Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 201[1,480 words]

Fixer POV

It was good to be out of my Grandparents' house, that's what it was to me, a house, not a home; it's the type of house you would find pictured in a glossy magazine.

It fails the look and feel of a real home.

I want the place I live in to feel lived in. I am already moving things higher and out of harm's way, for when the babies reach the age to crawl and walk about, the last thing I need is for Sticks to worry that her child broke something, even with their own playroom, and extras around the place, little hands always find something they shouldn't.

Besides the house, I felt like I was under a microscope the whole time, the ladies judging me, my looks, the way I acted, and coming up short, too bad for them. I am not changing to suit them. The men looked me up and down, some with a smirk, others with lust, which gave me the creeps, and dirty, just from their roaming eyes, and a one with a knowing look, that he could see through the walls I had erected.

"Thanks for the backup," I said, which sounded loud in the headphones. I felt like I was sho but I am told I am doing just fine.

"We have each other's backs, and I was using you more than you needed me. You stood up to my mother really well; I'm very proud of you." Savage said, as we fell quiet because his radio had another man's voice over ours, he had received a message over the radio and had changed course a little bit.

"Have some bad weather front coming in, need to be a little lower, we should make it back from it hits, but the landing might be a little rough," Savage explained, what the message meant, which we all could hear.

"Wednesday, I am guessing the meeting will go for a few hours. Why don't you take the day to walk around the city? It must have been a while since you were there last." I suggested, wondering what he would do, can't stand around the airport all day, waiting for me.

"I have some plans, don't worry, which include refueling and ordering some fuel to be delivered home. Now that we have the fuel tanks established some oils, workshop equipment, and new clothes. Call me when you can, give about half an hour's heads up." Savage said, the tanks are ready? I didn't know that, thought a few more days, so much change, in such a little time.

“How did it go with Grams and Gramps? Did you sort out your differences?” I asked, I couldn’t wait any longer, just had to know.

“Yes, and No. I forgave them and then argued that was not moving back to their home, as they wanted me to; that you are the heir; and that if you need help, I would help if I could, but I want nothing to do with the family estate or businesses. like what I am doing, and don’t plan on changing that. I don’t think I could cope, having been in the field so long.” Savage was trying to be honest with me, and I appreciated that.

“Yeah, figured you wouldn’t want to be stuck at a desk, making decisions, but the other side of it? You forgave them, but have you forgiven yourself?” pushed because it’s hard to forgive if you keep carrying the hurt inside.

“Too deep, while flying, ask me later, when we land.” He started to speak to someone on the radio, so I looked out the window, my chin resting on my hand. Outside, in the distance, we could see dark clouds heading our way and lightning flashing through them. So beautiful from up here, but deadly if we get caught in it.

The landing wasn’t as smooth, but he was battling winds as they picked up.

“Out, be careful, got to get the chopper in the hangar before the wind gets too strong.” We didn’t hesitate to climb out and rush away, and turned to watch him stay low and fly into the hangar. So glad Uncle Simon suggested the hangar be built taller than standard, just for this situation.

Savage stayed in the hangar; he had to log off and report back, and do what pilots do when the finish in the sky, also to inform them of the storm, I guess, from a pilot’s point of view.

We rushed inside as the rain hit; the wind was picking up. It was unseasonal to have this storm closing in. Must have caught a lot of people by surprise. The house was warm, and a smell of fresh-baked bread permeated the air, making my mouth water as I headed to the kitchen. Our staff doesn’t start till Monday, so I hadn’t expected this smell here. The girls were supposed to be out and about, as Jenny returns to work tomorrow for her three-day work session.

In the kitchen, Zero and Blaze were cooking; the floor had as much food on it as on the benches.

“What gives?” I asked, looking at the state of the kitchen.

“Thought we would cook, Prez was on his way back, bringing Sticks and the baby home, the girls called, they are on their way back, but driving slow, because of all the road alert warnings, and we weren’t sure whether you would make it back in time, so we thought we pitch in a give the kitchen a go,” Blaze answered, as if he were giving a report

“Good thinking, thanks. Will wash up and come back and help.” I replied, turning to leave them to it.

“No need, all done, just cleaning up now.” Yeah, I could see the cleanup he was doing, the sink was too full, and the suds were flowing down to the floor, to join the mess already there, suds pooling around his feet, dishes were piled high, ready to topple, it looked like they used every pot and pan they could find.

“Thank you, nice to have the guys chipping in, most of you can cook, which, to be honest, surprised me.” I complimented them and left the kitchen. Tank chuckled all the way to our room and, once inside, picked me up and swung me in a wide circle

“You’re the best, thank you for being you.” He kissed me on the nose and let me down.

“What did I do to deserve that?’ I asked, as I pulled off my boots, kicked them to the side, and peeled off my socks.

“Lots of reasons, you behaved at the Grandparents, backed up Savage when he needed it, and now in the kitchen, making the guys feel good, about making a mess in the kitchen, and I hope when they cooked, it was edible.” He chuckled again as he removed his boots and socks.

I washed my sweaty feet and face in the bathroom and returned to put on fresh socks. I would not put on footwear, just the house socks. Together, we headed back down to find the kitchen in a lot better state than earlier, and the table was set, ready for the rest of the group to return.

“I heard the girls arrive, and think Prez too,” Blaze said as he put the last of the pots away.

No sooner had he mentioned the others than voices were heard coming down the hall.

“Hey, that smells good,” Jenny shouted as she walked by, and up the stairs, her hand laden with shopping bags, I don’t know how a girl can need so many clothes, she had far more shoe do, as well, and don’t start me on the accessories, bags, bling, and who knows what else.

Prez was carrying the cradle with the baby in it, in one hand, and her bags in the other. Sticks walked slowly, looking pale, and she kept stopping to catch her breath. Trying to hide that she was in pain and was due for her meds.

“Sweetie, the idea would be to take the pain medication before the pain sets in,” I said, as I rushed to give her some painkillers and water. She took them without question and sat in the nearest chair.

“Nurse will be here in the morning, said couldn’t make it. The storm downed a tree in her street, and she can’t get out. Can you help me till she comes tomorrow? I know you were going to the swimming hole for a picnic tomorrow with Tandy and his family, but with this storm, it might get cancelled.” Sticks asked as Prez carefully set the baby, still in the carry basket thing, on the ground near Sticks and raced upstairs with her bags. Does that baby carrier have a name? I must look that up. I know little about babies, yet I ordered a lot of stuff. Just pointed and purchased, if I could see a benefit in having it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 202[1,539 words]

Tank POV

Savage did great meeting his parents for the first time in a very long time. He was nervous, he admitted to me quietly when Fixer was busy. He needed someone to talk to, and I was honored that he chose me.

I loved the way Fixer kept putting people in their place, taking no crap from anyone. I couldn’t have been prouder if I tried.

The flight home didn’t come soon enough, and the flight was getting a little rough towards the end.

I could see Savage fighting to keep control of the chopper as the wind picked up, in gusty swirls, but his previous flying experience shone through, making it look easier than it was. Even Uncle Simon had gone quiet, and I could see him tense up. Uncle Simon has been a passenger in choppers often enough to understand the dangers, but me? I fully trusted Savage and his flying ability, so I was not so scared. Maybe if I understood, it might have been a different story, and be as tense as Uncle Simon was. I had hold of Fixer’s hand, not much else I could do, strapped in snug

like we are; it wasn’t shaking. She, too, wasn’t concerned, sharing my trust.

“Look at the clouds, isn’t it pretty?” Fixer said softly, squeezing my hand to gain my moved my head to look out her side and saw the biggest blackest clouds ever, and u they were as she said, pretty. Hope the family on the ground isn’t caught up in it. Sticks will be coming home today; being stuck in this weather would not be good for her, and she would suit over the baby’s safety.

Savage landed like the pro that he was and had the chopper safely in the hangar before we made it to the back door. All of us are turning to watch him do what he does best. See no need to worry, unless he said to.

The kitchen was, well? Yeah, about what I would expect when you put two men in there, who rarely grace the kitchen, other than grabbing a snack. I couldn't stop laughing all the way to our room.

But when we sat down to eat, I was amazed at what they had prepared. Crumbed, deep-fried chicken drumsticks, potato wedges, mashed potatoes, salad, homemade pizza, honey and soy chicken wings, and mushroom gravy. Looked good and impressive. Tasted as good as it looked.

We all tucked into the food, and I was pleased to see that Sticks had a bit of color back in her cheeks, and not looking like she would faint at any moment, eating her share of chicken

drumsticks. I feel we shall all be hovering around Sticks until she gets back on her feet; it can't have been easy going through what she has been through.

Savage had joined us at the table and was enjoying the easygoing conversation, so different from what we had experienced earlier, doubting the Grandparents knew how to relax and just enjoy any longer. Jenny was rabbiting on about the purchases, with Melony joining in occasionally, about one she brought. Stick nodded as she listened, but had little to contribute until the question of how she was and how the baby was faring came up.

"The nurse will come when she can. I will cope; other new mothers do. Beside Prez said he would stay here with me till the nurse arrives." Sticks replied, then had to stop when Fixer's phone rang, and she answered it.

"Yes... Understand... Stay safe... yeah, soon.... Bye." It's hard to listen to one-sided conversations. I lay odds it was Tandy cancelling tomorrow, because of the sudden storm.

"Tomorrow postponed, some trees are down in town, and it's all hands on deck. Tandy was asking if we could send some of our guards to go help out Fixer looked at Uncle Simon as she spoke, almost like she was asking his permission to send her men out.

"I will send out a memo to our club members and get as many out to help. Where are they meeting?" Prez pulled out his phone and started to type.

"Civic centre."

"Call Dirk, see how many we still have stationed here." Uncle Simon replied as he pulled out his phone.

Fixer text Dirk, who arrived quickly.

"Boss?" Just then, Jenny's phone rang.

"Sir?.. Yes... on it." She pulled the phone from her ear.

“All staff called in, a group of children out camping is trapped. What’s the chance of using the chopper? When the worst of the storm calms enough to fly? The boss wants to know what we can do.” Jenny said, staring at Fixer, to have all the answers.

“Jenny, get information on where the muster point will be. Dirk, can you get as many men as you can to that place, take what you need? Savage, how soon can you be in the air?” Fixer was in her zone, and even Uncle Simon was texting madly.

Savage pulled out his phone, pushed something, and looked up.

“It’s a fast-moving front, the worst already past, can be in the air in ten, I can manage with a bit of wind,” Savage said, as he looked back at his phone and typed something else in it.

“Thirty men can be ready in ten,” Dirk replied, waiting for instructions.

“Jenny, will the rescue team for the children be gathering at the civic center?” Fixer asked.

“Sir, have thirty trained men, and the chopper to hunt for the children. Where do you want them to meet you?”

“Yes, sir, I understand, will ask the pilot to take me with him, and some first aid equipment….Yes sir…. On it.” Jenny held onto the phone and turned to me.

“My boss said to meet at the bluff point. Those kids are down there somewhere.”

“Jenny, I have two hundred club members headed to the civic center,” Prez interrupted.

Our food is long forgotten. Melony and Sticks will clear it away.

“Jenny, I am coming with you on the chopper. Tank, will you go with the guys to help the town? Dirk, I want Dale, and Bruiser with me, and satellite phones, so that we can coordinate when we hit the ground.” Fixer continued to give orders, as Jenny relayed what she could back to her boss.

“Of course,” I said, thinking of what I needed to get, besides my boots.

“Uncle Simon, can you oversee blankets, food, and shelter, if they have lost their homes, anything they need, tools, chain saws, anything, use this card and buy it, the card is unlimited,” Fixer said, offering Uncle Simon a card that I didn’t know she possessed, Uncle Simon took it with a smile, it was her family card, no one would ever refuse it, but then most of the stores, that are renting, would be renting from Fixer, they would recognise that card immediately and wouldn’t dream to refuse the request.

Jenny relayed the information to her boss and ran to change into her work jumped into action. Fixer and I rushed upstairs to change. Fixer will need her gear, the one with lots of pockets, and her sturdy boots. Not her riding boots.

Soon, we were rushing out the door.

I pulled Fixer to me and gave her a kiss.

“Stay safe, don’t do anything stupid. Or try to.” I didn’t like leaving Fixer to head out to danger. I worried about the baby, and almost commanded her not to go, but I knew that would be a stupid idea.

Leaving Fixer to do her thing, I loaded my truck with emergency gear and soon followed the security team down our drive and out towards the civic center.

We had to stop twice to drag a tree to the side of the road before we made it to town. The place looked like a war zone, trees down, some over cars shop windows smashed, debris everywhere. The civic center was full of people running around, doing the coordinator’s bidding. I reached the main man.

“Sir, thirty men, here, for radios, before heading to the bluff.” I was going to the bluff to help with the rescue.

“Thank you, Groups of four, one radio per group, this is the area I need you to go to, and start your ground search. Don was setting up a command center up there.” He had a map out and pointed to where we should meet.

Quickly, Dirk organised the men into groups and handed out the radios. We had to drive with care, as the roads were lined with trees, both small and large; our vehicles were four-wheel-drive and could maneuver around most of them. I arrived at the designated area.

A man in the same uniform as Jenny was at a large table, maps spread out, rocks holding them in place.

“Don?” He looked up when I called his name and nodded.

“I am Tank. Thirty of our men are ready in groups to go.”

As a group, we listened to his instructions, grabbed the gear from my truck, and headed out in the groups we had made. We looked like army men, out on patrol as we jogged towards the bluff, and where they had last been told the children might be the place was a mess, and moving about was hard work. I haven’t carried this much gear in years, and I’m glad I kept up with my training in the gym.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 203[1,571 words]

Fixer POV

The group followed my instructions, but I don't know how or why I became the leader or organiser. I just started to give orders, and it just flowed from me, as I thought of the information they had given me. It was like I had Grandpa's voice in my head, advising me, just as I had when I was a kid. We used to play search-and-rescue, emergencies in place, to get Grandma to safety and other older neighbours close to home to safe places from storms. We are known to have some doozies in winter, but we are not in winter, and the sudden flash storm would have caught even the weatherman off guard. It came up out of nowhere.

Dale and Bruiser met us at the hangar, both dressed in warm gear and fully loaded for the rescue. Bruiser had done this many times; I had seen him in the past working after a bad storm, a hard worker, plus most of the kids on the camping trip would know Bruiser, they were all around ten, and Bruiser, unknown to most, assists the coach in football training; he does love working with children. These kids are old enough to know how to make a shelter and stay safe till help arrives. If they had a chance, with it moving in so fast, they might not have seen it coming; however, they were in an area exposed to the elements, so they might have seen it coming and sought shelter. So many variables could come into play here, and from what I heard, the teacher with an emergency satellite phone out there didn't respond to their calls.

We threw into the chopper hold what we thought we would need, including us. I put on the headphones so I could talk to Savage; he had approval and good luck from ground control. We stood looking out the door, moving fast, staying low.

"That rock, over there, that looked like it's going to topple over, is the Bluff," I called out to Savage, and he started slow circles when we got closer.to it. We each had our eyes on the ground. It had been an hour, our circle getting larger, before Savage turned and went back to the bluff. We zig-zagged back and forth, covering the area we had been given, as Savage started to turn, to head back to the bluff, and start again, I see it, a light, like someone had a mirror and reflecting the sun, back at us, there wasn't really much sun, breaks in the sky, that barely lasted a few seconds, and that might be why it took a while for them to be able to signal us.

"There, four o'clock," I shouted to Savage, hoping I wasn't seeing things.

"What did you see?" Bruiser asked, looking towards where I called.

A bright light flashed again.

“I see it, good eyes there, Fixer. What’s the plan?” Savage said, hovering over the place we had seen a flash of light, it was dense brush and trees, nowhere to land close by.

“Winch down, Dale, Bruiser, and Jenny. Once down, will lower some gear and wait for confirmation on what else they need before sending more gear down. Jenny, call your boss and inform him of what we are doing. No confirmation yet, but hopeful.” I said, “Dale pulled the rescue winch over and had Bruiser step inside the harness He looked worried, but it could have been because it was his first time or because of the children below.

“Savage, Bruiser set to be lowered,” I called out.

“Go, I will try and stay steady.” It was still raining, but not heavily, and the wind wasn’t as strong, but still enough to make holding the chopper steady a little struggle. Bruiser had never done this before, and it showed as he tried to stay still and not turn in circles, attempting to follow the instructions Dale had given him. He disappeared into the only small clearing we could see, and that was only because a tree had fallen, and he was landing at its base.

While Dale lowered Bruiser, I called the coordinator at the bluff, Don, and informed him that we had seen a light and hoped that one of the children was sending a signal. Lowering the people down to investigate gave him the coordinates. He, too, was hopeful and would send some of the team in that direction. But on foot, might take a while, depending on who was closest.

Bruiser was out, and the rescue winch was on the way back up. We sent Jenny down next; she had training to do this, and you could tell she was ready for what to expect as she left the hold. Dale was last. He harnessed up, gave me a thumbs-up, and I lowered him down. It was the first time had done this, and Dale had been giving me instructions when he lowered Jenny. We had no tin for further instructions or to worry about whether I had made a mistake; most of this was made easier by Savage keeping the chopper as still as possible, which made a huge difference. Next, I sent three bags of gear, pulled the rescue winch back up, and set it up so the cage would be ready when we find them and need to get one or more to the hospital.

“You did well, Fixer, couldn’t have done better myself, you are a natural leader,” Savage said, when the crew disappeared in to the trees, Savage started to do small circles around the area, we had seen the light, but the trees were too thick to see much, and areas where trees had fallen, there was nothing to see, it was hard to see through it all.

But I didn’t give up, I had binoculars, and scoured the ground, trees, anything to find something, anything.

Then I saw a kid, waving his arms at the chopper.

“Savage kid at nine o’clock, he circled the chopper back to where I had seen the lad, and he was still there waving frantically. Savage lowered the chopper closer to the ground, the

wind from the rotors sending debris everywhere, but little we could do about that. When it was low enough, Savage said, ‘Now, and I dropped a bag towards him. He ran and picked it up, and half-dragged it into the trees.

“Don, confirmation, one boy, seen, waving, has dropped provisions for him. Map reference number, forty-three.” The guys would have heard my information, given to Don, and hopefully they would head that way.

We rose a little into the air to reduce the effect of the chopper’s wind. Another lad came out of the trees a little later; still no sign of Jenny and the guys. He signaled to me that he needed medical help. I dropped a bag at his feet, and he raced towards it, disappearing into the trees.

“Jenny, you copy?” I radioed out, thinking she would most likely have the radio.

“Copy.” Came back almost immediately.

“The lad called for medical help, has dropped a basic kit, map refs, forty-three point five.”

“Copy, ETA, two minutes.” Don would have heard this, and so would the main coordinator.

Waiting was intense, and my eyes stayed glued to the place I had seen the lads.

“Found them, four need medical assistance, can you lower the cage, Bruiser and Dale, making a clearing?” I looked down and saw brush falling, and an area opening up.

“What do you need dropped. Beside the cage when ready?”

“The two bags, marked number A two, two bags A five.” That was bad; the closer to the number

one, the more critical the patient, in need of medical assistance.

We had beds for ten, to fit in the hold; it would be snug, but doable. I pulled out the beds and secured them to the floor, preparing for our patients.

“Fixer, copy?”

“Copy”

“Ready for the bags,” Jenny called out.

I lowered the cage, filled with what Jenny asked for plus some extra blankets, water, and health food bars. Bruiser reached the cage and removed the items. I raised the winch and waited.

It felt like a long time before I received the call to lower the cage.

Looking down, the Clearing was almost the size suitable for the chopper to land. I could see a swarm of guys working hard; Tank and his men must have made it there. It was good to see all that activity. Even in this rain, which had not let up yet, the men worked tirelessly.

The first lad was in the cage, and Bruiser was accompanying the lad back up to assist with the transfer to a bed. I could hear him talking to the boy as it got closer, and he was off and lifting the child onto the bed.

“Lower me down, we have some bad ones coming, one of the teachers is unconscious, Jenny was working on him, getting him as stable as she can before we bring him up, he will be last on.”

I lowered Bruiser back down and secured the boy into the bed, giving him a pain pen to suck on; he had a broken leg. I relayed what I knew to Savage, who had been so calm throughout this.

“Have advised the hospital that we will be coming in hot; they are clearing the car park, and there were fallen trees.” Savage was trying to keep me in the loop, as I was trying to keep Don and the other guys in the loop.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 204[1,507 words]

Tank POV

Don was ready to send us on our way, a smile on his face, knowing he had trained professionals on the job. I double-checked our radio before leaving and got the thumbs-up from Don. Each team was given four sections to start on. Ours was map reference forty to forty-four. We started at forty-four, being the farthest away, and would work backwards.

It was hard work getting to our starting point; I slipped a few times on the wet ground, hurt my thigh, but couldn’t stop. Our pace was slower than would have liked. But as I was always told, more haste, less speed. We will get there.

We were puffing hard, having almost finished the sweep of the first grid, we were calling out different boys’ names, hoping one would respond to their name, and we were glad one section was cleared. That was when the call came in, they think they found them, and we changed our direction, heading towards that grid, we could hear the chopper, and headed for a break in the trees, to get a better idea where to go, we could see someone being lowered to the ground, I would say by the size of him, it was Bruiser. He was buffeted by the wind and rain as he was lowered, but managed to make it safely, disappearing into the

trees. Savage kept the chopper, more or less steady, not bad considering the conditions, his experience shining through.

We had lights on our heads, lighting up the way, as might started to descend on us.

“We need to go around this small stream, not through it,” I suggested, and the guys followed my lead. It took a bit longer, but it would be stupid to go through the stream, knowing we have had a lot of rain; in a very short time, the stream can turn nto a torrent, and you don’t want to be stuck in it when that happens.

Crying was the first clue we were close, and as much as it was tempting to pick up the pace, I held them back; the rocks in this area were unstable. We were on a slight incline, and one slip could have you tumbling down. Not only would you slide down a fair way, but the rocks would dislodge and tumble down with you, causing more damage to yourself and anyone who fell with you.

Bruiser’s voice was heard next, not too far ahead, using a soothing voice to calm the boys, who appeared to know who he was. Which might be why Fixer chose him to be on the chopper. She knows a lot more about the people around her than I do, and I have been his friend for years, but I had never seen this side of him before.

We broke through to see Jenny busy with the teacher; he looked bad, a branch sticking out of his stomach, and he had bled a lot. A makeshift tent was over him, keeping the rain off him. They had lights set up so they could work on the injured; the chopper had two beams directed down on the area. One looked to be handheld, as it moved around, shining on different sections.

“What do you need us to do?” I asked, Dale, as Bruiser was busy with another child, a broken leg, by the look of it, and two other children, who were sobbing, had broken limbs too; one had his head bleeding, and Dale was busy attending to it.

“We started to make a clearing, but it needs to be larger. Can you clear it for us? These four need to be airlifted; the teacher might not make it.” He said in a lower tone, hiding the truth from the children.

“Mr. Tank, Mr. Tank, we got stuck. Thank you for coming to get us.” Bobby, a lad I had known since he was born, came to give me a hug, and I let him.

“Need to let go now, Bobby. I got to clear some trees, so you hurt friends, and the teacher can get on the helicopter.” He let me go and stood back, his tears still falling, but he was looking interested in what we were doing.

“Here.” I offered him a chocolate bar I had stashed in my jacket. He took it and joined his friends, breaking the bar and sharing it with them, surprising me with his generosity.

The chopper's beam was lighting up the area we were working on, making it easier, and my thigh was killing me. I was going to pay for it tomorrow.

Together, the four of us cleared a larger area and moved fallen branches and large rocks, trying t create level ground to work on, which wasn't easy. Sweat poured off my face and down my back. would love to remove my jacket, but I knew it would make it worse and that it was the last thing I should do. It doesn't stop you from wishing to be cooler. The rain and wind did little to cool me down; it made it feel muggy and caused me to sweat more, stupid, I know.

Bruiser was soon, using the area we cleared, being pulled up to the chopper, with the first boy, I could see Fixer, working the rescue winch, and disappearing inside, only for Bruiser to come out again, and be sent back down, Dale, helped get the next two lads in the cage and hoisted up to the chopper, the rain had now stopped, and the sun, was starting to peer through the clouds, making it even muggier, and harder to work in, as the wind reduced.

"Tank, can you help with the teacher?" Jenny wanted all of us to carefully lift the teacher into the cage. She had placed a backboard behind him and tied it to him, packed around the limb that was sticking out of his belly, a drip in his arm, which she said was painkillers, and fluids to replace what he was losing.

This man was not that large, but still needed all six men to lift him, keeping him as still as possible, with fear of hitting the stick and causing him to bleed harder. We lowered him into the cage.

"Need two of you to ride up with him, keep the cage from spinning," Jenny ordered, as Dale and Bruiser went up with the teacher. We helped Jenny review the rest of the lads before telling them they were okay to walk or limp out of here and to go with me and the others. I offered our men to carry the worst of them, and others would arrive soon to carry the rest.

The cage came down again, and we assisted in loading it with the gear, ensuring nothing was left behind.

The boys waved to the chopper as it flew away, and we gathered the boys into groups and

piggybacked, four of them that couldn't walk but didn't need to go on the chopper, and we started to walk back to Don, who had sent the rest of our men to reach us, they too, would carry a boy on their backs, to save their little legs. It didn't take long for the men to arrive and pick up a boy to carry back to Don.

Less than an hour after we emerged, to the cheers of the other volunteers, we lowered the

children. As they ran to their parents, or limped in some cases, they would need to be checked out

by the medical staff, but most should be able to go home. With stories to tell, the kids at school.

“Don, any news on the teacher?” The chopper would have made it to the hospital long before we emerged with the boys.

“In surgery as we speak, was still alive last I heard. The town needs a lot of work, but teams are busy working on it, and heavy machinery has arrived to clear the roads of fallen trees.

We threw our gear into the back of my truck and turned to go into town. We stopped often to clear the road, making it safer, clearing logs, broken branches, and fallen rocks that we had driven around on our way up, because we were in too much of a hurry to stop and clear it completely. took nearly an hour of back-breaking work to make it to town, where we stopped for a break and something to eat. It was late, night had hit hours ago, and I should be in bed by now.

“Go home, get some rest, come back tomorrow. Those whose homes are damaged stay overnight in the civic center, and we will see what we can do in the light of day.” The chief coordinator shouted on a megaphone; the response to that call wasn’t cheers from the workers, just bone-tired relief.

Tired and happy to comply, we made it back, but still no chopper, even though I wanted to wait for Fixer to come home, by the time I had showered and lay down in bed to wait, sleep and exhaustion won, and I fell asleep.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 205[1,547 words]

Fixer POV

I ate some chocolate bars and drank water to keep my stomach from eating my insides. Below the apotlights, the area was kept lit, though it was a bit disconcerting to see the light moving as the chopper moved. I could see them busy at work below. Savage’s voice came over the headphones, sometimes talking to me; keeping me focused, he told me to eat and drink, to stay busy, and to share general updates on the changing conditions. His voice was calm and clear. You would think we were out having a joy ride instead of search and rescue. Guess this was nothing compared to what he had seen and been through.

It was draining, watching, my oyos ached, trying to focus on the moving ground, and hoping to see more than possible.

To kill time, they had been sending up unnecessary equipment to lighten the load for the men who would carry the boys back to the base search camp, and even some of the lads' gear was being loaded up to be left at the hospital for the family to collect later.

We had three boys on board who had fallen asleep. Now they were safe, and had pain relief, and I was preparing for the teacher.

"Lower the cage, ready to send the last one up," Jenny called out, breaking my train of thought.

I lowered the cage and waited. Bruiser and Dale came up with the cage. I had thought Jenny would, being the medic. I rose the cage, slower than it could go, afraid to make an error; this was life and death in my hands.

"Easy now, Fixer, you're doing well." Savage's voice came over the headset. He was watching our progress and had been warning me not to try to rush bringing the last one up, even though it was tempting.

I could see the branch stuck in the man's stomach and hoped nothing major had been damaged. It looked awful, but Jenny had done a great job stabilising and supporting the man as much as she could. Bruiser was the first to reach out, and with his strength, pulled the cage into the hold, and Dale grabbed the handrail and assisted once they were partly in; it was like in slow motion, all I could do was wait for them to place their feet to land, and relax the tension on the cage, the men, unclipped their harness and moved the cage towards the bed.

"More slack," Dale called out as they pushed the cage over and slid the man and cage to one side, securing the cage to the floor.

"Won't place him in the bed, lest we move him, the letter, Jenny had said." When they were happy with the man, they moved the bed I had ready for him, grabbed a basket from the wall, attached it to the winch, and took over bringing Jenny and the last of the gear back up, leaving the guys to do whatever they needed to secure what was in the chopper.

Savage called someone advising wo be flying hot, ton, ETA at the hospital, twenty-five." I moved to check the gear, which was properly secure, and the boys were still sleeping, before checking on the teacher. We had a portable machine that Jonny could attach to him to monitor his heart, but ! was not sure if she would want to disturb all that padding, she had compacted him into the cage. It looked like a lot of work to remove all that paddlig Just to put that monitor on.

"Hold on," Savage called out, and the helicopter took off, making a quick, tight circle, and headed back to town.

FAST.

I hadn't realized they could go that quickly, and I found I liked it. Call me a speed freak, but yeah, I like it fast. The town had spotlights all over the place, with men working to place tarps on roofs.

The hospital was lit up, and the generators would be active, keeping people alive. A team was waiting for us to land, and the emotions of seeing the end in sight overwhelmed me, and it took a bit not to let a tear of relief fall. Savage had no sooner landed than Bruiser and Jenny got to work on the teacher, while Dale and I started to unlock the beds for the boys.

The teacher went in a flash; they had lowered his cage and all on the gurney, and took off fast. The boys at least got moved to a gurney, and I got to cleaning the beds, while Dale and Bruiser removed the boys' bags and placed them for collection.

Once done, I hunted for coffee and brought it back for Savage, Dale, and Bruiser. I handed Savage and Dale theirs and turned to hunt for Bruiser.

I found him, he was holding a young woman in his arms, something I hadn't expected to see, and I moved towards him.

"He's fine, a broken leg." Bruiser was consoling her.

"I don't know what to do. That big tree, which I had been complaining about, toppled. The house is unlivable. That estate manager is all for himself. He hasn't done any maintenance on the place in years, yet he appears to be getting richer. Sorry, I don't know what to do." The woman was weeping on Bruiser's shoulder.

"Here." I offered them both the coffee; I can always grab another for myself.

"Thanks." Bruiser took them both and handed one to the woman.

"What estate is that you are talking about?" I asked wondering if it was one of mine.

"Dreamland," Bruiser answered for her.

"That gets funded, should be up to date," I replied, I was one I owned. "That new manager has not been doing the repairs for a few years now." Bruiser again answered for the lady.

"Karen, meet Fixer. Her boy was Denny, the first onboard." I nodded and pulled out my phone.

"Investigate the dreamland estate manager, and get it fixed, police if need be."

"I heard he's been doing some shonky work," The man replied over the phone.

“Throw the book, and get the place fixed up. In fact check all the towns’ estates that I own.” I demanded that no estate in my name should ever complain about a lack of repairs. Not when I have anything to do with it.

“Where are you staying tonight?” I asked once I hung up the phone.

“Here I am for tonight, want to sit with Danny, after that? I don’t know, guess the civic center, till the house is livable again.” Bruiser looked at me with pleading eyes, and I got the message that this woman was special to him.

“Bruiser will talk later.” I left him with the woman and hunted for that coffee I needed, and an extra one for Jenny, if I can find her.

I found Jenny, surrounded by medical staff, all bouncing questions at her.

“Jenny.” I handed her a coffee; she looked like she needed one.

“Thanks, these men and women want to know all the details of our rescue,” Jenny explained, waving her hand at the group around her.

“How’s the teacher, and when do I get my cage back?” I asked, smiling at them.

“Your cage. You were on the helicopter rescue?” I rolled my eyes at their sudden change in direction.

“It’s over here, let’s get it, and go home. I am more than ready for my bed. The teacher was alive when he went in, and it will be a few more hours before we know more, and I, for one, want my bed rather than hang around here.” Jenny waved her hand towards the demanding crowd. Jenny led me to the cage, and we left the people with questions behind.

“Let’s head home,” I called out, gaining the attention of Bruiser, Dale, and Savage.

Home, it was a beautiful sight; it looked like we missed severe damage. We had power because we had our own power source, which I was grateful for. My home was a self-sustainable home, with power, water, sewer, and the lot all independent of town supplies. I was in the front seat with Savage, and I have to admit, I love the view from here. The world looks like a beautiful place from here, Quickly, while we flew home, I made a few calls, organising emergency accommodation for the now-homeless in our town, then called my investigator to get me information on the woman and lad that Bruiser appears to have taken under his wing.

“Leave the contents in the chopper. We can clean it after some sleep.” Savage called out as we landed, and he did what he needed to do to shut down the machine.

“Goodnight,” I called out and left them to do their own thing.

“Tank was fast asleep. He would have been exhausted; that was a lot of physical work. But the

result was good; just need to hope the teacher pulls through. Will have to find out about his family and what support we can offer them.

The world’s fastest shower, keeping my hair as dry as I could, I climbed into bed and shimmied back so I was flush against Tank. His arm automatically went around my waist, and pulled me to him, and he sighed in contentment, as if he had been waiting for me to arrive, for him to find peace.

That was my last thought before sleep claimed me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 206[1,372 words]

Tank POV

It was lunchtime when I woke. Fixer had already left the bedroom after I had a quick shower, dressed, and left the bedroom to hunt down my little lady. The only people I found were Prez, with Stick, and the baby.

“Morning, have you seen Fixer?” I asked, taking in the casual way they were sitting in the lounge, if all goes well, the nurse will arrive today.

“Fixer left with Uncle Simon an hour ago, something about getting the stores open for the needy, or something.” Sticks said, looking a lot better than yesterday.

“Did you stay here yesterday?” I asked Prez, he was relaxed on the lounge, baby in arms, with a goofy smile on his face. Not at all like the expressions I was used to seeing on his face.

“Yep, stayed with Sticks and Melony, girls needed some support. This morning, Zero and Blaze went to town to help with the emergency. Melony had gone to work to see what was left of it, and Jenny had gone to the hospital to check on the children and the teacher. Did I see you limping?” Pres asked, eyeing my left leg.

“Yeah, I slipped on some rocks up at the bluff. It wasn’t so bad until I helped move a tree from the road, and I think I pulled something; it has stiffened up overnight.” I have had worse, at least I didn’t need help to get home; that would have been embarrassing.

After eating and giving the happy couple drinks, I went to the garage and started up my truck.

“Tank.” Savage cornered me before I could back out of the garage.

“Yeah?” I lowered the window and looked at him.

“Off to town?”

“Yeah, need to offer more help if I can, and maybe find Fixer,” I replied, waiting for the real reason. for stopping me.

“Can I come? I don’t have a vehicle, and I don’t think I should fly into town.” He joked with a cheeky grin.

“Sure, hope in.” Savage moved around the other side and climbed in.

“That was one heck of a storm, can’t remember this town having such a severe one this time of year,” Savage tried to make conversation.

“Sure was, a lot of people are now with no power, of a roof over their heads. Luckily, this place was storm safe; this time, next door had a few trees down, one of which was hitting the workshop, which will need repairs. Lucky no bikes were seriously damaged.” I thought about how bad it could have been if that tree had fallen the other way; a number of bikes would have been crushed.

“Fixer, Jenny, Bruiser, and Dale worked well as a team; you wouldn’t have guessed it was the first time doing something like that. I was so proud.” Savage beamed a huge smile as he remembered the rescue.

“Any news on the teacher?” I asked, since he might have been kept in the loop.

“He’s doing well, missed his vital organs. Had some surgery, fixing his bowel and intestines, but on the whole, he was very lucky. The kids can go home today, except the one with the head wound.”

“Very lucky man, his wife will be happy to hear that. Where in town do you want to be dropped off? Call me when you’re ready to return.”

“Main street, think might find Fixer in that area, she had a number of stores to visit, think she was organising, some funds for the town’s repairs.”

“I will come with you and look around for her.” I parked and climbed out, wincing as I put weight on my leg.

“You okay?” He moved to support me.

“Yeah, think I pulled something yesterday, moving a tree.”

“You are a team, not supposed to move the whole tree on your own.” He chuckled at me.

“Laugh away,” I growled at him, which only made him laugh harder.

“What’s got you two laughing?” Fixer asked, coming up behind us, causing me to jump as her unexpected voice came so close to my ear. Yep, Savage laughed even harder and couldn’t answer Fixer.

“Did you save the town?” I asked, seeing as she appeared to be trying to do just that.

“Not yet.” She put her arms around my neck and leaned in for a kiss.

“What’s left to do?” I asked, peppering her with more kisses.

“Not much left that I can do, was just walking around, checking the main street, seeing as it got a big hit. You know what made me laugh. It was the rich side of town that took on the brunt of the storm. I thought that was justice; they’ve been getting annoying, trying to split the town, guess they will eat humble pie, they get no help from me. Oh, and I have arranged for some contractors to check out the estates in my portfolio and report back on what needs repairing, and I will sign off on it. Got the police involved in what I consider theft: one of the estates had a shonky manager taking the funds for repairs and making his life better. Have given the police enough to get him thrown in jail.”

“That’s Dreamland, or whatever it’s called,” I said, remembering hearing something about that estate, but I didn’t know Fixer owned it, and I doubt she did either, till recently.

“Savage, do you need anything?” Fixer asked, guessing she hadn’t expected him to be in town.

“Nope, like you, I came to check out what needs doing, looks like most was being handled. Those club members do a great job.”

“They do,” I replied with a smile.

“We might have another guest staying with us for a little while. A lovely young single mother and her son were in one of my estates when a tree fell on her house. They couldn’t return to it, as it is, and she spent last night in a chair, at the ward with her son. I was hoping to put them in the bunkhouse, or maybe one of the small cottages with two bedrooms. I think we have an empty one that was going to be for the nurse, but I think it’s best she stay in the house, near Sticks.”

“You can’t bring the whole town to stay at our place” I grumbled, with a pout.

“This one’s special,” Fixer replies, with a grin.

“Special? How?” Savage asked the question before me.

“Bruiser likes her, and the boy loves Bruiser. She divorced, hubby ran off with someone younger. Or so I am told, good riddance, because he used to hit her, and I hate men who feel it’s okay to hit their wives when they’re having a bad day. Not that she had done anything wrong.”

“Bruiser? You have really taken to him,” Savage said, looking at her as if he were reading her.

“I feel he has had the bad end of the stick; his whole bike family turned their backs on him, and he lost the woman he thought he was going to spend the rest of his life with. Yes, I have a soft spot for him; he’s an underdog, like me, but he has not once complained; he sucked it up and moved on, keeping his head up as best he can. Bruiser would be feeling a little lost at the moment, out of his comfort zone. He can see and hear those bikes coming and going; it has to hurt.”

We arrived at the coffee shop, went in, ordered, and took a seat by the window.

“What did you do?” Fixer asked once we sat down. Savage started to chuckle, as if he knew what she was talking about, and I was in the bad books.

“Um, you will need to be more specific, like in what context are you asking that question?” I asked, trying to backtrack what we had talked about, and came up empty.

“Okay, play innocent. You’re limping.” I thought I had hidden it well, but I guess I can’t hide anything from my woman.

“He was trying to move a tree and needed some help.” Savage was full-on laughing now; he thought it was funny,

“Tank, really, I know you can lift heavy objects, but even you need help.” She told me off, and Savage ended up with tears in his eyes; he had laughed that hard. While Fixer was glaring at me for pulling a muscle.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 207[1,534 words]

Fixer POV

The cafe manager came out, a worried look on his face, and he raced towards Fixer.

“We will be out of food by tomorrow lunch. Any news on when the shipment you promised will arrive?’ He leaned in and whispered.. “This afternoon, will give them a call to make sure they park close.” I phoned Uncle Simon and relayed the worried message.

The manager went back and personally brought us coffee, no charge, which made me laugh; I would have paid.

Bruiser came in, the young woman on her arm.

“Can we join you?’ He asked, looking between Tank and Savage.

“Sure, have you ordered?”

“Yes, the only place in town open to get food and drinks,” Bruiser answered as he pulled the chair out for the young lady.

“The club will be meeting up tomorrow, you are invited, and you can bring your lady with you,” Tank said, with a smile.

“Karen, this is Tank, you know Fixer, and Savage. Tank was there at the bluff, bringing the boys back. Savage was the pilot of the chopper.” Bruiser introduced her.

“Thank you for being there for the boys.” Karen was almost in tears again. Poor lady must have cried so much the last day or so.

“How’s Danny?” I asked before she could react to the introductions.

“He can come home, but I have no home to go to, and I don’t want to take him to the civic cente

“Bruiser, I have a two-bedroom cottage on the property. She can stay there, will you assist her in moving in till we find something more permanent? I didn’t want to suggest it permanently, in case

Bruiser wasn’t interested in her the way I think he was.

