

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 51[1,508 words]

Tank POV

I kept my arms around Max as we watched the mud wrestling.

She said “yuck” a few times, and “no way,” and a few other comments that told me she won’t be wallowing in the mud anytime soon. Lucky me, the idea of her in there, slipping around, some think it’s fun, but I don’t, we had to get a guys bike home on the trailer, because he pulled a muscle after a rather large guy, landed on him, to try and pin him down, our guy won, but at a cost to his leg. I would’ve been worried the whole time she was in the mud, and if she won, she would have to do it again and again, till an overall winner was found.

I was also worried about the video of her downing that guy; it could get ugly for her. Bruiser wasn’t so concerned with the picture of him; you could see he was angry with her, and regardless of how they try to spin it, the girl was thrown out in the middle of the night.

Later, we will discuss it after we have had time to relax and take in the fun that day promised. We will also get a sense of how people feel as more people wake up and watch the video. We don’t want to react too soon.

Max didn’t question it yet, and I know she’s not a big talker, most likely would wait when it was just the two of us, and not so many ears around.

Her phone pinged, and she pulled out her phone.

I looked over her shoulder and could see someone had sent her the video, which made me frown. Who had her number?

Before I could answer, Sticks came over and whispered in her ear.

“Thought you might like a copy that was sent to me. Bruiser said you can study it and check out your form.” Max chuckled and nodded.

“Your form? That’s a new one.” I chuckled in Max’s ear, kissing it, and nuzzling her neck. She was cute as she scrunched up her shoulders, trying to keep my lips off her ears.

“Can we move from here? I am not interested in watching men or women frolicking in the mud.” Max distractedly as another man disappeared briefly under the mud, standing up with a roar and throwing the man off his back with ease.

“Piggyback again?” I offered to crouch down in front of her. I have a wide grin on my face as I look over my shoulder at her, urging her to climb on.

She stares at me in shock, at first. This slow smirk fills her face, her eyes sparkle with mirth, and she climbs on, her hands on my shoulders, as I grab her legs and wrap them around my waist, and boost her up as I stand, she quickly wraps her arms around my neck, tight, but not strangling, I have one hand on her bottom, as she settles on my back.

“Where to my lady?” Deepening my voice low, and trying to sound like an actor in a movie! had once seen.

She bursts out giggling at my acting, as if I were some knight in shining armor, but hearing her laughter makes the effort worth it.

“How about showing me this lake? It looked pretty.” She suggests, and I know the perfect place to go.

I walked away from the group and headed to a small area that had a rapid section. It’s not fast, but it might appeal to Max.

I had been there a few times to get away from the crowd, and I thought that it could get a little too much, trying to stay polite to drunken idiots who see me as a large opponent to try their luck with. Don’t get me wrong, I am more than happy to punch the lights out of some drunk guy, if he pushes for too long, but it can become frustrating, and walking away and taking a breather.

They say “the bigger they are, the harder they fall”, and that might be true, but I am like a large oak tree; it takes a while and persistence to knock this oak tree down.

Cautiously, I navigate the ground. This trail was not used much; either others don’t know what lies beyond, or they want to stay with the crowd, and the enjoyment they make. It was more used this weekend, couples finding a quiet place to kiss and cuddle.

The idea of this couple’s weekend was to be interactive with others, gain new friendships, and reaffirm old ones, but for some reason, this year was all wrong. Sticks was furious with the direction the weekend was going, like some small minority group is targeting us, and we have no clue the reason behind it.

I moved over some rocks, stepping from one to the other, water running between them, making the rocks a little slippery. Max stayed perfectly still, as she does on the bike, a perfect passenger, following my directions. I love having this close to me, even if it was on my back. She weighs nothing compared to picking up engines.

I could see my destination, and breathed out a sigh of relief when I saw no one else here.

We have the place to ourselves.

Perfect.

I make it to a large tree, its branches hover over the river, giving you a perfect place to sit in the shade, and enjoy the scenery. These trees have large roots that snake along the ground, making them great for sitting on or using as back support. One tree root runs right by the water; you can sit on it and dangle your feet in the faster-flowing water. Or if you want to lie in the water, which is about knee-high, you can rest your back against it as the water flows over you.

I lowered to a crouch position.

“Want off?” I asked and allowed her to climb off and look around.

“This place is so peaceful, you wouldn’t know anyone was near here, if it weren’t for the cheers and the sound of music, wafting to us on the breeze,” Max said, looking around, touching the tree, and running her hand along an exposed tree root. She sounded so poetic, the way she said that. It had me smiling at the simple things she says and does.

This big, bad biker is whipped when it comes to this girl. Bet the guys are enjoying watching me fall hard for this woman. I used to make fun of guys when I saw them tripping over themselves for a woman, but I get it now, and expect nothing less from them.

We stand watching the water ripple over the rocks, as fast-paced, small, deeper pools have fish darting about, eating something from the river bottom, and spitting out a mouthful of pebble. I am behind Max, my arms around her waist, my head resting on her shoulder.

For the first time, in my memory, I felt at peace, no evil thoughts rushing through my mind, no need to hurry to do something, no bad memories. With Max, I was making some new memories that will carry me through on bad days, and I needed something positive to focus on. Even if in the end, we part ways, I will carry today, now, with me forever.

“Look, did you see that? Larger predators are lurking. I thought the water was too shallow for something that large.” Max exclaimed excitedly, pointing to one of the deeper pools.

“I missed it,” I replied, wondering what she had just seen, and my eyes were glued to where she had pointed. We both watched for a bit, but whatever she saw didn’t emerge again.

A text pinged on my phone. Pulling it out of my jacket pocket, I read it with a sigh.

“Prez wants to know where we are,” I say, moving to type out my reply.

“Our time’s up?” Max asked softly, leaning back into me as I held my phone in one hand, waiting for an answer, and the other arm around her waist.

My phone pinged again.

“Yep, time to return. Maybe we get a chance to come back here later.” I replied and moved back and squatted, turning, and offering her my back again. She giggled as she climbed on, with no hesitation this time.

navigated my way back, going the long way around, and coming out near our campsite, most of the Club members were already there, standing, looking around.

“What’s up?” I asked Bruiser as I neared the guys.

“The Jones gang is behind the action, even though they aren’t here; they have friends here that are causing problems. It seems word was out about the warehouse, and we are being blamed for the deaths and police involvement.” Bruiser spat on the ground, as if ridding himself of something that tasted terrible in his mouth.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 52[1,602 words]

Maxine POV

The place Tank took me was like stepping into another world.

Birds jumped from limb to limb, singing to each other, the sound of the water rippling over the rocks, the fish darting about amongst the rocks, the bubbles created by the small rapids, were floating for a little bit on the surface, before popping and disappearing as if they were never there, the tree swaying gently in the breeze, and me in the strong arms of a giant, put it together and you had me feeling I had entered a fairy tale.

This was too good to be true.

The calm and serenity of this place could heal the broken soul, given a bit of time.

Grandma and Grandpa would have loved this place. I could picture Grandpa trying to catch fish in the rock pools, and Grandma sitting in the shade under the humongous tree, reading a book. Both would be enjoying the area but in different ways.

I miss them both.

“Sorry, we can come back later if there’s time; we are wanted back at the camp,” Tank said sadly. He, too, was enjoying the tranquil place. He offered me his back, and who am I to refuse, which saves me from risking slipping and falling in the water.

Tank sure-footedly jumped across the stones, never missing a beat. He skilfully judged each step with practiced ease. copied from *-com I bounced on his back in time with his jumps, and I felt he did this to hear me laughing, because I did laugh, that is, each time I bobbed up and down, I giggled. He made it fun, and I was flying on his back without a care in the world.

I could see over his shoulder that the club members were gathering, and tents were being dismantled; it looked like we were going home. Our time here was over. It was a shame; I had enjoyed our time here.

Jones Gang, that name rang a bell, something to do with Pixie. I don't know the story. Tank never divulged what went on at the warehouse, and I never asked. If they wanted me to know about it, they would tell me. I had started to trust Tank and believed he wouldn't deliberately put me in harm's way. Being in a bike gang always had an element of risk, even for gangs on the wrong side of the law, because we are all tainted with the same brush: one gang does something, we must all do it. I understand. Grandpa had drilled that into me. It's like the saying, "the apple doesn't fall far from the tree." Everything my sister does, or my parents do, they expect me to be the same. I am nothing like them.

Tank lowers me to the ground.

"Go pack our things and join the girls; they know what to do." Tank turned me in the direction of our tent, and slapped me on the bottom, getting the giggle and a little skip out of his reach, before he turned with a smile to join the men, and whatever they have to do.

I reached our section and started to pack. There wasn't much, and less than an hour later, it was packed. In the van, I took out the snacks, refilled my backpack, made some more drinks, and they went in the backpack too. I then hunted the girls; they had finished packing, and our tent was being dismantled.

"Hi ya," I called out as I approached the women, who were together gossiping.

A woman I hardly know came to stand in front of me, encroaching on my personal space.

"This was all your fault. You have been nothing but trouble since cosyng up to Tank. They should chuck you out." She went to poke me in the chest, but I grabbed her hand and tightened my grip. She squealed as I had just broken it, and yanked it out of my grasp, which would have hurt her even more.

"Told ya, she's dangerous, look what she did." She lifted her hand, and I couldn't even see any red marks on it. What was she showing?

"What's going on here?" Sticks called out as she approached us.

"That," pointing at me.

"Her." Turning to look at Sticks with tears in her eyes.

"She's dangerous." She screamed out loudly. Gaining attention for anyone within earshot.

"Maxi Max?" Sticks asked, in surprise, turning to me, for clarification.

“That bi,tch hurt me.” She continued offering her hand, which she had been squeezing as evidence.

“Max?” Cricket asked, coming to speak with me.

I explained what happened and backed away, not wanting to be anywhere near the group; trouble was brewing.

“First of all, you are not one of ours. What are you doing over here, trying to stir up trouble where there ain’t any. Secondly, squeezing your own hand to make it red doesn’t look good for you. Now, Piss off.” Sticks said and pushed the woman away; two others left with her.

“Well?” Stick asked the group, which was ours.

I don’t know what was being said, but Sticks turned red, looked over at me, and stormed off towards the group of men and away from me. When she reached them, she was animated, had her arms flying in the air, as she explained something. I don’t know what, but it annoyed all the men.

I moved to stay by the bike, sitting next to it, my back against it, and put on the video from this morning to see what the fuss was about. I scrutinized it like a training session, where my feet were, how fast I reacted, and whether there was anything I could have done differently. I have to admit, considering I blanked out part of the fight, because I had gone to a different place and time for a part of it, I think I did reasonably well; my muscle memory held it together.

Sighing, I thought. I hope one day I will no longer have blank moments, even if it’s only for a second or two; that brief blackout could be costly. I have been working hard to get past them, but triggers are still setting them off: a smell, a word, a familiar situation.

I watched the video a few times before Tank arrived and sat beside me.

He looked at what I was watching on my phone and put his arms around my shoulder.

“You did well; it shows what you can do under stress. I am proud of you.” Tanks deep voice rumbled, the words I needed to hear, like a thirsty woman being given water. I soaked them up, and it appeased my worry a little.

He gets me. I rested my head on his chest and let the video run once more.

“There, see that, you acted without hesitation, and that sound of bone breaking? Perfect. Did you hurt your knee? I forgot to ask?” He said, rubbing my leg where he thought it might have been hurt.

“Nope, not even red.” I smiled back.

“Might want to visit the bathroom, we’re leaving in half an hour, when the last few have packed up,” Tank said casually, but didn’t remove his arm.

“Okay, was this my fault, like they are saying?” I asked tentatively.

“Nope, nothing to do with you at all, that woman was from the Jones gang, here to cause trouble, just like those guys were, they aren’t club members, but wannabes and took the chance to stir trouble to get into their good books,” Tank replied, giving me enough information but not a lot, I was happy to get what I got.

Tank kissed my hair, and got up, turned to give me a hand, when four guys came out of behind the trees nearby, heading straight for us. I stood up and turned, ready to fight if need

“Tank, is that her?” One of the guys asked, nodding at me.

“Yep, my pride and joy.” He said with his eyes sparkling, a grin from ear to ear. I relaxed a bit, no longer in fight mode.

“Girl, that’s one mean job you did on the Prez bike. Are you open for business?” He looked at me, hopeful.

“Ask Prez, he got a running list of bikes he has me working on,” I replied, unsure what was going on, other than they love my paint job on his bike. I have no clue who these guys were; I am not up to date with all the bike patches.

“Fuck, yeah. He would have a list, and I don’t see work like that very often. You draw it too?” he asked, the other guys listening, but not speaking yet.

“Yes.” I looked at Tank, confused. I thought we were leaving because of tension, but this wasn’t what I was expecting.

“Will talk to Prez, he’s got to put me on that list, if I give you an idea what I want, you can draw it?” I glanced at his cut; it said his name was Squog.

“Sure, get in touch with Prez, maybe I can draw something and send it to you.” I shrugged. It wouldn’t make any difference to me whose bike I was working on.

“Will do. Safe trip home now. Don’t want to lose that talent,” he waved as he walked away, his buddies close beside him.

“Back soon, bathroom,” I said and started to leave. Tank stepped in beside me. I didn’t question it; I thought he was going to do the same as me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 53[1,514 words]

Tank POV

I reached the guys, and together we moved a bit away from our tents and met with other clubs. Their Presidents and VPS came to talk with us.

“The weekend meet is closing. As of now, all events are off.” One of the Presidents said.

“What gives?” Another asked softly, keeping their voices low.

“Jones gang, been giving us all trouble, I hear your club coped with it recently too, they’ve been on a drug frenzy, and killing spree.” He replied, as if that was enough to close early.

“Yes, we had a run-in recently. What’s the rest?” Prez asked the question on our lips.

“The girls squealed. When we put the pressure on, they headed this way. They should arrive at dusk, with guns a blazing. Best none of us be here, for that, and keep scouts out for a while. They are out for blood; we are all targets.” His VP answered.

“What started it? This time.” I asked, knowing that it was over some broad the Prez liked that belonged to someone else, the last time.

“You know Pixie?” VP asked, looking around the group as many heads nodded.

“Who doesn’t?” Bruiser answered with disgust.

“She was just killed. Her body was found cut into pieces; however, word is she had some nasty things to say before she died, all lies, but they believe her. We don’t know the whole story, but she had implicated a few clubs in her web of lies, and now we are all on alert. We had thought that now she was dead, things would be over, that was, until we questioned those women. It’s only the beginning. They are out for blood, anyone’s blood, and your woman was mentioned a few times, Tank. Pixie hated her. Any clue why? From what I have seen and heard, she can hold her own and is very talented. What she did on the Prez’s bike was a masterpiece. Talent like that is rare.”

“She disciplined her, was getting out of hand, also came on to me, and well, let’s say my little lady didn’t like that much.” I chuckled at the memory of the kitchen moment.

“Disciplined?”

“Yeah, she’s like Bruiser, but for the girls, many of us aren’t keen on slapping girls around, and if one steps out of line, that requires a heavy hand, she will dish it out. Our vision of Sergeant-at-arms, girls’ version.” Prez added with a smile.

“Wow, got to find a woman like that for myself.” We chuckled.

“Good luck, I think they threw the mould away when she was made,” I said with a smile.

“We shut up shop and catch up later. This was a bust for day one; it wasn’t a couple’s weekend any of us planned.”

We chuckled and talked about moving forward, plans to help out, if called, we are a close-knit group for the most part, we have our own rules, but no agro between us, so far we have each other’s backs, some are like us, practically own the town they are in, and help out the committee the best we can.

“Right, we need to be gone. Most of us will be riding most of the night. Be careful out there, especially if you are going near or past Jones’ turf.”

We broke up, and Prez, Bruiser, and I got our heads together.

“Instead of heading straight home, how about we take the longer route, and stay at Mints Inn, for the night, so that we avoid going in the direction of Jones’ turf, and it would be good to catch up with them again. Bruiser calls the places we would not be going to, let them know, so they don’t start cooking food for us, and we do not show up.” We broke up after Prez gave us orders, and I headed off to find Max.

She was sitting leaning against my bike, I pulled out my phone and took a picture, it was too good an opportunity to miss.

It tore into me that she thought all this was because of her. What did Max’s family do to her for her to accept blame so easily?

She looked confused when men approached us. I saw her tense up and was ready to fight. It warmed my heart.

I walked beside her to the bathroom, and let her enter the bathroom alone, but made sure I kept the door entrance in view, while I peed on the wet sacks. I moved to stand by the door, listening. There were no sounds of a struggle or fighting, so I rested my back and left leg against the wall, watching the tents be dismantled and the place emptying. I don’t know what happened to the girls or guys, other than being questioned, but by the sounds of it, they were roughed up. Where’d they go after that? Don’t know and don’t care.

Max came out, and I pushed off the wall, pulled her to me, and walked back to the bikes, our area now completely dismantled and ready to move out. Bikes and vehicles were started. Prez took the lead, Bruiser followed, and I would start at the rear, making sure we all left. I walked

around making sure nothing was left behind, and no one I knew was still here. Our spot was empty and clean.

I climbed on my bike, started it, put on my lid, as the bike warmed up, and signaled for Max to climb on. When I had finished getting ready, she had thrown her leg over and snuggled in behind me. I took off, slow at first, and once out of the gate, picked up speed. It didn't take me long to catch up to the end of our club members. I stayed at the back till we hit the main road, then took off to catch up to the front. Prez kept us within the speed limit until I reached him, and then he opened the throttle.

Tunes started to belt through our headphones, and Max sang softly with the songs.

I kept my eyes open, looking around the area, even the truck stop, even the parking bay, for any signs of trouble. It was stressful for me, and I was worried about what could be waiting for us. But it was lower than it could have been if Max hadn't been singing; she kept me calm and focused without even knowing she was doing it.

She wiggled a bit, then moved forward.

"Open wide." She purred, sultry. I got a semi from her tone.

I opened my mouth, and one of her tasty treats found its way in. I crunched into the fruit-and-nut mix, enjoying its flavor. I thought she had run out.

"Where'd you have them hidden?" I asked once I swallowed the mouthful.

"Made some and packed them in the bag that went in the van." She giggled and offered me another one.

"If I had known you had more, I would have harassed you to bring them out last night."

"Nope, they're travelling food, not bed snacks." She retorted.

"I would have gotten them eventually," I argued.

"Nope." She was adamant, I wouldn't have gotten them.

"I would tickle you till you caved." I joked back, not having a clue whether she was ticklish.

"No, that's not fair, you wouldn't, would you?" She played along.

"You're holding food to ransom, of course I would." I watched the parking bay closely, as we flew past, and noticed most of us did the same. Until we are far away from Jones' turf, will I stop being paranoid?

“What are you looking for?” Max asked. She noticed. Of course, she would; that’s why she’s so good at what she does. Her Grandpa trained her well.

“Jones,” I replied, not trying to hide it from her. There was only so much I could tell her; our women don’t get involved in this side of the gang business, no need to worry them unnecessarily.

Max, being Max, didn’t ask any further.

When we rode past the next parking bay, I noticed her in my mirrors; she was looking too, but not just the bay, but across the road.

“Why across the road?” I asked her, not hiding that I’d noticed her checking the place out.

“Might hide bike in parking bay, or have them in plain sight, but put shooters across the road, get you from both sides, one shooting as you come, the other at any, that make it through, so no cross shooting, and get more that way.” I hadn’t thought of that, and she was right.

Of course, she’s right

We rode through three more towns, before we started to relax, we had gone a different way than what the gang would have expected, if they even knew we had left early, we were more worried we’d come across them while we were on the road, heading our way, but at least now, we are not that far from our stop for the night.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 54[1,525 words]

Maxine POV

Tank nodded for me to get on the bike, and I watched him fiddle with his lid and jacket before I climbed on. He had something on his mind and was distracted. I didn’t expect him to share; it doesn’t work that way. We get told only what we need to hear, and sometimes it can be frustrating; other times, I am grateful for not knowing.

We started slow, Tank’s head looking around, like he was expecting or looking for something or someone.

I could feel the tension radiating off of him, and there was absolutely nothing I could do that I could think of.

We hit the main road, and we made it up to Prez. They nodded to each other, a silent communication, and that was when the music started. They felt Tank relax a little and settle in for the ride. I noticed them looking at each area that you can pull over and park, and I knew they were watching for danger.

Tank didn't try to deny what I had observed, and listened to me when I had an opinion. He gave me as much as he thought I needed to know, and reached into his pocket, and soon the music started. I guess he didn't want to talk or was after a distraction, knowing he could tell me little.

A song I liked came on, and I started to sing softly, trying to relax and enjoy the ride. I pulled my bag around, grabbed a snack, and leaned forward to feed Tank. I could feel him chuckling as he ate, telling him to open up suggestively.

It broke some tension, and the ride improved.

Don't get me wrong, we still checked around us, more than usual on a ride.

Tank joined in with a couple of songs, and the ride became more pleasurable, as the tension reduced, the further away from the campsite we were. The terrain was mainly farmland. It was early spring, and the farmers' fields had green growth of whatever they had planted, making the area look lush. Some fields looked like canola, a crop that had become popular among farmers over wheat, oats, and barley. The call for canola had grown over the years, and farmers adapted quickly to the changing trends and environment, scrambling for better ways to utilise the resources they had. I wouldn't want to be a farmer, relying on the weather to give a good yield, and not get rain near harvest, or fires. That can make or break many farmers. I feel for them. They work backbreaking all year, and to have nature wipe it all out, I couldn't do it.

"We will refuel soon, then another two hours to the town, where we will be camping, and grab what you can to eat. Once the boys get to this town, they won't have any fast food left." He chuckled, this poor town, about to get inundated, and hectic cooking.

At the fuel stop, the place was large enough to have a reasonable-sized fast-food outlet. The moment Tank stopped, I was off and rushing into the shop. I grabbed as much cooked food as I thought Tank would eat and four coffees, loading my bag with food and carrying the coffees out on a small cardboard tray. Pushed my way back outside.

I walked over to a shady area and sat under a tree, watching and waiting for Tank to finish and pay.

He had nodded when he saw me come out carrying coffee, raising his eyebrows at me, because he couldn't see food. I laughed to myself at his expression. He pushed his bike over to where I was seated, kicked the side stand, and sat beside me.

I handed him a steak burger, with the lot, and he unwrapped the side, and took a large bite, moaning in pleasure.

When I finished, I handed him a second one, and he devoured that one just as fast. He ate the two before I had finished one. I gave him a third one. As he took it, he tried to lean over to look in my bag, but I moved it away.

"No Peeking." I cheekily said, closing the top of the bag, with my hand holding it shut.

“Did you buy the whole shop?” He asked, but that didn’t stop him from finishing that one as I finished my first.

I handed him a fourth burger and pulled out the bucket of hot chips, smothered in vinegar and chicken salt.

“You did buy the whole shop.” He said cheerfully and took a handful of chips, ate them before starting his burger.

He took one of the coffees, and downed it in one go.

“Isn’t that hot?” I asked, sipping mine and finding it too hot to swallow, like he had his.

“Nope.” He reached for a second coffee and drank half before finishing off his burger and the fries.

I finished the second coffee and sat back against the tree.

Giggling, I pulled out a bag and handed it to him.

He opened it and looked in.

“You know me too well,” and then pulled one of the four sausages from the bag and handed it to me.

“Oh, you are going to share?” I pretended to be surprised at his generous offer.

