

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 21[933 words]

Tank POV

The patch was priceless. It's hard to explain the emotions and pride I have for receiving such an honor.

I held it reverently in my hand, emotions building inside.

What this patch represents was higher than any goal I had set for myself. I am worried I won't be able to live up to the patch. But will give it my all.

The best part tonight, on top of the recognition and new responsibility, was Max.

I called her out, to me, and the blush that ran up her slender neck and into her cheeks made me smile. On the inside, I had to look serious on the outside. I stood, staring into her eyes, lost for a moment on how to approach this. Asking didn't seem enough to convince her, and standing before most of our patch members, refusal was not an option I could handle right now. I am on too high a high.

Then I did the only thing that came to mind, as she licked her lips, as if they were dry, and that was to kiss her.

So I did.

Long and hard, giving her my all, showing her what I thought a kiss should feel like, as I kissed her, all thoughts of where I was went out the window. I hadn't ever kissed a girl like this before, not with all this passion, and in a way, desperation. I never wanted something as much as I wanted her approval right then, and that was saying a lot.

Max said Yes!

yes.

The gang will see her as mine, give her the respect that she deserves, not that they hadn't already, her status was already high, because of her association with us for a few years, had proven to be part of the crew, but this, and with me now VP, she will be almost on the same level as Sticks, doubt she realized just how high that will place her in the pecking order of our gang among the woman and children that is.

Watching her leave for bed, I wanted to go with her, but at the same time, I didn't like the night to be over yet. I understood she had put in a lot of work today, and this was a huge surprise.

I am running on adrenaline, and would hang out a bit longer.

The drinks kept flowing, and I drank more than I usually do. My brother helped me upstairs to my bedroom, through the open door, and literally threw me on the bed, removing my shoes.

“Big night for you, bro. You deserve it, and what a catch! I admit I am jealous. Tomorrow, I will take the spare room since you don’t need to move. That will fill all the larger rooms for now. Take care, bro.” He left me on the bed, still dressed, and I was too drunk to get up and remove my jeans.

My throbbing head woke me, the sun blaring through the window; neither of us closed the curtains.

Max was already gone.

I rolled out of bed and stumbled to the bathroom, one look in the mirror, and ugh, one bloodshot face looked back at me. I looked like something the dog just threw up. I washed my face and did my business. Hunted for something to calm the racket going on in my head, making it hard to think. Sounds like the band’s drummer was still practicing in my head, and I am sitting right in the front row seat. Popped a couple of pills and headed down to the kitchen, hoping the coffee pot was hot. I need something; my mouth feels like I ate the pillow last night, or a cat came and sat on my face.

No one was in the kitchen when I got there. It was late morning, and after last night, I doubt many are awake yet. Most likely, they were sleeping off the bender we had. It was a good night, but I am seriously considering whether drinking till I was legless was a good thing.

I touched the coffee pot.

“Ouch.” I cursed out loud, shaking my hand. That was a stupid thing to do. I mumbled to myself, blow air on my hand.

Made a coffee and went in hunt for the Prez, need to know what my new duties are before I go hunt for my woman, it feels good to say that. I never thought I would ever claim a woman, not after my nightmare with a woman.

Knocked on his door and waited outside. I had seen some sleeping forms on the floor in the main club room. I guess they left them to sleep it off where they fell. I am fortunate to have a considerate brother. I will have to track him down later and thank him properly.

“Come in.” I heard and entered. Pres was alone, knee-deep in paperwork as usual.

“Here.” I handed him a coffee and sat opposite, sipping mine.

“You’re a lifesaver.” he took a long gulp of the hot coffee, and I wondered briefly how he could drink it so hot.

“Ready for your first day on the job?” He asked with a grin.

For the next two hours, the Prez and I worked on the piles on his desk. I am proud to say, I can see his desk now.

My headache was gone, and my stomach was ready to be filled.

“Food,” the Prez announced, after chuckling at the sound of my stomach, making it known it skipped breakfast.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 22[1,451 words]

Maxine POV

The door opened, letting the beat of the drums downstairs grow louder, enough to arouse me, but not fully awake.

Zero spoke kindly to his brother; it warmed my heart that these two siblings cared so much for each other. They had each other's backs. Even when both were obviously drunk, they still tried to help each other. Guess Tank was more the worse for wear than Zero, drunk as a skunk, legless, call it what you will, but they both reeked of booze.

Wish my family had been like that. I pushed that fleeting thought away; no use crying over wanna's or should-haves.

I didn't wake fully, so sleep found me fairly quickly once Zero left the room, and Tank's soft snores started.

My bladder had me out of bed and stumbling to the bathroom.

Completed what I needed to do and returned to stand, looking out the window. We hadn't closed the curtains, and the window was slightly ajar, sending in a cold breeze. It wasn't too bad, enough to raise goosebumps on my arms. The sun had started to change the night's darkness into pre-dawn twilight, enough to see outside, but no sun yet to begin the long stretches of shadow along the ground.

It was peaceful, calm before what madness the day might bring; some bodies lay on the ground, sleeping where they fell, not as lucky as Tank, who had his brother to help him to a comfortable bed, hope Zero found his, and was not lying somewhere on the ground.

I gave Tank one last look, pulling the covers up over him. He was still lying on his back, where Zero dumped him, sound asleep.

The kitchen was empty, except for lots of dishes yet to be washed after last night's party. While I wait for the coffee pot to do its thing, I filled the dishwasher, tidied up a little, poured a cup of coffee, grabbed a sad-looking apple, and headed to my workshop.

The place was my new sanctuary, a place I could come and hide and get things done.

I sorted out the paints in the back room, the ones I was going to use on the Prez bike, then opened up my computer, printed out my design, cleaned up the tanks, and got to work on the design, placing an undercoat first. The color of the main part of the tank would be, then, with a small outline, to start putting the basic idea of the design on the metal.

I have no idea how long I sat there in the area I had created for this part of the work, as this was not done in the special paint room, which is the room I would use when I start adding colors to the tank. But Cricket came in, placed a coffee and some toast on an upturned box she had placed near me, and stood watching for a while.

"Thank you," I said as I lifted the end off the tank and looked up at her.

"Don't make a habit of it. Like the design so far." Turned and left. My eyes tracked her till she left the building.

I am unsure what I am not supposed to make a habit of. I shrugged, took a sip of coffee and a large bite of toast, and looked back down at what I had been doing. I had done enough to get a good idea of what it will be. Another hour and I can consider adding some paint.

That hour went quickly. I stood and arched my back, sore from being in the same spot for too long. But when I am in the zone, even a twinge in the back can't bring me away from what I am doing. After finishing the now cold coffee, I head inside, time for some real food and a hot coffee, before I start the painting.

It was late afternoon, most had already eaten, either a late breakfast or lunch, and the makings for sandwiches were still on the table in the kitchen, along with Tank.

Who was not alone.

I stopped in my tracks and watched.

One of the girls, whom I had thought wasn't family, was running her hand over Tank's chest, touching the VP patch he now wore.

"Nice, that makes you even more handsome and desirable." She purred at him in a sultry voice that made my skin crawl.

He grabbed her hand and threw this away.

"Leave off, I am taken," Tank growled at her, his voice full of disgust.

“Not given out a ladies’ cut yet, so you are still fair game.” She didn’t give up.

He gave her his back and continued to make a sandwich, but she didn’t give up, wrapping her arms around his back and rubbing her chest against him.

I had had had enough, walked up behind her, grabbed her hair in my hand, pulled her back away from Tank, and threw her across the room, I was surprised at how easy it was to make her fly like that, I thought it would have taken more effort, guess luck was on my side, or I was stronger than I thought.

