

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 11[1,431 words]

Tank POV

My shaft was hard -so hard, I think I could use it as a hammer.

Getting Maxine to my room was not something I thought would happen tonight. I am only just starting to get to know her, and after a few hours by her side, I am smitten. With her on my lap, she fits perfectly.

Thought she would refuse, just because it was late, and this was a new place, a rough place to be, but the Prez made a good argument for me. Think he might have made her feel bad, but good for me, he was right, though. I would have followed her home to make sure she made it safely, and then rode back. I could have swapped phone numbers, and she could have texted me to let me know she made it, but that didn't sit well with me. I would have followed her, or I wouldn't have slept tonight, and the guys would give me hell tomorrow for letting her go home alone.

You can't place a claim on a girl and not follow through; letting her leave alone would have been a disgrace in their eyes. Once you claim a woman, her position in the gang is elevated, not to patch level, but still above the bytches, even above the noms, who are seen as our personal slaves while they try for a patch. Some go a year without being patched, while others do something that catches everyone's eye and get that patch earlier. But the woman, it was so rare to claim one, that they get that level of respect and gang protection that comes from being claimed, although there had been a few times, where the woman claimed was kicked out, because she turned out unworthy; however, while still a claimed woman, she will be given some level of privilege few unclaimed women can get.

Maxine was one of the few who already had the gang's protection, having been part of the bike shop for so many years and having proved herself, but was elevated now that I placed a claim on her.

I knew of her over the years -seen her in her coveralls in the distance, covered in grease, or her feet hanging out under a truck-but never stopped to talk or have much to do with her, other than bike business. She was a kid when the news of her working as an apprentice at the club was a massive laugh at first. Who would have thought of us letting a girl fix our bikes-but she proved herself more than capable and surpassed even Mike's expectations. She won an apprenticeship award, and Mike posted a picture at the presentation ceremony, proud as any father would be. He treated her like his son, not daughter; none of us thought of her as a girl anymore; she was our top mechanic, and no one ever gave her grief. We respected who she had become.

This hiccup of her ex, who had hurt her so badly, had opened a door for one of us to claim her, bringing her further into our lifestyle, to see if she clicked. After working with her tonight, laughing at her corny come backs, had me a gonna, I would have fought any of my brothers to

claim her as mine, by the time we were leaving the shed to join the party, I hadn't really thought about it at the time, just wanted her around me, talk to me, get to know her better, staking a claim, seemed to be the only way, my pea brain could come up with. It worked; the patch members nodded, gave me the thumbs up, and sent other signals during the night that they had seen the claim and approved 1.

Now, she was in my bedroom, having looked around, nodding and smiling at different things. I tried to look at my room through her eyes, but I couldn't see it any differently than it was a clean man's room. It had my smell, the bed cover and pillows, even the mate was a gift for Christmas or a birthday from pack members or wannabe girls of my past, before that day when my life changed.

Watching her strip had me almost soiling myself; it almost hurt, it was that hard. The desire to have her was higher than what was comfortable; this was beyond insane: No chick had gotten under my skin like she has.

But my shaft didn't care; it wanted attention from a female for the first time in months. I hadn't even given myself a hand job in ages -maybe that was why I was so hard now. When a girl managed to make me hard, I would finish it off in the bathroom, but that had become less and less over the years. I can count on one hand how often I have had a woman suck my shaft since that fateful night. No one gets to touch it but me.

The shy girl, climbing into my bed, felt wrong; this was not the girl had just spent hours with, the confident, vivacious woman who could beat me with smart comebacks. Why suddenly so shy, no wait.

Could she be a virgin?

That's what Stick was trying to hint at? I had thought so, but dismissed it because it seemed insane.

I thought she had a boyfriend for ages -surely they had reached that stage. She was what? Twenty? I don't know any girl at that age still untouched. Geez, that makes what happened to her by that prick worse.

My need to protect her from guys like that just rose higher. She doesn't need unfaithful d***s, she needs someone she can rely on, someone who has her back.

Yeah, our guys are known to sleep around, the woman throw themselves at our guys all the time, wanting to be part of the bikers life, but most would never make it past being a bed warmer, even if they got pregnant, we would take in the child, but the woman would never be claimed, no one would know who the child's father was, so it becomes gang property, as harsh as that sounds, there would always be doubt. At least the child will have a home, and if the mother doesn't want to hang around, we give the child to one of the claimed, if they want to help. I can't remember the last time we had an unclaimed. That was what we called the children when the mother gave

birth and left the baby with us; it would be cared for by all, never by one mother or father, but by a gang of them.

The moment Maxine was in bed, I had to hold her; it helped still my mind, which was full of crazy thoughts.

Maxine was shaking, was that nerves?

Fear?

The thought that she might be scared of me worried me. I know I can be intimidating, being as large as I was, but not her; never would I hurt her.

“You’re shaking,” I stated as I brought her closer to me. She was warm and soft in all the right places, fitting perfectly against my body.

“Yeah.” She replied softly, snuggled back against me a bit more. I liked that.

Well, that didn’t help me understand.

“Why? Are you afraid of me?” I dreaded the answer, but needed to know. I need a direction. Some I can try and fix.

“No, I am not afraid of you.” We were whispering, why? It was not like anyone else could hear.

“Then why are you shivering?”

“I have never shared a bed with a man.” Bingo, there it was.

“Not even like this?”

“NO.”

“What about falling asleep on the couch, snuggled together?” I couldn’t get my head around that she had such a lonely life. She was gorgeous, funny, sassy, what’s not to love?

“Nope.” She sighed, sounding a bit frustrated with this topic of conversation.

I kissed her neck, and she squirmed in my arms. I wouldn’t continue to pursue this topic, but I will come back to it at a later date.

“Your beard tickles.” A light-hearted giggle escaped her lips; hearing it pushed some of the concerns aside.

“Sleep, morning will be here soon enough.” I nuzzled her neck, gaining another soft giggle.

Maxine was asleep before me, and I lay there holding her in my arms, enjoying her warmth and her soft snore. It was cute, nothing too loud, and sort of mew.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 12[1,513 words]

Maxine POV

My worry about sleeping with Tank disappeared. One moment, I was shaking, nervous about being in his bed, not scared, more like I was uncertain, would he keep his word, to only hold me, his arms wrapped around me, pulling me against his hard chest, his warmth enveloped me, I felt his need hard against my thigh. Still, he didn't act on it. Soon, after a few brief questions, I was out like a light.

I woke early, as I would with my daily morning routine. With my work starting early, it was almost an everyday thing, except Sundays, when the shop was closed, though we occasionally worked overtime. But even on my days off, I would wake up the same time, been like that for years, early starts at school, as I walked to school most days, and then starting work, had to be at work by seven, and walked there too, until I got my bike license. Then everything changed for me, with newfound freedom, a way to get away from home, and not having to walk everywhere.

It was five in the morning.

I quickly showered and put on the clothes I wore last night.

Leaving Tank to sleep.

Finding my way down to the kitchen, I popped on the coffee pot to start a brew and quickly found my way around, pulling out food to make breakfast. I remembered Sticks telling me last night that if I stayed here, I had to cook breakfast for at least 50 people. Possibly more, depending on how many wake before lunch.

Opening a big packet of bacon, and put that in the heat to cook, and then started the scrambled eggs, added some herbs and finely chopped capsicum into a large mixing bowl with two dozen eggs and beat it, before adding that to a pot, the same time that was cooking, I started the six-slice toaster, and began the bread. I was turning over the bacon when Sticks and Cricket arrived.

"Maxi Max, you started already, did you sleep at all?" Cricket squealed as she came to stir the eggs.

"What time did you start to get all this done already?" Sticks asked as she took over the toaster. Then, while the next lot was toasting, she started getting out plates and utensils, placing them on the long table and setting out the condiments, cups, and everything else you could think of. I put on some small sausages and hash browns.

