

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 251[1,525 words]

Cloe POV

After dinner, I worked on the files. This person was clever, and it made me think of all the little tricks I had learned at school. I get the feeling I've seen this type of coding before, but I can't put my finger on it. I typed away, opening the last few easily once I recognised the coding behaviour, and instead of forwarding them to Tank, I left them on the computer and offered him the whole computer. I was done, and I would like to head to bed. I was exhausted.

"Goodnight, and thank you for opening those files," Tank said, before putting his head back down to continue what he was doing.

Storm carried me upstairs, helped with the bathroom and got me ready for bed. Dotty arrived, gave me some more tablets, and changed my dressing. This time, I didn't try to hide my stomach from Storm.

"The bruising was no longer getting a darker colour. You are healing fast. But don't push it yet." Dotty left, closing the door softly behind her. Some tablets in a paper cup, left on my bedside table, for the morning. I noticed the bed I spent the first night in, or tried to, was gone.

Settled in bed, Storm is getting undressed to join me.

"Storm, about what you said before." I started tentatively.

"Might need to elaborate on that, I spoke a lot of things lately.

"Girlfriend?" I whispered, almost too afraid to say it out loud.

"What about it?" Storm asks as if this wasn't up for debate, it was factual.

"I don't remember being asked if I wanted to be your girlfriend." He lifted his gaze to find my eyes, he had this cheeky smile on his face, and shrugged.

"Should I have?" He continued to put the dirty clothes in the hamper, mine and his, as if it were a natural act.

"What if I don't want to be your girlfriend?" Do I want to be his girlfriend? I hadn't even thought of my feelings towards him, other than that he was comfortable to be around, and he enjoys looking after me.

He looked at me, not exactly shocked at that statement, more assessing.

“Cloe, will you be my girlfriend?” He was sitting on the bed holding my hand, and looking at me with doubts, fear, his cheeky grin gone, like I just pulled the rug from under him.

“Can I think about it. With all that’s gone on in my life since coming to this town, I don’t know if you really like me like me, or it’s some hero things, or guilt or pity.” I try to be honest. Am I here for pity’s sake?

“You’re wrong on all of that, I saw you cleaning the back of the truck before the accident, and I was interested, you were the perfect girl in my eyes, and I wanted to get to know you better, but before I got to approach you in the truck, the accident happened, and I guess we met in a way I never dreamed would happen. Don’t ever doubt that I want you, in every way, just look.” Storm stood up and pointed to the bulge in his boxers, and I gulped at the sheer size of it.

“Not helping,” I stutter out, as I try to turn my head away from his groin.

“Look, every inch of me wants you, heart, body and mind, and I am yours totally; no other girl can claim me. Now I have my heart set on you; they can’t even measure up to what I have here in my bed right now. You are beautiful, sexxy, funny, lively. Do I need to go on?” Was that a real question?

“Okay, okay, I hear you. Let me think about it. I haven’t really had a real boyfriend.” Admitting that must tell him I was a virgin too, but I can’t take it back now.

“While you think about it. Just so you know that from now on, I want more, more kisses, my cuddles, more time with you,” Storm admits, and I saw nothing wrong with that suggestion. I was okay with kisses and cuddles.

“We can do the twenty-question thing, get to know each other, and go from there. It’s too soon to go out on a date; my body’s not ready for too much movement. But um, maybe some kisses would be nice, can I um, look at you?” My brain can’t think; it’s like all the questions I had planned to pose got muddled, and the ones that came out were all wrong. It sounded good and right when I thought it, but coming out of my mouth, it somehow got stuck in my throat.

“That’s all I ask, but know this, even if you say no, it won’t stop me from chasing you, till you say yes.” I roll my eyes. What’s the point of asking if no was out of the question? Men. Where’s the choice, he said I had.

Storm climbed onto the bed, slowly, every movement planned, and carefully lay beside me, stretching out his body, his heat warming me. Storm was resting on his right elbow, his head resting on his right hand, the back of his left hand ran over my cheek and down my throat. His eyes bored into mine, daring me to make him stop, as he stroked my face

and neck, and his soft touch sent mixed messages to my core, which had suddenly awoken.

I didn't know what to do.

How I should be feeling.

All I knew was I wanted more.

But more of what?

This was the first time I had this kind of attention. I don't even own a vibrator, or even used my hands to investigate my womanhood; I was always in too much pain, from the beatings, that side of me had never been awoken. Until now, and there was nothing I could do to stop a longing growing inside of me, that won't get satisfied tonight, because my insides are hurting too much to be able to investigate what this was that Storm was causing to build.

"Stop," I murmur, as my body screams, "Don't stop."

Storm's hand stopped its motion over my face and neck.

"Why?" Storm leaned forward and kissed my nose. His beard tickles my face with its soft touch.

"Makes my tummy tighten, and that's causing pain," I whispered back. His face looked shocked, then sorrowful.

"Sorry, my intent was not to cause you pain. But some pleasure. Maybe in a few days when you recover some more." Storm's eyes still looked sad as he moved from resting his head on his hand to lying down and gently pulling me to him.

"Storm, what do I do with the money Gramps gave me, as I have never had money before, not like that?" I did have some money when I got the chance to help with tutoring, plus, for a while, I got money from my Grandparents, but that was as rare as their visits. If they sent me anything, I never received it. Dad would never have handed any mail over to me. I didn't hate my Grandparents for disappearing from my life; given the change, I would have disappeared from my life. Guess this accident was a mercy; what I am going through is far better than living at home and being beaten.

"We can call Tandy to come and open an account for you, and give you choices of what you can do, or we can ask Dad or Mum for their advice."

"In the morning, can we ask your parents?"

“Sure, we can do that. Mum’s going out, but Dad will be home for the day.” I guess that will be fine. They both have experience, and they have ensured I have everything I need, so I don’t need to buy anything. Invest it for my future, I guess. Might need to have my bike, if we can get it back, made into a trike so I can still ride. Will have to ask about whether we get my bike back. I am no mechanic; it took ages, using the internet, to learn to rebuild my bike, one step at a time and in secret. My skill was with computers, and I liked to draw, because when you are alone in the cellar, with nothing to do, you draw or read, or use an old computer, my sister threw away, when Dad gave her a new one.

“Thank you, your family has provided all I need, so I don’t want for anything. That sort of money scares me a bit, as I would never have dreamed of being gifted so much. I thought it was fake at first.”

“That’s pocket change, and when you become mine, as in my wife, wearing my cut, then you will have even more.”

Wife?

Cut?

“That’s a bit too soon to assume I will be your wife, like I would like to get to know you better, and get healed, and find my feet again, so to speak.” Feet! Stupid, stupid, stupid, what feet. I rolled my eyes internally at my foo-par, or whatever it’s called; my brain’s not working right.

“You will be, and I will ask.” He sounded so sure of himself. It was annoying.

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Storm POV

Everything was going well, Cloe let me undress her, and put her in PJs, and then I stripped off.

The conversation was on point, our relationship, what I have been wanting to talk about for a while, and then I stuffed it up by touching her, Stupid, stupid, stupid. I knew she was still recovering after being shot; this was so insensitive of me. All I could do after that monumental blunder was lie beside her, hold her to me, and enjoy her soft curves without investigation, as much as my fingers wanted to go exploring, I didn’t, and was trying to think of something to distract my thoughts.

The talk about money was not what I had in mind or had expected, but it was a way to change direction away from my wayward thoughts of her body. Mum and Dad would be

able to sort that out. To be honest, I hadn't even thought about the money she received or the impact it had on her. Having always had money and been around it, it never occurred to me what it was like to be without it. Don't get me wrong, from the moment we were old enough, we got to do chores, to earn it, mind you, our weekly earnings were far more than normal for someone our age, but if we missed one chore, we didn't receive that week's money, and you soon learn to do as we were told. Mum and Dad needed us to learn the value of money and earn it; even my baby brother had to earn it. They played no favourites; we all, when old enough, gained tasks to do, and they tried to teach us how to invest our money. I could help Cloe with suggestions, I had plenty, but I wanted Mum and Dad to be involved; they have more experience, and can take things back to basics.

"Can you help me too?" Cloe's soft, innocent voice had my groin reacting again. In so many areas, this girl has been sheltered from the real world, stuck in a violent world of home, and very little else. I want to expand that, but slowly, or I might break that innocent person underneath.

"Sure, let's spend time with Dad, and see what he suggests, and then we can move with what ideas sound good to you, and what I can do to assist. Once you open a bank account, you can do everything online. Grams and Gramps will feel they owe you, so don't be too surprised if suddenly you get more." Cloe had no idea what was heading her way for that heroic act of bravery, Gramps was beside himself with worry over Cloe when she was in the theatre, making all sorts of plans to repay her for the unexpected action

"Thanks," Cloe said through a yawn. Her breathing slowed, and her body relaxed as sleep found her. Hopefully, there will be no nightmares tonight. Cloe needs her rest. The faster she heals, the sooner I can run my hands over that soft skin and research her body for places that will give her joy.

My groin was hard again, already thinking of what I would like to do with her, what I want to teach her, and having no legs, just makes the investitation on how to please her just a little more challenging, but I am up for the challenge, the moment the doctor gives her the all clear for light exercise, I am going to give her some exerise she was not predicting.

A sudden movement in the bed jolted me awake.

Cloe was fighting her demons again. No screaming, this time. It was like she was running from something, or someone, she would be out of breath, from the effort, or in her dream she was. I pulled her closer to me, trapping her thighs and arms, to stop the movement, afraid she would hurt herself in her sleep.

"Cloe. Babe, you are safe, here in my arms, come to me." I nudged her ear and continued to whisper softly, over and over again, as her running slowed and her breath evened out. The run over with this time. I wish Cloe would open up more and talk to me about the nightmares.

The last time I asked, she said she didn't remember. I doubt that was true, but I couldn't call

her out on it.

Sleep came, but it was not a sound sleep. I woke each time Cloe twitched or moved, ever aware that another nightmare might just be around the corner. I have moved my leg, so she wouldn't feel trapped, but I'm ready to put it back if she started to run again.

After assisting Cloe and getting dressed myself, we had a quick bite to eat and hunted down Dad. He was in his office and covered what he was doing when we entered the room. I got to see enough to know it was a report on the shooter, because he deliberately covered it, I got the idea that he doesn't want Cloe to see it, not yet anyway.

"Morning, what a lovely surprise, what can I do for your kids?" I rolled my eyes. He knows that calling me a kid can sometimes get a reaction out of me.

"Gramps gave Cloe some money for her birthday, and she would like some financial advice." Dad nodded to a seat, and I sat down, holding Cloe on my lap. Yeah, you guessed it, I was carrying Cloe around, not letting her down for anything. I was afraid she would try to reach out or attempt to wheel the wheelchair herself and strain her tender tummy. I was super aware of how sore she must be.

Dad went into detail about Cloe's choices, her long-term plan, and her goals.

So far, nothing too scary: Cloe wants to get legs, and the money will go to that. But a lot of that cost will be covered by accident insurance. I like that she wanted to convert her bike into a trick bike so she can still go for rides. But that's a long way off yet, I want her on the back of mine first, before she goes solo. We have a surprise for her. Dad's men have retrieved her bike, and it's on its way here, should be here today, and we shall hide it till Sunday. Because I couldn't talk Cloe out of going to Razor's first Ice hockey game of the season. I tried. We have disability access, which means I couldn't use that as an excuse; she will be in her chair.

Dad phoned Tandy and put him on speaker. He will come over later today and bring the necessary paperwork for Cloe to deposit the money and set up access and stuff. She's excited to have money of her own to do stuff. Some new clothes, when her body is less swollen, and ideas for later. Her studies and her bike. Nothing over the top, what I mean is she hadn't planned on some monumental spending spree, like many girls might have if they suddenly gained a lot of money.

Tandy came and stayed for dinner, chatted long and hard with Cloe, and gave her a lot of information, both about the insurance, which will cover her legs, and about the payout she will receive for the loss of limbs. Poor Cloe was swimming with information overload and money.

Today was Saturday, and I fussed over Cloe, getting her ready for her first official day out of the house and into the public eye. Not the sort of place I would have chosen for her first time out in public in her situation, so many people in one small space, but when Razor heard that Cloe was coming to watch too, his face lit up like a Christmas tree.

“I will get a goal just for you, Cloe,” Razor shouted before heading to the change rooms, extra buzzed for the game.

Dad and Grandpa Savage led us through the crowd and up to the disability section. It’s nice and close to the ice. Mum walked close by, ensuring the path stayed clear, and no one ventured too close to the wheelchair. Cloe beamed with excitement, with no signs that being in the wheelchair was bothering her. Dressed in the team’s colours and had some pompoms that Penny had made in her hands.

The team came out onto the ice and was introduced. Cloe screamed out at Razor and waved her pompoms at him. Then the buzzer went, and I was impressed. This was the first time I had seen my brother out on the ice in a team for a while. Last year, I was too wound up with studies, and the bike club, being the year I was officially given my position in the club, I was one of the enforcers, with Uncle Bruiser giving me pointers on how to handle a rowdy, drunken crowd.

The game was brutal. I didn’t think boys his age were this rough, but those fifteen-year-olds out on the ice, many big for their age, but then our Razor was the tallest of them all, and he’s very fast, I cringed at each slam against the glass, Cloe screamed out each time, Razor tried for a goal; their goalie was good, but Razor kept at it and eventually scored the first goal. He skated to the glass in front of Cloe.

“That goal was for you, Cloe,” Razor shouted out and gave a heart sign and thumped his chest. Cloe put down her pompoms, put both hands together, made the heart sign, and blew him a kiss, which he caught in the air and placed on his cheek, to the rousing cheers of the

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Cloe POV

So much of it involves money; I am trusting they know what they are talking about. I am useless with that side of things. Glad Storm will guide me through it, all the jargon, his Dad and Tandy gave me was great, but most of it made little sense.

We are on the way to the ice rink, and I am a bit nervous, alright, a lot nervous. My legs are covered with a team-themed blanket, so I don’t look out of place. I have a hat, scarf, and pompoms, all courtesy of Penny, who made the hat, scarf and pompoms herself. I was

proud to be wearing them. I feel the part, hoping that would hide the nerves. While sitting in the wheelchair, you can't see much ahead of you, but you do get to see a lot of people's backsides, and believe me, that's not always a good thing to see. Some have their jeans so low you wonder how they stay on their hips, and others have their undies showing; some are so long they are walking on the end of their jeans, and others have their jeans tucked into socks. The variety has kept my mind off the nerves of being in public. Dotty gave me some painkillers before we left, and I can take more in a few hours if it gets too painful. These ones won't make me drowsy as the nighttime ones do. I can feel everyone watching me closely, and I bet if I sneezed, they would be at my side, checking if I was cold or had a fever. I was glad to be out of the house, but the hovering around me was claustrophobic.

We were right at the glass; other than being on the ice, I have never been this close before. I love it. The people who made this section for disabled people were very thoughtful and didn't stick them somewhere further back, but right where they could enjoy it.

At the beginning of the game, it was tense, both sides wanting to do well, and nervous being in front of a crowd of people, who were loud and making lots of noise to encourage the teams on, and the slams on the glass were hard. Poor Razor will need that hot tub tonight; he seemed to be the focus of most of the other teams, slamming into him often, even when he didn't have the puck. But when he scored that first goal, I screamed my lungs out and waved the pompoms in the air. He zeroed in on me, and we shared love hearts, all nerves gone. My focus was on Razor and the game. Razor scored again, and I screamed and waved again. He didn't skate over to me, but that was fine. He hugged and fist-pumped his teammates, and that's how it should be. Break time, and I was given a cup of soup that Fixer had brought from home in a thermos. The others left to get hot dogs and sodas, which was fine; I couldn't handle something like that now.

I looked around the area and froze. There, halfway down the aisle on the other side of the rink, sat my Dad, with a bunch of men I've seen before, chatting amicably. What was he doing here? He never went to games. Never to mine, at least, didn't even think he liked ice hockey. He had to know I was here; few would have missed the first goal, and Razor shouting it was for me. I felt like cold water had just been poured over me.

"What's wrong?" Fixer asked, having noticed the change in me.

"My Dad's here, opposite, halfway up the aisle," I whispered, but I have no idea why, it wasn't like he could hear me from over there. But at that moment, he looked up and stared at me, his face stern, almost angry.

Fixer saw him looking this way and cursed more profoundly than I did.

"What's going on?" Tank had arrived, offering a hot dog to Fixer. She explained, and at that moment, the noise rose as the teams came back out on the ice. Storm cursed as badly as Fixer. Tank pulled out his phone and made a few calls while I tuned out Dad and concentrated on the game.

The team scored two more goals, and the opposition only one; the cheers when it was over were loud. I watched Razor wave to the crowd, blowing out kisses and heart shapes. No doubt he was the man of the match.

I was tired, but content. I needed to be out of the house, and this was the perfect setting for my first outing.

The storm pushed me out towards the car park. The moment we reached the outer doors, security surrounded us. I think seeing my father had the family as rattled as I was. But how did he know I was here? I asked myself again, could it be a coincidence? The laughter and chats around me faded away as I thought of how father knew where I was, like I didn't make that decision till last night, who would have told him? It was driving me bonkers, trying to work it out. Could this be related to Grams being shot? Or another coincidence? My mind was working overtime, coming up with different scenarios.

"You are quiet, Cloe." Storm leaned in, nudging my shoulder.

"Huh?" I replied, looking up from my hands, that I had been twiddling.

"Did you enjoy the game?" Tank asked, with a chuckle, they must have asked me and I had completely ignored them, how rude.

"It was fantastic. Are they always that rough? Like, I mean, they're still only fifteen?" Tank and Fixer both chuckled.

"Yeah, that was mild. I had seen Razor get far worse. When he plays on teams above his age group, like Dad and me, he grows tall early, and that's a great advantage. Luckily, he hasn't broken bones yet."

"It was never that rough in our girls' games, but maybe I didn't notice because I was playing."

"That could be the case. Dad?" Storm called out.

"I see it," Tank replied to the call from Storm.

"What's happening?" Storm positioned himself, so I couldn't see behind me. Mind you, I doubt I could look behind, my stomach was on fire at the moment, and I desperately needed my meds.

"Appears we have a tail, Dad will get the guards to surround it, and move the car away."

"I was going over in my mind. Like, how did Dad know I was at the game? It was a spur-of-the-moment thing." I asked the question that had been bugging me.

“Give me your phone.” I handed it over, wondering what my phone had to do with Dad; this was a new phone.

“See this app? It can find your phone. Did you download it?”

“No, I haven’t downloaded anything, barely touched it.”

“I don’t think Penny would have, so maybe someone at the party, where did you keep your phone at the party?”

“It was in the lounge room getting charged up.” I was confused; it still didn’t make sense to

“Anyone could have done that, picked up your phone, found the number and downloaded the app. Gave your Dad your new number.” Tank growled out, his hand hitting the steering wheel in frustration.

“There were a lot of uninvited, anyone could have done it,” Fixer added, with her famous cold tone, which you don’t want to be the receiver of.

“How about that chick that was hitting on you?” I threw it out there because I don’t know the names of the people who came or those who were booted out.

“Possible, she did make some threats, as she was being removed, had the opportunity, and could have done it before you asked her to leave. But that would mean she came for that purpose, and chasing Storm was an added bonus. But then how did she know that was my phone? It wasn’t the only phone in the lounge, which guests weren’t supposed to enter, which is why it was outside. Maybe took a guess that it was mine, being brand new and my birthday, and not a colour a man would have on their phone.”

“It would have been easy, your picture was on the screen, until you changed it,” Fixer called from the front; I had forgotten that. Fixer had taken my picture and put it on the screen, teaching me how to use the phone.

“We shall have the investigation, and I want your phone for a little while, see if our guys can trace a signal back to your Dad or something.” Storm pocketed my phone, leaving no doubt that Tank would get it checked out.

“Could Dad be the person behind the shooting? Like he was after me all along, maybe both of us were the target? Sorry, this still doesn’t make sense. Does my father hate me that much that he would have me shot?” I never knew he hated me that much.

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1,629 words]**

Storm POV

Dad had the guards arrive and a three-car convoy home. I was surprised to see a car following us a few cars behind. Trying to look inconspicuous, but failing, if I could tell it was there. Think this was more than just Cloe's Dad; it would have been impossible to leave the rink and make it behind us with all those cars leaving at the same time. There has to be more than one in this. The father, I can imagine, wants his housemaid back, but the others, and why Grams?

Once the Dad's vehicle moved onto our land, I released a long, calming breath. I hadn't realised how tense I had gotten. Mum wanted to get a takeaway, but after we noticed the car tailing us, we changed our minds. We can throw some snags and steaks on the BBQ or something.

Once home, Cloe wants a nap, so I left her on the lounge with strict instructions to call out if she needs anything, no climbing around. I hope that, after her failed attempt yesterday, she will be more mindful that she's not well and needs to take it easy. I placed a glass of water

and a buzzer close to her, covered her with a blanket, and left her to sleep. Her hair was all over the place. After taking off the beanie, it was so funny, but I didn't dare mention it. I smooth it down, hiding it with a soft kiss.

"Dad, do you think it was Skylar that tipped off Cloe's Dad about her whereabouts? I don't see the link between the snipper, Grams, Cloe and Cloe's Dad." I plonk down on the chair, my legs over the armrest, sitting sideways, relaxed and comfortable.

"Yes, I am having trouble linking it all together, as well. Something is still missing. Simon was on it; he's in his office at the moment, making phone calls, and will meet up when he gets some answers." Dad sounded as lost as I am. I don't like it when things don't match up.

"Do you have any idea how Skylar's and Cloe's dad know each other?" For the life of me, that connection failed me. Sylar's not the nicest of girls, shows up at the club randomly, but too often for my liking.

"That one I can answer, Skylar's Dad is into the show and shine scene, he has a hot rod, he displays, and often spends time with Cloe's Dad, there are four of them that are really close. Spending time going to different shows and shines, even going interstate to compete, it's a big thing. Like we enjoy going to ones for the bikes, but we are not that competitive, to go to the lengths that they do. Plus, we have games and fun, not just a show-and-shine. Some vehicles show and shine, they can pull in big jackpots, like hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the biggest one last year, the overall winner won half a million Dollars, big business for some."

“That’s sick. I put my bike in for pride, no way would chase winning all time, I like the compliments, sure, but it’s the feedback on changes you’ve made or a new paint job, getting reviews on it. Do you blame the prize money? That attracts these kinds of people. For Cloe’s Dad to travel around the country, he doesn’t need money. Why did he starve and beat Cloe?” Knowing he was not short on cash makes what happened to Cloe even more tragic.

“A lot of questions, we need to go one step at a time, Son. Do you think Cloe will be up to answering questions? When she wakes up?”

“Cloe wants answers as much as we do. I reckon she would be just as eager as we are to get to the bottom of this. Yeah, she will help.” I was positive that Cloe would get involved. Dad had tried to investigate the sniper and keep Cloe out of it, but with this new development, Cloe has to get involved.

“Good. Good. Dirk has been changing the security around and getting some new training in place. He sacked three men who were too busy enjoying the party to work. There’s no excuse. In the past, those not on duty could join if they wanted, but after this incident, I have informed Dirk that no security workers will be permitted to our parties in the future. It was supposed to be family and close friends. Dirk was looking into all those who came, as they all had to sign in and show ID, even the known family. He will get the security footage and get positive proof that it was Skylar who made those changes to Cloe’s phone. Did I miss anything?” Wow, Dad never asked me that before. Was this a test?

“Links between the sniper and Cloe’s Dad, or his group, can we investigate all four of the men. Cloe said she knows them, which doesn’t surprise me. Now that you say that they go to shows and shine together, and are close, I wonder if they have been to their home and caused Cloe pain.”

“Done, Simon’s looking into the four men, we already had a team looking into the sniper, have a report coming, that has known associates, and can see if any of the four names are on it. I don’t have all four names.”

Mum entered the room, bringing in coffee and muffins.

“Steaks on the BBQ later, will make a quick, easy night. There’s a club meeting tomorrow, don’t forget, you both need to be there.” Mum reminded us, as she placed the coffee down, and as much as we don’t want to leave the investigation right now, Mum was right to remind us, we are club members and have other responsibilities, the investigation doesn’t need us sitting in the office waiting, hoping the phones are going to ring, or an sss is going to come. through any faster with us pacing the floor and willing it to happen.

“Call it a day, we can do nothing more for now.” Dad turned off his computer and put the papers in the drawer.

Together we sat and drank our coffee, and ate the muffin, neither speaking, neither needed to; I glanced at him occasionally, and our eyes met in a quiet, contemplative moment, as if that look spoke volumes. As if an unspoken word had been spoken, we stood up together and left the office, and I took the dirty cups to the kitchen. I didn't ask where Dad was going; I didn't need to.

I rinsed the cups and put them in the dishwasher. I could see Mum already outside heating up the BBQ. It's nearly time to wake Cloe. Entering the lounge to laughter and giggles had me smiling. I love hearing laughter in the house, even in times like these; it's good to find company that makes you happy. Penny and Razor were in there, talking to Cloe about the game today. Little Simon was sitting listening, but saying little; that was our little brother, he was a deep thinker, and wouldn't speak unless it was something that needed to be said. Don't get me wrong, he's not antisocial, but he doesn't waste unnecessary words. He was still joining in, just not the same way the rest of us do. He will chuckle, nod in agreement, and argue if he believes you are wrong, but prefers to watch and assess. We are all very different, even though we look the same, almost clones of Dad, but we have different opinions and ways of doing things.

"Hey Storm, can you take me to the bathroom, please?" Cloe asked as I entered the room, causing all eyes to turn to look at me.

"Sure. Chair or carry?" I asked, with a smile, about the way she had her arms up. Her eyes pleaded with me.

"Carry, I don't have time to waste getting in and out of the chair." Eek, she must be busting. Wonder why she didn't ask the others to bring the chair over, and Razor was more than strong enough to lift her. Not that I am complaining, I love that she waited for me to carry her, it felt more personal that way, that she's learning to trust and use me. It was like we had done this thousands of times before; we had it down pat already. Once settled, I would leave the room, let Cloe do her thing and wait for her to call me back.

"We are having a BBQ tonight, want the chair for that?" I offered, trying to give her options, trying to take in the advice Mum and Dad gave, which was not what I wanted.

"What happened between last night and now?" Cloe asked, frowning.

"What do you mean?" I was confused. What did we do last night? That's different today.

"Last night you said we were girlfriend-boyfriend, and now you don't want to carry me around?" Cloe said, deadpanned, and a little hurt twinkled in her eyes.

"No, no, not at all, you said you needed to think, I was giving you some space to think." I defended, appalled that she thought such a thing.

"Then stop giving me the choice of being in your arms or that cold chair. I would much prefer to be in your warm arms." Cloe winked at me, and I scooped her up and gave her a

bruising kiss. I hadn't intended to do that, but she took my breath away, and it called out to me.

"Hey, you two, get out of there, food's almost ready," Dad called out as he walked past the bathroom. I think he had come to find us, and find us he did. His smirk made Cloe turn red, and she hid her face in my shirt.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 255[1,761 words]

Cloe POV

A soft voice nearby roused me from my sleep.

"Oh, at last, you are awake. How did you enjoy the game? Great, wasn't it? Razor got man of the match, he deserved it." Penny didn't wait for me to answer; she just kept asking questions and putting in her own answers. Razor was sitting next to her, holding a trophy, nodding and smiling. Like it was perfectly normal for Penny to ramble on the way she was.

"Can I look at your trophy? Razor." I asked softly, my voice still rough as the remnants of sleep slipped away.

"Sure." Razor's beaming smile, full of pride, was worth more than the trophy to me. It was heavier than I had expected, and his name was already engraved on it. Wow, that was fast.

"They have an engraver at the rink?" I asked as I continued to inspect the trophy.

"Yep, they brought a kit a few years ago, so the little ones got to have their name on their als straight away, and now they do it for all trophies and medals. Cool. Yeah?" Razor, as I handed the trophy back. It was a beautiful trophy, one to be proud of, that's for

proud, you were awesome. Thank you for giving me your heart on that first goal. I loved ow are the bruises?" Razor lifted his shirt to show me some of them. They were not as as I had thought they would be; their padding takes a lot of the hit. But that doesn't stop bruising and pain associated with the brutal side of the game.

talked and laughed about the game, and some were about Penny's friends and how they it to date Razor now that he's famous. At fifteen, Razor was already a good-looking man his father and brothers, and it wouldn't surprise me if he had a gaggle of giggling girls owing him around. He's at that age where he might be tempted to learn about his body, I a girl, but something tells me, he's not going to be a ladies' man, maybe some trial and ›r for a

few years, but then become like his brother and father, a kind, softy, that respects a man, more than uses her.

ink of Storm, and how he blew into my life like a knight in shining armour. At first, I ught it was all pity and a hero image, that he wanted to protect the damsel in distress. He d he wanted more, but I still had doubts about the true reason behind his feelings for me.

But watching and thinking about Razor, and what my opinion of how Razor was becoming a fine young man, no huge ego, had me thinking of Storm and Tank. Tank loves Fixer, their love was as obvious as we need air to breathe. Storm's mannerisms and looks are almost a carbon copy of Tank's. Can't say mini Tank, because they are the same height, both huge, giants. But both have the calm way about them, assessing before acting.

In the short time I have been living here, I have never seen either of them lose their temper. Or show signs of violence against their own. I don't doubt they wouldn't hesitate to give someone who's not family a bloody nose if needed, but it wouldn't be because they lost control, or because they were angry and needed to let off steam on someone. They don't do violence for violence's sake; it's controlled, calm, and calculated. That's what I see; there might be more to it behind the scenes. If the family were in danger, they would react, just like I did to protect Grams. All these security men about the place are here to do the protecting, so they don't need to fight unnecessarily, but I am not fooled; they can defend and protect. I have seen Tank and Storm in the training room; they don't go easy on each other. I flinched each time I heard the skin contact; they don't hold back. I push that memory behind me and try to stay focused on the kids as they talk animatedly about the day.

My bladder tells me it needs emptying, and for some reason, it doesn't feel right asking the young ones for help. I was about to ask Penny if she could locate Storm when he walked into the room, scanning me up and down to make sure I was okay.

Why I raised my arms like a child, I have no clue, but I reached out for Storm to take me to the bathroom. His face almost made me laugh when I suggested he carry me. I was worried too much movement would make me lose control of my overfull bladder, and Storm was good at keeping me still, safe, and warm in his arms.

A BBQ sounded nice. I've become aware of my lack of helping out now and then; going from being the one to do all the work to almost none at all was harder than I had expected. It was ingrained in me to clean up and do kitchen duties. The only time I felt useful was when they asked me to decrypt those files. For me, that was basic stuff. I was already almost done with my studies, with all this time on my hands, thinking about two more modules to think about, and it's done, I have been getting praises from my teacher, and online school, with extra work. sent to me, more advanced work, I think I would make a great hacker if I wanted to. It was like second nature to me; reading the code was like reading a book. It was no longer a jigsaw puzzle, with no understanding of the outcome till it was put together, and no guide to show you the result.

I needed to feel useful.

Storm left me on a chair and headed to gather food for himself. As much as I want something more, I am still on soft foods. Dotty arrived with my meds and left after watching me take them, then joined in the BBQ and fun. I feel guilty that she has to watch over me so much. Dotty should be enjoying her friends, not keeping an eye on me. Fixer was next, coming out with a large bowl of chicken stew, something with small soft chunks, as my body started to accept the food. Storm had enough food to feed three people, and I marvelled at how the men in this family could eat so much. Tank and Razor's plates were just as full.

It was an easy night; they made a fuss over Razor, the trophy on a table, taking pride and place. He earned all the attention he was getting. Someone mentioned a scout in the stands; they were known to show up at any time and single out guys they thought had talent. Razor oozes it; it was just his sheer size, but his skill on the ice, and Razor's ability to read the game, never being afraid to get in the thick of it, his hand-eye skills were excellent.

"Cloe, how come you are good with computers, but know nothing about a phone?" Penny asked with her outside voice, and all at the table suddenly looked up at me.

"The phone was my sister's. When it received a cracked screen, Dad gave it to me, and it was only good for taking calls; I couldn't even make one on it. I could choose the music to play on it, but that was about it, and it never interested me enough to take it apart. Don't think my dad would appreciate that," I replied with a shrug. How could I tell an innocent girl who has loving parents that my fear of my father outweighed investigating a phone he gave me, just so he could call whenever he wanted, and demand I come home, for whatever reason? More often than not, it was to come clean, cook something because he had guests coming, or because he wanted someone to hit.

"We have some old out-of-date phones. You should pull them apart and investigate the coding on them. You might be surprised what a phone can actually do." Penny continued, not knowing she had just opened a can of worms that I didn't want opened. Penny left the table, dragging Razor with her, to talk about the next game and what he might like for her pompom or a banner of some kind. Her endless energy was exhausting.

"You never pulled apart a phone? Not even one of your sisters, old ones?" Tank asked, he was sitting opposite me, and was nearly finished with his plate, while Zoro and Storm had left to refill theirs.

"I was never allowed a phone, it was only because my sister wanted me to come do her hair, or something for a party she was going out to, that Dad decided I needed a phone, and I gained her old broken one, with all the apps removed, only the song play list was left, and Dad's and Mia's number listed. He would check my phone each week to ensure I wasn't using it to chase boys, or download apps to have fun, so no, I wasn't game to try and check out the phones. I know a bit about them; it was covered in my course, but I

didn't really take it all in, just enough to pass that section and move on. It's not like I had a physical phone to pull apart at the time and see what the course notes were saying." I shrugged, it was no big deal, I hadn't done much with the new phone, most likely because of the fear of it being checked up on, which was silly, I can't see this family doing that, but it's stuck in my head, not to touch,

"We have a whole box of old phones, some still work. I will bring it to your office, and you can play to your heart's content. Learn all about the phone's workings, who knows, you might be able to make a super strong phone with all the parts." Tank smiled, having just given me a gift. I guess in some ways they had, but it still gave me the chills down my spine at the thought of pulling phones apart, after all the beatings I had to convince me never to do that.

I stared at him, in shock, they would let me pull apart phones?

My face must have shown my shock, because Tank started to chuckle, along with Fixer.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 256[1,634 words]

Storm POV

The night was to celebrate Razor, and he beamed with pride at all the praise, and so he should. He might get a university placement, with his ability, but I won't jump too far ahead; he needs to enjoy the journey, without the pressure of his future. Dad mentioned talent scouts in the place, and he half expects to get a call about Razor, most likely offer him a chance to play with the minor teams, or even train with the big leagues.

Coming back with another plate of food and some ice cream for Cloe. I get the impression something was discussed that weighs heavily on her; she didn't have that spark in her eyes that she had when I left the table, and I looked at Mum and Dad suspiciously. Dad raised his hand defensively, and Mum shrugged. Neither gave a hint of what just went down. Seeing her loss of spark brought my mood down, and now I am concerned for Cloe. Our tech guy arrived to return Cloe's phone.

"Thank you," Cloe said, but it didn't sound like she was happy to have the phone back. Cloe placed it on the table in front of her, like it was hot, and didn't want it near her. I frowned.

"What did the phone do? Is it hot?" I asked, reaching out to touch it. Nope, not hot.

"We just found out that Cloe was never allowed to use the old broken phone, or get punished." Mum filled me in, and I wondered again what had triggered that conversation.

“We are giving her a box of old unused phones for her to pull apart and look at the coding, and how it works, which might help with her studies, as phones are slightly different to computers,” Dad adds, it still didn’t clear all my doubts, however I didn’t want to push it, in case it upsets Cloe more than she was already upset.

“Do you need anything, Cloe?” I asked after I polished off my second plate of food, and downed another coffee.

“I am tired, can you take me to bed?” That sounded nice, but I know she didn’t mean it the way it sounded. Dad chuckled, with a knowing smile, and Mum rolled her eyes.

I collected Cloe, her arms instantly went around my neck, and after saying goodnight, she nestled her head into my chest as I walked upstairs to our room. Cloe was asleep before I made it to our bedroom; she was so drained. I did what I had been doing the past few days, and changed her into her night clothes, and she didn’t awaken once. I know Dotty had given Cloe her meds earlier, so maybe this deep sleep was from a long day and the meds combined. Took a long shower, as I thought of today, and her father at the game, which was unsettling for all of us, but more so for Cloe. Could that be a trigger for how she was at the table? No. If Cloe were upset over that, she would have looked glum all afternoon; no, this was something more. Finding no answers in the shower, I dried off and climbed in behind her.

Before I knew it, my phone was ringing, and it was already eight o’clock. Cloe was still nestled in at my side, still fast asleep.

“Hello.” I greeted, not checking who was calling.

“Thought you were coming to the meeting.” Dad’s voice floated over the phone; in the background, I could hear lots of voices.

“Shiet, sorry, slept in, give me twenty.” I wake Cloe, get her dressed and downstairs, place her in the wheelchair, as agreed, and with toast in my hand, rush out the door, leaving Cloe to get her own breakfast. I can’t believe I slept in. Cloe was great, didn’t complain or make a fuss, just accepted what was going on, and left me to do my thing.

The meeting hadn’t started, as a few stragglers were still arriving. I grabbed a plate of food and sat near Zero. He was busy on his phone. Dad was out front, being VP. He has a lot of responsibility. Prez and Dad work well as a team; I have rarely seen them disagree, not when it comes to the club. I was slightly surprised that Zero wasn’t up there. Maybe this didn’t involve an enforcer.

“Settle down.” Dad’s voice boomed out across the room. The room quietened quickly, all eyes to the front, waiting for Prez to talk.

“As you all might already know, a young lass called Cloe was in an unfortunate accident at our show and shine. That brought the eyes of the world to our town, but for the wrong

reasons. However, it has come to our attention that Cloe's father is a known troublemaker and is associated with drugs and guns. Mr Dawson and his wingmen have been spotted in our town a lot since that accident, and it was not to help his daughter; if anything, his daughter, Cloe, is in danger. Mr Dawson won't hesitate to take his own daughter out if given the chance. I also believe he is trying to get a foothold in our town, and I find that unacceptable. Floors open for discussion."

Drugs?

Guns?

Not in our town.

Out to kill Cloe.

Not on my watch.

The room got loud as we all agreed that Mr Dawson was not allowed to gain a foothold and that we should protect Cloe. Why he hates her so much is beyond me. Many suggestions were thrown around the room. We are united in our focus; some ideas sound good, others are not something we want to do. Yet.

"Can we take them out?" It was one wild suggestion. In theory, it sounds good, but realistically, it might not be that easy. He's well known, so he would be noticed if he suddenly disappeared. That would not look good for our town; he would need to disappear somewhere. else, and away from us.

"Does the girl know much?" Someone asked, and I wanted to punch him so badly, 'the girl', she has a name, dip wit.

"Cloe? No, she's been the victim of abuse for years, but the other sister, that might be something different, and our way in. Zero, gather some men, and bring her in. Meeting over." It was a short meeting, two hours, short for us, and not a lot of answers, but some.

This was going to get messy; I can feel it.

Slowly, I leave the clubhouse, not liking the way my day has started. My poor girl. Her life is in danger from her own father, which sucks.

Do I tell her?

Does she know about his drugs and guns?

I don't think so, not from what I have heard so far.

“Dad,” I called out as we reached the gate, but hadn’t gone through yet, and both of us were deep in thought. Dad stopped and waited for me to reach him.

“Storm.” He looked at me with concern.

“Cloe has a brother, left home after a mighty fight with his Dad, can we contact him, bring him here?” Dad scratches his beard as he thinks, a habit of his that I have begun to.

“Uncle Simon was looking into the family and the grandparents. Let’s find out what he found out before we bring anyone here.”

“Can we do that now?” I pushed as we walked through the gate and locked it behind us.

“Sure, Uncle Simon was going to visit today; he might even be in his chopper right now.” I was eager to get more information, and if the Grandparents and Brother are not linked in any way to the father’s illegal activities, then reuniting Cloe with them might be a good thing. I can’t tell her yet, need more facts first, and find out if they want to meet up with Cloe.

Stride for stride, we walked together to the house, talking about the grandparents and what we knew so far, what little bits that Cloe had revealed, which wasn’t much. Think half the time

she has no clue; the other half, she’s too scared to speak. Dad opened the door to his office, and we entered, closing the door behind us. but not locking it, pulled out his phone and dialled Uncle Simon’s number.

“Tank, what’s up?” He answered on the first ring.

“When will you be here?” Dad answers, both with no preamble.

“After lunch?” Uncle Simon sounds distracted.

“Cloe’s dad is into guns and drugs, trying to bring them into our town. He and his buddies have been seen around town a lot, and he was at Razor’s ice hockey game. This was not a coincidence. He’s giving us a message loud and clear.”

