or if she did go all the way to term. According to DNA testing, Zoey isn’t the child of either Barry or Sheila. Our investigators are going back, slowly, year by year, trying to miss nothing, no lead too small, and piecing together how they met and where Zoey came from. Sheila could never have children; she has endometriosis. Barry has two children, both living in the Jones gang clubhouse, both patch members.” The report just kept giving up surprise, after surprise. My life was never theirs to play with. How they tricked my grandparents was terrible; they ruined my childhood, for what reason? The money? Did they know how much my real family was worth, or only knew about the life insurance policy on my mother, and what the accident would pay out, be enough for that greed to consume them, but why hurt me like that over the years, for Grandma’s house? I am so glad they never knew the true value of her wealth. If I had died in that accident, would Grandma have left Sheila anything? Of gone somewhere else. Must find out from Tandy the ‘what ifs’ on the wills.

“Fixer, was there anything else you needed to bring to the table? If not, then please leave as

we discuss this further. Your involvement from here will not be needed.” Bruiser said, I stiffened at the order to leave, but I didn’t resist. I got up gracefully, turned to Prez.

“Thank you for allowing me to join, for the basic information. I will seek out Uncle Simon and give him this information, and have his investigators do some digging of their own. Be prepared for him to corner you for more sharing of information.” He got the message loud and clear. I didn’t like being dismissed, and Bruiser just lost my trust. Prez nodded, and I left the room.

Headed straight for my bike and went home, furious at the way I was told to leave that meeting. I have no intention of joining any in the future. Tank can tell me if he wants, but I will do my own investigations, with Uncle Simon and Tandy. I am not interested in the boys’ club talks, and they can’t order me into them, as they were supposed to be boys-only, unless I have a report for them, which I don’t, not anymore.

Uncle Simon was in the kitchen having coffee with Tandy. He was surprised to find me home so early.

“Fixer, the trucks are busy unloading. We are taking a break. Come join us.” Tandy said, noticing my edginess.

So I sat, and Tandy handed me a coffee.

“Thanks.” After taking a long sip, I told them all that happened and how hurt I felt.

“Other than those photos, we have all that information and more. We were going to discuss it with you later, when you came home, but we can go over it now. Unless Prez

shares with us, we can keep ours to ourselves and let them do their own thing. I agree, Bruiser should never have sent you out, as he did; it appears you have an issue with both Bruiser and Cricket.”

Uncle Simon added.

“I hadn’t before, with Bruiser, maybe Cricket was rubbing on him. But I don’t have to get involved with them; I can bring all my gear over here, into a shed, convert it into a workshop, and never step foot on the property, except at parties. Or invites.”

“That we can do, that shed near the one you’re creating as a tattoo workshop, can be converted. Your ideas are sound; keeping the three acres at the back as a garden and an entertaining area, and building everything beyond the kept area. The side access was working fine; you might want to lay some fresh gravel before winter. From the house, you won’t see the bunkhouse, or the hangar, and we can put some golf carts in the hangar, to transport gear or people to the house, when the helicopter lands, as it’s going to be a five to ten minute walk, and carrying gear for this old man might be too much.” He laughed, as he joked about walking too far, he runs more than that each day on the treadmill.

“Sounds good, we need to keep the place a home. How’s the transportables?” I asked, wanting fewer people in my home.

“Done, the second one too, they arrived together, so no one needs to be in the house, including the two bodyguards we have now, they can join the others, they won’t mind. We shouldn’t need them in the house, and an alarm system can be made to notify them if the house is under attack or if there are intruders on the property.” Uncle Simon was an expert on safety, which had been his whole life. I trust his judgement.

We talked some more before Uncle Simon’s phone rang.

“Workmen, time to get back to work, will get some to start on that shed, and bring all your gear over, will have the fence opened up, and a gate put in for easier access. Also, will text Prez so he will be informed of your moving of the workshop and paint room.” I nodded, he would need to know about strangers walking about.

An hour later, the fence and gate was installed, we had already order it, but installing it wasn’t high on the list till now, another hour later, and all of my gear was here, install in my nice very spacious workshop, better than I had next door, and the gate closed and locked, only I can assess it, having put a new password in, that unless I calm down enough to let trust regain it’s hold, I won’t be sharing with anyone.

According to Pins, who texted me to ask why my gear was moving, they were still in a long meeting. I gave a brief comment about living next door, so there’s no need to come by unless requested or for a party, just like other women who don’t like the property. That was enough to satisfy Pins. I like her, she thought it was a great idea, the clubhouse, shouldn’t be where we live permanently, the single guys she understood, they on guard

duty, or something like that, but each couple, should live away from the clubhouse, her opinion of course, but many share it, clubhouse shouldn't be a place to live in, but to meet up and have fun.

Uncle Simon, Tandy, and a group of men had done a great job setting up my workshop and securing it. I only had my bike in there, having left all the others, including the baby, back in the other workshop, which now looks rather empty. There was no sign that I had ever been in there; they can go back to what they had, and thank all that to Cricket and Bruiser.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 135[1,396 words]

Tank POV

Fixer was doing great until those photos, and she lost her temper. The guys were stunned to say the least, and waited for her to finish her diatribe.

When Bruiser said for her to leave, I wanted to get up and punch him in the nose and rush out to comfort her. She had to be mad, hurt, and angry at the brutal way she was dismissed. But I had to stay; the look I got from Prez told me he would sort this out after the meeting.

I received a text from Pins, saying a Fixer was upset and that something was happening with her workshop. I couldn't leave or text back, then I received another one from Uncle Simon, they were moving all her gear off this property, and into hers. That answered the question that Pins left me with. My little lady was beyond pissed.

The meeting went on and on, I felt we were going in circles, do we raid, or don't we? The same arguments, and a lot of blame on Fixer simply because she was raised by them, and talk of kicking her out. But kicking them out would kick me out, and the way I am feeling, that wouldn't hurt me as much as I thought it would. I have grown up here, in this group, but if my time was done, so be it; even Zero, who hadn't seen what was going on, appeared shocked at some of the suggestions being bandied around.

"Let's vote then. Fixer leaves. Raise your hand." More than half the men raised their hands.

"Then, Tank, you need to let Fixer know she was out of the club," Bruiser announced.

I stood up and looked at the Prez.

"You agree to this?" I asked, keeping my voice calm, and some of the anger seeped through.

“The majority has voted, you know the rules.” He replied.

“She goes, I go. Thanks for nothing.” I turned and walked out. This was BS. They had lost someone very important who could help this club. I threw my cut at Bruiser.

“You can pick up Fixer’s cut when you come to her home tonight, and think long and hard if you want to stay there. Because things are not the same now.” I spat back to my now ex-Prez. My anger and hurt were overflowing. Prez let this happen; he let Bruiser railroad the men to vote the way he wanted. Did he want me gone so bad? Did he want the VP patch? They can have it. I am going to work hard to get answers for the death of my parents, and help Fixer, and forget the club, they have had enough of my life, and if they thought after all those years of loyalty was going to me stay and have my wife out, forget it, club always was supposed to come first, but not like this, it’s lost it’s focus, and me along with it.

This was Bruiser’s answer to protecting Cricket and making her happy. This sucks, big time. I have just lost the only life I knew.

Fixer came out and met me at the garage.

I turned off the bike, placed my lid on the mirror, lifted my leg over, leaned on the seat, and opened my arms. She walked in and held me, not saying a word. I don’t know if she had been told, or had picked up, that I needed her to hold me, to feel something real, because at the moment, I am having difficulty with what just happened being real.

“They kicked you out.” I moaned into her hair.

“I know.” She replied softly.

“I threw my cut at them, in disgust.” I almost cried.

“I know.” She held me tighter, kissing my neck, soothing me.

“I lost the only family I had ever known.”

“Yeah, but you have a new family, Uncle Simon, Tandy, and me.” She replied between kisses.

“How do you know?” I asked when she already knew it all.

“Zero text me, said was still in a meeting, but you left, and why? You didn’t need to do that; you could have stayed, and I would have gone on with my life. I am learning about. Guess you already know I have removed my gear from there.” She keeps giving me butterfly kisses, and they are starting to tickle.

“Yeah, Pins, text me. We need to talk about all this, but not right now. Tell me about all this activity around us. I can hear hammers and drills.”

Fixer snuggles onto my lap and begins to tell me what has arrived, what is being built, that everything should be done in a few days, and that they will work around the clock, using floodlights to work through the night. By the time she had finished, I was calm and looking forward to the developments around our home. I stand up, holding her to me, and walk inside.

Uncle Simon and Tandy are waiting for me inside.

“Come sit, son, we have some talking to do.” Uncle Simon directed me to the lounge, and I sat, keeping Fixer on my lap.

We chatted about the work going on and the investigation regarding Barry and family. He already had all the information that had been presented to the members; I didn’t need to give it to him again. Including that Zoey was involved with a number of Jone Gang members. She was a person who loved to open her legs, and most of the Jones Gang had enjoyed her body.

What we needed to work out was what to do about it.

Uncle Simon no longer wants Prez involved in this or to capture Barry. With this latest development, he wants to pull the family in himself and deal with them. To be honest, I think that it would be for the best.

“Please, Uncle Simon, pull that family in before they cause more damage,” I said, because they are causing a rift that might be too wide to bridge.

Uncle Simon pulled out his phone, barked a few orders, and hung up.

“They will be taken to a secure location and questioned, never to be released. You will never see or hear from them again.” Uncle Simon said, looking at Tandy and nodding.

“By this time tomorrow, all their worldly goods are yours, the house, property, cars, etc. A clause in the will stated that, if they were convicted of any crime, everything would revert to you. We shall have it on record that they killed your Grandpa and are now serving a jail sentence. Tandy will invoke the clause, not that you needed more assets, but you can sell, or rent it out, whatever you wish.” I looked at Tandy, and he was nodding his agreement.

“The Jones Gang?” I asked softly.

“They can be handled by Prez and his club. I’m not interested in gang or club-related issues. The Jones gang has never been implicated in any wrongdoing to my niece, her mother, or her grandparents. All was done by Barry and the two women. I am

investigating who Zoey's real parents were, not that she would ever meet them, but to be able to close that file, so to speak." Uncle Simon offered me a whiskey.

"For medicinal purposes." I took the drink and swallowed it down, in one long gulp, and then drank a bottle of water, because I am not a big fan of the burn from neat whiskey.

"Tank, will you keep your name? Or revert back to your birth name?" Tandy asked; he was ready to do the necessary changes when needed.

"Leave it for now, I might change it later. Prez will be over later, to talk, I suppose, he has to come for his Mrs, where is she?" I asked, having not yet seen her.

"Sleeping, she tired herself out with decorating the baby's room," Fixer replied, leaning forward to grab a juice from the table.

The sound of bikes arriving had me looking at the huge screen, which lit up to display who was coming up the drive.

Prez, Zero, and Blaze all arrived together. I was glad to see that Zero was with them. I hardly had any time to talk.

"Show time," Tandy announced, to no one in particular.

The smell of food wafted from the kitchen, dinner was already cooking.

"Let's go to the kitchen. I need to check on the roast." Uncle Simon said as he stood and walked away, not waiting to see if any of us were following him.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 136[1,392 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

After the workshop was set up the way I wanted it, I thanked the men and went to my room to shower.

I took my time, shaving my legs and armpits, thinking about what happened, and I was no longer upset, too much had happened to me over the years to stay upset, and I still had a long why to go, I no longer needed the club, as far as support went, I had gone through the hurt, and came out the other side, as long as I have Tank by my side, I can be like the other girls and just be a member, no longer the other burden. No more being a strong arm. Just Tank's ole lady.

While putting cream on my legs, I thought about my tattoo and decided to finish it now.

I set the mirrors up and started. I used the same design as I had with Tank, but the only part missing was the club logo on the base; I left that blank. Still up in the air about that, but Tank should be on my skin, even if things go sour; he was my first, and deserved to be with me always. He had done nothing wrong.

Then I started to get updates from Zero, about what was going down, the voting me out, and I could imagine how Tanks was feeling at the moment.

How do I feel about being outed?

I don't really care; I'm used to being rejected.

But Tank?

He will feel lost and devastated that his family outed me, and he had to choose between the club and me, with whom he had grown up. He had never been in this situation before, where he was split in two. Divided loyalties are hard to deal with.

Could he keep going next door, acting happy, when he had to leave me behind each time, and never go on runs again?

I feel special that he chose me. I wouldn't have blamed him if he'd stuck with the club and I'd become the next-door neighbour.

I heard his bike arriving, not long after I had finished my Tattoo.

Raced downstairs to greet him at the garage.

He needed me.

I could see it in his eyes, the moment he took off his helmet and placed it on the mirror with care.

Then opened his arms to me, with pleading eyes.

How could I not run to them and give him what little comfort I could, as his heart was being torn to pieces, but those he thought were family, friends, comrades, fellow bike riders. It would have been like he was being stabbed in the back.

"Forgive me," I said softly into his neck.

"For what?" Tank asked, nibbling my ear.

"If I hadn't come to the club, this would never have happened. If only I had stayed above the bike shop, kept working there, and not shown up here for the party. You would still be happy with those you call friends and family." I sniffled, trying to give him an out; he

could walk away if he wanted. It would tear me apart, but I would get better; it wouldn't kill me, it would make me stronger. More armour around me, and I would delve deep into learning from Tandy and Uncle Simon, and forget about the bike club, the best I could.

"You have been the best person to come into my life, you are my life, how could I let you go. There's nothing to forgive; you have done nothing wrong, but love me unconditionally, hold my hand through my nightmares, and give me comfort when I need it, like now. No, I love the club and the guys, but I won't give you up for them. We are not like other clubs, where I have to fear for my life when walking away. Many have retired from the club over the years. I have done it a little earlier than planned, that's all." Tank gives me a gentle kiss, full of love and tenderness. Like he was trying to tell me something, in that kiss, and I took it, and held on with all of my heart, hoping it was all true. I hope he won't change his mind when they come to convince him to go back.

