

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 31[1,593 words]

Tank POV

We sat in the meeting room, too many for us to use the Prez's office, and Sticks handed out coffee and muffins. Yeah, bikers don't mind coffee and cake. Well, ours do. Not all of us wake up and head for the bottle first thing. I don't drink as much as some might believe, not because I don't like drinking, but the last time I got drunk, I hurt someone badly, and I don't want to do that again.

"Word is, about ten Jones boys are on the road, headed this way. The gas station called, warning us. Pixie says tomorrow. Guess she either lied or they're coming early. That being said, we have some of ours posted and ready. When they arrive, we will tail them openly, let them know we know they are here, and follow them around. No contact unless they approach us, then I want to hear about it, the moment they do." Prez was in a mood; I don't think he got much sleep last night, as we are all coping with his agro.

"Slug, did the boys say anything useful?" The guys they dragged outside had foul mouths on them; it was hard to get anything out of them except obscenities. They were still high on whatever they injected into their arms-making them fearless and dumb.

"Nah, got drugged up, they don't know nothin, all Pixie was doing, they went for the laughs," Slug replied, which was about what we expected; they would follow if they put up with someone like Pixie.

"Dumb broad, brought us noffin but trouble since she came, should have got rid of ages ago." Stonner hated Pixie right from the first day; he wouldn't let her near him, ever. He was one of the few who had given her a backhander for taking things too far, and, to his credit, he was a little drunk. Still, that girl never knew when to give up and had paid the price. She cried and bytched and complained for weeks, but Stonner wasn't going to give her the time of day.

I have to agree with him that that girl smelled like trouble, and now we have some on our doorstep.

"Look on the bright side. If she hadn't been her silly self, testing the club members as she often does, and if her only cost had been her shiner, we wouldn't have gotten information that trouble was coming and why. We are ahead." I tried to put a positive spin on this whole Pixie deal.

"You're right, bro, she did, or at least the other guys with her gave us good info; they didn't know about the shop situation, but knew something about the Jones gang, being the ones that Pixie was attached to." Slug slurred; it appeared he was already drunk, and it was only halfway through the day. I would hate to have his kidneys.

We talked about the Jones gang on their way here, and what the plans were, nothing we haven't dealt with before. We pride ourselves on keeping our town safe. It helps to own almost half, if not more than half, of the town. The mayor, one of our older club members, who doesn't get involved in club affairs as much as he did in his younger days, we have a lot like that, who are in retirement of sorts.

Nearly all our club members have a degree in something; some are actually very smart. I have a degree I never use; I did the course online because I promised my mum I would finish school. Got to keep your promises, no matter how stupid that promise was in hindsight.

"Maxine did well today, didn't complain about being pulled out of bed, did the job, and returned, not a peep of complaint. She's a keeper." I don't know why I am getting compliments for Maxine; it's not like I was the one who had taught her how to do what she did. I have her in my bed. The guys don't know that I haven't done anything more than hold her and enjoy having her with me. Cricky, I don't even know if she has been with a man before. We haven't reached that far; both of us seem to be holding back. I know my fears, but I haven't been ready to investigate hers.

It's not exactly a question I can pose.

What do you say?

'Hey, little lady, have you been with a man before?'

I don't feel right just throwing in the twenty questions to get to know each other.

I think when and if I reach the stage that I am ready to try and be with a woman again, and if my body will let me, I might ask then.

As I am told, it's all in the timing; if the timing is correct, the way you ask the question won't matter.

The meeting concluded, and we agreed not to involve Maxine in the pending skirmish; she doesn't need to be one of the boys. There has to be a line drawn somewhere so that she can be herself. Be one of the ladies, it didn't feel right, just because she could probably beat a few of your guys in a fight. We don't need women, along for things like that.

Besides, she wants to get so much done; the list Prez gave her will keep her busy for a whole year, and that doesn't include the rebuilds she wants to get started on.

As I was heading out past the kitchen, Cricket called out.

"Hey Tank, can you get your lady in here? It's time for dinner, and I don't want her out there all night on an empty stomach."

“Sure, sweet thing,” I replied. It makes me feel good inside when they call her my lady. I know the casuals who aren’t claimed won’t agree to her being my lady; some still try it on. Guys who have ole ladies, it doesn’t stop casuals, even with it in the rules, they get banned for a month, and if they do it again, they’re out, never to return.

I stood at the doorway for a little while, letting her finish what she was doing, the pink of her tongue pokes out of her lips and back in, something she does when she’s concentrating hard. That action gave me a semi. This woman seems to make me hard or semi-hard with little to no effort at all.

She finishes what she was doing and stands up, arching her back, her hips coming forward, her hands on her hips. A sigh in relief, and it escapes her lips before she notices me at the entrance of the painting room.

Maxine agreed to let me look at her work, and it was terrific; the image looks like it’s coming out of the tank.

“Ever thought of doing some tattoos?” I could picture her putting her ink on her skin; she was a true artist.

“Grandpa wanted me to try, but I was worried about hurting someone, or making a mistake that the wearer would have to carry their whole life.” She shrugged as if it was nothing. What could she do? Compliments are not something she asks for, and she blushes when she gets them, which tells me she rarely gets them since her grandparents died.

“I think you’d do good, I am more than happy for you to practice on me. Any mistake made on me won’t be a mistake; it will be a mark of Maxine.” I grin, hoping she will say yes.

“I tried creating a few tattoos on the streets, covering scars, or when a group of guys wanted to show them together as a gang and all wanted the same mark, it gave me some extra pocket money, but I don’t like painting on skin, it feels all wrong, that’s what I told my Grandpa, and he dropped trying to push me. I have Grandpa’s old kit; I doubt you could get parts for it now. It’s old, but it does a great job. But I never considered it as a job, the same as this. Painting and tattooing were for fun, a hobby, not my job.” She kept saying that. A hobby. Who does that sort of thing as a hobby?

My woman, that’s who.

I doubt you’d find anyone else in the world who has her talent and calls it a hobby.

“You did a lot of things to make money,” I add as we leave the workshop, locking it up, making it secure. She was worried that visitors might come and damage the work, and while it was in that workshop area, she considered it her responsibility to make sure it stayed safe.

“Grandpa wanted me to try my hand at everything. If he could do it, he felt I should be able to, so we spent a lot of time together. The painting was by Grandma. She loved to paint, and she

taught me to blend colors. It was Grandpa who suggested transferring the painting idea to the bike. Before now, the only paintwork I had done was on my bike, I never thought of doing it for anyone else. As I said, it was a hobby, something to try my hand at, with no pressure to make it work. It was fun, not a job. I might not be good at everything, but I gave it a go, and it half decent job.”

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 32[1,573 words]

Maxine POV

Tank learned more about me than anyone else had taken the time to learn.

He was fun and easy to talk to, and I found myself telling more than I intended.

He was a good distraction, helping the night roll by quicker, till it was time. I headed upstairs, Tank following me close behind. It was like I had a walking protector all the time. I thought I would hate that, having had to look after myself for so long, but I found it comforting that he was there.

My girlfriend has been texting me a lot lately, too, more than she used to. Jenny liked one of the bikers and wanted me to let her know about the next party so she could hunt him down.

“What, Jenny. You didn’t get his number, since when did you forget to get a guy’s number?” | laughed out loud as I texted her back.

“What has you smiling?” Tank asked as he followed me into the shared bathroom. It was the only one that had a bath in it, on this floor, and I wanted to soak in a hot bath for a bit of a while, shave my legs and other parts, and ease these tired muscles, done more since being here, physically, than when I was training hard with Grandpa.

“My friend wants to know when the next party is, she likes one of the guys, and wants to see if he is interested. What had me laughing was that she didn’t get or give her number, and that was a first as far as I remember.” I replied, not thinking much of it.

“Your friend, Jenny?” He asked, rubbing his fingers through his beard, something I had seen him do a lot when in deep thought.

“You remember her? Should I worry?” I joked, pushing out my bottom lip, as if I was pouting and hurt.

“What?” We were in the bathroom, and I had turned on the tap and added some bubble bath solution. Replace the solution bottle on the shelf. Tank turned to me and lifted my chin with his

hand. His eyes searched my face. He was tired and a little concerned. His eyes flicked to my lips as I licked them, then back to my eyes.

“No, not like that,” he said, raspy and deep, making between my legs throb with an unknown need.