“Got it, what do you want from me?”

“Have you received the report on the Grandparents and brother yet. Thinking if they are not

involved, and could reunite them with Cloe.”

“Yes, all clear, none of them has been in contact with Mr Dawson in years and has kept their distance from him, the brother is a lawyer now, the grandparent retired to a holiday

home near the ocean. I agree, the idea of getting them together sounds good. Do you want me to handle the initial contact?”

“Yep, sounds good. Also, when these four leave our town, can you get your men to tail them? I think they need to visit the mulch and fertiliser factory when they are out of town. Unsure how soon that could happen, but think that’s the best solution.”

“On it. Anything else?”

“No, will see you for dinner.” Dad hung up, and we stared at each other for some time.

“Don’t tell Cloe till we have something positive to tell her,” I suggested, and I was glad the day was getting better. I had no issue with Dad wanting that man to become fertiliser, which will save a lot of kids from drugs and keep guns off our streets.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 257[1,432 words]

Cloe POV

It wasn’t so difficult to make my own breakfast; the cook had left plenty here for us to keep us going over the weekend. Apparently, the cook and staff get the weekends off unless something special is going on. My stomach is a lot better today, already not feeling so tight. Not like yesterday, when I could have cried almost every time I moved. I also want something more than soup. Today, Doctor Jaqueline will come to check my wounds and discuss some light exercise. She would be here in about two hours. I took my meds and started to clean the kitchen. There wasn’t much to do; each one cleaned up after themselves. Fixer has them all well-trained. I emptied the dishwasher, put away what I could reach, and left the rest on the bench for when an able-bodied person arrives.

Wheeled myself to the office, sat before my computer, and began my module. If all goes well today, I might get another one completed, leaving only one to go. I am super excited to finish it. The professor was impressed with my work and asked me to complete some additional coding assignments. I love to code, one of our assignments was to try and break into a secure system, I picked the Airforce, and was surprised that I had managed to break the code. and get in, took screen shots and added them to my assignment, got a call for the professor, that I had top marks, and the Airforce wanted to meet me. I was worried I was in trouble, but apparently, they like having their systems hit by students so they can improve. I was the first to break their firewalls in nearly ten years; I was super proud. Not that I could share that with anyone.

It wasn’t long, and I forwarded my assignment. It was super easy, and I started on my final module. I read through it quickly and then started to answer the questions, which weren’t that hard. There were multiple-choice questions, and you chose the right answer.

If you read the work, the answers were easy, so I posted that too. I was officially finished with my course, fourteen months early.

A box of phones was sitting on the table to the left, and I hadn't noticed it till now. I wheeled myself over and started to sort through them. There were all sorts of brands. I began to wonder how different each might be, so I selected one of each, laid them out on the table, rolled myself to my desk, and removed a little toolbox that was perfect for pulling computers apart and should suit phones.

I labelled each phone and grabbed small containers to put the parts in, and systematically pulled them apart. Time flew by, as I got lost in what I was doing. It was interesting what made the phones work. I then put them all back together again, then checked the coding on them; they only had small differences, and I was surprised how much memory they had, a mini computer in your hand. Not all the phones were that good, but most were, and the

camera's were amazing, there was two brands, whose camera was better then, many single purpose cameras, meaning they were built to be a camera, yet this one, I had in my hand, had a great camera, an app that let you make changes to the pictures, and saved them, it was better then many cameras that I have seen, in photography class. I was so focused on the phone that I forgot about the time, which had gone by in half an hour, and it took over an hour. The loud knock on the door made me jump in surprise.

I wheeled myself over and opened the door; I didn't remember closing it to come face to face with an angry-looking doctor.

"Did you forget your appointment with me today? Wheel yourself out of here and get this done. I don't have all day waiting for you to be ready. You should be waiting for me, not the other way around." She turned on her heels and marched back in the direction of the room we use for me to be examined, a mini doctor's room, so to speak, or sick bay, as Penny calls it.

"Get on the bed." I wheeled over to the bed, feeling small, and fighting tears. This was the worst treatment I've had since coming here, and I don't like this doctor. Dotty arrived as I was attempting to get into bed; it was painful trying, and my stomach was hurting a lot.

"Jaqueline, what are you doing? You want Cloe to open all those internal stitches?" Dotty growled angrily at the doctor as she helped me onto the bed.

"Don't like it, get another doctor." I have no idea what's going on, and I don't like it.

"Leave," Dotty ordered. The doctor looked at her for a moment, assessing, then at me, sighed and left.

"What happened? She was lovely before." I asked, unable to stop the tears from falling.

“No idea. Let’s check your wound and get you back in your chair, and I will make some calls.” Dotty removed the bandage, checked the stitches, and pressed lightly on my stomach before rebandaging me and helping me back into the wheelchair.

“Do you need anything for pain?” Dotty asked softly, concern in her eyes.

“No, you arrived in time. The doctor was so rude.” I was still shaken up by the experience.

“Go back to what you were doing, and I will come check on you shortly, or maybe go have lunch.” I looked at my phone; it was after one o’clock, and time had flown by.

“I will get some more soup, hope I can go to something better soon,” I mumbled as I wheeled myself towards the kitchen.

“You can have soft foods, so mashed potatoes, and gravy, that sort of thing, no chunky meats yet.”

“Sausages? Bacon?” I joked, knowing the answer before Dotty answered.

“Definitely not.” Dotty chuckled, the tension gone.

Back in the office, I thought about the doctor’s change and pulled out my phone. The meeting was over at the clubhouse, and Storm should have been back by now. Was he here or gone out? It wasn’t my business if he went out; he’s not answerable to me. I sent Tank a text message in case Storm was out and about.

“Can you investigate the doctor? We have just kicked her out for being rude and almost causing me damage.” I read it twice before pushing send.

Tank was at my door in an instant.

“Tell me what happened, and where’s Dotty?”

“Dotty has gone to make some calls, I guess to get a replacement.” I then explained how rude the doctor was and what the doctor wanted me to do. Against all the instructions I had so far, climbing on that bed would have caused not only pain, but also possible internal damage, and Dotty arriving in time to stop me from climbing on unaided.

Storm must have been in the hallway because he was swearing like a trooper, and I think he hit the wall with his fist.

“Leave it with me. Storm comes in here, and close the door.” Storm stomped in, slammed the door, and watching him made me cower. I knew he wasn’t angry at me, but I couldn’t stop myself, a reflex action, from too many times my father acted just like that. I must have whimpered, because Storm turned to look at me, and his eyes widened, and he started to move to me, but I moved back into my chair, instinctively.

Storm stopped and stared, his face chagrined.

“I would never hurt you, Cloe.” That didn’t stop my shaking or the fear running through me.

“Sit, we need to fill Cloe in, whether we like it or not. This has become too dangerous,” Tank added, urging Storm to sit and not approach me.

“We believe your father’s trying to harm you, possibly kill you. We also believe that the accident that took your legs was not an accident, but the driver paid to take you out. Your father hadn’t planned on Storm to arrive and save you. We haven’t worked out why he wants you dead. Did you know that your father was supplying drugs and guns?” Wanting me dead was not a surprise; he had often said one day he would end my life, and I believed him.

“Can I show you something?” My voice is soft and shaky. Tank nodded. I turned to open my laptop, found a spreadsheet I was looking for, and turned my computer screen around.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 258[1,469 words]

Storm POV

Dad and I were deep in discussing what to do about Cloe’s Dad and his associates. The club members were angry, furious; none of us wanted another drug lord trying to make our town his home. We have sent what we know so far to Alan so he can start an investigation on his end. If he can, Alan might need more than what we have to start one; we have nothing concrete to give him.

His phone pinged, and he lifted it to read the message. A few choice words left his mouth as Dad stood up and left the office, not knowing what was going on. I jumped up, rushed to catch up, and stopped dead when he entered my office. What I heard made my blood boil. Did that demon get hold of our doctor and somehow convince her to harm Cloe?

Dad called me in and started to question Cloe. The last thing I expected was to see that Cloe had documented evidence, enough to put the man behind bars for several years.

“When I was doing a module for a course, it wanted us to try and break a firewall, start with something simple, to learn how firewalls work and react to someone trying to break in. I chose my Dad’s computer. I waited for Dad to say something after I had broken in, but he didn’t know I had slipped past his security. So I went in again, and what I found, I knew this was my ticket away from him. I downloaded it all to my computer. I wanted to have something to protect me one day. I planned to leave home when I turned eighteen, get as far away as I could get from him and my sister, possibly hunt down my mother’s

parents, because they were always good to me, and if possible, my brother.” Cloe was stronger than I thought. I had underestimated her; she was smart, cunning, and beautiful.

Dad got on his phone.

“Alan, can you come over?”

“Yes, if you can.”

“Thanks.”

Dad dialled another number.

“How soon can you get here?”

“Good, come to Storm and Cloe’s office when you land.”

“Alan will be here in fifteen minutes, Uncle Simon should be here in five. Then we can discuss all this.”

“Alan, that’s the police headman?” Cloe asked worriedly.

“Yes.”

“Will I be in trouble for taking this? It’s like stealing, yes?” Poor Cloe, she looked terrified.

“Did your father ever let you touch his computer?” I asked, trying to get closer to Cloe, but she was not ready to let me near her.

“Yes, he knew I was studying computers, and he got a virus. He asked me to fix it because he didn’t want to pay someone to do it. That was about six months before I took this “information from his computer, and since that first time, I have broken into his computer

once a month to update my information. He had changed his firewall a few times, since the virus, but I could easily break in each time.” Wow, stingy man, having his daughter do the work. Good for us, though.

“Then you are not in trouble, he asked, giving you permission to be on his computer, that’s all we need to know,” Dad reassured Cloe. Soon, the sound of the chopper arriving could be heard by all of us through the open window. Cloe likes to have the window open when she’s working during the day in here, and I didn’t mind the soft breeze that blew in from time to time.

Uncle Simon walked in, a huge smile on his face when he looked at Cloe.

“You look a hell of a lot better than the last time I saw you, my girl.” Uncle Simon moved quickly to give her a hug and a quick kiss on the cheek.

“Thanks, I wasn’t at my best last time.” Cloe chuckled back.

“What’s the rush? Something happened?” Uncle Simon settled in a chair after greeting Dad and me. His briefcase was at his feet.

“Alan will be here shortly. While we wait, you can look at this.” Dad turned the computer for Uncle Simon to take a look; his eyes widened, and he whistled. Move forward, and his fingers flew over the keyboard, so fast that it would make a secretary jealous.

Alan arrived, and he too had a quick look at what Cloe had on her computer.

“You got this legally?” Alan asked as he used the mouse to look at the dropdown information. Dad explained how it ended up on Cloe’s computer, and Alan was more than satisfied that the information was legally obtained, since her father had asked her to work on his computer. It might be borderline, but he was willing to risk it.

We tried to make everything look like things were going to progress legally, and that we weren’t going to take matters into our own hands, but if the opportunity arose, we would take it, and that man would disappear. He was a big threat to our family, and what I consider mine.

We discussed how to proceed. Alan was eager to get it started. He was worried about guns arriving in town and kids getting their hands on them. Angry teenagers can be volatile and dangerous with guns in their hands. Add drugs to that, and our town will be a nightmare. It’s nothing new; all teenagers go through a rebellious stage, and some act out worse than others. Our town has a lot of activities for the young, but even with all that, they still get angry and want to fight. We can do little to stop angry kids who are kids in adult bodies, and their hormones are running riot, emotions are on tinder dry ground, and a small spark sets them off. Whether it’s against other kids, parents, or siblings, it can be anything; they feel everyone is against them, and angry outbursts are the result. Even kids from the rich side of town act out rashly and think money will get them out of trouble. In many cases, it might, but not when it comes to drugs and guns. Alan won’t let that sort of behaviour be swept under the carpet, regardless of how rich you are.

“Thanks for the thumb drive. Time for me to get going, need to get home early today, have an anniversary dinner, and if I am late, my goose is cooked. My lovely wife puts up with a lot, but not on these special occasions.” We said our goodbyes, and Alan hurried away, a spring in his step. It’s good to see him so happy.

“Uncle Simon, are you staying for dinner?” Cloe asked softly. She was no longer shaking, but hadn’t given me any indication of whether she’d forgiven me yet. I scared her in the worst possible way; I never intended for her ever to have a reason to be afraid of me.

“Yes, I planned to stay about a week, maybe more. What I need to do, I can do from here for now.” He moved to lift Cloe out of her chair, and she let him. Cloe’s hand went around his neck, and she nestled into his chest.

“Come, dinner must be ready by now.” Uncle Simon gave me a wink and, to my astonishment, carried Cloe past me and out the door.

“Close your mouth, son, your chin is almost on the ground.” I snapped my mouth shut as Dad walked out the door, chuckling to himself.

Cloe was sitting in a chair beside Uncle Simon. The only chair I could get close to Cloe was too far away; two chairs between me and me, it was like the family was doing this deliberately, although not really, if you looked, they were in their normal seating, except Uncle Simon, who was sitting where I would sit. I could pick Cloe up and sit her on my knee, but because of how she backed away from me in the office, I didn’t want that to happen here, so I took a seat across from her, so I could at least look at her.

Cloe looked at me, frowned, and then turned back to Uncle Simon. They were talking happily to each other, and my jealous streak rose a notch. That Uncle Simon was getting all her attention.

To my surprise, Cloe put mashed potatoes, pumpkin, and carrots on her plate and covered them with gravy. I looked over at Dotty. Dotty didn’t appear to be worried about Cloe’s food choices, so I guess that’s okay for her to progress with that sort of food. She had joined us at the table along with Grampa Savage. With Uncle Simon here, everyone wants to be nearby to hear any news he might have for us. He was full of stories of the world, and could keep us all glued as he told his wondrous tales.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 259[1,593 words]

Cloe POV

When Alan said all was good and that I wouldn’t be in trouble for accessing the information, I was so relieved; I thought I would be going to jail for stealing or something. I don’t think the jail would help my legs much. A convicted criminal might not get the same medical treatment as a free woman, would they? I don’t know and don’t want to test it out. I don’t mind admitting I was scared; it was a risk to show them what I had stored, but it felt right at the same time.

I had to giggle when Uncle Simon lifted me and then proceeded to carry me to the table. Storm’s face was priceless; it was a mixture of shock and hurt. Uncle Simon had never done this before, but I wasn’t going to say no. We have been building a good relationship,

and Uncle Simon said he had a surprise for me after dinner. I was eager to see it. My mind raced at what it could be.

I took Dotty's words to heart and loaded my plate with soft vegetables and no meat; the only flavouring of meat I had was the beef gravy, and that was more than enough for me. I ate with gusto, enjoying it more than I thought I would. The mashed potatoes were soft and fluffy, the pumpkin was well-pumpkin, not much I can say about them, and the carrots were possibly too hard to be considered soft, so I chewed them longer, hoping to turn them into mush before swallowing. It was the best meal since the accident. Yes, I had some good meals, but for some reason this simple fair appealed to me.

Storm kept staring at me, and then at my food, and then at Dotty; he was confused by my food choice. It was funny to see him sitting opposite me, but it was nice to see his face. I am not scared of him, but I was surprised at his anger, and that worried me. It caused triggers, which are too soon to lose, if ever. Later, I might explain my reaction, but not now at the dinner table.

Uncle Simon carried me to the lounge when the meal was over, leaving Storm to clean up the kitchen. He grumbled and mumbled the whole time, as he headed into the kitchen, looking back at me, as if pleading for me to come and help, but I was having too much fun stirring him up, with Uncle Simon to help out, of course, it was his idea. We were in the lounge. Storm had returned and sat close to me when I heard the sound of the chopper overhead. I was not used to hearing them so close. Uncle Simon stood up.

"Excuse me. That chopper arriving was by my request." Uncle Simon left, leaving me talking with Penny about the next ice hockey competition, and what she was planning, even had made a new cheer for the day, or is it a night game this time? I don't remember, but it was nice that life was still moving on, and didn't stop because of the threats on our lives.

Uncle Simon returned, followed by?

No, it can't be.

Yes, it is.

"Grandma?" I called out in doubt that I was seeing right. How could they be here? I must be daydreaming.

"Grandpa?" Appeared behind Grandma, his face bright and cheerful, his eyes sparkling with joy.

"Richard? Is that you?" Am I dreaming, or are they really here?

"RICHAAARD!" His face burst into tears of regret.

They are here, my goodness, they are here.

I screamed out to them again, when they walked closer, huge smiles on their faces, as they rushed over to me. Penny and Storm moved to give room for my family. Richard reached me first, having moved faster than Grandma in his excitement. A group hug started, and tears ran down my cheeks. I looked at the three of them, and they, too, had tears in their eyes.

“We didn’t know about your accident.” Grandma started at the same time Grandpa said. “We

would have been here sooner had we known. We are not that far away, just one town over. You were so close all this time, and we didn’t know.” As Richard also spoke, “We heard about the accident on the news, but didn’t know it was you.” The three of them were all talking at once. I was too busy crying with joy to say much, but I still managed to hear every word.

When we broke apart so I could get a good look at them, Grandma was the same, maybe a few more grey hairs, although I won’t tell her that. Grandpa looked tired. Richard was bigger, as if he had been working out a lot.

“Wow, it’s so good to see you. I was going to try and find you when I was better.” I sobbed out, between short breaths.

“Simon came to us and arranged this. We were shocked at first, as we had never met the man before, and I got to fly in a helicopter for the first time in my life.” Grandma’s eyes lit up, her smile brightened, and Grandpa chuckled. He probably will never hear the end of it. I looked over at Uncle Simon, who was watching the whole interaction with Storm and Tank. Fixer had left to arrange drinks and something for our visitors, Penny was crying, and Razor was grinning, while little Simon watched with fascination.

“Thank you, Uncle Simon, best gift ever.” I beamed, he nodded with a smile, and I turned my attention back to my family.

“Tell us about what’s been going on, Simon said a little, but enough to convince us you needed a hug.” Richard pushed. I didn’t want to waste their visit on history, but Richard wouldn’t let it go, so I filled them in on how my life had been since he left. Tears flowed from Grandma as I spoke. Grandpa stiffened as some of the worst parts were mentioned, and Richard held me to him, rocking me back and forth, like he did when I was little, taking Mum’s place when she had died.

“That’s enough bad stuff for tonight. It’s getting late, and Cloe needs to rest.” Storm came and picked me up after I kept yawning.

“Don’t worry, dear, we shall continue this talk tomorrow. Tank and Fixer had kindly offered us guest rooms to stay a few days, or longer; we’ll see how things go.” Grandpa

gave me a kiss on the forehead, and another group hug with all of us, before Storm walked briskly out the door and up to our room. I stripped off and managed to put on my PJ's. I was getting better at this. Storm helped me get under the covers, not quite ready to bend forward and pull them up, my tummy too tender, but I feel with all this good nourishment and meds, I am healing quicker than when I was beaten up.

I lay back, content, my mind racing at seeing my family, and they are just over an hour away, not in the direction of Dad's place, but the other way, towards the ocean. They said they had a cottage by the sea. It never occurred to me that they were that close to me now.

The bed dipped as Storm climbed in beside me, pulling me closer to him and nuzzling my hair.

"You happy to see them?" Storm's question broke the silence in the room.

"Very much so. It's been at least four, possibly five years since I had seen them; they have changed yet at the same time, are the same, if that makes any sense."

"Yeah, I get it. We talked about finding them and bringing them here yesterday, but Uncle Simon was one step ahead of us. Instead of saying he was already arranging the reunion, he kept us in the dark, giving us the surprise along with you. Only mum knew, and she said. nothing to any of us. Mind you, we never talked much about all that's going on with mum; she does her own thing, quietly in the background. Mum has a lot of power at her fingertips, but rarely uses it. I think Uncle Simon, Mum, and Grampa Savage came up with the idea to bring them here, and it wouldn't surprise me if Richard ends up working with Mum. Tandy has been looking for a new lawyer, and Richard might fit that position nicely. I believe one day, Little Simon will be a lawyer of something in that line, as he likes to investigate and watch people a lot, which would make mum and dad proud, and bring him into the family business in that capacity. We have enough people who have done the business courses. Time we had an accountant and lawyer in the mix." I yawned again, and Storm sighed. I think he wanted to talk, but I was too far gone to think straight.

The warmth of his body, the protective strength of Storm's arms, and the gently way he didn't try to push for something more, that I could feel, he was hard against my hip, it was tempting to see if I could take him, to be my first, but I doubt my stomach would let me do much, and I wasn't ready to try, not tonight, but it had been on my mind a lot, since he named me as his girlfriend, that's what was expected in this type of relationship, yes? Darkness consumed me, leaving me with thoughts of what could be.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 260[1,570 words]

Storm POV

Kitchen duty, it was the last thing I wanted to do today. I needed to make up for what I did to Cloe so she wouldn't truly be scared of me. My heart broke when she saw how angry I was, and fear flashed in her eyes. Hoping to convince her that I wasn't angry at her, but at the situation, and yeah, everything that she had gone through, more than one person should, but I intend to make her life a whole lot better now that I have told her she's mine. Alone in the kitchen, with my thoughts, not all good ones. Scenario after scenario of how to fix this, how to make her feel better and closer, and to accept that, yeah, I do have a temper, but it rises slowly and would never be directed at her.

Satisfied that the kitchen was clean enough, I moved to join them in the lounge. Penny and Razor were on either side of Cloe when I entered. Razor looked up and nodded, moving so I could sit beside her. 'Good man.' I thought, roughing his hair as I passed by him. Cloe didn't shy away from me when I sat beside her, listening to Penny rave on about her plans for the next competition, and what she wanted to do with the tryouts, which Little Simon was going to, for football. He was the only one who didn't play ice hockey; he wanted to do something different, not follow his brother's footsteps. We all played football at school as youngsters until we reached upper school, then we had choices. Ice hockey was not an option in primary school; they believed the children's bodies were not ready for that sort of punishment, which confused me, because we can play football, and that's just as hard on the body.

The chopper came in, and Uncle Simon left to greet the visitors. I gave mum a look that asked her what was going on. She shrugged and gave me a winning smile. Dad looked as confused as I did. So only mum was involved in whatever was going to happen. When the visitors started to enter, Cloe started screaming out their names.

I got up, and so did Penny, so they could be close to her. I had a tear run down my cheek as they hugged and talked over each other. You'd have to be a robot not to feel some emotion about what was happening in the room right then. The worry of Cloe being afraid of me faded into the background as the room listened to Cloe explain what had been happening to her at the place that was called her home, since Richard had left. Gasps of shock, more tears, as she answered question after question, and I learned more in those few hours than I had since I met her last month. A month hadn't realised that much time had gone by; it went fast. Her stumps were looking less ugly blue, but still very much discoloured and swollen.

When Cloe started to yawn, my protective side took over, and I swooped in, taking her away from family and to bed.

She was able to undress and dress herself now; those stitches will come out sometime next week, and hopefully, more exercise, Cloe had been trying to do, when she thought no one would notice. Cloe has a new doctor, who appears to be nice. I am not happy that it was a male doctor touching her, but Dad said that it will pass, as I get used to it after I claim her, and trust that Cloe will ask for help if the doctor does anything inappropriate. Trust that's my big issue, I trust very few people outside our inner circle around her, and after what Dr Jacqueline tried to do, just for money, it made my trust drop even further. Jacqueline has been stripped of her medical license and won't be able to find work in our

town again. Her name's mud here. Hope it was worth it for her to lose so much. Did Jacqueline think she would get away with it? If Dotty hadn't come in when she did, Cloe would have been in a lot of pain. Would Cloe have said anything? These were the kind of questions I had floating around in my head, and I couldn't get rid of them. They kept coming back, like an annoying song that keeps humming away in your head.

Cloe was asleep quickly, as I thought she would. It had been a long day, and it ended with excitement and a flood of emotions. She would be drained both emotionally and physically, which I hope means she won't have a nightmare tonight, triggered by the conversation of her past with her family.

Cloe groaned and sat up, moving out of my arms, causing me to wake instantly.

"Bathroom." She groaned softly, nudging me on the shoulder. I had kept her wheelchair away from the bed until Cloe gets the go-ahead from Dotty that she can try again on her own, which will be next week, but nothing too hard, like chair nice and close, and not from the floor. Wheelchair to bed, or a lounge chair, less muscle work or something like that. Cloe will start with heavier weights, too.

Cloe called out, asking if we could shower. I would put a plastic wrap around her waist, keeping the stitches dry, and place her on the seat in the shower. She likes to wash herself now, with me washing her back and her hair. For some reason, she loves it when I wash her hair. I decided to join her; she was used to seeing me naked, since that was the only way to give her a shower. I could have left my boxers on, but I didn't think of it until it was too late. Cloe was better when I walked around with nothing on. I didn't even think sometimes, just did what I always did, and then when I saw Cloe's face, I realise what I had done, now she barely blinks. Progress.

After the shower, I left Cloe on the bed, collected the clothes she had asked for, and got dressed myself. She chose a dress today, with leggings, that would have stopped at mid-calf, but as she doesn't have those, she folds the ends neatly, and puts a butterfly clasp on it, to hold the fold in place, it looks nice, can't wait for her to have legs, so she doesn't look sad, when she sees her stumps.

The dinning room was lively, with her grandparents here and her brother, lots of questions. were bounced around, the table was extended out, to accommodate the extra people, I love that table, it has the ability to extend out to hold thirty people, it feels a little crowded when we have that many in here, but it was always fun, and lots of laughs. Grandpa Savage and Dotty were at the table too, wanting to meet Cloe's family. I guess we shall be seeing a lot of them, now that they know where we live, and not that long a drive. Might plan a bike ride down to their home for a visit, that might make Cloe's day. Will discuss that possibility later; for now, we have lots to digest with them.

"Cloe, we have another surprise for you." Dad said, then turned to me, "Son, follow me."

I collected Cloe, and we all walked out to see what surprise Dad had for Cloe. We entered a back shed that Mum has been busy cleaning and sorting through, a shed we hadn't done much with in years.

There in the gleaming light, shining under the spotlight, was a knucklehead Harley-Davidson. Looks like mum had cleaned and polished it.

"My bike!" Cloe screamed out, wiggling with excitement in my arms. I moved forward and placed her on her bike. She leaned forward and cuddled the tank, then pushed herself back up and ran her hands over it.

"Took me years to build this baby, using YouTube and searching parts," Cloe announced with pride.

"You finished it. I remember when you brought it in two boxes of dirty parts. Congratulations, I knew you could do it." Richard praised Cleo, gaining a high-five for his compliment.

"You built this, Cloe?" Her Grandma asked, awe in her voice.

"She did Grandma, I took her to the garage sale, and helped her bring it home, we hid it in a shed Dad never goes in, and helped her find some tools to get her started. Dad gave her nothing, and one of the reasons I left home was because we continually fought over how he treated Mia so much better than Cloe. By the sounds of it, after I left, your life went downhill fast. I hadn't realised I was keeping you from the beatings. I am truly sorry. I had no idea." You could see that Richard meant every word he said.

"It's okay, Richard, I forgave you years ago. Even you, Grandma, Grandpa, I was just glad that you didn't get to see me, after my beatings, it would have made it so much worse. Knowing you could do little to change it, Dad was not likely to give up a free maid." I wanted to go out and beat the man senseless, each time we talked about her life in such cruel hands.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 261[1,492 words]

Cloe POV

Still dreaming. I had to pinch myself when we reached the dinner table, and there was my family sitting there eating. It was hard to believe they were here. That they wanted anything. to do with a failure like me. That's what Dad and Mia called me all the time. After a while, you tend to believe what they say.

Richard remembered my bike, the boxes we brought home, and the many times he said it was impossible to rebuild it. I had nothing but time to rebuild it. When Dad and Mia went on their show-and-shine adventures, it gave me breathing space to heal and do my own thing, and building the bike was my chance for freedom. Each part that got fitted was a step closer to being free, and gave me a sort of satisfaction that nothing else had.

“Simon, we need to talk about moving forward, what to do about my son-in-law, and how the two children feel about it,” Grandpa said, when the hype of the bike faded. Fixer was going to allow me to paint it, and without her intervention, my first attempt at a full-blown paint job, put what I had learned into practice, not that I had done much so far, but Fixer must think! have some talent to let me have a go on my own. I hope. Fixer had joked about repairing it if need be.

“Come to the office, we can talk there.” Storm collected me from the bike and carried me to the office.

“Firstly, let’s go over what we know and what has been put in place first.” Uncle Simon started explaining what I had taken from Dad’s computer, what the police were or might do, and what Uncle Simon and Tank had planned. If the timing was right.

“I always knew that bastaard was an evil man, selling drugs is a terrible thing to do, and to children, getting them hooked and ruining their lives,” Grandma growled out when Uncle Simon seemed to pause in the story.

“Fertiliser sounds too good for him or Mia, a slow, painful death would be better, before turning them into the soil. Even jail’s too good for him; he doesn’t deserve three meals a day and a bed on our tax dollars, for what he has done to Cloe.” Richard added that he had come to sit beside me and was cuddling me from one side and Storm on the other.

“So it’s unanimous, he needs to stop breathing? Uncle Simon needed clarification,

“I don’t care what happens to him or Mia, as long as they are nowhere near me anymore. I don’t want to ever see their faces again,” I mumble, not liking the idea of being involved with their deaths, but happy to never see them again. I was having conflicting feelings about this.

They were still family, and in a weird kind of way, I did care about them. Someone suggested that it was because of all the abuse, like a victim becomes attached to their attacker. It makes no sense. I don’t feel that’s the case with me. I loathe the man, but not to the extent that I want to be part of ending his life. That’s not a decision I want to make.

“What about us, my dear? You still want to visit and keep in contact, even if we are part of ending your father’s and sisters’ lives?” Grampa asked, concerned with losing me again.

“I love you all very much and have missed you. I don’t want to know how Father dies, I don’t want to be part of that. I can’t live with myself, hurting anyone, having been hurt so

much myself. I will defend and protect myself. I could never aim a gun and shoot someone. Take a life. So if and when it's done, I guess you can let me know he's gone, but no details, I can live with that." Did that answer the question? I don't know, I am getting all churned up inside, talking about Dad in any context.

"Okay, change of subject, Cloe. I have been thinking about your bike, and if you want, we can look at converting it to a trike, so you can ride it, using hand controls." Fixer bless her knew how to change the subject.

"That sounds wonderful. To be able to still ride would be fantastic." I clapped my hands in joy.

"We can work on it together. I had the tools to manufacture what we need, and can customise it to suit your needs." Fixer sounds as excited about the challenge of modifying the bike as I was.

"I can do the paint work, while you give it training wheels." I joked, gaining a laugh around the room.

"What's the plan with your legs?" Richard asked, looking at my covered stumps.

"I have to go about a year before I can even think about prosthetics. In the meantime, I either use the wheelchair or Storm's legs." I joked again, gaining another chuckle.

"Rehabilitation started?" Grandma was staring at my stumps, worry etched on her face.

"You might be surprised what this little lady can do with her arms. Cloe's not as weak as she may appear. Before she was shot, Cloe was managing quite well getting in and out of her wheelchair." Storm replied for me, with pride, giving me a squeeze.

We talked about the plans moving forward, until I need to learn to walk my new legs, what my training regimen will consist of, and what they would like to do, visiting here and me visiting them, staying over a few days. They needed to put a ramp on the steps, but the back doesn't have steps, so I could enter the house from the rear. It was confusing and conflicting; it was all happening too fast for me to keep up.

"I was planning on taking Cloe for a ride on my bike, and could bring her down to visit soon. Another week or two, and she should be up for the road trip to your place." What? Really?! get to try out that new harness Tank had made to ensure I can stay on the back of the bike, can't wait.

"I'd like that, I miss being on my bike," I admitted honestly. I had wondered what I could do with it until Fixer suggested she would convert it, which made me day, I didn't need to surrender it. Tank suggested a car too, one with hand controls, but that was still a while away, got to be able to get around without help before that happens.

“Then it’s a date, in a couple of weeks, we have a fair on, you can come, and we can go to the fair. Don’t worry, I will get a wheelchair that can stay at our home, so you can get around without having to rely on Storm’s legs all the time.” Grandpa chuckled as Storm gave him a dirty look. I guess he took offence at the ” not needing his legs comment.

It was nice to see my family fit in with Storm’s family, but then in the short time I have lived here, which feels longer than it has been, but in a good way, they have a great family bonding, even their friends are so friendly, and keep any disagreements outside. They have a welcome mat at the door that says. ‘Leave your aggro at this door.’ If you bring it in, they tell you to go out and wipe your feet on the mat. If you can’t remove the aggro, don’t come in, and they live by it.

Richard was extra clingy, hovering close by, watching Storm and me closely, like he was judging Storm’s worthiness to have me on his lap, that this giant of a man wouldn’t harm me. I guess he has trust issues, too. Maybe this family can heal what’s left of mine. I thought Dad had hurt more than me. I might have had both physical and mental abuse, and they also had the mental abuse, forcing them to leave us, me. Their regret for not checking up, for not even trying to get in touch, was hurting them more than it was hurting me. I had reconciled that they couldn’t because of Dad, and I forgave them, and now they need to learn to forgive themselves, because carrying the guilt baggage doesn’t help anyone, and can eat you alive.

The night came to an end far too fast, but promises of staying for maybe a week, and getting to know who I am now, were promised, but that opened a whole new can of worms for me, like, who am I now?

What are my goals, besides walking again?

Do I have any?

Fixer and Tank, even Storm, mentioned working in the family business. Do I want that?

My relationship with Storm was all new, if I take a job with the family and we break up, will I still have a job, do I want one?

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 262[1,488 words]

Storm POV

The day went well. I like her grandparents and brother. I didn’t mind Richard watching me closely; he would be, and should be, wary of me. I am holding his sister, who Richard just learned had a terrible life, after he left. I won’t say abandoned her because he wasn’t to know that his father was going to become the monster her was. I wonder if her father

used the product he sold. Like, was he a junkie of some kind now? High-end user? There are different kinds of drugs he could be using, not just cocaine, morphine or ecstasy, which are the popular ones. It might explain some of his behaviour, the violence, apparently he was a loving, caring father, till his wife died, and the grief turned into something else. Something cruel, something that was deep, controlled, because the outside world never saw that side of him, his close buddies had to, his sister Mabel for sure, but she didn't do anything to stop it, just came and bandaged her up and left.

The more I piece it all together, the angrier I get, and I started to understand what real hate feels like, and what it was doing inside of me, how it was gnawing at me, pushing me to act on it. Dad's calming voice and Mum's knowing looks keep me grounded and resist the urge to act. Of all of us, Mum understood how Cloe was feeling, and when was in the kitchen making drinks for Cloe, Mum pulled me aside.

"Son, don't let it eat you up inside, and change who you are, don't let that man infect you on the inside, meddle with your mind, stay true to the man we all love, and respect. Consider Cloe's feelings compared to how you are feeling. Accept the anger and hurt on Cloe's behalf, and then let it go; don't carry it around. It's not yours to keep. Cloe needs your strength, not just to be her legs, but to hold her heart gently, help her heal on the inside, to see that what her father was doing to her, or what her sister did to her, but that's a story for another day, was not the only way to solve issues. I can see you are seething inside, that you want to go out and beat the crap out of that man, the same as the rest of us do. You know, as a family, we will give that man what he deserves, what her sister deserves. In the meantime, she needs you, the real you. Think about it, and don't blow it." Mum gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek before leaving the kitchen with snacks. Quickly, I loaded up a tray of coffee and tea. I could use a tea trolley, but felt the room was already full; the trolley would take up space. Well, that's what I used as an excuse, as I carried it out to the lounge, where we were all seated. The conversation was light. Cloe looked calm and happy, but signs of tiredness had started to creep into her eyes. Cloe was resisting it. I would let her go a little longer, give her a chance to admit she needed to go to bed. Dotty had given her meds about half an hour ago, maybe that's why Cloe was looking tired, but I thought Dotty had stopped the valium.

I leaned in and whispered in Cloe's ear.

"You are looking tired, struggling to stay awake." I didn't ask if Cloe wanted to go to bed; I left that up to her. How long Cloe would fight it was up to her. I didn't mind carrying my girl to bed asleep, won't be the first, and I get the feeling it won't be the last.

"Sorry, I am getting tired, got to hit the bed, good night." I nibbled her ear and kissed the lobe before standing with Cloe in my arms.

"Storm, can I carry my sister upstairs to her room?" wanted to yell no.

"Babe, you okay with your brother carrying you up?"

“Sure, stay close. I need you.” I love that she spoke it loudly enough for everyone to hear.

“Storm, what are you to my sister?” Richard asked as he took Cloe from my arms.

“Storms my boyfriend,” Cloe answered before I could.

“I knew it, no one looks at a woman like that, without being invested.” Cloe’s Grandma called out with a satisfied grin on her face, it was the first time, our relationship had been labled out loud the family as a whole, and for once it wasn’t me labling it, as much as I had wanted to, let everyone know, I had tried to leave that to Cloe, for when she was ready.

“Storm, can you lead the way to our room?” Making it clear that we shared a bed. Richard growled softly at that, but what could he do? I walked up the stairs and opened our door, moving aside to let him carry Cloe in.

“Richard, don’t be mad, Storm cares for me, he’s not Dad, I trust him with my life.” Cloe was telling him softly, while I gathered her nightcloths. He placed Cloe on the bed and sat beside her, holding her hand.

‘Sorry, just got you back, only to find you have a whole new family, and I feel I have been replaced.’ What the?

“Richard, Uncle Simon did me a solid, hunting you and our grandparents and bringing you all here to meet up again. Why does it have to be replaced? Why not an extended family? They will love you as much as they love me if you give them half a chance. I know you are hurting, but let it go. Richard, you’re my brother, can’t you be happy for me that I have found a place of peace, love and safety? No more beatings, no more house slave, no more hunger and pain.” Cloe was wiping tears that were trickling down Richard’s cheeks.

“Give me some time, I have such deep trust issues

“What, no girlfriend?”

“No, I had one for about a year, till I found her in bed but not alone, she had two men in there with her, I haven’t bothered with a woman since, I am invested in my job. I am a good lawyer. Looking to one day leave the firm I am with, as I feel they are giving me jobs they think I will lose all the time.” “Richard, send your resume to Fixer. We might have a spot for you, and if you come to a working agreement, we can get you a place to stay, here or in town, then you will be near Cloe all the time.” I suggest. Cloe had mentioned that Richard was a lawyer, and maybe he just needs a chance to grow. If he can find contentment in his work, he might be open to learning to love again. He sounds so jaded.

“I can do that, have it on my phone, have been sending out my resume, a lot lately, needing a change badly.”

“Send it to me, and I will forward it on the mum, or we can print it out, if you prefer, and you can hand it to her yourself,” I suggest as I sit on the other side of the bed next to Cloe.

“Print it myself, and make an appointment to see her,” Richard answered with confidence.

“We have a printer in this room. Let me see your phone?” Richard handed her his phone, and she found our printer with ease, and soon the sound of the printer warming up and printing pages filled the room.

I moved to the printer, collected the pages, pinned them together with a paperclip and handed them to him. My phone pinged. I opened it and smiled.

“Do you remember where Mum’s office is located?”

“Sure, all offices are close to each other.”

“Nine O’clock tomorrow morning, don’t be late, Mum hates tardiness.”

“What, you booked an appointment already?”

“Yes, and treat this like any other interview, just because you are Cloe’s brother doesn’t automatically give you a job. Go sell yourself, Mum is very good at reading between the lines, don’t sell yourself short, just because the company you are working for was holding you back, tell her

what your goals are, and what you can bring to the company.”

“Thanks, man, I really do need a change.” Richard took the resume and kissed Cloe on the cheek.

“Will let you get some sleep and catch up tomorrow. You have no idea how happy our grandparents and I are to find you.” Richard left. Once the door clicked shut, I started getting Cloe changed, then myself. Cloe looked to be in deep thought, but was not ready to say anything, whilst we got ready for bed, I felt good inside. This felt like the right direction. I wonder if the grandparents would be up to moving closer to us?

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 263[1,509 words]

Cloe POV

Being carried by Richard didn’t feel the same as when Storm or Uncle Simon carries me. I couldn’t put my finger on why it was different; it just was. Not that I was complaining, he appeared to enjoy carrying me.

Oh! A sudden idea ran through my mind.

Richard held me like I was something fragile and would break at any moment, while Uncle Simon and Storm held me like I was precious, holding me close to their chests, and gave me the feeling of being loved. Not that I am saying my brother doesn't love me, he doesn't know how to act around me yet, I can see his love, and that he cares, but I am damaged goods; he wants to repair, or he is hunting for the girl he knew, who no longer exists.

