Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 306[1,454 words]

Doom POV

The workout was great; it was easy to sync with Tracey. She wasn't as slow as I had expected, but she put a lot of effort into it. When we reached the end of our workout, Storm and Tempest arrived, and I worked with Storm looking after the weights, while Tracey weaved her magic with Tempest. I watched them when I could; they worked well together. I can see why Tempest was improving so much. Tracey was full of praise when Tempest achieved even a small milestone.

We were done, and Tempest was sleeping like she always does.

Storm made the sign to follow him, so a quick goodbye to Tracey, and I walked stride by stride with Storm to his office. He sits at his desk and calls me over to sit beside him. Turns on his computer, opens some files, and watches a few videos. It was one of each shooting, and we thought it might be related to Dawson. It appears all of the shootings were, or were his lackies, as the guy that Tempest knew was shot by the right–hand man, or one of Dawson's men, you often had seen with him acting like bodyguards. By association, it was enough to link it, Dawson.

"Dad thinks Tracey was right. He believes that Mr Dawson has formed three or four groups of mercenaries out for blood, and that too many shooters are linked back to him; all the shooters that they have identified so far have worked or are working for Dawson. The police are still looking for his business associates and Mia, but we both know they won't find them. They will eventually stop looking and make it a cold case. Aunt Mabel was found dead, overdosed according to the coroner, not sure how that will hit Tempest, it will be on the news today, so unless we do a complete news blackout, we can't hide that."

"Tell her, don't hide it, or she will lose trust. We don't need that added to her other problems." I jumped in quickly, no need to hide things like that, get it done, and let the healing start.

"Okay, will talk to her soon. Tracey has been a godsend, keeping Tempest from completely losing it. She has not been herself lately, but as of today, she promises to be more involved and less tearful. Tempest was concerned about how it would reflect on us, our businesses.

But even if our businesses all suddenly stopped, we still have more money than we can spend in our lifetime, so if one or two have a major downfall, we can work it out. Tempest will start communicating with her online friends again, even though our lockdown hasn't been long, the claustrophobia starts almost immediately; some handle it, others fall to

pieces. In the past, Tempest has been locked in a room, no food or water for days, and being told she was in lockdown triggered some bad memories. Still, we have worked through them, and I feel we are making headway. Tempest and I want to let you know that, if we have been rude, we are both sorry. Tempest will be saying the same to Tracey today.

Storm looked a lot better than when they left for their room yesterday. A lot must have been cried out, and sorted, or come to some acceptance. Hopefully, that means the lively, happy Tempest was back.

We talked more about Dawson, suggested places he might venture next personally, and where his goons might go. It's rather obvious to us who he might target; our men have been put in place, and although we would like to kill him, if our men capture Dawson, they have been instructed to wound, not kill, and let the police handle it. It might sound odd. Still, after some deliberation, the best course would be the legal system, to get him back in jail and in isolation. If the police or some other gun–happy chappy kills him, then we will cheer, but our hands will be clean of any wrongdoing in the eyes of the law. That's a must, according to Tank, Uncle Simon and Tandy.

Squeaky clean.

That sounds funny to me, because to me, if you are too squeaky clean, someone's good at hiding the dirt. Being that clean was rare.

Tempest and Tracey entered the room. Tempest looks refreshed and smiling. I stared in disbelief to see a smile on her face.

"We would like to go to the shooting range, please." Tracey politely asks, looking at me, Tempest beside her, nodding.

"Let's go." It was late morning, and plenty of time to get a few rounds in.

Storm pushes the wheelchair, while I walk beside Tracey.

"Tempest looks marvellous, you do have miracle hands."

"She just needed some sleep and an unload. Think we're good for now. Nothing I did." Tracey counters, refusing to accept her role in this.

"You listened, gave counsel, and relaxed Tempest enough to get some sleep. Lots of small things you do, without thought, assist Tempest in ways we don't know about, because of your training. You do well. Own it. Believe in yourself." Tracey frowned at my last comment, and I think I hit a nerve; she lacks confidence, but her work is exemplary, so it must be something deeper, more personal than her work skills.

Interesting, I think I will have to investigate that a bit more.

My girl lacks confidence, but hides it well.

What, when did she become my girl?

That sounds good, though, no more doubts in my mind about my sexuality. I am all for this woman; she tweaks all the right spots for me. Has my yearning for her body, yep, might be time to see if Tracey was receptive to my advances. But I still need to take it slowly, gently, something tells me if I suddenly rush it, she will back off, and fast, her defensive walls will block me out. Emotionally. I understand; I saw it with Tempest. Although not the same, physically, the look in her eyes told the same story. Skunk and Sprocket should have noticed this, but they were too keen to outdo each other; they didn't consider the woman they were competing for.

Tracey, having helped pack up, was quick to follow me to the shed. I showed her where the guns and rifles were and started taking out some of the targets, giving her the lighter job. It didn't take long; guards came out of nowhere and helped set up before disappearing again into the trees. It's scary to think so many men were close by, and we couldn't see them. I wasn't exactly looking for them.

Storm took over assisting Tempest, and I worked with Tracey, but there was little to work on, as she was a natural, picking up how to hold and shoot the gun and rifles. Tempest would need a lot more training, but it was good to hear them laughing as Tempest missed the any or accidentally shot the man in the groin.

Hey, did you see where I hit the dummy? That was so funny. It did this little jiggle, like it shaken and shocked to be hit there." Tempest bloomed with joy, and the reason behind ese lessons was forgotten briefly while w ese lessons was forgotten briefly while we enjoyed the bad aim that Tempest had. The running we pleasantly fasted, before Storm called it a day.

Storm helped me put the gear away, while Tracey stayed with Tempest, laughing and giggling.

'Good to hear Tempest laugh again, this was a good idea, and the shot on the groin was good, thanks."

"You noticed, huh?" I thought I had timed it well so that no one would notice.

"I did, because I know where Tempest shot went, and it was nowhere near the groin, or the dummy. Think the trees behind are full of her shots today. But it made her laugh, and for that I am grateful. It has been hard to find a way to make her smile since this all started. Hopefully, this will be a turning point for all of us." Storm's step was lighter; he wore a smile, which said a lot. My crazy idea to shoot the groin didn't turn out too badly at all, for all of us.

We had a great lunch; the table was full of laughs, even Gramps had joined in, adding a few embarrassing moments of his own. The goings on outside this house were temporarily forgotten, and the feeling of contentment was contagious. Tank had phoned, and Storm shared the dummy incident, creating some laughs on his end, too. Then told us how Fixer had something similar, and the dummy's hand collapsed on the floor, which had us all in stitches, as we imagined the dummy falling.