“My body clock wakes me at five in the morning, a habit.” I shrugged as I continued to plate the bacon on paper towels and start the following item.

“Damn girl, I complain getting up at seven, to feed the hungry mob, that’s insanely early.” Cricket complains as she places the cooked eggs on a platter and grabs more mixture to make more.

“So how did it go last night?” Cricket asked, both women staring at me, waiting for an answer.

“What do you mean?” I acted dumb; I knew what they wanted to know, but I wasn’t going to give it out easily. I like to tease.

“Did you and Tank get down and dirty?” Cricket wiggled her eyebrows, and Sticks nudged her.

“We snuggled and slept,” I stated casually, as if it was nothing, they wouldn’t understand that being in bed with him was a massive step for me.

“Just slept?” Cricket sounded disappointed.

“It was almost half past one when I got to bed. I was too tired for much else.” I replied softly, not that I would have let him; I don’t trust easily, and I am not there yet, even with the girls’ encouragement to get in and do it.

“What? So you have had what three and a half hours’ sleep, and down here working, how do you do it? I can’t function with less than six hours of sleep.” Sticks looked at me with shock, expecting me to look a mess, I guess, but I have worked on less than that before.

“You look amazing, and functioning well, for someone who barely hit the sheets and was up working again.” Cricket complimented me.

“When you have lived in my house, you would understand that sleep was a privilege, not a right.” I shrugged, not wanting to go into details.

“That sounds like a story for another day, when I have had a few drinks under my belt.” Sticks said, looking at me with sad eyes.

They stopped pushing me for answer when two more woman arrive groan out a good morning and got to work in the kitchen, soft music was put on, and the chatter around the kitchen, was nice, like a large family, no bickering, or fighting, no complaints other than how handsy some guys are, but nothing stressful, no nasty comments about me still wearing the same clothes as yesterday.

They talked about last night, laughed at something Alice had done, and how she was thrown out on her arse. Someone said she called a taxi but had to walk to the gate because the cab was not allowed into the compound. It made my day, in a way. I would have loved to see her face when she was ditched and had to walk to the gate, then wait for the taxi at that time of night.

“Hope your friend doesn’t get any flak for what happened to Alice.” Cricket chimed in when the laughing died down. Eyes turned to me, to see my reaction, but I had learned over the years to hide my emotions; it was not worth the ribbing if they saw you upset.

“Let’s hope not. I will let you know when my girlfriend contacts me.”

We had just finished plating all the food onto the tables when bodies started arriving. They grabbed a plate and left to eat, wherever, nowhere in particular, as long as it wasn’t in the kitchen, since there wouldn’t be room to accommodate them all. Prez and the master of arms arrived, filled their plates, but they both stopped talking and turned to look at us in the kitchen.

“Thank you, ladies.” Then left, they were the only ones to thank us, that was, until Tank arrived. We had refilled the bacon, toast, and eggs twice by the time he arrived.

Tank came straight to me and gave me an award-winning kiss, right in front of the girls, gaining wolf whistles from them and the few guys that walked in.

“Morning, you should have woken me. Have you eaten?” He picked up a plate and was loading it, and stopped to look at me, when I hadn’t answered.

“Not yet.” Ignoring his complaint about not waking him.

“Come grab a plate and eat with me.” He said, offering me the plate he had just loaded up.

“Go girl, you’ve done enough, we can handle the rest.” Sticks said, urging me to leave.

“Tank, she was down here at five this morning,” Cricket added, dobbing on me.

Then you are having a break, and eating with me, and I won’t take no for an answer,” Tank said, grabbing both plates and heading out. I had no choice but to hold the utensils and two coffees and follow him out the door.

He led me to a table by the pool, where the Prez was sitting, discussing something with Bruiser. When he placed the plates on the table, he also set the coffees on it, pulled out a chair, sat, and pulled me onto his lap. Dragged a plate in front of us, and then the other, and waited for a knife and fork.

“I am not eating this with my fingers, hand them over, wench,” Tank grumbled when I delayed handing them over.

I gave him what he wanted, and he started digging in, and after a few seconds, I started eating too. A groan came from Tank’s lips as he chewed on a mouthful of egg.

“What did I leave some shell in the eggs?” I asked, panicking that I had made a mistake.

“You cooked this?” Bruiser asked, his plate nearly full of scrambled eggs.

“Yeah, most of this I prepared, and I was bored. Is it that bad?” I looked between the men, wondering if I had put too much of something in the eggs. I hate plain scrambled eggs and have always added something to give them flavor, but I guess not everyone has my taste.

“Not at all, it was the best eggs I have tasted in a very long time. I hope you cook more often.”
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Prez answered before Bruiser did.

“Yeah, what he said,” Bruiser added with a mouthful of eggs.

“Looks like our number one mechanic can cook, guess we might need her on some of our rides, can fix a bike if one breaks down, and cook us some food, when we stop. Win-win, if you ask me.”

Said a guy, I don’t remember his name, who came to sit at the table about the same time we did.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 13[1,471 words]

Tank POV

The best sleep I have had in years, I didn’t have that nightmare tonight. Having Maxine in my arms must have been the reason for a dreamless sleep.

I reached for her, but the bed was empty, her side cold, from being gone for a long while.

Threw the blankets off and headed to the bathroom, emptied my bladder, and opened the shower door. It was still wet from her shower, and a towel was thrown into the basket for washing. It felt good to know she was comfortable helping herself. I will have to get some girl products for her. I thought as I took a quick shower, with a grin on my face.

The sounds of laughter and utensils scraping plates, the smell of bacon, toast, and coffee in the air, reached me before I made it down the last level of steps. This was life: good friends, good food, and hopefully a girlfriend on the horizon. She never answered my question about claiming her, but she didn’t say no either. There was still hope until I got ano, and then I would have to work harder to get that yes. It had only been a day; I am a patient man, and I will get that yes eventually.

There she was, placing food on a tray, which Cricket took away to place on the side tables that were already full of food.

I couldn't resist showing everyone she was mine, in the only way I could, by giving her a long kiss. To the delight of the guys in the kitchen, I am sure that it will be the talk in the gang house for days to come.

I placed two plates, she grabbed the coffee, and I led her to the table by the pool. It was a favorite spot where I often sat, chatting with the Prez, Bruiser, and their woman. We fit well on this table, like it was meant to be, like it was always like this, a quick greeting and then chow down.

The eggs were amazing. I didn't know scrambled eggs could be so fluffy, and the added bits made the flavors burst in your mouth. I am not a food critic, but these were by far the best I had ever tasted. It didn't shock me that Maxine had cooked them, she made cakes for the guys at the shop, that I managed to taste a few times, when I brought over or collected a bike, was always in a hurry to do things, wish back then I took more time to get to know her more, mind you I heard she had a boyfriend, and that would have put any thoughts of being mine out of the question, I don't take other guys women.

We complimented her on her cooking, and so did the men when they heard she was the one to cook, as they approached the table before heading off to start their day. Maxine blushed at the compliments, turning her lovely pink. I thought it was adorable.

"Maxine, spoke with Mike, he is happy for you to finish your time here, fixing bikes, and he will sign it off, said you only had a few weeks left anyway, you finished all the modules. It just requires his signature, that you have done the time. He knows you are more than capable, and also suggested that you might want to stay here, better for travel, but then you love to ride your bike, might prefer a quick ride each day." Prez was talking to Maxine, and I was sitting listening, dying to add to her staying, but didn't want her to feel pressured; she had been through enough.

"Thank you, Prez, I appreciate that you talked with Mike. I was going to do it tomorrow at work."

"Well, your workplace will be here from now on. Today, we will get all that stuff out of the storage unit and set it up in that shed. Plus, if you want to move here, we can pack up the flat. Also, your wages will change; we will take over that part. Mike has sent out office management, your information, and it will include a little higher rate, as we will pay you as if you have been signed off."

"What rules will I have if I live here?" Maxine asked, not taking her eyes off Prez.

