

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 151[1,435 words]

Tank POV

Prez had his phone on the table, driving us all crazy as it constantly vibrated, with more and more responses since the messages went out. It was made crystal clear: what time and lateness will not be tolerated. Guess others are agreeing or trying to change the times, but either way, Prez won't bother checking till tomorrow. Now was the time for the members who stayed, and to enjoy the rest of the night, keeping them proactive and happy, and included in the splinter group decision, the leadership team agreed that the members should have a voice in this issue, they would be hurting as much as we were, and needed to be part of any terms of acceptance for any returning members.

By nine, Prez was looking at the gate often, and I could guess he was worried and needed to get back to Sticks.

"Hey, busy day tomorrow, can we go home?" Fixer whispered as she nuzzled my neck, and wiggling on my lap, and yeah, you guessed it, my shaft rose to the occasion.

I didn't answer, I tightened my grip on her, and stood up.

"Night." I growled out, good-naturedly, and headed for the gate, 'Night' and 'don't do anything I wouldn't do, and other suggestive comments followed me into the darkness, the gate I could see, lights of our home still burned bright, leading us home. Fixer reached out and touched the security pad on the gate, and the click of the lock sounded like a purr in my ears. My shaft reacted by pulsing harder in my jeans.

I kicked the gate closed, and I couldn't get through the back door fast enough. I nodded to the shadow that moved in the darkness, the movement was meant to show me he was there, our silent guards, who will be forever near, just for my little lady. I am glad, in a way, that they are here for her; the chance of her being hurt eases my mind, as I am sure every male feels when they are not near their chosen one. I raced up the stairs, and through our bedroom door, booting it closed, and made it to our bed in three long strides. Lowered my precious cargo, gently down on the bed, and stood back, looking her over, from head to toe.

"My turn," Fixer whispered, her eyes full of lust and promise, and slid off the bed.

Fixer started by gently guiding me to sit on the bed and I let her move me about as she wanted. Kneeling before me, she removed my boots and set them aside, then my socks, and tucked them into my boots, like they were something fragile. Slaw, deliberate movements. I wanted her to speed up; my need was calling out to me to get on with the job, but Fixer had her own agenda and took her time.

Standing, she took off my Cut and walked over to the chair, placed it on the back, removed hers, and did the same to the next chair. Then she returned to me, carefully removed the T-shirt, folded it, and placed it next to my boots.

“Stand for a moment.” She whispered hoarsely.

I stood, and they worked on my belt, zipper, then slid down my jeans.

“Really, Tank, don’t you ever wear underwear?” I went commando again.

“Yes.” I grinned.

“When?” she asked, folding the jeans and placing them on top of the boots and shirt.

“When we go to official events, like going to town for the lawyer, although he tends to be here more than in town now, or when I get to meet your Grams officially. Don’t think I should visit them, commando, it doesn’t feel right. “I am positive half the time, I just can’t be bothered to have the boxers on, and too lazy other times, easy to just pul on jeans, and be done with it. Plus, I know it annoys her when I go commando, and I like to annoy her in little ways.

“On the bed, please.” She smiled at me, ever so sweetly, and I swallowed a lump that suddenly formed.

I moved to the center of the bed and waited for Fixer to make her next move.

She took her time removing her clothing, folding them, placing them next to mine, and my anticipation grew; it was a mixture of pleasure and pain. The wait was almost unbearable; the minx was doing that deliberately, making me wait.

She climbed on the bed, and crawled up to my chest, lay along my body, her chest on my chest, her hips grinding against my shaft, and she gave me a long kiss, making my already hard shaft harder. Then snaked slowly down my body, kissing and biting me along the way. Till she reached my shaft.

Fixer played with my shaft for a little while, teeth, nails, tongue, sending me through the roof, and I was unsure how long I could take this pleasurable torture. My little lady knew how to make my body sing with pleasure.

She suddenly pulled back, almost like she could tell was close to exploding, and did something I had not expected: she reached over to her drawer and pulled out a tube of lube. Slathered my shaft with the cool liquid, the smell of apples filled the room, then she threw the tube back on the dresser top. Moved her chest to my shaft, and rubbed my apple scented shaft between her breasts, moving it up and down, sliding slickly between her warm, firm beauties, holding them to keep a little pressure on my shaft.

She bent her head down, and each time my shaft peeked out between her breasts, she nipped, kissed, or licked the end. I groaned and gripped the sheets, trying not take over. This woman was sending me to places I didn't even know existed.

At last, she moved to align me with her warm tunnel. She was wet and ready for me. Once she was happy, Fixer pushed down hard, seating herself, and rolled her hips, reached out and took my hands, freeing them for the intense grip I had on the sheets, and placed them on her lube covered breasts, encouraging me to play with her, while she rocks between my thighs.

I squeezed them and twisted her nipples, gaining groans of pleasure, as she rocked slowly up and down. Her eyes were closed as she enjoyed riding me slowly, just when I thought she was going to stay like that, she picked up the pace, to a slow trot bouncing up and down, at a pleasurable speed, nothing over the top, just enough to bring me closer to the edge, gentle but faster.

Then as if, an alarm went off in her head, she started to thrust back down on me, harder, and a little faster, I would no longer play with her chest, my hands flew to her hips, to hold on for the ride of my life, she was, I tried to lift my hips higher, so Fixer could push down harder, or as hard as she 'wanted, needed. I watched a trail of sweat flow down her chest and reach her belly button before I lost track of the bead, my own eyes closing for that moment to enjoy the momentum that Fixer had set.

"I am going to cum." Fixer called out, my eyes flew open, as I felt her tunnel squeezing my shaft, and my own release joined her, but her face, when she came, was beautiful, her eyes still closed, a pink blush covered her face, a smile of joy on her lips, her breathing short panting breaths. She didn't stop bouncing on top of me, but did slow it down a little, and she milked me dry.

Her eyes sprang open, and she looked at me with a satisfied grin. Before lowering herself onto my chest, and captured my lips, giving me a soft kiss. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her close to me, and rolled over. She hadn't had a chance to even squeal before I was now on top, and deepening the kiss.

A sigh left her lips when I pulled back to look at her. She was searching my face with such love in her eyes; it was impossible to deny that she was mine, and I was hers, completely.

"Thank you," I whispered before placing a kiss on the end of her nose.

"My pleasure." She whispered back, before I rolled off and we spooned, her back to me, as I cupped her breast in one hand, and rested the other on her hips. Satisfied, all of the day washed away, and peace found me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 152[1,414 words]

Fixer POV

The morning light shone through the window, the sun not yet breaking the horizon, but light enough to be annoying, and we hadn't closed the curtains. I hate it when I do that, a closed curtain was a must, because the light wakes me better than any alarm clock.

I rolled over, turning my back to the light, and rested my hand on Tank's chest, then started to follow the lines of his Tattoo. It's ready to put the final touches on. The tattoo had turned out better than I could have hoped, even mine was looking good considering how I did it, using the two mirrors.

"Too early." Tank grumbled as he grabbed my hand to stop my tracing his tattoo.

"Never too early to enjoy your body," I murmured back. He opened one eye to look at me and shut it quickly.

"Too early." He said again, lifting my hand that refused to stop tracing his tattoo, and kissed my knuckles.

"We need to meet up with Uncle Simon, Tandy, Prez Zero, and Blaze," I whispered, not wanting to break the peace but knowing I had to.

"Why?" Both eyes open now, blinking away the sleep.

"Cricket, I think we need to bring her in before she talks to her dad again and gives away what we are doing. We can't afford the Jones gang to know the full extent of their failure, not yet anyway." I had been thinking about this, and we need to put her in the same place as Barry and Sheila, take her phone away, and make her sweat a bit.

"You're right, we do." Tank sat up, stretched his arms over his head, climbed out of bed, and then scratched his balls as he walked to the bathroom. I chuckled at his scratching; it was something he did most mornings, and still amuses me.

Throwing the covers off my legs, I followed Tank to the bathroom and hugged him from behind.

"Christ, woman. I nearly missed the bowl." He had jumped at the sudden arms around him; he hadn't expected it, and for once, I was one up on him in the bathroom. I am not sure whether we are competing to see who can shock or surprise the other. For our forwardness, I think Tank was ahead, but I am rapidly catching him.

He hadn't expected the scented lube. Jenny said it was so he could use the back passage, but I am not prepared to have him shove that huge appendage up there. I am more than happy with what we are doing. It was enough to see his eyes widen at the lube and what I did; he appeared to enjoy it, and that's more than enough for me.

When Tank had finished and turned on the shower, sat and had my turn and joined him under the water. He turned me around and washed my back, then washed my hair. Gentle lovingly, his eyes full of concentration, and a soft smile on his lips.

"Now get out, I need to think." He pushed me out of the shower, slapping my bottom on the way out, not hard, but because I was still wet, it sounded worse than it was.

He swore.

I looked over my shoulder as I covered myself with the towel and saw guilt on his face. He had thought he had hurt me, and I most likely will have his handprint on my butt, it was the worst I had, and I knew he didn't mean for it to be that bad.

Together, we found those we wanted to speak to in the dining room, breakfast already prepared.

"See not so early," I mumbled to Tank, who chuckled.

"I guess not."

"Jenny, you home for two days?" I asked, as I sat at the table.

"Yep, Blaze and I have some catch-up to do." Yeah, bet she does.

"Jenny and I are going to town; we have some shopping to do. Want to come?" Melony asked, but I think she already knew the answer. I hadn't changed much over the years, still not one for shopping.

"Need to catch up with Prez, and Zero, business," I replied as I placed bacon on my plate, and Tanks.

"Righto, will catch you this afternoon." Melony and Jenny put their heads together and chatted about where they were going and what they planned to buy.

"Uncle Simon, can you and Tandy be with us, want to talk about that sister link, and what to do about the last one?" I spoke cryptically, but Uncle Simon picked up on it straight away, when Prez and Zero had no clue, but understood enough not to ask in front of the ladies.

"How are you doing? Sticks." I asked, looking at her pale, puffy face and bloodshot eyes.

“Been better, this baby’s giving me a little trouble, they tested me for Gestational diabetes, but fortunately I don’t have that, just a normal pregnancy, some first-time mums go through.” She still had five weeks to go; where had the time gone? I can hardly believe how fast time was flying by.

After the food was gone, the kitchen was tidy, Sticks headed back to bed, and the girls went shopping.

In the lounge, Prez, Zero, Blaze, Tandy, Tank, and Uncle Simon sat and watched as I paced the floor, thinking.

Thoughts in some sort of order, I stopped and looked at the expectant eyes looking at me.

‘Firstly, we need to make Cricket’s phone go silent. Can we do that?’ I asked, looking at Tandy.

“Yes. Will get that done.” Uncle Simon answered before Tandy could.

“What’s going on?” Blaze asked, as he was yet to be informed of the Cricket and Zoey connection.

“Uncle Simon wants to fill the guys in?” I asked, since they were more up to date than I was.

They filled them in, and after some swearing, threats of killing, throwing chairs around, and punching a wall, that did nothing for the wall, and other than bruised knuckles, nothing for Prez or Zero.

“What now?” Blaze asked when the room calmed down.

Uncle Simon phoned someone, gave them Cricket’s phone number, and asked them to divert her text messages; he wanted it to look like the messages went through but were actually diverted to him. Plus, he wanted all to come to her, to come to him too.

“I thought today, when you have Bruiser arrive for his turn before the members, we take Cricket, pack her bags, make it look like she had done a runner, and put her with Barry and Sheila,” I suggested, still thinking of the best way to remove that biatch.

“Consider it done. What time do you have Bruiser scheduled?” Uncle Simon asked, looking at Prez.

“One O’clock.” Zero answered.

“Once this was done. I want my turn at Cricket and Barry. I know little about Sheila and her involvement, but I need to feel my knuckle in his face, and maybe Cricket’s. “Prez growled out.”

“Me too, for Mum and Dad.” Zero added, with Tank modding, he had already said he wanted a piece of the action when interrogating them.

“Good, we’d better get going. The first would be arriving soon, and we need our members ready.”

Prez and Blaze disappeared out the door.

“Tank, Zero, do you have something you want to add?” Tandy asked, in is calm, fatherly voice.

“I want to be the one to kill Barry.” Zero said, and looked at Tank to see if he would fight him on this one.

“Fine by me, I can still have a few hits in before he reaches the end of his life.” I found it didn’t upset me at all, talking about ending someone’s life, the way that family had been ending other people’s lives, they deserved to have the roles reversed for a change.

“Let’s plan this, we can go tonight when it gets dark and I will take you to them. Fixer, you still don’t want to come?” Tandy asked softly; every head turned to me.

“No, now that Zoey was dead, I have no need to see the others, just let me know the deed was done, and they were not shredded up for fish bait on whatever you intend to do with the bodies, I want no traces that they ever existed,” I demanded, a bit of bitterness in my voice, that I couldn’t hide.

“Will let you know, in the meantime, go and join the members, Tank, Zero, they need to see you, all must be in full sight, so no one can blame you for Crickets’ sudden disappearance.” Uncle Simon insisted, leaving me to stay with them to talk about my other business.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 153[1,448 words]

Tank POV

After such a great night, and an easy start to the day in the dining hall, I hadn’t expected it all to turn to shiet in a matter of minutes.

The update on Cricket and the rest was a huge blow, but nothing that surprised me; however, the guys lost it. wanting blood now, I felt the same way at first, but now I just want more answers. With every answer came more questions.

Pieces were starting to fit.

We know that the accident was rigged.

It was on Jones's gang's side of the border, and their jurisdiction, their people hiding evidence, that our side couldn't get hold of. Was this all the Jones gang was doing? Having people in the law who made the evidence disappear, or corrupted it so you couldn't use it.

Too many questions. Both Tandy and Uncle Simon are going to investigate that town and the people who run it. They have no judge; the town has only four police officers, since its size was too small to need more, and I guess it's easier to handle paperwork and evidence. It also meant fewer people for Uncle Simon to investigate.

We all headed back to the clubhouse, each holding so much anger inside.

I want to ask Bruiser so many questions, regarding how much he knew about Cricket, and her lies, but we can't, not yet. This has to look like a membership return, not a Jones Gang inquisition, but I will be watching him closely; he has hurt us deeper than he knows. Even if he were innocent and believed all her lies, we would still have lost trust in him. Another person can sway him again; it seems he can be gullible, for a pretty face, he will never, well, not if I have anything to say about it, hold a place of leadership again.

Slowly, they came, one at a time, marched between two armed guards, faces glum.

Some were offended by the guards, and their attitude sucked, so much for wanting back in, you don't come growling at us, and expect to be accepted back. One guy's attitude was so bad that he didn't get his full fifteen minutes. I flagged the guards, and they removed him. Prez suggested he look at his attitude. We didn't have to take anyone back. That was what some needed to learn; they walked, we didn't push them out, and we don't have to take them back.

Blaze was keeping a record of our members' reactions: a cross, a tick, or a question mark. Each with a cross or a question mark. Will be given another chance: a longer meeting. This was the preliminary one. Get a feel for the splinter group and, at the same time, how our members view them.

Then it was Bruiser's turn. He wasn't the last; we had chosen the order by random.

He was marched in like a criminal. He tried to look confident, holding his shoulders and head up high, but the dark circles around his eyes and the sadness in them said a lot. He was broken, or that was how it appeared.

"Bruiser, why?" Was the first question, one of the members shouted out, the moment he was placed on the chair in front of them all. Guards stayed on either side of him, rather than near the door, for effect.

His shoulders slumped, his face dropped, and I thought for a moment that this strong, brave man was going to cry; he looked that shattered. But he swallowed a few times and looked at the one who called out.

“I was approached by members, suggesting a change in leadership, because of the handling of the Jones Gang. They had been badgering me since the attack. I guess I approached it all wrong, caved to the constant push.” He spoke softly, but calmly and clearly.

“You broke our trust. How do we trust you again?” Another called out. He was ready for all of this; he knew it wasn’t going to be easy.

“I understand, if the shoe were on the other foot, I wouldn’t trust me either.” My heart went out to him, he fuked up, and can’t see a way to fix it.

“What do you suggest we do then?” I hadn’t expected that question, and neither did Prez, who started to scratch his chin, a sign he was thinking.

“If you will accept me back, I would be prepared to come back as a nom and start again. I doubt full trust would ever return, but this was the only home I have known, and I am lost as to what to do without my family.” He sounded less and less confident; he was not defiant, like some, accepting that he was the one who led it, even if he wasn’t the one who wanted to do it. He took it on, and for a brief time, thought he had won. He should have known better; he should have come to us and talked about it. Worked out a solution; we had no idea so many felt this bad. But he didn’t; he took it upon himself to find his own solution, and that was not teamwork.

“If and that’s a big IF, what about that woman of yours?” I looked over at the one who raised that question, and wondered what he knew.

“What about her?” He asked, looking confused, where this was going.

“I, for one, do not like her. She treats my woman badly. If you are back, she can’t come with you; it’s your choice. Us or her?” he shouted out, and got a lot of agreements from others who have girlfriends or partners, again, something I hadn’t expected, guess we need to have more member open forums, to vent grievances. I had thought our club was a happy one, and only Fixer was getting the short end of the stick.

“She was that bad?” He asked, looking around the room at all the heads nodding.

“I am sorry, I have been blinded. If you take me back, then she must find another patsy. I love the club more than her.” That I hadn’t expected to hear. glanced at Prez and Zero to see they had the same shocked look on their faces.

“Times up, will let you know when we need to talk about it. We still have more to cover; this was purely for the members to have a chance to ask questions.” Bruiser nodded and

moved away, not fighting or arguing, his shoulders slumped, his head hung low. As they marched him away, and then next one came into view. Bruiser didn't acknowledge the guy, who must have said something, because he head-whipped up.

The rest of the day, ex-members arrived, were mainly questioned by club members, and left. If they arrived expecting to be welcomed back with open arms, they left knowing the opposite was true. None were told they could come back; that another meeting would be organised to discuss this. In the meantime, think of what you can do for the club, because things would be different moving forward.

When the last was done, the members talked about the day, who they thought was genuine at returning with a better attitude, and those they feel are not wanted back, or have to do a nom session again. All would be on a minimum of one year's probation.

I, for one, was not going to argue with the members. If this was what they wanted, I would support it, to some degree; a year seemed fair, and others might need longer. It was agreed that Bruiser would be a nom for at least three months and that it would be reviewed again after that. As he said, he was born in the club, and it was hard to tell him he was no longer family; it would be like telling any of those born into the club that they were no longer welcome.

"Prez, Tank, you going to meet them all again, one at a time, in the office? I don't think we all need to do this again. We said our piece and are more than happy for you to make the final decision. Thank you for allowing us this opportunity to clear the air." One of the long-time members had stood up and spoken, gaining agreements from the others as he expressed himself.

"I am proud of all of you; none of you lost your temper, close by kept it under control, and you asked good questions. Well done." Prez replied, a smile on his face as he looked at his men.

"Bars open, drinks on me," I shouted out, gaining cheers from the men as they rushed the bar.

"Geez, thanks," Jinx called out as he got swamped with orders.

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Fixer POV

The guys left.

I didn't need to be in the club listening to the excuses; it was for the men to have this meeting, and I didn't mind being excluded.

As much as Jenny and Melony tried to get me to go shopping with them, I see no point when I didn't need anything, we only recently bought new clothes, surely she doesn't need more. Glad it was her money she was wasting. Since she's been getting an income, Jenny has been buying new-season clothing, makeup, and shoes, and the list goes on. Her closet was full of clothes, and some still had price tags. I never understood that.

"Fixer, what are your plans? We have much we can go over, if you have the time." Tandy called out from the room, which had been turned into an office we shared.

"Nothing planned, want to see how the building was going, how soon that pad would be finished, and whether Gramps had organised a pilot for me to meet yet." I wasn't in the mood to travel. When Grams phoned asking me to visit again, I refused, said I had too much to do, maybe later. She didn't argue, but you could hear her disappointment.

"Come to the office, we can answer those questions." Uncle Simon was sitting at his desk, busy on his computer. Tandy headed to his desk, my desk sitting there waiting for me, but for some reason, I had been avoiding it.

"Simon, it's time." Uncle Simon put up his hand, showing two fingers, and said, "Give him two more minutes." We didn't sit at our desks; instead, we sat at the small round table on the side. On the table were more files, and the drop-down screen was down. Must be showing me something, I thought as I took in the screen; it would be out of sight.

"How do you feel?" Tandy asked as he got comfortable and waited for Uncle Simon.

"Tired, want the club issue over with, my phone to stop pinging all the time, I am not used to carrying two phones." Yes, two. My personal one, and the one Gramps gave me, for his business, no, that's not right, it's my business now, but he will continue to oversee it, until I get settled in. If I thought what I had before was too much, this takes the cake. My mother's side was nothing compared to my dad's side.

"Understandable. I need to tell you. Your father loved you. He did. By this time, he heard about your mother, and he tried to get back; it was not like they could fly into the battlefield and pick him up and bring him home. He was deep in enemy territory, under fire, when he got the news. It took him another week to get out of the area. Then he needed to fly back and be debriefed before they let him go home. In the end, it was over a month before he made it home. They gave him bereavement leave, however. He was called back early. He never signed your custody over, so in a way, he could have come back and claimed you. We still don't know why he didn't. We all handle grief differently. Your mother was the reason Mason gave up his inheritance, or so he thought; losing his wife would have been a huge blow. Maybe he thought life was not worth living now she was gone; lost her, and his inheritance, and instead of seeing you as a mini her, Mason might have seen you as a reminder of what he lost. We can't be sure, how he felt, but we

do know he did come to visit often, he arrived late, but just in time for grandma's funeral, he stayed out of sight, thinking you were settled with Sheila, and had Zoey to play with, him getting involved in your life would be confusing to you, he had said that once you were older, and able to cope, he would come and give you the truth. He didn't know about the abuse; we never told him. His job was bad enough; it would break him to think you were being abused, and he had to return to service with that worry on his mind. It was agreed to keep him ignorant of it; you can lay the blame of that on our shoulders. We 'made that call, your grandparents and I, at first things were fine, but over time, as Zoey got older, and her bullying streak started in earnest, the whole lie was too deep, Grandma was too sick to fight to get you back, and Grandpa wouldn't have been able to take custody on his own, they would have frowned on him trying to take him from what they considered a stable home. They wouldn't believe you were being bullied. It was a very mixed-up situation. The police officer and judge who took Barry's side are no longer in power; we thought now we could put the case together, but I think your solution of taking the villains into custody was better."

"Tandy, I am still confused and don't understand. Dad should have come for me and made sure I was okay. He had time off; he could have come to me and asked if I was happy, but he didn't." I was not accepting their excuses for my father's failure to ensure I was happy and safe.

"When you meet your dad. You can ask all those questions; he was young, hurt, and just as confused. Maybe the military was his escape from his pain, by replacing it with a pain he can deal with." Tandy said as Uncle Simon entered the room

"The helipad will be completed by tomorrow, the hangar in another four days, and the bunkhouses will be ready by next weekend." Uncle Simon gave me the update. He had been a godsend, working on the buildings, getting the permits. I know nothing about that side of it.

"I am returning to my office tomorrow. If you need me, call," Tandy said and left the room; he had work of his own to do.

"Me too, tomorrow I will have to leave for a few days, have some clients to meet, you will be on your own, you know what needs to be done, and don't forget you have a slew of capable men and women next door that can help you any time you need it, don't underestimate what they can do. They have builders, carpenters, plumbers, you name it, someone in that club might be capable. Don't try to do everything yourself. Anything else you need to know?" Uncle Simon asked, as his phone chimed.

"No, you and Tandy both have given me a list, and so had Gramps. I think there was more than enough, plus I have a bike to build, which will be my relaxation and thinking place."

"Good, use it, you are going to need to have your own space to think." Uncle Simon went back to his desk and got back to work.

Quietly, I climbed the stairs and opened Sticks' door. She looked pale, and thank goodness, she was sleeping. I closed the door and headed to my workshop. A few hours on the bike is just what I need. Something normal for me.

Baby was sitting waiting for me on the bench. I got to work on her engine, pulling it to pieces, as I thought about my life changes.

How do I feel about Grams and Gramps?

Good question, they are a little over the top for me. If they expect frilly dresses and pointed pinkies sipping tea, they got the wrong girl. That's more like Jenny; she could pull that off and be good at it. Melony might too.

Dad will leave him for now and will think about it another day. I feel a bit raw thinking about him.

Barry, Sheila, Zoey, and Cricket?

Glad Zoey died, a violent death, sounds nasty, but I would be lying to myself to say otherwise. Cricket? Humm, she was good, tricked us all, I even let her cry on my shoulder, as she reeled me in with her fake pregnancy. Just like Zoey had.

Barry and Sheila? I hope the guys get to have a hit or two, won't bring their parents back, but might give them closure of some kind.

The club? I think the club will bounce back better and stronger, and even take the members back with a probation badge. I feel a new bond and a new start will bring the club closer. We have yet to deal with the Jones Gang; that part will need more thought, once we have interrogated Barry and Sheila some more, and Cricket, I hope she lasts longer than Zoey.

Do I want to be there for Cricket's interrogation? The jury was still out on that one.

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Tank POV

Some members slowly got drunk, and then the singing started; food at last came out to help soak up some of the alcohol consumed in excess. Something they often do, when it was free, they tend to overindulge, and it appears more will be with sore heads tomorrow, even Blaze looked to be slightly under the weather.

Sometime during the early evening, Jenny and Melany had come over. However, no sign of Fixer. I kept looking at the gate, hoping she would arrive.

“Go find her, you’re bringing down the mood.” Zero slapped me on my back and pushed me towards the door.

“Take Prez with you, he’s watching that gate as much as you are.” I slap him on the shoulder and head to Prez. I agree, we both need to find our women for different reasons.

“Prez, come. We need to check that our ladies have eaten. We both know they will skip a meal, for one reason or another, and Sticks can’t afford to miss out on a meal.” I practically dragged him away from the members, but once out the door, and on the way to the gate, his stride was almost as long and as fast as mine; I barely beat him to the gate.

“Hurry up and open it,” Prez growled, but with a chuckle.

I let Prez go through first, and together we started to walk to the main house.

“Workshop lights are on, guess we know where Fixer is.” I looked over and nodded.

“Catch you soon,” I replied as I changed direction, to the workshop.

Music reached my ears as I opened the workshop door. Fixer’s soft voice, joining in with a song, she harmonised well; whoever told her she had a bad voice lied, but that was enough to cast doubt in her mind and make her avoid singing around others. Such a shame, really. It had taken a while to get her to open up, and now she was blossoming. Still a bit shy, but getting there. Having Jenny and Melony around will bring her out more. They both love to sing and drag Fixer into the mix.

I found Fixer, covered in oil on her hands and grease on her right cheek, her hair messy, as if she had tried to push it out of her eyes, with oil smudges in her hair too. She still looks gorgeous to me; no amount of oil and grease could hide her beauty in my eyes. I leaned against the wall and watched her work; she was oblivious to my watching her.

My stomach reminded me that I didn’t eat earlier, and by the look on Fixer’s face, I would say the same for her.

“Fixer, it’s late, I am hungry, come feed me.” I joked, and she lifted her head swiftly to look at me. I put on a pouting face and rubbed my belly, hoping looked pitiful and needy.

“What time is it?” She asked, her stomach rumbling as she asked, making it impossible to deny the need for food.

“Food time. Come on, let’s see what’s in the kitchen” I coaxed, my face grinning, when she picked up a rag and wiped her hands; this action made little difference to her hands. Fixer popped into the outside bathroom before entering the house, giving her hands and face a

proper wash and kicking off her work boots. I watched her, waiting patiently, not that I don't trust her, I like watching her, being with her.

"Ready." She huffed, trying to get past me, barefoot

"I will have to wash your hair tonight, you have oil and grease in it," I spoke softly, pushing some hair behind her ear and leaning in to kiss her on the forehead.

"Okay." I pulled her to my side, and we headed together for the kitchen.

The kitchen was empty. I guess Prez was still upstairs to hunt for Sticks, and the others, meaning

the guards, Tandy, and Uncle Simon, either ate out or had something earlier; it was after eight. We

found some leftover roast and made some gravy. We made roast beef and gravy rolls, and sat in

the kitchen eating, not saying much; we didn't need to fill the silence.

"Tandy and Uncle Simon have left. They were going to leave tomorrow, but decided to go today,

have dinner together, and head off to do whatever they needed to do. Tandy wanted to know about having a family get-together, bringing the wife and kids to meet us, either here or in town. Said I would talk to you first. We can go to that nice restaurant in town and have dinner together. I would like to do this because, even after all those years, I had not been any wiser, that Tandy had my back, in what he could legally do, and protected Grandma's legacy." Fixer spoke as we made roast beef rolls for Prez and Sticks.

"That's fine with me, look forward to it, I like Tandy." We took the food upstairs and knocked on the Prez and Sticks' door.

It opened up, with a flustered-looking Prez, not any happier than when we left the clubhouse.

"We brought up some food." He nodded and moved aside to let us in.

Sticks was seated at the table, a glass of water in front of her, still in her PJs, and looking like she should be in bed.

"What are you doing? Get back in that bed. Do I need to keep coming up here and checking that you are still in bed?" Fixer growled at Sticks, grabbed her under her arms, and almost carried her back to bed, not letting her disagree.

“I needed to go to the bathroom, and on returning, needed a break between the bed and the bathroom.” She complained.

“Did you go?” Fixer growled at her.

“Yes.” She replied as she wiggled onto the bed.

“This time you will not refuse. You need it, I will bring up a commode. I have one in the shed. You use it; don’t worry about the mess. You need to stay rested, or I will take you to the hospital, and they can keep you in. You know what the doctor said.” Fixer was giving Sticks a serve, which appeared to aid Prez, who had looked at whits ends.

“I didn’t want to be a burden.” Sticks almost cried.

“Then I will take you to the hospital, and you can have their crappy food, and they can put up with you, because you are not helping yourself by being stubborn and refusing help when you need it. We can’t keep coming in to find you suffering. That you are being selfish by making us worry needlessly.” Fixer continued as she came to me, took the tray, handed a plate to Prez and a drink, then returned to the bed and placed the tray on Sticks’ lap.

“Okay, I will try it, but I still don’t like it.” Sticks replied. Prez had moved to the table and was eating the roll, watching Fixer sort Sticks out.

“How about I hire a nurse? She can help bathe you, clean up your messes, and keep an accurate record of your progress for the doctor, then you won’t be burdening us.” Fixer sat on the bed, next to Sticks, who still hadn’t started to eat. Fixer pulled out a piece of gravy-covered meat and lifted it to Sticks’ mouth.

“Open.” To my surprise, Sticks opened her mouth, and Fixer pushed the meat inside.

“Can you manage, or do I feed you?” I know Fixer would do exactly that if Stick refused to eat.

“I can manage, but in the future, can I have soup?”

“Sure, chicken?”

“Any, as long as it’s not lamb, don’t know why, but my stomach can’t stand that.” Sticks’ nose wrinkled at the thought, making me laugh, and Prez smiled at last.

“We shall find a meal that your stomach likes, so you won’t have to bring back all that hard work getting in there. What about drinking a herbal tea? Coffee won’t do. Or you still like the strawberry smoothies?” Fixer was doing a great job, calming not just Sticks down, but Prez and me; we had no

clue how to handle this.

Fixer left the room, and Prez moved to the bed.

“Will you accept a nurse?” He asked.

“Yes, I don’t want to go to the hospital, and I don’t think Fixer will let me get away with much more.”

Sticks appears defeated; this pregnancy was taking its toll on her.

Fixer came back with what she called a commode; it was a chair, and instead of a normal seat, you lift the chair seat part to reveal a toilet seat and a bowl beneath to catch your waste.

“Use it. I will check on it twice a day. Bring you food Fixer ordered, placing the commode close to the bed.

“No need, Sticks has agreed to a nurse to attend to her. I can put the nurse in the baby’s room.”

Prez explained.

“No, put her or him in the room across the hall. Want me to organise the nurse?” Fixer asked, as she continued to fuss over Sticks, making her comfortable and telling her she did a good job, that Sticks had eaten most of the roll and all of the meal.

“No need, our doctor had one lined up, if we could ever get Sticks to agree.” Sticks at least looked guilty and blushed. We all wanted what was best for her, and having a nurse around would make Prez less stressed when he had club work to do.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 156[1,525 words]

Fixer POV

It was a struggle to get Sticks to listen to reason. Threats and bribes that didn’t work, but I kept giving them to her.

I was more than relieved when Prez said Sticks agreed to a nurse. We had one all lined up. Well, I didn’t organise it, but our club doctor suggested someone Sticks already knew, which would reduce the stress for a club member.

I left that room feeling much happier, knowing she would, sort of, behave. Happy Sticks made a happy Prez, and that flows to everyone else, whether they notice it or not.

‘I cleaned up the kitchen and headed to bed. Even though I achieved little off my list, I felt good about today.

Things were moving along, and for some reason, I was happy that Uncle Simon and Tandy had left. Uncle Simon would return back and forth, and they were both on the end of a phone call if I needed them. I felt I was under some kind of microscope when they were here; whether I was or not, that was real. I don’t know or care, just that with them gone, I feel I have a little more control of my life. I know I will stuff up, and often, but I need to have those failures without them watching closely, trying to catch me when I fall. Even a child needs to fall off the skates a few times before they get the hang of it.

Tandy sent me a message, and I reluctantly opened it while I sat in bed, waiting for Tank to finish in the bathroom.

‘Alice was in a car accident, and was in the local hospital, DNA reports, that I requested, purely because of her friendship with Zoey and Cricket. Just came in. It appears that Alice was related to them, not a sister, but a cousin, and her father was the Jones Gang president. Does that mean that Heather, whom I had thought was Alice’s sister, not her sister, or was she a snitch who managed to get into your inner circle? Waiting on Heather’s DNA results.’ end of text.

Wow, another avenue to go looking into, I hadn’t heard anything about Alice since the guys kicked her out, not a whisper. Which was strange, because Zoey was always quick to get in my face; could Alice have been sent home packing for not making it in the group? I haven’t seen Heather either, for that matter; she texts occasionally but hasn’t caught up with us in town yet. Might talk with Jenny and Melony, see if they have heard from Heather lately.

The way this was going, I doubt anyone was who they claimed to be, and it had been this way since childhood. That means this had been a long-term plan. Was this something from our grandfathers’ day, or beyond? When was the club first formed? Need to ask Prez to look into the club’s history, see if we can find any connection.

“What’s causing that frown?” Tank asked, climbing into bed beside me. I handed my phone.

“Time to get into the club’s archives,” I say, as he hands back my phone.

“This sure was getting confusing, and it all leads back to the Jones Gang. Looks like someone in the club’s past pissed someone off, and that grudge still lingers.” Tank rolled me over and climbed on top. Kissing my nose.

He captured my lips and nibbled my neck before a big yawn broke what was building. Tank pulled back and looked at me, watching me yawn again and chuckling.

“Better get some rest.” He climbed off, and I rolled over towards him, throwing my leg over his thigh, and snuggled into his warm chest.

My mind was busy, and sleep wouldn’t come; no matter how tired I was, the new information kept rattling around in my brain. Tank’s breathing slowed and deepened, and yet I still couldn’t get my head to rest. Giving up, I went to the bathroom, washed my face with warm water, grabbed a quick drink from the mini kitchen, and climbed back in, snuggling up to Tank’s warmth.

Sleep must have claimed me, because when I woke, I had drooled on Tank’s chest, leaving a wet trail. It was so embarrassing. I rolled over, grabbed a tissue, and started to wipe it off.

Tank’s hand suddenly grabbed mine.

“Hiding the evidence?” He chuckled, looking at me with a smirk.

“I am mortified,” I admit, as I try to finish cleaning him up.

“I don’t mind your sweet juices on me.” He wiggled his eyebrows at me.

“Ew, yuck, surely not.” I couldn’t believe he said that

“Zero and I are going to see Barry and co, want to come?” Tank asked as he returned from the bathroom, showered and looking might fine, his towel hung low on his hips, and his tattoo now completely finished, still shone on his chest, his hair damp and messy, not an inch of fat anywhere, he looked like he should be on a magazine cover.

“Yes, I want to question Cricket.” With this new information, she might have some idea of why.

“We leave in an hour.” He said, before leaving me to continue getting dressed. I was slow today; staying in bed longer would be nice, but not practical.

I stopped in to see Sticks, but she was sleeping. I quietly closed the door, trying not to disturb her, and headed downstairs, where Tank would be preparing breakfast. To my surprise, Tandy was here, along with Blaze and Prez.

“Morning.” I greet them and help Tank with our food. The others were already sitting at the breakfast bar, eating.

A murmur of morning, greetings, went around the kitchen, before head down eating, the tension in the kitchen I could cut with a knife. I looked at Tankland frowned.

“It’s because of where we are going, we all have ghosts we want to get rid of, and hope that speaking to Barry and co, we might be able to get some long overdue answers,” Prez answered solemnly. All sad faces, looking up at me.

“Was it not good that we might find the answers we are looking for? Once we have those, have you given much thought to the next step? We have to deal with the Jones gang yet, and a few other issues that have popped up.” I asked the room; I assume Tandy filled them in on the Alice information.

“We are getting closer to handling the Jones Gang. They are still playing that stupid game of going out in four or five, and returning. We think they are making sure they are not being watched. We need to sort our club out first. When that’s sorted, we will hopefully have all the information needed to make our move.” Prez replied, this had gone on long enough. Even Prez was getting fed up with the wait. It appeared each time they planned to leave, something cropped up, like this split, and we put it all down to the women’s interference and moles.

Tank, Blaze, Zero, and I climbed into Tank’s truck, Prez and Tandy climbed into Tandy’s SUV, and a SUV with guards followed, as Tandy took the lead, being the one who knew where the place was.

“Blaze, why are you coming?” It didn’t make sense; He wasn’t family, was he?

“The Prez is my cousin, I am going to be there for him, and to support our family and club,” Blaze answers, with a little heat in his voice, the first time he had said anything since we greeted at breakfast.

“Didn’t know that, thanks, I understand more clearly now. Thought you would stay home with Jenny, being her first full day off.” That made a lot more sense. I thought Blaze was here because I invited Jenny to live with us; I had no clue it was family-related, too. I feel a lot better knowing he was family.

“Jenny is going to spend the day with Sticks, meet the nurse, and fill her in on Sticks’ medical situation, since Sticks won’t inform the nurse much and it’s easier for Jenny to use those big medical terms.” That sounds like Jenny; she was a people person, part of why she will make a good paramedic. I would want her at my side if I needed help.

We followed Tandy to the industrial area, to a neat, modern warehouse. From the outside, it looked like any other warehouse in this area, nothing said jails or holding cells.

The large roller doors slid open as we arrived, and we drove straight in. Inside, there were numerous guards, all armed, some sitting at a table playing cards, eating burgers, and drinking what looked like soft drinks, and relaxing. Others surrounded our vehicles and greeted us with a salute.

Climbing out, we were guided to a wall that slid open, revealing an elevator, and we climbed in. The lift took us down. The doors slid open to reveal armed men waiting, who greeted Tandy and me, then led us down a long corridor lined with doors on either side.

“Who would you like to see first?” A tall man asked when we were halfway down the corridor. He didn’t stop or turn around. He kept walking forward leading us deeper.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 157[1,389 words]

Tank POV

Nerves are making me jittery, don’t get me wrong, I need answers, but at the same time, I’m scared of what they might be. There have been so many surprises popping up, and I’m not sure I can take any more, not like this. This was personal, maybe that was why I am so wound up; it hasn’t been this personal before. Sure, we had done small amounts of research on my parents’ death, but this was something tangible. I can’t wait to put a fist in Barry’s face, for Fixer, her grandfather, and my parents.

The warehouse was not what I was expecting. From the outside, it was the same as all the others in this district. Then, inside, the only part that said it wasn’t normal was all the guards. In the place, it still had boxes and crates of who knows what, and from the outside looking in, you might not think twice about it being a storage facility. I liked it a great cover, because it was a storage facility, but it stores more than stock.

