

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 41[1,593 words]

Tank POV

I was amused that Max never asked why I didn't start the bike first before letting her climb on, she must have known that was what we usually did: start, get balanced, and then get the passenger on board. I had deliberately waited for her to get on before starting, so she would have the extra vibration between her legs, giving her, I hope, a cheap thrill, as the bike roared into life.

That thought had me semi-hard for a while when we first took off, thinking I had gotten her wet there.

This woman had me dreaming up different ways to make her horny. I liked the challenge of it, but the only downfall was that it got me horny too, and sometimes a cold shower doesn't cut it. I have no clue if she was fixing herself or not. So far, I haven't heard or caught her, but that doesn't mean it wasn't being done, if you know what I mean.

Talk about being surprised. Sharing her water with me was an intimate act, in my books, you don't share the same spit. But she had, and the water had a lemon flavor to it, not a lot and not sweet or sour, more like a few drops to make the water taste better. Her leaning forward and offering the straw was not something I had expected. I had expected her to hand me a bottle of water or something, then the snack, which was homemade and tasty. I could eat a lot more of those. Having her on the back so far has been a pleasant experience and full of surprises. I liked getting food and drinks handed to me, so to speak, like this.

The small service station in the middle of nowhere came into view, and we all started pulling in to fuel up, grab snacks and coffee, smoke for those who smoked, and use the bathroom. I paid for the fuel and wheeled my bike under a tree.

Max came to me, holding out a cup of coffee and a meat pie. I took both, and she sat beside me, no qualms about sitting on the ground, getting her jeans dirty, and dug into her own pie.

How did I get so lucky?

"What, no sauce?" I joked at her, looking heartbroken.

She stopped mid-bite, moved her hand to the inside of her jacket, and produced two sachets of sauce, one tomato and one barbecue.

"Little lady, you are the best." I took both and drizzled them on my pie. I wouldn't have used the barbecue, but since she took the trouble to grab some, I added it; the pie didn't taste half bad, with both sauces on it.

Others came and sat nearby, still talking about the pool competition and Maxine's proficiency. They want her to keep playing until she misses, because she had already broken a record set a long time ago, and they wanted to make sure it would be too hard to break again.

"Time's up, let's hit the road," Bruiser called out as he threw his wrapper in the bin. Cricket was rushing to keep up with his long strides; he didn't even notice her. Almost jogging to keep up, he was too fixated on getting things rolling again.

I moved to my bike, threw my leg over, and reached down and started it up. Helmet on, jacket zipped, Max was waiting by the motorcycle for me to acknowledge her with a quick nod. She climbed on the back, wiggling a bit to get comfortable. I hardly noticed the movement of the bike; if her groin had not been so close to my back, I might not have noticed at all that she wiggled, and there goes my shaft again, getting hard. I am like a horny teenager. No one would believe me if I told them I hadn't been intimate with her yet.

I found my place, by Prez, and we took off. I had changed the music selection while I was waiting for Max, and I hope she likes this next set. It was heavy rock, something that was, for most, a little too loud for the first thing in the morning. Now we have the cobwebs out, a bit of heavy rock was just the thing for this leg, which will take us to lunch at the next stop.

Max was moving to the beat, and sporadically she would lean forward and tap my thigh at it.

This turned out to be an enjoyable ride, better than I predicted. Max was a lot of fun and not afraid to enjoy herself.

I had heard a little about her past and how hard her life had been. It was good to see she wasn't afraid to relax and enjoy herself when she could, and that she didn't turn into a bitter woman. When I heard about her family kicking her out and what her ex did, I wanted to storm over there and sort them out, but Sticks wouldn't hear of it. She said to let Max sort it out herself. Getting involved wouldn't help Max come to terms with it, and she was right. Max did need to work through it, and if she needed a hand when she was ready, a whole slew of members would have her back. That also included members who were cops, and a judge, all legal. We have a lot of family.

We came to one of my favorite parts of the trip: lots of winding roads. The scenery on the left side was picturesque, though there was a long, dangerous drop. If you mess it up, which so far none of us have, it was well worth the trip to view it. We were on our way up a small mountainside, and on the other side was just as beautiful a view. You can see birds in the sky, at the same level as you, rather than looking up, you look out to see them enjoying the thermal currents. Looking down, you can see the river as it snakes its way through the land below. Small billowy clouds drifted aimlessly across the sky. This was tranquil scenery; no matter how stressed you were, one look here and your stress melts away.

"Beautiful," Max said through our intercom.

“That it is, I would love a house up here and capture that view. I don’t think I will ever tire of it,” I replied reverently.

We reached the top and parked at the lookout, giving us a small break before our descent.

This was a great spot, plenty of parking, because tourist buses stop there, and there was a small tower that gave us a three-sixty panoramic view. It was breathtaking. Max took some photos on her phone, smiling all the time.

“Tank, can you stand with me, and we take a picture here, with that view behind us?” Max asked shyly. It would be our first photo taken together. I couldn’t think of a better place to have a first with her. There aren’t many firsts left in my life to give her, and I would be happy to provide her with everything I have.

“Let me take it for you,” Sticks chirped, taking Max’s phone from her hand. I wrapped my arms around her waist and kissed her cheek as Sticks took the photo.

“That was cute, Tank. Want another?” Sticks took a few more pictures at different locations, each with a view behind us.

“Here.” Sticks gave Max her phone back and winked at me as she returned to be with Prez.

“Look at this one.” Max offered me her phone. Instead of taking it from her, I covered my hand over hers and brought her to stand beside me, together looking at her phone, as she flipped through the pictures that Sticks took.

“That one would be nice printed, will send it to my laptop and print it off, when we return.” It was a good picture, both of us smiling, which was a rare sight on me.

What could I say?

No?

Not likely.

She glowed about her as she spoke about the photo, and I cannot burst her bubble by saying no to her printing any of those pictures.

“Time,” Prez called, and we headed back to our bikes. This was always a stopping point on the ladies’ ride day.

The ride down the mountain was as good, if not better, than going up, because we had more views that would take your breath away. Mother Nature put this here for us to enjoy. I would hate for anything to happen to it. There had been threats that a mining company would buy the mountains, suggesting there was tremendous wealth below the surface, but the community won

out. The mining company lost the fight to buy it; now it was designated a national treasure, with rare native fauna and flora found nowhere else but on the mountain.

You could see our lunch destination for a very long time as we rode down the hillside, getting closer after each bend in the road.

“That’s our stop?” Max asked when there was a break in the songs, which I had toned down a bit, then the heavy rock, the peaceful place called for quiet music, still rock, just tamer.

“Yep, lunch, about an hour,” I responded. The place we will stop at looks run-down on the outside, but it has the best burgers around and is clean inside.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 42[1,485 words]

Maxine POV

The change of music was nice; it fit perfectly with what I was seeing as we rode down the side of the mountain. How big does a hill have to be to be called a mountain? I thought I would have to look at one up, never really thought about it till now. This was a pretty area, and I loved all the cornering we had to do to snake back down it.

True to his word, we arrived in an hour, and my stomach was ready for the burgers that Tank mentioned.

The place looked like it had never seen a lick of paint since it was built. Some parked their bikes and headed in; others fueled up.

“Go order us some food, I want two beef burgers with the lot.” Tank tapped my thigh as he spoke.

The moment you enter the cafe, the smell hits you; my mouth watered the moment I entered.

“Welcome, can I help you?” A charming elderly lady asked.

“Yes, please, I would like two beef burgers with the lot, a large chips, and a chicken sandwich. Two white coffees, no sugar, and a bottle of water.” I handed her my card, paid, and then looked around for a seat inside the cafe, unsure how we would all fit in this small area.

“The guys usually sit outside. We have an area with tables and chairs, around a campfire, although that’s not lit this time of year. Your food won’t be long; we had advanced notice that you would be here for lunch.” She pointed in the direction she thought I wanted to be and moved to the next customer.

I found the bathroom first, before heading in the direction she had pointed out. The outdoor area was large, well set out, and already had several members seated, chatting. Some looked up at me as I came out and nodded; a couple of ladies gave me the cold shoulder, but that didn't affect me; I was used to cold shoulders.