“What? You don’t want it?” and pulled it away from me and bit into it.

“Are you going to share?” I asked, with a pout. My bottom lip pushed out.

“If I must.” He said as he dug into the bag for another one.

“Nope, don’t need to share.” I pulled out another bag.

He watched me as I pulled out a chicken strip and took a bite.

“What? Hey! Wanna swap?” I chuckled and handed him the bag.

“You can have the rest, I am full.” Handing over the chicken strip and another bucket of chips.

“Is that all? Are you done? Was there anything left in the Bain Maries?” He asked incredulously what I had stored in my bag.

“You said you were hungry, and I have seen what you can eat, and anything you couldn’t finish would have been good to feed you on the trip. But you have managed to eat all that I had brought.” I said softly.

“The guys were going to the bakery, chip shop, even the mini supermarket, to see what they could buy, poor town, we most likely gave them a month’s income today.”

“What about the place we won’t be returning to?”

“Already notified, change of plans, not the first time and not the last, they’ll be fine.” He had finished the chips and chicken strips and the second coffee and was on the third. I gathered the rubbish and put it all in one paper bag, ready for the bin, once Tank finished his last coffee.

“Thanks for the food and coffee.” He handed me the empty cup, and I headed to the bin.

On my way back, I noticed Tank looking inside my bag.

“Find anything you like?” I asked as I got closer.

Tank looked, his face covered in guilt; he couldn’t hide.

“More treats for the road? You appear to have a bottomless supply of them.” He said, and put my bag down.

“What, you want them now? I was going to save them for the trip tomorrow, that’s why I filled you up now.” I gave him an innocent look. I did have more in the van, but I wasn’t going to tell him that. It was fun teasing him.

I sat next to him and checked my bag to make sure it was all closed up inside and wouldn’t spill when I tried to grab stuff out while on the bike.

“Tomorrow? I have to wait until tomorrow? Can I get a taste on our way to the hotel?” Tank teased back, with a pleading look, like he hadn’t just eaten four burgers, sausages, chicken strips, and chips. That man had a bottomless pit as a stomach, or hollow legs.

“They are so tasty. You know you could sell them. They are moreish.” That man, I will have to make double on our next run.

Next run?

Was I already planning to do this again?

Like, be on the back of his bike?

Again?

Not ride?

What happened to me?

I loved being in control and being the rider.

Would he let me be the rider and he be on the back?

Could he fit on the back?

I bet he would be a terrible pillion passenger.

I think I am losing my mind.

What am I thinking?

“It’s time,” Tank said, pulling me out of my musing.

I accepted his hand, and he gently tugged, helping me to my feet. I brushed my jeans, ridding myself of the dirt, and threw the backpack over my shoulder. Put on my lid and zipped up my jacket, while Tank started the bike and got himself ready.

He patted the back of the bike, inviting me to climb on, a smirk on his face, as if he was reading my mind.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 55[1,518 words]

Tank POV

I couldn’t believe all the food she pulled out of her bag. It just kept coming out of her bag, like it was a bottomless pit of food source.

I was starving, although I had a good breakfast, Max made sure of that; it was late in the day for lunch, but there was little we could do about that, we were already low flying over the land, not all our riders have the ability to do the speeds some of us can reach, not that they don’t want to, their bikes don’t have the capacity to get the higher speeds, especially with two up.

Max brought just the perfect amount of food, and I liked that she got a variety. The burgers weren’t overly large, and they didn’t take much to devour. They were made with paper-thin meat, just enough to say it was meat inside, and the lot was adding cheese and egg. If they were a good-sized chunks of beef, I wouldn’t have been able to eat all three. The chicken strips were no bigger than my little finger, two bites, and they were gone.

I think I will pay for three coffees later. Might have to stop on the side of the road and water the horse. Ha ha, what a saying, “water the horse.” Point the hose at the porcelain, and have a slash. I could think of a lot of ways to say, I am having a piss.

As Max threw away the rubbish, I pulled open her bag, trying to see what else she had in there. She appeared to be able to pull things out of her magic bag constantly. But she caught me and made it fun being caught.

I received the nod from Bruiser, it was time to leave.

Max was up and getting ready the moment I said it was time. She was quick, efficient, and was a joy to be around, no complaints, no hassles. I didn’t know there were girls out there who didn’t need you to give them attention all the time; it was a refreshing change from those who drag you down. I couldn’t help but give her a smirk as I patted the back seat of the bike. I wanted her arms around me, hugging me, knowing she was right there holding me. I will take what I can get; something tells me I am more in need of her company than she was of me, talk about role reversals.

Max snuggled in, watching all the club bikes leave, did a sweep around the area, making sure everyone was gone, and nothing was left behind. Then, I took off after them. I had always done this, for as long as I have been riding. It was a habit I started after I noticed someone had bike trouble. I saw, stopped to help, and since then, I do a sweep to make sure no one needs help.

Being raised to VP hasn’t stopped me from continuing to do so.

It was an excellent afternoon for riding; I was soon back near the front of the pack. Bruiser gave me a nod, then he took the position next to Prez. The three of us could talk to each other if we wanted to. A button on my device can switch from talking to Max to talking to them. It flashes red when they want to talk, and I push the button and reconnect to them, like now, they want me to listen in.

“Tonight, we are going to have to set some guards, groups of five, two-hour rotations.” Prez was saying, the Jones gang has lost the plot, the police want them for several illegal activities, including murder, drugs, guns, and rape. They have been sloppy and the evidence trail, can’t be denied, it’s the innocent ones, that were not part of their rampage, that I feel for, not everyone signed up for what they turned to, in a very short time, it would take time and a lot of work for Jones gang to get back to the reputation they had, before all hell broke loose. Trust doesn’t come back overnight; once broken, some might never trust them again.

“I will get a roster set up,” Bruiser replied. He was good at this part; that’s why he was one of the best enforcers around. He changed a lot of our systems, improving clubhouse security, making our club land safer, and increasing the number of houses being built on it.

“Tank, I am not opposed to you having Max join you on your two-hour turn; she can fight, just keep your mind on the job, and not the woman,” Prez said, surprising me a little. Our ladies don’t get involved like that.

“You sure?” Bruiser questioned him, and I didn’t take offence, understanding that it was a complete shift from our club’s protocols, set by his grandfather years ago.

“Max isn’t like the other ladies, and until you fill her with child, she can fight. No one will expect to see a woman on patrol, and we can use that to our advantage.” His tone said he wasn’t going to budge on this; his mind was made up.

“Will talk to Max, make sure she’s on board with that, I won’t force her,” I replied softly, hoping Max was too invested in the music to hear me talking.

“Fair enough.” The subject went back to other things we need to do, when we get home, calling in all club members to be on the club grounds. We have no idea how long we need to be extra vigilant; many Jones members are extra nasty and would gut you if they get a chance, because you wear our colours. All clubs had been on alert since this morning, after we left the camping grounds. Our club was one of the four targeted. Prez believes it’s because we are close, like a few towns away. Any club within four or five towns of theirs has had trouble in recent months.

The sun set, the lights on bikes lit up the roads ahead, and the ride changed. Night riding brought a different kind of danger. During the day, you can see enough to avoid danger from wild animals, and they tend to stay away from the road. At night, they come to the road for water and roadkill, which might be there, or are just crossing the road. The noise of so many bikes usually has them fleeing, but occasionally, you get a brave few that dart across in front of you, or don’t leave their meal.

The town arrived, and we skirted slowly around to the hotel, the car park was large and only a few cars in it, we had permission to set up tents for those not taking a room, as there weren’t enough rooms for us all, and personally, other than using the bathroom, I am more than happy to bunk down in a sleeping back outside under the stars, the weather was perfect, the skies clear, and a full moon.

Max helped me gather our bedrolls from the van and set up a place to sleep for the night. She was not against sleeping out in the night air.

Sticks called out that the food was ready, not long after we had set up where we were going to sleep. We entered the dining hall and saw a full roast spread waiting for us to dig in. I had just grabbed a plate when we heard a sick-sounding bike arriving late.

Max shoved her plate at me.

“Get me something, I’m gonna check on that bike.” Before I had a chance to argue, she was headed to the door, the eyes of the clan members watching her leave, until her back disappeared through the door. I had no choice but to comply, grabbing two plates piled high, a knife and forks, in my back pocket, along with two bottles of water, since I had no hands left to carry the cups of coffee.

“I will bring out some coffee later.” Cricket said as I turned to leave, eyeing the coffee pot with longing.

I nodded, smiled my thanks, and headed out to find Max.

She was under a car park light, on her knees before the bike, her toolkit spread out beside her, as she worked on it. The owner hovered close by, giving her what information he could.

“Dags, go get something to eat. I am going to have Max eat hers before continuing on the bike.” Dags nodded and left.

“Eat,” I said softly and moved to sit against the light pole.

“Sure, I want it to cool before I play with it, just wanted to get information and tools ready.” I was glad she didn’t argue with me and came to sit beside me, taking the plate I offered her.

“This looks good, thanks.” She said before pushing a baked potato into her mouth and gave a soft groan, a sound that went straight to my groin.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 56[1,671 words]

Max POV

I could hear Tank’s voice talking when there was a break in the music, and I pushed his voice away, concentrating on the next song. I guessed that he would be talking about business, and listening felt wrong; they had a lot to go over before we arrived at the stop for the night.

The nights for me are fun.

I loved night riding and the surprises.

A lot of things can happen.

The only part I don’t like is the bugs that come out at sunset. We had ridden through a swarm of gnats; my visor got covered in the bugs, and I bet Tank’s were far worse. He had an open face, and his glasses would have gotten covered in them. I have a helmet with a pull-down clear visor. The visor doesn’t close me in and makes me feel suffocated, and I don’t like the wind burn, so this was Grandpa’s idea of a compromise.

Lights from farmhouses and sheds became more frequent before the town welcome sign flashed by. Then we slowed for the town, avoiding the center, and made our way to one of three hotels. This town was on the larger side, with three good-sized hotels.

“You okay with camping under the stars?” Tank asked, looking unsure. We hadn’t talked about where we would sleep when we arrived; it was too late to think about setting up a tent.

“Of course, we are roughing it; a hotel room is not exactly camping. As long as I can get a shower later, I am on board.” I replied, and together we found a nice place and would camp beside the bike, using it for some protection.

We were in line to get food when I heard the bike. I tilted my head for a while, listening to it getting closer.

“Sick bike.” I pushed my plate at him and moved towards the growing sound. I ran to the van and pulled out my tool kit. I never go anywhere without a toolkit, and since we have this van, I brought more than usual.

“Park it under some light,” I called out, pointing to the brightest lighting they had in the parking lot, and walked over to the bike as he kicked out the sidestand. A girl climbed off the back of the bike the moment he stopped the bike and raced inside. I gather he wasn’t the most tolerant out on the road when it started to break down. The girl didn’t look very happy.

“What are you gonna do, girl?” He snarled at me, but I ignored his manner, knowing he was most likely hot, hungry, and frustrated, and a girl isn’t usually the mechanic.

“When did it start? What does it sound like?” I pushed as I squatted down and unrolled my toolkit. He eyed the kit and me for a while before he answered, reluctantly.

“It started, sounding like I was out of fuel, and slowly got worse.” He said as he removed his lid, standing at the back of his bike, watching what I was doing.

“Wow, nice kit,” he said, after I didn’t ask any more questions, and came closer to look at what I had spread out. His tone improved at the sight of the tools.

“Dags, go get something to eat. I am going to have Max eat hers before continuing on the bike.” Tank’s voice rang out to Dags, okay, that’s his name, I thought, who nodded to Tank and left, and I thought about the bike; it was too hot to handle right now, so I might as well eat while it cools enough for me to work on it.

“Sounds like fuel blockage, maybe picked up some dirty fuel,” I answered the question on Tank’s lips, even though he didn’t voice it.

“We are posting guards tonight. Want to join me on my turn?” He asked, I stopped my fork halfway to my mouth, and turned to look at him in shock. He was being serious, his face grim.

“I hear ya, I will be a while here, gonna, remove the spark plugs and check them before I get to work on the carbi, and hunt for problems, his might have used reserve for the first time in a while, and got some dirt in there, it a good thing to use the reserve every now and then, helps avoid this kind of thing, refreshes the fuel in that side of the tank, in this sort of bike,” I replied,

avoiding answering his question, because I don't know how long I will be working on the bike; it could be a quick fix, or something that will take a few hours.

My plate is empty. Tank took it from me.

"Go work on the bike. I can see you are itching to get your hands dirty. I'll bring out coffee." Tank left and moved to the bike.

I removed the seat and disconnected the power before removing the plugs. They were clogged up, but I didn't think they were the main issue. I gave them a clean with a small wire brush and set them with a gauge, before placing them back into the engine. I looked around for a bottle or something to catch fuel. I wanted to see the flow. I found a container and got to work. Checked the fuel line, then got to work on the carburettor. This was going to be a while.

Tank brought out a coffee, and I sat back, taking it from him, thankful.

"Gonna be a while, that okay?" I asked as I took a sip of the hot coffee.

"Sure, I told Bruiser I would take first shift, gonna be here for you, so might as well do a circuit, work out where the holes are." Tank stayed for a bit longer, finishing his coffee, before moving away with Bruiser to talk about the security for the night, or something like that. I heard a bit of what they said, but tuned it out, as I got stuck into the bike again.

A while later, I had the carburettor off and checked the jets, and general clean up, it was filthy, don't think the bike had been serviced in a while.

I was in my zone.

My passion for motorbikes and the lessons Grandpa taught me were why I loved doing this. When I am working on a bike, I am remembering him, my Grandpa, and the happier times we spent together, me listening and learning, and he teaching me his passion and growing that passion in me; it was more than just fixing a bike for me. It was my happy place, where I was untouchable; no one can take those happy memories away from me. These inanimate objects might test me, but never hurt me, not inside. I might cut myself or burn myself, and in a way that was teaching me to be more careful, but these machines would never break me emotionally. Only people can do that, and I am working on my demons slowly, trying to erase the bad memories that surface when I least expect them.

"Hey, how's the bike going?" Dags was back, beer in hand.

"When was the last time you had this bike serviced?" I snapped back, not looking up.

Laughter erupted behind me.

"Told you, man, you needed to give it a service." A voice said, and more chimed in, razzing him for not caring for his bike. I thought all bike riders took care of their bikes, but I guess some

don't have the same respect. It was their wheels and freedom. But love and care, I don't think it has even been washed in ages.

I started to put it all back together, having worked on it for a couple of hours, and more had come out to set up tents or lay out their swags for the night. Tank had walked past me a few times on his rounds with Bruiser and Prez. Leaving me in peace to do what was needed.

"Can I unload my bike? I need the swag." He asked tentatively, his woman close by him, sneering at the grease on my hands.

"Sure." I waited for him to take what he needed and continued to work on the bike.

I pulled the throttle a few times and turned the key; it started, coughed, and stopped. It did this two more times before it let out a loud pop, and it purred to life, idling a little low. I tinkered with the idle until I was happy with the RPM and let the bike warm up.

"Dags, take it for a spin, will ya?" I didn't want to take off on it; better the owner does, he knows the bike's quirks better than I do.

Dags did as I asked and took off. Others stopped to watch him go and listened to the engine disappear and later return. To me, it needs a good service, but it was enough to get him home.

While he was gone, I cleaned my tools and slid them back into the pouches, rolled them up, and took them back to the van.

"Sounds a lot better, need a shower?" Tank said as he pulled me to him, kissing my forehead and holding me to him. His hands slid into my jeans' back pockets.

"Yeah." Tank let me go, and I grabbed a bag that held a change of clothes, which I was grateful I had packed. I almost didn't. Tank let me into one of the ground-floor rooms and knocked. Sticks opened the door, took one look at me, beamed a megawatt smile, and moved aside for me to enter.

She put her hand on Tank's chest, stopping him from entering.

"Alone, I don't need to hear the two of you in my bathroom." I chuckled, rolling my eyes. After hearing her go at it last night, that comment made it funny.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 57[1,482 words]

Tank POV

As I walked back into the dining hall, talk of what Max was doing was active, eyes tracked my movements, several here hadn't known that Max was a mechanic, or if they had heard that she was, they didn't believe it, and thought that the club was just being friendly to her. They had seen Prez's paint job and thought her painting was what they meant, not the physical job. The debate was about her, some said she was great, while others were doubtful, having never seen her in action.

Seeing was believing, I guess.

"Tank, will she have my bike back on the road tonight?" Dags asked, coming to me, excitedly. Often, we try to fix the bikes ourselves if Mike or one of his apprentices were not on the trip, and today none were. Max was here, and she didn't hesitate to rush out to the bike when she heard it approaching. She had heard the bike long before I heard what she was listening to.

"Yep. As long as your bike doesn't need parts, then you will be fine," I replied with confidence, even if it took her all night.

Max was knee deep in the repairs of the bike, and I pulled her attention away long enough to give her a coffee.

"Thanks, someone needs to talk to your young ones about maintenance. If he had it serviced, he wouldn't have broken down. I have seen you guys, most working to make sure the bike was in good condition for the trip, but some?" She left the comment hanging, but I got the message. This was neglect, and preventable; it happens more often than I would like to admit.

She finished her coffee, and I gave her a quick rundown of what might happen tonight. I was doing the first shift. Still, I might do another later, depending on how Max was by the time she had finished the bike. These things happen from time to time, and Dags should be grateful that Max was on this run, or his bike would have been unceremoniously shipped back home and his ride done. He would have to ride the way home in the van if there was room. Listening to his woman bit.ch all the way home.

Max went back to the bike after I forced a break on her. She still didn't complain and accepted it, for what it was, a coffee break and a chance to think.

Bruiser and I completed a few rounds of the perimeter we had mapped out and the areas that needed extra attention. On our fourth round, Prez joined us, and we walked it twice more, so he could see what we needed to.

"Have everyone away from this area. Place a few light sensors here; it might startle them." Prez was good, thinking all the time. We all have our little specialty, and his was to think outside the box.

Prez left Bruiser and me, heading to Sticks. She won't admit it, but she's finding this ride hard; Sticks was still having morning sickness, which is making the trip harder for both of them; they're trying to hide it, not dampen the mood for others. But I can see it, and I bet others can

too. Max had nudged me to look at Stick just this morning, and I could see her pale, as if she had just chucked. I felt bad for her, but good ole Sticks kept acting happy and chirpy. Helped pack up and do her part.

Bruiser left me to do another walk around the area while he sorted the guys for security detail.

The bike roared to life, then sputtered to a stop. She fiddled some more until it stayed idling, then continued working on the bike before asking Dags to run it. I headed over towards her while she cleaned and packed away her tools, and as I passed by, I heard some of the guys talking about her, and their conversations were all glowing; some were glad to know they had a mechanic on the run, which helped ease the worry about breaking down.

“Done?” I asked her.

“Yeah, need to put my tools in the van.” She looked beat.

I led her to Sticks’ room, where she had her bag of clothes to get changed into. The last thing I had expected was for Sticks to stop me from entering, saying she didn’t want to hear us together in the shower. WTF? So she can have her fun, and scream down the tent, and most likely all of the campsite heard her, but doesn’t want to hear me having fun? Where’s the justice in that?

I heard Max giggling as the door closed, and I leaned against the wall and waited for her to come out.

“Tank, can you do a morning run, say four o’clock?” Bruiser asked, coming to lean against the wall with me.

“Yeah, I can do that. How are the club members doing? No complaints?” I had expected a few not wanting to do guard duty.

“Just the usual crowd, they’re already on their way to being drunk, they’re useless anyway. I feel they do this far too often for my liking. We need to bring it up at our next meeting; it’s unacceptable.” I nodded, not needing to voice my thoughts; they would be the same as his.

“Max lifted the morale of the group, so many were skeptical. Roadside repairs are a skill all of their own. That she was out the door before any of us could react was amazing.”

“She heard the bike before I did.”

“Yeah?”

“Humm, her grandpa taught her a lot, she was telling me a bit about it, as she explained what all the different equipment was in the shed, that she had set up, and how she can use them. She said her Grandpa would set the engines up and have her work out what was wrong with them.”

“He did us a favor, teaching her like that.” I nodded, because what could you say, he was a fantastic man, from what I had learned from Max.

“Do you have Dags on shift?” I asked as I watched him glow over his bike repairs for his mates, his woman smiling again.

“Yep, he will have the two o’clock turn, give him a chance to get some sleep; he looked exhausted from the stress of the breakdown and the cracking partner.” I chuckled that the woman had stormed off; if it were possible, she would have had steam coming out of her ears.

“High maintenance that one,” Bruiser said, as we watched her flick her hair and make a show of buttoning up her shirt. I can’t see Dags keeping her around much longer, not after this weekend’s behaviour. He didn’t look too happy with her having her goods on show.

“Glad we don’t have girls like that, I think I would prefer to stay alone,” I said, being honest.

“Agreed, we found good ones.” I wouldn’t have expected him to say anything less. Cricket was a nice girl, and fitted in since day one, and being his ole lady, he’s not about to bag her.

“Going to get some shut eye, it’s you and me at four.” Bruiser left, heading to the room next door, which they had prioritized for those with ladies expecting. Then, who put their hands up first after that? All knowing that they have to share the bathrooms, if one of the guys needs a shower, they can’t say no.

The car park was starting to go quiet, and more and more people hit the sack; with guard duty, you needed to get sleep while you could. Max came out, smelling of apples, her hair shampoo was applescented, and her soaps. She smells so good, I want to eat her.

“We have the four o’clock shift,” I said as we walked to our bikes. I had set my phone alarm for quarter to, giving me time to get up and have a piss before relieving Dags.

Max sat by the swag, removed her boots, jeans, and shirt, and climbed into the swag, wearing underwear, a T-shirt, and socks. I chuckled when I saw Snoopy socks and underwear. I got to love that chick.

What?

Love?

I thought the L word.

Do I?

Or was it just a figure of speech?

I found I didn’t mind the word, never thought I would say it, let alone believe it.

I love Max.

Very much so.

In such a short time, I had tripped over and found a girl I care for very much.

Now, can I get up the courage to take it further than just in my head, and could I even bed her, like how long would she wait for us to be intimate?

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 58[1,469 words]

Maxine POV

The bike sounded okay as it left the car park, disappeared into the night, and returned. It should be fine making it home, but it seriously needs a good service.

After placing my tools away and grabbing my bag with a change of clothes, Tank took me to one of the rooms, and Sticks answered the door. She looked ragged, like all this had been too much for her.

“Hey Maxi Max, come, let’s get you cleaned up, no offence, you stink.” She had pushed Tank away, not letting him into the room.

I giggled all the way to the bathroom, where she gave me some clean towels. I cringed that they were white. Why do motels and hotels always use white?

Closing the bathroom door, I unzipped my bag, pulled out clean clothes, and set them on the toilet lid. Stripping down, I put my dirty clothes in a plastic bag, then placed that bag in my other bag. The shower was hot, and it didn’t take long for me to wash off the grease with special soap before using my apple soap for a fresher smell. Grandma taught me to use something like the apple scent, as it always smelled fresh.

I pulled out my underwear and giggled. I had Snoopy clothes. It was to be a joke, to catch Tank unawares, and maybe make him laugh, but I hadn’t expected to be out in the open when I wore them. Now there was no turning back, because my other clothes were still in the van. I had forgotten I had the Snoopy clothes in this bag.