Uncle Simon and Tandy were waiting for us, and they filled Tank up with more information than Prez had, and gave the nod to remove the family and do as they will with them. He was over them and what they had caused. Tandy had proof that Barry, along with Zoey, had caused Grandpa's fall, which killed him. That was all we needed to have them put away, and what they had on the accident that took all those other lives, was more than I hoped for, they had the dashcam recordings, from both Mum's car, and the truck, it was all there to see, it was still running, when, Barry approached Mothers car, and peered in, to make sure she was dead. Before he returned to his car and drove away.

"Uncle Simon, before you dispose of Barry and family, I would like to see them and gloat. If that was okay?" I asked, begged.

"Sure, once we have them secure, we can go see them, and you can have your goodbye, they might look a bit bloody when you see them, as we won't be gentle, we need to ensure we have all involved in the cover up, a lot was covered up, in the other town, where the accident happened, but this town had a small hand in it too," Tandy said he was in control of where they went, making sure all the paperwork was filled out, to cover the disappearance. They will go to jail and not make it out. Lifers love to do some killing; it makes no difference to them, and they get a few benefits or comforts for themselves.

The arrival of Zero will help Tank; he needs his brother, and hopefully, his brother will have his back on this, support him in his hour of need. Their first real test. Knowing Blaze and Prez were arriving didn't worry me; I had already put them behind me. To me, they are lodgers until they prove otherwise. I had already reduced their security clearance.

As Uncle Simon suggested, we finished preparing dinner, so here we are in the kitchen, the roast beef was almost ready, the potatoes and vegetables were, and Tandy was making the gravy. I made a peach cobbler for dessert, and that too was ready and cooling on the bench.

"Hello?" Zero called out as he entered the back door.

“In the kitchen,” Tandy called out as he started to pour the gravy into a tureen.

“Hey, dinner’s almost ready, Prez. Can you go wake up, Sticks?” I asked, acting as if nothing happened, and it was a normal day.

“Sure.” He looked at us and left to do as requested.

“You okay, bro?” Zero asked softly. Tapping him on the shoulder.

“Sure. You’re going to move in here with us; this is our place now.” Tank replied, keeping his tone light.

“If I am invited, I would love to come live here, it’s close if needed next door, yet that security to get in, insane.” They bantered for a bit longer, helping set up the table, taking out the roast, vegetables, and trimmings, and they stayed away from club talk.

“You are looking good, Zero. If anything, you gained a few inches.” I didn’t call it fat because it was all muscle from what I could see. His shirt was tight across his chest, and his arms were bigger than tree trunks. He was getting closer to Tank’s size, although Tank was a couple of inches taller.

“Hey, Sticks, sleep okay?” I asked as she entered, and Prez pulled out a chair for her.

“Yes, thank you, this looks and smells good. Should have called me down, I would have helped.” She pouted.

“I know you would have, but then I wouldn’t be able to get these guys working in the kitchen, and believe me, you need to taste Tandy’s sauce, and the potatoes and roast were all Uncle Simon.” I giggled as I got a clip behind the head.

“What about that dessert you slaved over?” Uncle Simon admonished me.

“Geez, remind me not to sit next to you again,” I replied, rubbing the back of my head, as if it hurt.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 137[1,442 words]

Tank POV

Having Uncle Simon and Tandy here helped keep me grounded, or I would have been a mess if it were just Fixer and me.

They talked me through everything, and then went to the kitchen, and we played happy families, as if everything was normal, and in a way it was.

It made me realize that, regardless of what was going on in my life, the world doesn't stop because I am hurting. Just like when my life changed, when my parents were taken away from us, life went on, when all I wanted to do, was shout out to the world, that I was hurting because they were gone, this was not as bad, but it was still a close call, I didn't lose two, I lost hundreds in one moment, one call of votes, and life as I had known it was gone, changed forever, even if we were asked to return, it will never be the same again. They had taken something away from me, with that vote, that can't be returned.

Tandy and Fixer kept the banter at the table light, making jokes and growling at Uncle Simon occasionally for some infraction. Zero's laughter was infectious, and it was hard not to join in. I missed my brother, even when we lived in the clubhouse and could see him behind the bar; it was not the same. This kind of banter and laughter was not forced, making it all the sweeter when it was natural and fun. Zero was different behind the bar. I am glad he has delegated, or passed the bar work to someone else, as he had to because he was gone so long. Yet to find out if he goes back to bar work, or something else.

"That cobbler was to die for, you've got to make that again," Stick said, as she took the last slice from the plate.

"Yep, can do anytime, if that baby of yours wants it." Fixer joked back, blaming the baby for the second slice of dessert, as she rubbed her tummy in satisfaction.

Zero and I did the dishes. We weren't told to, I feel we both wanted some time to be just us, and kicked the others away. Some bro time, as sadly been missing.

Once the others had left, and it was just us, I asked to confirm he was moving in.

"Did you see the room, Zero? It was decorated as close to what yours looks like in the clubhouse." I tentatively started, unsure how to proceed. He might be angry at me for throwing in my cut. I was angry, hurt, and needed to make a point.

"Not yet, you can show me after we finish these dishes. I have to say, it has been a while since I had stood at the kitchen sink, like this with you, doing something as simple as drying dishes." Zero grinned at me, like this was the best night ever, that I had given him my favorite toy, for him to play with.

"Yeah, it has been a while, the clubhouse doesn't cater for us to have times like this. This reminds me of mum and dad. I miss them, and with us investigating the accident again, it just brought it all to the surface." I said, thinking about what I had just said.

"What? Stop, take a step back, try that again. What pictures of the investigation?" He looked at me wide-eyed, and in shock, we had covered a lot in that meeting, but nothing about the pictures of that accident itself. We covered more about the Jones gang, if and

when we would attack them, and the link between that family and the Jones gang, all not nice.

“Sorry, should have led up to that better. I have some horrific pictures to show you, if you are interested, from the accident site. Fixer’s Grandma had a box sealed to open on her twenty-first, or on her marriage; it had a lot of missing information or hidden documentation, to do with the accident in it, pictures of mum and dad’s bodies, newspaper clippings, autopsy reports, everything.” I didn’t want to bring it up yet, but it’s out there now, bringing down the mood we had set.

“I want to see it, even if it makes me cry like a newborn, I have to see. I have to know the truth, find some real closure.” I understood clearly what he meant. It was the same for Fixer and me; we needed to know the truth and see justice done.

“You will, but if you don’t mind, can we get you situated in your new bedroom, and then we can have Fixer get the box, and we can go over it in your room, away from others, when you see your parents’ bodies for the first time. It’s confronting.” I say, as I pull out the plug and watch the dirty water go down the sink, turn on the tap to wash it clean, and look around to make sure the kitchen is clean.

“Thanks, bro, that would be perfect. I brought a bag with me. I don’t have much at the clubhouse. I never needed it before, just a few changes of clothes, only one pair of boots. Maybe now that we have a home to live in, I can spread my wings a bit. Can I invite Melony here? I think I would like to give it a go, with her, you know?” He asked shyly, sounding a little more excited about being here. I liked this new look, nothing like how Zero would be as he talked about a girl he banged; this one was a girlfriend who was never on either of our radars. I hadn’t even known he was still seeing her before he went away.

“Sure thing, buddy, happy you found one you want to give it a try with. I hope she doesn’t break your heart.” I joked, but at the same time was serious.

How bad and confusing was that?

We left the kitchen and picked up his bag on the way as I led him upstairs to the room Fixer had picked out for him; it faced the sunny side, and he could see the clubhouse backyard, which I think he would enjoy watching. The colors were soft browns and blue, and there was a new rug, similar to the one in his room but nicer, larger, and softer. It suits the room, and there’s plenty to do in it to make it his own. If Melony moves in, she can decorate it however she likes.

I was happy to say yes to another of Fixer’s friends living here; they know Fixer better than anyone, having been there during some of her worst times. Fixer will be pleased when she hears about it, I suggested we keep it between us until Melony arrives and give Fixer a pleasant surprise.

“Melony was thrilled, she was on her way, with an overnight bag, and tomorrow we can go and collect her other things.” Zero was grinning like a Cheshire cat who just eaten the cream.

“Do you want her to be here when we look at those pictures?” I asked, not knowing where his head was at. Stuck between the excitement of his new girl, what happened at the club, which he hadn’t mentioned yet, and the chance to learn what really happened to our parents.

“She most likely knows a bit about it, being Fixer’s friend. I don’t mind; it might bring Melony closer to Fixer. I feel that girl deserves so much more than she gets. Melony will handle it; she might cry, but yeah, she’s cool.” That was a relief, and it sounds like Zero found the girl he wants to keep around, as I did with Fixer, when you know, you know, that’s how our family had always been, for the men that is. When we find one, it’s like love at first sight, you want to hold them all the time, and protect them; that would have been the same for my Dad, and his dad before him.

“Wow, this room’s huge, no wonder you moved over here. Who does it belong to? Uncle Simon?” I smiled at him and thought a moment before telling him, Fixer won’t mind him knowing.

“Fixer owns it, but we’re going to let others believe it belongs to Uncle Simon; only Prez knows that Fixer’s mega-rich.” I went on and gave him a shortened version of her wealth, not just the Astors’ but her other side too.

A knock on the door had us turning to see who was standing there.

“Hey, do you like the room?” Fixer asked, looking between Zero and me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 138[1,403 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

In the lounge, we discussed progress around the property. It was going ahead of schedule, Uncle Simon had pulled in all the stops, and they had an extra worker, one of the transportables, which was already full of workers that would stay; the other was half full of security, watching the workers, and doing some installation of cameras as well. I was glad Uncle Simon and Tandy had control of this; there were too many things going on at once.

“Uncle Simon. Do you want to meet my Grams and Gramps? They want me to visit tomorrow, not able to wait for the following weekend.” I asked, keeping my ear out for Tank and Zero; it sounded like they had almost finished in the kitchen.

“Maybe next time. With all these workers around, best I stay and keep an eye on them. Do you want me to call in the helicopter to take you there?” Uncle Simon asked softly. He had his own helicopter. The hanger could house more than one at a time, in case we both needed to use one. I am still in awe of the huge change in my life. I still feel like me, but now I can help others while keeping low-key, as my Grandparents did. I would never have known they had a lot of money and property; they lived such a simple life, out of the world’s eyes.

“Okay, will ask Tank if he wants to come.” Prez and Sticks were sitting here; they had been talking about the baby and how tired Sticks was getting, and thanked me for pushing Sticks to take naps. I tried to keep my talk light, but everyone could feel the unspoken tension. I tried to stay pleasant, and I could see that Sticks had no clue, and Blaze was as uncomfortable as I was. Trying to make light conversation was not so easy. I was thankful for Tandy and his jokes, which kept things lighter.

I heard Tank and Zero go upstairs.

“I need to go to Zero’s room; I need his print in the system.” I stood and collected some of the files from the large box and my tablet.

They hadn’t closed the door, and I heard Zero ask about the house and Tank’s answer. I didn’t mind his brother knowing some of it; hopefully, it won’t change his opinion of me.

“Hey, do you like the room?” I asked, looking between Zero and Tank.

“You bet, I have never had a room so huge, and my own bathroom, I don’t have to fight the brothers over.” He joked and came to me, picking me up and twirling me around. I nearly dropped the files and tablet.

“Thanks, sis, this was the best news after returning here.” I blushed as he put me down.

“I need your hand on this.” Zero didn’t question, just placed his hand on my tablet.

“Thanks, now the right thumb here.” He placed his thumb.

“Now the left.”

“You now have access to the house; your thumbs can open the gates,” I said as I completed the access levels and saved them.

“Thanks, what’s in the files?” He asked, and I looked at Tank.

“He knows.” Tanks shrugged.

“Come to the table, and you can go through them, ask anything you like, and if I know, I will answer. I have more, but this I thought was enough to start with; it was the worst of

them.” I placed the file on the table. Zero sat in front of the files, and Tank sat on the other side, slowly opening it.

Zero swore a few times, but didn’t stop till he reached the last picture.

“Have some questions.” For half an hour, he asked, and we answered, with more swearing and a few tears, but on the whole, he handled it quite well.

My tablet lit up, showing Melony at the gate. I pushed the access.

“Melony’s here, care to share?” I asked with a smile, hoping it was what I was thinking, because I hadn’t told her about this place yet, that we had moved, and with Jenny at work, I couldn’t ask her.

“We’ve been seeing each other and texting while I was away. Um, I er.. I hope you don’t mind, but I er..” It stammered through what he wanted to say, not at all like the confident Zero I had come to know.

“He had asked Melony to move in,” Tank said, since Zero was having trouble spitting it out.

“You’d better go downstairs and greet her, show her where the garage is for her car,” I said with a smile, not giving away that I was surprised that he had hooked up with Melony, she never said a word to me about meeting up with a clubmember, I had noticed they got along well on our first time at the club, but I hadn’t seen her come to the club again, and she never mentioned it when we text each other.

“You don’t mind?” Tank asked as he helped me put away the pictures, before Melony arrived upstairs. I think I might have spoiled their surprise, but that couldn’t be helped, and I kinda pushed the file onto him before he could even unpack. Looks like he needs to go shopping; he doesn’t own much.

“Melony, she’s a good woman, suits Zero,” I replied, and together, we left his room and headed downstairs to greet her and introduce her to my uncle and Tandy. She should already know Blaze, Prez, and Sticks.

You would think Melony was Jenny’s double. The moment she saw me, she screamed and ran at me, throwing her arms around me, squealing in excitement that I was there.

“You live here too?” Melony asked once, and she stopped squealing in my ear.

“Yes, Jenny too, but she is at work for two days. Do you remember, Prez, Sticks, Blaze? This is Tandy, and my Uncle Simon.” I introduced the room. Melony said hi to each one before turning to me.

