

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 305[1,433 words]

Tracey POV

I woke, feeling guilty for waking Tank last night with all my thoughts, then fell asleep quickly after, and most likely left poor Tank with a lot to think about. It's me, if I think of something, I have to share it, or it plays on my mind till I can give it away. I would have tossed and turned all night till I could talk about it, one of my many flaws, according to my family.

Should have known that I couldn't sneak out of bed; it's like Doom has this sixth sense of where I am and what I need before I even know what I need.

Breakfast was my usual; I don't eat much, but breakfast is a must. I can skip lunch, and often did when working at the hospital.

At the gym, I stripped down to my sports pants and bra and started on the bike, Doom riding next to me, keeping pace, slow at first and then picked up the speed, he kept me focused, neither trying to do the other out, just two people working together, this was nice, my ex used to try and go faster than me, do extra reps than me, and make me feel small and worthless. Doom didn't make me feel worthless, and he was easy to be with while I worked out. He helped me with weights and allowed me to help him, smirking when I had trouble moving some of the heavier weights, not nasty, but a more jovial chuckle. I was more or less done when Storm and Tempest arrived.

"Morning." I greeted them, looking between Storm and Tempest, who looked like they had hardly slept last night.

"Morning, we are both here to exercise today," Storm said, giving Tempest a look that said something else.

"Okay, come on, let's get you on the bike and warmed up." Storm helped Tempest onto the bike. I put on the harness. Storm climbed on the bike next to Tempest, and together they warmed up, just like Doom and I did. Storm didn't push to go faster than Tempest, but kept a nice pace with her. You could tell they were a couple, and I thought about my session with Doom, and if someone was watching, they might think the same.

I like that idea.

Doom was different; he hadn't once made me feel any less of myself. I wasn't competing with him, at some point, about us, if there was an us, because e's interested in me.

I thought about Tempest's comment about him being gay, but I don't feel it.

Did he play both sides of the field?

That was a thought to ponder.

My brain won't let this go until I find the answers; it's how I work. I dislike unanswered questions.

Mind you, getting an answer that suits my brain so that it would turn off, doesn't mean it's right, look how wrong I was with my ex-boyfriend.

I pushed all those thoughts back in my head; no doubt they will rise again when I don't want them to, and I focused on Tempest, getting her through our session, and a massage at the end. Tempes went through the motions, not putting in her best, but I hadn't expected her to. Storm hovered close by. Something was amiss; there was more to this than just being upset.

"Talk to me?" I looked between Storm and Tempest, waiting for one to talk.

"There was another news report, someone Tempest knew was just shot. We don't know whether that guy was involved with Dawson; he wasn't a boyfriend, just someone who lived down the street. One of the few who treated Tempest with kindness."

"Shot by Dawson?" Doom asked the question, beating me to asking the same question."

"No, Dawson's closer to us than there, maybe an associate, we don't know, that piece of the puzzle hasn't been found yet," Storm answered. Tempest had not spoken since she entered the door. Small sniffles were heard during her training session, and full-out tears during the massage.

"Storm, I think Tempest needs help? I am not sure I can help her emotionally if she stays closed up like this." I rubbed Tempest's back, and she slept on my massage table.

"You are doing a great job. All Tempest said this morning was that she needed to spend time with you; just being with you was enough to calm her down. Don't worry, you are doing a great job both mentally and physically for her."

"I appreciate the compliment, but am I enough? I am not a shrink, I tell it how I see it."

"That's all she wants right now."

"Can I ask a stupid question, one that's been on my mind since I started working with Tempest?" "Sure, but reserve the right not to answer." Storm grinned, that charming grin he has.

"I noticed, you all wear your wedding ring not on your ring finger. What's the significance of that?" "That's an easy one. We are wed, in our way, some of us have signed the

paperwork to register our marriage, others don't and leave it as a bike celebration. The President of the very first wedding held in our club said we were not regular people; we live a different lifestyle, and so wear the ring on another finger to signify that you are one with not just your partner, but with the club. When a woman accepts the man as her husband, her one and only, she also accepts the club, the lifestyle, and that her husband might be called away at any hour of the day or night. To support the other women in the club. This was how our club did it, and I am adopting that in this club, which I am now president of, but you might notice, if you hang around long enough, that a lot of our close associate clubs have adopted that change of which finger to wear the ring on."

"So accepting a club member, and getting married, and receiving a copy of his cut, you are marrying the whole club."

"Nice way to think of it, but basically, yeah, why not. You are accepting his lifestyle and supporting him and the club as much as you can. Not all girls follow that rule; some like to think they are now club members so that they can give people hassles, but that's not the case. Hurt one member, and you hurt all members."

"Hey, it doesn't mean you have to start sleeping with all the guys. Once you get the cut, you are exclusive to him, and he to you. Some do stray, but not all. Most live by the rules, but in all societies, some fight even the basic rules, just because they can."

"Ain't that the truth? I want to bash heads together sometimes," Doom growled out.

"How long with Tempest sleep?" Storm asked, his eyes softening as he looked at the sleeping form.

"About another ten or so minutes, on good days, Tempest manages about half an hour."

"Good, don't think she got much last night."

"If you need to do work, go. I will look after her." Storm nodded and looked at Doom. They had communicated without saying a word again. As they both left the room, they said, 'Catch you later, to me.

I cleaned up the gym surfaces and put away the weights before Tempest woke up.

"Hey, want to talk, I asked after helping her to sit, and I sat next to her, giving Tempest a chance to wake up and gather her thoughts.

"Not much to tell. I think all that has been happening has caught up with me, the accident, getting married, coming here, now the murders, it's all stacked up, and I hadn't addressed them as they arose, and it all overwhelmed me all at once. I am fine, honest, just needed the workout and the nap. Storm gone?"

“Yes, back to doing work took Doom with him. I unloaded a lot of thoughts on Tank last night, maybe some results have some in from that.” Tempest didn’t want to go into details, so I had to wait. Maybe she will share, maybe she won’t, but I won’t force her to talk about what’s on her mind if she doesn’t want to talk right now.

“What sort of unload?” So I gave Tempest a shortened version of what I discussed.

“Wow, you are out of the box. But makes sense, any of that could be right. Glad someone can think beyond murder, death, and killing.” I helped Tempest down and into her chair, where she rolled to the change rooms, showered and returned, looking a hell of a lot better than when she arrived with Storm.