The lift was old and creaked as you descended; maybe they made it that way deliberately to put people off using it. Anyone without a special key or thumbprint for the scanner would only reach the basement; we are going beyond that to the place that held cells. The place can hold about one hundred, and more if you put more than two to a cell, but we only have use of a few, each in a cell by themselves.

The guard was clipped and to the point.

Fixer asked to see Cricket.

“I would like to start with Barry,” I added, and the guard raised his hand, and another guard came out of nowhere.

“Take Fixer to cell, ten B.” The large, burly man, who looked like he enjoyed one too many pizzas, led Fixer away.

Part of me wanted to be there when she spoke to Cricket, and the other part needed to get this done. I was torn between getting answers for myself and supporting Fixer. Having a wife wasn’t that easy. I want to be with her, protect her, and at the same time, let her fall.

I heard the door open to the cell and close as we reached twelve B. The heavy door opened to a large cell with two beds, the base made of concrete, and straw for a mattress. A steel toilet, they should be happy about. I had expected a bucket, but noticed he had no toilet paper, sink, or blankets.

In the center of the room, Barry was chained to a high-back chair, with chains around his hands and feet, a chain around his waist, and a chain around his neck. It looked uncomfortable. I get the impression he had been in that chair for a while, because he had defecated himself, and urine was on the floor; he looked and smelled terrible. His right eye was closed due to swelling, his nose was at an odd angle, dried blood on his upper lip. His chest was exposed, his shirt torn, cuts riddled his chest, and there was dried, crusted blood around the wounds.

He didn't raise his head when we entered.

The guard who stayed in the cell with us moved and kicked Barry's leg.

He lifted his head and stared at us through his left Bloodshot eye.

"Welcome to my home. I like entertaining guests, but didn't expect to see such charming guys visiting me." He gurgled out. Trying to be humorous his attempt failed.

"Why?" Prez asked, coming to stand beside me.

"Why what?" He sounded like he was gargling water

"Why did you have my parents killed? Why did you kill Fixer's Grandpa? Fixer's mother." I asked, in a growl, my anger barely contained.

"Fixer?" He acted dumb, but I know he knew who I was talking about.

"Answer the question!" The guard hit him on the head.

"Collateral damage was a bonus I hadn't planned on. Your parents died quickly." He chuckled and coughed up some blood, his head looking down as he coughed.

"The mother was the intended victim; lovely, innocent, and beautiful, easy to lure out, but that child didn't die, and I suddenly had to think of something else." He said, chuckling to himself, as if he was enjoying this.

"What did you gain from that?" I asked, still not happy with this man.

He looked up at us, his one eye blazing with hatred,

"I gained power, respect, and a whole lot of money. That kid was my release, getting revenge for all those past misdeeds. It gave me great joy to see and hear her suffer. It was

a pity that the old man didn't last longer. I was hoping to torment him a little while longer. She was our means to an end, money, power, those snotty toffs, lost it all. I made sure the child couldn't return to the grandparents and that her father stayed away. I had seen him a few times, visiting in the early days. I sent him a message or two; he got the message loud and clear."

"What message?" Blaze asked.

"Sent pictures of the accident, of his child, bleeding in the back seat, and warned him away. I was surprised he left, and didn't try anything."

I wonder what her father thought. He could have helped Fixer, but he chose to leave. I am still having trouble believing that, possibly, the grandparents had something to do with him not trying to take his daughter away from there. He went back to duty; it had to have played on his mind.

"I sent him pictures of his daughter, being beaten, and in tears, reminding him it would get worse if so much as seen in town again." Did he use the same tactic on the father as he did on the grandparents, fearing Fixer would be hurt if they lifted a finger to help her?

"You are a sick man," Prez growled out and punched him in the chest. This caused Barry to cough, bringing up more blood.

"I get paid handsomely for taking out your parents, and I get added bonuses for the kids in the car, who hit the truck. Many of the Jones gang were upset, but some were pleased, pleased enough to pay me for their deaths." He chuckled and coughed

"So my parents were not part of the plan?" Zero asked, incredulously.

"Oh, they were on my list, to harm, but hadn't planned them to go yet, had more planned for them, including harming the children, guess you kids got away lightly, their deaths took away my fun."

"Why were they on your list?"

"Old debt to be paid." He coughed all through the words, blood dribbling down his chin, but he wasn't giving up yet.

"What old debt?" Prez hit him again, but this time. Barry wheezed and coughed, and then breathed no more.

We won't be getting any more from him.

"That's a pity, we hardly had a chance to play with him." Zero said in the quiet that followed the last breath.

“Guess we go visit, Sheila now, and hopefully she will have some answers,” Prez suggested, not the least bit sad that he was gone.

The guard took us to another room, a similar setup to the last, and even had Sheila in a chair; she looked up when we entered. She was not in as bad a shape as Barry was. But still in her own mess, and a black eye, broken nose.

“What do you want?” She spat at us with venom.

“Now, now, that’s no way to treat your hosts.” Zero said, grabbing her chin, squeezing it tight in his hand, enough to cause her to whimper.

“How’s Barry?” Funny, she asked about him, but he never asked about her.

“Dead,” I replied coldly.

Her head spun to look at me, her mouth hanging open, and tears started to run down her cheeks.

“Why?” She asked, playing dumb as far as I was concerned.

“Tell me, Sheila, what do you know about the death of my parents, or Fixer’s mother, and grandparents?” Her face dropped, and she closed her mouth shut tight.

“Barry’s dead and so is Zoey, you are next, and also Alice and Heather, we can go easy on you, or we can go hard, but either way, you will die.” Prez pushed, but it didn’t seem to penetrate her brain; she was stuck somewhere, a memory or nightmare only she could see.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 158[1,466 words]

Fixer POV

It didn’t worry me, entering this cell alone, I needed this, even if I don’t get answers, it would be good for me to see her stuck here, until she died, they won’t feed them or give them water, if she doesn’t die from her wounds, she will die of starvation. Both sound good to me. I am not a sadistic person, but right now, you might reconsider that assumption.

The room was exactly as I had envisaged it, although a little larger. Cricket was in a high-backed chair, chained so that she couldn’t move a muscle. Her eyes were closed, her face bruised, her shirt torn, barefoot, and her hair a mess, already a pool of urine on the ground, and it smelled bad in here.

The Guard moved to the chair and slapped her hard across the face. Her head flung to the side, and she yelped in shock, lifting her head to see me staring at her.

“Oh, thank goodness, can you get them to unchain me? They must have taken me by mistake.” She pleaded.

“Not a chance,” I replied, looking for a chair to sit on, but the only option was the bed, and that didn’t look very hygienic.

“What, you are my friend, why would you want me chained like this?” She was putting on a great act. I can see why many fall for her tricks, including me at first.

“Your sister is dead,” I replied coldly, and she looked shocked. Then schooled her face, making it blank.

“I don’t have a sister.” She spat at me, a complete change from the pleading a moment ago.

“Zoey would have been sad to hear you say that.” I watched her carefully and saw the small change before it disappeared.

“Poor Zoey, how did she die?” Cricket asked, back to playing innocently. It was amazing how fast she was changing from one defiant woman to a sympathetic one.

“Same way you will.” A worried look flashed across her face and disappeared just as fast.

“You might get some company soon, that might help your day go faster.” I bait her.

“Who else would you bring in here?” She spat at me, but it missed. Landing near my shoe, the Guard slapped her for spitting.

“Alice and Heather, your cousins,” I replied softly.

“Heather’s not my cousin.” She started to say, and then closed her mouth, realising she had said too much.

“We shall see, waiting on the DNA report, if Heather is linked to you; she will join you before morning.” I look at the Guard and nod; he gives Cricket another hit.

“Now, tell me, Cricket, why does your father, ‘The Accountant’, want with the club?” I asked, folding my arms over my chest.

“He’s not my father, I don’t even know the accountant.” She denied.

“Really, your phone records say otherwise.” I lifted her phone in the air and pushed the button; I placed it on speaker so you could hear it ringing.

“Cricket, where the fuck are you? I have been trying to reach you all day. Come home; they have Barry, and it won’t take long before they start on you. I have already called Alice and Heather to get home now, can’t get Zoey, but that’s not unusual for her to be out of reach.”

“Dad, Zoey’s not coming home.” Cricket stated, and I hung up the phone and waited.

“Get fucked.” I moved forward and punched her in the face and stomach.

Her phone started to ring; it was her father again.

“So, you lied again. Are you going to talk, or are we going to give up a whole lot of pain, see if you can last longer than Barry or Zoey, mind you, Prez is next door, having a nice chat with Sheila, she might talk, but then she might die quickly too.” I smirk, satisfied to see fear at last in her eyes.

Her phone rang again.

“Zoey was my sister, Heather and Alice are my cousins, and they are both related to the president of the Jones gang. Barry had a beef with your family, something to do with Sheila and her running away from home. I don’t know much about that. Dad had said that one of our founding members was associated with your club, that there was a falling-out and bad blood, and that he had planned his revenge for years. He is dead now, but the revenge still lives; a promise was a promise, and until the gang was wiped out, would the Jones gang stop?” She looked at me hopefully, guess she thought answering my questions might get her out, think again.

“Is that why you tried to get the club to split up, get Bruiser as Prez, and what?” I asked, still not happy we have it all.

“Something like that, Alice stuffed up big time. She might have enjoyed the night, but being kicked out, not to return, caused her to get a black eye from Dad, my father, who is not a very forgiving man; he was happy to dish out pain to all of us girls. Heather was still Dad’s favorite, wouldn’t surprise me if she was bedding him, for the favors she was getting.” Cricket sounded bitter, jealous, and sad.

“Alice and Heather won’t make it to your Dad; they have already been apprehended and are on the way here. If you are nice, you might let them see you.” Cricket looked up at me with a devious smirk.

“I think I would love to watch them get what I have been getting; they won’t last for long. I’ve always been spoilt, but if that’s the last time I am going to see them, do it in front of me.” Wow, what a sadistic bitch, we have here.

“Okay, let me see what I can do.” I phoned our security, who had the girls captive, and they were five minutes away.

“Guard, can you get two more of these lovely chairs, and bring them in here? I think I would like to accommodate Cricket and give her her last request.” He smirked and saluted me, leaving to arrange two more chairs, leaving the door open. Not that Cricket could go anywhere.

Tank appeared at the door, looking in.

“We are about to gain two more visitors, fresh meat. If you want the others to come and have some fun, they are five minutes away.” Tank nodded and disappeared back down the hall.

He returned with Prez and Zero.

“Where’s Blaze?” I asked, looking out the door.

“Staying for a little longer, Sheila was getting a little bit more agreeable.” Zero answered with a smile.

“What’s going on?” Prez asked, looking at Cricket, who seemed to fear Prez more than she did me.

“The guard has gone to fetch two more chairs; we are about to have fresh meat,” I replied, smiling at Cricket when I said this.

“Who?” Zero asked, frowning.

“Alice and Heather,” Cricket replied, with a smirk, her eyes lighting up.

“We’re missing something here.” Tank looked thoughtfully at Cricket.

“I just phoned the Accountant, let me play it for you.” I pulled out the phone and replayed the call I had recorded.

“We were right.” Prez smiled, like I had given him a great gift.

“Yes, he confirmed it for us, so nicely, we have more. Cricket had informed me that the fight against the club was due to a falling out with founding members, and the hate still lingers, something about promising to wipe us all out.” I smiled at Cricket just as the chairs arrived, then placed them to the side so Cricket could observe their interrogation.

Two screaming girls were dragged into the room, and we stood to the side to allow the guards access to the chairs. They efficiently sat them down and chained the screaming banshees, taking one to hold the girls and the other to chain them down. They removed the sack covering their heads, and the first person they saw was Cricket.

“Cricket, where the fuck are we? What do they want?” Heather screamed at Cricket. We were leaning on the walls behind the new arrivals and had yet to notice us.

“You are here to answer questions, get beaten up, and die,” Cricket replied, so calmly, you would know she was hurting.

“Dad called us home, he will worry.” Alice was crying now, and I almost laughed.

“Dad knows we are here; he already received a phone call, a few minutes ago. Zoey’s already dead.” Cricket appeared so pleased to give them some news, they didn’t know, cutting them deep, and the two new arrivals were crying hard.

“What about Barry? He will save us.” Alice asked, between sobs.

Cricket looked past the girls to us, and Tank raised his hand, thumbs down.

“He’s dead, and Sheila might be soon. They are here too.” Cricket continued, not giving the girls any clue that we were silently standing behind them. Listening to them talk. I hoped we would get more information this way.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 159[1,451 words]

Tank POV

Sheila was useless; all she could do was cry, and I was over it. She didn’t deny or agree to anything; she just kept crying.

“This was a waste of time. I am going to find Fixer; she might have better news.” I said to the others, and they agreed, but Blaze wanted to stay a bit longer, give her a few more hits; she won’t last much longer.

I found the door to Fixer and Cricket open, and I panicked at first, rushing to it, but all was fine.

To my surprise, Cricket looked like she was enjoying herself. Granted, she looked a little beaten up, but her eyes still had a spark in them, not defeated at all.

Fixer explained, and we moved to the back wall, and let them do what they needed to do, bringing in the chairs, and then the two ladies, or fresh meat as Fixer called them, and the spark in Cricket’s eyes brightened even more, like she was going to enjoy watching these two get beaten up. Did she hate them? I am sure they were family; Fixer will explain what’s going on later.

The girls talked, and we watched, as they discussed who was dead and that their father knew they were here. She didn't go into detail about how she knew, but the girls accepted what she said with full trust. That would be shattered shortly.

"Don't worry, Cricket, Dad will save us," Alice said with confidence.

"What makes you believe that?" Cricket asked, frowning.

"Had my shoes on with the GPS in the heel, I kicked them off when they pulled us out of the vehicle." She gloated. I nodded to the guard, and he rushed out the door to hunt down the shoes.

"Only your shoes? What about your phone? You know we all have GPS on those." Heather added.

I looked at Fixer and the phone in her hand, and she smirk, and gave me the thumbs up, she would have disconnected the find my phone, as soon as she received the phone, we do that to all phones, so the girls phones would have been shut down, I wanted to know if they had

more on themselves, mind you, this deep underground, I doubt if they have anything on their body, it wouldn't be able to give a signal out.

The shoes were thrown in front of the girl, twisted and broken; if there was any GPS in them, it was gone now.

"NO!!!." Alice cried out, struggling to get out of the chains.

"Fixer, may I?" I asked, and she nodded for me to go ahead. I don't know what I was going to do, but hopefully it will be fun for the rest of us.

I walked forward, picked up a shoe, knelt before Cricket, and tried to put it on her foot.

"Aw, not you, Cinderella." I smiled up at her as I placed her foot back down.

I turned to Heather.

"Get away. Get away. Leave me alone." She squealed out, nothing like the girl we met at the clubhouse, struggling in her restraints.

I grabbed her foot firmly and tried on the shoe. I hit her foot with the shoe when she tried to wiggle her feet out of my hands, gaining a loud scream of pain, and I almost laughed because I barely touched her.

I moved to Alice's foot; it was bleeding from where she had kicked off her shoes.

I pushed the broken shoe on enough to satisfy me that the shoes did belong to her, even though we knew they did. Her face was horrified, and she tried to kick it off, but I held firm on her ankle.

“You my dear, have been a naughty girl, do you know what we do to naughty girls?” I asked, giving her a warm smile, and she shook her head, whimpering.

“Zero, would you like to show her?” I offered him the first strike.

A hand came from behind her with force, causing her head to turn, and a loud scream from her made Cricket laugh.

“Yes, more.” Cricket shouted out.

“Cricket, are you on their side?” Heather called out in shock.

“Nope, Dad has always favored the two of you, over me his daughter, they are giving you what I could never do, because you always ran home to good ole daddy dearest, and blabbed, I got beatings for things I didn’t do, because of you two, now I get to see you get some beating for a change, and I will die a happy woman.” She spat back at the two girls, and I looked harder at Cricket and wondered how much her life had been like Fixers. I felt sorry for her for a brief moment before remembering she was a turd who caused issues in our club and broke Bruiser’s heart.

“You are sick, you know that?” Alice called out, directing all her hate at Cricket rather than at . “You two have been a thorn in my side for too long; we die together, as family should.” Cricket shouted back, like she was willing us to kill them now.

We don’t usually hit girls, but our anger was up far enough to overlook that they are females; they are not delicate flowers that need protection. These three were villains, and part of many killings, and harmed ours. I don’t mind hurting them. The three of us, Prez, Zero, and I, stood in front of the girls, who were crying, like they had been hit, yet we hadn’t started yet.

“What was the name of the founding member who was causing this feud?” I asked, looking disappointed at the girls.

“We don’t know, we just do as we are told,” Heather answered, sobbing.

“Shut up, Heather,” Alice growled.

Zero clipped Alice around the ear, hard. Cricket burst out laughing again. I think she has lost her mind.

“Heather, surely you have heard a name, some history of the club?” Blaze asked, having come in as we started to ask questions, blood was still wet on his hands. I guess he had more fun with Sheila than I had thought he would.

“No, I found history lessons boring.” She replied, honestly.

“Who does then, Heather?’ He asked, running his bloody hand over her cheek, leaving a red trail of blood.

Alice screamed at the sight of the blood and fainted. That won’t do.

“Guards, can you get us some water? We have a sleeping one on our hands.” One of the guards slipped out and returned with a bucket of water, and threw it over Alice. She came to, screaming again.

“We have a screamer, this will be fun,” Blaze said, looking back at Heather.

“Still waiting on that answer.” He pushed a little harder.

“Alice, she loves history.” She put Alice under the bus, and Cricket giggled again.

“So Alice, what were your founding members’ names?” Blaze asked, running his bloody hand over her cheek, as he had to Heather.

“I don’t remember.” She spat back, defiantly.

“May I?” Blaze asked. Looking at us.

“Sure, go for it,” Fixer answered with a smile.

Blaze pulled out a knife and ran it over her arm, leaving a trail of blood. The cut was not deep, but it would still have hurt a girl not used to pain. That explains why his hands were covered in blood; Blaze most likely cut Sheila up a bit.

Alice gave us a history lesson on what she could remember. Fixer was recording it, so we didn’t have to remember the names.

“Thank you.” Guards, would you like a turn?” Blaze stood back and let the guards come forward. We had been told these men didn’t care who you were; their job was to protect and defend, and this was all part of that job.

They took turns, giving the two girls a hit, some across the face, others in the chest, until they both fell unconscious, all the while Cricket was laughing, calling out to hit harder.

“Thank you, we might be back later, with more questions, if they are still alive.” Prez thanked the guards, as the girls gave no new information.

Tandy was waiting on the ground floor, drinking tea with some men I didn't know, but that was no surprise; I don't live in his circle of friends or clients.

"Done? That was quick. Did you get what you were after?" Tandy asked, standing up, when he saw us leaving the lift.

"We do have some names to look into; they are still alive, for now, and Cricket has lost her mind," Prez replied, and we headed back to our vehicles.

"Yes, it doesn't surprise me. She's been living a lie for so long, and from what I heard, had a hard life, living in the shadow of a strong father, who doted on anyone but her." Yeah, that sounded about right, poor girl, dying will be giving her a kind of peace.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 160[1,445 words]

Fixer POV

The girls gave at least some leads to look into, standing behind them, letting them chat oblivious to us being there, was a great idea. I didn't enjoy interrogating them, not as much as I thought I would. They were like children to me, sobbing and begging; it was sickening. I hadn't expected them to be so fragile; they broke so easily.

I wondered how I would react under these conditions; would I fall apart as they had? Cricket didn't surprise me; she was already showing signs of needing mental help. Her mood swings were huge. Something more was going on with that girl; none will see the light of day again. Do I feel guilty or bad about that?

Between them and Barry, Sheila and Zoey, we can link at least ten deaths we know of, who knows how many more Barry was part of. He was a sadistic B, and I am glad he's gone; that fear was over. He can never hurt me or mine again. Also, glad I wasn't in the room at the time; I would hate to have been his last words, it being something nasty before he took his last breath. Didn't need to see Sheila either.

Although hearing some of how they manipulated Dad was an eye-opening experience. Dad had come to visit numerous times, and I didn't know about it. Each time he came to town, he tried to get near me, and I was beaten for no reason. It was all a warning to him. When I was eight, I had that kitten incident. Dad was there, hiding, ready to take me. Somehow, Barry knew he had come to town, and killing those kittens was to warn him off, that Barry would always know when he was in town, and I would suffer; he even hurt Grandma at least once, I know of. I was told she had a fall in the garden, but it was Barry and his men giving my Dad another warning. At first, I didn't get it. With all this wealth, my Grandparents could have hired bodyguards around the clock, and I wondered why they hadn't. Then I remembered an incident at school, a beating Jenny received, which was a

warning to my grandparents that he could hurt anyone we love, and wasn't afraid to do so, I didn't know that at the time, and was worried for Jenny, to me bullies never needed a reason, and I had to keep my distance from her, we only met in secret for a while after that. My Grandparents had many friends, loved by the town, who helped build the town the way it is now, and Barry might have hurt others, too, just to prove a point. Or maybe they had, and I didn't know about it. The more I learned about that man and his pretend family, the more I was glad he was dead and that he died in pain. I wish he had suffered longer.

We left the girls alive; they won't last long, and I can't see myself getting any more information.

Time to work out our next move.

We have names of affiliated persons that Barry often used, who can be rounded up and dealt with. We shall clean up our town. We have taken one of the leaders of the black market, someone I had fought against for years with street kids, and I never knew the leaders. I feel I have avenged some of the dead street kids that his men took out. For a small town of forty thousand residents, we do have a larger-than-expected criminal element. With a Bike club in the town, you would expect it to be less, or different, but even they can't see everything that goes on.

Tandy appeared pleased with what the others were telling him, as we returned to our vehicles, he had been a strong supporter for me, us, and he would be my alibi if something went wrong, hence him being with us today, we shall go to town, and have a meal in the popular cafe, and have people see us, sitting at the sidewalk tables. The more who see us, the stronger our alibi. Not that I expect any issues, the bodies will never be found, they will be mulched and made into granules, and taken out to sea, in the burley barrels, used on the fishing trawler. Might as well use them for good for a change, bring in some fish for the market.

We arrived at the cafe, and I sat between Zero and Tank, Tandy opposite me, talking about our meeting up with his family.

"We can do a picnic in the park, I have grandchildren who would love to get out and about, that swimming hole would be good, a place where both the adults and children can swim." Tandy was content to chat away, keeping our minds off this morning's events.

"Sounds good, we can have Jenny and Zero come too, they should meet the family," I replied, having Zero look up at me, in shock.

"Where's Jenny and Melony? Are they still here in town?" Tandy asked. Zero pulled out his phone and texted her.

"She's still in town, buying something for our room. They will be here shortly.

The food arrived, and I was surprised to find I had no issues eating. The food smelled great, and it was plentiful. I guess, from seeing the ugly side of people and being half-starved as a kid, I learned to eat when I had a chance. We all tucked in and were almost finished when Jenny and Melony arrived; they were empty-handed.

“Where are your purchases?” I asked, and she was never without some purchase.

“Put them in the car before heading here. That looks great.” Melony leaned over and swiped a chip from my plate before heading over to sit on Zero’s lap. Jenny was already seated on Blaze’s and eating his food.

“You should come to the shop we found, it has some amazing things for the room, and for the baby. Prez, how’s Sticks?” Jenny asked, scrambling different things in one sentence, if you are not listening carefully, you could miss the change of direction, and end up agreeing to something you hadn’t really heard. Thinking you were still on a different subject.

We talked, or should I say, I listened as Melony and Jenny did most of the talking, the guys nodding every now and then to show they were listening. Tandy brought up the swimming hole, and we agreed to spend tomorrow there and meet his family. An hour later, we said our goodbyes, Tandy heading back to his office with promises to catch up on the final arrangements soon.

Tank and I had just reached our vehicle, Blaze and Zero, heading back with their girlfriends, when a face I had seen in photos stood in front of me.

“Where are they?” The accountant growled at me.

“Hello. Um Where are who?” I asked, Tank, moving to stand beside me.

“Cricket and Alice.” He spat back, looking at Tank and back to me.

“No clue, why would I know. Alice hasn’t been around the club since that first day, and Cricket splintered off with a different group, and she has not returned to the club.” I replied, carefully wording it.

“If I find out you had something to do with this, you are dead.” He spat before he moved to join some other Jones gang that stayed by their bikes.

“They shouldn’t be in town,” Tank said, and his phone rang.

“Yes, it was him, and a few members.” Tank listened.

“He was hunting for the girls.” I could hear Prez’s voice growl, but not the words.

“Yeah, will do.” He hung up and put his phone in his pockets, as we watched the Jones gang climb on their bikes and head deeper into town.

We headed home. I had gained more bodyguards. I guess my few didn’t like being exposed like we were, so they brought in reinforcements. When Jones Gang arrived, I hadn’t even noticed them pull up in the car park, but then I did have my back to the car park, Something I don’t like, but can’t always get what I want.

The trip home was uneventful, with two SUVs in front and three behind us, ensuring we arrived safely. All twenty of my personal security team members are awake and doing their jobs. I feel bad for those on the night shift who had to be woken up to come out. But they did it, and I’m sure I will get a full report shortly on what was seen and what went down while we ate peacefully, oblivious to the danger that had arrived in town.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 161[1,429 words]

Tank POV

Visiting that place was not as satisfying as I had hoped. We did get some answers, but I still feel hollow inside. Even having them dead didn’t fill that hole that belonged to my parents. Fixer hadn’t mentioned how she felt, but by the look on her face, she didn’t look much better than I, both wanting some kind of closure.

We were going to meet Tandy’s family. I had wanted to meet them for a while; he had spent so much time with us lately. I wondered what kind of wife and children he had to accept him being away so much, overnight. I guess when we go out on a ride with no women, they too have to put up with us not being home, and trust we’ll be safe and not playing up. Most don’t play up, and Fixer knows I wouldn’t, not just because of my fear of hurting my woman, but also because of my size; she was the only one for me. Besides, I can barely keep up with her insatiable need. She has been trying new things, and I look forward to each and every one. At first, I didn’t want to submit. I was the man, and shouldn’t we be the ones in control, but after I let go, that first time, and enjoyed it so much, watching her expression, and she tested herself, finding what works and what doesn’t, and her satisfied look, that she had succeeded, was magic.

Walking to the car park, I was not happy to see the accountant and about ten other bikes, looking determined to cause havoc. It always made my stomach drop, and my anger rise, when I saw any of them in our town; trouble always followed them around, and cornering us like this wasn’t a good sign. I could see Prez and Blaze watching, ready if trouble happened, but I also noticed Fixer’s security had gathered, ready to intervene if necessary, giving me some comfort that if something went down, they would try to keep Fixer safe. I wasn’t worried about me. I can handle myself, and they might think twice about approaching me. Fixer looks tiny, vulnerable, and easy to think they can target her, then

get an unpleasant surprise when she is not such an easy target, but I still don't want her targeted. I would prefer her not get involved in a fight.

He shouted insults and threatened Fixer, but he couldn't prove that what she said was any different, because he would know that Alice didn't come back and that Cricket had instigated a split; however, I didn't miss the fact that he didn't ask about Zoey, or Heather, whom I thought was his favorite, possibly didn't know she was missing as well.

Everything Fixer said was the truth. I was proud of how carefully she worded it, never once mentioning she hadn't seen them, which would have been a lie. Yeah, my little lady was clever, and even under pressure, kept a cool, thinking head. I was so very proud of her.

Prez called and told us to get home quickly. We need to call a meeting; trouble has arrived. I was more than ready to take Fixer home and get her safe. Prez was in one of the security guards' vehicles. I assume he was going to discuss what went down and the type of trouble that had arrived. I have a strong feeling he would love to take him to join his daughter. But we had to be careful about how we did that; the town had seen them arrive, and if we wanted to take them, it would have to be when the town saw them leaving.

The drive home was quiet, neither of us wanting to talk, and to fill the silence, I hadn't even put on the radio, my mind too busy, already thinking up scenarios, and how we can capture this guy, he had been responsible for many deaths, whether they had the rest yet, didn't matter, taking them in part would make me more than happy.

"Got to go, back when I can, stay safe, keep the security tight." I gave her a squeeze and a kiss before rushing onto my bike.

Prez, Blaze, and Zero were reaching for theirs as we all started them up, the garage roaring with loud engines, rattling the walls with vibration. Together we left, Prez taking the lead. We might only be going next door, but we are fired up for so much more.

The gates opened, and we cruised in, parking close to the doors. I kicked out the stand and removed my helmet, taking a deep breath before climbing off my bike and heading inside.

The clubhouse was buzzing, with those already arrived and more coming. We needed to decide now whether to include the splinter group. It might be a good test, but at the same time, it could bite us on the bum. It will be club members vote, we do this choice together, some I am positive will be let back in, but other's I feel they are sitting on the fence, that includes Bruiser, who had no clue what had been going on, in the past, Prez would have kept him in the loop, would have been with us for the interrogation, but with the split, I doubt Prez will ever let him in that deep again.

More bikes arrived, and the men were talking among themselves. Some had seen the Jones gang in town; others were learning of it now. There was no fighting, arguing, just fact changing hands, and it was good. The ones that would argue were in the splinter group,

and it was obvious by how our club was right this moment, that we had weeded out the bad ones. Let's hope we don't let them back in without conditions that pertain to their behaviour.

"Hey, settle down," I called out after Prez gave me the nod. The club all took seats or leaned against the wall, ready to hear the latest.

"As some of you have seen, and most of you have heard, we have about ten to twelve Jones Gang members floating around our town. They are looking for Cricket, and Alice, according to Fixer, who one of the members cornered on her way to her vehicle." Prez Started.

"Why Fixer?" one called out.

"Tank, is your woman a Jones member?" Another called out.

"Yeah, why her?" Another shouted, suddenly, this became a yelling match against Fixer.

"SHUT UP." Zero shouted out at the members, his face red with anger.

"Tank was with her at the time and heard every word. They know who Fixer and Tank were, and they targeted Fixer because she was female and a possible friend. Now shut the fuk up, and listen to your Prez for five minutes, before shooting your mouths off." Zero continued when the crowd calmed down, even I was taking back, with how fast it was against Fixer.

"As I was saying, we know why they are here, but we haven't seen the women around town, had anyone?" Prez asked, knowing none would have lately.

Murmurs of days ago, or not since the slit, why would they, which was exactly what we would have expected to hear.

"Okay, so they have gone to ground, not our problem. What I want to vote on here is whether we let the splinter group back in, because we want to capture those men and put them in our cells. Do we include the splinter group, or go it alone?" Prez shouted out, prompting them all to start talking at once. We let them ramble on for a while, waiting for them to finish airing their views.

"To vote, hands up all those who want the splinter group involved." Zero called out, and not one hand went up.

"Okay, now that has been cleared up, we need to work out how we are going to capture them, and bring them back here, hide their bikes." Prez opened the floor up for ideas and volunteers because this was going to be dangerous.

"Is someone watching them?" A member called out.

“Yes, I have arranged for the security guards, of Fixers, to watch them; they are not from town, and discreet.”

“Glad that Fixer had those guys, don’t understand how or why, but won’t ask, just glad to have them here.” A few here, here, went around the room, and it had swung from picking on Fixer, thinking she was a bad egg, to praise and gratitude. This was a fickle bunch of guys, all on edge since the splinter group rattled their cages.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 162[1,586 words]

Fixer POV

“Miss, can we meet?” Dirk called to me as I was turning to head inside after seeing Tank and the guys off.

“Sure.” I followed him to the bunk house, where the first room had been made into an office, neat, tidy, and uniform, just like a service office would expect.

I took the offered seat and waited for the three men to settle in and. look at me.

“We have been getting orders from different people, and we are getting a little concerned about that. We understand getting orders from Simon, Mr Astore, and even Tank, but not from Prez and others who have suddenly wanted us to do security for them. We are your security first and foremost, and it overrides any other order.” I nodded as I listened. I guess they like hierarchy and some kind of direction. I understand that, too many chiefs, and all that.

“We would like from you the names of whom you wish us to respond to. If we have the time and are not busy with you.” Dirk was straightforward, and I liked that. He wanted directions; he would get them. I don’t like the idea that they had others to give orders to. They were here by my Grandparents’ request, purely to protect me. Any side jobs would be theirs to reject or accept.

“Just Tank and I, no one else had authority to call on you, and you men like today. Thank you, by the way. Sorry, so many had to be woken up to come to my aid; we had no clue they were in town yet. We might need you later to assist in bringing them to the cells, but we will wait for the meeting to find out exactly what the plan was.” I replied, thoughtfully.

“Good, excellent, we can work with that, you will always have at least two men at all times, changing every few hours if we can, will keep anyone watching on their toes. It’s acceptable to assist in capturing some or all of those invading gangs; we had called for more to come and aid us. Another 30 men are on their way and should be here in about an

hour. When we noticed their arrival, we had some watching them as they went doorknocking, including at Barry's place, which was luckily empty at the moment. We intend to keep the twenty that you have gotten used to, and let the other thirsty assist in detaining the men, who should they report to?" He asked, still watching my every move.

"Tank, still just the two of us. You can call me if in doubt. But Tank will call for any club assistance if needed, and me, well, you have someone around most of the time, but if I get a call asking for help, we can consider it. I don't want the team rushed off their feet trying to do stupid requests." I replied softly, this could get complicated if they had to follow too many orders.

"Thankyou, one last thing, the helipad will be finished today, we will give the lights and electrics a run through, once done, your helicopter can arrive, Mr Astore has arranged a pilot for you." Wow, I thought it would be a little longer than that, but glad it's almost done, then else strangers running about the yard.

"Sounds good. Anything else?" I asked, needing coffee and a check on Sticks and the girls, they should be together, I hope.

"Yes, permission to use the helicopter if required." Hum, it's better to be used than sitting there all day, and the pilot has nothing to do.

"Does the pilot have combat experience?" I asked, I don't want a newbie stuck in a dangerous situation.

"Ex-military, had a few tours of duty, and more experience than an average pilot, you could hire, we can also use him, for security, when the helicopter is not in use." I thought about that for a little while.

"Okay, just don't get him hurt or worse, dead." I joked because in their line of work, that was almost impossible to guarantee.

"Will so our best to keep us all alive and healthy." I nodded acceptance, none of us goes out and says, 'Today I will die,' I get it.

"Are any of you married, like do I need to arrange time off, to spend with the wife?" I asked, concerned for their home life.

"No, Miss Fixer, we are all single, and none of us intend to take a wife, any time soon. We do have a couple who are gay and are together here; don't worry, it doesn't get in the way of their job. Well, so far it hasn't, and we have been in a few scraps." His eyes suddenly had a look of worry; the rest of his face stayed blank.

"I have no problem with couples living here, as long as they are doing their job, and it doesn't affect the other men, I am cool with that." His mouth twitched, almost like he would have smiled if he let himself relax a little, his eyes back to looking calm.

“Thank you, they will be pleased, no more sneaking into each other’s rooms. You would be surprised at the number of people who frown on that coupling and have refused them as part of the team.” I chuckled at the thought of two large, grown, muscular men trying to sneak down the hall to spend time together or having to hide that they are a couple. It must be hard to hide that, so many biases.

“You are my permanent team, yes? I understand holidays, but if you wish to leave, you have to give notice, yes? I haven’t looked at the contracts. I know I have them in my office, but I haven’t thought much about them.” I was concerned, would the whole twenty up and leave, with no notice? I was just getting used to them being around.

“No, you have us for life, or till retirement, unless something happens. Or if you decide you no longer want one of the men, for whatever reason.” Dirk replied, before my phone rang.

“Hi, what’s up?” Tank rarely calls me.

“Can we use the security men?” I looked up at Dirk and smiled.

“Let me put you on speaker, and you can talk to Dirk. We have a surprise for you.” I smiled and put him on speaker.

“Dirk, sir, can we use your security men?” Tank and Dirk went on to talk about why, and the plans, sounds like some action at last, they are going to take them when they can. According to Dirk’s team, following them, they have split into three groups to cover more ground, making them easier to target when they least expect it. Dirk has some dart guns and will put them out fast. Tank was on speaker too; Prez and Zero’s voices were often heard in the background. Excitement grew at the thought of putting them to sleep, getting them here quickly, and into the cells, where they can have a more controlled chat. I liked the way they put that.

Dirk also clarified for Prez, so he understood, that he only took instructions from Tank or me, and no one else, and explained how some of the men, when seen out and about, we asked to do things, and they had to refuse. Prez needed to inform the club that they were not there for the club’s use, unless given instructions for a particular task by Tank or me. Prez didn’t flinch at that; he said he didn’t know his men had been trying to use them and would get that sorted out immediately.

They made plans that could be put into action at a moment’s notice. Before hanging up.

“When the new team arrives, I will get them situated and ensure we have enough dart guns and darts to go around. Thank you for your understanding. We needed clarity.” Dirk stood up, and I took the hint; this meeting was over, unless I had more to add. I didn’t, so I nodded and left him to do what he and his men needed to do.

I found the girls in Sticks' room. She looked a little better than the last time I had seen her. The nurse was sitting at the window, reading a book, but she looked over as she turned a page, keeping an eye on Sticks to make sure she didn't overdo it. I guess one sign of a yawn, and we would be kicked out.

The girls were chatting about their shopping trip, what they brought, and I hope they didn't mention the arrival of the Jones Gang. Sticks didn't need to start stressing over something she couldn't control.

"Hey, girls," I called out as I got closer; they hadn't noticed me entering the room.

"Hey, about time you got here, what took you so long?" Jenny asked, moving to give me a spot on the bed, near Sticks. We were all on the bed.

"Was talking to Dirk, some of the building has been completed, and if all goes as planned, the helicopter will arrive soon." I was excited to receive the helicopter. I was thinking more of Sticks and getting her to the hospital quickly, if she got any worse.

"Wow, that's fantastic news, good for emergencies," Jenny answered. She had been hoping it would be here soon; Jenny had been worried over Sticks. We both agree she won't go to term, but how soon, we aren't sure. We are hoping to hold off for a few more weeks.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 163[1,494 words]

Tank POV

The meeting was what I expected, everyone with an opinion, and in the end, we decided 'no' to the splinter group being involved with taking out the Jones gang, that are here in town, the members still were unsure if there was a snitch in that splinter group, and letting them wait for a while to rejoin, would be good for them, if they give up waiting, they were never going to be a good part of the club. Once we have taken the small group here and are safely in our cells, we can revisit the splinter group issue.

"We need that security team; they are the experts." One of the members called out.

"Yeah, get them, we need them." Another called.

"Hey, we need to ask Fixer; they are her men, not ours." Another shouted out, and the club was divided over the security team that was Fixer's men; they couldn't get over how she could do security and what value she was, when, in their minds, she was still a young kid. New to the club, compared to them, and not that rich to need a full team of security, they still believed they were Uncle Simon's men on loan, and not belonging to Fixer, and

we were not going to debate that today; it was better to let them believe what they wanted to believe.

“I will call Fixer and find out what her security team is doing and if available,” I replied, walking away from the members, leaving them to talk, eat, and drink. The bar was not open yet, but possibly after the meeting.

Prez, Blaze, Zero, and I went to the office to talk to Fixer.

The call went better than I planned. Thirty armed men are here soon to take the gang in, and the use of darts to knock them out was a perfect idea. Once we hung up, went back to the club members with the news.

“Thirty armed men? Wow, more than enough, I don’t understand the dart gun? It’s full of what, sleeping potion?” Yep, some are that naive.

“Yes, the Jones gang has broken into three groups. Shortly, we shall have a small team to help us capture them. Fixer has some of her team following them around town. When the main team arrives, they will report to me, and me only; they will not take any orders from anyone else, except Fixer. They needed to clarify that, as some of needed to clarify that, as some of you feel you can order them about, well, you can’t, so don’t try it.” I called out to the club members, making it clear.

“Why not the Prez?” One called out, and several nodded in agreement.