It made my heart race when Richard said he was open to moving closer. I liked that idea very much. I can't move closer to the family; my therapy was organised to be done here. Not so sure about my grandparents, they might not want to move. I heard that when you get to a certain age, you don't like moving to new homes as much, unless you were a jet setter and didn't plant down roots anywhere. It would be nice to have the opportunity to spend more time with them. My memories of Grandma when I did manage to go on a visit, which was only when Dad wanted to get rid of me, so he could go on some show or something, were that Grandma was always baking, and her home felt warm and smelled like baked apples. I remember some of the bad fights grandpa had with Dad when they came to visit us, which was not often; they came less and less, until Dad told them never to return to his home ever again, and they didn't. It hurt me more than I can express, but I understand now, as an adult, that it wasn't my grandparents' fault. Like Richard, they did all they could, and I was the one who missed out in the end.

Storm gave me my night clothes, and I changed, whilst he stripped off. I was getting better at doing some things for myself. I feel I have made a step forward. Each time I conquer another challenge that was once something we did without thought, I silently cheer to myself and tick an imaginary box for achievement.

Storm was quick and was soon snuggled in behind me.

What a day.

So much to talk about, and air out.

Grandma was looking forward to my visiting them; she had many photos to share of my mother and me when I was a child, that was something to look forward to, I had searched our house for pictures of mum, but Dad had removed them all, not one photo existed in our home, except one I had hidden in my bag, it was old and crumpled, the color faded, but it was all I had, and I cherished

A week has flown by. I cried when they left. It had been good having them here, listening to the stories. Richard had his chat with Fixer, or interview or whatever, and he starts working for one of her companies, in a months time, he had to give a months notice at his job, Richard was looking forward to the change and challenge, his employer will be shocked that Richard's quitting, think they thought they had him stuck there, because of family in town, they are sadly mistaken. My grandparents are thinking about the offer to

live in one of Fixer's gated estates. Fixer took them to look at one, and they liked what they saw. Fingers crossed they like it enough to move over.

I woke to an empty bed, the first time waking alone since the accident, the wheelchair close to the bed. A note on the bedside table, explaining that Storm had been called away and hoped to be back before I woke, but if not, the wheelchair was close by, and the brakes were on.

This will be interesting. Glad my stomach wasn't so bad. The stitches come out today. Dotty said they look great. Can't believe how fast the time has flown by. It's been two weeks since the shooting, and the only bad dream about it was the red dot over Gram's heart, and me not making it in time, but I did, and was glad that nightmare didn't last long.

With some effort, I managed to shimmy over to the wheelchair and get in, pleased my stomach didn't hurt like I was expecting it to. I have been going to the gym every day, working on my arms with light weights, as I wasn't allowed to do heavier weights till the stitches were out and Dotty gave me the go-ahead. Today will be my first real dinner, we are having a BBQ because I want a grilled steak with all the trimmings. My mouth was watering already at the thought. Going to get bacon for breakfast, that will be a treat. I have missed crispy bacon, yum.

Used the bathroom and washed up. Now I am staring at my clothes, trying to decide what I want to wear. I need a button-up shirt, because Dotty prefers them for easy access to my stomach, but today will be the last time, for that, so yippy, tomorrow goodbye buttons. Will try some jeans too. I have some nice pairs that I have been sewing up the legs to make them look nice. For some reason, I prefer not to have dangling empty ends of my trousers, jeans, trackies, and, as I have time on my hands, now that I have finished my course, in evenings, when sitting with the family, I was sawing the legs of my pants, they are all done now. Back to just snuggling up with Storm and watching a movie, which most times has me drifting off to sleep in Storm's arms.

Things with Storm and me have heated up a bit.

He loves long kisses; they build my lady parts to screaming level.

Last night was the first time he investigated my private parts. We were in full-on passion mode, and things got heated. Storm's hand snaked slowly down and removed my PJ bottoms; his fingers ran slowly through the folds, touching areas no man had ever had his hand on before. He wouldn't let me touch him, not yet. Tonight was for me.

He wiggled himself lower down the bed, to be at my knees and spread my thighs, not that there was much resistance from me. He licked between my legs like he was licking a lollipop, long, slow strokes, and flicked my nub with his tongue, sending intense sensations through me, my hands fisted the bed sheets, as I tried not to scream or move, letting him do what he wanted to do, but that was hard not to grab his hair and push his

head harder onto me, getting more friction, chasing something I was unsure of. He used his fingers, parted my folds, and thrust his tongue inside of me; the scream I had been holding back flew out of my mouth, as pain and pleasure tore through me at the same time. His tongue got busy, thrusting in and out of my entrance, at the same time as his fingers played in my folds, and flicking my nub. The short, sharp pain gone and forgotten, as a new sensation built. He held me still, with a hand gently on my hip, mindful of my tummy and the stitches. As if Storm sensed my need, he put more pressure on my nub, drawing circles, and occasionally, pulling his tongue all the way out, and sucking the nub, flicking it with his tongue, before plunging back inside of me. So many feelings were running through my groin, my stomach tightening, the building of something that instinct chased, then, when I thought I couldn't cope any longer, I was hit with a release of tension, so strong, so pleasurable, I screamed out Storm's name. Storm stayed between my legs, lapping up the juice as it flowed. He hummed in pleasure on my entrance, sending a new sensation that was unexpected, but pleasurable.

When Storm came back up the bed, his eyes sparkled with joy, his mouth smirked from the knowledge he had been the first down there, and his beard glistened with my juices. He kissed me, thrusting his tongue in my mouth, sharing the taste of me. Before he climbed off the bed, he headed to the bathroom, returning with a warm cloth, and washed between my legs with gentle care, drying it with a small hand towel, then wiped his face and beard clean, throwing the washcloth and towel away, not caring where they landed.

Yeah, last night was a first for me, and I hope to have a lot more of that, and possibly a chance for me to investigate him down there a little closer too!

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 264[1,467 words]

Storm POV

I did it.

I did it.

I did it.

It took me longer than I wanted to reach this point.

But we got there, and it was hard to keep my hands to myself until Cloe was much better and reached a level of wellness that I thought she enjoyed. Making her explode was a huge triumph, and the look on her face of pure pleasure was worth all the wait. That's what kept going over and over in my mind as I wet a washcloth and rinsed my face before heading back to clean Cloe up. I felt like I was floating in the air, my babe's first orgasm. She was so responsive to my touch. Cloe was tight, very tight. I think she had a bit of pain

when I overeagerly thrust my tongue inside of her. I didn't think my tongue was that large to cause damage, but I guess it shows that she hadn't used a vibrator, or even her fingers, which made me as proud as a puffed-up cockerel. I think I will need to work on her entrance a lot more before I can try to enter her.

We snuggled in, with a sigh of satisfaction, breathed out from Cloe, before sleep came quickly for both of us.

At five in the morning, the sun not even thinking about rising yet, my phone vibrated beside me. I had turned off the ringer, as the vibration was usually enough to wake me; I never wanted my phone to wake Cloe, not while she was still healing and had stitches. It didn't seem fair.

"Yeah?" I answered the phone without checking who was calling first; the last thing I wanted right now was to climb out of bed.

"Come downstairs, we are going next door to the cells." Dad's voice boomed loudly in my ear. I cringed for two reasons: one, it sounded loud in my ear; and two, it wasn't the way to answer the phone to Dad or VP, whichever he was being at that moment. Wishing I could get at least another hour's sleep, I dragged myself out of bed, dressed, and left a note for Cloe, ensuring the chair was right where Dotty had told me was the best place for Cloe to get in and out of bed.

"No, don't bother with breakfast yet, we can grab something after, come with me." I hadn't expected Dad to be downstairs, waiting for me. He didn't say what was going on. Dad turned and walked briskly out the door. Thank goodness I can keep up with his long strides. Dad was focused and on a mission; his face was void of any emotion making it harder to guess what this was about.

Guys nodded and parted as we walked into the clubhouse, only the skeleton crew were awake, the rest either at home or upstairs still in slumberland.

"Prez here yet? Dad asked, as he continued towards the door that would lead us to the cells.

"Negative, Simon and Savage are though. Already in the room waiting for you." Dad nodded and continued down the hallway, opened the door to the stairs we take to reach the cells, and started down the long steps. I closed the door behind me and followed Dad down. The moment he opened the lower door, the sounds of a girl screaming and sobbing assaulted my ears.

What the?

The guard pushed open the door, and we stepped in. The girl I recognised immediately, Mia, Cloe's sister, I had forgotten that we were bringing her in if we got the chance. Guess that change came.

“Let me go, f***wits, do you know who my father is F**king stupid basta*ds. He will skin you alive when he catches you.” She had a foul mouth. Mia’s voice was high-pitched, and it hurt my ears to listen to her whine. Totally opposite to Cloe. Mind you, Cloe can swear like the rest of us, but not like this, not at someone, more at herself.

Seeing Mia made me glad Dad said to wait for breakfast. Her nose was broken and angled to the right of her face, blood streaming from it, a cut lip, and bruising already developing around her eyes. Mia was tied to the chair, at her ankles and had her wrists behind the back of the chair. It looked uncomfortable to be in that position.

I looked around the room, Uncle Simon was leaning against the wall, his arms folded, Grandpa Savage was beside him, in the same stance, Uncle Zero our enforcer, was in front of Mia, gloves on, being the one to be inflicting the pain on the girl from what I know Uncle Simon, and Grandpa Savage hadn’t done this kind of work in years, leaving it to the younger men, or so I have been told, so far I have never seen them get violent or get their hands bloody, so maybe it’s true. They shouldn’t need to get their hands dirty on something like this.

“Anything?” Dad looked at Uncle Simon and Grandpa Savage before looking back at Mia.

“Been singing sweetly, since we gave her that injection. Shipments, contacts that she was aware of, that’s when her choice of foul words started, because this sweet young thing hates us so much because she couldn’t stop herself from telling us what we needed, and it was causing trouble for her Dad, and get this, she had been warming her father’s bed for years. Talk about sick, it was Mia that climbed into her father’s bed. After she lost her virginity, and got bored with the boys at school, she wanted a real man, so she tried it on with her father, and he didn’t put up much of a resistance. Now we can see why he favoured one daughter so much over the other, he more or less used Mia as his substitute wife, behind closed doors.” Uncle Simon looked like he was going to be sick. When he mentioned the last part, none of us was into that kind of kink, if it’s even called that. Makes my stomach churn, the thought of sleeping with my mother, yuck, don’t get me wrong, my mother’s a good-looking woman, and if she wasn’t my mother..... yeah, don’t go there, and instigated by the daughter. The father should have resisted, but I guess, alone for so many years, randy as hell, he was an easy target for Mia, who had gained a lot of experience in getting a man interested and getting what she wanted.

“Did she sleep with her father’s friends too?” I asked, suddenly thinking about how close those men were, and Mia would be an added bond to their group.

“Yep, happily admitted doing threesomes and sometimes all four of them, sick little puppy this one.” Uncle Zero spat out, as we thought about what else we wanted from Mia.

Prez walked in at that moment and stared at Mia for a long while.

“I know this chick, she was at the wind-up, for last year’s ice hockey match, at least three of our members had their way with her, in the bathroom. Said she gave them something,

because all three had to visit the doctor for some antibiotics.” Prez laughed as he saw her struggling against the ropes.

“Basta*ds. I gave no one an STD.” Mia might have been pretty if she weren’t so ugly on the inside.

“Got any questions, Prez?” Dad asked, as he ran his fingers through his beard, as he thought.

“Where’s your Dad?”

“Gone to ground.” She spat a mouthful of blood at the feet of Prez.

“Where?” Prez pushed.

“Don’t know, when he wants to go off grid, no one can find him.” Meaning she couldn’t find him, but our IT guy can trace his location through his phone. I moved forward and picked her phone off the floor.

“Password?” As much as she tried not to give it, Mia was still under the effects of the drug and couldn’t stop giving the password. I typed it in, found the father’s number, and handed the phone over to Uncle Simon.

“On it.” He said, called someone on his phone, gave the information, hung up, and pocketed both his and Mia’s phones.

“Leave her here, might have some more questions later, plus she’s good bait,” Prez said, turning to leave the room. We all followed. Mia’s screams-“don’t leave me like this”-echoed down the hall until we reached the stairs. The bottom door closed out her screams. Thank goodness for soundproof doors.

“That girl’s worse than our club girls.” Meaning the ones that come to pleasure the guys, and hope to hook one,

“Going back home for breakfast, and to see if my woman has woken yet,” I called out, not sure why I was included in this morning’s trip to the cells. Dad could have just filled me in when we met in the office later.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 265[1,462 words]

Cloe POV

Fixer was in her office when I rolled in. She looked up at me and gave me a warm smile. Being around this family was easy; they always had a warm smile for me, never pity. I don't think I would be so comfortable living here if I saw a lot of pity in everyone's eyes. Sadness sometimes, but never pity.

"Morning. Martha said you wanted to see me?" Martha had cornered me, as I was about to leave the kitchen, her arms full of kitchen linen, like table cloths, dish cloths. Sweet lady, always doing something, with a smile on her face, and has caught her singing a couple of times. I have to admit this house is a home, even the staff love being here, and doing their jobs, you can see how much pride they have in their work. Met the gardener, the other day, Paul, and he happily gave me tips on growing out-of-season vegetables and fruit. He was as old as the dirt he worked with, but very kind and happy to talk about almost anything. Paul was well-versed in many subjects and didn't gossip.

"Come in and sit next to me." I wheeled myself beside her; she had her computer open and was working on a design for my trike, which already looks amazing.

"This will be what your trike will look like at the end. Don't worry about the paint job I put on it; I hope it was something close to what you are doing. Now these are the controls..." Fixer went on to discuss how to control the bike and cornering warnings, as I am now on three wheels and everything works differently. I am in awe of Fixer's skills, such a talented lady, a little bit of everything. I have been learning that the woman I am sitting next to was one very powerful lady, owning half of not only this town, but four others, and a whole town not too far away. Apparently, the town she purchased was fast becoming a ghost town, and people were leaving. The town mayor approached Fixer and offered her the town. She now owns every shop and most of the homes around the town, injecting funds to improve them, and then building new shops, play centres, schools, found a place that could become a tourist interest and clean that area up, and started to promote the town, now it's moved quadrupled in size, and growing fast. That's the legacy of this family; it wasn't about the money, it was what you did with it. I loved it, and this family needs to be like it. Reminded me a lot of the stories of villages of old, where the lord of the manor owns the land, and the tenants farm it, but on a grander scale,

The boys will go on a bike ride this weekend and will be gone for two days, I will miss Storm; I got used to him being around. Tank and Zero will be gone too. Fixer said it's a boys-only event, and she will be here if I need anything, and Razor has another game we are all going to. Little Simon made the football team, not that any of us doubted he would. He plays on Sunday, while Razor's game this time will be on Saturday. I am ready to go to both. Penny has made new pompoms for both and a huge sign, not sure how or when we will raise it, but Penny has it all figured out.

"Fixer, the trike's fantastic. When do we get to go out for a ride?" I was so excited, it looked so easy to use.

"Not so fast, young lady. We have to finish building, and you need to finish that paint job." Fixer laughed at my eagerness.

“Have my stitches out today, Dotty is going to remove them, she has permission to do so, then a light workout in the gym, start to gently work on my stomach muscles, too soon for anything heavy. Maybe I need to be able to do heavier work out before riding the bike, oops, trike, don’t want to slide off, because I am not physically ready. I have to walk before I can run, so to speak.” I chuckled at the comment. We have a lot of sayings we use.

“Good, we could still be months away before you can ride solo, and it might be best if I take you out on it first, get the feel of how it moves before you try and take the controls. Besides, someone needs to test it before you can ride it, and that might as well be me. We are close to the same size, where the guys have longer arms, the controls would be all wrong for them.” Fixer was chuckling away as she flicked through more pictures of what she was planning to do with my bike. It’s great that I don’t lose my bike.

Dotty arrived and wheeled me to the room, helped me onto the bed and removed the bandaging, slowly and meticulously removed the stitched, probed my stomach for pain, before letting me leave, with strict instructions, just because the outer stitches were gone, didn’t mean the ones inside my body had dissolved yet, and not over to do it, and ruin all the hard work.

Free, no my antibiotics, just pain killers if needed, no my doctor visits unless needed, Dotty had received a list of exercises for me to do, she stuck it on the wall, with instructions of once a day, till she permits me to do more. At the same time, they find a new rehabilitation lady, or man. I didn’t care which.

After Dotty finished giving me instructions on how to use the equipment and the best way to get from A to B, I headed to my office, powered up my computer, and eagerly searched for my results; they should be in my inbox now. I found the colleges sss and hovered the mouse over it. Before taking a deep breath and opening it.

Congratulations not only on passing your course but on finishing top in the country. We have a presentation ceremony in two weeks, we offer you the chance to be on stage and receive your certificate, and an award for being the top student. It went on with time and date, what to wear, and what to expect, but my mind was going in circles. Up on stage? Me, in this chair, with the world to see, I have no legs, can I hide them?

“Hey, what’s causing you to look like that?” Storm asked as he strolled in and moved behind me to look at the sss.

“Wow, congrats, Babe, we’ve got to go.” Storm tapped my shoulder, causing me to look up at his excited face, and he leaned in to give me a long kiss.

“But my legs?” I weakly complained.

“What about them? You think you’re the only one who has been on stage in a wheelchair, get up there, girl and own that stage.” He encouraged, as Fixer came in, having heard Storm’s proud yell.

“What’s this?” Fixer asked as Storm summoned her to read the sss.

“Oh, we have to get you a nice outfit, and dress up the wheelchair, Peggy’s going to love doing that, we need to find out who can come, ensure no sport competitions are on, let me work it out, and see, Peggy for sure, being Saturday Lil Simon, you, Storm, Tank, me, Savage and Simon both might want to be there too. We can take the helicopter, and four guards, this will be a blast. Can get some shopping done while we are there.” Shopping Fixer hates shopping.

“What are you talking about, mum, shopping? Since when?” Storm interjected before I could frame the question.

“There’s a great paint shop nearby, and a bike parts store not that far away.” Fixer started to gush over the idea. Storm rolled his eyes at her.

“Paint shop, we’ve got to go to that. I want some magnetic paint; I’ve seen some great colours.”

“You two should have guessed it was something like that; neither of you enjoys clothes or shoe shopping.” Fixer chuckled at Storm, but started to run a list of what to buy, and a chance to see some new equipment, for the tattoo shop.

“Can we make an outfit? The idea of going to town to look at clothes and see the look on the shopkeepers’ faces when they look at my wheelchair makes me feel uncomfortable.”

“Time for you to start seeing yourself, how we do, you’re young, and gorgeous, time to own who you are, not hide behind the wheelchair.” Fixer pushed, and I could see I would not be able to back out of this one. Not this time.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 266[1,453 words]

Storm POV

Dad let me leave the clubhouse, instead of staying to talk it out, and with the understanding that they would deal with the Mia situation. Something didn’t want to get involved in in the first place, the girl had hurt my girl, and having her beaten was satisfying, but I was sick to my stomach with what we were hearing, and didn’t want to be in that room any longer, glad to get out and fast.

Prez and Dad wanted me for some of it, as an officer, it was expected. Also, I think with Dad hinting he would like to take over VP one day, I had to see that side of the club. I already do a lot of the paperwork that Dad does, helping him out. In some ways, I didn’t

mind the idea of being VP, but in others, I did. Today was an example of the side of the club I do not enjoy.

Cloe was in our office, her attention glued to the screen, and her face went from joy to horror in seconds flat. What she was looking at filled me with so much pride; my babe had a brain, as well as beauty. Mum came in and talked about heading to the ceremony, shopping, and other ideas that were floated around. We can take the larger chopper, which can fit us all in the back, and a few in the front. Perfect, would have loathed having to drive all that way, we could take a small plane, that would be fun.

At dinner, we talked about the ceremony, the whole family congratulating Cloe on her achievement, and yes, we are all going, Razor has a bye that day so that he can come too, the whole family can go, even Zero wanted to come, and soon the small plane was our mode of travel, too many for our large chopper, and two costly to take two. It was not the money per se, mum hates waste, and taking two meant two pilots, two permissions to fly in that area, and it was easier to take the plane. I could fly one chopper and Grandpa Savage the other, but Mum wouldn't hear of it; others might want to come too, like Great-grams and great-gramps, when they hear about it.

By the time Mum had finished, with all that might want to go, Cloe spoke up.

"Do you think we need to ask if that many are allowed to come, like will their venue accommodate all those people, as well as other families that are bringing others with them?"

"You're right, better not get ahead of myself, let's give them a call and find out." Dad pulled out his phone and called the number. That was something my dad was good at: remembering numbers. I have the same numbers stuck in my brain for years

"Sorry, we can only be ten people, which includes Cbe." Dad sadly said as he hung up the phone.

"Back to just us, and the chopper, then, we can record it for others to see when we return." Being reduced to ten didn't dampen Mum's enthusiasm. In the end, it was Mum, Dad, Cloe, Razor, Penny, Lil Simon, me, and Grandpa Savage, along with four guards, two stationed at the doors and the other two sitting with us. Mum and Dad disappeared into the office to talk, and Mum wanted to make a shopping list.

"What would you like to do now?" I asked, but I didn't feel like a movie; if Cloe wanted that, I would sit her on my lap and enjoy her company.

"I would like to have a shower, and if possible, my turn to give what you gave me last night." Cloe looked at me shyly as she spoke, and my groin was getting hard, almost immediately.

"You don't need to reciprocate," I whispered, not wanting Penny to hear.

“But I want to, I have never you know, even touched before.” Cloe pushed, it appears I am going to have a head job, real soon.

“Night,” I called out as I swooped down and collected Cloe in my arms, a big smile on her face, as she looked me in the eyes, daring me to change my mind.

“But it’s early,” Penny argued, arms folded, and she stamped her foot.

“Cloe’s tired, she has had a long day, and I need to get her in the shower and dry her hair and...”

“Enough, okay, okay, I hear you, go,” Penny interrupted before I could finish, like I knew she would. If nothing else, Penny was predictable. At the moment, Mum keeps telling me that another year, and she will be more and more into boys, and the predictability will not be the same. At thirteen, Penny

was already changing; her body was gaining curves and other womanly changes, but she hadn’t yet started the emotional changes that can make some girls turn into vipers really quickly.

In the bedroom, I lowered Cloe to the bed and let her strip off on her own steam, I stripped quickly emptying my pockets, and throwing my clothes in the hamper, if nothing else, having Cloe around had me making sure my clothes were not scattered on the floor, in the past, I might not get my clothes in the hamper, not all the time, but now, I collect even hers, leaving things of the floor would make it harder for Cloe to manouver around, and I would hate something goes wrong because of me being lazy or sloppy, I have picked up my game, and was doing hopefully the right thing, not that my room was ever that bad, but I can get lazy at times.

I turned ready to collect Cloe, and stopped dead in my tracks. She was sitting in her chair, naked, with not even a towel or something covering her, and moving towards the bathroom, I hadn’t realised she was getting that good at getting in and out of her chair, that was quick. I picked up her discarded clothes off the bed, threw them in the hamper, and followed her to the bathroom. Cloe had leaned in, turned on the hot tap, and was busy adjusting the temperature.

“How hot do you like it? We might be in there for a while.” What?

“Um, not too hot.” I was at a loss. Why would we be in there for.... oh, it dawned on me, she was

going to attempt to give me a head job in the shower. That’s different. Thought Cloe would want the comfort of the bed. Cloe managed to move herself onto the seat in the shower and turned her head, looking over her shoulder at me, an Innocent smile on her face, as she looked me over.

Cloe crooked her finger, calling me to join her in the shower, and my groin reacted before I moved. I was interested to see what she would do. I stood facing Cloe, letting the water cascade down my back, looking down at her. Cloe tentatively reached out and poked my shaft with her index finger, and snatched her hand back fast, when it pulsed at being poked.

“It moved.” She yipped in surprise.

“Yes, it’s happy to meet you.” I grinned back at her look of surprise on her face, although Cloe wasn’t looking up at me, but staring intently at my erection, as it pulsed again.

Cloe reached out again, this time wrapping her hand around my girth, her fingers not quite reaching each other, as she squeezed it.

“It’s hard, but with a soft outer layer,” Cloe whispered in awe, pulling the shaft tip towards her, for a closer inspection.

“What’s the creamy stuff coming out of the hole? Is it pus? Are you sick?” Pus? Really?

“NO! I’m excited to be touched, and that is pre cum. A small sample of my sprrm.” I tried to think of how to explain it. I was really shocked that Cloe thought I had an STD. What does she take me for, someone like her sister? I was horrified at the thought.

“Pre cum. Interesting.” Cloe leaned forward and licked it from my tip.

“It’s kind of salty, the texture? Not as thick as it looked, and it’s not something that would be a top seller in a shop.” This girl’s going to be the death of me, if I am going to get a blow-by-blow analysis of what she was tasting and feeling. As a top seller you will need a lot of men to make enough to fill one bottle. What was she thinking of synthesising it? Why would you?

Cloe ran her hand down my shaft, feeling her way, leaned in, and sniffed my shaft, as more pre cum, arrived.

“It has no real fragrance that I can detect.” I groaned at her commentary.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 267[1,554 words]

Cloe POV

I have seen enough of men’s bodies to know what they look like, and Storm’s was big. I had blanked out those memories, not wanting to remember those nightmares, so this was my first real time of seeing one up close.

His shaft texture was a contradiction. I had no clue what it would have felt like, but it was not this.

Then the beading of what Storm called precum, a small sample of what was to arrive when he reached his climax, does my moisture look like this I wanted to ask, but thought it might spoil the mood, so I might look it up online. I am so clueless with all of this. I had no reason to be interested before. I knew about it, I had heard my sister being with my Dad, and that was so gross, all it did was make my stomach churn, and the first time I heard them together, I did vomit, I was so disgusted. They thought I didn't know, acted all innocent and careful, but they forgot to shut the door one night, and I got to hear their episode, before Mia snuck back to her room.

'Stop it, I yelled at myself, internally, don't bring their disgusting act into my moment of discovery. This can be something so beautiful, don't bring filth into it.

I pulled the head of his shaft closer. Another bead of pre-cum had formed. I leaned in, licked his top, tasting the moisture there; it hadn't changed; it still had a salty, something-I-could n't-name taste. I sucked in the tip till the whole knob was in my mouth, my lips stretching to their limit. I am not sure I could get much of his length in my mouth; the girth was too thick and the shaft too long for my mouth to take him all in. Pulled out the end, and using my teeth, ran down his length, testing, tasting, feeling with my lips and hands on his shaft, the outer layer was a soft cushion for the harder inside of it. I kept telling myself it was just a muscle, but it didn't act like any muscle I'd ever known.

Snaked my hand down to touch his balls and gave them a small squeeze, then I rolled them in my hand, feeling the ball inside the sack. Nothing could have prepared me for what a man's genitalia felt and tasted like. I never gave it much thought till now. It was so much softer than I predicted.

I slide my hand up and down his shaft, lean in to lick and bite it, testing, tasting, feeling the reactions I get from each different thing I do. The shaft pulsed often. I didn't jump each time. Now, I found myself trying combinations of licks, bites, pulling on his ball sacks, running my hand up and down, to see what made it pulse, and tried to make it do it again. Storm's hands fisted my hair, almost painfully, but that spurred me on to try more

"I am close; if you don't want a face full of my fluids. I suggest you move back." He growled out through gritted teeth.

He didn't stop when I reached my end, so I won't give up on him. He squirted on my face, and I placed my mouth over the end and tasted a less salty mixture. I thought there would be a lot, and was surprised that it wouldn't even be half a cup. Why I thought there would be a lot, I didn't understand. Storm was out of breath, like he had just run a marathon, after he screamed out my name and fisted my hair tighter, which was painful, as I accepted his fluids in my mouth, licking him clean, and then chuckled to myself because we are in the shower, and I didn't need to do that, but was glad I had.

Storm took over, washing himself first, then, with his large hands, ever so gently washed me with a kind of reverence and care. I felt like a treasured princess, being pampered and loved.

Loved?

Was that what this was?

I had never really had love since my mother died, and her love was the nurturing kind that mothers give; this was different, and regardless of what label I could place on it, I liked being the recipient and wanted more. I let Storm do what he wanted, before he turned the taps off, and wrapped me in a towel, carried me to the bed, and left to grab a towel for himself, returning with one around his waist and drying his hair and beard with another.

His eyes sparkled with a sort of joy. I had never seen this look in his eyes before, but it looked good on him, and I hoped I was the cause of it. He moved closer to me, pulled my head onto his belly, and started to dry my long hair. Strong fingers massaged my scalp, and a groan escaped my throat before I could stop it.

“You like your head massaged?” He whispered in a husky voice; it was more a statement than a question. I groaned again in answer to it anyway. Storm chuckled before pushing my head back, and reached over, snatching the brush, and started to brush my hair, starting at the bottom and working his way up. I felt like a child in his hands as he dried and dressed me, and I was okay with it; the soft smile and sparkle in his eyes never left as he worked on my body.

I yawned, breaking the growing tension I had, where my lady part was starting to want a repeat of last night. I pushed that thought behind me, because tonight was all about Storm and his needs.

“Climb in, I will be joining you shortly.” Storm pulled back the covers and nudged me forward to crawl over to the other side of the bed, and waited for Storm to return from the bathroom. I suddenly thought I hadn’t brushed my teeth. I was too far gone to get up again to go brush them. By the time Storm snuggled in behind me, I was already drifting off to sleep.

“Thank you, Babe, that was amazing.” Storm kissed my neck and nuzzled me. A contented sigh left his lips. I didn’t reply; words failed me, as my brain was busy shutting down.

‘No, don’t. Please,. Don’t make me. My father was in his bedroom; he had his buddies in there with him, and my sister was in bed with his buddies. I was tied to a chair and was being forced to watch the men take my sister. She squealed and squirmed in pleasure. My sister was lying on top of one man, and he was in her entrance, another man was in her azz, and the other was at her head, as she was taking him in his mouth. My father was in the chair I was tied to, forcing my eyes open to watch.

‘One day soon, that will be you. Just waiting for the fight man or men to offer me a good price for your virginity.’

‘No, never.’ I screamed back at my dad, fighting against him as hard as I could.

‘Yes, you will, you will not get the choice, soon, you will be eighteen, and then my girl, you will be auctioned off to the highest bidder, and the more they want to do to your body, the higher the price.’ Dad laughed as my sister and the men reached their peak, screaming out names; they all reached their end close together.

Sick, sick bastards, I can’t stand them. This was not the first time Dad had done this to me, and won’t be the last. He wanted me to see exactly what I had to look forward to.

I had to escape, get away from here. The next show and shine was in a town big enough to get lost in. I needed to run before he could make that threat! I got to get away.

“You’re safe. Babe, come back to me. I have you.” A deep voice echoed in my ear, warmth filled my cold body, and I felt safe, as the nightmare slowly receded and I flicked my eyes open. I was staring at Storm’s worried eyes. I must have rolled over to face him at some time, and he was drawing small circles on my back, kissing my forehead, trying to coax me back to him.

“Hey, want to talk about it? I thought we had something special last night, not a trigger.” He sounded sad and hurt.

“Bad memory, not your fault. I loved the shower. Maybe in the light of day, I will talk about it.” I yawned as Storm lifted his head, waited for the yawn to be over, and kissed me, nothing too passionate; it was like he knew not to take it too far!

“Sleep, tomorrow, we’ll talk.” I didn’t want to, but maybe sharing some of this might help him understand. I still don’t understand my sister, and what she was doing, but maybe that was why she was his favourite, he must have sold her and got a lot of money, and now it was my turn to pay up for him looking after me all these years, I was a saleable commodity.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 268[1,434 words]

Storm POV

A sudden slap on my chest and muffled words I couldn’t quite catch woke me from a peaceful slumber. I thought we had a great night, and being woken like this again was the last thing I had expected. Cloe was having another nightmare. I thought, after the shower,

that Cloe would be in a good mood like me. Not to be dragged deep down into a nightmare, what could have triggered this?

I held her hand gently to my chest, with one hand, and pulled her closer to me, with the other. She was still struggling, but not as much. My gut said to tell her she was safe, not to do anything more, and to hold her tight. Whatever she was going through, I felt she needed to know she was here by her side and wouldn't let her go.

I hate this.

My girl has been through enough, mentally and physically.

It was time for all that to stop.

But how do I get it to stop?

Cloe's eyes opened and blinked a few times before they found mine, and a promise to know more in the morning, when the light chased away the dark and the ghosts of the past were back in the closet. Cloe had managed to fall back to sleep, but sleep eluded me, so I hummed a soft lullaby, hoping my voice and child's song would keep her safe from more dreams tonight.

Slowly, the sun rose, and Cloe eventually became fully awake enough to talk. She lifted her hand and her fingers over my cheek.

"Didn't go back to sleep." It was factual, not accusing; her tone was light, groggy from sleep.

"Want to talk about it?" I was ready for her to say no, but was relieved when she sighed and answered.

"Yeah, I suppose. It was nothing we did, please don't take on the blame." Cloe replied softly before she started her tale. I wanted to find that man, and his cohorts, and punch them senseless, not just for Cloe, but for her sister, too. If her father had been a real dad, that situation would never have happened, but then the sister might still have been promiscuous, just not in the house, but with men her own age,

"Are you okay now?" Cloe hadn't cried as she told her story, almost like a reporter, reading out the news.

"Thanks for last night. I don't know why that memory came up; It's not like we did anything wrong or unwanted."

"We can wait if you need more time." I started, but Cloe put her fingers over my mouth.

“Don’t, what we did was beautiful, and I look forward to doing it again.” I smiled down at Cloe, leaned in and went to give her a brief kiss. She wrapped one arm around my neck and the other around the back of my head, holding me in place, not that I would have fought against her. I let Cloe take control of the kiss, as she investigated the kiss, probing my lips with her tongue, as if asking for entry, and I complied, and opened up. She thrust her tongue in my mouth, twirling and fighting my tongue. I couldn’t take it any longer and took over control, adding my own twist to the kiss, deepening it till we were both breathless.

“Do we have anything we need to do, or go today?” Cloe asked as she panted in short breaths.

“Today’s Wednesday, are you going to Grams today to care for her while Gramps goes fishing?” Cloe didn’t go last week or the week before because of her injury, but now that the stitches are out, it might have started up again.

“Yes, I forgot, time to get up, I think Gramps wanted an early start today.”

We got up. Cloe wanted to wear a dress today, to look a bit less casual than last time. Cloe had mentioned that Grams was all dressed up, like she was going out, and if that was their everyday clothes, she needed to put more effort into what she wore when visiting that home. It was also her first time back since the shooting, and Cloe admitted she was nervous that it might happen again. It took a bit to convince her it was a once-off, and she was safe, but was she? They have upped the security, and some have been sacked, even a maid was removed, but I wasn’t in on the whole reason behind it, not our place to question our great-grandparents.

The chopper arrived just as we finished eating. It was just the two of us, and the staff were hovering just out of sight. I wheeled Cloe out, and the pilot and two guards were waiting for us. With a quick kiss, Cloe was loaded on board and waved to me, blowing air kisses that I caught in my hand and placed on my cheek and blew one back to her. I watched until she was too high in the sky to see her anymore, and I waited for the sound of the chopper to fade away before going back inside.

Dad and Mum were in the kitchen, eating at the breakfast bar, where Cloe and I had eaten.

“Storm, Cloe, get off okay?” Mum asked between bites.

“Sure, she was nervous, being back for the first time, since the shooting, Dad, can I talk in the office

when you are done?” I didn’t wait for an answer; I grabbed a bottle of water, headed to my office, and started my last module in my business course Cloe had inspired me to push to finish. Half an hour later, my office door opened, and in walked Dad and Grandpa Savage.

“Spit it out.” Dad pushed as they both dragged seat over to sit in front of me.

“Cloe had another nightmare last night.” I had kept dad up to date with Cloe’s nightmares, when

they had a bearing on that man, and his dealings.

“And?” Grandpa Savage looked apprehensive, already, and I hadn’t started to explain yet.

We discussed what Cloe told me and the implications. Grandpa Savage wanted to remove his testicles and shove them in his mouth, but it was the other men who were tricky.

“Maybe we nab them one at a time, in no particular order, informing the police, with no evidence, won’t go well for Cloe. They might consider it some revenge. Mia would be of little use; she would back her father, not that we are letting her out of the cells anytime soon.” Dad pondered out loud, as we all talked about ways to deal with this. It was separate from anything else; selling your child was disgusting, it was sexslavery, but it hadn’t happened yet, so they would get off lightly, if we could prove that Mia was underage when she became active, that might shed a different light on it. However, it was still a he-said-she-said type of scenario.

“We need to call in Alan and talk to him off the record, see how he views this, because if they have been bedding Mia, maybe they are doing that with other girls, need to dig deeper into this one.”

“Will Alan turn a blind eye to us handling it?” I asked bringing the law into this, was more or less letting them know we were going to break a law or two.

“Leave it to me. I have known Alan a long time, and we have collaborated in other things that have not exactly been legal.” Dad said confidently. Making me wonder exactly what had happened in the past that Alan knew about but didn’t involve the police.

“Now, let’s talk about Mia. Do we want to keep her longer, and bait to lure the father in, or remove her from the equation?” Grandpa Savage asked, his fingers tapped on the table, to a tune only he could hear. A habit he has when he was angry, and trying to keep from exploding.

“Personally, we have all we need from her, it’s factory time?” I replied. I loathed that woman for all she had done to her sister over the eyes.

“Agreed, we are done. Want the boys to have some fun with her first?”

“No, who’s to say with her kink that she doesn’t have an STD or something?” I jumped in fast; the less I know about her, the better.

“Then tonight we have her removed, under the cover of darkness, and be done with it.”

We talked some more about how to trap the father and the men before we broke up for lunch and family time. I was already missing Cloe and wanted to text her to find out how her day was going so far.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 269[1,449 words]

Cloe POV

Today was worrying, especially when I first arrived at Grams. The memories of my last visit, or more specifically, the shooting, the warm welcome, and staying indoors for the day, eased the tension I had been building. We played games, I painted her nails, brushed her hair, anything she wanted, keeping her content and happy. Her mind today was scattered, moments of clarity, but mainly Grams was back in her youth, talking about dances, and meeting her husband for the first time. Giggling like a schoolgirl's crush, having forgotten she was actually married to the man.

"Jan? Can we have tea now?" I apparently looked like her old school friend, so while here, I was more often than not called Jan. It was easy to play along and give Grams what she needed.

By the time Gramps was back, Grams had gone for an afternoon nap, which so far lasted an hour. In that time, I read a family history book she left for me. It was interesting reading, and sometimes I wondered how accurate the family history was.

"How was she today, sweetie?" Gramps asked as we headed to the chopper. It was later than expected, but I was good with that. Made the day go fast.

"Living in the past, I am Jan, her best friend, and you were courting her."

"That was a good time to be living in, we were both young, and the family responsibility was still a distance away. Thank you for this. The doctors say her progression means it won't be long now." Gramps didn't need to go into details; I knew exactly what he was saying.

"What about you, Gramps? Are you ready to say goodbye?"

"I won't lie, I will miss her, but the woman I married, not who she had become over the years,

Grams moving on, will be a relief in a lot of ways, and there are plenty here that will ensure I do not slump into too deep a grief. I have been talking to Fixer, and might move over to be with all of you for a while. Fixer doesn't need to live in both homes and

discussions on this one has been raised a few times. Could you live here? I know you had a scare, but it's relatively safe; that's the first breach of security we have ever had."

"Don't know about that, Gramps, where I end up hasn't entered my mind, still need to work on my legs."

"We have all you need here, too."

"Let me think about it." I was shocked he would want me to live here permanently. Like this place. was like a house from magazines, so many expensive things, here. I would be afraid to break stuff. Maybe he needs company, for when Grams passes on,

Back home, the place was quiet. I had no idea where everyone was. Taking the opportunity of an empty house, we are not really empty; staff are floating about. I moved upstairs to the bathroom, which had a large bath, and I was going to try to soak in it.

An hour later, my body pruned, I pulled the plug, and climbed out, slipping onto the floor, with a groan. The bath was so slippery, and there was nothing to grab hold of, when climbing out, the inevitable was bound to happen. Might ask Storm if there's anything they can do to this bathroom to make it safer for me. I hadn't realised how much used those handrails, till now. I managed to drag myself to the chair and climb on with some effort. It was frustrating, an hour of relaxing, lost in one stupid move to get out.