Her scream when I grabbed her, and the continued loud sobs from where she landed on the kitchen floor, brought others rushing into the kitchen to find out who was murdering whom.

“What’s going on?” The Prez asked as he stepped around the sobbing woman, and looked at Tank and me.

“She threw me on the ground, and it hurts.” Sobbed the woman louder.

“I didn’t ask you.” The Prez spat back, his hands on his hips.

“My woman didn’t take kindly to that tart’s advances on me. I told her I was taken, but refused to take no for an answer, and my woman dealt with it.” Tank answered with pride, pulling me to him and kissing my neck.

That action and work calmed me down. I hadn’t realized how angry I got. Guess I am prepared to fight for what I consider mine. He had shown that he was a one-woman man, and that was enough for me to fight for it, which was all new to me. I had never bothered to fight for a man before. Mind you, the others were cheaters, and I wouldn’t fight for a cheater. Didn’t seem to be any reason, which says a lot for the boyfriends.

“What are you doing in this part of the clubhouse?” The Prez moved from questioning us and set his eyes on the woman on the floor, still sobbing hard. I didn’t hurt her that much. Talk about a wimp.

“I heard that Tank got VP. I came to congratulate him.” She cried out as if she were the one wronged.

“What part of this area is out of bounds, or that Tank was taken, didn’t you get?” He was fuming. I hadn’t seen this side of the Prez before. I had only seen the good side. Mind you, I have never been around him when he needed to yell at someone.

“Sorry, thought the occasion would allow exceptions.” She pulled herself up off the floor once she realized a crowd was forming, and no one was giving her support.

“One month ban, I don’t want to see your scrawny body in this clubhouse for a month, do you hear me? If you breach that order, you will get a lifetime ban,” Bruiser had arrived by then and ordered some noms to drag her sorry arss out of the building and notify the gate; she was banned.

“Tank?” The Prez looked at him, and I have no clue what that question was, but Tank seemed to know.

“Should have seen her, was pure magic, grabbed her by the hair, and threw her, the bytch didn’t see it coming, and to be honest, I had my back to her, and didn’t see Max enter the room.”

“Lucky you said all the right things, Tank, or you might have been on the floor too,” I said in half-jest, but I didn’t get the laugh I was after.

“Come on, that was funny,” I added when no one laughed.

“Think you could have put Tank on the floor?” Bruiser asked, rubbing his chin in thought.

“I have seen what is between his legs; I doubt a good knee there would miss.” I shrugged, as if kneeling Tank in the balls was nothing.

That did get a laugh and cringe at the same time, some of the guys put their hands over the area I was talking about, as if they imagined a knee in that region.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 23[1,496 words]

Tank POV

Bruiser stopped Prez to talk business, and the Prez waved me on. I was not ready for all the workload yet; what I got so far today already filled my head to overflowing. There was so much more to learn about being VP than I had expected, not that I am not up for the challenge, I feel I needed a change, but wow, not all this at once.

I had just finished getting all I needed out of the fridge to start-making a sandwich when Pixie walked in. Why she was out the back was anyone’s guess, but before I could question her, she began her act. She makes me want to break my personal promise of never hitting a woman. Pixie had been gunning for me for years now, and I have never given her any sign that I was interested. If anything, I had pushed her away a bit too hard on more than one occasion; ignoring her doesn’t work.

The scream and Pixie’s hands leaving my body suddenly had me twirling around fast, in time to catch my girl throw Pixie as if she weighed nothing at all.

To my great relief, plus excitement and pride, I got hard watching my girl.

Max looked like she was ready to kill, her face flushed with anger, disgust, and determination all rolled into one.

Prez and anyone within earshot came rushing to the kitchen to find out what the screaming was about, ready to fight or to give first aid. Neither was needed; my girl had it all under control.

I have never had a chick fight for me like this; they were more like ganging up to have a turn, not fight for what was theirs, but then I never asked a girl to be mine before.

I liked it.

The Prez banned her, yeah, about time, she tried to get on with most patch members, whether they were taken or not, it was about time to get rid of her for good, but that was not my call.

“Maxine, you good?” Bruiser asked, looking at her, who was tucked tightly in my arms. She was shaking, but I don’t think it was from fear; it was more likely adrenaline. She turned in my arms, keeping contact with me.

“Yep, sorry about all the commotion, didn’t mean to cause so much drama.” She apologized.

“You have nothing to apologize for, that chick had no right being back there, and hitting on your guy. You did nothing wrong. Your hands okay?”

Max raised her hand to find a large amount of brown hair entwined in her fingers, and she took a large chunk out of that girl’s head.

I reached down and removed it from her fingers, and then checked her hand.

“She’s good,” I say to Bruiser as Max snuggles back into my cheek. Her shaking wasn’t so bad.

The guys slowly left the kitchen. Now, the excitement was gone. Bruiser and the Prez stayed and helped me make sandwiches. Max was now composed and was making coffee.

You could hear her taking deep, calming breaths.

We left her to work through whatever was going on in her mind, and be here if needed.

“The road trip, we have our two overnights at a campsite sorted, some of the other gangs will meet up there for a fun night, before heading back home. Would love the road trip to be longer, but maybe on the four-day weekend, we can do a kids run and set up some games. Think the families would love a trip that included the brats.” Bruiser chatted away with Prez. The weekend run sounds like fun; it’s a long weekend, and most long weekends, we try to have a run that includes the woman. That was the only time we would consist of the women. When we go on week-long runs, the girls stay home. It was going to be interesting trying to keep Max home. She was a biker, not a blow fly.

“Can I have two sandwiches?” Max asks shyly. It was rare for us guys to serve a woman, like we are now, but we do fix our own often. I like doing things for Max; it makes me feel good inside, pleasing her.

How can a woman do this to me in such a short time?

This new me was never on the cards. If you had told me six months ago that I would have a woman, and I would do anything for her, I would have told you that you were dreaming. Yet here I am doing things I didn’t think I would ever do, even the thought of being VP wasn’t on my to-do wish list.

We headed out to the chairs on the patio and sat.

I handed Max a plate, and we sat down to eat.

The guys kept looking at Max, as if she was going to break down or something. We don’t have girls as strong as her; most are delicate, I don’t mean how much they weigh, although most were tiny compared to us, but her inner strength, her ability to fight when needed, not a girl that needed our protection, all the time, she was one of the boys, and that was what was making us, all watching waiting and uncertain.

“Maxi Max, you sure you are good? You’ve gone quiet on us, and it’s scaring me.” Sticks touched Maxine on the shoulder to get her to look at her. Sticks looked worried and motherly.

“Did I hurt her badly she wailed like a banshee,” Max replied, looking concerned.

The group burst into chuckles, the tension broken.

That’s my girl.

“She’s fine, most of the hair in your hand was extensions, not pulled out by the roots, there were some that were, the bang on her head didn’t bleed, and doubt would have put any sense into her pea brain. Don’t worry that chick has had worse.” Sticks reassured her, pulling her into a hug.

“You worry too much. If you had hurt her, she deserved it,” one of the guys said from the back. I looked at him; he had this proud look on his face. A growing group surrounded us, all watching

Maxine with concern and pride.

“I know who to come to when those tarts start to annoy us, we have a female ‘Sargeant of arms.’” Another quipped.

“What? You want me to get angry and beat up some chick for you?” Maxine looked shocked, appalled.

“We don’t hit women, well, most of us don’t, and we need someone who ain’t afraid to give them a slap if it’s needed, pull them back into line,” Bruiser added, rubbing his chin in thought, like he often does.

I pulled Max onto my lap. Now that she had finished eating, I wanted to feel her, make sure she was okay. To my relief, her shaking was gone.