“Because Fixer has only given permission to me, there can’t be too many people instructing them what to do; it would be confusing and could lead to someone being hurt. I listen to Prez, don’t worry, he’s still the boss.” I replied, getting nods of understanding, while others remained opposed to me being the one to order the team about.

“Think of it this way, I am the overseer, planning and plotting. I send my order down the chain of command; in this case, it would be to Tank and Zero. They will then give orders to the security men and you.” Prez informs them, in a different way, and it appeared his way gained more understanding than mine, and that was why he was the Prez, and not me. I am still learning, and I never want to take his place. This was too hard to work out, yet Prez makes it look easy.

“So, it’s today? We get to have some of the gang in our cells, and answers to why they attacked us.” One of the club members called out, and the excitement to finally be getting somewhere was evident.

“That’s the plan, we are waiting now for the security men to arrive, which should be soon, and then we can form three groups, and go get them.” Zero added, as I headed to the door, as SUVs started to arrive.

Large, muscular, armed men climbed out, with Dirk in the lead.

“Tank, this is Stephen, he’s the lead of these men.” I shook his hand, and we exchanged numbers.

Dirk left, heading back to the Fixer and his other men.

I led Stephen and those of his men who wanted to listen in the clubhouse.

“Prez, this is Stephen, the lead. Let’s get this happening.”

Stephen shook Prez’s hand, moved to a table, and unrolled a map of the town.

“Dirk filled me in, my men are ready, have sent some to follow them, they are at present, here, here, and here.” He pointed to places in town, all suburban homes, most likely friends.

“Do you have a list of houses they have knocked on?” I asked, wondering if they were linked to the gang.

“Yes, we have kept a list,” Stephen replied, touching his ear, and I noticed the earpiece.

“This groups on the move, heading east. Orders?” He asked, looking at me.

“Can you take them yourself? You can use our club members as a distraction, gaining their attention, away from you.” Prez wanted the guys to be involved if it was safe to do so.

“Simpler if we get the go-ahead, and take them when out of the public’s eyes, your club members can enjoy their company when we bring them back. The only part that your men would need to do would be to ride the bikes away.” Stephen said, and casually rolled the map back up.

“Go, let us know where to collect the bikes, or better still, you can take some with you, in the back of the SUV. If you have room.” Prez was eager to get this started.

“Before you go, do you want to see where we would like you to take them once you have them in your clutches?” I asked, and this made Stephen stop, tilt his head as if thinking or listening, and then nod.

I led him to the cells.

“Perfect, we can do this, will have these cells filled before nightfall, only twelve men, four a group, give me twelve men, and they can ride the bikes, to wherever you want them housed,” Stephen said as we left the cells.

“We are going to place them in a warehouse, in some containers, till things quieten down. Then have them broken down for parts. Might need your help later, with the disposal of

the bodies.” Prez said quietly, “We had no intention of letting some of them go, if any.” Stephen didn’t even blink as he listened to what Prez was saying or implying.

“Of course, there’s a disposal site not far from here.” He was talking about the place we had Barry, but was careful not to say too much.

“Perfect, more fish food,” I said, out loud, causing Stephen to side look at me, and smile, a knowing look.

We soon had volunteers to go get the bikes, with strict instructions to be careful and to follow the security men’s instructions. I joined Stephen, as he invited me along to see what went on, and I didn’t need to ride a bike back.

Prez stayed back in the clubhouse, getting the cells ready, and our doctor updated, getting some men over to the warehouse, and had the containers opened and vehicles ready to return home.

This was happening, the second step, the first was taking Barry and the ladies, now each who comes to town might find themselves in a little bit of a pickle. We have yet to discuss going to the club, burning it down, and maybe getting the splinter group to go and do it. As part of the testing to allow them back, let Bruiser work out how to do it and send pictures of it burning. Will put that before the club when we have these twelve apprehended.

Stephen was on his mic, for most of the trip, to where I would see them in action, I asked to see The accountant picked up, he was my worst of them, as far as I was concerned, using the girls to do his dirty work, and for years, it was great to see he had lost contact with them, and had to come and find them himself, we had handled collecting them well. I am more than impressed with the place they were taken to. I would never have thought of that warehouse, having that secret. It wasn’t a new building, so it had to have been built several years ago. I wonder whether that belonged to someone else and Uncle Simon took hold of it, or whether he and his family had built it, only to put it out of commission when they all left the main house. Funny how it was a full circle, that Fixer was back in the family home. I still think it should be called a manor, but Fixer doesn’t like it called a manor, because it makes her sound like a snob.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 164[1,515 words]

Fixer POV

They received the news of the helicopter being here soon, very well, I had to remind them that it was for emergencies only, and for my use, no joyriding, and of course, for Sticks if something went wrong, or that was my plan, I didn’t like how hard this pregnancy was

going for her. We were all watching her closely. Only five weeks to go, close enough to live, but it would still be a struggle; we don't need it right now.

We tried to give only positive news and stories. Jenny had brought Sticks' new PJs to wear now, giving room for her growing belly. It was covered in motorcycles, tricycles, and love hearts. It was cute and made Sticks squeal with joy and laugh at the design.

Melony went downstairs, made lunch, and brought it back up here to eat. I moved to the mini fridge and pulled out the container of chicken soup I had made, and heated some up. I only put half a bowl, knowing that if it was full, she would complain the whole time it was too much. Better to give her small amounts often; I can get her to eat more that way.

The Nurse checked on her before she ate, and then again after, keeping a close eye on her blood pressure. If it was too high, we would be kicked out and she would be forced to rest up for an hour or so before we could return.

"Ladies, time for my patient to get some rest." We didn't argue, gave Sticks a hug, and left, promising to be back soon. I took the dirty dishes with me and headed to the kitchen. Jenny followed me, while Melony went to her room.

"I am worried about Sticks; her blood pressure was too high, and she needs to be in the hospital. We can only do so much here." Jenny helped clean up the kitchen. Melony was not exactly one to clean up as she went into the kitchen, and more often than not, came back when the kitchen was clean. Think she does it deliberately, and I will be talking to her soon, because she needs to pull her weight in all areas. We are not here to clean up after her, and it doesn't take much to put the bread away and butter back in the fridge.

"Yeah, I tried a few times, but she wants to be near Prez, with all that was going down, even though we are keeping the worst from her, she insists that being near Prez helps her. I am not so sure about that, but what can we do but what we have? We have the nurse here, and our club doctor is popping in nearly every day. He says hospital, then I will tie her up and drag her there if I have to." I reply as we finish wiping down the bench, and Melony walks in.

"Thanks, ladies, I was coming down to do...." She didn't get to finish.

Before I can say a word, Jenny jumps in.

"You do this all the time, make the food, and leave all this mess, you are asking for bugs and ants to invade our home, if you are going to make food, clean up as you go, if you need someone to show you how, then ask, we are not here to do your bidding, and if you don't want to do it, say so, and I am sure Zero would happily move out, and into where you lived for this place. Or maybe he won't, but you can't keep doing this because it's not fair on us, and poor Sticks, when she has this baby, doesn't need to walk into a messy kitchen and clean up before she can do what she came into the kitchen to do. Get into good habits now, or leave." I was a little shocked at how blunt and brutal Jenny was. Yes,

she had always been on to give her thoughts, but wow. I didn't know it was eating away at her like this.

"I..I.. I am sorry." Melony looked as shocked as I was and looked at me for help, but I wasn't going to say a word.

"I will do better." Melony eventually sighed.

Dirk entered the kitchen and looked at me.

"Miss Fixer, can we talk?" I left the girls in the kitchen, hoping they don't kill each other while I am gone.

He didn't take me to the office, but walked to the helipad and the hangar.

"This was completed just now. I wanted you here to watch the first testing of the lighting and signal." He walked to the side and showed me where the switch was so I could test it.

I pushed the button that said test, and the area lit like a Christmas tree, blue, green, white, and red, and lights flashed on. White lights on the ground, in a circle, forming a cross in the center, small posts flashed red or green, and on the hangar, blue lights shone.

"The white on the ground is self-explanatory, the red and green, lights, will not both flash, the testing was to show they are working, so if they are red, the pilot knows not to land, as the area was unsafe, green was go, and the blue, was on the hangar, and the main house, giving the pilot some bearing's on landing, the cross only gives him, a destination, but the two blue ones, give him directional position for the helicopter, not all are set up like this, but as it was the same for your Grandparents, we thought it should be the same here, to aid the pilot, with his night landing." He gave me so much information about the lights' meanings that I can see myself checking out areas in the future when we fly around. It was all exciting and new.

"When does the helicopter arrive?" I asked, as I had thought it would be in a few days. This was finished quicker than expected, working day and night to get it finished. The slowest part was waiting for the concrete to dry. They worked on the bunk house and hangar while they waited.

"Soon, it's on its way. We have a room ready for the pilot. He is on my team, so he knows how we operate, and he was more than happy to be part of your team as a dual member, pilot, and bodyguard. He was actually excited to meet you; he had heard so much already from Mr and Mrs Astore." Dirk was more relaxed and happy to chat; this was the most we had bantered together since he arrived. Guess he needed to get used to me, and my wants, I am different from Grams and Gramps, not a stiff shirt kind of person.

"Thank you, I am pleased with how fast this came together. With Sticks having so much trouble with the baby, we might need to use him sooner than expected. Maybe he can take

me into the air, and I can show him where the hospital was and the best place to land, rather than waiting for the need,” I suggested. Dirk nodded in agreement. It was good to be prepared.

He walked me through the hangar.

“Do I need to set up oil drums and fuel around here for the chopper? I can get the manual, see what servicing it needs, and start a log.” I asked, looking around.

“Leave all that to the pilot; he will let you know of anything he needs, and we have that fenced-off area, over there, to store the fuel, and have a small fuel carrier arriving today, too, that will be used to refuel the chopper.” He pointed to a fenced area that had what looked like a garage with no door.

“Why no door?” I asked softly. It looked odd.

“Venterlation, we don’t expect theft here, no need to put it under lock and key, but if you feel better, we can enclose it.” I looked at it for a while.

“I will leave that to your judgment; security was your area, not mine,” I replied, shrugging my shoulders and putting the whole thought behind me.

“As you wish.” He didn’t appear offended.

“The team informed me that they have collected the first four of the Jones gang, and are bringing them in now, should arrive any minute, everything so far was going as planned.”

“Good, will they gather all twelve?” I thought of the cells, and they have room for a lot more than twelve, especially if they put more than one in a cell

“Yes, your husband was with Stephen, the lead in this adventure, and will take out the accountant in about ten minutes; they are waiting for them to park up. It appears that they are meeting up at that roadside parking just out of town, perfect for us, and the township residents will think they have left town, and they are safe again.” I knew where he meant, often a place for truckies to pull over and check their loads, ensure they had not shifted before the long trip.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 165[1,464 words]

Tank POV

We had pulled into the parking area, where trucks check their loads before heading out or swapping trailers. We are just out of town, and hiding in the bushes, well, not really

hiding, our vehicles are in the bushes, but the men, dressed in Jeans and T-shirts, were sitting at the picnic table, eating, drinking, and laughing. To look at you wouldn't know at a glance that they were there for anything other than taking a break from a long drive, or catching up before taking one.

I stayed in the SUV, out of sight. Stephen was with his men, enjoying a coffee and a chat. His hand went to his ear occasionally, and I assumed he was getting an update. Four of our members, who would ride the bikes to the warehouse, were in the back of this SUV, looking out the window. The windows were tinted, keeping us safe and secure inside. As we eagerly anticipated what would happen soon, we didn't talk; we waited, watching.

I was as nervous as hell. This was a moment I had been waiting for a very long time, taking in a powerful man who might have answers about why my parents were taken out and a possible closure for Fixer.

Soon, the rumble of motorcycles could be heard, growing louder until they rode past us. I felt the vibration of their engines through my chest; they were that close to our vehicle.

They parked at another picnic table, climbed off, placed their helmets on their bikes, and sat at the table, their backs to the other picnic table and the security team, making their job that bit easier, or so I thought.

The security team stood up and headed towards them. As they got close, the accountant turned to look at them. They continued walking past the table into the nearby toilets. This wasn't part of the plan, as far as I knew, but then I wasn't given the whole picture; these guys know how to improvise, and so far, it's been nothing as I expected. But then, I didn't have a clue how they operated.

They stayed in there about the length of time you would expect for a man to piss, and came out, laughing about something that happened last night heading towards the men, the Jones crew looked at them for a while, and then went back to the coffee, as the security team started to pass the table, four dull thuds were heard and the men slumped to the floor, the men grabbed the arms and legs of one, and carried him to the back of the nearest SUV, my guys were out of the back of this one, and headed to the bikes, the idiots never took the keys out of the ignition, guess they thought being so close to the bikes, they were safe. The bikes roared off into the scrub, and out of sight, too worried they might pass the others on the road, and best to stay out of sight till all twelve were rounded up. Four were already on the way to the clubhouse cells; these were four more, and the other SUVs just pulled up, ready for the other eight, I guess.

I laughed as I watched them throw the sleeping men into the back of the vehicle, not caring about hitting heads or trapping arms, pushed them further in, and piled the four, one on top of the other. They had just closed the back where the men had been dumped, when the sounds of more bikes arriving were heard. They took to the tables, taking the two tables this time, and placed empty wrappers and coffee containers on the table, as if they had almost finished their lunch break.

The biked circled the area, looking around, before stopping near the toilets. Getting out and heading inside, I could hear a phone ringing from the back of the SUV, and one of the security men rushed to the vehicle and hunted for the phone. Silencing it, and searching the bodies for the others, and silencing them. I am sure they will be spoken to for not grabbing the phones, but then they were on a tight schedule. Four security men got up and entered the toilets, returning with bodies over their shoulders, they threw the phones on the table, as they passed one of the tables, and yeah, you guessed it, dumped their bodies on top of the other four, not sure they could fit more in.

I must have been right, because two security guys got in the SUV and drove away, the four bikes headed to join the guys in the scrub, then we waited, for the last four to arrive, they took a long time, and I was getting a little antsy in the SUV, I needed to use that toilet, but was hesitant, worried I climb out and the bikes would arrive. I strained to listen for bikes.

Just as I was about to climb out, because I needed to pee, even if it was in the trees, the sound of bikes arriving came. The tables never looked up; they continued chatting and only lifted their heads to gaze at the approaching bikes as they neared.

The guys got off their bikes and walked around, only going into the toilet block, while the others looked charged, pulling out phones and calling someone. They moved around, making it hard to make a clean hit. The guy in the toilet never came out, and I wondered whether they had left one or more security men in there, waiting for the men to take the other three.

They headed to one of the security team's tables.

"Hi, have you seen other bikes pass by here?" One asked, the team on the other table pulled their dart guns out, and soon the men were slumped on the floor. I am not sure how satisfying it was to have them downed like this; maybe giving them a little roughing up back at the cells will fill the ache I have. Although I have to admit, I liked that no one got hurt, and everything went well. I can now put dart guns on my list of items to take into a fight, reckon, the fight would be over a lot quicker.

Two men came out of the toilet block, one holding feet, the other under the arms, and they were thrown into the back of the vehicle. Our members left with the bikes, and the ones in the scrub came out and took off after the other four. They appeared to be having fun on someone else's bikes.

I rushed to the toilet, relieved myself, and returned to find the other vehicles gone and Stephen waiting for me.

"That was quick," I said, looking around the area.

"No need to be hanging around, would look suspicious. Come on, let's get back and see how our sleeping beauties are doing. Want a hand with the interrogations?" He chuckled as he climbed in, as if he made a joke that I didn't get.

“We have a lot of guys wanting to throw a punch, and there’s only one guy in that lot that I want answers from, might let the guys have fun with the other eleven, and possibly get you to have a nice chat with the accountant,” I replied, still working in my mind on what I wanted to ask, but there was so much we needed to know.

“I have truth serum, if you need it, maybe after he has been roughed up a bit, and not talking, gives them a big shock, when they find out all that resistance was for naught, breaks their little hearts.” I chuckled along with him this time.

“Will see how it goes, might take you up on that, we have a doctor, but he has never suggested using it.”

“It’s not that readily available, your doctor might not have the right contacts, it’s not that hard, even a bit of happy gas can get guys talking, that hard nutcase, accountant, might need the harder juice.” I nod in agreement, arriving at the clubhouse to see a lot of activity going on. It was late afternoon, and I turned to see a helicopter taking off from next door, and wondered if Fixer had just received her chopper and was going out for a spin.

“Tank, the men are settled in their nice cosy rooms, the doctor said they might be out for hours.”

Zero said as he came out to greet us.

“Nope, low dose, the first should be waking in half an hour, didn’t need to knock them out that hard, since the holding cells were close by, an hour tops. Stephen interrupted, sounding like he was enjoying all this action, maybe been quiet a bit too long for him.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 166[1,634 words]

Fixer POV

The chopper arrived at the same time as the doctor for Sticks’ daily check-up. I was torn between meeting my new pilot and going with the doctor to see Sticks.

“Go, inspect your new transport, and I will go and ensure Sticks doesn’t hide anything from the doctor,” Jenny said, turning me towards Dirk and the landing pad.

Nodding, I walked back to Dirk, who was watching the sky for the chopper to arrive. We could hear it, but I hadn’t seen it yet.

“There.” Dirk pointed to the sky, and I followed his hand.

The chopper was not what I expected; it was huge, like, straight out of a war movie, big. We watched him land with ease. The side of the helicopter said in fancy scrollwork, 'Zaria.' The pilot looked busy at the chopper's console, then climbed out, came straight to us, saluted Dirk, and nodded to me. More of Dirk's men were behind us, watching, waiting.

"Savage, this is Ms Fixer, your boss." Dirk introduced me after returning the salute.

Savage then turned and saluted me. His eyes assessed as he did, a smirk on his lips. I felt I should know who he was, but couldn't place the face or why. Something is sitting in the back of my mind. "Good to meet you at least; others have been raving about you." He greeted, his voice kind and jolly. He sounded like Mrs Astore, but in a masculine way, weird to be thinking of her now..

"Welcome to the team, can you show me our new transport?" I asked. Dirk, Savage, and I moved to the chopper.

It had two sections: the first, like most choppers, was encased in glass and seated four, two at the front for the pilot and passenger, and two behind. The back section was like something out of the movies; it could hold twenty security men if needed. It had bench seats along the walls, seat belts, and other items I wouldn't even begin to understand, secured nearby. At the back, a fenced-off area that could hold cargo or whatever you needed and it also had what looked like a Field Medical Gurney. I had read about these. They are on wheels and can be locked in place, raised, and lowered as needed. I was glad to see it.

"It can take you to the city, with our long-range tanks, specially designed for this chopper." Savage had been giving me specs on the chopper; it all sounded thrilling. Being a mechanic, I would love nothing more than to pull it apart and put it back together again, see how it ticked.

"Why so big?" I asked, once we had completed the inspection, and I have to admit I am impressed with this gift from my Grandparents.

"We need to have at least four security guards with you at all times, and in the big city, maybe more. You will be going a few times a month for meetings, as arranged by Mr Astore, and a few galas." He had those smiling eyes, and they were assessing every move I made, every word I said. Comparing me to what he had been informed, or something else.

Do I measure up?

Do I care?

Nope, don't care, he can assess all he likes, I am the boss.

“Dirk, would you like to show Savage where he will be sleeping, and then we can talk some more?” I turned and headed towards the house. I had only taken a few steps when Melony came rushing out.

“Fixer! Fixer! Help.” Suddenly, I had Dirk, Savage, and two other men at my back, ready to act.

“What’s up?” I asked, calmly. Melony was known for her dramatics.

“The doctor said we need an ambulance now, but Jenny said the helicopter would be quicker. Can we use the helicopter?” She puffed out as if she had just run a marathon; she really needs to get some exercise more often.

“Sticks?” I asked, of course, it would be Sticks, who else would it be?

“Savage, get the chopper ready, cleared, whatever you need to do, we are going to the hospital, with a pregnant woman, who is not due yet?” I rushed inside. As I left, I heard Dirk barking out orders, giving Savage the hospital’s location, and arranging men.

As I raced up the stairs, two at a time, I called Prez.

“What?” he barked out.

“Get your arss over here now, Sticks in labour, we are going by chopper to the hospital. Move it, she needs you more than the club right now!” I didn’t let him argue that the club comes first, in almost everything, but he has to put her first in this; he just goes to; I gave him the information, now it was up to him to put his priorities in place in this instance.

Sticks looked pale and in tears. Jenny was beside her, talking softly.

The doctor looked up.

“Your helicopter here?” He asked, his face laced with worry.

“Just arrived, they are getting it ready to take off.” He nodded and went back to what he was doing.

“We need to get her to the hospital now.”

I helped Sticks into a wheelchair, and moved swiftly out the door, I moved to the front, turned at the stairs, and took hold of the bottom of the wheelchair, and we guided it down the stairs, me at the bottom, Jenny had hold one handle, the nurse the other, and the Doctor in the middle, keeping an eye on Sticks, who was moaning softly, in pain.

At the bottom, the nurse moved to one side of the wheelchair; Jenny pushed, and the doctor remained at her side.

Dirk had the gurney ready at the door.

“A gurney, thank god.” The doctor said and helped move Sticks to the gurney.

Dirk pulled the gurney to the Chopper, and the men moved in and lifted it into the Chopper. Dirk then secured it to the floor before letting the doctor in.

“We can take Fixer, the doctor, nurse, and one other Dirk called out.

“Jenny, you go, here’s her bag.” Melony offered.

“No, I will go.” Prez’s voice boomed from behind. He had run here, as fast as he could, and leaped into the Chopper before anyone could argue and sat beside Sticks, holding her hand, his other hand pushing hair from her face, as she let out another groan.

I took a seat beside Savage and put on my headphones. Dirk and a security guy got in behind me, and who knows how many in the back with Sticks and Prez.

I phoned the hospital.

“On the way by chopper, an eight-month woman in labour, doctor on hand, will be landing in your car park,” I spoke calmly and clearly. I was in that zone, I get when I need to do, and not be emotional, they get in the way of getting a job done

“What doctor?” The woman asked. I gave her the details that she needed.

“How far out?” The woman kept probing.

“If you look out your window, you will see us,” I replied, trying to stay calm.

“No, need to be snippy.” She said over the phone, and I hung up, no longer bothering with her.

Savage landed in the open space in the car park. A doctor and several nurses, pushing a gurney, came rushing out. The security team removed our gurney from the helicopter, transferred Sticks to the other one, and moved back. Our doctor and nurse took charge and wheeled Sticks and Prez away in a hurry.

“Well, that was a nice introduction to your new job, you know where the hospital is now,” I said to Savage with a small chuckle.

“Thank you, Ms Fixer, I needed a bit more interesting activity in my life, been dull lately, I get the impression with you as my boss, that won’t be the case.” Dirk chuckled, something rare for him.

“Where to now?” Savage asked, looking between Dirk and me.

“I am staying here till we know what’s going on. I get the feeling we shall have a baby before the days are done. Dirk, you can take over. I am going inside and pacing the floor with Jenny.” I groaned as I turned to leave, because that’s most likely what we will be doing, and depending on what they need to do with Sticks, as to whether Pre will be pacing the floor with us.

I heard Dirk giving orders as I moved away.

“Hello, can you tell me where they took Sticks?” I asked, and the nurse looked confused.

“The lady was brought in by chopper.” She pointed to the lift.

“Third floor.” I thanked her the best I could.

I found Prez doing exactly what I thought he would be, pacing the floor. My men took position near the doors, and Dirk brought me a coffee from the vending machine.

“Thank you, I heard the chopper leaving. Not sticking around?”

“Savage will go back, clean the gurney and place it back in its spot, check the helicopter, and log all that has happened, as per the standard procedures I have ordered two SUVs to come to the hospital, and I assume when Tank gets back, he will come here too, in his truck. We have not informed him of this trip, as he was working, and needs radio silence.” I didn’t ask more, I already knew he was with the men collecting, if they could, the accountant and his men. I wouldn’t have tried to text him until he contacted me. I knew what it was like to have your phone go off while trying to hide.

“Thank you, it appears to be my most used word around you.” I chuckled as I took a sip of the terrible coffee.

“Just doing what you pay me to do.” He smiled and went back to his men.

I sat and watched Prez pace the floor, wondering why they didn’t let Prez stay with Sticks.

He didn’t look like I could approach him to find out.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 167[1,480 words]

Tank POV

After making sure the prisoners are in the cells, stripped down to their underwear, taking their phones, and giving them to our tech guy to look over, I had them tied to chairs, and a man to watch for when they wake up. It made me feel good inside, seeing them retrained

like that. I would have liked a bit of a punch-up, but this was quieter, and so far, no one can pin their disappearance on us. Brilliant if you ask me. Even the cops can't, because the security looked like any visiting group of farmers, dressed casually, none looking like security, they know how to hide in public.

All completed to my satisfaction, I go looking for the Prez.

"Zero, where's Prez?" I had run out of places to find him.

"You haven't heard. I forgot you had gone out when the call came in from Fixer, telling Prez to get over there. Last I heard was a frantic call from Melony, Sticks was in labour and had been taken to the hospital. Prez took off like a rocket, and from what I could make out, Melony was taken in Fixer's new fancy helicopter. Melony sounded disappointed that she couldn't go; she and Jenny were cleaning up Sticks' bed as she made a mess. Luckily, the nurse had a mattress protector on it, or the mattress would be ruined. "Zero was in the Prez's office, going through the wallets and documents in the prisoners' pockets.

"I didn't know, although I saw the chopper taking to the skies, didn't think much about it at the time, it could have been Uncle Simon popping in," I replied, looking at what he was doing.

"Yeah, I think you might need to go to the hospital. Fixer will need you, Blaze might have to go with you, for Jenny." I nod as he speaks. It makes sense, might get some takeaway, and bottles of water; they won't want that hospital stuff. Some of those vending machines are exceptionally terrible.

"Find anything interesting in that lot?" I asked, nodding to the wallets he was going through.

"Nope, they're careful, driver's license and money, no credit cards, or notes. quite boring really." I had expected as much when we were out on the prowl; we took almost nothing, too.

"Leave the men in the cells to yell and scream, give them some time to think, Stephen had offered to help out, with truth drug if we need it. But suggest we wait for later, when they think they have been strong in resisting our questions. No food or water, and no one enters the cells till Prez returns. I will go to the hospital." Zero stands, and we walk out the door.

"Guys, Tank will go to the hospital, check on Sticks, and get orders from Prez. We are to leave the men in the cells for now, with no contact, no water, and no food. Post guards around the door, no one in, until Prez gives the orders." I waited for Zerd to finish and for the guys to have questions.

“Then I am heading home, will be back in the morning. Keep us informed, some of us want a crack and breaking a nose or two.” A group agreed and started out the door.

Men started to leave, and I moved out too.

Found Stephen and his men in his office, talking about what went down.

“Stephen, the men in the cells are in underwear, tied to a chair; they will not be fed or given water, and I have given instructions not to enter the cells until Prez returns; however, I feel some might not wait. Could you place some men at the door, stop any from entering?” I know I was asking a lot, but I had to give it a try.

“Consider it done.” I turned to leave and noticed a man whose face I felt I should know.

“Do I know you?” I asked, looking at the man.

.”This is Fixer’s new pilot; he just finished service and has joined us. Savage, this is Tank Fixers,

husband. The other boss.” Stephen chuckled. We had bonded sort of over the day, being together on a stakeout.

“Oh, Tank. Good to finally meet you, heard nothing but good things about you.” Savage stood up and moved to shake my hand. I still felt I knew his face.

“I know your face, but can’t place it. Would like to stay and talk, but have to get to the hospital and check out Sticks and the crew. I will definitely want to talk later.” I left the room and rushed to get an overnight bag in case Fixer wants to stay the night, as well as one for Prez. I doubt he would stay, but who knows.

Climbed in the truck and headed in, my mind working hard to work out where I had seen the new pilot’s face. I made it into town in quick time and went through the drive-through, grabbing burgers and bottles of water, before heading to the hospital

The admin lady was too friendly, as she informed me where to find Sticks, and I rushed to the lifts and to the third floor. As the lift doors opened, the first thing I noticed was the sound of babies crying. The maternity ward was maybe the only ward I liked visiting; the whole hospital always made me uncomfortable, but the happy faces you often saw here made it more bearable.

Fixer was looking out the window; her face said she would prefer to be anywhere but here.

Prez was not in the room, which I hope meant he was with sticks. I head over to the Fixer, who jumped when I touched her arm. It was rare to catch her unaware, like that.

“You okay?” Fixer turned and snuggled into me.

“They came and took Prez about half an hour ago. They didn’t let him in at first, needing to get her settled and assessed first. Our club doctor was still in charge, although two other doctors came to meet us, and they chatted in medical lingo. I have no clue what it meant. Prez was a mess, ranting because he wanted to be at Sticks’ side, and relieved when they let him in. I have no news. Melony and Jenny called, asked if safe to come, and I suggested they stay away for now, as nothing was happening in the waiting room.” I nodded in understanding. I am here because of Fixer; I would be nowhere near this place otherwise.

“Brought some food, an overnight bag for you and Prez, wasn’t sure.” I didn’t release her, holding her close to me, kissing her hair, she was shaking and not from the cold, and I don’t think she was crying.

I pulled back and looked at her face. Searching for answers, I didn’t find.

“Talk to me.” I led her to a chair, pulled the table close with my foot, and put the food on the table.

She grabbed a burger, unwrapped part of it, and took a bite.

“This is good, I think my sugar was low, needed refueling, thank you.” She ate quietly, not saying a word. I took a burger and fries and shared the rest with Dirk and his men, since only Fixer and I were in here.

“The chopper and team worked well, fast, and efficiently. I am starting to appreciate having them around. I don’t need them hovering, but in times like today, it was good to have been able to use them for a good cause.” Fixer said softly, like all she saw when looking at Dirk and his men was that she was in danger all the time, and she was, but seeing them only gives a visual reminder, and harder to hide away from it.

“I understand, you are precious to us, and with your power and wealth, that you have hardly even started to see or use, people will target you. But don’t lose who you are, the good you planned and are doing, like the waterhole, and other repairs you have started around town. Money and power aren’t bad; it’s how you use them that can be.” I wasn’t sure if I was making sense, but it was from the heart.

“Thanks for the food, and the overnight bag, but I don’t think I would be staying here overnight, not unless...” Fixer croaked, and half sobbed, and no tears, just the fight of keeping them at bay, and under control. Fixer would never forgive herself for crying in public.

“Sticks and the baby will be fine; we’ve got to believe that, or we will fall apart. Don’t preempt a problem.” I tried to reassure, but failed. I knew it when the first tear silently dribbled down her cheek.

I pulled her onto my lap, started to rock her, and listened to her tell me a story, one from her past, one of her many nightmares, that visits from time to time.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 168[1,498 words]

Fixer POV

Prez paced the floor. I am positive he wore a groove in the floor; his pace was from the door to the window, and back again. He was unapproachable; His face said, “Don’t come near me, or be prepared to be barked at. In the beginning, I left him to pace on his own, and when I thought his pace had slowed, I came beside him and paced with him. Step by step, not speaking, just there for him, if he needed me. Even if it was to vent, I would take it; he couldn’t do or say anything that I hadn’t seen before.

But he just paced, not even acknowledging me beside him; that was okay, I didn’t mind, I felt better knowing I was within reach if he needed me.

The door swung open, and Prez stopped and turned to face a young nurse who had come through.

“Are you Prez?” She asked timidly, obviously intimidated by Prez’s frustrated, worried face.

“That’s me.” He replied much softer than I had expected, given how worked up he was.

“Come, your wife’s calling for you.” She turned and left the room, not waiting to see if he followed. He looked at me, mouthed ‘thank you, and I nodded before he left the room. Guess he did notice me pacing with him.

The clock on the wall sounded loud to my ears. In this room alone, I had sent the security team outside before I started pacing with Prez and told them to start taking breaks, as it could be a long afternoon and evening. I needed a distraction; this waiting room had a coffee machine, but it didn’t look that good. Beggars couldn’t be choosers, so I made myself a cup of weak sludge; there was no other word for the goop that came out of that pot. How a hospital could have something like this for people waiting was a joke; maybe it was their way of stopping loiterers from filling the room. In the end, I threw most of the cup in the bin; couldn’t stomach it.

I went to the window and watched outside. There was a large tree not that far from the window. I found a nest that must have babies in it, as the parents are rushing back and forth. I keep watching, hoping to see the little ones. The parent birds have been in the way, but watching gives me something to do and keeps my mind from thinking or worrying, taking my mind off where we are.

I jumped when Tank touched me. I hadn't realised I had completely shut out everything around me, and fixated on the birds. I turned and held onto Tank, like he was my lifeline. I explained where Prez was and as much as I could about this whole situation.

He fed me a lot of burgers, and I devoured one, like hadn't eaten in a week. He took the rest of the food to the door and handed the remaining burgers to the security team nearby.

Tank looked conflicted, like he had said the wrong thing, or felt like he had, because I ended up in tears, on his lap, and all I could do was cry, and he waited for me to tell him why I had tears trickling down my cheeks, he seemed to pick up that it wasn't just the situation we were in now. I took a deep breath and started telling one of my many tales from my youth.

"At the time, I was sixteen, still angry with the world that everyone I loved was dying. On the streets, you don't get medical aid, we tried to help each other, there was a group of pregnant girls, all rape victims, their parents had disowned them, for some reason or other, and a couple that just ran away, too ashamed to admit what had happened, the old police Sargeant, didn't care for street folk, he never sent help when was asked for, and often came and moved us on, when he found where we were camped, life was not easy, and he made it worse, was glad when they got ride of him. Anyway, one of the few kids who knew where lived came to my house, climbed to my window, and pulled me out of bed in the early hours of the morning. Two girls were in labour, and they didn't know who to call, so they came for me. When I arrived, one girl had already given birth, with the help of other younger girls. I arrived too late; she was rocking a dead baby, crying her heart out. Another girl was still in the midst of labour, and I helped her, the best I could. It took all night, but we managed a live birth. I wrapped it up and gave it to the girl; she couldn't have been older than sixteen, maybe younger. The girl whose baby died screamed and shouted, blaming me for not being there to help her. She was angry and in tears, and for a while, I didn't go back to see the pregnant ones. It was too hard. I couldn't be there for all of them, and half the time I had no idea what I was doing, just following something I watched on YouTube, and read in books." I stopped crying, for now. I think I needed to get that out, release another nightmare, that I hope won't visit me again. The nightmare was always the same, me failing to help, and they die.

"Sticks is in safe hands, you got her here in time." Tanks said in a whisper, in my ear, as if he could read my mind.

I stayed on Tank's lap, enjoying the comfort of his arms, which were holding me tight, like he was scared I would vanish in an instant. It was a place I loved to be. Right from day one, he had held me,

He seemed to enjoy having me close and didn't complain when I got his shirt wet with my snot and tears.

“Fixer, you have met Savage, yes? I know it’s a stupid question, as he flew the chopper, but what I meant was you were introduced to him, and spoke with him, before that flight, and what did you think?” Tank asked, and I thought back to the man I had met and then had him take us to the hospital, demonstrating his ability to do what was needed on the spot. He followed directions well and landed as close as he could safely, which was closer than I had expected. Not that I knew how much space a chopper needed, to be safe. He had powerlines and trees to watch out for, not to mention cars, trucks, and anything else that decided to appear as we approached. The chopper’s sound attracted a lot of attention.

“Yeah, Dirk had introduced me to him before he flew us here. Why?” I was on his lap, running my hand down his arm, squeezing it, feeling the strength that lay beneath his shirt. “Did he look familiar to you? I feel I have seen his face somewhere, but I cannot place it. Every time I think, I have it who he reminds me of, the dam thing slips away.” Tank asked, and I thought about that.

“I know what you mean. I thought he sounded like a male version of Grams, you know, the twang in her voice, with certain words.” I replied, glad to have something else to think about than what was going on in the other room.

“Mrs Astore, now I regret not going to their home with you. The phone video link wasn’t that clear, and they kept moving about. Between the two of them. Now you mention it, his voice did have some inflections that were the same. Do you think they came from the same area?” Tank asked, and I thought about that. Did that whole town have that sort of accent? Or was it from some other place, like her mother or father came from somewhere else, and kept their twang, and he happened to come from that area too? It was hard to know, without more information.

The door opened, and Dirk popped his head in.

“You guys okay? Need anything?” He asked, not coming into the room.

“Yeah, come here, please,” I replied, thinking he would have some answers for me, us.

“Sit,” Tank said when he came in and stood before us.

“What’s up?” He said, after grabbing a chair, turning it around, and sitting, that he folded his arms on the chair’s back.

“Savage,” I said, making him look at me.

“What about him? Did he do something wrong? I hadn’t noticed him out of line.” He asked with a frown.

“We want more details, like where he is from, and why he sounds like Mrs Astore? They come from the same area as they did, or their parents?” I asked, and Dirk looked between the two of us and scratched the back of his head.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 169[1,411 words]

Tank POV

Fixer told another story that tore at my heartstrings That woman had seen more of the dark side of life than most do in a lifetime, male or female. I rocked her back and forth, like I remembered my mother would do when I was upset. I waited for her to settle.

Her sniffles slowed to just the occasional blow of her nose, and she started to run her hand over my arm, squeezing my bicep, as if testing it. Mind you, her hand barely managed to get much of a hold; it was a large bicep. Mr. Universe had nothing on me, and mine was all natural, nothing steroid-enhanced.

I brought up the subject of Savage; his face reminded me of someone I had seen, or met, or possibly a photo of. But still couldn't place it. Bringing in Dirk was a good idea from Fixer; he hired him, so we should be able to get more answers.

"We don't discuss our team's family backgrounds; they have the right to some privacy. If you wish

to know more, speak with the person themselves," Dirk replied, and it sounded like the standard answer he would give anyone.

"What's his full name? Give us something to go on." Fixer asked, almost desperate.

"Savage is what we call him; no one calls him by any other name." He continued in the same monotone voice, as if this whole subject bored him

"Why does his voice sound like Mrs. Astore's?" I pushed, trying to come up with different ways to ask the same question.

"I repeat, speak to the man concerned. If they wish to talk about their past life or family life, they can. It's not my place to answer any of these questions. If you do not require anything or have any security concerns, I will return to the men." Dirk stood, and a smirk played on his lips, but we couldn't get him to budge on talking about any of the men.

We watched him leave the room, and I fell back onto thoughts of where I might have seen him before.

"Since it was taking my mind off what was going on behind that door, with Sticks, lets breakdown what we know or think we know about Savage," Fixer said, and I suddenly thought of the photo I have of him on my phone. I took a snap of him when I met him earlier; he didn't appear to mind me doing so.

I looked at it for a while. I covered the bottom of his face with my hand, so all I had was his eyes and forehead. and looked harder at him, at his eyes I know I had never met the guy before, but his face felt familiar. Damn it, this was annoying.

“What are you looking at?” Fixer asked, and I looked up at her, seeing the very same eyes. It was so surprising, I dropped my phone. Fixer was close enough to catch it before it hit the floor.

“Your dad,” I whispered back, so sure now that was who Savage was, or a brother, but he didn’t have any, a cousin maybe, don’t know enough of the family to really know.

Fixer lifted my phone to look at what I was staring at.

“Savage?” She asked, confusion marring her face.

“Look, who does this remind you of?” I put my hand over his face, leaving just the eyes.

‘Grams.’ She replied, not seeing her own eyes shining back.

“And?” I asked, and she looked at me quizzically.

“Your Dad’s eyes,” I said. She looked down again and back up at me.

“Are you saying Savage is my Dad?” She still couldn’t believe what I was suggesting.

“Yes, look at him, take off that beard, and he’s an older version of that man in that album your Grandma left you, where he had you in his arms, looking at you with love, your mum beside him. Can’t you see it?” I pushed, but I think she was more shocked than anything.