“Why not? All the boys want my Jenny. She’s drop-dead gorgeous, everyone says so.” It sounds whiny even to my ears, but it was fun teasing Tank. Jenny was gorgeous and fun, and like me, a loner; we’ve been friends since forever.

“You are more than a handful. I don’t need anyone else. Besides, who was the guy she was interested in? Did she say?” He pulled me to his chest, trying to reaffirm I was his. Rubbing my back, as if I needed some comfort. Inside, I was laughing, loving that he thought I was seriously worried about us. We aren’t at that stage where I would be worried, or am I? I did get angry when I saw Pixie all over him. I pushed the thoughts away, not wanting to examine them too closely.

“Jenny, with a curved body and brown hair, sat on Blaze’s knee.” I was shocked. I remembered his name. But then Jenny did harp on about him and his large d**k, making me blush just reading what she was saying.

“Will talk to Blaze to see if he’s interested, or if he’s enjoying fresh meat.” I didn’t like the sounds of that, but what could I say? It was the way things were. Most try the field, not looking to get tied down, as they call it, to be part of the family. I have no clue, with me, I guess, it was because I had always been around then, and couldn’t care less about being a member. Now I wouldn’t want to leave; they treat me well.

“You are staying while I take a bath?” I asked cheekily, running my hand over his chest, which had his eyes widen, and looked at the now-filling bath and back to me.

“Not sure that the bath is big enough for both of us. The last time I had a bath was?” He ran his hand through his beard, as if he were trying to remember when.

“That long ago, huh? So showers, or do you like to stink the place out?” I joked, knowing he had been taking showers as often as I had, that both of us got rather grimy over the course of the day. He helps out with the grunt work, being easier to call on to move something than using a lift.

“I don’t stink.” He mumbled and then sniffed his armpits, causing me to giggle. He lifted his head in surprise and smiled, using his hand to move some hair from my face. His face was gentle and kind.

He clears his throat and takes a step back.

“I will leave you to your bath. Call out if you need anything.” He reaches for the door, and I try for some fun.

“Care to wash my back?” I grinned at his face, looking between me and the bath again, uncertainty on his face, like he would love to, but something was holding him back. I have never been this bold, but he had seen me naked when he walked in once, and I had just dropped the towel before getting dressed.

“Thanks for the offer, but I think I will go have a cold shower.” I laugh as he leaves, closing the door. It’s fun teasing him; he tries so hard not to push me, even when I give him little opportunities.

I hope he opens up to me so that we can move forward. I don’t mean taking my V-card, but learning to understand him better and what the hesitation was all about. None of the other guys are like that, as Tank called my friends “fresh meat.” They pounced on them when they were allowed into the patch area to socialize, like flies to rancid meat.

The girls lapped up all the attention.

It’s been a week since I came here. I can hardly believe that time has flown by, and we have our run soon. I have no clue what happened or was happening with the Jones crew. I know they are here in town somewhere, and the boys are dealing with it; we girls are not in the loop, and in some ways, I am glad I am not. Tank hasn’t said anything about me going with them to meet up, but they could have already done that while I was working in the workshop.

If I hope Tank gets a number or asks for Jenny’s, she will be over the moon if he does. I do not hold my breath. It’s early days. She has texted me wanting gossip, asking if I have seen him, and whether he has a girl, and the list goes on with her constant questions. I haven’t told her much, just that I don’t know, haven’t asked, and have been busy with bike repairs. The repairs she understands, when I get in the zone, I can go all day without texting her. She had gotten used to it by now, but that doesn’t stop her from griping that I hadn’t replied for hours.

I enjoy my bath as I think about my past week, the number of changes in my life in less than a month. Would my grandparents be happy with my life changes? I think Grandpa would be okay. Still, I don’t know about Grandma, although she was never one to judge a person by their looks, she might be hesitant, looking at the monster I have attached myself to. He towers over me by a good foot.

I lift one leg and run the blade over it, eradicating all the hair and my armpits. I sit on the side of the bath and shave my bush, not that there has been much growth since the last time. I pull the plug, turn on the hand shower, and rinse myself off.

After a bath, I always feel more alive, maybe the shaving part, or the smell of flowers, being the bubble bath scent. I place the towel around my body, and one on my head. I looked around the floor and noted that Tank must have taken my dirty clothes with him; I hadn’t noticed them in his hands.

I opened the door and took half a step out, and almost bumped into Zero, who had recently moved his belongings upstairs, taking on one of the larger rooms. We both stopped and stared at each other, Zero, taking his time to travel up and down my towel-clad body.

“Hello, Babe.” Zero greeted, lust in his eyes, and I want to puke.

His voice was so much like Tank’s, but not quite as deep, that it broke me out of the frozen state.

“Zero.” I nodded and walked towards my bedroom door. Just before I reached it, the door swung open, and Tank stepped out, his arms folded, looking past me, towards his brother.

I reached Tank and rested my head on his chest. His arm came protectively over me, and he dragged me back into his room, our room.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 33[1,509 words]

Tank POV

That woman will be the death of me.

The tease.

Would I like to wash her back?

Really?

I want to do more than wash her back, and I bet she knows it.

The minx.

I was chuckling all the way to my own icy shower, which didn’t reduce my need for her.

I need a strong woman, stronger than any other woman, who graced my bed.

I took my problem in hand, stroking my length fast, harder than would be natural, as if I was trying to strangle it, maybe I was, a man’s body reaction, it’s hard to hide, and I am not exactly little, so it stands out even more. I had one hand on the wall, keeping my balance, my head resting on the wall, under the shower, water cascading down my back, all my thoughts were on Max, her toned body, her long legs, wavy hair, sparkling eyes, and well-proportioned chest. That way too sexy laugh, and that cute giggle, she was the total package.

I felt my balls contract and the tell-tale signs of eruption.

It burst out of me with such force that it made my knees buckle, and if I hadn't had my head and hand on the wall, I would have hit the floor. My breath was short, panting, like I had just run the length of our drive, in jeans, boots, and a leather jacket. I was completely wacked.

I completed my shower and came out with the towel around my waist. I heard Zero's voice, which sounded surprised and interested in whatever he came across, which didn't sound right. As I reached the door, I heard Max's voice, speaking to Zero in a plain, not interested voice.

The door flew open much faster than I had expected. I saw Max in nothing but a towel, her face flushed with embarrassment. Her being in only a towel was my fault because I removed her clothes, and I was going to take some fresh ones to her; I took my need in hand first; she was quicker than I expected, or I took longer to get myself together.

I looked at Zero as he watched Max walk over to me and lay her head on my chest. Her face hiding away, I put my arm around her protectively, and Zero looked me in the eye and nodded, a smirk on his face.

"Lucky bugger," He said quietly, before turning away and walking towards his room.

I knew he would do nothing unless she pushed for it, and I doubt knowing how shy she was inside, that she would even try; her track record of losing her men wasn't the best, and I think in the past she would have walked away instead of causing a fuss when she found her man cheating. So her cheating with Zero or any of the men was not something I believed she would do. That doesn't mean they wouldn't try, given the right opportunity, until I gave her my cut. She was still fair game, even though they knew I had put my hand up for her. Everyone in our club knows she was mine, but not yet fully claimed. That was worrying me. It was too soon to make that final commitment, but even having my brother take a good look at what I consider mine made me livid inside.

Might have to talk to him later and make sure we are both on the same page. I don't want to have to fight my blood brother to keep my woman.

I pulled Max into our room.

"Are you good?" I asked, looking at her flushed face, tears running down her cheeks.

What a stupid question, of course, she's not good.

I held her to me, my towel almost falling off my hips, as she wrapped her hands around my waist, her head on my chest, crying harder now, and I was at a loss as to what to do, besides holding her, as she cried.

I ran my hand over her head, and, kissing it, my other hand firmly on her back, not too hard, that she couldn't break away, but enough to feel my support. I kept holding until her tears stopped, and the hiccup started. I moved her to the bed and made her sit.

Grabbed a glass of water and returned to her with a box of tissues and the water.

“Th.. tha.. Thanks.” She managed to get out, between half-sobs, half-hiccups.

I swatted down before her, looking at her, waiting for her to say or do something. I wasn’t going to instigate it; if she didn’t want to talk, I wasn’t going to force her.

After drinking the water, I took the glass and moved to the table, and when I turned to face Max, she had stood, removed the two towels, and was climbing into bed, with nothing, not a sight I had expected any time soon.