“Jenny lives here? Oh my, when she gets home from work in a day or so, the three of us together, this place won’t know what happened to it. Can’t wait, does she know I am moving in?” Melony beamed, her eyes wide with joy.

“Nope. I didn’t know you were moving in till you were knocking on the door.” I giggled as she turned to look at Zero, her hands on her hips, ready to give him what for.

“Zero, did you at least ask the owner for permission before texting me to move in?” She demanded, yep, this was going to be fun.

“Yes, I did.” Zero was grinning from ear to ear at her feisty behaviour. He loved that she stood up to him and ensured he did it right.

“Uncle Simon, did he?” Melony asked, turning to Uncle Simon, who looked at me, and I nodded.

“Yes, he did after dinner; he should have mentioned it before dinner, then you could have eaten with us.” We all know it wasn’t possible, unless Tank said something at the clubhouse before the shitshow, or before he arrived here, but I feel he did all that talking in the kitchen.

“You’re lucky, can’t just lob on someones doorstep, and expect them to say it was okay, when you put them in a bind.” Melony moved to him and wrapped her arms around his neck, and he lifted her up with one hand, her suitcase in the other.

“Taking my girl to see our room, back later.” Zero was gone in a flash, and just like Tank, had no trouble balancing her on his arm, as if she weighed nothing, and took the stairs two at a time.

“You will need to assign a parking spot for her car and get her security done.” Uncle Simon commented as he watched them disappear.

“Car to the right, bikes to the left,” I replied, not fussed at the moment. Then turned to Tank.

“Need help bringing your truck over here? I can have you blowfly, and take you there.” I offered as I climbed onto his lap.

“Me? Blowfly? Are you serious?” He looked horrified at the thought of being on the back of my bike.

“Yeah, just think what I do to you when I am on the back.” I was being suggestive. Because I often grab his shaft when I think his concentration is waning, it brings him back to life really fast.

“You might have something there. Will think about it.” Tank whispered in my ear before giving it a small bite.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 139[1,567 words]

Tank POV

Zero’s reaction to seeing the pictures was better than mine, but then he hadn’t seen all the rest, just the worst of mum and dad on the road. I have yet to go over the rest, because it was too much to take in on one viewing, too emotional. Not looking forward to when I show him the rest, and I hope that when Fixer goes with Uncle Simon to the place Barry and his family have been detained, I can go too, and I believe Zero would most likely want to go too. A punch or two in the face might give us some satisfaction.

Melony was a barrel of fun. I can see the three of them together, which will keep us on our toes, and why Fixer likes her. Melony was something between the two of them, not as out there as Jenny, but not as quiet as Fixer. Watching Fixer around her, I would say Fixer can be a lot more out there than what I have seen so far, a side I am looking forward to. I have seen snippets, small glimpses of a girl hiding behind hurt. I am looking forward to watching Fixer bloom. She will be amazing when she comes out of hiding.

While they were upstairs, Prez spoke calmly.

“Spoke to Bruiser, he was not happy with you throwing in your cut, but understands your reasoning behind it, but won’t back down, and won’t let the blame fall on Cricket’s shoulders, where I believe it stems from. I told him to think about what he was doing, and I called a members’ meeting for tomorrow morning. After I take you there to collect your truck and baby. I’d like you to be at that meeting.” It was almost like he was pleading with me to go, he might have wanted to order me to, but we been friends far too long for him to do that to me. Only when in front of others and he has to put on a show of being the boss does he do that. We have an understanding, and it works for us.

“Okay, I will stay briefly, but I won’t put up with hearing them putting Fixer down; she has done so much for the club in a small amount of time,” I replied, while Fixer sat quietly on my lap, listening to us talk.

“The club will be in for a shock if I walk. If Bruiser doesn’t back down, and the members don’t reinstate Fixer, I will throw in my cut, too. Then they will be in for a shock.” Prez was angry, and it appeared that Sticks was supporting him.

“Why will they be in for a shock?” Blaze asked, looking a little lost.

“Fixer, Tank, and Prez, great-grandfathers, built this town. Fixer’s family owned thousands of acres and lived here for years before others came and wanted to make a town here. They built the town, had men cut logs, and in three years had enough buildings to call it a small town. Others came to settle, and slowly the town grew. They formed the bike club; the Prez and Tanks family brought in as a shareholder of the land with Fixer’s family, and together the three built the clubhouse, which slowly grew. The Fixer family sold off more and more as the town grew, but they still own a large share and keep the town running. The club has never been owned by the club. They do not have any business that generates high income, as it’s Prez and Tank who provide the club with funds when it runs short. The club supports the town when it needs it, helps with fires, floods, and community work, but money-wise, it has members’ dues, the bar, and that’s about it; they actually own nothing. The community thinks they own a lot of the town and get their income from rents on shops and other properties, but that’s not true. It belongs to Tanks, Zero, and Prez. While the rest, and mostly the bulk of the town, was owned solely by Fixer, it hasn’t been sold off to individuals occasionally. But most parts have long-term agreements,” Tandy informs the room. Only Fixer knew I was part of a small group that had purchased a share with her family generations ago and helped build the town. That we had a lot of money of our own. Zero and I have never needed to find real work, hence the bar at the club, and the odd jobs I do. I have a degree in business, and that’s what Zero and I do in our time, going over our businesses, signing off payments, keeping things running, while Prez looked after the club, keeping it afloat, and acting as a diplomat between other clubs.

Fixer had brought to light problems in our town that I was too blind to see, or maybe not know enough to think to find a solution to fix them. We talked about it, and together we are going to see what we can do to improve our town.

“Wow, so if you throw in the cut, the club will fail,” Blaze asked, looking shocked by this new information.

“Yep, because the bank account for the club has about one hundred thousand in it, won’t last long if they are not frugal, and something tells me Cricket will spend it all,” I say, because that exactly how I feel about Cricket, she’s flighy and when the money gone, she will do a runner on Bruiser, breaking his heart. He’s in for a lot of hurt soon.

“Bruiser has been with the club, like all his life, same as you. Does he have another agender? Like, has he jumped ship?” Blaze asks, still finding it hard to believe Bruiser would do this, just for a woman, that makes no sense.

“It doesn’t make sense, he’s stronger than this, been our enforcer for two years, thought he was happy with his lot, until Cricket came along, and he started to change. Since that attack on our club or just before, something’s amiss in his head.” Prez replies, looking forlorn.

“All we can do is wait and see, give them what they want, and pick up the pieces later. We can rebuild, but trust might have been the high cost.” Uncle Simon joins in, and he was right, they have to fail to see, they are too blind.

“Moving out of the clubhouse gave them time to talk, plot, and now we are seeing what they are up to, and removing us might be the plan all along. We shall give them what they want, the power to run the club, and see how long they can last. Tandy, should we move that money into a term deposit, say for six months, so they have nothing to spend? Protect it?” We all look at Tandy as he smirks.

“Will do that now, I can manage it online.” Tandy pulled out his phone, typed away, then made a phone call. In less than five minutes, the money was locked away, safe and sound.

“Done. Now what’s the plan?” Zero and Melony walked in and sat to listen, not having a clue what we had been discussing. Zero sat in a single chair and pulled Melony onto his lap, just like me. I love having Fixer in my arms; he was not letting her move too far from him.

“Tomorrow at the meeting, if Bruiser doesn’t recant, I will throw in my cut, and he can be Prez, give him what he wants, and wait,” Prez answered, and my stomach fell. Our families started this club; I guess it was fitting we end it.

“What, I missed all that? Are we quitting the club?” Zero asked in shock.

“I am going to give Bruiser a chance to fix this. If he doesn’t, I am leaving, and he can take over. We have secured the funds, so Cricket can’t spend it, and we wait to see what they do, maybe boot them out of the clubhouse, as they have no contract to stay, and see how they feel after that. The club owns nothing; the buildings, the equipment, as you know, were all ours. They leave with their bikes and nothing else. I will speak with Mike tomorrow. If this goes the way I expect, and he can start charging members full price at the shop, I will add a little extra to those who voted us out.” Prez had a list of names from the meeting that voted Fixer out, and was ready to cause drama for all those against her, which meant they were against us.

“Tomorrow will be interesting. I will throw my cut along with you. Blaze, what are you going to do?” Zero said, and I was feeling a little unsettled about having him live here and worried about him reporting back to the club.

“I am with you, this sucks, and should never have happened, let’s see how they cope, with no money or support. If the Jones gang suddenly appears, we know what was happening, and we can evict the lot of them.” Blaze was fuming; he couldn’t believe what was going on any more than we could.

Hearing that he was on our side made me feel better. We didn’t want a mole living with us, but inviting him here made kicking him out seem a little unfair.

**Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 140[
1,683 words]**

Fixer POV

The evening was a mixture of fun and sadness.

Fun, having Melony join us, wait till Jenny comes home and see her, unless Melony tells her beforehand.

Sad, because of what will go down tomorrow morning, I wonder what those who didn't vote to remove me will do, would they side with Prez and throw in their cut? It was extreme. I don't recall having heard of such a thing happening, but who knows? The leadership changes, we never know why, just that it does, so this could be a new precedent.

Tank tossed and turned most of the night, this was eating him alive, and I could do nothing about it, other than feel guilty that it had come to this, if I hadn't come to the club, and if, and if, and if, yeah, the lots of what if's, but can't change it, but that doesn't stop the guilt factor, that comes with it.

Morning came, and I was sluggish,

"Morning, sorry I can't join you for your first meeting with the grandparents, but I have spoken to Uncle Simon, and he will go with you and help you, be the backup, on my behalf. I believe he already knows them; that should ease your mind, knowing that if you get stuck, he can pull you out." We were in the showers, and Tank was washing my back, as he tried to give me some moral support, when I felt it should be the other way round.

"I am sorry for bringing all this on you." I hiccupped out, trying to keep the emotions out, tell that to my throat that was closing up, and my eyes that were threatening tears. The last thing Tank needed right now was a blubbering mess on his hands.

"Hey, you have done nothing wrong; this was brewing long before you came. The only difference was that you called Cricket out on her BS, while Sticks just put up with it. I highly doubt she was even pregnant, and saying she lost it at camp was convenient when Bruiser went to play with her body, and she had blood. She put on the tears, and the acting was great, even you fell for it, giving her the shoulder to cry on. She stabbed you in the back for being supportive. Not your fault, she has issues." Tank rubbed my back and tried to make me feel better. I wanted to cancel the meeting with the grandparents, but Tank wouldn't let me.

Breakfast was quieter than normal; no one was cooking today, and cereal, toast, and whatever you wanted on it. No one felt like doing much.

Melony left for work after I had her hand scanned into the system, and Zero showed her where to park moving forward.

I saw Tank and the others off for next door. Tandy was staying to oversee the work here and to do some work on his computer; his job doesn't stop. He had no clients today, so he could work remotely.

The sound of the helicopter arriving had Uncle Simon rushing me out the door. I had never been in a helicopter, and was unsure what to expect. It was noisy, so I needed headsets. I was told it was to communicate, but it was noise-cancelling, and without the headset, the noise was loud, and I wouldn't be able to hear Uncle Simon sitting next to me, even when shouting.

The ground became distant, and below looked like a diorama, with small buildings and vehicles moving along grey lines on the ground, the roads snaking across the countryside; the rivers were easy to follow, shiny reflections of the sun, that weaved in and out of sight. From here, it was so beautiful, and worrying about flying disappeared; I felt like I was sitting in a lounge chair, watching below as if it were on a screen. I can see myself using the helicopter often, not scary at all.

"See that large house, that's our destination." House? How can he call that a house?

The place was a very large mansion, with green, lush lawns in contrast to the forest that surrounded it; it was impossible to miss from the air. It reeked of money and quality, and I was already worried about how the inside might look. My mind thought of white carpets, chandeliers, a long, spiralling staircase, and I would be worried about breaking something that was so old and expensive.

Landing was quick and smooth, much better than on an airplane.

Uncle Simon turned to me, removed my headset, hung them up on a hook next to his, climbed out, came to my side, and helped me out of the helicopter, pushing down on my head to keep me away from the rotor blades.

Once away from the rotor blades, he walked with his hand on my lower back, guiding me in the direction of the home. As we headed down the pathway, a group of people rushed out, formed a line in front of a large door, and bowed as we walked by. Uncle Simon chuckled at the sudden arrival, where my throat suddenly went dry, and swallowing did little to moisten it.

"They are out to impress." He joked as a well-dressed couple came out and waited by the door. It looked like they were dressed for a party, but Uncle Simon whispered his assurance that this was their everyday attire, which cost more than my year's salary at the bike shop.

"Zaria, welcome, and Simon, I didn't expect you to be with her. Where's Tank?" Gramps queried as we got closer, his eyes darting between the two of us and looking behind us. "He had business to attend, sends his apologies and hopes to catch up another day soon."

Uncle Simon replied with a smile

When I got close enough, Grams moved forward and pulled me into her arms. I stiffened at first at her sudden move. She smelled of musk and orchids, and her scent washed over me. I was unsure what to do, so I patted her on her back, feeling awkward.

“My turn,” Gramps called out behind her, and before I knew it, I was in strong arms that squeezed the breath out of me. He was stronger than he looked, towering over me, like Uncle Simon, but not as tall as Tank or Zero.

“Come inside, let’s get to know each other.” Gramps shook Uncle Simon’s and the four of us continued inside. Those who went outside to make neat lines followed us inside.

I was partly right; there were chandeliers and a winding staircase, but the entrance had polished floorboards, the carpet ran in spirals of browns and blues, up the staircase, tastefully done, and paintings lined the walls, but thankfully, there were no expensive vases waiting for me to knock them over and shatter something beyond repair.

We were led into a comfortable, welcoming sitting room, where a tea service awaited us: finger sandwiches and mini cakes. Exactly as I imagined they would have waiting for us, it was like in the movies, and I was an actress, with no script.