The area was larger than I had expected. Considering how it all looks when you first pull up, has an ablution block with showers and toilets. This place must be used to handle large volumes of visitors on the weekend, and whoever organized our run had notified some stops that we would be coming in for a meal; they had numerous burgers already for us, and younger girls came out with trays of food.

Tank came and sat beside me. I had taken a seat under a tree, away from the chatting crowd.

"Why here? Want solitude?" He joked, leaning back on his chair, his legs stretched out in front of him.

"Under a tree," I replied, as if it were apparent. The rest had umbrellas or sails where this was a natural cover, and I liked it.

The lady who took my order came out, looked around, and then came to me with our food.

"You are with Mr Tank?" She asked as she placed the order. Tank picked up a burger once she finished and stood waiting for my answer.

"Yes." I shrugged; it was the first time I had agreed to be his woman to someone outside the club. It felt odd to admit it like that.

"Tilda, this is my woman," Tank added when I said no more. It warmed me inside at his claim.

"Then I owe you a refund, Mr Tank doesn't pay." She looked horrified.

"Don't worry, you didn't know, I don't need a refund," I say as she looks between Tank and me for confirmation.

"Tilda, Maxine's happy, so I am happy," Tank says, reassuring the woman that all was fine.

"Thank you." She bustled away, and I could see her talking to the others through the door and pointing to me.

"Care to share?" I nudged him with my shoulder before unwrapping my sandwich and taking a bite.

"Been coming here for many years, my bro and I, we more or less built this outdoor area, and you could say, they repay me with free meals, I guess now you are mine, you will get free too."

"What made you build this? It's a fantastic job by the way."

He nods at the compliment, looking around with an assessing eye.

“We always warned them we were coming, and approximately how many, one sunny day, I was sitting out here under some trees, when I thought about how great this could be, and offered to come over time, and fix it up, where my boys could come and rest up, they agreed that I could, they hadn’t done much around here, just eeking out a living. Over three months, we cleared this area and built what you see, including the toilet block. Since then, Zero and I both get free food, drink, and fuel. It was our idea, and we benefit, she said. Her business has boomed since we put this in, and it even gets overnight campers; they are thrilled. I have yet to talk about fixing and painting the outside of the building, but now that I am VP, I won’t get the time to do it. Shame really, these are good people, they have never rejected us because we arrive, scruffy, hungry, and can be a bit rough.” Tank seemed to be in deep thought as he explained. It sounded like he had a soft spot for this place, and I wondered if there was more to it, but didn’t feel now was the time to ask.

Bruiser, Cricket, Sticks, and Prez sat with us and ate. Others came, asked questions, and left after getting answers.

One was about the set up for the night, we should reach the camping grounds late afternoon, set up tents, and join the other biker groups that will be there, and a barbeque set up for dinner, all sounded good, and I was getting excited at reaching the campsite, and meeting other bike members, there would be games, and chase the Ace, and other silly things to keep the night in full swing, there was a shop on site, that had everything we needed food wise, and alcohol, the bikers sponsored it, so cost was low and in some instances free, it all sounded perfect, something my Grandpa would have enjoyed to be part of.

I hoped my Grandparents were looking down on me, proudly. I have come a long way in a short time. I still have a long way to go, but I am well on my way.

Food was done, and Prez was talking to Tank about the rest of the trip, what he was hoping for when we get there, and talking about spending an extra night at the site. There was no reason they couldn’t spend an additional day; those who had jobs usually took the week off, just in case there was trouble. I didn’t get to hear the rest, as Bruiser stood up and started yelling.

“Time. Time. Time.” Bruiser was walking around the area and out back, places I hadn’t investigated yet, and also entered the toilet block, calling out time, getting everyone moving again. There were no grumblings or complaints; they got up, threw their rubbish in the bins, and headed to their bikes. It was good to see that they respected this place by cleaning up after themselves.

Not that I expected anything less, maybe if they were drunk, that might have made a difference, as far as I could tell, none had been drinking, although I did smell happy tobacco a few times, it’s a smell once smelt never forgotten. I saw someone handing out tablets, and I wasn’t going to question whether it was headache pills or something else; it wasn’t my business. I thought and turned away from the guy handing them out.

“Going to the bathroom.” I got up and headed to the ablution block, I was pleasantly surprised by its cleanliness and how well set out it was. The guys did a great job. It even smelled clean, compared to many places I had been to that were for travellers. It’s hard to keep places like this clean when you have no control over the user and how they leave the area. Believe it or not, the girls often leave a bigger mess than the guys do, which was an eye-opener for me.

Tank was at his bike waiting for me, by the time I came out of the bathroom and went looking for where he was parked. He didn’t wave when I came into view. He started his bike, and I could hear it over everyone else’s. Every bike had a slightly different sound, and as a mechanic, I had learned to listen for the differences and could often pick up an issue before it became a big one by the sound alone.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 43[1,473 words]

Tank POV

The view going down the mountain, was just as good as going up, watching our destination come closer, the long winding roads, we travelled a little slower going down, as we know from past experience that often drivers coming up, take wider turns and end up in our lane, weird I know, but this side of the mountain, had more twists and turns, and the road was not as wide. It was like this side of the mountain was an afterthought, or they were running out of funding; it was earmarked for upgrading, but as yet, there was no sign of it happening any time soon.

Max was a good blowfly, keeping me hydrated, and her snacks are tasty. She had a great voice, too, joining in to sing the songs on the playlist, forgetting that I could hear her clearly. I did join in on one song, and I couldn’t tell on headphones if we had good harmony, but it felt good. I am not one to sing often, but she managed to draw a song out of me.

That had put a smile on my face for the rest of the ride down the mountain.

I dropped Max off at the front door and headed to a tree to park my bike. I didn’t need to fill up till we reached the next stop, which would be close to the campsite. Some guys would fuel up here, and after eating, ride on to the campsite and start setting it up. We had volunteers who offered to do the set-ups each time we run, since I never go on this particular run because I never have a partner. I would stay at the clubhouse and work on bikes, and keep the club running. The single guys often have a party the night we are gone. It was usually a blast, but so far this ride has become one of my favorites.

I found Max under the tree I often sit under when we stop here, and my decision to call her mine was the right one. She was filling the void I didn’t know I had.

Bruiser was right when he said a woman changes you, but in a good way.

If you get the right one, she's not a ball and chain.

Maxine was so different from any chick I had met, in so many ways, and sitting under the tree on the rough ground, not being worried about getting dirt on her jeans. Her hair was a mess, some having escaped and twirling in the wind, making nasty knots that would take a while to remove, but when her eyes found mine, and a smile that bloomed over her face, she made my shaft semi-hard again, and I felt warmth bloom in my chest, fck this chick, gets to me, in surprising ways.

I sat beside her and smiled when that sweet ole lady came out with a tray, her shocked face that I had a girl, was priceless, but Max blew it off as nothing, and told the woman not to worry about her paying, my fault for not mentioning it; then this way, I got to see how Max would react when told it was free, and she did what I thought she would, by not asking for the money. Many out there would demand the money, but then they wouldn't be my lady. I don't care for prissy chicks.

What does my brother call them?

Oh, that's right, 'high maintenance, with little reward.'

He doesn't think what he gives out balances with what the chick takes. He won't take a girl till he finds one that balances him, just like Max balances me. He will keep taking what he can get from a chick till he finds one that gives as good as she gets.

Where did these thoughts come from?

Prez talked about the setup at the campsite, where he wants me to park, to make a statement without having to announce it, mind you, one look at my cut. You will see the VP patch, but he wants to show more than the patch; he wants others to know the power we hold, not just by seeing the patch, but apparently, being together does something that I don't see, but they do, and that was what counted.

There were a lot of things that happened behind the scenes that I have to learn. At present, I am more than happy to be his right-hand man, Prez said I had a natural flair that can't be taught, he wants me to continue being me, the rest will come, trust my gut.

Bruiser called time, and as I was getting up, Max said she would visit the bathroom first. At the bikes, I watched as many left. I presumed they were the ones that would set up the campsite, but then more and more left, and even Prez and Bruiser had gone, but when Max came out, and she smiled at me, worry about being one of the last to leave melted away. I was used to being one of the last to go before I became VP, and it wasn't a problem to catch up and find my position at the front. The rest of this trip would have wider roads and over-taking lanes, making catching up easier, if I wanted to push it.