I picked up her two towels, put them in the hamper, and tossed mine in too. Pulled on some boxers because I didn’t think she was ready for what I had hidden beneath them.

Climbed into bed, and she moved to me, snuggling into my side, and was fast asleep; those tears must have tuckered her out.

I lay there for some time, trying to understand what just happened.

Did my brother do something to her?

I didn’t think there was much time to do much in the hallway, and I didn’t know if he had entered the bathroom; I would have heard something, wouldn’t I?

Something didn’t add up.

Was being caught in her towel enough to upset her? But we have managed to be together, and I have seen her a few times in only a towel. The first time was an accident, but after that, it wasn’t as if you had already seen me. Guessing more won’t make any difference. To me, it showed that she trusted me to walk around like that, and she should know I would never do anything to her like that without her permission, that is, if I could get past my mental block and try.

What a pair we make.

Max threw her leg over my hips, and my shaft rose to attention. Being with nothing on, I felt her warm core on my hip, and I doubt a cold shower will fix it this time either. I froze, feeling every bit of her nakedness on me. I thought my boxers would cover me enough, but she managed to find an exposed hip; they did not provide the protection I thought they would.

It took a bit to get myself back under control, to forget that I had a woman lying on me.

I would have all the guys laughing at me if they knew I was here in bed and doing absolutely nothing. This image was enough to make my stiff shaft shrink as much as it could, to be comfortable enough for me to fall asleep.

My phone ringing woke me.

I reached over to answer it.

“Yeah?” I sleepily answered.

“Downstairs, we’re going out in ten minutes,” Bruiser said abruptly, his voice rough, like he too had just woken up.

I climbed out of bed and looked back. Maxine was already gone. By the look of the sun coming under those curtains, I would say mid-morning. I had slept like a baby.

I was dressed and in the kitchen, grabbing something to eat. In less than five minutes, food was on the table, Cricket and Sticks both working on getting us all something. Before we headed out, I gulped down a too-hot coffee that barely touched the sides and headed off to find out what was going on as I ate a slice of toast.

There was a reasonable crowd in the main clubroom, all talking about what was about to go down, but none had any idea, just rumors and wishful thinking, as usual.

“Bike up,” Bruiser called out as he entered the room, closely followed by Prez, who appeared not to be coming with us.

Bruiser nodded to me, and I walked beside him out to our bikes. I grabbed my lid and straddled my bike, waiting for instructions.

“Follow me,” Bruiser said, not giving us any clue as to what we were headed into.

The roar of the bikes filled the air, drawing others out who weren’t coming with us, including the women. I looked at them and didn’t see Max. I sighed, hoping she would have come to see, but she might be in her zone, in the paint shop, and not realize that I was on my way out.

I watched as the guys started to follow Bruiser. I took my usual place trailing the end.

As I took off, I looked in my mirror, and there was Max, leaning against the shed, arms folded as she watched us leave.

I felt comfort, knowing she came out to see me go.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 34[1,544 words]

Maxine POV

I had just finished my bath, feeling perfect, then I walked out in my towel, and Zero was there. I froze, fear taking over, with me in a towel, vulnerable, little to make me bare for him to see it all, and I didn't like it.

I didn't know what to do; it felt like time stood still.

I watched him smirk, his eyes roaming my toweled body, and I felt like I needed that bath all over again.

I think I greeted him.

I stared at him, confused, trying to stay focused, but my mind was going back to a time I didn't want to go.

That was until Tank opened the door, breaking me out of my frozen state and giving me the strength to walk past him, head held high.

By the time I reached Tank, my nightmares came flooding back, and I was lost in a time past.

It was at school, after we had finished PE, and I thought everyone had left. It was quiet when I came out of the shower; there stood the school bully, who had been causing me trouble lately, making rude suggestions on what he wanted to do with my body. His face lit up like he just won the prize, and stepped forward, one hand reached out and grabbed my neck, squeezing it, the other pulled off my towel, and started to roam, my now ample chest, he groaned, and rubbed himself against me, making me almost vomit.

I was caught unaware, dressed as I was, or undressed as it were.

I was shocked and frozen in place for a brief second, and that was all it took for him to take the advantage.

Never had I been caught like this, so vulnerable, and never again, even if I don't shower.

I can fight, and I am a damn good one, yet, being caught like this, I was not quick enough to react, and he was.

He squeezed my throat tight, pushing me against the wall, before I had a chance to react. I raised my knee and hit him between his legs, hard. He hit the floor, screaming like a baby, holding his groin, swearing he would get me back.

The noise caught the attention of the gym teacher, who came rushing in, saw me naked, my bully on the floor, swearing, and holding his nuts. She knew what had happened immediately and pulled out her phone, calling someone to come to the girls' changing rooms.

Grabbing the towel, I covered myself, sliding down the wall in tears. The teacher was at my side, soothing me, trying to calm me down. Two other teachers arrived, took one look, and removed the sobbing bully.

The gym teacher helped me up and sat me in a chair.

She lifted my chin, inspecting the bruises that were now forming on my neck, and tisked.

“Let’s get some clothing on and take you to the nurse.” She didn’t ask if he had managed to do anything; I think she knew. I crippled him before he could.

That was the beginning of a whole new type of bullying.

Tank’s warm, solid body was familiar. I know I was sobbing like a child. The problem with triggers is that you don’t know when or where they will happen, and they take you by surprise. Things you thought you had gotten over were still festering below the surface, waiting to pull you down.

Tank sat me on the bed, tried to comfort me, and I could tell he had no clue what to do; he didn’t know what had happened, and, to his credit, he didn’t push me for answers. He kept me in his arms, giving me the support I needed.

When the embarrassing sobs finally stopped, I was beyond exhausted, and I removed my towel and climbed in, giving no thought to my actions, just hunting for sleep, to get away from this nightmare of a memory. I felt the warmth beside me and went searching for it before complete darkness took over, and sleep found me.

I woke early, the sun not yet in the sky, and got dressed. I was mortified over what had happened last night, and then to be in bed, without nightclothes, was insane. I was like a monkey that was clingy and wrapped around Tank; he had no way to get away from me. I remember searching out his warmth and comfort, even in my sleep haze. What does he think of me, a crying, sobbing baby, instead of the strong woman I was trying to portray?

Quickly, I dressed and rushed downstairs. No one was awake at this time, except those on night guard duty; we had two or three nom’s patrolling the place. One was in the kitchen and was surprised to see me.

“Morning.” He greeted me politely. I think his name was Ryan, but he would get a new name when he gets patched.

“Hi, coffee hot?” I asked softly, moving to grab a cup.

“Yep, just made it.” He left the kitchen with three cups in hand. I guess it was his turn to make the team coffee, not my business, so I didn’t ask who.

I grabbed a coffee and a yoghurt and headed for my workshop.

Entering, I turned on the lights and headed to the painting area.

Turned on some music and got to work on the petrol tanks. I was hoping to get the last of the color on today, and then start with clear lacquer tomorrow, at least three coats, but I will see how it looks. I could do four.

I was in my zone, managing to get a fair bit done, before a knock on the door.

“Hey, got you some toast and a fresh coffee, the guys said, you were up early. Problem?” Sticks asked, ever the club’s mother.

“Nothing to worry about. Had slept like a baby, and when I got up for the bathroom, I couldn’t go back to sleep. Best I got some serious work done here.” I nodded to the two tanks now completed and drying. I was now working on the side covers, guards, and other bits I thought could do with a lick of paint.

“Wow, that looks cool. Has Prez seen it yet?” she asked excitedly, moving closer to get a better look.

“Nope, he only saw the rough draft, hadn’t been in this workshop. If all goes well, and I get the time in here, I should have it done for the ride on Saturday. I have heaters on to keep the room warm, so it dries quicker and evenly.” Sticks left, waving her hand over her head, as she disappeared through the door.

“Keep up the good work.” She chuckled as she closed the door behind her.

Work I did, finishing everything I wanted to, and was now out of the paint shop, letting the work dry, looking at the wreckage they wanted me to have a go at repairing. I made a space and brought over empty crates and tubs to put the pieces I removed into. I marked the tubs and grabbed the pulley, bringing the wreckage to the bench. I was in the middle of pulling it apart when the workshop started to vibrate from the roar of many motorcycles.