Sticks looked terrible when I came out. She insisted I sit, and she dried my hair with the hotel-supplied hairdryer.

“Hey, chicklett, you okay?” I asked, sitting on the bed beside her, my hair dry enough now, and plaited it, looking at Sticks’ pale face as I did.

“The morning sickness doesn’t stay in the morning.” She groaned softly, and although she tried to laugh it off, I could tell she was suffering.

“Let me make you a tea that will soothe that tummy of yours.” I put on the kettle, and pulled out a small bag from the side pocket of this bag, it had ginger and a few other things in it, perfect for upset stomachs, my Grandma’s recipe, cures everything. Grandma used to say. I poured the tea and let it steep, the water turning a light brown as it permeated the leaves, releasing a soft aroma.

“Here, chicklett.” I handed her the tea, she blew on it a few times, and took a small sip, then another.

“I’ve got to go. Let me know how you feel. I can make more if you need.” I didn’t mention that I might be on night shift; girls weren’t supposed to do that sort of thing, but Tank said the Prez approved it, and I wouldn’t sleep whilst he was out there putting his life on the line, while I lay sleeping in a warm bed.

Tank was waiting for me by the door; it appears he had been watching and patiently waiting the whole time I was in the room. That man has so much patience. I had seen him interact with others; no matter how stupid the other person sounds, he listens and lets them have their say, gives his opinion if asked for, otherwise lets them vent. Some guy he dealt with the other day had me ready to punch his lights out, but not Tank; he calmed the guy down and made him feel that what he said was important. Which, of course, wasn’t that important; the guy completely lost the plot. In the end, he had patted him on the back, thanked him for his feedback, and sent him on his way with a big smile.

When Tank turned and saw I had seen everything that went down, he rolled his eyes at me, which made me giggle.

We walked to the bike, and I didn’t hesitate to strip down to my Snoopy underwear. I was getting better at being in my underwear around Tank and not hiding my body like I used to. My sister had shamed me so much that I felt self-conscious of my larger than she had boobs, but Tank had made me feel special, reminding me that, to him, I was perfect, well-proportioned, and my sister was just jealous. What he said made sense, but it didn’t take away the years of shaming and bullying. I am getting better with Tank’s help.

I climbed into the sleeping bag and adjusted the pillow. Tank climbed in, wearing his boxers, and lay on his back, staring up at the stars. Neither of us was ready to sleep yet, but we knew we had to get some, or we would be a wreck tomorrow. I snuggled in closer, my right leg over his left thigh, feeling the warmth of his body, my right hand on his chest, drawing circles in his hair, my head on his shoulder, his arm over my shoulder, drawing me in close, giving me a feeling of security and comfort. That I didn’t know I needed.

“Can you sleep? That alarm will go off sooner than you think.” He murmured, his other hand captured mine, drawing circles and entwining our fingers, stopping my hand from playing with his chest.

“I will try.” He kissed my hair, closed his eyes, and fell asleep fast, years of practice, I guess, learning to snatch sleep when you can. I don’t know how long I was awake for. I watched his face as it relaxed, and his mouth opened slightly, breathing through it. I closed my eyes, contented, enveloped in his arms and warmth. The hard ground wasn’t so hard, as I was almost lying on top of him.

The next thing I know, the sound of the gong, which starts the song “Hell’s Bells. by the ACDC, woke me, Tank’s alarm. He had that gong and beginning riff as his wake-up sound, on repeat, not the whole song, just the gong and first few bars. The first time I had heard it. I jumped a mile, at the sound, now I was adjusting to hearing it, and it does the job, wakes me up, and fast. Not that we have had to use an alarm that often, as we are both early risers and awake before the alarms.

Tank groaned and moved to grab his phone, to stop the sound, he didn’t have it on too loud, not wanting to wake anyone else, I moved off of him, as he moved, and sat up, stretching and let out a yawn, before grabbing my blouse, and shook it, before putting it on, then my jeans doing the same thing, lastly my boots, knocking them on the ground before sliding them on, who knows what found a home inside of them during the night.

“Are the main doors open for the bathroom?” I asked Tank as he got dressed, both of us working quickly and efficiently, like we had done this hundreds of times before.

“No, I will show you the toilet block, that’s never closed, has to have something for the travellers, beside the fuel stop.” Tank tucked me under his arm and walked me to the side of the hotel, the lights of the toilet block glowing a dull yellow, nothing too blinding in the night. He went in with me, checking it out, before leaving me to do my business, and I guess he went next door to do his.

I smiled as I sat to do my business.

Tank was so protective, it was a nice feeling inside to have someone who showed he cared. I didn’t have to ask him to do anything, or beg for his attention; he showed me in small ways how he felt, just like Grandpa and Grandma had said, when the right man comes along, you will see it in his actions. They were right, so far Tank was doing all the right things, and I liked it, it made me feel special, a feeling I had never had from a boyfriend before, that I was being put first.

I washed my face and looked at myself in the scratched, visitor-marked metal mirror. The face, looking back, was like a Picasso, broken and distorted, but the eyes that shone were bright, and the lips had a gentle smile. This was a new me. A better me, one that was starting to find peace, and I suddenly realized as I looked at that broken face, that I didn’t have a nightmare last night, I actually had a dreamless sleep, the first time in a lot of years, to not have any dreams.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 59[1,555 words]

Tank POV

Max snuggled into me, and playing with my chest, had my shaft growing. I grabbed her hand and entwined our hands, stopping her from causing my body to react. My groin doesn't know it wasn't a signal to grow, as lustful thoughts tried to invade my mind.

It was getting harder to resist, and at the same time, my fears of hurting her were a huge c**k-block. Half the time, I am positive she had no idea what she was doing to me. She was being herself, and that was more than enough for me. I didn't need her to sway her hips suggestively or bat her eyelids; having her in my arms and letting me help her where I can, even though she tries to be independent and strong most of the time.

The stars look so much brighter tonight, not a cloud in the sky, and voices of others, settling down for the night, floated on the air, tonight had no loud music, or rowdy guys, it was all business, having been warn to expect trouble, all the guys got the message, and would pitch in, even the ones that often thinks it was our jobs to keep them safe, now they were patch members, some were getting rude awakenings, it doesn't stop just because you wear a patch. We don't have prospects on this run. Everyone pitches in.

If it were any other night, and not one we have to be on guard, I would have enjoyed the stars, the soft voices, and the warm body next to mine.

While my mind was drifting through the considerable changes in my life, since Max walked in that workshop door at the clubhouse, sleep claimed me.

I woke to my alarm and quickly attempted to turn it off. Max was already getting dressed by the time my brain registered what I was doing. After getting dressed, I led Max to the bathroom, entering with her, pushing every door open, for my peace of mind, who knows if someone had managed to sneak in here. Satisfied, I gave her a quick kiss and left her to do what she needed to do.

I entered the men's side and did the same there, opening every door, before stopping at the urinal. I didn't want to risk being caught with my pants down; that would be embarrassing.

A quick wash, and I was outside the ladies', waiting for Max, looking around the area as I waited. I could see Dags, doing his round, looking tired, but still alert. It made me feel better knowing he took the task seriously. He might be lazy in some ways, but some training might fix that. I see something in him. As I watched him work, I was surprised he was alone. There were supposed to be five: two pairs walking the area and one standing guard, rotating the guard every time a pair came in.

By the time Max came out, I still had only seen Dags.

"Hey." Max gave me a soft kiss, searching my face. She must have seen my concern.

"Who forgot to get up?" She said, pinpointing my worry immediately.

“Don’t know, they might be somewhere else, won’t jump to conclusions.” Just as I was saying that, Bruiser arrived, heading to the bathroom.

“Morning, you two.” He said sleepily.

“Morning, go do, we will wait here.” Bruiser nodded and entered the bathroom, like a typical man. I heard the sounds of his wind, echoing loudly in the night.

“What’s going on? Anything to report?” Bruiser asked as we headed to where a guard should be standing.

“Only seen Dags doing the rounds,” I replied, as Dags came into view, heading towards us, as his shift was now over.

“Morning Dags, where are the others?” Bruiser asked politely.

“None came, done on my own, best I could, tried to wake up Scud, but he told me to Fk-Off, I wasn’t sure what to do, so I have been trying to do the area on my own, sorry.” He looked beat, poor guy.

“Go get some sleep. You did well, but next time, come wake me.” Bruiser patted his back.

“Wasn’t sure what room you were in, couldn’t go knocking on them all.”

“A text might have worked,” Max added softly.

“Brain wasn’t switched on enough for that logical thinking,” he shrugged.

“Could have woken me, I was outside. I would have got the lazy bums up.” I said, with him smiling at me as he thought of what I would have done.

“Go to bed, I am about to get some lazy shiets out of bed, and have them work this shift, not letting them sleep through the night and think it was alright.

We met up with the three guys on this shift, and Bruiser told them what happened and that four more would be on our shift. They left the three of them to do the circuit, and we went to help wake the lazy ones.

“Get the FUK up.” I kicked the legs on Scud and pulled him out of his bed.”

“What the Fuk? What do I do?” he screamed at me as he rushed to get to his feet.

“You missed your turn. Now get dressed and be at the meeting point in two minutes,” I growled at him.

We did that with the other three, taking turns dragging the lazy ones out of bed.

“Right, you three start the circuit, you with me, and Tank, can you and Max stay here and guard?” Bruiser had the four losers with him, and he would make them wish they had gotten up when they should have. When Prez hears about this, those guys will be treated like noms for the foreseeable future.

“I feel bad for Dags, he did the two hours alone, he most likely moved about faster so he could cover the area for the missing. I bet he was worried the whole time that something would go wrong while he was on duty. You need to do something nice for him.” Max said softly as we walked around our smaller area, looking out for trouble. So far, so good.

“I agree, he looked relieved to see us when we arrived, along with Bruiser,” I replied, wondering when the coffee would be available, because I could do with a coffee about now.

Half an hour later, Bruiser arrived back at our spot, handing us a coffee each.

“Those guys will be lucky if the Prez lets them keep the patch?” Bruiser said as he took a sip of his coffee.

“I was just saying that same thing, more along the lines that they will be noms for a while. Would he rip the patch off?” Max asked, and I frowned at the thought of what I would do if it were my decision.

“Can do, they broke trust, and told another patch member to Fuk-Off, when trying to wake him. That’s not going to sound good. I don’t blame Dags; he wouldn’t have known who the other two were on duty with them.”

The others reached us, and Bruiser waved them on. The three of us were on guard here, leaving the others to do the circuit. Bruiser was angry, very angry; he said he felt they had broken more than trust.

We stood watching the area, the others nodding as they passed us. We watched the night sky slowly change color, and the new dawn came. The shift change came, but we stayed standing on point; it wasn’t worth trying to find sleep.

“Max, go pack up, we’ve got it from here.” More were waking up, and those who put up a tent were pulling them down, the rest in swags were rolling them up, and securing them back on their bikes.

Prez came out, surprised to see us still standing here.

“Report.” He barked, having picked up on Bruiser’s anger, which still lingered.

By the time Bruiser had finished his report, the Prez was as worked up as Bruiser was, me? I had calmed down and was ready to start the day.

“Tank, what’re you reading on this?” Prez asked as I was about to leave and help Max.

“Strip the patch off Scud, make him earn it again. The others are to be treated like noms for a while too, they need to know they stuffed up, and be thankful, not kicked out completely.” I had thought of nothing else but what I would do if I were the one who had to deal out the punishment.

“Why?” he asked, and I think he was judging me. Was my VP online now?

“They broke a few rules, which under normal circumstances, might get them so dirty jobs, but all the lads know we are under threat from a gang that has lost their vision, and are out to hurt all bikers, plus we are out in the middle of bumfuk nowhere, and lastly at least one told a brother who was doing his job, to Fuk-off. No excuses will be tolerated.” I watched as Bruiser and Prez took in what I said, assessing my every word.

“Agreed, good job. Go help Max and pack up.” I breathed out a breath I hadn’t realised I was holding.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 60[1,486 words]

Max POV

I finished packing up our gear and put what I could in the van, and went in hunt for food, to top up my bag of treats, and water bottles, I found the breakfast bar was ready for us, and I grabbed what I could, topped up what I wanted, and headed out with a tray of food in hunt for Tank.

He was at the bike, tying down the few things I had left there.

“Hungry?” I called out as I approached him. He looked up with a huge grin and eyed the tray in my hands.

“You were reading my mind,” he finished what he was doing and came to join me. I was sitting on the ground, near the front of the bike. He tucked into the food, and it was not long before it was all gone.

“We are heading out in half an hour, do what you need, we’re going to ride through, only stopping for fuel once, no meal breaks,” Tank said. I am glad I stocked up on snacks. I returned the tray and made some bacon sandwiches. I am positive Tank wanted during our trip home; it was going to be hard and fast.

A quick trip to the toilet and I was back at the bike, getting my leather jacket on, and waiting for Tank. I watched as everyone rushed about, getting last-minute tasks done, yet I couldn’t see Tank, Bruiser, or Prez anywhere. Guess they were having another pow-wow.

Tank soon arrived and started his bike. He was focused, not the jovial man I had grown used to seeing; he was all business. I climbed on and sat still, my arms around his waist.

Prez took off, then some of the boys followed. Bruiser was about in the middle of the pack, and we were holding up the rear. This was different; the music came on, and I hummed along with it. It took about an hour of breakneck speeds before Tank said something that made my blood boil.

“They hit the club last night.” I had a lot of questions running through my mind, but I held my tongue.

Tank said no more, and it didn’t take long before we slowly made our way forward. Whether he was told to move up or not, we were moving fast. But we didn’t stop at the front. Tank flew by Prez and continued, like his tail was on fire.

We reached the fuel stop, and he did what he needed to do. I made a quick toilet break and climbed back on.

An hour later, my stomach grumbled, so I pulled out a bacon sandwich and held it out so Tank could see it. He took it, and I heard, “Thanks.” I ate one myself and then offered him the other, which disappeared just as fast. Then, I offered him a drink, he slowed briefly to eat and drink, and then he was back on the throttle.

We reached the outskirts of town, and rode through the broken gates, and to the clubhouse, where there were little fires where cars had been burnt, and windows smashed. Some guys came out to greet us, looking a little battered and bruised.

“Report,” Tank demanded once he was off the bike.

“Five in hospital, no deaths, on our side, a lot of wounded.” The guy went on to give Tank a full briefing, and for the first time, I got to see Tank do his thing. He got the guys organised, some to fix the gate, others to sort out the inside, and board up the broken windows. I went inside and found wounded lying on blankets on the floor, someone trying to treat them.

I grabbed the first-aid kit and got to work. I had someone take me to the worst of them, and I spent the next two hours bandaging and suturing men. No woman needed treating; they had been hidden away. I never thought I would need to do this; I hadn’t had to sew someone else up in years. Part of being part of the streets, you learned to give yourself first aid, and your friends, if you could call them friends. I had no real training; it was all self-taught, with a bit of help from my grandparents, too.

I looked up as the sounds of motorcycles arriving filled the air, all that needed my help had been seen, and I was in the middle of cleaning up the small area that I had called my treatment area. You required my help, you came and sat in one of the chairs, and waited for your turn. I had to get Tank to help me a couple of times, to hold someone down, while I treated them.

When the ladies walked in, expecting the worst, they were all shocked at the destruction that the rival gang had caused. Tank went with Prez and Bruiser, and a few other guys to the back, guess talk time. War had been declared, and we won't be taking it lying down.

"You looked shagged." Cricket said as she came to help me finish throwing away the dirty material, while others were making new bandages, and Sticks was taking inventory on what needed to be restocked. Others had been given chores and started dinner. The boys were hungry, having missed lunch and having ridden hard to get here. Everyone who could was working to get the clubhouse into order; others were sent to lie down somewhere quiet and get some rest.

"Go shower and change, you look like sheit," Cricket said when I sat down hard. I nodded and headed to our room, and was glad to see that they never made it upstairs, that all the fighting was on the ground floor and in the yard.

A quick shower, a change of clothes, and I descended the stairs to the smell of food. My stomach grumbled, and I was surprised that, after all that had just transpired, I could still eat.

"Max, office." I sighed and changed direction.

In the office was Tank, Prez, Bruiser, Stoner, Slug, and Zero, who had a black eye, his arm in a bandage, and a kind smile, because I had sewn him up earlier.

"Report," Prez demanded, and I frowned. Report what?

"The wounded," Tank said softly, but hadn't left Prez's side; he was on official business, but he tried to help me when he saw me struggling.

So, my report was on how many I treated, according to the guy keeping notes, and what the worst was. Who had been taken to the hospital and what their condition was, according to reports I had been given. I was no medic, but no one else had a clue how to sew up wounds; the people who would usually be the medic were on the couple's trip.

"Thank you. Dismissed." I looked at Tank and left, hunting the kitchen. This was my first time in a war zone, and to be honest, I didn't like it one bit.

In the kitchen, the girls were busy; a lot had been accomplished in a short space of time. Cricket came to me with a plate of food and a cup of coffee.

"Why don't you go to your room and eat, and get some rest? You have been one very busy, chicklett. I took the plate and coffee and trudged back upstairs. I hadn't yet investigated whether my workshop had been vandalized, and I didn't have the heart to go out and check.

I ate in silence, my mind rewinding the scene from when we arrived: the moans of pain, the words of thanks, when I started to sew up wounds and provide general first aid, the emotions turned off, the mind blank as I did what was needed.

But then suddenly, I wasn't here anymore, I was in another place and time, where the streets were at war. Many street kids died during a bloody battle that lasted two weeks. If you went out at night, you were fair game, and I played medic then, too. Not coming home for two weeks, I tried to save as many homeless people as I could, but in the end, too many died. A lot of friends I had patched up went out and got hurt all over again. Easy prey, because they were already injured.

I lay down on the bed, curled into a ball, and cried.

I cried for those downstairs or at the hospital, I cried for those I lost years ago, and hadn't realised I had never wept for them before today. Maybe this happening was a way for me to cry and heal from some of my memories, and put them to rest at last.

There was a time to cry, and a time to heat, tonight was a time to cry.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 61[1,517 words]

Tank POV

The ride started okay. Prez wanted us at the back in case of another breakdown, hoping that if there was, Max could do a quick repair or something. I feel they are expecting too much from her. But she dived in without being asked, when Dags limped in, and I think she would be happy to help out where she could.

Then the call came.

"Tank, get home. The Jones gang has members in force arriving at the gate; they look like they are out for blood. Bruiser and I can't go, not with our ladies on board, can't take a pregnant woman into battle. They are going to need your guidance. If you're the VP, they will listen and take your orders." Prez's urgent voice came over the speaker.

I didn't hesitate; my home was under attack. I took off; it was still a fuel-up and a two-and-a-half-hour ride to get home at top speed. I was glad Max tinkered with my bike after she finished with Dags. She said it was to see if she could get that little extra out of it. My bike flew, faster than ever before, and with two up, was saying something.

I was angry and frustrated; it wasn't like we could call anyone to help, and they had attacked when the strongest were away. It wasn't till I had calmed down that I thought to say anything to Max, and then it wasn't much, and, to my relief, he didn't push me for answers I couldn't give. Not that I didn't want to, but what could I say? I know little.

"Tank, they have broken through the gates and are attacking the place. The guys are fighting, the girl is in the hole. Be ready for anything." Prez said, not long after I had left refueling, I couldn't

get fast enough, any quicker, and it would be too dangerous. I could already, taking risks, I wouldn't usually take, especially with someone on the back. Risking my life was one thing, but taking someone with me was another. Max fed me, which I appreciated, kept me hydrated, and I was going to need all the strength I could muster if I were to arrive and start fighting.

The gates were broken, cars were on fire, windows were broken, and the fight was over.

Max rushed inside the moment I parked the bike, and the lads surrounded me.

"Stop, one at a time. You get help and fix the gate, you get a team together, and you get those fires out. You take pictures of everything. We need proof for the Prez. You! Report." I heard about the fighting, how many they estimated, that it stopped when a guy was killed, and they dragged his body away, who was now in the hospital with knife wounds, and I half expect the cops to come visiting to investigate the wounding. Luckily, they didn't get far; the guys did a great job defending the place. The injured were many; most would need stitching, a few broken bones, which Doc can fix when he gets here. I searched around the outside, checking for damage. They hadn't come to the back, where they could have caused much worse damage, like setting fire to our fuel storage, which holds flammable liquid and expensive equipment. They weren't very organised, like amateurs, our guys did well, repelling them back, putting their lives on the line.

I checked on Max after I had organised the clean-up crew, and the injured were sent inside to see whoever was doing the first aid. I had seen them come out bandaged, and they looked reasonably good; whoever was playing doctor sort of knows what they are doing. Doc can double-check them all when he arrives.

I stopped at the door and couldn't believe my eyes. Max had cordoned off an area, using chairs for those waiting to be seen to sit on and take turns, cots brought in for some to lie in, and she was sewing up the wounded with skilled precision, and had others make bandages.

"Hey, you're doing a great job," I said, softly as she finished bandaging one of the guys.

"Can you hold that guy still for me? His shoulder needs to be put back in, but no one has the strength to keep him still." I nodded and stood behind the man, held on to him, turning his face away.

Max lifted his arm till his hand was raised and moved it about a little, her fingers digging in his shoulder, and then suddenly pulled it; we all heard the pop. The man paled, but didn't make a sound. Max lifted his arm and smiled.

"There, try not to lift anything heavy for a few days, and if the pain gets too much, get drunk." I laughed, as did the guys around us, who heard her. Even in all this chaos, she still managed to get them to laugh and relax.

"The doc is about half an hour out, you good?" I asked, looking around at those still waiting to be treated.

“Yep, the worst was over; there’s a little sewing and bandaging left, nothing life-threatening. I sent two upstairs to the guest room, gave them some sedatives to help with the pain, one with a broken leg, and the other with a broken arm. I don’t have what’s needed to treat them. I strapped them up for the doc to check out. I might get the doc to check on them when he gets here. I’ve done what I can, but I’m no medic.” For someone with no medical background, I think she did a fantastic job. So many are squeamish when dealing with a lot of blood.

I left her to continue and headed upstairs to check on the two Max mentioned.

They were both asleep.

There was still a lot to do, so I headed back downstairs and found the ladies, all six of them, who were hidden here. They were shaken up and not sure what to do; none wanted to work with Max, which was disappointing.

“Start preparing food, peel potatoes, and get vegetables, salads, extra, what meat do we have, pull it out, Sticks and Cricket will be here soon, I am sure they will be glad to see you have taken the initiative to start to prepare food for the guys, who just fought to save your lives.” I didn’t hang around to find out if they did as I suggested; these girls don’t live here. More than likely, they came for the night to keep someone company. They’re not the usual skanks, so maybe a future member. I am too busy to take the time to find out who they might be affiliated with. They aren’t going anywhere; we are on lockdown until the Prez gets here.

I got involved in moving some of the heavier boards, as they nailed the windows shut, till they can be repaired appropriately.

The members kept coming to me and asking for advice or permission to do something. I hadn’t had to think on my feet like this before, talk about initiation into being the VP. The sounds of motorcycles in the distance had never been a more welcoming sound than they had right now.

Prez pulled up first and climbed off, looking around. The fires were all out, and most of the debris was cleared to make space, so they had somewhere to park. Sticks and Cricket raced inside, as I had expected. The rest looked around before heading inside.

“Office,” Prez called to me, and I left the work I was doing and followed him inside.