"Come and go as you please, live by our code, which I believe you have already been informed of. If there is a dispute, what I say goes, no exceptions. Work with the girls, like you did this morning.

Keep the room clean; we don't have maids here. No curfews, plus if you want visitors, they need to be approved by the sergeant-at-arms. I heard your three girlfriends have been approved; some of our guys are interested in them, too, so they might be visiting without you having to call them over.

That tart was kicked out, won't be allowed back in." He chuckled with a knowing look.

"Good, she was not my friend, and I didn't invite her; she invited herself. I am waiting for my sister's call to yell and scream at me about last night. Somehow, Alice's behaviour, or should I say being kicked out of here, will be blamed on me." Maxine looked a little sad, but that look vanished fast when the Prez replied.

"We can handle anything she dishes out. You are not alone anymore, not that you were alone. You have your three girls, but you now have a whole pack behind you. Your enemies are our enemies. That includes your parents, sister, and ex; they were put on that list the day we heard what happened. We don't usually get involved in family issues, but we can make an exception in your case." I smiled with pride. We might be seen as badass guys who like breaking the law, but there are some areas we won't go,

We are protectors of this town, being owners of more than half of it. Not all were running illegal businesses; most are legit. This was our town, and we protect what was ours and hurt those who hurt ours.

We support our town: one way was sandbagging the river during floods that threaten the town center, rescuing farmers stranded on their property, and helping with the cleanup afterwards. We are a lot of muscle that can be used for the good of our community. They might fear us most of the time, but call on us when the town is in danger.

It was a crazy situation in our town, but with that fear comes respect. When rival gangs rode in, our president got a call asking us to come to town because an unknown group was there. We knew who they were and already had eyes on them. Still, it was nice to be the preferred group that the town was comfortable with.

"Thank you," Maxine replied, picking up her plate and starting to clear the table.

"Leave that, time for you to go with the boys and get that storage unit emptied." Sticks shooed Maxine away, and Sticks side bumped Maxine with her hip, almost knocking herself over. Maxine was stronger than she looked, as Sticks just found out.

"Go with her, Tank," Prez said, pushing us to get the job done.

Placing my arm around her waist, we headed to where the trucks were idling, waiting for us. Maxine gave the driver the address, and we climbed in, pushing Maxine in the middle, and some bikes followed us to help with the loading.

Maxine opened the double doors to the storage unit, and I gave out a loud whistle.

"That was not what I was expecting." The unit was chocka's, like you couldn't put anything else in there if you tried.

“I did say I had a bit of machinery.” She shrugged and began giving instructions on the gear we were taking. An hour and a half later, we pulled the last piece out of the unit. The fun part had been working out how to fit it all in the two trucks. It was a jigsaw, and it amazed me that Maxine had been the one to move it all in there by herself and make it fit. Some machines were heavy, like the lathe, which was heavier than we thought, and it took two men to move it. How did she do it by herself? She had to have had help, didn’t she?

We drove back. Tomorrow, Maxine will hand in the keys.

The rest of the morning and partway through the afternoon, Maxine had the guys moving stuff around until she was satisfied with the sheds set up. It looked great.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 14[1,511 words]

Maxine POV

It was amusing to watch me struggle with my machinery and equipment. Sticks had brought sandwiches out to the shed when we arrived, and we ate while we worked. By mid-afternoon, my shed was finished, and I had plugged everything in and tested it. A new wash bay, filled and ready for use, a tub full of metal and off-cuts, and all my spare parts, in a separate part of the shed. When Prez saw what I had, he cleared a larger area, and soon the shed was better equipped than the bike shop’s workshop. The gang members came and went as they investigated what I had set up. I was ready for work tomorrow, will have to find out who my boss is, to allocate tasks for me, as I know if left up to me, I would be working on that baby of theirs first. I want to get my hands on that little beauty. See it up and running.

I headed in, exhausted from setting up my workshop, but it was worth all the effort. A quick wash, and I headed towards the kitchen to see if they needed help with dinner prep, but got stopped by a guy who said the Prez wanted me in his office. He led me to the office door, which was open, and knocked. He looked up from the pile of papers on his desk and smiled.

“Come and take a seat,” he nodded to the chair.

Sitting erect, staring at him as he finished something on his desk. I put down his pen and relaxed.

“The workshop looks impressive. I had no idea you had so much equipment. You know how to use it all, like some of that you would not have learned from Mike.” I guess this was his way of asking how I got the equipment and how to use it. I thought I had already told him that it belonged to my grandpa.

“This was all from the sheds my grandpa willed to me; he taught me how to use them all.” I couldn’t stop the pride in my voice as I spoke of my grandpa. He was the only person who made me feel loved.

“I have a list here of jobs for you to do, the restoration of the bikes including baby, will be after these are done, don’t worry you won’t be taking work from Mike, he has more than enough to keep him busy, but we noticed you have a knack for painting and the artwork it great, so our guys want you to work on the paint jobs first. See what you can do, between paint jobs, for the other service and repair. I get that you might have to stop and let the paint dry, only one bike paint job at a time, so that you can do other work. I hope I got all that right.” I took the page and noticed his bike was the first on the list.

“Do you have a preference on the paint job, other than the small explanation here?” I asked, looking at what he suggested.

“Do up a drawing, and show it to me, I am sure the others will have something better for you to go on, but treat it like our tattooist does, we give him an outline of what we want and he draws it for us, and then we make a choice from there.” He was grinning at me, like I was something he was enjoying to get a rise out of me.

“Okay, I will get on that. Anything else?” I wasn’t going to let myself be put out by this; maybe it was a trial of some kind. This was not what I had thought they wanted; it had nothing to do with being a mechanic.

“Yes, have you thought about moving in yet? I know Tank would love to keep you in his bed.” He joked that he would have heard from Sticks by now if nothing had happened.

“It would be beneficial to move here for work purposes. I often work late into the night.” I replied, “I had thought about last night and Tank keeping his promise. I decided I needed to learn to trust again, and this move was huge for me.” I like Sticks and Cricket, and I get along with the ladies I have met so far.

“Good, Tank can drive the truck and bring your stuff here.” He dismissed me.

“I only have clothes; the few things I added to the place can stay for someone else’s use.” I pushed, not wanting to bring all that stuff here.

“Tank can take you.” He again turned to his paperwork, dismissing me, as if all was settled; it might be in his mind, but this had my stomach in a mess, nerves taking over, it felt worse than being kicked out of home.

I am not sure I was ready for this; so much was happening so fast, it was blowing my mind. In one week, I had lost my boyfriend to my sister, got kicked out of home, moved into the flat above the bike shop, now I have a new boyfriend, that was if I agreed, which by accepting to move in with him, I guess that means I have, and changed my job, moved my grandpa’s machinery to a new home, and been given a list of bikes that want new paint jobs, which was more a hobby for me. Still, not part of my job, I found it frustrating that he wanted me to paint so many bikes. I was looking forward to restoring some of those old bikes to their glory days.

“Hey, ready to go?” Tank came around the corner as I was finishing my coffee. I went to the kitchen for a bottle of water and found the coffee pot hot, so I drank that instead.

He came around and wrapped his arms around my waist, as if it was a natural thing to do. I stiffened at first, but he didn’t react, just nuzzled my neck, and waited for me to reply.

“Guess, so, don’t feel I had much of a choice,” I replied, moving to rinse my cup.

“You have a choice, you could stay above the shop.” He murmured in my ear. Nibbling it, causing me to scrunch my neck and wiggle out of his arms.

“It might be worded so it sounds like I do, but I don’t, not really,” I argued back. He looked at me, confused, but didn’t push me on it.

“What do you mean? You don’t want to live here with me.” He sounded like I had wounded him, like a rejection or something.

“I feel like my life has changed so much in less than a month. I don’t know what to feel. Also, I thought I was going to be working on bikes, like repair and rebuild, but I am told to do a whole lot of painting.” I almost sobbed at the thought.