“I think I see what you’re trying to say, but why would he not tell us? Why hide who he is?” She looked so hurt at the thought that she sat beside her dad, talked to him, and he did not reveal himself to her.

like “We will only find out by talking to him, get into his head.” I held onto Fixer; she had hold of me, she needed something tangible to hold onto.

The door flew open with force, and a red-eyed Prezentered the room, like a madman.

Shiet. Was my first thought at the sight of his red eyes.

He looked around the room and found us by the window. I was sitting on the cill, and Fixer was on my lap.

“Hey, Sticks had preeclampsia, they did a cesarean and I am now a proud Dad of a Two-pound four-ounce baby boy.” Prez almost shouted out, all in one fast breath.

I raced over to him and pulled him in for a bro hug, almost pushing Fixer away to reach him. Fixer came up behind me and joined in for a group hug.

“How’s Sticks? Can we go see here?” Fixer asked, breaking out of the hug, her concerned face full of hope.

“Yeah, she’s good, ready to show off our lad, they were taking Sticks to her room. She should be there by now. Come see my boy.” Prez almost dragged us out of the room, through the door he just burst out of, and down the corridor, and stopped at an open door, looking in. We stood together and watched as Sticks fed her small bundle in her arms. We waited in awe for a while before a nurse saw us and called us in. Sticks looked up; she looked exhausted and tired, yet her face lit up like fireworks on the fourth of July when she saw us at the door.

“Come meet Max.” Fixer gasped at the name, but Prez had already told me that it was one of the choices they had picked out. I led Fixer forward; she was initially resistant, and I had to kind of nudge her along. The closer we came, the more we could see.

A tiny hand held onto the blanket; the baby’s eyes were closed as it tried to suck out the milk. It had a tiny button nose and looked so very tiny, almost like a porcelain doll.

“We named him after you, Fixer, because if you hadn’t had the helicopter, he wouldn’t be alive now. It was touch and go, hence the C-section, but once but, he bounced back quickly, so much so, he didn’t need ICU.” Sticks’ voice was rough with emotion, and she held the little boy in her arms. I am not sure I would be able to hold him till he gets a lot bigger. He looked like I could fit the little tyke in one hand.

Fixer moved forward, gently took the little hand poking out, leaned down, and kissed it, then pulled back.

“He looks beautiful. This might be the only time a boy would accept being called beautiful.” Fixer joked, as she stared down at her namesake, a loaf of bread looked bigger than the bundle in her arms, a lot smaller than the bulging belly gave the impression of. I had thought the baby would be bigger, which shows you how much I know about babies.

Prez sat on the bed, next to Sticks, and rested his arm over the back of her head, looking down at the little bundle with such love. I had never seen Prez this emotional before, not since my parents died. I pushed the thought of my parents back into the box where it belonged.

“How long will you be staying in here?” Fixer asked, her voice thick with emotion.

“Three to five days, depending on the baby, and my pain threshold.” Sticks replied, still beaming at her son.

“Will keep the nurse around a bit longer then, she can help you when you first get out, and hang around for as long as you need her.” Fixer was already making plans for Sticks’ return. Ever the sorter and fixer, that my little lady for you.

I handed Prez the overnight bag.

“Thanks, hadn’t planned on staying the night.” I looked at Sticks, and she didn’t seem worried whether he did or didn’t.

“You have things to do, go do them, Max and I will be fine.” Sticks said as she covered herself up. It amazed me that Sticks had no qualms about feeding in front of me, and Prez didn’t blink at it either.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 170[1,458 words]

Fixer POV

I didn’t want to believe it, that Savage was my dad, and he never said a word. Was I that much of a disappointment?

The more I looked, the more I had to agree with Tank, Savage was my dad, I wanted to call out to Dirk and order him to have him here and now, and explain, but this was not the time or place. I had to keep my cool and wait.

Prez came rushing in; Tank and I froze. He looked like a man possessed, and I had feared the worst, but he was just eager to share his news. Mum and son are both doing well. My fears reduced a lot, but until I see Sticks, that worry won’t go away completely.

Prez almost dragged us back to the room, where Mum and son were in bed, having a meal. They looked so peaceful, I was tempted to just stay at the door and watch them. But a nurse spoiled the moment, and we entered the room. The baby was smaller than I remembered from the street mums, maybe that was because he was way too early, but well formed, and from what the nurse was saying, which I was half listening to, Sticks was very lucky, the doctor made the right call, getting her there as fast as they did. The baby was under stress, and it was dangerous for both mother and baby. I closed her off when she started on about the chopper and how fortunate she was that one was so close. I didn’t need to explain that I owned the chopper; I was happy enough for them to make their own minds up on why the chopper was here.

Most believe the helicopter belongs to Uncle Simon or Tandy, or to a visiting dignitary we get from time to time, or to a big celebrity, all of whom are possible. I like to hear their thoughts on it; they take one look at me, in jeans and a cut-off, and dismiss me, perfect in my eyes.

The pride I feel when I took the little hand and kissed it, my touch of my namesake, I don't think I deserve it, but I doubt they would change it now; they are convinced that if I didn't have the chopper, one or both would not have survived. It might be true, but I didn't do anything; it was here, and why not use it? It was fate, with all that timing. Uncle Simon is pushing to get it done and completed quickly. I wonder if he was the one who sent Dad to me, if Savage is my Dad, and I have no doubts now that he is. Uncle Simon left rather quickly. He said he had his location. Did he get him and send him to me?

As I think, I have more questions, and it was hard to concentrate on the little bundle before me, and not the thoughts of Savage. I bite my tongue, which makes me break that cycle of thought, and get back to why we are here; the rest can wait.

"Would you like to hold him?" Sticks asked, offering me her son. I looked up at Prez, and he was smiling, nodding his approval.

"Yes, please." I moved forward, and she lifted the bundle of blankets to me, and I carefully pulled the bundle to my chest. Tank was standing behind me and placed his hand under the bundle for support. At the same time, it felt like he was cuddling me.

I pulled the blanket down a little, exposing that adorable face. He was fast asleep, his little fists in his mouth, sucking on his fingers. He was a perfect miniature of Prez, can't wait to find out his eye color. I felt so overwhelmed, with emotion, my throat was thick, my eyes threatening to leak tears, not sad tears, but ones of joy, something foreign to me.

This boy was going to be spoiled rotten, I can feel it and I love him already.

Our house will be lots of chaos and patter of little feet, can't wait.

I feel clucky, and understand now, when Grandma said I would when the time was right. This 'bundle has already brought great joy, and he's only an hour old. Tank moved his other hand out of

his mouth, and his mouth made the same hunting movement again. His mouth is opening and closing. Tank let go of the hand, and it went straight back to the mouth, and started to suck on the fingers again.

"Cute," Tank murmured, and I got that he hadn't been around babies much; he enjoyed watching Max look for the hand Tank was holding, then let him have it back. His hand looked so big against Max's.

Sticks yawned.

"Time for us to let you sleep, you are going to need it. Give me a call if you need anything, and I will see what I can do." I gave Sticks a hug, careful not to jolt her too much; she had to be in pain. Tank did the same and shook Prez's hand.

“I will be heading off shortly, once Sticks falls asleep. We can catch up then on your progress.” Prez was talking to Tank, but we both got the message loud and clear. I might not know all the ins and outs of today, but I can guess, with Tank here in one piece, that things went smoothly.

“I will leave some guards on the door, in case Jones gang hears of Sticks’ baby and decides to come a calling. Might get them to come in and introduce themselves, so you know what they look like.” I said, before walking out the door.

Tank gathered the overnight bag he had for me and met Dirk outside the door.

“Dirk, can you leave a couple of men to watch over Sticks and the baby? We don’t trust the Jones gang; if they get word, they might try to harm Sticks and or the baby.” I looked at Dirk and made sure he understood. I know I have been giving them a lot of work lately, more than just looking after me, and so far, he has not made a big fuss over it.

“Sure, I know just the ones. Sticks have met them before.” He nodded and turned to his men

We made it to his truck, just as three vehicles came up behind us. I looked back and noticed they were my guards, and turned, giving them no more attention, acknowledging that I have that team close by. Dirk made it clear that until the known threat was gone, I would be under even more security. I have to adjust to being followed closely, which has been difficult. But it was annoying because what happens when the known threat was over, and the unknown threats have you over your head? Will they continue to have me on a tight leash?

Tank drove, with the window down, the radio playing softly, a rock song, and his finger tapped along on the steering wheel, as he concentrated on the road.

“Do you want to investigate Savage tonight, or get a night’s sleep, and corner him in the morning?” Tank asked, and I could bet my ever dollar he was eager to go search for Savage.

“It’s been a long day, we need to have dinner, and you need to talk to Prez about what went down today. Savage isn’t going anywhere. I would prefer to get your issues cleared up first. I can handle Savage later. After dinner, we can look at those photos again.” As much as Tank didn’t appear to like my answer, he wasn’t going to push me on it.

Jenny and Melony were waiting for us when we arrived. I pulled out my phone and showed them photos I had taken of the baby and Sticks, showing that she was fine and could visit tomorrow, as she was bouncing back quickly.

They oo’d and Ahh’d over the pictures, and I printed the best one and stuck it on the wall, so all could see it.

Tank stopped and stared at it for a long while before Prez's bike came roaring up the driveway. Prez was here too quickly to have gone next door. We were reheating yesterday's leftovers, so we didn't have much to do.

Prez walked in and smiled at the picture before turning to Tank, come, report." They disappeared down the hallway and into the office at the end. While they were doing a catch-up, the girls helped me get dinner ready, and they would be ready to eat the fatted cow by the time they came out of that office. I had heard Tank's stomach calling out for food when we were in the vehicle on the way home.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 171[1,450 words]

Tank POV

Fixer had taken pictures with her phone. I hadn't paid that much attention at the time, but the one she managed to capture was on the wall, and it was absolutely fantastic. It caught the three of them in what I would call 'a picture-perfect moment'.

Prez had one arm over Stick's back, the other holding Stick's hand. Sticks was holding the baby,

lost in the sea of blanket, one hand, which was the one Prez's hand, had over hers, was holding

open the blanket to reveal the tiny face of Max, and the baby was fast asleep, mother and father, looking down with such love, joy, and peace.

Prez sucked in a breath when he saw it, but then he called me away from the girls to talk. I didn't want to lose that happy moment, but I guess I can't always get what I want in life.

Prez sat on the lounge chair, giving me the impression that this was a catch-up, and not a big report. He was going about this in a more casual way. Guess he doesn't want to lose his happy zone either, but the club comes first.

"Tell me what happened, and where the men are now," Prez asked, offering me a smile. He looked the most relaxed I had seen him in a long while.

I told him about how the men took down the men, and it was perfect, that the Jones gang had little contact, and made it easier for us to pick a nice, quiet spot out of town to meet up. To the average person, it would appear the gang was returning home. Good for us, bad for them.

“They are spending the night tied to the chair in the cells, and have asked Stephen to put his men

on guard duty, because I don’t trust our guys, not that they are spies, but the need to get revenge might be high enough for them to go in and start punching, the men didn’t like having to wait till tomorrow, to get more answers, and blood. The bikes are at the warehouse in containers, or should be, haven’t gone to the warehouse to confirm, guess back to trust, and at the moment I have little for our club, and that sounds bad, I know. I finished my report and waited for Prez to digest it before asking questions.

He took his time before smiling and nodding.

“Good, tell me what you know about Sticks’ trip to the hospital. Sticks said something about her first chopper ride.” His smile was bright, his eyes dancing with mirth.

I told him as much as I could remember: that Fixer had informed me, and how well the pilot flew and handled the whole situation. The whole team came together to bring about your safety in the world and Sticks’ health.

“I need to meet this, Savage. What do you know about him?” He asked, and here we go.

“That was up for debate, we know from his file that he just got out of service, he had been captive by the enemy, and made it home, he lost part of his team, and had spent about a week in hospital, on his return, was medically discharged, and joined Dirks team, like many that leave the service do, find a job with like-minded people.” I started, wondering whether I should mention our belief.

“What’s the catch? I can see there was something else.” That’s my good friend talking now, not the Prez, we’ve been together since birth, more or less, through thick and thin, guess we know each other well.

I pull out my phone and show him a picture of Savage.

“Is that Fixer’s dad?” Bingo, he saw it straight away.

“Wow, you picked that up straight away. We think so. At first, neither of us could work out why he looked familiar, but then I placed my hand over his beard and looked harder. Fixer said he had Mrs. Astore’s accent, and we pieced it together, tried to talk to Dirk, but he wouldn’t give anything away, kept telling us to speak with the person concerned. We were going to do that tomorrow, as it’s getting late today. What’s the plan? Are you going to take up Stephen’s offer?” My head was all over the place, and I would be happy when we could get off this merry-go-round of life, which was spinning too fast. NO, not a Merry-go-round, more like that ride at the amusement park, that looks like a cup-and-saucer, and the handler can make you spin faster, making your stomach churn, and food threatens to come up faster than you inhaled it.

“Well, with all this evidence, I would lay money on him being Fixer’s dad. Let’s get him in and interrogate him.” Prez said with a laugh, because that might be how that meeting might go, so much hurt and anger, and regret all bursting to escape from Fixer, would knowing change her? Maybe it would help clear away her nightmares, those lingering ones that are full of doubts, and give her some peace of mind, possibly, help rebuild the relationship with his parents.

“Fixer wanted us to focus on the men in the cells and get that sorted. She will work on talking to her father. I agree we want to do both; however, we have agreed to wait until the morning. She will confront Savage, and we will go see the men. You never answered me. Are we going to take up Stephen’s offer?” I pushed again.

“Maybe part of it. I have been thinking we grab each man one at a time, take him into the main hall, get an area, lay down some drop clothes, and sit a man still tied to the chair in the middle of the drop cloth, let the members shout out questions, and maybe a give them a punch, let the members get out the hurt and aggression, and leave the accountant to last, for us, and maybe then get Stephen involved.” Prez answered his brain, going at ten miles an hour as he thought about how to appease the members, all the while getting answers.

“I like the sound of that. We need the member for this opportunity, and get answers firsthand, then we can look at what to do with the rest of the Jones gang. Do we wait for their reaction to their missing men, or hit while the iron is hot? Also, Stephen has offered to take the bodies to the compost site, keeping us in plain sight of the townspeople and avoiding suspicion. If what we are doing leaks out, we will know we still have a problem in our club. Finding out who might take a bit longer.” Prez nods, understanding my doubts.

“I trust those who are with us now, a lot we both have known a long time, most of those that split weren’t long-time members, five years tops. But as you say, time will tell. With so many involved, someone might hear them talking and not deliberately give out information.” I had thought of that, but it would be difficult to stop them from talking amongst themselves. In a way, we are stuck between a rock and a hard place, and trust was still low.

“Agreed, we can’t force them not to talk, just hope they use their heads, and not go boasting about all this, it won’t go well with the authorities.” I doubt they would do much, without evidence, but they might go digging, and we don’t need that to happen.

Fixer knocked on the door, and Prez called ‘enter’.

She didn’t enter; she poked her head in through the door, a concerned look on her face, as her eyes searched our faces, and mentioned that dinner was ready if we were done, or that we would like a plate in the warmer.

We both got up, together, and had me smiling at the mention of food.

Fixer giggled as we both stood up. Her face changed to a happier one. Waited for me to reach her, and gained a kiss for her trouble, and together we headed to the dining room to eat.

In the dining room, there was Blaze, Melony, Zero, Tandy, and Uncle Simon, whom I had not expected to see here, though I thought Uncle Simon would be gone longer. Jenny was at work, her two-day stint away, and Blaze was looking a bit grumpy because Jenny was gone.

“Hi All,” I called out merrily, as I pulled out a chair for Fixer to take a seat.

“Hello, young man.” The table was full of conversation, all hype and excitement, but I knew under it all, Fixer was waiting for a chance to drag Uncle Simon aside and talk to him about Savage.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 172[1,643 words]

Fixer POV

The guys must have finished their chat, or were hungry, because they both sprang out of the chair, like it was a hot potato.

I hadn't heard Uncle Simon and Tandy arrive and wondered if they had something to discuss, if they just popped in like this, or if they came to see how things went with Sticks without invading the hospital room, if she was unwell and not up for visitors.

“Hi, Uncle, Tandy, didn't know you were coming for a visit,” I said as the food was passed around.

“I came to find out about Sticks and how it went with the dash, using the chopper.” Uncle Simon said as he loaded his plate with mashed potatoes.

“My visit was to confirm our picnic at the swimming hole. We can make it in two days' time; we will have them all available, no sports carnivals, no spa dates, or other important events that take their attention away from family gatherings. It's harder to coordinate the whole family, now that they are older, and one has children of their own.” Tandy complained as he added some spicy chicken to his plate.

“You can come with just the Mrs. I wouldn't have minded, we all know what it's like trying to make things happen,” I say, and I say Tank filling my plate, when he thinks I won't notice.

He chuckles and nods in agreement.

“So, Prez, congratulations on fatherhood. I saw the picture, lovely little family.” Uncle Simon speaks

to Prez, avoiding any other questions that I might have, and he notices I didn’t answer his question regarding the chopper.

We ate and chatted, like one big family. It was good, something I never had, other than when I was at my grandparents’, and less often once Grandma died.

It was agreed to have the family gathering then. Jenny would be back and most likely happy to meet all of Tandy’s family.

Tandy was leaving, not staying the night. Just popped in to confirm and to ask for permission to visit Sticks, taking his wife along, who loves babies. Tandy promised more visits from the wife once the baby was home and offered to babysit if they ever needed one. That’s one keen woman to hold babies, a clucky old hen.

Tank knew I was waiting to speak with Uncle Simon. He had kept touching my thigh, and I hadn’t realised I was giggling it up and down, like it had a mind of its own, burning off the tension, growing inside me.

The opportunity to corner Uncle Simon arose after we said goodnight to Tandy, and he headed back home to his wife. Prez and Blaze went next door to check on the cells, the guards, and the members. Melony and Zero went upstairs for some alone time.

“Uncle Simon, do you want to talk here or in the office?” I asked, giving him no chance to back out.

“Office, if it’s that bad.” We headed to the office, Uncle Simon leading the way. I was thankful he sat on a lounge and not behind his desk, because they would have put me on the wrong foot. I was not going to sit like I was being told off or given instructions. He must have known this and chose to sit more casually.

“What’s got your panties in a knot?” He chuckled, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

“Savage,” I replied softly, but firmly.

Uncle Simon sat up in his chair and leaned his elbows on his knees.

“What about him?” He asked cautiously, keeping a close eye on me, searching for something.

“Why didn’t you tell me, and why hasn’t he come forward to admit or claim his right.....” I couldn’t say it; the words got stuck in my throat. Tank was at my side in an instant and pulled me onto his lap.

“Let’s call him in here, shall we?” Uncle Simon pulled out his phone.

“The jig is up; come to the office.” He hung up and leaned back in his chair, waiting. Watching me as I try not to fall to pieces.

The knock on the door came too quickly, but not quickly enough. I felt a cold tingling rush go from head to, as if someone walked over my grave, and my stomach hit rock bottom, as Uncle Simon called Savage in.

Savage entered, looking worried, but kept his head held high as he walked over to Uncle Simon and sat beside him, looking at me with an assessing gaze.

“Savage, Fixer had a number of questions; they won’t be easy to answer, but give it a shot.” Uncle Simon said, Savage was still looking at me, when he nodded in response to Uncle Simon.

“Shoot,” Savage said, calmly, too calm, it grated on me.

“Why?” I asked, but then thought that wasn’t specific enough.

“Why what?” He asked before I had a chance to reform the question.

“Why did you leave me with them? Why didn’t you take me far away, anywhere, but there? Why didn’t you try to get in contact? Why didn’t you admit who you are when you arrived here and leave me to work it out myself? Must I go on, with all the why, whys?” I spat out, in pain.

He cringed at my tone of voice, and I hope he realised how much he had hurt me and how abandoned I felt.

“Let me give you a story, starting from when I found out your mother, my beloved wife, was gone and nearly took you with her. I was in the middle of the ocean, on a tour, well, I won’t go into where, but I couldn’t get home for a week, we had no friendly ports, and no flight that could reach us. So, I had to leave you with her parents, sending me updates. By the time I made it back, the funeral was done, and you were still in the hospital.

You had a broken leg, head injuries, and, as a very young child, the doctors wanted you to stay in. I sat with you for the week while I was on personal leave. My in-laws promised to try look after you, while I worked out how to leave my job. But my mother-in-law got sick, had a small accident at home, and couldn’t look after you.

The woman we thought was your aunt looked after you, and somehow, managed to forge the signature my mother-in-law had signed, changing from temporary custody to full custody. By the time I found out, it was too late to fight, and as I still had six months before I could leave my job, I couldn’t get back to fight for you. I thought you were safe. I came and visited you a few times, but they always managed to make it look like you were

happy and settled in their home, so I renewed my contract, thinking you were better off where you were. Then started hearing about bruises.

We thought it was the age, you running about, and maybe bruising easily, but when I saw you on video calls, you still appeared happy. Things didn't really get bad till you were six or seven, and you had a broken arm, and the explanation was not satisfactory. I asked Tandy to look into it, and he mentioned abuse. I asked what we could do about it, and before we could withdraw you, threats started. threats to hurt you more, threats to hurt my parents-in-law, if we tried to take you.

I snuck into town. I was going to take you, but somehow they found out I was in town, and that kitten incident happened, and I backed away, unsure what to do.

Tandy said the paperwork they had forged gave them rights, made it look like I had agreed to it, too. All I could do after four more failed attempts to snatch you was to watch and wait. I buried myself in my work, or my worry for you would eat me alive. I got updates and pictures until it was only Tandy, and he tried to send what he could. He had your back the whole time. I wish I had spoken to Simon; he might have been able to assist, but he, too, was in a world of hurt.

He didn't get to know you were being abused till much later, even though Tandy hadn't told him. He wasn't exactly the easiest person to contact. There's a lot more to this. I have glossed over most, but believe me when I say, you were never far from my thoughts." he spoke so softly, and his eyes every now and then went distant, like he was thinking about a time in the past.

"Why did you hide or not reveal who you were?" I asked, almost in tears, but somehow holding them back.

"You had recently met my folks, whom I have yet to talk to, and I know that you had also gained your mother's wealth, and been dealing with a lot of crazy stuff, I didn't know if you were a plastic barbie, or what, I knew you got married to a biker, and that confused me, because a plastic barbie, with a biker, made me think of those girls you seen on the back of bikes, looking like they were some kind of accessory. I wanted to come and meet you, and get to know you, before revealing who I was. I had no idea if you hated my guts for never getting you out of your situation, and it was only a few weeks ago that I was rescued by a team Simon sent in, and spent a week in hospital recovering, getting my discharge, because I wanted to be near you in whatever capacity I could get. I jumped at the chance when I was offered the opportunity to be your pilot." His dam broke, and tears started to flow, and I sat and watched as the water trickled down his chin.

**Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 173[
1,428 words]**

Tank POV

I wasn't going to let Fixer leave my lap. When Savage enters, he will see who she belongs to, and that I am keeping her safe, something he failed to do. Yeah, I was being petty and spiteful.

Savage was calm as he walked in, his eye glancing at Fixer and me, as he moved to sit beside Uncle Simon.

Then the questions started, and the long answer, which he said was a shortened version, and over time, more might be revealed, as they get to know each other.

"Do you believe his reason for not telling you? Did it sound like he would have rejected you if you were a bottle blonde bombshell?" I asked, looking at his face, which suddenly looked horrified by the accusation.

"No! No! No! I didn't mean it that way, but I thought the chances of becoming friends would be harder if you were, because you would be looking down on me, a parent's reject and all." He looked panicked.

"So we are both rejects of sorts," Fixer said, looking at him blankly.

"I never rejected you. I was stuck in a situation and didn't know how to handle it. I had so many what-ifs and should haves, it was driving me crazy, like, should I have bitten the bullet and called my parents? They might have been able to get you out of there, but my own foolish pride would let me pick up the phone, afraid of more rejections and refusal to get you to safety." He was in a mess, tears were flowing again, and I think he had a hard time when in the prison camp, and his emotions were still frayed.

"Sweetheart, I know you are hurting, but." I left it unsaid and let her fill in the blanks.

"You think so?" She asked me, softly, leaning back into my chest, more relaxed.

"Yeah, look at him, he too was broken," I said softly in her ear, unsure if the two men watching us could hear our quiet talk.

"I think you are right. Suggestions? It's not like I can get over this in a flash." Fixer asked, still watching the men, as Uncle Simon handed him some tissues.

"Give him an in, a hug maybe, it's good for you too, but can tell him, he has to earn the name of father." Fixer nodded and hesitated.

Fixer climbed off my lap, and walked to the office desk picked up the box of tissue, and handed the whole box to Savage, he looked confused at first, but took the box, holding it up, waiting, Fixer, being Fixer, moved forward, so she was standing next to Savage,

reached out, and took his head, and rested his on her chest, and ran her fingers gently through his hair, and the tears started.

Savage took a tissue and wiped his nose and eyes, placing the box on his lap. One hand snaked its way around her waist and pulled her closer to him, and he held on, like she was his lifeline.

He didn't hide his sobs; he cried like a baby.

Fixer waited, her face pale, but held it together, not letting any tears fall. I could tell it was difficult for her, but she wasn't the kind of girl who let many people see her cry. Not if she could avoid it. Fixer might cry her eyes out later, once alone in our room, but will fight it as hard as she can while in here.

Fixer was looking at me when she said.

"Savage, you need to earn the right for me to call you Dad. Think you can do that?" Her voice is croaky.

"I will try my best to be as good a father as I can, moving forward. I know I have failed you badly, and nothing can bring back the years we have lost, but I will try to be there, as your protector, friend, pilot, and one day your father." His voice was husky from his tears.

"The next visit to Grams, you can come in, and you are going to come with me, and I am going to stand there and make sure you speak with your parents, and you are going to try and forgive them, for they have caused you pain, as much as you have caused me pain. I have met them; they are worried about you, and before you argue and deny it, they do love you. It might not be the way you want love, but it's the best they can do. Not everyone can give love the way you want or hope for; accept what they can give, as I will, and try to do the same with you. Try to rebuild the relationship that has been lost." Fixer was the stronger one here and I smiled at her bravery, her strength, and her ability to think and use her head as she stroked the sobbing father.

"Okay." He replied, taking another tissue and this time blowing his nose, before leaning back into Fixer's chest.

"Told you, Savage, Fixer was more than her name." Uncle Simon had shiny eyes as he fought to keep tears from falling, but it was a close call.

"I understand, I marveled how she didn't lose it when her friend went into labour and needed to be flown to the hospital, she gave clear instructions, and was definitely a born leader, better than many I have met over my lifetime." His voice was improving, and he could pull away from Fixer, but I feel he wanted to hold onto her, for as long as she would allow him to. Fixer didn't look like she was in a hurry either.

“Do you want others outside of this room to know? Prez knows, he knew the moment he saw the picture of you, and others might piece it together, as we had, but those that don’t, do you want it left unspoken?” I asked the question that had been plaguing me since we learned who Savage was. to Fixer, and I guess me, he was my father-in-law, do I want to call him dad at one stage?

“I would be proud of others knowing this smart, beautiful woman was my baby girl,” he said with conviction.

“Savage, you are still young, just turned forty or so, will you remarry, how other children?” Fixer asked, her voice uncertain.

“I have had women in my bed, but none have been as good as my wife. I miss her every single day; our time together was cut so short.” He let Fixer go and she returned to sit on my knee.

“Uncle Simon, have you updated Savage on what, of who, Barry, Sheila, and the others were? What had they done?” I was watching Savages’ reaction, and he seemed oblivious to what was happening.

“Not yet, only got him out of the hospital and discharged a few days ago, took him straight to pick out the best helicopter, after learning who it was for, haven’t found the right time to talk about it.” Uncle Simon replied, and I hadn’t thought of asking that question, but my little lady did.

“Tell me what? What about Barry and Sheila?” Savage asked, looking between Fixer, me, and Uncle Simon.

“You can tell him, Uncle Simon,” Fixer said, and so he did.

Savage growled, swore, threw the box of tissues across the room, swore some more, and wanted to be there when we questioned the accountant, but we all believed he was the man behind Barry and Sheila, the instigator of most of our troubles.

“Fixer, I am so, so, very sorry for all this. I had no idea they were behind your mother’s death, your grandpa’s death, and who knows if they didn’t shorten Grandma’s life too. All this suffering for what? Do we know?” Savage asked, his voice angry

“Think that might be why you always got caught coming to town, you went through the Jones gang turf, trying to stay away from the Astore’s, one of them would have recognised you, or your vehicle, and warned Barry and co,” I say when the dust settled and we were back to chatting normally again.

“Agreed, they had eyes everywhere, who’s to know they didn’t have someone near your base, watching who came and went.” Uncle Simon added and things just got a whole lot more frustrating.

“Can this really be over one man, who was slighted, because our forefathers didn’t let him be part of the town owners, or part of the original group that started the bike club?” I asked, still lost in the sea of information, and what was starting to form in my head.

“Could it all be that simple?”

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 174[1,519 words]

Fixer POV

The man that sat before me, next to Uncle Simon, was different from the pilot that flew Sticks and me to the hospital, he looked lost and broken, a part of it would be his past, her parents’ rejection of his chosen bride, then her death, and the whole BS in my life, that was out of his control, his job, would have fuked up his brain even more, he was a very skilled pilot, and from what I understand, was often in the war zone under fire, nearly shot down a few times. Seen friends die, in his arms, and others sent home missing body parts. When you put it all together, it’s no wonder he didn’t know how to cope with taking on a baby by himself!

Tank convinced me to give him some comfort, that he was struggling with his own demons, and had no clue how to sort out his own life, let alone mine. He buried himself in his job, trying to save lives, while he put his own on hold, hiding from his responsibilities. That didn’t mean he didn’t love me; he just didn’t know how, to be there for me, he thought he had left me in safe hands, that I had a good life, with an older sibling, to look up to and would care for me, but it was the total opposite, that no one gave him full details, just bits and pieces that my life wasn’t so good after all.

I stood up, pulled his head to my chest, and let a full-grown man cry his heart out.

A shattered man, yet so capable, when in the chopper, two completely different people, yet the same one.

Could I help him be whole again?

Could he one day be the dad he had failed to be?

I want to get him reconcile with his parents, that would be a big hole fixed, no longer classified as rejected.

We talked for a while, and it was a surprise that he had gone through the Jones turf, and that they had alerted Barry, who then caused trouble. They used the safety of me, of my grandparents, of the townsfolk, whom he had been friends with, when Mum was alive.

Anything to keep him in line, it was sickening to realize how much that gang had been involved in my life one way or another.

That Dad had felt so lost and had no one to turn to.

So, he turned to the one thing he was good at, and that was flying in the war zone, like he had a death wish.

My life might have been bad, but by the sounds of it, his was not that much better, once he became a teenager and his parents put pressure on him, to be who they wanted, and not listen to what he wanted, and so kicked him to the curb, when they didn't get what they wanted, and when he needed them the most, to protect me, he thought they wouldn't care, and wouldn't come for me, and protect me, and my Grandparents.

The more he said and explained, the harder it was not to hate him for abandoning me. I know now he didn't, not deliberately, I understand better than anyone, how Barry and Sheila could manipulate anyone, and everyone, and make out they are the victims, and I could see them getting Savage thrown in jail, from what I had heard of the previous police Sargeant, he was under Barry's thumb, or the Jones gang, not sure which, or possibly both he was close to retirement, and Barry paying him good money to be the bastarrd he was.

When that police boss retired, one of the club's members became the new boss, and the town began to improve and address the problems the old boss had caused. Then, more and more club members found places in the town hierarchy, till we reached where we are today. We are still a long way away from the best town we can be, but we have come a long way.

Now, how can I help? Savage needs help. I know it, can see it; he was hurt far deeper than I first thought. All those nasty thoughts I had of him when I found out I had a father out there were all wrong.

Maybe helping him will help me.

Heal me.

Tank can only take me so far, but I want him on my journey of discovery. I don't want to do this without him.

We can visit Savages parents, my Grams, and Gramps, the three of us together, build bridges together, it might help heal the Astore's too, they lost a son, for whatever stupid reason they thought they had for rejecting Mum, and so rejecting him.

The years of pain that should never have been, all because of one stupid rejection, my mother was not good enough for him. Little did they know she really was. I bet she was better than any of the women that his mother was trying to set him up with. NO! My mum was better than any chick that old bag wanted Savage to marry.

I started to realize, as Savage poured his heart out and showed me his vulnerable side, that he was wetting my chest with his tears and snot. That I was placing all the hate, hurt, and blame onto Grams' and Gramps' shoulders.

Was this really the place to send it?

No!

It was all the Jones Gang and the history we still have to learn that caused this. Without them, I would still have had my mother and possibly my Grandpa, and I would have had real siblings, because Savage would have come home on leave, and we would have been a family.

Those Jones Gang members robbed me of my family; regardless of the issue with the Astore's, we could still have been a family.

I decided then and there to give Savage a chance, to be the father he should be. I won't be giving him that title yet; we have a long way to go, but we are on the right track, bringing it out into the open.

I looked at Tank, and his eyes were glassy, full of emotion. I looked down at Uncle Simon, and he was faring not much better. This had been a real eye-opener for all of us, and our emotions were very high.

"What now? Uncle Simon, can you search that out? Find out who the original people, families who started the town and club, and who was the wannabe, who didn't. I know some of it, but not the full details. There has to be something missing in the history lessons of this town, someone who was not mentioned, who moved to become the nightmare of my life. I still don't get why me? I was too young to be a threat to anyone. My mother did something, maybe rejected someone who took revenge, was that Barry? Did he try it on with mum, and lost, and killing her was his revenge. I was supposed to die with her in that car accident.

"I can look into the archives. Maybe we need to check that safe room, those files, and old books in there; they might give us some insights and another direction. We have been targeting the whole Jones Gang, but maybe, just maybe, it was one family that was stirring the whole gang. Isn't that something, one of those interrogated had said, go back to the forefathers?" Uncle Simon said, and I felt I was talking and thinking in circles. Repeating myself, and I needed something different to think about.

"Savage, would you like to move into the main house, be closer to us, or stay with the men in the bunk house for now?" I asked, changing the direction my head had spiraled.

"For now, I would feel more comfortable in the bunkhouse; it was how I have lived for so long, a move to the main house would be a huge change, which I am not ready for yet. I have only just been discharged from service, and civilian life was new; give me a little

time, maybe I could come and join the meals on some days, or something like that, gradually bring me into the house. I am looking forward to meeting Max and holding him, if I am allowed.” He said softly, his voice still husky from his tears.

“Slowly, we can take it slowly, no rush, and as I have said, you need to spend time and mend fences with your parents, no getting away from that. Uncle Simon, did you inform them of Savage’s return?” I asked, turning my attention back to him. I have left Savage and was sitting back on Tank’s lap.

“Not yet, one step at a time, Savage wanted to come here first and establish his place as your pilot and bodyguard; he hadn’t thought you would recognise him, so soon. The parents will be informed we have him back and alive, but not where he was stationed, until he is ready to let them know.”

Uncle Simon looked at Savage, and we waited for him.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 175[1,517 words]

Tank POV

This was causing my insides to twist and turn, my eyes to water, but I refused to let tears fall.

My little lady was being strong; she stood for ages holding Savage’s crying head to her chest, gently stroking his hair with one hand and holding him to her with the other. Her eyes watched me, occasionally looking at Uncle Simon, but mainly focused on me, as if I kept her whole, grounded, safe, and focused.

She didn’t interrupt him and asked a clear question her voice soft but strong.

Yet I was falling apart, watching it.

Uncle Simon had let a few tears fall; he had worked hard to find and bring Savage back to Fixer, so they could reunite. How could he not get emotional? He doesn’t have children of his own; he contracted mumps as a young man, and it made him infertile. After he got over his anger, he started to build his empire, as it should be, his contacts, his life, and legacy, that would all become his nieces, Fixers, because she was his only living relative, he was busy ensuring he had all holes filled before he was too old, and leaves this world too soon, He wanted Fixer completely set up, and protected by those he trusted to keep her safe, even if she didn’t know who was behind her safety, or when they had helped her in the background. He had talked to me, just us alone, he wanted to make it clear that if he or I or both of us were not around, Fixer was safe and protected.

Savage stopped the tears and became the man we met again, as if he had cried all he could, gathered his strength, straightened his back, took a few deep, calming breaths, and thanked Fixer for allowing this time to cry, and that he would move on from this, and try to be who she needs and deserves.

“Sorry for the tears. I have not thought of anything in years, but one day at a time, one hour at a time, one minute at a time, as I stayed alive, to help others. I had thought my life was over, and I was ready to die, out there saving others. I have been selfish for thinking that it took Simon to get through to me. He had spoken of you, your sad life. I had tried to forget you, not because I didn’t want you, but every attempt to be near you failed, in the beginning, when you were little, and then I thought you were better off without me. But Simon reminded me that you are still my flesh and blood, my daughter first, and to go home and bring you home, and try and get to know you, don’t be like my parents and abandon you, he said that about six months ago, with pictures of you, and how beautiful a young lady you had become, that was before my chopper went down, and I was captured with my team and those injured we had onboard. Then, it was a struggle to stay alive, as they tortured us, to get information out of us, most had no clue, only I knew most of what they asked, but my training kicked in, and I went blank, so they couldn’t get the information, no matter what they did to me, even their primitive truth serum failed to break, my training. What saved me were the photos of you, as I thought of nothing else but holding you in my arms, having you call me Dad, and sharing your life with me. Maybe some grandchildren running around the place, for which you had forgiven me for being a failure as a father, and I could share your mother’s and my time together, how we met, and fell in love, my family’s fall out, I believe you deserve to hear it, if you want, no pressure. But thinking of you gave me the will and strength to keep going, to want to survive, when over the years, all I wanted to do was die, to be with my wife.” He took a deep breath, as if talking was difficult, and possibly it was, men do not tend to share their weaknesses with others.

“Savage, take a break. I am not going anywhere. Go relax, and we can do this another day, when you are feeling more yourself.” Fixer offered Savage an out, and I waited for him to decide. It was getting late, and we were all getting tired. This was an emotional day.

“Yes, time to head to bed, it’s getting late, and I have said all I can for now, we can T up a time to catch up again later, go, get some sleep.” The Savage we had met was back, his eyes, though red, were showing some mirth, and his mouth smiled softly.

We stood up, all as one, as if the go had been spoken, and we all were eager to leave.

“Goodnight, and thank you for not being a plastic girl.” Savage chuckled as he shook my hand.

Uncle Simon gave Fixer a hug and me a handshake before he clapped an arm over Savage’s shoulder and guided him out the door. He was followed not far behind, and the last thing I heard before he disappeared out the back door was.

“Told you so,” from Uncle Simon.

I guided Fixer to our room, deciding not to go to the lounge and speak with the others; they might be in bed anyway, and I don’t know about Fixer, but am shot. This day has been a full one, and I had lots to think about.

“Shower?” I asked as we entered our room, and I sat in the chair to take off my boots.

“No, just want to lie down and cuddle up, I need you” I was stripped and helping Fixer remove her clothes faster than a groom removing his on his wedding day.

I lifted Fixer up, and carried her to the bed, holding her I pulled back the blankets and slowly lowered her to the center of the bed, it was useless placing her on her side of the bed, as during the night she tends to move, closer and closer to me, till she has most of the bed, and I am on the edge, not that I am complaining or anything. Lucky that wasn’t every night. If she were completely exhausted, she wouldn’t move a muscle, but during her nightmare times, she takes the whole bed, and I am lucky to stay in it. I have had a few bruises when she had fought her demons, in her sleep, not knowing she was hitting me, and she can leave some bruises and soreness that lasts a few days. So each night can be a mystery, as to what kind of night she has, to what sleep I would gain. I am not complaining; she needs to get it out, and I am there for her, even if it means being a punching bag in her sleep. I know eventually they will become non-existent, but while she works through it, I am here for her.

Fixer only wanted me to cuddle her; she was shaking like she was cold, but I knew better. She was fighting her emotions, trying not to break down.