“Tell me, what you understand happened, and what you have done since arriving. Wounded, death, etc.” Prez asked in a soft voice, not demanding like he usually would.

I gave him what I knew, and only one known death, and it wasn’t ours, the fires, windows, and general damage that I could ascertain, what I had organised for clean-up duty, including the women in the kitchen.

“Doc! Max has been medic, sewing, setting dislocations, etc, two are upstairs in the guest room, sleeping. Max gave them sedatives to help with the pain and did what she could; they have broken bones, beyond her ability. Before you check out our guys at the hospital, word is they

have deep knife wounds.” I said, and Doc nodded, and Prez gave him the go-ahead to check on them.

“Police?” Bruiser asked, checking someone on his phone.

“Not yet, but with some in hospital, it won’t be long.”

“Need to hear from Max, can you go get her, please?” I couldn’t believe this. Please was almost unheard of in this room.

Max didn’t blink, came and gave a report like she had done this millions of times before, and left, hopefully to eat and rest; she had done more than she should.

We wrapped up the meeting, and I left, leaving Prez and Bruiser to take over for the rest of the night.

I ate what I could before heading upstairs to check on Max. I was worried for her; this was a war zone, and most of the girls looked shell-shocked.

My little lady was fast asleep, cuddling my pillow.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 62[1,417 words]

Max POV

I woke to Tank softly snoring and his breath tickling my ear.

Slowly, I inched my way out of his hold and rushed to the bathroom. I was bursting to the degree it was painful. I washed my face and returned to bed. The moment I threw my leg over Tank’s thigh, he moved to pull me closer and wrapped his arm around me, giving me his shoulder to rest my head on. He never opened his eyes or made any sign that he was awake. It was like he had done it all on autopilot. He sighed in contentment, like I was back where I belonged. Or I was wishful thinking.

I managed to find sleep again before Tank moved and woke me.

“Need to pee.” He groaned as he crawled out of bed and disappeared into the bathroom.

Taking this chance, I got dressed and was in the middle of slipping on my boots when Tank returned.

“Going somewhere?” he grumbled, poking his bottom lip out in a sulk.

“Getting us some food,” I replied, and Tank’s stomach made a loud noise in agreement.

“You bringing back a tray?” he looked hopeful.

“Yeah, climb back in, will return soon, with something.” I didn’t know what, but I can cook something.

I moved quickly downstairs and entered the kitchen. It seemed breakfast was over, and the girls were cleaning up.

“Hey, Chicklett, I saved you some food,” Cricket said, and pulled out two plates from the oven.

“Thanks.” I placed them on a tray. At the same time, Sticks placed two coffees on it too.

“How are you today? Need more tea?” I asked, and she had better color than the last time I had seen her.

“Maybe later, my morning sickness seems to be more in the afternoon. Don’t think this baby can tell the time.” She joked, causing the rest of us to laugh along with her.

I carried the tray back upstairs, avoiding hearing or asking how the injured were doing. I know if they said they needed bandages changed, I would have rushed the food to get started on that work. I really want to find out whether my workshop survived yesterday’s attack and see for myself.

I kicked the door open and closed it with my hip. Tank sat up the moment I kicked the door open. He rubbed his hands together as I neared with the tray and placed it on his thighs.

Kicked off my boots and climbed onto the bed. Tank handed me a plate, and we dug in. Tank pinched some of my bacon, and I was too slow to slap his hand away.

“Hey,” I complained as he went for the last piece.

“But.” He gave me his puppy dog eyes, and I caved.

He finished my plate and half my coffee.

“Can I ask you a question? You can say no if you like.” I could already guess what this question was going to be.

“Okay. Ask, no guarantee I will answer though.” I joked back, trying to make light of what was to come.

“You didn’t hesitate to start sewing up the wounded; you have had experience.” It wasn’t a question, more like a statement, but I took it as a question because it wasn’t asked clearly enough.

I took the plate from his thigh, placed it on the side table, and moved beside him, pulling his arm over my shoulder, and snuggled in. I needed to feel him, but not look at his face, when I told him my story.

“The very first time I had to sew skin was on a fishing trip with Grandpa. I was ten, and he slipped on some moss and fell hard, scraping his calf on a jagged rock. It needed ten stitches, and he couldn’t reach it. I had no choice but to sew it. He watched, and guided me, and never flinched when I stuck the needle in and pulled the fishing line through. We didn’t have a thread, so we kept some in the kit after that incident.” I replied as I remembered that day, and how terrified I was, he bled a lot.

“That’s not the only time. You said the first time.” Tank pushed a little, and I thought about that for a while, debating whether I was ready to talk about it.

“I mentioned street fighting once before, too.” I felt Tank nod.

“It was where I learned to fight dirty, not the style Grandpa taught, but rougher, you had to, to stay alive. There was a gang war, it was brutal, and I lost a few mates. Guns, Knives, you name it, someone had one. The aftermath was bodies everywhere, someone showed up with first aid gear, and I didn’t think I just started to sew up those I could, some had their guts hanging out, I stuffed the gizzards back in and sewed what I could, strapped them up, and one of the other guys had a van, started loading up the bad ones, and took them to hospital, when the police arrived, most scattered, but I was one of the unlucky ones, refusing to leave the injured, they didn’t stop me for doing what I could, until the real paramedics arrived, and I was carted off to the cop shop. Some copper was nice, and he gave me a friendly warning and let me go with Grandpa. We both knew we would meet again at some point. He called me a good villain and wouldn’t charge me for doing good. He didn’t know how involved I had been in the fighting, but after watching me sew up some of the guys and strap up those I couldn’t sew, he thought I was more likely to be a doctor or something like that when I grew up; he could be further from the truth.” I laughed coldly.

“You have seen some of the harder side of life, no wonder, you dug in and got things done, most likely seen more death and destruction than most of us in the club” He had held me all through my confession, kissing my hair, rubbing his hand up and down my arm, in comfort, I was not sure who he was trying to comfort, me or him.

“What about you? You dived in the help without blinking, got the crew, organised, you got some talent with people.” I praised him, not everyone can walk into a war zone as we had, and take over, doing what needs to be done. He was a champ, even gave some a comfort hug, before sending them to do something to keep them busy.

“Am VP now, Prez said I needed to get here fast; he didn’t want himself or Bruiser to race here, not with the girls expecting. The vans were full of our gear, no room to stick them in there, we didn’t exactly repack carefully, and if the fighting were still on, that would be the last place he wanted the girls to be. I called him to let him know the fight was over. They were going to leave the women in town if the fighting was still on. Hence, the need for us to get here fast, I wasn’t

worried about you. I have seen you in action at training. You can hold your own.” Was that a good thing? Riding into a war was not something I had expected, but then I am with a gang, and anything could happen. I guess.

“Taking your woman into battle isn’t a man thing.” I cringed at my tone, but it was too late to soften it.

“Didn’t think to be honest, Prez said step up, and I did, you being my woman meant you too had to step up, but I get what you are saying, if I had thought about it, I would have left you with the van, fit you in somehow, but I was more interested in getting here, and helping out, attacking from the rear. Sorry for dragging you here as I did. I barely gave you any information.”

“You gave me none, just that we were under attack. I figured the rest out on my own.” I nudged him and grinned up at him.

“You.” He leaned down and kissed me.

I wrapped both arms around his neck and held on, not letting that kiss stop. He must have gotten the idea because he rolled me over and took over, deepening the kiss till we were both breathless, and I could feel his shaft getting hard. He was still in only his boxers, and they left almost nothing to the imagination.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 63[1,404 words]

Tank POV

Max was the best thing that has happened to me in a very long time.

I can’t say it enough. Best thing for the club, what she can do, she was still reserved, has only a chosen few that she laughs with, she basically sticks to herself, does her thing, when not by my side.

Being brought breakfast in bed was a first, maybe when I was younger and sick in bed, but that was it; you get up, are healthy, and eat with everyone else.

I could get used to this kind of treatment, service, call it what you want, but I like it.

My heart was breaking for Max, as she told her story of her first time stitching skin, as she called it, and on the person she loved the most, had to have been difficult for a ten-year-old, then the street wars, I remember news, and the family telling us we should on th count our blessings, and be thankful we don’t have a life like that, but Max was in it, doing it, surviving it, even though she had a home of sorts, she was still a street kid by heart, losing her Grandmother, had her wandering the streets, as much as her Grandpa tried to keep her safe, and in the end, taught her

the correct way to fight, since he couldn't stop what was happening at home, and where she ran when she needed to vent, he loved with all his heart, that was until he too left this world. She lost it for a while, till she started at the bike shop, putting all her love of engines to use and gaining training.

The emotions I felt for this woman stirred things long buried, thought dead.

I went to kiss her, feeling I needed the connection, to give and take from her what I needed, and hoped she did too, but what I got was more than I bargained for. Soon I was lying on her, kissing her as if eating her alive, thrusting my tongue, and dancing with hers. I was getting hard, and the thought of taking her here and now entered my head. Was I ready to take that step? Was she ready?

I ground my hips against her core, and she moaned in my mouth, and didn't push me away. Hope bloomed that maybe she could be the one, which removed that nightmare.

This was it, I was going to try to go further than I had in years. I reached up and cupped her generous chest, and squeezed it, thinking about removing her bra and releasing them from the restraints, what I would do to her, and worry about how far we go later, for now I want to pleasure her, and make her scream my name out loud, as no woman had since that day.

Then came the sound I will hate the most, one that always had the worst possible timing.

Someone was knocking on our door, and just like that, the mood was gone beyond my grasp.

I leaned my head against hers and tried to get my breathing back under control.

Then, another thing I hate, which gets me angry when it happens.

"Hey, you two still in there?" I heard the squeak of the door handle, and the door opened. How dare she open my door without my permission, and what the heck was she doing on our floor? She was not one of the few who were allowed on this floor level. I was about to yell at her for barging in.

"It's lunch time, and the Prez wants us all downstairs in the main hall. You can grab something to eat, but he wants to talk to us." Some chick, that I don't have much to do with, was leaning on the door frame, looking at us on the bed, her eyes full of lust as she takes in our position.

"Seen enough, Doris?" Max glared at her with such venom.

"Nope, I could look at that backside all day long; it might be fine." She smirked, and I felt ready to hit a woman.

"If you don't want laundry duty the next month, I suggest you leave now, and I will be addressing this issue with Sticks later. You do not open a door uninvited, do I make myself clear?" Max growled at her, and the girl squeaked and pulled the door shut.

I rolled off Max; our moment was gone, my anger not so high, but the disappointment inside for a missed chance being snatched away was high.

“You take a shower.” Max pushed me away, and I climbed off the bed, staggered sadly to the bathroom, and took a quick, cold shower as ordered, although she didn’t say cold shower.

By the time I came out, Max had put on her boots, made the bed, set the tray ready to be taken to the kitchen, and laid out clean clothes for me on the bed. I appreciated what she had done, dressed quickly, grabbed Max around the waist, gave her another kiss, full of promise that what we started wasn’t over, and headed down.

We stopped by the kitchen and dropped off the tray from earlier, then went to the main hall, which had been cleaned up, doors open to let it air out, and all the lights on because the windows were boarded up, making the room dark. We took a paper plate, loaded it with sandwiches, hot snacks, and grabbed a bottle of water. Max led me to the wall, sat on the floor, happy to use it as back support, crossed her legs, and placed her plate on her lap. I can’t say I have seen many females who happily sit on the floor, like she does, and not even blink at what might be on that floor at the moment.

We ate quietly, listening to the chatter around us. Some are discussing yesterday’s events; others wonder what will happen now. They were concerned for the injured still in the hospital, and I saw many looking at Max, pointing or nudging others, who turned to look and whispered among themselves. We were a topic, or at least Max was the topic on their lips; much had happened over the weekend that had impacted Max, and I hope she was up to it.

Looking around, I could see the things they had fixed while I slept. The Jones gang had managed to get inside by breaking the windows. Guess we will be placing bars on them now, something we were hoping to avoid, or maybe some of that special screen that was strong enough to resist reaching the windows.

Bruiser came over to where we were sitting.

“Your VP, you are needed to be beside the Prez.” He whispered, low enough that those nearby couldn’t hear.

He offered me his hand, and I clasped it around his wrist, and he pulled me up. Then he offered the same to Max, who blushed but did the same. We followed him out of the room to where the Prez waited just out of sight, Cricket and Sticks standing close by, supporting their men.

“Sticks, you need to deal with Doris. She entered our room without permission and then refused to leave because she was enjoying the view of Tank’s a\$\$.

I threatened laundry duty, but thought you might like a quiet word.” Max spoke softly, while the Prez was flicking through his phone, yet to acknowledge that we were standing there.

“She shouldn’t have been on that level. What was her excuse?” Sticks asked, just as softly.

“To come downstairs, Prez’s orders.” That caught Prez’s attention; his face lifted from his phone, anger on his face.

“Not likely, I had asked the kitchen staff if you guys were awake yet. I knew both of you had had a hard day, and wouldn’t have been surprised if you slept in.”

“She must have taken it upon herself to make her way up there.”

“We weren’t sleeping, let’s say she got an eyeful.” Max chuckled, a dry laugh.

“I will sort it. She knows that the floor was out of bounds.” Sticks reassured Max, hugging her as if Max needed comfort.

“Stick close, keep an eye out, I think we have a mole,” Prez said, before we followed him out of the main hall.

My mind ran through yesterday, trying to figure out if any of the men had acted oddly; none came to mind, but his comment suddenly made me doubt and look at everyone with

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 64[1,505 words]

Max POV

While Tank was in the shower, I changed my underwear, which was soaked from our kiss and him grinding his hips against my core, giving me just the right amount of pressure and friction to get me horny and wanting more. Now I was so frustrated, with unfinished business, and no time to take off the edge.

To distract myself, I cleaned up the room, and when that was done, and Tank was still in the bathroom, I went to the window and looked out. The buildings out back didn’t look like they had been there; all the buildings were intact, not even scorch marks like the front had. The windows were not broken; the fight must not have gotten any further than the front car park, the front windows, and the main door, which had been damaged by a car ramming into it. I think not only the double doors, but some of the structural integrity might have been impacted by that car hitting the door jam. The car was later set on fire in the car park.

Tank came out, with only a towel around his waist, my mouth went dry, and I licked my lips. At the sight of him, my panties were soaked again, from the recent memory of that hot body rubbing against mine, damn it-no time to change again.

Food in hand, I found a spot on the floor where I could eat in peace. I could hear the whispers, but didn’t look around. I didn’t want to see them looking at me, or pointing to me, what if I had sewn someone up wrong, or caused them more pain than if I had left them alone, doubt on my

first aid abilities always scared me; I know about how fast an infection can set in, if not treated right.

Guilt plagued me.

Bruiser came to bring us before the Prez; this was it, I was going to be told off and possibly kicked out, taking on things I shouldn't.

To take my mind off what could be coming, I talk to Sticks about Doris. That girl was way out of line.

"Max, that girl had somehow snuck into our club, she shags one of the patch members, and often stays for a few days or even a week at a time. Can't even remember who brought her here the first time. I will look into her background and find out who her friends are." Sticks reassured me. She gave me a warm embrace, one that felt like Grandma's, and I relaxed into her, grateful for the reassurance.

Prez gave us a quick talk, scaring the life out of me, a mole? Thought we were over that when Pixie was removed. That has to be just everyone, putting doubt on all members.

Bruiser called for attention, and all chatter stopped, and eyes fell on the Prez.

"Firstly, well done for holding off intruders. It was a hard fight, and you should be proud of how you handled yourselves. A big thanks to Zero for taking charge." Cheers for Zero, and the usual murmurs ran around the room, and faces turned to seek Zero out. He was where he often was, behind the bar, cleaning glasses. I am positive he uses the bar as a sort of barrier to keep everyone away from him. Something about those two brothers intrigues me, like what's their story? The real story. They both have this significant, strong presence about them, but also a shyness, if you look closely enough.

"Next was Tank, racing to get here as fast as he could, breaking all speed records, and taking control. There was little for me to do when I arrived than oversee what Tank had already started." More cheers and hoots for Tank.

"Lastly and not the least, but I feel needs to be mentioned, was our stand in medic, Max, thank you

for all you did, Doc said you can help him out anytime, he was impressed with your suturing skills." I blushed as a round of cheers as loud as the other boomed around the room. Tank leaned over and gave me a peck on the lips.

"Now, we have the glazier coming shortly. I ask some of you to help replace the windows, remove the boards, and clear away the broken glass. Don't make me assign people. Girls, we need this place cleaned up, the floors scrubbed, and there's a lot of dried blood that needs to be gone. Zero, I need you to make the repairs on the gates. The men in the hospital are doing well and might be back tomorrow. Also, the police will be here any moment. You know the drill:

unless approached, do your jobs.” Prez mentioned a few more things before he dismissed us, but my mind was still stuck on finding Doc and talking to him about the wounded. Did he really say I was good? I have my doubts.

“Tank, what are we doing?” I asked, confused, about doing our jobs.

“What’s on your mind?” He probed gently.

“Do I go to my workshop and start working?” I looked at him, searching his face.

He smiled at me and kissed the tip of my nose.

“Prez wants me to go visit the men in the hospital. Want to come? If not, you can do what you want. If being in your workshop makes you happy, but it’s not expected today, it’s the day we returned from our run. Usually, I would check my bike, make sure it’s okay after that run, unpack our gear, air it out, and put it away. That sort of thing, most of us would be doing, but with all this mess, I don’t mind admitting we are a little rattled.” Tank kept me close as we talked, ignoring the few who wanted to speak to us, until we had finished our conversation.

“Yes?” He said, lifting his head to someone behind me since I didn’t respond.

“Take the SUV, that way if any can come home, you can bring them back.” Tank took some keys, and that answered the question of whether I would be going along for the ride or not.

“Go, see the lads, I will unload the bike, air out the swag, and give the bike a once over Tank nodded and walked away. He had jobs to do, and I can’t be selfish, no matter how much I want to be.

“Max, can we talk for a few minutes?” Doc came to me, and I was a little surprised he would hunt me down.

“Sure.” I changed directions and walked to the Doc.

“My rooms.” He led me down a long hallway to his mini surgery, a place I hadn’t been to before. The guys would have come here to get what I needed to fix the injured. If I had known, I would have had them brought in here, more hygienic.

“I have seen all the injured that you had to work on, and heard where you set up an area. I have to say, I am impressed. Other than jabbing them all and asking them to come back for the stitches to be removed, there was nothing I needed to do. Your stitches were all neat and uniform; some of the more jagged cuts you still managed to do a great job on. Do you want medic training? I could do with some help?” Doc looked at me with pride and hope.

“Not sure I could fit it in, like Prez gave me a list of bikes he wants me to paint, and others that need to be rebuilt, also need to go to the gym and train with Bruiser and learn to guard the door,

on Saturdays when we get the wannabes in. There's no time left. I am still struggling with the load I already have." I answered, and I could see the doc nodding along with me.

"I can talk to the Prez, lighten your load, to give me say once a week, in training."

"Is there no one else, Doc? Surely other ladies can become nurses."

"Yeah, I have a couple interested, but they have zero experience, and one girl threw up when I was working on a lad. Can't have that."

"Sorry, Doc, I don't have the time." He looked disappointed, but accepted my refusal with good grace.

"If we have a serious issue, and I need an assistant to operate, would you be willing to step in then? I need to have someone I can rely on, and not faint or be sick on me." He continued to push; he wasn't going to let me go with a no.

"Doc, if we have an emergency and need me, I have no issue helping out, okay? I can read books, if you wish, but there's not enough time in a day to do all that's being thrust upon me."

"Great, good, good, I'll take what I can, thank you, it will be my pleasure to work with you." I left his surgery and headed out to the bike to unload and do what I said I would do before Tank returns.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 65[1,528 words]

Tank POV

My mind ran through what Max and I talked about.

My little lady had had a hard life, worse than most males or females have gone through. My heart broke for her. I didn't pity her; that would be the last thing she would want from me, was pity, but I couldn't help but wish I knew her better, or should I say sooner. We all went to the same schools.

At twenty-five, I am five years older, so she would not have even been on my radar, just a kid in my eyes, even my brother, being a year younger, wouldn't have been on her radar. It's a shame that none of us would have seen her as anything more than a kid, yet here we are, as adults, looking at her with warmth and lust. Yeah, I am a man; of course, I lust after that body. The woman is gorgeous, sweet, kind, and puts others first.

I want to smother her, keep her safe, give her a life she deserves, but so far, all I have managed to do is take her to a camp that was full of trouble, and return at breakneck speed, and drop her

off in a war-ravaged zone, and she shone, like always. I feel maybe I am not giving her enough, but this was our life.

What can I do or provide that would make her life better?

I thought long and hard about this. As I approached the hospital, it was a small place, being a small town. Still, it had modern, up-to-date equipment and resources thanks to our club, and the guys who have the business sense to invest in the best places, bringing in income to help build our town.

I was greeted by a cute young nurse who swayed her hips seductively as she walked slightly in front of me, which was a waste of time on my part; I wasn't the least bit interested. I was here for a reason, and getting with a woman, or even getting her number, was not on that list. She led me to our boys, chatting all the way, and none of it was to do with my bros, and more to do with nightlife, and how she would love to visit the club and see what our lifestyle was all about.

Not happening by me, I am not interested, but she didn't get the memo, still focused on herself and what she wanted.

"You know where I am, if you want some company." Winked at me and left me at the door.

All five were in a ward by themselves. This ward would hold six, leaving one bed empty.

"Was that nurse chatt'n you up?" all eyes on me, smirks on their faces.

"Yeah, but I am not interested, you know I have a little lady wait'n at home." I shrugged at them, taking in their condition.

"She tried every one of us. At the time, we were too far gone on the drugs they gave us, but listening to her talk, she would get a rabbit stamp. I wouldn't mind giving her a round or two, but nothing more than a quick romp; she looks like she would be the clingy type." That had the others laughing in agreement.

I filled them in on this morning's meeting.

"Mole? Does anyone think of someone who might be doing something strange, or maybe in the wrong place?" Stringer asked, and that brought back the memory of Doris this morning.

"Actually, now that you asked the question that way, yes. I was c**k blocked this morning." I admit, her barging in and her facial expression really annoyed me.

"Who?"

"Doris. I don't know much about her, only know her name, because Max gave her lip service, and she bolted." I say, scratching my beard in thought, a habit I had developed, and am finding it hard to break.

“She doesn’t belong to anyone yet, and should not have been anywhere near your bedroom. She was a scrubber, came with a nom, his bird, but he dumped her or she dumped him, because she couldn’t handle the initiation period that he had to go through, that was about two or three months ago, they parted ways.”

“Do you think the nom could be a mole too, the pair of them?” I asked, trying to think of the four noms we have at the moment.

“Nah, he got scammed by the chick, I am sure of it.”

“So, changing the subject, you guys ready to go? Has the doc given the green light?” I asked, my mind full, and digesting what I had just learned.

“No idea, the quack hasn’t been yet, this morning.”

“I will go rouse them up, find out what gives.”

I left the guys to discuss the mole and whatever else was on their minds. Sometimes, they need the boss out of earshot before they can talk, so they can give more information. It’s something I am going to have to get used to now, as VP. I get it, but still another adjustment to make. I am no longer considered just one of the guys, but someone of power. I don’t feel any different towards them, but I understand the mentality of it, and swallow the hurt I felt that becoming VP had given me; it was a double-edged sword. Getting recognition and a new responsibility was great, but I lost something from the guys. Don’t get me wrong, we still laugh and joke, but it’s different now, and I can’t change that; it was how I acted around the Prez, so I get it, but I don’t have to like it.