“Take any seat.” Grams said as she took a single chair, and Gramps took the one next to her. Uncle Simon led me to a double seater and sat beside me.

“So Simon, how is it you are here with Zaria?” Grams asked, looking at him, with a look that would make most squirm, and lying would not be tolerated.

“Fixer, is my niece, I am her grandmother’s brother.” He replied proudly, patting my leg.

“Really, so you are related to us, in a way. Nice, it’s good to catch up with family, and get to know you all.” Gramps answered with a twinkle in his eye.

A woman came out of nowhere, poured cups of tea in expensive-looking China, and handed them out.

“Grams, I have brought a photo album, you might want to look through.” It was one that Grandma had put in the box, which had the time my mum and dad were together, their wedding, mum being pregnant with me, and me as a baby, although there weren’t that many pictures of Dad, it was enough to have Grams and Gramps smiling and a few tears as she looked through it.

A man dressed impeccably, wearing a uniform I had seen others wear, announced the arrival of someone. He spoke in a monotone, a drone that sounded bored.

“Send him in,” Gramps said to the man, who bowed and left us.

A gentleman, impeccably dressed in an Armani suit, shiny shoes, short, neatly combed hair, and a huge briefcase, greeted my grandparents and took a seat, accepting tea.

“Zaria, this is our lawyer. He has drawn up paperwork for you to sign. We don’t believe in waiting to be dead to give you your inheritance. Now that we have found you, we intend to see as much of you as we can.” She was smiling brightly, like she had said something really great, but it did little for me; I already had more than I could handle.

“Can you include her chosen name of Fixer on that paperwork, please?” Uncle Simon requested, and now I am so grateful that he insisted on accompanying me; I would never have thought to demand that. He knows more about all this than I ever will.

“Fixer, you go by that name?” He asked, politely, as his eyes bore into me like he was trying to read me, and shred any lie to pieces.

“Yes, I had said this when I talked to my Grandparents at Tandy’s office, at our very first meeting,” I replied, speaking for the first time since we arrived. I was pleased that my voice was calm and clear, even though I felt anything but calm inside.

“Why fixer?” Gramps asked, looking at me, with interest.

“Our girl here can fix almost anything, from your lawnmower to your helicopter, she can sort out problems, and she’s a great diplomat. There’s a lot our girl can do.” Uncle Simon exaggerates what I could do; I never touched a helicopter till today: how would I fix it?

“Wow, a skilled woman. Fixer it is then. Takes after you, dear.” Gram’s eyes glistened with pride.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 141[1,708 words]

Tank POV

Fixer was nervous, and I felt guilty not going with her, but I felt supporting Prez now was vital, a vital part of something big, a change was on the way. We have been through thick and thin, most of our lives, having been brought up in the club, as brothers, brought companies together, made changes as a trio, I needed to be with him now, the silent partner, that paid when asked, so was Fixer, but we never knew this, until now, so we have to support her, the name on the signatures was always Zaria, so we never joined the dots.

Bruiser had been part of our group growing up, but we never brought him into the business side of things. He was a boy who lost his Dad on the road and became one of the club’s orphans. As much as Bruiser was one of us in that sense, he was always trying to

prove himself, to be better than us, and I am glad we never brought him into the business side.

The helicopter arrived. As we pulled up at the clubhouse, I managed to place parts of the baby in my truck before stopping to watch it in the sky, whispering to it as it disappeared.

“Good luck, my little lady, stay strong, and be yourself.” I was choked up as I watched her disappear with me at her side on such a big day, and all I could do was send her my love.

Prez was shouting orders in the clubhouse. I could hear him calling others to come to the meeting. I took that as my cue to go to the back area, where the meeting will be held, too many to cram into the clubhouse. I leaned against a tree, next to Zero and Blaze, as the men jostled for position, which they considered important.

“Yesterday, in our meeting, Bruiser found the need to kick Fixer out of the club, a vote had her removed, and Tank, of course, left with her. Now Bruiser wants my job. If you agree with Bruiser, go stand on the left; you want me to stay, come to the right.” Prez said, and we waited, watching everyone moving around. Too many moved to the left for my liking, nearly half of who was here.

“Fine, you on the left consider Bruiser as your Prez.” Prez walked over to us and waited for the crowd to make sense of what just happened. Prez didn’t quit; he just said that Bruiser was the leader of half the clubs’ members.

“There are still another hundred not yet accounted for at this meeting. We shall send out a message to those advising them of the change of leadership.” Bruiser started, named his VP and enforcer, and made new decisions, while the group on the right sat quietly and confused, looking at Prez for guidance, which was: have to wait till this shit show was over.

“Let’s change our name, never liked this one.” They talked about the new name, and it was interesting to hear some of the suggestions. The group was excited, talking all at once, not considering what was happening, the bigger picture. It was not as simple as they made it out to be, and they will find that out soon.

Prez, Zero, Blaze, and I moved to stand in front of the men, ensuring we could be seen by our loyal team, which was actually larger than the one on the left, but those on the left failed to notice; they were outnumbered. Too engrossed in making changes to their liking, to see what could really be happening around them.

We stood, our arms folded, blank faces, as we watched the show, biding our time, our group watched and waited for us to make a move or say something. We weren’t going to show our hand till the time was right. What was disappointing was how many had wanted a change. I noticed none of the noms joined the left; all were on the right. We are who they want to join, and that made me feel a little better. It was too much fun watching them be idiots, not knowing what Prez, Zero,

Blaze, Fixer, and I planned to do.

“Let’s go for a ride, as a newly formed leadership, grow our bond as a team, together, on the road.”

Someone shouted out, and the agreement happened.

“Let’s ride.” Another called out.

“Leave your cuts here, we don’t need to ride under the old name, we’ll get them changed when we return,” Bruiser shouted out, as he took off his cut, and threw it on the ground, others reluctantly joined in, some hesitant to remove the cut, and what it meant, where others couldn’t get it off fast enough.

So, there are some still on the fence and going because their mates are.

Interesting.

The roar of bikes starting up and leaving was our cue.

“Tandy, the split as we thought, they have gone on the ride, which was not expected, but good for us, and aid for our plan to go smoothly. Can organise the security armed and over here, before dark, as discussed. Thanks.” I hung up the phone.

“Guys, we are still the club, and this is our clubhouse; nothing has changed. We lost some members today, but with this split, we can see who was loyal and who wasn’t. To see so many leave was disappointing.” Prez started talking to the group.

“What now, Prez?” One of the noms asked, looking worried, but happy to voice the question that no one else had.

“Good question. I want the personal belongings of those who left and those who live here packed and placed outside the main gate. They are no longer members of our club. I am changing passwords and locks. We have armed security coming to man the gate until this settles, because they are going to be mad when they find they have no clubhouse to come home to.” Prez announced, the members smiling at last, the worry replaced with determination. “They had no right to out Tank and Fixer; they are now reinstated. Tank’s back as VP. Anyone want to volunteer to be the enforcer?” He asked, looking from face to face.

“We trust you, you choose.” Someone shouted out when no one wanted to take on the job.

“Then, Zero will be the enforcer, with Blaze his second. Jinx, take over the bar. Anyone want to take on the job of keeping the clubhouse in order?” Two hands went up, and after more jobs were offered, and volunteers took them, our club members were in better spirits.

“All right, let’s box and bag up that gear. Get it off our land.” The members’ enthusiasm was high, and they didn’t care how they packed their gear; within an hour, all their personal belongings were out of the gate, sitting in the driveway, out of traffic’s way.

“Their belongings are out. What do we do with the rooms?” One of the men asked, with a small group behind him.

“They are empty. Anyone want to take over the room?” Hands went up, and men were allocated

better rooms. Jinx took over Bruiser’s room with joy; it was on the top floor and one of the better rooms. The atmosphere around the clubhouse was pleasant, as if some hidden pressure had been removed.

“How about a barbecue for dinner?” Some shouted but; it appears no one wanted to go home.

Discussions of staying the night have been bantered about; I was okay with that.

“Do it,” Prez shouted out.

“I am taking the baby and the gear home, and returning shortly on my bike,” I said softly, not wanting to give too much away. Fixer will do the rebuild at home. She was far too busy to be here for now. Fixer needs to work on the bikes to keep her sane; it helps her think, clear her mind, and keep her hands busy. She can come here and do repairs if needed, and she has time.

“Be quick, it’s getting dark, they will be back soon, my informant said they are an hour out of town, just fuelled up at that small service station,” Prez whispered as the girls brought out meat for the men to start cooking.

I was quick: I dropped the truck in the garage, found Tandy, and told him the gang would be back within the hour and that he should make sure those guards were here. Grabbed my bike and returned.

There was no sign of Fixer yet. I sent her another text message, updating her on what was going down. She had sent me smiley faces the last time I texted her.

The gates were securely locked, and I parked my bike out front, next to Prez. As I climbed off, twenty armed men came through the side gate from our home, our gang members all moving to the grassed area, and watched them approach, their arrival made this some much more real, one guy has actually said it was good that they weren’t the ones that had to fight the returning bikers, as they didn’t want to have to fight men, they had considered as friends, a little while ago.

They came straight to me.

I introduced them to Prez and the gang before we briefed them on what went down and where we want them to be.

“Thank you, it’s good to see you again, my friend,” the lead man said before turning to his men, barking out some orders, and they jogged away.

“Right, enjoy your meal, smells good, we might come and grab a bite, two at a time, depending on the activity at the gate.” He joked as he left to join his men, jogging with full gear on, towards the gate.

“You know these men?” Blaze asked, and others moved closer to hear my response.

“Yeah, met them a few times, they are Fixer’s private little army, she has more, but I don’t think we need them,” I replied with a smile

“Her own army?” Someone else barked out in shock.

“Yeah, her family on her father’s side has a bit of money, and they have sort of given her top priority protection.” Zero added with a smile. As much as the others wanted to ask more, the call that the food was ready had them turning toward it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 142[1,720 words]

Fixer POV

The day was exhausting. All I wanted to do was go home and hold onto Tank. I need his quiet support.

I had never signed so many pieces of paper; I was starting to get cramps in my hands from holding the pen.

My head was spinning with information overload, and I thought it would explode at any moment, with all that I was trying to take in. In the end, I signed away, not bothering to take in the last few; it was too much. I could have been signing the change of cheesecake ingredients, for all I knew. I would hate that, I love cheesecake.

Gramps and the lawyer explained each page before I signed; the lawyer’s voice became a droning background noise, and more than half didn’t sink in. I hadn’t heard of many of these places or businesses I now owned.

“Can you send me copies or at least a spreadsheet of all that I have signed? They’re starting to sound all the same to me.” I confessed when he started on another pile of papers.

“Good girl, you have a great business mind. I will ensure you get all the information forwarded to you. We won’t forward the papers, but we will provide a list of what you signed. I will put it in a spreadsheet, with drop-down menus, for greater detail.” The lawyer replied, happy that I had made the suggestion, it was almost like they had just tested me, and I passed.

I signed for another hour before the paperwork was all back in his briefcase, and lunch was served.

Lunch, it was like I was at a smorgasbord, small plates of everything you could think of were on the table.

“I didn’t know what you liked, so I had the cook prepare a sampling of everything, and hope there was something on the table that you would like.” Grams said with the quiet confidence I had started to accept as her everyday voice, practiced so much over the years, it had become her norm.

“There’s very little our Fixer won’t eat; she has an appetite to rival the largest man.” Uncle Simon joked as he loaded his plate with fried chicken. I blushed because I am not afraid to eat, but I can’t eat as much as Tank.

“Good. I was glad that you are not a plastic girl. I am not sure I would have coped with that.” Gramps said, with a smile that could melt the hardest heart.

“Plastic?” Uncle Simon asked, looking confused.

“A body that has had so much medically change or enhancements, that it no longer looks like the girl she once was, or would have been, and can often be high maintenance,” I reply as I place some ribs on my plate, and wonder how they would feel about me using my fingers.

The lunch took twice as long as I would normally take; my grandparents asked a lot of questions, some I answered, others Uncle Simon answered, knowing I wouldn’t. Too much hurt was involved. So much of my life was lost one way or another; talking about it doesn’t make it any better.

“We have since learned that her Grandpa was murdered, and the murderers got away with it till now. Her mother was in a motor vehicle accident, which was not an accident; the same person we believe was involved, and we have taken them into custody.” Uncle Simon was saying, and I looked up at him.

“All of them?” I asked, after swallowing the mouthful of rib, which suddenly didn’t taste so good.

“Yes, all of them. We cleaned out the house; it is empty and ready for renting if you wish to do that.” I remember Tandy mentioning that he had the house and everything they

owned now in my name, don't know how they did it, and won't ask, just happy it's done and dusted.

"Do you need help?" Gramps asked as he wiped his mouth with the napkin; his lunch was finished.

"Nope, all done, waiting to let Tank and Fixer have some fun with them, before we finish the task." It sounded like an everyday chat, not that we were talking about removing the lives of three people, and I found I didn't feel a thing, no sadness, or guilt, or worry over having their lives ended. They killed or had a hand in killing a few people already; who knows how many more that we don't know about?

"My team has located your son. Fixer's dad. We are considering sending our own team, as the government's wheels of progress move too slowly, and I would like to get this done quickly. My team is, as we speak, going over the area and reports before sending me a plan of action. Once approved, we could have your son back on friendly soil within the month. We hope." Uncle Simon pulled out his phone and showed Gramps something.

"Is he alive?" Grams asked, tears threatening to fall down her cheeks.

"We are not sure, the thermal imaging, of the area, shows us the two holding cells, have eight heat images in one, and seven in the other, we know the team your son was in, had twelve men, we do not know who the extras are, or if one of the ones alive, is your son, but one way or another, we shall have answers soon." Uncle Simon tried to be optimistic, but even I saw the holes in his explanation.