I head outside to see a group that’s geared up, and Tank is amongst them. I leaned on the workshop wall and watched, not wanting to get involved. Tank looked to the clubhouse before leaving at the tail end of the group. I don’t know if he saw me standing here. I was a little emotional for some reason watching him ride away.

I watched those who were not going back inside, and I returned to my work.

Lost in my work, thinking of what had happened to this bike to be in such a mess, and whether the rider made it, the frame was bent, I might have to make a whole new one. I have the makings here and know how to do it, but I will speak with the Prez as to whether he wants me to go to those lengths. If it were to go out on the road again, it would be best to build a new frame rather than straighten this one. My Grandpa would have pushed to create a new one; he believed you weaken the frame by straightening it in this condition.

Lunch came and went, Cricket brought out some food, and restocked my fridge with water.

They're looking after me here, more than I expected.

I feel special and wanted.

"Maxi, Max. Come dinner time." Cricket called out to me from the doorway.

I turned everything off and locked up. I could hardly believe the day was gone already.

It was dark when I went to the workshop, and it is dark now as I left it.

I washed up in an outside bathroom and headed in.

The food smelled tasty, so I grabbed a plate and headed in to find where everyone was. The men hadn't returned yet; they had been gone all day, and I picked up the worrying whispers around the room.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 35[1,579 words]

Tank POV

We headed to the industrial section of town. There are a few vacant warehouses we considered fixing up and renting out. One of our brothers was considering starting a business, and a warehouse would be a perfect place to start.

The rumble of our bikes always turns heads our way, and everyone in town knows we're on the move and in which direction we go. At least half the little town was family, in one way or another.

I saw the bikes parked in a row outside one of the warehouses, with no guards on the outside. We parked next door and walked to the warehouse. You would have thought someone would have come out to investigate; bikes are not exactly quiet.

A scream came from inside, a woman's scream, one I knew immediately. I had heard it only yesterday.

Pixie.

Stupid girl, she was told to get out of town when she had the chance.

Slowly, we reached the warehouse and looked in.

There was Pixie, a bloody mess on the floor, sobbing. She looked worse than when we left her, and her face was pretty bad then. From my vantage point, one of the guys who was in the house with her yesterday was close by, but I couldn't see the other two yet.

Bruiser hand-signaled the guys to spread out and get ready to enter.

I moved to Bruiser's side, where being VP would be expected.

He nodded when I placed my hand on his shoulder, letting him know I was there, and he was in control.

He raised his hand so we could all see it, and, lowering a finger at a time, counted down when we should enter. When his hand became a fist, we entered the building. The others entered too, but kept back in the shadows, keeping out of plain sight for now.

"Jones," Bruiser's booming voice, entered the almost empty warehouse, above the sounds of Pixie's cries, the two men I hadn't been able to see from my hiding place, were on the ground, rolling in pain, and also looked at us as the six of us moved forward, the rest staying in the shadows for now.

"We are here to repay for an injustice done to us," one of the Jones boys said, snarling at us, at the same time as kicking Pixie in the stomach. She screamed in pain as the foot connected. Even though I did not care for the woman, I didn't like it, because it was not the way.

I believe men should treat women, not something I could stomach doing. My granny would be turning in her grave if I treated a woman so harshly.

"It would be preferred if you checked with us before you enter our area and got the approval to be on our turf." Bruiser, ever the diplomat, Prez was a hit: first, ask questions later. Type person. That's why he sent Bruiser to handle this and stayed behind. I am slow to temper, but once there, watch out. I balance out the Prez. I had been told that was a large part of why they picked me as VP. Plus, Bruiser didn't want the position; he was happy being Sarge-of-arms.

"We would have, but we got word these birds were flying the coop, and we needed to bag 'em before they left." A scuffy-looking man said, before he spat on the ground.

"I strongly suggest you take your problem away with you and leave our turf." I could feel that Bruiser might be closer to wanting to rumble than I first thought; there was more to this than I was not privy to.

With a click of his fingers, two men moved forward and picked up the screaming Pixie.

"Don't let them take me, Bruiser, please, they will kill me." Bruiser snarled at her for calling out his name. We hadn't used any till she opened her gob.

She was crying out all the way to a car that was parked at the entrance of this warehouse.

“We will leave these two with you; they were never part of our agreement with Pixie.” They kicked the guys on the floor as they walked past, leaving the warehouse.

Bruiser moved his hand in quick succession, signaling the guys to watch them.

I moved forward to check on the men on the floor and realized that since they didn’t even grunt when they were kicked, the guys were both dead. Their cries, which we had heard earlier, had gone.

“Call your cousin, we have two dead here,” I called out to Slug, who, for once, wasn’t drunk.

Half an hour later, his cousin arrived in a cruiser, two other cruisers accompanying them. Twelve men came and climbed out of the three cruisers and approached us.

“What happened?” The cousin asked, examining the two of us.

“We heard the Jones’ boys were in town; we got word they were here. We arrived to see them beating up a woman, and these two were on the ground, they were alive when we arrived, but have since died.” Bruiser said calmly. He was used to this sort of questioning.

I offered my phone as evidence, having put it on record when we arrived, and had it in my top pocket.

The coppa checked it out and then handed it to one of the other men to watch. The cousin, having had his fill of the two on the ground, pulled out his phone and called for forensics to come for the two bodies.

“We need to take statements from you all, you know the routine, get your men out of here.” My men, as he put it, hadn’t come this close; only the six of us had moved closer, and only I had checked the bodies. The others stayed back, not contaminating the evidence, as the coppa had kindly put it.

For the next five hours, yeah, five hours, they questioned all of us. Fortunately, they did it out there and did not try to drag us back to the station. It had been a long day.

We’re no snitches, but brutal force hasn’t worked on these Jones’ guys. We have been at war with them on more than one occasion, and we weren’t to blame for this killing, nor up to covering it up either. If we had left the bodies here and called them in, there was enough evidence to say we were here, and it would be even worse for us later. Plus, it was our town, our coppa’s, our judge; they follow the laws and give us as much slack as they can, without breaking them completely.

I watched the two lads get placed in body bags and loaded into the van.

These guys weren’t that bad.

Now they are dead because of Pixie.

I am sad that they hauled her away.

What she said would most likely be true. She would be dead by morning if they didn't get what they wanted. Unless the police act before then, I think they need to get some jurisdiction or something to go to another town, but that is not my headache to worry about. She had been in trouble since she came to us, and we should never have let her in, as she was known for causing trouble, but our soft-hearted Sticks liked to give people the benefit of the doubt, and then regretted it, within the first month. But when we saw her true colors, we should have kicked her to the sideline, but somehow, like a rat, she kept finding ways back in.

"Thank you for your patience. You can go now." The cousin informed us, "I know this is not over yet, but for now, we get to go home, get a decent meal, because we have gone all day with nothing but water and whatever snack we had on us." The cops didn't give us anything.

It was dark by the time we made it back to the clubhouse. We had to fuel up and talk about what went down before we made it back. A meeting will no doubt be called, and we will go over this all over again. We have to be on extra guard. Now the cops are involved, and two dead bodies on our turf.

We arrived back, and I was never so grateful to see home again. It had been a horrible day. I don't think we got any answers. Bruiser was more intent on getting rid of the gang than interrogating them.

Many of the members were waiting for us to arrive. Having heard our bikes arriving, I was pleased to see that Maxine had come out to greet me. Well, I hope it was for me. Cricket raced over the Bruiser before he even managed to climb off his bike, and he effortlessly lifted her so she was straddling the bike, kissing him hard on the lips. I chuckled at the sight, one I never get tired of seeing, our girls happy to welcome us home.

"Hey, are you good?" Maxine asked me, standing beside my bike, hesitant about what to do next.

I didn't pull her onto the bike, like Bruiser, but instead flipped my leg over, and had her standing between my thighs. I pulled her to my chest and gave her a long, hard kiss.

She didn't resist, allowing me to get what I needed.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 36[1,578 words]

Maxine POV

“Maxi. Max, eat up.” Sticks pushed, I hadn’t got an appetite, worried about Tank being gone so long, and no word from them, and no explanation of where they were going.

The girls don’t even know.

The Prez refused to speak of it; it was men’s business.

“Sorry.” I half-whispered, this was all new to me.

Not that telling me would make much difference. Look at my ex, in the house, and still upstairs doing his thing with my sister.