“Any idea when the doctor will do his rounds?” I asked a nurse at the nurses’ station. She looked up at me and smiled, not the flirty way the other nurse did; this was a professional face, if ever I saw one.

“They have arrived on our floor, should be by your ward, say half an hour?” She politely said, then, as if I was dismissed, went back to the computer. I didn’t take offense; she gave me what I came to her for.

The chatter stopped when I entered the room, and all eyes turned to me expectantly.

“Half an hour, the doc will be here.”

“Yay, I am ready to get out of here.”

We discussed the camp trip, the ups and the downs, then, without me having to push. They started to fill me in with yesterday, they got news they had arrived, when they past the welcome to the town sign, as a precaution, they closed and sealed the front gates, and started to move bikes into the back sheds, it was their fast thinking, that gave them time to clear what they could, and to get the women to safety-reducing the damage the Jones gang could’ve done.

“Call it gut instinct, but we just knew that something was going down. I called the Prez and told him that they arrived on our turf, and our scout was watching them. Then told him they were at the gate.”

“Yeah, I was so relieved to hear you had arrived. I was in the ER when my phone rang, informing me you were on the grounds, organising the guys, we tried Tank, we really did, but they were strong, brought their heavies, armed with knives and guns, we did what we could, fought them off, like in our training, and then...” He looked around to make sure the door was still closed.

“I struggled with one guy, who had a shorn-off shotgun, and it went off, blowing his head off, splattering his blood all over me, making my ears ring, then someone stabbed me in the back, and I was out for the count. Woke up in ER, don’t even know how I got there. Half his face was gone.”

“Hey, it was you or him; it could have gone either way. I am glad it was him, can’t lose my bro.” I slapped him on the back, brotherly.

“They skedadled, quick fast, taking the dead man with them, strapped on the back of some dude, that was when our guys got the van out of the shed, and loaded up the wounded, racing us to the ER.”

Well, that answered a lot of questions, and something I can give Prez when I get home.

It just occurred to me that they talked to me, not just to give information that we all want, but actually talked like the old times, maybe this had broken the stigma of a boss, situation, at least with this group.

I hope so.

The doctor came, and after some pressure from the lads, he let them go, with instructions. I asked them to hand it to me in writing so I could give it to our medical officer, who could look after them. Reluctantly, they let all five go, only because we had a doctor on site. They gave me a big fat envelope with discharge letters and future treatment.

I escorted them slowly to the front doors and had them sit and wait for me to get the vehicle before bundling them in and heading home with a happy group to be out of there, not that overnight was long, but I get it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 66[1,521 words]

Maxine POV

The bike was in good condition. Tank looks after it well. I changed the oil because I didn't know when he last did it and because it was a little dark. I topped up the brake fluid that was a little low and did a general tinker. Still, little for me to really do on his bike. I had a good look over it and came up with an idea for a paint job, but I would need to draw it and show it to Tank before I started.

I rerolled the swag, now it had a few hours in the sun, and removed the clothes I had washed off the line, folded them, and took them upstairs to our room.

It was getting late, and I thought Tank would be back soon, so I headed downstairs to see if they needed a hand. On the way down, I stopped short and listened.

"You should have seen them, going at it. Tank hangs longer than a horse, no wonder he's called Tank, with his long shaft." I moved slowly forward. Doris, none the wiser that I was behind her, the girls had seen me, but didn't give me away.

"Doris, you shouldn't have been up there; that's out of the bounds area." Pins said, not believing a word she was saying.

"I can go anywhere I want; nothing is stopping me from walking up those stairs and entering any of those rooms. Who's going to stop me? You? Or are you going to run to Bruiser and blab? Now, back to Tank, those two were going at it like rabbits, and wow, I didn't know I was into voyeurism, but watching those two, I had wet panties. That Max knows how to move her hips."

I had heard enough. I tapped her on her shoulder, and she turned around, in time to gain my fist in her face. She screamed as she flew, sliding across the floor and stopping against the wall. Her nose pouring with blood, the sounds of bone breaking made me smile, she will be wearing two black eyes come morning.

Bruiser, Prez, Sticks, and Cricket all came rushing to us in response to the scream.

Bruiser shook his head when he saw me shaking my hand, getting the sting out of it, and moved to check on Doris.

"Get her to the doc," Bruiser said, and two noms picked up an unconscious Doris and took her away.

"Anyone care to explain?" Prez was looking at the other ladies, standing by.

"Just Max giving that bi.tch, what she deserves." Pins said, and the others agreed.

"Max, my office." Prez turned and walked back the way he came, Bruiser following, the girls hanging back, no doubt to talk to them about what went down, get their version, not that I care.

I entered the office and sat in the naughty chair, as I had come to think of it, in front of his desk. Bruiser to the side, standing legs apart, arms folded, the Prez settled in his chair and leaned

forward on his elbows to stare down at me. Even sitting up straight and high as I could go would still have them towering over me.

“Care to give me more than? “she got what she deserved,” Prez asked, raising an eyebrow at

So I told him about her opening our door and wanting to stay to watch.

That got both men, wide-eyed in shock.

I wasn’t sure if it was in shock because she entered our room without permission, or wanted to watch, or that we were being intimate. Not what they thought, but I wasn’t going into details about that part.

“Go on. That was hours ago. What triggered this?” Bruiser managed to croak out once he got his face back to blank.

gave a slow explanation of why I knocked the woman out, and now I was calm, happy to have gotten a hit on her, because I had been itching to do it since she burst into our room and had been so rude. Who knows how far I would have let Tank reach? We might have been about to give each other some pleasure.

“I also want to add that she’s not welcome here, and I firmly believe she could be the mole. The girls had told me earlier that she came with a prospect, and they broke up when he couldn’t give her enough time. Something was seriously wrong with that girl. Pins said she wasn’t worried or scared when we were attacked and that she wasn’t behaving normally, under such threats to us, like she knew she wouldn’t get hurt. Pins thought she might know something about the Joneses coming. I don’t know about that, but according to the ladies I talked to, she doesn’t add up. Like, why was she here when she didn’t belong to any of the guys? She was like Pixie, sneaking in and giving the guys what they wanted, so she didn’t look out of place. But no patch claimed her as their girl.” I folded my arms defensively, realised what I had done, and unfolded them.

“I will question her when she wakes up,” Bruiser said, getting a nod from Prez.

“When will Tank be back?” I had just asked when there was a knock on the door.

“Come in,” Prez called out, giving me a knowing smile.

“All five accounted for, given their medical record and discharge papers to Doc...” I was up and out of my chair, as fast as I could, and threw myself at Tank. He chuckled and held onto me, giving me a kiss I had been hungry for before he could finish his report.

“Did they tell you about what went down?” Tank lowered me to my feet but held onto me.

“Now, or private?” I knew what Tank meant: did he want me gone, before he talked?

“Now would be fine.” I was surprised that I could stay for the talk.

Tank lifted me back up, gaining a squeak out of me, before taking the seat and placing me on his lap, right where he thought I belonged. He took a long, deep breath, and then started his report, on what happened, blow by blow, and lastly the condition of the men, then suggested that with all deaths, counseling for him might be in order. They agreed to set something up.

Another knock on the door had Bruiser rolling his eyes as Prez called out, "Enter."

The doc popped his head in.

"Good time to talk?" He asked, not coming straight in.

"Sure." Doc looked at me, hesitant, before coming in and taking a seat.

"Doris had a broken nose, jaw, and possibly a mild concussion. She won't be up today. I gave her an injection of pethidine, and she will sleep through the night. The boys are." The doc went into detail about the five's injuries and the plan moving forward. Including the ones I treated, he again praised me and told Prez I would be of use when he needs to do surgery, that I have a steady hand and am not squeamish, and that he offered me a job, which I turned down.

"You turned down being a doctor?" Bruiser asked incredulously.

"When exactly would I have the time, between the list of rebuilds and paint jobs, not to mention door duty and training sessions, tell me when I can add all that study too?" I was getting frustrated.

Bruiser lifted his hands in surrender.

"We have overloaded you, I get it, it's time we review what I want out of you." He said, rubbing his chin.

"What do you want out of me? What about what I want?" I climbed off Tank, lap; he didn't try to hold me back.

"You." I poked Bruiser on the chest.

"Want my life?" I poked him again.

"You telling me what to do?" I poked him again.

"What do I have to do?" I poked him again.

"Do I get a say in it?" I poked him again.

"What if I just leave the club, and be done with it, nothing stopping me from walking out that door, and returning to Mike's bike shop, or better still, leave the town altogether. I am over this. I have tried to fit in, and you still want more out of me. None of the other women has to do even a

tiny bit of what you expect me to do. I am done, over it.” I poked him one more time and then stormed out of the office. I had thought of going up to my room, but changed direction and headed to my workshop.

I was fuming.

Tears were flowing down my cheeks; it was more than being told what to do, it was the slow catch-up on yesterday, all those men I sewed up, the carnage, it brought unwanted memories.

I found a corner in my workshop, leaving all lights off, and let the emotions flow.

I cried for those guys I treated, I cried for the girls who were shell-shocked, I cried for all those I couldn't help in my past, street kids, Grandma, and lastly Grandpa, when he died, my whole life feel apart, I don't think I had grieved him like I should of, I was too angry with the world.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 67[1,575 words]

Tank POV

“What just happened?” I asked the room, as I stood up, staring at the door that Max had just walked out of.

“Don't know, but that was one scary woman. Glad she's yours and not mine, I don't think I would survive when she gets angry.” Prez said, looking at Bruiser, who was rubbing his chest, where Max had been poking him.

“Is she still mine? That sounded a lot like she was leaving me. I better not have lost my little lady, she's the best thing that happened in my life.” I said, wondering if I should go hunt her down or stay and finish the meeting. Something tells me to go to her, and fuk the gang. In this instance, she comes first. I have to learn if I am going to have a woman, to separate the two, and give to her first when I can, and it does not conflict with the club. Another learning curve.

“We have gone too far, expected too much, no one could be expected to do everything we have loaded her up with, it's not humanly possible,” Prez said, looking sick at what they had done.

“I hold you both personally responsible for hurting my little lady. NO MORE! I won't allow it. She is precious to me.” I don't know what came over me. I have never defied my Prez before, but I won't stand by and watch them pull her apart anymore.

“Go find her. I am sorry, what she said was true. We've been treating her like a nom, loading her up with work, till she burst. She can do so many things, and I think we found her limit. Plus her sad past. I should have taken into account what she had been through. I don't know a lot, but what I do know was beyond breaking point for most men, let alone a young girl, too young to

even have lived yet, and shouldn't have to see all that .." Bruiser admitted that he was the main instigator of her workload. He saw something and wanted to monopolize on it, but forgetting she was a woman, not one of the guys. Although she is that as well, but not like this, and now I am rambling in circles.

I didn't need to be told twice; I was out that door and rushed up the stairs, two at a time, pushing our door open and dreading what I would find. But she wasn't here. I walked to the balcony, and she wasn't out there. The only other place that I think she would go was the workshop and her grandpa's things. To be surrounded by something familiar to her, to give her comfort.

I rushed downstairs, almost knocking Sticks over as I hurried out the door. The workshop door was locked, but I had the access, so I put my hand on the sensor pad and heard the click, letting myself in.

You need to use the sensor pad to get into our room. How did Doris open our door? Did we not lock it?

Something to think about later, need to find my little lady first.

I let the door close behind me, and I stood there in the dark, listening. I waited for adjust to the darkness, the light from the windows giving enough to see around, though it was getting late, and that light wouldn't last long.

No sound at all, I had expected to hear her working or screaming or swearing, but not this, not nothing but silence, was she not in here?

I opened the paint room door; it was hard to see in, but I knew somehow it was empty.

I walked to her mini office, and she wasn't there. The computer wasn't on, and there was no sign she had touched it today.

Where can she be?

I looked around, searching the area with my eyes and ears, the best I could in this dim light.

Then I heard a faint snuffle. I turned and headed to where I thought it was coming from, walking between machinery that belonged to Max.

There, sitting on the floor, leaning against her Grandpa's lathe, was my little lady, her legs bent up, her arms folded across her knees, her head resting on her arms, her shoulders shaking up and down as she quietly cried, and my heart bled for her.

I moved to sit beside her. I didn't know what to say, so I said nothing.

I pulled out a small pack of tissues that I had grabbed from our bedroom and held them out to her.

At first, with her head down, she didn't see it, her head still buried in her arms, but eventually she raised her head, gave a sad chuckle, and took the packet. She blew her nose a few times and wiped her eyes.

"No more," she said with a snuffle.

"I know."

"It's too much."

"I know."

"It's tearing me apart, inside." She blew her nose again.

"I know."

I am only one person."

"I know."

"I can't do all that work."

"I know."

"I need to take my life back. I have been floating around for far too long."

"I agree."

"I am going to be the one to say what my priorities are. I will look at the list, but I am not going to be bullied into doing things I don't want to do any longer."

"I agree."

"I am only still here because of you, or I would already be upstairs packing."

"I.. What? Really?" I was shocked, I hadn't expected that.

"Yeah. I am comfortable around you. You have managed to get under my armor, make me feel things that have been dead for so long."

"I don't want to lose you," I admit. Searching the side of her face, because she's not ready to look at me.

"I love you." Those three words just changed my world.

"You do?" I asked, trying to digest what was going on.

“Yeah, I haven’t said those words in a very long time, not since Grandpa died.” She says with a snuffle.

I move to kneel in front of her, put my finger under her chin, and gently apply pressure, lifting her face to look at me. Her watery eyes were streaked with red lines, her nose red, her cheeks flushed, but to me, she was a thing of beauty. I leaned in and captured her lips. It was a soft, tender kiss, one that I hope was healing. I leaned back, breaking the kiss, far too soon, and placed my hands under her armpits, lifted her, moved so I was now seated, and she was on my lap.

I wrapped my arms around her, pulling her in close, and whispered.

“I love you.”

“You do?” She asked, between snuffles.

“I have never said that to another woman,” I admitted softly, waiting for Max to make the next move.

“Then we are on the same page.” She snuggled into me, resting her head on my chest, as if that was all she needed right now.

“I thought it when we were at camp, but never felt the right time to say it. Then all the BS started, and I never got the chance to think about how I felt.” I was trying to be as honest as I could. I felt it was needed now.

Just the two of us.

I would stay here on the ground, with her in my arms all night, if that were what she wanted.

“Sorry about Doris. But she went too far,” she sniffled again.

“When she wakes, we will find out what we need, and then take her to another town and kick her to the curb. She can go crawling back to wherever she came from. AND! Never be sorry for doing what you felt you needed to do. I have a sort of solution to suggest to you, but it won’t deter all women; some don’t understand our way.” I started, and the more I thought about it, the more it felt right.

“What?” She asked, her fingers playing with my hair, her face tilted up, searching my face, with a softness I had never seen before.

“Be my lady, wear my cut.” I breathed out.

“You’re sure? It’s a big step.” She asked, looking at me, with hope sparkling in her eyes.

“Yeah, I knew you were special to me, the very first day, in the workshop, I felt the need to hold you, protect you, but it took a few weeks to identify what it was. You are mine, and I am yours.

It was like I found my missing piece. Say yes.” I pushed, hoping she was on the same page as me.

“I would love to wear your cut, show everyone you are mine.” She lifted her head and captured my lips, her tongue invading my mouth, and I accepted it hungrily.

Pulling back, she looked at me, tears running down her cheeks again. I lifted my hand and, using my index finger, wiped them away.

“Happy tears.” She explained.

“I will talk to Sticks and Prez, organize a ceremony party, where I will present it to you in front of everyone. It will take me the week to finish making it.” I leaned down and kissed her nose.

“You have already started making one?”

“Yep, about a week, after you moved into my bed, I knew I didn’t want you to leave it ever again. I know it was fast, but when you know, you know.” I wanted to move, take her upstairs, and finish what we started earlier, but at the same time, I don’t want to do it just because she was vulnerable right now.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 68[1,474 words]

Max POV

I had stopped the hard sobs and was down to soft sniffles when I heard the door open and close. My best guess would be Tank.

He must be worried that I was going to leave, and if I didn’t care for him as much as I do, I would have done just that, and arranged to get my Grandpa’s gear later. When I had sorted out my life and what I want to do with it. All I knew was that I didn’t want to continue like this, I can’t do it, I am tired, trying to do all they wanted out of me, and with the doc adding more, it was the last item that tipped the scales.

Bruiser ended up being the one to receive my anger; he was, after all, the bearer of all my workload, adding and adding and adding. Like I can do more and more, there are only twenty-four hours in a day, does he expect me to work twenty of them, and still continue to function?

I listened as he moved about; he must know I am in here, still looking.

Internally, I huffed that he found me.

I had my back against the first machine that Grandpa taught me to use. This machine was special to me. Grandpa had said I was showing an interest, and he would teach me all he knew. That was a turning point in my life, the start of something new. I was seven. My sister's friends had just beaten me, and I was a mess, lost, and Grandpa gave me a direction, and a place to come to, to hide away from the family. Mum and Dad were used to seeing me bloodied; they never asked who did it, and my sister made sure that she saw it and said I was a troublemaker, giving them some lame lie she fabricated, distancing me even further that I already was, I think that was the day, I gave up having a mum and dad, never gave them the permission slips, or reports, gave them all the Grandma and Grandpa, I was disowning my parents, in the only way a child could.

Tank sat with me, didn't push to talk, and I appreciated that. The man I loved showed me he cared in little ways, making me feel even more special. He had snuck under my armor, the only one to ever do that, even with previous boyfriends, I never got this comfortable so fast, my ex was the only one I had started to feel something for, but not like this, not this hard and fast, and deep.

I chuckled at the offer of tissues; it surprised me a little that he had thought of them, and it warmed me that he had thought of them.

Then I vented, no other word for it, I needed to get it out, and Tank listened. This calmed me down, stopped the tears, and made me feel like there was hope, that I didn't need to run from this place, that I had started to think of as home, the place I had hoped to call family, something I hadn't had since my Grandparents died. The girls made me feel welcome, and not just because I was in Tank's bed. That meant a lot to me, to have other BFF, like Jenny.

Jenny wants in, and I held her off; I still haven't heard if the one she was interested in wanted her too.

Who was it?

Blaze, I think, was a good guy. He didn't play around as a lot of guys do; he does have a lot of chicks interested in him, but he doesn't take just any girl, and I haven't noticed him doing it right there in the main hall; he was more discreet.

I didn't want to bring Jenny into, this life if I can't handle it.

I sighed and swallowed the lump in my throat, and pushing that thought aside, it was in the way of what I was trying to say to Tank.

Saying I loved him out loud made it true. Grandpa was the last person to hear those words.

Tank surprised me, it was like he just won the grand prize, he kissed me, like there was no tomorrow, and pulled me onto his lap, moving me about like I weighed nothing at all, and I guess compared to an engine block, I don't.

He said it too.

Tank loves me.

How lucky can I get?

A cut, his cut, well, a copy of it, I think, but one for me, that says I am the property of, and strangely enough, I didn't mind being called his property, because in my mind, he was my property too, a celebration, a party, for me, us. I haven't had a party, like ever. I didn't deserve one, according to my parents and sister. My grandparents gave me a little one, where it was just us, and Jenny, with her friends, gave me one too; her birthday was a few days from mine. It was really her birthday party that she shared with me.

"You're making the cut yourself?" I found this difficult to believe.

"Yep. It's nearly finished, I hope you like it." I wondered what he was doing. I have seen some with designs on them, making them more feminine, but still have the vital information on them.

"Do all the partners make their lady a cut?" I asked curiously.

"Most of us in this club do, not sure about other clubs. I asked Prez once why he made Sticks cut, he said, it was pride, knowing she was wearing a cut he worked on, showing it off in pride, it meant more to do it yourself, and I agree, I have enjoyed making it." He sounded pleased with himself.

"Come, it's past dinner time, and I think you need to eat." I hadn't noticed the grumbling stomach, which was mine, until he mentioned it.

Tank lifts me and cradles me in his arms, walking to the door. I quickly put my arms around his neck to hold on.

"Can you reach the door?" Tank asked and bent his body slightly to give me better access.

He moved carefully, ensuring I didn't bang my head, before kicking the door shut with his foot and continuing to the back door. I could smell the food before I reached the door.

People were laughing.

Life went on, even as I fell apart.

Life doesn't stop because I had a meltdown.

We reached the kitchen door and looked in.

"Food is on the main floor, easier for the wounded." Pins, called out, when she noticed us there, she didn't even blink, seeing me in Tank's arms.

Tank lowered me onto a vacant chair.

“Stay, I will get us grub,” he left me there, joining the line for the food.

I glanced around the room and noticed Bruiser and Prez watching me, while others chatted and ate, even Sticks was talking animatedly to a girl, not giving me the eye, which made me pause.

Did he not tell Sticks what happened?

Tank came back with two plates piled high with food, way more than I thought I could eat, as my stomach, even though grumbling, was still upset, and I wouldn't have even looked at food tonight if Tank hadn't gone and fetched it for me.

He handed me the cutlery and sat beside me, digging in, like it was the most normal thing to do; maybe it was.

I cut some meat and popped it into my mouth. The cook does a marvelous job on the roast, which we often have, as it feeds many with less work. Once a week, they have a barbecue, with the men doing the cooking. I feel guilty that I don't do kitchen duty, which was a must for all the other women. A roster was set up, so all contributed. If you live here or on the property, you were on the roster, and visiting girlfriends, not yet official, but no skanks, were expected to help with the cleanup.

I tried a few times but got kicked out each time. The only time I had been successful was when I was in the kitchen, early in the morning, and managed to start cooking breakfast, and made a few pies for dessert at dinner time, before anyone came in.

“Office, when you finished eating,” Bruiser said as he and Prez walked by. I noticed Sticks looking at me with a confused look and knew I would have to explain at some point.

Tank finished my plate for me, noticing I was playing with it rather than eating.

“Can't let good food go to waste.” He said as he dug into what I had left.

Cricket collected our plates as she walked by, giving me a look that said Me too, want answers.

Tank took my hand, and we headed to the office. Butterflies are dancing in my stomach, threatening to send what I just ate back up.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 69[1,434 words]

Tank POV

It was good that Max managed to eat most of her meal; if Bruiser hadn't come by and said we had to go to the office, I reckon she would have eaten it all. I sigh as I take her plate and finish, knowing she would feel guilty wasting food, and she likes to see me eat a lot. I think I am putting on weight, eating her leftovers.

I knock on the door and look down at Max. She was wringing her hands and staring at the door, like it was going to attack her or something. The door suddenly burst open, and Bruiser was standing on the other side. He pulled the door fully open, moved aside, and motioned for us to enter, his face giving nothing away.

I picked Max up and sat down, keeping her on my lap, my preferred place for her, nice, close, protective, and that action answered a few questions, without being asked. Prez raised an eyebrow, but that was about the best you could expect.

"Maxine, talk to me, please." Please, this was not the first time he used please with Max.

"Didn't you already hear enough?" She snapped back, her defences up.

"Come on, help me out." He pushed, and I felt Max stiffen.

Then I am positive, that Prez regretted pushing, when she lashed out, giving him a serve like she gave Bruiser, that she was not a door mate, or a nom, and wouldn't put up with it, she will put down her tools and be like the other ladies, working in the kitchen and laundry, and they could go fuk themselves. I chuckled to myself as she laid into both of them, letting them know she meant business.