"Then all we can do is wait for you to have those answers. Thank you, you have made more progress than we ever could." Grams replied, her calm voice back in place.

"Come, I have photos to share of your father as a lad. Only fair you showed me yours." Grams practically dragged me out of the dining room and back to the sitting room, where photo albums had miraculously appeared. Uncle Simon's chuckle was heard all the way down the hallway.

It was late afternoon, my eyes had seen enough of my father, naked on a rug, in a bath, teenage years, playing sports, trophies galore, they were very proud of their son, it was obvious, but from what I could understand so far, their split from their son was because they didn't think my mum was good enough for him, so he left.

I showed Uncle Simon a text message from Tank, 'The club was split, and the splinter group went for a ride, need you back soon.' I didn't need to say want to go home; one look at the text and he got the message loud and clear.

"Time to return, or we won't make it back before it gets too dark, for the helicopter to fly home, your place was not yet set up, with a beacon for the pilot to hone in on, and the area was dark. It would be too dangerous to take you home in the dark. When the landing

pad is finished, night flying won't be a problem." Uncle Simon announced, despite my grandparents' protests, that we would climb into the helicopter and take to the skies. My grandparents, watching us leave, their bodies not tiny dots on the ground, but I could imagine they were still waving goodbye, until the helicopter was out of sight.

"We should be back before the splinter group returns." Uncle Simon shouted in the headset, but I had my doubts.

"We stayed far too long; we should have headed back an hour ago. They were determined to try to keep us overnight." I groaned, knowing that in the future it would be harder and harder to get away from them, now that they had met me and decided was not plastic.

"Agreed, but we both needed to be back. Tandy has done all he can; he needs me back for the confrontation, if there's fighting, they men need my go-ahead to use force, or yours." Uncle Simon was on his phone texting away the whole flight home.

"Uncle Simon, out the window, that looks like them, close to the town welcome sign, so about fifteen minutes." Uncle Simon leaned over to see out my window.

"Agreed. We are five minutes away. We shall arrive in time." He sounded relieved. Like me.

"I will text Tank, let him know I am five out, and the splinter group fifteen, although they might already know how far away that group was. Prez has eyes everywhere, and he might be able to hear the helicopter, by now, too, even if he can't see it." I pulled out my phone and texted him.

As we prepared to land, I looked over at the clubhouse and chuckled.

"What's funny?" Uncle Simon asked, not having seen the yard.

"They are having a barbecue, just what I need about now, some fun time with my other family." Uncle Simon looked out my side and chuckled.

"They do not appear to be worried." He said, pleased to see them relaxed.

"The gate has a lot of men with rifles, yours?" I pointed to the gate as we began our descent.

"Nope, yours. I spoke to your Grandparents, and they have sent fifty men to serve as your guards. Expect them to be nearby all the time; they are too worried to lose you again." We reached the ground, and Uncle Simon took my headset and climbed out, then helped me.

"Thank you, Pilot. Will you stay or return to Gramps I asked before I climbed out.

“Returning to Gramps, he has yet to assign a permanent pilot for you. When your landing pad is completed, someone will be assigned.” He added, and I felt so out of my depth with all this, being rich was not all it was cracked up to be. I thought I was swamped with what I already inherited from my mother’s side, but this was triple, if not more, than what I had already received.

Uncle Simon helped me out, and I learned to duck my head as we left the rotor area.

It was Uncle Simon’s helicopter on the way to the Grandparents, and Uncle Simon gave him the rest of the day off, since my Grandparents wanted their pilot to fly us back, and get an idea where we were, so he could fly them here when they want to visit. It was sneaky, but I understood that they would move here given the chance, but I wasn’t ready for them around me that often.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 143[1,516 words]

Tank POV

Fixer and Melony came through the side gate, Fixer guiding Melony towards us. Melony had only been at the club grounds once, and then she was mainly in the bar area, where the party was. However, when her eyes found my brother, it was instant. She suddenly left Fixer behind and raced over to Zero, climbing him, like he was a jungle gym and wrapped her legs around his waist, and smothered his face with kisses, till he took control, and changed the peppering of kisses to a deeper, longer one.

Whistles and cat calls echoed around the yard as men took in the sight of Zero having a full-on pash session in the yard.

Fixer walked over to me, a soft smile on her face as she watched Melony with Zero.

“Melony has always been like Jenny, full of drama, but the good kind, hope Zero can keep up with her,” Fixer said before turning her attention to me, and receiving a bruising kiss, my arms wrapped around her, automatically, pulling her close to me, and enjoying the feel of her body melding into mine.

“Hungry? I asked huskily.

“Yeah, I could smell the food at the gate. How’s the security team doing? Are they being fed?” That’s my little lady, always thinking of others.

“They are coming in twos and threes, grabbing a plate and leaving. They appear to be at ease and not at all worried about the pending confrontation. They should have arrived at the gate or close to it.” I replied as I handed her the sauce.

“Yep, Uncle Simon will be over shortly; he will give instructions, or I can, although I have never had to do that before, so you had better be ready to guide me.” She giggled, trying to hide how scared she was.

“We have the jump on them; they won’t be ready for what’s waiting for them at the gate. They were stupid to leave their cuts here.” I placed a juicy steak in a bun and added some sauce and onions. Fixer and I sat next to Blaze, Melony, Zero, Prez, and Sticks, who was looking a bit flushed. All this excitement couldn’t be good for Sticks. But she refused to stay home, feeling she had to be seen supporting her club.

“Why did they leave their cuts? Was our club’s name that repulsive?” Fixer asked, before she bit into her steak burger, and groaned, like she does when hit that right spot, and that sound had my shaft rising to unwanted attention. I am positive my body was going through puberty again, with all these sudden erections.

“Said to leave them behind, and they would tear off our logo, and put on one they are going to design. Well, they will have to make a whole new cut, because these are ours; they have our club name on them.” Prez growled out, as if the whole idea of pulling off our name and putting someone else’s on was an insult to the club it was made for.

The sound of the bikes arriving at the gate reached us, but none of us moved. We may have looked in the direction of the sound, but that was it; we couldn’t see the gate from here, so looking in that direction had no real point, yet many did.

“Sounds like we are about to get to see our security in action,” Fixer said to no one in particular.

“Yep,” Prez said, and a few heads nodded in agreement, but that didn’t stop us from enjoying our dinner and listening to the jokes that the guys were giving out. Some music was suddenly put on. All was good for a while.

Then the sound of a rifle being used had most standing and looking towards the gate.

Uncle Simon soon came through the side gate and walked casually over to us.

“Any steaks left?” He asked. Prez pointed to the grill. Ne nodded and headed to it, where some were still being cooked. After he filled his plate, he came and joined us.

“Time for some fun. The guys at the gate said not all the riders stopped there; many continued into town. I am going to assume they live in town and didn’t feel the need to stop, or had agreed to meet up tomorrow.” Uncle Simon informed us, which made us smile; they were so sure of themselves that this club would be theirs. They didn’t think this through, didn’t listen to what Prez had said.

By the time Uncle Simon finished his steak, another shot echoed through the air. It was dark now, and our spotlights were on.

“Sounds like they’re still trying to get in. Any word from the security?” Prez asked, and the guys still looked like they were enjoying themselves and didn’t seem worried about the shots in the air.

Fixer looked at her phone.

“According to security, there are only ten left at the gate; the others had gathered their gear and headed into town. Bruiser was one who refused to leave and was quite vocal about the armed men at the gate.” She said, before typing something and putting her phone back down on the table. Lifted a cup that had coffee to her lips, then brought it back down to look inside. Disappointment flashed across her face when she saw the cup was empty.

I chuckled at her expression.

“Want another? Some more to eat, maybe?” I offered, not wanting to let her off my lap, but would do so if she wanted more.

“Yeah, I can get you one while I am there.” Fixer offered, as I had expected her to.

“No, I need to walk, you wait here.” I stood and placed her on the chair that I was sitting on. Gathered our cups and headed to the coffee pot.

“Tank? Will they be okay? I mean, when we leave here and go to town, will the splinter group cause us issues?” I had thought of this myself and had discussed it at length at home before we took this stance.

“I have no clue, it would be silly for them to harass us, and if you have trouble, call me, us, we will come and help, and if they get violent, don’t hesitate to call the cops, we have done nothing wrong, and the police are aware of what is going down.”

“Maybe make an announcement, give us peace of mind, all this splitting has us all on edge.”

“I will talk to Prez and see what I can arrange,” he nodded, then left to talk to his mates. I guess about my answer.

After pouring the coffee and making another two steak burgers, I returned to our table. Put the drink and food on the table, pick up Fixer, and sit down, placing her back on my lap.

“Prez, can you make an announcement to our guys? They are nervous about going home or seeing the splinter group in town.”

Prez nodded and stood up. Clicking a knife on a tin plate. We often use these metal dishes when having meals outside.

“There has been a lot of talk about what was going on, as you all know, the splinter group was causing issues at the gate. However, only ten die-hards are still hanging around the gate. As far as going to town or home goes, you should be fine. Contact me, or Blaze, Tank, or Zero. We all can get to you quickly, and if they are threatening violence, don’t hesitate to contact the police. Yes, you heard me. The police are aware of this fracturing and its main instigators. We have the law on our side on this.” Prez said with a loud, clear voice.

“This place was still ours, yes?” A voice at the back called out.

“Yes, this place is ours; they can’t kick us out. The club doesn’t own this property, and the owners are aware of the fracture, and they are behind us. We have a lifetime agreement; only our club’s name is on it. The splinter group can’t suddenly move in and kick us out. They have changed their name and won’t be recognized by the owners. We have armed guards who will protect our club indefinitely.” We had agreed that no one needed to know who the real owners were; the mystery of ownership was more fun.

“Thank you, Prez. Most of us are staying the night, just as a precaution. Let the light of day show us what we have to deal with,” Magnet said, with nods of agreement from others. The men were scared, and I don’t blame them. When alone, they could be ganged up on, and I wouldn’t like that.

However, it would show the true colors of the splinter group.

“Stay together, for the time being. Safety in numbers, until the heat and anger die down, this would be a shock for many. I feel some only left because of peer pressure, and will soon want to return. We shall have to vote on that later, but for tonight, continue to enjoy the barbecue and free beer.” Prez sat down with a round of applause. I feel it was more for the free beer than his speech.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 144[1,478 words]

Fixer POV

Melony was over the moon to be going next door for a barbecue; she had no idea what was going down, just that Zero was there and she was ready to spend more time with him. She acted as I expected her to, and Zero was more than happy to have her in his arms. The brothers were the same, both carrying us about, and wanting us on their laps. I wonder if his father was like that with his mum. I mean, does it wear off, or will Tank always be my chair?

The men around the grill were all chatting and laughing; you wouldn’t know that this morning they had a big change in the club, and that change was about to reach our gate.

The meal was great, the men really do know how to cook a juicy steak on the barbecue. Might have to check out the fridges tomorrow and see if they need restocking. I doubt Sticks will be up to it, and I doubt Cricket has kept it full. Cricket liked the idea of power and wielding it, but not the work in the background that comes with that responsibility.

The first rifle shot in the air made the crowd jump a little; they knew about the guns, but hadn't been prepared for them to be used. The second they didn't flinch, a few might have looked in the direction from which the noise came, but they didn't jump or even talk about it. Melony was the only one who needed comforting, and Zero was up for the challenge. This side of club living was scary for her, but she will adapt fast. Zero won't let her get harmed.

My phone kept vibrating on the table, and each time it was an update on what was happening at the gate. Uncle Simon was getting the same update and responding with instructions. I thanked the team and asked them to continue to keep me posted. I showed Tank an update when I felt it was necessary; some were nothing important, or should I say, I considered them not important enough to share. He can look at them anytime he wants, but so far he not even attempted to pick up my phone and check.

The phone vibrated again. It was dark and getting late; most had started going to bed, since they had work in the morning. I lifted the phone and chuckled at the message.

"What's going on?" Prez asked when I laughed, and Uncle Simon's phone buzzed, and he, too, chuckled at what he read.

"All but one man was left at the gate, guess who?" Uncle Simon blurted out and turned his phone to show the video the security guard took of the last man standing, as it were.

Standing, holding onto the gate's metal frame, shaking it, shouting profanities, and calling Prez all kinds of names was Bruiser, his face red. In the background, all the bags and boxes were gone, even Bruiser's. He shouted he would stay out here all night till we faced him, and let him in his clubhouse. "He was in for a long night then," Prez laughed and stood up.

"Bruiser is the only one still at the gate, and has announced he will stay there till we let him in his clubhouse. What do you all say to that?" A few choice words were said, and the middle finger was raised.

"I agree, he was in for a long night." Prez agreed and sat back down.

"Uncle Simon, can you tell the security guards that they can sort themselves out, and make a few shifts, to monitor Bruiser, for the night, don't need them all staying up, to watch one man, make a fool of himself." I suggested, thinking nothing of asking Uncle Simon to do it.

“No, you need to learn, you contact them, and give the order.” Uncle Simon replied, in that voice that told me I wouldn’t win this argument. So don’t even try.

I shrugged and started to type, sending the leader two quick messages.

“Will do.” Was the response. I watched and waited, but Uncle Simon’s phone didn’t buzz. I half expected them to seek confirmation from him.

“Don’t look at me like that, I told you, they are your men, they will follow your instructions, to the letter.” Uncle Simon grinned at me. I was still in shock. I had never done this kind of thing, never had to even be the captain of a school sports team

“You will get used to it.” He chuckled at the look on my face.

“Time for bed, I have had enough,” I announced, and started to get off Tank’s lap.

“No chance.” He held onto me tighter and stood up effortlessly.

“Night all.” Tank started to walk to the side gate. I waved at those watching us go, noticed Zero standing and carrying Melony, the way Tank had carried me, and followed us close behind. Prez, Blaze, and the waddling Sticks followed after them. But at a more sedate walk, men shouted goodnight, and it wouldn’t be long before they would head to bed too. The main spotlights had been turned off, and the last person leaving would turn off the remaining ones.