“Sure, we can pack some of their belongings from the house; it’s safe enough to enter now. Tank, are you sure I can go to the club?” he looked so uncertain.

“Yes. I had a long talk with Prez. He has spoken to the members; he told them off and made them feel ashamed of how they have treated you. You can come back, but at a diminished capacity.” I was smiling at this news, and Bruiser looked relieved.

“I just want to ride in the group, no need to make me more than… What did that guy call it?

‘Probationary member, not a nom, but not a full member, I can handle that, as long as I can come and have a beer again with those I considered my family, and go on rides. Karen, would you like to come?” Bruiser turned to the woman, who blushed and nodded.

“Danny would love to have a ride on a bike; he has idolised you for years,” I noted, but she didn’t mention how she felt about it.

“The club has purchased a lot of tents and is erecting a camping area for those who have lost their homes, as the motels, hotels, and bed and breakfast places are already full. The rich were quick at filling them. The first are arriving today, and will fill quickly. But with all the help we have in town, it won’t take long to get the town up and running again. This cafe was one of the few lucky ones, with its own generators, so it could keep its doors open.” Tank was filling Bruiser up with all the missed news.

My phone rang.

“Fixer, we have a convoy arriving shortly, food, clothing, this was separate to the truck with the supplies for the cafe, will set up at the civic center, for people to collect what they need.” Uncle Simon sounded excited on the other end of the phone.

“That’s good news. How’s Mayfield? Did it travel that far?” I was worried about that town and my Grandparents, but now this town was on the mend

“Yes, Mayfield got a small dose, just a lot of rain really, but you might get a laugh, the town Jones gang are, received about as bad as you, and the clubhouse, and sheds all got demolished, trees down, place would have to start again from scratch. I will let you pass on that news.” Uncle Simon sounded pleased with that news. It appears that the storm hit a few towns, as bad as ours, before losing its power. He had been busy getting help to all the towns, not just ours.

“Thank you, will pass on that good news. What about the members? The ones of interest.”

“They have a high level of casualties. I’m yet to get the full report, will send you the information as it arrives.” We talked a bit more before he hung up.

“Tank, we need to meet up with Prez, have some interesting news.”

The delivery truck arrived, and all hands on deck were to help bring all the pallets into the loading dock. I refused to let Tank carry the heavy loads alone; his limp was getting worse.

“Karen, you go back to the hospital, I will get a van, and we can collect as many of your things as we can, and then get Danny from the hospital.” Tank and I headed back home. Prez was in the kitchen when we arrived,

“Hey, sit, we need to talk.” I pushed Prez into the lounge room, where Sticks was holding her baby, and Savage, Tank, and Bruiser were waiting for us.

“Bruiser.” Prez held out his hand to shake, the first step toward reconciliation.

“Cameron.” Ah, not there yet.

“Sit.” I pushed again. Bruiser sat on the other side of Savage, almost as if he were stating he was not a member and keeping his distance.

“Bruiser, you are invited back as a probationary member. There are a lot of bad feelings from what went down, but Fixer made it clear that it was not just you, and it was not right that everyone else could come back while you couldn’t. Be ready for some to still shun you, but I won’t, nor will Zero or Blaze, and many others.” Prez started out.

“A lot has happened in the last forty-eight hours, and the town’s unity has shone through it all. We are not the only town to be hit, and hit hard, but you might like to know that the Jones gang was wiped out, deaths have occurred, but full figures and those who have not yet been disclosed, the place was in turmoil. I have asked Uncle Simon to send what he can of my team to help the two other towns that were in a bad way; we don’t need them here. Our club members are doing a great job. I will have my original crew stay, as they are my security, and no matter how much I argue, they won’t go. The rest will be gone by tomorrow. Karen a young mother, will move into the cottage at the back, for the time being, and think that’s about.” I sat on Tank’s lap and wondered how his leg was. I will get him upstairs and treated soon. Once this little meeting was done.

“Fixer, can I borrow a van to collect her things, and maybe a few men?”

“Sure, talk to Dale, he’s staying,” I replied, as Bruiser stood up. His mind was busy with what he wanted to accomplish this afternoon.

“Bruiser, welcome back. Bring Karen and Danny in for dinner, will work out the rest later.” Tank wished him luck, and Bruiser was out the door.

“This Karen, is that the divorce lady, who was regularly beaten by her ex?” Prez asked as he watched the disappearing back of Bruiser.

“That’s the one.”

“Nice girl, will fit in well with the club.” Sticks added before anything else could be said, and that shut the men down.

“What will happen with the Jones gang? Can they recover?” I asked, thinking about those that might not be all that bad.

“When we get enough information about who was left, we can set up a meeting and talk about how to help them out,” Tank said softly.

“But why would we help them out? They killed your parents. Fixer’s family, and so many others, why would we help them out?” Sticks was fuming at the idea.

“We know that Barry and his family were a huge part of it, and they are dead. The accountant was dead, and from what I just heard, it was believed that the president and the VP are dead. When does the fighting stop? Uncle Simon and Tandy are almost done with investigating this. If the rest are just followers, do we fight them all till every member is dead? Then other family members who weren’t in the gang want revenge, and it all starts again, and for what purpose? It started with a jealous man, who wanted to be more, and his revenge was passed down. Talk to the members, find out if they want the whole of the gang dead, before they are happy, or for you to be happy, it didn’t even affect you, so why?” I got up and left them to think and talk.

To break my bad mood and frustration, I headed to the kitchen and started pulling out food to cook for dinner. This has been hard, and I was supposed to go to a meeting tomorrow and meet a whole lot of snobs for the first time and stamp my name on the door.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 208[1,645 words]

Tank POV

“Tank, Fixer has a soft heart, and I can understand her not wanting the fighting to end, to find a solution, instead of always watching her back. Do you want to spend the rest of your life, wondering who was coming after you, or your children, with Fixer’s financial security? She will have enough people after her, or you and your children, for her wealth. Do you want the gang to be added to that worry all the time? Greedy people you will never get rid of, someone always wants what you have, but this vendetta, the revenge, it can have an ending, and maybe fate has stepped in, wiped out the problem, and given you an in to find a solution. Think about it, talk to Zero, and with Prez, and see if something good comes out of this.” Savage patted me on the back and walked towards the kitchen, most likely to comfort Fixer, or let her vent if need be, and as much as I want to run to her, Savage and Fixer are right. When does it end?

When do we stay? Enough is enough.

“What do you think, Prez? Can we put all that behind us? I thought we had until Fixer came along, when all that new information came out, and she was targeted by them again. With all these deaths, and their deaths, do we want to continue this?” I was on Fixer’s side. We have a baby coming. I needed to step up and be the dad I always wanted to be. Yes, I want to be with the club; it’s my life, always will be; it’s in the blood. But I am not one out to kill all the time, that’s too much hate to carry around. Defending one’s own was different from going out of our way to kill, and that was how it felt lately.

“Will call a meeting of members, old and existing, we need to talk about this. Our town won’t take long to get back on its feet, but some other towns are not so lucky as us. I can

send an olive branch, but I need to hear from Simon or Tandy before I do. I want more facts first." Prez said as he leaned down and kissed his child's head.

"Do it, tonight if it's possible, the roads are clear enough to get here," I said, looking out the window. The weather had cleared, the rain stopped, and it was back as if it had never happened at all.

Prez pulled out his phone and started texting.

"Done, called the club in for eight tonight. Make sure Bruiser comes; he needs to hear this, too, and to get an apology." Prez got up, and Sticks followed She was not happy with Fixer or me. Did she want the feud to continue indefinitely?

The nurse was upstairs, organising her things in the room allocated to her, and will soon change Sticks' dressing and administer more painkillers. They said it was safe for the baby, but it was still a worry; you hear so many conflicting stories about it.

Fixer and Savage were making fried chicken, and wedges, soup, macaroni, and cheese. Easy food.

The hungry mob will be arriving in an hour.

"What can I do?" I asked, and these two looked like they had been working together in the kitchen for years. They moved around each other with ease

"Juice?" Savage suggested that one thing we all enjoyed was freshly squeezed juices, and we had the juicing machine, for more exotic drinks, like watermelon or peaches, when in season.

I pulled out a bag of oranges and got to work, cutting them in half, mundane work, I can see the appeal, keeping busy helps clear the mind. A radio was playing softly in the background, along with the clatter of pots and pans and the scrape of spoons or knives; it was soothing, in its own way. Like me in the workshop, changing the oil and doing a general tune-up on my bike is all routine.

Soon, the house was filled with chatter as Melony, Blaze, and Zero entered, talking animatedly about something that had happened in town. copied from FindNovel-com They washed up and set the table. Sticks, Prez, Bruiser, and Danny, who was being carried by Bruiser, entered soon after, and introductions were made as we placed the food on the table for us to eat. Little Danny dug in like he hadn't eaten in days, and beamed at the light conversation around the room.

"Meeting, one hour," Prez announced as we started to clean up, and all too soon, we were headed next door, all in our own thoughts. I held Fixer around the waist as we entered the clubhouse. The place was packed with members, and all chatter stopped when Bruiser

entered. Karen stayed home, getting Danny settled in the cottage. Danny was tired, been a long day for him.

“Thank you all for being here so quickly. Bruiser, come out here.” All eyes watched as he moved off the wall he was leaning on and walked to the front, his face void of expression.

“Bruiser, I owe you an apology for my misjudgment and ignoring a friend in need, when I should have been more understanding, listened, and seen the bigger picture. I failed you, as a friend and club president. Please accept my apology, and return to the club.” Prez said, causing a stir in the club.

“Explain?” One shouted.

“Why apologies?” Said another.

The shouts went on.

Prez raised his hand to stop the shouting.

“Look around you, at the ones you let back in, and tell me all the blame was on Briuser’s shoulders, that he forced them to split. You let them back and left Bruiser as the scapegoat; that was not

acceptable. Your behaviour as his friend was disgusting. Crossing the road to avoid him, turning your back on him, or shunning him was not how I would like our club members to behave toward anyone, regardless of the reason. He was one of the first to respond when the call came for all hands on deck, with the rescues and town help. He has never been one to shy away from the tough jobs, and because he was talked into the takeover, which he didn’t think up himself, and if I heard right, it took nearly a month before he caved to the pressure and stood to take over, maybe longer if Cricket had been in his ear. Tell me why he was the only one who was told no return?”

No one said a word, all staring, confused, conflicted.

“I accept your apology and will take up the offer to return on a diminished level. I would like to bring my lady and child on visits and family club outings, give them a taste of what a family can be.” This was the first time Bruiser admitted that Karen was his lady.

He did a bro hug, slap, and I welcomed him back before he returned to the place at the wall, eyes following him.

“The other reason I needed you guys here was this storm hit a number of towns, and one was the Jones gang town.” Cheers went out, and my guts churned in disgust at all those now homeless or dead, and they were cheering. Was the hate that deep?

“You’re here because we’re a team, we need to decide, they need our help, those in agreement to assist them move to the right.”

The room got noisy as they shifted, with fewer than a quarter willing to assist them.

“I am a little disappointed. They have had a large number of deaths; their whole clubhouse was demolished, and the Prez and VP were among the dead.” As Prez spoke about the loss and how disappointed he was with the club’s response, more moved to the right, but still less than half.

“I am shocked at the lot of you, don’t ever come to me for help, because you may find it slow in getting to you. You, for instance, I have men working on your home, I am going to call them off, because you don’t deserve it, same with the rest of you.” Fixer shouted out, her voice cold. Turned and left the clubhouse; they don’t realise what they did by sparking her anger like this. She was on her phone as she left.

Soon, the person she singled out had his phone ring, and his face dropped. He had it on speaker, and we all heard his frantic wife calling to say the men and their gear had just up and left, and they had hardly started clearing, she was stuck because the driveway still had the tree across it, and they said something about other, more urgent people needed their assistance.

“Who is Fixer, that she has that power?” He called out, after hanging up on his wife, promising that he would fix it.

“A very powerful woman who can make your life better or worse, just by a phone call. She will be leading the repairs for the Jones gang and the town. This meeting was to give you a chance to be part of something better, to put old scores behind you and build a lasting relationship, I know we have been at war, but this was a chance to change that. The main instigators are dead, or so we

believe. Only a couple of women are alive, and they can do little to keep the war going.” Prez said, looking at the group, who were talking among themselves,

“Do you want to keep fighting? Worry if they target your child? Wife? I don’t.” I said, and left the meeting to catch up with Fixer. I know as VP I needed to be at the meeting, but my wife came first in this instance. I was not in the mood to stand and argue with them about the reasons behind our decision.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 209[1,624 words]

Fixer POV

Fuming.

Words fail me.

Why does hate have such a big hold on people?

I went to my room and took a shower, surprised when Tank joined me..

He took the sponge from my hand and washed my body, slowly, sensually, lovingly. He showed me how much he cherished me with his actions and kisses on my tummy, as if he were kissing his child.

“Turn around.” He requested in a husky voice that had my lady parts clenching with need.

I turned, and he washed my back, then leaned his chest on my back, nibbling on my ear.

“I want you.” He whispered and rubbed his shaft on me. I groaned as he spread my legs and slipped his shaft between my legs, moving it against my core.

“Yes,” I replied breathlessly, as he kept sliding his shaft slowly, that send my legs weak, and my need for him higher.

He slipped his length inside, and I exploded with ecstasy at the intrusion that hit that right spot. I have never come this fast. I must have needed it. But Tanks didn’t stop, he kept his movements slow, and waited for me to start to move with him, pushing against him, moving my legs, and arching my back, giving him more access, my hand on the shower wall, the water cascading over my body, and down my back.

Slowly, Tank picked up that pace, causing my boobs to bounce. He reached over and cupped

them, pinching the n****e, sending new waves of pleasure through to my core, and I gained more groans. He panting brushed against my ear, the water no longer on me, but over his, I felt warm, secure, and very much loved.

Suddenly, he moved off my back and grabbed my hips, picking up the speed. He guided his shaft inside, moving faster and faster. I was unable to keep up with his pace and was glad he had taken control. I felt the buildup of my pending release and screamed out his name as I exploded in pleasure. He continued to pump inside me until he too found his release, roaring out my name as he pulsed inside me. It was only when the deed was done, and my breathing was back under control, that I thought of his thigh and the pain this might have caused him.

“Tank, your thigh?” I called out, trying to stand back up, but he was having none of that, his shaft

still inside of me, and he didn't want to pull it out. "It's fine." He gritted out, through clenched teeth. I waited as his breathing came back to normal

before he pulled back, and he slipped out of me.

After we dry off, I sat him on the bed. Grabbed the first-aid kit, pulling out the heat gel.

"I am fine, have had worse," Tank argued as I removed the cap from the tub of gel.

"I am sure you have, but not on my shift, shut up, and take it. It's the least I can do after you gave me a wonderful shower." I squeezed some gel on his leg before he could complain further, and began to rub it in. He hissed a few times as I moved over a section of his thigh. On closer look, I can see some bruising starting to cover his thigh. This had to have been caused by a heavy fall.

"You slipped out there?" I asked as I leaned in to get a closer look.

"Yeah, my thigh hit a rock, and I thought nothing of it, till later." Yeah, when you tried to pick up a tree on your own. I thought, maybe if he hadn't had the fall, the tree wouldn't have been so bad. He thinks he's Superman or something. I finished rubbing it in, and the room stank of the product, making my eyes water. Replaced the lid and washed my hands with warm, soapy water, but even that didn't diminish the smell.

"Sleep, you have a lot to do tomorrow, and so do I, with that first meeting with some of the boardmembers, or whatever they are called." We smuggled down. Tank's arm over my waist, he breathed deeply at my neck, which made me giggle as his beard and breath tickled me.

"Sweetdreams." I giggled out as he rubbed his beard on my neck again.

"No, no, no." I was going through my wardrobe for something suitable for the meeting, but I kept changing my mind.

"That Blue shirt, slacks, the pretty boots you got from Jenny for a present, and your cut," Tank said, pulling out what he was talking about from the growing pile I had been throwing on my bed.

"You sure?" I asked, looking at the items.

"Put them on, and let's see." He encouraged. I was so very nervous about today. I wasn't out to impress, but I still didn't want to fail. A quandary of emotions flooded through me. If I were out to impress, I would have worn the outfit Jenny had tried to convince me to wear, but it wasn't me; I felt like an impostor in it.

"That looks perfect, stick to it." Tank pushed; he was amused at all this fuss I was putting in over my clothes, something I had never done before.

“You are right, this is me.” I turned side to side and was happy with the end result.

After breakfast, Tank headed to the clubhouse for a meeting, and I headed to the chopper. Two guards were coming with us, as Gramps would have his collection of guards, leaving the rest to help with the cleanup,

“Ready?” Savage asked as he assisted me into the chopper, placing my briefcase on the floor at my feet. Inside was my laptop, and files I had been reading up on the agenda.

We flew over some of the towns, that had been hit by the storm, and two were really bad, we need to help them, I said to Savage, he took a detour, so could see the Jones Gang, clubhouse, and it was none existant, completely demolished, to rubble, with trees all blown over, crashing into anything in its way.

The city came into view, a place I had never been to before, and Savage explained all the tall buildings as we flew over them, we approached a large one, that already had a chopper parked on the top, and a place waiting for us, I could see Gramps waiting at the side, I had thought I was early, but he still beat me here.

“Ready?” Wow, like father, like son. I chuckled to myself.

“As much as I can.” I waited for Savage, who would be with me in this meeting as my personal bodyguard, along with the other two.

Gramps held my arm and walked me into the building, the temperature dropping, the airconditioning a little cool for my liking. We entered a huge room that had the biggest long oval table I have ever seen, six screens lined the walls, the table was full of men, no women, and I found that a little disconcerting. Mumbles of how scruffy was, and way too young to be the owner of the business.

We walked past men who greeted Gramps, nodded at me, or gave me looks that were not exactly inviting, as their eyes took me in from head to toe. At the end of the long table, Gramps pulled out the head chair and offered it to me. Then took the chair next to me. He patted my hand in encouragement and waited.

I took a long, deep, calming breath, lifted my briefcase, removed my laptop, switched it on, then pulled out the agenda and a file that should have a copy of, if they bothered to print one, before addressing the table.

“Welcome to the final quarter of this financial year. My name is Zaria; however, I prefer to be called Fixer. Please open the file and turn to page three.” I had flipped the file open and watched as Gramps did the same, yet not all members opened a file; they didn’t have one. I rolled my eyes at this, but didn’t say a word.

“Can the manager of this hotel stand and give me his name, and a rundown of these figures, and the projections for next quarter?” I asked the room looking around for someone to stand. Murmurs went around the room, yet no one stood up.

“Do I assume that the manager had not arrived yet? Still no answer, I wrote something on the page and flipped to page six.

“Turn to page six, and can that be managed, stand and introduce themselves, and explain the figures.

Gramps and I both knew who those managers were, and yes, they were here, but we were avoiding answering questions.

“No, how about page fifteen?... No, page twenty-five?”

“If the HR manager is here?” A man stood and gave his name.

“Those managers are not here to explain; they are fired. See that any property owned by this company is returned immediately, and dock their pay for any loss of items. Get IT to remove their access to our properties and server.”

“That’s a bit harsh, isn’t it?” One called out, gaining the room’s agreement.

“Who are you, may I ask?” I asked. He gave his name and the name of the hotel he managed. It was doing well.

“Those men decided not to be available to explain why the profits of those hotels are dropping, why the top floor was taken by those managers, or why they are spending company funds on themselves and their wives, girlfriends, or mistresses. I will not blink at removing liars from the company. They know this meeting was scheduled for today. Was it because I was here that they felt it was okay to not stand up and report?” I asked my voice cold and void of any emotion.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 210[1,632 words]

Fixer POV

“They are here.” Another spoke out.

“So it seems, okay for my benefit, let’s go around the room, stand, introduce yourself, and what you do for the company, and where.”

Slowly, they went around the room, some standing proud, others not so sure, and the now-fired men, with bitterness. Gramps knew I was going to do this and had already put someone in their place. Together, we talked about this over a video chat and came up with the idea for me to come in strong and put them on the back foot, worrying about their own positions, at how easily I fired people.

Building security entered the room as the last two men introduced themselves.

“Have these men escorted out, ensure they hand over all company property,” I commanded security. After a brief look at Gramps, they complied. I didn’t like that they checked with him first. Gramps had already organised the removal of their things from the hotels and homes, as they were company housing, as a package deal. I was leaving any police involvement to Gramps, since he knew more about this than I did. I just got the basics.

After another three hours of talks, the secretary team brought in a late lunch.

“Fixer, you may not remember me. We met at the camping trip that went badly.” One of the men held out his hand for me to shake.

“Dodger?” I had met many that day.

“Correct, I never thought I would see a cut in the boardroom, you do your club proud.” He complimented me.

“Thank you, any others here?” I asked, looking around the room.

“Yes, I am Spokes, the president of the Bandfield club.” He moved forward and shook my hand.

“Springer, president of the Mayfield club, and I believe you are now the owner of the town, and us.

We have much to talk about when this is over.”

“Agreed.”

Now I could see why Gramps was smiling when we met over the video call that first time, and had seen the cut, that first day. He had connections to a club, too. They didn’t look at all in our few meetings.

“Your Grams didn’t like that side anymore; when our boy reached school age, I retired from the club and dug deep into family business, because my wife wanted a high society life, not the club-related one. I still get involved with the club, go on rides when I can, but business has become too much to enjoy that lifestyle. That’s what happens when your

empire gets this large, and you keep doing more instead of delegating and doing exactly what you just did. Now let's get this meeting finished, and have some fun."

The rest of the meeting flowed, and we achieved our goals for the day, after the bulk of the managers left, all with a different perspective on moving forward.

"Let's go to a restaurant and chat." We're all in agreement: Gramps leads the way to a nearby restaurant; we were led to a quiet section at the back; ties were removed; jackets were put on the backs of chairs; and attitudes relaxed.

"Sir, when you said we were in for a surprise today, that your Granddaughter had taken over, I was not expecting to see Fixer walk in with you; that made my day. I was worried she was someone who would not agree with our lifestyle and make things difficult when she found out we were bike-related enthusiasts." I broke out in laughter at his polite way of putting it, 'bike-related enthusiasts' indeed.

"Fixer hasn't had it easy, but things are changing for the better." Gramps started to say, but our drinks arrived; they served our table first, before supplying food and drink to the other three tables, where our guards were seated.

"Can we wear our suits to work?" One asked, and I smiled.

"I don't see why not, Gramps?" I deferred to him, as he had a better understanding of the dynamics of their areas.

"With you being in a different club, how will that affect us? Like you own our club, the property. I don't want to merge. Can we stay as the Mayfield club?"

"Same with us, you own our club too, the grounds that is, not the town."

"What Gramps has in place will stand, and you know you can contact me at anytime, there's an issue that needs my support."

"Good, thank you, I know you could force change."

"Not my style, but we do need to talk about the Jones gang, you know, their property was ruined by the storm."

"Yes, we were talking about that in the lobby while waiting to enter the boardroom."

"They need help, they lost a lot of men in that storm there can't be more than fifty members still alive, so we help rebuild the town and clubhouse, of leave it to whoever owns it now?" I threw it out there.

"Actually, Fixer, I was on the phone this morning with the mayor of that town. They want to bring the name back to its original form and have reached out to us for help. I sort of

purchased most of the town, which was owned by the club, under your hame, so you own the Jones Gang property now. I have already organised the start of the town's rebuilding and sent medical aid and food supplies. Dodger, Springer, Spokes, would you all be in agreement to meet the few surviving members, and talk to the, either we get that gang up and running under a new name, or the members can merge with one of your clubs." Gramps looked at Dodger, who appeared to be the stronger of the men, more experienced.

"That we can, Fixer. Do you want to be part of that? Dodger offered.

"I will talk to Prez and Tank, maybe we can all meet up, and talk about the club, with the Jones members that are still around, what's the town's new name, or should I say old name?"

"Redskills Creek."

We talked a bit longer before Gramps called it a day. I waved Gramps goodbye as his chopper hit the skies, and I climbed into mine. It's been a day of unexpected surprises. What I own was mind-boggling, and what Gramps keeps buying, making our portfolio larger, was crazy big. If a town was struggling. Gramps was buying it or investing in it, trying to help our country towns survive. I am not sure if I should tell him to stop. He appears to enjoy it so much.

"Interesting that Gramps was still buying into towns, thought he stepped back. Did you know he was a bike member?" I said out loud to Savage.

"Yes and No. I was a kid when they stopped being an active member, and I don't have a lot of memories being with them, I was too young, but that lifestyle would have been better, than what Grams tried to make me become, I never likes, all that glitz and glamour, and now I understand why, we are what your names says. Fixers, helping others, we have the means to do so." The radio stopped our conversation because we had to go lower: a plane was coming into our flight path and had to make a detour.

Home came into sight, and it made me feel relieved that the expansion was far enough away the main house, and from here, the start of the small runway had begun, just out of town, ten minutes from our home, yet still on my property. This will be a boon for our town and the few close by, something we should have had years ago.

Savage did what he had to do, closing down the chopper, and I headed inside in search of Prez.

I found him in the lounge. Sticks was feeding the baby; she had a baby blanket over her shoulder, hiding what she was doing. Not everyone wants to watch it. Blaze, Zero, and Tank were all there. Melony was in the kitchen, and Jenny was still at work; she would return tomorrow.

"Hey, how did your meeting go?" Tank asked, pulling me onto his lap.

“Good, better than I hoped for, but I need to talk to you all regarding the Jones Gang.” I snuggled into Tank’s arms.

“Our members agreed that we need to reach out and try to help,” Blaze answered as Melony came in and plonked herself on Zero’s lap. He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close, just like Tank does.

“No need, already have help on the way. What I need to talk about is the gang. I met up with Dodger, Spinger, and Spokes today, and they are organising a meeting between the last remaining club members. The town will be renamed back to the original town name.”

“What? How?” Prez asked, looking a little angry that I had talked to other presidents in clubs.

“Don’t get your panties in a twist. There was over three hundred dead in that town, the storm did a lot of damage, I met the guys at the board meeting seems they work for me, and I own a lot of club grounds, and as of today, own the Jones Gang town, and club land, we talked and agree, to help the remaining ones, we are one big community, and should be there for fellow clubs, if they stuck, like this, I don’t mean we get into the club politics, but if they need a hand why would we not help?” I replied softly, trying to ease the rising tension.

The cat’s out of the bag now. Zero, Blaze, and Melony just learned I was well off. The look of shock on their faces said a lot.

“I will contact Dodger and organise that meeting.” He didn’t mention my ownership or give any indication of how he felt about it, but it is what it is, and hopefully things will change for the better.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 211[1,502 words]

Eight years later.

Tank last POV

The sound of children playing, the squeals of enjoyment, and laughter all around was a delight, and I couldn’t ask for a better day.

Today was Fixer’s and my eighth wedding anniversary. Many visiting clubs, and ours, are at the

water hole, mind you, it's more of a water theme park than a waterhole now, with all the improvements that have been done, and when more ideas get suggested, we try to accommodate.

We have tents all around, two abolition blocks, one for women and one for men. A larger carparking area and the games available are outstanding. Further up the rivers, there's a small waterfall, and before that, rapids, that have been made as safe as one can be. The school loves to use it on sports day and as a waterhole for teaching children to swim.

Fixer was sitting in the baby wading pool, watching our two-year-old daughter, Penny, splash about. She gained that name because during her pregnancy, she kept zoning out, and people used to make fun of her and ask her, 'Penny, for your thoughts, so when she gave birth, we named her Penny. Our eldest got the nickname Storm because that's what his mates call him; they think since we have road names, they should have names too. The next was four-year-old Razor. We gave up calling them by their birth names and went along with the kids; even the teachers now call them by the nickname.

Our fourth will be another boy, Fixer, who was seven months along and was doing better with this one than with her last one. We say it was because the last one was a girl, and that she had to announce to the world she was coming, and look out, world, things were always going to be done her way. She's a typical two-year-old. With the stubbornness of her mother.

I am lucky to have Fixer; she never complains and delegates her business affairs, attending meetings only once a quarter and handling the rest from home. Uncle Simon still lives with us and has become proactive with the children. He said he was trying to make up for lost time. The grandparents come once a month, and Gramps has put Grams in her place. They had a few arguments about Fixer not conforming to her standards, and we threatened to never let her se her great-grandchildren, not that we would do that, but she doesn't know that.

Savage married the nurse, that we had for Sticks, they hit it off immediately, and by the time Sticks no longer needed her, she was ready to move into a small cottage we built for Savage, they wont be having any children, Savage felt he was too old to have more, and the nurse didn't feel the need, she chose pediatrics that filled that gap of not being a mother, that way she got to have a lot of children, and not the problems rearing them, she stl works, and Savage was still our main pilot, he had three under him, they all can fly the light aircraft, we have parked at the airport Fixer had built, and two helicopers here at home, and one helicopter at the airport, that are used for medical emergencies, and the helicopter can be used for the fire season. Fixer was looking at a small plane to spray fire retardant, but that's still on the drawing board.

Bruiser married that lovely girl, Karen, and has two children of their own. Danny loves them dearly and calls Bruiser Dad; he loves it. They no longer live in the cottage; Bruiser moved into one of the houses on one of Fixer's estates, taking over as manager. They are doing really well. Bruiser still coaches the junior football team. He was offered the job of

Enforcer at the club, but he turned it down; he was enjoying being a member. He was there if things went out of hand.

Blaze and Jenny are married now. Jenny got the road name, Nightingale, because of her job. She is also pregnant, six months along, and doing light duties at work, refusing to quit yet.

Zero and Melony also got married about a month before Blaze. Melony's road name was Screech because she often squealed and screeched when excited about something. They have a young son, the same age as Penny; they are both in the baby pool under the watchful eye of Melony and Fixer.

Doris and Cricket died. Doris found some scissors and cut her wrists. She was found too late, and Cricket joined in a fight and was stabbed by another patient. She bled out on the floor before the fighting went under control.

The Jones gang, what was left of them, were split up and joined the other clubs that offered to take them in. They fitted in nicely. The old property s a housing estate, four level appartment complex. Fixer more or less had the whole town rebuilt and renamed back to its original name. You would hardly recognise it; it's a booming town with far more residents than when the Jones gang ran it.

"Yo, Tandy, get your boy to try that new flying fox," I shout out. Tandy's eldest lad was a member of our club. Tandy has four other children, but they are not old enough to join. His youngest is in the same class as Storm, and they are joined at the hip. It was good to see him have so many close friends. They are typical seven-year-olds. Bruser was their football coach this season and, most likely, will be again next season, before the other coach takes over. Any that show talent for the sport.

Yeah, life has been good to us since all that fighting was over. The accountant, the president, and

the VP were related and the main instigators of all the fighting and deaths. His whole family was gone; no one was left to pick up the fight. Our club members felt cheated, in a way, because the storm took away their opportunity to burn the clubhouse down and get the revenge they believed they deserved, but legally, and as far as I am concerned, that storm did us a favor.

The club members have changed since the storm. What happened beforehand with the split was forgiven, even if not completely forgotten. They are all reinstated, as full members no longer on probation, but none would ever get a position of power; only Bruiser was offered on the quiet.

The refurbishment of the clubhouse was finally finished; the place now has a new bar area, improved public space for visitors, and enhanced security. The sheds are better equipped, and we have apprentices working in the workshop, with Fixer and Mike as the

teachers. Yes, she finds time to check their work, and with her being this far along in prégnancy, Mike does more of it until the baby is born. Personally, I don't know how she fits it all in. But she thrives on being busy. If she's not looking after the children or doing the office work, she's working on bikes. Zero showed a talent for tattooing; she taught him the basics, and he has taken over that task and has nearly finished all the club members' club tatts. When he gets stuck, he comes to Fixer for ideas.

Tandy's lad makes the new flying fox look easy, and he's using it, which has other older lads giving it a go.

"Dad, Dad, look at me." Razor calls out, then does a running jump, curls into a ball, and sprays water all over the girls who were close to the edge, eliciting squeals of shock and threats of payback. Razor climbed out and started running away fast. Did a huge circle, staying out of their reach, and came running to me and jumped on me, soaking me too.

"Hey," I growled, and held onto him, stood up, and raced back to the water hole, and jumped in, pushing my boy back to the surface, as I landed. He giggled as he surfaced and dog paddled back to shore. Our two boys can swim; even the two-year-old can float and sort of swim. She wears floaties on her arms for a bit longer, and we don't ever leave her by herself; one of us is always on watch, even in our pool at home.

"Food's ready." Someone from the barbecue area called out, and the speed at which those kids were out of the water and rushing to the food was faster than any seagull to a chip.

I left the kids to grab what they wanted and headed to the wading pool to help Fixer and our little bundle of joy, who was always giggling and smiling. Even as a baby, she rarely cried.

I took Penny and settled her on my hip and put my other arm around Fixer, pulling her to me.

"They look happy, we have found peace," Fixer said, as we walked towards the group of hungry children and adults.

"That we have." I agreed.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 212[1,568 words]

Fixer's last POV

Today, being our anniversary, I found I have been going down memory lane, some good, some not so good.

Tank was the first good thing that came into my life since Grandpa died, and the many changes that happened, all in our first year together.

I became mega-rich, but I wasn't like Gramps, trying to control it all. I let others do the work; all I had to do was either agree or disagree with suggestions and let things take their course. Uncle Simon had helped a lot in that regard. He helped me set up watchers, those keeping an eye on the managers and people who want power, ensuring all went according to how I wanted it, and not ripping me off. Now, I spend maybe twenty hours a week on paperwork, the rest with my children, and the club duties.

When Blaze wanted to make Jenny his, and give her his cut, and she agreed to take it, we did a double celebration, Jenny getting her man and my twenty-first. The club grounds were packed with friends, visiting club members, and my grandparents. To my surprise, Gramps even wore his old cut, which he had kept all these years in his closet. He was held in high esteem; even Grams behaved and wasn't her usual snobby self, although she didn't wear her cut. The club welcomed them like family, though some were shocked when they arrived by helicopter and found out they were my grandparents. I don't think the club has ever had so many at the grounds like that, and all behaved and enjoyed a two-day celebration. We had their cut first, then my birthday cake.

My first child, what a memory, Jenny was their when I started labour, and quickly got the nurse who was now living at our home involved, setting us a water birth, I was in labour all night, and delivered him at home early hours of the morning, I think I might have broken a bone or two on Tank's hand when I squeezed it so tight, but he never complained, just shook out the pain and gave it back for the next round. The doctor arrived about an hour before the delivery. The nurse had called him to say I was close, and now was a good time to arrive

Uncle Simon and Savage paced the floor, and Tandy was there too, outside the room, which I had set up for the birth. Tandy had my Gramps on the phone, talking to him every half hour as I progressed through the night. He had the phone on speaker so he could hear the baby's first cries. Tank, in shorts, was soaked to the skin and had the honor of cutting the cord. It was a long, messy night, and I decided not to have water births for any future children. The colour of the contents of that bath was my water when it burst, blood, and who knows what else. It looked gross and was not something I wanted to see again. Home birth was fine, water birth, not my thing, tried it, and well yeah, nope, not again. My second came too quickly to make it to the hospital, so he was a home birth too. Jenny delivered the baby. It was one heck of a night. I had been in labour for a couple of hours, thinking I had plenty of time, and was about to head downstairs and into the car, when I felt the urge to push. Jenny had no choice but to step in, while the nurse called the doctor to get here fast. The next one I had at the hospital, all calm and ready for anything, it was old hat by then.

Jenny, or should I say Nightingale and Blaze, still live with us. We never wanted to be apart, having been through so much together. Blaze loved the idea; he could walk back here from next door at a moment's notice if Nightingale needed him. Uncle Simon, and they are the only ones that still live here.

Zero moved to one of the cottages on the club grounds. Melony saw it when walking around the grounds and fell in love with it. They moved in before Zero even asked her to be his, but we all knew once he had staked a claim, she was always going to be his. He would have never let her go. They are blooming over there; they were the sort that wanted their own space, where I don't mind company. Tank also enjoys others staying the night Our best nights were when Uncle Simon, Tandy, and his family, Nightingale, and Blaze were all here for dinner. The more the merrier, even with all those children, screaming and running about having fun, was great, quiet nights, almost never happen, and I think I would be lost if I didn't hear the kids squabbling about something, or Tank calling them to settle down, which of course they don't for long. They are too full of energy. Prez and Sticks moved to a place closer to town, and a friend of theirs died, leaving them his house. They renovated the house and brought new furnishings before they moved in. They are loving living out there, a place they owned, not that Prez couldn't afford one of his own; he had a fair bit of money, but never felt the urge to move, so being gifted one was the push he needed to make that move, Sticks loves to entertain in her home, and will invite different members over, for dinner, and keep a closer bond to the club members.

We still have numerous bike runs; more often, it was just the men. They try at least once a month to go on overnight rides; others plan long weekends with their wives, and, like today, a fun day with all the children. It's hard to have a ride that includes the children, so we organise days at different club grounds so we all get a turn to host a family get-together. It helps with club bonding; we don't want a Jones gang issue again, and that's never far from people's minds.

The baby in my belly just reminded me it was time to get out of the water, where I was watching our daughter, splash about. I needed the bathroom I can never wander too far from one of those. Now, the baby was sitting on the bladder and giving it a kick. I started wearing pads because of the baby. I am sure he knows what he's doing; he's going to be a handful when he comes into the world.

Tank took over watching the children. I handed him our girl, then I waddled to the abolition blocks and back. I had just settled down, with my daughter back in the water, when one of my boys called out to Tank and jumped into the pool, showering the girls with water. I didn't think he would last long before he found trouble.

I can smell the food, drifting over to us, telling me we are going to have a stampede soon. Those kids can move faster than when they were told to do their homework, get dressed for school, or get off the PlayStation at bedtime, or in a running race.

Soon that call came, and the rush began. The kids are fairly well-behaved, other than play fights, they get along, even the school reports are glowing and I know my eldest was well behaved, because he loves his football, and I threatened if he misbehaved, I would ban him from playing, and with Bruiser his coach, he knew that one word to Bruiser and he would be on the sidelines, no matter how good he was. It's good when you can find something to blackmail them with. Not that I would have ever done that, but he doesn't know I wouldn't.

Tank followed the children, our youngest, wet, but he didn't appear to mind, the water dribbling down his side, from the wet bathers. He had already partly gone from a recent fun time with one of our lads. I can't say I have seen Tank lose his temper at the children, others yet, but not his children, and not with me. He talks things through, if he didn't like something, he pulled that child aside and quietly talk to them, trying to get them to see if from his point of view, often I hear an apology by the time Tank's finished, mind you only the two older children can be talked to, the two year old, wouldn't have a clue, but then she rarely misbehaves, think she's saving all her naughtiness for when she's older, she does do things that gets her into trouble but not deliberate, misbehaviour, not yet.

She's looking forward to her little brother's birth; she thinks she's getting a real living doll to play with.

We sat under a tree, our youngest by our side, as we ate. She was making a huge mess with the food, and I am not sure much made it into her mouth.

Resting here, watching all the fun around us, hearing the children's laughter and parents' chuckles, this was a far cry from when I first met Tank, the man who changed my whole life for the better.

I couldn't ask for a better man.

How did I get this lucky?

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 213[1,514 words]

Continuing the book from the eldest child's POV

Storm POV

My nineteenth birthday is coming up, going to be a blast, or so I hope. We have a show and shine in town, on the football oval, the biggest place for the displays and parking; many clubs have been invited. The show and shine will be for both cars and bikes; other clubs have run them, and it's our club's turn. That happens to be my birthday, so we're going to have some fun, celebrate it, and enjoy the displays. Mum has done some serious paintwork lately, getting guys bike up and ready to be on show. The town's hotels and accommodation are booked solid; this will be good for the town.

A couple of years ago, I had managed to convince my Dad to let me do business studies online, as he did. This was my third year and final year after jumping grades in high school. I prefer to work with Mum on the bikes. I love tinkering with them; ust started painting. Mum said I am showing some skills with the airbrush. That's a bit of a compliment coming from my mother.

My siblings aren't that into it, but that's okay.

Razor works with Uncle Zero, who is teaching him to tattoo.

My sister hasn't a clue what she likes, she was torn between being all dressed up, like Jenny, or being in jeans and a shirt like Mum. My youngest brother, Simon, yeah, mum named him after Uncle Simon. He hasn't been given a nickname yet, hor has Penny; neither seems to care, unlike Razor and me, who wanted road names since we understood what they meant.

This weekend, one more night, people had already started to show up, setting up in the camping area closeby, hoping to get good sports before the masses arrive, those that don't want paid accommodation.

Sprocket, Skunk, and Doom are with me. At the moment, we are at the football grounds, watching trucks arrive, with their vehicles, loads of cars, and trailers with bikes undercover. There are marquees erected everywhere, and the displays are starting to look good. Most brought their own generator. one guy he parked his truck stupidly, like it dangerous, they way he left his vehical, I heard him shouting at the cute girl, telling her to stay on the truck, while the other daughter all dressed up like the Saturday night girls that come to satisfy the lads, where the cute one, was in shorts and shirt, and boots, she would fit right in with our crowd, more than the sister.