“You are safe now, away from the all-seeing eyes. Cry, let it out.” As if I had given her permission, the deep sobs started, she was holding onto me, her tears running over my chest, and all I could do, was hold her, stroking her back, I knew not to say a word, what good would that do, she doesn’t need me to say words of comfort at a time like this, words that might sound good at the time, they might sound positive, and true, heartfelt, but in the end she needs to cry it out, and then we can talk, if she wants to.

How my little lady stays so strong amazes me. It was about time she let more of her tears out; this was a new turning point in her life. Her tears didn’t last long before she sucked in a breath and spoke.

“The end of one of lost hope, a new beginning, not just repairing the fractured hopes of having a real father, but a new life, as a baby enters our home to bring now joy to us and more to come. This is a good turning point.” She hiccupped out, that’s my little lady, finding the silver lining in the darkest clouds.

“Spoke earlier to Uncle Simon, he had agreed that he and Savage should be at the meeting tomorrow when we bring out the men one at a time and question them, leaving the accountant to last. More scouts have been placed around the outer areas of town, as we

expect more to visit when they can't contact the accountant. Want to be there too?" I whispered, I thought she should be there or some more closure, or at least see some revenge, but I won't push it, if she wasn't ready.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 176[1,422 words]

Fixer POV

Savage was okay in my eyes. Under all the shielding he had put around himself, I think it would take a while before we both lowered our armour, and as we got to know each other.

Baby steps. I tell myself. Baby steps.

We are both like a skittish animal, ready to flee back inside ourselves where it's safe, and put on a 'I don't care' attitude, and that won't get either of us anywhere, I am guilty of doing that most of my life, it was something I learned to do to survive a lot of rejections, and losses of friends.

I was so glad when the suggestion of bed came; I was not sure how much longer I could keep this neutral face while listening to Savage tell his story and of how much I had meant to him. That I was the reason he tried to keep alive when he was captive. It was like he had come full circle and no longer wanted to die, to be with his wife, but be here for his wife's clone, or something like that.

Did I look like my mother enough for him to see me as that? I know I had a lot of her features, but as a person. Am I anything like my mother?

Most of this was Uncle Simon's doing, the bringing him back, I mean. Getting him to fight for his life, he must have seen Savage before his last mission, or sometime before, and had been working

on getting him home. I need to ask him more about that later, when life settles down a bit. My Uncle has been a mystery, even Gramps had mentioned him when we talked, and how he helped bring us together, he didn't know Savage was their son, Uncle Simon had my DNA researched, to confirm I was his grand-niece, because of all the BS that went around, he wanted concrete proof, he hadn't known that Tandy had been in my life since before birth, and could have confirmed it at any time, but that DNA showed that I was related to not only Savage but the connection to the Astore family, a link that Tandy hadn't put together, as he had worked hard to keep my mother's side alive and working. Tandy only started getting involved in bringing the Astore family's grandchild to them after the DNA reports. Uncle Simon, who knew the Astore's due to his status and connections, although he didn't go to networking and galas very often, hadn't placed me as their Granddaughter,

partly because the Astore's didn't know they had one, and he didn't put Savage and Astore's together as family.

It's all a vicious circle, but at least we're headed in the right direction now, all because of Uncle Simon and Tandy working together to resolve finding my father, and getting the other surprise along the way.

Tank was great; he let me cry on his chest.

A pool of tears formed in the center of his chest, and when I moved to get some tissues, I saw the mess I had made on him and was appalled at the tears I had shed and left on him. I used the tissues to mop up the mess, and Tank grabbed my hand, stopping me.

"Wipe your tears from your eyes, and blow your nose; those on my chest are mine to remove." He said softly, taking a tissue himself and dabbing at the tears with care, he was claiming my tears as his own. I wasn't sure how I felt about that. Was it cute, or yuck?

Tank climbed out of bed and returned with a bottle of water and a warm face cloth to wash my face. He placed his finger under my chin and began to wash my face gently, his eyes focused on his task as he wiped around my eyes, down my cheeks, chin, and mouth, and, lastly, my nose. Then placed the cloth down, picked up the bottle of water, removed the cap, handed it to me, and left me with the bottle as he took the cloth to the bathroom. I felt treasured, and I could see his love shining through his actions, his gentleness, and his kind, thoughtful care. Other than my Grandparents, no one has cared for me like this, not even Jenny, who tried but didn't know how, because we were both kids, learning to deal with life the best either of us could. We would hug each other, and cry on each other's shoulders, more her crying than me, but yeah, you get the drift. We were never this gentle. Jenny had always been an out-there girl, while I was the quieter one, not wanting to stand out, because when I did, bad things happened to me or to those I was with, so it was best to stay hidden, keeping everyone safe.

Tank climbed back in, and I rolled over, giving him my back. He wrapped his arms around me, pulling me against him, and held me firmly till I relaxed. Sometime later, when my mind stopped running around inside my head, sleep found me.

The next morning, I left Tank sleeping, headed to the bathroom, opened the drawer, and took out the test kit. I was a few weeks late, and I knew what that meant, but this little test would confirm it.

I peed on the stick and left it on the sink whilst having a shower. I was happily humming to myself as I thought if I was ready for what that stick might reveal.

With my life so full of drama, was I ready for that to happen?

Would Tank be happy?

Now I guess it would work, if I had a girl, I would name her after my mum and Grandma. If it were a boy, do I want to have Savages name, or my Grandpa's? They are the ones who were there for me.

Would it be better to honor them, for the love they tried to give me, for all the notebooks that

Grandma wrote, so I could continue to learn when she was gone? Her recipe books, her healing notes, and her daily thoughts that she thought would help me as I grew. She had been busy when she learned of her cancer and raced to give me what she could in books. Grandpa would read from them sometimes, when I was lying in bed, recovering from another beating, it was like he was trying to give Grandma's love to me, through reading the note books to me, part of why I know all her recipes by heart, because Grandpa would read them out too, and talk about cooking some of the meals or cakes she had suggested.

I miss both of them very much. The love they gave me, though it wasn't for long, was deep and meaningful, and I could see it in everything they did just as Tank was trying to convey with the little things he did.

He had said once that he was new at all of this, having not had his father or mother to teach him, but if he did something I didn't like, I would talk to him, tell him, and he would see if he could improve, and I would do the same.

"What the fuck?" I heard Tank's roar from the other side of the door, and soon the door pulled open.

He was holding the stick, which I guess was finished doing what it needed to do, by now.

"What's up?" I said, acting innocent.

"What do two lines mean?" His face was in surprise!

"Oh, I am not sure, have a look at the box," I replied. knew what it meant, but thought it best he work it out himself.

I watched him pick up the box and turn it over, looking between the stick and the box.

"You are pregnant." He whispered hoarsely, turning to stare at my stomach, as if he could already see the baby there.

"Oh, okay, um... Do you want this baby? You know if not, I could...." I left the rest open, not wanting to voice it, because I am not sure if I could get rid of it.

"What? How could you ask, or even doubt one moment, that I wouldn't want a little mini you or me running around?" He climbed into the shower, squatted down in front of me, and started to kiss my lower stomach.

“Hey, little one,” he said and gave my stomach a few more kisses before standing and pulling me into his arms and giving me a bruising kiss.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 177[1,427 words]

Tank POV

Thankfully, sleep came quickly, once the tears were over. Fixer had a sound sleep, didn't toss and turn, as I had expected.

I woke to an empty bed, and the sound of the shower running, the light outside had begun, but the sun had yet to break over the horizon, this was an average time for us to wake, rarely sleeping late, it does happen, but not often, more often when out camping trips, because we go to bed, when it's almost morning.

Climbed out of bed, stretched, and moved to the bathroom, readjusting my balls, which had gotten stuck to my legs during the night, because I had been sweating; it wasn't that hot, so I must have had a bad dream, but I can't remember what it was how. I lifted the toilet lid, did my business, looking at the silhouette of Fixer in the shower, put the lid down, flushed, then froze.

Was that what I thought it was?

I picked up the white stick and looked at it, and exclaimed.

“What.The.Fuk!”

I pushed the door open, before thinking better of it, and asked what the two lines meant, and she sent me back to the box. Did she really not read the instructions before climbing into the shower, or only the part that said ‘pee on it and wait’? Thinking of checking it out when she climbed out.

Picking up the box, I nearly dropped it as I fumbled with it, looking at the front, sides, and finally the back for instructions, and found them. I checked the picture, looked at the white stick, and went back to the picture. My stomach churned and flipped. My heart raced, and I took deep breaths.

I am going to be a DAD.

Calling out to Fixer to let her know what her test said. I wonder how far along she was.

I, the last person on this earth who had thought I would ever become one not that long ago, was going to be a Dad.

How do I feel?

Ecstatic, over the moon, couldn't be happier, I am going to be the best dad ever.

I moved into the shower and dropped to my knees, kissing her belly, talking to my baby, as if it could already hear me. Fixer asked me how I felt and whether I wanted the baby, you know, because it might not be a good time, and gave me an out if I wanted it. I hoped my reaction to the baby answered her questions in a way words can't.

"How far along do you think you are?" I asked, trying to think back to when we got married, and that was already nearly three months ago. Where has that time gone?

"No, idea, was going to see the doctor today, he was going to be at the clubhouse, wants to be there for the interrogation, and keep an eye on the then, medically that is," Fixer replied, I hadn't thought of the doctor wanting to be there, but I guess being a club member he was entitled to be there for it all,

"Can I be with you at that check-up? I think we should hold off telling anyone until we have seen the doctor, then we will have more information to hand over." I suggested, thinking of all the questions rolling in my head.

"Of course, this baby didn't get in there by itself, so you need to step up and be there as much as the club business allows you to be. I understand there will be times you can't make it, and I will try to have the appointments at a suitable time for both of us, but yeah, not all the times work out."

Fixer was trying to be accommodating and understanding.

"I will read up on what to expect. We've been through this with Sticks, so we got some ideas." I said, trying to be helpful.

"Talk to Prez once I have had that check-up, after toklay's interrogation, they will be in the mood for some good news," Fixer smiled as I wrapped her in towel and together left the shower, not sure if

I washed much of me, but she got a good lathering I think I touched every part of her body. Loving all of it, covered her in kisses as much as soap.

Dressed quickly, as I thought of the changes we both will be facing, so glad she kept a room close by for the baby, when she was giving the option of rooms to the others. We have a door through to that room. I had thought it was a his-and-hers setup, with this one being the master and the other a little smaller, but still with a bathroom attached.

Breakfast was the usual: Prez, Zero, and Blaze talking about the club, Melony getting ready for work, and No Jenny, because she was on her long shift. Uncle Simon was listening but was not jumping in as he would normally do; he would look at Fixer and

then me, before back to his breakfast, almost as if he knew, but how could he? Or maybe he was still thinking about last night; he didn't look sad or anything. Maybe with the boys dominating the conversation at the table, he

was letting them ramble on, because that's what Fixer and I were doing.

Melony got up and made some lunch before disappearing down the hall, with a wave of goodbye, as she raced to her car, Zero not far behind, seeing her off.

"Prez, Savage, and I will be in that meeting and will bring four guards with us, in case you need our assistance. Your men might be overeager to get to the punching side and be a bit rough too soon. We can be of use, bringing them out and returning them to the cells." Uncle Simon said, as we had agreed last night, when it was just the four of us.

Oh, Savage, he's going to be a Grandpa. I wonder how he will feel about that.

"Perfect, let's go, Fixer, you coming?" Prez asked as they began clearing the table, that was something Fixer had already instilled in everyone, of should I say they heard about Melony being put in her place, and now we all clear the table and place things in the dishwasher, she made it clear she was not their maid, and I backed her up in that.

"Yep, will visit the doctor, see if he needs my help with the men, after they have been talked to, I doubt it, but will offer my services to him." She said. Nice cover, I thought, and squeezed her hand.

We left together, walked through the gate, and entered the clubhouse. The drop sheet was already on the ground, ready, chairs for our members in rows, many already here, drinking coffee and waiting for the show to be on the road. They looked Savage, Uncle Simon and the four other guards, but didn't question why they were there.

"Going with Fixer, to the Doctor, see what's what." Prez waved his hand to show he had heard and

started toward the cells, taking with him the six men, no doubt showing them where the cells were and working out who they would drag in first.

Fixer knocked on the door and waited. For some reason, she had never just walked into this room, even when she had been called there. We heard 'enter' and did just that; we entered.

"Hello Fixer, Tank, what brings you here?" He asked in his chirpy voice, guess he doesn't get healthy visitors often.

"Two-fold, actually, firstly, did you need my help today, with the men?" Fixer asked politely

“I don’t think so, I do not expect any to be alive by the end of the day, or barely alive. What’s second part?” He replied as if it were a normal occurrence, which it was not.

“Fixer handed him the stick, and he took it with a smile.

“Do you want Tank to stay in here while I examine you?” He asked, looking only at Fixer, my approval was not needed; this was all for her.

“Yes, he will not have a clue what was about to go down, at least I have been around young girls often enough to know the process.”

“Take your lower clothes off, and climb onto the bed. These are gowns there.” He pointed to a pile of blue gowns. I hated these things; they never fit. You can never tie them up, so your rear end was not showing.

Fixer did as requested and put on the gown, while the doctor got out a tray, and I think he will take some blood too.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 178[1,407 words]

Fixer POV

Tank was great; his way of showing how pleased he was with the surprise waiting for him at the bathroom sink wasn’t exactly how I wanted to let him know, but I feel it was better than I could have thought up in the end. I would have stressed over it for days till I got the courage to tell him.

There was an uneasiness at the breakfast table, today we hoped to get answers we have all been waiting for, and the club members a release in a way we hope would give some of them peace, our long time members have been angry over the Jones gang for years, and the younger ones, are eager to go visit them and pound them into dust, will get to vent a little.

The walk to the clubhouse was casual; we didn’t race to get there, and Zero chatted about the work being undertaken at the waterhole. He was excited to see the improvements underway; he had suggested a twisting, turning slide at the end, which was too steep and dangerous to climb up the rocks, but kids still tried to be daring, including a stairway up to make it safer. Zero kept our minds off what was going on inside that building, which we were rapidly approaching, my nerves rising with each step.

The room was prepared, and the atmosphere was a low-level tension, or was that just me?

Tank guided me to the doctor's door, and as a mark of respect that had been pounded into me, I knocked and waited, most likely the only person in the building who did.

The doctor was pleased to see us.

He had a soft spot for me since I helped him out a few times, and suggested seeing if he could use Jenny more, as she has the training I lacked; they both seem to like that idea. Jenny had been trying to find her way into the club to help in some way. She squealed at me, in her exuberant way that she does, when excited, and Blaze had pulled me aside to thank me for suggesting it. One less job off my list of expected tasks.

This gown was annoying, so I didn't bother fighting it; I just held it closed as I climbed onto the examination table and lay down. Tank was watching this all; he looked unsure where to stand or what to do. So he stood by the door, leaning against it, arms folded as he took it all in. I guess he was ensuring no one entered while I was on the table.

The doctor gloved up.

"Ready for the internal?" He asked, and I gulped but nodded, no use saying no, and this would be the only other man who had ever had his fingers inside of me. I was a little embarrassed as he pushed my legs wider and slipped his fingers in, his other hand on my tummy as he did what he had to.

I was so relieved when he pulled his hand out, and then groaned with he picked up, a device, that he then inserted where his hand had been, it was invasive, and cold, he swabbed the inside, placing the cotton swab in a jar, removed the device and sealed it shut, and pulled off his gloves, threw them in the bin, and put on some clean ones.

"A small scratch," he said as he inserted the needle and took some blood.

"Done, you can get dressed now." The doc went to label the swab and the blood tubes while I got dressed and took a seat nearby.

"I will get the blood and swab away today, and the test was correct, you are pregnant, eight weeks. I suggest some supplements and suggest avoiding stress. I doubt the second part will be possible for you, so do what you can. Do you want me to continue as your doctor, or can I suggest a good one for you?"

Tank came to stand behind me, and he placed his hands on my shoulders.

"You are our club doctor, trusted for years, no need for another doctor," Tank answered, and even though the doctor smiled at Tank and thanked him, he still looked at me for confirmation, which I just nodded in agreement, I didn't know any doctors but him, and he did great with Sticks, I saw no reason to change, besides he had already put his fingers in there, so he already familiar why change.

“Congratulations, it was nice to have a good reason to have a patient, cuts and bruises I get every day, thank you for making the start of this challenging day a better one.” The doctor shook Tank’s hand and slapped him on the shoulder.

Tank and I left as the doctor finished the paperwork, and I assume he put the items he needed tested in a bag and had one of the nurses deliver it to the laboratory. Yeah, one of the noms jobs was to run around getting stuff for the doctor. He has a list of items he needs replaced that the nom will collect while he is out and about on doctor’s business.

Tank wrapped his arm around me, and we headed back to the main area. The place had filled out, and it appeared nearly all members, including a few retired ones, were here, the older members seated at the front of the rows, and the rowdy ones leaning against the walls. Guards were stationed around the room, ready for if and when things got out of hand, but the way Prez had organised this, they should behave.

We walked to where Prez was standing. I was the only female here; all others had been sent away.

I was told quietly that I was allowed to be here because we might get answers that I needed to know. None of the members even blinked in surprise to see me with Tank.

“Alright, settle down, let’s get this started. Stephen, can you have the first brought out? Please.”

There was that word again, Prez has used that a number of times now, I always use them, part of Grandpa’s rules, doesn’t matter how mad or angry, no excuse to not use your manners.

Two guards returned, carrying the man, still tied to his chair, he was screaming profanities, because there was little else he could do, tied to the chair, by his legs, arms, chest and neck, he was stuck in the position and would have been like that all night, I wonder if any could sleep in that position, he looks like he had wet himself during the night too.

The questioning began, and a few members got up and punched the guy in the head and stomach, but the man gave out little information. One of the men at the back, who had been leaning his back and his bent left leg against the wall, his arms crossed. He pushed away from the wall and moved forward,

“Stinky, we meet again,” the member said, pulling out a long, thin blade from somewhere in his jacket, leaning down, face close, and running the flat of the blade over his cheek.

The man tied, whom I now know as Stinky, spat at him but missed. He didn’t have much saliva to spit; he would be dehydrated from a night of screaming out and getting no water, or so I had heard,

“Want to try answering that question? I know you have some answers in your head.”

“Never do what you will, you don’t have the guts.” Stinky spat back, a grin on his face.

So, he did, the man slid the blade over his chest, leaving a trail of blood, and the look of horror on the man’s face, and an ear screeching scream from Stinky, who was fighting harder against his restraints, but to no avail. When he realized that this man was really cutting him, and had the guts to do it. He didn’t stop at one cut, but criss-crossed, shallow cuts over his chest.

“So, want to talk, not Stinky?” he asked, running the back of the blade over his cheek, leaving blood in his wake.

None of the members said a word, all looking forward intently at the action, some shuffling in their seats, most likely uncomfortable with the screaming and blood, it’s not for the faint-hearted, and that was why there were no females here. This was nothing; I expect it to get far worse than this before we reach the accountant.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 179[1,383 words]

Tank POV

Watching the doctor examine Fixer was difficult. No man should have his hands where he had his, yeah, yeah, I know, he’s a doctor, and seen plenty of ladies down there. But she was still my wife, and I kind of liked knowing I was the only one who had been inside her. I leaned back against the door. When her legs were apart, no way was I letting anyone through that door, while she was like that.

The doctor was done, eight weeks, that means in seven months or so, I will be a dad.

I still can’t believe it, to be honest. I hadn’t really thought about it at all, hadn’t asked if she was on the pill, I can’t wear a condom, neither Zero nor I had ever found one that could take our girth, and I gave up trying. It was embarrassing, asking at the chemist, and we both tried online, but that was also not easy, because where do you get it delivered?

Prez nodded, indicating we needed to be near him, or I did at least. Fixer could sit at the back if she wanted; this was men’s work, and I was concerned about what she would see, how Fixer would react, and whether she cry. I kept her close to me, even more protective than ever before.

She had a life in her body.

I can't wait for her to be large and for the baby to be kicking, so I can feel it. At the moment, you can't tell. I wonder how far along before she would show?

Will she be okay, like she won't be sick like Sticks will she?

How can you tell?

At least I know it's real.

Did Bruiser ever know that Cricket was never pregnant? I hadn't had a chance to talk to him before all the split happened, now I have lost the respect of him, and I stopped blaming it all on Cricket, he had to have had doubts, or maybe wanted more power, which he could have had if he accepted the VP position before it was handed to me, or did he not get offered, and it was all bluster?

I push these thoughts away, and concentrate on the talks before me, if you can call them talks, this guys saying nothing, and I had expected as much. They are well-trained, most scouts are, ours that we send out are tough, and we would expect them to take what these guys were giving, that was until the blade came out, that was a whole new level of hurt.

The guy still didn't give out information, even in all that pain. I take my hat off to his loyalty to his gang; the president would be proud if he could see this. The man didn't last much longer with the beatings and was picked up and returned to the cells, where he would either breathe his last breath or wish he had.

The next few sang like a bird, but they didn't give us new information, and it appeared they knew very little, more brawn than brains, the day so far had been a waste of time, four dead, not coping at all this the beatings, and seven back in their cells awaiting death, of whatever the members decide to do to them, that left the accountant.

"Lunchtime, let's leave that man till after we have eaten," Blaze suggested, and soon bread and the makings were on the table, the guys helping themselves, coffee or tea offered, or water, the bar not yet open, to the disappointment of many of the men. So far, the members were still on a high, having enjoyed beating up some of the Jones Gang, and I feel they had lost the purpose of this exercise; it was more than getting revenge. We needed answers, but it was hard to get them.

Prez, Blaze, and Zero came to sit with Fixer and me!

"We are not getting answers, and I don't want the men hitting the accountant, I think he should be dealt with differently, how about we let Savage and Stephen have some fun, and if we are not getting anywhere, use the truth drug that Stephen talked about, the men seem to have lost focus, and are only out for blood," I suggested, not at all happy with how they handled the last two men, and it didn't surprise me that they died.

"I agree, I can announce that we are the ones to deal with the accountant, as he was in the

hierarchy and needs us to deal with him, as they had their fun with the other eleven. I doubt anyone

would argue over it. If they do, I want him investigated as a possible mole.” Zero added, and I knew he would; we have always had each other’s backs.

“Right, I was thinking the same, who wants to start? Prez was staring at me when he asked.

“I do,” Fixer said firmly, and all our faces turned to her, in shock.

She wanted to get violent?

I was tempted to say no way, not now, she was carrying my child, but that was selfish of me, so I held my tongue, even though it was the last thing I wanted to do.

“Tank?” Prez asked, looking at me as if he wanted me to deny her chance to have some revenge, a chance to hit back. I won’t deny her that.

“If that’s what Fixer needs to do, who am I to stop her? She needs closure as much as we do.” I said, giving her a side hug.

“Thanks,” Fixer said, offering me a kiss, which I gladly took.

“Okay, you want to go first? Or after one of us has softened him up?” Prez asked, accepting my judgment on this.

“First, I will soften him up for you. Thank you.” She expected them to reject her request, but we all

know she was more invested in this than even we were; she had been living the nightmare every day for years, while we had only small pockets of drama and hurt. We finished eating and discussed when we might pull Stephen in.

“I will let Stephen know that his offer will be taken up.” I offered, and together with Fixer, we left to find Stephen and Savage, who I am sure will want to be part of this. He had some pain he would want to release, especially if what we believed was right, and that the accountant was behind the accident, which took our families.

Savage was more than invested in this task; he would want the accountant’s life for taking his wife’s life. He didn’t take it very well when he heard that Fixer and I believed he was behind it all. Uncle Simon was the one to fill him in, explaining why he was offered the opportunity to assist Stephen. Uncle Simon didn’t want Fixer or me in the room when he told Savage, and Savage agreed quickly to be involved in this interrogation.

We found the two standing together, eating a sandwich, and drinking coffee, outside under a tree, enjoying the day.

“Stephen, your turn’s coming up. We will soften the accountant up, giving us a chance to ask some questions, and then you and Savage can give him the serum and work on him.” Fixer Informed him before I could say anything. Then turned and headed back inside. Head held high, her step sure, and quiet confidence oozed from her.

“That woman really is something,” Stephen said softly as we watched her leave.

“Yeah. Savage, we would like to catch up after we have dealt with the accountant. Please join us for dinner.” I offered and waited for his answer.

“Sure, I would be honored.” Savage agreed.

“Can you get the accountant after you have finished your lunch?” I turned and left, leaving them to finish their lunch and to find Fixer.

I found my wife near the bar, talking to Zero.

“Hey, I asked them to bring out the accountant after they finished eating,” I said, looking between Zero and Fixer.

“Good, Fixer was just inviting me for dinner, she said she will order Chinese takeaway when this is done. I love takeaway, I offered to have Melony collect it, but was turned down, because we don’t know how long this one will take, expecting it to last longer than any others.” Zero answered with a smile.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 180[1,378 words]

Fixer POV

It was time.

At last.

Tank and I were leaning against the bar, watching as the members settled into their chairs or against the wall and got ready for part two. They talked animatedly with each other, as if this hadn’t affected them, but we all know it had; it had gotten very heated with some, no tears, only anger, lots and lots of anger.

This should be more interesting and hopefully fruitful.

My chance to ask questions had arrived.

They brought the accountant in, he was a large man, not as big as Zero, or Tank, but was larger than Blaze and Prez, he didn't look so good, most likely hadn't slept much, his wrists, ankles, and chest where the ropes restrained him, were bleeding from his efforts to escape his confines, not sure what he thought he could do, if he had managed to break them, no one in history had gotten out the cells without help, and help was not around because Stephen had ten men, lined the hallway, ensuring they didn't receive unexpected guests.

All I saw now was an exhausted man, who was defiant to the end, which would make this and that made me smile. I want to see him cry out in pain. With that thought, an idea popped my head.

"Back in a sec, don't let anyone touch him, he's mine to take the first hit," I said to Tank and Prez, who had just arrived to stand with us.

I had been thinking about what to ask, but none of those questions came to mind; my mind was a blank canvas as I reached for a bag of salt, a shake of pepper, and some vinegar. Then walked calmly back, resisting the urge to run, as I tried to think of all the questions I had come up with last night. Now that I had the chance, they eluded me; nothing I could do could bring them back.

The members were firing questions at the accountant when I reached the room, but he was being stubborn, a grin on his face, his eyes, although red raw and baggy, twinkling with mirth as he looked like he was enjoying this.

I placed the items on the floor, not two steps away from the accountant. He could see them, but as they were not in recognisable containers, he wouldn't know what was in them.

"Hello, Accountant, you look like you slept peacefully," I say as I stop before him, looking him over as I plan my questioning.

"Well, well, well. What name do we go by now? Humm? I heard the name Fixer bandied around, or do you still use Maxine? I doubt you ever used Zaria. But out of those names, I think Zaria was the best. You are a sight for sore eyes, my dear; you have grown to look just like your mother at your age." He chuckled as if saying a joke only he understood.

"Then we must do something about those sore eyes, shouldn't we?" I replied, moving to the containers to pick up the pepper, then turning back to him, tipping some black pepper into my hand, leaning forward, and blowing it in his eyes.

He screamed like a boy I had seen in the store, lying on the floor, crying because his mother refused to give him a toy or something, but this was so much better, he couldn't

rub or do anything, but blink, and as he blinked, I gave him a second dose, just to make sure, he got enough in his eyes.

“You bitch, I was being nice, you are not like your mother, she was kind, and wouldn’t hurt a fly.” He bellowed out, and my anger only rose as he kept talking about my mother, as if she were his girlfriend or something.

“My mother. You sound like you knew her well.” I stated, not asking it as a question, more a statement, because he had to have known her, to have organised her death.

“She was a lovely woman, always lending a helping hand to others; she was the spark, the light in the darkness.” He stuttered out, and he kept blinking, his eyes watering from the pepper.

“Why did you have her killed then?” I was confused. If she was so good, why?

“She would still be alive if I had my way. The order was for the bikes, not the car, but according to Barry, he had no choice but to take the car. But he double-crossed us.” He spat out.

“When did you find out about the double cross?” This still didn’t make sense.

“When he was bragging one night, drunk, having celebrated Zoey’s engagement, he was in a very

good mood, having foiled you again, his life was to make your life a misery, and I never understood that. Not until Heather mentioned something about money, inheritance, and I went looking secretly, and learned you were meant to die too, he wanted something that didn’t belong to him, and what made my day, was that I found out even if you had died, he and his slut wouldn’t have gained a cent, he was lucky to get what he did, will all the manipulating he did. Before you ask, it wasn’t sanctioned. Your mother’s death was all on him, never us; we loved that woman. She was a breath of fresh air in a foul place.” He was exhausted, giving me more than I had expected, on my mother.

“Why the bikes?” I asked.

“Sorry, lassie, not for your ears.” He grinned.

I moved to pick up the vinegar and walked back. He was looking at what I had in my hand, but couldn’t work it out.

Slowly, I poured the vinegar over his chest, seeping into his wounds from the ropes. The scream of pain was what I had expected; like the sting of the pepper, it would last longer, the sting and pain, but I was not finished yet.

“Want to tell me about the history of the gang, and why you are targeting Tank’s family?” I asked, firmly.

“Nope. I ...I... can’t say.” he stammers threw gritted teeth.

“Are you sure about that?” I asked, and he shook his head, to a no answer, okay, I walked over and picked up the last container, his eyes trained on it.

“What now, girlie? You are nothing like your mother. He sputtered out.

I poured the salt over his wrists, ankles, and neck. His screams echoed in the room, to the cheers

of the members.

“Wow, guys, don’t get on the wrong side of Fixer.” There was a chuckle around the man who spoke.

I didn’t turn to see who it was; my focus was all on the accountant.

“Still don’t want to answer?” I asked as I placed the lid back on the now-empty salt container.

“Do... yyyyour wwworst, I. I. I can tttt take it.” His teeth clenched tight, as he watched me, his eyes not so full of mirth, his mouth tight and grim, as he fought against the sting.

“Tank, Prez, who wants to go next, or would you like the others to start?” Others, meaning or Stephen, as I looked over to Savage to see the rage in his eyes, over what he had heard about his wife.

“My turn. Thanks for softening him up.” Tank said, and we switched places, and I leaned back the bar, waiting for blood to flow, because that’s next, we talked about this, and decided to leave the head alone, or he might not be able to talk if we broke his jaw, but the rest of the body, was fair game, and covered in salt, pepper and vinegar, every new wound would feel the sting, there was some vinegar left if the others wish to use it.

Tank stood before him, legs apart, arms folded, and just stared at him, waiting for something.

“Do you worse. Nothing you can do will make me tak.” He spat out some blood and groaned from the effort.

“Did you enjoy your time with my wife? She doesn’t need to use fists, but can still cause some pain, that would never be forgotten.” Tank asked every so nicely, and I couldn’t help but smile.

“She did have an intriguing method.” He actually chuckled.

One strong bastard.

I felt good inside, having made him scream, I knew could without hurting my hands, now to see what my man can do.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 181[1,481 words]

Tank POV

Leaning back against the bar, watching my lady at work, made me swell with pride. She had more tricks up her sleeve than I had realised, and I loved watching her in action. She was so cool, never looking like she would lose her temper, even with all the crap that man was yelling at her about her mother. She nodded, accepted what he said, and moved on. Her strength under pressure astounds me. I even got a hard-on when she bent down to pick up something, call me crazy, but I get that reaction out of the blue when I watch my little lady.

Not so much the accountant; talking about her mother, the way he had, only made me want to pull his teeth out, one by one. I gazed over at Savage to see his reaction, only to see Stephen holding him back. I thought this might be too much for him. He had a lot of guilt in him that needed to be forgiven. But only he can do that. Hearing the accountant talk about his wife had to be hard. I know I would lose my shiet if he talked about my wife like that.

I turned my attention back to Fixer. Her face stayed calm and serene the whole time, never showing any sign of pain or hurt, or that the man's words had affected her in any way. She made a good interrogator. I noticed several club members squirm in their seats when she poured the vinegar on. The scream was blood-curdling, and music to my ears. He needed to feel pain, and lo of it.

“Fixer can come and join us in interrogating people in the cells, anytime, she's incredible,” Blaze said in awe as she continued to talk to the accountant, who was being strong and careful with his replies, not giving much away.

“Yeah, her time on the streets hardened her,” I replied softly, not wanting to break her concentration.

“She is handling this better than most women, and look at the members, they are in shock and awe, too. I keep underestimating her.” Prez joined in talking amongst ourselves.

“Your next, then we will bring over Stephen and Savage,” Prez added when it looked like Fixer had all she was going to get out of him.

We swapped sides, and I stood before him, looking him in the eye, they were bloodshot, not a tiny part of white showing, the pepper had done it’s job his nose was running, a reaction from his watering eyes, he looked away first after giving me some lip service about doing my worst, he had no idea what my worst could be, and today he won’t find out, I will give a few softening up blows, to make me feel better, and then bring on Stephen and Savage. They will get the answers, better than we can, after the injection, or however they will administer the truth drug, don’t care how, just as long as it gives results.

I egged him on for a bit, watching him trying not to move, because each time he does, he adds more salt or vinegar to his wounds, as his ropes are coated in both. It was a brilliant idea, and one I bet Prez will use again.

“Why, my parents? You said Fixer’s mum was not part of it, just collateral damage, but we had heard before by Barry that my parents were collateral damage.” I asked, trying to sort fact from fiction, and it wasn’t easy.

“Go fuk yourself.” He hissed back. His eyes widened in anger, then squeezed such and he sucked in some air, more pepper entering his widened eyes, falling from his brow.

“You know that that suggestion is anatomically impossible.” I chuckled at the thought. I might be big, but even I can’t do that.

He stared at me defiantly. I know his eyes had to be hurting more from trying to stare me out; he lost last time, and he will lose this time.

“Get your girls’ vibrator and stick it up your aaaa.” He didn’t get to finish that suggestion, as my fist found his stomach, which was softer than I had expected. I had assumed he was fit and toned, but that was a belly full of flab.

He coughed; little could he do, tied up the way he was, but he accepted everything we could send his way.

“For a big man, that was a girl’s hit.” I laughed and looked at Fixer. She nodded and c stand beside me.

“Here’s what a girl’s hit feels like, so you have a comparison,” Fixer said and punched him making the accountant gasp for air, his eyes widening and then squeezing shut, as he tried to shallow breaths.

“Does it compare?” I asked as Fixer returned to the bar and lifted a bottle of water at me in salute.

“That woman has some force behind her.” He choked out between shallow breaths.

“Now, want to answer my questions?” I asked again waiting.

“No, won’t get anything from me.” He tried to look strong, but all I saw was a weak man, trying to delay the inevitable. I guess he was hoping his team would miss him and come looking for him.

“How about who you are? How are you part of the Jones Gang?” I said again, changing the direction of the question.

“You don’t know my real name?” He chuckled through his gritted teeth.

“Jones, but all your gang changed their name to Jones,” I replied. It was stupid, but being given the patch was only part of the acceptance into the gang; they had to change their name, not just the road name.

“Yeah, we are all Jones.”

“Are you part of the founding family? Or just a name changer, a follower.” I goaded him because I knew his pride wouldn’t allow him to be a follower.

“I don’t mind admitting, we are all Jones, and consider ourselves once patched, all from the founding father.” He said with pride.

“Where did the founder come from?” I asked firmly.

“Go. Fuk. Your. Self,” he said, breaking down each word.

I gave him another punch, this time higher in his chest, and was happy when I felt a rib break. It hurt my hand, and I wanted to shake out the pain, but refused to do that in front of him, not let him see I had caused myself any sting to the hand.

He was having trouble breathing. That break would have taken a lot out of him. I waited as he panted through the pain; there was no use trying to talk yet. I looked over at Stephen, who had the little kit in his hand and was waiting for the nod from me. One glance at Savage, and could see a small smile, possibly because of the broken rib; everyone in the room would have heard it. I had a sarcastic comment on the tip of my lips, but held off.

“Want to try again? Where did the founding members come from?” I was a little annoyed that I couldn’t get him to talk, but at the same time, I would have been very disappointed if he had. It takes a lot to be able to keep quiet when under so much pressure and pain.

“Nope, won’t get a word out of me, kill me if you dare.” He tried to coax me into losing my temper and ending up giving him what he wanted, but I am not going to give him the

satisfaction, of dying without squealing first, that would be the ultimate insult for him, and I can't wait for Stephen to have a turn and watch him spill his guts out, and not be able to stop himself.

I looked over at Prez and nodded my head in Stephen's direction. I heard him ask Zero if he wanted a turn, but he didn't need to; he would get more satisfaction from hearing him give out all his secrets and not be able to stop it.

"Your turn," I shouted out to Stephen and Savage, and they walked over together. Standing in front of the accountant, smiling at him, Savage brought a small table with him and placed it close so the accountant could see what was being placed on it.

Savage placed a large black leather item and unrolled it, revealing knives of different shapes and sizes, very large needles, and other instruments used to cause pain. When Stephen unzipped his, he showed some syringes, needles, and two bottles of something.

The accountant eyed the table, and for the first time, since being brought out here, he showed fear.

Stephen picked up a syringe, filled it with solution, and moved to the accountant. Stephen didn't clean the area; he just pushed the needle in and let the contents drain. Then Savage picked up a long, thin blade that looked a lot like a knitting needle. The accountant closed his eyes and braced himself for what was to come.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 182[1,445 words]

Fixer POV

Only two of our club members so far had displayed a sadistic streak, while others had only punched or kicked the men who were tied to the chairs. Two stood out: one liked the blade for cutting and seeing blood, trail over the body, and the other used it for a sickening reason. When the man refused to talk, and had been spitting blood, at any who came to punch him, This guy, used a blade, not in a way I had ever dreamed a man would, he cut the man's underwear, and dug the blade into his ball sack, removing the testes inside gaining a very loud scream, he removed both of them, clean and quick, they fell to the floor and I looked at them, were oval in shape. However, even after losing his balls, the victim still refused to talk, so the member cut his d**k along its length, not completely in half, but a deep slice into it; it oozed so much blood, streaming out like it was under pressure, and then he cut it off at the base and shoved it in the screaming man's mouth. Then the member returned to his chair, as if it didn't affect him in any way. The man in the chair died quickly after that. The shock and pain had him out cold, and he bled out onto the drop sheet, blood and fluids, with two oval shapes in the mess.

That was the last man interrogated before lunch, and it appeared that everyone had eaten, so no one was turned off from eating, not even me. I was glued to watching the blood squirt out and the pattern it made on the drop sheet, and fascinated by the testes, which I had not seen before. Unless you are a doctor or nurse, I cant imagine many of us have seen them like this.

I was going over the different men's ways of trying to get answers as I watched Tank have his turn with the accountant, who was proving to be a stayer, lasting a long time, and I was thinking about the different creative ways I had come up with to make him suffer. Tank wasn't as invested as I had expected. He did give a few good hits, in different places, but this man was only goading, trying to get us to lose it and kill him before we got our answers.

All our members could see that this man was a challenge, would take all we could give, and would die without giving answers if we continued treating him our way. The accountant would have seen all that blood on the drop sheet and would have known that his men most likely were dead or close to it; that was his end, and he won't be leaving here alive, not a situation I bet he never thought he would be in.

Tank nodded to Prez and must have gotten the answer he expected or wanted, and turned to Stephen and called him to have a turn.

The buildup we had for watching Savage and Stephen had every member on alert to watch the professionals at play. They went about it differently, every action clean and with a reason. Savage carried the table and placed it in front of the accountant, and unveiled the items they were going to use on him. The accountant's face paled further, his red eyes showing fear for the first time, and he wet himself, adding his own excretion to the mess already on the floor. Glad we had these drop sheets, I thought, then chuckled at my wayward thoughts.

Stephen injected the accountant with the truth drug. The doc had told us it would take anywhere from ten to twenty minutes, but he wasn't sure, since he hadn't had this strength serum before, and it could have been improved or could have been no less than five minutes.