Max settled behind me and tapped my thigh, telling me she was ready, and I took off, along with three others. I opened up the throttle, testing how Mac would react. She screamed in pleasure through our mike, telling me to go faster, to give the baby a good, clean out. The faster I went,

the more thrilled she was. I was shocked and excited by her enthusiasm. It was not long before I had passed several riders who had not yet caught up to the leading pack. I flew by at speeds I hadn't thought I would be doing today, not with a female passenger. It didn't take long to catch up to the leading pack. I reduced my speed and weaved my way to be by Prez.

He glanced at me and nodded.

Now I was in place, Prez picked up the speed, giving me the impression he had kept the bikes at the speed limit to provide the others with a chance to catch up, and with me joining him at the front, he would be under the impression all had left the rest stop, and were not far behind.

The sun was getting low in the sky, and by the time the time to turn off for the campsite came into view, we slowed to the speed limit along this road. The trees made the sunlight play tricks on our eyes. One moment, it was in your face, then it was gone, leaving you temporarily blind between the light and shadows. Also, the long shadows made it harder to see the road clearly and made judging corners tricky. You would be an idiot to go at speed along this part, especially if you hadn't been down this road before on a bike.

This part of the road was only fifteen minutes before we arrived at a large gate that was open to us.

Prez led us to where we were going to be for the night. I saw our van and others that had already set up several tents.

We moved towards the van, and I had Max climb off, and with a small amount of organized chaos, we parked our bikes. The girls who had been on this trip before knew what to do, and I saw Max following Sticks and Cricket to a tent.

"How did Max enjoy your low flying?" Bruiser asked as the three of us headed towards the tent our ladies entered.

"Urged me to go faster, when we reached the main group, she said over the intercom, that she would like to tinker with my bike, because it can go faster." I chuckled to them because I had thought we were going pretty fast.

"She what? Really? That chick keeps surprising me." Bruiser said as we entered the tent.

Inside, sheets hung to partition us off from each other, and my sleeping bag was behind one of the sheets, along with a bag I didn't recognise, which I presumed belonged to Max, and other gear that was ours.

"Good, the three of us in here," Bruiser said as Cricket started to set out the bed for them.

Max and Stick did the same.

“Food, I feel, needs to come first, then booze, games, and sing-alongs if you are in the mood, a few drinks loosen lips, keep yours closed.” Prez gave the order, and I wondered what was going down.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 44[1,567 words]

Maxine POV

We were flying along the highway, racing towards the leading pack.

I urged Tank to go faster.

The thrill of the speed, as the landscape rushed by, was my personal high.

I loved going fast.

The bike should be able to go faster than this, even with two up. I think it needs some new plugs, and a tinker or two, maybe change the jet size, and yeah, there are a few things I can do, if I can get my hands on this bike. She purrs like a kitten, but I can make her roar like a lion. The idea of getting a chance to play with it had me telling Tank I can make it go quicker.

The road to the campsite was tricky; we followed single file. As we moved along the road, the sun played tricks with the trees, causing flickering lights in our eyes. I put my head on his back and held on with my hand, rubbing his thigh with the other. This time of day was never a good time to be riding in these conditions.

The gates arrived, and I looked over his shoulder, taking in the campsite. It was filled with tents and bikes; everywhere I looked, hundreds of them. I counted at least five different club logos, and I guess more would arrive by the time darkness set in.

“Off, sweetheart, got to get the bikes in close,” Tank said, and I understood. It would be a bit of a stretch to get them all parked up close, making room for as many bikes as you can; having me on the back was an unnecessary weight to move around. Not that I was huge, but each little bit counted when pushing a bike with your effort.

I climbed off and looked around.

“This way.” Sticks grabbed my arm and turned me around, pointing to a tent that Cricket had already started towards. She let go of my arm and headed to the tent. Inside was divided into four parts: a central area to sit and talk, and three regions curtained, inside the areas were our bedrolls.

Copying the girls, I headed to my bag and gear, then started unrolling the roll and making the room a home for the next two nights.

Tank told me we were staying tomorrow for some games. He said they often head out for an overnight and end up staying longer.

By the time I had everything set out in some order, the guys had entered the tent and looked around at what we had accomplished.

Prez called food first, and then some fun.

I had no clue about the fun part, having never been to something like this.

I was not a party person.

Each time I went to one, I ended up alone because my girlfriends found a hook-up for the night, or the guy I was dating found someone new to kiss and cuddle. Yeah, I managed to gain a boyfriend or two once my sister left for college. I would end up going home alone. But I don't think Tank will leave me for another girl, not at this place, where I assumed everyone was already paired off. But then, who knows what other clubs have done? Did they pair off as we did, or bring spares?

Tank had his arm around my waist, keeping me close and guiding me to where four large burner hotplates were cooking food and a very long table with salads, chips, and offer treats

We got in line, Tank grabbed two solid paper plates, and I grabbed wooden knives and forks, and napkins. He grabbed the food, not bothering to ask what I needed. At the same time, I put the utensils in my inside jacket pocket and headed to the drinks section, where I bok two large paper cups, made us a coffee, and snagged two bottles of water putting them in my other outer pockets. Looked around to find some familiar faces and headed towards them.

I stood waiting for Tank, just in case he wanted to sit somewhere else. He nodded at me his head suggesting that he be closer to Sticks and the Prez, and I navigated my way over to where Sticks was digging into her meal, like she hadn't eaten for days.

We sat on the ground, and Tank placed the meal on my lap and took a coffee from me, I put mine safely on the ground next to me, dug out our utensiles and handed one set to Tank, then put the two bottles of water between us, he smiled at the bottles of water, and waited to see if I had more to come out of my pocket, and to his surprise I gave him two sachets of tomato sauce. I noticed he liked the sauce and snagged a few packets from our stop.

"Thanks." He said as he took them and squirted sauce onto his chips, a smile on his lips.

We ate quietly at first, watching our club members getting set up in our area and moving to get food. By now, the sun was gone, but it was still light enough to see. Maybe another half hour, and the light would be gone completely. Others moved to sit close to us, but not beside us; it was like we had a circle around us, almost like a protective barrier or something else I couldn't place.

The food was better than I had expected, considering the volume that was being cooked, still hot and tasty. I gulped down the too-strong coffee and washed it down with water, wishing! hadn't had the coffee. I will add hot water next time to dilute the strength. I might be a coffee drinker, but not when it was almost treacle. Guess when you have such a huge urn of coffee, it's harder to keep it nice.

"Want to walk around? I can show you where the ablution block was, before the games begin?" Tank stood up and offered me his hand. I picked up the rubbish and took his hand. He pulled me up with ease, firm but gentle, not pulling my arm out of its socket.

We walked to a large open bin and threw in the rubbish before we walked towards one of the few brick buildings in the area. It didn't take much to know that each brick building was an ablution block, two for men, three for women. An area with a small maze, made from hessian material, just over waist-high, was for the men if they wanted to pee, with running water, dribbling down the hessian and into a small gully to keep the area clean. I didn't enter it, but guessed what it was, just by seeing men enter, stand, and leave.

Tank confirmed it when he let go of my hand.

"I need to pee." and walked into the maze, the wall coming to his hips, being taller than the average man around here, but still enough to cover what he was doing.

I didn't feel the need, so I waited for Tank and looked around the place, as he did his business.

Tank placed his hand around my waist and started to walk. I had no choice but to walk with him.

"Are all those here couples?" I asked the burning question.

"Four of the clubs bring couples, but I know not all do; some bring along their flavor of the month, plus spares. This is my first time here. As part of a couple's weekend, I was here on a singles weekend, hence knowing where everything was." Tank was leading me to where a group was cheering.

We joined the watching crowd.

Two men were racing each other. They were hooked to a large, very thick elastic band around their waists, and the game was to see who could reach the other side before the band brought them back. So far, no one had made it to the end and claimed the can of beer waiting on a podium.

We watched three more pairs try and fail, the crowd cheering and laughing when the band whips that backwards.

"Tank, I see you there, come play, you are the long-running champion, come show these wimps how it's done." One of the men called out from the starting point, trying to draw more into play.

“You mind?” Tank asked me, softly.

“Go.” I urged, smiling, this was what we were here for.