"Come on, Storm, let's go to town. I'm getting hungry." Doom called out. He was always hungry.

The food vans had started to arrive but were not set up to sell yet. Might not do that till tomorrow.

"You go, bring me back a burger," I said, moving closer to the truck. The chick was in the back,

cleaning it out and folding up the blankets and covers that would have protected the nice car.

The sound of Harleys arriving had the girl sit on the back of the truck's tailgate to watch them arrive. It looks like she likes bikes, that's a plus. She is the first girl I have been this interested in. Don't get me wrong, I have had been with a few girls, just not lately, just like Dad I am huge, like the girls call me hug like a horse, and other names, it's hard to hide when you are aroused, Dad and Uncle Zero had tried to warn me about being careful with a girl, make sure she was prepared to take you on. Dad told me about how he had a girl in the hospital, because she was not ready to take him on, although she made it appear she was.

A truck came barreling down the driveway, way too fast. The driver must have been distracted because he swerved a bit, like an intoxicated man, before the side of the truck

hit the back of the truck, with a loud, sickening screech, the truck that the girl was sitting in, and almost immediately, a blood-curdling scream came from the back of the truck. The truck moved a bit further along before he stopped to look at what he had done.

I jumped into action, racing to the truck and leaping into the back, before I had a chance to think about it. The girl was covered in blood and was sobbing hard, no longer screaming, and I think she was going into shock.

Luckily, my bros hadn't gone far, as they arrived shortly after.

"What the fuk. That driver, why was he driving that fast?" Doom said he had grabbed the man; he was going nowhere fast.

"Give me your belt," I called out, and one of them handed me his belt, and I tightened it as best I could around one of her legs, and Sprocket gave me his, so I could do the same on that one. That driver had severed both her legs just below the knees, and not a clean cut.

"Pick up her legs and wrap them up, will you?" I asked, hoping one of my mates would do it. It was not an easy task.

I wiggled in and sat behind her, had opened my jacket, and pulled her to my body warmth, hoping it would help her from going deeper into shock, and now that I had the bleeding stopped, I pulled out my phone.

"Mum, we need the chopper at the sports ground, some jerk just hit a truck and severed a chick's legs off, need help fast." I all but shouted over the phone.

"Five minutes, ten at the most, get an area cleared, and hung up.

"Sprocket, get an area cleared for the chopper. Skunk called the cops; this guy needs breath testing. Don't let him leave.

A crowd started to gather, but some saw the problem with them crowding in and managed to keep them a little bit back.

The girl in my arms had long brown hair and emerald green eyes; she was gorgeous. At any other time, I would be getting a phone number, but now didn't seem like a good time.

"What's your name, sweetheart?" I asked in a soft voice, hoping it was soothing to her. I am told my deep voice can be soothing.

Her screams had stopped, she was shaking like a leaf, which I had expected, and very, very pale. Holding her against me, the best I could "C.. C.. Cloe." She managed to get out; she raised her head to look at me. She was breathtaking, even in her condition.

“Sprocket, see if you can get someone over the PA, and get her Dad here. Her name is Cloe.” I never took my eyes off her as I gave out orders.

“He won’t come, he’s too busy with his car and his favorite daughter. I mean, little to him.” She sobbed, her tears flowing, and pain in her eyes, which could have been from the pain, but I would lay money on it that it was because she felt worthless in her father’s eyes.

I looked to the skies as the chopper’s sound grew louder, and the police siren joined in. Aunt Nightingale was off today, she might come with the chopper, I hope so, she’s trained for something like this. I have heard stories about her, all good ones.

“Make way, make way.” Uncle Alan stood at the end of the truck, and his face dropped in shock.

“Storm?” He spoke my name like a question.

“That guy drove in here like a man on a race track, was swerving all over the place, hit the back of this truck, where Cloe was sitting, and well, you can see the results.

“Sproket has her legs in the blankets. Chopper on its way, no sign of the father, but according to Cloe, he most likely won’t come till he finishes setting up his car on display.” I didn’t need to say more; he knew what I meant. She was like Mum and a lost puppy.

Nightingale came rushing in, Mum and Dad close behind with a gurney.

“Sprocket’s got her legs.” Mum nodded, pulled out a plastic bag, slid the limbs into it, and placed them in a cooler filled with ice..

“She’s out cold, how long?” Nightingale asked as she started to set up an IV line in her arm.

A minute later, she was conscious, shaking, and complaining of being cold. Thought my body.

“You put those tourniquets on?” Dad asked, and he helped move Cloe about.

“Yeah, the only thing I could think of.”

“Good quick thinking, might have saved her life. No that she will be happy with no legs.” Mum said

“Good job.”

They moved her to the gurney and to the chopper, still no sign of the father.

“Dad, Mum, she’s special, can you let me know when I can see her?”

The look of shock on their faces was priceless, and I wish it had been at a better time.

“Sure thing,” Mum said, and they disappeared with Cloe.

Uncle Alan then cornered us for statements, and they took the truck driver away to talk to him some more at the station.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 214[1,611 words]

Cloe POV

Dad had always been a pain; he put my sister, Mia, first, in everything, even when she failed in school, he rewarded her like she was top of the class, whereas I was ignored, but was in the top five; she was all Dad ever wanted in a daughter. When she would ask for something, she got it straight away, no questions asked. All she had to do was sit on his lap, purr like a kitten, and bat her eyes at him, and he was putty in her hand. I had to do chores, or just didn’t get it at all, because he didn’t think I needed whatever it was I had asked for. I wouldn’t reduce myself to sitting on his lap; I might end up with another black eye if I tried anything like that.

He would never hit Mia, but me, yeah, when he was drunk, or had a bad day, I was hit punching bag, not to the stage where I am out cold, don’t think he would kill me, but a hit, or two, even a punch that broke my nose, then he would tell me to stay out of sight till I was healed, so he wouldn’t have to see the damage he had done. Doubt he was feeling guilty, just didn’t want to have to explain to his friends that he gave me a shiner. It was bad for his image; he wanted others to see.

The violence all started when my mother died four years ago, from breast cancer.

My brother Richard left home, he didn’t want to put up with Dad’s anger at the world, not that he got hit or anything, but they had lots of angry arguments and was not coping with the BS that was at home now, and then after my brother left, Dad suddenly had Mia with him all the time, like she was filling the void he had from losing mum, she looked more like her than I did, I had Dad’s brown hair and green eyes, where Mia was blonde hair, blue eyes, like Mum.

“Dad, don’t you think you should move the truck a bit further forward, you know, further off the road?” I asked, looking at the truck, which was not parked well, if you asked me, leaving it like this might hinder some of the larger trucks. I have my bike license, the moment I was old enough to get one, and I recently got my car license, and the lessons

were still fresh in my head. The tail end of the truck was right up against the road, barely room for one of the larger trucks, a foot or two tops.

To me, it should be a good foot further in; there was plenty of space to move forward just a little bit more.

“Stay here and clean up the back of the truck. I want it spotless when I return, and Cleo! Just because you got your car license doesn’t mean you can tell me how to fuking drive and park my truck.” He growled at me and left with Mia by his side. She smirked over her shoulder at me and did a wave with her fingers as she sashayed away, loating that she didn’t have to work.

I put on some music on my phone and place one earbud in my ear, so I could hear if Dad yelled for something, which he often does. Instead of sending Mia to collect it, he yells at me to bring it to him, or if too far away, he will phone me. Yep, that’s my dear ole Dad for you. He has a girl right next to him, but calls out to me to do all the fetching and carrying, and the dirty jobs. Sometimes I feel more like a slave than a daughter.

A song I loved came on, and I was singing to it, shaking my azz to the music as I finished folding up the blankets, ready for when the car was back on the back of the truck, and swept the back, not that any dirt would dare land on the back of his truck. When I heard the sounds of Harleys, I thought, “One day, I will own one of those.” I love the heavy, deep sound it makes, a sound all of its own; it makes your chest vibrate with its rumbling noise. No other bike sounds like that, although some tried, but it’s never quite the same. I moved to the back of the truck, dangling my legs over the side, and looked at them as they moved about, the skill they had in moving those heavy bikes with ease. I rocked my legs to the music and sat back to enjoy the show of bikes as they rode nearby. There were a lot of bikes at this show and shine. I heard that the local bike club had someone good at artwork, and I was looking forward to seeing some of the designs on the bikes. My love for bikes came from my Mum; she loved to ride until she got too sick.

I was enjoying the bikes as they rode by, that was until a loud screech of metal hitting metal, and the truck lurched and vibrated, and then some intense pain, nothing I have ever endured before, it was so painful, it had me screaming my lungs out, and I fell backwards from the jolt of the truck and from the shock and pain, not sure what happen or what to do, I hurt so much, and I couldn’t even say where the pain originated from, it was out of this world, and I was lost to the pain, my brain not yet kicking in, telling me check out the pain origins.

So I lay there, trying to get a grip on myself and get over the shock and pain.

I have had pain before, nothing this bad, but pain nonetheless. I need to think.

Breathe, that’s it, deep, slow breaths, one deep one in, then blow it out slowly.

Not working, the pains too great, I thought through gritted teeth.

Then an angel was there, right in front of my face. He had the bluest eyes I have ever seen, staring at me with concern. I wanted to wipe that worry off his face. No one looking as good as him should ever have pain and worry on his face like that.

He was talking to someone about belts, and he was fiddling with my thighs, what?

Is he touching me?

Was he playing with my legs?

I can't feel anything but pain, coursing through me.

Oh no, did I shave lately?

I hope my legs are not all hairy,

Why did I wear shorts?

Don't look at my hairy legs, please, please, please.

When did I shave them last?

Am I repeating myself?

He asked my name, and I had trouble thinking straight enough to say it; I was shaking so much. I was starting to feel so cold, colder than I have ever been before. He was busy doing something to me, but I couldn't tell what.

"I am cold," I added after giving him my name, and I felt his warm chest on my shoulders, and his jacket enclosed me in his strong arms; he was a Greek god, I am positive. Not an angel, but a god. He was a large man, his arms thick and strong, as they enveloped me in his warmth. His eyes were kind, as if he cared about me and wanted to take my pain away, but he didn't know me. Why would I think that? Nobody thinks that. I have no friends; they're too scared of my sister to become one.

So many people's voices, they were all talking and shouting, at the same time, but all I could do was look into those beautiful blue eyes, and block everything out. Slowly, around me, disappeared. I thought I heard a helicopter and sirens, but I wasn't sure.

Was my phone still playing music on the truck bed?

This will make Dad angry; we made his truck get dirty. Hope the vehicle that hit Dad's truck didn't dent it too much; that will make him mad, and I would be blamed for it being damaged. Not sure if I could repair his truck, not like fixing other things broken, like the toaster, and the washing machine. This was much bigger and harder. I will have to look up how to repair it for him.

My sister would be pissed off because I was in the arms of a really good-looking man; no doubt, she would take him away from me, just like she always does when a guy is interested in me. She won't be happy if she finds me in the arms of this god; she won't let me forget about it for days, weeks, years, if ever. She was selfish like that; everything had to be hers; she didn't like sharing me having anything nice.

This guy was that nice. Too nice for the likes of me. I don't deserve to be in his warm, strong arms

Dad, where are you?

You didn't come, did you?

Didn't think you would,

I heard them calling Dad over the PA, but he would pretend not to hear it; I know he would.

I felt myself being moved about, but I was too far gone to care.

The pain was gone, and that was all I cared about at that moment.

Then the warmth of Storm disappeared, and I wanted it back.

Give me that warmth back.

I was floating in the air, drifting away.

Soon, darkness found me; all sight, sound, and feeling were gone, and I was content to be floating in a cloud, so soft and comfortable.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 215[1,499 words]

Storm POV

Uncle Alan had the truck, that hit Cloe taken to the compound, and gathered dashcam footage from those who had it, photos were taken of the truck, that Cloe had been sitting on, and a clean up crew to remove the blood from the ground, don't want tomorrows visitors to be traumatised, a lot of children come to these events, and we don't need them upset by this.

We had completed all of the clean up, and made the place at least visitor friendly again, my friends and I helping out the best we could, I wanted so much to go to the hospital, but

Uncle Alan said to stay here and help out, as Cloe would be in surgery for a while, and then out cold for a while later, tomorrow would be better, than today, or tonight, and they might keep her asleep for tonight anyway, give time for her body to adjust to the big changes coming.

I knew what he was trying to say: Cloe was going to need a lot of support, and anyone taking on that challenge had their work cut out.

“Uncle Alan, you know she’s special,” I said in a whisper when he tried again to stop me from leaving to go sit in the hospital.

“Yeah, I get it, just like your Dad and Uncle Zero, when you find the one, you just know. But take it slow, or you will scare her away. She has a lot going on now; rehabilitation will be long, once she learns what has happened here today, and by the looks of it, no family support, she will need someone, but handle her with kid gloves, please.” He tried to reassure me, and I know Dad and Mum would say the same.

I found her phone, still belting out songs, and I turned it off.

“Uncle Alan, here’s her phone.” I held out my hand for him to take it.

“No, you keep it, and give it to her when you visit, gives you a reason to be in her room.” Uncle Alan

replied with a smirk. He was quick, my uncle, that’s why he was the boss of the police station now. He rose in the ranks fast and has everyone’s support. He’s the best police officer around.

I slid the phone in my pocket, then noticed the man I thought was Cloe’s Dad marching angrily towards us. He was the one growling at her before he walked away with that other girl on his arm. I already don’t like that chick.

“Uncle Alan, that’s the father, and his other daughte” I nodded to the man thundering fast, his daughter jogging to keep up,

“What’s going on here? Where’s Cloe? That slacker left the truck unattended?” He raged on, not waiting for an answer, but looking over the back of the truck, seeing the damage, not that there was much, his tail lights were broken, and the tailgate a bit dented, he would need to get the lights fixed before Uncle Alan would allow him to drive away.

“What the fuk happened here? Why does my truck have damage, and who’s going to pay for getting it fixed?” He was still ranting about his truck.

“Dad, maybe Cloe got bored and went to look at the bikes, you know how she had been talking about them lately.” The daughter said with disdain. They both looked around, as if they could spot her from here. Then the girl turned back, giving me the once over, and my

buddies the same, and then turned back to me, her eyes stuck to my groin and I suddenly felt dirty.

“Mr. Dawson, there was an accident, and your daughter has been taken to the hospital for treatment.” Uncle Alan started to say.

“Get her back here, she can handle a bump or bruise, tough that one, no need to molly coddle her. Who’s going to pay for that, huh? Not me, I didn’t give you permission to take her to the hospital.” He spat back and turned back to his truck, checking out the lights. Swearing as he did, at the damage.

“Did Cloe do that damage, Dad?” The daughter asked, dismissing the fact that his daughter was in the hospital.

“When she returns, she can fix the lights. Come, let’s go finish setting up the lighting on the display.” He pulled a small generator from the back of the truck and left, asking for nothing more about Cloe, and my blood boiled. He expected Cloe to fix his truck?

After they left, I looked down to see Cloe’s blood on my jeans, just below the knee, but that wasn’t what she was looking at, was it? No, I am positive she was sizing me up. I have seen that look before.

“Uncle Alan, how old is Cloe? Can we take away his custody, for neglect?” I asked, still in shock at what just happened.

“In two weeks, she will be eighteen, and I doubt she will be out of the hospital before then, we can keep her here, for her own safety. Get the doctors to delay any discharge until we can what we can do. She will need a lot of help.” Yeah, I got that memo loud and clear. I got my work cut out for me, but I think she was worth it. Nothing will replace that look I saw in her eyes; it will stay with me for a long time.

“Uncle Alan, I am positive Mum will let me bring her home,” I said, and thought I had said that might sound bad..

“She’s not a puppy, son, she has a voice and disagrees at any time, you need to be prepared to let her go.” Uncle Alan said, as he watched the man, M. Dawson, walk away with his other daughter chirping in his ear. Her hand was waving about animatedly.

“She’s mine, and I won’t stop trying till she is,” I mumbled to myself, but he heard me.

“What is it with your family, collecting the damaged ones. Just like Fixer. But look how she turned out, maybe you got something going there.” He chuckled, slapping me on my back, knowing I don’t give up easily once I set my mind on something.

“Hey, Storm, that was one hell of a rush, you did good, bro, real good, I want you at my back if shite goes down, that was quick thinking. Do you think we will get our belts back?

That was my favorite belt buckle.” Doom asked, as we walked towards the cafe to get something to eat, not that the adrenaline rush was over, I needed to fuel my body.

We ordered and took our usual seats, at the back, by the window, where we can see everyone come and go, or walk by, and no one can come from behind. Best spot in the cafe.

Our order arrived, I had two large burgers with the lot, large chips with gravy, and a large Coke.

Mum says I am a carbon copy of Dad, in every way. am his height and build and his appetite, she once said, “We eat more than the rest of the family put together. I don’t doubt it; we can eat a whole roast chicken ourselves.

“What do you think about today? Do you need to talk about it?” I asked my bros, worried for them, this kind of drama doesn’t come our way often. We have been sheltered from a lot of that. Our town was peaceful, and clubs were peaceful, except for the few traffic accidents I have been to

and helped out with. But this watching it happen and reacting was different from arriving after the accident was over.

“Was the first time I have witnessed an accident like that, to be honest I froze, if you hadn’t pushed me, to do stuff, I would have just watched.” Doom said, still upset he had lost his favorite buckle, “I had sent Mum a text message asking if we could get them back. She replied with a thumbs up.” I hadn’t told the guys, in case someone threw them away before Mum could get her hands on them.

“Do you think we need counseling? I keep hearing that back, and her scream in my head.” Skunk said, and it didn’t surprise me; it was a sound I won’t forget in a hurry.

“We can talk to Dad and see what he suggests, but know I am here if you need to talk, or punch it out.” I was worried for my bros, they are softer than me. I don’t mean just muscles, but they haven’t seen some of the worst things in life. I help with the emergency crews, joined Nightingale a few times, and have seen some bad accidents, but seeing it happen brings a completely different feeling inside. My mind replays it in slow motion, and talking to Dad might be a great idea,

“Good idea, Tank will know what to do,” the guys agreed.

“Let me call Dad and see when he’s available,” I say and pull out my phone.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 216[1,454 words]

Storm POV

The phone rang a few times before Dad answered.

“Son? Are you okay?” I rarely call Dad, and after what just happened, he might still be at the hospital.

“Yeah, the guys and I want to talk about what happened, thought you might be the ear, or suggest someone, but prefer you,” I said, and I did, I would much rather sit and talk with Dad, we are close, or I would like to think we are, I haven’t always been the best son, getting into some mild trouble at school. Dad was always there for me, having my back, listening without judging me, giving me feedback, not demanding that I do things a certain way, letting me fail, and being there to catch me and help me get back on my feet.

Mum would be the one who would grumble at me, ground me, discipline me, Dad would say, when we are alone, that Mum didn’t have a good childhood, and she often sees the bad side first and wants the best for me. I get it, but it doesn’t mean like it.

“Can do, perhaps tonight, after dinner, bring the boys, and we can chat. Granpa Savage might like to sit in on this, too.” He suggested, and I think that would be good. Grandpa Savage has always had good advice.

“How’s Cloe?” It’s been a few hours now, and it would be nice to know she was still breathing.

“At the moment, we are still at the hospital, talking to the doctors and legal teams about what

needs to be done, and how long this poor girl will be in the hospital, and the future care she will need. After seeing how the father was, we have put in a request for temporary custody of he she turns eighteen in two weeks; it goes before the judge tomorrow morning. Tandy is rushin through. She will be in surgery for a bit longer, another couple of hours, will discuss all this with tonight.”

“Catch you then, Dad.” Dad hung up when I heard him being called, and looked up to see my best friends looking at me expectantly,

“Let your parents know, you’re having dinner at my place, and you can explain why if you like.” I know the parents won’t mind; we often stay for meals at each other’s places, and by now they’ve all heard about the accident that happened here.

Doom is the Prez’s second son; he is a year younge than us. Skunk is Blaze’s eldest, six months

younger than me, and Sprocket is Tandy’s youngest the same age as me. Well, sort of, I am going to be nineteen tomorrow, Sprocket’s birthday was a month later, then Skunk a

week after that. Doom will be eighteen, one month later. So Blaze lives at my house, our house. Only Sprocket and

Doom need to worry about getting permission, though, at their age, it was more about telling them we won't be home. We stopped asking permission to do stuff when I turned sixteen. I became a club member and was treated like a man. The others gained theirs on their sixteenth birthday; we didn't need to do the usual nom trial, as we had already been a nom all our lives. Fetching and carrying whenever at the clubhouse was hot, tiring work, but we did it.

"Dad's cool with it, said to go to the show and shine with you guys," Doom said happily that, by the sounds of it, he will be staying the night.

"Me too, I am staying the night, Dad thinks after that experience, we might need to stick together tonight, and help each other through it." I knew Tandy wouldn't mind; he was cool for an older man. He was older than my parents. I thought he was over having children, but his youngest son came as a surprise, and the age gap between his children was not a problem, especially since we were so close. Tandy didn't even flinch when his son became the club's only member.

We walked around the show and shine area, checking out that everyone was cool, no fighting over space, there were signs everywhere, promoting the different areas, plus lots of bins for rubbish, and extra portable toilets, glad I don't have the job of cleaning those, they can get rather whiffy on a hot day. Food was being cooked, for those staying the night here, on the camping part of the grounds, and my stomach rumbled, as if I had't just put two burgers in it.

Mr. Dawson was still fiddling with the setup of his display, moving the lighting and rearranging the advertisements or whatever it was he had. His other daughter was cosying up to any man who came up to look at what he was doing. I doubt she would last the night at the clubhouse; they would eat her alive and throw her out once the guys had their turn. Seen plenty of this kind of girl visit and never come back.

It made me sick seeing them here together, not concerned that the youngest was in the hospital, only for her to get back and clean up the mess. I saw red and wanted to punch his lights out. How could he not care what happened to his own flesh and blood?

"Let's go home, nothing more we can do here, till tomorrow." We climbed on our bikes, and headed home, I noticed the SUV following at a distance, they never far from me, we all have four guards, that are within sight of us when not at home, it can be a drag, but I understand, it took a big to learn. my lesson about dodging them, now I barely think about them, they doing their job, what Mum pays for them to do,

I will get a lot of businesses to run when I finish my course, Penny will have all of my mother's side of the family's heritage. When she is old enough, Simon, Razor, and I will each get equal shares of the businesses from Grandpa Savage's side of the family. My

Great-grandparents are still alive, and we catch up with them once a month, sometimes more, for special occasions. Great Gramps, still actively does work in the business, he couldn't retire completely, something about not wanting to spend every working hour with Great Grams, and if you meet her, you would understand, she can be a handful, wanting things her way. I am told she has improved, but I don't see it.

All of us will have to do a business course, but online it's not that bad, and anything else we do is a bonus. Like Razor learning to tattoo, and me tinkering with bikes, Mum's been teaching me to use the lathe and other equipment in the workshop. Simon was still too young to make up his mind what he wants to do, but I get the feeling he wants to follow Aunt Nightingale's footsteps and be a paramedic.

The place had a second garage built, with all of us Having our own vehicles, and some have a bike and a car. It got overcrowded, so another one was built, and one garage was for the bikes and the other for the other vehicles. I have a truck like Dad; most cars are too small for me to sit in. My legs get all cramped up behind the wheel, so unless it's a large SUV, the small truck was the way to Blaze had taken Dad's vehicle to the hospital and some personal items Mum thought Cloe might need when she woke up. They were not back yet.

"Fixer and Tank are on their way home, bringing takeaway. Can you set the table?" Screech called out from the laundry, even though we have two housekeepers, Screech still likes to wash some of her clothes by hand, something about the material can't go in the washing machine, and the housekeeper refuses to hand-wash. Don't blame the housekeeper; I wouldn't want clothing that isn't wash-and-wear, too much hassle.

"What takeaway, like plates or chopsticks?" Doom called out. I would have put out both.

"Plates." I was hoping for Japanese; we have a new restaurant that just opened, and their food was nice.

Mum and Dad came in carrying bags of takeaway food and placed them on the kitchen counter, soon all hands were in the kitchen, helping unload, and the rich fragranceance of food from the new French restuarant was carried to the dining table, and my mouth was already watering, I hadn't tired food from there yet, it was next on my list, our town was growing, and a lot of new restuarants have started to spring up. I have been enjoying the weekly run to try new places.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 217[1,371 words]

Storm POV

Dinner was good, but the conversation, as we had almost finished eating, was not.

“Tell me again in your own words, what you saw at the football grounds, how you felt. Who wants to go first?” Mum said she looked at me first, before turning to the others, as she pushed her empty plate to the side.

“I will go first.” Doom offered, he was never one to talk about his feelings, no matter how hard it could be sometimes. He told us he was gay the other day, still in the closet sort of, only us three have he told, and I have no idea how to support him, but he still Doom and my friend, he was afraid to lose his mates, but we didn’t judge him, if he prefers to kiss boys, that’s his choice, we still rough house and muck around as we always had, knowing he prefers men, didn’t bother any of us, he understands we are into girls, he would never try to do something with us, we trust each other, in every way. Not sure how Prez and Sticks will feel, or if they will treat him any differently, and that worries him more than he will admit. Prez can be hard sometimes, not that he’s a bad President, just can be a little short on us kids, when he’s busy, whereas Dad, no matter how busy he was, will stop and listen, or give us a hand. I am lucky to have my Dad. I love him a lot and want to be just like him. I am already a walking image; I just need to emulate the kindness and patience he displays.

“We were walking the carpark, resetting the string lines, as drivers were moving them, to park incorrectly, making it difficult to get more cars and trucks parked in the area, when we noticed this one truck parked close to the marked area designated to be used as a road. A girl was working in the back, cleaning up by the look of it, when a group of bikes rumbled close. She stopped and sat at the end of the truck, her legs dangling over, swinging to a beat only she could hear. I thought she was watching the bikes go by, because her head was turned away from the direction the truck came from. The driver was irate, like he was drunk, or reading something on his lap, and not paying attention.

The truck’s side swiped the back of the truck, which lurched forward a bit, and she screamed, I mean, really, really screamed, a sound can’t get out of my head. Storm reacted first; he was already on the run, headed to the truck before it hit the other one, almost like he could see it happening, before it did. He leaped up onto the back of the truck and was working on the girl, but by the time we reached him, demanding our belts, as he tried to stop the bleeding, it was squirting out of her, well, where her legs were, both gone below the knee, it was a jagged mess of flesh and bone. He kept us busy by having us retrieve the legs. He called for help once he got the bleeding stopped and pulled the girl to his chest. He got a blanket and threw it over her legs, hiding the damage, and ordered us to keep the people back and make space for help to arrive. As much as

the people wanted a closer look, we managed to keep them back while help arrived. The rest you know.” Doom had tears tracking down his face, which he didn’t try to wipe away.

“Thankyou, what about the father? Any of you besides Storm notice his behaviour, before the accident?” Dad asked softly, changing the direction from the blood or gore, for a moment.

“Yeah, from where we were, it appeared he was yelling at her, could only hear a little bit, seemed he wanted her to stay at the truck and clean it, and not tell him how to park his

truck, can't be sure, we were too far away, but that's what it sounded like," Sprocket replied, he was a mess, out of all of us, he was the one worst hit with what he witnessed.

"Talk about it, as much as you need to, or stay quiet if that is your way of sorting this out, but don't brood over it, don't let it eat up inside, thinking you could do more than you have."

'It's all in slow motion, Dad. Like all of it, the truck hitting the other one, the scream that goes on forever in my head, much longer than it really did in real life, the mess of the legs, the long wait for help, which was not that long, but felt like an eternity." I added, trying to stay strong and not cry, but the emotions were churning up inside of me.

"Lads, now's the time to cry, get it out of your system, the accident will be in your heads for a long time to come, but you don't need to carry any guilt over it, or let it hurt you any longer, let it out now," Mum spoke in a soft voice, which she only used when we were sick or hurt.

That was all that was needed, to hear that tone in Mum's voice, and the tears started to flow. All four of us were in tears. I was quietly crying, no sound, where the others had small sobbing sounds, and I was glad that we had our family here to help us through this.

'Any time you want to talk, or need a sparing partner in the gym to punch these emotions out,

come to me, I will always make time." Dad said to the four of us.

"How's Cloe?" I asked when I had finished the tears and got my emotions back under control.

"Five hours in surgery, two teams, one on either leg the legs were too damaged, like four inches of bone, was crushed, beyond repair, taking the impact full on, her legs had no chance. She will need prosthetics, and depending on her recovery, that could take a year of healing before she can get them fitted." Aunt Nightingale answered for us. She can get more information than we can. She was the head of the rescue teams now and could fly a helicopter. She's amazing and teaches others. At the top of her field, even schools from other towns sent their students here for the experience. I am proud of her, and she has been teaching me a lot, which has helped me think on my feet when the accident happened.

"When can I do and see her?" I wanted to go now, but knew that wouldn't be allowed.

"Tomorrow's your birthday, thought you would be celebrating at the show and shine, you've been looking forward to it for weeks." Dad jumped in.

"Yeah, I am, but I want to see Cloe."

“We are going there tomorrow morning, meeting the judge there, so he can see Cloe before making his decision. We have footage taken from dashcams and the security cameras at the football over, to show him what happened. You can come, but not all day; you need to go to the show and shine, and the party later. Cloe won’t be up to visitors, if she’s even awake. She will be groggy and not stay awake for long.” Mum still had her soft, sympathetic voice; this had hit her hard, too. By the sounds of her voice, was it because of Cloe? She has seen far worse.

“Then an early night, and see Cloe in the morning, leave after lunch will still give me enough time to check out the bikes, before the party.” I was not going to be fobbed off; I needed to see her, make sure she was okay.

“Can we post a guard, or two, don’t trust that father of hers,” I added as an afterthought.

“Sure, we can get Dirk over there, he’s good, and take one of the female guards along too.”

I nodded, pleased to know she will be safe for now. My gut tells me that man might be trouble.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 218[1,492 words]

Storm POV

‘No, no, quicker. Move, shift your legs, quickly, NOO oooo.

Sweating and running, getting nowhere close to the truck, it was like I was running on the spot, needing to get closer to the truck. I was having another version of the accident, have been having them all night, each with a different scenario. Sometimes I make it on time to save her from being hurt, other times I don’t make it on time, and she dies. Each time is nothing like what really happened, and my mind was playing tricks on me.

Tried to sit up, but was entwined in my bedding, and struggled to get out of it. I was covered in sweat and felt like I hadn’t slept at all. Got out of bed, hit the bathroom, did my morning routine, and headed downstairs, in jeans, shirt, boots, and cut. That will have to do. Mum said we have to be at the hospital by seven, and the judge will meet us there.

It’s too early, but I can’t go back to sleep, and see another version of the accident.

Mum and Dad were already in the kitchen when I arrived, deep in a passionate embrace, lip-locked. Dad had said you’ve got to take the opportunity of enjoying his wife when the moment arrives, and that was what was happening in the kitchen right now. It still shocks me to catch them at it, but at the same time, it makes me feel good inside to know my parents are still at it at their age. I hope that when I get married, I will still be deeply in

love with my wife. They are a shining example of true love, and I hope they never lose that spontaneity, as Dad puts it.

“Morning, you up early?” I say as I enter the kitchen, as toast pops up, wondering why they get up so early.

“Morning, happy birthday, make toast and a travel mug of coffee to go, we got to get going, word is that Cloe’s father was up, and ranting about his missing daughter and was looking for a ride to the hospital, His truck stuck where it was for now,” Dad says. As Mum comes over and gives me a hug.

“Not the way you envisaged your birthday, we have a gift, but we will leave that till later.” Mum kisses my cheek, turns and picks up her toast and coffee, and heads out the door, Dad not far behind her.

Soon, I am in the back of Dad’s truck, heading to the hospital faster than the speed limit. I finish off my toast, or what I managed to grab, and drink the last of my coffee, wishing I had more of both. We get to park close, as not many cars are about at this time of day.”

The hospital was quiet, and even the waiting room was almost empty.

“Morning, Patrick.” Dad greets the Judge, who was waiting at the lifts, along with his aide and two security guards.

“Morning, Tank, Fixer, and Storm. Happy Birthday. Hope the day gets better as it moves along. You

did an amazing job, saving that girl’s life. Well done might suggest a merit award or something.

Will think about it.”

“Thanks, Judge. I did what anyone would have done.”

“Um, no, not everyone would, many would be frozen in shock, too stunned to move, till it was too

late. I have seen the footage, take it from me, that was good reactions.” He wouldn’t let me sweep the compliment under the proverbial carpet, so to speak.

“Patrick, word is the father was on his way, not sure if we beat him here or not,” Dad said as we entered the lift and Dad punched the floor number.

“We shall see. Let’s hope we have.”

The lift doors opened, and shouting and abuse were heard. We all jogged down the hallway. Th father beat us to it and was arguing with the father to allow him in the room. Our guards were stopping him and his daughter, who looked like she was wearing a dress, two or three sizes too small for her; there was nothing left to the imagination. I am sure if that were Penny, Dad would have had her change into something that fit.

“What’s going on here?” the Judge calls out as we get closer. The nurses looked relieved to see him and stepped back. The doctors stood to one side, letting the guards do their jobs but ready to jump in if needed.

“I demand to see my daughter. I never gave permission for her to be brought here.” He almost screams at the Judge, not knowing who he is, spittle flying from his mouth as he shouts at him.

“Let him in.” The judge said, and we followed the man into the room. The guards close to the man, ready to drag him back out if given the nod.

Cloe was lying in bed, looking deathly pale, mask over her face, giving her oxygen, a cage over her legs, keeping the blankets off her legs, a heart monitor beeping away, a blood pressure cuff on her right arm, and a drip, leading to another bag that looked like blood, in the left.

The so-called father walked up to the bed and shook her, trying to wake her up.

“Wake up, you lazy bitch, you have work to do.” I was appalled at what he did; he could be hurting her.

“Guards, restrain him.” The guard moved quickly, pulling him away from Cloe. Her sister tried to take his place, attempting to pull the blankets off. The judges’ men quickly restrained the girl after the Judge nodded.

“Who are you, to restrain us like this? That lazy girl Has work to do before the show and shine starts.” He growled out, struggling with the guards.

“Tank. The guardianship will be awarded. Sir, you lost the right to that child.” The Judge said, and I felt relieved, that he would no longer be able to be mear her.

“What? Who are you?” He spat at him, still struggling with the guards, who were not being gentle with him, and if they were allowed, would give him a bloody nose.

“The Judge of this town, and you, sir, are the lowest of the low. Your daughter was sitting on the back of your truck when the other truck hit it. She has lost both her legs. How do you expect her to get up and walk with no legs? A restraining order will be issued so that you or your daughter cannot be within sixty feet of her. If you see her, it’s your job to move away, or you will be thrown in jail. I am waiting on reports; you may still be arrested.” The judge threw back at him.

“Remove him from the hospital, and let the security know he is banned from entering it ever again.”

The father looked at the Judge, his face paled at what he said, and looked back at Cloe as they were both dragged out of the room. It looked like he saw his daughter’s condition for the first time. Before he was gone from sight.

“She’s my daughter, you can’t do this to me, she needs me.” Mr. Dawson’s voice could be heard yelling as he was dragged away.

“That poor girl, what hell she must have been living through. I still can’t believe he tried to drag her. out of here, to do chores.” The Judge said, sadly.

“She has a long road ahead, I just hope she lets us help her,” Mum said softly, running her hand over her forehead, moving some hair from her face.

“I will sss you the confirmation of guardianship.” The Judge said his farewells and left.

“Sir, as the new guardian, we would like to give you an update on the girl’s condition and ongoing treatment” Dad left with the doctor, to talk about what was needed, leaving Mum and I here, the guards outside the door, and a nurse fussing with the IV, checking they didn’t do any damage, when they tried to pull her from the bed.

“When will she wake up?” I asked the nurse in a whisper.

“Tomorrow, the doctor will keep her sedated.” The nurse smiled at me, not the come-to-bed look, but a kind, motherly, caring look.

“Can I come and sit with her, like outside of visiting hours?” I would put a cot in here and sleep beside her if I were allowed.

“Sure, you are her family now, that gives you some extra benefits, and I think she would like to wake to a familiar face.” She left to do whatever she had to do, leaving Mum and me here.

“Today, I have to do the birthday party, but come tomorrow, I am bringing my laptop in here and sitting with her until she wakes up,” I say, standing on the other side of the bed, holding her hand, gently in mine, I was ready for Mum to argue, but she smiled and nodded, as if she already expected that of me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 219[1,500 words]

Storm POV

We left, once Dad got the instructions for the Doctor, I wanted to hear all about it.

“Not today, son. Tomorrow, before you go to the hospital, I will give you some information. Today, you celebrate your birthday with your family and friends. Enjoy it while you can; things will get harder for you before they get better. And make sure you study, you have an assignment to hand in.” Dad growled the last part. I guess he was worried I would be too invested in Cloe to do my homework. I want this year’s schooling over; it’s my last year, and I’m already ahead. If I am lucky, I might be able to get my degree early just like he did.

“Got it,” I replied, with a grin. Today, we are not taking our bikes; parking would be easier. We’re meeting up with other friends, but the four of us will stick together for most of the day and head back to the clubhouse in the afternoon, where the party will be held. We often used the clubhouse more than home, especially for big parties, partly because Mum never liked lots of drunks sleeping on her lawn, and partly because it mainly attracted club members, so it was easier to use their bar and set up. Leaving home for family-only get-togethers. Made sense, and as we grew up with it that way, it was fine. Dad would say that Mum loved her privacy, and it has always felt like a safe place to come home to, something Mum prided herself on keeping us safe.

“Stick together, and don’t try to ditch the guards.” Mother never let me forget that I had ditched them a couple of times in my early teen years, and Mum never lets me forget. She was so upset the second time that I never did it again. Watching Mum in tears was never something I enjoyed seeing, and me being the cause of her distress, shattered me. Something I, too, will never forget. “We will. More fun together.” Sprocket threw back as we climbed into the waiting vehicles. Chuckling among ourselves, as it had become a private joke, we had fun that last time, before we got grounded for a whole month, and my bodyguards got doubled. Still have double the guards on days like today. Mum’s paranoid that one of us would get kidnapped. Because she has money, I get it, don’t like it, but understand, some want what she has, and don’t mind doing bad things to get it. Mum and Dad have drummed it into our heads, since we could walk, that we had a shadow everywhere we went, and I was the only one so far who tested the boundaries of the shadows. That’s what my close friends and I now call them, not bodyguards, but shadows, because that’s what they do, one was always in sight of us, me, and my siblings.

The place was already packed with people at nine in the morning-more than I had expected. But then there was a lot on show, and those displaying their pride and joy could have brought family, who would be walking around looking at the competition and other interesting displays, gathering ideas for future ones.

Several of our club members have their bikes on display here. Mum had done a lot of new paintwork, leading up to this event, and I helped as best I could. I am not at her caliber, but my airbrush style was improving each time I paint. Mum likes my style and had me add finishing touches to some of hers to get the effect my painting gives. It’s different from hers, and together we complement each other.

We started with the bikes, taking our time to inspect each one, greeting the people who own the bikes, easy to pick out the owner, they were the ones with the biggest, proudest grin. I shake hands with those I know, and politely greet those I don't. The four of us, moving in as close as the owners would let us, to get a good look.

"I like this one, it has depth to the paint, how'd they do it, Storm?" Skunk asks as he squats down to the level of the tank.

I shine my torch on the paintwork to light up what I want to see. My torch was not a normal one; it was specially made to hunt for imperfections.

"A lot of layering," I reply, as I move my torch around and pick out errors that have been painted over, to try and hide them. If it were Mum or me doing it, we could have removed that section of paint and redone it instead of covering it up. Guess that the difference between those who are serious about doing a good paint job and those who aren't.

"Thought so, it's nice though, the concept had some good aspects to it, a lot like the pictures of your mum's first paint work on her bike, the one where the wolf comes out of smoke, she had improved a lot since then." Doom has always loved the paintwork Mum has done over the years; idolises her, or her artistry, that is, often said he wished he was my brother in blood, because my Mum and Dad were cool. But then most of my other friends who are around my parents feel that way, because they are cool. I am proud to be their son.

Each row of bikes has something different to see. As I love tinkering with bikes, I can appreciate what someone has done to theirs. I am not one for ape hangers, not high ones, okay to look at, but I am not fond of riding with my arms up there. With me being so tall, they have to be extremely high to work. I have seen some odd-looking bikes, and I wonder how well they would handle on the road; some look uncomfortable for a long run. Another one I am personally not keen on is rigid bikes. I like my suspension better for the back, and find rigid makes your teeth rattle on the gravel roads most clubs have leading to the clubhouse. We all have our own ideas about what we like, and as a large man, I don't want to look like I am riding a child's bike.

We made it to one of our club's larger displays, and to my embarrassment and sort of joy, some of our club members started singing "Happy Birthday to me. Slapping me on the back, and getting kisses on the cheek, from the girls, and I turned my head quickly when some went for the lips, that's not where I want any girl to kiss me, since meeting Cloe. These lips are for her only. If she will have me, and believe me, when I say, I will work hard to ensure she's mine,

"Party tonight?" One of the girls asked as she tried to loop her arm around mine, as if claiming me.