I want to scream and shout, how unfair it all was, but that won't help anyone. It's moments like this that make me depressed as I look at my stumps, the swelling still too bold, and it looks ugly. I thump my thighs in frustration, which does nothing more than make me sadder, and now my thighs hurt. I didn't bother trying to reach my discarded clothes from off the floor; they seemed too far away for me to reach. The effort just felt too much. Dressed in only my towel, I wheeled myself back to my room, feeling disappointed with what I had done. It was stupid of me to try it.

I felt like I would never be able to do anything for myself again.

That was when the pity tears came.

In all the years of abuse, I had never felt pity or self-loathing, as I did right then.

With all the bad timing, I always seem to have. Storm took that moment to find me in the bedroom, still sitting in the wheelchair, crying. He was at my side in an instant, brushing the hair away from my face, searching my body for damage, before pulling me out of the chair and onto his lap as he sat on the bed. This made the tears flow harder, as Storm rocked me back and forth, rubbing small circles on my back.

He didn't ask any questions.

Just rocked me back, and put his nose in the crook of my neck, and breathed, long, slow breaths, as if he was guiding me to do the same, and subconsciously I did, I copied his breathing, till my tears dried up, and my breathing settled.

“Talk to me.” Storm eventually broke the comfortable silence.

“I am useless,” I tried not to sound like a baby.

“No, you are not,” Storm argued back,

“Can’t even have a bath, on my own.” Now the sobs were back, my pity party began again.

“That bathroom hasn’t been fixed up yet. I didn’t think you would want a bath. I will call the plumber, and we will get a bath suitable for you.” Storm started to say,

“Don’t, just don’t.” Don’t? What? What do I want, or should I say, don’t want? My emotions were all over the place, so trying to think straight wasn’t possible.

“What happened? Did you fall?” Storm started checking for bruises, and I am sure there are some, but not where he was looking.

“A bit slippery, ended up on the floor, getting all dirty after a nice soak in the bath, ruining it.”

‘Humm.’ Storm lifted me up, turned and laid me on the bed. I felt like a baby, being handled too easily, and the way I was pitying myself right now, that was the wrong thing to do, as it made me angrier, not at Storm but at me, and how I was feeling. How messed up was that?

Storm must have felt my mood swing because he backed up, hands raised in surrender, and sat in the chair, staring, waiting, or whatever. His face was sad. That made me feel even worse for making him upset.

“How did it go with Grandparents?” He started changing the subject away from why I was in the bath in the first place.

“Think Grams is in her last days, won’t be long, she was not eating well, having trouble swallowing, so liquids were her main source of nourishment, and even then she would dribble a lot of it out. Grams thought I was a girl named Jan back in her twenties. I found it hard to believe how fast she had declined since my last visit two weeks ago. It’s a waiting game now.” I was grateful for the change, taking me away from me and my pity moment, to one that will be very emotional sooner than many realise.

“Gramps will be out of misery soon, too, then. He has coped with this for years, admitted that the woman he fell in love with had been gone for a long time now, and only gets glimpses occasionally. Gramps once said he was hardening up his heart, for when she

passes, although he lost her years ago, the physical side was still there, and he loves to see her getting all dressed up, and moving around the house.” I understood that. It was that way when mum died, and dad became what he became. I still had comfort knowing Dad was there, even though he was no longer there for me. It’s crazy, really, but that’s how the mind works; it remembers and, depending on the person, holds on to the good things rather than the bad, or, like a girl at school, holds on to all the bad things and forgets the good. Does that depict the type of person you are? I like to think I am optimistic, and not a pessimist.

What do they say, a half-full glass, or a half-empty glass, type of person?

“Will you let me help you get dressed? Dinner is ready downstairs.” Storm asked as he moved towards the closet to get me some fresh clothes.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 270[1,454 words]

Storm POV

After lunch, as a family we headed into town, family meaning Mum, Dad, Penny, Razor, lil Simon and me, the rest were out for the day doing what they chose to do today, not interested in window shopping, we were surprised when Mum agreed with Penny to go, Mum hates window shopping, she would rather sweep out the large shed, or mow the lawns than shop.

We went window shopping, talking about changes we were making around the house, to improve it for Cloe, it was not till now, that mum started to think of making the house more disable friendly, we all had time where we had been stuck in a wheelchair, but it was temporary, and didn’t see the need to make any great changes. Unlike Gramps home, which was already catered for

wheelchairs, having had an aunt years ago, wheelchair bound for her last ten years of life. That led the family to make big changes in the home.

“Mum, can we go to the movies? There’s that movie I want to watch now.” That was how we ended up, in the cinema watching some anime movie that Penny was hooked on. It was followed by a second one, and we stayed for both. It wasn’t till we left the cinema that we noticed how late it was, the sun had set, and it was past dinner time.

Cloe would be home alone.

That scared me the most, that Cloe would have come home to an empty house. What would she do? Would she worry about us and where we were? I looked at my phone as we

piled into the vehicles. Cloe hadn't texted or called me. That worried me even more. Was she okay? Had Cloe come back? Maybe she would stay the night at Gramps.

"What's wrong, Storm?" Dad asked, glancing over at me.

"Cloe would be home alone." I didn't need to say any more; that was enough.

The house felt empty.

The staff didn't know where she was, but she had returned home.

I searched each room downstairs, taking long, swift strides, eating up the ground, as I hunted down the rooms I knew she frequented, then raced upstairs, three at a time, and pushed the bedroom door wide open, with so much force that it hit the wall, with a loud crack; and there, slumped, and wrapped in a wet towel, looking sad, lost and defeated, was Cloe. My heart was thumping faster as I took her in.

What I hadn't expected was the tears.

Did something happen with Grams?

Did they have a fight?

Cloe stiffened in my arms when I lifted her to the bed, which she rarely does, her tears flowing down her cheeks. I waited for them to abate. I placed her on the bed and took a step back, worried I had hurt her in some way. After some questions, I worked out that she had fallen, and it hurt her pride. I had wondered when this would happen. Cloe had been too accepting of all that had happened. I was warned that sooner or later, she would have a meltdown, and taking a bath and slipping on climbing out broke the dam that had been building.

At last, we were downstairs, joining the family plus some, in the dining room. It was not unusual to have extras. Mum loves to have staff join in the meals, never the same one in a row, except Dirk, who was more family now than any of the staff. Meal time was always busy, food a plenty, and the conversation was light, mum doesn't like work discussed till after dessert, if we need to talk, and after the staff have finished and left the table.

"How was Grams today?" Dad asked, and was instantly sorry he asked.

"Grams will be lucky to be still here in a month; her health has declined rapidly," Cloe answered honestly, not even worried about Penny or the others hearing her statement, and in a way that was the right thing to do, no need to sugarcoat, the inevitable, it was her calm voice. one that carried surrity, what she was saying was true, and you wouldn't think to question it.

"Are you okay?" Mum asked, placing a hand on top of hers.

“Yeah, she thinks I am Jan, her school BFF, so we get on well together.”

“You are safe there, the problem has been removed and improvements to security have been put in place.” Mum continued, as if that was what Cloe had hinted, but I didn’t pick that up.

“I know.”

“We watched a movie, that one we talked about, it was good, you’ve got to go see it.” Penny gushed, pushing the conversation away from where it was headed and toward a simpler, less emotional one.

“Tell me about it.” Cloe encouraged, shutting every other question out before mum or dad could ask more. Penny went into detail about the movie, the story plot, and the parts she thought could have been done differently. As we moved to the lounge room, Penny was still on about the movies, having moved onto the other one. Penny was sitting on Cloe’s lap, talking to her, animatedly, as I pushed Cloe into the lounge, then Penny jumped off and sat on the floor in front of Cloe, still talking. I don’t think anyone had an opportunity to jump in. Once you get Penny on a subject she was passionate about, the rest of us have to wait for the conversation to run its course.

“Did you get a flyer?” Penny reached into her bag, pulled out some papers, and carefully unfolded a sheet that turned into poster size picture, laid it out on the table, and started all over again, explaining all the characters on the page, and the part they played in the movie, even who was the actor or actress of the voices. I learned more from listening to Penny than I did from watching the movie or reading the credits. Her knowledge of this anime was amazing.

The night moved along briskly, with Penny being the main talker, until she started to yawn, and I took that moment to suggest it was time for bed. collected Cloe before she could argue, and carried her upstairs.

When she removed her shirt, I got to see her back, which Cloe had been hiding from me.

“What the? Cloe, was that from the bathroom?” I asked, rushing over to get a better look at her. back.

“Yes, it’s okay.” I ran my fingers over the bruise, probing for any internal damage, then pulled out the first-aid kit and rubbed in some cream to bring the bruising to the surface and help it heal more quickly.

“It’s not okay, let me help. Please.” I pleaded; it was like fighting back the sun from rising. When Cloe puts her foot down, it’s hard to move her, and yes, I know she has no feet; it’s a saying I couldn’t think of a better word for. Cloe can be as stubborn as a mule, if not more so.

“It was just a bath. If you fix a handrail or something so I can climb out when slippery, it wouldn’t happen.” Somehow I knew she was throwing it back at me, her need to be independent, and prove to herself she was strong and could manage on her own, was strong.

“Babe, please, let me help. Yes, I can get that bathroom fitted with handrails, but I feel the need to help you as much as you want to do it all yourself. Can we find a compromise?” It felt like a rejection. I know that was wrong; it shouldn’t feel that way, but it does.

“Guess so, like you already carry me around, is that hot enough?” Cloe huffed and tugged on a nightshirt.

“No, I want to do more, especially in the bathroom, where even able-footed people slip and fall,” I argued, and the look on her face showed me she was at least thinking about it.

I climbed in behind Cloe, who had turned her back to me. I guess she was still holding back; I had thought we had moved forward, but now we had gone two steps back. I gently snaked my arms around her body and pulled her to me. I wasn’t going to let this night finish on a negative note. Dad’s advice to me, when I took Cloe to my room at the very beginning, was to never go to sleep angry with your woman, or her in tears, or it will fester and be twice as bad in the morning.

“Cloe, forgive me. I am trying.” I whispered, hoping to get a positive reply, but I got a huff and a grunt before sleep claimed her. I guess that’s the best I am going to get tonight.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 271[1,534 words]

Cloe POV

It’s been three weeks since my fall in the bathroom, which now has handrails in it, as promised.

I am at Grams, who was completely bedridden, and for some reason, I am the only one she doesn’t yell at. I have lived here for two weeks, sitting with Grams, and missing Storm. Each day, I try to get her to eat soft, gooey food, like baby food, but she can no longer talk. Today I was not successful; they had a drip in her arm, giving her nourishment, but everyone knows it’s a losing cause.

So, I gave her a warm body wash and was in the middle of brushing her hair, talking about the flowers in her greenhouse, which were blooming. When I heard her chest rattle, I knew she had taken her last breath. I reached over and pushed the call button, but didn’t leave Grams. I took her hand and kept talking to her, kissing her cheek. The nurse ran in, took one look and knew as much as I did, and called the doctor. I called Gramps on the

phone. He had gone out, at my insistence. Hanging around waiting was hard; he would go for a walk while I groomed Grams.

“Hello?” Grampa answered the phone as a question

“She has gone,” I replied softly, an edge of sadness in my voice.

“Thank you, I will be back as soon as I can,” Gramps replied and hung up. He would need a moment to gather himself before returning to the room. I stayed in the room, still holding her hand, when Grampa came in.

“You have been a lifesaver. I don’t know what I would have done these past few weeks if you hadn’t been here. She loved you very much.” Gramps soft softly in low husky voice, full of emotion.

“That’s kind of you to say so. I loved her too.” I let a tear roll down my cheek, and Grampa pulled me to his chest, and I think we both cried softly for a little while.

“The funeral will be on Saturday, and they will read after the funeral. I would like you there. She has left a few things for you,” Grampa said. He contacted the funeral home and the family, advising them of Gram’s passing. It all felt unreal. Any moment, she would call out my name. Well, she would call out Jan, but everyone knew it was me she wanted.

I was staying here till the funeral, Gramps said he would like my company for a little while longer. I quickly learned it was because he wanted to talk about his wife, and, as I knew a lot about his courtship and early days, he felt comfortable talking to me, getting his feelings heard, before the family all arrived, and he would put on a brave face I felt for him; he was alone in this big house.

Yes, there were a lot of staff about, but it was not the same as having family about. Fixer had convinced him to move in with her, and he was going to do it. After the funeral, he needed time to sort out his affairs and get any last-minute details place.

The funeral day came, and Gramps pushed my chair to the front of the church, using me as a barrier for those wanting to give him hugs; he did not want their sympathy or pity, from so called friends; he needed their help weeks, if not months, ago, they were always too busy, in which I had ended up filling without realising how much I was needed at the time. I saw Storm and the family, who came and gave Gramps a hug, which he happily accepted. They had been there for Gramps, visiting every other day. Fixer had stayed overnight once, talking and signing papers; they had me sign some, needing witnesses to the signatures, or something like that.

“How are you holding up? It must have been hard, but I am glad Grams was not alone when she passed on.” Storm gave me a quick kiss on the lips now was not the time for something more. They sat behind Gramps and me, who were in the front seat of the church, a place I had never been before. My spot was always the back row. The service

was lovely. Grampa and I had picked out the pictures that rolled on a screen the whole time, and the songs, which had been Gram's favourites.

At last, it was over, and Grams was in the family plot. Guests left in dribs and drabs. They had been trying to get Grampa's attention, but he firmly kept hold of the wheelchair and only gave a shake of a hand. He was disappointed in his lifelong friends, and so was Gram's when she could remember anything at all.

Slowly, Grampa wheeled me to a waiting car, and then to an office in town, where we would hear the will. It felt odd to be included, since I wasn't officially a member of the family.

The will was read, and I gained more money, some stocks, and jewellery than I had expected. Then Fixer added that I now owned the house, that she had signed it over to me, and that I could move in when I felt ready. This blew my mind; it didn't really sink in that I owned that home. I wondered briefly what that meant for my relationship with Storm, what sort of pressure it would add. Or would he dump me now, when I was getting more confident being around him, and knowing it wasn't pity?

When the lawyer had finished, we headed to the choppers, three would take us home, the house would be well looked after, and the staff were still under Gramp and Fixer's control. I had too much to learn to take on that responsibility just yet. It was nice to return to my room and the feeling of something familiar. I turned in early; the day had been long, and Gramps gave me some more hugs before I left, almost like he didn't want to let me go I was his last link to his wife. It was a bond

formed over the two weeks I had lived with them. They were a nice couple, and close to the end, Grams was no longer snappy; that side had faded, and the childish side arrived, Grams was more fun then, until she couldn't do anything for herself any longer. Once that happened, the end was quick. She was never in pain, just lost in a place no one else could go.

Storm came in, and showered, joined me in bed.

"You asleep?" Storm asked, but he had to have known I was awake.

"What?" I snapped, harder than I had intended to. My emotions were all over the place, more upset than I was willing to admit out loud.

"You want to live in that place? Did you enjoy living there?" Storm sounded odd, and I rolled over to look at him.

"What's going on in that head of yours?" I ran my hand over his cheek and continued my fingers through his beard.

“What about us? Me?” Storm searched my face, his eyes darting to each of mine, and then to my lips and back up to my eyes.

“What do you want me to do?” I countered, not wanting to get into this tonight, but I doubt Storm would sleep till he had answers..

“I want to be with you.” Okay, that was simple, didn’t answer a lot, but it was a start.

“Would you move to live with me in that large house?” I countered; it looked like we were both conflicted by this sudden inheritance, neither of us having seen it coming. The silence that followed was loud, an undercurrent of words not spoken, or don’t want to speak them. I could feel Storm’s heart beating fast as he thought about my question. Lots of emotion ran over his face before he could hide it.

“I think so, I don’t know.’ He eventually said, and I got what he meant, because that was how I felt. His life has always been here, with his family and friends; he most likely never thought to leave here. He had a club he was part of and a job with his Dad, though he didn’t need to be here to do it.

He was not short on money, nor were we now, so he could fly back and forth if he wanted to.

Was Storm ready to fledge his wings and fly from home?

Me? I could move; it would hurt at first, but I have had enough hurt to know that eventually it passes, and life goes on. I would be a temporary blimp on his road of life. I could still work for Fixer in her IT area, which she wants me to be part of.

I can’t sort out Storm’s dilemma; he has to work that out himself. Can he leave the life he knows and start again? Fly in when the club calls; he would have a long ride before he could join the guys on road trips or meet halfway, making the trip hardly worthwhile. That was up to him to make that call.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 272[1,478 words]

Storm POV

Cloe was at our great-grandparents’ home. I miss her more than I thought I would when I agreed that she could go and stay there. Gramps had everything Cloe needed, and had organised therapy when Grams sleeps. It’s been only a week, and I want to call her all the time. I found it difficult to sleep without her in my arms.

Today, Mia was gone, for good. The Prez kept her a little longer than we liked, but he had more questions; he wanted answers before he released her. We have sent the evidence that Alan needed to pull in Cloe's Dad and his four friends. Yes, four. Cloe only mentioned three, but there were four tied together in contracts and shipments of arms and drugs. Alan had informed us that the men are out on bail and have had their passports confiscated, but he doesn't trust them not to make a run for it. Plus, this was a federal case covering more than one state, so he had to share it with the feds. Alan feels that the men might have a target on their backs now; they know too much. It was Alan's way of suggesting that if we were going to take the men, now would be a good time.

Dad, Uncle Simon, and Grampa Sayage have made plans; the five will end up in our cells, below our place, not next door in the clubs, Uncle Simon didn't like the way Prez tried to take over, and push his authority, if it on our land, he can't push for the power, unsure why Prez did that, he was not one for power before, and that had raise our alert button. We don't think Prez is dirty, but he has some other agenda going on, possibly a friend has died from an overdose, or something like that, it would explain his pushing so hard to find the drugs more than pushing for the guns.

Tonight we are taking one of the men who was at a party. As we speak, our men are in position. When the man comes out of the party and heads home, we will take him. The route had already been planned, and unless he goes somewhere or brings home someone, we will have him. There was a lot that could go wrong, but our men were experienced in this, and I have high hopes success. The others are at the party too, but we selected this one because he was single an weak link, according to our spy.

I didn't have much to do with this side of things. Dad was happy I had already had a taste, and he would leave the professionals to collect. Our involvement starts when they reach the cells. If we can get more information that Alan can use, all the better.

That was my goal, not sure about anyone else's. I want the law to do its part, then when the guy gets released after doing his time, he can look at him getting into an accident or something. I am in for the long haul. Let him suffer a little bit first; death was too good for these men. Dad had listened to my ideas but never commented, so I had no idea whether he agreed.

Another week has gone by, and men have arrived in the cells, questioned. Alan gained more evidence against Cloe's Dad; he will be going down for a long time if the evidence can be used, and I don't see why it can't. We had News of Grams was grim; she was now totally bedridden, and I was concerned for Cloe and how she was handling all this. I want to be there for her, but I can only stay for a day before leaving. Mum managed to stay overnight once, but had to return. Grams didn't recognise her, and staying only upset her. So Gramps asked Mum to stay away, and she could visit by staying away from Gramps. Only Gramps and Cloe could be with her for any length of time; even the doctors and nurses had trouble with her until she became bedridden and lost all fight in her.

All four men have had their time in our cells, and divulged more and more information on the goings on with Cloe's Dad; he will have a huge target on his back; his contacts won't

like that Cloe's dad has been arrested, and with the other four disappeared, or should I say guests of our cells. Cloe's Dad was panicking, and so were his contacts. The more he worries and is scared, the better. I hope they take him before he has to go to court and give him a good beating.

If I weren't so worried about Cloe, I might have enjoyed this news more than I do. I need to hold my babe. Let her know that I am thinking of her; texting doesn't really show it. The words on a phone are not enough.

It was late afternoon when Dad received the call; Grams was gone. All my thoughts were on Gramps and Cloe; my Babe was in the room with her when she passed on, which was both good and bad news. I need to see my girl and how she was holding up, but I was told to wait for the funeral to see her.

It took three rings for Cloe to answer her phone, and her sweet voice graced my ear.

"Hello Storm, I have missed you." Cloe's need for me was as strong as mine. I could hear it in her voice.

"Hi, I have missed you too." My voice was husky, as if I hadn't used it in a while.

"When will I see you again?" Her voice wavered as Cloe talked to me.

"Mum said not till the funeral, Gramps was alone time. To think and sort things out, spend time with you, are you okay with that?" "Guess so, Gramps wants to talk about Grams. I learned a lot.

While she thought I was her best friend, we had a lot of laughs, till she couldn't talk or think any longer. She was not that bad a woman, not like the stories I had received. I liked her." I thought she sobbed, but covered it quickly.

"Then we will have time at the funeral, or after." We talked for an hour, a bit about Grams, some about the place she was living in, and how much Cliepe enjoyed the place, and the gardens that she had shared with Grams.

The funeral came, and we were all sombre. Too many tried to get close to Gramps. I picked up almost straight away that he was using Cloe to keep the hordes away. Cloe didn't appear to mind.

When our eyes met, hers brightened, and a smile covered her face briefly, just long enough to make my heart warm. My hug was too short before the ceremony started, so I had to wait.

The wait was longer than I thought it would be, as Gramps wouldn't let Cloe go, keeping the wheelchair firmly in his grip, and no one was game enough to try and take her away from him. The funeral over, and now sitting at the lawyers, with the will being read, we

all got something, but the biggest surprise was Cloe receiving so much, but not just Grams but mum signing over the house, this might change everything, like I need to consider what I want to do, moving forward, like would I want to live in that huge house, it's a nice house with nothing to do to it, and I have my own chopper, so we can get around.

Could I do it, leave my friends and family?

Does Cloe mean enough to me to move with her?

Hey, stop running before you can walk, find out what Cloe wants first, then work out what to do from there.

Grams took off, pushing Cloe again; she was his shield.

“Storm tomorrow, we need to discuss some things, with Cloe now having ownership of that house, you might need some new options. I have some for you to think about. Dad’s office, tomorrow after breakfast, we will discuss this then.” Mum said and turned to leave.

“Penny will be happy receiving those jewels she always wanted,” I say as I get in step with Mum.

“Yes, that she will, and some of the staff will be happy for their generosity. Grams has shown.

Grams is moving in with us, so the staff need to decide whether they want to stay on with Cloe as the new boss. Over the next few weeks, there will be a lot of changes around both homes.”

Later that night, I was holding Cloe, trying to get into her head, but she was too tired to go too deep, and I was so happy to be holding her like this that I didn’t push it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 273[1,470 words]

Cloe POV

Storm was patient with me, as I explained what happened over the past few weeks, unloading my grief that hit me harder than I had expected, I hardly knew the woman, yet I felt closer to Grams, as if I had known her for years, Grams treated sometimes like a granddaughter and other times like a close friend, sharing secrets and together we had a great laugh, sure it was not always me, that she saw, but I didn’t care, it was a good few weeks.

As far as the will and what I had gained out of it, I felt like I didn't deserve it; they hardly knew me, didn't even know I existed not that long ago. This fast change in my life was mind-blowing, and I was having trouble keeping up.

After a long chat, whilst still in the warmth of the bed, snuggled up in Storm's arms, it was decided some redecorating of the home was needed before I could move in. The master bedroom needs a complete change, and the bathroom needs to be adjusted to accommodate my special needs. A new Chair lift for the stairs, like they put in this house, that I have yet to use, because Storm was always close by to carry me up. More can be added to the list of changes once I have more time to digest all this and get feedback from Fixer, who was my go-to woman for advice.

"Time to get up, we are wasting daylight." Today, Fixer said she would take me out on the bike, a small family ride, blow the cobwebs away, and even Gramps was going to join us. A sort of bonding ride, for Grams, Gramps has some locks of her hair that he will scatter in the wind. When will he release them? He won't say, but sometime on our ride, Grams will be set free on her final ride.

A quick breakfast with all the immediate family here. Ten or so bikes will ride out on an all-family-only ride.

Storm helped me onto the back of Fixer. We are taking out my trike; it looks and sounds amazing. A small seatbelt has been attached until I get used to not having the legs to support me.

I am ready.

The sound of all the bikes leaving the driveway was awesome, and I was in the middle of it all. Tank and Gramps led the way, followed by Fixer, Storm, and then the rest of the family fell in behind. We took the long, winding back roads, enjoying the lush, green countryside after some recent rains. The air was fresh, except for the occasional roadkill that scavengers will soon clear away. The sky was clear and blue, with only one or two wisps of cloud that looked like a painter flicked the wrist and left a sliver of white on a brilliant blue canvas. The bike vibrated between my thighs, and the wind blew in my face. This was the greatest feeling, and for a few hours, I was free.

"You doing okay?" Storm's voice reached me through the headset. He didn't want me to be out here without communication; they all do it, looking after each other.

"You bet, I missed this," I shouted into the mic.

"No need to shout, I can hear you loud and clear. Speak in your normal voice." He chuckled. It was then that I realised that they must have switched channels, because I was no longer listening to Fixer about the controls and handling.

“Oops, sorry. I am just excited to be out here, and Fixer has been great, teaching me the bike hand controls, although it must be hard for her to use them, when she had working feet, some habits stick to you even when you no longer need them.” I giggled, using a sound that you would rarely hear before this family found me.

“We will stop soon, and have something to eat and refill our tanks, and for the lack of a better word to use, stretched out legs.” I get it, I do, they will walk around, and I will what?

The stop was a small roadside service station. Storm removed my wheelchair from the back of the truck, something else that made this so much better: having my own wheels so I could secure them on the back. The wheelchair was lightweight and had no armrests, a lot like the ones you see racers use in the Olympics and basketball players use. It was super easy to roll, and I made it to the bathroom with little trouble. Even used it, washed my hands and left, with no help from anyone, and no one in the room, hovering around waiting for me to make a mistake. I felt like I had passed some personal test.

Storm was leaning against the wall, coffee and snacks in hand, in the walkway, waiting, but at least not standing right outside the door. That would have been annoying if he were right outside the door. He has to let me fail, or at least ask for help, and this was, I guess, a first test, and it feels like we are both passing it.

“Coffee, and a chicken burger.” Storm offered once had followed him to the table, where they had moved a chair so I could sit with them, they had pulled a number of tables together, making one huge table, with us all seated around.

Family, this family, got to love them, they think of everyone’s needs, all of them do, even Pe came and handed me a napkin, since there were none left on the tables, I guess you need to one yourself when you receive your food,

“Thank you, Penny,”

I was getting some stares from customers and staff, but I guess it’s rare to see someone on a bike like me,

“Thanks, Storm,” I added as I unwrapped the burger and took a small bite.

The talk was about Grams and her life’s work, some of which others never knew about. She might have turned bitter, but she wasn’t always that way, hore a lost soul than anything else, someone who needed the company of others and their accolades. It was lovely to hear that the comments about the woman were positive.

“Time,” Tank called out, which had us all moving; there was not one complaint about staying longer. They worked as a team.

“You ride, give it a go.” Storm deposited me in the rider’s seat and took my wheelchair, attaching it securely to the back. I watched Fixer climb on the back of Storm, with a smile, and pointed to her headset.

I pulled on my helmet and touched the intercom, as Fixer had shown me.

“Good, start the bike, take it slowly to start with, till you get used to the controls.”

I reached down and started her up. She purred like a kitten under me, waiting for instructions. I touched all the controls, one at a time, testing where they were. Before setting it in gear and taking off slowly. The family’s eyes were on me, watching as I took off, stopped, then started again and stopped, testing. I nodded okay, and Tank took off. Soon, I was in the mix on the road riding, me, riding. When I lost my legs, this was a dream I didn’t think could come true.

“Looking good, sweetie.” Fixer’s warm, confident words floated over the intercom, followed by.

“Of course she is, Mum, that’s my girl.” His voice sounded full of pride.

Slowly, the pace picked up, till we were doing the speed limit and a bit more. It was different, I don’t mind admitting. When corners come, I need to slow a little. As Fixer demonstrated, I guess my place is at the back of the pack, so the bikes don’t have to slow down because of me. I feel a hindrance now; I hadn’t felt that way when Fixer was in control, but now I am super aware of what’s happening around me.

“I should be at the back; I am spoiling the ride for the rest of you.” There I voiced it. In the past, I would hold back my thoughts, but sometimes I make that mistake and end up with a black eye from Dad for my trouble. I doubt this family would do that to me.

“You are exactly where you should be. We can adapt; it’s the enjoyment of the ride and the journey not speeding to get somewhere. We are in no rush. Tank’s voice came over the intercom. Everyone must have heard me, I thought this was just Storm, Fixer and me.

I didn’t say much after that. What could I say?

Today gave me thoughts, when I move out, will I get to join rides again?

Will they want me to?

Still haven’t heard if Storm would move with me, or if this was a goodbye run.

**Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 274[
1,502 words]**

Storm POV

Watching Cloe on the back of the trike made me smile. She's a natural for riding. Cloe was on the back of my bike once when we visited her family, but we haven't had the chance to visit again. With her brother moving here soon, he might want to move to the town with Cloe, not stay here in this town. Haven't discussed that with Mum and Dad yet.

Mum insisted I didn't follow Cloe around like a lost puppy, or worry Dad, to let Cloe find her own way. It wasn't easy to watch from a distance. I grabbed our food, my eyes rarely strayed from the direction Cloe went, and when I had our food in hand, I walked closer, and my eyes stayed glued to the bathroom door, where Mum had said she had gone. I think we were all watching Cloe, assessing how she was doing. All ready to rush over and give Cloe a hand if she looked like she was in difficulty.

Cloe looked content, smiling and joining in, where she could; it was nice. They had all accepted that Cloe was part of the family now, and one day, a club wedding might be on the cards. It was official that Cloe was my girl; all the guys knew and respected it.

My heart swelled, almost closing off my throat, as I placed Cloe on her trike in the rider's seat. It was hard to walk away and climb on my bike, Mum climbing on the back, because Dad had Penny on the back of him, and watch, and wait, as Cloe went through the motions. Mum had put the intercom on so we could all hear. Cloe and Mum discussed the steps to start and move the trike.

When we hit the road for real, the smile on Cloe's face lit up her face, and she glowed with a wide grin. We took our time getting home, watching closely as we hit town, and had to slow and stop at the lights, and move on, Cloe riding like she had been riding for years, a natural in the seat, and no hesitation.

A place in the garage had been made for her trike so it could be lined up with all the bikes. I was so very proud of my girl.

"Do you want to see if you can unlatch the wheelchair?" I asked, resisting the urge to do it all myself.

"Not yet, my legs are not ready for that, even though I have feet, my legs still feel like jelly. Yep. understood that, especially now she hadn't ridden that long, in a while, her bottom would have numbed out too. I removed her wheelchair and settled her in.

"Son, can we talk in the office?" Dad called out as he and Gramps walked off together, not waiting for my reply.

"Go, I am fine." Cloe waved me away, her sparkling eyes still filled with joy from the tide.

Stopped at the office door and knocked.

“Come in, Son,” Dad called out. I pushed the door open. I expected only Dad and Gramps in here, but two of the Mayfield club officers were in here. Sitting relaxed in a chair.

“Hi, Jip, Screwloose. How have you been? Sorry for your loss.” They lost their President recently, who was drunk, after a fight with his lady, and hit a tree on the way home.

“Thanks, it hit us all hard.” Jip, the acting Prez, as he was the VP before the accident.

“That is why they are here, son. How do you feel about becoming the new President of the Mayfield club?”

“Shouldn’t they have a vote or something?” I was shocked, didn’t think it worked that way.

“Mayfield sort of belongs to your mother. Long story short, they approached us because none of the others had the experience to take over. Jip has tried to keep it together, but they need someone who can do the office; many don’t have the business sense to keep it running. They are not as big as our club, and need someone they can trust to often enough that they know you, and at the last me You have ridden with the guys

they had, it was suggested that you should be approached.” Wow, wow, not a position I had considered; I thought Dad was gearing me up to take over from him.

“Jip. The guys are okay with this?” Not that I doubted Dad, but I needed to hear it from the VP.

“Yep, we voted after the funeral, when we had a chance to speak with Fixer. It might be a bit unorthodox, but we would like to have you there. We heard your girl was taking over the house,

which puts you on our side of town. We do a lot of runs with your club, and with you being Prez, well, it reinforces our position as one large club family.”

That would solve part of my problem, but I will miss my family. Can I cope without them around?

We are so close.

“Dad? Gramps?” I looked at them, hoping they could answer this for me. It was a huge step.

“You would not be sitting here in this office, being given this opportunity, if we didn’t think you could do it. Besides, you are going to need to take over some of your mother’s businesses that are. in that town, the Astore side of things. Your mother has decided that Penny and the boys will keep her mother’s side of things running, and you can take on the Astore family side. Gramps has the office all set up. He was going to live here with us

because he wanted the company, but if you take on the club and the other businesses, he will move back, take a guest room, and help you get on your feet. Plus, Gramps gets to continue his weekly fishing with his buddies.”

“Sounds like you have it all worked out. Okay, I will give it a shot. When do you want me to go?” This was what I needed to take that leap away from home. I had felt like I was being pulled apart, worrying about Cloe going there without me, and about not wanting to leave my family and the club. I felt I was letting the club down by moving away. But this, yeah, I can accept this.

“We will call a meeting for next Saturday, where we can swear you in as President. Should be enough time to make your cut.”

My cut: I will have to surrender it before then, change the paintwork on our bikes, and get my tattoo changed. How am I going to change that? Do I want to? Maybe add the other club, next to it, and make them one. Time to talk to Mum, she will know.

“Done, Dad, can I surrender my cut tomorrow, and then pack up my stuff? Can we use a truck to move the gear over, and the bikes?”

“We can help, use the large chopper, can load most of your gear in that, can put the bikes on the back of a trailer, and drive your truck over, with anything left. Jip, we want to attend the ceremony, if that’s allowed.”

“Doubt anyone would complain with the owners being there.”

“Owners, oh, no, it will be signed over to Storm; he will be the new owner. He will be taking over all of the businesses that the Astore holds.” What? Me? A whole town?

“Fine, we’ll head off then, thank you, Prez, will catch up on Saturday.” They shook my hand and thanked me a few more times before they left. We walked them out and watched them take off down the drive on their bikes.

Dad slapped me on the back.

“Come, let’s go tell Prez, and you can give your cut back at the same time, then we can start moving your things over to your new home. Never piss off Cloe, or she will kick you out.” Dad chuckled in jest, but he had lived his life knowing Mum could do exactly the same. We have enough money not to worry about the threat, but we would prefer not to rock the boat, so we headed next door to inform our Prez of the change.

Prez was in his office, just finishing up some paperwork. He doesn’t spend as much time in here like he used to, and he’s less intimidating. I have no idea why he lost it before; maybe it was a midlife crisis.

Dad did the talking before Prez stood up and shook my hand.

“You were too good to be VP and take over your father’s spot; this will better suit you. Well done, and congrats.” I handed over my cut, feeling lost already without it.

“Don’t look so sad, next time we meet, we will be on equal footing, and we can sort out some real fun for a change. Remember the doors always open for you, as is yours for us.” Prez was right, but it still felt odd to be without it.

Now to tell Cloe the news.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 275[1,478 words]

Cloe POV

The adrenaline rush I got from riding was terrific. I missed riding and getting away from life, blocking out all the troubles, letting the ride take over, and thinking mainly about the ride. It was an opportunity to turn off and just be.

My thoughts drifted back to Storm as I watched him leave with his dad.

“Cloe, come with me, let’s go to my office and chat. Okay, was that a man’s talk for Storm and a girl’s talk for me? I wheeled myself at a brisk pace, keeping up with Fixer; she rarely slowed just because I was in the wheelchair. I took it as a mark of normalcy that she didn’t slow for the kids; mind you, her pace wasn’t as fast as Storms or Tanks. Fixer sat on the lounge in her office, and I rolled to be close to her; she didn’t push for me to move to the chair, like Fixer often did, when it was a girl’s chat.

“Storm is being told he, as we speak, he was becoming the owner of the Astore empire, all his

businesses and the associated properties, except the house you are moving to. That house was already discussed before Grams moved on. It was your reward for your bravery. The lands that surround the house will be Storms. He needs it for the helicopters and other services, so the ownership is split. This may sound odd, but it was always divided up like that: the business side of the property and the home. Gramps and I have discussed this at length, and we feel Storm was the only one with the passion to keep the Astore empire going strong. He will need to move over with you, hopefully, that meets to your approval.” Fixer blew me away.

“Of course, I was hoping he would join me, we are girlfriend, boyfriend, and distant relationships are hard. Storm had been so torn, wanting to stay with me and see where our relationship would go, or, should I say, he was waiting for me to be ready for what he wanted to give me; he hadn’t said yes or no to moving. Storm was worried he was letting the club down by moving so far away. The clubs his life, as much as you and the family

are.” I almost let my emotions take over. As I spoke, the thought of losing Storm had been gnawing on me since the reading of the will, because any long-distance relationship always falls apart; all the ones I have seen have.

“Moving will be hard at first. Storm has never been away from friends and family for more than a week or so. When out on school camps, he will miss his brothers and sister, but sooner or later, they must all leave the nest.” Fixer was touching my hand, trying to offer support, but my hands were on my lap, clenched into tight fists; Fixer’s touch had me unfurling my fists.

“You will miss him too.” I could tell she was already getting as emotional as me, even though she was hiding it well. That was all Fixer needed, for a rogue tear to spill and run down her cheek; she didn’t brush it away, instead took some deep breaths to get herself back under control.

“We have arranged for your treatment to continue in Mayfield. The hospital has forwarded your comfortable with. Before you know it, you will have your legs back and be running around with everything you are not kids.”

“Kids? Better get hitched first, no?” They would be okay with us just living together, technically that’s what we have been doing, but somehow, I hadn’t seen it that way till now.

“He has already claimed you, in our family, it’s as good as being wed, if not better. Because they are one woman, man, they would never stray. You are already my Daughter-in-law. I think it might be nice to do a little commitment ceremony between you and Storm before you leave. What do you think?” Fixer’s eyes lit up as she made this suggestion.

Seeing that look in Fixer’s eyes and a sort of hope, and my resolve to wait for Storm to make up his mind faded; something inside of me wanted to please this woman, who had given me so much already and had given me a mother’s love that I had been missing.

“Yes, I’d like that.” Fixer clapped her hands and started talking about who to invite and where to have it, and the best day, because she had already arranged for the chopper to take my things over, and my trike, my main wheelchair, but one will stay here for visits. Can you believe it? I have three chairs now: a bulky one, which is more of an armchair on wheels, a lightweight one, and a special one that goes on the back of my trike. My life I was living now was so far from what I had, and the dreams of running away from home and the abuse. No more struggling to find money to buy girl products or small incidentals she needs. Never make-up, that was a waste of money, a luxury that I couldn’t afford. Now I can buy a whole beauty shop if I wanted, and have them come to me, not go to the shop, it’s still blowing my mind.

Fixer took me to her room, showed me the dress she wore for her ceremony, and wanted me to wear it. This suddenly felt more like I was getting married. Did I agree to more?

Maybe I misunderstood what an acceptance ceremony was. But still, I let Fixer make the arrangements, nodding in agreement, when I thought she needed my approval, although Fixer was moving so fast that I hardly think she waited for my nod.

Fixer carried me back downstairs and into the wheelchair, then pushed me to the office and opened the door without knocking, like she owned the place. Wait! She DOES own the place. Is that why I will own the home? Do the women own the home, and the men own businesses? Hmm, how strange, even Grams and, from what I heard, Fixer's mother and her grandmother all owned the homes, what an interesting way to do things, my mother never owned anything, my grandparents do and never handed anything down.

"Darl, what's going on?" Tank asked Fixer as she burst into the room. It was Tank and Storm, and they looked like they were in the middle of a discussion. What struck me first was that Storm was not wearing his cut.

"Cloe has agreed to a commitment ceremony before she leaves. I have planned it for Thursday night, already have caterers, dress, and all I need to know is whether we do the ceremony here and it's private, or at the club?" Fixer was beaming with joy. Tank and Storm's eyes turned to me, and suddenly I wondered what I had agreed to. They looked both surprised and pleased, although Storm looked conflicted. Did I do something wrong?

"Thursdays fine, we can do it here in the backyard. Storm handed in his cut today and will get a new one at Mayfield." Tank smiled at Fixer. She squealed like an excited child as she got her new doll.

"YOU accepted? That's fantastic news, you will make a great president." Fixer cooed, rushing over to pull Storm into her arms, and squeezing him tightly, enough for him to exhale a breath.

"That he has, we were working on getting the truck and bike to the house, and all his gear, which was far more than either of us expected, plus we had yet to discuss where he was living, like would he be in the main house, or in one of the many cottages on the property, which he owns. But a commitment ceremony solves all that, congratulations." Tank was on his feet, he had clapped Storm on his back, as he walked by to pull me out of the chair to give me a swinging hug.

Storm moved to me and pulled me into his arms once Tank stopped spinning me around.