I relaxed against Tank, who had wrapped his arms around my waist, and pulled me closer to him, as I watched for the first time the man, who was my father, and Stephen, start their show. The lead-up was good, now to watch the main finale. I noticed Uncle Simon and Tandy enter the clubhouse and stand to one side, out of view, so as not to interrupt. Guess they're here for answers, wonder if Tank called them to let them know what was happening after lunch, and if the lunch break was to give them time to get here.

"What did you inject me with?" The accountant screamed at Stephen, who had his back to him, as he placed his equipment back into its slot, then turned to watch Savage preparing his tools of trade.

Savage took over, his face blank, as he prepared.

Stephen was back a bit further, out of Savage's way.

Stephe had walked casually over to grab a chair, returned, placed it with its back to the accountant, and sat on it, his arms resting on the back. updated by *,c,o,m He would be monitoring the accountant with careful eyes. He would know when the drug was starting to take full effect, and their methods of interrogation may change. Neither asked any questions, just set about doing their work.

"Tell me." He growled out through gritted teeth, his breath short, because of his broken rib, which had to be hurting him.

Savage took a long, thin blade and ran it through some liquid, then through the salt, turned to the accountant, and slowly inserted the blade, which looked like a long knitting needle but was very much sharper. I wouldn't want to knit with these. It sliced through the fleshy part between his shoulder and neck on his right side. Gaining some screams of pain.

But still Savage asked no questions. He then grabbed another one, making sure the accountant could see what he was doing, and did the same, rolling it in liquid, then salt, and inserting it into the fleshy part on the left-hand side. I looked closer, and the liquid was vinegar, which would hurt.

Continuing with the same steps, he inserted the next blade into each of his biceps, his thighs, and his calves. Leaving the needle in each time. The accountant had all these long, thin blades sticking out, and the only sound in the room was his screams, demanding answers to his garbled questions, but getting none.

Savage then picked up a slightly thicker blade, running his thumb along the length, and he eyeballed the accountant before moving forward. Before Savage had even started to insert the blade in the accountant's body, the man was screaming in anticipated pain.

Savage pushed the thicker blade through his pecs, one on each side.

Still, neither Savage nor Stephen asked any questions, nor answered the accountant's demands.

The room was also quiet, too absorbed in watching them at work; no one wanted to leave or call out. It was as if they had been told to be silent, but they had received no such instructions.

"Close," Stephen spoke softly, it was for Savage's ears, but we all heard it, including the accountant. Savage nodded, but continued inspecting his tools and carefully choosing his next blade.

“Close to what?” The accountant demanded in his hoarse, scratchy voice that he had to lick his lips a few times, trying to get moisture in his mouth so he could talk, but he had lost too much blood, and had no water since we took them, he had to be dehydrated.

Savage moved to the side of the accountant, squatted down, got a close look at his tummy, grabbed a chunk of his flabby skin, and slid the knife through. More delicious screams filled the room, and the accountant fainted this time.

“Bucket of cold water, please, Savage asked, so politely, in a voice that could have been asking for a cup of coffee.

Tank moved quickly to the wash house out back and brought two buckets of water, placing them on the floor next to Savage.

“Thank you.”

“Any time.” Tank came back and pulled me to him again, snuggling in, as if he had never left.

Savage threw about half a bucket of water over the accountant, and he spluttered back to life, licking his lips, trying to gather as much water as he could on his tongue.

“I needed that.” The accountant croaked out.

“Are you done?” Stephen asked as he got up from his chair and came to inspect the work Savage had done.

“Have more, if you feel the need, but I think we have enough inserted for this amateur,” Savage replied, as the two of them looked at the needlework that Savage had done.

“Then let’s begin.” Stephen replied, as he moved back to his chair, to watch.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 183[1,408 words]

Tank POV

Some of the ideas our club members came up with for interrogating the Jones gang were inventive. I would never have thought to cut into a man’s sack, let alone cut off his d**k, but whatever gets your rocks off and helps aid your revenge, I cringed when it happened, and I bet most of the room would have been diving for their crutch in sympathy, relating to the pain it must have caused, and the thought of losing that precious part of your body.

But compared to what we had done, Savage was the master, watching him was poetry in motion; each step he took had purpose, he wasted no energy, getting what he wanted done and setting up the blades as he wanted them. ensure that the accountant could clearly see what was coming, which only heightened the accountant's fear and raised my anticipation that something spectacular was about to begin. Leaving me with no clue what he was going to do next, or the significance of where he put the blades.

Savage and Stephen were discussing taking the next step; it already looked unbearable, and I doubt I would have held out as long as the accountant had. As if in agreement over the next step.

Savage walked over to the door, all eyes following him including the accountants, it was as if he was leaving, instead, stopped at the door, bent down and picked up a black bag, that he deliberately left by the door, it was all part of the mystery and building of tension, and

building up of fear in the accountant, he carried it over to the table, Savage rolled his k put the roll to the side, for now, and placed the black bag in its place, he pulled out a mac overly large, about the size of a laptop computer, it was covered with dials, and he carefully thin leads to it, as Stephen, took an extension cord to a plug in the wall nearby, and switched it on returned to the table, together they moved the table a little closer to the accountant, and they began to place leads to the end of each of the knives, and as before always in sync, as if they had done this a thousand times before, like I said before, no wasted movement, all actions calculated deliberate.

"What are you doing?" The accountant called out in an almost pleading voice as the first lead was attached.

Neither paid him any attention, as they continued on their task.

"Talk to me, what are these leads for?" He was panicking, his croaky voice rising an octave or two.

Savage played with one of the knives, pulling it out a little before attaching the lead.

"TELL ME!!" He shouted as loudly as he could, which was quite loud considering his condition.

"May I?" Stephen asked, and Savage moved back to let Stephen play with the machine.

"I believe it would be better to demonstrate than answer that questioning, feeling, and seeing was believing," Stephen said calmly to the accountant. He flipped a switch, and the panel lights came on, and a slow hum could be heard. Then Stephen turned a dial, and the accountant went rigid, screaming out in pain.

“Wow, that was only level two, such a nice little device you had here, my boy.” Stephen patted Savage on the back and complimented him on his device, a smile on his face that was real, and pride in his eyes.

“Turn it off.” The accountant screeched and panted through clenched teeth, sweat beading on his forehead, his fists clenched, his body stiff, like he couldn’t control his movements.

Stephen complied, turned it down but not off, for now, and turned to the accountant.

“A little electricity does wonders for all muscles, including the heart. It can be used in many ways. But with a little tweak, as my friend here has proven, it can be used in other ways. This was his creation, his little toy, which he had been playing with for a few years now. Nice, isn’t it?” He smiled, that’s right, Stephen actually smiled, not at the accountant, but at the machine, and Savage.

“Now would be a good time to answer some questions, not that you would have much chance to avoid giving them,” Stephen said, as Uncle Simon and Tandy moved to stand next to us, for a closer view.

“Savage and Stephen make a great team,” Tandy whispered, leaning closer to me, so I could hear and know it was me, and Fixer he was talking to.

“They dance together well, Savage on the lead, but Stephen anticipating every step, and moving with grace.” What a weird way to see this, but I guess, Fixer was thinking about what we are seeing differently, most likely already thought about the machine and how to break it down and improve it, like father like daughter. I guess both like tinkering with engines and machinery.

“Now, where is that list?” Stephen pulled out some paper, unfolded it, then refolded it, and put it back in his pocket. He did that two more times before he pulled out a small notebook and flipped a few pages.

“Ah, here they are. Be a good lad and answer these few questions from me, will you?” Stephen said, pulling a pen out of his pocket, and looked at the accountant, as if waiting for his approval.

“Go fuk, yourself.” The accountant puffed back.

Savage turned the dial, and the accountant screamed.

“That was not being very nice, so rude, try to be more civilized and polite, shall we try that again. Humm?” Stephen smirked as he looked at the questions.

“What was your birth name?” Stephen raised his eyes to look at the accountant, and you could see him trying not to answer. I figure the truth drug was working. As good as those

are, you still need to be careful about how you ask or phrase each question, or you will get a cryptic answer, as the person tries to avoid giving the answer you need, or part truth.

“Lenardo Jones.” He breathed out after losing the battle to not answer.

“Are you a direct descendant of the original founder of the Jones club?” Stephen asked after writing the name in the book.

“Yes,” he replied, looking shocked that he was answering the questions, gaining a tick in the book from Stephen.

“When was the Jone gang formed, what year?” The questions so far have all been about the Jones gang: when it was formed, the name of the founding member, where they were from, and why they chose the location of their gang’s base. We needed all that information, but I was eager to reach the real questions, like why our gang, or my family, and Fixers.

“Barry, was that his birth name?” Stephen was starting to sound bored.

“Go find a woman and get that stress relieved.” The accountant shouted back, trying to avoid the question.

“Might need to add more spice to this,” Savage said with a chuckle, unrolled his bag of tricks, and pulled out two small blades, a little thinner than a crocheting hook, squatted down, grabbed his left hand, and unfurled his fist, then inserted one of the small blades under the left thumb nail, did the same on the right.” His scream when he inserted the needles was nothing compared to screams he gave out after Savage attached the leads to the two new blades and turned dial.

“Music to my ears, thank you, maestro.” Stephen complimented Savage for adding two more leaves to a sensitive place.

“Try again, is Barry his birth name?”

“NO!” he all but shouted out in a pant, his breathing getting more and more difficult.

“Let’s try again. What is Barry’s birth name?” Stephen sighed.

“Douglas.” His head drooped, and the rest of the water in the first bucket was splashed over the accountant.

Wonder how that will affect him. Electricity and water don’t mix. I thought, guess the leads are waterproof, had to be, because of all the blood around.

“Douglas Jones?” Stephen asked, as Savage turned the knob just a little, possibly on level one, so he was getting a constant flow through his body, making him jumpy; you could see it in his hands, as he couldn’t keep them still now.

“Yes.”

“Brother?” Savage asked this time, throwing the accountant off, as so far all the questions had been from Stephen. The accountant raised his head and looked venomously at Savage.

“My mother might have pushed that bastard out of her hole, but he is no brother of mine.”

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 184[1,485 words]

Fixer POV

They were set; the added touch of the thumbs got me excited. I know how badly it stings when you hurt your thumbs. It looks like Savage only had to put electrodes into his toes to complete the full-body circuit. That was so cool, I loved what he was doing. I am more into that type of hurting. I am not for fists, purely because I end up with sore hands, and I don’t believe I should be in pain over someone like him.

So, Barry, or should I say Douglas, and the accountant, Lenardo, are brothers. But hate each other, interesting, but why? Who was their Dad, and who was the founding member, and why target our club?

“What did Douglas do to make you hate him so much?” Stephen asked, I bet that wasn’t one of his original questions.

“He killed my beautiful baby, my daughter, the light of my life,” he sobbed, heartfelt, deep sobs.

“Your daughter?” Stephen asked, looking a little confused.

“The young couple in the other vehicle, who hit the back of the truck” I shouted out, putting some of the pieces together.

The accountant nodded in agreement, and we let him cry for a bit, reliving a sad moment, which was good, making him even more vulnerable, to our questioning.

“Fixer, can you come over here?” Savage called out, and I hesitated.

“Go, you have ideas running through your head, none of us have thought of, we need a different perspective, Tank whispered, giving me a gentle push. Was that a polite way of saying they needed a woman’s perspective?”

“Look at this list.” Stephen handed me his list, and I saw a number of questions I wouldn’t think to ask. I took his pen and started adding short versions of the questions I wanted answers to.

Stephen took the notebook back and read them.

“Stay, beside us please, Savage said, and I looked between the two and shrugged my shoulders.

“What was your daughter’s name?” Stephen asked more softly.

“Hayley, the most beautiful soul ever to come from our line, out of all the girls to die, why did it have to be her? She wasn’t supposed to be out on the road; she was supposed to be in school.” He cried softly for his loss.

“Who was the target in that accident?” Savage asked with a little more force than he intended.

“The VP, and the other dude, the woman in front, and her daughter, were never sanctioned, any more than my daughter was; that was Douglas’s doing. He hated that woman and child; he targeted that family since he moved to that town, having been kicked out of the Jones Gang.” He was babbling now, and getting answers was going to get harder; he lost too much blood.

“The bikes were the target, but they had to take the opportunity when they could. Why the bike gang?” Stephen asked, and it looked like the two would take turns asking questions. The accountant looked out of it. Savage picked up the bucket of water and threw some more at him. He spluttered back to life, licking at the water drops, trying to catch them on his tongue. I picked up a cup and dipped it in the bucket, and walked to the accountant. Tipped his head up, so I was looking in his eyes, while I gave him some water, which he drank in big gulps.

He drank half the cup before I took the water away and threw the rest back into the bucket.

“Why?” Stephen asked. He didn’t need to say more; he was looking at me, confused, and that was enough to know it was me he was asking. We need more answers. He’s too dehydrated to think clearly, to give coherent replies.” I was waiting for the next shoe to drop.

“Tell me, what went wrong?” Stephen left the question open for the accountant to work out.

“Douglas went rogue, doing things his way, and against the club, bringing more and more trouble in. He used my girls, sending them here, to do his dirty work. They are dead now, aren’t they?” He asked.

“I believe so,” Stephen answered. He wasn’t at the place where we questioned them, so he could only answer what he had been told. I know Cricket lost her mind, but might still be alive, who knows, I didn’t ask after we left, them to Uncle Simon to finish his investigation.

“They didn’t deserve what happened to them, even Pixie was a good kid, but was led down the wrong path by Douglas. Douglas worked so hard to destroy this town, piece by piece, and it all fell back to our grandfather. He poisoned so many minds.”

“Your grandfather? What did he have against the town?” I asked, trying to remember what was in Grandma’s journals.

“He went to school with the founders; he was a year younger than them. He heard the lads when their heads were together, and the idea of your town was being formed. My grandfather wanted in, but when he got here two years later, a lot of the town was already built, and the guys refused to let him be part of the founding members, he had done nothing to deserve it, he offered money but still was refused, he joined the newly formed bike club, but was fuming because he was never given a place of hierarchy. So when they kicked him out for fighting and killing an innocent lad. He made the Jones Gang, built it up, and the sole purpose of the gang was to bring down yours.” They asked more questions, and the accountant was more than happy to fill in the blanks; he had nothing left to live for.

“Wait, back up. My mother was who Douglas was after, but he came to the family with Sheila.” I was confused.

“Yeah, Sheila was a means to an end for him. He always wanted your mother for himself, hated that she refused to give him the time of day, even when she was with Sheila on his arm; she wouldn’t sit and talk with him, and that just made him angrier. Killing her was Sheila’s idea; she said the family had money, and if they died, she would be heir. Which was BS, because we all knew Sheila was not their biological daughter. But Douglas believed her, and then Fixer lived, so they had to change their plans.” he rambled on about plans, that failed, and how stupid Douglas was, and how many people died because of him, including our own people, but he had charisma, and could talk a child to hand over their ice-cream, he had the gang doing raid after raid, just to appease him.

“That’s enough for today. We can resume tomorrow if he’s still alive.” Stephen called it a night and sent the members home. They didn’t need to come back for part two. If they had work to do, they received a chance for revenge and answers to why things had gone so badly.

The guard lifted the accountant up in his chair and returned him to his cell. If he lives, we will ask more questions, but they had more than enough to work with at the moment. It was crazy, losing Mum because she wouldn't shake up with Barry. Ew, why would she, and Sheila, I knew she was sadistic, but that was money hungry, and I could understand why my grandparents hid it from her. Could you imagine how she would be now if she had my inheritance? I dread the thought, mind you, she might have left the town and headed for the big city. That would have benefited the town; she was a menace, and I am glad she is gone.

We cleaned up the area; Stephen will have his team remove the dead and turn them into mulch.

"Stephen, Savage, Tandy, Uncle Simon, care to join us at our home for Chinese takeaway? About to order." I wanted them all there when we give out our news. Stephen needs to know for security reasons, Savage well, that's self-explanatory, and so was Uncle Simon, Tandy, because he's more than a lawyer to me.

"Sure, would love to join you." They all accepted, and I had Tank order the food; it would be a large order, a bit of everything, and lots of prawn crackers. Together we returned, sometime in the darkness, those bodies would disappear, and in the morning the doctor would check on those still alive, and see if they lasted the night.

"Sorry, although take away sounds great, I am going to wash up and go see my son," Prez says. As he walked with us, he might have said sorry, but he didn't look or sound it. Tank looked at me, tilted his head, and I shook my head no. Tank shrugged. Tank didn't care one way or another; Prez would hear about our news later. Being with his woman and son was more important.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 185[1,499 words]

Tank POV

The food arrived, and we were seated around the table. We had Stephen, Tandy, Uncle Simon, Blaze, Jenny, Melony, Zero, Savage, Fixer and me, around this large table, napkins, paper plates, forks, and chopsticks for those that could use them, plus drinks, the table felt full, and the conversation, was mainly from Jenny, and her return from two days work, what she had seen, and again a turn in the works helicopter, rescuing some hikers, trapped on a cliff. Dirk was out doing some training with the guys, something about not enough night training.

We let her ramble on, and Melony every now and then added stuff of her own, not that they competed, it flowed, we didn't want to talk about what went down, today in the club house, we needed to process it all, before discussing it, and having this normal flow of

conversation, that had us laughing, and feeling like one large family was great, soon the food was almost gone, talks of saving some for Prez, was a resounding now, as it's best eaten fresh and hot, one of the foods, we prefer not to have reheated.

There was a small pause in conversation as Zero and Blaze fought over the last of the food.

"Guys, I asked you all here for a reason," I said, and a tingle of adrenaline ran through my body; all conversation stopped, as all eyes turned to me, curiosity on the faces, the fight, the food stopped, and Blaze took that opportunity of distraction to snatch the plate they had been fighting over, and poured half onto Zero's plate and the rest on his own.

"Fixer and I are going to be parents." There it was out there.

Soon, the room was a rush of bro slaps, congratulations, and hugs for Fixer as she was moved from one set of arms to the next, and for ten minutes, it was lots of questions, kisses, joy, and squealing from the girls.

"Only eight weeks, still very early, but we couldn't contain our news, and felt that, for security reasons, Stephen and Savage needed to know.

Savage was staring at Fixer's belly, a small tear sparkled in his eyes, but he held them back from falling. He was going to be a grandfather; he could enjoy our little one growing up and possibly fill the void left by missing Fixers. It's not much, and can't replace what was missed, but this might be the news needed to speed along the bonding between them, and hopefully not do the reverse.

The table was cleaned up, we retired to the lounge, and the television was put on, but no one was watching. The girls chatted about silly things, like if Fixer had a girl, then Sticks boy and her girl could get married. Like, who plans things like that? wouldn't want that pressure on my child. It hadn't even been born yet, and they were glad that Fixer just laughed at their crazy ideas.

The inevitable started, not long after Jenny and Blaze went upstairs for some catch-up, as Blaze put it, and Zero took Melony upstairs for something similar.

"What are your thoughts on today's chat with the accountant?" Tandy started tentatively.

"Have you investigated Sheila, her background, other than being Grandma's friend who died, leaving Grandma to take her in? Like, there are so many lies and confusion, I am doubting so much of what I had heard, learning." Fixer replied quickly, before we got into a more heated discussion on today's events.

"Partly, will dig deeper, never doubted the connection before now. Will get onto that. Your grandmother might have been conned, right from the start." Fixer nodded and

snuggled into me, my arm instinctively wrapped around her shoulder, enjoying the feel of her against me.

“Sheila sounds like she was worse than Barry, and could have been behind all your mistreatment, bringing Zoey up as a vindictive child, but together the three of them had somehow managed to dupe the whole town. The hatred goes a long way back, jealousy as a youth, and a partner that could be as bad as each other, they were the perfect couple born from hell.” Uncle Simon sounded so angry, and I wondered if I had missed something in what he was saying.

“Simon, it’s okay, can’t turn back the clock, only move forward,” Savage said, and I guess I did miss something. With Savage having missed Fixer’s life, they were cryptically helping each other because Uncle Simon, too, missed her childhood, but for different reasons, and both want to make up for it. Both men were related to Fixer and were trying to make amends for the lack of support in the past; it was sad, really, how one couple could make so many miserable.

“Will the accountant live through the night?” Fixer asked sadly.

“Doubt it, he was strong, but even he has a limit,” Stephen replied, as though it was expected.

The words, ‘Live by the knife, die by the knife, one of the club members has said to the guy, who had just severed his d**k off, as he shoved it in his mouth. Came to my mind, no idea why, but it seemed to fit, a piece of some puzzle in my brain slipped into place.

“I feel sorry for him, and many of the gang, in a way they have been harbouring a hatred against other gangs over a promise made on a founder’s deathbed. Did my Grandpa’s father die because of them?” Fixer asked, her Great Grandpa was one of the founders, as was mine, and Prez’s.

“His bike was a flat head, on which he died riding it. Your Grandpa was so devastated and withdrew from the club. He kept in touch and helped us all when he could, but was so moved by his death that he no longer rode with them.” Uncle Simon answered, having been a young man at the time of his death.

One of the bikes that Fixer had been working on, she loved the bike for some reason, just as she loved the other crumpled bike; she loved them both and wanted to restore them to their former glory.

“More of the Jones’ gang will arrive soon; they, too, will want to investigate what happened to their people. Do we continue as we have, or reach out to the gang?” Stephen was staring at the television, the news was on, and something had caught his eye as he spoke. His hand was on his earpiece, which I noticed he wears all the time; maybe it wasn’t something on the news.

“Wait for them to contact us; we don’t want to tip our hand yet. Let’s see if they want peace, now that the main instigators are gone, or who we believe are the main instigators.” I replied as the VP: I’ll talk to Prez later about this, but for now, I feel it’s a wait-and-see situation.

“Got it, the bodies have been taken to be mulched, only two are still alive, one being the accountant.” Stephen looked at Uncle Simon, who nodded; the mulch was in his control.

“Was there anything else we needed to know, investigate? I will get a speedsheets together, and share when it’s done, see where we are at now, have we enough pieces to make a sound decision on the deaths, and reasons for them, and start to really heal?” Uncle Simon said, and I bet his spreadsheet will be more than we would have put together.

“It is time. We need to move forward, and with babies coming, I think we need to look to the future, not the past. We know the worst people who were involved in their deaths are dealt with, and although it would be nice for the members to go torch the Jones gang clubhouse. I feel it’s best we put that on hold till we get a response of some kind when they go looking for the missing me Let them show if they want peace, or continue to fight, and if they want to fight, we will torch their clubhouse, but no more deaths. Not unless they push for more.” I say, I am being selfish now, the idea of me being a dad has me rethinking my direction, and purpose.

It’s funny how a wife and a child on the way can change your direction, your focus, and your ideals. I want a safe place for my child, my wife, and this constant fighting won’t get me that. We have answers now, and most of the people are dead. I know we want closure. Tandy had the task of looking at the birth records of all the Jones gang, going back to when it was formed, if he could.

“Agreed, time to look to the future, and plans that we were making to improve the club.” Fixer agreed, a smile on her face.

We won’t stop looking; it’s who we are, and we’ll keep digging to make sure we haven’t missed anything, but at least we have had some closure.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 186[1,524 words]

Fixer POV

I slept soundly last night, for the first time. I had good, positive dreams of the baby, Tank, and me.

It was a nice dream, one I would never have ever thought possible, but now? I feel I have a chance for happiness and a real family to love.

It was good to get some answers, and although I have more questions floating around in my head, I have enough to find a kind of peace.

“Sit up,” Tank said, and I rubbed my eyes. As I sat up, I had been to the bathroom and returned, not wanting the day to start yet, and must have dozed back off to sleep, as I hadn’t noticed that Tank didn’t return to the bed when he got up for the bathroom.

Tank placed a tray of food in front of me, carefully climbed in beside me, and took the tray back. Only one overfilled plate was on the tray, and two coffees. Tank cut up some of the food and turned to me with a smile.

“Open up.” He held some food at my lips and waited, his sparkling eyes flicking from my eyes to my lips and back up. A smile on his cheeky lips, that said, I was not going to get to feed myself, he was going to play dad. I couldn’t help but giggle, and that was enough for him to push the fork loaded with food into my mouth, his other hand held out below the fork, to catch any that missed my mouth.

“We need to call your grams and gramps, tell them the news, before they find out for themselves from one of their many sources. That I am sure are watching your every move. Savage warned you of how interfering they can be, wanting to dominate your life, part of why he left them; they suffocated him with what they wanted and their version of love. Can you imagine their response if they find out from someone else?” Tank asked as he finished off the plate, because I was now full.

“Okay.” Tank moved the tray to the table and returned with my phone.

“Now?” I asked, shocked, how he could want to talk to them while we were still in bed.

“Now.” He dialed the number on video chat.

“Hi Fixer.” Gramps voice was heard, and then his face appeared.

“Hey, Gramps, is Grams around? I want to talk to you both.” I asked. Tank was holding the phone in front of us both, so we could see their reactions.

“Give me a sec, will put you on the big screen.

Soon you could see the sitting room, both grandparents were sitting on the lounge, staring at us on their huge screen.

“Sweetheart, don’t tell me you have called to cancel tomorrow’s catch-up, we are so looking forward to seeing you.” I had forgotten I was supposed to go there for lunch, and catch up, too much had been going on lately, and the date had slipped my mind.

“No, no, we will be there,” I replied, not letting Tank cancel again; he had to come. He promised.

“We gave some news that couldn’t wait for tomorrow,” Tank said, and paused.

“Well, don’t make us wait. What is it?” Grams is always the pushy one.

“Fixer and I are going to be parents.”

“WHAT!!!!!!” Grams burst into tears, and Gramps grinned as he pulled her to him to console her. I knew they were happy tears.

“We have to have a party, invite our friends, this is huge news. How far along? We have to have a baby shower.” Grams prattled on for a while, as we waited for her to finish.

“No,” Gramps said, as she continued on baby names and other ideas she had.

“What?” Grams looked at him in surprise.

“We lost our son because of your meddling. I won’t lose my granddaughter and her child because you want to do so much, but you never once asked what she wants. Get a grip, woman.” He growled at her, but had a smile on his face as he did.

“I..I... Sorry, Zaria, I mean Fixer.” She had a bright, happy face, and now she looked like she was going to cry.

“We are still coming tomorrow, so you can invite some close friends for the luncheon, and give them the happy news; a few friends don’t mean the whole town,” I said, giving her a chance to share the news with a select few.

“I will keep her under wraps, will ten be okay?” Gramps asked, still rubbing the arms of the sobbing woman beside him.

“Sure, that will be fine.” I agreed, and we chatted a bit longer, about the pending baby, the chance for more visits, and where I was going to have the baby, she wanted us to come to their hospital, saying it better equipped, but how would she know, Grams was just pushing to get me closer to her, which was not going to happen, my growing friends are here, and the club, I wouldn’t move and take Tank away from the lifestyle he enjoys. I don’t think Grams will ever stop pushing to get me to be closer, but I won’t cave, just like Savage did when he stopped seeing her for a while till she got the message.

The call ended with us promising to meet for lunch, and I needed to catch up with Savage to see how he felt about revealing who he was; he hadn’t been in front of them in years. Uncle Simon took him straight from the hospital to my pilot; tomorrow would be the first time he would see them, even at a distance, they might recognise him. Yes, he got older, and larger, not overweight larger, muscular large. My father was buff; I found it hard to

believe he hadn't dated since Mum died. Booty calls, yes, but a real date, no, not that he would admit was a date.

Got dressed, and wandered downstairs, with Tank, he carried the tray and dishes down to the kitchen, and together we rinsed and put them in the dishwasher, that was full of dirty dishes, and no one had started it, this sort of thing irked me, it didn't take much to put in the tablet, and push the start button.

After a sweet, passionate moment in the kitchen. Tank headed next door; he had work to do, and after I find Savage and talk to him, I will head to my workshop and do some more repairs.

I found Savage in his workshop, which I call the space he was creating to do maintenance on the helicopter.

"Savage," I called as I got closer, so I didn't surprise him. He still jerked up quickly when I called. I think it will take him longer to get used to civilian life again. It must be hard; at least he was being kept busy, and could have alone time when he wanted it.

"How do you feel about becoming a grandpa?" I asked, not the reason I came for, thought it might break the ice.

"Best news ever, wish my woman was alive to see you, she would be so proud." He said solemn

"If I have a girl, mum's name will be part of her, haven't decided if it be her first name, or second, I want to add Grandma to the mix too. For a boy, we are looking at Grandpa being in the mix, but still not decided if first or second, plenty of time to think about it."

"That would be nice, honoring their memory like that." He looked at me more closely, like he knew there was more to come.

"Tomorrow, Tank and I are going to your parents' home for lunch. They have been told about the baby and are inviting ten close friends. I would like you to come out of hiding and greet them. Can you do that? This baby could be a healing balm for all of you." He didn't look so pleased with that news.

"I am not sure that's a good idea." He started to argue.

"Look, sooner or later, you need to be seen, make up, even if the relationship never fully heals, you will only feel guilty if one or both of them die, without ever having had the chance to find out. You want to live with what ifs? They are going to be in a very good mood, to celebrate this child, so they will be more receptive, plus having guests there, you know your mother would never make a fuss in public, even if they are close friends, she's too stuck in her ways to do that." I pushed. I really

want them to make up.

“Let me sleep on it.” I guess that was the best I could do.

“I am in my workshop if you need me for anything.” left him to continue doing whatever it was he was doing, and I set to work on that Walla, it has more meaning to me now, and I so much like to see it restored back to it’s glory, I had asked Prez what his club name was and when I do a paint job, will put his name on it, with our new club logo.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 187[1,658 words]

Tank POV

Telling the Grandparents about the baby went about as I had expected. Grams, overboard with ideas and suggestions, and not giving us a chance to say a word, almost as if she had expected us to go along with everything. Thank goodness Gramps was on the ball and stopped her before she decided to forget the meeting tomorrow.

I left Fixer after a bruising kiss in the kitchen, which should last me a few hours, and went in hunt for Prez. I heard him come home late last night, after spending time with Sticks and the baby. I hadn’t told him about my pending fatherhood yet, and I was hoping no one else had either. I don’t think they would deliberately, but it could have slipped out in conversation.

“Hey, Zero, any sign of Prez?” He was sliming as he worked with Blaze and Jinx behind the bar.

“Cells.” He replied, as he continued with the inventory, and I guess some ordering of more alcohol, it was amazing how much they could consume.

I found him inside the accountant’s cell. The man had lived all night, and although he looked like he was on death’s door, he still had enough wits about him to tell us all to go fuk ourselves. Seems to be his fallback line when he doesn’t know what else to say.

“Morning.” I greeted Stephen and the doc in the room.

“Hey, we were just discussing whether we want more information or let him die. The doctor can give him something to make him last longer, but at the moment, no question comes to mind.

Guess once he’s dead, I will think of something more.” He joked, seemingly in a good mood.

“What’s left to ask, we can find out by doing a little digging into the club history and school yearbooks. How about bringing Alan over for a visit and seeing if he has any questions? He doesn’t need to come down here; we can place the accountant in the back shed and put guards on him.” I wasn’t worried one way or the other; if he lived or not, he had dirty hands. Alan might want to arrest him; either way, I know Alan would turn a blind eye if he had nothing to ask.

“Good idea. Doc leaves him as he is. Stephen, can you and your men move him to the back shed, the one at the far back, and keep watch on him, no one in or out.” We left the accountant and went to Prez’s office. I took a seat in front of him as he made the call.

“Alan will be here in an hour. He was on his day off, and it would come as a friend visit.” Prez said as he leaned back and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“You okay?” I asked, and he looked very tired.

“Yeah, if all goes well, we should have Sticks home tomorrow, the nurse will stay till her six weeks are up, as she was not supposed to lift anything heavy. The nurse will help with the baby, the wound, and anything she needs. I am just tired, stayed up too late, and started too early. But I will adjust.” I am glad a lot of this is over, so Prez can relax and enjoy the baby when it comes home.

“If you had come to dinner, you would have been told that Fixer is expecting.” I didn’t get to say much else. He was out of his chair, like he just gained some energy spike, and was pulling me out of my chair, with strength I didn’t know he had, and was slapping me on the back, and congratulating me over and over again.

“You need advice, or someone to talk to. I am your man. I think Sticks and I went through hell and back during her pregnancy, so I will understand when you want to gripe to someone.” He was offering me his ear, and the wisdom of someone who had just been through it, and I appreciated the sentiment, but I doubt we would have the same issues, like he doesn’t have a Grandmother who wants to take over your life, but I thanked him any way, and assured him I would come to him if I needed guidance.

Prez was like a whole new person, chatting about the birth, the baby, the pain that Sticks was still in, and how often she fell into tears over almost nothing. It was tiring, but it will be worth it in the end. Once she’s home and settled back into a routine, she will be fine. I think we will be back to how we used to be, before he became the Prez. I missed the old him, the one I grew up with, but the pressure of being Prez had put a toll on him, and he changed. But now I see glimpses of the Prez, my friend and pal.

There was a knock on the door, and Alan came in. He wore jeans, a t-shirt, and a big smile.

“How’s Sticks and the baby? I haven’t had a chance to go and visit her yet. My girlfriend was telling me off, and we were going to head over this afternoon. Does she need anything?” Wow, that was one quick offload.

“If all goes well today, she be home tomorrow, under the care of a nurse, who will live with us for a few weeks.” He replied.

“Good, good. Now what can I do for you?” He asked, knowing his offer to come visit was not just to chat about Sticks and the baby.

“Tank?” Prez offered me a chance to tell Alan before we took him to see the accountant.

“Fixer is pregnant.” I beamed as if I had done something great and impossible.

“You didn’t take long, congratulations.” He shook my hand and asked all the usual questions.

“Now the real reason.” He pushed, we couldn’t put anything by him,

We told him we had the accountant but didn’t mention the others, that we had been questioning him all night, and that he was on his last legs, and asked if he had any questions.

“I do, actually. Do you want me to take him off your hands, or is this a courtesy, before he breathes his last? I am assuming I am here unofficially.” Alan was never one to be called stupid; he catches on quickly, and that is part of why he makes a good police officer.

“Doubt he has enough time left for you to arrange taking him away.”

“I could always put him in my car, take him to the hospital, and bring him back to life, long enough to...”

“I don’t think so.” Prez put up his hand to stop him.

Let me give you a bit more of what we know.

For the next half hour, Prez told him about the accidents and deaths that started back on Grandfather’s days, about Fixer and what they had been doing to her, but did not mention her inheritance. About who he was related to, and the pledges they had made.

“I think we shall let him breathe his last here. That lowlife, scum bag, if I catch any of the Jones on my patch, I will have my men follow them around in the cruiser. Can the body disappear? Or would you like a hand?” Alan offered, trying to calm down, the amount we told him had even made his usually calm, composed self get worked up.

“Um, better not answer that. I will pretend I have seen and heard nothing; he doesn’t deserve justice on his side.”

“Do you want to see him?” I asked, now the pleasantries were done.

“Sure, lead the way.” He stood and walked with Prez. I followed behind as they discussed Sticks and the visit. There was almost no one here, except a few who lived at the clubhouse and had chores to do.

Prez stepped to the side, allowing Alan in to see how we had the accountant.

“That’s different, but I bet that made sleeping difficult for you, didn’t it, Leonardo?” Alan greeted the accountant.

“Oh, senior sarg d**k, here to bust me out?” He grinned, showing his bloody teeth.

“Hum, might have to think about that, in the meantime, can you answer me a few questions?” Alan asked, politely.

“Go FUK yourself.” He was still grinning as he spoke

“That’s how he goes to answer, when he can’t think of anything better to say,” I said with a chuckle.

“Yes, it’s the same when he was in my cells just recently, I would have thought his vocabulary might

have improved just a little.”

We joked and mocked the accountant for about an hour. Alan gained some answers that he was after before the man breathed his last.

“That saves the taxpayer some money, I don’t want to find that body, okay? Like ever, and I was here on a social call getting all your baby’s good news.” We didn’t expect trouble, but it was always good to have an alibi. He doesn’t want to lose his badge over scum.

“Of course,” I replied as we headed back to his office for coffee, before he headed to leave and pick up his girlfriend, and go visit Sticks.

“I guess we can expect some visitors soon, when he doesn’t show up at his home.” We walked him to his car.

“Catch up soon, and again, congrats, Tank, you will make a great father.” He shook our hands again before leaving.

“Fixer pregnant?” One of the guys asked, who had been listening in, we had intended for someone to hear us talking about babies, adding to our alibi.

“Yep, found out yesterday, and was informing Prez when Alan came to visit, he wants to see Sticks and the baby, but needed Prez clearance, he only knew she was flown in by helicopter, and didn’t know how bad she was, and if she was up for visitors yet.”

The word spread quickly through the club; those who were here phoned or texted others, and my phone started blowing up with congratulatory texts.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 188[1,355 words]

Fixer POV

My work was on one these broken bikes, it had more meaning to me now, and it hurt in a way, to know that people died on these bikes, that I am restoring, in memory of them, they might never go out on the road again, on a daily basis, but maybe for memorials or special occasions, they should be on display for all to see, maybe I can something like that, build one of each bike, that Harley Davidson ever made.

Not all bikers ride Harleys; some like the go-fast bikes, and pop wheel stands, and do silly things, mainly the younger ones, but as long as they are having fun, I don’t mind. It can be bothersome having to fix them all the time, and I have started sending them to Mike; I can’t be bothered with stupidity.

My stomach grumbled, and I was shocked to see it was late afternoon, and I had worked through lunch, eek, don’t tell Tank, he will get angry, he is extra watchful, since he found out I was carrying his child. He only got told yesterday, and he already texted me twice to make sure I was eating and taking breaks. But I had done neither yet.

I closed everything down and locked up the workshop, not that I expect to be broken into, with all the security around the place. The bunkhouses are completed, and the work on the water hole has started. I want it done before the real summer heat starts up.

In the kitchen, I had sat down to eat some chicken salad and a nice herbal tea when Tank walked.

“Hey, want a snack?” I asked, pointing to the makings still on the table, if he wanted some, there was a jar of my homemade fruit and nut bars, which I eat on trips. Tank had talked me into making some, and I always have a jar full at hand. He loved them that much.

“Good to see you eating healthy.” Huh? Thought I was always healthy.

He made a sandwich and coffee and sat beside me.

"I talked to Savage, who wants the night to think about it."

"Good, he needs to put it behind him, and try again, the baby should help heal some of his wounds, especially if it's a girl. It would be like he could make up for missing out on you." As crazy as that sounded, it was most likely true. We tend to make up for our loss with something similar.

"What time are we leaving? According to Prez, we might have Sticks back tomorrow."

"Oh, that would be great, I hadn't been over to visit, hospitals, and me and not good companions," I say, with so many bad memories at that place. Sticks was the first positive, which could have gone either way if we hadn't had the helicopter. I am just thankful we got her to the hospital in time, but it was still difficult being there, getting all those bad memories floating around in my head as I waited for news. Tank's arrival was my only saving grace, dragging me out of those memories. He seemed to arrive when I needed him the most, without me having to call.

"Well, you're going to have the baby at home then?" He asked, making me think about that, if I don't have the issues that Sticks had, there was no reason not to have it at home.

"Let's wait and see how the pregnancy goes. If everything goes well, then maybe we can have a home birth." I reply, liking the idea more and more. The doctor would be at hand when I got closer, and the helicopter could have me in the hospital in five minutes.

"We can get a room set up for the birth, with a tub to lie in, and things to make it easier for you; however, if the labour goes on too long, promise me you will let the doctor give you something to help you rest," Tank asked, almost pleading.

"I promise, so we can make plans for a home birth, can get the nurse in when I am almost due, and I am positive that Jenny will be watching me closely, like she did with Sticks, guiding me with what to look out for, was just so glad the doctor was there visiting when things were pear shape." I was ever so grateful he popped in when he did. I think the nurse might have called him in.