"Yeah," I replied, moving away from her, brushing her hand away. She pouted as a result of my brush-off.

“Whoop, looking forward to it.” Another girl said she wasn’t as clingy as the last one.

“Heard about yesterday, how’s the girl?” One of the guys asked after shaking my hand.

“Keeping her sedated, lost both legs,” I replied, trying to keep the emotions out of my voice, and I think I failed.

“She will be staying for a while, then. What can we do to help?” Another guy asked, “It’s what I like about our club: their willingness to help out.”

“Will let you know, at the moment it’s keeping her comfortable, and then a lot of adjusting to do. We are fortunate that our town caters to people in wheelchairs and others with disabilities. Over the years, more ramp-style paths to shops and other places were built, rather than just steps; even the public toilets were revamped to accommodate wheelchairs. A lot of progress since Mum started investing more in the town. I am still learning about that side of things, as part of the business studies. Mum lets me use her knowledge and Uncle Simon has other ideas. Combined, the two of us have a wealth of knowledge that most kids in my online class could only dream of having.

We started looking at the cars, some very old, others custom builds, just like the bikes; some have amazing paintwork. The day went great till we reached the car that Cloe’s Dad had on display, with her sister draped over it like a hood ornament. I avoided going closer to it, not the least bit interested, and seeing him made my stomach churm; all I wanted to do was punch his lights out.

“Come, let’s get something to eat, then go home. I’ve had enough of this place now.” Skunk said as he pulled my arm to make me move away from the display, possibly reading how I felt. I didn’t exactly hide it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 220[1,432 words]

Storm POV

The show and shine was over for me. It was good to see all the bikes, but the cars, I lost interest in the moment I saw Mr. Dawson and his skank daughter. I bet she bedded more guys than our Saturday night girls. She looked to be the time, with the way she acts around her Dad, I wouldn’t be shocked if she bedded him too. As sick as that sounds.

I ate two steak sandwiches and downed a bottle of water before we headed home. For something I had been looking forward to for weeks, today was disappointing. We would normally stay a lot longer, but my heart just wasn’t in it. Yesterday spoiled it all.

“What are you doing home so soon?” Mum asked, her arms full of washing.

“Saw Mr. Dawson and lost interest.” She looked at me, searching my face as I replied and nodded

as if she found or didn’t find what she was looking for. Dad can read me better than Mum, but I think she was worried about me. After the shock, I guess she was expecting me to lose it or something, and if not for my buddies, I might have done something stupid today.

“Come, I have your present.” We followed her to the workshop, and she turned on a spotlight.

There, in the light gleaming in all its glory, was a Fatboy, with my name painted on the tank and our club logo on the rear guard. It was beautiful, the mural was of a Dark storm cloud, and a silhouette of a face in the clouds.

My mates whistled as I walked closer to inspect the bike. Dad materialised from the darkness at the back.

“Happy birthday. Your mother has been working on this for weeks, wanting it to be perfect.” Dad stood his arm around Mum’s waist, as they both watched me looking over the bike. Mum had her phone out, I assumed, taking pictures of me and the bike.

“It’s beautiful. I love the storm.” I whispered in awe, walking around the bike.

“You can pull out your torch; you won’t find any hidden mistakes,” Mum smirked as I did as she said.

There, hidden in the paintwork that only a torch would reveal, was my name, hidden in the storm, in flowing scroll work,

“What did she hide in there?” Sprocket, always the quick one, moved around to see and slapped me on the back.

“Fixer, that’s one hell of a paint job, love it.” Sprocke praised, and the others came to look.

My facial expression must have said it all, because when I looked up, Mum and Dad had huge, beaming smiles on their faces.

“I won’t take it out now, got too much to do with the party, but I am looking forward to taking her out for a spin.” I had thrown my leg over the bike and was running my fingers over the tank, taking the bike to this advantageous point: what I would see when riding it.

“No rush, the bike’s not going anywhere.” I climbed off as I did, Doom called out

“Look at the number plate.”

I grinned widely at the words. ‘STORM’ was revealed under the light.

“Wow, I always wanted personal plates.” I couldn’t think of a name to use, hadn’t thought of my own, but Mum and Dad did. They thought of everything.

“Come have some things to take next door, and could use your help.” Dad motioned to the boxes stacked by the door.

We all collected a box each. Well, Dad and I carried two at a time. Mum led the way, through the doors and across to the clubhouse, where it sounded like the party had already begun. The heavy rock music thumped through the place, booze flowing, the only things this place didn’t have were smoke; if you wished to smoke, the rule was to go outside. It was banned about fifteen years ago. It was hard at first, according to Mum, as no one wanted to change from the old habits, but after being banned a few times, it sank in, and now no one smokes in the clubhouse, for fear of being banned.

“Take them to the storeroom, Jinks will grab what he needs during the night,” Dad called out when Mum dumped her box on the bar for Jinx to take.

The night was full of laughter, music, booze, and women, and I enjoyed watching it all. I didn’t drink one glass of alcohol and pushed every woman away. I was the center of attention, and didn’t want alcohol to turn me into someone I don’t like because too much booze makes me short-tempered, so not drinking or staying to only one or two was my self-imposed ban. The woman, because, in my mind, I was now taken, even if she didn’t know it yet. I joined in the dancing and enjoyed the jokes. I was drenched with something sticky, and confetti rained down on me, sticking to my body. One of the nicer jokes they played on me. One girl whispered in my ear that she was pregnant with my child, and considering I hadn’t bedded a chick in about three months, she didn’t look pregnant, and I didn’t recall ever bedding her, Yeah, you heard me, three months, I lost interest in the local girls, they became boring to me, they dress the same, and talked the same talk, and didn’t do much for me in bed. I was ready for something different and, at the time, didn’t know what I was looking for. Don’t get me wrong, my shower had experienced my hand job often, but I no longer stuck my shaft in a chick,

Anyone who brought a present put it on the table with the others. I would open them later, or Mum might, and Mum would do a thank-you card for me to sign and send to the person if they left their name on the card.

We rocked on till midnight, when I announced I was heading to bed; my birthday was officially over. Others would most likely enjoy the night till the sun it the skies. By then, I hope to be dressed and on my way to the hospital.

A quick shower to remove whatever they had dumped me with, before sleep came fast, and there was no nightmare of the accident or Cloe. But I did dream of riding my new bike and feeling the wind on my face.

An overnight bag packed, along with my laptop and snacks, I took the stairs two at a time. No one was up yet. I made a pot of coffee and grabbed some leftovers for breakfast before I climbed in my truck and headed out for the hospital. The streets were quiet, making the trip quicker. The hospital car park is almost empty.

I parked close to the entrance, grabbed my bag and laptop, and took long strides to the entrance, lifted my hand to lock the truck, and was greeted by locals who knew me by sight and by those who wished me a belated happy birthday as I moved down the hallway, and up the lift.

Cloe had been moved to a private room, monitors everywhere, she was still being treated like she was still in intensive care, and a nurse was sitting by her bed, monitoring her. No doubt Dad's doing, now that he has control of Cloe's health. The nurse lifted her head at the sound of me walking into the room.

"Morning?" I greeted her before moving to the side of the bed and looking at Cloe.

"The doctor had removed meds to keep her asleep she should wake today. You staying?" She asked with a hopeful voice.

"Yep, can you bring in a cot? This will be where I'll be for a bit," I replied, not looking at the nurse, but taking in the look of Cloe and how much color had returned to her face, and the heartbeat was pounding out a better rhythm.

"Good, use the call button the moment she wakes. have things to do." She was out the door so fast, I hardly got a chance to ask any questions.

There was a nice soft armchair in here. I dragged it closer to the bed, brought the small table closer, pulled out my laptop, placed a drink and snacks, a textbook, and as the laptop woke up, it did its thing, pulled out the extension cord, plugged it in, and the last thing I did was pull out my phone and place it on the table.

Everything was set up, I couldn't think of anything else I needed, and I got to work on my assignment.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 221[1,462 words]

Cloe POV

I was no longer floating; the voices were gone, and in their place was this sound of a beeping that strummed a constant beat that echoed in my ear. It felt in tune with me.

Whatever it was, the noisy thing was close by.

Dad will have a fit if he hears it; he hates it when we make too much noise, or should I say when I make too much noise. Have had a few beatings for making a noise. Even when I was not the one causing it.

My eyes refused to open, I struggled to open them, and I felt trapped, really stuck, worse than any other time I had been restrained by Dad in the past, had I been beaten, and my eyes were swollen shut.

I couldn't move, like not even my fingers or toes, how was that possible?

No! This wasn't from a beating.

Dad must have tied me up again, and I am in the cellar, out of everyone's way. He must be having another party or something.

What, no. How can that be? I am confused.

Aren't we at the show and shine, at some town, far from home, and I was cleaning the truck?

I only stopped for a little while to watch the bikes. Did Dad find me and drag me away, tie me up, and gag me? Am I blindfolded, too?

Am I in the tent, out of sight, so he can do what he needs to do? With my sister. I know they like to do things together, like I don't exist, and keeping me out of sight makes that illusion work until they need something cleaned and fixed.

But, this doesn't make sense.

I had been good. Like really well behaved, he hadn't growled at me once before we got here. Was my comment about the truck enough to do this to me?

I didn't argue, not once. I did all the chores he asked me to do and stayed quiet as he drove us to the town. Only Mia and Dad talked, laughed, and ate. I was left hungry again, having been forgotten, and ordered to stay in the truck.

Again, I am hungry, very hungry, I hadn't eaten since yesterday, when I managed to get a small amount of their leftovers. It wasn't much. I liked their plates clean, trying to get every last drip. Before they called me names and walked away, leaving me to sleep in the back of the truck, while they slept in the motel.

I had done all he asked, and more.

Was it because I asked about how he parked the truck?

Wish I knew.

Tired, so very tired.

The sound faded as darkness claimed me once more, still confused by what happened to me, and what to expect when Dad decides to let me out, hopefully it's not too long. I need a drink of water; I am so very thirsty.

Storm POV

The chime from the heart monitor raced a bit before settling back to its previous rhythm.

I looked at it, wondering whether I should call the nurse, but by the time I reached for the buzzer, the rhythm had returned to normal, and I might tell the nurse when she pops her head in. I got up, wiped Cloe's face, moved the mask a little, and, using a wet cloth, wiped over her dry lips, then slipped the mask back in place, concern on my face at the change.

Back to studying, engrossed in statistics, something I hate. But Mum said one day it will all make sense. Yeah right.

My snacks were soon all gone, my water bottle was empty, and I was grumbling to myself that I would have to leave to get more. I didn't want to leave her until she was awake.

That was when Mum and Dad walked in.

I could kiss them when I saw the takeaway bag in Dad's hands.

"Hey, how's the study going?" Dad asked, seeing all the empty mess around me.

"That bag for me? I am starving." Mum laughed as the bag was placed on the table, and she started to clean up the mess around me. Two bottles of water, two burgers, and Mum's homemade nut bars, yum.

"Any change?" Mum asked, not bothering to wait for me to answer Dad's question.

"Yes, Dad, just submitted my assignment, and Mum there was a strange heart race, but it only lasted a short time."

"Cloe might have been having a bad dream or remembering the accident," Mum answered as the nurse and doctor walked in.

"Greetings." The doctor greeted us as he moved to check the chart, and Cloe and I stood watching, my burger getting cold, but I didn't care; I didn't want to miss a word from the doctor.

"Cloe's no longer on sedatives, we are hoping she will wake soon, I am concerned about her mental state when she wakes, it will be a huge shock to find out what happened to her." He started, andI wanted to jump in and say I would be there for her, but I held my

tongue. He went on about what they did in the operation, but most of that meant nothing to me; all I needed to know was that she lost her legs, and it would be about a year before they would consider prosthetics.

“She was undernourished, almost to the level of malnutrition. We are pumping her with the food her body needs, and antibiotics, and plasma.” I blocked him out again, looking at my girl, she had been starved, my poor little woman. What else has she been through? Why would a parent do that? I never understood it, I know it happened, and more often than we liked, and I never understood it, you child was a miniature you, from your loins, you genes, your responsible to give that child, love, guidance, and nurturing, till it’s old enough to make their own way in the world, or that is what I have been taught, so I can’t understand, why one would hurt their own.

“Any questions?” The doctor asked softly.

“Yeah, she had a racing heart, about two hours ago, for about five minutes. Was that a sign of her waking, or something more sinister?” He turned to look at the nurse, and then back to me.

“Most likely waking up, and remembering something bad, she might have a few more of those before....” He stopped talking when the heart machine went erratic.

He moved to check Cloe, ran the blood pressure cuff, looked in her eyes, and moved back to watch.

“She’s waking.” We all waited and watched, and she twitched and moved about, like she was fighting someone.

Cloe’s hand moved as she struggled to remove the mask; her eyes sprang open, full of fear.

“Hey. It’s okay.” The doctor said, but she was still fighting and wouldn’t let him near her, fighting him, pushing him away from her, in terror.

“Doc, can I try?” He nodded, moving back, and I took his place.

“Babe, hey, you’re safe now.” I moved my hand gently to hers.

“Babe, can you look at me?” Her eyes moved to me scared, sorrowful eyes.

“Good girl, take deep breaths for me, please, listen to my voice, deep breath in, slowly, breath out, that’s it, deep breath in, now out. That’s it, Babe, good girl.” I praised her for doing as I asked. I was sitting on the bed, beside her, making her look at me, stroking her hair.

She raised her hand to touch my face.

“Angel, my Greek god..” She ran her hand over my cheek, her voice muffled by the mask, but I understood what she said.

“Storm?” She whispered, breathing out my name. I loved hearing my name from her lips.

“Yes, that’s me, you remember what happened?” I asked, and she shook her head no.

“You are in the hospital, this is your Doctor, and Nurse. Beside them are my Mum and Dad.” I said, she yawned, as her eyes moved to the others in the room, once they moved closer for her to see.

“So tired, thirsty.” She blinked a few times.

I reached for the water jug, and poured half a glass added a straw, and moved her mask from her face, offering her the straw. She pulled on the straw drawing up large mouthfuls of water.

“Hey, go easy on that, you don’t want to throw it back,” I suggested, and she took one more sip before spitting out the straw.

“Good girl.” She leaned back onto the pillow, and closing her eyes as I replaced the mask.

“She trusts you.” The doctor said as Cloe closed her eyes.

“Yeah, I was the one to save her,” I replied quietly.

“It was you? She’s alive because of you, but she might hate you for a while when she finds out she had no legs, be ready for that.” He turned to Dad and nodded towards the door, and Dad left with him.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 222[1,021 words]

Storm POV

The doctor left with Dad, and Mum came to get a closer look at Cloe.

“She has had a hard life, we have to convince her to stay with us, and we have to try and give her a better life, make up for all the bad she has had. I know it won’t be easy, but our family is up to it.” Mum said as she leaned down and kissed her forehead.

“You see someone like you, don’t you. Someone, who had been beaten and hurt, but did you starve too?” I had heard of little things about Mum’s childhood over the years, but nothing prepared me for this.

“Yes, I had my Grandma and Grandpa keeping me alive, so going without was not that bad. I still had someone to turn to, until Grandpa died, but by then I was stronger and more independent, and didn’t suffer quite as badly. This girl sounds like she had no one to turn to, and has taken the punishment for her sister, like I did, I am looking forward to getting to know this girl, she will be like me, fighting against us, but you are like Tank, you can break that like he did for me, I know you can, I believe in you, remember most of all, be yourself, if you don’t like something tell her don’t make her guess, as your time with her grows, talk to her, let her vent, hit you, but have that patience I know is inside of you. I can see she already had you; it’s instant, like Tank and Zero, when you see someone you believe is the one. Cleo is that one, isn’t she?” Mum had fire in her eyes as she spoke, like she didn’t need me to confirm it.

“Yeah, I was looking at her before the accident, wanting to get to know her, who she was. I am wondering if this accident has made it easier, or worse.” I had my doubts about whether I could be enough for her, now.

“Hey, don’t do that to yourself. You are what she needs. Cloe might not know it yet, but she will eventually, I agree. If the accident hadn’t happened, you might have found it difficult to get to know her; distance would have been hard, since she comes from a faraway city. You might never have gotten to know her beyond one day. Fate has come forward and done this, just like it did to me, when my sister lied about being pregnant, and in a way saved me from the hellhole I called home. Although it would have been nicer not to have such a tragic way to bring you together, something drastic had to happen to keep her here.” Mum had a brush in her hand and was brushing Cloe’s hair, as she spoke with such tenderness, and I was swallowing a lump in my throat, not just for Cloe, but for my mother, and the harsh childhood she had, you wouldn’t know that now, to look at how confident she was, and so caring, she never let her hurt define her, and that’s what she wants for Cloe, to not let this define who she is. Or will become.

This was the most Mum has talked about her past in a very long time, and with such passion. I can see them pulling every string they can to keep Cloe at our home till she was ready to walk out, and I worry that one day she would do that and take my heart along with her. I think Mum’s past will help Cloe bond on a level we couldn’t. I can already feel that they are going to close once she lets her walls down.

Dad came back, just after I finished my cold burgers.

“The doctor will be arranging a physiotherapist to start treating her here, and later, when discharged, she will visit home four or five times a week. She will need to strengthen her upper body so she can get in and out of bed and move around in a wheelchair until she’s ready to use her legs again. We have most of what Cloe will need at home in the gym, the spa, and the heated pool. I have arranged for a parallel bar to be set up in the gym for when she is ready to try legs and start walking again. Also, to make arrangements to make the bathroom more disability friendly.”

“Dad, that’s my room, because it’s mine. I won’t take no for an answer.” Dad looked at me for a while, assessing me before nodding.

“Okay, son, we will change your bathroom, and the one in the pool room, so she can use it when she is up to doing things on her own. Which you have to let her try.”

“Yeah, I will be exactly like you, Dad.” That had them both laughing before Dad continued.

“Aunt Dotty has agreed to be her nurse once she comes home. Living on the property makes it easier for her to pop in and out when needed. She will continue to report to the physiotherapist and the doctor once one is appointed to take over her permanent care.” They continued to talk about Cloe and her care, her needs, physically, while I looked at her, and wondered about her mental state, what she might remember; it happened so quickly she might not have known what occurred. I hope so.

Would she want to see the footage?

Would it help her?

I drank one of the bottles of water before Dad left to get more coffee. Mum was still going girlie stuff for Cloe, making her feel comfortable,

“Cloe’s sleeping, don’t worry, she might do that a lot over the next week or so, as her body adjusts,” Mum said. They have tubes coming out from under the blankets, one looks like urine, another looks like, yeah, not sure, and the other two have some blood in them.

“Mum, what are the bottles and tubes coming from Cloe for?” I had to ask; my head was doing circles, and I won’t stop till I have answers.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 223[1,456 words]

Cloe POV

A sudden loud noise made me jump, and I suddenly tried to listen to my surroundings.

Is Dad back? Sounds like he’s drunk again, falling over stuff, oh no, going to get another beating, or something.

I feel someone touching me, not hurting me, but a gentle touch like my grandma used to.

I miss Grandma. Dad didn’t like her around after Mum died, so she never visits anymore.

Voices are around me.

Where am I?

Open your eyes, dummy, and you might see.

Can't hear Dad, he might have fallen drunk, someone, hence the crash, it might be safe to open your eyes and look around. What's the worst he can do? He already almost killed me twice; maybe he'll be lucky this time, and I can be with Mum. That sounds nice. I miss Mum. Things weren't so bad when she was around.

Forcing my eyes open, I see a woman, I don't know, sitting beside me, looking at me, with love ? Like she cares about me?

Can't be, no one can care for me. Dad and my Sister throw that in my face every time I make a friend, so I stopped trying to make them. 'You will be a lonely old maid, no one will ever love you, or care for you, you are a miserable waste of space." Yeah, but when they want something fixed or the house cleaned, then I am not a waste of space.

"Hello, Cloe." The woman smiled, actually smiled at me. AT ME!

Did I die and go to be with Mum and the angels?

"H.h.hi. Who are you?" I managed to get out, licking my dry lips. The woman noticed, reached for a glass of water, and moved something from my face, sliding a straw in. I sucked the cool water, swallowed, then took another one, washed it around my mouth, kicked out the straw, and licked my lips with my now-moist tongue.

"Hey, Babe." I flicked my eyes over to see those blue eyes, which had been in my thoughts, making me feel I was worth something more than what my Dad had called me.

"Storm," I whispered out, and raised my hand, then stopped mid-way, when I saw that I had a tube and needle in my arm. I followed the tube and saw it led to a bag half full of solution, and next to it was the machine that I assumed made that awful beeping noise.

"Where am I?" As my hand was captured, in a huge warm room, Storm kissed the back of it.

"Hospital, do you remember anything about the accident?" Storm asked as he sat on the bed with me.

"Hospital? No, you have to let me out, Dad will never allow me to be in the hospital, and waste money on me to rest up." A deep voice swore, and I looked over to see a carbon copy of Storm, but older, must be his Dad, he looks good for an older man, that must be what

Storm would look like as he gets older, not bad.

Where were these odd thoughts coming from?

Oh, right, my sister always said, ‘Look at the Dad, before choosing a man, so you can see what yours will look like later in life.’ Don’t want to be with some tubby bald man when there are men out there who still keep their hair and shape. I never cared; if they treated you right, that was all that mattered, but then where do you find them? So many leave their wives and kids and take a younger one. Seen it many times with the kids at school: one day they are happy, and the next they walk around looking lost and confused. Doubt the parents think of the kids and how they feel when they decide they have had enough with each other, mind you, if I caught my man, if I ever have one, catch him cheating, I would boot him out of the house, and guess, it’s self-preservation, and hope the kids bounce back, and now I am in a confusing loop, of what’s right and what’s wrong, when a marriage falls apart. There’s no right or wrong answer; you do the best you can with what you’ve got, and hope to pick up the pieces of your life, and support the kids, who suddenly have to choose between two people they thought would love them unconditionally for life.

Yeah, right, some might be lucky to have that.

When did I become so bitter and cynical? Dad was nice till Mum died, but he was lost to the bottle since then.

“Dad went to his display, took Mia with him. I was left to clean the back of the truck when a group of bikes started rumbling past. I took a moment to enjoy watching and listening to them. I love that deep rumbling noise they make, which makes my chest vibrate. Then a loud bang, and the truck jerked, and I felt pain. An angel arrived and held me. That’s all. Did something happen to Dad’s truck? He’s going to be pissed off.” I am not sure I can fix his truck; maybe it’s only a little dent, and he won’t be mad,

“You got hurt, that bang was a truck hitting the back of yours, right where you were sitting.” The lady said, which caused me to frown.

“Hurt? I remember pain, lots of pain. But not why.” Did I break my legs when the truck hit our truck?

“Yes, you got hurt, and Storm kept you alive till help came.” The man at the back spoke with such pride.

“Does Dad know I am here?” He’s going to be so pissed, a damaged truck, and me lying about in bed.

“He came, wanted you to leave the hospital, and work on his truck, but he was removed.” The carbon copy of Storm spoke with venom.

“I should go; he will make it harder for me if I stay in bed resting.” I tried to sit up, but I felt so tired and drained that I couldn’t move my legs.

“Your father will no longer be a problem for you. We’ll talk about that later. I think you need to rest.” The woman puffed up my pillow, helped lift my head, and placed it behind me again.

“Who are you?” I asked, not sure if they had told me.

“My name is Fixer, and this monster behind me is Tank. We are Storm’s parents.” Bingo, got that right, about the carbon copy of Storm.

“Members of a bike club?” I asked, because that surely wasn’t a name they were given at birth, could it?

“Yes, we are.” The man I now know as Tank replied, and that was when I paid attention to what they were wearing: they all wore the same cutoff jacket with a club name, and I could see Fixer and Tank on theirs, and VP on Tank’s. I looked at Storm, and he had one with his name on it.

“What’s VP?” Fixer smiled at my question.

“He’s the club’s vice president, second in charge.” Fixer glowed with pride as she said this. Made my heart tighten, wishing I had someone who was proud of me for something. I didn’t care what, just to see that look, it was like a dream. I have seen Dad have that look when he talked about my sister to his friends, but he always looked at me with disdain and disgust.

“Get some rest, Storm will stay with you for a while. Let him know if you need anything. Later today, I will bring you some nightclothes and personal hygiene products. Any particular fragrance or toothpaste?” Fixer asked, I can hardly believe someone would care what I needed, never been asked before.

“Anything, I am not fussy. I do like blues and black.” I added quickly, hoping they don’t bring pink, can’t stand that color, maybe because my sister loves it so much.

“Guess that means you are not a frilly pink lady.” Tank chuckled, then looked at Storm, like they were talking to each other, without words. My face must have scrunched up at the thought, because all three laughed.

“What?” I looked between the three of them as they laughed.

“Do you want a burger and fries? Any foods you don’t eat?’ Tank asked, as Fixer leaned in, kissed my cheek, and looked down at me, like I was something precious.

“I eat anything, there’s nothing that I am aware of that I don’t eat. Oh, I take that back, I don’t like mussels and oysters, it’s the texture, I don’t like.” They stood and left. Storm sat in a large chair and began working on his laptop. I yawned a few times before my eyes got heavy, and I lost sight of the man I had been watching work away on his laptop

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 224[1,539 words]

Storm POV

As much as I wanted to get involved in talking to Cloe at the bed. One look from Dad told me to let Mum handle most of the talking, for now, a girl thing, I guess, she was going to need Mum moving forward, more than she realizes.

Watching Mum, I couldn't help but move forward and get closer to Cloe as she conversed with Mum. I reached out and touched her arm, stroking it softly. Cloe didn't flinch or move her arms away; it was like she didn't feel me, but I think she does. Cloe turned to look at me when Mum introduced Dad and finally mentioned me, and although she looked tired, her beautiful emerald-green eyes captured me. I couldn't look away, even if I wanted to. They held my gaze while Mum continued to talk about her needs, before leaning in and kissing Cloe on the cheek.

Dad and Mum left, and after Cloe started yawning, I took that as a hint to move back and keep studying. I had six modules to do, and my degree was done. Being online, you can complete it as fast or as slowly as you want, which is why I am ahead. I had sent the assignment away just before Mum and Dad arrived, and the results were back already. Now I could get started on the next module. I had been reading the textbooks for the next module while I waited for my assignment to be graded, and I would either have to redo it or wait for the next portal to open. I was happy to see that the next portal was open and ready for me to start.

I watched, Cloe, watching me from my peripheral, and she yawned a few times. As much as I want to sit and talk, get to know her, I also understand that she needs to rest and sleep. Aunt Nightingale got in my head about what to expect after the accident and the problems Cloe will experience, and that was before she started trying to get around on no legs. Body and mental shock, to start with, she lost a lot of blood, so she will have a lot of fatigue until she regains some strength, which could take days or weeks, depending on her ability to bounce back. I was worried about how she would react once she understood the gravity of her situation.

The Doctor walked in, and Dotty closed on his heels.

"Hi Dotty," I called out as I stood up to meet those who entered the room.

"Any change?" The doctor asked.

"She was awake to meet Dad and Mum, before falling back to sleep about an hour ago.

"Does she know?" He asked casually as he looked at the chart.

“No.” I looked back at Cloe as I spoke, making sure she was still asleep.

“Good, please don’t, I want to be here when she’s informed of the situation.” The doctor continued and then began talking to Dotty, who would be her nurse for the foreseeable future.

“When will your parents return?”

“Soon, they will go to get some personal stuff for Cloe, and some PJ’s,” Looking at my watch to see how long they had been gone, and was surprised how long I had been studying, no wonder I had almost completed the next module.

“What are you keeping from me?” Cloe’s weak voice floats over the room, having us all turn to look at her.

“Cloe, I am Doctor Micheal. You have had surgery on both of your legs, which suffered a severe crush injury, involving loss of both legs below the knees. Do you understand?” He asked and waited.

“My legs, they are gone?” I was at her bedside in an instant, wrapping my arm around her shoulders as she rested her head on my chest. Cloe was shaking, and tears started to flow down her cheeks.

“Yes, it’s not the end of the world. There are many out there living with the loss of a limb or two. We have Dotty here as your permanent nurse, and a woman called Jacqueline who will be your physiotherapist.” He continued, and I wondered why he wanted to be here, as he talked so clinically, so heartlessly.

“Dad won’t let the therapist in the house, or the nurse; he won’t care that I don’t have legs. He will find a way around it.” My heart broke with her comment, so sure of her father.

“He has no say, Cloe.” I interupt, not caring for the dark looks the doctor was giving me for taking over. “What do you mean?” Cloe hiccupped.

“My Dad had the judge sign over your care to him. Your Dad can’t come near you, nor can your sister; you are safe.” She burst into more tears.

“True? I don’t have to go home with him?” She looked up at me with such hope in her eyes.

“It’s true, Cloe. Storm’s parents are your guardians and have taken over your health care.” Her tears got heavier, and she grabbed onto my shirt, pushing her head into it, the best she could, with the restricted movement she had. I moved closer to her so that she could hide in my shirt. The doctor waited as she cried. You could see he wanted to keep moving,

but now was not the time to push a patient to hurry up and get the tears over with. I decided I don't like the doctor, and will talk to Dad about it.

Mum and Dad walked in at that moment, and I was never so happy to see them arrive. Nightingale, Pins, and Screech, all right behind them, the room was now full.

"What the!!!" Mum moved to the bed, running her fingers through Cloe's hair.

"The doctor just told her she had no legs," I replied out loud, giving the doctor a dirty look that Dad didn't miss.

"We shall take it from here, Doctor. You can leave and see to your other patients, while we calm Cloe down." Dad made it sound like the doctor had no choice but to leave, and leave he did.

I tried to move, but Cloe gripped hold of me tighter.

"No, don't leave me." She sobbed out.

"Cloe, you have visitors, that one is Pins, next to her is Screech, and it won't take long for you to work out how she was given that name. The last woman is Nightingale, she's our paramedic who attended to you,

along with Mum." I tried to keep her mind off what the doctor just said.

Cloe finger-waved, but kept her hold on me and her head on my chest; her head turned so she could see them, but resting on me, even Mum couldn't make her let go. Not that I wanted her to, it was the best place to be, holding my girl like this, and offering my strength to her when she needed it.

"You were there? Saved me?" Cloe asked Nightingale.

"Storm called. He was the one who saved you. If he hadn't done what he did, you would not be here now, and that would be a sad loss for us. You are a beautiful, young lady, and Storm is lucky to have you hold him."

"You don't mind?" She yawned, guess she will be sleeping again soon. This was a lot to take in. I am not sure what Cloe had been asking about that I minded.

"Never, time for you to sleep, I will be here when you wake up." As if being given permission. Cloe yawned and promptly fell asleep, right there on my chest. I thought she had been fighting to stay awake, and most of what had been said would most likely be forgotten.

"Dad, that doctor was harsh; his clinical behaviour was not acceptable in my eyes," I grumbled. Maybe I am being extra sensitive because I am fond of her.

“I gathered that things felt a little tense while he was in the room. I will take it to the head surgeon and see if we can have someone less abrasive take over her case, someone who can be there for the whole journey.” The women talked as they put the things they had brought with them away, and in the bathroom. Mum managed to get Cloe off me, and lay back in the bed, then Dad handed me a bag of food. Knowing I’d already eaten the last lot.

“Thanks.” I took it and placed it on my table. I would eat after they had gone. I wasn’t that hungry at the moment; the emotional roller coaster had taken my appetite away.

“Talk, tell me all that the doctor said,” Mum demanded, and so I filled them in with what had been said, and they left with a heavy heart. This was not the best way to tell a young girl she was legless.

I got back to my laptop, worked for a while, ate as I did, and completed the next module quicker than the last. The tea lady popped her head in and gave me a coffee and biscuits. She was a retired woman, doing the tea trolley rounds, because she loves to help. She stayed to talk for a while, and I gather this was part of what she enjoyed, the talking and socialising, that she might not get at home.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 225[1,513 words]

Cloe POV

Laughing and giggling.

It took a few moments to remember where I was, because I never woke to that sound, like ever. Dad or my sister would be yelling at me to start cooking, or calling out where their clean clothes were, never giggling and laughing. Not unless we have visitors, but why would we have visitors first thing in the morning?

I lay there with my eyes closed and listened to those in the room.

The deep voice of Storm, which gives me warm feelings, some girls giggled, which made me feel jealous, and another that sounds like Storm but isn’t, not sure how I know that, maybe it was Tank. No, it’s not Tank. They are talking about the show and shine and which bikes or cars they liked; it sounds like they had a good time. They changed the conversation to Storm’s birthday party. I don’t know how old he is, but it sounded like they all had fun, playing pranks on each other. Not able to lie there any longer, without seeing who was in the room, I was surprised to find a lot of people in here; the room was crowded. Flowers and get-well-soon balloons filled every space they could find. A tear leaked out of my eye as I fought my emotions. This was a huge surprise.

“Hey, sleepy head.” Storm was at my side the moment I opened one eye, like he must have been watching me all the time.

“Water.” I croaked out, trying to sit up. The light shining into the room told me I had slept all night, as it was late afternoon when I last awoke, and then I was filled with devastating news. I have yet to see my legs, or what’s left of them.

Storm used the device to raise the bed to a sitting position and started the introductions; most were family or close friends. To have so many in the family, and all getting along, was amazing, then all those friends, I am speechless. Like I didn’t have one, not one, if I made a friend at school, they soon dumped me, when my sister cornered them. My brother was my only family member who seemed to care for me, till was he abandoned me, leaving me in that hellhole. He never once contacted me after he left.

The people in my room kept saying hello, as Storm fussed about and tried to include me in their conversation. They mentioned my Dad’s exhibit; some liked it, others thought it was over the top, and the girl draped over the car spoiled it. I chuckled when I heard that. I was right one that looked just like Storm “Hey, did you just laugh?” A girl asked with a big smile.

“I guess, I did. Didn’t you like the girl? Or that she was trying to be part of the display?” I looked at the girl who had spoken to me, and had already forgotten her name.

“The girl was way over the top. When she leaned back on the hood of the car, one time, and you could see that she was wearing no panties; it was gross.” She made this expression like she was going to puke, and that had me giggling again. Make the girl’s eyes light up at the sound.

The doctor and nurse Dotty arrived, and the doctor seemed annoyed at the volume of people in the room.

“Out, I wish to check her bandages.” The doctor barked a goodbye, and with a wave, they left promptly, promising to visit again soon.

“You too.” The doctor ordered Storm out.

“No, he stays,” I shouted out, as panic started to rise in me. Why? I don’t know exactly, but I do know that, for some reason, Storm makes me feel safe.

Storm stayed by me, holding my hand, as they lifted the end of the blanket, keeping what they were going to do out of sight.

“I want to see…. See what’s left of my legs.” I stuttered out, my emotions already taking over.

The nurse pushed the sheet further back and moved the cage. There was nothing left of my legs; the bandage covered my knees to the stump. I watched as they unwound the bandages, placing the used ones in a bag. My stumps were exposed, the doctor touched the ends and lifted them a little, checking the underside.

“They did a great job, nice, clean stump. When the swelling goes down, it will look even better. The stitches won’t come out for another ten days.” They looked awful. I wasn’t sure what I thought I would see, but it wasn’t this; they were swollen stumps, covered in bruising, no calf muscles that I could see, but then the swelling might be hiding some of it. I had knees, and about six inches of leg after the knee, that part was the size of a football. I won’t be walking out of here, I thought, as the Doctor started to put fresh bandages back on, then let the nurse cover me up, as he checked the bottles and wrote something on the chart.

“Keep up the good work, these drains can come out tomorrow. You up for eating now?” She asked, it didn’t sound like a question, more like a statement, that I should be up for eating. I nodded as my stomach grumbled.

“Take it easy, light food for the next few days, ease back up to burgers and fries.” I think that was supposed to be a joke, but I just stared back at him, with a smile, I didn’t feel. This was a different doctor from yesterday.

“Doctor, when can I leave?”

“Maybe tomorrow, if you keep healing well, you’ll have some physio to strengthen your arms and upper body, to aid you in climbing out of bed, and into a wheelchair, we can let you out. Jaqueline will be your physiotherapist, and I will stay as your doctor; orthopedics is my specialty. If you heal quickly, we can start sizing you up for new legs in about nine months, but if you’re a slow healer, it could be a year. Dotty, here will stay as your nurse, and from what I understand, they are sorting out the gym for your treatments to be at home, rather than outpatients.” I liked this Doctor Jaqueline. She tried to be funny and explained things to me in easy terms so that I didn’t feel like an idiot.

“Any questions?” She asked after covering me up and was ready to leave.

“Can I take a shower?” I looked between the doctor and the nurse.

“Not, today, a body wash, maybe tomorrow when we remove the drains.” The doctor waited for a response,

and when all I gave her was a nod, she smiled and left me with Storm and the nurse.

“Are you up to sitting on that chair, while I strip the bed, and give you clean sheets. Or want to stay and be rolled about?” She nodded to the armchair that Storm often sits on.

“Chair. Would be okay.” I replied, and before I could argue, I was in Storm’s arms. I squealed in surprise and felt dizzy for a moment as he carried me to the chair, the back of this hospital gown, exposing my back to the cold air, and I was glad no one else was in the room to see me like this, before Storm sat down with me on his lap. Holding me close to his warm chest and trying not to harm my stumps. I was so full of painkillers that I doubt he could cause me pain, but it was a little awkward, with my legs looking out of place. I tried to swallow the mixed emotions swirling around inside. I stared at my legs. I thought I could still feel my feet when I was in bed, and doubted them when they said they were gone.

“Cloe, you will feel phantom pain in your legs, and think you can feel them. It’s called muscle memory; the body still thinks you have the legs. Storm will love to be your legs, till you can move around on your own. He’s more than capable of carrying you.” She wiggled her eyebrows at me, and I wondered what I had gotten myself into when Storm saved me.

We sat in silence, and Dotty changed the bed, grabbed some warm water, a cloth, and didn’t even blink when she leaned in and removed my hospital gown, right there while I was still on Storm’s lap, and started to wash my arms, chest, thighs, and moved so she could do my back, and embarrassingly, my bottom and crotch. I felt like a baby too weak to argue, and it was my first time naked in front of a man, other than the doctors. I was lost in a sea of confusion; they acted like this was a normal thing to do, but I have never had this much attention on me, in my life, visitors, flowers, and cuddles.

I will try not to get used to all this kindness, as it will hurt when I have to leave.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 226[1,599 words]

Storm POV

Holding Cloe in my arms was the best feeling, like ever, better than when I held any girl, who to me was just for self-gratification, even that very first girl that taught me how to pleasure a woman, now she was a beauty, and an older woman, who knew what she wanted and showed me, and explained why, best teacher, I ever had, everyone after her, was improving on that lesson, Not that I was that bad, compared to others, but I have had my fair share of ladies, although the past six months, I have hardly been with any, compared to when I first discovered ladies and what they can do to me. I lost interest in those at the club; they seemed the same. Boring. Sounds odd that a man in his hyperactive age would lose interest. I remember Dad saying something like that, although hurting a woman stopped him completely, he had reduced his time between thighs, before that fateful day.

I hadn't expected Dotty to start washing Cloe like that, while in my arms, for me to see everything; I had thought she was just going to do what you could see. Poor Cloe must be mortified. She had been through so much already, and then this. Dotty couldn't have thought about how Cloe felt at that moment....or maybe she did? This was Dotty's way of teaching Cloe. She needed help, and sometimes that help you need will be embarrassing. I felt Cloe stiffen in my arms before she relaxed, as if she gave up the fight. If she had said no, Dotty would have had me carry her back to the bed and washed her there, with the curtains closed, keeping it private. Maybe in Cloe's home life, she had never been given choices. It wouldn't have surprised me if she were the one doing all the chores at home and doing her father's and sister's bidding. In a way, it was like Fixer, having to stay hidden and hope for the best. But by the sounds of it, and according to what the doctors told Mum and Dad, this girl had a few beatings in her life, old breaks that had never been treated; she may have given up fighting for what she wants, might also be why she appeared to have accepted the loss of her legs so well, or maybe still to soon to make that call.

My arms pulled Cloe closer to me, and I agreed, holding Cloe was better, much better, for me, than it was for her, while Dotty did what was needed to be done. Dotty had at last finished washing her and pulled out two PJ sets from the bag Mum had brought in yesterday, and offered Cloe a choice. They had cute, pandabear ones; a button top and shorts, so they didn't need to fight removing the bottoms when checking her dressing, while in the hospital; one blue, the other green. Cloe chose the blue, with a smile. I leaned back, pushing Cloe forward a little bit so Dotty could put the top on, and I stood up, letting Dotty access her stumps, and she put on some panties and then the PJs shorts. I looked out the window while they changed the bottom half, not wanting to embarrass Cloe further. I think she noticed that, little I could do to make this better, she had to learn that in the beginning, Cloe will need a lot of help.

