

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 310[1,451 words]

Doom POV

We jogged together, my eyes scanning the trees, worried we had drifted too close to the area that Storm warned me was not covered by cameras. It was Tracey who noticed the red dot, searching the area before us, like the sniper we were checking his range, between the trees. I kicked myself for not seeing it at first; it was so very obvious. I was too fixated on the trees, worrying about snipers.

Storm had men on the way, and we were going to turn back, but two men came out of the bushes, and I had to work out keeping them both fixated on me, and keep Tracey safe. Yeah, the fun started.

I pulled a knife from my sock as the fight got hot, and I was in for the fight of my life. It was rough. He managed to stick me with his knife a couple of times, but he was bleeding a lot worse.

“Liking men too, doesn’t scare me, but I won’t accept a cheater, he can’t have me and a guy or other girl.” I hate cheaters.

“It’s too early to say much now, it’s the first day, see how you feel in a few days, see if you want to know him better, and doesn’t make you uncomfortable, as many men often do. If you want to see if you can have a relationship with him, be honest with him, about the cheating side that is.” Tempest was right; it was silly to worry about him cheating on me when we had just met, and we were not a couple. The other two are not in the running; if Doom’s interested, they blew any chance by not respecting my boundaries. However, it was more Skunk than Sprocket. Sprocket was nice, and although he sat too close and played with my hair and neck, which I didn’t like, he wasn’t as pushy as Skunk was. Skunk made it very clear what he wanted, and it was not something I wanted. Skunk to me was too easy, a non-commitment kind of guy. They take what they want and sooner or later discard you, I’ve seen it often enough with the men Mum brought home before she kicked me out. There was too much competition for her, as my body started to change, and her boyfriends started to notice me, more and more. Yuck, they were not the sort of man I want in my life.

“Hey, don’t over-stress. Dooms stuck here come morning, until the level one was over. You have plenty of time to see if you want more from him. If he is interested, you will know soon enough. As long as you are not scared of him, like you said you were with Skunk. Some men give girls like you that fear, do you have it with Sprocket?”

“Um, not as much as Skunk, but Sprocket did push my personal space, and I didn’t like that.” It was hard to juggle my thoughts about men when we were worried about our lives.

“Are you looking forward to the shooting range. I have wanted to learn since I was a kid, after being able to win something in the shooting gallery at a fair.” I changed the subject; a relationship was not at the top of my list at the moment. If it happens, it happens.

“You bet, Gramps promised, and Doom said he would come and help; he’s a good shot, apparently, and Gramps approved of his helping out. That says a lot about Doom’s skill with the gun and rifle.” Tempest’s eyes sparkled as we talked about the shooting range and how she feels about learning to shoot.

I finished Tempest’s hair, braiding it to stay out of her face, while she was outside at the range. The range was on the property, so we weren’t banned from going there, but we will have 20 guards with us. I felt that was a bit excessive, but that’s because I don’t have a high opinion of my self-worth. Where Tempest needs all twenty, she was worth every one of them, in my books.

“Morning, Gramps, you ready?” Tempest asked as I pushed her down the hall and almost bumped into Gramps coming out of Storm’s office.

“Yes, Doom’s already out there getting it prepared.” I had a tingle run through me as Gramps mentioned Doom’s name. I never felt this way with my ex. This was different; maybe I am attracted to guys who like it both ways. Those thoughts are scary. Do I like women? I never thought of girls that way, so I’d say it’s a hard pass. If I were, surely I would feel it.

We followed Gramps down a long path and then onto some dirt path, which was harder to push Tempest on, but I managed somehow. I was hot and sweaty by the time we reached the opening, which was the range. There were targets close, maybe twenty feet away, some people looking dummies with eyes and a bullseye on the chest, and some dummies that looked like animals. Doom was at a table that had both guns and assorted rifles on it. He was at one of the two tables, checking each gun that was on that table.

He turned as he heard us approach, his smile lit up his eyes, his beard covering most of his face, but you could still see his mouth grinning. Then frowned.

“Morning.” He moved to take over the wheelchair. I guess he saw how sweaty I had gotten pushing it across the dirt. I appreciated him taking over. My arms and back felt the effort.

“We will start with the handguns. There are four different types on the table. I want you to try all four, find the one that you’re more comfortable shooting with, and then we shall look at the rifles.” Gramps stated, and Tempest was handed a gun.

“It’s loaded, so only point to the ground, or the target, never wave it around, or at someone you don’t intend to shoot.” Gramps gave us all the rules before Tempest started to fire the handguns, and I watched, waiting for my turn. I jumped each time Tempest fired a shot, and Gramps looked at the target to see if she had managed to hit it. three shots per gun. By the time she had reached the last gun, Tempest was managing to hit the target, not the centre, but at least not a tree or something else behind the targets.

My turn came as Gramps led Tempest to another table with rifles on it and started explaining the different rifles to her. She would fire at a dummy a bit further away. Doom replaced the bullets in one gun and handed it to me.

“When in a gun fight, you don’t have a lot of time to line up your shot, I shoot a little differently than Gramps, his father taught him. Lift the gun like this, use your arm and the end of the gun to line your sight, and shoot. Be prepared for recoil; some more powerful guns can break your wrist if not handled correctly.” I took the gun; it was heavier than I expected. I raised it like Doom had shown me, and looked down my arm, to the sight, and shot. I hit the target, not on the bullseye, but for a first shot, not bad, the recoil was not that big a kick back. “Good, two more times, lower your arm a little bit, you’re a bit high.” I followed Doom’s instructions and hit the ring before the bullseye on the third shot with this gun.

“Excellent, try this one next, do the same.” Doom praised me as he took the gun from me and gave me a different one. This one was lighter, and I hit the target each time. The recoil was worse than that of the heavier gun. The next gun was about the same weight as the two, and I liked the feel in my hand. This one, I hit the bullseye on the third shot.

“That’s nice shooting. This would be the gun for you.” Warmth bloomed through me at his praise. A feeling I was not ready to examine too closely.

Doom moved down the range and shifted the target we had been using. Exposing other targets further down.

“That target was too close for most rifles, although when in danger, you use what you have, regardless, but for practice, it’s best to learn the longer distance.” Doom helped me with the rifle; he was behind me, reaching over to raise the rifle, and explained what I was looking for. His back was warm against mine, and his breath when he spoke tickled my ear.