“She got my years of built-up hate and anger. I wasn’t going to let someone walk in and take my man. Heck, I hadn’t even had a chance to really get to know Tank, yet, like it early in our relationship. I have had enough of chicks thinking they can come and take. Not going to happen, chicks need to learn the word no, means no too. Just like men do.” Maxine was still angry, but angry for a different reason this time.

“So you gonna take the job?” Sticks pushed, we needed a woman who was not afraid to fight. They don’t come around often, and her fight, by the look of it, would be fists, not slaps and hair pulling.

“What was a real job offer?” Maxine looked up at me, and then at the Prez, then back at me. A frown marred her face.

“Too right, why not, girls need someone to come to, and I am positive, you won’t go beating them up for no good reason,” Prez said, shrugging.

“Just don’t hurt those hands, we need you to be still able to paint the bikes.” Bruiser chuckled, looking at her hands, which were no longer shaking.

“Does that mean I have to join the parties, like do I need to be at the door like Bruiser does?” She asked, and all eyes turned to Bruiser and the Prez.

“Let’s talk about this in my office, not something I want to talk about out here. Officers, let’s chat, we will call you when we have nussed out how we want to better utilise your skills for the gang.”

The Prez stood up, meaning the meeting was now. I had to let my girl go and do the job. Right now, I don’t like being VP; I would prefer to hold my girl for a little longer, not talk about how to use her.

My girl, a bouncer, inside I was all churned up, a mixture of pride and something I couldn’t place.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 24[1,522 words]

Maxine POV

My anger was through the roof, so much so that I was shaking; I wanted to hurt that girl so badly. I heard her, saw her hands snaking around my man, and I lost it, I saw red.

Now they want me to be that angry again?

I know how to fight, Grandpa made sure of it, even had some training, but my anger issue was never a problem till now, it's like I am a whole new me, someone even I don't recognise anymore.

In the mirror, this morning, I look the same, but on the inside, it was like someone else had taken over, someone who wouldn't be a mouse and accept the crap going on, who wants to be seen. For years, I had been in my sister's shadow, trying to stay out of trouble, accepting the inevitable, but this new me won't accept that, won't let some skank come and take who had asked me to be his girl. I want to get to know Tank; he's fun, and I love his cuddles. It's nice to wake up and find him next to me.

But can I be like Bruiser, give a girl a slap for some infraction, can I be that girl?

It was never something I had thought about, having spent most of my life avoiding trouble.

Grandpa used to say, 'Pick your battles.' Maybe this was a way to pick them; if it was what the gang needed, I guess I could put my training to use. Perhaps I need this to prove myself, that I am not the mouse I used to be, but the woman Grandpa said I was, if I looked hard enough inside, and not let my parents and sister hold me back. This might be what I need to find the real me, just like bike repairs, and begrudgingly the painting, as much as I complain about doing it or that it takes me away from rebuilds, I do like creating. I guess I like to do it in my time, not be pushed to do it, and that was why I arced up when pressed.

I watched Tank and the others disappear into the clubhouse and smiled. He was mine, and I just proved it. Now, to see if I want to keep him. That thought made me chuckle. I might get to have a choice for a change. We sort of, he would be fighting to keep me, too, or he'd better be.

I went back to my painting. I was putting the outline on one side of the slit tank. When done, I will leave it to dry and work on the other tank before looking at the guards and oil cover. This part took a bit of concentration; it would be the groundwork for the finished design. I was so lost in my work that I managed to block out what happened at lunch time, and that they were having a meeting about it.

Happy with what I had done, I moved out of the paint room and started working on the other tank and the side covers.

I kept glancing over to the Shovel, one of the bikes my Grandpa loved. I knew that bike as well as my own, having had to help Grandpa work on his, and I knew a few things that often go wrong with it. I wanted to get to work on it, but it wasn't on the list of bikes I had been given. I wonder what the Prez would do if he saw me doing something he had not prioritized.

Before I could consider it any longer, Tank arrived, carrying coffee and a muffin. He was smiling, his dimple smile, which had grown on me in a very short time. It was the best smile, because it was genuine, and that makes me happy.

He handed me the coffee and a muffin and sat on an empty box, taking a bite of his own muffin.

“Wow, who made these?” I asked as the muffin burst with blueberries.

“Cricket, she’s not a bad cook.” He shrugged, most likely used to this sort of food. I am more of a savory person, but the occasional muffin, when not too sweet, wasn’t bad.

“What was the verdict?” I asked, assuming he had come out here to talk to me about their decision.

“You are to follow Bruiser’s lead and be a girl bouncer. He will train you in what we expect and when. It works out better that way. We often get girls who need a slap around the ear, but none of us guys want to be the one, and most of our girls are, well, girls, and their slap wouldn’t hurt a fly. Bruiser wants to do a training session with you, find out your skills, he said you were holding back, and could have done a far better job at it, if you hadn’t lost your temper.”

“I agree, when I saw her handling you, I saw red, and all my built-up anger over the years, that hadn’t had a chance to escape, came rushing forward. To be honest, I did manage to hold back.”

“That was what Bruiser said, not that he saw it all, but knew with one look at you, and your stance that there was more to it. He reckons you have had some self-defence training.”

“Yeah, some. Part was with Grandpa, before he died, and the other was in a little group I met after school, a street gang, that didn’t mind a girl in the group. I could hold my own. I was angry and upset that I had lost the only person who cared for me. Grandma had gone, and I didn’t know where to put all my grief, and I felt so very alone. Grandpa helped me, and finding the gang helped too. So I got the taste of street fighting and gym training. I enjoyed both till I lost Grandpa, and then I was lost all over again. You could say I spent a lot of time on the streets clearing out the riff-raff.” I was a rebel, in a small way.

“Your parents and sister don’t sound like they cared much.” He stood up and walked to the paint room.

“You could say that.” I must have sounded odd, because he turned swiftly and looked at me, like really looked.

“Can I see what you have accomplished so far? I get some don’t like others to see an unfinished job.” He hesitated at the door.

“Sure, I don’t mind, feedback good or bad, was always welcome, can’t get better if I don’t get feedback, of some sort.” I stood and followed him in.

He stood in front of the tank, moved around it, and looked up at me. A smile graced his face.

“Can’t wait to see the finished product.” We walked out, and I turned off the light. This would sit like that overnight; let the paint dry well before starting the next part.

“Come, you need to spend some time with Bruiser today. He wants a workout before dinner.” I rolled my eyes at his choice of words; it would most likely have me flat on my back, on a mat, more often than me getting a hit on him.

Bruiser was waiting in a room that looked a lot like a gym, even had a boxing ring, weights, and most of the equipment you would expect. I wondered if they had a sauna or hot tub around somewhere. It wouldn’t have shocked me if they had.

“Do you have a change? Not sure you want to spa with me, in jeans.” Bruiser said nonchalantly.

I unsipped my jeans and wiggled out of them; the guys in the room’s eyes bugged out as I stripped off my jeans and blouse, leaving me in tiny shorts and a sports bra. I folded my jeans and blouse neatly and placed them on a chair before walking over to Bruiser, who was checking me out, still shocked that I removed my clothes in front of them like that. It was how I did it in the street gang: no place to change; do it there or fight in jeans. Often we had to fight in jeans, not like you can say: ‘hey, give me a sec, I need to change.’ Before we had a fight, it was bumping into the wrong gang and scrapping it out, in whatever you are wearing, I soon learned not to go out in my good jeans.

A guy I don’t know, whistled at me, as I moved to stand in front of Bruiser, I was not sure if he wanted to fight me or kiss me, his eyes were sparking with mirth, and lust.

“You got your hands full with this one Tank.” A deep voice said from the back, I didn’t turn to look at him, to find out who said it, I gave him the bird and waited for Bruiser to speak or move. I was ready for both.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 25[1,532 words]

Tank POV

What Max did in the kitchen was still blowing my mind, as I headed to the office for a pow wow.