“But your paintwork is good. I don’t understand, with the fock, come on girl, talk clearer so this pea brain of mine can understand.” He grumbled. Pea brain? No way, look at the size of that man, he can’t have a small brain.

“Pea brain?” I chuckled as he bundled me into his truck.

“I like painting, but it’s a hobby, not my job. I was looking forward to getting my hands on those wrecks and getting them back on the road, where they belong.” I pouted, pushing my bottom lip out and folding my arms over my chest in defiance.

“I can talk to the Prez if you like, get him to review the painting schedule, maybe break it up a bit, he wouldn’t have meant it to be an insult, he was impressed with your paintwork, and thought the guys would like a new logo or something, it been a while since we had a good artist in our ranks.” He sounded proud and hopeful, and his verbal diarrhea had reduced. I noticed that when he was angry, flustered, or nervous, he swore more.

I grunted in response, not holding out for success, the Prez’s idea of less, and mine, I get the feeling will be very different.

We pulled up to the shop and spent the next half hour packing my clothes and knick-knacks. Tank wanted the rug in our room; he liked it. Mike arrived and suggested leaving the food in the cupboards and fridge, since one of the guys will be moving in now that I have made it a more comfortable home.

Typical, they didn't want to do all the cleaning I had done, to make it liveable, it had been empty for a while, and needed a good scrub. It helped me keep my mind off my woes. But I only got to spend a few nights there, and now I'm moving again. I feel my life is spiralling out of control.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 15[1,469 words]

Tank POV

"Get her here, no matter what it takes, you dig me?" The Prez demanded, as we talked about Maxine, that I, like, argue he's wrong, and he told me he doesn't give a damn what I think, but she had to come and live here.

"Why, she needs to make that decision herself, she's not the sort of girl you push around, like the other hoes that visit.' I spat back, not liking this bossing around. He's my Prez, and I usually don't question him, but he's putting pressure on me about a girl I happen to like, and I feel forcing her to do something against her will would eventually backfire.

"Alright, Alright, word has been whispered in my fucking ear, that her ex and sister are planning a little surprise in an effort to make her leave town, and I want her here where we can better protect her." He grumbled back so low I almost missed it.

"What the Fock, why didn't you lead with that?" I spat at him, my temper rising, and I am unsure if I am angry because of what he said, or because he held it back, or because he didn't want to tell me in the first place. I had a right to know, just as Maxine does.

"Because you are reacting exactly the way I thought you would, and it would be best if Maxine didn't hear about it." He countered back, still calm and calculating, which was raising my dander even further.

"Pigs can fly, there's no fucking way I am keeping that from her; she has a right to know." I was ready to punch my Prez for the first time in my life.

"I don't know where that bit of news came from. Someone knows about her life, and whoever that is, could have said something, and ears that should not have been listening might have decided the way to get rid of her was to lie about the family and what they were going to do." He was not who making sense. How could he react if it wasn't true? He had always been a person investigated, heard all sides before reacting.

"What aren't you telling me?" I had calmed down a little bit and was thinking this through. Trying to make sense of it, and balance it out on what I do know about Maxine and her charming family.

“The person who told me was your brother. He heard the girls talking about something one of them had heard while at the shops, but the girls who were talking were not the ones I would trust. The info was correct, but he thought I should know about it. You know him, he rarely speaks about what he hears.”

“Who were the girls?” I asked, This is getting crazier by the minute.

“Pixi, and her minions.” He leaned forward to gauge my reaction.

“Figured that turd needs banning. She has been causing trouble for months now. I am surprised you hadn’t.” I say, shrugging, What could I say? She was at the bottom of the barrel, came from another club, where she was in trouble, but we didn’t know that at the time. We were worried she was a spy, and she had nothing to disprove that thought, but I don’t like the scrag; she brings the tone of the other ladies who come for a good time, a bad name.

“Agreed, was talking to bruiser the other day about her at the little group she had been forming, time to move her along. Alice was better than that chick, but we banned her day one. I think we gave this one the benefit of the doubt, because she already knew the rules and life.” I could see that there was more going on, but that was not my worry. I am just a patch; the workings of the boss and his trusted few are not mine to question, but I will put my two cents in when I can. I pick and choose those moments.

I am dismissed, with a nod to the door.

I leave wondering how my life was changing, how by my emerging attraction and partial claiming had the Prez acting like I had already put a cut on her..

“Bro, you getting soft?” My brother had said earlier, this morning, while Maxine was in with the Prez.

“What?” I barked back, flexing my biceps.

“No, not that, stupid, the woman, you gone soft. Never thought I would see my big bro soft over a woman, you’ve been so hard for years.” He grinned at me, hitting my shoulder good-naturedly.

I knew what he meant. I rarely let a woman near me touch me, I haven’t given them a reason to think I’m interested; if the plonk is on my lap, I throw them off. Not interested. But Maxine was different; she made me feel, and that was new to me, and I wanted to investigate it.

“Talking about gone soft, what’s this I heard you sharing gossip?” I probed back, giving him a look that said I wasn’t the only one changing.

“You know how I feel about that scrag, and if I had my way, we would never have her around. She’s toxic, makes the rest look like angels. When I heard her latest, I knew she was jealous and trying to get rid of her. Before she even went into the club, she didn’t know that Max had been

part of us for years. But thought I'd share it with the Prez, just in case there was some small truth in her spiteful comment." He would have beaten the woman black and blue if we treated women like that, but both my brother Zero and I have never hit a woman, and don't plan on doing that any time soon. Throwing them off your lap and causing them to fall was different from physically raising a fist.

"You and me both, I just left the Prez, telling him the same, get rid of her, before she claims someone was going to be a daddy, I wouldn't put it past her to do it." Zero cringed at the idea but nodded in agreement. Some of these girls will try anything to be given a cut. Still, they never will; they might not remember all the rules. Still, one of those rules was that if a recognised unclaimed woman announced a baby, the baby would be DNA'd to find out who the dad was, then claim the child as club property; plenty of claimed women about that would care for the child, till it was old enough to become inducted in. Don't know how other clubs handle that, but we don't accept having to claim a scrag just because she got knocked up.

"You bringing Max in?" He asked as we walked towards the kitchen. I liked that he gave her a shortened name; I have been thinking along those lines, too.

"Yeah, Prez ordered me to bring her in. I am hoping she will accept it and not give me too much grief." We entered the kitchen and grabbed a coffee, waiting for Max to return. I had seen her go down the hall to the Prez's office. Knowing her, she will want a coffee after she catches up with him. My bladder tells me I am not waiting, and I head to the can, returning to find Max drinking coffee.

Zero and some of the lads came with us, moved her gear. One of the guys had asked if he could live there; he got a woman now and was ready to find a place for them. Most people lived away from the clubhouse. Prez agreed even before Max knew she was moving out.

On the way back, Max spoke from her heart; it almost melted mine, as she was close to tears at all the changes in such a short time.

"You know the guys love the artwork on your bike, can't blame them for wanting such a good job on theirs," I counted her argument.

"Sure, I get it, but I don't want to spend all my time painting. How about I do one bike, take a break to do some work on a wreck, you know I got to let the paint dry between coats, I can work on the bikes, while the paint dries." She counted, desperate to keep doing what she loved most: bringing wrecks back to life.

"Perfect, we can use that as a baseline, and go from there. We got this, I got your back." I would fight to make sure she was happy. This was new to me, and I found I liked this small change in me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 16[1,548 words]

Maxine POV

Tank and the guys helped bring up my stuff, and Tank helped me put it all away. Just as he promised, one corner was set up with a desk, where I placed my laptop and printer, making that corner my office, which was until Tank could get a corner in the shed sorted for me, I asked that it would be lockable, has good lighting, and power, I am interested to seeing what he can figure out for me.

“Put your mat there, so that’s your side of the bed.” Placing the mat there made me all tingly inside, like I’d made a claim, too.