I tried to push that thought aside and work on what I do know, which was not much.

“Eat.” Cricket pushed the girls around the table. They looked as worried as I was, and not eating and causing a fuss wouldn’t help them in their own pool of discontent.

“Does it get any easier?” I asked softly, lifting a fork of food to my mouth.

“No!” three voices answered at the same time, causing the tension to break, as they chuckled at answering together. “Guess we will have to think of ways to make our wait better,” I stated out loud, unsure how I could do that.

“Well, it was okay for most of the day, but when the night came, and they were not back, that was when we started to worry. It is not unusual for boys to go on a day trip, but they rarely go overnight and don’t let anyone know; they won’t return,” said Cricket, who had started to play with her food. Now, I feel guilty for bringing down the mood.

“Well, girls, let’s eat, leave plenty for the guys in the warmer, and go play pool,” I suggested.

Hope to learn more about each other yet, and maybe in the games room, the tension might be reduced, keeping our minds off the men.

“You know how to play.” Cricket perked up, looking hopeful at me.

“I have played a time or two.” I wasn’t going to tell her I used to be in pool competitions, that might burst her bubble, one thing the street kids got to play.

“I challenge you first, then.” Sticks jumped in before Cricket, or the others could say a word.

“Ah, you do that all the time, that’s not fair.” Cricket belly ached, good-naturedly. These girls were close, and they had included me in the family. I feel honored to have been included so quickly.

We finished dinner in a better mood, placed covers on the food, and put it in the warmer.

Sticks set up the balls, and I let her break, then I was mean and cleaned the table in one go.

“Seems like we got us a ring in, let’s do a competition against the guys, put five bucks to enter, and a bet on the side, what you say, girls?” The cheers went out around the room.

“They won’t know what hit them. Tank doesn’t know you play, does he?” A squeak came from the back.

“Nope, never played here before,” I replied, looking at the happy faces, because I could play.

“Good, let’s plan.” The girls huddled together to talk. I leaned back at the bar and watched.

“Sticks, where’s the bar staff? Did they see?” I asked, looking for the nom that usually was behind the bar.

“Most likely slacking off somewhere. When the main crew is out, they don’t work as hard, and Prez won’t come out of his office til they return. The guys know this and play up.”

“So no one saw me play?” I asked, still skeptical.

“Nope, the nom would be working the main bar, as none of the guys are back here in the games room, and wouldn’t bother with this room, it’s not one they expect us girls to be in. So they probably believe it is empty,” a girl I don’t remember answered, and returned to their conversation.

“Hey, Sticks, that guy Blaze, does he have a girl?” I asked, not waiting for Tank to get back to it.

“Nah, he likes to play the field, why? Thinking of dumping Tank so soon?” She gave me a sassy reply.

“My girl, Jenny, was interested and wanted me to get his number. But if he’s a love ’em and leave ’em guy, I would be uncomfortable, having her around, just for him to, you know.” I shrugged, not paying attention to the suggestion of dumping Tank, as if I would. It wasn’t worth biting into that one.

“Will find out if he’s interested in a girl more than a booty call, and let you know. When are they coming over next?”

“I can get them here anytime. A quick text and she would rush over. She knows this weekend we’re going on a ride, so that we won’t be there this weekend,” I replied thoughtfully.

“Leave it with me.” We all stopped talking and turned to the door, tilting our heads to the side.

The sounds of rumbling motorbikes filled the air, and the room changed; excitement and trepidation had us rushing out the door to await their arrival. Sticks holds back, waiting for the Prez, who I could hear his heavy footsteps, stomping out his door. Cricket was the first out the

door, pushing others out of the way to get out. I chuckled at the sight. Getting out first wouldn't make them arrive any faster.

I leaned against the wall and watched as the lights of the bikes came into view, the rumble of the engines as they got closer, made my chest vibrate. I recognized each bike as it arrived, having worked on nearly all of them over the years as an apprentice. Finally, near the rear of the pack, Tank came into view. I took a deep breath. An excitement I hadn't anticipated ran through me, like a shiver from head to toe. My man was home and safe.

He parked his bike, and I glanced over and noticed how Cricket launched herself at Bruiser.

I was not so sure about that style of greeting; if they had a long ride, they could be tired and achy. I didn't want to cause him discomfort. So I walked towards him. He threw his leg over his bike and half sat on the seat. Removed his lid and placed it on the handlebars, leaned down to remove his key, all the while watching me closely as I approached; his eyes looked longingly at me. As I got closer, he stretched his long legs out, and I walked between them. He reached for me and pulled me closer, almost crushing me, as his lips smashed into mine, a bruising kiss.

I was being devoured, in a way that took my breath away, my core throbbing, and an unexpected need, and if I were like Jenny, I would be trying to grind against him to get relief. Lucky he was holding on to me, one hand around my waist, the other on the back of my head, holding me in place, and not aware where my thoughts had headed.

Tank pulled back and rested his head in my neck, taking deep breaths, before pulling further back to look at me. As he did that, his stomach made a rather loud rumble.

"We have food in the warmer. Come, let's fill that belly, before it starts to eat you from the inside out," I whispered, chuckled, pulling away from him, and grabbed a hand as he started to let go of me, his hands sliding down my arms as I moved away. He didn't resist as I dragged him away from his bike and into the clubhouse.

Giggles and laughter filled the clubhouse as we walked through. Tank moved forward to place his arm around my waist, keeping me close to him, as we navigated our way towards the kitchen. The noise of others, happy their man was home, echoed through the clubhouse's main room.

"How about you take a seat at the table, in there, and I will bring out some food for you. Coffee or booze?" I asked, he nodded, and paused for a moment.

"Coffee, might be having a meet'n soon, best I have a clear head." I left him to take a seat and entered the kitchen. Cricket was making a plate for her man and nodded when I went to do the same, even Sticks, because Prez never left his office till the bikes returned and refused to allow anyone in.

Giggling, Cricket, and I leave the kitchen, both holding a plate of food and drinks for our men. I was getting closer to Cricket; she was near my age, and we seemed to understand each other.

Placing the plate in front of Tank and his coffee.

“Thanks.” He said, he turned slightly, and pulled me onto his lap before he started to devour the food with one hand. I had to cut his meat a couple of times because it was too large, but he wouldn’t let me leave his lap, so I did it. Leaving me no choice but to do the cutting, and he did the eating.

“Finish up, Meeting,” Prez shouted into the room.

Groans from those still eating, and murmurs for five more minutes, but no one defied the Prez. They all got up and shuffled to the meeting room. I gained a quick peck on the lips before he left to go to the meeting, taking his half-finished coffee with him.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 37[1,603 words]

Tank POV

Having Maxine waiting for me as I pulled up was a good feeling inside, and kissing her senseless was my reward. Yeah, that was good too, but now I am walking with a hardness that can’t be hidden, and I noticed many saw it, but Maxine didn’t, or acted like she didn’t.

“Hey, Tank, you look like you are going to explode. Best keep it protected.” One of the guys laughed at me. I gave him a look that would cut deep, and that made them laugh more. Max was looking at me, confused, and I wasn’t about to enlighten her on the fact that they were talking about my very obvious bulge in my jeans. As I said before, I am not exactly small in that area; it looks large even before it gets hard, and I can’t hide it. I even tried loose jeans, but that didn’t work, so I went back to what was comfortable, regardless of being on show.

“Tank, need a hand with that?” another joked.

“It looks more like a two-hand job to me,” Another added, and so it went on, all the way to the dining room. I would do the same to them if it were the other way around, so I didn’t take offense. It is not the first time I have been called out for the bulge in my pants.

In the dining room, Max more or less pushed me to a chair and insisted on serving me. This was different. Even when the girls were hovering around trying to gain our attention, they wanted to be served, which was why so many don’t make it to the cut, they expect more than they give, as if getting in your pants entitled them to something more, or that’s what it looks like to me, as I have never really gone down that track, but that didn’t stop women from trying.

The temptation was too great, and Max squealed softly in surprise when I pulled her to my knee and had her help me with my meal. Best meal yet. She soon got the idea of cutting my food into bite-sized pieces, while I shoveled the food in as fast as I could.

I am not sure who groaned the loudest, Max or me, when time was called. My meal was almost done, and my stomach was no longer grumbling, so it was best not to complain. The Prez could have called the meeting before we ate.