"Do you understand what you have agreed to?" Storm whispered in my ear, so low I almost missed.

"That I accept you as my man," I replied, thinking that's what it meant.

"It's like we are getting married, but club style, if we do one here, when I become president at Mayfield, we can do another one there, which will also mean you get a cut, a sort of copy of mine. You ready for that?"

“We will be sort of married, but not in a court of law?” I asked, shocked at what I had agreed to.

“Yeah, but in our world it’s law. You will be my wife, in the eyes of all club members.” He kissed me softly, a sort of brushing of lips, barely a kiss.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 276[1,444 words]

Storm POV

Dad and I were back in the office. I was feeling bare, not having a cut, it’s a symbol of our chosen lifestyle, and I handed it over reluctantly, sure I would get a new one, but it was like giving up a lifelong friend for a new one. It didn’t feel right, at the moment, maybe when I am wearing the new one, I won’t feel so empty.

“Everything will be there by Friday, and you can ride bike to the clubhouse and stamp your name on the place. You do know that you actually own the clubhouse and property. There is a lot of land in that town; your mother expanded the holdings there because the town needed help, as it had been lost in storms. Gamps going back with you is a relief in some ways. He would have felt out of place here. It’s best that he lives where he has friends and can feel needed as he guides you through what you now own. This is a big step, son, and I am proud of you.” We were almost finished clarifying what needed to be done and where we were headed with all of this when Mum burst in the door. It was so unexpected that it had both of us jumping to defend.

But what came out of Mum’s mouth had me floored.

Cloe agreed to be my wife.

Did Cloe understand what she had committed to?

I hadn’t even asked her yet.

My mother moves fast.

Cloe was in my arms, shaking like a leaf. I don’t know if she was shaking because of Dad twirling her around, or because I clarified what our commitment meant, in my eyes, in the club’s eyes.

“Yes, I get it now, um, how do you feel, um, we hadn’t got that far.” Cloe sounded vulnerable.

“If you don’t want this, say now, and we can put the brakes on.” I didn’t want to stop it, now that Mum had mentioned it was something I wanted, even if I hadn’t realised it, or reached that far in my head. So much happened in a few short days, since Gram’s passing, that my feet have barely touched the ground.

“NO! We need this, I think, I need this, to feel like I belong, if that makes sense.” Cloe sounded stronger as she spoke, a weight suddenly felt like it had been taken off my shoulders, and I wasn’t going into Mayfield alone, but with my woman beside me, which made this whole adventure sound so much better.

We turned to look at Mum and Dad, who were busy on the phones, calling those they wanted to invite to the ceremony.

“Anyone you want to come, besides family, like any close friends?”

“Yes, I have a few close friends I would like there. What about you? Do you want your brother and grandparents to attend?”

“If it’s okay, it would be a chance to say goodbye, we are moving further away from them, even my brother was moving here, just when we thought we would get a chance to know each other again, I am moving away.”

“He can move with you, Dear,” Dad called out, having heard the comment.

“What?” Cloe was stunned.

“Yes, he can work from the office that was Grams. Your brother doesn’t need to be here to do what I need him to do. In fact, we might change him to being in your lawyer group, Storm, instead of ours, and put them under the Astore leadership; he can get the hotel-motel legal side of learning, benefit all of us, having family in that sector.” Mum piped in.

“Guess when they get here, I can ask if they want to come live with me. Storm, what do you think? Would Gramps like to have some older people to talk to during the day?”

“Gramps can introduce them to his circle of friends. From what I have seen of them so far, they would fit in nicely. They have similar tastes.” Mum had Cloe sitting on the lounge, holding her hand, and trying to smooth things over, like Mum was good at.

“Son, I have called family and some friends, it will be on Thursday, the ceremony, here in the backyard. We feel the club has nothing to do with this, so maybe when you hand out your cuts at Mayfield, you can have another ceremony for Cloe to receive her road name.

“Did you call, include Blaze, Tandy and the Prez? I was thinking of calling Doom, Skunk and Sprocket to stand in with me. Who would you suggest for Cloe?”

“Leave that to your mother; she will have some ideas, and no doubt Penny will be involved.”

I pulled out my phone and made a group call.

“Yes, this Thursday, will you stand by me?” I gained a chorus of “you bet ya,” and “of course.” It wouldn’t be right without my closest friends.

“Can you come over tomorrow? Got news I want to say, but not over the phone.” They agreed to be here early tomorrow; it was getting late, and there was no time today.

The family was full of planning. Penny and Mum had their heads together with the planning.

It was a house of excitement; it was not until Cloe started to hide her yawns that I called it a night. By the time I made it to bed, Cloe was already rolled on her side and asleep, my lady had a busy day, lasting longer than I had thought she would after our day on the road, and her first time riding again, it was a lot to take in, all those controls, and new muscle memories to make, riding and changing gears were made with little thought, once Cloe masters it, she will be like that but with her hands only.

My mind was racing. The life changes that were never on my radar, only chasing Cloe was, now I am busy thinking about what her road name should be. I will put forward my suggestions in the morning. Oh, I forgot to ask Dad if he had informed Jip of the addition to the ceremony. I pulled out my phone and texted Dad, then lay down and let sleep find me.

My phone pinged, but I was too comfortable and warm, snuggled up to Cloe, to be bothered to move or look at it.

Cloe didn’t move all night, no nightmares, no tossing and turning. I had expected her to, with all this information overload, I had expected something, but at night, her thoughts were uncontrolled.

I slithered out from behind her and moved her chair closer, in case she woke while I was in

the bathroom and needed to go. Cloe was now proficient at getting in and out of bed if the chair was left close enough.

I washed up and brushed my teeth. My mood kept shifting from happy and excited to worrying about taking over the president’s role. All Dad’s training will come in handy, but that didn’t stop me from bouncing around in my head, with worry at something so new, and men relying on me to do it right. I don’t want to let them down. This was a huge responsibility.

“What’s putting that frown on your face?” Cloe asked, her face poking out from under the blankets, watching me.

“Worried about letting the new club members down, they’re all depending on me.” I readily admitted.

“You are worried about what two hundred or so men, who are comfortable at the club, are against the thousands of employees you have under you now, since you have taken over the Astore group? Tell me the logic in that.” Cloe giggled at me, smiling at my sudden drop of the jaw.

“To be honest, the Astore group never entered my head. Most I will never meet, so I guess they were not high on my priority list, but these men and women we will be riding with, are you not concerned with being the president’s wife? Where all the ladies will be looking at you for guidance and answers.” It was Cloe’s turn to frown.

“What?” Cloe almost screamed out.

“When you become my woman, you will get a cut and a road name at the Mayfield club, where we shall have another ceremony, making me president and you the top woman in the club.”

“Geeze, could have warned me earlier, I might not have said yes.” I couldn’t tell if Cloe was joking. She would be like a fish out of water, having no experience with bike clubs before. Poor girl, she was learning to live with no legs, and now learning to help run a club, where she will be the centre of attention, girls cornering her for advice, hope she’s ready for that.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 277[1,584 words]

Cloe POV

“Sorry, Storm, it was a joke. I feel like my emotions are all over the place, and I tried to joke it off, but I snubbed you. I feel bad for making you worry so much. I have had to look after myself for so long; now being dependent on someone else has overwhelmed me a bit. Sometimes I don’t know what to say or how to react. Can you be patient with me, and, er, maybe er help me when I am being an idiot?” I didn’t know how to ask for help. Storm had just returned from the bathroom, and I was hiding under the blankets before I apologised, trying to be honest, it did shock me that I was going to be top girl, and the ladies will come to me, not the kind of thing I have ever had to deal with, I always tried to be invisible, it was safer for me.

“Babe, you can yell and scream at me all you like, you have the right to and need someone to vent to, I can hit the bag in the gym, or swim laps, even scream at my friends, where you have had no one till now. I understand. Not all the time, but most of the time. You did leave me confused a few times, and I wondered what I did wrong, so maybe we both need to learn to talk to each other, even about the hard stuff. What do you say? Deal?” Storm looked at me with his puppy dog eyes, and how can I resist? He even pushed out his bottom lip in a pretend pout. Storm’s face had me chuckling, and the next thing he’s tickling me, and I am a gonna, our tickle fest happened, and the seriousness was gone, and Storm changed it to fun.

“Want to stay in bed all day?” Storm asked when he at last stopped tickling me. My sides hurt from laughing so much. It’s not fair that he wasn’t ticklish.

“No, we have a lot to do before our ceremony on Thursday, need to pack most of our stuff away, and get to the choppers, and our vehicles, and anything else you can think of, mind you, anything you forget, I am sure we can come back for, or have an excuse to have the family come visit us.”

“You’re right, and I have my mates coming over, going to ask them to stand with me. Have you thought of any girls you’d like to have?”

“Penny,” I responded quickly.

“That’s a given, you would have a fight on your hands if Penny wasn’t included. “Storm made a stance like Penny does when she doesn’t get her way, but his giggle was a bit off, which made it even funnier.

Storm helped me get dressed and head down for breakfast. The dining room was packed with people eating and laughing. The table was extended to its maximum. They all stopped talking when we entered the room, which made Storm stop in his tracks, and since I was in his arms, that meant I was stopped too.

Then the eruption began. Our ceremony was the topic; no one mentioned Storm becoming Prez, so that side of it must not have been mentioned. I was glad I was still in Storm’s arms because it reduced the thumps on his back, which made me wince at how hard some were. He will have a red back tonight, and I received lots of sloppy kisses, yuck.

At last, we made it to a chair and food.

“Tandy said he would be here and will officiate; he has been waiting for one of the children to reach the age for him to do it,” Fixer said when the table settled down to what was normal for this family.

“Great, I was hoping it would be him; he had us all laughing at the last one he did.” Storm was brimming with joy. I had only seen a little of Tandy, and most of the time it had been business, so I was not sure whether he could be funny.

The table continued with decorations and other ideas. It all sounded nice, and Penny ensured I had a say in everything. She made the suggestions and then asked if I liked them. In such a way, you would be hard-pressed to say no. I felt so special. A number of people had left, some to go to work, others to do whatever they had to do, and it was down to those I had become to see as family.

“Um, excuse me.” All eyes turned to me now, and I hardened myself and prepared to talk; all my rehearsed words fled, leaving me tongue-tied.

“I wanted to say thank you for accepting me into your home, for putting up with my tantrums and outbursts, which were out of character for me. You all have made me feel so special, wanted and included. Thank you, and please forgive me for all my bad moods and snappiness.” I couldn’t think what I had also wanted to say, so I said nothing more.

“You’re forgiven, we all understood, and didn’t take anything to heart. We know you are a sweet girl, with lots of potential, or my son would never have taken you into his heart.” Tank said, and the table agreed.

“If it had been me who lost my legs, the whole town would have heard my voice. I I personally don’t know how you have managed to stay so calm most of the time. You have not been that bad.”

“Thank you, Penny.” She gave me a hug, sat back down, and continued as if nothing had just happened, over and done with just like that. This family was a marvel, and I was lucky it was they who came to my aid.

Today was full of packing, and the chopper left with the bike, trike and Storm’s vehicle. Before returning for more to be taken. The amount of clothes I now owned was unbelievable, like I had never owned this many in my life, if you put them all together over the years since I was born. Most of it came from Fixer and Penny, mainly Penny, who loved to shop, and helped me pack. Penny had helped shorten the pants and made them look nice. I think she would make a great designer, either clothes or home; her taste was impeccable. Fixer came a few times to help remove the boxes and suitcases. All of what Storm wanted gone was already packed and left. We had a few clothes left here. Fixer said we should leave some for when we visit, as it saves bringing a suitcase of clothes.

Time flew by, and it was Thursday.

Storm stayed at his mates place last night, and would see me at the ceremony, breakfast was brought up, and Nightingale, Penny and Fixer were busy, pampering me, in ways I had never been pampered before, after a long shower, I was now sitting on a chair, Penny did my finger nails, and Fixer did my hair, while Nightingale put on the makeup.

“Not too much, please, I’m not really a makeup kind of person,” I complained when I was told to sit still. They had covered the mirror, so I couldn’t see myself till it was done. I was in the dress that Fixer gave me, and in the wheelchair that Penny spent ages decorating.

They had put fake feet on the wheelchair, with painted nails, and stiletto heels. They looked so lifelike.

At last, the primping was over, and somehow they transformed a scared girl into a woman who looked so much like my mother.

“Mum,” I whispered reverently, reaching out to the mirror as if to touch her.

I had silver spider clips in my hair, and ribbons that trailed down, almost as long as my hair, that they still refused to let me have cut short. Light blue eyelids, and blue on the end of my lashes, soft redish pink lipstick, and the tiniest amount of blush to give my pale face some colour. My dress was gorgeous, but then I had seen Fixer in photos, so I had an idea what it would look like, and smiled at my feet. That was Penny’s idea, and why it took Penny so long to decorate the chair, she wanted me to look whole.

“Don’t you cry and spoil that makeup,” Nightingale yelled when she saw my bottom lip quiver.

“Photo time.” Fixer took pictures of me alone, then with Penny, and then set a timer for all four of us.

A knock on the door had Penny skipping over.

Gramps was on the other side; he was going to walk me down the aisle.

“You look beautiful,” Gramps said, and leaned in to place a soft kiss on the cheek. Fixer took a few photos that included Gramps, and we headed down.

Two guards waited at the stairs and together carried me and the chair down the steps. At the bottom, Penny fluffed about, making it all look perfect, before we headed to the door that led outside. I had been warned what to expect, so I wouldn’t jump when the bikes revved as I walked by.

Through the door, I would see Storm, who was fidgeting, and the guys looked like they were giving him hell. He wore a sheet, an image of his father was at his wedding, but with no cut, that might make some question the missing cut, but no one would be game enough to mention it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 278[1,510 words]

Storm POV

My head was pounding; last night was the first time in a long time that I had been this drunk. It wasn't planned; the guys and I got talking and drinking. I didn't notice Doom replacing my drink until I was beyond caring. He kept swapping my half-drunk drink with a fresh one on the table in front of me. It was a great night, but I am paying for it this morning.

Groaning came from somewhere close, dragging me from my slumber, and I instantly wished I were still asleep.

I risked opening my eyes and saw two large, sock-covered feet.

I was cuddling someone's feet!

Gross.

I tried to back away from them, only to find I was being held in place by arms around my chest.

What the heck?

We were all on the floor, all meaning Doom, Sprocket, Skunk and me.

God, how did I end up like this?

I scrambled out of the tangled arms and legs, with difficulty and staggered to the bathroom. Looking back at me from the mirror was someone I hardly recognised. My eyes were bloodshot, and drool was dried in my beard. I quickly splashed water on my face in an effort to clear my head of last night's remnants and hunted the cabinet for painkillers. I wasn't going to last the day if I couldn't get rid of the drummer, who refuses to stop thumping the drums in my head, and my stomach that was threatening to send back what was left of last night's pizza. I threw back my head and regretted the movement as I swallowed two white pills and brought the bottle back with me, as I expected the guys to need some too, pushed aside the mess on the table, to make room for the bottle of painkillers and a bottle of water.

Dragged myself out the door, and headed to the kitchen, I need coffee, lots of very strong coffee.

The kitchen was a mess. Doom's mum won't be happy when she sees this mess.

I put on the coffee pot and cleaned the kitchen, my head hating every ding or clunk I made as I moved cups, plates, and cutlery into the dishwasher. It was like the symbols on the drum had just been struck, not in rhythm with the constant thumping that made up the beat. I had just finished cleaning up the mess when Skunk's mum walked in.

“Morning, sweetie, you had one hell of a night. Looking forward to the ceremony?” She spoke softly, almost like she was aware of the concert playing havoc in my head.

“Morning, Stick’s, yeah, when I get rid of the band, that’s still playing in my head. I will be good. Sorry about the mess.” Sticks chuckled and shook her head.

“That’s nothing, you didn’t have to clean the kitchen, I expected this.” Sticks started pulling food out of the fridge and making breakfast. Prez came in shortly after I poured myself and Sticks a coffee and reached for hers, gulping down a fair amount.

“Morning Storm, survived the night then. Others still asleep?” He reached the coffee pot, refilled Sticks’s cup, and made himself one.

“Yep, snoring away peacefully. Was a great night, morning not so much.” I ran my hands through my beard, glad the drool was gone. It would have been embarrassing if they had come to check on me while I was

cuddling his son’s feet, and Bruiser son at my back, yeah, not a sight I would want Prez to see.

“Here, drink this, it will help.” I sniffed it, and wanted to refuse, but with the way Sticks was looking at me, I guess she was expecting a fight, and Sticks was like Mum one way or another, I was drinking this toxic smelling concoction. Knowing I had little choice, I swallowed a lump in my throat before lifting the glass and swallowing it in one go, trying hard not to taste it. Sticks nodded, pleased, and took the glass back from me, no doubt to make more for the others when they made it into the room.

Prez chuckled and started to assist Sticks with breakfast. They have always been like this, for as long as I can remember, working as a close-knit team, neither needing to tell the other what needs to be done. I know all homes are like this or like mine, but with this couple, you can see clearly they still love and care for each other.

Slowly, the others arrived in the kitchen; the other siblings had gone into the lounge room, and rudely awoke them and began to rib Doom and Skunk, who were the worst of us. At least I had an hour before they woke. Don’t know if it was the toxic drink, the painkiller, or both, but I was right as rain now, no sign of a complaining stomach, and the drummer had gone.

The table was soon full of food, laughter, talk of today, and guesses about how Cloe will look.

“Gramps will walk Cloe down the aisle. Cloe will look lovely.” Sticks argued when they discussed whether Cloe would be in a wheelchair or carried. I didn’t care which way she arrived, as long as she came and became mine; the rest wasn’t as important to me.

It was time, I was dressed in a sheet, yeah, that shocked me when Dad's wedding photos showed them in sheets, but somehow it fit, I didn't want to be dressed in a suit and tie, it wasn't me, bad enough doing that for business meetings, this was more casual, and fitted me, us. I knew that Cloe would wear Mum's dress. Penny let that one out of the bag, so I knew what to expect to see on Cloe; their photo was in the brag room, with a lot of our achievement photos and trophies.

Standing under a tree watching and waiting, Tandy standing beside me, I had already signed all the paperwork; only Cloe needed to sign now. The bikes were lined up, ready, waiting, idling away. It was set up almost like Mum and Dad's wedding, but with subtle changes. It was nice, a special bond with Mum and Dad, we are already close. Things like this, the sharing of their good times, make it even more special between us. I wonder if the others, when they get old enough, will do it this way.

The music started, different from Mum and Dad's, it was the song 'You'll never walk alone.' I got all choked up over the song's meaning. My queen arrived in her sparkling chariot; she took my breath away, even though I knew what she would look like. This was much better than how I had pictured her. A radiant smile bloomed across her face; the makeup was not overly done. Her hair shone in the late afternoon sun, small sparkles of light from silver clips in her hair, which, when Cloe got closer, I could see were spiders; she was stunning. I did a double-take when my eyes reached the bottom of her dress and saw feet poking out the bottom of the dress, and knew straight away this was Penny's doing. They looked so real, painted toenails in stiletto heels, anyone not knowing Cloe and her situation wouldn't know she had no feet. My angel was wheeled towards me by Mum, Gramps holding her hand over his arm, as they slowly walked or rolled to me, taking the time it took for the song to finish before they reached me. Each set of bikes revved as she passed.

Gramps removed her hand from his arm and placed it in mine.

"Take good care of her." He murmured as I took Cloe's hand in mine; her hand was warm and soft, but shaking nervously, the only sign of how nervous she was. Her eyes sparkled with joy, which made me relax my nerves a little.

Tandy started the proceedings and offered me to say my pledge to Cloe first.

"The first time I saw you, a Siren dancing on the back of a truck, to a song only you could hear, you were calling to my heart, pulling me to you, like a Siren from the deep claiming the fishermen, and I was gone, mesmerised by your beauty. Then the gods wanted to claim you back and tried to snatch you away from me, and I acted. I didn't stop to think there was no way they could take you away, now that I had found you, and I tried my best to keep you from leaving me. Since then, you have filled the place in my heart that I didn't know needed filling, make me laugh, cry, and everything in between. You are stuck with me for the rest of your life as we navigate life's path. I love you and refuse to ever let you go. You complete me, like a piece of the puzzle that fits into place to make me whole. You have my heart and my love." I was smiling brightly at Cloe, my heart thumping hard in my chest, as I waited for her response.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 279[1,513 words]

Cloe POV

Listening to Storm almost made me cry with happiness.

Storm had lowered himself to one knee, took hold of both my hands, and looked me straight in the eyes as he spoke his heartfelt words and his commitment to me, at my eye level, which meant more to me than I realised. You were always looking up when in the wheelchair. That was part of why I enjoyed being carried by him; I did not have to look up all the time when in his arms, I felt more like an equal than someone begging or hidden from view.

“Storm,” I whispered, because my voice suddenly got stuck and I had to clear a non-existent blockage in my throat.

“Blue eyes and strong arms held me safe when my life was on the brink. Your soft, deep, confident voice,

during a crisis, for a girl you didn’t know, held me captive, and the beat of your strong heart echoed in my ears, as all else started to fade away. My life changed that day. I woke to see those blue eyes staring at me, and I knew, at last, I was being seen and not alone. We are still navigating our lives together, many

changes in the future, but one constant is you, your quiet strength, long patience, and gentle ways. I know I can always rely on you to be there for me, to listen to me. You have shown me that life is worth living, that my lack of legs doesn’t define who I am. I will try my best to give you what you have given me, love, and a life worth living. I pledge my love, my life, my heart, my strength to you. As we travel the new, uncharted road of life together.” I had more I wanted to say, but the words got lost, as my eyes started to water, and I could feel the trickling of tears running down my cheek.

Rings were exchanged. Storm’s ring looked like the engine of my trike, with the top encrusted with sapphires to match his eyes. Mine was the same, but it was Storm’s bike engine, with emeralds to match my eyes; they looked amazing.

“You may kiss your bride,” Tandy announced, with a huge smile, Tandy’s eyes moist with unshed tears.

Storm leaned in, and soon, I surrendered to a kiss that was full of promises of things to come, and all thoughts vanished, and only Storm and his lips and strong arms consumed me. The sounds of revving bikes filled the air, alongside the cheers and whistles of our family and friends, as Storm and I officially became one. I signed some paperwork that I

didn't read because I had blurry eyes and trusted Tandy. The party that followed was wild. I hadn't laughed so much in my life. This family knows how to have fun.

"Can I have this dance?" Storm held out his hand, watching, waiting, a twinkle in his eyes, and a smile on his lips that hadn't diminished all night.

"Sure." I put my hand in his, and wondered how we would dance. The song was lively, and Storm rocked my wheelchair back and forth, then spun it around. I felt like a child in a shopping trolley. I couldn't stop laughing at the thrill of being included. I was no longer invisible. Storm knew how to make me feel wanted, seen. I am one lucky girl.

Then a slow song came on, and Storm didn't hesitate; he lifted me out of the chair and held me close to him. His head rested in the crook of my neck, his arms holding me tight to his warm body. I had a fleeting thought about the wheelchair, and my feet still on the footrest, and how odd that might look, but being in his arms, and listening to his low hum to the song. I felt very much loved and cherished, and all else faded into the background.

The night wore on, and I started to yawn. I didn't want the night to end, but Storm insisted it was time for us to leave. The family would party on or start to leave once we had made the move. He carried me upstairs to our room, where he commenced to disrobe me. He mumbled something about stupid ties, as he fumbled to untie each ribbon that held my dress on, thirty tiny bows, Fixer had said, each double knotted, to make him work, and build up his need.

Eventually, with more patience than I would have had, we were both in bed. Storm and I had been exploring our bodies, learning each other's needs and wants, learning our likes, having no feet, didn't hinder our need for each other, my embarrassment at their ugly sight, abandoned under the love in Storm's eyes. Storm moved down the bed, lifted my thighs, and started to lick and suck on my nub and folds, thrusting his tongue in and out of my entrance, his fingers joining his exploration.

"Storm, I need to give you pleasure too," Storm said something, but his words were lost in the sensation of the vibration his words created as he hummed on my clit. Slowly, Storm crept up my body, laying kisses on my stomach, chest, neck, and finally my lips. I felt his shaft rubbing up and down, my folds, moistening his manhood with my juices, his eyes full of need, lust, and concern, as he murmured at me.

"This might hurt a little." He leaned up a little to look me squarely in the eyes, and he lined up his shaft and thrust inside. I gasped at the intrusion and sting, but it didn't hurt that much, not compared to other pain I have had in my life. His shaft filled me so completely, and it felt odd, but in a nice way.

"You're so tight. So warm, perfect. Are you okay?" Storm had stopped when he entered me, waiting for my acceptance. It wasn't so bad. I nodded. I wiggled my hips to get a better feel of him inside me.

Storm, resting on his knees, put his arms under my knees and raised my legs. He pushed deeper inside. I thought I had all of him inside of me, until he did this, as he expanded me a bit more. Surely that was all of him. He started a thrust and withdraw action, and as much as I tried, there was little I could do, except accept what he was doing. Storm had me in such a position that it kept me in place, his eyes fixed on me, as the feeling started to build, his pace picked up, Storm's fingers digging into the back of my knees, causing a little pain, but that seemed to heighten my awareness and pleasure.

The pace picked up even more, bringing him to a frenzy, and his eyes closed.

I felt myself ready to explode. The buildup was fast, very fast, this was beyond anything I had imagined, and believe me, I had imagined a buildup could reach.

"Cum for me, Cloe, I am close." Storm gritted out between clenched teeth.

As if being given permission was all I was waiting for, my body exploded, I screamed out Storm's name as unimaginable pleasure washed over me, so much pleasure, far beyond our investigations had ever taken me before.

Storm roared out my name. In reply, his shaft pulsed inside of me, he thrust a few more times, his breathing short and shallow as if he had just run around the oval a few times, before he rolled over, taking me with him, keeping his shaft inside of me, so I was now straddling him, my knees coping with holding my weight, it takes a bit to find a balance, with no feet to anchor me, but Storm, never let go of my hips, keeping me secure on top of him, which made it easier, and stay put.

"Are you okay?" Storm asked huskily, still slightly out of breath.

"That was incredible." I didn't know how to explain how I felt, so many feelings and emotions were running through me all at once.

"Not too rough on you?" Storm asks, ever concerned; I hope one day he won't worry about me all the time. I need to show him I am stronger than he thinks, I am, that I can stand on my own, well, not two feet, but you know what I mean. I giggle to myself at the thought.

"No, you were perfect. Next time, can I try on top? I like this." I wiggled my hips on him, his shaft still inside of me, even though it was soft; it was still too big to slide out.

"Of course, we had several positions I want to explore. As time goes by, you'll be a little tender right now." I thought about that, and it was a little tender, but it was nothing I couldn't handle. I wiggled again, and his eyes widened as his shaft responded to my movement, and I felt that we might get to have round two shortly. His resistance is waning.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 280[1,616 words]

Storm POV

These stupid double knots, I bet this was Mum's idea to have fun at my expense. I mumble to myself, as my large fingers have trouble untying these tiny bows. Was this what Dad had to go through, like did they double-knot all his? Might ask him one day.

Carefully, I prepared Cloe for what was to come, bringing her to the brink of release. I was not confident enough to let her have the release she was chasing, and then climb on; I was worried she would cope with it twice, not being her first time of accepting me. I was worried about splitting her apart, like the stories Dad had told when we grew up enough to start experimenting with girls.

But I worried for nothing, Cloe was perfect, and this position gave me deeper access to her, and I didn't mind holding her legs, until we learned what Cloe can and can't do in bed. I am so looking forward to experimenting with her. She will have to call the shots at first, because I don't want to hurt her. What I didn't expect tonight was when Cloe was sitting on top of me, that was coaxing another round out of me, not that I minded it, my shaft was quick to respond, like it had a mind of its own, and wanted more, making up for all the ones I didn't get over the past few months. All my need for other girls had died a while ago, it was same ole, same ole, and I was ready for something more. Dad had said one day I would feel that way. I hadn't expected it to happen so early in life, thought maybe when I reached my thirties.

I kept hold of Cloe's hips, and she started to move up and down, balancing on her knees, her stumps not much too, for balance, I hope it doesn't cause pain to the stumps; they are still swollen.

Cloe said they didn't hurt anymore, only phantom pains, which, according to Dotty, might last all her life. I hate the idea that she was in pain, but even painkillers can't stop phantom pains.

Cloe bounced up and down, like a pro. It was tempting to let go and see if she could manage on her own, but my protective side wouldn't let me. The look of enjoyment on her face was magic; her eyes were closed as she felt her way through this new experience. Her breasts were bouncing in front of me, and it was hard to resist letting go of Cloe's thighs to touch them. I wanted to do so much with her, to her. It didn't take long for me to be close to exploding again.

"Storm, I am so very close." Cloe hissed as she picked up the pace, as she rode me like she had done this a thousand times before, not this being her first time.

“Let go, Babe,” I urged, watching her, to pick up the pace even more, and I couldn’t hold on, as I exploded, screaming her name. I felt her tunnel clenching on my shaft, drawing my release.

We had talked about this on Wednesday night, agreeing to make this a special day. Cloe had a birth control injection a few weeks ago, apparently it was Dotty’s suggestion, knowing we were getting closer to being intimate. Dotty didn’t think it was a good idea to get pregnant until Cloe had her prosthetics fitted, and I was okay with that. Cloe still had a lot to go through, and a baby now wouldn’t be good for her. I won’t push her; it’s Cloe’s body, and she has the right to decide when she is ready to try for a child.

“Would you like a shower?”

“No, too tired.” I moved Cloe to the side, left the bed, grabbed a warm cloth, came back, and, with care, washed Cloe between the legs and dried her with a small towel. By the time I returned to bed, Cloe was asleep; she had a long day, and I hope she enjoyed it as much as I had. I stared at her sleeping form.

My wife.

My better half.

My heart.

My life.

We had a long talk. At first, Cloe was angry and disappointed, that Mum had pushed the house onto her, but apparently it was Grams wish, during one of her clarity moments, to give the house to Cloe, but the way Mum handled letting Cloe know about it, and now the proud owner, was all wrong, if you listen to Cloe talk about it, it did sound more like Mum was forcing Cloe out of the house, but that wasn’t it at all. I think Mum was excited for Cloe to have the house and hadn’t considered how it would sound to Cloe. But now that I am moving too and taking on a whole new set of responsibilities, she is more accepting and understands that it was not meant to push her out. We are both walking into unfamiliar territory. I am as nervous as she is. Cloe promised to help me, since I needed all the help I could get, and I needed her with me every step of the way. The club’s dynamic will be different from what I grew up with, and I’ll have to get used to many members I haven’t met yet. Dad warned me not to walk in and order them about, for better changes, but to watch and listen to the members’ wants and needs, and take time to make decisions. Dad said he was a phone call away; if I needed him, he would be on the chopper so fast.

We leave tomorrow, get settled into the house, and then on Saturday, our lives change again. Cloe was actually looking forward to me becoming the President of the club, not so much her being top woman, but for me to lead the club, Cloe had full confidence, that I

will be able to settling in fast, and lead them with the love and devotion that I have with my old club, I wish I was as confident with myself as she was,

Snuggling behind Cloe, my woman, she gets a road name on Saturday, I have already thought what I want her name to be, I told Dad, and he had been busy since I accepted shifting to Mayfield, making my cut, and Cloes. Dad had already talked to Jip about the cut and agreed that Dad could make it for us, Dad will put it in a bag, out of sight, so I won't get to see it until Saturday. He was trusting me not to take a peek beforehand.

Sleep eventually found me, my poor brain wouldn't shut down, all the worries of the big move, and I won't have Mum and Dad close by to run to when I need someone to talk to, Gramps will return with us, he's excited to return to his home, and had picked out what room he wants now we have the master bedroom. Gramps has informed his fishing buddies that he is returning and plans to fish more.

Cloe was not in bed when I woke. I panicked and rolled to the other side of the bed to look for her wheelchair. I feared she had fallen out of bed. We had the railing removed when Cloe said she no longer needed it-letting out a breath of relief. The sound of the toilet flushing gave me a hint of where she was. Thinking Cloe was going to have a shower without me, I bounced out of bed and made it to the bathroom in three long strides, pushing the door open in time to see Cloe reaching in to turn on the water.

"Care if I join you?" I smirked when she turned her head to look over her shoulder to give me a big grin.

"Sure." Cloe climbed onto the bench in the shower, and I followed close behind.

What I hadn't expected was for Cloe to reach out and take my shaft in one hand, and pull my hips towards her, and yeah, Cloe took what she could of me into her mouth, and her other hand played with my balls. It didn't take her long to have me panting as I reached my climax. What a way to start my day, this girl surprised me every day. She is bold and brave, and catches me off guard,

which makes it all that much better.

"Care for me to reciprocate?" I offered with a smile

"No thanks, I am a little tender down there, and would like the day off. If you don't mind." Mind?

Me?

"Of course, you know your body best; never be afraid to say no," I replied, and then washed her body and hair before letting her wash mine.

“Turn, so I can do your back,” Cloe demanded, but the smile was still fixed on her face, her eyes sparkling with joy.

“Yes, boss.” I turned around and stood with my legs apart, lowering myself down so that she could reach my back with ease.

She grabbed a handful of hair and pulled my head back, then she leaned down to kiss me. This was an odd feeling, kissing Cloe upside down; Cloe had complete control, plunging her tongue into my mouth, and dancing with my tongue, I was getting hard again. Down boy. I willed my shaft to go down, fat chance, this was erotic, and Cloe was playing me, like a professional, taking what she wanted, like I had urged her to do several times before, but she was too shy to do it.

I like starting my day like this, I could get used to this side of Cloe,

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 281[1,515 words]

Cloe POV

Well, that went better than I had hoped for.

All of it, the ceremony, the party, and what happened after, blew my mind. I had no idea it was going to be that pleasurable, and Storms filled me to capacity, no tiny bit of room left inside of me, like my man... Yeah, I like the sounds of that...my man..he is well endowed, like I have heard girls talk about how large a boyfriend or guy they slept with in the gym at school. However, my man's no slouch in that department; it would make those girls at school so, so, so very, very, very jealous. I think smugly.

It was good to take over on top of Storm, and he let me, like I thought it would be impossible with my feet. Still, I did it, there was enough of my what's left below the leg, to give me a little support, nothing like a whole leg, but enough to balance, part of the therapy have been to desensitize my stumps, massaging and touching them to get used to feeling, my stumps didn't hurt anymore, they still have some tenderness, in places, that don't like being massaged or rubbed. Like on the back of my legs, they hate even my jeans touching it, but nothing I can't handle, and although they are still enlarged, I am trying to do more with them. I am good at blocking out pain, I've had to over the years, that might be why I am doing so well now. Or according to the doctor, that is. Dotty was going to be at my first meeting with the new team set up for my ongoing care, at our new home. I am not as scared now; I feel I have a stronger voice. Storm has helped me to gain the confidence I needed. I don't know where I would be now if Storm hadn't fallen into my life.

I was thinking about that when I got up this morning, reminiscing about my life and the good changes since the accident. Pain I can handle, I've been doing since my Mum died. Still, this caring, learning to trust someone, anyone, has been harder than losing my legs, as traumatic as that was, it was a body hurt, and I can accept that pain, but this emotional one, has been harder for me, very much harder, deep down I know I am not this snappy, angry person, it's not me, I am working on being the girl I once was before Mum died, where I laugh more. I am not a judgmental person and have never had a short fuse, but since the accident I know I have been a bit nasty. It's like a switch was turned on, and my anger and frustration boil up, and I don't know what to do with it.

Storm entered the shower, and I couldn't stop myself from reaching out and taking his shaft into my hands and licking and sucking and playing with him; it was right there at eye height, I couldn't miss it, sitting at this level I hate when in the wheelchair, but here in the shower? This may have a few benefits. Storm didn't resist, and I was shocked at how fast he reached his release. I think showers have a whole new meaning, for me now. If he's going to have that gorgeous shaft at face level, I might have to keep taking advantage of it. I giggle to myself as I start planning future bathroom fun.

Dressed for the day, in slacks and a shirt, it's moving day,

After a long chat with Storm about the move, his being president, and what he would like us to do as a couple, I am more content with the move. I am still employed, but no longer by Fixer; I am now employed by Storm on the business side of things, since Fixer handed over the Astore side of the family business to Storm. The man we call Grampa Savage, Fixer's Dad, Storm's grandpa didn't want the reesponsibility of the family business, something about a family bust up, when he younger, and spent most of his life running from pain and grief, that when he did eventually return to the fold, he didn't want to take on that kind of responsibility, he was happy to be the pilot. As that side of the business grew, he managed the fleet of helicopters and light planes. Hence, Fixer is running it all. Fixer has a great team set up, and it was more about managing them and getting regular reports from them. I will be on the IT side, including internet security and online work. That's me, I am looking forward to starting work. Gramps said he will show me the setup in the office and give me all the access and top clearance. So much is going on in a short space of time.

The last of our packing was done. Fixer and Tank pushed us to leave some here, for when we visit. Our room would be kept for us. It was nice to be wanted. This family shows it in so many small ways that they care. We all said our goodbyes, tears flowed and promises to visit soon.

Fixer was a mess, saying goodbye to her firstborn; was harder than she expected, and she didn't try to hide her tears. Storm hugged her tight, whispering something in her ear that made her chuckle, neither wanting to let go. I got all emotional watching it. To have a mother's love like that must be nice. It was moments like this that I miss my mother. She was loving and caring. I remember her singing and being a woman who loved life, and a lot like Fixer, happy to help everyone. I miss her.

Tank hugged Storm too, and in a gruff voice, wished him good luck. I didn't miss out on the hugs.

"You'd better keep in contact, no excuses. I want visits at least once a month, if not more often."

Fixer was demanding of Storm, who just smiled at her, neither accepting nor denying her requests.

The chopper was in the air, Storm waving goodbye to those below, marking the end of the only home Storm has known, and the start of his new home and life with his woman. He was quiet during the flight, but I had expected that; this was as big for him as it was for me, and I was going to give him the space he needed. Our new home came into view, and I was looking down at it new eyes. This was mine, my home, Dad can't take it away from me, and if I don't want them to visit, they can't get in. That thought gave me some form of comfort. I felt safe, really safe, from Dad, I wasn't worried about another sniper; Tank had assured me that security had been improved, and I could check the place over after I was settled in.

A group of staff were lined up waiting for our arrival, something a lot like the first time we visited here, but this time, they are my staff, those I have to help me keep this place running smoothly. Many live on the property, having been available for Grams Day and night. Gramps climbed out of the chopper first, Storm next, grabbing the wheelchair for me. We discussed this, and for our first time, I was in my chair and not carried; it felt more dignified not to be carried in on our first time as the new owners.

Gramps greeted the staff and introduced us to each one as we entered our home. I'll take a longer walk or roll around later today to check the bedroom, confirm that the changes match our specifications, and store our items. We spent a lot of time rearranging the bedroom to suit us, and asked for some more changes to the bathroom, Storm thinking more about when I get my new legs, and might as well make changes now, while the renovators were still here.

Lunch was eaten on the run. A guy named Jip came by, and Storm introduced me as his woman, and they disappeared into his office. Gramps came and sat with me, and we went through the security features, passwords, and access to everything in this place, and I was introduced to what I would be doing as a job. Gramps was amazing; he was very knowledgeable. I could tech talk to him, and Gramps knew what I was talking about; it was a nice change.

My nerves had settled, and I was more comfortable with the new challenges ahead of me, as far as work goes, I was still a little rattled with the club scene, I hadn't had anything to do with Bikers, in the past, enjoyed seeing the bikes, and the muscle men, but that was about all I knew about the club, Storm had taken me to their club house once, on a party night, it was an eye opener for me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 282[1,387 words]

Storm POV

Today was my hardest day in my life.

I had said goodbye to my friends last night, and that was hard, but now, holding Mum as she cried in my arms, tore me apart in ways I hadn't thought possible. I never ever wanted to hurt Mum, but this move felt like I had, even though Dad and Mum more or less pushed it on us. Saying we needed a fresh start, learn to support each other, and this was a great opportunity.

I made promises to keep in contact, which I will, not sure about everyday, but as often as I can. They promised to visit and make a monthly family dinner time, either we visit home, or they come to us. I was happy with both options, but I will play it by ear. The chopper took off, and I waved at Mum, Dad and the family, as they waved back, Penny crying, Dad holding her to his side. It hit Penny hard. I hate hurting my family. The pain of leaving the nest sucks. I was grateful to Cloe for holding my hand and not trying to comfort me with heartfelt, meaningless words. I know anything she would say would be spoken with good intentions, but staying quiet and letting me absorb all this meant far more to me. The occasional squeeze of my hand was all Cloe did, as comfort.

