

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 301[1,515 words]

Tracey POV

The shooting was fun, and I learned a lot that the shooting gallery can't teach you. Doom was knowledgeable and answered all my questions calmly, never getting frustrated or angry at my constant questioning. He had the opportunity to lean in on me and grab a feel, like most men try to do, but he didn't.

Such a gentleman, I liked that he didn't try to touch me, I feel more comfortable around him, for not doing what most men do. Tempest mentioned he was gay, but he had an erection; I saw it. He's large, so if he were gay, that would not have happened. Maybe he likes both; am I okay with that? I don't know, I guess as long as I don't catch him kissing a guy full on the mouth, I could handle it, I think, I don't know.

Stop!

This constant circle does me no good; it's time to wait and see what happens, and stop second-guessing the guy. I don't need a relationship just yet, so I shouldn't be so fixated on this man. None has captivated me as he has. That might be the problem, because he hadn't pursued me. I am interested. How lame is that? I managed to close off my thoughts of Doom long enough to get my assignment completed and double-checked before submitting. Bet I still missed something. I tend to do that. I think it's correct, all errors fixed, and I still manage to miss something.

Tempest came knocking on the door.

"Ready for therapy?" I looked at the time and sighed. I lost track again.

"Let me quickly change."

"Got lost in your studies? I did that, it was maddening, to find I worked all day, trying to get an assignment done quickly." Tempest was filling the silence with idle chatter; it was good because it kept my mind back on my job. Living here and making friends lets you forget that I am here to work. It was too much fun here, easy to forget why I am here. I don't see Tempest as work, more as a friend.

I walked beside her as we made it to the gym. It was empty, thank god, I was worried the security men would be on the machines, and I would have to kick them off again. They know our booked time for this equipment, but some tend to like to push the boundaries. Some learned that Tempest was the main boss and could fire them all. Tempest doesn't flex her authority often, but when she does, most listen, but a few still try their luck, not sure what Tempest will do if those few who tempt her patience don't stop.

“Start on the bike, it will warm up those muscles.” I helped Tempest onto the bike machine and placed the special harness over her knees and thighs. She can now make the bike move on her own. It was the machine doing the action, and she sat there, reading a book on her tablet. It’s good to see how far Tempest has come. I climbed on the other bike, warming up too. We do things together when I can, like the bike, because it appears to help Tempest watch my muscle movements and try to copy them. It has worked for her. We moved to some weights, and then to the harness I have made, which will be the same one she will use when Tempest gets her prosthetics. It was to keep her upright while she did some back exercises. This wasn’t a standard thing; I rigged it up, and Karen liked the idea and gave me the go-ahead to use it on Tempest. Tempest was my trial run; if it failed, no one would know, as only Karen and I knew this was something other therapists didn’t use.

We were on the mats, doing leg raises, and then, I would hold her knees, and Tempest would try to do sit-ups, something that Tempest found hard to do, but it was still early days. When Doom walked in, he was wearing shorts and a t-shirt, joggers, very yummy. Yes, eye candy for me.

“Hi, Doom, we’re nearly finished.” Tempest, never missing a thing, called out.

“Hey, don’t stop on my account.” He replied as he threw a towel onto one of the bikes and started pedalling. I forced my eyes away from him and back to Tempest, who had a knowing smirk on her face.

“What?” I asked, trying to look innocent.

“We do some shooting tomorrow?” Tempest ignored my question.

“Yes, every day, if you want, Gramps will come tomorrow, but can’t come the day after, up to you,” Doom replied from the bike.

“Same time?”

“Sure. Want me to come get you?”

“Sure.” What?

“You don’t want me to accompany you?” I was a little miffed that Tempest wanted Doom to take her.

“You can come too, but Doom pushes my wheelchair.” Tempest huffed out. Between leg raises, we were back to her legs. She was on my stomach, trying to raise her arms and legs together. Most times, she barely gets her legs up, but she doesn’t give up. We finished cooling down, before I helped her into the hot tub, and I left her to enjoy that, while I grabbed what I needed for her massage next, plus some towels.

Somehow, I resisted the urge to watch Doom work out and lift weights. I heard him grunting and the clang of the weights.

“Done,” Tempest called out. I moved to help Tempest out, but Doom beat me to it and lifted her out with ease.

“Where to?” He asked, cradling Tempest to his chest. Tempest is dripping water on the floor.

“Massage table, have the towels ready.” He moved with ease.

“Stomach or back?”

“Stomach.” I grabbed more towels and dried Tempest before starting the deep-tissue massage. I worked on Tempest for nearly an hour. I think she had fallen asleep.

“Asleep?” Doom asked, moving beside me, he of a cologne, but couldn’t say which one, but it was nice.

“Think so. Tempest often does, after a long workout, she hates the stomach crunches.” I cover her with a dry towel and leave her to nap.

“Want a massage?” I offered, nodding to the other massage table.

“Sure.” I pulled off his shirt and joggers before lying on the table. His body was toned and strong, his skin in good condition, my training falling into place as I assessed him clinically, thinking of him as more than a client was dangerous. I started at his neck and shoulders; they were tight, as you would expect after a workout, but not overly tight. Slowly moved down his back, his buttocks, thighs and calves. There wasn’t any fat on Doom’s body, a couple of old scars, but nothing ugly on his body. I wouldn’t have been shocked if he did have some bad scars, seen some awful ones on clients, that Karen worked on as she explained what she was doing, and why.

I moved back up his body and stopped on his lower back, giving more attention to it, the only place I thought felt tighter than the rest of his body. That was when my mind and body decided he was a man, not a client. I stopped massaging deeply and changed to a more gentle movement, enjoying the feel of his body under my hands, and was thinking about what it would be like to be more involved, when my daydreams were shattered as his body completely relaxed, and he gave a gentle snore.

I sighed and moved away from my two clients, both of whom were fast asleep.

A quick shower and change, and I was cleaning up the mess when my phone rang.

“Hi, Karen.”

“How’s the therapy going?”

“I have two clients fast asleep on the massage tables. I turned on FaceTime and showed her the two sleeping.

“You must be doing something right. Congratulations.” We talked for a bit longer, informing Karen of the changes I had noted with Tempest.

“Send me the reports on Tempest so that I can update our schedule. It sounds like Tempest is ahead of schedule, and we might be able to get the prosthetics by the end of the year. How’s the swelling?” I moved the phone to the end of Tempest’s legs so she could see them.

“Wow, that swelling’s going down a significant way. Well done.” Karen’s praise meant a lot to me. The diet I was trying to get Tempest to eat, combined with the exercises and deep massages, is working for her, and we are doing it twice a day, whereas out in the real world, they might only get it once a day or every few days.

“Oh, they are waking up, better hang up.” After saying goodbye. I moved to Tempest and helped her off the table, and into her chair, wheeling her to the change rooms, to shower and change.

“Doom asleep?”

“Yep.”

“I knew your hands work magic.” Tempest chuckled before taking over the wheelchair and entering the shower made for her.

When I turned back to clean up her table, Doom was off his, and gone. I felt sad that he didn’t stay to say goodbye or to say thanks.