My guts were churning, worried about them putting her as a bouncer. It, in theory, sounds good, but I am not sure how I would feel seeing my girl get hurt. Would I be able to sit back and watch?

That was what the men were discussing; they had already made up their minds that she would become one, and as the new VP, her status was raised along with mine. Mind you, she was

already high up in their estimation, higher than many patch-member old ladies. They want to make sure I don't disgrace myself or the patch I've earned; they know my temper, and I admit it, more as a protective reaction. I have been called in to help in a scrimmage more than once, and my size makes most men back off.

"So, can you do bud? Watch and not interfere? If she becomes a bouncer of women, she needs to know we have her back, if and that's a big if, she calls for it. Just like Bruiser, he knows he's in charge, and we have his back if something needs to be done, but don't get involved unless he wants it."

"Yeah, Tank, if you go in fists a blazing, she will lose face, get it?"

"Tank, if you can't do it, leave the room, but hey, you might get a boner, watching her kick arzz."

That was how the talks went; it took longer for them to be satisfied that I could hold my temper than it did for them all to agree we needed a woman to handle the woman, more than words sometimes, like Sticks will yell and scream, and demand a girl leave. Still, we guys have to be the heavies; to have a woman be the heavy will take pressure off being accused of manhandling a woman and having some cops busting down our doors.

"How can I know? Geez, how would you feel watching your girl fightin? Until it happens, give me a break, I might actually surprise you, and if one day she gets prego, I will not allow her to fight. Got it?" How many ways do I need to tell them to back off? Till they get the hint, I don't fukn know.

"Tank, come with me, time to get Maxine into the gym and see what she's made of," Bruiser said, as his way of saying this meetin's was over, and goin nowhere.

Bruiser left to set up the gym, with the other officers following him; they, too, want to see what my little lady can do.

Maxine was where I expected her to be, busy working on something, we chatted and she let me see her unfinished work, I was surprise, lots of people won't let you see it, until the finish product, I am so glad she ain't like that, she pretty cruisey really, I am lucky, because if she was a lot of hard work, I might not be trying so hard to get to know her.

The work was breathtaking. I want mine done, to jump the queue, maybe sneak it in without the boss knowing.

"Bruiser, and the nosey, are waiting at the gym, come." I escorted her to the gym, a room she had never been to yet, although Sticks would have given her a good tour; this room was men only until now, so it was doubtful Sticks would have brought her here to look.

Bruiser was dressed in shorts, a T-shirt, and joggers, ready to spar with Maxine. My stomach plummeted at the thought of her getting hurt. When Bruiser asked her to change out of her jeans,

none of us was prepared for the strip tease we got. My mouth went dry, and I had trouble swallowing, as I watched her remove her joggers, jeans, and blouse, then sat to put her joggers back on. Thank goodness she sat to do that; if she had bent over, I think all of us would have c*m in our pants.

Maxine stood before Bruiser, looking tiny against that solid muscle. To me, she didn't stand a chance against him.

"Ready?" Bruiser asked when Max stood before him. She stretched her arms over and her head, then rolled her neck a few times, then nodded.

Bruiser moved fast, but not as fast as I had seen him go before; he was holding back as he sent his fist her way to gauge her reaction. Maxine dodged his fist and gave him a quick jab in the ribs as she dodged out of the way. His face showed only a light twitch, nothing more, but that twitch to me gave away that he was as surprised as we were that she managed to land a hit on him.

He picked up the pace, throwing wild punches and quick leg sweeps, judging her with each deliberate move.

Maxine never faltered. I have never seen a female move and defend like she was; it was impressive. Even the guys watching cheered when she landed a punch or avoided one of his.

"Stop," Bruiser called an end.

"Impressive, you do a form of martial arts, and whoever trained you did a great job. Your footwork was a little sloppy sometimes, but nothing that can't be improved with practice. If you are interested, we can do some one-on-one training, get your feet working as good as the rest of you." That was a huge compliment coming from Bruiser.

"If one-on-one means you won't be holding back, you are on. I don't need to train with you if you are going to keep holding back." She smiled back, tempting him to have another go.

"Today was to make sure you can handle yourself, no good calling you a bouncer, if you can't bounce," he said, like it was a joke, but Max didn't seem to laugh or smile about it and waited for him to answer her question.

"Three days a week, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, six am, before you eat. We dance for an hour."

He took a bottle of water, one of the men handed to him, and he handed Maxine one too.

"Thx.'" She murmured to the guy, who gave her the water.

"I will be here." She replied after sculling half the bottle of water. That's my girl.

“Party nights, we will work as a team in the beginning, once you get on your feet, and know the rules we have, then I will leave you on your own. Until then, stick by me.” Bruiser said and walked off, not waiting for Maxine to respond.

“You did great, Bruiser. It doesn’t offer anyone private tutoring.” Stinky said as he picked up the discarded towels and empty water bottles.

“He could do with some training, too. He got sloppy, letting me hit him a few times.” Max shrugged as if it was nothing to her, and possibly it wasn’t; she was wet from perspiration, but didn’t look bushed. My little woman was strong, smart, and fast. I have less worry about her now. If a girl got a hit in, then Maxine could take it. After seeing Bruiser land a couple, she just shook it off and got into position, ready to go again.

“Want to shower before dinner, getting a bit late to be returning to the workshop,” I suggested. I also want to see the bruises she would have gotten, even if she didn’t show them; they must have hurt.

“Sure, you going to check me out?” She said it with jest, but she knew what I wanted, and wasn’t going to fight me on it.

Picking up her clothes, she didn’t bother putting them on, but carried them back with her. As we walked inside and to our room, she placed them on a chair, and I got the impression she would put them back on after the shower.

Maxine removed her shoes and walked into the bathroom, pulling her sports bra over her head as she walked in. Once inside, she didn’t close the bathroom door, leaving it as an invitation, if I wanted to check out her bruises.

I grabbed the first-aid kit and placed it on the bed, then followed her into the bathroom. I was tempted to join her in the shower. Still, I refrained. I am not sure we are quite ready for that yet, although standing here, looking at her body, I wish we were. I haven’t wanted a woman as badly as

I like her in a very long time.

“Want me to turn around so you can look me over?” Maxine smirked as she lifted her arms above her head and slowly turned around.

I hissed when I saw two rather large areas, red and changing darker, that were going to be two nasty bruises.

“I have some spray for those bruises,” I announced, trying to keep my concern out of my voice.

“Gotcha, I have the same in my bag, but happy to use your up first.” She chuckled.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 26[1,572 words]

Maxine POV

The fight was not that bad. I felt he didn't give it his all, possibly because one full punch would have broken my ribs. As it was, they were painful and tender to touch. I was going to ache for a while, as that bruising comes out.

Today was the new me. I made up my mind that when I accepted that Tank was my man, I would not only fight for him, but also change who I am, be the real me, and not shy away. With that still fresh in my mind, I undressed in front of Tank, I have never underdressed in front of anyone before, even at school, I had my sports gear underneath, so I didn't need to

I get down to my underwear in front of others, I didn't need another reason for them to dislike me, mind you I never understood why I was not liked that much, I did nothing. Still, maybe my sister paved the way before me, and they were disappointed I was not like her. Who knows, not like I am going to ask.

It felt good to just undress, I reached in, and turned the tap on hot, and waited a few seconds before climbing under the hot water, it was as hot as I could tolerate it, my skin already turning red from the heat, but not fast enough for Tank not to see the dark bruises forming, where Bruiser got two good hits in.

Tank hissed when he saw them, and I knew he would try to coddle me when I got out of the shower. I made the shower quicker than I would have liked. At home, I would have stayed in a lot longer, but dinner was almost ready, and if you are not down there, you could end up with the dregs, and not something you wanted to eat.