A quick kiss, and it was off, hoping we would get dessert later. I mean food, not Max, but it was starting to sound better each time, if I could work myself up enough to try, and if she was willing, so far she hadn't pushed for more than cuddles and kisses.

The guys were grumbling about something as we entered the meeting room.

"Order!" Bruiser called out, and I wondered if I should have been the one to call them to order, being VP. The look and nod from Bruiser appeared to indicate he agreed with me, but I had been too slow to enter, having delayed leaving the table, having downed a bit more food, and gaining a kiss.

"Tank." I hadn't taken a seat yet and was headed to my old seat before Bruiser stood at the end of the table near the Prez and the empty chair that was mine. This was the first meeting called since I became VP that all the club members needed to be present for. I nodded to him and continued forward, making it look like I was on the way to the empty seat.

The meeting was about what happened at the warehouse and the ramifications of calling in the police. Those guys deserved to be found before they rotted. They were too far gone on drugs and booze to know what they were doing, but they didn't deserve the ending they got. We were all in agreement that the Jones boys had just declared war. Killing on our turf was not acceptable; if they had come to us, informed us of their problem, and the need to be on our turf, things may have gone down differently.

Now the news will spread, and those who are not affiliated with us in some form will point the finger, and we will be labeled the killers, even though we had nothing to do with it. As my Gramps always said, we are guilty by association.

We made plans to visit them, but we have not yet. We needed to have our weekend with our ladies, some fun time that had been planned for a while, and then find out from the cousin what the cops had done-no need to go out and cause trouble if they had done it for us. We have to stay on the right side of the law in our town and the other towns. Who cares?

"Get your gear ready, we leave at daybreak tomorrow, for those with ladies," The Prez said as we were getting ready to leave.

Cheers rang out as they filed out the door.

We needed some good news after the bad news we just had, but that's the price you pay for our lifestyle. We have a bad image; even when we do good deeds, they remember the bad more than the good.

“Tank, hold for a moment, will you?” Bruiser placed his hand on my shoulder, causing me to sit back down.

“Tank, you’re having a blowfly, or taking her own?” Bruiser asked, leaving me confused. She was always going to ride her own.

“Didn’t ask her to blowfly, she had been looking forward to the ride,” I answered, looking between Bruiser and Prez.

“We will be riding through a town close to Jones’s, and it might get tricky,” Prez said, as if I should already know this.

I thought for a bit, running my fingers through my beard as I thought.

“I will talk to her, but don’t be surprised if she still wants to ride; you’ve seen her, she’s not like other women.” I shrugged, if she were like other women, I don’t think I would be this attracted to her.

They nodded in understanding, and together we left to hunt down our ladies.

It was a little surprising to find them in the games room. Girls don’t come in here often, although I don’t know why not. It’s a shared room, maybe the guys are too rowdy, and the room can get smoky.

“Prez, the girls are suggesting a pool comp, five bucks in the kitty, and the last one in gets the booty,” Sledge said excitedly. The guys are all for it.

“The girls playing too?” Prez asked, looking at the girls in shock, he knew most couldn’t play for quids.

“Yeah, they wanted to play, and we kinda pushed them off the table, so they suggested a comp and that they could play,” Tugg announced guiltily. He wanted to play and took over the table, and that might be a big reason they don’t come in often; they get pushed away so easily.

“Okay, work it out.” He sat on a stool near the bar and watched the men pull out their wallets. The girls did, too. Their names were placed in a bag as they paid.

“Prez, since you’re not playing, can you pull the names?” Slug asked, bringing the bag to Prez.

“We are doing a pool too, betting on who will win,” they added at the last moment, when I wondered about the second part.

“Get the names first, do you bet? Once the first person has broken, no more betting. What’s the limit?” Prez said, looking at the guys pulling out their wallets, whoever thought of this, it was a good idea, getting our minds off what just went down.

“Same as the entry fee,” Tugg replied, pen and paper in hand.

After collecting the money and sorting out the betting, the Prez started pulling out the names.

He pulled out the first two names, and they racked up the balls. Bruiser was the judge. The winner went into a different bag, and the game continued. All the girls but one were out, about what we had expected. Surprised they joined, but they wanted fun too, and it was only five bucks, so not a significant loss.

Then Maxine’s name was pulled out.

I smiled at her as she moved forward.

There were not many left for this round, and at the rate we are going, the guys are going to be too drunk to play soon.

She marched up to the table.

Her opponent looked at her and smirked.

“Want me to rack the balls for you, sweetheart? I wanted to punch his lights out. Oh, bow dare he sneer at my little lady?”

“No, thanks, I got it, been watching closely how it’s done, she coyly answered, and set the balls on the table like a pro.

“Ladies first,” he offered.

“Are you sure?” Maxine replied as she picked up a cue, checked its length, and then chalked the end.

“Yep, got to let you have a hit at a ball at least once.” He chuckled, getting the room to join in his fun.

“Thanks.” Maxine bent over, and my pants got tighter. Looking at her from this angle, I could picture putting her on a table and taking her from behind.

What followed was a shock; the girls were cheering each shot, while the guys had their jaws on the floor, eyes wide.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 38[1,686 words]

Maxine POV

The girls and I were in the kitchen cleaning up. Once the guys had headed to their meeting, with most of them grumbling, we could start clearing the tables. Now that the guys were at the meeting, we could relax a little. The girls were in a better mood now that they were home.

“We picked a good night to do the pool competition. It looks like the guys would do with a pick-me-up,” Cricket said as we got stuck into our chores.

“Sticks, why did they need me to be a bouncer? I have seen some of the girls in the gym; it’s not like you need me to be one?” I asked as I dipped my hands in the hot water to clean the pots. Asking the questions that have been bugging me for a while, the women are not weak.

“We do need someone. In the past, I was the one who sorted out punishments for non-patch members. The best the guys would do was kick them out the door, and the next time they returned, they started all over again, fighting over who would try for whom, and it got sickening. It was suggested to give the girl a sock in the mouth, that would sort them, but none of us could be bothered; it wasn’t our problem if those hoes fought amongst themselves. In the end, the Prez said it lowers morale, and so I tried, but then I got pregnant.” I squealed, I hadn’t heard that bit of news.

“How far along are you?” I love babies; they are so innocent.

“Four months along, we were going to change to Cricket, but then she got pregnant, and before you ask, she is eight weeks along. We needed someone to be like Bruiser, someone who could be the one they called on to be the sorter, but none of the girls wanted the job; they liked watching the bi.tches fight over the men, who then rejected their advances.” Sticks placed some plates in the dishwasher.

“When you pulled Pixie away and made her bleed, we all knew we had our fixer. But we didn’t think you would be that good. It was Prez who wanted to see if you could hold your own when they are out of club grounds and need someone sorted. With us being pregnant, he was feeling extra protective of us. He loved that his club was growing. This way. Did you know we have a crèche here on the grounds now? We have a large property, and they are building more homes, places where couples can live and have the kids play, away from the main clubhouse. It’s going to be great.” The excitement in her voice was adorable.

“Now that the kitchen is done, let’s go to the games room and take over the two pool tables, before the guys come out, then we’ll hit them with the competition. Maxi Max, when you win, we all split it, okay?” There were four of us in the kitchen. It appears the same ones always come and work in the kitchen. I had thought it was for everyone, but those who don’t live on the ground don’t have to, and to me, that was just wrong. If you eat, you help clean, and I might bring that up one day.

“Agreed, we work as a team, and good luck, girls.” From what I have seen, I don’t expect any to last through the first round.

It worked like a dream. Cricket and Sticks had the guys putting their hands in their pockets, and soon we had our game on, and it was only us, four that bet on me winning. To make it look innocent, we put a bet on each of us four. The guys thought it was cute that we were supporting each other, but we hoped to win the betting pot. If I win, my winnings will go four ways. It's only right after today, we won't get this opportunity again.

Sticks, Tugg, and the noms worked out the system, and soon we had our bets done, entries made, and names in the bag.

Sticks laughed each time she managed to pot a ball.

"That's the way Sticks knew you had a way with balls." I laughed along as we joked with each other. I had seen a couple of guys spit out their mouthfuls of drink at some of our crude comments; we were almost as bad as they were, and some of their insults were just as crude.

It was fun, and each time more names were drawn out, I started to wonder if my name was in the bag. All the other girls had been on and lost, although I have to admit that Cricket had made the guy work hard for the win. More names were read out, and we were getting close to everyone having played; only four of us were left.