"There, all done, you can put her back in the bed, when she's ready, lunch will be here soon. I will leave you two alone and be back later for the next round of observations. Use the call button if you need me." Dotty left, pushing the lined cart with her, humming happily to herself. I haven't called her Grandma; it didn't feel right. I know she's married to Savage, my Grandpa, but it didn't feel right. She's always been Nurse Dotty, and changing that didn't do it for me.

"Do you want to go back to bed?" I whispered in her ear. She was back against my chest, tracing a tattoo

on my arm with her finger. A learner did it; he botched it, and Zero fixed it the best he could. Let's say that guy doesn't touch the tattoo gun any longer.

"Can I stay here a bit longer, or do you need to work on your laptop?" Cloe answered in a meek voice. Cloe was already a bane for me. I would give her the world to help her feel more confident and build her self-esteem.

"Stay here as long as you want." I kissed her earlobe, and she shrank up and wiped her ear.

“Tell me more about the accident? I don’t remember much.”

“It was on the news, you can watch it when you are up to it,” I suggested, wondering if watching the accident would give her nightmares, and not the way to go.

“No, I don’t want to see it, but talk to me, tell me what you saw and did. I want to know why they say you saved my life.” Cloe urged, snuggling into me. So I did, the whole accident, from watching it happen, till she ended up in the chopper. She listened, not asking questions or crying. It was weird, like she was listening to someone else’s story, not her own.

“What happens to me now?”

“What do you mean? Babe.”

“Dad won’t pay the bill for my rehabilitation. I am lucky if he remembers to let me eat.” WTF?

“Care to explain that to me?” Cloe gave me a brief rundown of her average day, then the three-day trip here, and how she often had to stay in the truck while her father and sister ate, making sure they had a window seat so she could see them. If she were lucky, they might bring back some leftovers, but that was not often. Cleo said she hadn’t eaten since some of the leftovers from dinner the night before. I wanted to go hunt that man down, put him in a room, and not feed him for a week, sit and eat in front of him, and see how he likes going hungry, while others are eating to their hearts’ content.

“Dad has your back, don’t worry, you are our family now,” I said, trying to soothe her, but I think I was failing. “I don’t know what to do, like how can I work with no legs, who’s going to hire me, and doubt Dad would let me come home like this, I am useless to them now.” I don’t think she heard a word I was saying, or it wasn’t sinking in, so I let her vent and get her anger out, all because of that man, who was making her life so terrible and making her feel less of herself.

Mum and Dad walked in, as Cloe had just finished, and she was in a rage, after a huge dummy spit.

“What’s going on?” Dad rushed over and squatted down before Cloe, Mum standing behind him, a worried look on her face.

“It’s okay. Cloe was venting, and wants to know what happens now, like she needs a job, a place to stay, and new legs.” I chuckled when she said buy new legs, it’s what will happen in a way, but it sounded funny when she said it.

“Back up. Sweetheart, look at me.” Dad pushed her chin up with his finger. She could have resisted, but she didn’t.

“You are a beautiful young lady; your legs do not define you. Yes, having them would be nice, but you don’t until we can get you some new ones. Until then, we have a motorized wheelchair coming, and a hand-propelled one, for around the house. We have fixed up Storm’s bathroom, and when the doctor says you can come home, which I believe will be soon. One of us will always be around to help you up and down the stairs. As far as a job goes, what do you like doing? What do you want to try to do?”

“You will do all that for me?” Cloe was crying now, silent tears running down her face. I expect a lot more of those until she finds herself.

“We are doing it for you. You deserve it, plus Storm will be annoying for ages if we don’t.” Mum chuckled, her hand brushing Cloe’s hair from her face.

“Would you like me to brush your hair?” The shocked look on Cloe’s face was priceless, and the quick nod in agreement made Mum smile, and her eyes twinkle. Mum loved brushing Penny’s hair, till Penny said she was old enough to brush her own. Penny only seeks Mum out when she wants something special done, and Penny can do it herself.

I carried Cloe back to her bed and sat her in it, sad that my cuddle time was over. Mum opened a makeup bag, and inside were clips, hair ties, and anything to do with the hair and face. Mum started with the brush. Cloe’s hair was shoulder-length and needed a trim because it was full of split ends, something Mum would sort out, or Nightingale, she was the hair stylist, out of all of us, the girls would have a girls’ day, and get her all glammed up, make her feel pretty again. To me, she was already pretty. But the girls’ day was for her, not for me or my preferences. I want to see her face light up with joy, and I want to be the one to make her smile and laugh.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 227[1,598 words]

Cloe POV

The doctor had just been, and I can leave the hospital. Dotty lives on the property where Storms lives, and apparently, I am sharing his bedroom. I am unsure about that, like I know he saved my life and everything, but isn’t hopping into bed with him a bit fast, and what about my stumps, if he rolls over and kicks them, I am worried, this sounded so out of my control, just like my whole life had been. Do this, do that, no choices, just do, and hope for a reward, like getting to eat today.

Fixer was here, sorting out my belongings, packing them up, while Storm did the same with his. Men came and went, taking the mountain of flowers and balloons away. Fixer had asked if I wanted them all in my room or if I wanted to give some away to patients on this floor. I was more than happy for them to share the flowers and the balloon. They would keep a few for home, but the majority would be shared. copied from *>c;omA

wheelchair arrived, and Dotty gave Tank last-minute instructions to follow until she started her time as my nurse when she finishes her shift here. He had a full schedule in his hand. Medications in a bag, and all I could do was sit and wait to be told what to do next. It was my life, waiting to be ordered about, as if I were a nobody with no control over my life. I feel like I am thinking the same thing over and over again. Fixer had helped change me out of my PJs and into a shirt and tracksuit pants, hiding my stumps; I was not ready for the world to see them. Once in the wheelchair, Storm carefully laid a blanket over my lap, covering what I was missing, tucking the edges in, and making it look normal. Which helped to hide my loss, and it made me feel a little better.

Several staff came to see me leave, wishing me well. A row of staff clapped as I was wheeled down the hall, making me emotional, and gave a heart shape with my hands as a thank-you for their care. At the hospital exit, a photographer was waiting and took my photo as Storm wheeled me out. Guards came out of nowhere and blocked me from the man, but he got what he wanted: a picture of me, leaving the hospital. I must have been the morbid talk of the town.

“Sorry, boss, didn’t think they were here for Cloe, will do better.” A man spoke quietly to Tank and Fixer. I looked up at Storm, and his face was fixed on searching the car park, guessing that more would pop out and take pictures. For someone who was used to being invisible, having my picture taken like a celebrity was a little surprising. I couldn’t get my hand up fast enough to stop the picture and the questions he shouted out as the guards moved him along.

Tank stopped and talked to the man, showing him the pictures on his camera. Not sure what they planned. I was moving fast and out of sight, and I didn’t see what happened after that.

A large vehicle arrived, and Storm lifted me out of the wheelchair, placed me on the back seat, leaned in, snapped the seat belt in place, and covered my stumps with a soft blanket. It was grey, with swirls of color through it. The wheelchair was gone by the time Storm had finished. He climbed in the other side and looked at me, a large smile on his face.

“Ready?” He asked, searching my face for something. I nodded. What else could I say? No? What would that gain me? Story of my life, go with the flow, and hope it works out in the end.

The trip didn’t take long; we seemed to be heading away from the main part of town, then turned into a small entry, and Tank put his hand on a sensor pad, and the gate opened. We drove up the drive, the garden pristine, the house, wow, that’s not a house, that’s a mansion, it was huge, I have never been to a house so big before. We ended up at the back and stopped at a pathway. Storm climbed out and came around, unbuckling me and gathering me in his arms. I felt like a child in his large frame; he didn’t even grunt as he picked me up. Did losing legs remove that much weight? Nope, not getting on scales, the nurse at school always said I was undernourished and should eat more, but in my house, that was easier said than done.

School? I just finished my first year of college, online, in secret. Dad would never let me progress to college or university; that was for my sister, but she was too dumb to pass high school, and so Dad hid it behind her beauty and the cars. I need access to a computer before I start to fall behind.

We entered the house and, down a small entryway, the place opened into a bright, large room. Storm started moving from one room to another as he explained each, giving me the grand tour, so to speak. He did the walking, and I did the looking around, craning my neck to see everything, but moving too fast to see all the pictures on the walls and other points of interest.

“This is the lounge room, where most of us end up in the evening.” He walked through a passageway.

“The kitchen.” I was huge, like mega-huge, two massive fridges, a breakfast bar, and every appliance you could think of.

He turned and went into a room attached to the kitchen.

“This is our main dining room. We have a formal one, but that rarely gets used.” He let me look around for a bit before moving to the stairs, a long hall.

“We are on the top floor.” He wasn’t even puffing when he reached the top. I saw Fixer coming out of a room and smiled at us.

“Just put your things in the bedroom. If you need anything, let me know.” Fixer didn’t appear to expect anything less than me in his room. What is it with these people?

“Um, I need a computer, I am doing online studies.” I felt guilty for asking; they had done so much already for me.

“Not a problem, we have plenty.” I frowned at that. I had purchased an old, secondhand one for the school shop, and Fixer said getting me one would be easy. Guess owning a large house like this, they must have some money, not that I would be asking for any, I need to earn my keep. I yawned as Storm walked us into a huge room, as our house could fit in here.

“This is our room, that bed over there’s mine, yours is that one, and the bathroom is in here. We have had everything added, like a tap at your level and one at mine. It might take you a bit to learn how to use it. What I mean is getting onto the bench and sitting for a shower, which will feel odd to you at first. Don’t worry, Dotty will be here to help, and so will I. I hope you get used to me helping you fast, because I like doing things for you.” What odd thing to say, he barely knows me.

“You’re tired, get some rest. If you need me, ring that buzzer; it’s connected to my phone, and I will come up. Will come and collect you for dinner.” Before he can lay me on the bed, I asked.

“Bathroom?” He didn’t seem to mind me asking for the bathroom; he turned back around to the bathroom, lowered the seat, and held me over it, dangling me there. I felt like a two-year-old, potty training.

“I will hold you up, and you pull your pants down.” As embarrassing as that was, I couldn’t see him leaving me here to struggle, so I did as asked, pulled them down, and he lowered me onto the seat. Here I got to see a close-up of my stumps, black and blue, and swollen. The bandage hid the end, but the thighs and knees were badly bruised, and I’m told it will take a while for that swelling to disappear from my stumps. That would be when they can start measuring my legs.

I did the best I could. I understand it will take a while. I keep looking down, expecting to see my legs still there.

“Storm?” He turned back to me, having turned to face the door and given me privacy once I was seated, and he felt I was safe there. You don’t realise how much you use your legs for balance. This wasn’t as easy to do as it sounded. He lifted me and let me work on getting my pants back up.

“Um, I think I am going to need your help. I can’t do it.” I had my pants up, but stuck, think I got them twisted, and couldn’t see to work out what I had done. He carried me to the bed, laid me down, and fixed my track pants and panties. I was sure I was bright red as he concentrated on his task. He pulled up the coverings, kissed me on the cheek, and left the room, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Before I could think much about today and all I had been told, sleep claimed me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 228[1,661 words]

Storm POV

The last thing I expected when we left the hospital was a photographer. According to Dad, who talked to him, he had been waiting to capture a picture of Cloe leaving the hospital. A nurse had informed him that Cloe would be leaving today. Dad will investigate which nurse called him since the reporter won’t tell us. Dad said he took a really bad photo, and he couldn’t tell it was Cloe. A light on the camera was blurring the picture; he had not had time to adjust it, so you could hardly tell who it was. He wasn’t much of a photographer, but Dad still had him delete it from the camera.

As we arrived home, I tried to think of my home from her perspective. I don't know what sort of home Cloe had lived in, but the father appeared to be well off, with his clothing, vehicles, and car on display, all of which screamed money. But then that could be a front, who knows, think Dad will have him investigated, or Mum will, or one of the others, nothing will get past them.

I carried her through the house, giving her a tour, trying to think which areas she might need the help with, the walkways were larger than average, making me think one of my ancestors, might have had a wheelchair, or the orignal builder, thought of making wider access for whatever purpose they had in mind, so getting around wasn't an issue, expect the stairs. Dad was talking about one of those lifts, but when she gets her legs, will she need it?

In our room, she needed the bathroom, and I briefly panicked about how to handle it; the poor girl will be mortified, but we have to do it sooner or later. Get this side over with, and the rest will be easier, I hope. I look at what needs to be done, and am confused about how best to do it. Hope my choice doesn't upset her too much. After she did her business, I held her over the sink to wash her hands, trying not to bump her stumps on the sink, my mind racing with ideas. I left her in bed, wondering if she minded being in a single bed. For now, she won't be in my bed, no matter how much I wouldn't mind holding her while she slept. Cloe's health came first, mentally and physically. Mum said to give her space while being there for her, but then she talks about confusing me completely. I can't do both, or I don't understand what Mum meant.

I found Dad out back tinkering with my bike. He took it out for a ride and said it was lagging. Between Mum and Dad, they were tweaking it. Make it run smoother and faster. Mum loves riding fast. Dad said the first time she was on his bike, Mum told him to go fast, then said she needed to tweak his bike so it could go faster. It blew Dad out of the water to hear it was not fast enough.

"Dad. Can we talk?" He looked up at me and smiled. He always made me feel that no matter how busy he was, he would make time for me. It always made me want to be more like him. Dad was the same with all of us; he rarely growled at us, even when we had detention at school, or the one time he was called to the police station.

"What's up?" He wiped his hands on a rag, pulled a crate out, and offered it for me to sit.

"You made something for us kids when we were young; our feet couldn't reach the footrests." I started slowly, not sure if it was a good idea.

"Yeah, you kids loved being on the bikes, and the special leather seat, which kept you safe, gave us peace of mind. What's on your mind?" Dad was already smirking; I guess he knew what I was going to ask.

"Can you make one for Cloe so that she can be on the back of me? She mentioned that she had her bike licence, and thought she might like to be on the back, better than not riding

at all. Something that her stumps would fit in, and be comfortable, give her some support." I was not sure how one would work or if it could be done.

"Let me see what I can come up with. I think I can manage it if I remember what the doctor said. Cloe had about 6 inches from the knee, not much to work on, so maybe do something in the seating part to hold her in place and rest her legs." Dad scratched his chin, then ran his fingers through his beard as he thought. It was a habit that I, too, had picked up.

"Thanks, Dad. Want a coffee?" I offered as he too stood and walked with me inside.

"Yeah, your mother mentioned that Cloe would like a computer. Do you think she would prefer a laptop?"

"How about both? We can have the computer in my office, and the laptop in the bedroom. I don't want her to spend all her waking hours in bed when she gets stronger." Sounds good, will set one up. I have a spare laptop in my office. You can give her. Got it a few months ago, but they sent the wrong one. Allowed us to keep that one and sent me a replacement." I remembered Dad growling over the phone about sending the wrong laptop; he wanted a gaming one for Penny, as it was better for the program she uses at school, they were making a gaming program as part of her assignment.

"Thanks, she's sleeping at the moment. Will put it in the room, and take that wheelchair up too, Mum got two, do you know which one was for upstairs?"

"Yep, the one with no sides, so she can slip on and off, to use the bathroom, when her muscles are stronger. Jacueline will be here tomorrow to start her therapy. According to the schedule, she will be divided between weights and the pool. The pool will wait till the stitches are out. Have you thought about washing her, like, will she be okay with you in the bathroom, or do you want all that left to Dotty?"

"Good question, I think, while she has stitches, think Dotty would be best, I can assist Dotty, get Cloe used to me helping her, and seeing Cloe's intimate parts. I get the feeling Cloe might have never had a boyfriend before, and all this was so new to her, but going along with it, because she had little choice, at the moment. I feel bad thinking she might feel trapped, or has no choice." I was confused with all of this; my wants and needs had to be second to hers, and that was all new to me.

Took the wheelchair and laptop upstairs. Cloe was still sleeping peacefully; she hadn't moved much at all in bed. I check the mini fridge, something I haven't done in a while, as I rarely use it, but feel it will become my second-best friend soon. Headed to the kitchen with a list in my mind of supplies I hope Cloe will like.

"Hi Mum."

“Filling the fridge, take ice cream, and some cakes, there’s some soup in the freezer too, she might not be ready for a big meal yet.” I gathered up all the suggestions.

“Dinner is in an hour, do you think she would come down and join us? It would be a good chance to put

names to the faces she met in the hospital.”

“Will see, she has been sleeping since we came back from the hospital.”

“Good, she needs it. If she’s still sleeping, come down and eat, then take a small plate up to Cloe; she won’t want a big meal yet.” I nodded as I left with my goodies, happy to be of some assistance. I had been feeling inadequate in all of this. Hope Dad can make that saddle. Would love to take her out for a ride soon.

Cloe was awake when I entered the room. She turned to look at me as I walked in the door. She had managed to reach the glass of water I left on the bedside table and had poured out a second glass. “Hey, how are you feeling?” I asked, placing what I brought up on the counter, and returned to her. “Better after that sleep. So peaceful here.” I chuckled softly. Hospitals are anything but peaceful.

“Most of the rooms on this floor are soundproof, unless you leave the door or window open. Are you getting hungry? Dinner’s soon.”

“Yeah, can I use the bathroom first?”

“I have this.” I brought the wheelchair around to the side of the bed.

“It has those collapsible sides, my Dad calls them a wheelchair with no sides, but they have sides. You put the brake on here. I have lowered one side, now shift to the edge of the bed... Yes, that’s it, reach to the side of the chair. Good, shimmy your body across... and lower into the chair.” I stayed with Cloe the whole way, holding onto her, but letting her do most of the work. I wanted to see how strong she was, and for a tiny girl, she could hold her weight easily. This will make the transition to a wheelchair easier.

I showed Cloe how to raise her arm, turn off the brake, and move herself to the bathroom. I stayed at the door and watched, close enough to reach her but far enough for her to feel she was achieving something on her own.

“Can you help me? I can’t work out how to move over.” Cloe has wiggled her pants down, but couldn’t figure out how to make it across; she might have to get Dad to organise a handrail to make it easier.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 229[1,525 words]

Cloe POV

Storm wasn't here when I woke up. The room was in semi-darkness because the curtains were closed, and I got the feeling it was early evening. I have slept well; the lack of noise was a bonus. Better than in the hospital.

I managed to sit up and look around. This room is nice, not at all like my brother's was, no posters on the wall, no dark-colored curtains or coverings. I liked it, a few things I would add, to make it more homely, it's good for a boy's or, should I say, a man's room.

Shimmied over to reach the water, so grateful he thought of that, Storm's a kind person, thoughtful, caring. Drank a whole glass, and was in the process of drinking a second, when Storm entered the room pushing a wheelchair, loaded with food and drinks.

I tried, I really did, but once I had my pants down, no matter what I did, I could spread my legs enough to move over to the seat, and had no choice but to become humble and ask for help. As frustrating as that sounds, Storm was a gentleman, helping me across and then helping me get dressed again. He didn't make me feel ashamed or dirty for asking for help; if anything, he made it feel like he was pleased that I asked, that he wanted to do it.

Storm walked beside me as I wheeled the chair to the stairs. It was not as difficult as I had expected. The carpet I thought would slow me down, but my arm muscles had no trouble pushing the wheels, keeping it moving. When we reached the stairs, I was concerned, like, how do I wheel it down there? That's a lot of stairs to manage.

"Dad's putting in a chair lift on this wall so that you can go up and down with ease. You leave your chair here, push a button, and it takes you down, and another chair will be waiting downstairs." He picked me up and carried me downstairs, where another chair was waiting. I had expected him to lower me down into it; instead, he walked past the chair and down the hallway into the dining room, which was full of people, young and old.

Storm walked to a chair and sat down, keeping me on his lap. When I looked around the table, Fixer was on Tank's lap, and the other ladies were sitting on men's laps, as if this were common here.

"Hey, let's give you introductions, shall we?" They went around the table, each woman giving me her name and the name of the man whose lap she was sitting on, and those who weren't paired up, like Penny, were sons, daughters, or family. Like the eldest in the room, Uncle Simon, who prefers to be called that, or plain Simon if calling him uncle feels wrong. I have never seen so many people at one table, and I found out that most are either related or live here, and that two were guards. Apparently, they get to take turns on

which guard gets to grace the table, something that Fixer started many years ago, and the guards have a roster set up, so they all get a turn to be at the boss's table. I haven't a clue who the boss was; I assumed it was Uncle Simon, but I can't be sure.

The meal was simple: some spaghetti, and according to Storm, Uncle Simon's famous homemade tomato

sauce, homemade garlic bread, and assorted salads, most of the vegetables grown in the vegetable patch at the back of the house. One of the ladies was proud of her vegetable and herb garden and had a greenhouse for more exotic vegetables and fruits. She gloated about expanding soon, but Fixer gave her this look that said it was the first she had heard of it and that she would talk later. I know that look; I got it often from my Dad when I did something he wasn't keen on.

"That was fantastic, thank you, better than a restaurant." Thanked the table, since I wasn't sure who to thank; it sounded like a group achievement.

"We do have a cook, but she wanted a week off, so we are fending for ourselves. Do you like to cook?" Screech asked, looking at me with hope in her eyes.

"I don't know if I would call it like, I cook because it was a chore I had to do," I replied as honestly as I could. I got the impression that lying in this house would not go down well, and carefully chosen words to evade an out-and-out lie were better.

"That's a shame, we can still put you on the roster, for when we don't have the cook, we take turns, even the men. Although he won't be here when it's little Simon's turn, he makes sausages every time, unless you like sausages. Sausages should be only on barbecue day." Penny added as if everyone would hate sausages except when cooked outside.

"Next time you need to cook, Little Simon, give me a shout, and we can cook them together," I suggested. I have a few different ways to cook the humble sausage.

"Deal." He said that at eleven it would not be surprising if he wanted sausages; they are easy to cook and hard to mess up.

"Storm, your turn in the kitchen," Fixer called out after everyone helped clear the table. Tank arrived with my wheelchair, so that Storm could put me down. He grumbled to himself as he did, not liking having to release me, but he could do his job and hold me. He didn't argue and headed to the kitchen.

"Come with us to the lounge and have a chat."

"No, thank you. Maybe after the kitchen is finished, I will go help Storm with the dishes." I got this weird look, but no one tried to talk me out of helping Storm.

I rolled in and saw him filling the sink. He looked up when he realised he was not alone.

“Hey, they ditch you?” He asked, with a smirk.

“You rinse the dishes, and I can load the dishwasher,” I replied, wheeling myself to the machine in question and pulling it open. It will take a bit to learn how to do this, but I won’t let the machine beat me. Storm handed me a dish, and I leaned into the far back and put it in, finding the armrest in the way. I fiddled with it until it lowered, as Storm showed me, and filling the dishwasher without the arm in the way was easier. We worked well as a team. At one point, Fixer and Tank came to the door, watched us, then left. Did they think I couldn’t do it? Yeah, I just got out of the hospital, but if I were at home, Dad would expect me to do this. I am not in pain, not like times at home, so why not help out? I’ve got to learn sooner or later.

“It’s full,” I called out, and Storm came over, checked it, shut the door, started it up, then pulled open a

second dishwasher. My mouth dropped open. I don’t know of any other house that has two dishwashers. We continued until he ran out of dishes, and then he started that machine; he didn’t have pots to do, as the person cooking cleaned the pots straight away. But he did have some large serving trays and other items that don’t go into the dishwasher to finish off. He handed me a cloth to dry the items, and told me to put them on the counter; he would put them away. Believe it or not, I enjoyed working in the kitchen with Storm; at home, I did all this on my own. I felt satisfied that I could still be useful, even in the kitchen.

“Done, come on, let’s see what’s going on in the lounge room, hopefully not some chick flick, I remember whose turn it is to choose today’s movie. Just not mine.” He pushed me to the lounge room, where everyone was already seated. Storm picked me up, left the chair by the door, out of anyone’s way, and carried me to a chair, where he carefully sat down, and let me get settled on his lap, before placing a blanket over our lap.

“Cloe, time for your medication.” Fixer came to me with a small cup with four pills in it and a glass of water. I took them, with no hesitation. I knew I had to have antibiotics.

The movie didn’t interest me, it was background, noise, more interested in watching the interplay in the room, they got on so well, there were no nasty comments, no nasty looks or vicious threats, everything said in fun, and taken in the jest it was given. I have never seen so many people in one room all enjoying each other’s company as these people did. This was what a real family should look like. I thought. I will enjoy what time I have with them, for as long as they let me stay. I vowed to myself.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 230[1,512 words]

Storm POV

Cloe managed to shock and surprise me as she wheeled herself into the kitchen and demanded that she was here to help. She was so cute when she looked at me with those demanding eyes, her voice firm and clear, that I handed over the plates, saying she could manage to put them in the dishwasher. Cloe didn't drop any, and I had a chuckle to myself when she filled one dishwasher, and I opened another one. The shock on her face was worth having her in the kitchen, considering it was her first time in the chair; she adapted quickly, and the kitchen was clean in half the time.

Dad said to let Cloe try anything she wants; it's part of Cloe's learning curve. Dad also said that, although she was undernourished, she was very strong for her size and might surprise us all with her ability. It sounded like her whole life, she had been the one doing all the work, so she was used to long hours and hard work. After seeing her in the kitchen, the first day out of the hospital, I agree with him. She's going to blow my mind, and it will be me, trying to keep up, and I am looking forward to every step of the way, whether it's hard or not.

Cloe was fitting in well with the family and friends, not just at the meal table, where she accepted sitting on my lap with a blush. I think having others sitting the same way helped, in that regard, but also when we joined the others in the lounge. I appreciated that everyone didn't bombard her with questions like an inquisition, but let the conversation flow, finding our little bits of her life without actually pushing for answers. We avoided the show and shine, afraid it would bring back thoughts of the accident, but Cloe brought up the question of who won best bike, which was when we learned she was into bikes, more than just riding them, and that Cloe would love to learn to paint them. Mum offered to teach her as soon as Cloe had time.

"Your schedule with rehabilitation and your online course might take up most of your time." Mum smiled kindly at Cloe as she thought about what Mum said.

"I will make time," Cloe argued back, her face and crossed arms in defiance, giving Mum little option but the nod, and wait for Cloe to come to her for lessons.

The night ended with Cloe almost asleep in my arms; as much as she fought it, she needed her sleep. The family was giving me the hint to take her upstairs, so that's what I did.

"Do you need the bathroom?' I asked softly, unsure whether to place her on the bed or go straight to the bathroom, in case she wanted to brush her teeth.

"Wheelchair, let me try." I didn't want to, but her pleading eyes had me caving, and I placed her gently into the chair.

Watched her wheel herself into the bathroom, and to my relief, she didn't close the door, just enough to give her privacy. Removed my shoes, shirt, and jeans, and changed my underwear, all the time, listening for any sounds from the bathroom, which was of distress. I heard her fumble around and complain, but not call out for help, not the sounds of falling. I had to assume Cloe was okay. It was hard to stay away

from the bathroom and check on her; I knew my showing up would annoy her. So I did the only thing I could think of, a little underhanded, but it would make me feel better, I walked to the bathroom door and knocked.

“Hey Cloe, you doing okay, need a hand?” I asked softly, resisting the temptation to push the door further open to reveal what she was doing.

“Almost done, do you need the bathroom?” She squeaked, sounding out of breath.

“Yeah, need to brush my teeth.” It’s true, I did, but I could have waited.

“You can come in. I am almost done.” I pushed the door open to see that Cloe had changed into her PJ’s, her stumps hanging over the edge of the wheelchair, and she was struggling to get the bottom half of her PJs over them; the thick bandages made it difficult.

“Want a hand? You know you don’t need to struggle. Soon those bandages will be off, and you will have no trouble getting changed. Please, for me, ask for help; it worries me to see you struggling.” Cloe looked up at me, studied my face, before nodding.

“Yes, please, it’s hard over those bandages, and for some reason, they are extra tender today.”

“Do you need me to call Dotty to check the stumps?” I hate calling them that. We need a better word for her legs.

“She won’t mind?”

“That’s what she was here for, she’s your personal nurse, twenty-four-seven, don’t worry, calling her anytime, when you need her.” Pulled out my phone and called Dotty.

“What’s up?” She sounded groggy, like I had just woken her up.

“Cloe’s stumps are extra tender tonight. Can you come and check them?” A click sounded on the other end of the phone. Dotty had hung up. I helped Cloe with the bottom half of her PJ’s, and moved to brush my teeth, letting her wheel herself out of the bathroom, and towards her side of the room. Just as I finished brushing my teeth, Dotty came rushing in the door, not bothering to knock, her medical bag in hand.

“Sweetie, lie down, and let me look.” Dotty started to remove the bandages, and I hovered close by, worried sick, because it had to be bad for Cloe to say something.

“Oh, you have broken some stitches, been overdoing it, girl.” Dotty tisked, as she removed the broken stitches, with surgical precision, and put something on her legs to replace the broken stitches, rubbed some antibiotic cream over her stump ends, carefully rebandaged her legs, but not the same style of bandages as before, making ends look less thick, but still very swollen.

“There, now behave, less struggling, until those stitches are out.” Dotty patted her thigh and packed the rubbish away in a plastic bag.

“Sorry for pulling you out of bed.” Cloe was almost in tears and not from pain.

“That’s what I am here for, no need to be suffering, when you don’t need to be. Here, take these, they are

more antibiotics, and a pain relief, make your night go smoother.” Dotty waited till Cloe had taken her meds, looked at me, her face turned serious, and nodded before leaving the room, closing the door with a quiet click as she went. I hope that meant I did the right thing and would get a talking-to tomorrow.

Cloe was in bed, pulling up her covers. I rushed over and assisted her. She wanted to grumble at me, but it didn’t come out that way, causing me to chuckle at the faces she was making at me. They were cute, and you can’t help but smile.

“Sweet dreams, babe,” I leaned in and kissed her nose.

“You aren’t going to growl at me?” She whispered, but loud enough for me to hear, the fear in her voice.

“Why would I growl at you?”

“I didn’t tell you I was in pain, and we had to call the nurse up; she had to be in bed at the time.” Cloe’s bottom lip was quivering, trying to hold back her tears.

“Nope, I don’t know you are in pain, if you don’t say something. Hey, maybe you like being in pain, not that I like that idea. We can’t help you if you don’t let us. Promise me that you will open the sweet mouth of yours, and tell me when you are in pain, so we can get you some relief.” I was stupefied that she was too scared to tell us.

“I promise.” Cloe slurred back. The tablets Dotty had given her, plus the exhaustion from what she had done today, had tuckered her out; she was asleep, her face relaxed, and the fear was gone. I leaned in and stole a kiss on her lips, our first, of many I hope.

Reluctantly, I left her to sleep, heading to my old, old bed, itching to have her in my arms, and resisting was difficult.

Sleep took its time to claim me, but it felt like I had only just gotten there when Cloe’s scream had me rushing out of bed, dreading the worst. I thought she had fallen out of bed.

Rushing over, she was crying, and fighting her bedding, mumbling words I didn’t quite catch, but it was enough to know she was in a nightmare, and her father and sister were in it. I tried to crawl into the bed to hold her, but felt the bed was too small and risked hurting her more, so I picked her up, her arms thrashing about, and I hit my lip, another

in my eye. I climbed into bed and lay down, holding her till she stopped fighting me, and sleep found us both.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 231[1,542 words]

Cloe POV

I wheeled the chair too close to the sink and hit the end of my stumps on the sink counter. It hurt, like really hurt, causing my eyes to water. That hurt. I managed to brush my teeth and change my top, but the bottom hurt too much to pull it over the ends of my legs. I hate my legs, or what's left of them; they remind me of my father and sister, one for each leg, that they are gone because of them. I don't blame the truck driver, even though he was on his phone and didn't notice what he did. It was my Dad forcing me to stay in the back of the truck; anywhere else, like the cab, I would have been fine, but he insisted I be in the back, clean it, and not leave the back till he returned. So my loss was all on him.

I tried not to cry, as the end of my legs throbbed with pain, which I had just caused. Storm knocked on the door, and that made me want to cry even harder, because I could see in his eyes, when he came in to help, how concerned he was. Dotty was kind, didn't yell at me for being stupid, or even ask what happened. I take that as a plus; I had expected to be yelled at, like I would have if it were Dad.

Sleep came quickly; today has been a busy one, and my body was exhausted, but my mind must still have been active, as a nightmare from my past visited me.

'No, don't, please, DAD.' Please. It didn't matter how I begged and pleaded; the cellar was his favorite place to leave me while he entertained upstairs. Some days, he would let me walk down the stairs; other days, he would open the door and give me a shove, and I would tumble to the bottom of the stairs. Once, the fall knocked me out, and I woke early in the morning to a bucket of cold water on my face. Today was one of those days when he shoved me in, and as I tumbled down, he slammed the door shut and locked it.

'Get up, you lazy cow, the place is a mess, get it cleaned up.' I tried to get up, but my arm was at a funny angle.

Dad grabbed me by my broken arm and lifted me.

'You stupid girl, now look what you have done to yourself. I will have to get Mabel here to bandage you up, and you know how much I hate calling her over to fix your clumsiness.' He shook me, making the pain in my arm intensify, and I screamed out in pain. He slapped me a few times because he could.

Suddenly, something changed that was not part of my usual nightmares.

I felt like I was floating in the air.

Wait.

That's not right, I never float, bounce, maybe, thump for sure, crash definitely, but float never.

A warmth filled my body, not the cold dampness from the cellar floor, but something else, something different, and I clung to it as if my life depended on it. Anything that was different was good, yes?

Hot. I groaned. I was not used to being hot, so I threw the covers off me, sat up, swung my legs to the side of the bed, and went to stand up, and fell straight to the floor.

What the heck?

Storm was at my side in an instant. I have forgotten, I had no legs, silly I know, but somewhere between sleep and half waking up, I had briefly forgotten, where I was, and what happened to me, but the pain, in my legs, was no joke, and tears were running down my face,this was worse than when I broke my arm, and Dad shook it, making the pain worse.

"Dotty, come quick." Storm had collected me in his arms and was rocking me back and forth, kissing my hair, whispering words of regret that he didn't grab hold of me quickly enough.

Dotty was rushing through the door and was at our side.

"What happened?" Dotty asked, looking at my legs, stumps, whatever.

"She went to get up, thinking she had forgotten that she needed the wheelchair." Storm sounded distressed, as if he was blaming himself. It was only then that I noticed we were on the floor, between the bed and the window, so I must have been in bed with Storm. I blushed at the thought, and now knew why I felt hot; I must have been in his arms, and his body warmth was overheating me.

"I need to call the doctor; we need his approval to put stitches back in. She had broken quite a few." Storm hissed and pushed my head to his chest, hiding my head from seeing my legs. Dotty left the room to speak with the doctor.

"Sorry, sweetheart, maybe we should put a railing on the side of the bed to stop you from trying to walk when half asleep," Storm suggested. He was still rocking me back and forth, as I hiccoughed through the pain.

"Doctors on his way; he wants to see the damage," Dotty said, sitting next to me, and doing something to my legs, but I didn't want to see.

“Not the nasty one from the hospital?” I asked, hoping it wasn’t the man who made me feelterrible.

“Jaqueline, who’s also your physiotherapist, don’t worry, he’s a real doctor, and often does surgery on sports injuries. You have met him at the hospital.” I nodded, thinking about all

who showed up, and there had been a lot of people coming and going. Storm tried to keep me up to date on all the visitors, but I was too far gone and groggy to remember half of them.

About half an hour had gone by before the Doctor arrived, followed by Fixer and Tank. The room was getting crowded. Dotty gave

Jaqueline gave a short version of what happened, using a load of medical jargon, before the doctor squatted down beside us, still sitting on the floor, and uncovered what Dotty had done. Before I could see, Storm pulled my head to his chest again, and sucked in a deep breath when he saw my legs.

“This will sting.” The doctor said, then he sprayed something on my legs, which caused me to suck in my breath. Yep, it stings, worse than getting soap in my eyes. Then it stopped, the sting, the pain, the throbbing, all of it, just vanished.

Doctor Jaqueline moved away, washed his hands in the bathroom, and returned, gloved up his hands, while Dotty laid out something wrapped in a blue cloth. I turned to look, and laid out before him was equipment to sew me back up.

“Don’t look,” Storm whispered, pulling my head back, hiding what they were doing. Dotty, Tank, Fixer, and the doctor worked on my legs, the doctor giving instructions to Dotty as he went. It took an hour, a whole hour to work on what I broke. I felt bad and guilty for having them out here so early in the morning, it was like six in the morning, when I fell.

“Dad, can we put a railing on the side of my bed?” Storm’s voice vibrated through his chest, on which I had my head resting, and it sent inappropriate thoughts to my groin.

“She was in your bed?” Fixer asked, making me lift my head to look at Storm’s face.

“During the night, she screamed, I brought Cloe back to my bed and held onto her. I guess I wasn’t holding on tight enough; if I had, she wouldn’t have been able to slip my grasp and fall.” Storm sounded like he was blaming himself.

“We can put a railing on the side of the bed, won’t take much, at least it would give you peace of mind, when you go to sleep, or you will never get a full night’s sleep.” Tank started measuring the bed and its height, noting it down on his phone.

“Done. Dotty, double the antibiotics for a few days, and I will give you a script for something more for the swelling and pain.”

“Thank you for coming, Doctor Jaqueline. Sorry to bring you out of your warm bed so early in the morning.”

“I would have been shocked if you hadn’t done this at least once. It’s muscle memory and habit; thinking you still have your legs, it will take a while. If your pain increases, let Dotty know; she will know what to do. I will be back tomorrow to check how you are doing. Try not to damage them again.” He smiled when he spoke to me, and I got the impression he was trying to be funny, break the tension in the room.

Storm lifted me off the floor and onto his lap, allowing me to sit on the bed, then turned to get the wheelchair as the others left the room.

“Storm?” I called out, and he turned to look at me.

“Can you carry me? I don’t want to.” He was at my side in two large strides and picked me up.

“Bathroom?”

“Please.” I was shaking like a leaf after that fall, and wasn’t too confident in using the wheelchair, while I was so shaken up.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 232[1,610 words]

Storm POV

The night was great as I cuddled Cloe, and when she moved, I thought she was rolling over, so I let her go, thinking she was getting into another position, as she had done on and off through the night. I had no clue she was going to try to climb out of bed. I have never been so scared in all my life, as she hit the floor and gave out a blood-curdling scream, worse than the one that had woken me up last night, and the thud as she hit the floor, I was by her side in an instant, pulled her to my lap, and reached up, for my phone from the bedside table.

Dotty, I needed Dotty. I thought as I looked at her stumps. Blood, so much blood, seeping out of her bandages. I rocked her back and forth, guilt flowing through me for not thinking when she threw the blankets off. I shouldn’t have let her go.

Dotty was here quickly, still in her pajamas. We must have woken her up again; it was still early, too early for our house to be waking. Not that six was too early; some had work

and plans, where I didn't and had planned to sleep beside Cloe for at least another hour. Dotty unravelled Cloe's bandages, revealing the extent of her injuries. Bad! It was very bad; her stitches burst, and her wound was gaping.

Emotions threatened to burst out of me at the sight of the damage. I should have held onto her, not let her move, and the last thing Cloe needed was me emotional; she was crying, shaking, this had rattled her.

The doctor arrived and slowly pieced her back together again. He did neat stitching, better than the doctor in the theater, and whatever he gave her stopped her tears. Now it was just the two of us, and I felt lost, not sure what to say or do, how to tread lightly over what just happened. My bladder said it needed attention, and that made me think Cloe would need the bathroom too; it might have been where she had intended to walk. I placed her on the bed, carefully, concerned I would cause her more pain, and moved to get the wheelchair.

But Cloe didn't want the wheelchair; she wanted me to be her legs, and I would be only too happy to carry Cloe around all day, if it eased my guilt. I helped as much as I could, then moved her back to the bedroom and left her in the wheelchair, thinking she would get dressed while I was in the bathroom. Yet when I returned, she hadn't moved at all.

'Babe?" I moved to her and squatted down.

"I am too shaky, can you help me?" My poor love was in shock.

"Of course, let me get dressed, and I will help you." I quickly changed and moved to Cloe.

"What would you like to wear today?" I pushed her into the walk-in robe as I asked the question.

"Track pants and a t-shirt." I pulled out different-colored ones to show her, until she chose a brown one. I dressed her slowly, not wanting to make any sudden moves.

When done, I helped brush her hair and put it in a ponytail. Before pushing her down the hall and to the stairs, where I collected her in my arms, and noted that she was still shaking. We entered the dining room, which was already busy, family members grabbing a quick bite before rushing out the door for work or school. Razor, Penny, and little Simon were all still at school. We have guards that drive them to school, but Mum has never allowed us to catch the bus. It's usually full of children from the club. When I got my bike licence, I rode to school myself.

"Morning, didn't expect to see you up so early," Penny called out as we entered.

"Was hoping to see if Fixer had time to show me some bikes and a possible training session," Cloe answered," Guess working on the assignment won't be happening today.