With a towel wrapped around me, Tank watched my every move with a critical eye. It felt like Grandpa all over again; he would always be ready with the first aid kit for any sign of soreness.

"Lie on the bed and let me deal with those bruises," Tank ordered, moving to open the kit.

Climbing on the bed, I winced as my ribs complained about my movement. Tank's face turned to me in an instant, as if he saw my wince. But he couldn't have, could he?

He gently removed my towel to expose the first bruise, the worst of the two, and gently rubbed in some cream. I thought he would use the spray, less contact, or was this cream better? I don't know. I had the spray because I couldn't always reach the places I needed to apply the cream. I was not about to ask my family, after Grandpa died, and wasn't around to help me out.

He moved to the other bruise and worked his magic there.

“All done.’ He said in a husky voice.

I stood, got dressed in fresh underwear, and put on my dirty jeans and top, thinking it wasn’t worth it to put on clean clothes for a few hours. Tank walked by my side, like a protective giant beside me. He didn’t touch me, most likely worried about touching a tender part, which at the moment was all over. It was a great workout, and I am not starting to stiffen up, even the hot shower couldn’t stave off this for very long.

“Sit, I will get us both a plate.” Tank pushed me gently into a chair, and I waited for him to return.

“You are amazing. I have never seen a girl fight like that. You even landed some punches.” One of the guys said, I think his name was Squirt.

“He was holding back; if he wanted to, he could have broken my ribs and ended the fight in the first few minutes,” I replied nonchalantly. I was still miffed he held back. But my body most likely was glad he did.

“He mightn’t have given you the full force of his punches, but even I can’t land a punch, take the compliment, because you earned them.” I looked around the room of glowing faces, nodding in agreement.

“Thanks,” I replied shyly. I rarely received compliments for fighting; more often, I got grounded.

Then Tank arrived with two massive plates of food, breaking the tension I had been building. Taking the food and gulping, did he think I could eat as much as he?

I took the plate, thanking him as I did, and started to eat, feeling all their eyes on me. To my surprise, I ate three-quarters of it before Tank took the plate and polished the rest off for me. Maybe having a giant boyfriend has its advantages, no wasted leftovers. I chuckled to myself.

One of the noms, collected out plates, surprised me by their sudden need to help out; they had been avoiding doing the cleaning. One even said it was women’s work, which gained him a clip around the ear and a week of kitchen duties. Or so I am told. But to get up and do without being told, something was happening that I didn’t know about, and at the moment, I was happy to let them do the job, not my business.

“Tank, Bruiser, Maxine, my office.” Here we go again. I rolled my eyes and got up slowly, my joints getting stiffer, slowing my movement. Tank noticed and picked him up, bridle style, as if I weighed nothing, and I guess to him I don’t, considering he picked up engine blocks and moves them around, like they weigh almost nothing. I patted myself on the back for not squealing like a child as he picked him up. Tank took a seat, keeping me in his arms. I turned a little on his lap so I could look at the Prez in the face, Tank tightening his grip, to ensure I didn’t leave his lap.

“Bruiser, report!” Prez commanded, his tone rough, but his eyes twinkled at me, showing her was amused at me sitting on Tank’s lap. I feel that was where I sat most of the time when we were together.

“Got better moves than most of our guys, if we’re in a skirmish, I want her at my back.” I looked shocked by his comment, and the Prez tilted his head as he took it in.

“She landed?” He asked, looking mildly surprised.

“A couple of times. I have a cracked rib.” Now I was surprised.

“Oh, sorry, are you okay? I didn’t think; to me, you appeared to take it, so I continued.” I was appalled that I had hurt him.

He chuckled, as did the Prez and Tank.

“Prez, she found a way in and continued to place her hits at that same place. I was in the end, trying to keep that rib out of her reach, and had to call it, way before I wanted to, as she was testing me better than any I have sparred with lately.” He conceded good-naturedly.

“Good. We need more who can fight, and she will be able to protect the women in ways we can’t.” Prez looked at me with what I could call new respect. Protect the woman? Like are we going to war or something?

“Maxine and I will be training three times a week. I need that training more than she does, plus her footwork needs a bit of improving.” Bruiser continued, his voice slowly became softer.

“Good, about time, you needed something different to challenge you, you know these guys too well.”

“I think she would be good for training some of our guys too, they need a new challenge, want to get the bouncer training over first, then look at what we can do with the boys, and maybe we can put the word out, for woman training session, most don’t want to, they like us to protect them, but maybe one or two want to be able to protect their kids better.” Bruiser continued, they talked as if I wasn’t in the room, but kept looking at me.

For what?

They need feedback or something?

I am still in shock that I cracked his rib. I rewound my spar session, in my mind, trying to pick when that happened, and the slight change in his face, that twitch, must have been when I landed a good one. I had acknowledged that twitch and chose that spot after seeing it.

“Are you on board with this, Sweetness?” Bruiser asked, and I looked at them, confusion on my face. I was so far away in my own thoughts that I missed whatever they were talking about.

“Sorry, I was going over the fight in my head, pinpointing when I broke that rib.”

Bruiser chuckled.

“You work it out?”

“Yep.” I smiled back, giving him a wink.

“I was saying, would you mind training the ladies if we get some interested in learning to defend, nothing too high, just basic, hold breaks, it’s better coming from a woman, you can use the guys as dummies.”

“If there are some that are interested, I can give defence lessons.” I was a little surprised but happy to help. When do I fight it all in?

Guess we will work that one out when and if we have interested ladies.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 27[1,527 words]

Tank POV

Besides being turned on by my little lady when she was giving Bruiser some stick and making the Prez work to get out what he wanted, I would have to say the meeting went in directions I hadn’t expected.

I thought I would be hearing something along the same lines as when we get a new prospect in and test them in the gym: ‘sloppy’, ‘needs lots of work’, ‘not strong enough’, ‘needs to learn the basics’.

But I heard nothing like that.

Bruiser was full of praise and even suggested using her for training others and a girl group; my pride was through the roof. We had a hidden gem here, and her parents were stupid to throw her away; although that was good for us, we would never have approached her like this if the family hadn’t been so foolish. So after they kicked her out and Mike cornered her, she opened up to him and told him enough for him to approach Prez and ask for the rooms above the bike shop. Mike had said he knew she had been having home troubles for years, but nothing had prepared him for what was happening. He thought it was normal sibling rivalry, but this went deeper than that. Further than he thought possible.

I pushed away the negative thoughts and stayed with the positive. Nothing had prepared me for the Angel who walked into the workshop and started helping us; instead of flirting with the patch

member, she was entirely the opposite of any girl who walked onto our turf, and so perfect to me.

“Starting tomorrow, Maxine will begin her training. She will spend the first two hours of her day working with Bruiser, then she can go work in her workshop. And then later, when club scrubbers start to arrive, she stands at the door with Bruiser. Also, to be at his side, when we get unexpected visitors, she can be our secret weapon; men will underestimate her. Win-win for us.” Prez started giving orders to Maxine, who sat patiently while he finished. If she was against any of it, she didn’t show it. My little lady hides her emotions well, too well.

“I have a few changes to that.” Max started, looking the Prez in the eyes. He nodded.

“One hour in the morning, not two, if he hurts me during training, I am done for the day, and I don’t want to waste a day, well not unless you want to put that paint job on hold, so far you have loaded me up with so much work, it’s impossible to do any in the timeline you have given me, in addition to the extra work load you have just piled on me, just because I can defend myself.” I shook my head. No one had talked back to the Prez like this before. As VP, I should be standing up for him, but my gut told me to stay quiet and let my little lady fight this one.