"Homes in sight," Gramps spoke over the headset, breaking my woe, it's me, fest.

"Home, that sounds nice, I need a place to call home," Cloe said, that hurt, thinking of the home I had just left, but then she thought about it from her side of it. I guess it really was her first home. I have been worried about her returning here, after Gram's death, but Cloe had reassured me that she was fine, that Grams was a wonderful, confused woman, and her leaving was a blessing for Grams, and if here was where Grams wanted her to be, and care for all her treasures, and plants, Cloe would do her best, to fill that need.

The staff were pleasant enough and greeted both Gramps and Cloe with warmth. They were more curious about greeting me; they had met me plenty of times, but now, as a boss of sorts, they might be wondering what I would be like as their boss. They will tread more carefully around me, I guess, until they get used to me.

We spent the morning sorting out our room and settling in when Jip arrived, I introduced Cloe to him, grabbed the bag Dad gave me with the cuts in it, and took him to the office.

"Jip, Dad made our cuts, and we need to give Cloe Her road name. Do you think we can do both tomorrow?" I left that open to Jip; he knows the men, and what can be organised at a drop of a hat, while I get my feet wet. So to speak.

“Perfect.” He went to open the bag, and I put my hand on his to stop him. He looked up at me in shock.

“Dad wants it to be a surprise.”

“Got it, I will check it out back at the clubhouse. We can make it a big celebration, welcoming our new President and our top lady. Some of the ladies will be disappointed; word has got out that you are joining us. But no one knows that you have already been taken; this is going to be a riot.” Jip looked too pleased for my liking.

“Do I need to worry?” I smirked, feeling this was some fun, seeing what my lady was capable of, against the wannabes.

“Nope, you’re the boss, and they want to be lady boss, like most wannabes, you got this.” Jip laughed. He put the bag down, staring at it longingly, before turning his full attention back to me.

“Got it.” We talked more about tomorrow, which will be an early afternoon induction to the club, what to expect, how many will attend, the ceremony, and then the doors will open to visitors.

“Where’s your old Cut?”

“Dad thought a clean break was needed, me keeping the cut was like not letting go fully, and totally committing to this club, it will always be at the club on display with other retired members’ cuts. I get it, not that I would put it on, but it would keep me thinking about the club, and what would be, instead of moving forward and dedicating all my attention to my new position.”

“I can see his point of view, and in a way, I agree with him, you would always be looking back instead of forward,” Jip said thoughtfully. My Dad was full of ideas, most of which made sense, and I would always make time to listen to them. Even when I am president, I will never be too big to listen. I’d be a fool to dismiss anything Dad suggests without serious thought.

Jip left a few hours later, both of us now full of ideas moving forward, and he was looking forward to my taking over the club. He admitted being a good support man, but didn’t like being the boss; keeping the business side flowing needed someone who understood business, and that was one part he failed at; he can do the accounting side, but not running the business. He left the accounting books with me to go over, and the login to the president’s computer, which I can access remotely. About two hours after Jip had left a knock on the door pulled me out of the club books.

“Storm, it’s dinner time. Got time to stop and eat?” Cloe asked as she wheeled herself inside the office.

“Sorry, time got away.” I turned off the computer and shut the books, leaving them for later.

Dinner was casual, not in the formal dining room, which Grams loved to sit in, but in the more personal family one, which I preferred. Gramps and Cloe were on one side of the table, happily chatting and filling their plates; on the other sat the head of staff, and the head of security was there, looking nervous. Cloe was continuing Mum’s idea of two staff members joining us for a meal, and from what I can tell, Cloe had asked each head of staff to pick one member each day to sit and eat with us. Cloe called it a get-to-know-you meal time, but it was more than that, and he wasn’t going to correct that idea. At last, the meal was done, the staff members not so stiff, and we got to hear some stories of Grams and Gramps. It turned out to be a nice time had by all.

The need for my bed came too soon. I was enjoying Gramps’ tales of escapades from his youth; he had me in stitches for most of the night. Cloe nestled on my lap. I think she was drifting off to sleep when I called it a night.

“Get that little lady to bed; she’s been a real trooper and I don’t know what I would have done without her in my hour of need. She’s special to me.” Gramps pushed some hair off Cloe’s face and leaned in for a quick kiss. I don’t think Cloe even realised that happened; she was too far gone.

I carried Cloe to our room, stripped her and myself, did bathroom needs, and climbed in behind her. Tomorrow was another huge day for us, and I won’t deny that I am as nervous. But that didn’t stop me from getting comfortable behind Cloe and letting sleep claim me.

Morning came, and the light streamed through the window. I lifted my head and looked around.

This wasn’t my room?

I sat up, rubbing my eyes, before it dawned on me what had happened yesterday. How silly was that? Guess habits don’t die too quickly. For some reason, I expected to wake in my other bed.

“Hey, are you okay?” Cloe asked, having rolled over to look at my lost face.

“Yeah, woke up disoriented, moving hadn’t sunk in my brain fully yet.” Cloe chuckled at that. I guess she had so many changes in a short space of time that it didn’t faze her as much as me, who had

been living a stable life, all my short life. Time for the shake-up.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 283[1,523 words]

Cloe POV

Poor Storm, he was out of sorts. When he woke up, he took a long shower, and it wasn't until after breakfast that he came out of his funk. Now, we are getting ready to go to the clubhouse and become members. We were both dressed in black jeans and shirts, and Storm was wearing his riding boots. My hair was in a ponytail. We both looked ready to go for a ride, so why not?

"Want to ride over?" I asked Storm as he grabbed the SUV's keys.

"Ride? Thought you wanted to be in your wheelchai?" Storm looked confused and must have forgotten that the wheelchair can go on the back of the trike.

"I do." I shrugged nonchalantly. He was the one stressed out, not me. I don't know why, but I was looking forward to this.

"Then we need the SUV." He stated as if that was the end of the subject.

"Why are you afraid to use the hand controls on my trike?"

"You would let me ride your Trike?" The shocked look on his face was priceless. I am not that bad, am I?

"Sure, best way to arrive, would it not? I can still have the wheelchair attached to the back; we will look better arriving on a bike, even if it is three wheels."

"Done." He placed the keys back on the wall hook and grabbed my trike keys. He had ridden my trike before. Fixer had insisted that he knew how to use the controls, just in case I was stuck somewhere and he needed to rescue me.

Storm lifted me onto the back and double-checked that the wheelchair was secure before climbing on himself. We didn't ride into town, like I thought we would, but then the other club was out of town, so it was kind of stupid to think it would be in town. He took the long side road, avoiding the town completely. It only took twenty minutes to reach the clubhouse, which was on the other side of town, away from us. I was enjoying the ride, and a little disappointed it was over already. Hopefully, we get to have a longer ride late. As Storm helped me off the trike and into my chair, I noticed our guards pulling up and parking under some trees. The club members will have to get used to them being around. I can't see Storm refusing them entry; they have been part of his life since birth. Although, come to think about it, they would be used to seeing them on runs and club gatherings, so it shouldn't be a surprise. Fixer and Tank have had them around for many years, like

second nature. I don't think Storm even thinks about them when he's planning stuff. Guess only the head security man gets informed, and the rest was up to them.

Inside the clubhouse, it looked good, a long bar, bike decorations, chairs and a table set up for today. It didn't look like their usual setup; by the look of the floor, long tables were set along one wall, with food already on them, plates and cutlery at one end. The room was full of men and ladies, milling around. Jip came out of the back room, followed by Tank, Fixer, Savage, Razor, and Uncle Simon.

"Didn't think we would miss this, did you?" Tank shook Storm's hand, and Fixer came to me, squatted down, and hugged me too.

"Thank you for coming." I knew they would be here; it was hard to keep them from Storm, especially when he said he wished they were here to witness him receiving his patch.

"Calm everyone. Take a seat." Jip called out, the noise of chairs scraping on the floor, as everyone took a seat. Tank, Fixer and family sat with us, leaving Storm at the end, and I was next to him in the aisle.

"Today, we announce our new President; we received many votes for the submitted names. I thank you for taking the time to do so. We are also inducting two new members. Storm, Cloe, can you come up here, please?" Storm pushed my chair to the front and turned me so I was facing the crowd. No outside people were here, in other words, only those with a cut, or a nom, or a woman claimed but yet to make the step to receiving a cut, were here, all club women, and wannabe club members would come tonight for the usual Saturday night open to the public day.

"We welcome you both to our club." Cheers went out, not too loud, but enough to say they were okay with us being there, and members, without going through the nom stage, mind you, Storm, having already done something like that, wasn't afraid to go through it again, if they requested it.

"Now, what you have been waiting for, since Prez died, and by overwhelming votes, our new President is Storm." Jib pulled out the cut; it had the club's logo, Storm's name, a patch that said 'Prez, and, lastly, below it all, the logo of Storm's old club. This club was affiliated with the other one because of Fixer, and now Storm owns it. Making him President was more than ownership. Storm slipped it on and looked at Tank with pride. He would look closer at it when we got home, but for now, this was enough.

The crowd cheered, and whistled, and some banged their feet on the ground, making a lot of noise, roaring in our ears. I glanced over the Tank and Fixer, and the family. Fixer was in tears, but trying to take photos. Tank was cheering loudly, as were the others.

"Quiet, we have one more cut to give, and that is to Cloe, who is Storm's lady, and your new lady boss. Storm, do you want to have the honour of handing Cloe her cut and new

name as your first task as our new President?” He held out the cut to Storm, who took it and turned to me.

“From this day forth, as my lady, you will be known as Tempest. You blasted into my life at category five, you are the Tempest to my Storm.”.. didn’t get to hear the rest of what Storm said

as he slipped the cut on me; the cheers, hoots and hollers were so loud. Tear flowed down my cheeks, and an emotion I didn’t understand filled me with a mixture of joy and fear. I was treading into another unknown.

The party started in earnest, as people came to shake our hands, thumps seemed never to stop, as they congratulated Storm on his back, in the background of all our congratulations was loud singing, dancing, food, and loud conversations, so much so, it was hard for me to follow even half.

Gone from a fairly quiet time at Fixers to this was a bit overwhelming. I tried to smile and accept all the handshakes and air kisses, with promises to catch up on girls’ day and get to know each other from some of the ladies.

Time seemed to blur, and the doors were flung open. Girls and guys arrived; some girls were here in the hope of snagging a guy and becoming a member, others came just to spread their legs and have a good time. Booze was free today, in celebration, and that has drawn a large crowd. The guards were close by, monitoring all that came close to Storm and me. It was hard for them to do their jobs, with all this going on, and I think Tank gave them the sign to relax a bit and enjoy the food and non-alcoholic drinks.

A girl saw the patch on Storm and tried to make a play at him. I flagged one of the guards.

“Remove her from the party.” I nodded to the girl, who wouldn’t take no for an answer. The girl was picked up and carried, like a sack, with one arm as she slumped over his hip, and took her out the door. To the loud cheers and chants from the now drunk crowd. She was kicking and screaming as she was removed and unceremoniously dumped out the door, and the guard stood arms folded, glaring at her, to dare return, some unsavoury words could be heard through the door.

Some of the visiting girls came to me and introduced themselves. It was obvious who I was to Storm because I had his name on my cut, and I wore it with pride. The girls were polite and didn’t approach Storm. Lucky for them, it only took removing one girl from the party to make me gain respect I didn’t think I had earned. Maybe it was all a test of some kind.

“You have done well, my dear. I didn’t need to worry about you; you handled the situation like you had done it dozens of times before. Even Tank approved of your methods, this club will see you are no pushover.” Jib said, and I hadn’t thought, just reacted.

“Thank you.” I didn’t know what else to say. This was Storm’s big day; he didn’t need that kind of attention, not today.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 284[1,653 words]

Storm POV

Riding the trike was both fun and a little scary. My feet tried to change gears, and hunt for the foot brake that isn’t there all the time. I chose to take the longer route to the clubhouse, adding an extra five minutes to my journey and staying out of the town centre for now, to enjoy the ride a tad longer. Even with the frustration of using hand controls, the ride was still enjoyable and smooth. Cloe was right, this was the better choice for our first official meeting with the gang as new members. I was already signed in as president; the ceremony was for members to participate and party. Jib had brought the paperwork over to our place and got the legal stuff out of the way, so on the party day, all that was needed was to receive our cut.

The club came into view, already packed with bikes and cars; it appears we might be the last to arrive. A member waved at me to a spot being held for me, and I managed to weave between the vehicles and park, nice and close. I had been concerned when I arrived about how far I would need to assist Cloe across this dirt car park. One thing I would change is the bitumen on the road to this carpark and the carpark. I can see many improvements needed, and I am looking forward to diving into the books to find out why it was never done. Considering Gramps and Grams owned the ground, you would think this place would be less in dire need of refurbishment and closer to the condition of my former club’s clubhouse. The member waited for me to get Cloe situated in her chair, and then followed him inside. The place was full of men and women, a lot more here than I had expected.

What shocked and thrilled me at the same time was Mum and Dad, and some of the family, coming out for the back. My throat closes up with emotion. Dad’s smug look said it all, and his hug and thump on my back and whispered words of encouragement for my ears only. Receiving the cut, Dad spent hours on it to make it perfect, which was as good as the first time, but what made today even more special than becoming Prez and getting a new cut was giving my woman her very first one and her new name. I hope she likes it; to me, it was how she represented a violent, fast change in my life. The rest of the afternoon was spent together on meet-and-greets before they opened the doors to other guests.

Cloe, No! Tempest handled the chick that wouldn’t leave me alone in style. I hadn’t a clue how she would solve this situation of a desperate woman not taking no for an answer, but her idea had me getting hard over it.

“Stay away, month ban,” Tempest shouted out as the girl was carried out the door, and the men positioned themselves at the door, ensuring she didn’t return tonight, and the enforcer will keep her out for a month. Perfect length of time to get comfortable in our position in the club. Tempest, show of force, had the women of the club surrounding her and greeting her with warm smiles; it was like she had just passed a test of some kind.

Dad and Mum, and family will stay with us tonight, and rode back home with me, when Tempest started to show signs of tiredness. Tempest puts on a brave face, but when her body says it’s enough, best to listen. Riding home together as a family was nice, our first time as equals, mind you. I will always see Dad and Mum higher than me, even as Prez; besides being my parents, they have the experience and knowledge. I would be stupid to think any less of them, just because of my new patch.

Morning came after a peaceful night, no bad dreams from Tempest; it’s always a good night when she doesn’t have a nightmare of some kind. This must have been how Dad was with Mum; he had said once that Mum had nightmares for years, and triggers come unexpectedly. You never know what will spark it.

“Morning.” Tempest grinned at me, seductively, shifting her body closer to me, and my morning wood, because something else entirely. Tempest knows all the places to touch me, to cause me to go harder than granite. Tempest moved down the bed, and took my in her mouth, teasingly, running her hand up and down my length, her other hand played with my balls, so many sensations all at once, had me panting for more. My need to give back what she was giving out had me pulling her back up, which Tempest didn’t resist. I rolled Tempest onto her back and positioned myself between her legs, rubbing my length, moistening it with her juices.

Then thrust deep inside her warm channel, which hugged my shaft like a tight glove, sending tingles through my shaft, Tempest put her stumps on my back. This was new, felt odd, and I was interested to find out what she could do with the little leg she had below the knee.

Tempest was a marvel, but somehow, she managed to get enough grip using those stumps to raise her hips to meet my thrusts, and a whole new sensation ran through me. I let her get adjusted to our new dynamic before I picked up the speed, gaining a satisfied groan from Tempest. Her stumps never scared me, as far as being in bed went, I thought I could be creative, and had thought of ways to give her satisfaction as well as reach mine, but Tempest keeps blowing me out of the water, with her desire to please me, and finding ways to do that. Since we wed, Tempest had become adventurous, temptress and vixen all rolled into one.

Before long, Tempest was screaming out my name, and I screamed out her new name for the first time, making Tempest open her eyes in surprise, and a huge smile bloomed over her face. I leaned down and kissed the tip of her nose, smiling broadly at her.

“Shower?” I slowly rolled over, bringing Tempest with me.

“Sounds like a plan. Your parents heading home today?”

“You knew, didn’t you?” I had suspected, by the lack of surprise on her face, that Tempest knew my parents were coming.

“Yep, hardest secret I have ever had to keep,” she didn’t look guilty at all.

“At least I know you can keep secrets.” That made her frown a little before smiling back.

“Carry me to the shower, and let’s start our day.” I was wondering if Tempest would take me in the shower again, and I found I didn’t mind that at all. But to my disappointment, washing each other was as far as it went.

Breakfast was a loud affair, with discussion of the changes I wanted to make at the club.

“Dad, do you know why they never bitumened the car park?”

“We gave them the money to do so, years ago. I was just as surprised as Tank to see it was still dirt. You will have to check the accounts to find out why the clubhouse was in bad condition. We have been supplying money to improve it,” Mum answered.

“After breakfast, let’s go over the accounts. It was around the time of the big storm before you were born that we organised funds to help grow the clubhouse. Let’s start there. This was our fault for not checking up on the club and visiting it over the years.” Dad growled, not at us, but at himself for believing the upkeep was being done.

Dad and I retired to the office, opened the books we had been given, and I logged into the accounting app. We started nineteen years ago, when the big storm went through, one of many, but that was the worst. At first, things appeared correct, but about ten years ago, the work stated had money allocated to be done, was never done, but the money had been spent, it took a bit of work, and the call to Tandy to investigate, that we discovered that the Prez had been spending the money, on his own home, on his wife, on holidays, he had no children, so when he died, everything was at the moment in limbo.

“I will get a caveat on his estate, and demand it become ours to sell or whatever.” Tandy barked over the phone before hanging up.

“Time to start fixing that place up, what do you want to start on first?” Dad asked as we went over more of what needed to be done: leaking taps, the kitchen oven and hot water service that needed replacing, and the roof that leaked in places.

“How about we get Scrounger in and get a quote on refurbishing the whole clubhouse and the roads?” Scrounger was one of Dad’s main contractors, and did a lot of repair work for Mum and Dad.

“Shouldn’t you get someone from your club in?” I hadn’t thought of that. Together, we went through the names and what they do for a living, and found two suitable men who could do the work. I picked up my phone and dialed the first one.

“Prez?”

“Hey, can you and Bullet come here, say in an hour, you know the way?” I asked Scruffy.

“Sure, we can do that.”

“Good, will let the gate know to expect you.”

“That’s a start, you need to begin thinking of who you can use in your own club, before looking elsewhere. I know this is new, so if you are unsure, I am a phone call away.” Dad was my rock, always had my back, and still was. I couldn’t have asked for a better father or mother growing up; they kept me grounded and supported me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 285[1,469 words]

Cloe/Tempest POV

Fixer and I headed to my office, while Storm headed to his, taking the men with him, something to do with researching why the jobs ordered at the clubhouse were never done, and to investigate, all out of my area of expertise.

“Tell me you are on the pill?” Fixer asked, with no preamble; she was never one to mince words. Her concerned face made me wonder where this sudden interest came from. Did becoming Storm’s woman officially bring this about?

“Yes, get a six-monthly jab. Dotty said it would be best not to have an unexpected pregnancy before I get my legs.” I replied honestly, studying her face, to make sense of all this.

“Good, I am too young to be called Grandma. Let me get used to not having my son around. I miss him so much.” I almost laughed. It had only been a day, and Fixer was already complaining. I get it, but I still found it funny. Fixer never mentioned being worried about being a grandma before, when I lived in her home. I wonder what changed.

“What’s happening? Why the sudden worry?” I couldn’t stop myself from asking; this was not the Fixer I had gotten to know.

“Now that he has left home, it hit me harder than I expected, and there’s talk about Doom, Skunk and Sprocket wanting to transfer to join Storm, that’s hit Blaze, Prez and Tandy

too. We all talked about their request, and it's not like we can stop them; all the children leave the nest at some point. It just feels too soon. I wasn't ready. We missed him at breakfast and dinner, and even Penny was complaining that Storm was gone and too far for her to visit you." I thought Fixer was going to cry, and I had no clue how to handle that. I had never had a grown woman cry on my shoulder before.

"Having Storm's best friends here will help Storm have a great day. I am okay with them staying here till they find their feet, and I am positive that Storm can find them work, either in the company, around town, or even here, doing something. We will look after them." Fixer was suddenly holding me to her now, crying on my shoulder, and I was running circles on her back, trying to comfort her, and feeling like I was not doing a very good job.

"You're right, and I am blubbering like any mother who has lost their child, not dead, but becoming an independent man, who no longer needs his mothers guidance. I have other children, but he was my first, and it hurts more than I want to admit."

"Storm will always need his mother. You haven't lost him, not really, I know he was worried about moving away to a place where he knew hardly anyone, not really. Bet Tank is talking to Storm exactly like you are to me, missing his son, and suddenly feeling old because the children are starting to leave home. You both feel it being the first child to leave."

"You're right, it's hard for both of us, thank you for listening." Fixer blew her nose, and when Fixer was back under control, we chatted about changes to the house and what plans I was making moving forward. She would like me to continue painting, but we shall see. I do enjoy the airbrush, but I will have to see what time I have left after the dust settles and whether I can fit it in.

It didn't seem long before Tank was at the door, informing Fixer it was time to go home. He didn't look like he had been teary-eyed, so maybe he got stronger at hiding how upset he might have been. Fixer reluctantly hugged me and grabbed hold of Storm, like he was about to disappear.

We waved them goodbye, promising to catch up soon. Storm had his hand on my shoulder, giving him comfort more than me. We stayed outside, eyes in the sky, till the sound of the chopper faded away. We moved back to Storm's office, sandwiches being brought in, so we could chat about what had just been discussed. Something we promised each other, anything big, we keep each other in the loop. What 'big' means for now is unknown, but sooner or later, we will find the right balance.

"Dad and I found that the previous president was spending the club's money; luckily, he and his woman are dead. We will pursue his estate, as we have proof that the club funded much of the work done on his home. We'll need to visit the clubhouse to see what needs to be done and get things rolling. I want your feedback, from a woman's point of view."

“What about other officers’ women? We can get Jip’s lady involved in that; she would have better knowledge of what’s needed.”

“Yeah, was thinking of calling a meeting, while I talk to the men, you can work on the women, get both sides on it.”

“What about Doom, and Sprocket, Doom knows how to do concreting work, and Sprocket’s a renovator, got his electrician licence, we can use them, and maybe Skunk can do the tiling, he did a great job at the other clubhouse, in the men’s toilets.”

“What are you talking about? They don’t even live close.”

‘Fixer said they want to transfer over. I told her they could live here until they found somewhere else. It’ll

be good for you to have them around. Plus, you can find out from Jip who does the sort of work we need doing, and get them to give us a quote; we can do this.” I tried to encourage Storm. I think he was trying to overthink this.

“You’re right, I am overthinking this, too much at once, let’s break this down.”

I opened a spreadsheet and started a list of what we know needs to be done now, and another of what’s not urgent. A list of names we know from what Jip left Storm to go through, of contractors, and where we can use them if need be. There was very little in the club’s bank account, so we will be funding most of the work that needs to be done.

“We can set up an account to place money in for the club’s use until the legal stuff is sorted. Didn’t Tandy say something about being a tax deduction?” I asked as I entered more changes needed, and a few names as suggestions to make those changes.

“Yes, also if we get the guy up to do the work, we will need equipment for them to use; having the manpower is not enough.” We continued to work through the list, and by dinner time, we had an idea of what we wanted to do. My first job will be to check the building’s security and set up a system we can link from home if an alarm goes off, giving us eyes on the place.

That evening, Storm’s phone rang.

“Sir, the chopper is about to land. They have bikes and three men on board. Permission for them to land.”

“Yes, let the chopper land.” Storm tried to reply calmly, but he was on his feet and headed to me so fast. Storm excitedly pushed me out the door, the guest who was arriving, I have a feeling it might be Storm’s best friends, or maybe I am hoping it was. Storm needs them more than he will admit. Doom, Sprocket, and Skunk climbed out of the chopper, and men arrived to help unload the bikes and their suitcases. We have three borders. The look in

Storm's face said it all: emotions he couldn't hide, tears tumbling down his cheek, before he wiped them away. A smile on his face as the guys came closer.

"Storm, can we come live with you?" Doom called out, a huge grin on his face, and the three walked to Storm and pulled him into a four-way group hug. It took a lot of effort not to cry at the joy these guys had being back together.

"A bit late to ask, as usual, always have been, and sure, you can live here, we have work already for you, once we get you transferred into the club."

"Work? Greez, man, can it be unpacked first?" Sprocket good-naturedly moaned.

The security guards wheeled their bikes into the garage and helped carry bags to the top floor.

"Pick any room, along the left-hand side of the hallway." Storm had me in his arms as he gave instructions to his friends, each claiming a room. Our lives have just changed again. I thought as Storm joked with his mates, while I was still in his arms, and I felt forgotten while they talked, walking back down to the lounge, leaving the staff to put away their clothes.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 286[1,457 words]

Storm POV

The guys arrived.

My best friends since birth.

Tempest hinted that they might come.

But I hadn't expected it to be now.

My heart was pounding hard in my chest as we group-hugged, then let them choose a room. It was not until we were sitting in the lounge room discussing the club and what we would like them to do that my heart stopped racing, and I took in that all this was real, and my besties were here.

"Tempest, hey. I like your road name; it suits both of you. I agree, you came into his life with a huge bang, and blew us all away." Sprocket was saying, when I told them Cloe's new name was Tempest. Laughs continued, and it was like old times, joking and skarlarking about. I know we are considered adults now, but what's the harm in having some fun now and then?

Doom was giving Tempest a list of what he needed to bite man the drive and carpark, a lot to do, before calling in the truck to drop the tar mixture. He was giving us other options, like a thick concrete instead of a black tar mixture. He was excited to get things happening, get to the clubhouse, and see what he could do. Might leave the driveway till last and get the pathways around it done first. Sounded like he knew what he was doing, and Tempest was already online ordering what he needed. It will be delivered on Wednesday, plenty of time to get to the property and get a plan in place. I sent a text to Jip, and he called back.

“Yes, you have put them on the books now, and give them their cut tomorrow, and introduce them to the members when they come to the clubhouse, would you like a party to welcome them in on Saturday?” I had Jip on speaker, for us all to hear.

“I don’t mind a party, any excuse to get booze and free food,” Skunk called out, causing us all to laugh.

“Then tomorrow we give you a cut, and on Saturday, introduce you to the members before the doors open. I can get your names on before you arrive tomorrow. I look forward to the plans you have been making for improving our clubhouse.” We bantered about a bit longer before Jip hung up. Jip will be busy tonight sewing my guys’ names on the cuts; they have some cuts premade, just like Dad does, and they are waiting only for the names to be added.

Not long after I had hung up the phone, yawns started, and we headed to bed, my mind at peace.

Now that I have my friends here, I miss them a lot.

We can start making plans for club improvements in earnest, which, with them, has me more excited than when I was asked to be president. Tempest had given me two names of club members in the building trade: Scruffy and Bullet, both of whom have done work at the clubhouse. I will chase them up tomorrow and get them both to meet me at the clubhouse. If they have time, I understand we all have to make a living, and they could be working. But I am not time restricted, and can meet in the evening if that suits them better.

Tempest didn’t have a nightmare last night, which meant I, too, had a great night’s sleep. I woke to her moving towards the edge of the bed to reach for her wheelchair. Our bed was not a standard bed; besides being longer because of my height, we had the legs shortened so Tempest could slide in and out of her chair more easily. It took a bit of getting used to, but I’m happy to make that adjustment, if it helps my woman. Everything was lower, even in the bathroom, with the sink lower, which was harder to adjust to than the bed, especially when you are already above average height. Everything felt too low before the changes.

A quick shower, we headed down to the kitchen, the smell of bacon hitting my nose as I carried Tempest down the stairs.

“Chair or me?” I asked with a soft chuckle. Each day, I give Tempest the option.

“You,” Tempest mumbles back, snuggling closer to my chest.

The kitchen was busy making food for the workers. Tempest had talked about building some bunkhouses, so the home was mainly for us, since Mum and Dad never lived here; they didn’t care, but Grams always liked having people around. I have to agree; I would prefer most to move out. This is now our home, and one day I hope to have children running about. They, the security, gardeners, and other staff, can move into them. Three would be enough. We only have one bunkhouse at the moment, which many security members use, so we need two more. If the staff don’t like it, they can leave. Plenty more people are looking for work.

“Oh, sorry, I wasn’t expecting you so early. What would you like for breakfast?” We didn’t answer her; instead, Tempest grabbed two plates and loaded them up with what was already cooked.

“That’s for the staff.” One of the ladies tried to stop us.

“So, staff come before us? Do they eat different food than we do?” I asked as Tempest continued filling out plates.

“I.. Er...um. not at all. I didn’t mean it that way.” The woman answered in a tone that grated on.

“Pack your bags and leave,” Tempest demanded, in a firm voice.

“No, please, I need this job.”

“Security, see this woman off the property, and banned from ever entering again, and make sure she only takes what belongs to her. Anyone else want to leave, do it now. There are going to be a lot of changes, most of which you won’t like.” Tempest continued. She didn’t like some of the staff here from her time here, and had planned to remove them when their contracts were up, but if they gave her a reason beforehand, all the better.

The sobbing woman was removed under the escort of two burly guards.

Tempest had already changed all the passwords under Gramps’s guidance, and he was all for moving the staff out.

“Too many in the house all the time. Hard for security, and after that shooting attempt, a complete overhaul of staff might be in order.” Gramps had told Tempest, as they sat in the office, going over the staff household, before Grams died, he wanted fresh eyes, since the

shooting, and had already started to cull the quantity of staff that they considered not needed.

We sat down and started eating before the guys wandered in.

“Morning, we followed our noses.” They chuckled, having grabbed a plate of food.

“I will give you a full tour today, before heading to the clubhouse.” It felt like I was home, having my best friends with me.

The tour was quick, leaving Tempest in her chair. She will come with us today, but tomorrow she starts her new therapy, a day she has been looking forward to. The gym here was as good as at home, and some modifications had been made. When Tempest stayed here before, everything was ready for her to move forward; the goal was her new legs.

Together we rode to the clubhouse, Tempest on her Trike, she rides it way better than I do, but then it was set up for her, but that’s how it should be. The guys were mucking around, and it was like old times, which I thought I would never see again. We entered the clubhouse easily; the men at the gate recognised me from yesterday and nodded in greeting.

“We have a lot of work to do.” It was the first comment to leave Doom’s mouth, and I had to agree. After our other clubhouse, which was in great condition, this place was a shambles.

“Morning, have called Scuffy and Bullet, as you asked, they will be here shortly.” Jip greeted us, eyeing my mates with interest.

“Jip, this is Doom, Sprocket and Skunk. Guys, our VP Jip.” I proudly introduced them.

“Welcome, want your cuts now? Or Saturday?” Jip was open to anything at the moment; everyone was on tenterhooks after losing their leader.

“Now, if that’s okay, we can do the big reveal of us all together on Saturday, although most will see our cuts, but it would be nice for an official welcome.” Doom, pushed, his dad being the President of our old club, he knows enough of how things work, or should work, to be able to manage to stay out of trouble. Prez would have his hide if he brought home trouble.

“Come. I will show you around.” Jip turned and I walked beside him, Tempest already set off to do her own thing.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 287[1,450 words]

Tempest POV

I was feeling lazy today, woke up and thought bugger it, can't be bothered, for no real reason, I wasn't in pain, or anything like that, just flat. No get-up-and-go, think it stayed in bed. Where I feel I should have stayed and slept a few more hours. It was late by the time we went to bed, talking, laughing, and having a good time, and time just slipped by fast.

But I had to keep moving. My Dad said sleeping in was for the dead, but it was okay for him to sleep in, and my sister, but not me. At least he's not here to growl at me. I am so lucky that Storm took me in and gave me a life, one I could only dream of. I can see it in his eyes that he cares deeply for me. It's in his eyes; they soften each time he looks at me.

The clubhouse was quiet, as expected for this time of day. Most don't live here, and the few who do would be working, either on the club grounds or at an outside job. I had learned some of this from Storm, from the other club; he was trying to teach me his lifestyle in the early days together. He so desperately wanted me to fit in and like the style, which was his life. I am unsure how he would have reacted if I said I didn't like the lifestyle; would he have left me? I don't want to pursue that thought; it makes me sad.

Two women were in the kitchens, talking over a cup of coffee.

"Morning," I call out as I enter. The area wasn't suitable for my wheelchair, so I can't see myself doing much in here unless we make some doable changes.

"Oh, you are Tempest, Storm's our new President's woman."

"That I am, I know, Wrench, you are Jip the VP's woman, but I am unfamiliar with you."

"I am Scarcrow, you would have met my man, the enforcer Screwloose." I chuckled at the two names; it suits them.

"Nice to meet you." Before I could ask questions, a coffee was placed in front of me.

"Thanks, I am here to check out what needs to be done in the kitchen. We are looking at refurbishing the clubhouse, and as the men work on their needs, I thought I'd come and see what the ladies need." I smiled as I took a sip of coffee and was surprised to find it was how I like it.

“We need a new fridge, dishwasher, washing machine, dryer, more dishes, cutlery, oven, the best thing you could do would be to knock this building down and start again.” Scarscrow flippantly responded.

“That’s all?” I asked, not seeing what needs doing that badly, the building was sound, no need to knock it down, from what I had seen and heard.

“No, the floor needs tearing up and relaying. Cupboards are falling apart.” Wrench opened one to demonstrate the door coming off its hinges, but I didn’t flinch at what needed to be done.

“What about the bathrooms, are they working fine?”

“No, we need a plumber, and the septic system needs pumping.”

“How about we get a portable kitchen in, while we work on the kitchen renovation? Can you handle working in one of those?”

“Yep, no issue, it’s still warm enough for meals to be eaten outside, and only Saturday do we have a larger crowd, during the week, there are not that many that pop by,” Scarscrow replied, still not believing anything would be done.

“Thank you, and thanks for the coffee.” I rolled back out of the kitchen and headed to the laundry to check out the machines. The place looked terrible; the whole room needed some work, the moisture had gotten into the wood, and the flooring was disgusting.

Made it back into the clubhouse to find Storm sitting at a table, a girl so close she was practically draped over him. He wasn’t the only one with a girl around the men at the table, but they were too deep in discussion, and two men I didn’t know but assumed were Scruffy and Bullet, both taking notes.

I rolled over to them, and literally with all my effort, pushed the girl off the back of Storm’s chair, and she went flying, landing on her backside, and screaming better than any two-year-old’s tantrum.

The table of men all burst out laughing at the scene.

“Babe, what’s the matter?” Storm asked, confused.

“That female was all over your back. Any closer, and she would be wearing your shirt. Didn’t you notice? She was almost drooling over your back?”

“You Bitch, how dare you push me over? I am the new Prezz’s woman.” Now the table of men was standing.

“Funny, last I checked, I have his name on my cut.” I pointed to Storm’s name, with a smug look on my face.

My guards were close, looking at me for instructions. This woman wasn’t wearing a cut, so she was a wannabe, but I hadn’t thought any would be here now.

“Sorry, Tempest, that’s my fault. I brought her here last night for some fun and hadn’t had time to take her home.” A nom arrived, red-faced. I looked my guard in the eye and nodded my head at the girl. The guard moved forward, picked up the screaming banchee, and took her out the door. Throwing her out, on her arzz.

“I suggest you don’t do that again,” I said to the nom. I didn’t know where all this backbone was coming from; I had always been invisible and not made any waves.

I turned to the enforcer, “Sorry about that, didn’t mean to take over our job.”

“No problems, you handled that better than I would have. Sorry, I hadn’t noticed her there. This is Candy, Dozen, and Mint.” I nodded, noticing they wore cuts, and must be someone’s woman.

“Storm, the kitchen and laundry both need a total overhaul. I was thinking we could get one of the mobile kitchens in, while we refurbish it.” Storm scratched his chin in thought.

“They suggested demolishing the place and restarting. What do you think?”

“That’s what Scarcrow suggested in the kitchen, but I disagree. Look at all the woodwork, a craftsman did that, you can’t replicate it. I suggest an overhaul of the structure, which, according to the last report, sounds good. The members might be out of sorts for a little while, just need to prioritise what to do first, which would cause the least disruption. The whole security system needs an overhaul too, want to rip it all out and start again, with better quality.” Storm and his buddies all stood and walked around the main bar area, looking at what I had pointed out.

“You’re right, Babe, the woodwork is outstanding.”

“I saw online a train carriage transformed into a dining cart, and some as dining rooms. How about we get some in? We can situate them so they remain useful well after the clubhouse has been refurbished for parties. Get to keep some of the undesirables out of the clubhouse.” I finished, but more ideas were forming.

“Now, I can see why she’s your woman, a clear thinker, that one.” Jip proudly said, “I agree, we don’t need to knock the place down.”

The group agreed, and the decision on the order of tasks was quickly put in place. All thoughts of the girls being draped over the back of the men’s chairs vanished.

I had my laptop with me, and Storm moved his chair so I could use the table. With quick fingers, I had three train carriages fully equipped for delivery, along with some equipment and materials, coming over the next few days. Doom, Scruffy, Bullet, Sprocket and Skunk will get started on fixing the place. Toilets and kitchen appliances by another club member, Jip, Storm, and Screwloose, to all help where they can. The security equipment will arrive at the end of the week, and that's when I will return to start working too. I chose all the colours for the kitchen and laundry.

"Storm, can you check out the bedrooms upstairs? Some might need new beds or

mattresses, don't think the guys want me checking them out, and a list of who lives here and why."

"I can do that and give you a list of names by the end of the day." Jib jumped in.

"We can do an inspection together," Storm said with a smirk. "Every room in this place needs to be looked at."

That was the beginning of our first full day as club members began.

The day felt long, and by the time we climbed on our bikes to return home, I was more than ready for a shower, food and bed, and not necessarily in that order.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 288[1,512 words]

Storm POV

Zero phoned me today and sent me some proud photos. His son won his first ice hockey match, scoring two goals. Zero had apologised for not being here to support me when I became president. It was a hard decision, but I understood; his eldest son had to come first. Where Mum and Dad came because I would only become president once, and could see other games later. Zero also had insisted they come and support me, understanding that he couldn't. He took Penny and little Simon to watch the game instead, and no doubt Penny would have had pompoms flying and would give Dad a blow-by-blow account of the game.

I had a lot to wade through. Now we were back home, spending nearly a whole day at the clubhouse.

Dinner was done and dusted a couple of hours ago, and Tempest was in the middle of printing out the pictures from my phone of the ice hockey match for our brag room. Yeah, Tempest insisted we make a room for all our proud moments, beside one of us together in our new cuts, there were old pictures of my sports years, our ceremony, her trike, my

bike, and our first night here. You name it, if Tempest saw it as a wall-bragging moment, it was on the wall. She was going to put these pictures on a wall dedicated to sports, but I can see more than one wall becoming covered in photos and newspaper clippings of sports achievements.

“How about this?” Doom asked. The guys were working on the refurbishment plans for the clubhouse; they had dug straight in and were excited to be involved like this, stamping their mark on it, making it theirs, sort of.

“I like the drive being a circle, one way in and out, plenty of parking out front for the bikes, and the cars to the left out of the way, the sails for shade cover. Nice pathways, yes, looks good, nice wide road, and a footpath to the gate for the gate guards. Good job.”

This will be a huge job, but with so many already calling to offer help, it would go much more quickly. I am really pleased with the members who are willing to get stuck in and get the roof at least done before winter rains begin.

My phone rang, making Tempest jump, because she had just laid it down on the table, having printed all the shots she liked for the wall, and was about to go and collect them from the printer.

“Hi, Dad.”

“Turn the news on, now.” He urged. I did as he said and picked up the remote. The news was on, and there was Tempest Dad being led into a police vehicle, handcuffed.

‘Millionaire Mr Dawson, known for his expensive cars at show and shine events, was arrested today, for gun running, supplying illegal drugs for sale, and money laundering. His eldest daughter had a warrant out for her arrest for prostitution, but so far, there had been no sign of her. His other daughter, who was under protection, had no connection to any of the illegal dealings, and it was believed she may have been the recipient of violent abuse at the hands of Mr Dawson. The mogul’s assets have been seized, and no bail has been set at this time. He was also a suspect in the disappearance of his three missing partners,

whose assets have also been seized, and they are wanted for the same reason. So far, there has been no sign of foul play, but the police are not ruling out that they are dead and buried somewhere, and might never be found.’ The television moves on to another story.

“Did you see?” Dad was saying over the phone, “Is Tempest okay?” Mum’s voice was heard in the background, shouting.