Tank had the harness around his waist, and another large-looking dude was next to him.

“Ready, Set, Go!” Came the starters’ orders, and the cheers for Tank were loud. He took off fast, dug his heels in as he got closer, and at the last possible moment, lunged forward with a burst of speed, snagging the can of beer.

I screamed out in my excitement, rushing over to him, when a girl came out of nowhere and lunged towards him. Before she managed to jump his bones, I was onto her, had hold of her top, and dragged her back, throwing her to the ground. She landed heavily and yelped out in pain.

“Hey.” She screamed out, standing up and dusting off her clothes.

Tank pulled me to him and gave me a heated kiss.

“That was hot, babe.” He whispered in my ear.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 45[1,552 words]

Tank POV

Max was easy to please, she didn’t make a fuse with being told to get off so could park the bike, bring a rider, she would have understood, and that takes away some of the mosting you can get when a girl wants to sit on your bike and poss while you park, I have seen it happen, and makes more work for the rider.

She didn’t complain about setting up the tent area for us, so far, my little lady rarely complains. I am one lucky guy.

Max cottoned on quickly to the ablution blocks and the urinal for the men, it’s a bit archaic, but it’s functional, and that was what counted. We have a large lake nearby and a small swampy area that we often use for mud wrestling. If all goes well, I might be able to get Max into the mud-wrestling competition. I think she would do well in it. But that’s for tomorrow, if what Prez had said was right, and he usually was. We will enjoy the rest of the night together.

I knew the tug-of-war was on, so I steered us through the cheering crowd, we joined the sidelines, and watched the men try to make it to a can of beer. I have been the long standing champion, yeah, this is my first time at couples, but the championship hasn’t been broken yet. It wasn’t just getting the beer; It was timed, and I held the best time.

The last thing I expected was to be called out to show the guys it can be done.

Makes me feel good inside to be recognised for something, even if it was just for my strength. Max didn't mind me having a go; that's what we are here for, even if I had intended to stay by her side the whole time, but then would she enjoy seeing me win? Time to find out.

I took off my jacket and handed it to Max, putting my cut back on, to show off my colors, I always have to show how proud I am to be a member of our club.

There was a trick I found by mistake that made the last part slightly easier.

I waited as they harnessed me up and received the go.

My legs knew I was working them, having been relaxed on the bike all day, they needed a good stretch. Wish I had known I'd be doing this, I would have warmed up a bit, too late now. As I took the beer and let the cord pull me back, I raised the beer high.

Saw my lady on the way to me, and was shocked when another face jumped in front of her.

I have no clue who this chick was, and I had no interest in catching her. I was about to move aside so she wouldn't jump me when she was suddenly jerked backwards, and my girl took her place and landed in my arms. The other chick was screaming on the floor. I lowered my head and captured her lips. The crowd was roaring with cheers and wolf whistles.

"Looks like we might have a new woman champion in the running, let the woman have a go." Someone from the crowd called out.

The woman who was thrown on the floor by Max dusted herself off, gave Max the stink eye, and stormed off into the crowd.

"If the men can't make that distance, how can a woman?" Max asked, astounded.

"They bring the podium a little closer; no chick had managed to reach the beer at this length ever. When the last girl reached the podium, they moved it back another foot. Time for you to shine, my little lady." He grinned at me, as I was encased in his arms on the sidelines, watching as different women came forward and tried their luck. I whispered in Max's ear at each run, explaining how to use the body and legs better. I didn't want to give others my secrets, let them work it out themselves.

They had gone through a lot of ladies, and the volunteers were dwindling. It was dark now, and the large lights came on.

"Tank, your lady wants to give it a try?" one of the organisers asked.

"My little lady has never done this before," I replied, giving her an out if she wanted to.

“Don’t be shy.” He encouraged.

“Only if you want to.” Max removed her jacket and handed it to me. I gave her a quick peck on the lips.

“For luck,” I said as she moved forward, and the man began to harness her.

The bitch that had tried to jump me rushed forward to be her challenger, and I smirked, knowing this was not going to end well for that chick; my girl can hold her own, even if she hadn’t done it before. She was strong and coordinated.

“Bring it on, cow.” The chick spat at Max, her spit landing at her feet. Max looked at her like she was not concerned, having been called worse before.

“Ready, Set, Go!” Just like I had explained to Max, she raced forward. The other chick was being pulled back, but Max had a sudden surge. She took the can from the podium as if it were no effort at all, and let the cord pull her back, holding the prize up high, as she had for me. I raced forward and lifted her, still in her harness, and she wrapped her legs around my waist, and threw her head back laughing.

I carried her back to the starting line so that the harness could be removed.

“We have a new champion, everyone. Tank, what’s your ole lady called?” Cheers rang out as I gave the man Max’s name; she was still grinning over her achievement.

“We have a beer each now, want to sit and watch and drink it, or wait for later?” I asked, smiling at her glowing cheeks.

“My legs feel like rubber.” She said, not answering my question.

“Want me to carry you? Piggyback?” I chuckled at the roll of her eyes at my suggestion, but I was being serious; I would carry her about if she needed it or wanted my help.

“Okay, Piggyback, then I can see what’s going on around us, and you can explain stuff to me.” I squatted down, and she scrambled. I hosted her a couple of times to get her comfortable, then moved on to the next event. For us, that one was over, while others will continue to try to reach the cans of beer.

Max giggled a lot, while on my back, I loved that she was such a bubbly person; it was hard to believe she didn’t mingle much. When given the chance to enjoy herself, she was fun to be with.

We were watching some guys throwing horseshoes for money, but that didn’t appeal, so we moved to the next one, and it was more of a style that appealed to us, some balancing game, running a miniature obstacle course that had rolling logs and water traps. We were both laughing at the way they fell. Some fell in silence; others let out a yell or scream, but what we both agreed

on was that when one fell, and he called out Jeronimo as he hit the ground, I think he became a crowd favorite.

Bored watching, we were headed back to find the crew. It was getting late, and time to relax a bit. Max tapped my shoulder and informed me she needed the bathroom, so we went there first, and I relieved myself while waiting for her return.

“Hey, handsome, need a hand with that big boy?” A busty blonde looked over the hessian protection to look at my junk, and asked, in a voice she must have thought was inviting, but one look at her was a turn off.

“I can manage, thanks,” I replied and continued to pee. I noticed Max was looking at me, her face looking stormy.

“You sure? I can help lighten the load.” She purred, trying to make herself sexy, and failed. My little lady doesn’t need to try as hard as this chick was.

“Nope, I am sure.” I had finished and was tucking myself away.

“Oh, don’t put it away, let me give you a little taste of what I can go for you.” She continued to annoy me.

“I strongly suggest you move your flimsy body away from my man, before you are face-first on the floor licking up what he just pissed out,” Max said, in a polite, calm voice that I had since learned was a voice you don’t want to be the receiver of.

“Come on, honey, surely you can share. He looks big enough to sate both of us.” She turned to look Max up and down.

“Last chance to back away.” She warned in a softer voice.

She moved to put her hands on Max’s chest. I was unsure what the chick had intended, but in the blink of an eye, she was face-first on the floor, as Max had promised, her nose touching the hessian fence, right where I had just pissed.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 46[1,535 words]

Max POV

Tank never seemed to tire, having me on his back, I was surprised how long he held onto me, chatting away and pointing things out as we made ourselves around the place, checking out the different games going on, but not joining any this time round, none of them appealed enough to make me want to climb off Tank’s back. He seemed to have endless energy.

I was getting tired, and I must have yawned too often, prompting Tank to suggest we return to the others.

The bathroom first, and then hopefully I won't need to go again before bed.

It didn't surprise me that the number of people who greeted Tank was either a bro handshake or a nod. There was no backslapping because I was still on his back, but many congratulated him on making VP. Others just said hello; if they noticed the VP status, they never showed it. I relieved myself and washed my hands and face, glad to wash away today's grime. I wasn't sure what the campsite would have, but it seems they were well catered for here. When the clubs run things, they do a good job of making sure needs are met. That's what it appears to be so far.

My blood boiled when I noticed some bottle blonde bimbo after my man, I wanted to tear her eyes out, for leaning over and looking at his junk, that belonged to me, not that I had even used it yet. However, it was still mine, and I have no clue where all this possessiveness comes from; maybe I am fed up with others taking what was mine. No one was taking my man this time.