"Good, that's one thing I can tick off my list. We have the baby's room to do up, and I thought maybe the first month or two, the baby could stay in our room." Tank had been thinking about this a lot, and I liked that he was thinking of us doing this together, and not expecting me to do it all; he wants to do the dirty linen changes, bathing, everything, be a full part of the baby experience.

"Can we look into that box from Grandma again today? I want to look at some of those black-and-white photos and see if I can spot your Great-grandfather, the founding club member. It would be good to find a picture and start a wall of fame at the club. What do you think?"

“That sounds great. Do you have some of your great-grandfather and the Prez? I had been thinking of rebuilding all the old bikes, making a memorial of sorts, that would go hand in hand with your idea.” I said it had been a floating idea, forming as I was stripping a bike, and it wouldn’t be that hard to do.

“That’s a great idea, we can find out the color they were.” Tank jumped in excited with making a section as a memory lane.

“I thought I would paint our new logo on the bike, with their club names.” We were both on a roll, talking about how we could create a place to honor those founding members, those who lost their lives on the road, and those who had played a significant role in the club’s growth. All the past presidents and VPs, not that there had been many, but a plaque that gives a history of our club, and a motto, we need a motto, a creed of some kind, that we can add on the back of the bar.

“Better talk with Prez about all this, don’t want to step on someone’s toes,” I said when we were getting too invested in our idea.

“Yeah, tonight he’ll be home earlier than last night, said he had things to talk about too.”

“He’s gone to visit Sticks?”

“Yep, Alan came by today to ask how Sticks was, and if she was up for visitors. He knew about the emergency flight; he was going this afternoon with his girlfriend, and he wanted to be there too.” Tank finished his coffee and was making another.

“The accountant?”

“Gone, mid-morning.” I nodded, surprised he had made it through the night.

“Any left?” Are they all dead?

“No, the accountant was the last.” I didn’t feel bad that they were gone, just that their families would never know what happened to them.

“What about the girls? Are they all gone?” I asked, as I played with my salad, having eaten all I could.

“Need to ask Uncle Simon, I don’t know. Barry, Shiela, Zoey, Alice, Heather, Doris, and Pixie, all intertwined, said that Cricket was part of it too. Think it was all Barry’s doing; he had the smooth way to manipulate people, and I feel Sheila was an ideas woman, giving him the ideas to act on.”

“Bruiser?”

“So far the club members have named a few they will let back in, on trial, and depe that goes, we look at other joining, but they won’t be patch members, till they have they are still up in the air about Bruiser, he hurt them more than he realizes, maybe h join another club, because he won’t ever have full trust here again.” Tank made another and sat down next to me, taking my salad and finishing it off too. No food would ever go with Tank around. He has hollow legs, I am sure of it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 189[1,515 words]

Tank POV

A home birth, I have no clue about having a baby at home. To be honest, it scares me to death. I know in the early days, all women had them at home, so I guess if everything is healthy, it will be fine.

Her twenty-first birthday is in two weeks, and Jenny was planning, along with Sticks, a party, not too many people, and not here, at the clubhouse, making it a barbecue, and a fun night, so that when Fixer has had enough, she will be able to head home, and the party can continue. My twenty-sixth was two days later, so they are combining the two together. I don’t mind, having mine at the same time, I never have a party, not since our parents died, but it will be more for Fixer than me. She will be the star of the party.

“So, what’s your plan for this afternoon?” I asked as we finished lunch and were cleaning up the kitchen.

“I am meeting up with Tandy, to talk to those people that will be looking after our home, since the building has been completed, the garden needs some changes done, and a tidy up, and the house cleaners can start, I didn’t have them start yet, as we had too much already going on, and I needed them to sweat a bit, because of the attitude they gave me, when they first met me, not knowing I was their new boss, they have been talking to Tandy about returning, and even happy to price reduction. I had Tandy double-check them out to ensure they had nothing to do with B the Jones family before I agreed to meet up with them again. Most have been family employees their entire lives, and their mothers and fathers before them. They know I won’t take any disrespect, and have learned a valuable lesson on judging a book by its cover.” Fixer replied, and I am glad she held off having them here. We had too many new faces around, which made it harder for security, but they handled it professionally and with tact.

“Want some company?” I asked, remembering their attitudes on their last visit.

“Only if you have time. Don’t want to take you away from club duties.” Fixer was always considerate of others.

“I would prefer to be with you. Prez was busy, and taking tomorrow off to bring Sticks home, and we won’t be here because of the Astore, visit, there was little left to do at the club, they are still talking about Bruiser, and what we should do, but the rest of the ex-members they going to let back in, but not all at once, they have six returning on Saturday, when we have an open house, and will be workers for the night, then same the following week, until all are back, but the debate on Bruiser was still more against his return, than for.” I thought about Bruiser; he’s been around a long time. I am finding it hard to believe, that Cricket was solely the reason he turned against us, he had to have been wanting more for a while, maybe seeing how well I did, upset him, he might have.

“Let’s go then.” We climbed into Tank’s truck and headed out. Two SUVs were following our guards. I had already informed Dirk I was headed out and where, so he had a detail ready to tag along.

“We can get something for dinner while we are out. I have spoken to Tandy about the meeting today, I want a cook, or kitchen hand, I don’t want to be the one cleaning up other peoples mess, not that we have had that issue yet, but thought best get used to someone now, so I don’t have to worry when the baby comes, will be good for little Max, when he starts solids to have someone to make what we need, and have it in the fridge. Doubt Sticks has a clue about making baby food.” Fixer was babbling on about what she wanted from this meeting, and I tried to keep up. Half the stuff she was talking about went over my head, but that was cool. Fixer sounded like she knew what she wanted, and if that kept her happy, I was happy. Never thought we would have household help one day.

“Hey, do you think we can fit the child’s seats in this truck? Or do we need another vehicle, for when we take our child out and about?” I suddenly thought about baby seats, or are they capsules or whatever, got to keep them safe, my truck might have to be a work vehicle, and get a large SUV or something for the baby. Something that can include Sticks’ child, too, for when they go out together.

“We can look at what’s available in child seats, while in town, and you can find out by trying one out. Surely the store has one we can see if it fits or not.” hadn’t thought of that. They had demonstration ones on display, and we could grab one and see if it fit.

The receptionist was polite this time and appeared excited to see us, a marked improvement from our first meeting. Although I felt she was still flirting, the way her eyes were undressing me, Fixer paid her no mind and walked straight past her and down the hall to the room, where we could hear voices. The receptionist called out after us, but Fixer ignored her and followed Fixer’s lead.

“Tandy.” Fixer greeted her as she walked in, went straight to him, and gave him a hug.

“I hear there is soon to be the pitter-patter of little feet in your house. Congratulations, you must be excited,” Tandy said, turned to me, and shook my hand.

“Yes, and no, I hadn’t planned on children quite so soon, but then who really plans these things that well?” Fixer replied, with a chuckle.

“Drinks? We have tea, coffee, and juice.” He offered waving his hand at the spread of food and drinks on the side tables.

“Water would be fine.” Fixer took a seat near Tandy, as if she had done this many times before, and the rest in the room went quiet, each taking their seats and eating or drinking as they waited for. I grabbed two bottles of water and sat beside Fixer leaving her to run the show.

“What has been happening since we last met?” Fixer asked, still not looking around the room, but at Tandy.

“I gave the group your suggestions. Martha has undertaken a course on baby foods and other nutrition for children. Betsy has taken a first-aid course. Others have started online courses, like Paul here, on the water plants for around the swimming hole, and Dan to help look after that area, with the maintenance of the flying fox, water slides and Jimmy was getting his certificate as a life saver, for the weekends and school holidays, and his senior first aid certificate was renewed.

Others have taken up different courses, not asked for, but feel might be handy later.” Tandy was rabbiting on, and on about what they had started, trying to prove they are interested in continued work with Fixer, and I guess me. Looking around the room, most looked nervous and hopeful.

Tandy pushed a file to Fixer, and she opened it, so I could see. If there were a bio on each person, what they do, the courses they are going to take, or have started. Pay rates, expected time off, and some want to live on site. It was quite comprehensive, and I figured Fixer had some idea of what she was looking at. Fixer had surprised me a few times with her knowledge of business, but knowing how much her Grandpa had tried to teach her before his death and the notebooks, it shouldn’t have. Look at her pedigree; no wonder she could do so much, almost like she had a photographic memory, in most things.

“Good. I agree to most of this. It says ‘stay onside, exactly where we had two bunkhouses. For security, we can build another for staff if need be; it doesn’t take long, and they have their own kitchen, bathroom, and laundry. The only ones to live in my home once the bunkhouse was built would be the cook and the two nannies.” Fixer said, and worked out the final details later.

They talked for a bit longer and agreed on a new bunkhouse and on the cook staying in one of the ground-floor rooms. There were three down there for staff; they can share those three rooms till the bunkhouse is built, or can live off-site.

“Right, I can get that building started and be ready in about a week. A lot of it is prefabricated and only needs to be shipped in. Send me the contracts and I will review

them and get them back in a few days.” After a few more thank-yous and handshakes, we left Tandy with our new staff and headed to the baby shop to look at what we needed.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 190[1,464 words]

Tank POV

We left the meeting and hopped into the truck, heading to the baby shop. Fixer was on her phone to Uncle Simon to organise another bunkhouse through the same men she used last time, and explained why. The phone was on blue tooth, as I could hear every word, and Uncle Simon was laughing as Fixer explained the courses she made them do, to return back as staff, he told her she did good, that they were too comfortable in their jobs, thinking they were indispensable, and most likely had underestimated her, which we both know they did.

The shop was full of baby gear. I hadn't ever been in here to really look, yeah, had taken Sticks, and other club ladies here, but not paid attention, and often not come in, it didn't interest me, until now, and I am suddenly overwhelmed with all the different items for a child's safety, that doesn't include cots, bassinets, change tables, I thought Sticks brought a lot, but she barely touch the surface of what you could buy. We have a nurse; do we need a baby monitor, and look at all those different strollers, how do you decide what is the best and safest?

An assistant came rushing over and batted her eyes at me. Causing me to roll my eyes, she had yet to greet Fixer.

“Tank! What do you think of this baby capsule? I don't think they need it for long, only a few and need to change to a bigger one. What do you think? Will the straps fit?” I stepped around assistant and looked at the item she was squatting down to examine on the side of the box, reading its stats.

I picked up the box, and sat it on another box, so I wasn't leaning down, like Fixer, and read what it said, it blows the mind all the stuff written on the box, I looked at others, and ended up agreeing her choice sounded the best, neither of us was worried about color as long as it did the job.

“Might want two, one for your truck and one for a vehicle for my use, can't be driving your truck all the time, I can hardly reach the pedals.” She said, looking around, “I don't like the idea of her being out and about without me when the baby was born but that was me being selfish; she still got to be here.” I have yet to bring up the subject of the painting of the bikes, like, are those fumes from the paint toxic for the baby?

“What vehicle were you thinking?” I asked, trying to distract myself from thinking only about what I want, and listened to Fixer.

“Spoke to Uncle Simon, he was arranging a seven seater for me, with bullet proof glass, and other extras security, that way I can take Sticks and the girls with us, if we feel like a girls day out, not sure about taking the nanny once we get one, to me, they are there only as back up, not take over my roll as mother, and do everything.

“Good, Uncle Simon knows what he’s doing; he will get you a safe vehicle.” I was glad that Fixer was always thinking and not afraid to talk to others who may have the answers.

Uncle Simon has to leave at the same time as us tomorrow. How long has he been gone? We don’t know, but Fixer will miss him a lot. He has so much of the family’s past to share, good times, not all were bad. They have spent time over photos, going over some old black-and-white ones, hunting for information on the founding members, and any history she can find. They must have found something, because that prompted Uncle Simon to pick up his phone and announce he was leaving for a little while. I personally believe he saw the face of someone he hadn’t expected to see.

“Hey, can I see the manager, please?” Fixer said to the overzealous girl, who kept bumping into me, touching me, and annoying the hell out of me. Fixer had seen it and smirked at me, rolling her eyes, but stayed professional.

Her eyes widened, and she rushed to do as Fixer asked.

“You, okay?” Fixer asked me, softly, as we waited for the manager, we walked around the showroom at cupboards, change tables, cots, bassinets, bouncers, and now my head was so full, I wanted to run out of there and let it defrag or something.

“Overwhelmed,” I admitted truthfully, because I had absolutely no inkling I would need half of the stuff, a bed, and clothes, which all I thought of and I had thought Sticks went overboard. Now I see she minimised everything.

“Welcome, what can I help you with?” She asked, had her assistant beside her, looking worried, and we said something about her ogling me.

“Yes, I want to talk about a package deal. I intend to purchase a few things and want to get a better price.” Fixer said kindly.

“We can do that.” She pulled out her tablet and typed away.

“Name?” She barked as if we were wasting her precious time. We gave her the details and waited for our order before she gave us a discount. Looking down on us all the time, irking me to no end.

“I would like two of the car capsules, and two of the next size up, that cupboard, and matching drawers, that cot, bassinette, jumping harness.” The list went on: sheets for the cot, which Fixer said was to be in the nursery or our mini kitchen, so we didn’t have to go downstairs.

“I can give you twenty percent off and free delivery this afternoon, we have all in stock. How do you wish to pay?” The manageress looked a lot kinder and happier after Fixer finished her order.

“Done, will you take a credit card?” We didn’t need it delivered so soon, but Fixer liked to get it over with and out the door, hoping not to have to return anytime soon.

“This way, please.” We followed the woman to the cash register and completed the deal.

The girl who had been eyeing me most of the time was reprimanded when they thought we were out of earshot, and so she should. I am a married man, with a child on the way, no need for someone like her, way too young for me anyway, to be trying to get my attention.

Our next stop was a baby clothing store, as if we hadn’t bought enough already, and we will most likely get more when we see the Great-Grandparents tomorrow, to celebrate the next in line. Ha, to think this child will be wanting for nothing, had me smiling. It deserves the best, and will get it.

Onesies, t-shirts, diapers, bottles, bottle sanitizer, toys, musical things that dangle for the child to reach for and entertain him or her, I think we have so much, but then maybe I will buy this stuffed bear, it looks so cute, and was so fluffy and soft. I threw it in the trolley with a smile. It was at the checkout that Fixer came across the few things I had thrown in; she would look at them, look at me, and put them out for the bored chick behind the till, to add to the growing pile of purchases we had.

I loaded up the truck with our purchases, and we headed to a cafe for coffee and cake.

“Hi, Dirk. A delivery truck will be bringing a slew of baby furniture for our bubs. Can you have it placed in the baby’s room, the one I talked about earlier?” Fixer was smiling as she spoke over the phone. She had maintained a good rapport with Dirk, which was a good thing, because she needed

him more than she realised. A target will always be on her back.

“Yes, that one.”

“Thank you, will be back in a few hours.” Hanging up with a glow about her. Fixer had enje outing, making the baby more real.

A young girl, who appeared too young to be working here on a school day, served us.

“Hi, Maxine, how are you doing?” She started her eyes trained on Fixer, and for once, a girl not flirting with me.

“Doing good, you?” Fixer replied, not correcting the lass.

“Good, sort of, Dad’s back in the hospital, and I had to apply for online studies to finish high school.” She replied sadly.

“You got my number if you get stuck, you know that right?” Fixer assured her.

“Yeah, I am managing for now, thanks. What do you want?”

We placed our order, and she left.

“Nice kid,” I said, softly, hoping Fixer would tell me more about her. But before she could, a voice I hadn’t expected to hear greeted us, and sat at our table.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 191[1,511 words]

Bruiser POV

Life has been hell, I can’t believe I was so bloody stupid, and fall for all the suggestions that Cricket had placed in my ear, she nagged for days, about how not that Prez had moved out, that I was more or less going his job, and should look at taking over, she had even worked on some of the club members, and they started to make the same suggestion, I never wanted the VP job, let alone the Prez position. Yet she made it sound so simple, and convinced me that the club would be better under my leadership, that even the members seeing him move out as a withdrawal from the club as president, because I had been doing so much more lately, with Prez delegating out more of the work he was doing, as he should’ve been doing all along. I can see that now. But at the time, I was blinded by all the attention I was getting and fooled into believing I could do better.

I was so humiliated when I stood yelling at the gate to be let in. If we had only kept our cuts, we wouldn’t have been denied. Another bad suggestion from Cricket. It sounds like I am blaming it all on her, but I have to take responsibility for it was I who made the bad decision to do as she had suggested.

Then, to be escorted like a criminal to the clubhouse and questioned by the club members was the last thing I had expected. I had assumed that it would be in Prez’s office, and I would get to plead my case, but nothing I had planned went the way I had thought.

The last few nights have been terrible. I can’t sleep or eat, and I’m worried sick that I will never be allowed back, and then what?

Where would I go if they don't take me back in?

I have to leave the town, the only home I have known, because seeing my once friends and being ignored would be worse than what I am going through now. I was respected, but now I am lower than the dogs' poop on the sidewalk, which everyone avoids.

Maybe if I had accepted a room next door, with the rest, I wouldn't have been swayed so easily.

What made it worse was that I knew that Tank, Zero, and Prez owned the club; what I mean is that the property, the whole place, was theirs. Their family was among the original men who founded the club, which made me think he would just hand it over.

Stupid, Stupid, Stupid. I can't even blame being drunk on the bad move I made.

Now Cricket has done a runner, could've guessed she would do that, flighty woman, that one, I could do little to make her happy. I found out she was never pregnant, that she lied to get me to take her in, make her a club lady. She was okay, making new friends, and cozying up to Sticks. Fixer came into the picture, and a whole new side of Cricket appeared.

She complained about so much, and I put it down to being pregnant, fool me, huh.

When I got home after spending a night calling out at the gate, she was a pain in the butt, demanding I get into the club, fix it, be the leader she thought I was, and nag, nag, nag.

Unbelievable able.

Then she left, completely, no word of goodbye, nothing, just gone. We never got legally wed like Tank and Fixer, so I don't have to do a divorce, but it would have been nice if she had left a note or something. Even her phone was off, and I couldn't phone her to make sure she was okay. As bad as the situation was, I still worry about her, and where she had gone, like a ghost, she came from unknown origins and left the same way, and it hurt.

My phone has been silent, not even the guys who left with me have texted or called, I feel abandoned by everyone, and I don't like it at all.

Walking down the street, I see some members laughing and having a good time, and when I

approach them, they turn their backs on me, which hurts. But I get it, I made the club take sides, and that was all wrong. I should never have made that happen. I don't have a clue how to fix this. I have been trying so hard not to keep texting or phoning Prez; his woman just had a baby, and from what I heard, it was an emergency rush, but both are safe and should be home tomorrow.

I wanted to go visit, but thought it might do more harm than good. I felt that if I saw her as a friend and never mentioned the club, it would be okay, but then I changed my mind, as she might not be receptive to my visit, and Prez might get angry that I did, making any chance of a return impossible.

I saw Fixer and Tank leaving the baby shop. Were they buying for Sticks? Or was Fixer exp Dam I hate being out of the loop. It would be good news if Fixer were with a child. I watched enter the cafe, thought, I have made a lot of bad decisions lately, might as well make another and headed in. I ordered a coffee and went to their table.

“Hello, Tank, Fixer, mind if I join you?” I asked, but pulled out a chair and sat before they could say it.

“How have you been?” I asked, looking at Fixer, because I sat next to Tank.

“I am doing well, how about you? If I am to be honest, you don’t look so good.” Fixer said, giving me a soft smile, and that was more than I expected, or hoped for.

“Been better.” I turned sideways to look at Tank, who didn’t look too pleased to see me, but wasn’t pushing me away either.

“Tank, are congratulations in order, or did I hear wrong?” I tried not to make it sound like I had no clue, and it was the best I could do to ask the question.

“Thanks, we are happy. But what you got to get for a baby was mind-blowing.” Tank’s face improved a bit while talking about the baby. Should I stick to that or try to get a word in about my return?

“Yeah, I remember Prez complaining about how much he had to get, and couldn’t fit it all on his room, was tossing up, whether to move into town, or take over one of the other rooms on the top floor, think that camping trip, kind of pushed moving out, as a better decision, and I get that, a baby in a war zone would be not only dangerous, but distracting, when fighting, hoping the wife and kiddy was safe and away from harms way. Sticks was glad when you offered to let them move over next door.” I was glad the conversation so far had been easier and hadn’t made any of us uncomfortable.

Our coffees came, and I leaned back to let the young lass place the coffees and cake on the table.

“That poor girl, she has had it hard, her mother died a few months back, and her deadbeat dad was back in the hospital, think she was trying to raise her younger brother and sister, because her father isn’t rising to the occasion,” I say, thinking of the poor girl, she should be in school, not raising kids, even if they are her brother and sister.

“You sound like you know her?” Tank said, watching the lass take the order of the next table.

“Yeah, she called me to help get the dad to hospital he’s a drunk, and fell hurting himself, she too small to lift him, and I helped out, gave her some money to help tied her over, but think she needs more, had thought of doing more, but might look all wrong, and I have been doing enough wrong lately, and don’t wish to complicate her life any more than she already has it, best I can do, was pay some bills, when I see them, and buy food, topping up her fridge, when she’s not ho with the brother, enough for him to let me in, and we play video games together. H lost, the younger sister’s only ten, she’s reserved, and stays in her room most of the time

“What can we do to help? The community needs a help center or something to help pe her,” Fixer said, looking contemplative.

“Agreed, try to help the kids as much as I can, but can’t do much about the parents, have to do what I can, in secret,” I say, and that is what I had been doing.

Maybe that’s my calling, get out there and help the street kids, or kids that are struggling because of their parents’ neglect, a lot like Fixer’s life had been like, that is if the club won’t have me back.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 192[1,493 words]

Fixer POV

Bruiser looked and sounded awful; his story was hard to hear, and members turned their backs on him, crossing the street to avoid him. I understand the betrayal, but hearing this made it so much worse. I understand it better than most, having lived that sort of life for most of mine.

My heart went out to him, and even if the club never accepts him back, I won’t turn my back on him, not like that. He lost his way, and to me, he deserves a chance to repair the damage.

“You have turned your hand to helping the street people? The adults,s too?” I asked, as I pondered what he had said so far, and had avoided any club talk, except the avoidance.

“Yeah, mainly the kids, but some adults, they are more reluctant to take help, seem to be in their own personal hell, and don’t want help out of it.” He sounded sad, with a husky, raw voice.

“Understand, kids, are easier, adults don’t want to go anywhere, a blanket and a meal, at most, but never the chance for a warm bed for the night, even on cold winter nights. Those who want the

open air had thought a few times of making shelters, two walls and a roof, open, for them to hide away from the wind on bad nights, because that's about all those lost souls want." I knew exactly when he meant, they are lost in their booze or drugs, and life for the next fix, don't want

"What are your plans now?" Tank asked, now more invested in the conversation, once his initial anger and shock at having joined us.

"Don't have any real plans, been waiting to find out if the club will give me an in. But I am fast on that, and am looking at whether to stay here and help the needy, or move on." Bruise push for a return or beg us to help out; he was a lost soul now, and that hurts me. He was not always the easiest to get to know, and could have his walls up, but this? This broken man before me was not the same.

"What if we look at having you visit on Saturdays, open day, like a visitor, and see how the members react? We can't control how they feel; the betrayal was deep. Returning would have been hard, and you would never be an enforcer again." Tank offered, and I could kiss him right now to give him the olive branch.

"You would allow that?" He looked up in hope.

"I would, and Fixer here would too, but the rest, I can't say. The club members were divided about whether to allow you back, and if they did, it would be as a nom, and on probation for a long time." Tank lifted his cup to drink, then looked into it with disappointment. I pushed mine to him, no longer wanting coffee. Which he took and finished with one long gulp.

"Understand, what I did was foolish and stupid, and cannot be undone. I lost the trust and faith of other club members, even those who split with me and were part of the push to make me do that.

I should have come to you or Prez and talked about the suggestions; I went about it all wrong."

"That you did. Anyway, if the club doesn't accept you back, I could use you if you are interested." I offered to get an idea of how real he was; my gut says he learned his lesson.

"What do you need me for?"

"The street kids. Been thinking of ways to help them out and want to refurbish some of the derelict warehouses, make them more suitable for portable cots to be brought in, somewhere for them to sleep, and possibly a working kitchen to serve them real food at least once a day. Not all will take up the offer of somewhere to go, but it's a start, plus need more ideas on how to help the others on the streets." I start to talk about the streets again, not that we could ever make them safe again, but it's a start. For a small town, our problem on the streets was far too serious.

“I am interested. We need to help more than those on the streets, like our little server, she needs help desperately, she’s barely keeping them together, and I know of others in similar situation, can they be part of that help? Give them food, clothing, and help with the bills, because their parents certainly aren’t doing it.” Bruiser sounded more on board with helping the needy, just as I thought he would. Deep down, he was still the good man I had seen glimpses of in the past, but he was too gullible for a pretty face.

“Come to my home, let’s talk there. I want Dirk and Stephen on board with this; they might have some ideas. Where are you living?” I asked softly.

“The Wandering B&B, Cricket left, don’t know where and personally don’t care. I had started to care, but she changed, and I first blamed the baby, then found out there was never a baby; her true colors came out. I was shattered and lost everything. So, I decided if the club doesn’t want to risk my return, and I understand, then who knows, I was going to make that decision at the end of the month, by then, if I still hadn’t heard, I know the answer. Hopefully, by then, I would have some sort of idea formed.”

“Will you follow us? We can talk somewhere more comfortable?” Tank asked, trusting my judgement.

“Yes. nothing else going on.” The waitress came back.

“Would you like more to drink?” She asked with a bright smile, you would never guess the troubles she was going through.

“No thanks.” I gave her some money and told her to keep the change. Her face lit up as she

received an eighty-dollar tip, and Bruiser handed her a fifty that disappeared into her pocket.

“I will go get my bike and meet you at the gate.” Bruiser stood and looked between us before turning on his heels and leaving.

We followed him out, and as I reached our vehicle, I turned to let our security know that Bruiser would be waiting at the gate, and to not give him grief, and to let Dirk know that I wanted to see him and Stephen when we returned.

They gave me a nod; out here, they know better than to salute. One was quickly on his headpiece as he headed to his vehicle.

“You are going to use him in our security detail, aren’t you? Tank leaned over and turned off the music, so we could talk.

“Yeah, he was a good enforcer who lost his way. I want to use him at home and on the streets. I have enough people in security, doing little to nothing, when I am home, might

as well use them all, they can put Bruiser through basic training, then we can send them out with food parcels to people

that Bruiser talked about, and can help co-ordinate the setting up and a place for the homeless to stay, or get blankets, warm second hand clothing, shoes, and a meal. I know most don't want new clothes, but I think we can help the community by buying second-hand clothing and giving it away to the needy." I was fast thinking, what else can I do need more heads with this one.

"Good, he made a mistake, a colossal one, but we all deserve a second chance, and even if the club won't take him back, he still needs to be around friends, and I would like to think we are still

friends, and I am glad you have offered him a chance, are you going to offer him a room?" Tank was thinking fast, too, almost like he could read my mind.

"Not in the house, but in the bunkhouse, one of the better rooms, we getting another home help, think that should be enough, I won't need all these men here soon, once finished with the Jones Gang, they can go back to where ever they resided before we need to talk to Dirk about that, possibly send them away soon, don't need all these men buildings are finished, and we can keep just a skeleton crew." I have had enough of all the security men hanging about. It was good to know that they were keeping order, but I don't know half of them. If it weren't for the men knowing each other, I would be worried someone infiltrated the group. But Dirk reassured me that these men had known each other for a long time, and I was in safe hands.

When I went out and about, only the original crew was assigned to follow me. I had gotten to know them, at least by a face I recognised, and wanted to stick to the same crew each time.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 193[1,426 words]

Tank POV

Watching Fixer interact with Bruiser was an eye opener, her compassion for others, was outstanding, I felt guilty for having harboured dislike for the man, he hurt us a lot, and broke something inside of me, but when I thought about it, that is really deep, it wasn't the man himself I disliked but the 'direction Bruiser had turned, and by the sounds of it, he had a lot of outside influence pushing him before he made a drastic mistake, that cost him more than he bargained for.

Fixer was doing exactly that, fixing things, and this man, although Bruiser didn't need fixing, did need a new direction, and one I am on board with, as I started to hear her ideas.

We were on the way home when I had an idea.

"Fixer, how about our child, how do you feel, asking Bruiser to be the child's protector, he or she will need security, and I trust Bruiser in that capacity, he had always had a cool head under pressure, and let the young ones be idiots before stepping in, and his love for the underdog, the lost on the streets, he shows he had compassion." Was I trying to sell this too hard?

"Agree, was thinking along the same lines, hence wanting him to have some real training with D team, it's still early days, but I too think he would be perfect. With what Cricket did to him, he might be a little more cautious in the future, but who knows, maybe one of the young ladies in our staff might catch his eye and meet someone of better morals than Cricket had. Talking of Cricket should we tell him?"

"Yes, will address that when we have Stephen and Dirk present in case he loses it. I would like to know more about what he knows about Cricket, and how she came to be in the club, besides him thinking she carried his child, like who brought her in. Do you know?" She asked, and I had to think. Most of the time, I was out in the workshop, avoiding women, like the plague, so I can't think of who she came with, if anyone.

"To be honest, I have no clue. I was out back, like when you and I met, always hiding away from the leeches they call women; they won't take no for an answer, and so stayed away as much as possible."

"Thought as much, I bet Cricket came at the same time as Doris, or Pixie, but managed to be more discreet and less pushy, less obvious." That had me thinking: when did those girls start showing up? I think it was Cricket first, then Pixie, or was it Doris? Too much for my head. I never went out looking for women, not since my incident, when I hurt that chick, trying to have you know.

Bruiser was sitting on his bike, under the shade of a tree, when we pulled up alongside. Tank reached out and placed his thumb on the sensor, and it began to open up.

"Follow us," Tank called out, and his bike started up, rumbling slowly behind us.

We parked in the garage, and Bruiser parked outside. He removed his lid and looked around. The security headed to another large shed that was converted to house their vehicles. I think they want.

another shed, but they haven't asked yet, and I wasn't about to offer. They are far enough away from the main house, love having too much land, further than the eye can see, more than the township, which I still own so much of, and can't get my head around it.

“Dirk, you would remember Bruiser? Can you and Stephen come to my office?” Fixer walked away, not waiting for an answer, and Bruiser came a step behind us as we headed to her office.

I took the single lounge chair, pulled Fixer onto my lap, and made this meeting less formal with that gesture. The men took their seats and waited for one of us to speak.

“Bruiser, we need to clear the air before we start.” Fixer started, her voice calm. He nodded.

“What can you tell us about Cricket, and how she came to be in the club, trapping you?” She continued.

“She arrived at the same time as four other girls on an open Saturday night, around the same time as Doris, a few years ago, didn’t think much of her at first, just another fuk, but she never targeted any other guy, would sit beside me, or on my lap when I took a seat, followed me around, talki about rubbish, that I hardly took in, think I fuked her two or three times, She wouldn’t come ev Saturday, maybe miss a few then appeared again, I didn’t know she was playing me before she calmed to be pregnant. Don’t know where she came from, but I think all the girls came from the same place, or close to it. Jones gang rejects the guy’s call to them.” That made sense based on what we had found out so far. She kept her past closed, giving only enough to stop asking questions.

“Cricket has lost her mind and has been transferred to the sanitarium,” Fixer said as I watched his reaction.

“What? Where? When” Bruiser babbled in shock.

“She was a spy. Sent to cause trouble, and she did a good job of it.” I replied, looking at Dirk and back to Bruiser.

“Can she cause us any trouble?” He asked, worriedly.

“Doubt it. What does she really know that could incriminate us? Unless you informed her of the goings on.” I replied.

“Never, women don’t need to know that side of our club. Least the know the better. No offence, Fixer, you know more than most, but then, you have always had a way of seeing what was going on, and making sense of it, long before half our meat heads do.”

“That she does, and you know she was not at the clubhouse for the club interviews, but was there for other things that have happened since you left the club, and that was only because it was something that concerned her personally,” Stephen added.

“Bruiser, how do you feel that Cricket has been incarcerated?” Fixer asked, still trying to work out what’s in his head.

“To be honest, relieved; she was driving me up the wall with all her nagging, and she complained I was not doing enough to get back into the club. I am going to assume you interrogated her, and that was why she lost her marbles?”

“Something like that, maybe one day when and if we gain the trust back enough, we might tell you, but for now, know she is alive, and will never be released; they have her marked as dangerous to the community,” Fixer replies, with a shrug.

“I never married her as you did with Tank, only club acknowledgment, so I don’t need a divorce. I will consider that, as we no longer have a cut, we are no longer bound together. In a way, that was good news to me, since she tricked me into giving her the cut and played with my emotions. I have been concerned about how to get rid of her. When she disappeared, I never once thought to go look for her.

“Dirk, Stephen, I would like you to take Bruiser under your wing, teach him how to be a security

officer, and train him better in defence,” Fixer ordered calmly.

“You going to trust him? After what he did?” Stephen asked, incredulously. “We all deserve a second chance. Bruiser will be a good asset to the team. He was always enforcer, and when my child is born, I would like him to be his or her protector. He’s good with children. In the meantime, train him, train him hard, and when he has time after training, he will go to town, to help the homeless, which I will talk about later.”

“I can’t believe you would give him such a huge responsibility. What if he does to you what he did...”

“Stop, right there, don’t finish that sentence. It’s my decision to give Bruiser a second chance, and up to him to take it and do his best. Have you ever made a mistake? Needed someone to trust you enough to give you a chance? If you don’t like my decision, you know where the door is. I do

not want my judgment questioned. I will listen to reasonable ideas, but not question me like that.”

Fixer growled out, and Stephen flinched at her low, cold tone that most run from.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 194[1,676 words]

Fixer POV

Was I taking a huge risk giving Bruiser a second chance to protect my child?

I don't think so. I have seen him interact with the young lass at the cafe; if he were a bad man, he never tried to help her and her family. He spoke with kindness and determination regarding the homeless and street children. That if he couldn't return to the clubhouse as a member, he would help those on the streets and the poor; that was all needed to hear. He couldn't hide that passion as he spoke; no, I made the right choice.

But to have my judgment questioned by an employee? That was not acceptable. He can ask for my reasoning, share ideas, and offer suggestions. But do not make it sound like I had made an error, as Stephen had.

"Sorry, Fixer, that was not my intent. Forgive me. Dirk and I will train, Bruiser, get him ready to protect others. Test his mettle." I got the message; Stephen doesn't trust him, yet, and I get that. I don't completely trust him, but I feel he has learned his lesson, and if I don't give him a chance, who will? Someone needs to show some guts to forgive and move on. Only time will tell if he was up to snuff.

"So, Bruiser, would you like to join my security team and learn to protect, rather than enforce?" I asked because if he said no, that would be the end of it; I wouldn't offer again.

"Yes, thank you for giving me a chance," Bruiser said, shaking my hand and Tank's.

"Can you give him a room in one of the bunkhouses? Once the one for the house staff is built, it will take a lot of pressure off the other bunkhouses, plus it won't be long, and some of you will return to your other duties, and only the twenty will be left here." I add, looking at Dirk, as he was led as far as I was concerned.

"Will put him in a room near us," Dirk said, with a smile. They will keep him close, watching his every move.

"Dirk, I want to gather as much information on the street people, size, age, etc. Need to see volume, and if too many will just buy clothes, but if with in reason, can buy out the second hand store, of clothing, or talk to the store, about a voucher system, that the street kids and use to buy clothing, and I will pay the store, once a week, for each voucher, have yet to work out exactly how this will work." My mind was racing on how to use Bruiser. Get him back on the right path, so to speak.

"Have a small team on it. Anything else?" Dirk asked, standing up, ready to do my bidding.

"Bruiser, take this opportunity, and don't stuff it up. Don't break the trust I am giving you with this offer; you won't get another one from me." Tank nodded beside me, Dirk grinned, and Stephen shook his head. He doesn't trust Bruiser at all, and can lay money on it that he will put him in a small team, so he can keep a close watch on him. One step wrong, and he will come down on him like a load of bricks.

“Dirk, you have a team ready for tomorrow. I doubt we need many, considering where we are going?” I asked, not at all looking forward to it, I can almost guarantee that Grams will make this larger than promised, even with Gramps trying to hold her back.

“Yep, six you are already familiar with, and I am going to accompany you too, can’t miss the opportunity, to see how things go with the pilot.” I picked up what he was trying to convey straight away.

Bruiser frowned. He wasn’t in the loop; he knew nothing about the helicopter or about my wealth, and I wasn’t ready to share it. Being on a team, he would learn that I am the boss and should be protected, but he might just associate that with Uncle Simon. Who was just out of sight, listening and watching. I could feel him, his eyes on me, and Bruiser. Guess I will get his thoughts on this when Bruiser leaves the office.

“The other business has been taken care of, new bunkhouse, arriving soon, as ordered. The groundwork has already begun. The lads have suggested having the new one for themselves, as it will be further away from the main house, and leave the closest one for the house and ground staff. A new security system will be set for the outside buildings, separate from the house, can still access it through your phone or tablet. Talking about security, what level will Bruiser on?” Dirk looked up from his phone, where he had been reading reports.

“Same as ground staff for now. Will talk about it later.” Stephen smirked. He would only get access to places he needed to be, like the gates and the bunkhouse. He wouldn’t yet have access to the house; that might come later. If he proves me right, but I can already tell, Stephen might be an issue, I will have to talk to Dirk about how soon I can send those men away. I don’t need him making things harder than they need to be.

“Stephen, can you get Bruiser sorted? A vehicle can take him back to collect his belongings. Dirk, wait a moment.”

“Thank you, Fixer,” Bruiser said and followed Stephen out the door.

Uncle Simon materialised from the other door and took a seat.

“Simon.” Dirk was greeted with a salute.

“Dirk, take a seat.” Uncle Simon ordered, causing Dirk to look at me, before taking a seat.

“Fixer, my dear.” Uncle Simon took my hand in his and patted it.

“Your grandparents would be so proud of you right now, with a town full of biased people, who would have thrown Bruiser to the wolves. You saw something in him and went against popular belief. That takes guts, which few possess. I am proud of you.” I felt the warmth bloom in my chest as I took in his praise.

“Thank you, Uncle Simon.”

“Dirk, get Stephen to back off, or we’ll send him back to basics. He should never question the boss in the company; he should ask to speak alone, discuss his grievances privately, and send him away, taking half the team with him. I am expecting trouble from Jones’ gang, but they have weakened considerably after hitting a few other clubs recently, I think they have lost direction as a gang, but I don’t see them as a major threat anymore. We shall discuss razing that clubhouse and best remove that threat after I get a report back. Have Bruiser be placed in the B team. I want to see what he can do and have him on the night shift, away from club members’ eyes for now. Explain that we want to keep him moving here quietly for now, for his safety, while things settle. Talk to him, find out where his head is at. We are no longer watching the clubhouse. Move that team back. We can wait for Prez to ask Fixer or Tank for more help if needed, but they should start sorting themselves out now rather than relying on us. I hear you are joining us tomorrow. I, too, will be in that helicopter. Have your second take over, with supervision of the construction. Also, Fixer, how do you feel about a second helipad and hangar? I think we might need to bring another one here, besides mine. Your large chopper stays in the main hangar, and make the larger one to hold my chopper and a spare that we could have here for emergencies. They have a chopper a few towns over that they use for accidents, but feel this town could support one of their own say?” Uncle Simon was a people person, loved to help out as much as I do.

“We can get a chopper set up just for rescues. What about the medical team? Do we pilot?” I asked, liking the idea more and more. I had already started funding an upgrade hospital and was in talks about a whole new building next door with modern equipment. building will be kept for overflow, and other specialty work, and maybe rehabilitation, which lengthy.

“We have security men here that have a pilot’s licence, we can use them, and we have men that are good with rescues, we can utilise the men we already have, and can do training for others that are interested in that sort of thing. How about Jenny? When she finishes her training, would she consider joining our emergency team? Give her a different experience.”