“Mum would love that, she always said the painting side was a hobby, yet more often than not, she would be found in the painting booth.” Razor joked, and it appeared they didn’t know about this morning’s events, and I could tell Cloe was happier, although still shaking.

Cloe ate, but not as much as I had hoped, since I was starving. Cleaning a plate twice of bacon and eggs, before Dotty came walking in. She handed a cup with tablets in it, and Cloe downed them quickly, washing them down with a glass of water.

“Dotty, Cloe wants to do some painting. Is it safe to take her in there?” Mum looked between Dotty and Cloe, waiting to hear the answer.

“Your paint booth is fine, keep her clean. No sitting her on that floor. I will be out for a bit to restock supplies; I will be back by lunchtime. Anything you need from town?” Dotty informed us that, as she was making a plate of food, Grandpa Savage soon entered and joined the breakfast table; it was not uncommon to have them both at the table.

“No, we have been shopping, the kitchen staff will be back tomorrow, so who’s cooking tonight?” Tank called out before anyone else left.

“I can cook something.” Cloe lifted her hand like she was at school, as if needing permission or something.

“Great, none of us are fussy eaters, whatever you cook will be fine.” Somehow, I think I just gained kitchen duties again.

The kids disappeared fast, and the rest soon after, leaving us and Dotty, Mum, Dad, and Savage.

“Dotty tells me you had a fall today. Is there anything we can do to make it safer for you?” Savage looked earnestly at Cloe, his offer honest.

“No, Tank took measurements for a rail to go on the side of the bed. I forgot I didn’t have legs, and attempted to climb out, a rail will make me think, at least until the stumps heal.” Cloe was still shaking; she never stopped all through the meal.

“Dotty, Cloes is in shock. Is there anything I can do about it?” Dotty moved like lightning and was beside Cloe, taking her hand, looking in her eyes.

“Lying down for a while, keep her warm and comfortable, and if there are any changes for the worse, call me.” Dotty didn’t like her shaking any more than I did. She might have done more damage.

“I don’t want to lie down, I would rather check out the bikes and take my mind off this,” Cloe argued, refusing to let us help.

“Storm, don’t let Cloe out of your sight,” Dotty grumbled, something about a stupid girl, but wouldn’t push Cloe on it.

“Come, we will clean up the breakfast dishes, and you can look into the fridge and freezer, see what you want to take out for dinner. Dad, can you grab the wheelchair, please?” I would love to hold her, but doing the dishes and holding Cloe can be done at the same time.

Dad wheeled the chair around.

“Thanks, Dad.”

I placed Cloe in it and pushed her into the kitchen. Mum had already cleared the table. We got to work like we did last night, and soon the kitchen was done.

“What would you like to cook?”

“Chicken, we can have a few dishes: chicken carbonara, fried chicken drumsticks, Chicken cacciatore, and vegetables, maybe one salad, just for those that are on a diet.”

“You can cook all that?” I looked at her, stunned.

“Sure, I did all the cooking at home, self-taught. Although if they don’t like it, then I have an excuse not to be in the kitchen anymore.” Cheeky girl, I laughed at how innocent she said that.

“Want to see my bike? Dad and Mum gave it to me for my birthday.” I was so proud of my bike, Mum did a great job, and Dad made some custom-made seats. He is good with leather and making things.

“When was your birthday?”

“The Sunday of the show and shine.”

“Oh, belated birthday. Did you get some cake and have a party?” Cloe’s eyes lit up as we spoke. The shaking hadn’t eased, but she sounded a lot better. The distraction might have been the better move than lying down.

“Sure did, party was next door at the clubhouse, will give you a tour of that place, when you are up for it.” I happily pushed her to the garage, stopped in front of my bike, and let her look it over and touch it, with a huge smile on my face.

“I love the way that smoke blends in, and the wolf sort of looks like it’s breaking through.

Fixer’s work?”

“Yep.”

“She’s very talented.”

“Thank you.” Mum’s voice came from behind us.

“Want to see the paint booth and the area where I create these murals?”

“Please.” I pushed Cloe, while Mum walked beside her, explaining what we walked past, and as she spoke, I looked around. I had taken so much for granted, as it was always here, and if we wanted something, my parents made it happen. They are very generous like that. Not just money, but their time, and a helping hand, in all sorts of ventures. I have had a lucky life, some might say a silver spoon life, but Mum and Dad made sure we did chores to earn our keep, a lesson, Dad said, we all need to learn, the value of money, being given everything you ask for without doing something to earn, won’t help you when you grow up. He didn’t want any of us spoiled rotten by money; he wanted us spoiled rotten with love, patience, and togetherness.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 233[1,525 words]

Cloe POV

My body won’t stop shaking.

It’s annoying, it feels like I am cold and hot all at the same time. I don’t think my body knows

what it wants.

I don’t know what I want.

Do I want to rest up, as the doctor said?

No!

All I know is I don’t want to be alone.

This house, the way the people interact, laugh, and do things together, was like a dream. I never thought people could be like this in real life. Thought it was all television crap. But this household lives and breathes family bonding, but then I haven’t been here long, maybe it’s all that way, because they have a guest in the house. Will find out, I am sure, when the novelty of my being here wears off.

Storm's bike is, well, fantiddillyastic, like drool-worthy good. I can picture him on that bike, riding off into the sunset. It suits him, if that makes sense. A dream bike, and a gift from parents for his nineteenth birthday, so lucky.

Since mum died, I haven't had a party or presents, unless you call a black a present. Not that I begrudge Storm or his generous parents; it was just a thought that entered my head about what it would be like to get gifts like that. My sister got gifts like that, a brand new car, and she totaled it within weeks; all Dad did was go out and buy her another one. I had to tutor at school to earn money for my bike. I brought one in a box, in pieces, real cheap, and over two years, built it, till I got my licence and rode it for a while. Wonder what Dad will do with my bike, bet he sells it, or sends it to the dump, if he finds where I hide it. But then, with no legs, I can't ride it. Wonder if Storm can help me get it back. It's a three-day drive, so maybe too far away to bother.

Fixer was taking me to her painting shed, Storm was pushing my chair, and between them, they were giving me an update on their place.

A HELICOPTER!!!!

They own not one, but a few helicopters, and the rescue ones and planes, and my gosh, how rich are they? Storm was a pilot. His grandpa, Savage, taught him, since Storm showed an interest, and when an emergency arises, so that all aircraft can be in the air. He was working on learning to fly planes, now, to help with bush fires, dropping fire retardants, but still prefers the helicopter

I am getting worried now that I won't fit in, that they will see the poor beaten girl, and say wasn't worth the effort. They are helping me at the moment because, pity me, losing both legs shocked a lot of people. I hope they keep me around long enough so I can be self-sufficient. I don't like feeling stuck in a situation, mind you. So far, they seem like great people and very helpful.

We entered a clean room with lots of light and exhaust fans keeping the air dust-free.

"This area is where I prepare the item for painting, and might do the initial drawing, as a guide, then into this room for the big paint jobs, and that smaller one for detailed fine work, and air brushing." Fixer was explaining as we went from one section to another, this place was super clean, everything put back in its place, like the garage, the bikes were in, clean, and tidy, nothing like you would expect, mind you, if you respect your property, you care for it, and where it is kept.

Dad never understood that, and his workshop was terrible, with tools on the floor, and he constantly complained he couldn't find stuff, but that's all on him. I was never allowed in that garage, so he can't blame me, although Mia tries to blame me. It was her job to keep it tidy, and yeah, you can see where that was going. His favorite never does anything wrong. I am sounding bitter. I need to change how I see that. Can't change it, so why harp

on it? Time to focus on me, not what I didn't have in the past. But it is hard sometimes, when memories or thoughts come to you unbidden.

"You can sit when airbrushing, that might be a good place for you to try your hand at painting. Would you like to try? I have a few bikes here that are prepped and ready to receive paint?" Fixer encouraged me and showed me what the drawing would look like. The paints were on the table, ready to use, and so was the air gun. A small hand one, that I think I could manage.

"Yes, I would love to give it a try. I have done some airbrushing in high school; the teacher wanted us all to have a go. I've never painted for real."

"Now?" Storm asked, looking incredulous, might not have been something on his plan for the day.

"Maybe tomorrow, I am shaking a bit too much to have a steady hand today, is that okay?" I looked up at Fixer with pleading eyes, hoping I didn't cause trouble or disappoint Fixer by not doing it today. For some reason, I don't want to disappoint Fixer.

"If you had said yes to today, I would have said no. You had a nasty scare today, and need to relax, concentrating on air brushing, and trying not to make a mistake, doesn't sound like relaxing to me. Do you need anything? Clothes, personal effects, we can go to town and shop." Really? Shop!

"Um, I... ur... don't like shopping." I managed to squeeze out, only to get laughs from both Fixer and Storm. What was so funny about that?

"You and I are going to get along fine. I hate shopping and would buy online rather than walk from shop to shop and end up not buying anything. How about Storm take you to his office, where your computer is, and get you set up for that course you said you are doing? He needs to finish his assignment. I will bring some passionflower tea in to help with your shakes."

As if that was all Storm was waiting for, he turned my chair around and wheeled me back out. I tried to remember where I was so that I could make my way back here, another day, but the place was so beautiful. Green lush lawns, a BBQ area, a good-sized swimming pool, this place was out of a glossy magazine. I had always thought they were staged, set to make people drool, but this house was proof that some are real, and I was living in it at the moment.

My sister would be so jealous; she would often peruse the glossy magazines and lust over what other people had. She could never get enough. If you brought her a bag worth twenty thousand dollars, she would complain that she wanted the other one, worth twice as much. Damn it, push her out of your mind and enjoy what you have here while you can.

We made it into the house, and down the hall, Storm stopped and pushed open a door, and wheeled me in. To the right was a huge wooden desk, a computer setup, and books all around, opened to a page. Guess that's Storm's desk. One wall was full of books, all about business, tax, and accounting manuals, so many, some old, some new. On the sidewall stood a filing cabinet and a large colour printer. To the left was a smaller desk with a computer. A large bay window with a seat by the window, perfect for sitting in the sun and reading. A bookshelf with novels in it, some authors I recognised, others were unknown to me, mostly murder mysteries, as a guess. The room was perfect, I could happily spend my days in here, studying or reading.

Storm had hesitated at the doorway, letting me take it all in, before he pushed me to the smaller desk.

"If you need a hand with the setup, let me know."

"Thank you," I said. He pushed me up to the desk, and a chair that would have been here was moved to the side, out of the way.

"Do you want to stay in your wheelchair, or the desk chair?' I looked at the chair, and it looked comfortable. Which one do I want to sit in? If I stay in the chair, I can move away when I have had enough, without asking Storm for help.

"Best stay in the chair. Where is the closest bathroom from here?" I used the bathroom as an excuse.

"Turn left, down the end of the hall." He watched me as I set up at the desk, the chair a little low, but I can adjust.

"Sorry, but you are too low, which will cause problems later. Let me get that chair; I am not going anywhere for a while."

He brought the chair over, moved me into it, and pushed the wheelchair away. So much for choice, but I would agree it was better on this chair.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 234[1,630 words]

Storm POV

Cloe's head was moving from side to side, up and down, as she took in all that was around us. I thought her eyes were going to pop out when Uncle Simon landed in the chopper, and Mum explained that the chopper belonged to Uncle Simon, but we owned some and a little bit more about our family, nothing too much, how we help out with the community. Too soon to give her too much information; she needs to get better before we reveal who we

are. Mind you, when Great-grams visits, that will reveal a lot, hopefully by then Cloe will be more settled. Don't want to scare her away because of our wealth. I know she's not a money grabber; I already picked that when she admitted she hated shopping.

Here we are, in the office. I had opened my assignment, reading the questions I needed to answer two or three times over, and it was not sinking in, but my eyes kept moving to Cloe, watching her fingers deftly fly over the keyboard at an insane speed. Think that's faster than even Mum, and Mum's very quick. Guess Cloe didn't need my help. In a way that hurt, but I get it, it's the area of her study, Computers, so it might look odd needing help when you should already know how to do it.

"Storm, there are more than one printer listed in this house, which one is the one over there? I can't tell from here." I looked over at the printer; it had been a long time since I needed to check that out.

"The third one on the list, a brother one."

"Got it, thank you." Mum arrived with tea for Cloe and a decaf coffee for me, along with two blueberry muffins.

"All good? Need anything else?" Mum asked, looking at Cloe.

"No, thank you, I have all I need, have logged into my studies, with no trouble, you have fast internet here, it makes what I need to do quicker and easier." Cloe was smiling at Mum, a real smile.

"Good, call out if you need anything. Storm you good?" I didn't expect Mum to ask me.

"Yep, thanks, Mum." I would rather be sitting somewhere getting to know Cloe better, but I guess this was good too.

Two hours later, I am rereading what I had done, having completed two modules in two weeks, that's one a week, at this rate, I did a lot while sitting in the hospital, and for some reason, all this was at last starting to make sense. Uncle Simon had said it would eventually make sense; I guess I have reached that stage. It feels good, and at this rate, I will have the final four done and dusted in a couple of months.

"Storm." I looked up at Cloe after pushing send and saving what I had done. Good timing, I am done, not interested in trying to start the next module.

"Have had enough for today, can you get my chair, need the bathroom, and a break?" Cloe admitted, not looking up from her computer.

"Sure thing, Babe." I shut down my computer, grabbed the wheelchair, waited beside the desk as Cloe closed the computer, and turned to look at me, her smile was bright, and Cloe looked so much better than a few hours ago, Mum's tea must have worked a treat, she has

a number of remedy teas, some taste terrible, but most don't and they work. Cloe's face color was better, a soft pink glow, and her eyes sparkled again.

Cloe raised her arms, like a child wanting to be picked up, her face innocently looking up at me. I chuckled as I scooped her up into my arms, kissed her cheek, and lowered her carefully into the chair, mindful of her stumps and the recent accident. I will never forget seeing her damaged legs; both times were horrific, but that second time was worse, because it was preventable, and I failed her. Cloe used the facility, as I waited outside, with the promise to call me if she needed help.

We made our way to the kitchen.

"I will start the dinner preparation now, some will be fine to finish off later, some we can cook now, and reheat. Want to help?"

"Of course, we are a team, we rock in the kitchen." I joked, turned on the radio, keeping the sound low, as it belted out some tunes while we worked.

"You can get out the chicken breasts and drumsticks, and I will look in the pantry for makings," Cloe instructed and wheeled herself away, I am so glad this place was built with wide walls and lots of space to move around. Having Cloe here had got me thinking whoever built the house had mobility in the head, or liked lots of space.

I followed her instructions: slicing up the chicken while she made a crumb mixture and crumbed the drumsticks; then cutting up the vegetables and putting them in a roasting pan, and sprinkling something over them. I was getting hungry watching her work.

Suddenly, she started singing out loud to a rock song; she has a great voice. I turned the music up a little and danced around her, singing along as we worked and nibbled on food for lunch. The song finished, and clapping came from the kitchen doorway.

I turned and bowed. Mum, Dad, Uncle Simon, and Tandy, whom I wasn't expecting today, were at the door, big grins on their faces.

"That was quite a show I'd pay to watch." Tandy chirped out with his cheeky grin.

"I agree, Storm, you got some moves." I think I blushed. I rarely danced around like this. It was all for Cloe, not for them. Cloe burst out laughing, holding her side as she bent forward, which made all this worth it.

"I didn't mind those hip thrusts; he appears very flexible," Cloe shouted out, with a grin, and then put her hand over her mouth and blushed as she thought about how that sounded.

"You already started to cook dinner?" Dad asked the obvious. Mum rolled her eyes, and Uncle Simon walked away, chuckling.

“Yes, a few chicken dishes, roast vegies, and a salad for those who are on a diet,” Cloe answered as she pushed something else in the oven and closed the door.

“Dinner be around six? Or do you wish for it to be later?” Cloe continued after closing the over door, and turned to look at Dad.

“Six will be fine, will send out a family text message informing everyone.” Mum lifted her phone and texted away, my phone chimed in my pocket. It was on the kitchen counter, leaning forward, it wasn’t to tell me dinner at six, it was to tell me I was doing a great job, making Cloe laugh, good for her recovery.

We didn’t leave the kitchen. Cloe decided to make some desserts, but the main course was not on the cooking; time disappeared. I can hardly believe I spent hours in the kitchen. I don’t think I have ever been in here this long, unless on clean-up duty, and I was dragging my heels. Others arrived and started to set the table, but each stayed out of our way. I made apple and raspberry juice in the blender, then made orange juice, handing them off to Penny.

“You’re not fair, only wanted to see what we are having,” Penny complained as I gave her the juices and soon was moving out of the kitchen, in a hurry, before I gave her more chores to do. Dad, who had seen the exchange, was chuckling as he grabbed some fresh napkins from the drawer and some placemats for the hot items.

“Keep up the good work, kiddo’s.” Dad was still chuckling as he left the kitchen, and I got the impression it meant more than I understood.

“It’s ready, we can start taking it out,” Cloe said softly as she began removing items from our large ovens. Yes, we have more than one oven.

“Mum!” I called out, and both Mum and Dad rushed in, panic in their eyes.

“Sorry, need help taking out the food. I didn’t mean to startle you.” I felt bad, having them.think .

Dad went back to chuckling as he grabbed some plates and took them out. Mum did the same, and I followed with more. I did two more trips back to the kitchen before all the food was on the table, and Cloe was seated on my lap.

“This looks restaurant-made,” Penny said, as she filled her plate with a bit of everything, and tentatively took a bite.

“Wow, you sure you made this here?” She squawked out, with a mouthful of food.

“Penny, manners.” Dad barked as we all tucked in, compliments flying, hardly believing this food had been made here, better than our cooks.

“Hey, you cooked, no need to clean up or do dishes tonight,” Mum said as Cloe started to stack dishes. Every plate was empty.

“You can do that again anytime.” Razor, praised, rubbing his full belly.

“I have to admit you did better than our local restaurant, which we get our takeaways from,” Tandy added, wiping his mouth and sitting back, with a satisfied look on his face.

“Did you get lessons, Cloe?” Mum asked softly, asking the question that was on most of their lips. I already knew the answer, but I waited for her to say something.

“No, I was the cook, cleaner, and general fix-it person in the house, and had to learn to cook. reasonably well.” Cloe’s voice was sad as she spoke, but cheered up when she was praised some more, and told it was her turn to pick a movie, since she had cooked.

“Do you have the ‘Dirty Harry’ movies? Anyone would do.” That settled it, tonight was a ‘Dirty Harry’ night, we had the whole series.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 235[1,590 words]

Cloe POV

The meal turned out okay, but the way they raved about how good it was made me wonder how bad their cook was. For the food I prepared to be complimented so highly, I could tell by the look on Penny’s and Razor’s faces that they enjoyed it all. There were no leftovers. This family can eat, like I made what I thought was extra, but Storm, Tank, Tandy, and Razor ate double what everyone else did, and cleaned what was left on the plates, when everyone else had had enough. I have never seen people eat that much and still look so good.

What made my night, though, wasn’t all the compliments; I have cooked loads of meals for Dad’s guests, and on the rare occasion I got to sit at that table, with the guests, they would compliment the food, and I never knew if that was genuine or sucking up to my Dad.

No.

It was the looks on their faces when I giggled and laughed through the movies. I thought the movies were hilarious, always have, maybe I have a sick mind, the way the bad guys are so stupid, and the boss, always causing Dirty Harry trouble. All against him, and he still prevailed, not giving up. That’s why I liked him more than ‘Lethal Weapon’, where Lethal Weapon man kept putting the gun to his mouth, and thinking about ending his life, but didn’t have the guts to do it. Totally different strengths: I like the ones that don’t give

up, against all odds, more than the ones that look like they gave up, had no reason to continue. I get it, because 'Lethal Weapon' was too close to home, how many times, I wish Dad would end me, and put me out of my misery, and I didn't have the guts to end it myself, our reasons for death might be different, but it was still there, lurking in the background. The need to end the pain, which was constant, never completely went away before a fresh round of pain began.

They played two movies before I started to yawn, and Storm called the end of the night for me. I would have pushed for another movie, but I guess he was right. Dotty gave me some meds, and by the time we reached our bedroom, I was drifting off to sleep in his strong arms.

Warm, comfortable, safe.

That was how I felt, which was something foreign to me.

No nightmares, that's what I thought as I rolled over to catch the warmth, and my hand hit something, making me burst open my eyes.

What the?

I was in Storm's bed again. I don't remember coming to his bed, but I have to admit, I did get a good night's sleep, and if I dreamed at all, it was forgotten. However, two beady eyes were looking back at me, shock on his face.

"You slapped my face. You are a violent woman." He mumbled, but the smirk on his face said he wasn't angry.

"Sorry, I wasn't awake, and I tend to do silly things when half asleep." A chuckled rumbled from his chest.

"So you want to beat me up in your sleep?" His eyes widened. But the smirk still didn't leave his lips.

"Um, not that I can recall, maybe your face just was in the way?" I suggested, trying to keep the chat light, while I rack my brain on how I was in here again. My legs were starting to throb, and I needed my pain meds fast.

"Dotty has left your morning meds on the bedside table. Do you want them now?" I felt he must have read my mind. I went to roll away.

"Stay." He reached over me, handed me a paper cup, and then presented a glass of water. I took the meds and drank the whole glass of water. I needed that more than I realized. I must have slept with my mouth open, and something furry climbed in and left its fur in my mouth.

“More?” Storm asked as I finished the glass.

“Please.” Storm sat up, put his hands under my armpits, and pulled me up to a sitting position, reached over, poured out another glass, and placed it in my hands. I felt like a doll in his hands as he moved me about with such ease. He took the now-empty glass, refilled it, and drank himself.

“Shower?” His smile never once left his face.

“Yes, I need to wash my hair. Do you think we need Dotty for my legs?” I can’t remember when my hair was washed, not since the accident, unless someone did when I was out cold.

“We can manage.” Before I could think, he had climbed out of bed, picked me up, and was on the way to the bathroom. I wrapped my arms around his neck and looked at where we were headed. I was kind of shocked to see he had no boxers on, and he was..

like...massive...big....extra large size... Um, wow, like I have never seen a guy that big before, and I had seen plenty over time, with all the boyfriends that my sister has had, who were happy to walk around nude, and many of Dad’s male visitors that stayed the night, would proudly walk around with nothing on, when visiting the bathroom, or getting a drink from the fridge, in the night, and I was in there.

Storm sat me on a plastic chair that had been brought in so the water wouldn’t damage it, then removed my PJs. I didn’t know whether to fight him or not, but then Storm was going to see all of me when we showered, so I guess that’s a moot point.

“Need the..” He pointed to the toilet.

“Yes.” He lifted me carefully and left me to do what I needed to do while he turned to the small drawer and pulled out something that looked like plastic socks. Flushed the toilet and started placing these plastic socks over my stumps, just past the knees, ensuring that all the bandages were covered.

“How do they feel? Not too tight?” Storm pulled on the elastic top for strength.

“No, they are fine.” I was fascinated with the socks; they didn’t look shop-bought.

“Nightingale made them, the day after you had the accident, made ten pairs. thought you might need them. Even if you didn’t come to stay with us.” Storm read my mind again. How does he do that?

He turned on the water, adjusted it to a temperature that he was happy with, moved a plastic chair under the water, and then placed me on it. The water was not overly hot. He removed the showerhead from its resting place. He was going to use it as a handheld one, working on my hair. He gave me the shower handle, and I wasn’t sure where to send the

water, so I pointed his feet, as Storm started putting in shampoo, running his fingers through my long hair. I might need to get it cut; it has reached my bottom now, and might get in the way with the wheelchair. He massaged my head, and I couldn't stop the moan of pleasure that I felt. He stopped what he was doing, and as much as I wanted to look up at him, the fear of soap getting in my eyes made me keep the slam shut. It sounded like he took a deep breath before continuing with my hair wash. Taking back the shower handle, he rinsed my hair, then applied conditioner that smelled like strawberries. Then worked on my body, I glanced up at his face, because I didn't want to look at the groin, which was right there, inches away. His eyes stayed on his work as he washed my body, arms, and legs, biting his bottom lip occasionally, as he concentrated on his task, then moved to my back.

"You want to do your private parts? Or are you okay with me..." He didn't finish; he didn't need to. My face of horror said it all. No male has been down there. Never, nope, not happening now in the shower. I took the sponge and leaned on him, so I could reach what I needed to do. It was a struggle, but I wasn't ready for him to do that.

He chuckled as I struggled, and I huffed back. This was not funny. I gave up and handed him the sponge.

"Want me to."

"NO," I shouted and then regretted it. "I will ask Dotty to help."

"I can do it, you know, it's easier for me while I have you in the shower." He pushed, and I caved after telling myself this was part of being humble.

"Okay." I was mortified and hated that I needed help with my basic needs.

He cleaned me up, placed a towel around me, and walked me out of the bathroom, bringing another towel with him.

"You okay to start to dry yourself, while I finish off in the bathroom?" He asked, needing some kind of reassurance, before he would leave me there. I was sitting on a towel on the bed, with a towel on my head and another in my hands.

"Sure. Go shower, I got this." I started wrapping the towel around my body, then rubbed my hair with the other towel. He had been in there a while, my hair done, and I wondered how much longer her would be.

He started singing in the shower, which made me feel all warm inside, and worrying about how long he would be in there no longer mattered.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 236[1,548 words]

Storm POV

Stripping Cloe while she was asleep was interesting; she was so out of it. Maybe one of the meds Dotty gave was to put her to sleep. It wouldn't shock me if it was. Cloe was so wired, maybe meds were the only way to stop her brain from working all the time. By the time I had Cloe down to her underwear, I had a raging horn, and had to cover her up, and head to the bathroom, and release that tension, I was in the shower, the water not on, just somewhere to stand, one hand on the wall, for support the other took the matter in hand, visions of Cloe, her body, her perky firm breasts, they way she moaned in the shower, and I was gone. It was quick, the fastest hand job ever, and I nearly collapsed to the floor, with all that it took out of me. I was panting, out of breath. In no time at all, that girl was part of me now. I will chase her around the world if I have to, to make her mine. I used the handheld shower head, rinsed off my jizz, and headed back to bed.

Carefully climbed in, and gently pulled Cloe to me, and promptly fell asleep, with a contented smile on my face.

A soft slap across the face woke me up, surprised, and I turned my head to see Cloe's embarrassed face staring back at me. It was so adorable, not the way I want to wake up, but I will accept it. I took Cloe to the bathroom, washed her, and had a roaring horn again by the time I was done. That unexpected groan almost had me combust right there. I had to stop washing Cloe's hair and get control of myself. When I left her to dry herself, I had to take my shaft into my hand again. At this rate, I am going to be spending a lot of time in the bathroom, as a cold shower isn't working. When I spurted my load into the water, and was more relaxed, and sang a song that had been circling my mind all night, and was still there when I woke up. 'Kylie Minogue's: Can't get you out of my head.' and it's true, I can't get Cloe out of my head. She's all I can think about.

When I came out, she was sitting on the bed, with the towels around her, as if waiting for me.

Of course, she's waiting for me.

I didn't leave Cloe, her clothes, or the wheelchair so that she couldn't get off the bed. I am so insensitive, I didn't think. I need to do better, especially now, while she's so vulnerable and not yet ready to try certain things herself. Not after that fall that had to have shattered her growing confidence, and with losing her legs so soon, she might feel she has no choice in anything that matters to her.

"What would you like to wear? Are you intending to go to the paint booth? If so, a long-sleeve shirt and track pants?" I needed her to make the choices; Dad and Mum both drilled

into my head to give her choices. Mentioning something about her life didn't have many, so we intend to give Cloe some.

"If Fixer is available to let me in. I would love to start the day there and finish in the office to work on my assignment." Good, that gives me a baseline to work with. I moved to the walk-in robe, collected two colors, and offered them to her. Cloe took the red ones this time, and I embarrassed her again when I offered two sets of underwear. Again, Mum said she needed to learn in the early days, that she would get embarrassed a lot, and it would be best with me, rather than with someone else, so Cloe can get used to me doing things that might be uncomfortable. In time, we are hopeful, it will hardly bother her.

Cloe allows me to help with the panties and tracksuit. I left her to do her top half and got dressed myself. After I was finished and had combed my beard and hair, I turned to watch Cloe, who was trying to do something with the bottom of her track pants, not sure what, but it appears Cloe doesn't want the bottom empty part dangling.

"What's wrong with your pants?' I squatted down in front of her and looked up, my hands on her knees.

"Can we tuck them in? They look odd, like that." I folded the legs inside; to me, they looked bulky, but Cloe seemed happier with the result.

"Want me to do your hair?" I offered as I reached for the brush.

"I can do it. Were those tablets all I had to take this morning?" Cloe asked as I took the wet towels away.

"Yes. Dotty did say you can have more pain relief if you need it. Do you need it?" I didn't turn to look at her; instead, I continued to the hamper and threw the towels in.

*Please, they are throbbing a little more today." That was disappointing to hear, but not unexpected after yesterday's events. Lucky, not all the stitches were burst, but enough to make a mess, and give the doctor worry, and warnings that today would be hard for Cloe. I offered the pain relief and a glass of water. She wasn't shaking today, which was a good sign. Cloe's eyes were clear, and the bags under her eyes were almost gone; there was some color to her cheeks.

"Carry or wheelchair?" I had seriously considered Mum's suggestion, and under normal circumstances, I wouldn't be asking, I would be picking her up and carrying her around, as Dad does with Murn, even after all these years of marriage. Even Uncle Zero does the same, and Uncle Blaze does too, holding their loved ones as much as possible. I have watched over the years, the small gestures, touches, each small act a sign of caring and love. I want to be like them and show Cloe I care in any way I can.

"Carry. I like being in your arms." Cloe admitted, with a giggle and a blush that raced over her cheeks, and I didn't need to be told twice. I scooped her up and headed to the door

and, hopefully, breakfast. Dotty will want to see her soon and change those bandages, but after breakfast. My Babe's tummy was rumbling, which means get her to the table and fast. Mine was trying to do a duet with hers, which had us both laughing as I walked down the stairs. Dad and Mum were at the table, the kids nowhere to be seen. School was a student-free day, and they got a three-day weekend. Something about teachers, PD day. Penny's still sleeping; the others are already out and about.

I sat, keeping Cloe on my lap.

"Mum, are you busy? Cloe would like some time in the painting booth this morning, if you have time." Cloe had started to fill a bowl with yoghurt and fruit, while I filled a plate with cooked food, like bacon, mushrooms, and toast.

"I can make an hour or two, would like to finish off a tank myself," Mum replied softly, as she watched Cloe fill her bowl. I have to admit that what Cloe had put in her bowl looked good.

After breakfast, I left Cloe in a chair as I helped Mum clear the table. The staff was back today, but breakfast and dinner were family time, and most stayed away. We cleared the table after we left, but sometimes, like this morning, we did it before we left.

"Son, don't let her overdo it," Mum warned me, and now I know why she wanted me to help clear the table.

"We are only painting for a couple of hours, after lunch, we are both working on our studies," I reassured her, the best I could.

"Good, her body needs the rest. Keep her mind busy. The doctor added a sedative for the night and a relaxant for the morning. It might make Cloe sluggish, but the doctor was worried about Cloe; she was already trying to do too much. That girl doesn't know the meaning of rest. I think her family had her working all the time, even when she was hurting. Take it easy on her." I didn't need to be told that, but if I see that father of hers, I might lose it.

"Have you investigated her Dad yet?" I asked, knowing it was on the to-do list.

"Yes, Uncle Simon has already received some reports, but was still digging deeper before any decisions regarding that family were made." We talked a bit more before the table was done, and we left the dishes for the staff to clean.

Cloe was seated by Mum, and together they went through the equipment. Cloe was able to use the airgun at work that wasn't detailed, so she could get used to handling it and try out different things. Mum had me sanding tanks and guards, ready for painting, so I was close by but not getting involved in what they were doing together. It felt good watching the two together, like this.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 237[1,569 words]

Cloe POV

The airgun was easier to use than I thought it would be. I have always had an eye for detail and blending colors; this was going to be fun. I liked drawing and painting at school. Fixer was kind, giving me this opportunity, and taking the time to explain as I asked millions of questions. The preparation work on the metal was vital before painting, and I ensured it was dry before changing colors, unless I was attempting to make blends, which sounded like fun. I am looking forward to spending time in here each day. Fixer had said she would get another airgun just for me. I feel they are going to spoil rotten, which will make it harder when I have to leave all this, but I am going to learn all I can, while they are offering me this chance. Two hours flew by so fast.

“Time, we’ve been here long enough,” Fixer said as she stood and stretched her back. Small cracking sounds were heard, and I stared at her back, wondering if that hurt or not. I don’t have creaking joints, not yet, maybe it’s an aging thing, mind you, what doesn’t hurt most of the time.

“Lunch, then go do our school work.”Fixer continued to say, once she had stretched. Storm was at my side fast, ready to take me away. It’s like he was my personal slave, I giggled to myself at the thought, and had both Fixer and Storm look at me, quizically. But didn’t ask why I was giggling.

A quick sandwich, which we took to the office with us, and a jug of fresh water, and we were set.

This was how our days went for the next week or so: get up, eat, spend time in the paint shed with or without Fixer, and do some school work. Dotty is checking my legs every evening, and the doctor is coming every second day to see for herself and get more therapy started. The evenings were either spent watching movies, playing games, or just having general chit-chat. It was so calm and relaxed; there were hardly any fights, and when the kids did squabble, Fixer or Tank told them to take it outside. It shuts them up, straight away. Plus Storm, he was around nearly all the time. He did go on a day’s ride with the guys, on Fixer’s insistence, that day Fixer and Nightingale stayed with me, and we did girlie things, like get our fingernails painted, well, Nightingale and me, as Fixer hates that on her nails. Says it’s ruined too quickly, and only for special occasions. But she did get her hair done, we all did. My hair was something I needed doing; it was too long, and after an argument with the ladies, I only had a few inches trimmed off, and not the amount I had wanted gone, but the special treatment made my hair shine and feel soft.

It’s hard to believe today was my birthday. I turned eighteen today and am legally able to make my own decisions. Tandy was going to bring over some paperwork for me to sign,

not sure what it was, but he said it was a step in ensuring I am an adult, and to continue the medical treatment, they need my input and signatures on approvals. Transitions from Guardianship to ownership, it sounded scary, but another step towards being a new me.

Storm disappeared for an hour and came back to drag me out to his bike.

There on the seat was a leather covering a lot like saddle bags, but it was for my stumps to go in. It had a strap that went over the sissy bar, which was about two feet high, and a soft pad to support my back. He lifted me up and had me sit in it. Helping me slide my stumps into the bags, which sat snuggly inside. It was lined with sheepskin; the lovely, woolly inside was like Ugg boots, and it protected my stumps. I loved it. Can't wait to go out on a ride and try it out. Storm fiddled with some strapping that raised or lowered the bags till I had them secure, then climbed on, leveled the bike, and sat.

"How does that feel to you, enough room? Legs secure?" Storm asked, his hand rubbing my thigh, touching me to feel how far back I was.

"Wow, thank you so much, that's perfect, when can we go for a ride?" I asked, seeing his grinning face, made me feel warm inside.

"Dad made it; he's good with leather, so if you need anything at all, let him know. I am positive he will try to make what you want. It's a joint birthday present, and you will get a small party tonight."

"A party for me?" I squeaked out in surprise. I am being spoiled so much.

Tank and Fixer came in and looked at us on the bike together.

"Look at me, I want a photo," Fixer called out, both of us turning to look at Fixer. Storm raised his hand and made a thumbs-up sign with his right hand. I beamed a smile because this was an unexpected surprise, and I loved it. Can't wait to go out for a ride.

My stitches will be out today. The doctor is coming over after lunch; they are still tender, but not like when I first did it, something about broken nerve endings that might take longer to seal over, anything up to another six weeks before they are not so tender, but I am told I might have phantom feelings and pain, for a lot longer than that. I couldn't wait for the stitches to be out, so I could bathe myself without being in plastic. My nightmares, though fewer, are still troubling, and I doubt they will disappear too soon. Dad was my main lead role; my sister, her boyfriends, and some of Dad's friends are often in them too.

"Babe, where did you go?" Storm asks, when my mind went elsewhere, and I had turned him out by accident.

"Sorry, last night's nightmare," I admitted, lying won't do me any favours. Storm would pester me until he got what he wanted.

“Want to talk about it?” His concern made my heart race; he was so kind and considerate.

“No, not yet.” I didn’t want to spoil my birthday by bringing my Dad to it.

Doctor Jaqueline arrived, and with Dotty hovering about, they removed my stitches, and I got a better look at the end of my legs. I hated them, they looked revolting, I don’t think I will ever like my legs again, they are ugly. A rogue tear ran down my face before I had a chance to wipe it away. I don’t know what I had expected, but seeing them shocked me; maybe I thought they would look less swollen, or miraculously regrow. But whatever I thought, or hoped, or wished for, the harsh reality didn’t sit well with me.

“Don’t be so harsh on yourself. Once the swelling goes down, they will look a little better, and you get your new legs, no one would know you don’t have any. Besides, you can’t turn back the clock and get them back, so you need to learn to forgive yourself, accept what you have, and be thankful. If it were a little higher, you would have lost your knees.” The doctor said, and I’m yet to see the benefit of knees when I can’t use them.

Fixer helped me with getting dressed for the party, a mid-length dress, that if standing would have hit mid calf, it was soft, and gorgeous, making me feel pretty, it was a soft green, to match my eyes, not a colour I had ever thought to wear, but it does look nice.

Penny demanded to do my hair; she put small clips in my hair that sparkled in the light. They were an assortment of butterflies, doves, and dragonflies. Nightingale would do my makeup. I have no clue what I will look like, apart from lip gloss for dry lips when on my bike; I don’t wear makeup. Penny put balloons on the wheelchair that I’ll be in tonight, when I am not on Storm’s lap. We are having it out in the yard, a BBQ by my request, I love BBQs, a small group, they said, at least twenty people were here, not including the children. This was the biggest party ever just for me. Not small in my standard, but tiny for them.

I hardly recognised the woman, sitting on a chair before a mirror, my lip quivered as tears threatened to fall.

“Don’t you cry, you will ruin the makeup.” Nightingale admonished.

“Besides, you will get me crying.” Added Fixer.

“Why would you cry? Don’t you like what we have done?” Asked the innocent Penny, looking sad.

“No, silly, they would be happy tears, aren’t they, Cloe?” Fixer pushed to get me to agree.

“Yes, happy tears, I hardly recognise myself, and I love the way my hair shines and sparkles, thank you, Penny.” Her face morphed into a beaming smile, and she clapped her hands in excitement. She reminded me of when Screech and Nightingale get together and do something they both love.

They wheeled me out to the top of the stairs, where Storm was waiting. He turned to look at me, and his mouth dropped open; his eyes widened.

“He’s a gonna.” Giggled Nightingale.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 238[1,546 words]

Storm POV

Looking in the mirror, today I am dressed in one of my best dress pants and a shirt. I even had a tie, at Dad’s insistence. I felt like I was going to one of my mother’s boardroom meetings rather than my Babe’s birthday party. It’s a big day for her, in many ways, the first time around, so many people, a few she has yet to meet, and to have her legs or no legs on display might be overwhelming for her; it’s the baby step to get her out of the place. She has refused to leave home since she arrived. Partly because of her hard start, partly because she loves the painting room. Mum was making an area just for her, and Cloe was showing she had a good eye for details and a steady hand, already completing work for Mum. Think we have found something Cloe can do sitting down, or at least within her mobility range, until she gets legs, next year. Also, her online schooling, when completed, will give her work-from-home availability, and Mum is already looking at areas where she can utilise her skills at work. At least we trust her, being family, or fingers crossed, will be one day.

Ready as I will ever be, I wait nervously at the top of the stairs. Mum said she would bring Cloe to me. I am looking down the stairs. A number of people are already here, and the number has swollen beyond the twenty-first thought. Some brought friends with them, and Dad growled at a few, but didn’t kick them out. Great-grams have yet to arrive, and that will make the party liven up; that woman can make you feel inferior with a look. I am used to it now, and it doesn’t bother me, but Cloe might be intimidated by the woman. I asked Dad to warn them to play nice, because if I knew Grams, she would play by her rules. Sometimes they cause trouble, and I, for one, want this to be a good night. If Great-grams starts her drama. I will move Cloe out of her sight and have nothing to do with that old battleaxe for the rest of the night. I have never put up with her snootiness. It won’t start now. I am told Great-grams had mellowed; I hate to think what she was like before then. I heard stories, and knowing a lady, I believe most of them.

Voices came down the hall, so I turned from people watching and saw a goddess. She took my breath away. The transformation they had made to Cloe was outstanding. I reached down. and picked Cloe up out of the wheelchair.

“You look stunning,” I whispered and kissed her cheek. She smelled like apple blossoms.

“Thank you, the ladies did a great job. Do you like the clips in my hair? Penny enjoyed doing my hair.” I could see Penny puffing up with pride as Cloe mentioned her hair. I think she mentioned it deliberately for the sake of Penny, encouraging Penny as much as she could. My girl’s the best, always encouraging others when she can. I had noticed that once she got used to us, she became more complimentary. It made Mum and Dad smile. She gave the boys and Penny compliments for their schoolwork, and Penny comes to show off her work nearly every day, looking for the accolades from Cloe.

