

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 307[1,426 words]

Tracey POV

After the long heart-to-heart with Tempest, and she appeared like she had made a breakthrough, we headed in looking for the guys; they were where we expected them, in the office, chatting. The shooting range was fun this time; the dummy shot had us all in stitches for the rest of the day. Even Gramp's was laughing, and the three men shared accidents. That was funny. It was a good day, so far, but like all good things, this day's fun had to end.

Storm's phone rang, bringing the outside world in.

"Another shooting. This time the shooter was killed. A bit stupid to kill him if you want my opinion, because dead I can't talk." Tank was on the other end, and we all got to hear it on speaker. I watched Tempest while Tank relayed the information about the shooting, who the man was, where they left them now, and never once did Tempest flinch.

"What do you want us to do?" Storm asked. I guess he felt out of control. Stuck here with us. "Make your calls, keep up communication with your men, talk to the VP, make sure the club members are okay. Getting a new president, and you are under lockdown won't sit well for many. But promise me you won't give in to pressure, and leave the safety of home." Fixer's voice came over next.

"Doing that now, Mum, every day I am talking with Jip, and ensuring the members understand what's going on, I ask them to be careful, never go anywhere alone. They are adults; they know the drill. Apparently, they have had this kind of lockdown before, over something to do with Grams years ago. Everything club-related is under control as best I can make it. The construction was still ongoing, and the men were happy with the progress." That's good news. I was worried for Storm. Being stuck here, he would have been torn between needing to be at the club, helping out, and being here with Tempest. I understand the worry and threat, but feel a little out of it, like I am watching a bad movie or something.

I decided that I had waited long enough when Storm picked Tempest out of the wheelchair and sat with her on his lap so that I would do the same. I got up and sat on Doom's lap. He was startled at first, then a grin broke out on his face, and he pulled me closer to his chest, adjusting my position to be comfortable for both of us.

"About time, you two have been pussyfooting around each other, since the lockdown," Tempest flippantly announced.

“Agreed, thought the room was going to explode the other night, with the sexual energy in the room, gave Tempest and me an afternoon delight, because it revved us both up.” Storm agreed with Tempest, and my mouth dropped open at what they had said. Ah, that was the episode that Doom interrupted.

“Take her to bed and be done with it. I can’t stand too much more of this,” Tempest pushed, giggling as she said it, as if bedding me was the only answer in her mind.

“It’s lunchtime.” I retorted.

“Time of day makes no difference. We have tried all sorts of positions at different times of day. Don’t let the thought of me having no feet make it less fun. Storm has found some creative ways to enjoy a healthy s3x life.” Tempest was not shy about her body, only her legs. I am hoping that when she gets her prosthetic, that will fade too. Storm doesn’t mind; she has no feet.

Gramps entered the room, pushing the tea trolley, loaded with sandwiches, fruit and drinks.

“Lunch, since you didn’t come to the dining room, I thought I would bring the lunch to you,” Groms said, standing up and looking at the four of us.

I was going to throw you, kids, into the bedroom and lock you in if you didn’t do g soon. It was driving me nuts.” Gramps looked at me, then at Doom. Were we the es not to pick up on what they were talking about? I liked Doom, yes, but really, did I off that sort of vibe?

Doom was chuckling behind me, and I turned to look at him. He shrugged his shoulders and kissed me on the end of my nose.

“This was not expected.” I sighed. Was this what I wanted?

I take a plate of sandwiches that the Gramps handed out. I noticed that he only handed out one plate to Tempest and Storm, too. I guess we are sharing the plate, not that I mind. That was a lot of food on the plate. I would never have managed to eat it all on my own.

“Did Tank fill you in on the latest?” Gramps asked once he was settled in his chair, a plate on his lap and a coffee on the arm.

“Yes,” and that was what the conversation was about for the rest of lunch. As I ate and listened, Doom was reaching for one sandwich after another, and I think I might need to refill the plate soon.

“More?” I asked when he took the last sandwich off the plate.

“No, then that would mean you leave my lap.” He pouted, then popped the last of his sandwich in his

“Anyone without, as I hopped off Doom’s lap, making him groan as I left my warm position.

“Please,” Storm called out. Of course, those two would want to move. I moved the trolley closer to us and offered everyone the last tray of sandwiches. Before returning to Doom’s lap, his arm wrapped around my waist so fast, anchoring me to him, I could feel his growing need beneath me.

“Someone’s happy to see me,” I smirked, not hiding that I could feel it, and thought about what Tempest had said, about why keep in bed at night, when there’s a whole day and different places to explore each other. Can I be that bold? Mum had only done it at night, as far as I knew, saying that’s when it was best, relaxing you enough to sleep. I never doubted her words, till now.

Storm, Gramps and Tempest left for Storm’s office. Gramps wanted to work out some figures with them. We might be in lockdown, but the outside world was still revolving, and the work for Storm doesn’t disappear. They might be stuck in there for hours, and that might also mean no afternoon therapy.

I should have asked the question before they left.

Your room or mine?” Doom asked as he nibbled my ear.

What? Why? He thrust his hips upward in answer to my question.

Do I want to do that now?

Why not, I guess, um, this was not what I was expecting, it’s rushing things a bit, isn’t it?

“Yours?” I replied, sounding more like a question.

Doom stood through me over his shoulder and headed to the stairs. I felt like he was a caveman, claiming his woman.

We reached his room and were soon in through the door, and his bed loomed before us.

Any doubts were too late now.

Doom gently sat me on the bed and looked at me as if he was deciding something before giving a long sigh.

“You sure? I don’t want you to think, because the others said it was about time that we had to do this.”

“Are you sure? Like I was told, you were gay.” I needed to hear that he was into girls.

“I was into sex, whether girl or guy, a hole was for release, and guys were less hassle. I didn’t mind either way. I never had a man inside me; I was always on top, in control, and I was clean. I was tested before I moved here, and haven’t been with anyone since moving.” Well, that wasn’t what I expected to hear.

“Then I am just a hole to give you your fix?” I asked, needing to know if this was just for need, or more.

“It’s whatever you want it to be. I won’t pressure you into being my girl if you don’t want that. I have seen how things can go badly if pressured into accepting something you’re not ready for.” Was I ready for something more? I think I am.

“Then let’s get in that bed, and show me what you got. We can dig deeper into the other side once you have proved yourself.” I grinned at him as I kicked my shoes off and started to remove my top.

“Stop, let me undress you,” Doom said, with a hand on mine, stopping me from removing my shirt.