I noticed Uncle Simon heading down the drive, most likely to talk to the security, ensure they knew where to sleep, and inform them to help themselves to the kitchen in the clubhouse. I waved to Tandy as we walked by the lounge room door, before heading up the stairs to bed.

“How was your meeting with the grandparents?” Tank asked after depositing me on the bed and began removing my boots.

“They are lovely.” I started thinking about how to word it.

“Just lovely?” He chuckled, looking up at me with a smirk, his eyes shining.

“They were dressed like we were going out for a formal dinner, and Uncle Simon said it was their everyday clothes. I dread to think what they were when dressing up to go out. They were kind and friendly, and after sharing the photos I had, Grams did the same to me, for my dad. He, as a

top-level scholar, had even finished business school at an early age and fell in love with my mum. Drafted into service, their money couldn’t stop it. When Dad chose to marry Mum before he was shipped out, they were furious, and he left them on bad terms. They didn’t know where he was shipped to, or where Mum lived, for that matter. He refused to

return their calls, and they never even met Mum, but had managed to judge her. I told them they lost the chance to meet a wonderful, life-loving person who wouldn't hurt a fly. Even Uncle Simon gave them a serve about how much they had missed out and how he knew how they were feeling, because his job kept him away from them. I think Uncle Simon had Grams in tears a few times. Grams tried to distract Uncle Simon while I was signing paperwork, but when the lawyer mentioned some documents I was to sign, Uncle Simon got up and came to look them over first, then said they were safe to put my 'mark on. Neither Grams nor the lawyer appeared to be hurt or worried by Uncle Simon's giving me approval, and he broke it down into words I could understand. The lunch, Grams called it, was a sampling plate because she didn't know what I liked; they had been worried I was some plastic woman with finicky eating habits. There was enough food to feed all our club and have some left over.' I chuckled as I thought of it.

"You plastic? Never, finicky eater, hardly, they must have been pleased you weren't the person they dreaded you could've been," he chuckled as he finished undressing me and pushed me onto the bed, before stripping quickly.

"Yeah, Uncle Simon kept correcting them; he even told them to put Fixer as my alternative name, as that was what I go by, and the lawyer added my alias on all the paperwork I signed. I think my hand got cramp a few times, signing all that paperwork. I don't know how I would have managed if he hadn't been there, most likely signed and not have a clue about any of it, and the alias would never have been added." Tank had me on his chest, rubbing my arms soothingly.

"The helicopter ride?" he prompted. Tank wanted to know everything he missed.

"Love it, looking forward to using that mode of transport, you should have seen the world from up there, it was amazing, the world below was a diorama, better than an airplane, you have to come next time," I said, before starting to yawn.

"Go to sleep, you have had a big day." He said, and as if that gave me permission, I yawned one more time before sleep found me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 145[1,452 words]

Tank POV

The day was a sort of anticlimax. I had expected more of a fight or argument from the moment they split to the return. The only fun was clearing out the deserter's gear and the bonding at the barbecue.

The splinter group was all bluster and no bite. They barely made an effort at the gate, didn't demand that we come and talk, just demanding to be let in, and calling us colorful

names, nothing we hadn't been called before. But it was disappointing. Which makes me think they won't confront our members unless caught alone, out in the streets, or in small groups, and that they doubt they have the guts to do it one-on-one.

I carried Fixer home, happy to have her back and looking forward to hearing about her day. She never complains about me carrying her anymore; I think she enjoys it as much as I do. Just snuggles in and enjoys the ride.

In the bedroom, I kept asking questions as I undressed her. I needed something to keep me busy while she explained her day. I was so frustrated not being able to be with her, and after my day, it was nice to have something simple to do. She giggled at some of my comments, and I was very appreciative that Uncle Simon was guiding her in a way I couldn't. I might have understood a lot of the paperwork, but not the fine details, where Uncle Simon was on it in a flash, and he even had them change a few wordings, extra pleased he had Fixer added to the name, it recognises who she is, not who they want her to be.

I was as hard as a rock by the time I had her snuggling up to me in bed, but I had to push the urge to take her out of my head; she was yawning far too much for me to take her body, no matter how much I wanted to. My little lady was out like a light, and I was right not to push my needs onto her.

I held her close to me, feeling complete, with her in my arms. Sleep came swiftly; I didn't even have today's actions rattling in my head, just sweet thoughts of her, in my arms, her body warm, and soft snores, lulling me to dreamland.

In my dream, Fixer was giving me some head, her mouth can't stretch over my shaft, I am too big, we both know this, and she had improvised. She scrapes her teeth along the length, even uses her nails a few times, and today, she was using both, giving my head a small nip, while running her talons down my shaft. The sensation was a mixture of pleasure and pain, and I loved it. Groaning with pleasure.

Then Fixer climbed on and started to ride me, and suddenly, I woke to her weight on me, and, realising this wasn't Fixer giving me such great pleasure, in a dream, my wildest dreams couldn't concoct this good. I groaned again as she started to find a rhythm and rode me hard. I could do nothing more than enjoy the ride. I tried to reach for her bouncing breasts but she swiped my hands away.

Her face was one of pure bliss, and I didn't want her to lose that look if what she was doing gave her that much pleasure. Who was I to spoil it? I found myself getting so much enjoyment from watching her get off on me.

"Sweetheart, I am going to blow," I shouted out, unable to hold back the pleasure any longer, as I exploded, screaming her name. She followed soon after, screaming my name as her tunnel squeezed my shaft, milking me for all I am worth.

Fixer leaned down, her sweaty body covering mine, and she started to pepper me with kisses, my eyes, nose, neck, chest, and at long last, my mouth. pulled her tongue into my mouth and danced with it before following her retreating tongue and entering hers. Fixer moaned as I deepened the kiss, my arms holding her tight against me.

She pushed on my chest, and I let her go, getting back to the seated position again, my softened shaft, now starting to react again, already.

“Nope, we need the bathroom.” She smirked and climbed off me, putting more sway in her hips as she walked away, the cheeks of her arss flexing in a way that would guarantee that my shaft was not going down any time soon. Before she entered the bathroom, she hesitated and looked over her shoulder at me. She smiled, wide, her eyes twinkling with knowing mirth.

I was up and out of bed so fast, I got dizzy for a moment, but reached the bathroom in three large strides. Fixer was sitting on the toilet, and I decided to do something I had never done before. I spread her legs, squatted down, pushed my shaft down, into the gap between her legs and the bowl, and peed. The look of shock on her face made this all worthwhile. She couldn’t get away from me, trapped on the toilet seat, till I moved, and she sat staring at my face, as I held an uncomfortable position, before leaning in and giving me a passionate kiss, which took me by surprise. Wow, never would I have expected how my day has started, and how silly but fun we have become, almost like we are trying to see who can do the craziest, but loving thing to each other, can’t wait to see what she comes up with next.

When I had finished, I placed my hands on her hips, lifted her off the toilet seat, turned to the shower, and started the water. Fixer had somehow reached out and flushed the toilet as I moved to test the water temperature before climbing in, glad this house doesn’t have water-temperature problems when you flush.

Stepped in and placed us both under the water.

“Let me down, and I will wash you.... thoroughly,” Fixer whispered breathlessly.

I complied, holding her till her feet touched the tiled ground, and she had her balance. After they washed my groin and played enough to get a rise out of me, she moved to my back.

“Squat down, so I can wash your hair.” I complied; it wasn’t the most comfortable position, so I placed a knee on the ground to take the pressure off my thighs. Fixer was thorough, as she had said, shampooing not just my hair but also taking time to wash my beard. She would run her fingers through my beard, her eyes always sparkling with joy when she did. Then, the conditioner, before she was satisfied, I was clean.

“My turn?” I asked, unsure what she had planned.

“Nope, not today. We have to get out of here, see how the night went, and any brewing problems.” I know she was right, but I would have liked to have Had a turn at washing her. Then it would have turned into more than a wash, and she knows that, and I get why she said no. I can get carried away when I am enjoying her body. But when you have someone like Fixer in your hands, how could you not enjoy all of her?

“You sure? I can behave.” I smirked, wiggling my eyebrows.

She giggled.

“Nope, get out. Go on.” She pushed me to turn away and I let her, and sadly left her to shower and dry myself.

Dressed in black jeans, a t-shirt, and cut boots. I was brushing my damp hair when Fixer came out, a towel wrapped around her body and head. She came to me, took the brush from my hands, and finished combing my hair. It was time for a trim, longer than I usually have it. Fixer then put the brush down and took up the comb, turning to me and starting to comb my beard, her eyes fixed on her task, her pink tongue darting out and back in so fast that if I hadn’t been watching her lips, I would have missed it. I love that she does that when concentrating. I get hard watching her concentrate.

“Have you checked your phone yet?” She asked as she finished with my beard, and ran her fingers through it, which made me chuckle because it ruined the combing she had just completed.

“Nope, didn’t want the intrusion on our time,” I replied sort of honestly; I didn’t want to see anything negative while I was in such a good mood.

“Understood.” She started to get dressed, and I watched her, enjoying her being her. Smooth, easy actions. I could watch Fixer all day and not get tired of the view.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 146[1,466 words]

Fixer POV

My dream was of Tank, and his gorgeous body, good dreams, erotic dreams. When I woke, I was horny as hell.

He was lying on his back, one arm over his head, the other around my waist; he was always touching in some small way. Lifting the blanket, I smiled. He had a morning wood, perfect. I can soon change that to mean something else.

Moving down the bed and grasping his shaft, I started to play with him. I loved making his shaft jump and pulse. I used everything I had: my teeth, nails, and mouth, hoping he would enjoy what I was doing. His groans say he does, but was he awake or dreaming I am doing this to him? I didn't care; I loved making him groan with pleasure.

He woke up fully when I climbed on, but I was in my zone and didn't want him to touch me. He worked it out, and the only participation was thrusting his hips up, and that was more than enough for me to reach where I am chasing. His warning before he released was a big turn on, bringing me to the peak and exploding as I felt him pulsing inside of me.

I love this man; he gets me.

He pouted when I said I needed to pee, but in the bathroom, he shocked me. I would never in my wildest dreams even think he would do such a thing. It must have been awkward for him to squat down and pee into the bowl between my legs, but it was a huge turn-on. Go figure. Never know what will turn you on, till you try. I know watching others go at it does nothing for me; I fall asleep during that kind of movie and get up to leave. If I walk in and they're busy in the bed, or on my lounge, yuck, I must scrub it clean before I can sit on it again. Better not knowing what they been up to, or I would never sit on a lounge chair ever again.

Tank let me wash him and left when I asked. Part of why I love him: he won't push it. I could tell how much he wanted to stay, but he allowed me to push him out and let me comb his beard. I have a fetish for his beard. Didn't know I liked them till I met Tank. His beard was always so soft, not scratchy at all. I guess if he had it short, that would be different, but he has a nice length. I think I could put it in a plait if he let me.

I checked my phone once we were dressed and ready to head down from breakfast, and I had six messages.

"How many messages do you have?" I asked, as I started to check mine out.

"Fifteen." He made coffee, and we sat on the balcony to drink it and check our messages.

I have three from my Grandparents, one from the lawyer advising me that he had sent the list to my sss address, and one from Jenny, giving me the thumbs up for her new job and saying she will be home tomorrow. Lastly, one from Bruiser, whom I didn't know, still had my phone number.

"Did you get messages from Bruiser?" I asked, my finger hovering over the button to read it, unsure if I wanted to.

"Yes, three of them haven't read them yet, will leave them to last." He said bitterly. He didn't want to look at them any more than I did.

I opened mine and burst out laughing.

“What’s funny?” Tank asked, looking at his phone.

“My text from Bruiser,” I replied, still chuckling.

“You received one? Read it out.” Tank pushed, and so I did.

‘Fixer, dear. I have made one huge mistake. Can you talk to Prez? Or Tank or both, I need to discuss this split with him, with no violence, but no one’s answering my text, you are my last hope.’

“Wow, he was desperate. Guess he still had your number from when you were supposed to be an enforcer, before you blew them out of the water, telling them what to do, with all their suggestions. But calling your dear? When did you start getting that close that he can call you sweet things?” Tank sounded jealous. I searched his face, and he did appear annoyed, but that could be because Bruiser had texted me, too.

“Was his to you any better? Like, was he calling you his buddy, friend, or whatever?” I asked with a chuckle.

“He was being polite. We need to find the others and discuss this. How are we going to handle this? I think we might need to vote, get our members’ thoughts, it’s too big a deal.” Tank said as we finished our coffee and headed inside to find the others.

They were in the kitchen, preparing breakfast, Tandy and Uncle Simon cooking, the others making toast and juice.

“Morning. Prez, did you get inundated with text messages from Bruiser?” Tank asked as he opened a cupboard to gather glasses and cups.

“Yep, haven’t read them yet. Didn’t want to spoil my breakfast.” He joked as he put more bread in the toaster.

“Even Fixer received a message.” That got Prez looking up. He was as surprised as I was.

“Really, what did he say? I am assuming you read it. He smirked.

“She did, and I read mine too. It appears he had sent messages to a number of our members asking the same as he had Fixer.” Tank replied, wiping the smirk off Prez’s face. I knew what Prez thought; being a woman, I wouldn’t have been able to resist reading it. Sometimes he judges me based on past experience with other women, but I am not like others; I didn’t want to read it. Only did it because of what was going down. I had half expected a verbal shouting match, calling me names, etc. Any other time, I would have left it go unread.

Read it out then.” Uncle Simon pushed, breaking whatever unspoken pissing contest was going on between Tank and Prez, knowing how good friends they are. I know it was nothing serious, but when it involved their women, they can get a bit testy.