“Yeah, she’s crying, thanks, Dad, will get back to you.”

“Go, you girl needs you.” The phone went dead.

Once I had hung up, I moved to Tempest and pulled her out of her chair, and rested her on my lap, her head on my shoulder, as she silently cried, the guys watching us, waiting. It took a while for me to rock her back and forth for her shaking to stop, and Tempest's breathing to slow back to normal.

"Talk to me."

"I am free." Not exactly what I was expecting Tempest to say.

"That you are and have been since you had your accident, you just didn't know it yet," Sprocket said softly, having moved closer to us, on the lounge, a glass of water in hand, that I hadn't noticed him going to get. Offering it to Tempest once she moved off my chest. Doom had a box of tissues in offering. All three of my mates were there for Tempest; they loved her like a sister, and I appreciated that they were here for her, too.

"Thanks," Tempest accepted the glass and downed it on a long swallow, then blew her nose.

"I think I will head to bed, have a warm shower, and get some rest. It's been a long day." Tempest wiggled, and it was her signal to let her go, and I placed her back in her chair, and watched her wheel across the room, and out to the staircase, where she shimmied into the lift chair, and rode it up to the top. My mind raced to think if I left the other chair near the chair lift, and I couldn't remember.

"Want to call it a night? We don't mind." Skunk asked, nudging me to go follow Tempest.

"Yeah, she's strong, but with this, I feel you should be with her, even if you do nothing but cuddle her." I nodded at what they were trying to say and do.

"We're going to head for an early night too." That's my friends for you, having our backs and pushing each other in the right direction.

"Thanks, guys, you're the best." I rushed out the door and up the stairs in time to see her disappear into our room.

Entering behind her, I could hear her sobs.

"Tempest?" I knelt beside the chair and held her hand, waiting for a sign of what she wanted. I know if I push myself onto Tempest and hug her before she's ready, it will only make things worse.

"He was all that you said and more. My sister was always into men, but hadn't realised she sold her body.

How will this reflect on you, us, our family?" What, I thought she was upset over losing her Dad and sister,

when all the while she was worried it would look bad for us?

“The reporter said you were not involved, you are not a part of it, so it won’t reflect on us, you are an innocent bystander, and if anyone comes for you, they have to get past our security. Remember, words can only hurt you if you let them.” I repeated words my Mum often said, having lived a life of abuse, she knew

first-hand how words can hurt, and how to rise above it.

“You’re right, I was concerned that it would cause you and your family problems.”

“Nothing we can’t handle.”

“Dad really did it this time, must have thought he was above the law. I wonder if Aunty Mabel will be brought in, too. She was part of it, doctored Dad more than once, from a gunshot wound, and he refused to go to the hospital to get treated.”

“You did well, getting the information. Alan had to be careful how he presented it, so it didn’t come back at us.”

“The three partners, and Mia, missing, sounds like Dad was up to his old tricks; he was not beyond killing a person or two. I think that was in the report, but the reporter didn’t mention it.”

“Maybe they are still investigating that, and will add more to his arrest later. Alan couldn’t give it all out at once. Remember, maybe they will find the trail to the murders while looking for the missing persons, which would make sense. Easier for Alan to include it all later, when digging.”

“Sounds plausible. Alan’s a smart one, maybe he will come to me, on official business, and I will pretend to give him the rest then.”

“That’s my girl. Why does your Dad not like you so much?” Storm asked the question that I used to ask myself all the time.

“Mia said it was because I looked like my mother, he felt guilty at losing her, and not giving her a better life, before she died. I don’t really know why. If you ask Dad, he says I was useless; he had a girl and a boy,

didn’t need a spare. Aunt Mabel says I remind him of all the good things he could never have. But that never made sense to me.” I was unsure what to say or what to take this, so I let the subject drop.

“Do you want a hand in the shower?” I wiggled my eyebrows at her and smirked, trying to get my Babe to smile.

“Please.” She giggled as I swept her in my arms and headed for the bathroom.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 289[1,421 words]

Tempest POV

Dad arrested, I can't believe it.

Is my sister missing? But I thought she was dead, maybe I got it wrong.

My mind was all over the place, mixing truth with lies, and I got a confused mess in the middle.

What will happen to Storm and his good family as they start to be tainted by my past?

By my father's bad dealings.

I didn't care about me, I was no one important, everyone would get over my disappearance, but not Storm, and his family, they have too much to lose, a well-respected name, trusted and needed by thousands, all to be lost over a nobody like me.

Tears ran down my face and the thought of hurting this wonderful family.

I tried to tell Storm that it would reflect on his family, but he shrugged it off like it was nothing. Guess the security team will have their hands full soon. Will they come here to Mayfield just as we are settling in, or head to where the accident happened to try to find my trail and my whereabouts? I don't trust our staff; one will be happy to receive money for giving the press my abouts, if they piece it together. That woman I sacked would do it. She had nothing to lose; did she know it was me? If the news gives out more information, she would piece it together. How many legless women like me are out there?

Storm washed my body, taking his time, giving me little kisses to distract my negative thoughts.

‘Hey, talk to me, why so quiet?’

‘Your family's going to be hurt, who knows what the public will do, could hurt your hotel bookings, and what about our new home, the club, will they accept a daughter of a drug and gun dealer, whose sister is a prostitute?’ I sobbed again, at the hurt I will be bringing to the family, and the new club, and innocent lives, because of my tainted past. My dad was right, I am worthless, and should have died instead of Mum.

‘Hey, so we’re upping the security around us. The club will manage; if they don’t like it, they can leave. Mum and Dad have been through worse. No one will judge you. None of this was your doing.’

“But you know the saying, the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.”

“What about don’t count your chickens before they hatch. You are preempting problems that might never exist.”

“I am worthless, just a bringer of trouble.” I sobbed harder, as words my father flung at me over the years floated in my head, and spewed out my mouth, as if I believed all those lies he had been telling me for years were true. “You’re my wife, and I stand beside you every step of the way.”

“Even when they start causing trouble, and your companies are failing, and the staff here start going against us, even the security won’t want to protect me, us. What about Gramps? He’s too old for all this scandal.” I can think of every bad thing that could happen.

“Gramps, too old? Never. This might get him a new lease of life, give him something to get his teeth into; he loves it when trouble comes knocking, and Uncle Simon, too, and Grandpa Savage, they would be here in an instant, stamping out the fires, before they catch hold. Don’t underestimate our family; many have, and lived to regret it.”

“But.”

“No, buts. In the morning, we can do a family conference and work out a plan if it worries you that much.”

“Better get the bandaid ripped off in one go.” I couldn’t let it go. I have brought nothing but work and trouble to this family since the day I met them. How can they not want to ditch me now? I am bringing trouble to their door.

No matter how hard Storm tried, I couldn’t get it out of my head that I was a loser who brought trouble to his door. What did Dad say? ‘I was born a trouble magnet, just existing was enough.’ That’s me, born to be a bringer of problems to everyone’s door. I knew my change of life was too good to last.

Sleep was bad, like the pits, a mixture of losing Storm to one of the girls at the club, to people I pass in the streets, hurling insults and bad eggs at me and demanding that I leave the town. Faces became twisted Picassos of hurt and hate. I thrashed around in bed, fighting against the tight bands around my waist, biting, kicking, scratching to get away from the maddening crowd. Words whispered in my ear were drowned out by the angry crowd’s shouts, lined along the streets. Dad and Mia are at the forefront, leading the crowd. Storm and his family, standing behind thick steel gates, watching quietly in the wings, not venturing out of their gilded cage.

Morning light didn't come fast enough.

I found myself cocooned in sheets and Storm's arms, his forearm covered in lines of red, and some deep enough to bleed, a bite mark in the meaty part of his arm. I have hurt Storm, and that hurt me more than all the insults. I should remember when sleeping that words only hurt if you let them. Yet in my dreams, all common sense flees.

"I am sorry, you should sleep in a different room, so I don't hurt you anymore. Or better still, I should leave so you are safe." I had sobbed, defeated.

"Don't talk nonsense, you are my life, where you go, I go. We have your back, sharing the load, we face whatever comes together. Don't let the words of your past define your today or tomorrow." Storm held me close, not letting me leave his arms, the scratch marks a constant reminder that I hurt those around me even in my sleep.

"Don't look at them, they are nothing but a reminder of your past that still haunts you." I could hear the desperation in Storm's voice, one that was trying to give some calm to my raging mind of torment, to shout out the words in my head, from my father and sister.

"We should bring your brother and grandparents here; you need them now more than ever. You need to see that you have your back too, that you are not alone in this battle."

'My brother, my grandparents. I had forgotten about them; they've been out of my life for so long. Yeah, they just reunited with me, but they are not first on my thoughts, and they are out there, in the firing line; they will be affected by the news reports as much as I am.

"Can you bring them here? Or send some security to protect them, they must be in as much shock as I am, and be in danger from public backlash, the public doesn't care they are innocent of all this, the public wants someone to vent against." My poor innocent brother tried to run from all this, and now he's back in the firing line.

"Let's get up and have breakfast, then get that family conference done. Dad lives closer, might be able to do something quicker than we can from here." Storm climbed out of bed and picked me up, carrying me to the bathroom, before I had a chance to complain. We did our ablutions. In the mirror, I saw all the damage

I had done to Storm's skin, reached out and ran my finger over one of the lines.

"I prefer that the scratches were on my back, the guys will think we had a crazy time in bed last night,"

Storm said smugly, boasting much?

"Sorry. Should I put on gloves so I don't scratch you again?"

‘Hey, hey, don’t do that. I know you were not attacking me. I forgive you; nothing you do in your sleep can really hurt me.’ He kissed me gently, like I was a frightened animal; anything too fast would have me running, and he was right. I wouldn’t mean it, but I might have flinched if he came on too strong, while my nightmare hadn’t faded completely yet.

“Can we get the therapy person to come here? I don’t want to face the public yet.” I felt so stupid to be this scared over the news report, but if the public were anything like school, they wouldn’t need much of an excuse to cause trouble.

The guys were up and in the lounge when we came down, already working on the club plans. They were very keen to get this going.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 290[1,589 words]

Storm POV

Tempest woke me with a powerful elbow to my ribs, god that hurt. I tried to wrap my arms around her, but she bit and dug her nails in so hard that it brought tears to my eyes. This nightmare was expected, but how hard she was fighting told me it was’ really bad; she was no longer that weak girl, having gained strength and put on a little weight. All this was good news, but not right now, as I fight to keep her from hurting herself. A few scratches and bruises meant little to me compared to having Tempest hurt. I wrapped my legs over her thighs to keep her in place, fearing she would try to leave the bed. In her state, she might forget she can’t walk, her need to flee outweighing everything else. I have not struggled to contain a person so much as I am tonight; maybe it was because I don’t want to harm her. My need to protect her overrides everything else. I wish I could get through to her; she was not responding to my words or kisses.

Sometimes, as the sky started its dawn approach, Tempest stopped fighting me, her eyes must have opened to see my bloody arms, and sobbed. It took ages to calm her down. Even in the shower, Tempest complained about her self-worth. It was heartbreaking. I have years of negative to beat, I know it won’t be an overnight success, that it will take time and patience, and love to show her. In the meantime, I need to keep her safe and near me.”I am not dumb enough not to see she was a flight risk; her ingrained mental state for staying invisible was strong. The guys in the lounge helped a lot; they didn’t treat Tempest any differently and kept asking her opinion on what they were planning. It was good to see them all engaging. While they were doing that, I was texting Dad, updating him on what Tempest wants, and if he could organise it. We are getting Dirk to come and live here with us. She likes him and would be at ease knowing he was in charge. Also, getting all the staff checked out and a deeper security check. They have lived an easy life for a long time. Complacency or a higher opinion of their position here might lead them to be careless. A whole set of new workplace agreements is being drawn up, and with

Gramps' help and the results of the security check, we will sit with each one we want to keep and sack the rest. We have far more working at our home than we need; Mum has at least half this amount of staff at their house. Mum said she could come and help weed out those we don't need and handle general cleanup and staff issues. She agreed with Tempest that they need to get out of the house, and only friends, and those we want, live with us. Dirk will definitely help remove dead wood from the security teams. The timing of this might not be ideal, but it has to be done; sadly, our move and cleaning house coincide with the news announcements.

The lads went to the clubhouse to meet up with Screwloose, Scruffy, and Bullet. Materials were already on their way, and a shed was going to be cleared out for the building materials. Jip had arrived to oversee the plans and keep him in the loop. Tempest was in the gym when the therapist arrived, happy to do her job here, and brought along a trainee who was around our age, whom I hope Tempest will take a shine to; she appeared to be a nice girl, shy, but keen, in her second year, and first year of hands-on, she started at seventeen. She should complete the first stage next year and take another few years to get the higher doctorate, but she can start full-time, unassisted work after next year. It all sounded interesting, not something I know a lot about, and it was not uncommon for smaller towns to have their students finish early.

"Jip, what happened to the Prez misses? She wasn't with him, was told they had a big fight, and he left in a rage, got drunk and hit a tree." I was confused; the stories were conflicting.

"She left, fled the town, went back to her family. She tried to say he beat her up, but there were no bruises on her to back up her claim; we would all give evidence against that claim if she pursued it."

"The police can drag her back and face charges of theft. No way did she not know where all the money was coming from; her assets would have been frozen, too. When we put in a claim for his estate, it included her as well, but we will double-check that." Will get hold of our lawyers later and confirm that we can take hers too, from what our records show, she got a lot of our club money to spend.

"Is Tempest handling this news report okay?" Jip asked, looking towards the door to make sure no ears were near.

"No, she's concerned, the people will judge her by her father's and sisters' actions, that they will turn their backs on her, or throw insults at her. Tempest is worried they will find the town she lives in, and they swarm in to hunt her down, and bring trouble to the town." I was sad that she would think that, but it's true, many might see Tempest as a scapegoat, to vent their anger on, maybe a child got hold of drugs or a gun, can't get the day so way not the kid.

"We will back Tempest, she's a lovely girl, and I am not saying that just because she's your wife, but because she is, just seeing her in action the other day, had the club

members raising their respect for her.” I was glad that Jip said that. I was a little concerned for her if the members turned their backs on her.

“What did you think of the plans? Those refurbished train carriages are a great idea, something that can be continually used. I can see some fun party days for the kids coming soon.”

“I like where Tempest had situated them; the plumbing and electric would be easily accessible from there. The children’s play area, I like. We often have family days, but nothing for the kids to do but run about and get into trouble. Giving them a designated area was a good idea. We definitely needed Tempest and you, our club has suffered far too long.”

“Why hadn’t any of this been raised with the Tank or Fixer? They would have been on it in a jiffy.” I didn’t understand that this was worse than some of the estates that Mum talked about when she first took over them, in town.

“No one was game to go against the Prez, he said no money, do a fundraiser, and not all the funds got spent on the club. But he would deny it all, and his word was law. One guy tried to raise the issue, and he was kicked out.”

“Got his name, bring him back into the fold.”

“I will contact him and see if he wants to come back. He’s an electrician, and it would be a great help for the refurbishment. Toddy was a great guy, always willing to get his hands dirty, and he fixed many things without being told. He saw a problem and dived in to solve it.”

“Sounds perfect, call him, see if he’s available to come here for a chat.” Jip placed the call while I checked the kitchen, which needed more coffee.

“I tell you, she’s the daughter of the drug dealer; we’ve got to band together and get rid of her.” I stared at the woman speaking; she was unaware I was at the door. This was what Tempest was worried about.

“What’s her father got to do with who Tempest is? She’s nothing like him, and you heard the news, she was a victim too>’

“You believe the news?”

“Well, you must, or you wouldn’t be trying to get rid of her,” the head cook replied, brushing aside the woman’s words.

“How do you intend to get rid of Tempest?” I texted security to come meet me in the kitchen, and I moved there. I had heard enough.

“Well, now that you are here, you can kick her out.”

“Why would I do that?”

“She’s a lowlife, not worth being in this fine house.”

“That lowlife is my wife, and she owns this house, not me.”

“Sir?”

“Escort this woman off the premises. Remove her from access to the property.” I glared at the woman. “You should be glad I was the one to hear your words, because Tempest wouldn’t have been so nice about it.” The guards removed her, screaming I would regret this, and I might, but not right now.

“Thank you for sticking up for Tempest.” I thanked the head cook as I poured out two coffees.

“That girl cared for the mistress like she was the mistress’s daughter, sat with the mistress during the bad times, read to her, washed her, combed her hair, calmed her down, when none of us could, that girl has a heart of gold, no way was that girl a part of that man’s devious schemes.” She was waving a rolling pin, covered in flour, at me as she spoke with such passion.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 291[1,429 words]

Tempest POV

The guilt was still there; what I do in my sleep was beyond my control. I loathe waking up and seeing what I had done to Storm. He never complains, but tries to soothe me some more and asks if I want to talk about it. I know Storm means well, but often talking is the last thing I want to do. If the nightmare lingers long enough, yeah, I can sometimes give him snippets of what the dream was about, but often it fades quickly, leaving me drained.

Washed up and stared at my reflection in the mirror of our bathroom. The girl in the mirror looks nothing like the one before the accident. That’s my life at the moment, before or after the accident. I had gained weight, not fat, but meat on my skinny bones; my cheeks had gained some dimples that I hadn’t seen in years, my eyes, although still looked haunted, left over from the nightmare, and were a little bloodshot. But no longer full of sadness and fear of what the day would bring. I was stronger, on the inside, more willing to fight for what was mine, instead of being an invisible maid for my father. My Father, I hope he rots in jail for a long time, and the inmates treat him like he treated me. This might not be a healthy thought, but an honest one. I love to hate him, but deep down, he

was still my Dad, and I can still remember the Dad before the accident. I had dreamed of that man returning, but he never did, not even a hint of kindness to me, in a long time.

The guys were great; it was a good idea having them here. It has lifted Storm's spirits, and together, working on the clubhouse, fresh eyes and ideas were flowing. The place was going to look fantastic once it's done. More and more club members came forward, willing to help with the repairs. We had a lot of skilled workers right at our fingertips, the reason the place was in such bad condition was the money, the old Prez kept saying they had none. It never made sense to the members, but they could do little to refute it; they stopped doing the repairs and buying material from their own pockets, and many had been talking of leaving. Now, according to Jip, members who hadn't been to the clubhouse in months are calling him, excited to get involved and put their hands up to help fix the place up quicker.

The therapist arrived with a trainee. When the therapist called to make time to come today, she asked if she could bring the trainee. I had no problems with that; we all got to learn sometimes, and give trainees an opportunity for hands-on experience.

"Tempest, good morning, I am Karen, we spoke on the phone, and this is Tracey. Dotty coming today?" I shook hands with both of them.

"No, something came up, and she couldn't make it, but you have been updated according to Dotty." I wheeled myself towards the gym, Karen walking beside me, Tracey behind. We entered the gym, and it was empty, as I expected. This gym was set up just for me, and I had used it when Grams was asleep, which Grams did more and more as her end time neared.

"This place had what we needed. I want to assess your strength today and give you a weekly work plan."

Karen had me show her all my upper-body strength. I surprised her with what I could do. I might still look a bit on the skinny side and weak, but don't let that fool you. I am not weak; I was never allowed to be.

"There's not a lot other than keeping up the training that we need to work on, maybe more lower body strength, you are going to need your glutes and lower back, and thighs strengthened for when you get your prosthetics so that we will target those on our one-on-one, sessions, and you can continue with upper body when on your own." Karen had her tablet out and was making notes. I moved with Tracey to the bench, where she strapped my thighs into a harness. I would be pulling weights.

"Twenty reps, then stop, count to thirty and go again," Tracey ordered in a shy, quiet voice.

After that, they sat me on a bike, my knees attached to a harness, and I rode the bike, like I had feet, the machine did the riding, and I didn't need to put any pressure on, just

getting used to the new sensation of riding the bike. It was hard sitting there, my thighs going up and down. I felt it in my butt; it hadn't had any real exercise since the accident, except in bed, and that's not the same as this kind of exercise.

I was exhausted by the time Tracey helped me off the bike and into the hot tub.

"You have done better than I had expected. You are a fit woman, not letting the loss of your legs reduce you to a wheelchair. Next visit, we can get right into proper training." What? Wasn't this training proper? I didn't get what Karen meant.

Soon, I was out of the hot tub and on the bench. Tracey is giving my thighs a massage.

"Each day, Tracey will come and help you with your training. I will only come once a week, assess how you are going, and what changes might need to be made, or add some other exercises." Karen was making more notes. I felt she was more of an observer than actually doing anything.

"Karen, does Tracey have other hands on people she is working with?" I asked, ideas running in my head.

"No, the rest is theory, which Tracey had almost completed. No one else would approve a trainee; you would be surprised by how many people say no. You are the first, yes. In six months of my trying to find someone for Tracey to practice on, other than massaging me, she has had few at work to train on."

"Does Tracey need to go to the hospital each day and follow you around?"

"No, Tracey has been doing that for over a year now, started younger than most, at nineteen, she has already at qualifying level, the hands on was all that was left for her to do, to be signed off as a therapist, the theory Tracey was doing now, was the higher level, but can never progress much further, in her chosen field, until she had clocked up her hands-on hours."

"Tracey, would you consider moving in here, with me, and working with me, so as not to get a lift out here each day, we are not exactly close to town. Speed up your hours by having two sessions a day instead of one. If that is okay with you, Karen." I suggested, watching Tracey's face as I asked the question. Tracey never reacted when we talked about her in front of her; maybe she was used to being talked about like that while trying to get someone to let Tracey be the person's physiotherapist.

"Tracey? How do you feel about that?" Karen asked, her eyes studying Tracey like I was.

"I would be honoured to live here and get to work on your rehabilitation. If I do come and stay, I would like to stay to the end, when you are walking on your own, and no longer need me." Her face looked full of hope as her eyes darted between Karen and me.

“Done, when can you move in?” I asked at the same time Karen hugged Tracey, who had started crying.

“You don’t know how much what you just asked means to Tracey. She needs somewhere to live. The poor last has been sleeping in my spare room for the past few days. She caught her boyfriend cheating, and his reaction to being caught was to kick her out. A place to stay that was safe, like this one, is exactly what she needs to get away from that man and start again.”

I was back in my wheelchair, watching the two. Tracey would make a great addition to our growing family. I wonder which one she would choose, or better still, which one would choose her.

Doom? Maybe.

Skunk? Don’t think so.

Sprocket? Possibly.

I hope it’s one of them. This girl sounds like she needs someone better in her life and might fit into the bike scene, which will be the first test, though not all like that lifestyle.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 292[1,556 words]

Storm POV

We were at the clubhouse when more than forty men arrived in response to Jip’s call to all club members about a clean-up day: the more the merrier, and to reduce the workload on others.

I was impressed with the turnout on such short notice.

Jip introduced my mates and me to those who showed up, and we started the big clean-up. Large skip bins arrived, and rubbish and items of no foreseeable value quickly filled them; new bins arrived. The shed we allocated for material storage was now clean and empty, ready for the first delivery. An area cleared for the train carriages and the new playground for the kids, plus a section for the older children, where flying foxes, wall climbing, and other activities would be created. Tempest had thought of all ages and tried to cater to them, giving us ideas to work on, not just for the club’s adult members but also for the club’s property for all. I was excited to see all those who showed up look so pleased that the club was being upgraded, which it had sadly needed.

We had stopped for a break, and sandwiches were brought out. We sat around on logs and upturned crates.

“Storm, can I ask a personal question?” One of the men started carefully.

“You can, but I reserve the right not to answer if it’s too personal,” I replied jokingly.

“How’s Tempest coping with the news report. I think it would have hit her hard, like that’s not something one wants to see of their so-called family on the world news.” Others nodded in agreement and stared at me, waiting for a response.

“Not as well as she tries to pretend. It has hit her hard. But it’s not so much the news that what her father and sister had done would reflect on her, but how the public might bombard our town, and the impact and bad arrivals here causing trouble, that were worrying her the most. I need you guys to keep an eye and ear out for anyone trying to stir up trouble; we need to nip it in the bud before it can manifest into something nasty.”

“We already thought of that, and have groups of people watching the town centre, and the truck stops have been alerted to keep an ear out too.”

“Yeah. We got Tempests back. You would have to be blind and stupid to think that girl had anything to do with what her father did.” Said one of the men who had been here when Tempest sent that chick packing, and that had been the talk of the morning. I had heard a number of the guys informing those not here what happened, and they are impressed with Tempest and love the plans for the clubhouse.

“Thanks, guys. I will tell Tempest, she will appreciate it.” I wasn’t sure what else to say. We have put out feelers with our security team. Dad, Mum, and the whole family are working on putting out any fires before they grow, if there are any. Now that our members have her back, we shouldn’t have any issues. Just when I said that, my phone pinged. Another staff member had been bad-mouthing Tempest, and Gramps had dealt with it. Looks like our home was not safe until we weeded out all the problem staff. This will have Tempest and me on eggshells till this blows over.

We got back to work, trucks arrived and left. The morale of the tired me was high, and a lot of work got done. Late afternoon, the last truck left with a bin full, and we called it a day.

“Catch you all on Saturday, for our official introduction. Thank you all for coming today.” The men left, still in good spirits. We rode home, leaving Jip to organise the clubhouse for the night. He had been doing it long enough that I didn’t need to ask what he was doing. I trust him completely.

Tempest looked exhausted, and she filled me in about her day and the new lass that would be coming to live with us, as of Sunday. The girl had something to sort out first. I was glad, she needed a woman her own age to be with, too many men around here, no one for

Tempest to unload on, girl chats that sort of thing. Sounds like the girl could do with a nice home, and I had to agree: one of the guys might fall for her. I hope so, they need good ladies too. It can't be easy for them to see how happy Tempest and I are.

Saturday came before we could blink. I had taken a lightweight wheelchair to store at the clubhouse so that Tempest could arrive on the back of my bike. The harness Dad made works like a treat. What's left of her legs below the knee fit snugly in the small bags, and Tempest loves riding on the back, very comfortable, she had said, which made Dad's face grin from ear to ear. It was a statement ride in the gate, the four of us, it will surely gain some attention from those who haven't met us yet. We rode with me at the front, then Doom, Sprocket, and Skunk bringing up the rear. It's how we have always ridden when out and about; it just fell that way, and for us it works.

The clubhouse was full, many more than I had expected.

Jip greeted us, walked us to the bar, I sat Tempest on the bar, and stood next to her, my arm around her back. Jip stood on a chair.

"Hey! Yup." He called out and blew a loud, piercing whistle through his fingers, which gained instant silence; it worked a treat.

"Today, we officially hand over the Presidency to Storm, his lady Tempest. With them are new members, transferred over with Storm, they are Doom, Sprocket, and Skunk, each waved as their names were called out. Cheers of welcome rang out, stamping of feet, whistles, and thumping tables.

"All hail the new President. Hip-hip." Jip yelled out

"Hooray." From the crowd

"Hip-hip!"

"Hooray."

"Hip-hip!"

"Hooray."

"Three cheers for our new members. Hip-hip."

"Hooray."

"Hip-hip!"

"Hooray."

“Hip-hip!”

“Hooray.”

“Thank you to the members who came and helped with our first cleanup. Starting next week, the clubhouse will be closed for repairs. We have some surprises arriving on Monday, as we have our meetings outside until the place is ready to reopen. The more hands we have to fix up the old place, the sooner we can get back inside, hopefully before the rains begin. Bar’s open, and free booze tonight, courtesy of our new President.” The cheers were louder for the free booze than for our arrival, but that was expected.

The night was full of meet-and-greets until the doors opened for non-members, and if I thought the place was full before, it just got a whole lot more crowded. For once, my best friends stayed by our side, ignoring the wannabes who came to try their luck on the new meat. They looked the same as the ones at home, desperate, and easy, all three were over that sort of girl, since I met Tempest, they had slowed down with bedding just anyone. It surprised me a little, but when you reach the stage where all those girls feel like the same, you start looking around for something different. Even when you don’t know what you are looking for.

The ladies of the club came to greet Tempest. I have lowered her to the wheelchair, and she was happily greeting all those who came to her. The smile on Tempest’s face made my chest swell in pride. She looked a natural amongst the ladies, even a few men came and shook her hand, and welcomed her to the group. It was getting late, well, late for Tempest, almost midnight. Way past her bedtime, our guards stood near the door, watching me for a signal that it was time to go. They knew it would be soon.

“Tempest ready to go?” I asked when she was alone at last.

“Yes, more than ready.” I signalled the guards, who nodded and moved outside to wait for us, no doubt checking the area. I leaned in and told Doom, who then told the others, and we slowly made our way to the door, saying goodbye to many along the way. It took another half hour to get outside and position Tempest on the bike. A nom took the wheelchair away.

Back at home, after dinner, we are lounging around in the games room, the television tuned to a sports channel.

“No, offence meant, but Doom, Skunk and I have been talking, we would like to know if you can bring in a transportable bedroom. We want to move to stay on the club grounds while the refurbishments are underway. Not that we don’t mind living here, but we feel it is easier to live on site and get more done that way. Plus, you two are newlyweds, so we feel we are intruding.” Sprocket smiled at the two of us, wiggling his eyebrows at us. I was shocked and disappointed, but understood.

“Sure, can have one there tomorrow, get the site ready for its arrival,” Tempest answered, before I could even think. She already booked it online while also booking other items we needed for the job.

“Thanks.” The three of them chanted together.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 293[1,499 words]

Tempest POV

Tracey arrived today.

“Storm, this is Tracey. I have given her a room on the ground floor, the one that’s like a mini apartment.” We now have several rooms empty, since Gramps sacked about thirty staff, and we are down to a reasonable

level. Each one had been checked out; most had been part of the household for generations. Anyone even slightly looked like being disrespectful, or heard to be, was out, no questions asked. Besides, we have security cameras everywhere, making it easy to verify any claims of misconduct. Still room for more to go, but will see how everyone settles before culling more.

“Welcome to our home. Tempest has said nothing but good things about you.” Tracey was shy, especially around men. I have been warned by my therapist of her fear of men, coming from a single-mother home, where her mother had a revolving door of boyfriends, and many had been abusive to her mother. Sometimes against her, too. Her boyfriends had not been a very good choice, never seeing the lovely person behind the shyness and fear that haunted her eyes when around many men.

I feel she needs me as much as I need her. For me, it was be both physical and mental, for her it would be getting her training done, and gaining confidence around men, there are plenty around here, for her to slowly stop being afraid of them, it early days, but Tracey refuses to do a one on one, with any of them, I need to be there with her. I am okay with that. I can work on my laptop while she helps the guards with whatever pain they can’t shift, and each person she works on goes in her book, towards the hours she needs.

Two weeks have flown by since Tracey moved here.

Tracey settled in quickly, was loved by the staff, and was helpful around the place. Security men came to her for advice, never more than one man at a time, and only when I am with her, making appointments at the gym, to meet there, and this helped her gain confidence around the security teams, getting to see that not all men were brutes.

Storm was away all day, working at the site, then spent a few hours in his office, catching up on what he needed to do there. He's exhausted by the end of the day and often asleep before me.

Giving me more and more time with Tracey, doing girl stuff. I was learning more and more about my body,

muscle groups, and yeah, makeup, the best colour to suit my complexion. All the things I paid little

attention to, because I didn't want to be seen, now I want to be seen by Storm. I have some new stuff. xy underwear, hopefully Storm likes them, it's hard to show them off, what I am hoping to do is climb on the bed, and try to pose for him. I am trying to find a way to make me feel better about myself, and not just to look good for Storm, it's hard to think sexy with no legs, to me that was a turn off, not a come here and ravage me.

Today, Tracey went out to visit her teacher, and for the first time in two weeks, it was time to submit her recording book for signing off and feedback on her work. Karen will come and watch Tracey, testing her proficiency and any improvements in her technique. Storm is sitting with me in the lounge watching an ice hockey game he wanted to watch, a semi-final.

"How's Dotty? Any news on the outcome of the biopsy?" I asked, and I've been worried about her since we moved her.

"It wasn't cancer; the lump has been removed. It might be a while before she can go back to nursing. Gramps Savage wants her to retire from full-time work and be a nurse for the security team and around the home. She's thinking about it. This scared her enough to rethink her life direction seriously." I was snuggled up against Storm, his arm over my shoulder, playing with my hair.

"Glad she didn't lose her brea.st, or have to go through chemo or radiation treatment. It had to have been traumatic for both of them." I was genuinely concerned, brea.st cancer doesn't have to be a death sentence, but it could be.

'Breaking News. Mr Dawson, who was awaiting trial for guns and drug running, was allegedly beaten today while in jail. The ambulance was hijacked on its way to the hospital, and the paramedics found him on the roadside, unconscious. The public is warned that if they see Mr Dawson, do not approach him; he is considered extremely dangerous and should be called immediately at Triple four-triple-four-four. I repeat: do not approach; call the police special hotline immediately. The ice hockey game came back on, but left me shaking.

"That was a set-up. Bet he wasn't that badly beaten up." Storm said angrily, as if that made any difference to me, Dad was out, and on the run, he would kill to stay out of jail.

“Do you think he will come here?” I didn’t trust Dad not to come; he must be fuming over all the information I gave the police, if he finds out it was me who gave it all to them.

Storm’s phone rang, he took one look and put it on speaker.

“Son, did you see the news flash?” Tank didn’t need to say what it was about, and he sounded a little anxious.

“We did. Suggestion?”

“Get Dirk to start emergency plan number two, will raise it to number one, if there is any sighting near our town, or yours. We have raised ours already.” Number two was high alert: triple the number of stationed guards, wider perimeter searches, more men out on patrol, radio contact at all times, and GPS monitored twenty-four hours a day till the threat was over. We always have the GPS on us, but it’s not normally monitored except in special situations, like now. They look like medical alert bracelets, but they contain a tracking device to pinpoint your location exactly.

“Will do, Dad, stay safe.” Storm hung up and was about to dial Dirk when he walked into the lounge.

“Storm, Sir. Level two or three?” Dirk asked all business-like.

“Level two, please. Can you give Tracey a GPS too? My friends already have one. Can you add them to the monitor?”

“Yes, Sir. We have more security guards arriving from our training facility. We are ready.” Dirk nodded and left. I felt he wanted to salute, but resisted the urge; some things stick to you, even years later.

“Training Facility?” I asked, unaware of all the goings-on on the business side.

“We have a security firm that caters for the rich and famous, also, and often hired for events and such. Will pull some here to protect us. Then they will return to their normal duties.”

“Do we have enough housing?”

“More than enough, we were bringing in transportables, for the household staff, there was plenty of room outside for security, it was Gramps who liked them living in the house, gave her peace of mind, that they were close. We have none living in the house, and only a few chosen household staff, living downstairs.” That sounded good. I didn’t like so many unknown faces in my home, and each staff member must wear a badge with their photo and name clearly visible; no badge, no work.

Tracey came home, just as the hockey match finished, and Storm was doing a happy dance around the room.

“Your team won, I suppose.” Tracey giggled at Storm’s celebratory performance around the room.

“Of course, how did it go? You get the seal of approval from Karen?” I smiled as Storm tried to deflect the conversation away from his dancing in the room.

“Yes, she’s looking forward to coming next week and checking on my progress. I think Karen will be surprised when she sees how far you have come in just a few weeks.” Tracey boasted, it was all her hard work, and deep muscle massages, thank anything else, Tracey put in the hard work, to get my thighs working again, they had ceased up.

“I see Dirk found you. Did he give you the heads up on what’s going down?” I asked after seeing the light reflecting from the bracelet on her wrist.

“Yes, I am sorry to hear the news. You must be worried.” Tracey sat beside me and took hold of my hand for comfort.

“I am secure here at home; it’s when I leave that danger might follow. I can’t let the fear of that man hold me down. So I will continue to do my daily routine.”

“That’s the spirit.” Tracey stayed a little longer before heading to her room.

“The boys will be hovering.”

“No, they need to continue as planned, make no changes,” I growled out, then put my hand over my mouth for growling at Storm, who chuckled at my reaction, and didn’t get angry or offended.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 294[1,459 words]

Storm POV

Tempest was putting on a brave face, but I could tell the news hurt her deeply. No one would want to come across her Dad, even before he was arrested and escaped. When he was out in the public eye, he was someone smooth, a perfect con man, but behind closed doors, he was a monster. More and more people are coming forward with complaints of violence against them. Some are suggesting he murdered people, but until the evidence was found, he has not been charged.

My Dad and Mum have tightened security at home. Penny was not allowed out unless accompanied by at least six guards, and she's not happy about it, according to the family chat app.

My mates haven't been here in weeks, and I texted them to tell them not to rush over, and I continued at the clubhouse. Tempest insisted that things were to appear normal, or as normal as our family was. It was a shame that this makes life harder for some; those who work here, on the grounds, might have to have an escort from the gate to the house. We have left the logistics of all that to Dirk; he has had plenty of practice with level-two alerts.

We received a call from the police, asking if we needed them to post a police presence around our home. We politely declined, explaining that we have our own security beefed up and that the police should save resources for community safety, which might panic if Mr Dawson appeared in our town. They were aware of our guards and asked if they could come to town and join in some community activities when the police presence was thinning out, until this issue was resolved. I had no issue lending our men out, as long as it didn't compromise our safety. Again, another area for Dirk. Poor Dirk will be rushing about now. Glad he has a man he was training to replace him one day. Will miss him when he is no longer running things. You get comfortable with someone, and don't want to let them go, but he's getting old now, and should have retired a while back. He was more family than head of security, and I have known him all my life.

Last night, I expected Tempest to have bad dreams, but she didn't; she slept like a log, all the way through. I think her training session with Tracey might have a lot to do with that. Tempest was finally getting some meat on her, in all the right places.

I had noticed that since Tracey came to live with us, Tempest hadn't had a bad nightmare. I hope that meant that, together, they were a healing balm for each other, and that watching Tracey come out of her shell around me, and some of the men around us, had been a boon for Tempest's judgement, recognising a person who hurts deep and hides it, or tries to. Tracey still gets uncomfortable when there are more than two, but she's definitely improving.

"Tempest, you okay with the guys coming over on Sunday? They miss our game days.. The teams in the grand final want a sports day, we can dress up in the team's colours, and scream at the television."

"Sure, I will see if I can get Tracey to come join us: It will be a good test to see how she has improved. I can cook some pies to enjoy." Tempest cooks nice pies, just the right size, to get both hands on to hold them.

"Are you matchmaking?" I see her smirking at me, and I know I guessed right. She likes this girl enough to want to set up one of the guys, which was saying something about that girl. Tempest doesn't have any friends, and although she has met a lot of ladies in the club, that didn't mean they were close or even friends, more like acquaintances, some you

tolerate, others you like, but not necessarily going to be close friends. I understand that. I have a lot of guys who want to be friends for what they can gain from me, not for me. Sad, but it's true, not just women who try to cozy up to you for status.

"Tracey's perfect for either Doom or Sprocket." Tempest defended with a huff. She was cute, pushing out her lower lip as if pouting." If she could, I am positive, Tempest would be standing up to me and stamping her foot in defiance.

"What about Skunk?" Does she not like Skunk?

"He's not ready to settle down; he's still what you call flighty, still happy to bounce between different thighs, where the other two look to be ready to find the one. Just like you were, he doesn't have that look yet."

"What look?" I was confused; they looked fine to me. What are they sick with?

"The predatory look."

"Huh. What do you mean?"

"Skunk still has that come-to-bed lust in his eyes when he looks at women, where the other two are more selective now, more assessing, more closed off, which tells me they have gone for lust and need something different; they look bored with the same type of girl." Tempest proudly announced, as if she had just pronounced the winner of a competition I didn't know they were in.

"You can tell that by looking at them?" Just recently, they had told me they were bored with the girls in the club, part of why they were happy to move, time to look elsewhere for their fun. But I didn't know you could see that on their faces.

"Yeah." I was about to ask more questions, but my phone rang.

"Sir, reports are coming in on sightings of Mr Dawson, most we disregard, but the last few, if true, he sounds like he was headed to your father's home. Do you want me to contact Tank?" Dirk's strong voice came from the other end, giving me information about the last few places he had been seen.

"Let me call Dad and talk to him. I will let you know of any changes to our security." I hung up, looked at Tempest, who had gone pale, knowing this was about her Dad, but didn't push me with questions.

I placed the call and placed it on the table as it rang, putting it on speaker.

"Hi Son! I have you on speaker." Dad's voice rang through the speaker, loud and clear. Mum's voice greets us in the background.

“Dad, you are on speaker; it’s just Tempest and me.”

“Hi, Tempest”, Dad and Mum called out, both sounding happy.

“Hi,” Tempest replied, but she didn’t sound that enthusiastic.

“What’s wrong?” Mum picked up her tone straight away.