I tried to be friendly and polite while keeping my temper in check. I noticed others stopping to watch as I growled at the girl in a low tone, but she ignored me and suggested a threesome. That was it for me. I don't share, ever.

The sudden shriek of shock and the sudden claps of bystanders had all happened quickly. One moment, I was trying to keep calm and not embarrass Tank, and the next, the bimbo attempted to put her hands on me, and I saw red. No one puts their hands on me, not anymore, unless I permit it. I was not that submissive girl any longer.

The woman sat up, shaking her head, crying like a baby; she was covered in mud from the wet ground and splashes from the urinal water, and maybe a bit more. Some guy came forward and lifted her off the ground, and she turned and cried in his arms. He gave me the thumbs up and led her away, with a smirk. I guess he will give her what she was asking for.

"Tank, why are there so many singles? I thought it was couples weekend?" I asked, confused.

The cleaners, cooks, guards, and general helpers are all single, but they should know we don't want others encroaching on ours. Also, I think there are a few clubs that have brought singles too, so although it was meant to be couples, Prez said singles have managed to come this weekend. Don't let it spoil your experience." He had me wrapped in his arms, holding me close, as I shook. I had worked myself up over the whole ordeal.

He guided me back to a campfire, where our team was sitting, along with others, whom I didn't know.

"Congrats, Tank." A man with a President patch on, stood and shook his hand, slapping him on his back.

"Thanks, coming from you means a lot," Tank replied emotionally.

“Max, this man is a good friend of mine, Reaper. This is my woman, Maxine.” Tank introduced me to a large man, not as tall as Tank but still tall, and full of muscle. I held out my hand for him to shake.

“Nice to meet you.” I squeaked as he pulled me for a tight hug.

“Man, I never thought I would see the day that Tank found a woman. You must be one special lady.” He said as he pushed me back to arm’s length to get a good look at me.

“She’s special Reaper, one of a kind.” Sticks chimed in, and the others nodded in agreement.

“I hear you two are the holders of the champion, tug-of-war, nice going.” Cricket was added in before we sat down.

“Oh, I heard about that, some commotion about some chick wanting to congratulate you, but Max here wouldn’t allow it.” Bruiser chuckled, giving me a knowing smile.

“She did give that woman the taste of dirt, and did the same at the urinal. The woman ended up kissing the water track.” Tank beamed proudly.

“First time here, and you set a new record and down two chicks, in how many hours have you been here?” Reaper asked, chuckling as he spoke.

“Four,” Prez answered after checking his watch, as if what had happened so far was nothing new.

“Wow, that must be a record, too.” They were all laughing about it, but I didn’t get the joke. What was funny about me decking two wanton bibos?

Some guys arrived with guitars, another with a mouth organ, someone produced a violin, and bongo drums, and soon the group was playing familiar songs. At first, I tapped along with the music, not wanting to sing. My sister always said I had a terrible singing voice and not to sing. My mother agreed, so I never sang at home. I did sing at work, but I thought the music was loud enough to drown out my voice.

“Why don’t we sing a duo, like the one on the way here?” Tank suggested softly as the song being sung was coming to a close.

“Do you think they won’t mind, like I have a terrible voice, might spoil the night?” I said hesitantly, I don’t want to bring the evening down.

“Your voice to me is beautiful, come, let’s sing,” Tank called out what he wanted us to sing to the main guitarist, and he started to strum the chords.

Tank’s baritone voice rang out, into the night air, and with his encouragement joined him, trying to harmonise, no one else joined in singing, all eyes were on us, we sang, I was seated

between Tanks legs, his arms over my shoulders, resting on my tummy, and felt relaxed and happy, in his arms, and turned to look up at him, as we sang.

The cheers from the listening crowd had tears running down my cheeks. Tank wiped them away with the back of his hand.

“Now, will you believe me when I say you have a beautiful voice?” He kissed my nose, and his eyes sparkled in the firelight.

“Sing us another one.” Called out someone from the crowd, and more encouragement boomed out; I had never had anyone want to listen to my voice before.

“Tank, they want your voice, not mine,” I said, knowing he too rarely sang. He had said so.

“Both of us, or neither.” He pushed, as they started calling out songs they wanted us to sing.

We sang two more songs before I cracked open my beer, which I had won, and handed it to Tank. I didn’t feel like drinking it, so I grabbed a bottle of water and chugged some. Tank drank both, and that was it; he wasn’t a big drinker either.

We enjoyed where we were. Tank was leaning against a tree, happy to hold me, and I was content to be held, leaning against his firm chest, feeling it rumble and move as he laughed at some of the jokes being passed around.

“Max, I hear you can handle yourself.” A guy I don’t remember being given his name blurted out, when there was a pause in music and conversation, gaining a lot of unwanted attention.

“She can,” Prez answered, looking at the guy.

“Will she join the games for top woman and top male, fighter? In the mud wrestling event?” He asked excitedly.

“Why? That isn’t an event I would insist any of my ladies join, if they don’t wish to.” Prez shrugged, murmurs around us started.

“True, but the same girl has held that title for a few years now, and a few of us would like to see that girl lose her title.”

“Personal grudges have nothing to do with us. If and when the event starts, whether Max wants to join in will be her decision, same with any of my club members; we have nothing to prove.” The Prez picked up his beer and took a long swallow, the sign that this conversation was done.

I, in a very unladylike manner, yawned, gaining a chuckle from Tank.

“Come on, let’s hit the sack.” Tank tightened his hold around my waist and stood up. Taking me with him. I squeaked in surprise as he managed to stand with little to no effort, whilst holding me as if I were nothing.

“Goodnight.” We both said to those around us, and Tank, still with me in his arms, walked to the tent.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 47[1,506 words]

Tank POV

My girl had been the talk of the camp, and more and more rumors were floating about. Prez gave me a look that told me trouble was coming, and I was not sure. I wanted to know what it was.

Max had said she was sorry to me several times for decking the two women who had tried to approach me.

“I won’t let them touch you, Tank. You said we would give this a try and see where it takes us. That means no other women are allowed to feel what is mine. I won’t be the quiet one, letting you go, not like I have in the past, letting my man leave me, because he sees someone he thinks would be better. That girl died, I won’t apologize for wanting to keep you all for myself.” She had said through tears, after the last bimbo hit the dirt, and she felt guilty for having hit two girls, and we hadn’t been here long.

It was a turn on. I have had girls fight over me before, and I wasn’t dating them; this was different, felt different. I would be doing the same if men came onto Max; we are a team, until we both agree that we are no longer together. That it didn’t work out. That would suck big time, because it would make seeing her hard and uncomfortable, but at least we can say we tried.

“Hey, you’re the first girl to fight for me like this. I have had girls scrap over me, but not because they were mine, but because they wanted to be the one to break the ice king out of his funk. That was what the girls at the club called me, the ice king. I was cold and unforgiving, and they wanted to break the armour I put around me; they don’t understand me, and they want to be the one who can say they melted the ice. You did that without even trying. We still have a ways to go, but you chipped at the shield around my heart.” I was getting all soppy, and I never get mushy.

We had a great day and evening. The games were fun to watch, and the singing was a surprise for everyone. I knew my girl could hold a tune, and that our voices harmonized well together. We would never be paid singers, don’t get me wrong, but we weren’t bad either. Maybe singing in a club, where the public can enjoy, hearing tunes they already know, and can sing along to. Don’t need a great voice for them, be in tune and harmonize together.

I watched as Max carefully got undressed, folded her clothes neatly, placed them in a pile, and scrambled under the blankets in her underwear. She was cute to watch as she folded everything neatly. I shucked off my clothes and left them in a messy pile, not concerned about how they might crease overnight; they are where I need to grab them if needed in an emergency.

We have snuggled in and got comfortable. My shaft was always at half mast when I had her in my arms, and unless she wiggles against it by accident, it will go down, eventually. I wasn't asleep yet when the others arrived in the tent, and we heard them whispering and giggling, trying to stay quiet.