I complied and read out my text, and Tank read out his, each sounding more and more desperate, and he even read a few from members who wanted to know what to do.

“I believe we need to talk to our members, from what I understand, they all stayed the night, well, the ones that were there when all this shiet went down.” Tank suggested, and received nods all round.

“I will reply to our members who reached out, and get them to have our members ready for a meeting and a vote, say in an hour?” Tank posed and got agreements all around.

Breakfast was done, and we were going to head next door, but Uncle Simon halted me, asking me to stay; he had things to discuss. As I couldn’t vote, Melony had left for work, and Sticks was going back upstairs to finish the nursery, I nodded to stay to Tank’s disappointment. We kissed goodbye, with Tank promising an update when he has something, and I turned to Tandy and Uncle Simon.

“Sit.” Tandy pushed me to a chair and sat opposite.

“No easy way to say this, so I will spit it out. Zoey’s dead: she didn’t cope with the beating. Spat out a few answers, then just died. We have a doctor doing an autopsy to see if something else was going on. Barry, Sheila, and the ex are alive and survived the interrogation.” Uncle Simon said slowly, letting what he was saying settle in.

“I wanted to be the one to end her life. She had been my bully for so long, I felt I needed to be the one. As long as you get answers, that’s all that counts, I guess. With her gone, I don’t need to see the others, but I think Tank and Zero do. They mean nothing to me; I have all their assets. I don’t need to hit them.” I replied softly, thinking about Zoey gone.

“Then we won’t bother you again about them, but will talk to Tank, Zero, and Prez. They all might like a hand in ending them, but then, with all this BS with the club, getting that revenge at the moment might not be high on their list.” Uncle Simon said thoughtfully.

“I have bigger issues now, not just this club BS, but a new family, and my father could be alive. I never dreamed I could have a real dad. Do you think he will like me? That is, if he’s still alive?” I asked, so innocently, scared of rejection, starving for a dad’s love and affection.

**Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 147[
1,492 words]**

Tank POV

Deep down, I believe he was worried about Sticks; she was not doing so well lately, her feet

swollen, her appetite almost non-existent, up half the night, visiting the bathroom. Prez said she might have the baby early, the doctor advises complete bed rest, and well, he was trying to get her to rest up, but she was annoyingly independent, and unless stuck in the hospital, we have no Buckley's chance keeping her in bed all day.

We have all our own burdens, and at this time, Prez has an overflow of them that even sharing doesn't reduce.

The members were waiting in the large hall, expectantly awaiting our arrival. None went home last night; it could be fear or adrenaline from a pending fight, but either way, these men were hyped and ready. There were dirty plates and cups dotted around the tables. Guess no one was on clean-up duty. Glad Fixer didn't come; she would have been expected to do the cleaning. I dread what the kitchen would look like. These guys are not men who think about cleaning up after themselves, not here, anyway. Who knows what they are like at home? Pins must be in the kitchen, trying to clean up the place with the other few ladies who were here. It was a meeting for the men, so those who don't live at the club would have been at home, too scared to leave their houses. Cricket left on the

back of Bruiser, and good riddance.

"Everyone here?" Prez asked as he looked around the room, so many glum faces.

"All that were here yesterday, I spoke to some of the members who couldn't make it yesterday, and they are happy to go with the majority vote. Apologies, but work had to come first." We all understand that life goes on, and although it would be nice to have them all here at the drop of a hat, life doesn't work that way, and can be unforgiving; we accept what we can.

"Tank, read out some of your messages from Bruiser, then we shall discuss this." I did as he asked and read several of his texts.

"Some of us have had the same type of message. But do you trust him? If he came back, would he stir things up and try again?" One of the guys called out from the back.

"That's why we are here, not discussing this. We need to decide: do we let them walk back like yesterday never happened, or do we say no? Or yes but with conditions, like if we let Bruiser back, he will not be back as the enforcer; he has to earn that trust again. He will be like the rest of the members." I called out to the member.

"Agreed, we need to vote. How do we go about this?" Another called out.

“Firstly, raise a hand for those who are happy to let them back in and forget yesterday?” Prez called out, and no one put up their hands. I would have been surprised if any had.

“Who would be happy to let them back in under conditions? We can discuss after the vote.” Only a few raised their hands.

“So, talk to me, what do you want?” Prez opened the floor to them.

“Bring Bruiser in, sit him in front of us all, and we’ll talk.” A suggestion came out.

“Okay, let me call him.” Prez pressed Bruiser’s number and had it on speaker for all to hear.

“Prez, thank the fuk, can we talk about this?” He pleaded.

“The members have agreed for you to come and talk. Can you come now?” Prez asked coldly.

“Be there in five.” Tank, can you let the security know he would be here and to let him in, only him.” I called the security man. Fixer had left me his number.

“Sir?” The man answered promptly.

“That idiot, who spent nearly all night at the gate, screaming profanities, he will be here in five, let him in, alone.”

“Roger.” The phone clicked off.

The guys bantered around suggested questions, and the biggest one was can they be trusted again, some they have no trouble letting back in, knowing they were followers and wouldn’t have the brains to think this up, also, none to live in the club house, all to only come when called of on weekends when we have parties, or go on rides. They came up with just a few ideas in those five minutes.

My phone rang.

“Sir, he has arrived. He didn’t come alone. We shall escort him to the door.” Then it clicked off. “Show time, he didn’t come alone, but the security didn’t inform me how many were with him,” I shouted out to the room, and we waited. I wouldn’t be surprised if Cricket had come to the meeting with Bruiser and was fuming about having to stay on the bike; that thought made me feel much better.

We all stared out the window, and I smiled.

Ten-armed men walked Bruiser up that long driveway, surrounding him, like he was a prisoner. The look on Bruiser’s face was thunder, and that just made me chuckle. He

didn't like being on that end of the stick; he had to know we meant business, and a few pleading words didn't fix what he had done yesterday. He did it with cheer, arrogance, and confidence. Not so confident looking now.

The security frontman knocked and made Bruiser wait.

Blaze went to the door and opened it.

"Thankyou. He may enter." The security man nodded, allowed Bruiser to enter, and the ten men followed him in, standing along the wall, armed and watching Him closely. One wrong move, one action from me, and Bruiser would be removed, quickly and efficiently.

"Were the security guards necessary?" Bruiser asked, looking behind him at the men staring at his back.

"Hello, Bruiser, take a seat." Zero said, pointing to a chair singled out for him to sit.

"Our members have questions," Prez said, and waved his arm to the room, and opened it up to question Bruiser. He was not prepared for the open forum. I think he thought he would be taken into the office and chatted with us, but not us. We want our members to see and hear, nothing hidden.

The questions started slowly, nothing too deep, as they tried to understand why he felt the need to split up the gang.

"What about us, those of us that didn't want Prez, Tank, or Fixer to go, what were we supposed to do, leave and forget that we were once a family unit? We rode together, laughed, and grieved together. What about us?" The voices were getting a little heated, and Bruiser stumbled through his answers, failing to convince the members he was even thinking of them.

"You didn't consider us at all, you wanted to be prez and to hell with the rest of us, who didn't agree. Thank fuk that Prez and Tank are not like you, they would never leave us behind, as you did. How do we trust you, if we let you back in?" Jinx voiced what most were thinking, and none had the right words to verbalise it.

"Yeah, you dumped us, like hot coal." The anger spilled out, and Bruiser looked to us for help, but we were not going to even attempt it; it was his turn to answer the club members, to give them peace of mind. This was more than us saying forgive and forget; they hurt over one-hundred men with the split. They needed to feel safe having them back.

"I can only say that I am sorry that I was so thoughtless." Bruiser kept trying to apologize, but it fell on deaf ears.

“Bruiser, I think that’s enough for one day. Maybe in a little while, the men won’t be hurting as much. Please leave. We will call another meeting in a week or so, when the members have cooled down.” Prez looked at Bruiser, who could hardly believe he was being sent away.

“But we need to sort this. Can we not go to the office and talk?” He tried as the security headed towards him.

“Sorry, this is a member joint decision; each and every one of those who left has caused our members to lose trust, and if you come back, it will not be in a diminished capacity. The members will discuss what you have said so far, and when they are ready, we will call you back for another meeting, unless of course, you and those that are under your banner, of a new club, find somewhere else to meet up and become the club you were forming.” I nodded to the security, and they surrounded him, and marched him back out, his shoulders slumped as he left, one last longing

look over his shoulder, before he was walked back to the gate.

“Okay, start talking, let’s discuss his answers, and what you think, while it’s fresh in your heads.” I chuckled because I recorded the whole thing, so it won’t be forgotten any time soon.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 148[1,414 words]

Fixer POV

On the screen before me was a recording of what went down at the gate. The returning members had stopped and were looking shocked at the pile of belongings outside the gate. It was chaos, and it had both Tandy and Uncle Simon in tears of laughter.

The first to arrive tried to get to the gate.

‘Move on, sir.’ The head security man was demanding. Rifles were aimed at those too close to the gate.

‘This is our club, you can’t do this,’ a voice called out, as he sorted through the piles for his ‘belongings.’

‘You are not wearing anything that resembles this club. Move on, Sir.’ It was the same mantra from our side of the gate.

‘We belong in there, open the gates.’ Four guys moved to the gates and grabbed hold, shaking it, and the first shot was fired into the air. Causing them all to turn and look, the four stepped back, hands in the air in surrender.

‘Why are you here and armed?’ Angry voices were calling out, but none would touch the gate; those rifles aimed at them were enough deterrent.

“Bruiser, what’s going on? You said the club was ours now; they didn’t fight the prez change.” Angry voices all shouting at once.

Cricket pushes to the front.

‘I demand to see Prez! Cricket shouts out, yet Bruiser had said nothing, just stared in shock, for a long time, as the members around him jostled him, about, blaming him and Cricket for what had happened.

“She still called the Prez, Prez, that says a lot, doesn’t it. This is the best morning show yet.” Tandy is chuckling.

“The guys are going to love this when they come back from the meeting. Glad they didn’t see this before, they might have felt sorry for them.” I say, knowing deep down, Tank has a soft heart.

‘Move away from the gate, ma’am,’ the security leader demanded in a low growl.

‘This is our club, I demand you let us in.’ Cricket demanded again, stamping her foot on the ground like a five-year-old, but received only an emotionless, blank, bored look. So she changed tactics, one I had seen her use on Bruiser and other men to get what she wanted.

‘What’s your name? Handsome. Maybe we can come to some arrangement.’ She purred, getting closer to the gate, making suggestive moves. The second gunshot was fired into the air. Caused Cricket to move back, fast, her face in fear and shock.

What made me sad was the look on Bruiser’s face.

Bruisers face said it all, that little act she just pulled he recognised it immediately, it was a look of a man who just saw he had been played, and didn’t like it. His face slowly morphed into hurt, then hate, and, lastly, regret. He knew he had been played, and it hurt because he cared about Cricket, but that show showed him he was nothing but a tool to get what she wanted.

‘Cricket, she’s poison, look where we are now, out on the streets, with no club, all because she wanted more, and you wanted to give it to her, she got you by the balls, and you dragged us, your so-called friends, into your web of lies! Another growled out. They were crowding Cricket and Bruiser.

‘I hope they forgive me, no! All of us.’ One spat, he was hurt, and full of regret, he climbed on his bike and left, leaving a trail of dust in his wake.

Slowly, one by one, the members found their things and left.

‘Can you take Cricket back with you?’ Bruiser asked his friend, his so-called VP, in the new club. After a bit of arguing from Cricket, she climbed on the back of the bike and left. A van arrived, loaded the rest of the belongings in the back, and left, leaving ten men staring at the closed gates and the armed men on the other side.

‘Your promises mean nothing now, Bruiser. Look where we are at; you brought all your close friends down with you.’ Bruiser gained a punch in the face, one he didn’t bother to dodge, like he deserved what was coming to him.

‘Move on, sir.’

Slowly, it became only Bruiser, as he swore at the gate, for that man’s same mantra, which was getting on his nerves; he had changed from fighting to get in to fighting to talk to Prez, anyone, about fixing the issue, but all fell on deaf ears. He stayed till about one am, before getting on his bike and leaving, sad and dejected.

“I could almost cry for him; he had been played by an expert,” I say as I watched Bruiser’s bike disappear from sight.

“Some of the DNA reports have come in. Zoey and Cricket were sisters; their father was a Jones gang officer. We have yet to get more information on them, but in Zoey’s confession, she said they had been liaising with their father, ‘the Accountant’, who ran the club’s books. What was behind it all was still a mystery; she didn’t know, nor did she know how she ended up with the woman she called mother, but she followed her father’s instructions. We are still working on Sheila and Barry.” Uncle Simon said softly, turning off the screen, the joy of it now soured.

“We have Cricket’s phone records. She had sent a message to her father, stating that the plan was working, that the gang had split, that they were off on a ride, and that they would take over the clubhouse on their return. She has not reported it as a failure yet. ” Tandy was checking his phone as he spoke.

“This had to have been brewing long before I was even born, to have Zoey as a baby, in Sheila’s arms, this was even before Mum died, I am so confused by all of this. What was the purpose of it all?” I was beyond confused, over twenty years of planning that I knew of. “Could they have been part of the accident? Like, did they want one of their own to die?” I continued, still voicing out loud my thoughts, as Uncle Simon had asked me to, when it was just us.

“Good question, I have been going through the paperwork your Grandma put together, and she had started to gather older clippings, as she researched the history. I have more

to look through, but ‘your Grandma was on the right track, I feel.’ Tandy said, looking over at the offending box, which held most of the records. A file or two was still sitting on the table.

“I don’t understand why Grandpa didn’t continue the research.” He had to know more than he let I thought.

