Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 304[1,443 words]

Doom POV

Tracey made sense; her ideas about what Mr Dawson was up to were not something any of us had thought of. She thinks outside the box, and that's what we need right now: someone who can throw a different idea into the mix. The second news update shattered everyone, and showed all the killings, his shooting people, it looked like a bad movie, on screen, and you would have picked the actor's, if you didn't know this was real life, and what made it worse, was that we knew the shooter, we had seen him at the show.

I was all ready to head to bed; it had been a hard day, seeing my friends in so much distress, when Tracey said she didn't want to be alone. I didn't think, just reacted, as a light had just been switched on, and I suddenly wanted her in my bed. Like now, before she changes her mind. Once I carried her to my room and placed her on my bed, I stood back and wondered what to do now. Like she's here because she's hurting, maybe seducing her would not be a good idea.

I turned, pulled out a t-shirt, and handed it to her.

"You can wear my shirt if you like, or would you prefer we head back downstairs, and you can get something of yours?" Stupid, I should have thought about this before rushing her to my room.

"Your shirt is fine," Tracey replied, taking in my room before heading to the bathroom. I looked around my room, trying to see what she had seen. My room is clean; I hate messy rooms. I took a sniff, and it smelled okay. I removed my boots and stripped down to my boxers, and put my clothes in the hamper for washing, which was just inside the walk-in robe. I waited for Tracey to come out.

She had used my spare toothbrush, which saved me from having to tell her she could use one. I took my turn, having a quick wash and brushing my teeth. Tracey was sitting on the bed, looking absolutely beautiful in my shirt, which she had pushed over her knees.

"Hey, you okay?" I asked, and she looked so lost.

"Sorry, I was thinking about the news report, and I can't get that last shooting out of my head. I was wondering if the ones they called innocent passerby really were, like could some be connected in some way, and Mr Dawson recognised this."

"Turn that brain off, and will look at it again tomorrow."

"But I can't, I need to get it off my chest."

“Okay, let’s call Tank. I don’t want to upset Tempest any further tonight.”

I moved to get my phone and called Tank.

“What’s up, buddy? Storm and Tempest, okay?” Tank’s worried voice came over the phone.

“Have you on speaker? I am in my room with Tracey, and she needs to share her ideas with you; her brain won’t turn off. Sorry about the late call. Tempest and Storm are in their room. Tempest is not so good.”

“Speak, give it to me.” So Tracey did. She had so much on her mind, it blew me away. How did she come up with all those suggestions? Tank asked questions, and she was clear in her reply. Sounds like she should be in law enforcement, because this girl was brilliant.

“Is that all?” Tank asked after a while, having no more questions for her.

“Yes, that’s all for now.”

“Get some rest, and wait for morning before calling again, I need some time to think about this, and get some rest.” Tank hung up.

“Thank you for understanding, my head was too full, not to give it all out.” Tracey lay down and snuggled up to me. It was nice having her in my arms. But I still waited for her to make a move.

Soon, Tracey’s breathing deepened, and she was asleep. I was glad I didn’t try to make a move on her. It didn’t take long for me to drift off to sleep, content to have her in my arms. Tracey, moving, woke me; she was trying to climb out of bed without waking me. “Sneaking out?” I asked, having rolled over onto my side, resting my head on my hand. “Bathroom.” She answered shyly and rushed to the bathroom, no longer trying to stay quiet. I stretched and followed her to the bathroom, waited outside the door to give Tracey privacy. She opened the door and stopped, looking at me, from head to toe, my morning wood evident.

“All yours,” Tracey said, walking away.

“Yes, all mine,” I replied, not meaning the bathroom, but her. I hope we are on the same page. I don’t cheat ever, so even if a guy interested me, they won’t get a chance now. I have decided Tracey is who I want to get to know better. When I came out of the bathroom, Tracey was back sitting on the bed, so we are not climbing back in today.

“Want a coffee or tea? I have a mini kitchen.” I moved to the kitchen, put on the kettle, and checked the fridge to make sure I had milk. Thankfully, there was a fresh small bottle in there. “Love one.” Tracey walked over to me and looked around the little kitchen.

“Cute.” I know her room was like an apartment, not like ours, although ours was bigger than hers. I poured out the coffee and let Tracey add milk or sugar. We walked out to the balcony and sat in the chairs, watching the sky change hues as the sun rose.

“That was beautiful, peaceful.” Tracey turned to look at me, a soft smile on her face.

“Agreed.”

“I’d better get dressed and head downstairs, need to get the gym ready for Tempest. If she’s up to exercising today.”

“Need a hand?” I offered, not wanting to let her go yet.

“Yeah, I’d like that.” Tracey dressed in yesterday’s clothes, and I followed her downstairs. She entered her room and turned, placing her hand on my chest.

“I need to change, go get something to eat.” Then, she closed the door in my face. I chuckled as I turned towards the kitchen, part of me disappointed, I wouldn’t have minded seeing more of her, and those perky breasts of hers, and a part of me had expected it.

The cook had been busy; a lot of food had already been prepared. I made a plate, and wondered if Tracey would have a large breakfast or a small one before the workout. I sat and ate my fill, having a full stomach before working out never bothered me in the past. If you had trouble knocking at your door, in the middle of dinner, you have to fight with it, so training with a full stomach, in my mixed-up brain, I thought it was part of learning to deal with all situations, just like night training. I had just finished eating when Tracey arrived; her perfume reached me first, a soft musk, nothing too overpowering.

“Morning.” Tracey greeted the staff in the kitchen, picked up a bowl, placed yogurt, berries, and a small amount of museli, a glass of orange juice and came to sit beside me at the kitchen table. One we often use when we have few at home, like right now.

“We’re going to the gym and work out as we wait to see if Tempest will come, or do you want to do something else while we wait?” I asked when the staff would return to their duties so that we could eat in peace. Every one of them had greeted Tracey when she walked in; it was like Tracey was already accepted as family.

“Gymn, I need a workout for me.”

“Sounds good to me. Shooting range after lunch or before?”

“After, need to see if Tempest will join us, she was a mess last night, might not make an appearance today. Any more news on that front?” Tracey continued to talk as if this was a normal day, when it was far from it, on my side.

“I checked my phone when I sat down. Nothing new on there, no text for Tank, and I didn’t want to call him for updates. I’m sure Storm will let us know if he gets a call.”

“Being locked away like this with little outside contact, I am finding it a little hard. Glad I have my assignments to keep me busy and focused.”

“We have contact with the outside, a phone call away.” I was confused by that comment.

“I meant going out and having lunch with friends, or window shopping.”

“Sorry, I am not much company for you,” I replied, and then wished I hadn’t because her face fell.