It quietened back down, that was until the kisses started. The soft moans of pleasure, and then the slow growing sounds of intimacy, louder and louder, as calls for harder and more, I felt Max stiffen at the sounds. I wondered if she had ever heard others being intimate like this before. Both Cricket and Sticks were loud lovers, groaning and calling for more, faster, harder. The grunts from Prez and Bruiser told me they were getting close. The sounds of skin hitting skin, the wet sounds of the thrusts into the warm, moist juncture, I recognise all the sounds for what they were.

Cricket was the one to scream out first, followed by Bruiser's roar of pleasure, then it was Stick's turn, yelling out 'Yes!' As she reached her climax, lastly was Prez, his roar so loud, I am positive the rest of the camp heard him. Followed by more kisses, before the sounds settled and fell quiet.

Max relaxed when the sounds stopped, and her gentle snore followed soon after, while I lay there holding her for a while yet, playing back the day's events, and what a day it had been. I can't remember the last time I smiled and laughed so much, and was this relaxed.

Sleep claimed me, with a smile on my face, and my woman in my arms.

Max thrashing about in my arms woke me.

"Please, don't hurt them." She whimpered in her sleep. She hadn't had a nightmare for a few nights now. I wonder if something happened today to trigger it. I held onto her, rubbing circles on her stomach, kissing her hair, neck, and shoulder. I had learned the hard way not to try to wake her but to hold her while she finds her way out of the nightmare.

"Why?" she shouted a little louder, and I whispered, "You're safe now," in her ear, trying to hurry her to the end. She hadn't spoken of the nightmare; we hadn't reached that stage, where she trusted me with her secrets, her nightmares, but I am hoping we are closer now.

The curtain moved aside, and a tired-looking Prez popped his head in.

"All good?" he asked softly, as Bruiser popped his head in too.

"Yeah," I say, as she whimpers again.

“Nightmares often,” Bruiser asked this time.

“Most nights, sorry to wake you,” I replied as Max whimpered again.

“Has she talked about it yet?” Prez looked at Max with sympathy.

“No, not yet, didn’t want to push it.” They both nodded, and after another whimper, the curtain closed, and I heard them say something to their ladies in a low voice and the sound of a zipper closing a sleeping bag.

Max whimpered for a bit longer before peace found her. It was hard holding her and not being able to help her in her personal fight. If only she would share her burden, maybe we could get through it together, and her nightmares would reduce, and maybe one day disappear altogether. One could only hope that she will reach that stage.

I drifted back off to sleep when Max stopped whimpering and seemed to have made it through the other side.

Max moved out of my arms, bringing me to half-awake.

“Too early,” I said softly, trying to reach out and bring her back to me.

“Bathroom.” I sighed and watched her dress quickly and leave.

I drifted back to sleep and woke to the smell of coffee and bacon.

My eyes popped open.

Max was waving the coffee under my nose, a beaming smile on her face. How could one get angry at her?

Sitting up, I took the cup and the plate of food, grateful that she was thoughtful and kind. I was such a lucky man when she agreed to be my girlfriend. Max sat beside me, and we tucked into the food, something these camping trips always seem to have, which was good food, and plenty of it.

“Did I wake the others?” She asked after finishing her food and was sipping her coffee, knowing she had a nightmare, and might not have been quiet.

“Yeah, but don’t fret about it, it’s not like you could stop it from happening, did something happen yesterday to trigger it?” I tried not to pry as much as I wanted to and to reassure her that we don’t judge; we have some nightmares, hidden away, that surface unexpectedly.

“Not sure, it was a great day, I didn’t expect to have one.” She looked sad as she took another sip of her coffee, her eyes glassy.

“If ever you want to talk about it, you know I will listen,” I said reassuringly.

“Yeah, I know, give me some time.” That was what she said each time, wait.

Max took the rubbish away, and I begrudgingly got dressed. It was time to start the day. For me, it was too early, when out like this, some might sleep till noon. I had never been known to sleep that long, and I had never been upset that I had missed all the morning events.

I left our curtain open to let the air circulate, plus the guys would know we were in bed still, and tiptoe about.

Stepping out of the tent, I bent my back and stretched, hearing clicks as my body aligned itself. I was surprised I wasn't bent out of shape. Sleeping on the ground can often leave me with aches and pains, but I was surprisingly feeling good.

I will put that down to the good woman keeping me warm and comfortable.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 48[1,633 words]

Maxine POV

Carefully, I placed my clothes within reach before I climbed into the sleeping bag.

I hoped that Tank didn't want to zip it up, because I like to be open, I can get out fast if I have to, not that I am expecting any trouble here. Still, it's a habit I can't seem to break, even at home in our bed; my side of the bed was never tucked in. I don't like being confined.

I lay there watching Tank in the flickering light from the fires outside, get undressed, and chuckled that he let his clothes drop into a messy pile. I hadn't expected anything less. He does the same at home, though he has occasionally surprised me by dropping them into the washing basket. I am positive he does it to get a rise out of me.

He climbs in behind me, and we snuggle in. I take a deep breath, hoping sleep will come quickly.

There was still singing outside, and the music, although not loud, was a distraction, enough to hinder sleep, as I lay there enjoying his body warmth against my back, his arms around me. I could feel he was aroused, but knew he wouldn't try anything, unless I gave him the signal of interest, which wouldn't happen here, our first time will be at home, or somewhere special, not here in a sleeping bag, with all these people around.

Just as I started to relax and felt sleep pulling at me, the sounds of kissing started, and I blushed as my imagination told me what was happening. Cricket and Sticks were being intimate with their men. I tried not to think about what was happening, but the sounds got louder and more

urgent. Tank ran soft circles on my stomach, trying to comfort me, and let me know it was natural, and not to think about it. The intensity increased, their voices getting louder and more demanding, until they both screamed their release, and then more kisses until it fell quiet, only the soft music outside still playing.

I released the tension I had built up from listening to them enjoy themselves, and Tank squeezed me gently, soon I was relaxed enough for sleep to find me.

The experience was over, not exactly something I had expected, but then, it was a normal act between couples, so I shouldn't have been so shocked.

Sleep found me, and at first, everything was good as I dreamed of Grandpa and Grandma, dancing in the kitchen to a song that came on the radio; they always showed they loved and cared for each other in small ways, like impromptu dancing to a favorite song.

Then it changed to one of a few recurring nightmares of my sister and her tormentors.

"Don't, please don't." I cried out, thrashing against the arms that held me in place.

Two of my sister's boyfriends had hold of me, and another was with my sister; they were hurting the kittens I had been feeding for a few weeks now. They laughed at me, as I cried out trying to break free of the guy's hold, but I was only eight, and not strong enough to fight the older boys. They were brutal, as they tormented the little ones, until none were mewling anymore; they had killed them.

I cried, screamed, and struggled, but couldn't stop the outcome: one had its eyes gouged out, another had been cut open, and its guts were hanging out. The other, the boy twisted the last kitten's neck, making a big show of it in front of me. It was brutal, cruel, and I felt so helpless.

Grandpa helped me bury them, comforting me, for what she had done, the spiteful girl, would hurt anyone who came close to me, pushing away my friends. I had some, but they never came to my house. I always went to theirs, because if my sister knew I had a friend or two, she would have her boys beat them and threaten them until they agreed to no longer be my friend. She took pride in ripping everything I had away from me.

I never knew why.

I still don't know.

Grandpa never told Grandma that the kittens were dead; he said he gave them a good home. My sister was nasty, still is, and I hope to never run into her again, or that I am never alone for her to taunt me. She always had Dad and Mum's support, in everything she did, and made me out to be the bad one.

The dream was over as warmth filled me. In the back of my mind, I knew it was Tank holding me, comforting me; I had woken him again. I don't know if I will ever be free of these nightmares.

I woke desperate for the bathroom. Tank tried to keep me in bed, but the distance I needed to cover to get to the toilet was not worth appeasing him, and staying longer, my bladder would allow.

As quickly as I could, I got dressed and pulled on my boots, racing out the door, as the need grew. I should have gone before I went to bed, instead of thinking I could get by without going.

The trip to the ablution block was a blur, paying little attention to the bodies lying on the ground, sleeping where they fell.

The bathroom over and a quick wash later, I was headed back to the tent when the strong smell of bacon wafted through the air. I followed my nose to the grills.

"Good morning, I hadn't expected to see food ready this early," I said to those doing the cooking and preparation work.