We stood together and surveyed the room with keen eyes.

“That works.” Tank wrapped his arms around my waist from behind and rested his chin on my head.

“Yeah, I like it. Thanks.” I didn’t explain what I liked about it, and he didn’t push; he grunted acceptance of my approval, and that was enough.

“Come, let’s work on the shed, get that sorted once and for all.” He nudged me towards the doorway, and I let him take me to my new workplace.

The shed had plenty of natural light, which I liked most. It would make painting so much easier; the natural light and the open double doors would give good ventilation.

“This corner was where I thought you would like your office; the large window would be good when on the computer or doing a lot of paperwork. Don’t ya, think?” Tank was right; it was a nice corner. I noticed some power points that could be utilised, as well as plenty of space for shelving and storage cabinets.

“Can you get this secured, like a wall there to give me privacy, and lock the door at night? I trust the guys, but you have parties, the visitors might not be as trusting.” I argued that he should dispute the need to lock this room.

“I hear ya, will speak with the Prez, see if we got the materials on site.” He looked around the shed. They had cleared it all out; only my grandpa’s things were here, and a few of mine. I hadn’t expected they would give me a whole shed all to myself. I noticed they had also brought in a few bikes, which I assumed they wanted me to work on. One looks like the rider could not possibly have survived. Still, I am not about to ask those types of questions; that’s a hard story to tell, and I, for one, am not ready for more emotional stuff; I have enough going on in my head, in some ways, all these changes that were happening had helped keep my mind off all that I had

lost. The vast family unit I had gained was how they made me feel, and they have said a few times that I was family.

I liked that feeling. One I hadn't managed to capture with my blood relatives before, yet here it was, almost immediately, that they insisted I was family.

Sticks was lovely, I had known her before, when she came to the shops, and offered cakes she had cooked. I never really tried to get to know them. I had thought I would finish my apprenticeship, then find somewhere away from this town to get a job and live as far away from my family as possible, but I guess my real family, whom I'd been with all along, didn't realize it yet.

We spent the next two hours, working through the shed, making it my workshop, setting up the wash bay, the lathe, everything retested after I moved some around, then where we first placed them, I opened up an area for the bikes that need little done, a service of something, a painting area, and the place was starting to look like how I had imagined my workshop would look like if I ever had one in the future.

"Food time." Sticks arrived with a plate of sandwiches. I hadn't thought about food, but now that it was here, my stomach growled to let me know it wanted filling.

"Thx Sticks," Tank thanked her as he took the plate and grabbed my arm, leading me to the box to sit on, so we could eat. What I didn't expect was that he placed the plate on the floor, sat, pulled me onto his lap, causing me to squeak in surprise, then picked it up again.

"Eat." He commanded.

"Bossy much," I grumbled as I obeyed and took a sandwich.

It was meat and pickles, and I couldn't stop the groan that escaped from my mouth when I tasted the tang of homemade pickles. One of the things I missed about Grandma was her homemade pickles.

"Don't do that," Tank growled at me.

"What? I ain't doing nothing." I turned to look at him, and he squirmed, lifting me off his lap and placing me back down. A hardness hit my backside, and I froze and felt the heat rise in my cheeks at the same time.

"Keep still." He waited for me to start eating again before he tucked into his own sandwich.

I was racking my brain, and couldn't remember a single time that my ex had that reaction when I sat on his lap. He would never pull me onto his lap like Tank had; he had always kept me at arm's length, and come to think of it, he was most likely already cheating on me. Before my sister came along, I was just too naive to see it. I was the safe bet, and now I was all churned up inside, seeing how deep the betrayal had really been.

“What’s up?” Tank asked, having felt the change in me.

“Noth’n,” I murmured back and took a large bite of my food so that I couldn’t talk.

“Talk to me.” He whispered in my ear, so close I could smell the coffee he had just sipped.

“Just silly,” I said after forcing the mouthful down my closed-up throat.

“Tell me.” He waited patiently for me to talk, something I hadn’t expected. I always thought of bikies as full of agro and no patience, but I have been learning that my assumptions were all wrong.

“My ex never pulled me on his lap, like ever, and when I had sat on his lap, he never reacted as you do. Did.” I whispered, afraid to say it out loud.

“Then he was an i****t, blind and stupid, to not see the gorgeous woman he had before him.” He kissed my ear and rubbed his itchy beard on my neck, and I liked it.

This kind of affection I was sadly lacking, thinking all this time that something was wrong with me.

I never liked the frilly lace, the lots of makeup, and the almost-not-there, shorter-than-short skirts. Shorts were acceptable, but skirts showing what you got underneath were never my style, more like my sister than me. It made me feel undressed, and I could never understand how anyone could wear something like that in the middle of winter. I dress for comfort, not style, which is why I thought something was wrong with me. I never conformed to the fashion of the day. I like jeans and a blouse because they’re best for riding my bike and keep me warm.

“Thank you.” I finished my sandwich and coffee, and wiggled my way off his lap. He sighed and let me go.

We finished off the area, and I examined the bikes that had been brought in. One was the Prez bike; he wanted me to get a good look at it and come up with ideas for the paint job. I had already pictured what I thought he would like in my head. I needed a few hours on the computer to draw it and colour it before showing it to him.

“This one we call baby, because of its age, and it’s one of the smallest bikes here.” I agree it was old, the knuckle and panheads were babies, I give him that, not the oldest, but indeed hard to get parts for.

Dinner was casual, the guys put on the BBQ, and the girls made salads. We had fun, and it was peaceful, and I can’t remember the last time I felt so relaxed. My cheeks hurt from all the laughing I had done, I didn’t get to help in the kitchen, and the girls refused to let me clean up. Never in a million years would I have thought this lifestyle was like this. This group was mainly ladies; they do try to have a couple of days, and the kids get to join in. The single guys go to town and have fun for a few hours, not interested in the domestic side today, represent.

“You work hard, honey, no need to work in the kitchen too.” Cricket had said, When I got up to help clean up.

“Don’t be silly, I should help,” I replied, thinking nothing of doing the dishes.

“No, honey, you go rest up.” I got the message loud and clear. Sticks gave me the look that said,

“Do as I am told with this.”

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 17[1,484 words]

Tank POV

Max worked like a wild cat, rushing about and getting her workshop exactly the way she wanted. I have never seen a woman work as hard as a man before. I heard the guys chatting about her, how diligent she was, and were bagging her and talking about how sceptical they were that she could use everything in the shed, now seen as her workshop.

I believed in her and her abilities.

One look at what she had been doing while working at the bike shop and at that fantastic paintwork on her bike was more than enough evidence. Still, some have to see to believe, thinking that Mike had let her get away with things a guy wouldn’t, they are in for a shock. I noted who was the worst of the bunch and will ensure his bike is always at the bottom of the repair or touch-up list.

The gathering was fun, better than in the past, when I would not join in, eat, and then run. However, this time I stayed, held Max on my lap, and talked freely with the guys, even had a few laughs. Max had the table in stitches with some of her quick retorts; she was the life of the table, and others came to join us as the night wore on. Even the Prez managed a laugh or a slight chuckle, something he doesn’t do very often, but seeing him laughing raises the enjoyment of the night. If the Prez was angry, the whole gang feels it, but when he’s like this, they all relax and have fun.

We have been under a lot of pressure lately, following the loss of a longtime rider. We had been a little lost, finding the laughs, not the fake but real laughs, was rare at this time, but Max managed to bring to the table something we needed, even if we didn’t realize it, a good belly laugh.

By the time the night grew colder and I was watching Max yawning, it was time to call it a night.

“Come, it’s time for bed, you look buggered.” I chuckled as she yawned again, and any chance of denial fled,

I was tempted to pick her up and carry her, but after standing with her still in my arms, she squirmed, and I knew better than to fight her on this time to learn to pick my battles, ones I like to win. This type of battle can wait for another day.