“They had a good base to work with. You made it easy for them. I gave her another kiss on the cheek as I walked proudly down the stairs, my woman in my arms, as people looked up to watch us descend. Oo’s and Ah’s, words like stunning, gorgeous, and I have to admit, I agree with every word. Cloe was, all they say and more.

We walked out through the crowd, which had to have reached forty by now, and into the BBQ area. Her wheelchair was waiting, all prettied up by Penny. She spent a long time blowing up balloons and covering the wheelchair with streamers, glittering stars, and a huge sign on the back reading “eighteenth birthday girl. All painted by Penny.

Reluctantly, I lowered her into her wheelchair. Penny rushed forward and fiddled with the dress, straightening it and making it look nice.

“Care for a drink?” I asked softly as well-wishes began to pour in, bombarding her. I just hope she was ready for all the attention she would be getting.

“Please, can I have an orange juice?”

“Back in a tick.” I moved away for the juice and waited for my turn. When I was walking back, Dotty stopped me.

“Give her this tablet, she will need it. I bet her legs are aching.” I nodded and took the tablet. Pushed between some girls beside the wheelchair, talking girl talk, and offered her the glass, then opened my hand to show her the tablet. Cloe looked at my hand, looked up at me, then back down, took it, and swallowed the tablet with some juice. Her trust in me had grown over the two weeks; she no longer blushes at everything I do, and has even asked for help occasionally. That’s a huge jump in my book.

The sounds of the helicopter arriving were a sign that the Great-grandparents had arrived. I tried to talk Dad out of agreeing to let them come to a teenager’s party, but it fell on deaf ears; even Mum didn’t want them here, but we lost out. Tank talked with Uncle Simon and Grandpa Savage; they both agreed that the oldies should come, and wouldn’t stay for long, getting too old for long nights. I find that hard to believe. Great-grams has endless energy to fling out double-sided compliments. They are on warning, though. I feel Cloe getting upset; they are out of here.

The crowd moved aside as Great-grams walked towards us, her eyes on Cloe. I am grateful that she had her back to her arrival. I didn’t like the way Great-gram eyed her, judging

her. I wanted to protect Cloe from this woman, who always had a way to make you feel inferior, and we are family; no wonder Grandpa Savage doesn't have much to do with her. He makes the obligatory visit when he takes Mum and Dad out and about, not like he can hide from her, but from when I understand the bridge was broken, and it would never truly be repaired between them. Not as well as it could have been, if this woman had stopped acting like she was above us all. Apparently, she behaved for a while when Savage came back, but that didn't last long. Great-grams fell back into her old ways, and we all gave up. It's best when Great-gramps comes alone; he's much more upbeat and fits in well. They were in a club once, so you would think that bat would be better.

"Happy birthday, Cloe." She leaned down and gave her an air kiss on her cheek. Her perfume took my breath away; it was a dry smell, and Cloe paled and tried not to cover her nose.

"Hello. Thank you." Cloe politely greeted her, then looked at me, quizzically, before I could introduce her to them. Great-grams leaned in and nearly squeezed the life out of her, and he gave her a tight hug.

"Happy Birthday." He handed her an envelope.

"Thank you so much," placed the envelope in a pocket.

"We are the great grandparents." He answered her unspoken question.

"Your Grandfathers, parents." The bat added snootily.

"Welcome to my eighteenth birthday party, Mr. and Mrs. Astore. Please help yourself to refreshments." Cloe politely offered, giving them a title I don't think the old bat expected.

"Thank you, dear, we shall have to catch up later. Storm." She turned and walked away, her eyes hunting for someone.

Grreat-Gramps watched her leave, a worried look on his face.

"Grams had dementia; some days can be harder than others. Please forgive her," Great Gramps said in a soft voice.

'Great-Gramps, if you need a break, send for me. I can help. Nurse my aunt until she passed away. It was not always easy, but I am here if you need a break. Don't take it all on your shoulders. Maybe once a week, I can come over and spend time with her while you take the day off, go fishing, or take a ride, whatever, but you too need to recharge your batteries," Cloe offered, her face earnest.

"You think you can handle a day with her?" he asked incredulously.

“Sure. Tell me when, and maybe Storm can organize the chopper to take me to you.” Cloe didn’t back down, and somehow I am now involved.

“Done. Each Wednesday, I go fishing with my pals, but I haven’t been able to go for months. I will send a chopper to collect you, and you can spend the day, and I’ll send you home when I get back.” Great-Gramps looked at me, smiling more than I have seen in months.

“Don’t lose this one, she’s a keeper.” He patted me on the shoulder as he headed off in the hunt for his wife, and what trouble she was causing. At least now we can put a label on her, and in a way, I feel guilty for having bad thoughts about her.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 239[1,292 words]

Cloe POV

Storm’s face when he saw me being wheeled to him was a photo moment; his surprise was evident, and his look boosted my confidence. Everyone that I greeted complimented on my dress, hair, and the wheelchair that Penny worked so hard on. I tried to push some of the compliments to those who helped get me ready. But they brushed that away, as if they already knew someone had to have helped. I wasn’t sure whether to accept all the praise or if it was all false, because it was obvious I needed help. My confidence dwindled with each compliment, rather than rising. Stupid, I know, but being someone who had never received them before coming here, it was hard to accept all this as nothing more than a cover to look good while networking with the family for whatever reason. In the end, I only accepted the compliments from family and those I already knew. How can someone I have never known tell me I was looking great? What did they have to use as a comparison?

The chopper arriving had heads turning to the sound, and I noticed the sudden tension between Storm and Razor, who were close by chatting up some chick. The atmosphere changed as the couple walked forward. I knew who they were; I had seen pictures of them, but hadn’t thought, when I was told they were coming, that they meant Mr. and Mrs. Astore, and that they were family.

OH!

MY!

GOD!

Storm wasn’t rich; he was filthy rich, like obscenely rich. I didn’t know what to do. When the woman leaned in and air-kissed me, it took everything in me not to choke on the dry

perfume. But Mr. Astore was a sweetie. I liked him the moment I met his twinkling eyes. When he told me to forgive his wife and why, my heart melted. That was a hard road to walk down, watching the person you have loved all your life slowly lose their memories, and in many cases, who they are to you. Truths often come out, which can be damaging to the relationship. What I mean by that was we found out my aunt had been unfaithful, and the dementia-clouded mind told truths that nearly killed my uncle's heart. We tried to say it was all fantasy, but he knew it wasn't.

"Guess, if you are going to be away every Wednesday, I will go for a ride. You positive you can handle this?" Storm had crouched down and was staring me in the face.

"They have maids and other helpers around. I won't be alone. I am positive I can handle this."

I wannabe was all I needed to hear to know she didn't get an invitation.

"Sure, let's walk around and weed out those not invited, and have the guards walk them out. Mum will know who was invited." Penny followed us around, hoping to have some fun. She loved watching people be removed from a party, or so she said, when the skank was removed. Each time Storm asked to see the invitation, and none was found. The person was removed. He was selective about who he asked; some he might have known weren't part of the original invite, but because they weren't causing trouble, he let them stay.

"How about her? She was saying some not-so-nice things about Cloe at the games table," Peggy said, pointing to a woman dressed provocatively who was trying to talk to Razor, who was only fifteen but looked older because he had already hit six feet tall and was following his brother and father in the height department, and sporting a small beard.

"Can I see your invitation?" Storm asked the woman.

"You know me, Storm." She purred, placing her hand on his chest, and finger walking them up to his chin.

"Invitation?" He growled, flicking her hand away.

She pretended to look in her clutch for it and tapped her finger on her bottom lip.

"I gave it to Fixer," She said, nodding towards mum.

"Mum," I called out. She turned and walked over.

"We are weeding out the uninvited, and this chick can't show her invitation, said you took it." Mum raised her hand, and guards arrived at her side. I loved how they were always so close.

“No invitation.” The guards gave her the option to walk out or be carried.

“I will remember this, watch your back.” She spat at me with venom.

“Ha, no need, that’s what the guards are for.” Storm gave back just as fast. Soon, others who had not been invited discreetly left. It was now down to about thirty, a much more manageable number of people, and most I had met over the time I had been living here.

“How are you doing? I think Dotty was looking for you to give you your meds and check you’re okay, before she heads to bed.” Mum said once that the last problem was walking to the front gate. “Security will have to answer for all the added people who arrived. Some communication breakdown occurred, and it needs fixing,” Fixer added as she took control of my wheelchair and headed inside, so Dotty could check me over. It was getting late, and I think I’m close to wanting to be in bed, and okay for Storm to stay out and party, if he wanted

“Might call it a night, Fixer.” I yawned as we reached a room where Dotty could check me over in privacy.

“Cake first, then you can go to bed.” Cake, I had forgotten that was something most do for birthdays.

“Okay.” Dotty arrived and handed me some pills and a bottle of water, and lifted my dress to check my stumps. Touching them and nodding.

“They are not hot, no infections, hiding below the surface, the redness was reducing, all looking good.”

“Was going to go to bed after the cake cutting.”

“Forgot about that, I will wait till after that, then I am off. Call if you need me.” She put my dress back on and straightened it to look nice before leaving me with Fixer. Who wheeled me out to the table where we waited for the cake to arrive.

The cake arrived, being carried by two large men. It was huge and a copy of Storm’s motorcycle, with his new seating arrangement for me; it was adorable. Eighteen different-colored candles were ablaze on top, and with the help of Penny, we blew them all out, and a chorus of Happy Birthday started. Some had the worst voice I had ever heard, but the sentiment behind the singing, you could forgive the out-of-tune voices.

The cake was cut, and cheers rang out, and the party went back to dancing and booze.

“Storm, I have had enough. You can stay and enjoy the party.” Storm carried me back to my room and helped me change.

“What’s this?” Storm pulled out an envelope that had been in my dress pocket.

“Something from Great-Gramps,” I replied as he handed it over.

I opened the envelope and pulled out a lovely musical card that played Happy Birthday, and inside was a cheque.

“Oh, my.” I gasped as I looked at it and rubbed my eyes in disbelief.

“What did he give you?” Storm looked over my shoulder and chuckled.

“That’s Great-Gramps for you, guess you are part of the family.” I had been given a cheque for one million dollars.

“We need to get this to the bank before I lose it.”

“Yeah, Monday will be soon enough.” He placed the envelope in my drawer, gave me a kiss, and headed out the door and back to the party. I felt I was keeping him back, and I hope he finds a girl to enjoy himself with. I didn’t like the idea that he was with another girl, but I couldn’t hold him back, because he pities me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 240[1,537 words]

Storm POV

“Hey, Mum, did you know about Great-gram’s dementia?” I asked when I had a quiet moment. Penny had absconded away with Cloe; Penny was loving wheeling her about. To me, it was like she was showing off her new toy, but Cloe didn’t complain, and while Cloe was still smiling, I was okay with what was happening. I knew I had to let Cloe do her own thing, whether I liked it or not.

“Yeah, I was told a little while ago. It doesn’t excuse her, because she had been like this for years. It just explains why it has gotten worse lately.” Mum had put up with the woman, tolerated her outbursts, and left great-gramps to correct them.

“Cloe has offered to get together every Wednesday and be with her, while Great-gramps goes fishing with his buddies.” I still have mixed feelings about this.

“How do you feel about that?” Mum asked, giving no hint of how she was feeling.

“Torn, wanting to protect her, at the same time needs to let her be herself, find her own footing, so to speak. It’s hard, and Great Grams has never been an easy person to get along with. Not sure how well Cloe would be with her, when Cloe’s at a vulnerable time in her life, I felt like Cloe had enough hurt.” I replied honestly, I didn’t want Cloe to be alone with that woman, but then Cloe might be exactly who great-grams needs right now.

“Yeah, I feel the same. That girl has been through the wars; Cloe might be stronger than we give her credit for. Let’s let it play out and see where it leads. We both might be surprised. That girl has a heart of gold, and I heard she had looked after someone before, so at least Cloe knows what she’s in for, plus Cloe’s not emotionally connected to her, like we are.” I nod, not liking it, but I agree.

The night went well. The only glitch was when Sandy came to try her luck with me and wouldn’t take no for an answer. As a result, Cloe had her removed. In style, Sandy took on a wildcat and lost. Even though I hadn’t thought of asking for an invitation, hadn’t thought we had sent out any, but Sandy wouldn’t know that, and with Mum’s help, everyone not invited was removed, made it for a better night, because there was no pushing to be the center of attention, that was our birthday girls place, and anyone not with the program was kicked out, no questions asked, we didn’t want cat fights tonight. To be honest, I was turned on by how Cloe handled it. She was a spitfire, and I loved it, got a semi watching her. Does that make me a sick puppy?

The cake was fun, and letting Penny be front and center with Cloe kept both happy. Mum had been hovering around; I think she would push Penny to go to bed, and with Cloe looking like she might be going soon, that would help Mum get her there.

After the cake, I carried a yawning Cloe to bed. She looked beat. There were no more tablets to give her tonight. I think she has almost finished her course of antibiotics, and only a relaxant might be continued, or that’s what I think they are.

“Great-Gramps has always been generous.” I chuckled as I saw Cloe’s face in her birthday gift. He gave me ten million on my eighteenth, but I won’t tell her that. Giving her that much must be blowing her mind. I will help her open an account on Monday.

Cloe virtually kicked me out of my own bedroom, to continue to party, as much as I didn’t want to leave her, I did as she requested and returned.

The chopper had left an hour ago, and the Great-granms were away. The night was winding down; only the diehards were still there, and the security team was busy rounding them up and would make sure they made it home. It had been a great night, no fights. Cloe laughed and met many new faces; all in all, I would say it was a successful night.

“All gone, sir. We checked all the grounds and found no bodies. Do you wish for us to check out the home?” Dirk has been a good leader of the guards and someone I would like to consider a friend, having known him all my life.

“It might be worth it for you to do a quick sweep for your own peace of mind. I am off to bed, goodnight.” I left Dirk to do what he does best, and I knew if I had said not to do a sweep, he would worry all night, or what’s left of the night, and berate himself if in the morning we found a surprise or two.

Cloe didn't stir when I climbed into the warm bed and snuggled in. To be honest, I sometimes forget she had nothing below the knee, and I moved my leg over where her ankles would have been to find nothing. I have wondered how we would manage to have an intimate relationship. So far, kisses and a little bit of boob holding are all I have done, as much as I want to be between those thighs, my fear of hurting her, and my uncertainty about how to go about it, have me holding back. Like to I climb on? What does she do with her legs? Cloe can't use her legs for support or thrusting up? If I have her on top, she can use her knees, I guess, but how stable will she be? I didn't know who I could talk to about my fears.

That was on my mind as I fell asleep, with the warmth of Cloe's body against me, and my groin semi-hard, wanting me to take action. One day, was my answer, as I pushed my body's needs away and let sleep claim me. That's a worry for another day.

Cloe's scream had me awake, and pulling her closer to me.

Another nightmare, and by the slurred words I can make out, it was her father again. That azzhole needs a bullet. The damage he has caused to my little Cloe. Why would a parent treat her like that? I don't understand. Mum does, and has tried to help me accept and guide me through the maze of emotions. Dad also understands the nightmare side. I have been fortunate to have loving, understanding parents who have both been through this kind of trauma, the abuse I mean, not the lost legs, and can help me to stay calm and work through it. I rubbed her belly and stroked her hair, reminding her that I was here and that Cloe was safe.

Cloe was sweating, swearing, crying, shaking, a mess, so deep in this dream. Something about a dark room, and being unable to move, and that every part of her hurts.

"You're safe, Cloe, here with me, Storm, come back to me," I whisper in her ear, and she struggles against me, over and over again.

One last scream, and she stops struggling.

"I'm sorry to wake you." Cloe's hoarse voice breaks the sudden silence.

"That's what I am here for, to hold you when you are vulnerable, reminding you that you're safe with me. I would never intentionally hurt you. You know this, yes?" I needed to hear that she trusted me to never hurt her.

"Yes," Cloe whispered. I moved over her body, reaching out for the jug of water and filling a glass.

"Here, you need this." I was holding a glass with a straw, and she took it quickly. I moved my arm behind her back and gently pushed her to a sitting position, so drinking would be easier. Two glasses of water later, her thirst was quenched, and the shaking and half-sobs ceased.

“Thank you.” Cloe’s voice still sounded shaky. Her eyes were glassy, and her bottom lip was quivering. I pull her against me, sharing my warmth. I feel so helpless.

“Want to share?” I pushed softly, hoping that sharing would help.

“Just one of the days that dad threw me down the stairs, to the cellar, and locked the door. That time I broke my arm, too, forever to heal. He kept hitting and pulling on that broken arm, causing pain. Aunt Mabel was a nurse, came visiting, saw it, told dad off, and bandaged it up. after dad refused to take me to the hospital to get it set correctly. Dad was angry that he wasn’t allowed to touch that arm till Aunt Mabel said it was healed. Blackmailing Dad was her only way to give me any treatment. But Dad would hide me in the cellar whenever Aunt Mabel visited. It was a soundproof room, so no one ever knew I was on the floor, either bleeding or unconscious from one of his many beatings.” Cloe spoke coldly, like she was talking about a movie she had just watched that didn’t appeal to her, rather than her own life. It broke my heart that she had gone through all of that and still came out so strong, willing to help others, even in her condition.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 241[1,565 words]

Cloe POV

When will they stop?

Today was a great day, a little out of my comfort zone, and it had nothing to do with no legs. I just never went to parties; Dad never allowed it. My sister, yes, but other than school, I wasn’t allowed out; even when we had guests, I was hidden most of the time. Get the food prepared, so all that’s left is to put it on the already-set table, and if I am lucky, I get to sneak some food while cooking. Then I would make an appearance when the kitchen needed cleaning, which was often the next day, and I would get beaten because there were still dirty dishes on the table and in the kitchen. As if I could have done them, with a locked door. But that was my life, so why do I have a nightmare now, after a great night? I was spoiled all day and night and felt guilty because I shouldn’t have been spoiled. That was for my sister only. My nightmare was a bad one. I had received praise for having nice hair, my sister spat out the dummy, and I was thrown down the stairs. Yep, I don’t deserve to be treated well, and I have been allowing that to happen for too long. I am old enough now to look after myself, so I should be looking at leaving this lovely home.

But where to go?

Can’t go home to Dad. I will never allow myself to submit to that again.

Will miss Storm and his family. They have been so kind and shown me what a real family should look like.

Maybe I can move to Storm's great-grandmother's home. I wouldn't be spoiled there, and it would be acceptable, because I would be working, in the shape of minding the elderly woman, till she passes. Will see how it goes on Wednesday and ask before I leave that home. It might be what I need, and I can get some therapy from the local hospital, lots to investigate, but I can't keep sponging off this family. It doesn't feel right.

Storm helped me to the bathroom and did my business quickly. A similar outfit as before: track pants and a shirt. Today I will be in the gym for a while, going over strength exercises, so I can move around freely in the wheelchair. Storm hovered around me, waiting for me to ask for help, and if he had the wheelchair closer, I would have tried to climb in and out of it. It feels like he doesn't want me to even try to be independent, that he wants me to always go to him. I can't do that; it will hurt too much when the novelty wears off, and they move me on.

"Cloe, Doctor Jaqueline, will be here in an hour," Tank called out after hanging up his phone.

The phone, that's another thing they did. I received a brand-new phone for my birthday. I have never had a brand-new one; always my sister's old one, if it wasn't broken. Sometimes I think my sister deliberately broke the screen, so I wouldn't be able to use it. Storm helped me set it up and get all the family numbers in, and Tandy's and a few others, including Dirk, if I get stuck and need help fast. So much to take in. This life was complicated, at least with my father; I was guaranteed a beating every day. I knew what was expected of me, although according to my sister, I failed at everything. Which was funny, considering I was top of my class, and she failed all of them except the cheerleading squad, which I wasn't interested in, because half the time, I was in too much pain to do it, plus my sister had a reputation with the ice skating team, and the football team. I think she has spread her legs with almost all of them. Mia was proud of that reputation, and I think Dad does too, because some of his guests have been to her bedroom a few times, I know, because I had to change her sheets the next day, and the results of the night before were on them.

"Hello Cloe, how have you been?" Doc asks as she pulls out her laptop to take notes.

It was just us here. Storm was told to do something at the clubhouse, and he reluctantly left me there.

"Does what I say, stay between us?" I asked because I am not sure if she has to report back to Tank. I thought now that I was eighteen, I no longer had him as my guardian. Think that's what Tandy was bringing paperwork over for.

"Of course." Doc tried to reassure me.

“I feel suffocated, can’t do anything without someone hovering around me. I was thinking of asking Mr. Astore whether I would do well caring for Mrs. Astore, living with them, and being her full-time carer until she passes. Do you know if they have what I need for my recovery in that town?” I was sitting on a bench with weights. Doc wanted me to lift to strengthen my arms and back.

“That doesn’t sound good. Have you talked to Storm and whoever else was causing you to feel this way?”

“Nope, sooner or later, I have to leave. I might as well do it sooner.”

“Don’t think they want you to leave. Storm’s smitten with you. He wouldn’t have you in his bed if that’s not where he wants you to always be. I know this family; girls come and go. But once they find the one they want, as their forever woman, all other women disappear from them. If you leave, he will follow you. Till he convinces you to be his. Tell him to give you space, but if you haven’t noticed, they like to hold their women. At nearly every meal, they want their woman on their laps, and it’s not because you don’t have lower legs; it’s because Storm wants to hold you. Touch you. Even Fixer gets carried around a lot; it’s the male thing in this family. Change positions, please, try it this way.” I changed the weights, and the Doc left me to go grab the wheelchair.

“Now, let’s get you on the floor and see how well you can get up off the floor and onto the chair.”

I crawled to the chair and nudged it. The Doc had deliberately left the brakes off. Sneaky. I crawled to the brake and pushed it on, then moved to the front of the chair. Although it was a struggle, I made it to the seat. I felt I had achieved something monumental.

“It’s because of all the work you have done in the past that you are very strong and won’t need much work to get you moving around on your own confidently. Now, to that other issue, try asking Storm to let you try things. He can be there in case you fall, but like a newborn child, you need to learn to crawl before you can walk. You are the same; you need the opportunity to fail. Do you want me to talk to him?” Doc was squatting down in front of me, so she was at eye level as she spoke to me.

“No, I will work something out.’

“I would prefer you stay here till you are fitted with prosthetic limbs. The other town had good facilities; however, as my patient, I would like to see things through rather than hand you over to someone else.” Doc looked so earnest, and to be honest, to have someone who actually cares about my health was nice. Aunt Mabel did what she could because she was hiding my injuries; she didn’t care any more for me than Mia did.

“Okay.” I timidly replied. I felt out of sorts, unsure if I had achieved anything.

“Now, wheel that chair over to the table, and move as if you are going to eat.”

That was how the rest of the session went. Doc gave me a task to try, and I either succeeded or failed, but as the Doc kept saying, it wasn't a failure as such, but an area for strengthening and practice. We spent three hours in that room, and my arms were tired.

"Good, get a nice soak in the hot tub," I wheeled myself to the tub, took off my shirt, wiggled out of my pants, and climbed in wearing my underwear. The doc never helped me once, leaving me to struggle all on my own. By the time I was out of the hot tub and dry, I felt I had achieved something today and felt a lot better. Maybe talking to the doc about my frustrations helped me to lighten my load.

"See you in a few days. Keep practicing, you will get better." I guess I need to visit this room more often and try to do better. I am only helping myself by doing this; I'm climbing in and out of a chair, which doesn't do much for anyone else, and it gives me a feeling of getting somewhere, that I can do this, and not have to wait for Storm to come find me.

I have to talk to Storm, but I don't know what to say, without it sounding like I am ungrateful for all he does, and hurts his feelings.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 242[1,442 words]

Storm POV

Today I was sent to the clubhouse to help Prez with his paperwork. Dad said it was good practice. Now that my course was starting to make sense, I was to give a few hours a week to Prez, doing paperwork and putting into practice what I was learning. I would rather be at home, watching over Cloe. It was her first intense training session with the doc, and I wanted to be there to help.

Prez was full of patience, never raising his voice when I asked questions, and let me make some mistakes before correcting me, explaining where I went wrong. What I thought was going to be an hour, possibly two, turned out to be all day. We worked on a lot of different things. I had no idea that Dad, Prez, and Zero, oh, and Mum owned so much. Mum was a shareholder in almost all the businesses. The four of them were equal shareholders, something their father put in place, although, in Mum's case, her Grandpa sorted it out, and Tandy looked after the side that Mum owned alone, but the people who looked after Mum's business were like a whole building of people, all answerable to Mum.

Today was an eye-opener. I knew the family was wealthy, but this was beyond words. I only knew a tiny part of all of this, no wonder Dad kept pushing me onto the business courses. One of us needs to understand what was what. It also helps me understand the extensive bodyguard and protection arrangements Mum and Dad put in place for us. We are walking targets in a sense. If others knew the wealth, they would want a piece of it. You will never know whether your friends or your girlfriends are true friends or want you

for your money. At the moment, most want a piece of us because we are part of a bike club. But this puts a whole new slant on things, and I now get why Mum works so hard to make the community better. She works tirelessly in the background, with few knowing where the funding was coming from. It was a great tax deduction, but that's not the only reason Mum likes improving the town, which has blossomed. I can see the flow of money coming in from different sources and going back out in improvements, wages, or materials. Wow, just wow. I have a new respect for Prez, Zero Dad, and Mum. They have never been stingy, and they work constantly to improve their community.

"Go home, you have done enough." Prez saved what we had been working on and turned off the machine.

"Thanks, ready to eat the hind leg of a cow, don't even need to cook it, just throw it at me, I am ready to tear into anything meaty," I replied, my stomach telling me that what we ate for lunch was not nearly enough for me.

We said goodnight to those in the bar area. On our way out. I headed to the gate, while Prez climbed onto his bike and headed home.

Dinner was already being served as I rushed in.

"Did you wash your hands?" Mum asked as I sat down, and I felt like a naughty boy being caught doing wrong. I huffed and moved to the wash house, and cleaned my hands and washed my face. Feeling more refreshed, I returned.

I stopped at the door and looked around. Something was different, and it took me a moment to realize that Cloe was in her wheelchair, at the table, Mum was not on Dad's lap, and it was just us, and my siblings, no Tandy, no Uncle Simon, or Gramps Savage. As much as I wanted to lift her out of her chair and place her on my lap, mum's shake of her head told me to leave it be. Something was going on, and I had yet to work it out.

"How was everyone's day?" I asked as I picked up a plate of steak and placed two large chunks on my plate.

"Quiet, school sucks, we had sports today. We were choosing the captain of ice hockey, and I wasn't picked as captain," Razor complained.

"I made it into the cheerleading squad, for ice hockey, not football, they are all sluuts," Penny added as Razor soured.

"Language," Dad growled, but Penny paid no mind to it.

"How did you go with your therapy session with the Doc today, Cloe?" I tried to sound upbeat, but I was mentally exhausted from all the work today.

“Took longer than I had expected, but learned a lot. How about you and working with Prez?” Cloe didn’t look at me as she spoke, but worked on her food; it didn’t look like she was eating it, just pushing it around her plate.

“Like, you took forever, but I learned a lot, and it was an eye-opener to put what I have been learning to practice. It’s not exactly the same, but at the same time it is.” I wasn’t sure how to work through the confusion in my head and hoped what I said made sense.

“That’s great news, son, bet your heads full about now.” Dad chimed in, like I had given him. the best gift ever.

“You can say that again. It’s going to be an early night for me,” I announced as I yawned. “Excuse me.” I apologized only to yawn again. Dad chuckled with a knowing smirk. The staff cleared the table as we all walked to the lounge. Penny continued to her room, chatting about catching up with the girls to discuss the routines they were creating. Razor was still moaning about not being the captain. Apparently, the vice captain didn’t cut it.

Talking about ice hockey made me wonder how Cloe felt. With all of this, she said she used to be on an ice hockey team. Does she miss it? Should I make them stop talking about it? No, we cannot control all the conversations like that. Cloe needs to deal with it sooner or later. Prez gave me a serve about letting the girls have some freedom, but be there for them, can’t cover them in cotton wool, they are going to get hurt, and have to let them fall, or they won’t learn, or become self-sufficient. I don’t want Cloe to fall or be self-sufficient. But Prez had to push the “it’s not all about you” talk, and some stories about his early days with Sticks, even covering a bit about Mum when she first came to the clubhouse before she learned about her past. Mum must have been terrified, going from defending yourself and relying on no one but yourself to over four hundred overly protective men around her.

It was good to hear some of the stories, and I wonder how I can give Cloe the freedom Prez said she needs without letting her fall at the same time. I don’t want to risk losing her, which, according to Prez, was a real threat if I keep taking away her chance to make mistakes. Prez told me about an army buddy who came home paralyzed, what he went through. I get it, I understand, but it’s hard not to stop her from making mistakes, or being quick before she falls.

Tiny steps, he said. The first step was to talk with Cloe about what she wants to try and do on her own. It was all well and good, the family of big, strong men enjoying carrying their woman around, but in Cloe’s case, with her injury, she might need to learn to do things for her own confidence. I got what Prez was trying to say. I hadn’t thought about how Cloe felt about being carried around; it was what we all did. But I have to change who I am to accommodate Cloe. At least for now, pick your battles and let her try to do things, build her confidence, and then I can carry her around all I want.

I must have fallen asleep in the lounge, because the next thing I knew, it was morning, and Penny was prying one of my eyes open.

“Why did you sleep in the lounge? Did you do something wrong?” I blinked a few times, trying to get the eyelid to work correctly after being forced open by Penny.

“No, not that I am aware of, I must have fallen asleep during the movie.”

“Yeah, you’re too big to pick up and carry to your bed.” Penny shrugged and skipped in the direction of the kitchen.

What time is it?

Today’s Wednesday, and Cloe will be going to Great-grams, hope she does okay with the old battleaxe.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 243[1,466 words]

Cloe POV

It was only six in the morning, and already Storm was carrying me downstairs for breakfast. I would be leaving around seven to go to Storm’s great-grandparents’ home. He was dressed up, ready to go on a ride, an eight-hour round trip along the country roads that have lots of corners and hills, to keep the ride interesting. I want to go with him, but it’s guys-only, and I’ve promised Mr. Astore to keep it. Bummer.

“Remember, you don’t have to put up with any bad tempers from that woman, and you are a beautiful, caring, loving woman. Don’t let that lady tear you to pieces with her demeaning words. She loves to spew out at everyone.” Fixer was trying to warn me about this woman. I had seen how she was at the party. Mrs. A selected carefully whom she targeted; it wasn’t as random as it appeared. But I get it, sometimes, a person like this can be nasty because she can, or something triggers it. I understand triggers: a smell, word, sound, touch, or action can all cause a trigger.

After the lectures and warming were over, Storm carried me out to the waiting chopper. It was a small one, and in the back were two guards. I thought it was strange that the chopper needed guards, but I didn’t think much more of it. Rich people do strange things.

“Remember to call if you need us,” Tank commented as Storm tucked me in, ensured the headphones were on, and leaned in to kiss my cheek.

“Will miss you,” Storm whispered with a croaky voice.

“Not likely, you got a fantastic ride to keep you busy. Go enjoy your day, and don’t worry, I can handle one woman.” I gave me a cheeky grin to hide my worry about flying in a chopper, and he stepped back, closed the door, and moved away to wave at a distance

with the others. Such a grand send-off. Never have I had others out to wave at me before. My sister, yeah, me never.

The chopper took off. The chopper vibrated a little as it took off, then settled down, and it was a panoramic view of the home below. The estate was huge, with two chopper landing pads, buildings beyond the greenery. A large swimming place, it looked like fun, and I was already thinking of visiting it. Oh, a small runway for smaller planes, hangars, and oh wow, there was so much more to this town than our small one. The pilot kept my mind off the flight and more on the scenery, pointing out areas of interest, and before I knew it, the flight was over. As the mansion came into view, it was almost twice the size of Storm's home, but lacked the character that made Storm's a home, not a house.

The landing was a breeze; you hardly felt it when the chopper touched down, and I waited and watched the pilot shut it down. The guards at the back climbed out, and one placed the wheelchair close, while the other guard slipped one arm under my thigh and the other around my back to remove me after the pilot had unfastened the seat belt that had kept me securely in the seat. He gently placed me in my wheelchair, handed me my handbag, and attached the other bag to the wheelchair's back.

He then pushed me towards a long line of staff members who greeted me politely as I moved down the line, and to the waiting couple at the end.

"Morning, Mr. and Mrs. A," I greeted with a smile.

"Call us Grams and Gramps, dear." Mrs. A suggested that she move to kiss me on each cheek. What shocked me was the lip contact. Last time we met, she air-kissed me. Mr. A, I mean Gramps, did the same, his lips soft and moist compared to Gram's cold lips.

Gramps took over wheeling me inside. The place was not one you would want to bring children to; there were too many expensive-looking items within children's reach that could be broken, and I would want to be the one to dust and keep it clean. No wonder there were so many staff members here. I was taken to a smaller sitting room, light and airy, with a huge bay window and a seat at it, where I would love to sit and read in the morning light that would shine through.

"Catch you later, enjoy your day." Gramps kissed Grams and then me.

"Staff will help if she gets too much for you," Gramps whispered before leaving the room with a backward wave.

"Now, dear, let me show you some photos of our family." That's how most of our morning was spent, me learning all about the family, going back to when this home was built, and the different extensions that have been made. We laughed at some, and Grams cried at others.

“Cloe. I know I am losing my memories; it’s frustrating. On days like today, I remember, and then I get foggy, and they slip away. I haven’t told anyone, you will keep my secret, won’t you? I trust you more for some reason. You asked to be with me, and that warmed my heart.” I nearly cried at that. She was still in the early days then, as she remembers, but that, too, will fade one day.

“I promise I won’t tell anyone you know.” What else could I do? Today was building a foundation for when her condition becomes worse.

Lunch came, and we finished the photo albums Grams wanted to share. Then, after lunch, she talked about herself and her son, and she shared her side of the story, and I suddenly became aware that Savage was that son and how badly she had managed the situation. She had a girl planned for him, it wasn’t till she had lost her son that she learn that the girl she had planned for him was a money-grabbing tart, and was pregnant at the time, but hid it as she pushed to get together with Savage. That made the situation harder for her, as she realised her error in judgement, but by then he was gone, had taken the woman he loved with him, had shifted towns, was in the service, and had ceased all contact with her. She was devastated, but over time became hard, and put up walls that people her biatch face.

“I don’t mean to be so judgmental, but with my past experience, that is what I have become. When I meet someone new, I start off hard and critical, and I know that was wrong, but it had become harder and harder to break that cycle, and now, with this sickness, I can’t change it. Grams cried on my shoulder as we were both on the two-seater lounge. I felt bad for her. I understood being stuck in a cycle you can’t get out of.

I had managed to climb back into my wheelchair with little to no issue, and we wandered through her gardens, showing me her plants and three greenhouses. She loves orchids and has one greenhouse dedicated to them, one to vegetables, and another for raising seedlings for the garden. Grams visits the orchids every day and potters around in here, getting her hands dirty, which surprised me. With her pristine clothing and manicured hands, it was hard to think of dirt ever gracing them or getting under her nails.

“Oh, I wear gloves, my dear. No need to get your hands all dirty.” She answered my unvoiced thought.

We had sat in a gorgeous wood gazebo, wisteria in purples and whites dropping long fingers of color from the high roof. Years of growth covered it completely.

We were sitting, enjoying the slight cool breeze and the quiet, when I noticed a red dot slowly snaking it was towards us. At first, I was mesmerised by the dot, until a thought suddenly occurred to me that it was from a sniper rifle, something like that was in a movie we recently watched.

I raised my hand, and a man discreetly came forward, something they told me to do. Grams was looking at a small pond not far from here.

“I think there’s a sniper. Can you get your men to check it out quickly?” The man looked at what I was trying to point to without making a big fuss. His eyes widened, and he was on his walkie-talkie quickly.

From there, everything became chaos, the red dot found Grams, and I threw myself onto her, and together we both hit the ground, as pain filled my back, and body as we hit the ground, shouts, and calls for medic, and other words I could no longer grasp as darkness slowly took over and the pain was gone, along with the sounds.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 244[1,059 words]

Storm POV

I stood and watched until the chopper was out of sight, and then a little longer until I could no longer hear it. A piece of my heart was in that chopper, and I wanted to hold onto that thread a little longer.

“What are you staring at, mate? Come on, let’s ride.” Skunk slapped my shoulder and nudged me to move towards the garage.

“The chopper’s leaving.”

“Well, it’s gone, come on.”

Reluctantly, I moved with him, to our bikes, and climbed on mine. Once I had the engine running, all thoughts of missing Cloe vanished, and the excitement of the road trip took over. I needed to get out and about, be with my mates, having been cooped up at home too long.

Thirty of us took off down the long country roads, with sweeping wide and some tight corners. I love picking up the speed, once we were out of town, and having sparks fly as I took some corners, low and deep. I was sitting about in the middle of the pack, enjoying the ride, the sights and smells, fresh and clean after some recent rains. So far, no road kills, but that could change as animals come to the roadside to drink water from areas that have pooled close to the road, and, being startled, could dart across the road. An eagle high in the sky, doing circles, as it hunts for its prey, coming lower and lower as it finds something of interest.

This was what I needed: to see and feel the freedom on the road. Good friends, all worries of home far behind me.

We stopped for fuel and lunch. I found a spot under a tree. Once I had fueled up, grabbed two cheese-and-tomato toasted sandwiches and a bottle of water, and sat under the tree, watching my bros, I fueled and grabbed lunch, as I had just done.

“Did you see that eagle swoop down and catch something so wicked?” One of the noms said, a huge smile on his face. He had a bit of windburn, and bet he will be in pain tomorrow.

“Time.” Our lead calls out, and I am glad I am just one of the riders, and not the organiser. I do it, but I don’t always like being the one to call time and rouse everyone.

On the road again, and three clowns start to much around, while we are in a reasonably straight area, the corners not too tight. The first one flies past me; he’s leaning over his tank, feet resting on his back seat-a huge grin on his face. The guy following him has his feet on now.” Dad looked around at the growing number of people all wanting to hear the news.

“Got to go, can you grab a bag for Cloe and me?” I pulled out my car keys and ran to my truck, ignoring the calls to stop and wait. I needed to be there, where my girl was. Broke every speed limit as I made my way to the hospital, and rushed to the counter and pushed my way to the window.

“Cloe, where?” “Surgical floor.” The lifts took too long, and I ran up four flights of stairs, two at a time, and burst through the door, scaring a nurse who was passing by.

“Cloe?” I asked the nurse, who had her hand on her chest, surprised.

“Down the hall, second last door to the right, a waiting room, can’t miss it, two guards stand outside it.”

I moved down the hall to where the guards were, who looked me up and down.

“Are Grams and Gramps in there?” I asked, trying to look inside.

“Let Storm in.” Gramps weary voice barked from the inside. They moved aside and let me in. Grams rushed to me, in tears, and holding me tighter than this woman had ever held me.

“She saved my life.” She sobbed. I took a deep, calming breath, scooped her up, and she squealed in surprise, turned three steps, and sat down, still holding my Grams. She tucked her head into my shirt and sobbed her heart out. I rubbed circles on her.

Gramps explained what he knew, and that the sniper was dead, even though we tried to take him alive. He was a mile away in some trees; the shot winged him, as was our intent. By the time they reached him, he was dead, broken neck from the fall. They searched his body, took photos of him, and took anything they had on him while waiting for the police

to arrive. They were hoping to get identication soon, and maybe find out who sent him. It wasn't the first time they had been targeted, but it was the first time by a sniper. They were ill-prepared, but they will improve security. How he got on the property unseen was a worry, and one they will be working on.

"Gramps, why target Grams? What would they gain, you signed over most of your assets to mother years ago. Didn't you?"

"Yes, but since then I have made a few business agreements, that I was going to leave you and the kids, but now I am going to leave it all to Cloe, she earned it today. Why they targeted her, I have no idea. We haven't done anything lately to attract unwanted attention, and there have been no new acquisitions this year."

"Could they have been targeting Cloe?" I didn't want to ask, but I needed to know at the same time.

"No. Cloe flagged a guard and pointed to the red dot snaking toward Grams; it never once moved toward Cloe. Cloe reacted quicker than the guard, who was on his phone, calling for backup, or a possible sniper attack. We didn't know whether it was one or more Snipers; the guard was as shocked to see the red dot as he was new to the job. The whole security team that was on duty will be questioned, and I am having our team do another background check, tracing calls, and movements, ensuring we don't have a traitor in our midst." I listened, my mind racing at the thought of a traitor; most had been with the family all their lives.