"We're cooking nearly all the time, grab some, being first here, you can pile it high." A lovely woman said, pointing to plates with her tongs.

"Thank you." I picked up two plates, filling them with eggs, bacon, toast, hash browns, sausages, and everything else on the table to take with me. A lovely woman handed me two cups of hot coffee, and I added milk.

"Can I take a tray? Promise to return it." I asked the lady nearest to me.

"Sure, sweetie." I put the coffees, the plates, and some extra buttered toast on the tray and maneuvered myself around bodies near our tent entrance. Pleased with myself for finding the tent in a sea of tents. They all look alike in this semi-darkness.

As I reached the tent, the flap flew open, and Sticks was standing there.

"You up early," I said, as I moved closer.

"Bladder." She replied, holding the flap open for me to enter.

I made it to our section, using my head to move the curtain enough for me to enter, placed the tray on the floor, picked up a cup of coffee, and set it close to Tank's face. He had fallen back to sleep and looked adorable as he cuddled my pillow.

His eyes popped open, and he pulled his head back a bit to look at the cup and then me.

He mumbled something unintelligible and sat up. Took the cup and gulped down a big mouthful before accepting the plate of food. I hope I got enough. We can always go back for more if he was not full. Tank can eat a lot.

The question that had gnawed at me since I bumped into Sticks on my way in, and I had to ask.

“Did I wake the others?” I knew I must have, because of the look on Stick’s face, before she hid it.

We talked for a bit about today and plans, skirting the problem. I know he wants me to share. But I am unsure how to proceed, like if I share, he would like to go on a rampage and hurt my sister, and although I agree she deserves it, she was expecting a baby, and that child hadn’t done anything wrong, and should be given the chance to be born.

Sooner or later, my sister will get comeuppance. I am a firm believer in karma, or fate, what goes around comes around, she will come unstuck one day. My Grandparents instilled in me patience; my time to shine will come, one way or another, and my parents and sister will beg for forgiveness.

Tank devoured his plate of food and rubbed his tummy, a smile of appreciation.

“I like you pampering me,” he said, leaning over to capture my lips.

“I try,” giving him a cheeky grin, picking up the rubbish, and placing it on the tray.

“Where’d you find a tray?”

“A sweet lady at the food line said I could use it, as long as I return it. Want another coffee while I am there?” I asked as I moved to leave.

“Sure, need the bathroom, will meet you back here for that coffee.” I left him to get dressed and headed for the food line.

Found the lovely lady, right where I had seen her last time, working on making sandwiches and coffee.

“You were quick,” she said, as I placed the tray back on the table where I had taken it from.

“Yeah, he was hungry.” She eyed my jacket, then her eyes widened for some reason.

“You’re Tank’s woman?” She asked, staring at me, with renewed interest.

“Yep, can I take another coffee, he parched.” I grinned that knowing look.

“You can have anything you want, dear.” I took two coffees, and after I put milk in, she handed me two wrapped bacon toasted sandwiches and waved me away when I went to say something.

I headed back towards our tent and sat against a tree, waiting for Tank to return.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 49[1,504 words]

Tank POV

The morning was better than my usual start on these runs. Having Max bring me food and coffee, even if I wanted more sleep, was worth waking me early and getting that surprise. The sun was rising over the horizon, and there was plenty of movement around, so it wasn't that early, but still, anything before noon was early for me.

I was greeted by some bros who were awake and moving around as I made my way to the ablution block. As I reached the area, the urge to do more than pee had me changing direction slightly. I sat and thought about last night, my girl whimpering, and nothing I could do about it. I was thinking about talking to Prez and Bruiser about it, maybe do some investigating on that family, like how dangerous are they for my little lady?

Would she be angry with me for investigating or sticking my nose in?

If it were me, I wouldn't want her looking into my past, which was not much better than hers, from what I have heard so far.

My brother and I hadn't had a stellar start in life, and it had been just the two of us for like, forever.

I pushed thoughts of my own childhood behind me, not wanting to visit that any time soon; this was not the time for those memories to resurface.

"Hey, Tank, what's hang'n?" A bro from another gang, asked, we been a sort of friend for years, I give him enough attention to keep him thinking we are good buddies, when most times, I want to punch his lights out, he grates on me for some reason, not that he had done anything really wrong, he just had this way about him, the makes me want to hit him.

"Not much, just doing, you know," I answered in the same tone.

"Gunna join the events?" What's he really asking? I thought as I continued to walk towards our tents, he had joined me, trying to keep up with my long stride.

"Maybe, depends," I replied, looking around at all the bodies still sleeping where they feel, same ol, same ol, even in a couples run, that I have since learned that not many of us use this run for only couples, which was sad in a way, it was supposed to be couple bonding time, I had hoped for better. I am disappointed to see so many singles here, regardless of the excuses they had for being here.

“On what? Heard you got some lady to scratch that itch, word is, she’s a good looking scrubber, most want to get between her thighs.” I stop in my tracks and look him in the eye, not saying a word, just looking at him.

He raised his hands in surrender, and backed away, fear in his eyes, before reaching what he considered a safe distance and fled. There you have it, the biggest idiot here, bet he was sent to get me worked up.

But why?

It never made sense to me.

Was it to find out how serious I was with my little lady?

I have never taken a woman on a run before; they know this.

What gives?

As I approach our area, I see some guys heading towards where Max was sitting, enjoying a coffee. It looked like more food. She can eat almost as much as I. When she was hungry, I don’t know where she managed to put it all. I am used to seeing girls eat almost nothing, and way too much salad for my liking.

Max looks up at the men; they must have greeted her, and one dared to sit beside her, picking up the other sandwich. She snatched it back off of him, and I could hear her from here telling him to leave her alone.

He moved his hand to rub it against her face, but she reacted quickly, grabbing his wrist and twisting it hard, making him fall in the direction of the twisted hand. I moved faster, running to reach her. Was that why the other guy approached me, to delay my return?

Before I could reach her, others had come out to find out what the noise was about.

But Max had jumped to her feet, grabbed the man by the head, and kneed him in the face, throwing him backwards with the momentum. The other two guys moved forward, but Bruiser was there, and our guys held them back.

Max stood over the man, who was on his back, blood pouring from his broken nose, cursing her, and using words I only use in my head.

“What? Didn’t I make myself clear when I said I was not interested?” Max was replying to the man on the floor.

“You didn’t have to break my nose.” He touched his face and winced in pain.

“You said you enjoyed it rough, was that not rough enough? Did you get the message? I am taken and not interested in cheating.” Max was using her calm, soft, steady voice, even Bruiser was smirking, understanding that tone.

“Lady, you should just have said no.” He shouted out. Now, the crowd was growing, and so was his confidence, scrambling up to his feet.

Max smiled at him. If this man pushed her far enough, he would find out that a broken nose was the least of his worries.

“Are you now suggesting I hadn’t said no?” Max asked, as I weaved my way around the crowd, and stood by Bruiser.

“That man was going to wish he kept away from here, at the rate he was pushing Max’s buttons,” Bruiser whispered, with a low chuckle, our gang knew not to interfere, when it’s a fair fight, and although a six foot guy, might look to be bigger and stronger, against my smaller toned, girl, but don’t let that fool you, in this fight, I can already picture my girl coming out on top.

I nodded in agreement to Bruiser, along with Prez and a few others who were standing near us. The two men who had been restrained struggled to be released.

Max watched the two struggle as they waited for the one on the floor to answer her question.

“Let them go; they can take this numbskull away. Get some medical attention to his nose; he might want some ice on it.” Max’s voice was still calm, soft, and deadly to anyone who didn’t know she was angry.

Very angry.

They moved to help the guy, who still hadn’t answered her question.

“This ain’t over, sweetheart.” He spat at her, and the two men took an arm each, put it over their shoulder, and limped him away.

The men gone, the crowd dispersed.

“Max, don’t be alone for the rest of the stay,” Prez said, as he watched the retreating men.

Max shrugged, sat back down, and picked up a wrapped sandwich and lifted it, offering it to me, her smile back on her face, as if nothing had just happened, somehow hers was still intact and not covered in dirt, and both coffees were still standing as well.

“Don’t worry, Prez, I won’t leave her side, even going to the bathroom, she can either enter the men’s, or I will enter the ladies,” I said, taking the offering and sitting beside her.

