

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 309[1,506 words]

Tracey POV

Doom was good. He worked my body like a pro, reading my likes and dislikes quickly. He was a quick study and had me reach my peak more often than anyone else, though I have had few lovers. My last boyfriend was selfish, but not Doom. He ensured I had exploded at least twice before he reached his own release. I couldn't resist having a go myself when he rolled us over, and I was on top. Running my hands over his pecs, hard, strong, he was all muscle. I appreciated his body when I had given him a massage before, but this was different. I have got to play with this body for pleasure, not work. I can separate my work from play. It was easy. Each time one of the guards got on the table for a massage, I didn't think of him as a man, or sexually, but a body of muscles that needed.

The guys rushed to us, like pigeons on spilt wheat, faster than a seagull on chips, and not once thinking of Storm and Tempest.

"Hey, go easy, what about the others, like Storm?" I growl at Skunk when he tries to take the whole plate from Tracey, avoiding mine, which were the hot pies.

He looked chagrined, and took two, and went back to his seat. We offered the pies to Gramps and Storm before placing the plates on the table and taking some for ourselves.

"No more of those extra hot ones?" I asked, trying to locate one that looked different.

"Nope, just the one, when Skunk made that performance, we thought he had it, until I checked and saw it on your plate." Tracey giggled, a soft tinkle, a new favourite sound, that I want to hear her make again.

"You and Tempest in on it?" I asked, and received a nod as the last session started, and all talk stopped. Tracey was nice, easy to talk to, and had a rocking body. I would say she was around five-nine, or five-ten. Obviously, she works out at the gym, maybe demonstrating what she wants Tempest to do.

We got another goal, and Tracey was up with me and Gramps, our happy twirling dance, before sitting down. Less than five minutes later, we got another goal, Tracey and I got up. but Gramps waved us to dance. It was too soon, and he was still catching his breath for our last one. We laughed and twirled, screaming out goal, before getting back on our chairs to watch the rest of the game. We ended up with four goals to one.

"Storm, are you ready for an update, maybe in the office, where we can peruse the map, as we explain where we are at?" I suggested after the replays of the goals, and the commentator's description was over. It makes me laugh sometimes at the commentators'

opinions, some of which are stupid and not even close. The person obviously had never played the sport, or if they had, didn't do it very well.

"Gramps, you want to join in?" Storm asked as he stood up, with Tempest in his arms.

"No, time for these old bones to hit the sack. Thanks for the offer, you can fill me in later, if you feel the need." Gramps shuffled out the door, looking tired. It was enough that he got up and danced to three of the four goals, sapping his energy.

In the office, Storm placed Tempest in a chair, then reached for the map, laying it out on the large table and placing paperweights at the ends to keep it from rolling back up. Then he reached for Tempest, bringing her in closer to see the map. Tracey followed us in, more curious than anything else. She hadn't been to the clubhouse, so wouldn't know what it was like before we started, but if all goes well and she's willing, maybe she could come and see the finished product.

I took over the briefing, explaining what was finished, what materials we still needed, that the pegging out of the driveway was completed, and that come Tuesday the first concrete truck would arrive, we would start with the paths around the clubhouse, and slowly work back to the road. We picked Tuesday because it would take a week for the other materials to arrive, and by then, the driveway should be ready to drive on. Most of the club members are out of the clubhouse; only those helping with the pour and the guards would be on-site.

"Storm, Tempest, what's going on with Mr Dawson? Are you ready?" Skunk asked, and I looked over to Tracey, worried about how she would feel being put in danger like this.

"Level two, and ready for level one, we have stocked up on food and provisions, and can wait it out. If it gets bad or we are at higher risk, we will use the chopper and get out of here. Tempest is handling it as well as can be expected and is making her own plans for staying alive. As of this morning, she is wearing a bulletproof vest under her shirt. There is little more that we can do." Storm gave us a rundown, and it sounded good.

"After I have finished the driveway, I would like to move back here. I would rather be here than at the clubhouse if we go to level one."

"I would like that. We need those we trust around us at times like this." Tempest jumped in, rubbing her arms as if she was cold, and I wondered if she was doing as well as we had been told. We talked for a bit longer before heading back to the lounge, where the sports commentators were still talking about the game, like, come on, how far can you dissect the game?

The plates had been removed, and the staff had cleaned up. The tea trolley arrived, and I was enjoying my coffee, when the news flash hit the television.

'Latest news on the escapee, Mr Dawson, had been seen in the Lower district. He was cornered by some men who recognised him, and it was alleged that Mr Dawson opened fire, killing two and injuring three. The police cannot stress enough that they should not approach this dangerous man. He is armed and will fire if he is cornered. He appears to be travelling with two other men, who have yet to be identified. Contact the police on.....

I looked over at Tempest, who was weeping into Storm's shirt. Tracey had got up and was sitting beside her, rubbing Tempest's back. The room went quiet. What could we say that would change what we just heard, or make it better for Tempest?

"Pull up the maps on the screen," Storm called out, to no one in particular, but to everyone.

I picked up the controller and typed in what we all knew he wanted to see. The lower district came into view, and my stomach dropped. It was way too close for comfort; you could reach us tomorrow if you drove overnight.

Storm pulled out his phone.

"Level one, now." He barked, then hung up, not waiting for a reply, then dialled another number.

"Dad, did you see the news flash? He was killing in the lower district... level one as of now... Will do." He hung up and dialled another number.

"RED ALERT, level one. All flights cancelled, no choppers in or out, unless I give you direct orders."

"Sorry, guys, if you want out, go now; by morning, you won't be able to leave. I know you got to finish the clubhouse, or we can call and cancel everything till this man's caught." Storm was in Prez mode, working on his list of calls to make.

"Okay, I will postpone the concrete, guys?" I look at Skunk and Sprocket.

"I'm going, will go stir crazy locked in, don't cancel the concrete, I will do it," Skunk said, standing up to get his cut and leave.

"I will help him with the pour, stay here, and look after the family." Sprocket stood up too, our games night over.

"You don't want to talk to your parents first?" Tempest asked, concerned for them as they will worry with the with the guys out in the thick of it all.

"Nope, we are men now, not living at home, we will be fine, once we reach the clubhouse, we will have the gates closed, the only trucks coming in on Tuesday will be the concrete ones, and the guards know what Mr Dawson looks like."

“But Dad’s been killing people; if he wants you, he will just kill the guards and you too.”

“Stop, we are not what he’s after; we will be fine.” Skunk hugged Tempest, and soon they were out the door, bike roaring down the drive and out the gate. I felt bad not going with them, but I feel I can do more here than out there. If trouble comes knocking at our door, I will be ready; it might also give me a chance to get to know Tracey better.