

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 302[1,455 words]

Doom POV

Finished at the office, catching up with the goings on, the clubhouse was moving along nicely, and I was feeling a little guilty for being here, and leaving the others to do my share. Storm said he was happy I was here, and that he had one of his friends here to support him; he didn't want to ask someone to stay. That made me feel a little better.

When I reached the gym and saw the girl, I stopped to watch. It didn't surprise me that Tempest noticed my arrival first. She never misses much at all around her home. I started my routine, trying not to watch the girls, all the times, but what Tracey had Tempest doing, gave me a hardness, that shouldn't be there, and as I am not exactly small, it would show, so I tried to keep my back to the girls, so they couldn't see that what Tracey was demonstrating for Tempest to try, turned me on.

When I was almost done, I saw Tracey reaching over to pull Tempest out of the hot tub. I had been so focused on not looking at them that I missed her putting Tempest in. I quickly moved over, picked Tempest out, placed her on the table, and returned to doing the last few sessions of weights, then to the rowing machine to wind down. By the time I was done, I could see Tempest was asleep, lucky girl.

Tracey made me an offer I couldn't refuse, and her magic fingers worked on my muscles. I could see why Tempest fell asleep. When the deep-tissue massage was over, Tracey began the more soothing massage. To my surprise, I too fell asleep.

When I woke, they were not in the gym, so I went to the change room to shower and change. When I returned, I found Tracey cleaning up.

"Hi, thanks for the message, sorry for falling asleep." I was embarrassed that I had, but at least she didn't see my erection.

"Falling asleep is the biggest compliment you could give me, no need to be sorry." Tracey smiled sweetly at me as she continued to clean up.

"Tempest in the shower?"

"Yep, they changed one, to suit her special requirements, and no need for me to be in there with her. Tempest is fiercely independent."

"Tempest was that way when we lived it, Fixer and Tank?" I remembered how much she wanted to try things on her own, even when Tempest was obviously in pain.

Tempest came out of the change rooms.

“Talking about me again?” Tempest tried to make it sound like she was hurt or insulted, but she couldn’t stop laughing.

“Of course, who else was worth talking about?” I replied, and then thought about how that might have sounded to Tracey.

“Doom’s right, you are interesting, the stories you tell are worth gossiping about.” Tracey was smiling, so she didn’t take offence at my comment, which could have been misinterpreted. I need to be more mindful of what I say around Tracey.

“You finished?” Tempest asked as she reached us.

“Yeah, ready to leave when you are.” Tempest turned and began wheeling herself out, Tracey close behind.

“Coming?” Tempest called out over her shoulder, looking at me, her chair still in the forward motion, as she neared the door.

With three large steps, I had caught up and was walking close behind them, laughing at the thing Tempest was saying, and watching Tracey blush.

“What, you have a perfect specimen walking close beside you, and you are not tempted to turn around and kiss him? Come on, even I can feel the sexual tension between the two of you.” Tempest continued to say, no filter, was what my mind was saying. Tracey was laughing with her.

“You sure it’s not your tension you are feeling, you did say, you were caught in the office as you were about to do the deed.” Now I felt the heat rise in my neck; that was me who walked in, and these two girls were talking as if I couldn’t hear them. Like, really, is this the way women always talk? I think we men have nothing on them.

“You might be right. I could do with a bit of Storm time about now. Have had my name, and am feeling good, excuse me while I go find my husband, and see if he was in the mood.”

“When is he not in the mood?” I retorted before I thought better of it.

“I agree,

He’s always in the mood. Now it’s a matter of finding him.” Tempest picked up the speed; she could roll that chair pretty fast. She’s lucky she’s not running staff over. Tracey and I watched her disappear and enter the Storm’s office.

“Guess she will get her booty call before dinner,” I murmured, gaining a chuckle from Tracey.

“That girl certainly gets her fair share, they have a huge appetite for each other, and not having feet hasn’t hindered them in finding interesting positions.” Tracey replied, turning to me, with a smile.

“Care to join me for coffee in the lounge, before dinner?”

“Sure, let me get changed and I will meet you in the lounge.” Tracey turned to her room and took two steps at a time, heading to change into jeans and a shirt. A tracksuit was not suitable attire for dinner.

Making it back downstairs, I stopped in the kitchen, grabbing two coffees, before heading to the lounge, only to find Tracey had already been in there, settled on the two-seater lounge, and two coffees on the table in front of her.

“Hey.” I raised the two cups. Tracey clapped her hands and nodded to the ones on the table.

“Hope you can manage two coffees.” I laughed as I set the coffees next to hers.

We put the television on, a sports report was on, and we left it on that channel.

“I heard that Storm’s brothers were playing Ice Hockey and were doing very well.”

“Razor, yes, he did very well on his first game, you should have seen Penny and Tempest, all in his number shirt, pompoms waving, they had a ball. You should meet Penny, a ball of energy, full of creative ideas, and a thirteen-year-old, going on twenty, it’s hard to keep up with her at times.”

“Breaking news: Mr Dawson had been seen in the upper district, and another shooting has occurred. It is alleged that Mr Dawson lay in wait for the people to come out of the building and opened fire, killing the men and some bystanders.” I quickly dialled Storm’s number.

What?” He answered the phone out of breath, and I guess I interrupted the booty call.

“New update on television on Mr Dawson.” Storm hung up and was in the lounge in seconds, his shirt unbuttoned and his zipper undone. He was staring at the television as the news report showed the gun down, and Dawson disappeared. When Tempest rolled in. The reporter repeated what he had announced at the beginning, and I pondered the alleged part: how can someone you are watching on the screen be allegedly doing anything? It was clear as day – he did it-stupid law wording.

Tempest sobbed, gaining all eyes on her.

“He’s a monster. I should have stabbed him that day, when I had the chance.” Tempest was soon pulled out of her chair and was now seated on Storm’s lap, and he rocked her back and forth, trying to comfort her.

I picked up my phone and called Tank.

“How are things over there?” Tanks, a happy voice came through.

“Have you on speaker? Did you see the latest news report? Dawson just killed more in the upper district area. It looks like they are the people he was supplying the guns and drugs to. I was wondering if he thought these people he was killing were the ones that had him arrested, and didn’t think of Tempest having the guts or that information to set him up.” I waited for Tank to answer. We had thought he was coming after Tempest, but he appears to be wiping out all his contacts.

“Good thinking, that doesn’t mean we stop level one for now, but it gives us some breathing space, and a possible direction where he might attack next. I will watch the news report, talk to the team, share what you suggested, and get back to you when we have a sense of what to do next. How’s Storm and Tempest taking this?”

“Tempest not so good, Storm, hanging in.”

“Glad you are with them, stay strong.” Tank hung up, and the room was filled with excited fans at a sports arena, while we were in shock at the latest news. If the police find him, he’s a dead man; one of those he shot today was an off-duty police officer, passing by on the street.