“You will not enter the ladies, no way.” She barked back faster than I could blink.

“Okay, then we use the men’s.” In a lot of ways, it would be fine for her to use the men’s, which was often empty, because we use the water run outside.

Max didn’t argue as she continued to eat her meal, and I started mine. It was cold, but still tasty. I watched the crowd, and was worried about what just happened, it was rare for a woman to fight a man like that, usually, it was the man to step in, like I should have, but I was too far away, detained by the idiot, even though I tried to leave him behind, my gut was telling me to return.

Bruiser sat beside me, Cricket on the other side of Max, both with plates of food on their laps, and started eating together like this, showing those passing by the solidarity we had with our own; we had each other’s backs, as it should be.

We protect our own.

“Max, do you want to talk about it?” Cricket asked her hand to touch Max’s arm softly.

“Nothing to talk about, he was a rude jerk, that didn’t like no for an answer, tried to push it, no biggy, been there, done that, many times before.” Max sounded fine, looked fine, and even her voice was back to normal.

“You sure?” Cricket pushed.

“Leave it, Cricket,” I said, and saw from my peripheral vision that she looked up sharply at me, but I continued to eat, as if nothing had been said.

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Maxine POV

I had placed the food and coffee on the ground, keeping the coffee lid on so it wouldn’t go cold.

Tank was gone longer than I had expected. That coffee kept calling my name, so I picked up the cup, pushed that little tab in, which some coffee cups have, and took a sip, when three large, scruffy-looking men stood before me, legs apart, hands on their hips, like they were something powerful and deserved attention.

Well, not from this girl.

“Hello, gorgeous, can we sit with you?” One asked, a smirk on his face.

“Nope, I am taken,” I replied, taking another sip of my coffee.

“Don’t be like that. We want to get to know you better.” He tried again, his friend chuckling at his innuendo.

“Nope, not interested,” I replied again. Placing my coffee down, because I knew what was coming, some people do get it when you don’t want their company.

He sat down and leaned forward to touch my face with one hand.

“I can make you feel so good.” He said, trying to sound seductive, but it came out like someone who had a dry throat and could use a breath mint.

I grabbed his wrist and squeezed, digging my nails in before sending him to the floor, got to my feet, and well, the rest was history. My training kicked in, and what happened next was a blur. I blanked out for a moment, to a different time, but the ending was the same. I blinked a few times and shook my head, clearing my thoughts, bringing me back to now.

The man was on the ground, holding his bleeding nose, and the fight was over; his mates were being restrained, and as I was back in the present, I asked for them to be released.

Dragging the man away, I couldn’t resist suggesting some ice on his face; that area must be in pain.

Cricket and Bruiser said nothing at first, and I ate in silence, waiting, because I knew they would want me to talk about this, but really, this was nothing compared to what I had been through, and if more was to come, so be it.

Cricket was the first to ask how I was. Tank was asking her to leave it be.

Prez and Sticks arrived and sat with us. As I finished my bacon sandwich, I gave Tank the one with egg in it.

“Heard you just had some fun.” Sticks says casually, and I roll my eyes at her attempt to get information, having missed the action.

“Just been allowed to release some built-up anger, nothing I can’t handle,” I replied, because it was an opportunity that was over far too quickly, and I hardly got rid of any anger I had gained from those two women yesterday.

“Only you would see that as an opportunity to clear some anger.” Chuckled, Bruiser, at my reply.

What could I say? Years of taking punishment from my family taught me to take it out on the streets, since I couldn’t win at home.

“What’s on the agenda today?” I asked, in an attempt to move on from the incident.

“There are a few more games, but general chit-chat, and catching up.” Sticks answered, then took the last bite of her food.

“If this is how the couple’s event will be, I think it needs to change its name because few clubs are honoring the theme of the couples’ weekend. In the past, it was couples bonding and having a good time, but now it’s the same as any gang’s get-together.” Cricket added, rubbing her hands together to rid them of crumbs and grease.

I agree, this year hasn’t started well for Max, and all these singles hitting on us, it just isn’t right, not what was promised,” Prez said with venom. He, too, was fed up with singles showing up and trying their luck.

“You know one entered our tent last night, tried to join Cricket and Bruiser, although I don’t think they knew who was in that part of the tent, it would have been pot luck, Bruiser threw her out, she left crying. So far, I am not impressed by the amount of attention our club was getting; we have never had this before.” Prez murmured as we watched the awakening crowd.

Bodies on the ground roll over groaning, before getting up and staggering away.

“Do you think there’s something more going on?” I asked, as it appeared, from an outsider looking in.

“Yeah, but what?” Bruiser said, rubbing his chin in thought.

“Trying to cause dissension in the club, your club’s solid, maybe someone or some gang wants some of what you got, and causing tension in the club would break you apart,” I suggested softly, trying to picture Bruiser naked, throwing a chick out.

“We solid won’t happen.” Cricket smartly replied, but doubt marred her face.

“What if someone had a camera and was waiting for the girl to be cast out, catch who was slinging her out? I am presuming you were naked?” I suggested, thinking of ways a girl sneaking in could be used.

“I wasn’t, but she was. I hear you, but we know the truth, regardless of what photos may be produced. We are solid.” Bruiser frowned at what I was getting at.

“But no one else does; those other clubs will see the photos and make their own assumptions. Lucky it wasn’t Prez that threw her out.” I continued with my thoughts, piecing it all together.

The ping of Prez’s phone had him pulling out and groaning.

“Look.” He turned the phone around, and there was a picture of the girl being chucked out of the tent, Bruiser in the background, looking angry, and a caption, “Does he like a threesome?”

“Now it begins,” I said, wondering who would be the first to ask for more information.

“Let’s enjoy the day. If it gets out of hand, we leave. For now, come on, pretend nothing has happened.” Bruiser said, getting up and reaching out for Cricket.

We headed, and I followed meekly, tucked protectively under Tank’s arm. Whispers had already started, and I knew things would either get nasty or fade away quickly. Anyone with a brain could see the chick was being thrown out. In disgust, there was no kissing involved, so how could they suggest he had just had two women at the same time? I guess people see what they want, or maybe place doubts in their minds, that’s enough for whatever purpose they had in mind.

Prez’s phone pinged again, and he pulled it out, looked at it for a long while, and then looked back at us, me, and put his phone away.

“Someone must have taken pictures of you, too,” Tank said softly, squeezing me to let me know he had my back. It was reassuring to have him with me.

We came to a large lake, beautiful and crystal clear, Fish darted about under the water; the surface sparkled like diamonds. A gentle breeze sent small waves across it. The place was perfect, peaceful.

Suddenly, a loud splash, I turned in time to see some heads pop up.

A guy had jumped in, taking a woman with him; he helped her surface, then moved back a bit, giving her space and laughing as he went. She was spluttering and calling him names, and then she tried to swim at him to dunk him. The laughter broke the tension that had been building in our little group. As the two played in the water.

“Look,” Prez said, a man of few words, handing his phone to Tank, who shared it with me.

It showed the man approaching, and I could even hear him talking to me. The person had captured the whole incident. The second video was of a man in the medical tent, a bag of ice on his nose, told to take it easy for a few days. This was a setup, or why would the whole incident be captured? Unless someone noticed them coming towards me, and knew something was about to go down.

Tank handed the phone back and waited for Prez to say something. He just nodded and continued to where the sounds of laughter and cheering were going on.

This area was muddy from the river’s tide, having soaked it overnight, a sort of swampy area, but apparently it will be dry before the days out. Two men were in a cordoned-off area, mud-wrestling. It was challenging to get a good hold on the opponent, both bare-chested and in jeans, which would restrict their movement, I thought. It was interesting to see it in action for the first time. Both were taking deep breaths, as neither appeared to be getting the upper hand.

“Are there rules to this game?” I asked Tank as we watched them, I couldn’t make heads or tails of how to win.

“Yes, must be on your knees, and hold someone down like normal wrestling for three seconds. I think it’s best-of-three; I am not sure they follow the rules here, though. It’s not my scene.” Tank shrugged. As we watched, it didn’t appeal to me either. I don’t want to climb in and get muddy. Besides, I didn’t bring enough changes of clothing to waste some on rolling in the mud.