They talked for another half an hour. My little lady was quiet with the negotiator. I don’t think the Prez knew what hit him.

We left the Prez and Bruiser to discuss the changes that Max had put in place. It seemed reasonable to me what they had expected from her; there were not enough hours in the day to complete, let alone do some of the repairs or paintwork.

After sitting out on the patio, listening to the others chat about the upcoming run, I notice Max yawning, but trying to hide it.

“Come, let’s hit the hay,” I whisper in her ear, and chuckle. She rubs it with the back of her hand, and my beard tickles her each time, and I love watching her react to it.

“Yeah, that workout with Bruiser was a killer, and to think I got to be up at six, to do more training, I asked to skip tomorrow but Prez wouldn’t hear of it, said I got to start and tomorrow was a good a time as any, I have wasted most of today, and haven’t go much done. in the workshop.” She complains, this must be the only person I have met who was complaining because they didn’t get to work for long enough. Most of us don’t want to work at all, unless it is on our own bikes.

Max was asleep in my arms almost straight away, she wiggled a few times to get comfortable and then the long slow breathing of sleep took over, I lay for a bit longer, enjoying holding her close to me, for a change I wasn’t forming a semi, I was more content to be near her and not having my bodily urges pushing me to take her. This was different and new, and strange. I have no clue what was going on inside of me, but I like how she makes me feel, and how she can calm me down, just by sitting on my lap or touching me when I am raging inside.

My phone ringing woke me; it was still dark outside.

“Need help, come to the bike shop.” Mike’s voice broke over the phone, and he hung up before I could ask questions.

I climbed out, used the bathroom, and got dressed there, hoping to stay quiet so Max could sleep. I returned to the bedroom to find Max waiting for me, fully clothed.

“Wait need the bathroom.” I have no idea why she was coming.

“Bruiser called me, said to come with you.”

“Anything else?”

“Nope, I don’t even know where we are going, but apparently it’s part of my job as a bouncer to go on these calls.” I wanted to scream and shout that it was no place for a woman, but I could already hear her response to know not to say a word. They warned me in the office, and I had to follow orders. In a way, this was testing me as VP, and I can’t stuff this up.

“Bringing your bike or blowflying?” I asked, and I wouldn’t mind her on the back of my bike.

“Too sore to ride, best I blowfly.” Yesss! I thought as we made it down the stairs, where the Prez, Bruiser, and several guys were waiting for us, outside, bikes were already alive and rumbling, waiting for us.

Max grabs her lid from the back of her bike, and puts it on, no one talks, it’s all action, time to get to town and fast, I have no clue what has gone down, but Mike wouldn’t call in the middle of the night for nothing. Max doesn’t hesitate to climb on the back, causing Bruiser and Prez to raise their brow and smirk.

Prez took the lead, and the others waited for me to follow close behind. It felt odd being in the front of the pack when I often drift to the back to help stragglers. We arrive way too soon. I was enjoying the feel of Max on my back, her body warmth permeating through my leather jacket.

I pulled up, and Max jumped off. She stood before the building, her hands on her hips, as she stared at the bike shop.

Someone had smashed the front window and written some nasty comments about Max on the walls. It wouldn’t take a genius to work out that this was Pixie’s fault; she must have thought that Max was still living upstairs. It was no secret that she had been given that flat.

“Do you think it was my sister and ex or Pixie and her minions?” Maxine asked no one in particular.

“We have surveillance cameras; we shall know soon enough.”

“Cops?” She asks, I don’t blame her for asking, this was in town, the cops will see it for sure, and there’s a fifty-fifty chance they will want answers.

“If it’s Pixie, we will deal; if it’s your sister and ex, your call,” Prez said, which must have shocked us all, because the Prez never lets the cops in on our business.

“If it were my sister, do the same to her as you would Pixie; she deserves no less.” Maxine spat out, the hurt obvious in her voice.

Mike comes out of the shop and stands before Prez.

“The kid living above called me. He was woken by the breaking of glass and called me, watching from the window above. He said he saw the car, two girls, and four guys, and had the license plate number for us to investigate.”

“Did the alarm go off?”

“Yeah, I got the silent alarm message and was on my way here when the kid phoned. I missed them, though, would have liked to catch a glimpse of the car at least.” Mike handed over a piece of paper, glanced at it, then handed it to Bruiser. He looked at it and shared it with Max.

“Nope, not the ex or my sister’s car number.” I was relieved to hear that. I was hoping it was Pixie; it was time to deal with her.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 28[1,502 words]

Maxine POV

It had been a long day, but I was proud of myself for standing up against the Prez. I was not going to bullnose into doing more work in a day than I was physically able to; I would be burnt out so quickly. I am not even a member of the club, it seemed to me that they thought I would cower and do as they demanded, but at least by the end of the negotiations, I am more comfortable with most of what they want me to do, mind you I am still worried, if I am in the middle of painting, the they call me to handle some chick, that will make my work on the paint job, void, and would have to remove it and start again, some parts of the job, can’t be stopped and started, and that was part of my argument, I think I got my point across.

Tank’s phone was ringing, woke me, and the darling tried to answer it and leave the room so as not to wake me, but I am a light sleeper, and I had to really zone out to not wake up at the slightest noise. He moved to the bathroom to dress, so I got up and got dressed too, then my phone rang.

‘Hello.’

‘Come downstairs, jobs on,’ Bruiser ordered, and I sighed, as this was going to be my new norm, and I was uncertain whether it was what I wanted. I feel like I just found my freedom, and it got yanked away from me.

Tank was shocked to see me and smiled when I told him I was summoned. He nodded, and we left the room together. I glanced over to the unmade bed as I went, and wished I were still snuggled up in the warm blankets with Tank holding me safe.

“Chicka, babe, you coming with us?” Tugg asked as I walked towards the group, Tank’s arm firmly around my waist, not that any of the guys would do anything to me, but I guess with all this new to both of us, he was extra possessive.

“Yeeep.” lengthening the word.

‘SWEEEEET!’ He chimed back, a large grin on his face.

‘It’s time.’ As one, we headed for the door, and the sensor lights flicked on, lighting the car park. I headed to mind and grabbed my lid before climbing on the back of Tank’s bike, gaining a number of smart comments aimed at Tank for having a blowfly on his back.

He tapped my leg and ran his hand from my thigh to my knee. I snuggled in close behind him, trying to enjoy his warmth. I prefer to be still in bed sleeping; this was way too early, not even the roosters are up yet.

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The vibration of the bike, between my legs, felt different as passenger, it been a long time since I was on the back of a bike, I used to pillion with Grandpa, when he took his shovel out to ride, that was before Grandma passed away, and he still enjoyed the wind in his face, once she died, our rides became less, I am unsure why, but eventually he gave up riding and sold his Shovel, it was a nice bike.

We reached the bike shop in record time. The place had the main window smashed, and graffiti on the walls, calling me all sorts of names, which was nothing new, I had been called much worse than what was on display here.

I looked through the window and sighed in relief; they didn’t go into the shop and cause damage, only the window, and added paintwork.

“Max, you know this rego?” I was handed a phone that showed a picture of a car number plate.

“Not my ex family, but that was the car that dropped Pixie off at that party night, they almost hit a tree on the way in, I held back because I thought the driver might be drunk, and not worth the risk of overtaking.” I handed the phone back.

“I thought as much, she’s pissed for being kicked out for a month, and that you got Tank,” Stoner said, taking his phone back.

“She will get what’s coming to her, if this was her handiwork, I hear someone say no cops, let me know what you need me to do.” I wanted to skin that girl alive; she had annoyed me since the first day I visited, giving us girls grief because we were in the patch side of the clubhouse, where she was still stuck in the visitors section. Then to sneak out the back into our kitchen and corner Tank like that, on a day when no visitors were supposed to be even on the grounds, was a breach of security, and believe the guy at the gate at the time was doing nom work for a month.