"What have you and Tank come up with as a solution?" He asked, still looking at Max, and I think he expected me to jump on and say something, but Max was doing just fine on her own.

"I will do your list, in my time, do rebuilds in my time, and my priority, not yours. I will not study to be a doctor or nurse, but in urgent cases, I will assist. That doesn't mean every check-up or a sprained ankle; it means real, life-and-death situations. I am not doing all that training, and won't be doing the doors; I am not a female version of Bruiser. I will, however, help out if needed, but it won't be defined as my job. I will train when I want to, and as often as I like to." Max continued with what she wanted, and how she was moving forward, and both Prez and Bruiser sat and listened, not saying a word till she stopped talking.

"Done?" Prez asked, when she stopped and stared at them, her shaking had stopped, and she was more relaxed, having gotten it all off her chest.

"As far as workloads go, yes." She folded her arms over her chest and waited for the backlash.

"Tank, what's your read on this?" Prez turned his cold eyes at me, the face that puts most in fear, and hesitated. I wanted to laugh because that face never worked on me, but I didn't for the sake of Max.

“Max and I have agreed, and I will support her in that decision.”

“Rightly so,” Prez said, then looked up at Bruiser, then back to us.

“Anything else? You seem not to be at odds with each other, so I am assuming that you’re staying in the clubhouse?” Bruiser asked, looking between us, and how I was holding onto her.

“Yes, Maxine has agreed to be my lady. I will have the cut ready in a few days, and I would like a party to announce it to the club, no skanks please, this is our joining day, one special for us, not outsiders.”

“Congrats, bro, that’s the best news. I will get Sticks onto it.” Prez said, standing up, and coming to give me a bro slap, Bruiser did the same, while Max held back, letting us do our thing. It was not like I could do much sitting here being backslapped.

“Max, I am sorry to have pushed you that far. We are not used to having a chick that’s as talented as you, and we wanted to use that skill, but we went about it all wrong.” Bruiser said, squatting down to be at Max’s level, we were both still sitting on the chair, surrounded by Prez and Bruiser, who were both happier than when we walked in the door.

“The cut you’ve been working on, I want to see it,” Prez said. I nodded; it was in the workshop, hidden in my locker, which I had out there.

“Changing the subject for a moment, the police?” I didn’t like changing the subject, but I could tell that Max was getting uncomfortable with their bro’s handling of things.

“The police were given our security footage, and they took the statements from the five in the hospital. They believe we were the victims, and no charges will be laid on us. Also, it was obvious that Stringer was not at fault for the shotgun death; it wasn’t our gun, and the footage showed that the shooter was not Stringer; his hand was nowhere near the trigger. Other than possibly more statements, they are going to focus on the Jones gang.” Bruiser answered, like he was giving a report.

“What are we going to do about it?” Max asked in her soft voice, a little croaky from crying.

“For now, nothing, let our boys heal, get that party done, and you become a patched member’s official lady. Then we can look at mopping up, what the cops don’t do.” Bruiser looked at the Prez for confirmation on what he had just said.

“If that’s all, I believe my little lady has some girls waiting for her, and get your ears ready, and expect some squealing shortly,” I said, standing up, and letting Max stand on her own. She needs to walk out of here with her head held high for what she has been through today.

“That will be all for now, maybe later when the squealings are over, and we get into party mood.”

We walked out together.

Sticks and Cricket were where you would often find them sitting on a lounge in our area, away from the main floor, but you could still observe what was going on in the other section. They sat up when we arrived. Prez said next to Sticks and gave her a peck on the lips, Bruiser doing the same with Cricket, while I sat and pulled Max onto my lap. How long she gets to stay there will depend on the girls' reaction to the earth-shattering news we were about to share.

"What's going on?" Sticks asked, looking between Prez, Bruiser, and me.

"You want to tell her? Or should I?" Prez asked, looking at Max, not me.

"You can have the honor, you have had to deliver some crappy news lately, might make their day hear good news from you for a change," Max said with a smirk. Snuggling in closer to me. Like she was trying to hide.

"Tank asked Max to be his lady, we got a party to organise for the giving of the cut." The cut wasn't like the men's cut, but it still had the club's name, your road name, your man's road name, and, in Tank's case, the VP on it too. I wonder what they were going to give Max as a road name, I thought briefly, before the high-pitched squeal we had been warned to be prepared for happened.

Max jumped into my arms and then burst out laughing as she squealed, gaining attention from around the room.

Cricket and Sticks got up and moved to sit beside them, pushing Prez and Bruiser away, so they could get closer to talk to Max.

"Max, tell me how he asked? Was he romantic? When did he ask? Oh, we are going to have to get our heads together and get a road name, hey Prez?" Cricket fired off all these questions, leaving me astounded. I don't think Max would want to talk about the tears and fight we had, well, not me and her, but how she lost it in the office and ended up in the workshop.

"Certainly, you and Stick forward some names, as we will look at them," Prez said with a smile. It looks like I won't get a say in the road name, not that I minded.

"Yes, Tank was romantic," Max said, making me feel a lot better, because I didn't think it was romantic at all, more like desperation, and our feelings were revealed.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 70[1,589 words]

Maxine POV

I wasn't so scared going to the office this time. I was ready to fight for myself, not give in like before. I don't feel like I have to push to please them; the other girls don't do what I do or work as hard, so why should I? I like doing things to help out, and if that means doing a day in the kitchen, so be it. I want to bake cakes; it reminds me of Grandma and the time I spent in her kitchen, where she taught me to cook.

But I didn't need to fight and argue as I had prepared for; they sat, nodded, and listened, and I think they agreed. I am not sure. They never disagreed, never really said much at all.

I left that room feeling a little confused. Did I achieve anything?

Now I am sitting here, with Sticks and Cricket, talking about the party they are organising for me, expecting me to contribute with colors, and arrangements, things I have never had to think about before. Like, do I have a favorite color? Or flower? Heck, I like all flowers, and they said no to black, so what colors are left that I like the most? I like all tones of blue, purple, and even some greens. I can say I don't like yellow or orange; those colors on me make me look sickly.

"So we will have it on Friday afternoon, club members only, that way it won't conflict with the usual Saturday crowd, the place should be back to its old self again by then, and

you wouldn't be able to tell there had been a fight. Plus, none of the skanks would think to come over on a Friday, but we will make sure the gates are guarded; we don't want trouble if we can avoid it." Sticks was saying, but I was distracted, Tank was running circles on my thigh, and I was getting worked up, and was getting so comfortable on his lap, resting my head on his chest.

Would they notice if I closed my eyes for a moment?

I gave a long yawn, and Cricket giggled.

"Think our girl needs sleep, leave this with us, we will work something out. Make a big surprise for you." Sticks said as the two of them put their heads together and whispered.

"Come on, time to get you to bed." Tank stood up, still holding me, and carried me upstairs.

"I have two good working legs, you know," I grumbled softly but still snuggled his neck.

Tank chuckled, his chest rumbling and vibrating.

I reached out and opened the door, and he kicked it open further, and took me to the bed, setting me down gently, like I was a fragile flower and he was worried he'd damage the petals.

He moved to my feet, pulled off my boots, and carefully set them down, pulled at my jeans, and I raised my hips to give him better access, to pull them off. I sat up, and he helped take off my shirt, and I watched as he took me in, looking at me like he wanted to devour me, and didn't know where to begin. His eyes went from my feet, still in socks, up my thighs, in a slow

movement, stopping at my core, where he swallowed, licked his lips, then traveled up to my chest, looked at each side before moving to my mouth, and lastly to my eyes.

“Do you want a shower?” Tank asked softly, his voice deep and lustful.

“No, haven’t done much today, how about you?” I asked, looking at him with interest. He appears to be shy and hesitant.

“Can I taste?”

“Taste what?” I asked, confused, if he wanted something to eat, like right now? I looked around the room and couldn’t see anything to eat.

“You.” He said huskily.

“Me?” I squeaked.

“Yeah, you.” His eyes were dark, intense, full of desire. I was wet looking at him.

“How do you eat me?” I was totally confused. How do you eat me? I haven’t heard that term used to describe a person’s body before. I am not naive; I know what a man and a woman do in bed, but I had never heard the word “eat” used in reference to being in bed, it had me baffled.

“Say yes, and you will find out.” He said his voice was deeper, huskier.

“Yes,” I said, looking at him, unsure what I agreed to.

What did I have to lose? I have already committed to him, totally. I trust him. Or I wouldn’t have said yes to being marked as his, and his alone, sooner or later, I will have to become fully intimate.

The smile on Tank’s face was a photo moment.

He pushed me further onto the bed and climbed up to lie beside me. He leaned in and captured my lips, soft, gentle, taking his time to explore my mouth. A moan slipped from my mouth. He was making my core throb with a need, like when I used my vibrator, and I was close, then had to add my fingers as well, because the vibrator couldn’t give me the release I was chasing.

Tank fiddled with my bra and released the boobies from their confines, his mouth latching on like he was a baby, suckling and teasing the n*****s with his tongue and teeth. While he was latched on to one side, his hand was massaging the other, so many sensations were running through my body. New sensations that have me yearning with want and unfamiliar need.

He moved down my body, and I had to force myself not to squirm or try to stop him from going down there.

I didn't know what he was going to do, and I was scared and interested at the same time.

Tank used his teeth and tore my panties from my body, then pushed my legs apart and moved to kneel between them, displaying my most intimate part to him. I never felt exposed and vulnerable.

"What are you doing?" I asked in a higher-than-normal-pitched voice.

"Going for a feast," and he licked me between my legs, I squeezed them shut, trapping his head between my thighs.

"Relax." He said, making a vibration on my exposed juncture.

He used his hands to push my legs apart, and he looked up at me, from between them, with a wide grin, his eyes sparking.

"You said, yes. Changing your mind? Humm?" He asked softly, genuinely concerned, but also hopeful I don't say no..

"No, no, I ... er... um... I have never had someone down there before. I don't know what you are going to do." I said, stuttering as I tried to find the words.

"Have you heard of muff dive?" Tank asked with a smirk.

"Yeah, Jenny loves getting them. She didn't go into details, just that a man enjoys playing with a woman down there. Is it like when a man gets a headjob?" I was trying to understand what he would be doing down there, like I know I am not ready for him to take my virginity, but I still want to investigate his body, and I guess that's what he's doing to mine.

"Something similar, ready?" I nodded and fisted his hair when he blew on my moist lady parts. Sending me almost screaming in surprise at the sensation, he had caused just by blowing on me.

He licked my again, long, slow licks, and flicking the nub, at the end, I thought I was going to pull all his hair off his head, I pulled it so hard, when he flicked my nub, making me squeak and jump in surprise, he placed his hand on my pelvic bone, holding me in place, and humming on my core, thrusting his tongue inside. I removed my hands from his head, fearful

I would do damage, and fisted the blankets, as he sent another wave of tingling sensations through me. I was glad he was holding me down, because I am sure I would have crawled up the bed in pleasure, as he sent me to a place I had never been. Even with my fingers and vibrator, he played me like a well-oiled engine, running smoothly.

He pushed a finger inside, and I felt it all the way in. He then added another. I thought he was going to rip me apart as he stretched me. I knew he was large; I had seen it when he was in the shower. I walked in, half asleep and not thinking straight. I stopped and stared at him, as he

continued to shower, as if I wasn't there, but the shaft slowly grew, so I knew he knew I was watching him.

He thrust his tongue in and out, faster and faster, his fingers were playing in my folds, rubbing my nub, finding places that were so very sensitive to his touch, making me jump with the sensation. I was groaning and writhing under his ministrations.

"Cum for me." He murmured in my core, and as if he was demanding, I reached my release, and my body did as it was told, sending me skyrocketing into a throbbing pleasure, hitting heights I didn't know existed. I screamed his name as I exploded on his tongue, and he lapped fast on my lady part, drinking my juices and licking me clean.

"Good girl." He praised me when I started to slow my throbbing. He crawled back up to my face and thrust his tongue in my mouth, twisting and twirling my tongue, giving me the flavor he had on his tongue, his beard wet and glistening with my juices.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 71[1,456 words]

Tank POV

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It wasn't too bad in the office. I don't think they were prepared for Hurricane Maxine, and they looked a little shell-shocked. By the time she had finished her stay. I take my hat off to them, though; they sat and listened. I am positive those two will talk about it together. Still, I think they got the message that she won't take their crap anymore, and it fits perfectly in our club. Our leaders need strong supporters, and Max is a powerful woman, though she is still learning to get back on her feet: Once she gets set, nothing will stop her from moving forward; the club won't know what hit them, and I will be along for the ride.

Dinner was enjoyable, and the girls prattled on about the ceremony, and I needed to talk to Prez later about Max's road name. I want to put it on her cut, and depending on what it is, I'll have to put in the work to design it to look perfect.

A big yawn was all I needed to move Max upstairs. I had had enough of talking about our plans for Friday; I could take Crickets and Sticks' high-pitched squeals only for so long, plus I wanted to give my little lady something special, take our relationship a little further.

I almost ran up the stairs, leaving a trail of laughter behind me, as I took the stairs two at a time. Max opened reached down and opened the door, enough for me to kick it open. I was semi-hard

with all the thoughts already going through my mind, and what I wanted to do to her if she would let me. Tonight, I feel we have jumped an enormous hurdle, and it's time to solidify that jump.

Trying to hold myself back, I gently positioned Max on the bed, and slowly, carefully, removed her outer garments, concentrating hard on the task, and folding each piece with care, not something I would typically do; I would have thrown them to a corner, not giving a care, but today, I felt it was special. So I am taking my time, working here in the direction I want to go.

Then the big question.

She said yes!!!! I almost creamed myself when she said yes.

I can't wait to taste her juices.

Again, I took my time, working her body, enjoying how eagerly she responds. I need to teach her to use her voice, but that can wait; for now, I need to make her feel good.

When I reached her mound and licked it, she tasted as good as I had hoped. But I hadn't expected her resistance, and I popped my head up to look at her face. She looked petrified. I didn't want to stop, but I would if this were all she would allow me to do. But reluctantly, she said Continue, once I explained the best I could.

"Please, more." She begged, almost taring my hair out by the roots, and the bit of pain she caused had my shaft throbbing with need. I don't think it would take much for me to explode.

When she reached her climax, she glowed. It was so beautiful to see her in bliss, and I put her there; it made me proud to think I was the first to feast on her and bring her to the peak.

"My turn," Max said, and I needed to clear my ears out, because I didn't think I heard right.

"Your turn?"

"Yes, first you have too many clothes on." I went to roll off the bed, but she stopped me, copied what I had done to her, removed my shirt, and then reached to pull down my jeans.

"Where are your boxers?" She looked so shocked that I had gone commando; I had no clean ones, so I went without.

"In the wash." I shrugged; it wasn't the first time, and most likely not the last either. I didn't mind going commando.

She pushed me so I was lying on the bed, my erection standing proud, waiting, wondering what she would do. Her mouth wouldn't possibly be able to take me; no girl could. It might sound good to some, but being this large had many drawbacks, and one of them was how a girl could pleasure me with her hands and mouth.

“Be patient with me, I have little experience doing this.” That sounds like she had tried before, so I am not her first, and although that was disappointing, I can’t be greedy, getting all her firsts, and I’d be hypocritical if I said she had to wait for me, I might admit I am a little jealous maybe, but I can’t expect a girl to have all her firsts with me.

Max touched my shaft, as she would hurt me, and it pulsed at her touch, making her take her hand back, and stare at the shaft, waiting for it to move again. She tentatively reached out again and ran her fingers down my length. She giggled when it pulsed under her touch.

“It’s a contradiction,” Max said softly. She continued to run her fingers up and down, watching its reaction to her touch.

“How so?” I asked, my voice husky, even to me.

“It’s soft but hard at the same time.” I chuckled but said nothing. It’s not like I thought about it all my life, like she was studying it.

She then leaned down and licked the full length, oh my, FFFFUUUKKK. I nearly ended it right then, and there, I can’t remember the last time any chick did that, if ever, but oh my, oh my, my. I can’t think straight.

She uses her teeth and runs them gently down the length, lifts my shaft, and nibbles on the end. Somehow, she managed to stretch her mouth over the very end, and ran her tongue over it, and pushed it against the hole, sensations of pure pleasure ran through me, as she used her other hand to play with my balls, rolling them in her hand, and put suction on her mouth, making my end have all sorts of new sensations.

She pulled her mouth off with a pop. She ran her tongue down and up my shaft, her other hand holding on as best she could, and ran that up and down my shaft, whilst the other one was still playing with my sensitive balls. She had me covered with so many different sensations at once that I didn’t know which one to concentrate on.

It was the best head job I have ever had, the few woman I have had give me one, worked on one sensation, and that was either mouth, but often gave up on that because they couldn’t get their mouth over the end, or hand, straight up and down, that takes forever to get me to where I am right now, close to blowing my load.

I couldn’t stop the moans of pleasure, and she sank her teeth in lightly, and grazed them up my length before pulling the end into her mouth with ease and running her tongue over the end again. She kept changing what she was doing over and over again. I felt the telltale signs of my impending release.

“Move your mouth, I am going to cum.” I grunted out, trying to pull away from her mouth.

“Did you pull away?” She asked and continued to suck and play with the end, balls, and shaft, and oh my.

I exploded, as I had never exploded before, my breath short and ragged. I felt as if my shaft was never going to stop squirting, and there was Max, drinking it all in. I looked down at her, and she was busy with my shaft, her hand still gently squeezing my balls.

“That was amazing.” I blurted out, my breath back under control.

She moved up my body, kissing me as she went, and then when she reached my face, she grabbed my hair and pulled my face to hers, and she stuck her tongue in my mouth, sharing the taste of me on her tongue, I didn’t mind, I did the same to her, it’s only fair, I had no idea I tasted like that, salty, where she was sweet.

“Was it okay?” Max asked shyly, but hope filled her eyes, pleading that it was good. Even after I said it was amazing, she was still in doubt.

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Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 72[1,500 words]

Maxine POV

I wanted so much to give as good as I got, but it wasn’t easy. He looked so huge, and it blew my mind how big he was, like I didn’t know they could be that size. I get the comments about donkey d**k, and hung like a horse, they used to giggle about, now. I knew he was large; I had felt through his jeans, and seeing was believing.

It took a bit to decide how I was going to approach this; my hand barely made it around his shaft, and there was no way that whole thing would fit in my mouth. I poked it and ran my hands over it, looking at how it responded. I hadn’t expected it to move and jump. I tried using my teeth on his length and gained a hiss, and I tried to avoid looking up at his face; I didn’t want to see that he hated what I was doing.

I touched his balls, and they were soft, and saggy, a lot as I had expected. I rolled them one at a time because I couldn’t fit both in one hand, and felt the inner ball, which I learned about in hygiene classes. We learned how to look after ourselves during that bloody time of the month, and how to put on a condom. Looking at his shaft, I don’t think one would fit on. None of the condoms we used in class would be big enough.

I licked him as he had me, from top to bottom, and thought if I could get my mouth even part of the way over that end. The taste of him wasn’t too bad, nothing I could put words to, as I had never had this taste before. I licked the precum off, and it was slightly salty, but nothing I couldn’t handle, like I wasn’t about to throw up or anything. I have eaten worse. But that’s a whole different story. I used my tongue to moisten the end, and then stretched my mouth as wide

as I could go, and was pleased that I could force the whole head in my mouth. Once in there was little I could do, but use my teeth with a bit of pressure and my tongue, all the while I felt the odd pulse as his shaft jerked.

So I improvised, using teeth and hands, and working his shaft. I loved the sounds he made, the moans that sounded more pleasurable than pain, and that spurred me on, getting faster as he had me.

“Move your mouth, I am going to cum.” He grunted out, trying to move his hips away from my mouth.

“Did you pull away?” I replied with a bit of sass and continued to suck and play with the end, balls, and shaft.

Then his balls moved up, and liquid squirted in my mouth, as he yelled out my name, his hand found my hair and pulled, then pushed, as if he didn’t know whether he wanted to remove my mouth and hand, or keep me there.

I continued to fiddle with his balls and kept my mouth over his end until nothing was coming out and the pulsing slowed. I looked up, and he was watching me. His eyes were full of emotions I couldn’t place. I crawled up his body, kissing as I made my way to his lips, and then, as he had me, I thrust my tongue into his mouth, and our tongues danced, and he took over, deepening the kiss.

Tank tried to reassure me that it was the best head job he had ever had, and although I like the sounds of that, I had my doubts. He would have had a lot of girls over the years, surely he had had better, but give me time, I will improve. It was my first time playing with his body and learning what I can do. Hopefully, I can do better.

“Sleep,” Tank whispered in my ear, snuggling me closer to him. I felt his warm body relax and his breathing slow, as sleep found him. I lay contented for a bit longer, thinking about what happened today, how I lost my temper, and I hate losing that, but the end was a great reward. I wondered what name they were going to give me and laughed to myself as I came up with silly ones, and I wouldn’t put it past them to provide me with something stupid.

The next thing I knew, I was busting for the bathroom, and I could hear the shower. Tank had already gotten up, and I hadn’t felt him leave. That was not me. I constantly stir, even if I don’t completely wake. I had to be completely zonked last night. Tank wore me out.

I climbed out, finding myself naked, and I paused, then giggled as I remembered why I was naked. I used the toilet and climbed in behind Tank, wrapping my arms around him from behind, being bolder than I have ever been.

“Morning.” He murmured, holding my hands to his chest, and looking over his shoulder at me.

“Hi, you okay?” I asked, shyly, why I couldn’t answer.

“Sure, you?”

“Slept like the dead, not one nightmare.” It was true, I hadn’t had a nightmare; it was a completely dreamless night.

“Good, no regrets?” Tank asked, kissing my hands and pushing them back so he could turn around.

“None, you?” I reached up, and he leaned down, capturing our lips in a soft, slow kiss filled with promise.

“Never, you are the best thing to enter my life, I don’t regret last night, or what happened during the day, because you needed to get that off your chest, and let the Prez and Bruiser know, they stepped over the line, never be afraid to tell them, I will always have your back.” He promised, before moving, to put shampoo in his hand, and started to wash my now very wet hair.

I stood and let him wash me, feeling odd, but good. He was thorough, concentrating on his task, trying to ignore my holding his growing shaft in my hands, as I teased him. I didn’t do anything more than keep it, but it seemed to be enough after a while. He groaned and stopped what he was doing.

“Do you trust me?” He asked, and he captured my lips before I could answer.

“Yes,” I replied breathlessly, after he broke the kiss.

He lowered himself a little bit, causing his shaft to slip from my hands, and he then did something I hadn’t expected: he put his shaft between my legs, he didn’t try to insert it, and slowly rocked back and forth, causing his shaft to slide against my core, giving me a new sensation. The friction was perfect.

“Faster,” I begged, as I felt the building need inside of me, how my core seemed to want something, I don’t know what, but I became very needy. Tank complied, picking up a little speed, but careful not to insert inside of me, our breathing became faster, as he rocked.

He was holding me steady, his hands on my back for support, as he kept control of the situation.

“Cum for me.” He croaked out, and as if permitting me was all I needed, I exploded in pleasure, shouting out his name, and thankful he was holding onto me, as my legs turned to jelly. I am positive I would have ended up on the floor. He groaned out my name as I felt his shaft throb, squirting his seed into the shower.