While she headed to the bathroom, I stripped down to my boxers, and looked around, this room was the same, but different, it felt lived in, warm and inviting, I had never thought much about my room, it was a place to sleep, when I could, it was Sticks and Cricket that put the small touches to it, and gifts over the years, that I barely noticed any longer, but today, I saw, every item, remembering where they came from.

The door to the bathroom opened, and a yawning Max came out, wearing something that had my boxers snug, I don't know what girls call it. I looked at her from her bare feet, up her long, toned legs, to a small pair of soft-looking blue shorts, flat-toned stomach, the top she wore matched the blue shorts, to her slender neck, then her luscious lips, her sparkling eyes, that was staring at me, her head tilted to one side, as if contemplating her next move. Her hair was loose, flowing over her right shoulder. My mouth suddenly went dry, and I licked my lips in an effort to moisten them, but failed.

"Bathroom's all yours." She said, moving again, breaking the spell we were both frozen in.

I quickly used the bathroom, washing my face and brushing my teeth. I looked in the mirror, and what shocked me was that, for the first time, in a very long time, I didn't see haunted eyes looking back at me. I saw eyes that were sparkling with the thought of our new journey. One thing I am looking forward to participating in, which doesn't involve violence. Maybe my brother was right, I am going soft.

I returned, Max was already under the covers and her back to me, facing the window. I was hoping she would like the window side, so if anyone broke through that door, they would have to go through me first before reaching her. I chuckled to myself as I climbed into bed at how protective I had become of this little lady. In only two days, it was like she had always been in my bed.

I shuffled up behind her, and pulled her body the rest of the way to be flush against mine, she was already warm and toasty, and it felt so right to have her in my arms, my d**k reacted, like any red blooded male would, but I knew I wouldn't do anything about that, I am not ready to try, and I doubt Max was ready yet either, I feel we need to grow as a couple first, plus I need her to admit that she was mine, and accept my claiming her. That was proving to be more complicated than I thought. Any of the women out there that came each week hoping to catch a guy would accept me, everyone but Max, and that was proving to be a challenge, and there was nothing more than a challenge that I enjoy the most, as frustrating as this particular challenge was going to be.

Max's breathing slowed, and the body twitches I noticed she had when she first fought to find sleep, slowed to a stop, and her body went limp. I hadn't waited for her to fall asleep; it just happened that way. Knowing she felt safe enough to fall asleep quickly said a lot about the

woman; she was more trusting than she would admit, or she was exhausted beyond caring. I prefer the first.

Sleep found me, and woke to find I hadn't had any dreams again.

This woman was a miracle worker, two nights in a row, and not nightmares, or it was because I had a woman in my arms, no that didn't feel right, it was because she wasn't pushing me for more than I was prepared to give, any more than I was receiving or pushing for more than she was ready to give.

Being a biker all my life, girls have never been a problem.

Mum once said my brother and I are what girls call a tall, cool drink of water. I'm not sure what that meant, but it sounded good when she said it. Dad was a brute, beat mum up all the time, that was until we stood up for her, when we got old enough to take him down together, he treated her right after that. Sadly, they are both out of our lives now, more or less raised by the club.

I was in the shower, washing my hair, when the toilet flushed and the water went cold. To say I screamed at the sudden shock would be an understatement."

"Hey!!" I yelled out as I jumped back to get away from the cold water.

Her head appeared through the shower door, and I was so surprised that she would do that that I forgot to think about the fact that I was standing there, in nothing but cold water and soap.

"Does flushing make the water go hot or cold?" She asked all innocent-like.

"Bloody cold," I replied, standing up straight, her eyes tracking a large soap collecting from my shampoo until it reached my belly. Her eyes widened, and she suddenly looked me in the eye, shock on her face. Yep, I am that big, even when flaccid.

"Um, it was not intentional, sorry." She looked scared. Did she think I would harm her?

"Do you want to join me? The waters are starting to warm back up." Her eyes widened again, and her head disappeared.

"No? Thanks for the offer, I can wait for my turn. I will make us a coffee." I heard the door close, and I sighed.

I should have grabbed her and pulled her in, my brain didn't think fast enough, I was too shocked that she flushed, like all places I have been to, have that issue, maybe she did it deliberately to give me a surprise, well, she managed to do that, and look in on me, was a double shock.

Woman, I will never understand them.

She would still be screaming at me if I had done it to her.

I chuckled to myself at the thought.

Her pouty face and attitude, yeah, might do the same, and see how she would react, it was giving me a semi thinking about it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 18[1,540 words]

Maxine POV

Waking up, because my bladder was bursting, I rushed to the bathroom and relieved myself. I didn't think; I just flushed out of habit.

But his growling voice coming from the shower woke me completely up.

I looked inside.

Why did I do that?

Like, he was soaking wet and covered in suds.

I knew this before I looked in.

That he would be looking something like that.

Why did I do it?

He didn't look like any drowned rat, he looked??

Yummy.

I can't even think of the right word.

Tall, very tall, muscles, bulging muscles, I knew he had strong ones, because he moved engines for me that I certainly couldn't lift, and he did it with ease, like he benchpressed with them or something. His chest was hairy. I watched the water and suds move down his body, till they reached, yeah, there. Wow, I didn't think about that, like I had seen my ex, his was tiny compared to what was between Tank's legs. Like, does it get bigger even more when he gets aroused? I've seen my ex, both soft and hard, and it grows three or four times bigger. If Tank's grows that big, it ain't gonna fit.

Nope, no way.

Would it?

Babies come out of there, and they're much bigger than that, but your body works on expanding for the pending birth, or so the films that we had to watch in health education, so why would something that huge scare me so much if I put it into that context? Now I wonder if I should have learned and experimented like my sister did, so I would understand if something that big was going to be painful. My friend Jenny used to say the bigger the better, but was it big too big?

Get your mind out of the gutter. I thought, and flicked my eyes back up to his, blushing from head to toe, or is that toe to head?

I think he knew what I was looking at, and that made me blush even harder. I was sure he chuckled, soft and low.

Quickly, I had a shower after him and was glad he was dressed, looking at something on his phone. His eyes rose to look at me. I was in a robe, a towel on my head, covering my wet hair. His gaze was heated, and he shifted on his feet, like he was uncomfortable.

Interesting, I have a lot to learn about this man; he was so different from any man I had known, and nothing to compare him to. My ex seems to be the opposite of the one in front of me, and it seemed unfair to try to compare him to that cheater or any guy I had liked, because they were boys compared to Tank in more ways than one.

Tank kept his back turned as I got dressed.

"What's your plan today?" He asked as he walked over to my desk, looking at the list of tasks the Prez wanted me to do I had placed there.

"After food, I will sit up here and work on the design for Prez's bike, also get online and order some more paints, stuff like that," I replied, before turning on my hair dryer. I don't completely dry my hair; I often leave it partially damp.

"You mentioned a special painting booth, anti-static or something, you order what you need to make that room, and I will get a space ready."

"I have ordered the parts; they will be in town, ready to be picked up sometime after lunch, for the paint store. The rest was already in my workshop; it just needs to be erected. Grandpa brought it for me, but we never got a chance to erect it." I almost sobbed out as I thought of the last item Grandpa brought for me.

"Why now?" He looked up at me, searching my face.

"He died." I couldn't stop the tears that ran down my face, every time I think of the day I lost the man who loved me unconditionally, hurt, beyond anything else, other than the day I lost Grandma, both were my safe place, my protectors from my parents and sister.

Tank was up and over to me in a flash, his warm, strong arms engulfed me, and I felt tiny each time he held me, smothering me to his chest. This time was no different in that respect, but something deep inside of me changed towards him, as a small dent in my armour cracked.

“Sshhh, I am here for you now. I can’t replace your Grandparents, but I can be here to give you support you need.” I wondered if he understood what he just said.

Could he give me what I needed?

How can he, when I don’t know what I need or want?