"Maxine, Dandy," the Prez read out at last. "At last, I get to play." I cheered, as I moved to choose a cue stick, I had been eyeing one off that was at least straight.

Then the remarks started, just like I had expected, as I got ready to play. Chalking my cue and happily accepting the go first.

The guy stood nearby, and I deliberately leaned over to give those behind me a sight of my rear-end as I gave it a little wiggle. I heard a groan and smiled that at least that part of me was working. I got told to use all my assets to win, and I was going to.

I lined up the cue with the ball and hit it a little to the left and low, causing it to move forward quickly and spin as it did so. The sound of the white ball hitting the stack was loud, with a solid loud crack, and balls scattered all over the pool table, three dropping into pockets. I had hoped for four to fall.

A few whistles at the break had mouths open and eyes darting from me to the table as I chalked the cue end again, looking around the table for the best way to play the balls.

"Girl, you rock, get those balls put away," Sticks called out, over the others making crude comments, and a few 'lucky breaks'.

I systematically downed all the balls, leaving the guy open-mouthed for not getting the chance to approach the table.

"Am I out?" He asked, looked at the Prez, shocked and hopeful.

“Yep,” Prez replied, with a smirk.

“But I didn’t get to play,” he complained, grumbling about how unfair it was.

He threw his cue stick on the table and walked to the bar, still grumbling, and two more names were called,

“Good work, but why didn’t you let him come to the table?” Cricket asked as I sat with the girls.

“Don’t know how good he is, can’t risk him being able to pot out.” I shrugged, thinking nothing of it. If I were in a competition at the hotel, they wouldn’t give me a chance to play.

It was nothing to me; a win is a win. Why would I allow him to get on the table and get a chance to knock me out?

We watched as the last few played, and the next round started.

“Maxine, Dodger.” The Prez called out.

“Who goes first?” Dodger asked, looking hopefully to the Prez.

“Maxine’s name was pulled out first, she breaks.” Dodger put his pool cue away and went to sit at the bar, already conceding that I wouldn’t let him at the table, and he was right. If the break was a good one, I could pot out every time.

I won, to the cheers of the girls, and the guy who was looking after the betting, crossed off more names.

“Prez, I think we were scammed; only the girls bet on Maxine.” I heard it being whispered.

“All the girls bet on each other, nothing wrong with that. The fact that none of the guys bet on one girl shows you a lack of judgment, not a scam. If they had scammed us, it was about time. How many times have we taken advantage of women? About time, they had someone to compete against you men. I think this has been an eye-opener to all the club members, not to underestimate the girls in the future.” Prez looked over at me and winked; he knew but wasn’t going to call us out on it. Sticks would have mentioned it to him as the names were being placed in the bag.

The night got late, and I was tired and ready for bed, but it wasn’t over yet. Tank was still in the running, and I hoped I would not go against him. Relieved when his name was called and not against me, we were down to the last four. We each stood at a table, and as my name was called second, I could be out now, if this guy could pot out.

Lucky for me, he had been drinking. After he managed to pot half his balls, he missed his shot, and I was at the table, taking my time, to clear the table. He shook my hand when the black went down and patted me on the back.

*Like to give you another game, when I am not so drunk.” He chuckled as he staggered away.

Tank lost his game because he was too busy watching mine to concentrate on his.

The last game was challenging. I thought it was over. The guy broke and cleared all but one ball, his ball hit one of mine, which was hovering close to the pocket, sending my ball in.

‘Game over, buddy.’ One of the cheer squads called out, and she was right, give me an in, and it was over. I am beatable, I do miss the ball sometimes. But not today, too much was at stake, and I was on fire.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 39[1,651 words]

Tank POV

That game was good.

The skills were high, as the guys weren’t completely drunk yet.

The guys’ morale was rising as the game progressed, which was what we needed after that meeting, which left a sour feeling in my stomach.

I managed to get through most of the rounds without playing at the same time as Max, so I could watch her, shaking her booty, like a professional. I knew what she was doing, and I bet the other guys did too, but we still looked at the show and enjoyed it.

I don’t mind agreeing with most of the guys that she was good, and I was proud of her, she was not giving an inch in this competition. If she broke, the challenger wouldn’t have to step up to the table. I can’t say I have ever seen a person manage to clear the table so many times in a row.

I was in the semi-final, and was relieved I wasn’t playing against Max. I doubt I would be able to concentrate for long. Every time she leaned over to shoot the ball, I got hard. It was something I had little control over, my shaft had a mind of its own.

I was down to my last ball, and I heard a cheer. I missed my shot, sending it to the pocket, but it failed to drop in. I turned to look at Max. She was at the table after the guy missed a shot, and by the way, he put his cue away and grabbed a beer; I guess he’d already accepted defeat.

The guy cleaned up the rest of his ball in my game and patted me on the shoulder.

“That girl cost you the game, buddy, got to get a hold of those emotions when you play.” He slurred, but I don’t think he was as drunk as he portrayed himself to be. Maybe trying to lure Max into thinking he was too drunk to play.

Max was up, and at each ball she sank, the crowd cheered, loud and encouragingly. Someone had been keeping score on how many balls she had hit in a row and not missed. It was a lot. Think she broke the record we set years ago, and no one has matched it since.

I rushed over and scooped her up, twirling her in a circle, when she sank the last ball, and won.

Then I watched the reactions of three ladies and the rush to claim their winnings. Even Max had bet on herself, and that she would share the pot for winning with those three ladies, right in front of us all.

Counting out the money on the table, in piles of four. To the envy of those who hadn't bet on Max. The other ladies also looked miffed; they, too, hadn't put their money on Max. I guess they had no clue, or didn't think she could last to the end.

"We were scammed." One of the guys called out.

"Nah, you would have joined even if you knew how good Max was." Another chimed in, and I agree, even Max can miss a ball, and you hope it was against you when she does.

"Yeah, you wouldn't have believed the girls," another added, and more agreed. They wouldn't have believed it until they saw it happen.

"You did well, little lady." I pulled her to me and snuggled her neck, leaving trails of kisses.

"Bedtime?" She asked, with a yawn.

I picked her up, and she squealed in shock as I walked her out of the games room to the cheers and lewd chants from many in the room. Max hid her face against my chest, and I didn't need to look at her to know she was blushing. Making it up the stairs two at a time, Max unlocked the door, still in my arms, and I kicked the door further open. Placing her gently on the bed.

I pulled off her boots, threw them across the room, and removed her jeans. So far, she hadn't resisted me. Her eyes never left my face, and when I glanced at her, she smiled, but didn't say a word. I lifted her slightly and removed her top, leaving her in her bra and panties. Then covered her with a blanket.

To my surprise, she rolled over and snuggled into her pillow. By the time I got out of the shower and climbed into bed, Max was fast asleep.

The beeping sound of my phone alarm woke me. I rolled over and turned it off, rubbed my eyes, threw off the blankets, headed to the bathroom to relieve myself, then washed and came back out. Max was dressed and ready to ride.

"Max, can I ask a favor?" I started sheepishly as I pulled on my jeans.

"Ask, can't guarantee I will do it though." She replied truthfully, but with a cheesy grin.

“Will you ride on the back of me for this trip? It’s our first time together, and I would like to feel you close to me, rather than seeing you in my mirror,” I asked, not giving her the whole truth, but enough, I hoped.

“Is it just you? Or did Prez suggest it?” She cottoned on quickly, and I won’t lie, that’s no way to start to gain trust.

“A bit of both, Prez suggested I talk to you. He worried about us going near the Jones turf, and he didn’t know your riding skills, and me? Because I loved having you behind me when I had you on the back, feeling your hands around me, and I want that again.”

She didn’t answer straight away, leaving me to get dressed in silence.

“Okay, but don’t make a habit of it, I like to ride too.” My chest bloomed with emotion that I couldn’t explain as we walked downstairs to the kitchen.

Max put snacks and a few bottles of water in her backpack, and who knows what else was in there? I assumed what a girl needs for an overnight camp, because she didn’t pack any extra clothes. We ate a quick meal, and followed the others out the door, grabbed our bikes. Mine was where I had left it.

Prez had a group of admirers around his bike, and Max had finished the paint job. Everyone was admiring the design. Prez had the biggest grin on his face.

Max walked to her bike to grab her lid. I watched her for a little bit, enjoying the sway of her hips; she was a knock-out.