“Head to her house, let’s see if she’s home.” Some of the guys stayed behind with Mike to do a clean-up and board up the window till we can get a glazier in. Maybe they should put reinforced glass in, make it harder to break. My thoughts, of course, no way would I voice my opinion, being the only female in this bunch.

Back on Tank’s bike, my mind was overactive, playing out scenarios in my head, not that I would do half of what I came up with, but it helped calm me down. I was anxious for this confrontation, it would be the first time, I would be used in this way, and I have no clue if it was something I want to do, I have a lot of pent up anger and hurt, and I was worried that given the chance to let it out, this girl would get more than she bargained for. I think the boys would be shocked too, I can lose sight of the objective, if I let the blood lust take control.

The car that was at the scene was parked in the driveway of a small, old wooden home, one that could do with a lick of paint and some garden work. It would be cosy if it were fixed up and cared for.

I waited out front, by the bikes, until I was called. Some went around the back, while the Prez and Bruiser went to the front door. A smaller man darted forward and took something out of his back pocket, and they were in before I could blink.

That was scary, I thought, about how fast they got in. Not many houses would be safe with these guys if they chose to enter without permission.

A scream came from inside, a lot of yelling, and the sounds of a fist or two, hitting flesh.

“Max, come in.” A voice called from inside the house.

The steps felt like they would give as I climbed the four broken steps; the boards underfoot creaked as I stepped onto the porch and into the house. The house was dark, and smelt damp, and of stale beer. Last night’s pizza boxes were open on the lounge table, beer cans scattered on the floor.

I followed the sounds of crying to a bedroom, out back. Tank was standing outside the door.

Inside, it held a single bed, clothes piled in heaps on the floor, and the wardrobe door was open, with nothing inside, which wasn't a surprise given what was on the floor. A broken mirror above a chest of drawers.

Bruiser and Prez were in the room, making the room feel small and cramped. Pixie was on her knees, pleading; she didn't do anything; it wasn't her.

Her eyes flicked to me, and she scoffed at the sight of me, a smirk on her lips which disappeared quickly.

"Max, a black eye, please," Prez said, which had Pixie look at me, not with fear; it was almost like she didn't believe that I would hit her.

I hit her, I closed my fist on my left hand, and walked casually up to her. She watched me arrive.

"Her, you think she got it in her to hit me, just because she caught me unawares in the kitchen?" Pixie stood up to confront me, trying to intimidate me.

I guffawed at the thought.

I swung my left hand and punched her in the eye, catching everyone by surprise. No one expected a left punch, not even Bruiser, as I can give on both hands almost at the same strength. It was part of the training to use both hands in a fight.

Pixie yelped as she fell to the floor, her hand to her face, tears in her eyes, a look of disbelief on her face.

"You know we don't like to hit girls, so you tried to use that against us, but we have someone who doesn't mind hitting girls." Prez stated, staring at the sobbing girl.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 29[1,526 words]

Tank POV

I felt bad for Max, seeing what was written on the walls, yet she barely looked at them, almost like she had seen it all before, and worse. That only made me mad, and the urge to protect her, but I get this feeling that since she was kicked out of her home, she has started to blossom into a badass girl, and I like this one she is becoming. I get fed up with the shy, weak ones that come to you, bat their eyelids at you, and rub against you, get the badder side of you worked up, only because you are big and strong, not that I have a problem with that, if it strokes our egos. Still, often they get up to no good and expect you to bail them out, and that's the part I don't like: seeing our guys get used and not see it till it's too late.

With Max, I feel it's different; she wouldn't use us as most of those drop-ins do. She will be a good asset, something bike clubs don't usually recruit. This was a whole new ball game, having a woman enforcer. Don't know what other clubs would think of this, and to be honest, I don't care. Since when did our club care what other clubs think or do, as long as we aren't at war and they are not encroaching on our turf, they can do what hell they like.

We arrived at Pixie's house, and the stupid idiots didn't even hide the car. Tugg opened the car door and popped the boot. They hadn't even bothered hiding the evidence. There in the trunk of the car were empty cans of spray and a sledgehammer, which I assumed was what they had used to break the windows.

What I don't get is why target our bike shop?

Bruiser had the men dragged out of their beds or wherever they were lying, and out to the back of the house; they would be interrogated out there. No one would care, not in this neighbourhood, they know to keep their noses out of other people's business.

I watched the men disappear through the door, then followed Prez and Bruiser to the back bedroom. When we entered, Prez threw something at her, causing Pixie to wake up and start screaming, stupid biytch, we haven't done anything to her yet.

"Call in Maxine," Prez yelled out, and the call echoed down the hall. I turned when I saw movement, ready to fight, but it was Maxine, as she casually strolled down the hallway, as if this was an everyday occurrence; she didn't glance around or scrunch her nose at the stench the place reeked of.

Max waited for instructions, staring at the crying Pixie, then at the sneer the girl gave her, when Maxine was told to give her a black eye. I don't think Pixie thought Maxine would do it. The sounds of her fist hitting flesh and the collapse of Pixie made my day. I had wanted to do something like that for years.

Pixie was singing like a bird after that one punch.

Plans from a rival club to take her in after she gave them information on a supposed shipment, something I did not know about, doesn't sound like something we had been dealing in. Maybe they had heard a whisper of something and hoped it was us. We've often been accused of things we weren't doing, so it's no surprise that she found nothing, and they were putting pressure on her to find out. I began thinking she was now out of her depth, alienating us, and not supplying the other. She's stuck between a rock and a hard place.

She thought if she targeted the shop, they wouldn't pin it on her, wouldn't go looking, and she might be able to find out what she needed when lips go a-flapping. Stupid female, with what went down at the clubhouse, she was the first person I thought of.

“Pixie, get out of town. If you are still here tomorrow, expect more of what happened tonight. I suggest you take your boyfriends with you.” Bruiser growled at her, her eye swollen shut now, and swelling covers half of her face.

“I go, but why the guys?” Pixie sobbed out.

“It was their car, and according to the surveillance tapes, they joined in, so they are as guilty as you, GET OUT OF TOWN.” Maxine turned and left the room, sensing she was no longer needed. To watch her go, it appeared she wasn’t affected by all of this at all, but was that just a front, or had she become immune because of her bad life before joining us?

I hope she’s okay.

We left the house, the guys joining us from the back.

“Jones boys will be back tomorrow. If they don’t have info, they will get the same as what we gave them. They were very cooperative and will leave tonight.”

“Will they take Pixie, or has she brought them too much trouble to want to associate with her?”

“Nope, she’s on her own from here on out. They’re not even going to tell her, they’re going to pack and leave, while she sobs in her bedroom.”

“Let’s go home, get some sleep, we have a busy day tomorrow, if we have guests arriving in our town. Send out the alert through the usual channels.”

The sky was changing color. By the time we reached home, night was over, and I’m not sure if any of us will get any sleep now.

Nonetheless, we headed to bed, once we returned, and I fell into bed, shoes in all, not caring for much but some rest, if my brain would turn off. Max removed her boots and jeans, climbing in beside me and snuggling against my side. I lifted my arm and brought her to me. Leaned down and kissed her hair.

“You Good?” I asked, still concerned with the violence my little lady had to do, it goes against the grain having a woman who can deal that sort of violence, at the same time, it made me hard, she was hot, strong, and every inch the kind of woman, that just might cope with me, and my temper when it flares up.

“Yep.” She yawned as she replied.

“Really, that was pretty intense for a woman, no offence.” I tried to ask in another way, but I think I stuffed it up.