I have been on my own for so long that even my ex couldn’t break me when he cheated and left me, even my parents throwing me out didn’t hurt me as much as I had thought it would, it was more that they never tried to get to know the real me, and went through the motions, in a stand offish way, none of them could fill that gap my grandparents had filled, the unconditional love they gave, and now Tank was offering me a haven, someone to be that support I haven’t had since they died.

Can I trust him that much?

Can he be a haven?

“Thanks,” I replied in a flat tone, confused by this sudden emotion.

He pulled back and wiped the tears from my face with his thumb.

“Stay here, I will bring something up to eat, you set up this place with what you need, I am assuming this office space is temporary, and you want your office near the paint room?” I appreciated how he moved the subject back to what we were talking about before my minor breakdown. Something I have vowed never to do, yet he managed to bring it out of me.

“Can I have some toast? I’m not that hungry.” I called out as he reached the door. He raised his hand with a thumbs-up gesture as he left the room, closing the door softly.

I put my hair up into a messy bun and got to work on that design. I had a program on my laptop, which I purchased a while back. I have been keeping up to date since then, and it lets me make 3D designs. First, I uploaded a photo of the Prez bike and then started drawing.

Tank came in soon after I got busy, placed the toast and coffee on the table, and looked at what I was doing, before kissing my forehead and leaving.

I felt rude because I barely acknowledged he was in the room.

Once I get motivated, all else fades to the background. It was part of my coping mechanism, which became a habit that I have trouble breaking out of.

The design was coming along well. I liked how it flowed. Hopefully, the prez will be happy with the results. It was going to take less time than I thought, since I had started something similar and just adapted it to what he wanted.

Tank had come in, placed sandwiches on the table, and another cup of coffee, then left, leaving me to work.

Sometime in the afternoon, I saved what I had done and stood up to stretch, bending my back and walking around the room, before collecting the laptop and leaving my room, time to hunt down the Prez and show him what I had done.

I met Tank on the stairs, on his way up, he looked like he had been doing a lot of dirty work; he needed a shower.

“Hey, I was coming to get you, wanted to show the progress we had made. You looking for the Prez?” He asked, nodding to the laptop.

“Sure, have prelims done, need to check I’m on the right track.” He turned and continued back down the stairs.

The Prez was in his office, swamped with paperwork, running a gang that was harder than it looked; it was more than taking bike rides and having fights, looking tough. I know when we had a bad storm run through our town, they were out there helping the township. I know they own a lot of it, but they helped everyone by fixing, clearing debris, and supplying food collected from other towns or farmers.

He looked up, appearing relieved, either because it was us or because he got a break from the work on his desk.

“Got a moment?” Tank asked, gaining a nod.

I went around his desk, placed my laptop on some paperwork, and opened it. Carefully, I moved my finger over the pad and spun his bike in circles so he could see it from all angles.

“Any changes?” I asked, expecting many.

“Nope, I want that, it’s perfect. You can paint that?” He asked with a huge grin on his face.

“Yep, once we get the paint room sorted and the paints arrive.”

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 19[1,575 words]

Tank POV

The materials Max talked about, I found in a pile at the back, covered in dust.

Getting a couple of the guys to help me, we picked a dark corner and erected it faster than we expected. It was a special material wall; we placed lighting inside and an exhaust fan to keep the air clean. I had never built something like this before, but the instructions were clear, and the result I am happy with. Let's hope Max is, too.

She was on her way down the stairs, and to me it looked like an angel was descending. The guys are right, she does have me under her spell.

Together, we entered the Prez's office after I knocked on his door; he had been sorting through some shipments that were arriving soon. Plus, a party before we go for the weekend ride, a club members' only party, to announce the new VP. The vote was made, and the club boys are looking forward to who might be the next VP.

"Got a design already?" The Prez looked at the laptop as Max did something with the screen.

He looked impressed.

"Taking Max to see the paint room just finished, waiting for Bruiser to return with the paints for her, then she can start working on your bike," I said as we walked towards her workshop, that's what I have been calling it, as that shed was all for her use, the whole gang was bending over backwards to please her, and pander to her needs, we have never had a woman here like Max, and she was proving to be a novelty to us all.

"Wow, this room, it's perfect, I need a bench here, and a bike lifter, power points here, and I am good to go. Thank you, Tank." Max complimented me, her smile lighting up my hardened heart.

"Prez, I will need your bike for a week, so after the run, will you be okay?"

"A week? I can take one of the spare bikes; you can start on it today. If you have what you need."

Prez looked excited; he had to be to let Max have his bike for a whole week.

"Yeah, I have enough to start stripping the bike parts that I intend to paint, clean them up, and prepare them. By the time I have some ready, this room should be finished. Have the paints arrived?"

"Yes, I picked them up from the paint shop. He gave me a call to say the parcel was here." I had talked to Pete at the shop, and he promised to call me whenever her parcels arrived. He doesn't stock the specialized paints that Max wanted, and was using him as a middleman between the supplier and her. She orders online and has it sent to him. He was going to charge her, until I arrived at his office and made him an offer he couldn't refuse; he was not a gang member affiliated in any way. We did use him a lot, but that can change quickly. As one of the town's

larger stakeholders, we could easily make it difficult for him to run a thriving business. He got the picture rather quickly.

The Prez wheeled his bike to the corner where Max wanted it and left it with her, promising not to check on her every two seconds, her insistence, not his. She didn't want him breathing down her neck. The Prez also had one of the bikes he wanted her to repair brought in, and placed in a different section, having understood that while his paint dried, she would work on other bikes, doing repairs or rebuilds. She actually stood up against him, and I think that impressed him enough to back down. Few would go toe to toe with him.

"I will get onto this tomorrow. It's time to go help the girls in the kitchen," Max said as she placed a cover over the bike and picked up her laptop.

"No, your job is not in the kitchen." The Prez said as he barred her way.

"But you said when I first came here, that I would be working with the girls, their jobs at the moment were in the kitchen." She started to argue back.

The Prez gave an exaggerated sigh.

"The ladies do not have other jobs; their primary function was to do the little things that kept the base working. Your job was to keep the men on the road, two different types of work. I don't expect you to put a full day working on our bikes and then cook and clean. You would burn yourself out in no time at all." This sounded more like Cricket and Sticks had been in his ear.

"Fine, but if the girls kick up a stink, you are the one to deal with it, you know how much they hate favorites, and by singling me out, will make them feel they're not getting a fair deal." She argued back, her hands on her hips. The few guys who came into the workshop to see how it was progressing and a general sticky beak, couldn't back out quickly enough.

The Prez left, looking like he just won a battle, he would go back to doing whatever he was doing in a better frame of mind, what Max was going to do to his bike, would be magic, no one would doubt it belonged to him, it will include the gangs logo in several places, I am jealous, and hope mine will get a turn fairly quickly, maybe I can pull the "my woman" gig over them, and jump the queue. One can only hope.

"What do you need me to do?" I asked Max as she started moving things around and organising the paint room.

The room had two parts: one where she painted, and one where she kept the paints and mixers.

The prep room, so to speak. Plus, in the prep room, she could do the pre-work, like transferring the sketch onto the tanks or whatever part was being painted, before the main painting was done.

Can we make an office over there?" She pointed to the side of the paint room.

“You sure?” I had thought she would want to be closer to the main door.

“Yes, good air flow, and love that huge window, good lighting.” I couldn’t argue with her choice; it had everything she suggested.

“We can set it up there, and if you want it moved later, we can do that too. It might take a while to find your footing. I can put a wall here, so you can have it locked.” I pointed out where we could make it work. The guys and I have done this sort of thing for years, moving rooms about in the clubhouse, setting up homes for those not living on the grounds, and building houses further back on our grounds for those who don’t want to live in town.

I helped her for the next hour, reorganising the paint prep room, which I was now calling the room.

Then Cricket’s voice was heard.