“Did you talk to her?” Prez asked me as he came to stand beside me as I filled my side bags with essentials.

“Yeah, she will blowfly,” I replied. He slapped me on the back.

“Good man.” He left me to get his own bike, and Sticks followed close behind, giving me a dirty look as she went by, and I wondered what I had done to deserve that.

“Ready?” I asked. When Max got back, she had removed her jacket and was pushing her hair back before putting the leather back on, keeping her hair secured. Zipped up the jacket and put on her lid. Her face shone from the sunscreen she had put on. Her sunglasses covered her eyes, and her lips glistened from lip gloss, which was most likely to keep them from cracking.

“I’m now,” she said as she pulled on some gloves to protect her hands from windburn.

I threw my leg over the bike and stood, balancing the bike between my legs, and motioned for Max to get on. Once on, I sat and got comfortable, and started her up.

The roar of forty bikes starting up filled the air-the smell of fumes and oil.

Many are watching us leave; they won't be on this trip. It was couples-only, on this one, and I am so grateful I had Max, or I would have been one of them. The singles look after the children whilst we are gone, and let's be truthful here, some of those kids are spoiled brats. Last time, I had some of them try my patients; they can be a handful.

Being VP, I was no longer the one at the end, looking after the back, watching for trouble and breakdowns. A van will follow as closely as possible behind us, carrying tents and other gear. Maybe Max gave her bags to that crew to bring. I didn't see her pack anything, so I can't be sure.

Prez started us off, and I went to be to the side but a little behind him, followed by Bruiser, the rest, making their own place in the run. We rode casually through the streets till we reached a place where we could open up the throttle, and let the ride truly begin.

The wind in my face, fresh air in my lungs, and a good lady holding on to my waist.

This was life.

I love it.

Riding calms my nerves and clears my head.

Occasionally, you get to smell roadkill and death.

In the skies, you see eagles and hawks in the air currents, making almost no movement with their wings.

On a bike, you get to see, feel, and smell so much more than in a vehicle.

I moved my hand to rub Max's thigh, acknowledging she was there, and she squeezed my waist in response.

The wind was at our backs, the sun to our side, and the air filled with the rumble of our bikes. We slowed when we reached a small town, people coming out to watch us ride by, some waving to us, the children calling out.

The towns closest to us know we are friendly and have helped other small towns when in need. They don't see bikers as a threat.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 40[1,467 words]

Maxine POV

Tank was out of bed, rushing to the bathroom. It was still a little dark, but we were leaving early and had a long ride ahead.

Can't wait, looking forward to being on the road, getting fresh air in my lungs, and a change of scenery.

I pushed myself out of bed, rubbing my eyes with the knuckles of my hand.

Getting dressed, my phone pinged.

I received the message from Sticks, filled with love heart emojis.

I had informed her that the bike was ready, and she was going to do the unveiling before the ride, just her and Prez.

"He can't believe you got it ready on time, and he loves it. Thank you so much." Sticks had texted me, I had wheeled the bike to be near the door, and had placed a cover over it. Setting up some spotlights to highlight the bike. She promised to turn on the lights I set up to shine on the motorcycle before uncovering it. Make a big production of showing it off, and it sounds like she did what I asked, and it worked. I was churned up, wanting to see his face, but scared he wouldn't like it, which meant I didn't want to be there. How mixed up is that?

Tank had asked me to ride on the back. I didn't want to at first, but then I thought it was my first time out with the guys, so it might be best to ride on the back, learn the ropes, and get to ride mine next time. I am a control freak when it comes to being on a bike. Pillion was never a spot I had enjoyed before; I had to learn to sit still and let the rider be in control, not always easy.

The number of men and women standing around the Prez before the ride was huge, the car parking lights were on, and his bike gleamed in the light. Words of praise over his motorcycle were huge, and it made me feel good inside, seeing all the happy smiling faces at this time of the morning, even the grumps were smiling, well, as much as a grump can.

Tank looked over, but didn't bother to get involved with the surrounding crowd. Tank had seen the bike at different stages as I painted it, and only saw it before I put the final clear coat on; he just hadn't seen it put back together, which I am positive he will check out while we ride. He had held on to different parts and moved them around in the light, getting a good look at them, closer than any of the guys hovering around the bikes would ever get to see.

I waited for Tank to do his thing. I had noticed each rider liked their chick differently: Grandpa would climb on, start the bike, then offer me a ride behind him; Tank straddled the bike and wanted me on before he even started it. This was odd, but as a passenger, I did as the rider instructed.

I felt the bike vibrate between my legs as Tank started it and kept the revs up a little to warm it up. He had settled in front of me, and I was a little surprised that I had room back here, and not squished, as I had thought, with him being such a massive giant of a man.

He rubbed the thigh of my right leg, almost like he was making sure I was there. Maybe he doesn't get passengers very often. That was a nice thought that made me feel a little bit more special to him.

Tank took off, getting up close to Prez, and I guess, hierarchy riding, as I had not paid much attention to what formation they rode in before. It was never on my radar, but I found it fascinating.

It was not a fast ride to start with, as we went through towns early in the morning at low speed. Slower than I had expected from a group eager to get out on the road. But the Prez kept them restrained.

When we got away from the main area, away from the most significant part of the residential area, the throttle was opened up, and we started to ride like I had expected, fast. I loved it. Snuggled against Tank's back for a while, watching the scenery go by, getting the feel of how he rides, how he takes corners, and trying to relax and enjoy the ride.

I was protected back here, no wind in my face.

After we finished the winding road that leads out of our town, one of my favorite parts of entering our small town was leaning low to the ground, watching it rush up to you fast. The thrill when your bike sends out sparks, because you got that low.

Tank rubbed my thigh, and I moved to look over his shoulder. We had some more sharp corners coming up, something I love, but with us being on the gutter side of the road, just back from the lead bike, I had never had to stay in a formation before. Staying in this line was different, and I was watching where Tank remained on the road. He was good; he never once seemed to struggle to maintain his position. It flowed with precision, and I loved watching it. I was never one who liked to ride on the edge of the road, yet Tank made it seem effortless, staying within two feet of the edge nearly all the time.

I looked over my shoulder and noticed most of the others were keeping close; one slipped up, and many would go down. The trust in the other rider to stay true to the line led some to keep a little distance from the one in front. I could only see a few riders behind us, as we had a good group here.

The sun had risen, and I was getting a dry mouth.

"Hey, want a drink?" I asked over the intercom that Tank had given me to wear, so we could talk and also listen to some music he had on his playlist.

"Sure." His voice was deep and sexy.

I pulled my backpack to the side, took out a bottle of water from a special container, and pushed the bag back. I placed the long plastic straw to his lips, and he opened, trustingly, and then I pushed it in.

“Suck,” I said, with a giggle, making it sound suggestive.

He took long draws on the water and moved his mouth from the straw.

“Thanks, I needed that. Still another hour before the first fuel stop, and snacks,” he added, as an afterthought.

“Want something to eat?” I was already too hungry to wait another hour.

“Sure.” I drank some water, then pulled the bag back to my side, replaced the bottle, and pulled out some homemade fruit-and-nut bars. I placed one on his lips, and he nibbled it off my fingers, drawing it into his mouth, before I put one on my mouth and pushed the bag back.

“Wow, what is this?” he asked, as he chewed.

“Made them yesterday. I was bored. Thought could eat them on the road. So made extra for you.” I hadn’t thought much of it. When I made the snacks, no one was in the kitchen; the boys were out, who knows where, and I was waiting for the clear coat to dry so I could put the bike back together. It didn’t take long to make them and get back out to finish the bike. Sticks had screamed when she saw the paintwork, even though it was not yet on the bike.

“They are good, hope you got plenty,” he said with humor.

“Sure have,” I replied, because I did, or thought I did, having put some in my bag, which was in the van; I had some change of clothes, just in case we got wet, plus I needed a change of underwear. I was glad when Cricket said they would take a van for the larger gear. It was going to be a nightmare trying to place all the gear on the bike, plus me.

We arrived at the first stop. The guys were fueling up, and we girls headed to the bathroom. A small queue developed as we waited our turn, talking about the ride so far, and if we saw the dead fox or other animals, most sounded in a good mood, the aches of sitting all that time never came up, but at the end of the day, and your butt feels flat, from sitting all day, will change that soon enough.