"Could it be a woman scorned, Gram's viper mouth causing someone to want to close it?" I didn't care that the Grams could hear my accusation; it had to be said.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 245[1,476 words]

Storm POV

I felt Grams stiffen at my accusation, but she didn't try to leave my lap. My had still drawing circles on her, and gently rocking side to side. Today, Grams has understanding; tomorrow, she might not know who I am. It hurts.

"Good thinking, will call my man now, excuse me." Gramps stood and walked over to the window, looking out as he spoke orders on his phone. He had one hand on the window, leaning against it. He was just holding it together. He might not have known Cloe for long, but her act had changed him, made him feel more responsible for her.

"Do you really think I could have caused this?" Grams managed to speak, her tears drying up.

“Could be, sometimes you are abrasive, and not everyone can handle that. Did you meet new people lately?” I asked, wondering how much she might remember, having been diagnosed with dementia.

“Yes, joined a new card group a month ago, only been a few times, didn’t like the place, so haven’t been back.” Could card-playing ladies be that mean? Would they hate it that much to send a sniper? It sounded so silly to even think such a thing.

Mum and Dad arrived about an hour later, with two bags, one for me, one for Cloe. Dad had five coffees, and a tea for Grams; she actually thanked Dad and didn’t complain about not being in a china cup or Earl Grey tea. Which made Gramps look at Grams with concern, Grams nearly always had some smart comment about tea.

“Any news?” Mum asked, her eyes and nose red raw. She had grown attached to Cloe in the short time she had lived with us. For a woman who had gone through what Cleo had in her short life, she was still full of life and brightened everyone’s day. Quick to have a laugh and fast comebacks that catch most of us by surprise, the quiet, shy girl had been disappearing in front of my eyes, and this new, vibrant one was emerging.

“Nothing yet.” Mum and Grams started to chat, I moved Grams to a chair, so they could have some privacy, well, as much as you could when in the same room. Dad was on his phone, calling in investigators and police, finding out what he could, and pushing them to learn more. Gramps was doing the same from his side. I called Uncle Simon.

“What can I do for you, young man?” He sounded so upbeat and chirpy, felt guilty I was about to spoil that.

“I won’t beat around the bush. There was a shooting at Gramps. Grams was the target. Cloe threw herself against Grams and is in the theater as we speak, still waiting on the results.

Dad and Gramps are on the phone, calling everyone they know to investigate. I know you have doors others can’t open, can you look into it too…please.” I spoke all in a rush and on one breath, afraid speaking about it out loud would cause me to cry, and it had been hard not to when Mum and Grams were crying, churning my insides apart.

“What hospital?” Uncle Simon asked, his voice solemn

“Our local, airlifted here.”

“On my way.” I hope that means he will start calling, too. He didn’t need to come here, but I guess more power here, the better, will get things done quicker. Twenty minutes later, the sound of the chopper landing announced the arrival of Uncle Simon. He walked in, phone attached to his ear, as he barked out orders over the phone.

“Thank you for coming.” Gramps greeted him, shaking his hand. Dad, Gramps, and Uncle Simon all sat in one corner.

“Storm, come join us.” I left the window I was staring out of and joined them. Normally, I don’t get to be part of this; it’s always been adult work.

The talk was about what had been found out so far. The cops knew little to nothing, and their wheels ground slowly, way too slowly. Uncle Simon puts it down to the red tape they have to go through at each step. Gramps had little, so far, blood work happening, and he forwarded to Uncle Simon what he had discovered on the body, and some tattoos the man had on his chest and calf. Not a lot, but it was something. They found the man’s car hidden on one of the dirt roads near the airport. He had walked two miles to reach the tree he climbed; they were stripping the car and searching it before handing it over to the police, if they decided to do so. Uncle Simon started to get answers soon after sending the pictures to his investigator.

“The snipers names was Henry Sloan, twenty-six, unmarried, joined many gun clubs, got kicked out of most, Army reject for misconduct, a man gone feral, by the looks of it. Word on the street was that he was a killer for hire, a bad one at that. Tied to at least six unsolved deaths, according to my source. The source doesn’t know if he was the killer of those six, but Sloan put his hand up to claim them.” Uncle Simon spoke softly, not to upset the ladies, as he read the different text messages he was receiving. I knew he was getting answers the quickest; his contacts and power had always amazed me. His reach seemed unlimited at times.

“That was a dead man walking; sooner or later, he would receive a bullet if he hit the wrong person or a person of power who had the right contacts. Getting that reputation was an ego thing; no real sniper would put his hand up and claim a job, the person who hired them would know, and payment received was all that was needed to be recognised and used again. Sloan didn’t understand the unwritten rules. He had taken on the wrong job, against the wrong family. We will find out who hired him; he will have left evidence.” Gramps growled in anger.

“Did his phone get located?” I asked, thinking that if he had that big an ego, he would have something on his phone to prove his kills.

“Still looking, not in his car, sent men back out to check the area, might have been thrown clear, also up the tree, in case it’s up there.” Uncle Simon replied, “All good thinking; never would have thought to climb the tree, but it makes sense.” He would have nested up in the tree, waiting for a perfect shot.

“We found some of his bullets were homemade, with poor-quality material. I would be surprised if the bullet never jammed in the rifle or exploded on him. If he used one of his homemade ones, it may have fragmented when entering Cloe’s body. Do we know where the bullet entered?” Uncle Simon asked as his phone pinged, causing him to lift his phone but not check it, as he waited for an answer.

“Lower back, Cloe lunged herself at Grams, projecting her body to cover Grams. Cloe lost a lot of blood, but we had a nurse on hand who worked on her, got her to the chopper, and instead of going to our local, when the nurse explained what was going on, they suggested here, as they already have Cloe’s medical records. It’s better here anyway.” Gramps was the one to answer, being the only one there at the time.

“I was told she went to the local and then they sent her here. It amazes me how stories get changed and mixed up, reminds me of that game, where you do or say something, then pass it to the next person, but by the end of the chain, the story is nothing like the original one.” I tried to make light of this, but it didn’t get taken as well as I had hoped.

“You’re not wrong. Part of an investigation was to check out all the wrong stories, to find the true one, and that can get frustrating and lead you in the wrong direction; sometimes that was deliberate to send you on the wrong way.” Uncle Simon just finished speaking when the door opened, and our doctor Jacqueline, still in scrubs, entered, looking tired; her scrubs had blood on them, and my eyes zoomed straight to that spot, and my heart reached my throat, and I was tempted to jump out of my body; it thumped that hard. My lips and mouth suddenly dried, and my stomach threatened to bring the coffee back up. My legs felt like jelly, and I risked collapsing to the floor. Mum and Grams’ action had the rest of us moving; it hardened my resolve to be strong.

Like seagulls to a chip, we all stood and rushed the doctor.

“How is she?” Grams called out first; guilt had been her worst companion during all of this.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 246[1,595 words]

Storm POV

“Cloe’s stable, the bullet fragmented, and some fragments entered the intestines and bowel, which is why it took so long; we had to repair each place the bullet hit. In the end, twelve fragments caused damage. Cloe will be moved to a VIP room shortly and might sleep the rest of the night. That poor girl has had enough body trauma. Try to keep her away from more, and give that body of hers a chance to heal. You can wait in her room, the same one as before. I think you know the way.” It was Doctor Jacqueline’s way of telling us off and giving us a warning at the same time.

As sheep, we followed Mum as she led the way to Cloe’s room, up one floor to the VIP section. We entered the familiar room, made coffee at the mini kitchen, and each took a seat to wait. No one spoke; all looked lost in their own thoughts.

My mind was in repeat mode, twelve fragments, twelve pieces that caused damage, twelve pieces that could have killed her. Should we all be wearing bulletproof jackets from now on? How did Mum and Dad cope with this constant threat and worry, who said having money would be an easy life? This sucks.

There she was.

Cloe.

I never dreamed I would be back in this room so soon, seeing my girl, lying out, a drip in one arm, and an oxygen mask over her face. If not for the mask, you could swear Cloe was sleeping peacefully.

Grams was the first to reach her bed, taking her good hand and kissing it.

“Sorry, girl, this was all my fault. You shouldn’t have put your life in danger for an old, bitter woman like me.” Grams sobbed out, tears running down her face.

“Don’t talk nonsense, if I had been there, I would have done the same. Cloe needs to hear you care for her, not tell her off for doing what she thought was the right thing.” I growled out at Grams. She might be what she said, and it might be her fault, but she didn’t need to voice it as she did.

“I concur, we are here to lift her spirits, not claiming blame,” Mum added as she said next to Grams.

“We all understand the guilt you might feel right now, Grams, but Cloe wouldn’t want you to carry all that guilt. Cloe willingly put her life on the line for you; accept the gift that she gave you. Treasure it, and try to live well.” Dad continued where Mum left off.

“Come on, love, let it go, can’t change anything.” Gramps put his arms around her and rocked her back and forth. The rest of us tried to get close enough to give her cheek a kiss. Uncle Simon’s phone rang, and he stepped away to answer it.

“Keep me informed of any changes. I am going to take the love of my life home and have her rest. We are too old to be sitting here all night. Call if you need anything,” Gramps spoke softly, guiding Grams to move away.

“Go to our place, and stay in your room, for tonight at least.” Dad pushed the idea of staying in town, just as Grampa Savage came rushing through the door.

“Oh my poor little dove.” Grandpa Savage sat beside Cloe, taking Gram’s seat, as she stood up, and held her hand. Savage stroked her hair and kissed her hand, his eyes twinkling with unshed tears.”

“Tell me the person who did this isn’t breathing.” Grandpa Savage croaked out his question, which almost had me break into tears at the sound of his heartbreaking voice.

“He’s not breathing.”

“Good.”

Gramps said his goodbyes, steering Grams out the door. Just as they left, Nightingale came blustering through the door. Picked up the chart at the end of the bed, and hummed and haa’d over her findings.

“Good, Cloe will recover, no major organs damaged, she will be sore for a while, no heavy lifting, so that means the therapy will have to stop till her stomach heals. But you will hear all this from the doctor when Doc Jaqueline returns. She’s in the theatre at the moment and gave me permission to share the information at our level of understanding. Any questions?” So clinical, it made me angry.

“Are you normally this cold?” I spat out, looking at her. Nightingale’s eyes widened, and then she looked at Cloe and then back at me.

“I didn’t mean it that way, I was in official mode, not friend, I am so sorry. I can get clinical at work and have been asked to give a summary in a language others might understand. I was in the hospital because of a road trauma, and didn’t even think about who I was coming to see. It didn’t register it was family, what happened?” I turned away from her and back to Cloe, letting Dad talk, because I was too hurt, never having seen Nightingale this way before. It hurt deep down. Was that she spoke to others who were grieving? That’s not the best bedside manner.

“Son, this is Nightingale’s way of coping; she gets to tell patients’ families bad news all the time, and not having emotional involvement was her self-preservation; she might not ever have noticed it was Cloe. She would have been the last person Nightingale would have expected back in this ward.” Mum tried to excuse her BFF.

“How long before she wakes?” I asked, ignoring what Mum just said. I will deal with that later; right now, Cloe was my only concern.

“Morning, they gave her some strong painkillers, which will keep Cloe out for the night.

“Thank you.” I took Cloe’s hand in mine; it was limp but warm. Cloe’s face was pale, but I have seen her worse. I was settling in for the night. No way would I leave Cloe, and study was far from my mind.

I started singing a melody that Mum used to sing to us when we were young and sickly. It was not much, but it was the best I could do. My voice cracked with emotion as I sang, but I didn’t care; they could listen to a grown man’s heart breaking all they liked. Mum

started to hum along with me, and Dad moved to the window to listen to someone on his phone. Grandpa Savage hummed along too, not letting go of the other hand.

That was how we were when Doctor Jaqueline entered the room, about an hour later. Nightingale had left; she was still on duty and would be, for another thirty-six hours. The doctor took Cloe's vitals and noted them in the file.

"Cloe's doing well. If all goes well, we will keep her here for two nights and let Nurse Dotty take over at home. She would be better resting at home than here." I had to agree, this place was full of noise, even in the VIP rooms.

Mum, Dad and Grampa Savage all left after the doctor, leaving me here in silence. I opened the bag Mum had brought in, found a brush, and started brushing Cloe's hair. She has beautiful, long blonde hair. I am glad Mum talked Cloe out of getting it cut short.

It was soothing to do this and sing to Cloe. I tried to sing something with words, but my voice kept cracking, so I started humming instead. A tea lady popped by, and left me two coffees and four cakes, and two packets of biscuits, and cheese. I was getting hungry, but I doubt I would be getting food anytime soon.

Would a takeaway shop deliver here? I wondered, having not thought of that before. I couldn't think why they wouldn't. I drank the coffee and ate all that the lady left me. I checked the fridge and found Mum had put food in there, so I heated up a container of something, grabbed a fork, and sat back next to Cloe.

"That smells good. Is there enough for me?" I nearly spat the mouthful out all over Cloe; she was not meant to wake till tomorrow. I looked at my watch, and it was just after midnight.

Placed my container down and moved to look at Cloe.

"Hey, you gave me quite a scare. Can I get you anything?" My voice is soft, trying to keep the emotions out of it.

"Yeah, water and a mouthful of that food." I moved to give her some water and pushed the nurse's call button.

if "Best to ask the nurse first, you have some work done on her stomach, and are unsure you are allowed to eat yet, you might have to go back to jello again." I joked, but it was a real possibility.

"No, please, not the jello." Cloe joked back with a smile.

"You know, they might give you a permanent bed here, instead of at home, if you're not careful, don't think they would want my sorry arzz here every day." The nurse came to a halt when she saw Cloe awake.

“How are you, love?” She asked, coming closer to take her vitals.

“Hungry, but Storm won’t share his dinner with me?” She pushed her bottom lip out as if pouting, and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Let me get you some jelly and ice cream, that’s much better than leftover takeaway.”

“Hey, don’t know my takeaway?” My turn to pout, and I picked up my container and started to eat it in earnest this time. The nurse’s laughter was heard all the way down the hall, as we waited for her to return with the promised jelly and ice cream.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 247[1,445 words]

Cloe POV

My body ached all over, as if I had just had a bad beating from Dad, and needed something to take relief from the pain, but couldn’t reach it. My mind was doing double time, trying to remember why I hurt so much, and then I got the smell of food, which smelled like Chinese takeaway. Opening my eyes and blinking a few times, I can see a worried Storm digging into food. Guess he has not eaten for a while. He always had a large appetite, burning up the calories fast being so large, and he was active, so getting him to sit still for long was a miracle. He would find himself stuck in this place with me, which was frustrating. At any moment, I expect him to get up, pace, do push-ups, or something. He hadn’t noticed that I was awake yet, too invested in his meal, and checking his phone.

“That smells good. Is there enough for me?” Storm’s eyes found mine immediately, as he almost choked on his mouthful. Storm put it down and came to me. He pushed the call button as he inspected my face, searching for something, but that tender smile never left his face as he looked me over. He made my stomach have butterflies with the look he was giving

The nurse arrived, tutted because I was awake, fiddled with the drip, and checked my vitals before leaving to get me something soft to eat. Jelly and ice cream didn’t sound as nice as those leftovers smelled, but I guess I will take what I can get. The nurse returned with the promised bowl and a cup of meds. I still would have preferred his leftovers; they smelled better than this. I am not a sweet-tooth girl; give me steak, pies, and chips anytime, and I am all yours.

“Painkillers, for you to be awake already, you must be in pain.” The nurse took my vitals before I could eat and left me with Storm. The sweet taste of the jelly hit my mouth and hit me like a starving lioness cub, latching onto its mother’s teat when she returned from hunting. I took another few spoonfuls of jelly before thoughts started to fill my mind.

“Is Grams okay? Did she get hit? Is she here?” I murmured out a number of questions as I pushed a mouthful of ice cream into my mouth, soothing the heat and moistening the dry abyss, worried about his answer, I tried, I really did, how I managed to move my body the way I did, was beyond me, the doctor said, I was stronger than I looked.

“Yeah, Great-grams is fine. You saved her life; she’s a bit bruised from falling on the floor and shocked by it all, but you covered her completely, and nothing reached her. Although she feels guilty that you got hit, and that you dived onto her as you did. She called you a silly girl protecting an old woman, as you did.” Storm replied as he typed away on his phone. That was a relief. She’s a lovely lady, regardless of her moments of frustration. That’s what her bitterness was most of the time, and none was really directed at me, once I recognised it for what it was worth, her small outbursts no longer annoyed me, more sympathy than hurt.

“The shooter, did you get him or her?” I wanted to know everything.

“Relax, all was taken care of. We are investigating how that shooter managed to get so close. Security had become a bit lax over the years, which happens when there are changes and things have been so calm for a while, and a few new guards might not have done their jobs. Don’t worry, we will increase security, so next visit you won’t be at risk. We feel it might be a grudge hit, and only Great-grams was the target. But time will tell.” Was that what he thought, that I was worried about my safety?

“It’s not my security I was concerned with, more for Grams and Gramps, they live there, and I doubt whoever that shooter was, knew who I am, or knew I would be there.” I was getting frustrated that Storm was so busy on his phone that he couldn’t look at me while talking to

“Who are you texting this late at night? Did you get yourself a new girlfriend at last?” His head raised to stare at me so fast, I thought he would get whiplash. The stunned look was priceless; you would have thought I just stole his last cookie.

“Firstly, you are my only girlfriend, and second, to Dad to let him know you are awake, and to pass it on to Mum. I know it was late, but Dad would have my hide if I didn’t inform him.” He sounded hurt.

Why?

What?

Am I his girlfriend?

When did that happen?

Was that how he actually sees me?

“Girlfriend? When did I become your girlfriend?” I stammer out, my ice cream temporarily forgotten.

“Of course, you are. Do you think holding you each night in my bed, carrying you when you allow it, kissing you when I can, was for fun, that I was using you? No other girl has ever graced that bed. I am invested in us as a couple for the rest of my life. I am going to chase you around the world if I have to, till you accept that you’re mine.” He sounded too possessive. I moved back to my Jelly and ice cream, and I took in what he said. I was still a bit scatterbrained, due to just waking up, and slow thinking, because of the medication. I was in this half-sitting position, which the nurse raised me into so I could eat, and I looked across at Storm as he kept eating, like he hadn’t eaten all day. Maybe he hadn’t. Do they stop for food when out on runs?

“How was the run?” I asked, looking for something to talk about rather than examining my feelings too closely or the shooting. Storm didn’t push me for any comment on what he just said, and I appreciated that he didn’t. Storm talked about the ride, some of the antics the guys got up to, where they stopped for lunch, and what they ate. It sounded like a really good day, marred only by his return to hear of my being shot. Although he didn’t mention it, I know he would have heard when he returned.

“Do you think at some stage we can get my bike here? It’s hiding in the back shed out of Dad’s sight. If he finds it, Dad will destroy it, because he can.” I asked, out of all the things I wanted from that house, that was the only thing of importance. I had nothing of value, and everything my mother had left me had been taken by my sister and wasn’t worth fighting Mia or Dad to get them back.

“Give me the address and details of exactly where it is, and what type of bike, and can see what can be done.” I gave him my Dad’s address and the bike’s location.

“Where’s your room?” Storm asked, and I felt bad.

“The cellar.” It was a cold, damp room that could be locked only from the outside, no windows, but a trap door, that I found hidden at the back, that I could sneak out of, but have only done that twice; the threat of being caught wasn’t worth the risk, but it gave me an out for when I was ready to run away from home. I had pushed my bed as far away from the door as possible, in the hope that I’d wake before I was hit. On the bright side, it was cool in summer. The look on Storm’s angry face that flashed before me told me he was not happy before he managed to hide it.

“Will you be staying here with me till tomorrow, when I can get out of here?” I asked, glad that my injuries were not worse. Didn’t want to stay too long, and having a nurse at home was wonderful, gets me out of here quicker, and the doctor makes home visits. It’s amazing what money can do; it’s best to take the good and bad and focus on the good, or one could become paranoid.

“Of course. I will be here when you wake up.” His soothing voice and the meds taking effect soon had me falling into slumberland. the room and pain slowly disappeared, and I felt a kiss on my cheek, and a hand running through my hair, before darkness completely engulfed me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 248[1,691 words]

Storm POV

Dad was still awake as I started texting him to let him know Cloe was awake and alert. That didn’t surprise me. When he was in investigation mode, he would take short naps, rather than a proper night’s sleep. Uncle Simon was the same, and sometimes when it was really deep, Tandy would join in. I am unsure whether Tandy would be deeply involved. This time, he might do the money background checks, but then Great-gramps has most of that covered. Got to see Great-gramps, get busy. something I had never seen before. It was an eye-opener, watching them all on their phones barking out orders. Observing power being dished out. Dad told me we had power, but with different areas of strength that even I have, but I couldn’t see it, not yet anyway.

Cloe was asleep now; it was one o’clock in the morning. I was glad that Cloe ate something, showed me a lot, and my girl loves her food. I saw her longing for the leftovers rather than Jelly and Ice cream. We both tend to gravitate to spicy and savoury foods.

Nurse Dotty arrived; I didn’t expect her to come in the middle of the night.

“Morning, how are you managing? You should be sleeping.” Dotty said softly as she took a look at Cloe’s notes.

“Too wired up, what’s got you out here so early?” I shrugged, not the first time I’ve been sitting here all night and not sleeping.

“Doctor Jaqueline asked me to come in, check on Cloe, and we might take her home today. I need to check a few things, make sure I have the right medical kit with me. She will need a lot of monitoring for a few days, and no lifting for weeks. Better home than lying here bored.” Dotty was right, she can do at home what she does here. So, win-win for Cloe.

“Try and sleep, I will be back in about four hours, after I have talked to Jaqueline, and make a plan for home.” Dotty gave me a hug and left. I stared at Cloe for a while. She looked like she was at peace, no worry lines, so that means no nightmares or bad dreams. I wonder what she was thinking about my admission. Cloe avoided talking about it, and that’s fine. I am sure it’s a lot to take in. I am ready to take our relationship to the next level. I want more kisses and cuddles, and I need her to understand that I was carrying

her around for more than just because she has no legs. Pulled the chair closer to the bed, took Cloe's hand in mine, rested my head on it, and closed my eyes, thinking of how lucky I am that my girl is still here with

The next thing I know, a hand was shaking me awake. I looked up groggily and saw Mum holding out a cup of coffee and a big smile.

"Morning, Dotty said we can take our girl home; she's getting the paperwork done now." Mum started packing away our things and pulling out some clothes to change Cloe into.

"Thanks, Mum." I look over and see that Cloe was still asleep.

"How has Cloe's night been?" Mum moves to the bedside and pushes some hair from her eyes, the look of love and concern etched on Mum's face.

"Other than waking around midnight, been sleeping soundly."

"Good, she will be happy to be in her own bed tonight." Dotty arrived and pulled the curtains around the bed.

"Give us a few minutes to get her dressed." What? I moved, and didn't argue, but was shocked that they wanted me out of the way. I have helped dress Cloe loads of times.

"We need to change the dressing, and I need space." Dotty must have picked up on my expression, and bless her, she explained why.

Mum, and Dotty worked behind the curtain, Mum hissed a few times, and Cloe groaned, I wanted to pull the curtain back and see the injury, that were causing my woman pain, and I didn't like it, the protective side of my, roared to life, and it took all of my strength to walk over to the window and look out, sipping my coffee, at first glance no one would pick up that I was tense, and stressed out, listening to my girl whimper. At long last, the curtain was pulled back, and Cloe, dressed in track pants and a shirt, sat, looking rather sad, her eyes sparkling from unshed tears.

"We can go home now." That put a small smile on Cloe's face as she raised her arms to me, calling me to pick her up and get her out of here. Quickly, I grab the wheelchair and pick up Cloe, ever so carefully, under the watchful eyes of Mum and Dotty. A blanket over her lap, and we were ready to get out of here. We were ahead of schedule purely because Dotty was with the doctor and we were on call, if needed. Nurses waved goodbye as we walked down the hallway and out of the hospital. Mum had brought the SUV, making it easier to lift Cloe into it and secure her in the seat. I wheeled the wheelchair back into the hospital, since it was one of ours, and climbed into the back seat next to Cloe. I moved to the centre seat an pulled Cloe's head to my shoulder, my arm over the back of the seat. I would have her on lap if the law allowed it.

Mum parked close to the back door. I leapt out and moved to collect Cloe into my arms.

“Where to, milady?” I smirked at her, as she tapped her chin as if she was thinking, then gave a great big yawn.

“The lounge room, she had been in bed long enough.” So we went into the lounge room. I placed her on the large lounge chair, grabbed a throw rug and covered her, placed a cushion behind her head, and added some more at her feet. Handed her the remote for the television, and squatted down to her eye level.

“Can I get you a drink, or something to eat?” I brushed my hand over her cheek, and she leaned into my hand. Progress, I thought.

“Water, please, not hungry yet.” Cloe yawned again, and I think the medicine Dotty gave her before we left the hospital was hitting her.

“But you haven’t had breakfast, how about some soup? I know there’s some great vegetable soup on the stove.” I pushed, not happy for her to stop eating, that would worry me too much.

“Soup, sounds okay, only a small amount.”

I left her to relax and headed to the kitchen. The cook was busy preparing lunch.

“Can I grab some of your soup for Cloe? Dotty gave you a list of what Cloe can have. I believe she will be on a soft diet for a week or so.” The cook, Martha, gave me a small bowl of soup, wiht a smile. I grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge.

“Yes, I have it. I’m preparing some, so Cloe can have lots of little meals until her body is ready for something more. Don’t worry, we will take care of her; she’s our hero.” Martha said, as I left the kitchen, I hadn’t seen Gramps or Grams yet. Come to think about it, I haven’t seen anyone yet.

I put the bottle of water near Cloe on a side table, sat on the floor in front of her, raised a spoonful of soup, blew on it to make sure it’s cool enough, and offered it to Cloe. She looked at me, surprised, and down at the spoon.

“Are you going to feed me all the time?” Cloe asked as she opened her mouth to accept the soup.

“No, but I like looking after you, so be prepared for maybe some more of this, might drive you crazy with me being overprotective, talk to me if it gets too much, and I will try and tone it down.” Cloe managed the whole bowl before yawning again and, after a sip of water, snuggled down to sleep on the lounge, the television on low.

I took the dirty bowl back out to Martha.

“Wow, she likes the soup, good, will put that on the list to keep some aside in the freezer for her.” Martha turned back to her cooking, humming a tune, only she made sense of, because it wasn’t a tune I had ever heard before.

I found Dad in his office.

“Find anything?” I asked as I closed the door and took a seat before him.

“That man, Henry, was a dirty piece of work. Even in his youth, he gained a reputation as a bully, tried to join many different gun clubs, but didn’t last long in any of them. He had a reasonable amount of money in his bank account, traced to dirty jobs he had undertaken. The IT team are busy on his computer as we speak, but so far they are having trouble getting past some of the passwords and blocks. He might have been an idiot in many ways, but someone set up that computer with skill.”

“Get Cloe to have a crack at it, that’s her area of study, you should see her fingers fly over the keyboard.” I proudly stated, because my girl knows her computers.

“That sounds great, but do you want her involved in this investigation?”

“Why not? Cloe might find some closure if she helps find the culprit.”

“When Cloe wakes, we can ask if she wants to do it. I won’t force her.” Dad never pushed any of us into an area we didn’t show interest in, like his business. I took an interest because I like to see how things worked, never thought I would end up doing a business course. But then, what kid actually knows what they want to do in their teenage years? Few do. I remember our teacher asking that in the first year at high school, I was still getting used to the huge school, which now looks small. To worry about my future, that seemed so far away.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 249[1,640 words]

Cloe POV

Fixer woke me, startling me; I had briefly forgotten where I was, but it was good news: I was going home. Together, Dotty and Fixer changed my dressing, with Fixer holding me up while Dotty unwrapped me. My stomach looked awful, with blue bruises, some stitches, and what Dotty called keyhole marks from the surgery to remove fragments, and the doctors tried hard not to cut me wide open unless necessary. Dotty explained what she could, but my brain had not caught up yet, and I wasn’t with it enough to take it all in, something about my gut being damaged and needing to heal before I can eat solids, and to keep my poop soft. Between Dotty and Fixer, they changed me, and pulled the curtain open to see the back of Storm at the window. He looked tense, but his smile when he saw

me waiting beamed bright, even brighter when I summoned him to me. I trust him to lift me with ease and little pain. He snuggled in, once in the SUV. I think part of it was to keep me from moving around too much and to reduce the pain in my stomach, which was tender when I moved. I fell asleep on the lounge, warm, comfortable and safe.

Laughter woke me sometime later. Penny was sitting on the floor in front of me, playing a game on her phone and laughing at it.

“Hey, Penny.” She turned quickly, dropping her phone in surprise.

“You are awake, I thought you were never going to wake.”

“Why aren’t you at school?” I asked, ” Surely it’s still Thursday, I thought, looking at the window to see it was still bright outside, time was fragmented for me.

“Off to the dentist today, getting teeth ready for braces, too many teeth in my mouth.” Penny pouted and then opened her mouth to show me her teeth.

“How many did they remove?” Her mouth still looked crowded and out of alignment.

“They removed four so far, and want to take two more, before the braces.” Penny did seem too concerned about getting teeth pulled. I have never been to the dentist. Dad thought it was a waste of money on me, yet my sister, yeah, let’s not go there.

“So no breakfast?” I asked, with a yawn.

“What? What do you mean, no breakfast? I had breakfast hours ago, I’m not allowed to have lunch, and I will be leaving soon. It’s nearly two o’clock.” Penny started giggling again. This time, I think I lost track of time. I sat up and groaned, wishing I didn’t have to use my stomach muscles. Penny’s fun, she laughs and is still enjoying life, not yet reached the stage where girls can change into witches. I hope she stays this lovely, friendly girl.

“You are a brave girl, don’t think I would throw myself in front of a bullet, for anyone, I am a chicken, I guess. But you!!! Our family’s hero. Do you mind if I use this in my assignment?” Assignment? Wow, that’s new. Someone wants me to be their muse.

“Go ahead, you should get an A+.” I giggled with her as we talked more about the shooting. She questioned me like a professional news reporter and even took my photo for her assignment. I thought it was cute. Not newsworthy at all, but Penny loves it.

“Does your father know? He might want to keep it a secret.” I joked, but she took my comment seriously and bolted out of the room, hunting for her dad.

The need for the bathroom became urgent, but the wheelchair was too far away. It might be at the end of the lounge, but it was still too far to reach easily from here. I tried to lower myself to the floor, carefully, but it still hurt like blazes, and I collapsed on the floor

to gather my breath. This was worse than anything my Dad had done to my stomach. I hurt in places I didn't know could hurt. Using my hands to help drag my bottom slowly across the floor, I reached the wheelchair, out of breath, sweating as if I had just finished ten laps around the oval. I sat at the bottom of the chair, catching my breath, wondering if I had it in me to climb up onto the chair, which looked so high from here, and I'm in so much pain, for that little bit of exertion, that I think it's impossible.

The thought of wetting this lovely carpet because I am stuck here made me cry silently in defeat. That was when Storm came walking in, shock and anger morphed on his face; it was comical if I could appreciate it. His face didn't know whether to be angry or sad.

"What the fuk? Cloe, what are you doing down there?" I was pale, shaking like a leaf, and hurting all over the place, and my need for the bathroom was extreme, like any moment my bladder was going to burst, bad, bad, bad.

"Bathroom," I whispered, as he crouched down beside me, not touching me yet, assessing me for damage.

"Want to catch your breath first?" I shook

"Bathroom. Now!" I whispered, shouted.

What I didn't expect was for Storm to carry me to the bathroom after all that effort to reach the chair; it was an anticlimax. He let me remove my pants and lowered me on the seat, stepped out of the room to let me do my business. I hate this part; it's so humiliating to need someone so basic. Storm came back in when I called, and carried me back to the lounge.

"You slept through lunch. Want something?" He fussed about with the blanket and then placed my phone close to me.

"Yeah, some more of that soup would be nice, and a coffee if I am allowed one. Can I get some painkillers too? I think I overdid it to get to the wheelchair." I admitted, my stomach was on fire, even after taking the bladder pressure off it.

"You should have phoned me, I was close by. I said I wouldn't leave you for a few days. Please don't go crawling around for at least a few days while you heal. I don't want you going back to the hospital because you broke some internal stitches. I'm going to call Dotty in to take a look; you could have done some damage." Poor Storm, I think I made him panic when I was on the floor like that. I did look a sight when I saw my face in the mirror in the bathroom.

Storm returned with coffee and soup, Dotty and Fixer.

"How do you feel? I have some tea that can help if you need it. You really should call for help; there's almost always someone close by." Fixer sat beside me, touched my forehead,

and then checked my pulse. While Dotty took out her blood pressure machine and waited for her turn.

“I will bring you some tea.” She was gone before I could stop her. I heard about her tea remedies, a book from her Grandma, full of health recipes. My grandma she did things like that, until Dad drove them away, they stopped visiting, altogether when Dad started to yell at them, they apologised to me, saying they would love to come visit, just me, and if I could get away visit them, but understood it Dad made it difficult, it’s been years since I have seen them, I call sometimes, but time has made it difficult to talk to them, having lost touch for so long.

Dotty put on the cuff and took a reading.

‘Lie down, let me feel your tummy.” With the aid of Storm, I lay down, and Dotty gently pressed on my stomach.

“Ouch.” I hissed a couple of times as she poked about.

“Doesn’t feel like you broke any internal stitches, but let this be a warning to you, yesterday your life was on the line, today you are trying to be Wonder Woman, STOP, let your body heal.” Dotty slapped the top of my head.

“Use your brain and think for a change, and stop trying to do everything on your own. We are all here for you. It hurts us to see you struggle when there’s no need to.” Dotty looked upset and, I think, disappointed in me, and that hurt inside. Storm was nodding in agreement before helping me sit up and take the tablets Dotty was giving me.

Storm fed me the soup again, and this time I didn’t argue or try to make a fuss. I think I hurt others’ feelings, and that hurts in a different way. I was trying to think of what to say, but words failed me. I was stupid, didn’t think of using the phone for help to go to the bathroom, thought I could manage, until I hurt so much on the floor, and was stuck, Even if I had made it into the chair, I doubt I would have been able to transfer to the toilet seat. I was so stupid, thinking I could do it. Or not thinking at all.

The soup was done, and I was sipping the tea that Fixer brought in and left again, not saying a word; one look from her was enough. My coffee was still on the table, going cold, but that was okay, I would still drink it, I love even when it’s cold, not as good, but still drinkable.

“We need you help, we have a computer that appears to have password files in it, and our guys were running out of ideas, as you are fresh from a course on this type of thing, was wondering when you are up to it, if you would give it a try. Fresh eyes and all.” I looked up at Storm to see if it was a real question.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 250[1,500 words]

Storm POV

Shock, anger, hurt, and frustration.

They are the first feelings that hit me when I found Cloe at the base of the wheelchair.

Penny mentioned she was awake, when she came bursting into the office to announce that Cloe had agreed for Penny to use her for Penny's assignment, at first Dad didn't want that to happen, but that will change, when it came to Penny, he often would change his mind, or tell her to talk to her mother, in other words he was caving in, or not a subject a man should be discussing with his daughter. When Penny started her menstrual cycle, Dad was the only one home, and Penny went to him, in tears because she was bleeding. He had the uncomfortable job of reminding her of the health education class and that she was becoming a woman, and showed her where Mum kept the product she would need; she was eleven at the time.

But finding her on the floor was the last thing I had expected.

I am pacing the floor outside the bathroom, concerned. How can I leave Cloe alone, thinking she would be safe and sleeping? I can't trust leaving her to be on her own and not try to exhaust herself; she's far too independent. I am kicking myself for not putting a baby monitor in the room, and I am investigating when Penny started talking to her. That might be the only way around this to give me peace of mind, or I am going to go mad when away from her, worrying.

"Storm." I was back in the bathroom, the moment her soft voice called out, eager to assist and avoid any more pain she had gone through. That's partly why I am angry; she didn't need to get hurt, and I should have been there with her when she woke up.

After Cloe was fed, there was an uncomfortable silence between us, and that was eating me up. I have never felt like this around Cloe. So I told her about the computer issue, and her eyes lit up, as if I had just given her the best gift ever. I carried Cloe to Dad's office and sat down with Cloe on my lap.

"Dad Cloe would like to give the computer ago."

"Great news, over here." I stood, carrying Cloe to the chair, and this time sat her down alone so she could work.

"The moment you start to ache or have any pain, let us know; we can either get some pain relief or take a break, no hiding it," Dad commanded in his no-nonsense voice,

“Okay.” Cleo shyly answered, turned to the computer, and her fingers started to bounce over the keys at a fast pace.

“Son, we have been through the man’s house, and only found evidence of previous work the shooter had done; we have not found a link to this latest job to anyone, but the payment came from a town called Brownstone town.” Cloe’s head popped up and stared at us.

“Dad, that’s the area that Cloe came from. You don’t think her father had anything to do with this?” I watched Cloe scrunch her nose up, in a frown, and turn back to the computer.

“It’s also the place the woman Grams insulted at some card game comes from. I have started an investigation into the woman, but I will get one going for Cloe’s family, too. Maybe they know each other. The thought that Cloe’s family was involved alone seems unfeasible; they wouldn’t have known the connection to Grams, and it was the first time, Cloe had been to their home, it has to be someone who knows the family, and or their movements, as it appears that Grams was the target, if it was her father, it was to cause trauma to Cloe, seeing a death in front of her, so many suggestions and idea have been floating around, and we will have to check them all. However, the shooter could have been watching Cloe and heard about her going to Gram’s place, possibly someone at the party? The Astore family is known worldwide. That party and all those uninvited guests could be that link, and all I had said about unfeasible might now make it feasible. Too many loopholes, too many could-be’s.”

“One step at a time, eliminate one, and move on to the next. We will get there, Dad.” I tried to

calm him down; all this had rattled him more than he would admit. He was more concerned that if they were ready to shoot at Grams, our family could be easy targets too. First thing Dad did, when the shooting happened, was increase our security and get Dirk to ensure all our protocols were in place, so no slip-up like that could happen here. I bet we will get more perimeter checks, and the bottoms of trees cut and trimmed, so climbing up would be more difficult.

“Storm, can you come here?” Cloe called out, causing us both to rush over,

“These files are now open. Do you want to look into them before I work on more?” She pointed to one of the six files we had trouble opening.

“Is it safe to send to me, on another computer?” Cloe fiddled with the file and made some changes.

“Can now ensure there are no bugs in it. What sss do you want it sent to?” Dad gave her an obscure one, it’s one we rarely used, and on a computer segregated from the main family server.

Dad moved over to the other computer, on a desk all by itself, and sat down to open it and check sss.

Cloe went back to working on the other files, while Dad worked on that one, and I left them to it, heading to the kitchen for bottles of water and a possible snack before dinner. Making it back, to hand out a bottle to both of them, and move to Dad's desk to look at what we had been working on before. An hour later, Cloe had enough files open, and Dad was still working on the other. Cloe sent that file to Dad and got back to work.

A knock on the door had three heads look up.

"Dinner, save and come, now," Mum commanded, leaving no chance to argue.

At the table was Penny, looking glum, getting healthy teeth out sucked, but it had to be done, not for aesthetics, but because it was becoming a medical issue. My Great-grandparents had returned home after lunch, Gramps saying something about brushing off the demons. Think grams needs a place she was familiar with, to help with her dementia.

The conversation was all around the kids, Razor and his first ice hockey match this coming Saturday, Penny and her assignment, each of the class has to talk about it at assembly, like real news reporters. Simon was trying out for the junior football team. All normal, and no sign of worry over the shooting, we were back to normal, as normal as our family could be.

Cloe was quiet, as if in deep thought. Penny asked her a question twice before she lifted her head to look at her.

"Sorry, Penny, I was miles away. What were you saying?" Cloe sounded distant, and that worried me. Was she in pain? Cloe only ate about half her soup.

"Will you come to the school assembly, and come on stage with me, so you can answer any questions the school might have?" Cloe's eyes widened, and she looked at Dad and then Mum, then back to Cloe, like an animal caught in the headlights.

"Penny, sweetie, it's too soon for Cloe to be out and about; she only got out of the hospital yesterday..' Cloe looks at Mum, grateful for her intervention. Penny pouts.

"I was hoping bringing her along would give me extra credits," Penny admits in a mumble.

"Maybe in a week or two, when I can get around in less pain, my stomach hurts too much to be in the car," Cloe added, agreeing with Mum, although I think the truth was Cloe didn't want to go at all, but was pacifying Penny, and would endure for her sake.

“No, next week we have something else to do.” Penny picked up again after the interview issue was resolved.

“In four weeks, I get my braces, and I get to pick the colour of them. I was going to get the rainbow ones.” I didn’t think they came in rainbow, color but I wasn’t going to burst Penny’s bubble.

The kids disappeared to the lounge room or their bedroom to do homework.

“Can we go back to the office? I think I can get the other files open before bed.” Dad didn’t need any coaxing; that was more than enough to have him walking in long, fast strides to the office, in front of us. Mum was going to hunt down Dotty and find out what Cloe needs to take before bed, and whether she had to take any with dinner. For some reason, I forgot about her meds.