“You in here? Maxi Max.” I loved the nickname Sticks and Cricket gave Max, and she didn’t seem to mind it.

“Back here,” Max called back, and soon Cricket’s face peeked in the room.

“Wow, you have converted this shed into something spectacular. It’s hard to believe it’s the same shed.” Cricket squealed out in her too-high-pitched voice, which she got when she was excited.

“It’s Maxine’s workshop now.” I corrected her, causing a smile on her face.

“Sure is, honey. Anyway, get that cute tooshie of yours in the house, food on the table.” Cricket clapped Maxine’s arm and virtually dragged her out the door.

“Coming, you didn’t need to carry me out.” Maxine laughed as she almost tripped over something on the ground, trying to keep up with the pace that Cricket had set.

I strode quickly behind and caught her before she hit the floor, and gave a glare at Cricket, who had at least looked chagrined.

The kitchen was complete, and all the patch members were here, which was strange; it’s rare to have them all here unless there was a “Plates to the main room,” Bruis noticed the doors were closed.

But, summoning us all to the club room. I entered and

The Prez walked to the center of the room and looked around, waving his hands downward to silence the room.

“As you are all aware, we have been in talks with many of you, and with our former leaders who are still with us, about our VP selections. Today, we are announcing our new VP. It was not a hard decision, as this person had proven themselves over and over again, to be able to take the pressure when needed, and has had my back on too many occasions to count.” I looked around the room trying to work out who they had chosen, there were a lot of good choices.

“Tank, get your giant body out here and take the patch.” The cheers around the room were deafening as I walked to the middle, emotions churning in my insides, my back sore from all the slaps from the guys as I walked forward.

I was shocked and stunned; I hadn’t even known I was in the running.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 20[1,473 words]

Maxine POV

Today went by in a flash, but even with me being busy getting the final touches done in the workshop, an undercurrent of something else was going on, the whispers I couldn’t quite catch, the looks that Tank was being given. The atmosphere was like it was building to a party, but we had no party tonight, so it wasn’t very clear. I tried to concentrate on my work and not listen to the gossip that floated into the workshop.

Cricket, in her exuberant way, came bouncing in to drag me away for dinner. I had lost track of time and hadn’t noticed it was past the usual time for dinner, maybe because I had been in the kitchen helping prepare, and time can slip away quickly when you are chatting with the ladies.

Tank made sure I had a full plate before we went into the club rooms, and taking a seat, the place hummed with some hidden excitement, like they were expecting something to happen, but not sure what.

Then the Prez came forward and announced Tank as VP. This was a huge promotion, not just for the new workload he would undertake, but also for the respect the club and officials had for him. I understood not everyone had what it takes to be an official.

I clapped and cheered along with everyone else, excited at what had just been announced.

“Thank you for the trust you have in me. I will do my best to honor the patch.” He said as he took the patch, I could hear in his voice that he was all choked up at this honor.

“Any special you want to announce or ask while you are up here?” The Prez pushed, looking at me with a smirk.

No, he wouldn’t, would he?

“Yeah, I do. Max, can you come up here?” Damn it, looks like my waiting-to-wait was over. I had to make up my mind and fast.

Do I want a boyfriend?

I like Tank; he treats me like he sees me, and not as an obligation.

Walking to the front, I can feel every eye on me, and Tank looking worried as I approach, I don't think he had intended to do this, but he would look weak if he didn't and one thing I have learned over the years with the guys that hang around at the bike shop, was they hate looking weak, to anyone.

He looked at me, a little unsure of himself, or maybe the situation was out of his control, and he was just as worried about being stuck out here in front of everyone. Or perhaps he was concerned about how it would look if I said no, in front of everyone; it wouldn't look good for him.

Then, as if making up his mind, he pulled me to him, so I was flush against him, one hand on the back of my head, the other around my waist. I was going nowhere fast, and then he lowered his head and gave me a searing kiss, like a mind-blowing, hot, breath-taking kiss. Full of passion and longing all rolled into one.

I didn't know which way was up. If it hadn't been holding onto me, I am positive I would have hit the floor in a puddle of goo. My knees went weak; nothing had prepared me for this kind of kiss. I hadn't even realised one could be like this. It made my lady part throb with a need I hadn't felt before. I felt alive and wanted more. At the same time, I needed to pull away and catch my breath.

The blood that was rushing through my ears settled, and I heard wolf whistles and other chants and cheers as Tank slowly removed his lips from mine and looked me in the eyes.

“Tell me you are mine.” He asked in a husky voice, which told me he was as affected by the kiss as I was. His voice was loud enough for the room to go quiet as they waited for my answer.

I should have my head, yes, I couldn't say no in front of everyone like this.

“Use words, my little lady; they need to hear you accept me,” he said, his eyes looked like they were on fire.

“I am yours,” I said louder, but not by much, but it was enough for cheers to roar out in the room, a double celebration had started. I wouldn't get a cut to say I am his ole lady, not yet. We have a ways to go before that, but the men and women now know Tank was taken, and so was I. That gave me a certain amount of gang protection, and I get to scratch the eyes out of any woman who tries to take him from me.

Tank lifted me up, swung me around, gave me another kiss, then carried me back to the girls, where he sat and held me on his lap. The guys came over to congratulate him on making VP and for taking a woman. He was on cloud nine, with all the attention.

I gained a glass of cordial so I could drink to the toasts they were calling out, and I am sure I was getting redder and redder as the night progressed from the lewd suggestions some of the now more than drunk guys were saying; alcohol removed any filter, not that many had one in the first place, but what restraint they had in the beginning faded away with each drink they drank. Till many were singing ditties and old rock music. Instead of the stereo belting out tunes, the guys brought out guitars and drums, one had a mouth organ, and soon singing began. This was nothing like what I had imagined; some of these guys could carry a tune.

Tank joined in on a song, and his deep baritone voice vibrated through my body, making me swoon. He had a great voice.

“Can you play?” Tank asked, when there was a lull in the music, the guitarist went to the can, leaving his guitar on the nearby table.

“Yeah, my Grandpa taught me,” I replied shyly.

“Play something for me.” One of the guys nearby heard us talking and reached for the guitar, then handed it to me. I climbed off Tank’s lap and sat on a stool. I strummed the guitar a few times, as I thought about what to sing..

I loved Guns N Roses, so I sang one of their songs, “Sweet Child O’ Mine.” At first, everyone just stared at me, then, when one guy joined in on the drums, the whole room soon was singing, dancing, or just clapping along.

Guess I picked the right song.

The guy who owned the guitar stood nearby and waited till I finished the song, before taking his guitar back.

“You made this old thing sing like I hadn’t heard it be played like that in years.” I had no idea what he meant by that, but I thanked him anyway. To me, he played well, and I was rusty, but it was nice to play again. I don’t know what happened to Grandpa’s guitar; it might still be at Dad’s house, though I wasn’t going to hunt it down. They were dead to me, so anything they still had of mine or my grandparents was lost.

The night wore on, and I started to yawn. I could see Tank wanted to stay longer, but I needed sleep.

“I am going to bed; you stay and enjoy the festivities.”

He hesitated, looking at the guys and the fun, because this was his night to celebrate and was the center of attention.

‘You don’t mind?’ He asked, still unsure.

“I wouldn’t have suggested it if I did, just don’t come to bed smelling of another woman, because that would just piss me off.” I joked. The look on his face was priceless.

“I would never cheat.” He sounded wounded, but give a guy enough booze, and they belongs to anyone. I don’t blame a woman for trying to jump his bones, but Tank would have to be the one to accept the attention or send the woman away. This was my trust issue, my doubts, believing all men give in when given the right temptation.

Was mine, but what can I say, guys are guys, and my track record with keeping them interested and not cheating was so far zero. I hadn’t expected that to change any time so I gave him one last kiss and said goodnight to those at our table, then left.

Upstairs, you could feel the beat of the music downstairs, but it was not too invasive to stop me from falling asleep fairly quickly.