“Jenny? Guess we might have to discuss it at some point, for now, let’s work on who we have, and yes to another helipad, but bigger, one that can house more than one chopper, and further back, so as not to interfere with the main chopper area, keep work and home away from each other.” I replied, unrolling a map of the main house, what we have built, and the changes being made to avoid crowding the home area.

“Here, I like to keep our home looking as it is, not cramping it up, with all the other added buildings.

How about over there, too? We can make that area just for transport. Work vehicles, workshop.”

“Good idea, want more away from home, and we can make another road access over here, for that section, and maybe a bunkhouse to house temporary workers. Move these and these, and clean up the zone around the home, and we’ll get on that straight away. Great, with that settled. Dirk, get things rolling, have the team double-check all workers who enter. You know the drill.” Dirk nodded, scratched his beard, and left. His mind looked busy he had a lot to change, and not all of it would be what he liked, but he would follow orders and maybe talk later with Uncle Simon.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 195[1,573 words]

Tank POV

Bruiser accepted what we offered, which was far more than I had wanted, but time will tell whether Fixer’s intuition was correct or just her soft heart. I am still on the fence, but then so was everyone else, and that was why I am backing Fixer someone had to give him a chance, and who better than us. Dirk will pair him up with a good team that won’t judge him for a mistake, unlike Stephen did. Bruiser needs help, not someone to make it harder for him.

Glad that some of the security were leaving and that Stephen was being sent away. I felt that, even though he took orders, he didn’t like getting them from Fixer.

“Uncle Simon, what’s the Stephen story? He looks down his nose at Fixer, and she hadn’t done anything to deserve his negativity.” I asked once Dirk had left.

“I noticed, and that’s why I am sending him away. He takes orders from Mrs. Astore, so he has no clue why he doesn’t like taking them from Fixer. Mind you, he only knows she’s my niece. I am sure if Mrs. Astore saw how he talks to her, she would carve him a new one.” We chuckle at that thought. Mrs. A, or Grams as Fixer calls her, wouldn’t stand for his arrogance, and Fixer was right to tell him off.

“Uncle, I think we need to put up warning notices, something along the lines of it being private property, and enter at your own risk. I don’t want lawsuits coming our way; we can put lots along the trail, a car park, several at the waterhole.” Fixer was still talking as if we hadn’t said a word; her mind was still active, trying to cover all angles.

“That’s a lot of work going on,” I add, looking at the map still open on the table.

“That it is, but once done, we should be right for a while, I think. Fixer had more in her head, but was yet to divulge them.” Uncle Simon laughed, along with me, as Fixer appeared deep in thought and missed our light ribbing of her.

“Uncle Simon, can we put an ablution block near the water hole? Here.” She taps on the map to a place not far from the water hole.

“We can, but here, a bit further back, and some stone barbecue places, and wooden tables and seats, for picnics, can get some men to make them out of fallen logs, make that area family-friendly. I had been thinking of a track we can make from this area, that goes to the waterhole, and a small carpark, it’s far enough to one side of the property, to not be seen from here, or interfere with anything we are doing, plus we can fence that area off so that no one can venture too close to us. We don’t use the river area for anything, and it’s close enough to the forest area that no one will notice; you own it all. forest and all.”

“We own it all.” Fixer corrected, looking up at him with a smile.

“No, my dear, you inherited it all; I own nothing here in this town; it’s all yours.” Uncle Simon smiled at her shocked look.

“But I thought we shared everything.” She gushed out.

“Nope, all yours, I own several businesses, you got all the land, houses, town, and who knows what else, I didn’t want to be tied to this place.” He said sadly.

“To me, you own half; nothing you can say will change my mind. We are family, and we share.

That’s how families should be.” Fixer folded her arms and stared at Uncle Simon, ready to fight him on this, and even I could tell he would lose that fight.

Uncle Simon raised his hands in surrender.

“I will treat this as my home, and share the responsibility, and still share any ideas with you, as I gain ideas.”

We talked about tomorrow and what they had planned for it. Uncle Simon liked that Fixer had talked Savage into coming into the house, and see if they recognised him. Uncle Simon had a

special uniform made for him; he will have the pilot wings and will look all official, and not at all like in the services. His name and rank were on his shirt Savage and senior pilot. Those two new pilotes will be under his command when we eventually get them here. My home and the responsibility were already growing larger by the day, no, by the hour.

Uncle Simon called it ‘modernising’, while Fixer called it ‘town improvements.’ I called it, ‘eek, way over my head.’ Fixer and Uncle Simon were getting me more involved in the business side of things. Now that Prez had delegated out the work, we had less to do in the club, and so far, the club members sounded happy to have more involvement behind the scenes.

“Come time to cook some dinner, what would you like?” Uncle Simon coaxed Fixer out of the room, her mind still stuck on the map and ideas.

“Your spaghetti, would you love some more sauce? I answered before Fixer could. Her desire for food had reduced a little, and I was concerned that she was suffering from morning sickness and hiding it. She had been having more of that ginger tea, which she had mixed up herself, something to do with Grandma’s recipe, that book was full of them, all handwritten by her Grandma.

“Fixer, will you make some Garlic bread?” Uncle Simon asked as we started to pull out the ingredients.

“Sure.” She replied, and I started to collect the vegetables to make some salads.

We worked well as a team. We heard the bikes come up the drive. Prez, Blaze, Jenny, Zero, and Melony would all arrive shortly. The girls had a day off work and spent it with their men. Prez had been visiting Sticks and was bringing some of the gifts she had received home; there was a lot to bring back.

“Hi, that smells great. Need a hand?” Jenny called out as she walked into the kitchen, where we had a sort of production line happening.

“Set table, and drinks, the rest sorted,” Fixer said, as she pulled out two large loaves of garlic bread and placed them on the cooling tray. The others washed up and helped with the dining room, and soon the table was set and full of food. Dirk and Savage were invited to join us, as well as my two bodyguards, who were close to me all the time.

“Did I just see Bruiser’s bike out back?” Prez asked as he sat down.

Uncle Simon looked at Fixer, and I waited, reaching for some salad, saving me from saying anything.

“Yeah, I have him out back doing some intense training with Dirk and his team.” Fixer shrugged. Savage had given her a weird look, too. The guys never once questioned having the security men at the table, thinking they were getting used to Fixer randomly inviting some to join us.

“Why?” Zero asked, totally lost at the idea of him being here.

“Why what?” Fixer asked, pausing to look at Zero.

“After what he did, how can you take him in?” Blaze answered this time.

“He made a humongous mistake. Yes. Why shouldn’t we give him a second chance? He live you guys his whole life and got swayed by some convincing people. He was our friend, did a the club, and the first time he did something foolish you all turned your back on him. I

haven't. won't unless he breaks my trust. I know what it's like to be on the receiving end; it's not nice, and one trusts you because you believe every lie that comes your way, or because you did something so out of character. NO, I won't turn my back on him. I haven't promised a return to the club as a member; what I offered him was a job and a place to stay. What happens with the club has no

bearing on my decision to hire him. If you think about it, what he did was not like him. He never wanted VP, so why would he take on the Prez position if not for being pressured into it, and Prez, you said so yourself, he liked what he did, but got cornered by others to do what he did, he never planned it, he caved to pressure, from those members that followed him out the door, and Cricket.

What swayed my hand the most was you all taking back the members who talked him into doing something he would never have considered doing on his own. He was taking all the blame that was a group-organized effort put on his shoulders. Bruiser can see them being taken back and getting ribbed for not being accepted back by those who convinced him to be an idiot. You all ignore him, crossing the streets when you see him. see that as being mean and rude. I am ashamed of you all, for not at least greeting him; he's a human, and weakened under pressure, he had even taken a bullet for you, Prez, and yet, you turned your back on him. If you don't like him here, then move out, because he is staying, for the time being." Fixer picked up her plate and left the room, heading upstairs to our room to eat it.

The table watched her leave, and I grabbed my plates and rushed after her.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 196[1,491 words]

Savage POV

Things had been changing at a fast pace, never would I have dreamed that I would be back with my daughter, like this, she was not what I had expected, but then, I had no clue what to expect, part of me was worried she would hate me for never getting her out of town, and away from those who said they were her parents. But I would have had to remove half the town to save her, and I didn't know how. I had thought my wife was safe, and she wasn't. I am glad that Simon was working on the case, and he won't let anyone slip through the cracks. If they were involved, he would find out.

I am glad Fixer didn't push to have me live in the main house. Having lived in shared accommodation for most of my life, I wasn't sure I wanted to live in her house, not yet; I was still acclimatising to civilian life. I was used to hearing guys snore or shout out in their sleep. I feel that if I were in my own room, I would need the radio on or some kind of noise to help me sleep. Complete silence usually meant danger in my line of work. Or should I say my past line of work?

Who would have believed I would be employed by my daughter to fly her around the world? Simon had shown me the plane she owned. It was beautiful, a plane with all the bells and whistles, even a bed at the back, a reasonable shower, and I met the co-pilot, he seemed a nice enough man, been with the company for many years.

Simon asked my opinion on the other pilots we would need if his idea was accepted, and I made some suggestions: guys I have flown with who are now out or about to get out, who would need a job and a place to stay. I like Simon, even when he was my superior in the service, and before I learned we were related, he would always give you the time of day, and listen, I mean really listen, not pretend to, as many senior officers would. He was a diamond in the rough, and I would lay down my life for him anytime.

Showered and clean, ready for dinner, it surprised me to be invited to share food in the main house, until Dirk explained that Fixer liked to include the men at the table, different ones; she was not one to act all high and mighty over anyone, not even Dirk or Stephen.

Stephen grates on me a bit; he thinks he was in charge and would try to boss us around. I didn't take it. When he tried to override something I was doing, I put him in his place, I was not under his command, and he couldn't order me about. Since then, he had tried to make things a little difficult for me, and any man who didn't comply with his wishes. I mentioned this to Dirk, and he said he would handle it.

But before he could, Fixer asked for him to be gone he must have upset the boss lady, and Fixer was not someone you should cross; she takes after her mother like that. A forgiving soul, till you cross a line that only she can see, and then that person is out. End of story.

"Dirk, will Stephne be gone for good?" I asked, wondering what was going on, only getting snippets, and I waited till it was just us to talk.

"Yep, he will go back to the Astore estate and back to being a bodyguard for that household. I made a mistake and gave him some power; it appears it went to his head, and now he's back to being what he was before. He won't get that opportunity from me again.

"He will be at the place I am going to tomorrow?"

"Yep, will you go in this time, greet your parents?" he asked as we reached the back door.

"Fixer convinced me to go in with her; there will be old friends there, and I think I would like to touch base with some I hadn't seen in years. Before they get too old, and I miss the chance to catch up and get their forgiveness for not keeping in touch."

Dinner smelled good, and we sat around the table, filling our plates. Everything was going fine until the subject of Bruiser came up, and Fixer gave those at the table a serve they hadn't expected. My daughter was definitely her mother's chip off the shoulder.

The room went quiet after Fixer and Tank left, stunned was more like it, only Dirk, Simon, the two bodyguards, and I kept eating, as if nothing had happened. No need to let good food go cold.

“Simon, did Fixer make the garlic bread?” I asked, as I reached for another slice.

“Yeah, she did.”

“Thought it tasted like Grandma’s recipe.” I chuckled as I dipped the bread into the sauce, wiping the plate clean.

“Simon, what just happened? I ...” Jenny asked, silent tears leaking down her cheeks.

“You really want me to spell it out for you?” He replied softly.

“You might not have been involved in the event, but did you ever greet Bruiser when you saw him in the street, or did you ignore him like all the others in the club?” I asked because I had been in town and seen her cross the street to avoid him.

“I feel bad now. Fixer was right, we judged, without all the evidence, he took the whole blame on his shoulders, he wasn’t the only one that left, yet we targeted him alone, and welcomed the others back with conditions. Not once giving him the chance to explain properly. He tried, but he was too lost by then.

Bruiser POV

Fixer has given me a chance.

I am not that keen on Stephen, but I will bite the bullet to stay on the right foot for Fixer; they were the only ones not to send me away, humiliated and hurt. I don’t know what’s in store for me in the future, but I will not let Fixer and Tank down. As much as I want to be back in the club and see my

friends and club members, I will have to accept that I broke a big rule and will be paying for it for a long time to come.

The room I had been given was smaller than the one at the clubhouse, but it was clean and comfortable, with plenty of room for all my gear. I laid down the small rug that I have had since I

was a child, the only thing left of my mum. I had just finished putting my clothes away when there was a knock on the door. I opened it.

“I am Dale..Change into shorts, we are doing some training, see what we have to deal with.” I nodded, turned, didn’t close the door, pulled off my boots and jeans, put on some

shorts and runners, and turned back to the door. Dale was leaning on the door, watching me.

I was introduced to five other men, and our first task was to run. I had no idea this property was so large, larger than the one next door. We ran ten miles before heading back towards the house. I heard the bikes arrive and saw Prez and others look at me, then have a discussion among themselves, giving me the stink eye, before heading inside. I expected nothing less.

We entered a shed that had been converted into a gym. It had all the modern equipment, and I had somehow anticipated they would; there was a spa and a sauna as well. A boxing ring, punching bags, and thick ropes hanging from the rafters.

I was told to get in the ring, and soon I was fighting for my life, dodging, hitting back, takin to the ribs, shaking it off, bouncing back to my feet, and trying to concentrate.

“Stop,” Dale called out. This was the last of the team, the only person I hadn’t sparred with in the ring was Dale, and something tells me I would find myself in a world of hurt if he stepped into the ring.

“You have form, and quick feet, we have something to work with at least, that’s a start, go shower and have some dinner, six tomorrow, another run, before breakfast.

I had help remove the gloves and walked back to my room, happy to have a very hot shower. Before the meal, I hurt in places I didn’t think could hurt, and for once, I felt good, sore but good, like I might actually find a home here.

The meal was meat and vegetables. They had a cook here; one of the guys loves to cook, and until they get staff to do that chore, he volunteered to do the dinner. I have to admit it was tasty.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 197[1,569 words]

Fixer POV

I was fuming; they made my blood boil.

Why do they do that?

How can you go from being a good friend to turning your back so completely?

If Jenny had done something so stupid, and boy, has she done some stupid things, I would hear her out, even if it hurts; I would never turn my back on her completely. I might not

be the same as her, but I would never turn my back on her or block her out; she would have to earn my trust back.

Tank was soon in our room, holding me to him, our food on the table, getting cold, but I didn't care; this was better than food.

I needed him.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have lost it. Can I blame baby brain?" I asked with a dry chuckle, trying to break the rage that was simmering inside of me.

"You can." Tank pulled me to the table and took a seat, placing me on his lap.

"Eat before it gets too cold." He said, pushing a fork into my hand, and as much as I had lost my appetite, I did as he suggested, and started to eat. The food wasn't that hot, and I was tempted to heat it in the microwave, but I endured the lukewarmness instead. We didn't talk; we both ate as best we could. I was surprised when my plate was empty. I was hungrier than I thought, and looked at the plate, wishing there was more.

"Better?" Tank asked softly as he reached for a bottle of water that was on the table.

"Yeah, needed that. I was angry, as you might have noticed. How can they turn their backs on Bruiser like that and not give him a second chance or hear him out? If it were they who made a stupid decision, how would they feel being completely shunned like that? I felt for Bruiser, who was being victimized over this, even though he was only part of it; the takeover wasn't even his idea. Yet he took the fall, and the club members turned their backs on him, while our club members are letting others who were part of it back in the club. It doesn't make sense to me. One out, all out, as far as I am concerned, if you let one in, then all should be in, and I am repeating myself, sorry." I grumble, still miffed over the reactions of people who had always promised to have your back.

"They got the message loud and clear." Tank moved us to the bed, and we lay down. Before I knew it, I was dropping off, Tank's voice droning on about something, but I was too comfortable and exhausted, and sleep found me.

I woke to my alarm going off. It was five am, and I wanted an early start to get ready for today: the meet-and-greet, friends of the family, and Savage's appearance. Hopefully it goes well.

A quick shave and shower, and I was just climbing out, when Tank walked into the bathroom.

"Hey, why so early?" He asked as he relieved himself.

"An hour flight, plus some last-minute discussions with Uncle Simon and Dirk. I think Uncle Simon

was going to join us. He keeps changing his mind, more often than I do. I want to make sure Bruiser is protected, preferably by keeping him away from Prez and the boys a little longer. Let him get his head on straight before they get to have another go at him. We also have Tandy to think of. Tomorrow, we are having that picnic at the waterhole, with his family, that should be fun, a change to what we have been having lately.” My head was running a mile a minute, trying to cater to everything.

“Hey, deep breath. You don’t have to take on the weight of the world.” Tank rubbed my arms in a soothing manner, but I was too worked up, so he pulled me to him and put his hand on my head, pushing it gently to his chest.

“Why?” I sobbed into his chest.

“Why what?” His voice soft, his actions gentle.

“Why does my life have to be so hard? Conflict all the time. It would be nice to have change, instead of fighting all around me. Tearing me apart on the inside. It’s been forever, and I want that to change. I want what other families have: laughter, fun, instead of always wondering what bad thing was going to happen next.” My tears fell, as I went through a self-pity moment, a woe-is-me. I was in for a

“You’re the Fixer, how can you fix something if it isn’t broken? Or pull something apart to see how it works?” That didn’t make sense. Not to me.

“But I want to have a break from broken things,” I complained bitterly.

“This conflict will end; nothing lasts forever.” Isn’t that the truth? I thought, lost my mum, my grandparents, who loved me. Learning about these new ones and finding that my dad hasn’t reached that same level of love and respect. Not yet, my dad... he’s still reserved, and although we have had a few talks and shared, we haven’t got there yet. I respect the dad part, but still coming to terms with the abandonment and the new grandparents? Well, the jury was still out on them. You can force something just because it has a label or a tag labeled “family”.

Tank and I had on matching shirts, jeans, and our names on display, no doubting who I belonged with, and he was mine. I was proud to be his wife, his lover, his confidant, to stand beside him, or behind, depending on what the situation needed. He never bossed or ordered me about; he tried to steer me in a certain direction, but in the end it was still my decision to go that way.

After breakfast, I went out to meet up with Dirk, Tank, and Uncle Simon, who followed me. They were interested in what I had to say. I saw Bruiser on a jog, guess he was out training.

“Dirk, we are off shortly. When Savage lets me know the chopper is ready, can you keep Bruiser busy and away from the main house and club members? I don’t want a

confrontation while I am away. I would rather be here to have his back.” I watched Bruiser disappear into the trail, which had been marked out for training laps. It was a good cross-country run, with logs and rocks (or boulders) placed for you to jump or climb over. I have run it a couple of times with Dirk, sharing my ideas for improvement and listening to what he needed from me. I would try to get anything I can to improve our team. He wants a shooting range, not just targets, but a pretend building, where people can hide. I suggested a paintball-style setup, which I had seen in another town, and he liked the idea, but we would have vests that beep when hit. We have yet to work out where he wants it. I have plenty of places he could, preferably away from the public.

“So far, he has kept his nose clean and done all that has been asked of him; he’s a good fighter, and plenty we can work with. We are building his stamina at the moment, the only area I feel needs the biggest improvement, and I put that down to not enough opportunity to get out and run, like he’s doing now. The team does a ten-mile hike in the morning before training, and even if on night duty, they do it before bed. Then more runs while on duty. I will have him in shape in no time. Don’t worry about him. When he has completed that hike, he will shower, eat, and go to bed; he did night duty last night. He won’t be near anyone from the main house, and the area where the men sleep is out of bounds; anyone approaching that area will be met with guards and warned

“Thank you, Sticks and her baby return today,” I warned, as I watched Prez and house and walk towards the gate that leads next door.

He nodded and, after a few more pleasantries, left to continue his tasks. reported.

“You have really taken protecting Bruiser to heart.” Uncle Simon commented as we walked chopper, its motor running, warming up, and Savage in the pilot’s seat, doing his pre-flight work “Yes, I don’t believe he was totally into taking over, but he was the only one who had been blocked, and to me that was so wrong, as I had said before, have his back, until he’s back on his feet. The club members have lost some of my respect and trust. If I do something stupid, will they treat me the same, or Tank? They were not exactly warm to me when I joined the club; even now, married to the VP, they are not that open to me. I am fine with that, won’t hurt so much when I have to leave.” “Who said anything about leaving?” Tank asked, looking shocked at the thought.

“Just saying.” I left it open, not giving Tank an answer as we reached the chopper. I have some homemade muffins and cakes that I had baked, which I am taking with me to share, even if they don’t like them. I know Uncle Simon, Savage, Tank, and I will devour them.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 198[1,482 words]

Savage POV

The table explosion broke my heart, my girl, she was hurting, and as much as I want to go running up there to hold her, and comfort her, I held back, because it was Tank's job and I might be intruding, plus I don't know what room was hers, I assume the master bedroom, but don't want to go, incase she gave that to someone else.

"Prez, I suggest you and the rest of you should think about what was just said, you know deep down, Fixer was right. Bruiser was your friend for most of your life, put his life on the line for you on more than one occasion, as far as I have been informed. Does what went down sound like something he would do, or was it out of character? That girl upstairs would never do what you guys have done, not without asking lots of questions and thinking it through. Fixer would never conform just because everyone else has; she had a life of being put down, and knows what it's like to be the one called the instigator, when she was a bystander." I finished my meal, trying to calm down. The table was quiet, all deep in thought, as they ate. Simon would look up at the ceiling occasionally, as if he could see Fixer through it. I helped Simon clear the table, put the dishes in the dishwasher, start it up, and leave. Others went their own way, with mumbles of good left. The evening was somber, and I was glad that it was over.

I saw Bruiser out on patrol. He would be on night duty; it was only a day, and the guys ha back that they liked him and that he fit in well. I was so proud of my girl, standing up for Bruis and giving him a chance. It made me think of my past, what I had been through, and how we can let others dictate our actions; it happens more often than you might think. Our officers often talked about it, in the lunch room, the bullies we call them, the ones that talk the new recruits into doing what they say, trusting, because they been in service longer and know the rules, and then the poor guy gets dirty duty.

I showered and hit the bed, and was out fast. You learned to sleep while you could in service. It took a while, but it eventually became easier to fall asleep on hard ground and too soft a bed.

Morning came with a bang: someone was moving stuff around in the next room and accidentally hit the wall, making me and Alert jump in an instant I had to look around a moment to gather my thoughts and remember where I was. Sudden noises in the field are dangerous, and although I can sleep through talking, snoring, and other light noises. I still jump at sudden loud noises, even here back home. I guess that will take longer, if ever. I had heard that some people never get over loud, unexpected noises.

At breakfast, I sat next to Bruiser, who was having the equivalent of his dinner before he slept the day away.

"Hi Bruiser, how are you settling in?" I asked, trying to break the ice and get to know him.

"Good, the men have been welcoming. You're the pilot, yes?" He replied politely.

"Yes, we shall get two more at a later date, but for now it's just me."

“What got you into flying a chopper?” He asked, and I have to agree, he was comfortable talking to.

“I joined the service, and my entry exams were excellent, which offered me the opportunity to become a pilot, and I joined the search and rescue teams,” I replied, trying to answer the question the best I could without giving out too much.

“Wow, nice, so Fixer’s in good hands, with you behind the controls.” He joked as he finished his food.

“Yes, I’d like to think I can keep her safe in the air.” I laughed with him.

“Time for bed, thanks for the chat, hope we can catch up another day.” He cleared away his plate and headed out the door. He appeared pleasant and not displaying anger or bitterness, which I had expected, given the turmoil he was going through. hope the club allows him back in, even if it w just for rides and events. I am sure Fixer and Tank would take him out for rides together, so he get some company when riding. But that would have to be after the Jones issues were sorted.

Grabbing the log book, I noted that the chopper would be in the air and the return trip, eta, unknown. There was little to no traffic in this area; the nearest commercial airport was three hours away. Planes do not fly this way, only private aircraft. I started the chopper, went over the pre-flight checks, and watched Fixer, Simon, and Tank arrive with two guards. Simon,sat beside me in the front, while Tank and Fixer sat behind the guards and us in the hold at the back.

The trip to the Astore home was half an hour, far too quick for my liking; it will be my first encounter with my parents in over twenty-one or was it twenty-two years. A lot had changed, I had changed, but my memories of then were stuck in the past, and even though I knew time had changed us all, I was still worried. My last words from them were, ‘Get out and never return, you are no son of ours.’ I vowed never to return, yet my daughter had convinced me that they regretted what they had said and that I should give them a chance. Just like her mother, who would have been saying the same if she were still alive. Both have that same kind heart.

I did the closing of the chopper and filled out the logbook before climbing out to find they were all waiting for me. That they waited was a shock and sent a thrill through me at once. It was Fixer showing her quiet support, and I couldn’t have asked for a better daughter. I just hope I can earn the right to be called DAD.

“Ready?” Fixer asked, they didn’t even leave the landing pad, and my parents stayed waiting at the entrance. Too far away to see why. Fixer handed a container to Simon and one to Tank. She had cooked cakes, cookies, muffins; on her last visit, Mother had given her a bit of everything. I feel Fixer was repaying her in kind. Plus, Fixer enjoys cooking; it helps her think, just like working on the bike or tattoos does.

“As much as I can.” She handed me a container and held one herself, and the four of us walked towards my parents, who were looking at me, then at Fixer, and back to me.

Did they recognise me after all these years?

I had a full beard now, and my hair had grown. Fixer doesn’t have rules for how long your hair grows, and when captive, I didn’t get it cut, and haven’t had it cut since returning. It was kept neat in a ponytail.

“Fixer, Tank, Simon, it’s a pleasure. What do you have there?” Mother asked, taking a peek inside one of the containers.

“Been cooking some snacks for today,” Fixer replied, and the staff came forward and took the containers from us, and we followed Mother and Father inside. They talked about who they had inside and tried to convince Fixer not to be scared. knew the names, so I would be seeing more than my parents here today. Fixer had mentioned guests, but I hadn’t really paid that much attention till now.

“Your guards and Pilot can go in that room. There will be snacks for them shortly.” Father said pointing to the sitting room.

The place didn’t look like it had changed in all these years.

The two guards entered the room, but I stayed with Fixer.

“Young man, staff wait in there.” Mother said, and Fixer stood beside me and held my hand. “Grams, Gramps, this man is known by the name Savage, but you know him by another name. Grams, this is Mason.” She said it’s a name I hadn’t heard in a long time.

“Our Mason?” Father asked, taking a closer look at me.

“Yep, my Father, and my personal pilot, what better hands could I be in?” She announced proudly, still holding my hand, that I was sure was shaking.

Mother collapsed to the floor, causing Tank to rush forward in an effort to catch her before she hit the ground; he moved fast for a man his size. Father stared at me, a tear leaking down his cheek, but frozen to the spot, unsure what to say or do.

“Hi, Dad,” I said softly, unsure if he would take offence at me calling him “Dad”.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 199[1,454 words]

Fixer POV

The view from the chopper of the mansion as we neared was beautiful; it still takes my breath away, like the first time. Svage circled around it before landing, giving me a better view from all angles, and I appreciated it. This was his first time back in a long time. I wondered how he was feeling, and if the long circle was more for him than me.

“That’s the home, there,” I said to Tank, who leaned over to look at what was out the window.

“That’s one huge mansion. I had no idea a home that big was in Mayfield. I thought your place was large; it’s tiny compared to this one.” Tank said, causing Uncle Simon to chuckle.

“This might be a large house, but Fixer owns more land. Our family was never about the size of the house, but what you can do with it. Just like Fixer was doing, with the swimming hole, and creating a landing space for emergency vehicles, we are talking of a small runway, for light planes, and introducing the flying doctor to the area, but that’s still on the drawing board.” Uncle Simon added, while looking down at the estate. That was massive, not just the home, but the surrounding buildings. Looks to be out of town a ways, too. Maybe a fifteen-minute drive to the nearest farm. We were maybe as far away as they are from town.

Looks like both families loved privacy.

Like last time, the landing was flawless, but with Savage as the pilot and all his flying hours, I would have been surprised if it wasn’t. We took our time disembarking, and I handed out the containers of food in an attempt to kill time while Savage finished what he had to do.

I gave Savage a container of muffins once he joined us, and as one, we walked towards Grams and Gramps, both looking between the man and me, wondering who he was. I could see the moment Grams dismissed him as unimportant, just the pilot helping with the containers.

That changed when I took his hand, which was shaking and sweaty. Then, introduced him. I hadn’t expected Grams to collapse; fortunately, Tank did, and was on the move the moment mentioned my father’s name. Gramps stared at him, motionless, and tears started to fall.

“Gramps, where do you want Tank to take Grams?” I asked, moving forward to touch his arm to gain his attention; he turned and looked at Tank, who had Grams in his arms, bridal-style.

“This way.” Gramps led us to the lounge, where the other guests were waiting. They turned when we entered, and soon the woman was asking questions, while the men stood waiting.

Tank lowered her onto the long lounge and backed away so the ladies started fussing over her, like she was some fragile flower. One pulled out what I assumed was smelling salts, which made me think they were used to this type of behaviour and kept them on hand, just in case. We stood back watching, waiting, until Gramps reached a verdict.

“Mason...” Gramps started to gain Savage’s attention.

“Savage, Gramps.

“I corrected him with a smile.

“Right, Savage, can we talk in the other room?” He was hesitant and didn’t have his usual confidence when addressing Savage.

“Sure.” They left the room, and before disappearing out of sight, Savage turned and looked at me, and shrugged, before continuing to follow Gramps.

Grams woke, pushed the ladies away, and sat up, looking around the room.

“Where is he?” Grams asked, and it didn’t take a rocket scientist to know who she meant.

“Down the hall,” Tank replied. He was standing beside Uncle Simon, looking as perplexed as I was. What do we do now?

“Excuse me for a while, ladies.” She politely asked, as she held her head up high and walked as fast as she could, but still looked elegant and graceful as she left the room of confused people.

Uncle Simon took control of the room

“Hello, everyone, come try some of Fixer’s homemade treats.” They came and crowded around, each taking something, and nibbling it, to taste, and then, satisfied, took a larger bite.

Conversation over the food and compliments were dished out.

“You are their Granddaughter yes?” One lady asked, still unsure about Tank and me, as we didn’t conform to their dress standards.

“Yes, I am. Would you all like to introduce yourselves? I have no clue, other than Grams said you were long-time family friends.” I suggested, and waited, as they appeared to know who I could be, but were unsure until now.

Would that change their attitudes from thinking I am a cook to someone they have to suck up to?

It was the latter, the moment it was confirmed, that I was indeed the granddaughter of one of the most wealthy families, they started to warm up to me, and the men offered me their card, suggesting that if I needed anything or advice, come to them. The woman had clothing suggestions and offered names of stylists.

Tank was barely containing his laughter. Uncle Simon was happy listening to their chatter, as if it were the most important thing he had ever heard. He was good at this, Tank and I, not so good.

It took nearly an hour before Savage returned with Grams and Gramps. They looked to have had a few tears, and Savage wore a smile and gave me a thumbs-up. As he walked with Gramps, who had his arm over his shoulder, it appeared the fences were mended, or at least on the way to be mended.

“Everyone, my son has returned, time for dinner, Gramps announced, as if he hadn't just dropped the biggest news ever, and the shocked faces around the room spoke volumes. You could see the room wanted to ask questions, but had the good grace to hold their tongue, for now.

We follow Gramps out of the room and into the formal dining room, the table set out with the best China, mind you, this could be their everyday plates and cutlery. I went to sit in the chair Tank pulled out for me.

“Not down there, up here with us.” Grams called out, where she had Savage next to Gramps, and two chairs empty chairs next to her, and a chair for Uncle Simon next to Savage.

The guests were eager for more information, but they hesitated, none willing to be the first to ask a question.

Gramps reached out for a plate of meat and loaded up his plate, and that was the signal for everyone to dig in. I was no slouch when it came to food, but I was hesitant to put anything I didn't recognise on my plate, whereas Tank didn't care and put a bit of everything on his. Tank took a bite and gave a hand signal, between one and five, with his fingers, one being it tastes good, five being I want to spit it out, it's disgusting. copied from *{c{o{m} I had to chuckle when he put out a five, and discreetly spat the food into a serviette, and pushed the rest to one side of his plate. We both enjoyed the roast pork and crackling, with basic, tasty vegetables; neither of us was into the more exotic dishes that most of the table gushed over. Even Uncle Simon, who saw the signals that Tank was doing, avoided foods that got three or more points, as if he worked out his hand signals. Savage stuck to the roast pork and vegetables like me; he would remember seeing this kind of spread in his youth and already knew to avoid foods he couldn't distinguish what it was. I wanted to know what he talked about for an hour, but I would wait for the trip home, unless someone talks beforehand.

Dessert came out, and I wasn't interested. I was full on the main course, and wasn't someone who would normally eat sweet food.

"Coffee or tea will be served back in the lounge." Grams announced, pushing her chair back and standing up.

Used to following orders, the table stood and followed Gram's lead. I waited till most had moved on before standing up and looping my hand through Tank's arm and walking into the lounge. Grams and Gramps had taken to sitting on the long lounge, with Uncle Simon and Savage beside them. The double chair was vacant for us.

As everyone was seated, the tea trolley rolled in, and more cakes filled the trolley, and I rolled my eyes. This house had endless food; no wonder Grams was on the larger side."Everyone, our lovely Granddaughter, advised us the other day, we have an heir on the way." Grams announced to the group.

Soon, chatter was going crazy, about the baby, how far along, and the legacy it would have.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 200[1,416 words]

Tank POV

"Today was our best day. We have a Granddaughter a great-grandchild coming, and the return of our son, 'Mason', known as Savage." Gramps had stood and was addressing the room. I almost blurted out, 'What about me?', but held my tongue when Fixer squeezed my hand and shook her head, almost like she had read my mind.

"Don't forget Tank, too, Dad. He's a big part of this." Savage reminded him, and I was grateful he mentioned me, and I didn't need to.

"Too right, son, we have lots to discuss, will you stay the night?" He asked hopefully.

"No, Fixer needs to get back, her friend had a baby recently and was getting out of the hospital today, bringing the baby home. Fixer wants to be there for the welcome home, and I would, too." Savage replied, making me feel a whole lot better, that he had our backs.

"Then next week, we make a time for all of us together, and discuss being a family. We know where you are now, and can pop in from time to time." Grams added, and I could already see her working overtime.

“Friendly visits, sounds fine, no unexpected arrivals, and remember be have our own lives to live you can’t live it for us.” I guess Savage was warning his mother, before she gets carried away. I know she would if she could get away with it, so used to ordering people around, it was second nature to her, and rarely does someone say no.

“We can’t next weekend, we have a small party,” I interjected, my little woman’s party.

“What? Can’t you cancel?” She was a pushy, demanding woman, part of always getting her own way, and I saw that side that Savage didn’t like. Can’t say I am that keen either.

“It’s Fixer’s twenty-first birthday, and have some friends coming over to celebrate, and Savage will be there too; he missed too many of her birthdays. So we won’t be cancelling it.” I replied firmly, gaining another squeeze on my hand again from Fixer, reminding me of my tone.

“Why didn’t you tell us, Mason?” Grams complained bitterly.

“We were not discussing Fixer in there; you were too busy pounding me for my life, and I will remind you again, I go by Savage now.” He reminded Grams, with a little heat in his voice, I am guessing that the fences are further from mended, but then miracles don’t happen overnight.

“Careful, remember where we are.” Fixer’s soft voice floated in the room, gaining stink eyes from Grams, which had Fixer chuckling.

“Then move your party here, we have space and can make it a grand event.” Grams tried a different way.

“It’s planned, too late to change, plus I am not interested in having a ‘grand event’, it’s a quiet party between friends. Nothing too elaborate.” Fixer argued back in a cool tone. That had Savage and

Uncle Simon chuckling. Her tone was well known to us, and Grams had no chance of changing her mind.

“Darling, talk some sense into her, will you? She might listen to you.” Grams asked Savage, her tone pleading.

“Nope, this was her day, her decision, keep Tank and me out of it,” Savage said, his hands raised in surrender.

“Simon?” Persistent this woman.

“Not a chance.” Uncle Simon shrugged.

Grams pouted, you heard me right, a grown woman couldn't get her way, acted like a five-year-old who was told they won't be getting the new toy. Even Gramps chuckled at her pouting and huffing.

"Want to do more introductions, Grams. While you were in the room with Savage, we gained a little history from your friendly group, and I assumed your inner circle. But Savage wasn't and might not know all those in the room; we have all grown a little older, and might not recognise who everyone was." Fixer changed the subject, which drew nods of approval around the room and a beaming smile on Gram's face, transforming her into the beautiful woman she was.

That started the room, more smiles, and laughs. Savage appeared relaxed and knew many of the people. Fixer and I sat, and let Uncle Simon and Savage do all the talking. What might have started as a sort of baby shower turned into 'welcome back son', meet and greet, and the presents that were on the back table were forgotten as they all got into talking to Savage and what he had been doing lately.

"You fly your daughter around, like she's your boss or something, surely not." One woman asked incredulously, a hand over her heart, as if the thought gave her chest pain.

"Of course, she's the best boss I have ever had. You should see her in action, always considerate of others. Never puts anyone down without good reason. I couldn't ask for a better boss, besides the other perks I get." Savage left that open for interpretation, which gained a sly smile from Fixer.

"Zaria, I mean Fixer, it will be at your first board meeting next Wednesday. I assume you will fly her here, Mason, I mean Savage, and we leave from here together. Will you join the meeting? Savage?"

I am positive Grams does that to get a reaction. But it will get old fast, and I am positive that Fixer and Savage will visit less often if she continues with this act.

"No, I won't be joining you," Savage answered coldly I can see us leaving earlier than planned at this rate.

"Grams, I will be going straight to the city. I see no reason to fly here; best go straight to the private airport and meet up there." Fixer added, only to get a frown from Grams, who doesn't like that we don't take her suggested orders.

"Be at the private airport no later than ten, meetings at eleven, we'll go together in one vehicle." Gramps joined in, closing off any argument that Grams may have thought to try.

"No problem, we will be there," Savage answered. He had already pre-booked the flight and logged it with traffic control, stating that he would be in that airspace and what time to expect him to arrive, which was earlier than the ten o'clock that Gramps suggested.

Fixer and I had a brief meeting with him about the week's travel plans, so he could prepare.

The rest of the afternoon went, well, the visitors all settled into little groups and chatted away. Fixer had joined a little ladies' group, appeared to be holding her own, and wasn't being pushed in any direction; she kept her answers vague. Me? Well, I stayed beside Savage and Uncle Simon. We joined the few men who had braved this get-together, with their wives, most likely to keep them under control, or, in one case, to take his wife home once she got too drunk to make coherent conversation, which won't be long.

I was so relieved when Fixer moved beside me, and I placed my arm around her waist.

"Time." She whispered to Savage, who nodded.

"It's getting late, have a newborn waiting for us by now, see you on Wednesday. G Savage announced, and after a few hugs and goodbyes, we headed out, Grams wee

Why?

Who knows with that woman, she can cry at the drop of a hat, must be years of training, that must work, for her to keep trying to use it. But it doesn't work on us, and she was finding that out fast. Gramps sucked it up and tried to talk some sense into her, but it's hard to change years of habit.

Savage got the chopper warming up, happy to get out of their reach. Fixer let them give her one last hug and kiss on the cheek before moving to the chopper, and I helped her in. Uncle Simon was already seated beside Savage, watching him at work.

I handed Fixer the headset before picking up mine, and soon we were lifting off, and glad to be in the air.

"Are you okay? Savage." Fixer asked once we had leveled out, and the tension was gone.

"Yep, wasn't so bad, but like you, had to keep saying no to Mother; she hasn't changed much, but Dad has, and he will attempt to keep her in line. I told them I would not be stepping into the family business; it's all yours, and I, you are my boss; if they wish to meet up with me, it needs to be on my days off or clearance from you." Savage and Uncle Simon were laughing at that. I can't see Grams asking Fixer's permission to have Savage over on a workday.