

# Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 303[ 1,464 words ]

Tracey POV

The day had been great, and I was sitting with Doom, enjoying a laugh regarding us both bringing in coffee, we think alike, and it proved he was caring and not just putting up a show. If it's a show, he's a very good actor.

Then the news came on.

Tempest fell apart, and Storm left with her in his arms, leaving me with Doom.

I was shaking. I didn't know this man very well, but I was scared of him and what he could do to this family, and all those out there, he was killing, so many random innocent victims being caught up in this man's rampage. I am shocked by how he has managed to travel around without being caught or seen.

"Doom?" I called out in a voice I didn't recognise.

Doom was next to me in an instant, picking me up and placing me on his lap. It happened so fast that I didn't have time to do anything more than squeak as he lifted me up, like I weighed little. He pulled my head gently to his chest and stroked my hair, rocking gently from side to side.

"Tempest was right, he is a monster. He needs to be stopped. I was wondering about his moving about, not being caught, could he be travelling in the back of a truck, or van, you know he could have made a home in one, a bed, and all the comforts he needs, and only come out at night to use the bathroom, the guys that are helping him could be supplying him with all he needs. Or a caravan? Being towed from place to place. It's the only way I can think of his travelling about." I had tears running down my cheeks as I spoke, and I wiped them away angrily. I shouldn't be crying.

"That's an interesting idea." Doom reached over, grabbed his phone, and rang Tank. He relayed my idea, and Tank agreed it was feasible. He had thought of a good disguise, mask, or makeover, but my idea was sound, and he would get the men to look into it. How he could look into it was beyond my understanding, but knowing the reach of this family, I don't doubt they would find a way.

"You're shaking." Doom started to rub my arms, as if I was cold. I didn't answer; we had yet to have dinner, and at the moment, I doubt I could eat. It was getting late now, and I was getting tired. We stayed like that until Gramps came in looking for us.

“What’s happened? No one came to dinner. It’s getting cold, you must eat, even if you don’t feel like it.” Gramps looked concerned as he came and placed his hand on my shoulder.

“The news rattled Tracey and Tempest. Storm carried Tempest away, most likely to their room. She would be eating tonight, and I doubt Storm will leave her to come down to eat. Can we send up a tray?” Doom suggested to Gramps.

“Fair enough, we can do that, but you two, get in the dining room and eat,” Gramps growled in a tone that said he won’t leave us till we have eaten. Doom stood, carried me to the dining room, and sat down, keeping me on his lap. I didn’t resist. Doom made me feel safe, and at the moment, I needed to feel that.

Gramps made a tray of food and left to take it himself upstairs, while Doom started to fill a plate. He kept one arm around my waist, keeping me securely to his warm, firm chest. Once Doom finished plating, he used one hand to cut up the meat. I groaned and grabbed a fork to keep the food still while he cut it into smaller bite-sized pieces, put down the knife, picked up a fork to take some meat, and offered it to me.

“Open.” He demanded, but I turned my head.

“You want Gramps to come back and see you not eating, any idea what he would do about that?” I turned back and took the offering into my mouth; it tasted good, like I knew it would. He took turns, offering me a mouthful, and then eating two himself. Gramps came back, saw us eating, and sat down to eat himself.

“Tempest is a mess, as you said. Any thoughts on how to cheer her up?” Gramps eventually broke the silence at the table; the table had never been silent like this.

“We have training tomorrow morning, then the shooting range, or do you call it the firing range? Humm, anyway, we can do a girly thing after that, if she’s interested, or she may just want to talk through this.” I suggested, unsure how to handle this latest crisis.

“Tracey had an idea about how he’s moving about.” Doom suddenly said, changing the subject.

“Go on.” Gramps encouraged, as he continued to dig into his meal. So Doom explained it much better than I had in mind. Gamps looked thoughtful for a while, as he continued to chew his food.

“That’s not a bad idea, feasible.”

“That’s what Tank said,” Doom replied as he forked a potato into my mouth. Eating like this didn’t surprise Gramps. I guess this was the norm around here. I had seen Storm feeding Tempest every now and then when she complained she was not hungry, and he insisted she eat something.

“Tank will get onto it, no doubt Simon too, his men are good at that sort of thing. Maybe we can send men to the different roadside fuel stops ahead of his next victim, if we are on the right track, there are two places he would be headed, we got this, done panic, we will find him sooner or later, and if we don’t maybe the police will be on the ball, and take him out for us, keep it nice and legal. Don’t fret, dear, this isn’t the first time our family has been targeted, and it won’t be the last, all part of life around us, it seems. I am annoyed that he has made it difficult to go fishing; the best I can do is the pond at the back that has trout in it, but that’s hardly a challenge, then out in the river and streams.” Gramps chuckled as he ate, not at all fazed by all of this, and he was right, with Grams’ attack on her life, it has come right to the door, more than once, in their lifetime.

We finished dinner, and I didn’t want to leave Doom. He had been supportive without pushing for more, and I appreciated that. He was just there, waiting and willing to give support when I needed it.

A quiet patience that I liked.

Wonder what he would be like if I gave the go-ahead to be more?

I was pondering that when Gramps excused himself and left the room. The staff cleared the plates, and Doom stood up, still holding onto me, and carried me back to the lounge. We settled on the lounge chair, and I reached over for the remote. Turning the television on, only to see the new update, which was to add more deaths to the tally. It was terrible; it had already reached twenty-five known deaths to Mr Dawson’s alleged tally.

“Mr Dawson isn’t hiding his face from the cameras; that tells me he’s ready to die, and to let his enemies or those he perceives as enemies know that he was coming for them. If they haven’t taken measures to protect themselves, they are going to die.” I murmured more to myself than to Doom.

“I agree, he has lost in his need for revenge, or something far worse,” Doom adds, we are both looking at the news report, it had shown both shootings that they can clearly see its Mr Dawson, and two they have attributed to him, but his face was not clear at that point, something must have happened, between that second attack and the third to no longer stay hidden, or the first two were not him.

“I would like Tank to look into those attacks, because there might be two killers out there, one being Mr Dawson, and one that could be his right-hand man, out to confuse us, as to which location he might be at. What do you think?” I suggested, getting all agitated again.

Doom picked up his phone and called Tank, even though it was late, Tank would always answer the phone.

“Doom.”

Doom gave Tank my thoughts, and they talked for a bit longer before hanging up.

“Bedtime, stop watching this,” Doom said, and stood letting me go.

“Can I stay with you tonight? I don’t want to be alone.” I asked, as a shiver ran through me.

Doom didn’t hesitate; he scooped me up bridal style and carried me upstairs.