He lifted my chin and gave me a searing kiss before we both climbed out of the shower. It was the first time we had shared a shower like this, and I liked it, and it gave me a new pleasurable experience, which only makes me look forward to more showers together.

Tank grabbed a towel and made sure I was dry and covered before he took a towel for himself. He then grabbed another towel, moved me out of the bathroom, sat me on a chair, and started drying my hair. He was a little rough, but I didn't complain; that he was willing to try was enough for me.

He kiss my nose, and left me to finish drying my hair with the hairdryer, a smile on his face, as he dried and got dressed, ready of by he look of it, time in the workshop, guess he going to help the guys with the bike checks since the camping trip, he was enforcing the men to take better care fo their bikes, he told them that his girl was not going to keep wasting her time, on their bikes, if the break down was because of poor maintenance, and trip preparation. I appreciated the sentiment, I didn't mind doing it, but it did serve as a chance to remind the guys of keeping up on regular checks, even if it was to take it to Mike and have them go over it, before any long ride.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 73[1,407 words]

Tank POV

Best sleep ever, I woke early, feeling refreshed, and better than ever.

My little lady took me to a place I didn't think I would ever reach again by a woman, and she proved that she was the goddess I believe she was.

I slipped out of bed and took the phone call that had woken me, glad that she hadn't woken.

“Office, an hour,” Bruiser barked over the phone, not even a greeting. I groaned.

It never stops.

Being a VP ain't what it cracked up to be.

I want time with my woman, but I have to have the club come first. Never before had that been an issue; now I have more new stuff to learn. How to divide my time between my woman and my gang. Give her what she needs, what I need, and do the job for the club.

How does Prez do it?

I crept as quietly as I could, which was pretty good, considering my size, and turned on the shower, thinking about the night with Max, how responsive she was, and how she was prepared to try and give back, and did better than I could have wished for, being her first time, with a man of my size, I am looking forward to when we can take this further, I think I am close to giving it a try, but she needs to be stretched a lot more before I am prepared to try. I learned my lesson, and won't do it like that again. I was young and arrogant, and so sure of myself, one night, and

all that was shattered, and I think I need to talk to Max about that before we take that next step. Give her my nightmare, clear the air, and I hope she will share her nightmares with me. I feel we both have to forgive ourselves and tell each other our secrets to grow. But that was still a long way away; at least now, I am thinking more positively about it, getting ready to face it.

Then I almost jumped when Max's arms wrapped around me. In the shower, we hadn't ventured this far. Guess I am not the only one trying to spread their wings and try new things.

I asked if she trusted me, and my heart warmed when she said she did. She trusted me, which nearly undid me. I took the risk, and put my shaft between her legs, and felt her warm core, against my stiff shaft, no woman had had my shaft between her legs in years, and the sensation was unbelievably good, it didn't take long for us both to reach our crescendo, she went limp on my arms, as I knew she would, but me going weak too, was not on the cards. I forced my legs to stay locked into place, keeping us both upright.

I enjoyed drying her hair, mindful of the time, knowing I had to be in that office shortly. I tried not to give the impression I was rushing, and I was dressed quickly.

"Hay, I have to go to the office, not sure how long, catch you for breakfast, take your time." I bent down and captured her lips before picking up my phone and leaving her to dress.

I took the stairs quickly, reaching the office door with time to spare. I knocked, and the call to enter came.

Prez, Bruiser, the cousin, and the police officer were in the office.

"Tank, I have been informing Alan of your promotion to VP and your finding a young lady, taking her as your woman, this Friday, if you don't mind, I would like to invite him to that party, he won't stay all night, but would like to be included." Was he asking for my permission?

"Alan, you are more than welcome to come to my joining." I agreed, we see him around often enough, I have no qualms with cops, not those in our town anyway, some other cities can be assholes, but ours are cool, most of the time.

"Well, with that settled, Alan, can you give us an update? My VP was here." Ah, the real reason I was called down.

"We arrested twenty members of the Jones Gang. It took a bit to get past the jurisdiction crap, which frustrates us most of the time, but as one of theirs was killed on our patch, they couldn't stop us from doing what needed to be done. I should let you also know that two more of theirs died of their injuries, with it being a full out brawl, and from what we can ascertain from the footage supplied, and with the co-operation of your people, there would no arrests on your side, it was clearing no intent on this clubs part, and almost impossible to pin point the exact moment, that they were fatally injured, in fact one of the men, rode his bike all the way back to the club house, before he collapsed. They took too long to notice how severe his injuries were; they will be charged for failing to render medical aid promptly on top of all the other charges." Alan said,

and the more he spoke, the more I was glad I was not here, because there would be more deaths if I had been, after I had seen the footage.

“Thank you for the update, Alan,” Prez said with a smile.

“I am no idiot, I know you will be going after the gang after this. I ask you to be careful and not be too obvious. I don’t want to come and arrest any of your people. The town needs you all.” Alan said as he stood and shook our hands. He was in uniform, which meant he was on duty, but I am reassured he won’t be in uniform when he comes on Friday.

Cops at my ceremony, it doesn’t seem real, who would have believed it, wouldn’t surprise me if Prez invites the judge next.

We saw Alan off, and I turned on the kitchen, on the hunt for Max.

“Tank.” Bruiser called before I had taken more than two steps.

I stop and turn.

“Max’s road name, it’s.” He looked around and took a few steps forward and whispered it in my ear, not wanting others to hear it. No one but the three of us knows, now, and I want to keep it that way until Friday.

Max was covered in flour and was busy whisking something in a bowl. She looked up as if she felt me enter.

“Pancakes?” She asked with a beaming smile.

“Really? I can’t remember the last time we had pancakes served here.” She pointed to a warmer, where there was already a huge stack, and Sticks was making a sauce to go with them. My mouth was watering already.

“Bring it on,” I said, heading to the warmer to grab a plate full.

I took a huge stack and the coffee Max handed over, and gave her a quick kiss and hurried out the door to find a quiet place to eat these pancakes. They were soft and as fluffy as they looked, almost melting in my mouth as I devoured them.

“Are you eating pancakes?” Bruiser asks as he and Prez find me sitting outside eating.

“Yep, Max made them. Better be quick; these won’t last long.” I put more in my mouth before I think about Max and whether she has time to eat any. When I finish my plate, I will hunt her down and make sure she has been eating too.

Bruiser and Prez come out to sit beside me, their plates piled almost as high as mine was.

“These sure are good, that girl can cook, she said it was her Grandma’s recipe, gonna have to get her in that kitchen more often, I am told by the girls she can make some tasty pastries and pies, also bread rolls, what can’t that chick do, she’s amazing,” Prez said as he stuffed more in his mouth and made a moaning sound as he chewed.

“Keep your hands off, she’s taken.” I jokingly say, nudging him with my shoulder, when his fork was almost to his mouth.

“Yeah, yeah, I hear ya, she chewed my ear off already, no need to join in.” He replied good-naturedly.

“But if she wouldn’t mind occasionally spoiling us with her cooking, I won’t say no,” Bruiser added, as he too stuffed more in his mouth. My little lady was too good to be true, and she was all mine.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 74[1,469 words]

Max POV

So many new experiences, I love that Tank was patient with me and encouraging.

The shower was terrific.

I am still thinking about it, humming softly to myself as I try to surprise everyone with pancakes. It’s been a while since I made them. I already had a large pile in the warmer and was making another batch.

“That smells good. What are you making?” Sticks asked what my Grandma would call a stupid question.

“Can you make some sauce? I have the ingredients over there.” I point to a bowl of chopped-up berries.

“Sure, talk me through it. never made our own sauce before.” For half an hour, I talked Sticks made other types, including homemade maple through making sauces, then Cricket and Pins syrup, which always seems to be popular.

I gained a kiss from Tank before taking a massive plate of pancakes, which had me chuckling, as he mumbled something about the pancakes and spoiling everyone. Bruiser and Prez came in and copied Tank, although the kisses were not for me, but the thanks were. Cricket took what was left of the pancakes

out to the breakfast table, along with the sauces, and it was first-come, first-served. The latecomers will be pissed, but I am not making pancakes all day.

I take a plate and go outside to eat, and am pleasantly surprised to find the guys out here enjoying the morning, the sun was not in the sky yet, but it wasn't far away, the color at the horizon was getting brighter, it was a cool morning, the signs of winter looming around the corner, a gentle breeze was enough to send goose bumps up my arms, after the warm kitchen.

"The peace, before the storm." Entered my mind something my grandpa would say, if he were sitting with us. I had to agree, I was too happy for this to last for long, "Enjoy the peace and joy while you can," my grandma would say. They loved the sunrise more than the sunset, "a fresh new day, at the dawn, put your troubles away in dust." They had sayings for everything.

"Max, if it's not too much trouble, can we put pancakes on the list, say once a month? These are too good not to have again." The Prez asked tentatively, "It was nice, he said, and not ordered. Guess he's learning; ordering me about doesn't work so well as it does on his men."

"Sure, I can work something out, Sticks, you have the roster?" I asked as she sat next to Prez, and Cricket next to Bruiser, we all shuffling about to make room.

"Yep, will have a look, not Sundays, too many hangovers, after a Saturday night, maybe mid-week, when not much was happening." It didn't matter to me when. I can fit in. Before going out to work in the workshop, I want to start on that baby bike, as they call it, pull it apart, and see what needs to be manufactured by me and what I can scrounge up.

"Great, you can get other ingredients for the sauces."

"You made the sauce?" Prez asked, as he ran his finger through what was left on his plate and sucked it off his finger.

"Sticks and Cricket did." I shrugged; it wasn't hard to make.

"You guided us, and had the ingredients ready, do you like it, Sweetie?" Cricket, always happy to push compliments back, she's a sweetheart.

"I love the thought it was homemade, that just makes it so much tastier, fresh ingredients, and made with love, not a machine, good job ladies." Bruiser grinned at us, syrup in his beard, and he wiped it off as his hand grasped his beard and slid it down. Then, he wipes his hand on the thigh of his jeans.

"What's the plan today?" Sticks asked, looking at the men.

"We are still working on repairs. It will be a few more days. The glazier should be finished today, then we can do some other work, like fix the part of the veranda they burned." They tried to set the clubhouse on fire, but only our guys' quick thinking kept it from happening. The Jones gang had pushed a car against the veranda and set it alight. Our guys ran out and threw chains

over it and dragged it away, using the forklift, but it was slow, and all while the fighting was going on, hence five guys in the hospital, they were the ones trying to pull the car away; we had others with hoses, trying to stop the spread. Some were upstairs, using buckets of water to tip out the top window and get it from that angle. It was a terrifying time for those here, trying to keep the place from burning down, and them from getting inside, to more vulnerable people. All the kids had been sent to one of the houses on the property to keep them safe, while the few ladies here helped with a bucket brigade.

“Maxi Max, you?” Sticks asked, and I was wondering what she was planning, as she never asked what I was doing before.

“Tank doesn’t know it yet, but I am going to use his muscles for a little while, get him to bring the baby over to a bench I have cleared, and start stripping her down. See what I need to hunt for, and what I need to make. Just a start, don’t worry, I’ll look at the next paint job in between times. I have asked the guys to let me know if they get stuck servicing the bikes. They do a good job from what I can see, and only need a few pointers and my tools. I can do the major work.” I looked at Prez when I said this.

“Sounds good, work at your pace.” Prez gave me a look that told me he wouldn’t organise my life again, not in this area, maybe when he needs my other skills.

“Happy to let you use my muscles anytime, little lady.” Tank wiggled his eyes at me, and I licked my suddenly dry lips as I caught his drift, and by the chuckles I heard, they understood his double meaning, too.

“Cricket and I will work on Friday night. Any suggestions before we start?” Cricket was excited, this would be the first time she would be helping organise what she and Sticks classed as a club’s wedding.

“How about a simple barbecue?” I suggested it, thinking it would get the men involved, since that’s the only time they get to cook.

Pins squealed.

“Perfect, we can decorate around the big tree, do the ceremony there.” I was yet to work out what all this was about. I thought I would be handed a cut, like Tank was given the VP. They had a party, and it was nice, lots of congrats for the promotion and for me saying yes, but this sounds different, and I am scared I will stuff it up somehow. Sticks collected the plates, cups, and Cricket and Sticks left chatting about the ceremony and ideas they had. I was feeling a little left out; it was supposed to be mine and Tank’s day, yet I hadn’t seen anyone ask if we wanted to be involved or tell me what was expected.

Tank wrapped his arm around my waist, and we headed to my workshop.

“Can you tell me more about the ceremony?” I asked softly, once we were out of earshot of the others.

“How about tonight, when we head to our room, I will explain it to you. Can you wait that long?”

“Why wait?”

“Because I want to be holding you when we talk about our ceremony, and out here isn’t so romantic.” I giggled at his playful banter; it was cute.

“Okay, you win this one. I will wait and not nag you as much as I want to.” I pinched his ribs, as I said nag.

“Hey, ouch.” He rubbed his rib where I had pinched him.

“You’re vicious.” He leaned down and kissed my forehead, smiling at me.

We entered my space, and I instructed Tank on what I wanted and where, and to my astonishment, he squatted down, grabbed the broken bike, stood up, walked slowly to me, and carefully placed it on the bench. I knew he was strong; he lifted engine blocks, like most likely weights at the gym, but this was seeing. He made it look so easy, he wasn’t even straining. How much can this man lift?

Tank chuckled and came over to me, lifted his hand, and placed his finger under my jaw, shut my mouth, which I hadn’t realised was hanging open. He then pulled me to him and gave me a long, slow, and breathtaking kiss.

“Got to go, have things to do. Catch you later.” He gave me another quick kiss and left, with me still staring at his retreating form, still in shock.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 75[1,597 words]

Tank POV

It didn’t take much to carry the old bike over to her bench, it weighed less than some engines I lifted, it was awkward was all, it had no oil or fuel in it, having been emptied years, the bike was considered non repairable, and we had kept it, for memory sake, it belonged to a long-time member, that recently died, not on the bike, but old age. We kept the bike, promising to repair it, but no one had the know-how until now. Max had said with confidence that she could get it up and running again, and I did not doubt that she would; it might take a while, but she wouldn’t give up on it until we all heard the old walla running again.

I smiled to myself as I made my way to a small office of mine, which is in the back of the old workshop, I claimed it a few years ago, when I developed a talent at making the cuts, so out the

back here, I would create the new ones for the noms about to be patched, including their new road names.

Today, though, I am working on one for Max, my lady. I had already created most of it; all I had to do was add a few final touches and her road name. I had several made cuts that were waiting for names and small details to be added, to personalise them, but this one I started on the day I met Max, almost like I knew she would one day be mine, I just hadn't expected it to be so soon.

I took my time, going around the edges, making a small chain link; it was Max to a T. I loved it, and I hope she does too. I take pride in my work, but I think this was my best one yet. I had worked the leather to make it soft and pliable, yet still strong, just like her. The patch was complete, with my name and VP at the inside top of a V-Twin engine, I had made small bike chain links around the outside of the engine, and it made a shape of a loveheart, and her road name on the base of the engine, it looked cool, I think it stands out nicely, and the chains set it off, making it stand out, the back has the standard club name and emblem, its the front that sets them apart.

Smiling as I work the last part of the cut, ready for the Prez's inspection, he checks them all over before they're handed out. Sometimes he has minor changes to make. Still, this one, being my little lady and personal to me, he won't insist on any changes, although he might suggest that I can take or leave.

A knock on my office door had me covering the cut before opening it. It was Prez.

"You done?" He asked, as he walked in, looking around my office, which smelled of acrylic paint, leather, and polish.

"Just then." I moved to my desk and uncovered the cut. Prez takes it and turns it around, then back to the front, looking closer at the engine and what I had done.

"Perfect, I think the chains make it. I am impressed, best work yet. I like the engine, the way you have made it a heart, set in chains, is that a statement?" I didn't know if he was joking or not.

"Chains, yeah, I guess you could say that. I am so wrapped up in Max, I am bound to her by chains of love." I chuckled to myself at the irony of what I had just said.

"Sappy man, that's so sappy." He pretended to wipe a non-existent tear from his eyes.

"Do you think she will like it?" I asked, as the first chink of doubt entered my mind.

"This is a masterpiece, what's not to like? She would have to be blind and stupid not to love it the moment she sees it, and be proud to wear it. I am worried, though."

"Why?" I didn't know if he was joking or not.

"Sticks will be jealous and want me to create her a new one. Especially when the baby comes."

“I can add to her cut, putting the baby’s name on it. Got ideas on what you’re going to call it?” I asked, already having ideas running through my head.

“Boring, actually, we are calling it Alex, whether girl or boy.” I laughed because it’s true, and they both have a family member called Alex.

“I will put this away for Friday, got it worked out?” I asked, as I carefully folded and wrapped the cut in tissue paper, and put it in the cupboard.

“Yeah, now that the decision to have it on the grass, we’re going to bring the bikes on the grassed area, until after the ceremony, and then put them in the car park, twelve bikes, six a side. Pins, Cricket, and Sticks are the bridesmaids, and Sticks has a dress for her to wear. I don’t think it’s something you would ever find Max wearing. Sticks was going to keep the dress hidden till Friday, and get her to change into it, not giving her a chance to back out. Those three girls are going to make Max gorgeous, not that she isn’t in her cut jeans and blouse, but this will be something out of this world. Nothing you can dream up in your head, and no, I’m not telling you what it is.” Prez looked so smug, with his knowing look, that makes me want to push to get a hint out of him, but maybe leaving it all for the day would make it more fun, a better surprise.

“Finished till Friday, you need me for something?” I asked because Prez always needs something done.

“Yeah, come to town with me, got to visit the cop shop, they got some pictures they want to show me, and I might need some support.” I nod and get in step with him. We took our SUV because we would pick up some kitchen stuff while in town. Prez got given a list when he told Sticks he was going into town.

Prez drove, leaving me to think.

Friday was coming quickly, and my life would change again. Having Max in my bed was one thing, but giving a promise to her that she’s it for me was another. She was new to this life, yet she had fitted in so quickly. Pins said it was because she had a crap life before hand, and we had given her a home, new friends, and a large family. That we were lucky it was us she fell in with, she was ready for a change, and her ex-family gave her the push she needed. Falling right into our laps.

“Should I get Max a ring?” I asked Prez. His fingers were tapping the steering wheel in time with the music as he stared out the window, most likely thinking about the place we were headed and what the photos might be.

“Why not? That second-hand shop also has unusual jewelry that might suit Max better than those fancy, overpriced ones in the jeweler’s.”

“That’s not a bad idea, I know her ring size, she has one in her little music box, I have seen her wear it from time to time.”

We entered the police station as Alan came out of the back office.

“Cameron, this way.” The Prez can’t argue with the cops about calling him his birth name; he gave up long ago arguing with them. It was easier just to let them do what they had to do.

We enter an interview room, and two other men enter the room and close the door.

“We have some photos, and I would like some information on.” Alan pushed a file to us, and Prez opened it. The first few photos were of the two dead guys from the warehouse, the next was Pixie; she had been beaten badly. I didn’t think she was dead, although she shouted something about if she left with them, she was as good as dead. The next were the three dead Jones gang members from the fight, and the last two were guys from the local pub.

“What do you want to know?”

“Names if you got them, and what you know about how they died.”

Prez gave them the names; the family should be informed, but we knew little about how they died.

“Thanks.” They should have names already. I have a feeling this was a test of some kind, and not just identification.

“Catch you Friday,” I said, shaking his hand before leaving and heading to the junk shop.

The bell on the door rang as we entered the shop, which smelled of old books and musk.

We headed to the bling and started to look through it. I was about to give up when I noticed something under a brooch.

“Can I look at the ring?” I pointed through the glass case. The woman, who looked older than time itself, moved the brooch with her gnarled, wrinkled hand and pulled out the ring, laying it on a cloth for me to look at.

The ring looked like bike chain links and small gems, one in each of the five links on the top.

“The blue means trust and truth, the green for wealth, Pink is love, yellow is confidence, and black is protection. It’s an antique. The woman had it made for her daughter before she passed on.”

“I will take it.” I didn’t haggle or even ask the price. This ring was my little lady.

**Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 76[
1,501 words]**

Maxine POV

Hours passed before I stopped for a break, and I would move to something different for a little while. I had told myself, only to put a few hours a day on the old bike, and the rest on the paintwork, or repairs, depending on what came in that was urgent.

First things first, coffee, I need a drink and something to nibble on.

The kitchen was active, preparing for dinner. Lunch was a help yourself to whatever was in the fridge; most were out and about, some getting material to finish the club repairs, while others were just out for the ride, taking a break till tomorrow, when all the big work would be completed. Some painting can be done. The club outside part of the building was getting a new coat of paint and a new window treatment. Some kind of reinforced mesh to cover the windows, stronger than the old stuff, wire-infused glass, and sadly, some bars to stop entry.

I made a sandwich and got out of there fast. I felt I was in the way, as the ladies tried to work around me. I grabbed some bottles of water, forgoing the coffee; the coffee pot was empty, meaning I would have to brew a new one, and that would mean longer with me in the way. I took one last look of longing at the empty coffee, before I left.

There's a large tree out the back, that I like to sit under, it was there, I sat eating my snack, and working on my tablet, I was creating a tattoo, I was hoping that Tank would let me ink on him, and his and hers tattoo, I had a few scars to cover, and I feel this tattoo would do the job just nice. I have two tattoos. I did them myself, and they were of my grandparents.

Grandpa was a little annoyed at first because he said the marks couldn't be entirely erased and were what he called identification markers. Do I want to be labeled by those markers? I had no clue what he was talking about, until I saw on the news about an evil gang and the tattoos that they were symbolising that they were part of that gang, as long as I didn't put a gang marker on me, like that. Grandpa was happy.

It would be a while before I shared it with Tank; I had to get it perfect first.

"Maxi Max, what ya doing?" Sticks came bouncing out, looking like she was glowing.

"You look great. Passed the worst of the morning sickness? It hung on longer than the first trimester." I asked, she had a growing baby bump now, being a small boned woman, she was showing all baby, it made that she was carrying a baby, all the more obvious.

"Yep, I hope so, that tea you gave me, working well, I take it at lunch time each day, and I haven't puked since drinking it."

"Glad it worked, might be something we can keep on hand, for other ladies," I replied casually, still wondering why she came looking for me.

“Yes, I agree, have a jar in the kitchen, so what are you doing?” She tried to look at the tablet screen.

“Doodling, putting ideas down while they are in my head.” I changed the page to a different screen and showed her some designs.

“They go on the bikes?”

“Yep, have a few on going, Prez, wants about ten bikes done.” I had a lot of work to do, but at least in my time frame, not the Prez’s, which I am more than happy with. Plus, he was talking about wages, because I can’t be doing it for free. Mike has signed me off as a tradie now, so I am officially a Harley-Davidson-recognised mechanic. I have been on a high since Prez told me this morning, before the girls sat with us. Guess he was feeling guilty after I growled at him for overloading me with work and got me signed off.

“Wow, he has you working your azz off, should I talk to him, get him to lower the amount of work and pressure?” I had to chuckle to myself at her comment; if she only knew what I had before this, she would flip.

“Nope, I can handle the Prez, if it gets too much,” I replied, not going into what had already happened yesterday. I don’t know if he told her or not; I had thought he had, but with that suggestion, I might have been wrong.

“So, I um, came to talk to you quietly, where no ears were listening.” I looked at her expectantly.