“Mr Dawson has been sighted; he appears to be headed your way,” I replied carefully, and then proceeded to fill Dad and Mum in on all the locations that he had been sighted.

“There have been others, but these appear to be more likely correct. Dirk wants to know if there are any security suggestions. He rambled off some suggestions, but I wanted to talk to you first, before we made any.” I then gave some of the suggestions he had made.

“Dirk, if nothing else, is thorough. He has given those suggestions, so I suggest you trust his judgment and have him implement them. I will let Alan know about these trustworthy sightings and prepare the town. I will have Alan contact your police chief and fill him in; it’s best to come from another police chief.” Dad and Mum went on to talk about level one, and if sightings of him heading to our town, it was best to call it. Dad and Mum will alert the family, and level one will commence today.

Level one was completely shut down; no one was allowed to leave until the threat was over. That includes Ice Hockey, which we know Mr Dawson has been to. It will hurt my brothers, not being able to go. The major level has just about finished the season, but the school level has just begun; school goes all year round in our town. The scouts came out on game one and won’t be back for another couple of months. They visit all the local towns twice a year, and if they find someone of interest, they will invite that player to train with the big league during school break. Razor was hoping he would be picked. He will have to hit the gym, while in confinement, it’s going to suck. The moment Mr Dawson was seen moving on, or caught, Razor was stuck at home, defying the order to stay home would not only be dangerous, but the loss of trust that can’t be replaced was not worth risking going against my Mum or Dad.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 295[1,427 words]

TEMPEST POV

Dad’s on the loose.

Will he find me?

Am I who he’s after, or was he after Mia?

That's all that kept going over in my head.

Storm let me hear all that was being done to keep me safe, but I hardly listened to any of it. Suppose Dad wants me badly enough, he will find me one way or another. I don't want anyone else hurt because of him. For the first time in my life, I wish I knew how to fire a gun. Because Dad needs one, before he does more harm, the stories that have been turning up since his arrest and escape have been amazing; some I know are not true, the timing was all wrong, but that still leaves room for doubt on plausible ones. I have never felt this way in my life, even when Dad had beaten me till I fell unconscious, not even when he left me locked in a room with no food or water, for two days while he went to do something with Mia and his friends.

"Babe, you are worrying me. Talk to me." Storm nudged my shoulder to gain my attention.

"I need a gun and to learn to shoot," I replied, still thinking of what I would like to do to my father, and not what I was saying out loud.

'No, you don't.' I have a gun and know how to shoot. You never leave my side when we leave the property. We have bodyguards all around us, and I have a bulletproof body suit for you to wear.

From today on, you wear it until this is over." Storm reassured me, as best he could. Pulling me onto his lap, where I felt safe and protected.

"My father will be on the warpath, focused on his destination, and if that's me, nothing will stop him till he does what he was out to do. He had connections, or else how else did he get out of jail so easily? Someone took out the guards and the paramedics; the ambulance has not been found, but they won't get much out of it once they find it. Thought they all had GPS signals, guess that would have been disabled." My mind was running rampant, trying to think like my father, so I could work out where he might be.

"Hey, slow down, you are not alone in this. The police, our security guards, Gramps, Dad, Mum, Dirk, everyone is working on this. Calm, please." Storm kept peppering me with kisses, trying to distract me, holding me close to him.

"Breath, follow me, deep breath in through your nose, and out through your mouth, come on, follow me." Storm kept taking in deep breaths and loudly exhaling. Soon, I was following him as he breathed in and out, trying to concentrate on his voice and breathing only. It was hard to shut off the mind when it's on some twisted circle of thought. But eventually, my mind stopped, and I hopped off the merry-go-round for now.

"Better. That's my girl." The praise made me feel good inside, that I was achieving something.

"What's going on?" Gramps' voice came from the door as he walked in, looking worriedly at me.

“Tempest is having a meltdown, but she’s back with us now.”

“Her father?” Gramps asked as he sat beside us on the lounge.

“Yeah.”

“I want to learn to shoot.” I sobbed out, looking at Gramps.

“No doubt you do, but learning to shoot and aiming the gun, or rifle, doesn’t mean you can shoot.”

Gramps warmly replied.

“What do you mean?” I was confused. Why would I not shoot?

“Because it takes guts to kill a person, or being able to block it out, that it was a living, breathing human being. Many can’t live with being a cold-blooded murderer, and you, my dear, are a soft-hearted person, who more than likely freezes.” Gramps was right, I might freeze, but until I am confronted with the need, how will I know?

“I still want to learn, it will make me feel better, know that if I am in a situation when I need to pull the trigger, I would know how to do it,” I argued back, stronger this time, I wanted to protect myself.

“Okay, we have a shooting range on the property, we can take you out there and let you hold a gun, and see how you feel when you need to shoot a target.” Gramps stopped arguing and agreed, his gaze at Storm was one of defeat.

“When?” I shot back.

“Sunday, you have a busy day, watching sports, the guys are coming over, and Tracey will be back, you need to introduce her to the guys, and see if your matchmaking skills work.”

“Matchmaking skills?” Gramps asked, looking between the two of us.

“Yeah, Tempest believes that Tracey will be perfect for either Doom or Sprocket.” Storm smirks at it. “Well, if she’s anything like Fixer, I believe her; if she’s like Grams, she’s way off base. It will be interesting to see. I am definitely going to be here for sports day, it sounds like it’s going to be so much fun.” Gramps nudged me with his shoulder.

“My money’s on you, lass.” He chuckled before pulling me away from Storm and onto his lap. I felt like we were playing the kids’ game of pass the parcel, and I was the parcel.

Today was Sunday. They had tried to keep me busy, keeping my mind off Dad. So far, there’s been no new news on television about his whereabouts. I am looking forward to tomorrow, as Gramps promised me that after today, he would take me to the shooting

range and let me try to shoot the targets. If they thought I would forget, they were wrong. I need to feel I can defend myself, since I can't run away.

The sports room was filled with the team's colours, which Storm and Gramps support. Tracey had arrived in a team shirt. Tracey had informed me before that she supported that team and was pleased that our home did too.

"So Tracey, how are the hours coming along? You have been busy with the security team lately, with the extra patrols; they appear to need your massage table more and more." I wiggled my eyebrows at her, making her blush.

"I only have maybe another week of this level work and I am done, Karen will be here next week to see me work, might stay the whole day, and if she likes what she sees, than Karen will sign off on me, and I will be an official physiotherapist, and I am busy with my studies, for the higher level, and that's coming along well, since moving in here. I can't thank you enough for all you have done for I don't know how to repay you."

"What's to repay? In a few months, we will be looking at prosthetics, and by then, you will be ready to continue my rehabilitation at a higher level. We both get a win out of this."

"That may be so, but me living here, for free, was never really something that was part of the job, but a perk you gave me, and for that I need to repay you somehow." Tracey had been harping on about the free living arrangement since she came here, and it was becoming annoying.

"I have a large house, I offered you a room, it helped you and me win-win, I don't need to be paid in money, I needed therapy, and you gave me double what I would have had if you lived in town, that payment is enough for me." It's like an old record, stuck in a groove, and I don't think she will get past it, because Tracey was fixated on the money side of the arrangement.

"Yes, we don't need your money," Storm added to the disagreement I was having with Tracey, having entered the room, catching the tail end of the conversation.

"Not you too." Tracey huffed in annoyance.

"You look good, by the way. I am surprised but pleased to see you in the same team colours." Storm was wearing the same shirt, and I was jealous that I had a different one, an older year when our team won the championship.

Doom, Skunk, Gramps and Sprocket all walked in, all wearing the same shirt, and I was the odd one out.

"Story of my life, always the odd one out," I say out loud.

“Not the odd one out, just different, and different means you’re not following anyone else’s lead but your own.” Tracey grinned at me, then looked at the guys again, and blushed.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 296[1,573 words]

Doom POV

“Come on, hurry up, we’re going to be late, I don’t want to miss the commentary before the game starts, that’s half the fun. Listening to them brag about strengths and weaknesses.” I shout out as Skunk pulls on his pants, having just finished banging some chick who came knocking on his door. He always wears protection and pulls it out each time; he thinks it’s double protection if he never sprays in a chick. Yeah, right, I don’t trust the chick not to claim some sprog is mine, so it’s been a while since I banged a club chick, and no chick since moving here, even Sprocket had held off, not interested in the chicks here, wanting to get to know the area and people before climbing into bed, with some random woman.

We started our bikes and took off. We were taking a change of clothes with us, as we planned to get drunk and stay the night. We also wanted to give Storm an update on all the work we had completed and talk about Tempest’s Dad. The clubs are a bit nervous about him being on the run and have put their own security measures in place. I met the police chief too; he seemed like an alright bloke.

There were extra guards at the gate, something I had expected; they had met us before, so it was easy enough to get in and up the drive. Parked in the garage in our assigned places, our names were on the space; you couldn’t go wrong. They try to think of everything. Entering the place, we headed straight to our rooms, dumped my bag, took off my coat and jackets, and headed for the sports room. The place smelled of Tempest’s pies, and I couldn’t wait to sink my teeth into one.

I reached the sports room door, and as I entered, I saw the most beautiful girl near Tempest, and I hesitated at the door and put out my arm to stop my friends from entering.

“She’s mine,” I whispered, before dropping my hand to continue inside. They had thought I was gay for years. I was more female than male, but I figured I couldn’t get a male pregnant, and it kept the unwanted chicks away.

“Oh, man, that’s not fair.” Said Sprocket.

“Fine by me. But you’re gay, good luck buddy” From Skunk, so my only challenger would be Sprocket, I hope she picks me over him. All four of us are over six feet tall. Muscular, but that’s from hard work and the gym, we are not bodybuilders, but doing okay, no fat on

our bodies yet, we're too active for that. As we enter, we are greeted by Gramps, who is busy fiddling with the television, adjusting the volume to what he calls the perfect level.

"Glad you guys could make it, and in the right team shirt. Tempest is wearing one, to remind us that we can win today." I glance at the Tempest and smile; she is wearing a shirt celebrating one of our team's greatest wins.

"Way to go, Tempest. We need reminding that we can win today, even if we are the underdogs." I grin and flick my eyes to look at the beauty beside her, then back to Tempest, who pulled her shirt down to show it off.

"I am the odd one out." Tempest pouts before grinning at some of the answers thrown at her for being unique. I think she didn't like having the only shirt that was not the same as ours.

"Guys, this is Tracey. Tracey, Skunk to the left, Sprocket with the cheesy grin in the middle, and Doom, with the Hazel eyes, on the right."

"Hi," Tracey says, giving us a small, shy wave. That's so cute, I'm gonna. Something in her eyes tells me not to rush this, to take my time and get to know her. I give her a wave back and turn my attention back to Tempest. Not that I don't want to hone in on Tracey, but Sprocket and Skunk have both decided to rush her, and I didn't want to get involved in that. Even calling 'mine' didn't stop them from trying to make a move and crowd her.

"Is that your homemade game pies I can smell?" I asked as I moved to Tempest and leaned in to kiss her cheek, and sat at the seat that was empty for now. Storm had Tempest on his lap, holding onto her, as if she would fly away, making me think Tempest was not coping with the news of her father.

"Yep, I had Tracey help me, teaching her my recipes for game day. I think we ate more than we baked." Tempest chuckled, rubbing her flat belly. I chuckled at that action. This girl had very little meat on her bones when we first met. It was good to see a healthy glow in her cheeks and some meat on her bones, not enough, but a lot better than before.

"I look forward to tasting the joint baked goods." I want to try my luck with Tracey, but the guys are monopolising her attention, and to me, Tracey looks a little uncomfortable, so I stay sitting next to Storm and Tempest.

"How are you doing, Tempest? Is there anything I can do to help?" I was worried for Tempest. This news must be hitting her hard.

"Been better, but Storms, Gramps and Tracey are all keeping my mind off it. How about you? What's the news of the refurbishment?" Tempest's subtle change was picked up loud and clear. "You want to talk about it now? The games are about to start." As Storm asked that, the cheers from the crowd as the teams entered the ice rink, and the introductions were about to start.

“Later, we’re staying the night, I can fill you in, maybe in the office, where you have the map of the place, better for visual,” I replied. Tempest nodded, and we turned to watch the screen. I noticed from the corner of my eye that the boys were seated as close to Tracey as they could get, and she didn’t look very comfortable. Skunk had a hand on her knee, and Sprocket was behind her head, his hand playing with her hair. Tracey kept moving Skunk’s hand off her knee, and he kept putting it back.

‘GOOOOOAAAAALLLLL’ I get up and do a happy dance, along with Gramps, we looped our arms and danced a circle, Tracey got up, the loop our two arms, and the three of us turned in a circle, shouting out GOAL, before going back to our seats, however Tracey sat next to me, and didn’t return to Skunk and Sprocket. They looked at me with surprised eyes and then gave me a wink before turning back to the game.

“Pie time,” Gramps called out, and Tracey got up to go get them.

“Need a hand?” I offered before Gramps started to leave. He stopped and waited for Tracey’s answer.

“Yeah, if you don’t mind.” As quick as a flash, I was up and following Tracey out the door.

In the kitchen, Tracey opened the oven door, which had been keeping the pies warm, and pulled out the first tray. I grabbed a glove and started placing them on a serving tray, while she pulled out a second one with a shape on top.

“What’s with the different tops?” Thinking maybe they were to show who cooked them.

“I have a recipe of my own that uses some chilli, the tops with the ‘C’, which shows which one might be hot and spicy.”

“Oh, I love chilli, going to give them a try definitely.”

“You don’t need to say that, if you don’t like chilli, I won’t be offended.” Tracey was quick to defend, and I wondered who had hurt her in the past. You can see it clearly if you look and listen. There’s a sort of fear in her eyes.

“Hey, I didn’t just say it, it’s true, I am always the one who orders hot spicy food when getting takeaway.” I grinned as I grabbed the two trays, and Tracey followed with napkins and a jug of juice.

“Don’t tell them about the spicy, and watch Skunk, he doesn’t cope too well with the heat.” I grinned at Tracey, who nodded and smiled. My heart melted at the sight of that smile.

Placing the pies on the table, I grabbed a few of each and handed them to Storm before turning back and grabbing some for myself. We didn’t mention the different pies, and I smirked. When Skunk bit into one of the spicy ones, his eyes widened in shock.

“Watch out for the pies with the ‘C’, they are hot.” Skunk waved his hand over his open mouth as if that would cool his burning tongue. Skunk was the only person in this room that I knew didn’t like spicy food.

Tracey chuckled as Skunk tried to cool his mouth: I looked over at her; she was still standing, pouring out juices into glasses and handing them out.

It was nice to hear the room laughing at Skunk, not because it was hot, but because he put on such a performance over the heat.

“Looks like you won’t be eating the spicy pies, more for me”, I grinned.

“Me too, those are tasty.” Gramps and Storm added. Where Sprocket looked like he might be challenged to eat anymore, he didn’t mind some hot food, but these were extra hot.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 297[1,577 words]

Tracey POV

Tempest was like a balm for me, she works her all the time with the rehabilitation, not slacking at all. Tempest opened up a little with me, sharing some of her childhood, and I did the same. We both had shi,ty childhoods, but at least mine wasn’t so violent as hers, yeah, I got hit several times, but nothing compared to hers. Tempest was like a sister to me already. We have worked closely together and formed a bond I didn’t expect; it felt more than a client relationship.

I thought, with the news of her Dad escaping, she would go into hiding, but she didn’t; instead, she asked to learn to shoot a gun, and I asked Gramps if I could join them on the range. Like Tempest, I don’t know if I could pull the trigger against a person, but if I learn how, I won’t be able to blame a lack of knowledge for not shooting.

In the kitchen, the wheelchair doesn’t hinder Tempest at all; she moves about the area with ease and reaches places I thought were too high. Tempest surprises me every day with her flexibility and strength. Tempest was also good fun. Together we are making pies, and Tempest loved the idea of burning a few tongues. Some were made hotter than others, and it was going to be fun to find out who got the hottest one. We put a little mark on the top, so we knew who had it. We giggled all the way through making our pie conspiracy.

Tempest was in a shirt I would die for.

“Want to swap shirts?” I asked. I had two of these, but none of the ones she was wearing.

“Not sure, do you have another one?”

“Sure, but it’s not unpacked.”

“Then, nope, I will stick to this one; maybe someone else will wear an old one, too.”

When the others arrived, and Tempest was the only one who was different, I could see she was uncomfortable about it, and most likely wished she had swapped. Even with the compliments, it doesn’t remove the feeling of being different. I should know, I’ve been there, done that.

The new arrivals were good-looking, like most of the men I had seen around Tempest’s home; it’s like her house was full of men who could easily walk the catwalk. Even the guards look mighty fine to me. I don’t mind looking, but I don’t like them too close. They scare me, a lot, too many memories of sleazy men Mum dated, rubbing themselves up against me, and pretending it was an accident, and my charming Mother accused me of seducing them. Yeah, not a good place to live. I was happy to move out. Or should I say kicked out. Not just by my mother when I was fifteen, but also by my boyfriend, his reaction to my catching him cheating, got me to love my life.

I pushed my thoughts away and greeted the new arrivals. Two crowded in on me, and I stiffened up. It didn’t matter how often I pushed their hands away; they put them back, which slowly made me angrier, and I pulled further into myself, trying to shrink. Silly to think I can get smaller, at five-nine, I am not that tiny. It was more something inside me that shrank back. I didn’t bother with their small talk, but focused on the television, when at last we gained a goal, Gramps, and I think Tempest said his name was Doom, got up to dance, calling out goal, which gave me a chance to get away from these guys, and join the happy dance, and change seating.

I didn’t look over at them to see their reaction; I was too scared to look, but I focused back on the game, glad that Doom didn’t act like the other two jerks.

Doon kept to himself, only moving when they missed a goal chance or when he felt the referee was not giving the right call, in his opinion. He was fun to watch, as he got totally invested in the game, and all around him must have disappeared, and he was so focused like Storm and Gramps. Doom was the first guy ever to offer to help me in the kitchen, like, what man does that? None of the ones Mum dated, and definitely not my ex. I thought it was the norm for men not to go into the kitchen, which was silly, really, because there are a lot of male chefs, so some do, I guess, but then that’s their job, and they must enjoy cooking to do it.

To my amazement, when we got back to the lounge with the pies; he plated up some for Storm and Tempest. The other two hadn’t left their chairs till Gramps grabbed a plate, then they came and helped themselves. Skunk made a show of how spicy the pies were, and I wondered if he got the hottest one. I distracted myself by pouring drinks, gave one to Storm and Tempest, then moved back to grab a plate for myself and some juice..

As I sat down next to Doom, I noticed he had the hottest one on his plate. I signalled to Tempest, who nodded in understanding, and we ate our own but kept an eye on Doom. I took a deep breath when he picked up the hot one and took a big bite.

“Wow, that one had a kick. Can you make more like that one? It was hotter, or was it an accident?” Doom shocked both Tempest and me. He really did love hot and spicy food; he didn’t lie.

“No, we made some at different levels of heat. You took the hottest one. Imagine if Skunk had picked that one.” Tempest giggled as she looked over at Skunk, who was frowning, because it wasn’t considered hot. The game came back on, and we all glued our faces to the screen. Most of us went for a toilet run at the next break before the final session.

“Do you like any of them?” Tempest asked as we headed to the toilet.

“To be honest, those first two scared me a lot, running hands over my neck, and one wouldn’t keep his hand off my knee, it reminded me of Mum’s sleazy boyfriends,” I answered honestly. Tempest nodded, understanding what I meant.

“And Doom?”

“He was nice, didn’t try anything, and I was shocked he offered to help in the kitchen.”

“Doom has never been shy in helping in the kitchen, did it all the time in the other place. He isn’t the eldest of Prez’s and Sticks’ children, and they have four, so Doom had to learn to pitch in. Sticks wouldn’t let them get away with not helping out, saying it was all training for when they left home. A good mother sticks.” It was nice hearing about the life Tempest had had since she came into Storm’s life. Not the way she did, but it was nice that this family took her in, gave her a life. Tempest is a nice person, giving me a place to stay and making me feel more like a family member, more than my real family ever did.

“Doom sounds okay, but didn’t you say he was the son of the Prez of another club, like, aren’t presidents, sort of arsshholes”

“Where did you get that idea from? Storms the president of our club.” Tempest was quick to defend.

“Oh, I am sorry, guess they aren’t all arsshholes. Sorry, no offence meant. I just never thought of Storm in that way. He was a great guy and took the time to talk to you. I have never seen him angry, or even close to losing his temper.”

“He had a temper, but never at home, you should see it at the club, he can growl at the men when he has to.” Tempest chuckled at my assessment of Storm.

“Want me to get the last of the pies out of the oven, on the way back for the final session?”

“Sure, we need to eat them, mind you, the way these guys eat, they won’t take long to disappear.” Tempest returned to the games room, and I entered the kitchen to find Doom already pulling them out of the oven and plating them.

“Hey, hope you don’t mind, I came and checked to see if there were leftovers, and was pleased to see two more trays in the oven,” Doom said, turning to see who had entered.

“Not at all, was coming to get them now.” I took one plate, and Doom took the spicy one; he was eating one on the way back to the game.

“You really like those spicy ones?” I asked, watching him eat, a pie that must be hot, not just spicy, but straight from the warmer.

“Hope you make more of these on sports days, or picnics, or when I visit. Maybe make some, and I can take them back to the clubhouse and, nope, scrub that thought, if I put them in the clubhouse, they would be gone by morning, guess I will have to visit often, or maybe move back here, so I can have them more often.”

“You live here?” I asked, surprised, “I haven’t seen him here.”

“Yeah, on the same floor as Tempest and Storm, but we’ve been staying at the clubhouse while we do refurbishment.” We entered the games from and got swamped by hands diving into the pie

plates. I noticed Skunk avoiding the hot ones.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 298[1,501 words]

Doom POV

The girls left down the hall to the bathroom renovated for Tempest, and I headed to the back toilet near the laundry. While I was washing my hands, my stomach rumbled, like I hadn’t eaten all day, and I decided to check out the kitchen, hoping for more pies. It was a pleasant surprise to see two more trays keeping warm in the oven. I had just pulled out the first one when the woman who had been on my mind since I first saw her walked into the room. After a laugh together, we gathered the pies without having to give each other instructions; we just knew what to do, and we were in sync, which made me feel good. I ate one pie on my way back and got more ribbing for it. I loved that Tracey was not afraid to give me a stick for things; it was fun.

The guys rushed to us, like pigeons on spilt wheat, faster than a seagull on chips, and not once thinking of Storm and Tempest.

“Hey, go easy, what about the others, like Storm?” I growl at Skunk when he tries to take the whole plate from Tracey, avoiding mine, which were the hot pies.

He looked chagrined, and took two, and went back to his seat. We offered the pies to Gramps and Storm before placing the plates on the table and taking some for ourselves.

“No more of those extra hot ones?” I asked, trying to locate one that looked different.

“Nope, just the one, when Skunk made that performance, we thought he had it, until I checked and saw it on your plate.” Tracey giggled, a soft tinkle, a new favourite sound, that I want to hear her make again.

“You and Tempest in on it?” I asked, and received a nod as the last session started, and all talk stopped. Tracey was nice, easy to talk to, and had a rocking body. I would say she was around five-nine, or five-ten. Obviously, she works out at the gym, maybe demonstrating what she wants Tempest to do.

We got another goal, and Tracey was up with me and Gramps, our happy twirling dance, before sitting down. Less than five minutes later, we got another goal, Tracey and I got up. but Gramps waved us to dance. It was too soon, and he was still catching his breath for our last one. We laughed and twirled, screaming out goal, before getting back on our chairs to watch the rest of the game. We ended up with four goals to one.

“Storm, are you ready for an update, maybe in the office, where we can peruse the map, as we explain where we are at?” I suggested after the replays of the goals, and the commentator’s description was over. It makes me laugh sometimes at the commentators’ opinions, some of which are stupid and not even close. The person obviously had never played the sport, or if they had, didn’t do it very well.

“Gramps, you want to join in?” Storm asked as he stood up, with Tempest in his arms.

“No, time for these old bones to hit the sack. Thanks for the offer, you can fill me in later, if you feel the need.” Gramps shuffled out the door, looking tired. It was enough that he got up and danced to three of the four goals, sapping his energy.

In the office, Storm placed Tempest in a chair, then reached for the map, laying it out on the large table and placing paperweights at the ends to keep it from rolling back up. Then he reached for Tempest, bringing her in closer to see the map. Tracey followed us in, more curious than anything else. She hadn’t been to the clubhouse, so wouldn’t know what it was like before we started, but if all goes well and she’s willing, maybe she could come and see the finished product.

I took over the briefing, explaining what was finished, what materials we still needed, that the pegging out of the driveway was completed, and that come Tuesday the first concrete truck would arrive, we would start with the paths around the clubhouse, and slowly work back to the road. We picked Tuesday because it would take a week for the

other materials to arrive, and by then, the driveway should be ready to drive on. Most of the club members are out of the clubhouse; only those helping with the pour and the guards would be on-site.

“Storm, Tempest, what’s going on with Mr Dawson? Are you ready?” Skunk asked, and I looked over to Tracey, worried about how she would feel being put in danger like this.

“Level two, and ready for level one, we have stocked up on food and provisions, and can wait it out. If it gets bad or we are at higher risk, we will use the chopper and get out of here. Tempest is handling it as well as can be expected and is making her own plans for staying alive. As of this morning, she is wearing a bulletproof vest under her shirt. There is little more that we can do.” Storm gave us a rundown, and it sounded good.

“After I have finished the driveway, I would like to move back here. I would rather be here than at the clubhouse if we go to level one.”

“I would like that. We need those we trust around us at times like this.” Tempest jumped in, rubbing her arms as if she was cold, and I wondered if she was doing as well as we had been told. We talked for a bit longer before heading back to the lounge, where the sports commentators were still talking about the game, like, come on, how far can you dissect the game?

The plates had been removed, and the staff had cleaned up. The tea trolley arrived, and I was enjoying my coffee, when the news flash hit the television.

‘Latest news on the escapee, Mr Dawson, had been seen in the Lower district. He was cornered by some men who recognised him, and it was alleged that Mr Dawson opened fire, killing two and injuring three. The police cannot stress enough that they should not approach this dangerous man. He is armed and will fire if he is cornered. He appears to be travelling with two other men, who have yet to be identified. Contact the police on.....

I looked over at Tempest, who was weeping into Storm’s shirt. Tracey had got up and was sitting beside her, rubbing Tempest’s back. The room went quiet. What could we say that would change what we just heard, or make it better for Tempest?

“Pull up the maps on the screen,” Storm called out, to no one in particular, but to everyone.

I picked up the controller and typed in what we all knew he wanted to see. The lower district came into view, and my stomach dropped. It was way too close for comfort; you could reach us tomorrow if you drove overnight.

Storm pulled out his phone.

“Level one, now.” He barked, then hung up, not waiting for a reply, then dialled another number.

“Dad, did you see the news flash? He was killing in the lower district... level one as of now... Will do.” He hung up and dialled another number.

“RED ALERT, level one. All flights cancelled, no choppers in or out, unless I give you direct orders.”

“Sorry, guys, if you want out, go now; by morning, you won’t be able to leave. I know you got to finish the clubhouse, or we can call and cancel everything till this man’s caught.” Storm was in Prez mode, working on his list of calls to make.

“Okay, I will postpone the concrete, guys?” I look at Skunk and Sprocket.

“I’m going, will go stir crazy locked in, don’t cancel the concrete, I will do it,” Skunk said, standing up to get his cut and leave.

“I will help him with the pour, stay here, and look after the family.” Sprocket stood up too, our games night over.

“You don’t want to talk to your parents first?” Tempest asked, concerned for them as they will worry with the with the guys out in the thick of it all.

“Nope, we are men now, not living at home, we will be fine, once we reach the clubhouse, we will have the gates closed, the only trucks coming in on Tuesday will be the concrete ones, and the guards know what Mr Dawson looks like.”

“But Dad’s been killing people; if he wants you, he will just kill the guards and you too.”

“Stop, we are not what he’s after; we will be fine.” Skunk hugged Tempest, and soon they were out the door, bike roaring down the drive and out the gate. I felt bad not going with them, but I feel I can do more here than out there. If trouble comes knocking at our door, I will be ready; it might also give me a chance to get to know Tracey better.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 299[1,478 words]

Tracey POV

The next day, I was up in the Tempest room, helping her wash her hair. Storm had asked me to come up and keep her company; he had a lot of organising to do, and Tempest was in a chatty mood.

“Doom was quiet, polite, and didn’t once try to chat me up. Tempest, is he gay?” I asked, because why else would he not want to chat me up? When the other two did. I was a little

disappointed at the thought, but it would explain why he even pretended to touch me or brush against me.

“Storm had said he was, but I feel Doom likes both, I have seen him kissing a girl, with as much passion as he did with a guy. How do you feel about that? Can you share with a man? Are you interested?” Tempest asked, and I thought about it. He had a gentle way about him that didn’t scare me, as most men do; he wasn’t afraid to get up and join in on the victory dance, and he helped me where Doom could, like the kitchen.

“Liking men too, doesn’t scare me, but I won’t accept a cheater, he can’t have me and a guy or other girl.” I hate cheaters.

“It’s too early to say much now, it’s the first day, see how you feel in a few days, see if you want to know him better, and doesn’t make you uncomfortable, as many men often do. If you want to see if you can have a relationship with him, be honest with him, about the cheating side that is.” Tempest was right; it was silly to worry about him cheating on me when we had just met, and we were not a couple. The other two are not in the running; if Doom’s interested, they blew any chance by not respecting my boundaries. However, it was more Skunk than Sprocket. Sprocket was nice, and although he sat too close and played with my hair and neck, which I didn’t like, he wasn’t as pushy as Skunk was. Skunk made it very clear what he wanted, and it was not something I wanted. Skunk to me was too easy, a non-commitment kind of guy. They take what they want and sooner or later discard you, I’ve seen it often enough with the men Mum brought home before she kicked me out. There was too much competition for her, as my body started to change, and her boyfriends started to notice me, more and more. Yuck, they were not the sort of man I want in my life.

“Hey, don’t over-stress. Doods stuck here come morning, until the level one was over. You have plenty of time to see if you want more from him. If he is interested, you will know soon enough. As long as you are not scared of him, like you said you were with Skunk. Some men give girls like you that fear, do you have it with Sprocket?”

“Um, not as much as Skunk, but Sprocket did push my personal space, and I didn’t like that.” It was hard to juggle my thoughts about men when we were worried about our lives.

“Are you looking forward to the shooting range. I have wanted to learn since I was a kid, after being able to win something in the shooting gallery at a fair.” I changed the subject; a relationship was not at the top of my list at the moment. If it happens, it happens.

“You bet, Gramps promised, and Doom said he would come and help; he’s a good shot, apparently, and Gramps approved of his helping out. That says a lot about Doom’s skill with the gun and rifle.” Tempest’s eyes sparkled as we talked about the shooting range and how she feels about learning to shoot.

I finished Tempest's hair, braiding it to stay out of her face, while she was outside at the range. The range was on the property, so we weren't banned from going there, but we will have 20 guards with us. I felt that was a bit excessive, but that's because I don't have a high opinion of my self-worth. Where Tempest needs all twenty, she was worth every one of them, in my books.

"Morning, Gramps, you ready?" Tempest asked as I pushed her down the hall and almost bumped into Gramps coming out of Storm's office.

"Yes, Doom's already out there getting it prepared." I had a tingle run through me as Gramps mentioned Doom's name. I never felt this way with my ex. This was different; maybe I am attracted to guys who like it both ways. Those thoughts are scary. Do I like women? I never thought of girls that way, so I'd say it's a hard pass. If I were, surely I would feel it.

We followed Gramps down a long path and then onto some dirt path, which was harder to push Tempest on, but I managed somehow. I was hot and sweaty by the time we reached the opening, which was the range. There were targets close, maybe twenty feet away, some people looking dummies with eyes and a bullseye on the chest, and some dummies that looked like animals. Doom was at a table that had both guns and assorted rifles on it. He was at one of the two tables, checking each gun that was on that table.

He turned as he heard us approach, his smile lit up his eyes, his beard covering most of his face, but you could still see his mouth grinning. Then frowned.

"Morning." He moved to take over the wheelchair. I guess he saw how sweaty I had gotten pushing it across the dirt. I appreciated him taking over. My arms and back felt the effort.

"We will start with the handguns. There are four different types on the table. I want you to try all four, find the one that you're more comfortable shooting with, and then we shall look at the rifles." Gramps stated, and Tempest was handed a gun.

"It's loaded, so only point to the ground, or the target, never wave it around, or at someone you don't intend to shoot." Gramps gave us all the rules before Tempest started to fire the handguns, and I watched, waiting for my turn. I jumped each time Tempest fired a shot, and Gramps looked at the target to see if she had managed to hit it. three shots per gun. By the time she had reached the last gun, Tempest was managing to hit the target, not the centre, but at least not a tree or something else behind the targets.

My turn came as Gramps led Tempest to another table with rifles on it and started explaining the different rifles to her. She would fire at a dummy a bit further away. Doom replaced the bullets in one gun and handed it to me.

"When in a gun fight, you don't have a lot of time to line up your shot, I shoot a little differently than Gramps, his father taught him. Lift the gun like this, use your arm and the end of the gun to line your sight, and shoot. Be prepared for recoil; some more

powerful guns can break your wrist if not handled correctly.” I took the gun; it was heavier than I expected. I raised it like Doom had shown me, and looked down my arm, to the sight, and shot. I hit the target, not on the bullseye, but for a first shot, not bad, the recoil was not that big a kick back. “Good, two more times, lower your arm a little bit, you’re a bit high.” I followed Doom’s instructions and hit the ring before the bullseye on the third shot with this gun.

“Excellent, try this one next, do the same.” Doom praised me as he took the gun from me and gave me a different one. This one was lighter, and I hit the target each time. The recoil was worse than that of the heavier gun. The next gun was about the same weight as the two, and I liked the feel in my hand. This one, I hit the bullseye on the third shot.

“That’s nice shooting. This would be the gun for you.” Warmth bloomed through me at his praise. A feeling I was not ready to examine too closely.

Doom moved down the range and shifted the target we had been using. Exposing other targets further down.

“That target was too close for most rifles, although when in danger, you use what you have, regardless, but for practice, it’s best to learn the longer distance.” Doom helped me with the rifle; he was behind me, reaching over to raise the rifle, and explained what I was looking for. His back was warm against mine, and his breath when he spoke tickled my ear.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 300[1,422 words]

Doom POV

The night was peaceful, no rowdy members still having fun outside the transportable, best night’s sleep since we joined the club. I was up early, grabbed a quick bite to eat, and moved to the shooting range before even the sun had risen in the sky and brought out the dummies first, setting them up in two places, one for Tempest to shoot and one for Tracey. Then brought out tables, and I put different rifles on the tables, thinking that Tempest would need the lighter ones, being most likely in her chair or on the floor, had to think what ones would be best when sitting, not a position I had been in, but then, shooting from the back of the bike, might be considered the same.

One look told me that Tracey had put a lot of effort into pushing that wheelchair. I should have thought of that and gone back to wheel her in. I was kicking myself for not having thought of that, and I offered her a bottle of water, which she took and sipped a few times. Tempest, oblivious to Tracy’s effort, was too busy checking out the table.

Gramps took over teaching after Tempest, as it should be, and watched, waiting for my turn with Tracey; she was a natural shot. Hit the bullseye once with the gun, and several times in the heart of the dummies.

“I used to enjoy the shooting game at the fair, when I could go, and in the game zone in town, when I was younger.” She explained, blushing as she told me stories about her younger years. Tracey offered her explanation in stories with no coercion from me.

“Time to return,” Gramps called out after we had been out here shooting for over an hour. I moved to put the equipment away, Gramps got behind the wheelchair and pushed Tempest back, using the excuse to discuss the shooting, rather than taking the effort away from Tracey.

“Do you need a hand?” Tracey offered, I guess it wouldn’t hurt for Tracey to learn how to dismantle the rifles. I will handle the guns, and the security team will clean them and put them away.

“Sure, do you think you can lift one of the targets and take it to that shed?” I pointed to the shed and offered the lighter targets for her to take. The task was over quickly when some men came out and helped put it away, and I didn’t need to show the dismantling of the weapons, as the men took charge of that too. Tracey didn’t balk at the work and took what I asked.

“What are you up to now?” I asked, as we strolled back to the house.

“Tempest doesn’t have any therapy till this afternoon. So, I might check my emails, do another part of my

studies, and relax a bit.” Tracey’s voice was soft and careful. It was like she thought about how to answer before speaking.

“Studies? Thought you had finished with them.” I blurted out, not as careful as Tracey was being. I have little filter when speaking.

“I have, I am a trained physiotherapist now, but I am studying for my master’s degree.” Wow, this girl’s smart.

“How long does that one go for?”

“It’s two years, but I have already done four months, while trying to get hands on work, the online school, was okay for me to start it, before putting in the completed hands on time, as Karen had my back, promising the institute that I will have it completed, and with Tempest help and the security teams, I have completed my hours, as we are in locked down, Karen had signed off as competent, and will do another assessment when the doors are open again.”

“Wow, guess you are a busy woman then.” I felt disappointed that Tracey will be busy all the time, I can’t blame her for having a life and goals.

“Sort of, why did you want to hang out?” Tracey looked at me and then back at the path.

“Don’t want to take you away from your studies and routine.”

“We can catch up after the training session with Tempest, then, and maybe we can talk after dinner.”

Tracey was giving me an in, and I wanted to pounce on it, but something still held me back, and I’m more into guys than gals; if not, why the hesitation to get to know this beautiful woman? Have I been telling myself for so long that guys are easier to handle than girls? Maybe I am getting all this wrong. What’s wrong with me?

“I would like that,” I replied. What was that? That doesn’t sound like me.

“Catch you later.” Tracey waved goodbye to me and headed into her room. I hadn’t noticed that we had stopped outside a room. At least I know which room she was in, I wasn’t sure till now.

I headed to Storm’s office, sure he would be in there. I knocked and waited for him to answer. I knocked again. Maybe he wasn’t in here. I was about to leave when the door flew open. His shirt was askew, and he was out of breath.

“Oh, sorry, text me when it’s safe.” I saw a half-dressed Tempest on the lounge chair, trying to cover herself I hope they clean the chair when they are done. “No, it’s okay, come in.” He pulled the door open wider to let me in. It’s not like they had to hide it or anything; they are married, and I would have come back later.

“Hi, Doom, how did Tracey do?” Tempest asked as if everything was fine, and I didn’t walk in on them doing it, or trying to.

“Tracey’s a natural, hit the bullseye a few times, said it because she enjoyed the shooting gallery at the fair. I think there’s more to it.” I replied honestly, and we talked about the shooting range and when they would go again. Storm didn’t appear to like it, but he won’t stop Tempest from doing it.

“There’s been no new sightings of Mr Dawson, and that worries me; it’s like he let himself be seen, to attract attention, his way, maybe a diversion of some kind. I half expected some false claims trying to lead us away from him being close by, something doesn’t feel right, even Dad said so, and has put feelers out in the streets, and was digging deep, even Uncle Simon has he forces out looking for him, using facial recognition at airports, train stations, and local streets, if it on our streets or Dad’s that will find him.”

Storm moved to his desk and turned on his computer.

“Yep, no new emails or texts, it’s like he vanished.”

“He can’t vanish, but he is good at hiding. We can do no more than what we have; is it worth fretting over something we can’t control?” I asked, not that I felt any less stressed, but it sounded good at the time.

“You’re right, we have enough here to keep us entertained, and the freezer is full of food, we won’t starve, we can wait this out. In the meantime, my wife gets some therapy and shooting done.” Storm was back in the lounge, Tempest on his lap.

“What do you think of Tracey?” Tempest asked, with a sly smile.

“What are you talking about? Dooms gay. I have seen him with men.” Storm interjected.

“I am interested, if she is,” I replied before Tempest could dig deeper into what Storm just said, which was embarrassing enough, him walking in on me thrusting into the back of a fella. I think the guy was more upset than I was; he was still hiding that he liked guys. Thought it would diminish his respect for the men he rode with.

“You are?” Storm looked at me as if I had just grown another head.

“Yes, I like girls too, but guys I can read better, and the perks they can’t get pregnant, you know what I mean. The girls don’t bother me if they think their brother was competition.” I joked that I had never been in that situation, but I liked the sounds of that.

“Well, with this shutdown, you will have plenty of time to get to know her. You can join me in the gym and see her work. She had miracle hands; her massages were better than those at that spa place. The security team all line up for a massage after their training sessions.” Tempest smiled about it, and I felt the tinge of jealousy that all those men had her hands on them.