“I spent a lot of time on the streets. When I lost Gran, I was a lost soul, the only one that brought me back was Grandpa, he got me straightened out, but I still went out and found some fights when I needed to blow off steam.”

“What do you mean, spend time on the streets?” I was shocked.

Was she a prostitute?

No, she can’t be.

“Underground fights, and when things got tough for some of my friends I had made, homeless and lost kids, I came and helped sort it out, so I have seen houses that look like a rubbish dump, drugs, drunks, even know a few ladies that work the streets, that needed a hand to get their pimp in line. I helped keep the area where they lived a little safer for a while. Druggies and drunks live in a world of their own. When they are under the influence, a lot of harm can come to them if they are on their own. I tried to get them to stick together, and that worked for a little while, but they don’t care to live anymore; they live for the next fix, so slowly they drift away from safety and end up harmed or dead.” Her voice was emotionless, flat, like she had no feeling left to hurt.

That lack of emotion wounded me deep inside. The things this little woman had seen and dealt with, no woman should, shiet even most men wouldn’t cope with that side of life. No wonder this life and what she had seen here didn’t scare her; she had seen much and lived much worse. How the heck did she live through it and come out the other side sane and not afraid to laugh and smile? I think many would be jaded if they had to go through what she had.

This took my mind off my worry about the Jones gang and what was coming to town.

I listened to Maxine find sleep, which surprised me a little, although it shouldn’t have, not after what she just told me. Giving Pixie a black eye was nothing compared to what she must have seen and gone through.

Wish I had known, had taken the time to get to know those feet I often saw under a car, or her back working on a bike. Still, I was too busy living in my own misery, which only riding my bike gave me freedom from, and the company of my bro’s had given me relief from to consider others were worse off than me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 30[1,454 words]

Maxine POV

I got no joy in punching Pixie; it wasn’t a fight, it was duty, what would be expected of me, and I felt?

Nothing.

No emotion at all, not pride in seeing her face red and blotchy from her tears, or the start of the swelling of her eye, which was going to hurt like hell tomorrow.

Nothing.

Like Grandma always said, when it comes to doing something because you have to, the emotions disappear. That was how she was trying to explain that one of the guys who came back from service, having to kill for duty, was different from street fights, still both life and death situations, but in service, you do it for a different reason. Once you have killed a few times, it becomes like nothing; you no longer see a person, but a target that has to be removed. Or so she said.

Later, you might think about it, and emotions might find their way in, but most block it out, like doing any other job.

Don't get me wrong, the person still has feelings, and not for the target. It's a job, and it's not something they care to talk about or analyse, because doing so puts emotions into play, and those feelings they don't want to feel when it comes to the job.

I get it now, hitting Pixie was that, part of the job.

I blanked out the person and did what was expected of me, just like I was taught to do.

When the job was done, I climbed back onto the back of Tank's bike and leaned in, holding his waist, and resting my head on his back, breathing in his scent, his leather jacket, and bike fumes, all of which helped to bring me back to now and out of the blank zone.

The nothing zone.

Climbed off the bike, making it back to the clubhouse, as the sky started to welcome the new dawn.

Tank placed his hand around my waist and walked me back to his room, our room.

I sat, took off my boots and jeans, and fell into bed, completely drained. I felt Tank fall heavily into bed too, and I snuggled into his side, needing to touch him, to smell him, to gain his warmth. He pulled me closer, making me feel...

Sleep found me, faster than I thought it would, taking me away from tonight's events and allowing me to rest before my brain examined what I did today.

It was broad daylight when I woke to Tank placing a tray of food on the table. The smell of bacon had my mouth watering. Before I could think much of it, I rushed to the bathroom and

relieved myself, coming out to find Tank had opened the curtains, showing it was late afternoon. I had managed to get some decent sleep, better than I expected, a deep, dreamless sleep.

“Hey, thought you might be hungry.” I noticed it was set for two, which made me smile.

“Been up long?” I asked, yawning and stretching out the kinks before I sat in the chair he had pulled out for me.

“Nope, long enough to get some food, before it disappeared, they had lunch going, but got the cook to fry up some bacon.”

“Thanks.” I made a bacon sandwich, and Tank did the same.

“Want to talk?” He asked after we both had finished the sandwich and were making a second one. I was hungrier than I thought possible.

“I missed my training today, and I need to get out to the workshop and do some more of the artwork, or it will never get done. When are we going on to leave, on this weekend’s ride?” I asked as I took a long sip of coffee, the first for the day. It is always the best, in my opinion.

Tank chuckled, his deep baritone laugh warming me inside, as no coat could on a cold day.

“Let’s see now. Training was not on today, as you gave a good workout yesterday and need those bruises a little longer to heal. We can go to the workshop; still plenty of days left to get some work done. We start gearing up to leave tomorrow, giving us two days for the girls to get their act together and sort out our bedrolls, etc. Considering we’re only going overnight, maybe two, these girls tend to pack for a week.”

“My bedroll’s ready, and my saddlebags will hold what I need, so if someone needs to put something on the back of my bike, I am sure I can fit something.” I offer, unsure what sort of gear they all take.

“Nah, we’re set, the girls know what to bring, they just like to bring emergency stuff, like extra underwear, and jeans.” I nod. I never take much, Grandpa taught me, to minimize. We had been on a few bike trips together when I was younger, before grandma died; we had some after, but they were less often.

I miss my Grandparents very much.

After we ate and showered, we headed to the kitchen to return the tray. Tank followed me to my workshop and checked the place out, making sure everything was how I left it, although the place was still firmly locked up, Tank, being Tank, did the double check before letting me inside. I thought it was cute that he was doing that, and didn’t pressure him to give up. The little bit that might make him feel he was protecting me, he knows I can defend myself, and being a large, strong man, he needs to feel he was looking after his woman, the best way he can.

I get it, I really do. I have had Sticks talk about the bike life for years as I apprenticed at the shop. She would sometimes show up at lunchtime and bring food, which was always tasty. She would sit and talk, nothing too personal. I felt it gave her a break from all those men around her, and she could be herself for a little while before going back to being the Prez's lady. We all need a break from our everyday life occasionally, and that was hers. I wonder what she will do now, since I am here and not at the bike shop.

“Back in a few, need to catch up with Prez on what went down last night, and find out our next plan. We have that gang showing up today sometime, and need to get some lookouts set up.” Tank kissed me on the head and left.

I got to work on the petrol tank, adding more color; it was starting to look good and was beginning to gain the three-D effect I was chasing. Moved to the side covers, added the design, then left it to dry-a good day before I add more.

I returned to the bike, removed the front and rear guards, cleaned them, and prepared them for the base coat.

I had just finished adding the base coat when Tank arrived.

“Time for dinner, little lady. Wow, this is looking great.” The tank was looking at the petrol tank. I had started shading it, and I have to agree that it was turning out the way I wanted it to look. Grandpa was my muse, pushing me harder and working on what he called natural talent. Grandpa thought I would make a great tattooist, with my paint skills, but I didn't want to work on skin.

Wow, I didn't realise till now how much my Grandparents saved me.

Thinking about all the things I did with them, and how they sculptured my life, I wonder what they would think of me now.

Would they be proud of where I am now and how I have turned out so far?

Grandpa had friends in the bike club years ago.

I wonder if they are still around. It's too soon for me to go asking. I feel I am still being watched and tested to see if I am worthy to be in the club, even though I am already doing so much

What do I need to do to prove myself?

Sticks said I was already family, they speak to me like I am family, and involve me, which was all new to me only my few girlfriends ever made me feel part of something, yet even with them saying and acting like I am family.

I still think and feel that I am under the microscope,

Was this my own doubts and insecurities setting in?

Will I ever trust again?

Maybe I am too broken to fix completely?