“He had to take over a lot of the family business, keeping it going, for when you come of age, he and I worked together, to keep your legacy growing He had to look like he was an old, tired man, giving up because he lost his wife. I am glad Zoey is dead for her part in killing your Grandpa and my good friend. I feel that Barry had a large part in that one, and I need just a little more time. I found old footage from the house next door’s security system; they saved everything and let me go through it, too. They are upset with what happened.” Tandy didn’t have that smile he had when he viewed the gate scene.

“Why didn’t they come forward?” Uncle Simon asked before I could.

“Fear, they know who did it, they feared they would be next if they said anything. It was only because we were clearing that house out that they came to talk to us, and we got all the recordings. For the past twenty-five years, I have been going through them slowly. It takes time. I am watching at double speed, that family had been up to a lot of no good, and entertained some interesting people, who are now on my investigation list.” Tandy was thorough; nothing would slip through his fingers. Not once did he get a good hold on it.

“Want a hand? I have a team of bored security guards that could do with something different to do.” Uncle Simon laughed at the look Tandy gave him.

“About time your lazy arsss offered.” They laughed and joked about, as good friends do, and I watched with a smile, as I couldn’t exactly join in; this was a man thing, the type of banter only they understood, from an era of their youth.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 149[1,385 words]

Tank POV

The members put up many walls; none felt they could trust again, for they feared they could be betrayed again.

I get it, I really do.

Bruiser had been my friend since we could crawl, grew up together, and went to school together. Prez, Blaze, and Zero all feel the same; Bruiser was not the same, not since Cricket came into his life and trapped him. If they let him back, they will be very cautious

around him, and all voted a big fat NO to Cricket. If he comes back, he comes alone, and that was still a big if.

‘The members voted to agree on some coming back, with conditions. The first was not to allow them to live in the clubhouse again; the second was to give them tasks to do, like they were noms again. They had other suggestions, but not all were something we would implement. It was just plain nasty, but I get that, too; they feel the knife in the back. They trust our leadership, and those who jumped ship, more or less, said they didn’t trust the true leadership team.

“Prez, just received a text from Fixer, Cricket, and Zoey were sisters, and their dad is ‘The accountant,’ from the Jones gang. The spite against our club dates back to our parents’ day, or even further. Tandy and Uncle Simon are looking deeper into this.” I say, as I keep getting messages from Fixer.

“Fixer just watched the security video of last night, and said we are in for some laughs.” I continued after my phone vibrated again.

“Can you bring the video here? I am positive that the rest of the gang would be happy to see it, too,” Jinx called out, gaining laughs from the guys in agreement.

“Will see what I can do, should be able to.” I texted Back, asking about getting the video over here for the member to see. We all want to know what went on at the gate.

My phone vibrated, and I was shocked to read it. Zoey was dead. Cricket will go ballistic when she finds out, so will the Jones gang.

“Keep it quiet, we don’t want others to know yet, no till the Jones issue is fixed.” I text back, fingers flying so fast, I made a few typos but didn’t stop to correct them.

“Problem?” Zero asked, searching my face.

“Keep this to yourself,” I whisper, lifting my phone for him to take and read the messages.

He whistled at what he read, which had others staring at him. Handed my phone back.

“Fixer will be giving you some extra cuddles tonight” Wiggling his brow at me.

This had the room chuckling, knowing how we are with our woman, and assuming something different.

Good cover-up, I thought when he looked at me, with a knowing smile.

We had lunch, made by the ladies here; they did well, cleaning up the mess the guys left yesterday. The atmosphere was higher than yesterday, now that we had hashed out some guidelines for any returning members.

“Fixer, hey.” The guys greeted her as she waltzed into the room, wearing black skinny jeans, a black T-Shirt, and her cut. My pants got tighter just watching her enter with confidence and smiles, placing a huge tray of homemade cookies on the table, for all to help themselves to. These guys have never turned away her cooking; she uses her grandma’s recipes, and they never fail to impress.

“I am informed that you guys would like to see the footage from the gate?” She asked, with a huge smile and mischief.

“Yes, did you bring it? Put it on; we need a good laugh.” The cheers for the video filled the room, and Fixer laughed along with them. She lifted her phone and went behind the bar with Zero, then connected it to the television screens, which we had four in this main hall, and all lit up, volume on high, as everyone in the room was glued to the screens.

Laughter and cheers rang out as the saga at the gate played out. Every single face wore a grin, and high fives and other shouts of praise. You could have been mistaken in thinking they were watching a grand finale, on a sports day, with the boos and cheers that filled the room.”Thank you, Fixer.” A voice shouted out, and cheers of agreement were heard, before play again was chimed.

They played it through three more times before they had had enough of watching it, and more talks about who might be allowed to return, and names were added to the list of possible returning members.

“We want patches made that they must wear, displaying on probation, not the same as noms, but close, they must be clearly seen,” Jinx added to the list of recommendations that returning people must abide by.

“How long is the probation?” I asked the crowd.

“Till we trust them again, or they have done something to prove they are trustworthy, something that can be proved. Some might never come off probation. Look at Bruiser; we all trusted him completely. He has been part of our club since he was born, yet he was a huge part of this.” Bruiser seems to be the biggest target; he hurt the members the most. Our sergeant-at-arms has fallen from grace.

“Melony said she will be here in an hour, a short shift today,” Fixer whispered to Zero, as she left from behind the bar, her phone retrieved and securely in her pocket.

“And Blaze, your girl will be here in about two hours she’s itching to have you between her thighs. Hey, her words, not mine,” she raised her hands in defence, when Blaze grumbled something I couldn’t quite catch.

“Prez, Uncle Simon, and Tandy will be over later, most likely the same time as Jenny; they’re coming for dinner and a chat.” Fixer wasn’t going to be drawn into explaining any

further and jumped onto my lap, then started giving me a passionate kiss. I felt her hunger and need, and was happy to comply.

“Hey, you two, get a room.” I gave whoever called out the bird, assuming they were talking to me, and continued to mouth fuk my little lady, hearing her quiet mews of pleasure, and her wiggling on my lap, almost had me thinking I would be embarrassing myself soon. I had no choice but to break the kiss and calm the fuk back down. I would never take my little lady in the main hall, no way, she ‘deserves much better than that. As tempting as it was to make her cum, it was best to let us both get a grip and save it for later.

“How was your little meeting?” I asked Fixer as she nestles into my chest.

“Sent you the important information, the rest would be best left till later when it’s just us.” This had me wanting to pick her up and rush to somewhere quiet, but I respected what she was saying enough to just nod and not push for answers.

“Sounds like your meeting was much more entertaining.” I laughed at her choice of words.

“You could call it that. The guys are fuming, and not ready to forgive.” I start, and then stop, as we both turn at the sound of the door opening, and watch Melony, who had just entered, scan the room for her man. He popped up from beneath the bar, having reset the beer barrel, to see Melony looking for him. Zero jumped the counter, just as she found him, as he landed, Melony reached him, and jumped into her arms, wrapping her legs around his waist, and using both hands, guided his lips to her mouth, and they started to suck face, just like I had with Fixer only moments ago.

“Damn, that looks good.” Some chick said from the hallway that led to the kitchen.

“Sure does, honey. Think we need a new man.” They bantered and chuckled about needing one like Zero, but they would never give up the men they have, both long-time club members, with children. “Time to go and help in the kitchen, back later.” I gained one more longing kiss before she wiggled off my lap and almost danced her way to the hall, giving high-fives to some of the girls and guys along the way.

That’s my little lady. She’s perfect in every way.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 150[1,590 words]

Fixer POV

Melony and Jenny had contacted me today, both with the same kind of energy that I had gotten used to from them. It sounded like Jenny had landed her perfect job; she loves being out on the rescue vehicle, saving lives, and was even out in the helicopter for an accident out of town, which was quicker to take the doctor and two rescuers, and Jenny happened to be in the office when the call came in, and was given the chance. She raved about the helicopter, loved it as much as I had. She was now talking about getting her licence to fly one once she had finished her other training and found out where she could get the flying hours I got the huge hint, but wasn't ready to commit to something like that. She would have to find one Herself. I don't even have a pilot yet.

The Helipad was almost completed. They had laid cables down first, for the lights that would flash at night, when the helicopter was out, red and green ones, and some white ones, along the ground, and spotlights that would be turned on when the pilot announces he is near, or something, not sure how all that works yet.

"You headed next door?" Tandy asked as I finished putting the last of the cookies on a tray.

"Yep, need anything before I go?" I shouted out, shut the dishwasher, and pushed the start button.

"Leave me some of those cookies." He chuckled back.

"There's a whole container full, just for you and Uncle Simon," I called back, and he had devoured so many last time that I had to make a second batch.

"Thank you. You cook as well as your grandma; she would be proud." They both called back, from down the hallway, doing who knows what, and I was not about to go and find out, in case I got drawn into it.

I choked up a bit as they said that. I tried hard to learn from Grandma. If I had known how little time I would have had with her, I would have tried so much harder to be there with her more. When they diagnosed her with cancer, she went downhill so very fast that we hardly got used to the idea that she was terminally ill, and she was gone. At least she didn't linger for long in pain. That was her only saving grace, but it hurt Grandpa, he hardly had adjusted and she was gone, it was devastating that last week, when we knew that she was going soon, we both took turns to stay with her, so she wouldn't be alone, it was late in the night, Grandpa woke me to come sit beside her, I was on one side of the bed holding her left hand, and he was on the otherside, holding her right hand, she croaked a soft goodbye, and we both leaned in and gave her a kiss, she then closed her eyes, and left us.

The funeral had all her friends from town, plus Grandpa and me. Barry, Sheila and Zoey didn't attend, I doubt they even knew she had gone, as they rarely listened to a word we said, it was only at the lawyers office, that they appeared, to find out what they would get, they didn't have a right to any of it, but Grandma thought it would save me pain, if

they received some small amount, they had pretended to be two struggling elders, and they believed it, stupid I know, as Sheila had lived an easy life till she ran away, not that she had ever lived in my home, this place. But she never wanted for anything; when she returned, she was pitiful, crying of hardship and wanting handouts, which my Grandparents refused to give her. It appears she took offense to not being treated as she had before she ran away, and I guess she plotted ways to hurt my Grandparents for not giving her the world.

I pushed my thoughts away; reliving them does nothing for me now. I need my happy face on when I head over to see Tank, the video on my phone, ready for others to see. Hopefully, they will enjoy it and laugh as much as we did.

‘With a tray of cookies in hand, I walked proudly through the gate, in hunt for my giant, fun-loving biker, my huge, terrifying-looking marshmallow inside man. I am so lucky to have him, that he chose me, when he had so many choices around him. He had healed a lot of my pain, and I hope I had done the same for him.

Why am I so emotional today?

It wasn’t an anniversary of a death or a birthday. Yet, something had triggered melancholy today.

I tried to put on a happy face as I entered the clubhouse and placed the cookies down. The crowd was ready for the videos that Zero helped me set up. As soon as I could, I headed over to Tank and took what I needed, a passionate kiss, and he must have felt my need, and took over, thrusting his tongue in my mouth. It was so erotic, and I accepted it, like a love-hungry vixen that I was.

Melony arrived and threw herself at Zero, and Jenny arrived and did the same to Blaze.

The terrible trio was in the house.

The food was almost cooked when Uncle Simon and Tandy arrived.

“So what’s the plan with the splinter group?” Tandy asked, partly because it would be good to give our guards a heads-up; they would come in small groups, grab a plate of food, and leave. The leader had said it was better for our safety for the guards not get involved with us, not the club members, that is, it would be different for me, and us at home, they need to know me, their main job, but here, they are doing a job, we had tasked them, and were more than happy to comply, and get out and flex some muscles, as Dirk had said, Dirk was the leader of the guards.

“We are going to have the members come one at a time. The club members want them to plead and explain why they left. It could take a while before we get through them all, before we make a decision.” Prez answered as he plated up some food, happy that Sticks had stayed home to rest, and that Jenny had checked on her and ensured she ate

something before Jenny came here. I had heard Jenny letting Prez know how Sticks was doing; we were all concerned about Sticks.

Dirk arrived, grabbed a plate, and took a seat next to Tank and me.

“Dirk, starting tomorrow around eight in the morning, the splinter group members will arrive, fifteen minutes apart. Each will need to be escorted up to the clubhouse; two guards per person should be enough, and they will be shitting bricks as it is. They will be given those fifteen minutes to explain and hear our terms before leaving.” He listened, nodded, he had heard, and relaxed with us; he would be the only one who might spend anytime around us. As the leader, he had to make split-second decisions, and by observing our behaviour when relaxed, he could tell when something was wrong. Uncle Simon had tried to help me understand what having these guards around all the time would be like, and how Dirk might seem relaxed and friendly at times, but he would be watching and learning all the time, never being off the clock.

I was getting less nervous around them, not feeling like I was under a microscope, like the first time, I had guards follow me to the shops, discreetly, but I still knew they were there, and for me. The thought that any one of those twenty men would put their bodies in the line of fire to keep me alive still scares me a bit, but I would have done that for my friends, and not get paid for it, and had to come to terms with it that way.

“I will sort out a schedule with my men and have them all at the gate ready. Would you like us to maintain the gate guarding overnight?” Dirk was asking me, but Tank, Prez, Tandy, and Uncle Simon were there, listening as I explained and gave orders

“Not like we had, I doubt very much that any would try and enter till tomorrow; however, maybe two, hidden from view, just in case, if you remember that woman that tried to seduce you?” I asked, Dirk nodded, his face blank.

“She might be bold enough to approach the gate again and try to enter. But the men won’t have received their text message informing them of the time they may come and get their chance to speak. If they want to rejoin, they will respect the time we have given them. I will send you a list of names and times, so you can ensure the person at the gate was the right one.” I am glad we have the guards now; the unknown factor should keep the men in line.

“If they are late?” He asked. I thought for a moment

“I will leave that up to you, if it’s only a few minutes, maybe, but five or more, your choice,” Dirk smirked. This was the first outward showing of any reaction from this man since he arrived at my home. It was nice to see he was human.