“Doris, she’s still in our infirmary, and apparently will be in there under guard for a long while; her jaw was wired shut because it broke. Your punch finished off what someone else had begun. They had left her with a cracked jaw, and he doesn’t think she had treatment for it; it might have been when she didn’t visit us for a while, but Prez said she will stay in the lock-up we have, and won’t be allowed out until she can be questioned, and the wires in her jaw are removed. I wanted you to know what was going on, and that it was not all your doing.” I wasn’t worried about Doris, and it didn’t surprise me that her jaw was broken; I felt it hurt, but thought it was just her nose at the time. She was, to me, a cheap woman; any woman who goes after a man she knows is already taken was low in my books. Just because that was what my sister did all the time, I guess if my family hadn’t been so tainted, I might not have had such a jaded view of cheaters.

“Poor Doris, she must be in pain,” I replied, I knew of a homeless guy, that had a broken jaw, he lost so much weight, he was all skin and bone by the time the wires came out, almost died, because he couldn’t find enough liquid food to sustain him, I saw him in a homemade hut, nearly dead. I came each day with a smoothie, packed with vitamins and other nutrients to keep him going.

“Trust you to think kindly of her. You are a big softy.” She pulled me to her and hugged me tight.

“Don’t tell anyone,” I whispered, and we giggled.

“Now, regarding your ceremony, the girls have an outfit for you to wear, so you don’t need to worry about that, and Cricket, Pins, and I are your bridesmaids.” Sticks smiled as she talked about my ceremony, which I feel I am not part of, only someone who had to show up and do whatever it was they expected from me.

“I need the three bridesmaids?” I asked, totally lost after they told me they already had my outfit, without getting my thoughts on it.

“We would have done a fourth but couldn’t work out who to ask.”

“What about my best friend Jenny?” I threw out as a suggestion that she would have been my first choice, not that I minded the other three, but Jenny had been my friend all through school, and had never been there to support me at my worst time; if she missed out on this, she would be devastated.

“That’s perfect. Can you give me her contact details? I will talk to her, and also, you had asked me once about Blaze, and I am sorry I totally forgot. I will fix that now.” She got up and left. I sent her the details, leaving me to watch her go, blown away.

“What just happened?” I said out loud, not that I had expected an answer.

“To what?” Tank asked as he came and sat beside me.

“Oh, sorry, I was speaking out loud, didn’t see you coming.” I blushed

“I waited for Sticks to finish up She was a bit bossy, and not including your best friend was a clumsy oversight on her part.” Tank pulled me onto his lap, and I feel I used his lap as my chair more often than sitting on one.

“To be honest, I feel the only part I have to contribute to my own damn ceremony, was to turn up, I know nothing about what goes on, and I am not even getting to pick my own brides dress, and I have to admit that I was upset that she hadn’t included my best friend, I am so close to telling you all to shove that ceremony up your azzes.” Tank lifted my head and kissed my moist eyes as I tried not to cry. I feel so emotional around Tank. I don’t cry, not until I started to live here.

“I am sorry you feel that way. Are you busy right now?”

“No. I have done all I want for now, maybe go back out later if I get the mood.”

“Good, let’s go to our room and talk. I don’t want you walking out on me.” Tank said worriedly.

**Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 77[
1,608 words]**

Tank POV

I was walking out of the workshop with Prez, my mind working on different ideas.

Our conversation was done when I noticed Max sitting under a tree, and Sticks coming out of the pack house to sit with her.

Prez's phone rang, and he nodded at me and disappeared in a different direction, so I continued towards Max.

I slowed as I neared, not liking the look on Max's face; something Sticks was saying didn't sit well with her.

Stopping to lean on the tree and listen, I was not impressed either. Max should have some say, and it sounded like she had none. Will have to speak with Prez about this; something didn't add up. To me, anyway, but maybe when I talk to Max, an idea would come to me about why this felt odd. I think a mix of emotions. I am not one to listen in, so this was new to me. On the one hand, I was happy I listened in, and on the other hand, I felt guilty for having done

Sticks left, with a spring in her step, happy with the outcome, but left Max feeling like a dog do-do.

Time to talk to her and tell her what I know.

I didn't carry her upstairs this time, thought it might attract attention, and Max didn't need any of that while she was feeling low.

We were on the bed. I was leaning back against the headboard, Max with her back to me, lying on my chest, my hands on her belly.

"I agree that the girls should have talked with you; leaving you in the dark like this doesn't help you at all. Your nerves must be shot already. Where do you want me to start?" I asked, opening it up for her to get anything off her chest.

"I am assuming they chose my outfit because it would be something I wouldn't want to wear, so if it is terrible, don't blame me, and I am definitely going to be out of my comfort zone on that day. So tell me what to expect." I could hear the hurt in her voice and the sound of defeat. It didn't sound like my little lady at all, and I didn't like the sounds of that.

"You will most likely be in a long dress, the top will be what do you girls call it, a corset? Well, anyway, it's the one with the corded ties at the back, that pulled tight, making your already ample bosom pop out the top. The dress would go to the floor, some like it dragging on the floor, so I am not sure what they have planned, then you could put something over the top, to make you feel better." I take a deep breath, so far so good, she hasn't growled at me yet.

“They have agreed to have it outside, which by the way was the best thing you could have suggested, we set up twelve Harleys side by side forming your aisle, six on each side, as you walk passed a bike, it will be revved up once, until you reach me, waiting for you, under the tree, we shall say some promises, I give you the cut, and all twelve of the bikes with rev out three times, and then we are hitched, and we can celebrate. The bikes will go back to the car park, giving the members a chance to bring in tables and chairs, and a band will play, and hopefully you will have fun.” I tried to give as much as I could think of; not all clubs do it this way. This was our way of celebrating a couple’s union.

“Sounds lovely, thank you for telling me, it was frustrating not having a clue, do I need to write my own promises, or are there standard ones?” I hadn’t really thought about it that deeply. I should have.

“Say what you feel, it’s not scripted,” I reply, pulling her chin up so I can kiss her.

“Good, not sure I would remember what I wrote if I had to write one. I can do something off the cuff.” She sounded a lot better than when we came upstairs.

“I heard about Doris. Are you okay?” Hearing that Doris had a broken jaw gave me a sense of pride that my little lady can provide a good punch.

“Don’t like cheaters, and she was trying to make you one. Got what she deserved. Did they work out how she got into the room?” She spat back, and that took me aback. I hadn’t thought of it that way, but it’s true; if I had fallen for her seduction, I would be a cheater by giving her what she wanted. I have heard some of the guys say it was just sex, but it was more than that, but they couldn’t see it or tried to justify it feebly.

“No, not yet, she can talk, just not clearly, doc said a day or two, then she will be well enough to talk. Any more questions?” I started playing with her hair, twirling it around my fingers. Well enough to talk, meant the meds were not clouding her mind, and we can be a little more forceful, might ask Max if she would like to inflict more pain, when doc clears her for talking.

“Will you be giving me a ring?”

“I have one, but you don’t have to wear it if you don’t want to. I know you work dirty and greasy, and you might not want to get it dirty.” I thought about the links and how grease could easily get stuck in each chain gap.

“I might have to start wearing rubber gloves.” She chuckled back as if it were an easy solution, but I also know that if you haven’t worked in gloves before, they can be very annoying until you get used to them.

“So, um, would you like some bed gymnastics?” I asked, my shaft already getting harder as I spoke.

“It’s the middle of the day.” Max was frowning.

“What does the time of day have to do with wanting some release?” I threw back, wiggling my eyebrows at her.

“Nothing, I guess, the bedroom was drummed into me as a place to sleep, not a place to play.”

“You had a hard life, want to talk about it?” I pushed. I had tried to get her to open up a few times.

“I will tell you some of my nightmares, if you will tell me why you worry so much about being intimate, you said you haven’t been with a woman in years, not that way.”

I took a deep breath and thought for a bit. We have to get some of this in the open before our commitment.

“I used to be a love ’em, leave ’em kind of guy, like a lot of young ones are; most were more than happy for me to service their needs, knowing they would never get my cut. For years, my brother and I were the same, all through high school, and after, they show up, straddle me, showing their interest, and if they managed to make me hard, I would do it anywhere, just like you see some on a Saturday night, that was me.” I take a deep breath, swallowing the lump that was beginning to form.

“This girl had been coming to the club for weeks, always trying to attract Zero and my attention, and we flipped for her, and I won. I took her out back, where we have a room in one of the sheds, with a bed, well, more than one bed, but you get the picture. She stripped slowly for me, giving me a show, and pulled it out of my pants, playing with it, but couldn’t get her mouth on it, but tried. She then climbed on me, lowering herself as if riding me, and I grabbed her hips and thrust up.” I stopped, my breath short, and I was shaking. Max turned to look at her hands on my cheeks.

“Hey, if it’s too hard.” She left that hanging.

“No, you deserve to know, just like you are going to tell me all about yours.” She nodded and straddled my thighs, watching my face.

“When I thrust up, she screamed, and screamed and screamed, I pushed her off me, pulling out of her, and she was covered in blood,, it was gushing out of her, I pulled up my jeans, and picked up the now out cold girl, and raced her to the doc, he spent a few minutes examining her, and asking me question, before getting into a car and off to the hospital, where they sewed her up, and gave her blood transfusion. Turns out she was a virgin, and wanted either Zero or me to be her first, not realising what she was getting, as you have seen, we aren’t small. Neither Zero nor I knew she was a virgin. From that day on, when a girl tried to get on with me, I would see that poor lass screaming, and my shaft would go flat, and nothing they could do could get it to rise. I was reduced to hand jobs in the bathroom, and thought I would never be able to be with a girl, till I met you.” She kissed me softly, tenderly, as if trying to heal the wounds embedded in my soul.

“You will be fine, you are big, but I trust you.” She whispered as she peppered kisses on me.

“At least you know I won’t cheat. I couldn’t get it to rise at all until you came along. Except by my hand.” I said, kissing her deeply.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 78[1,565 words]

Chapter 78

Max POV

“Your turn,” Tank said softly. I took a deep breath.

“Where do you want me to start?” I had a lot of nightmares, and it’s hard to know where to start.

“That screaming nightmare two nights ago.” He pulled me closer, as if he knew I would need to feel his warmth as I spoke.

So, I went into full detail about my sister and her two guy friends, what they did to the innocent kittens, what happened at the burial with Grandpa, and what we did together before Grandma came home and saw them. I had tears running down my face.

I was still straddling Tank’s thighs, my head resting on his chest, I was soaking his shirt, but he didn’t seem to care, holding me securely to him, rubbing my back in little circles.

“Don’t stop, get more off your chest, so you can start healing. I need to understand.” He murmured, encouragingly.

“My sister was three years older than me, and we were in the same school together, and for her last year, it was my worst year. She took pride in finding me, bullying me, and using her followers to do the dirty work. So when asked at home, she could deny laying a hand on me. Before a big school sports event, they had hurt me so badly that I couldn’t compete. I had trained so hard and was looking forward to competing, but that beating was when I stopped trying and started to hide more, getting up and out of the house first and coming home late at night, sometimes not coming home at all, and staying at Jenny’s or Grandma’s. My first boyfriend, or the boy I considered my first, my sister saw me with him at the beach, laughing and enjoying each other’s company. A few nights later, she called me to the park, where on a blanket lay my sister, her two guy friends, and the guy I liked, in the middle of intimacy. I left crying. Girlfriends were limited, too; she would scare them away. If I wanted friends, we would have to meet in secret so we wouldn’t be seen hanging around together. When she left high school, I thought I would be better off, but I wasn’t. She came home from college and took any boy I liked; she would find me and have me hurt somehow. I have so many scars on my body, nearly

all of which are from her and her friends, they had been told to keep an eye on me.” I hiccupped a few times as I got past that, then took the tissue Tank offered and blew my nose.

“One wet day, my sister and her goons caught me cutting through the park. They dragged me off the trail, tied me to a tree, stuffed rags in my mouth, the goons hit me in the stomach and face a few times, and left me tied to that tree, bleeding. By the time Jenny found me, I was unconscious, with hypothermia, and was in bed for a week, staying with Grandma. You might ask why I didn’t hit back. I found that if I fought back, it only got worse; she would have more guys come and beat me when she was at college. Plus, she would go home, show her bruise, and say I hit her. My parents always took her side, believed her when she said I stole or broke stuff, never her. My grandpa taught me to fight, the streets taught me to fight dirty, but against my sister, I couldn’t use any of it; it wasn’t worth the retribution. It taught me to accept higher levels of pain, to give first aid, and to live on the streets.” I took another tissue.

“On the streets, there had been a horrible gang war, and many of my street acquaintances were slaughtered. I arrived at our base camp. Well, it was a derelict house that we fixed up inside to make it more livable for them. I walked in early in the morning, bringing more food and medical supplies than I had brought. I was working at the bike shop by them when I knew my sister would be home from college. I made sure to stay away from home, take anything I loved to Jenny’s, or my sister would find it, break it, or keep it for herself. Anyway, I walked into that house to find bodies everywhere. All those I had been helping were dead or close to it. I puked in the corner before taking a deep breath and starting to check the bodies for anyone alive. I called the cops on my cell phone, as I went from one to the other, so many dead. Some were so badly mutilated that if I hadn’t seen them that night and known what they had been wearing, I wouldn’t have recognised what was left of the mangled face. The cops arrived, and soon the place was swarming with paramedics, cops, and rescue workers. I managed to fade into the background as they took over, knowing there was nothing else I could do. I saw the coroner’s people treat each dead body with respect, and it raised my opinion of them and their profession. Grandpa held me that night till I fell asleep. Grandma had already passed on by then, but my nightmares moved from sister to street trauma. Only had to worry about my sister when she came home, and if she saw me with a guy, she worked her magic and soon had them in her bed, and out of my life. You could say my sister was a reasonable birth control, meaning I never got that far with a guy, as she managed to spoil it before we could, and my trust issues with guys around me were at an all-time low.”

“You haven’t had it easy, no wonder you could take on our best and hold your own.” He kissed my hair and continued to hold me close, only letting go a little when I blew my nose.

“It wasn’t all bad, to get away from my sister, and the place that was called home, I often stayed at my Grandparents. Grandma taught me a lot, cooking, sewing, and basic herbal healing, while Grandpa taught me to fight, stay alive, first aid, to fish and live in the wild, what was safe to eat, how to fix engines, and to drive a car. When you look back, I spent more time at their home than mine, and my parents never noticed. They only saw my sister as their child. Grandpa was my first tattoo, and my first sewing flesh, he was my first in most good things that happened in my life, you would have liked him, I know he would have loved you.” I stop to think and clear my

head. I feel my story was all over the place, darting from one thought to another, without finishing the first.

“Will you put a tattoo on my body? Something personal for us.” Tank asked softly, changing the confessions, as if he had heard enough for now, or as if he thought I was too upset. Either way, I appreciated the change.

“I was designing one,” I confessed that I was going to surprise him with it, but now it sounded like a good time to talk about it.

“Show me.” I moved off his chest and reached for my tablet, opened it, and offered him the tablet to peruse.

“Wow, I like it, can we add a bit of color here, and here, and make that line bolder?”

“Sure, I hadn’t finished it, was still tweaking, when Sticks came out, and well, all thoughts of it went out the window. Here, let me show you how to adjust.” I showed Tank how to use the programme, and we both were invested in the changes. I let him do the work and watched, giving hints when I felt he needed guidance.

“Nope, can put that there.”

“Why, it looks cool.”

“Yeah, but the underlay would spoil it. Remember, this was going on your skin; that much layering would be impossible for me to recreate on your skin.” I argued back, it looked fantastic on the page, but challenging to do on the skin, almost impossible.

“You’re the boss, you know what you can do, can we put this on my bike too?” He looked like a child in a toy shop.

“Sure, I can move the order of painting. You want it on the tank? Or the front guard?”

“Tank, leave guard as is.” He said, running his finger over the screen.

“Then I only need to paint your tank? Not any other part? Prez wanted all bikes to have the club’s logo somewhere on all of them.”

“I heard about that, can you put the logo on the back guard, it won’t interfere with your paint work.”

“Sure, I can make a small one. He had wanted the logo on, but didn’t specify how big or small.” I giggled at the thought of the comments I’d get when they saw what I did on Tank’s bike.

“Each time you have a nightmare, or bad dream night, promise me you will talk to me, get it out there, it will help. It will help me, too, to understand why you are upset, not that I can fix it, but I can share the burden.”

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 79[1,122 words]

Tank POV

My heart was breaking for my little lady, each time mentioned another thing her sister had done, and the lack of support from her mum and dad, I wanted to climb off this bed and go hit them all, but I knew doing that solved nothing, that left me the only choice left, and that was to hold my little lady, and let her get it all out.

I know we have only touched the surface of all her hurts and nightmares, but it was a good start, and she promised to keep talking to me. I have to open more to her, too, about my life, but then, when I listen to hers, mine was mild, and my brother Zero was always with me, where she had no one, only her grandparents, and by the sounds of it, Jenny, as much as that was good, it wasn't enough. They were there, but could do nothing to stop the ugliness that was called her life, and yet, Max never explained why, or what she thought might be the reason behind her sister's behaviour and her parents' lack of interest in her life, maybe she doesn't have an opinion on that, I won't probe today, but will at some point, I want to hear why the family mistreated her.

“Okay, I will talk, but you have to do the same. I don't care about the rules and bro codes, if it will affect me, I don't want to be kept in the dark, even if you can't tell me all, tell me enough to appease my mind.” She pushed, not taking no for an answer, not that I would have said no, not when she was going to be mine, completely. I know Prez and Bruiser often give their ladies information to help them cope, even if it's not all of it. I can live with that.

“So, you never answered my question, do you want to enjoy my body, before we go downstairs for dinner, and join the others, or stay here and I bring something up to eat later, or not enjoy the body at all?” I was hoping she wanted to enjoy my body, but after our emotional afternoon, I would be surprised if she said no. It was a lot to take in.

Her answer was to sit up, take her shirt off, and lean into me. She kissed my neck and ran her hands over my chest.

YES!

I let her pull my shirt over my head, and pulled down my jeans, revealing I was wearing boxers.

“What, not a commando? I have been thinking all day about whether you had boxers on or not.” She giggled, blushing as she said it.

So cute.

She managed to make ‘cute’ a new high for me. I want to see her blush; it does things to me.

Max reached behind her back, unclasped her bra, and threw it onto the floor. She then removed the rest of her clothing, and together we were now naked. I was interested in finding out what she wants to do next, letting her take control, and how far she was willing to go.

My shaft held her interest, moving down the bed, and she started to play with it.

“Hey, turn around.” She looked up at me, confusion on her face.

“I want to enjoy your body too. Put your knees over my shoulders, and give me access to your core.” Max blushed, but did as I suggested, turning around so she was straddling my face, and her p***y was in view for me.

I had a full view of her cute juncture, her pink flaps, the nub she had shaved, giving me a clean, clear view, and it was the best sight I had ever seen; it glistened with moisture forming from her opening, in expectation of what was to happen, and for what she was doing, and boy she was great with her teeth and tongue, squeezing just enough to have my shaft aching for me.

Using my tongue, I licked the moisture, savoring her juices. I wish we could bottle this, but then I don’t want to share, so maybe not. My mind was sending silly thoughts my way, as I lick and nibble on her nub. I plunge my tongue inside her opening and hum, gaining a groan of pleasure from Max. I pull out my tongue and introduce a finger, pushing and probing. I want to stretch her, make sure she can handle my size. If I can get four fingers inside, I might be willing to try to insert my shaft. I can’t risk hurting like I have that girl. Her screams still haunt me, more often than I care to admit.

I get a second finger in, and at the same time, my tongue flicks her nub. My shaft was getting a good workout. I am not sure I will go for long. If she keeps running her teeth along my length as she does, whatever she was doing was perfect and bringing me to my peak faster than anyone else ever had during the more active s3xual time of my life.

Withdrawing my fingers, Max whimpers, but tries to squirm when I blow on her core, but I have hold of her hips, stopping her from going anywhere. I lick her clean of the juices that had gathered, and plunge my tongue in again, and begin the thrust in and out, my fingers playing with her nub, at the same time as I pick up the pace of my thrusts. More pressure on her nub, she suddenly lifts her head and screams out my name, as she core pulses, squeezing against my tongue, as she has her release.

“Max, I am going to cum, move your face,” I beg, as I feel the sign of my imminent release. But Max did what she had last time, covering her mouth over my shaft’s end, and I called out her name as I filled her mouth with my sperm. She didn’t stop sucking, her hands didn’t stop squeezing, not until my shaft stopped its maddening pulsing, and I could breathe again.

I licked her length, enjoying her moans. We enjoyed the taste of each other for a bit longer.

“No, we can continue, it wasn’t you that made me feel not included. I might get Jenny here tomorrow and corner the girls. Jenny will sort them out, with my tact than I have. Besides, I am not so worried now that we have talked about what to expect.”

I had held my breath as I waited for her answer and blew it out in one long puff. I was so relieved she said that. But I am still going to talk to Prez about how the girls behaved.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 80[1,521 words]

Maxine POV

When Tank asked me to turn around, I was unsure what he wanted until he told me where to

put my knees. I had seen this position; it was one of the positions my sister was in, one of my exes. She had planned for me to see it, and once you see it, you can’t unsee it.

I turned as he had asked, and put myself in an embarrassing position, and then laughed at myself. This was no different than him between my legs; the difference was that I got to have some fun too. I pushed all thoughts of my sister and her compromising position and decided to make this a good memory, wiping away that bad one.

I enjoyed this position, I lavished his shaft, and occasionally sank my teeth in harder than planned, as Tank hit a spot that sent shock waves of pleasure through my body. My body didn’t have the slow build-up like last time, but I felt him take me to my peak, way before I was ready. I was pleased when he followed me almost immediately.

Gaining control of my breathing, I felt my stomach remind me that we need to replenish the energy we had just used. I have lost a lot through my tears, emotions, and lastly, the pleasure. A quick shower was in order before I went downstairs. The last thing I needed was for them to smell what I had just been doing. I wasn’t ready for that yet, but most probably would know by one look at that contented look on Tank’s face. I know what it smells like; my sister left that smell in my bedroom. I hadn’t known what it was till the day they kicked me out of the house and family, and I put two and two together.

Now I have a new memory, a better one, that overshadows the one she tried to put in my head.

In the shower, I could feel Tank getting aroused again, and I didn’t think I had another round in me, not now, maybe later. My stomach felt like it was eating me from the inside, and I needed to fill it fast.

He was kind, letting me leave without a fuss.

I am lucky to have him; he wants me.

It's in the way he looks at me, like I am his world. His eyes soften and shine when he looks at me, and a smile forms on his face. Even from across a room, he gives me butterflies and a warmth inside. In a way, I am glad he pushed me to this point fast. I would have dragged my feet for months, otherwise, waiting for my sister to arrive and make a claim. She was engaged and pregnant, and the chances were slim, but that didn't stop the doubts, and lack of confidence in myself, as far as keeping a man goes, but so far Tank had shown me no reason to doubt him, and he had taken me to places, I would not have dreamed of going, a month or so ago.

"Hey, you two." Pins called out, directing us to come and sit with them.

Tank guided me over to the group. I went to sit beside him, but he was having none of that and pulled me onto his lap, turned me to face the table, pulled my plate in front of me, and set his beside it. He took his fork and dived into his meal. The conversation commenced again, as if I sitting on his lap was typical and expected, yet none of the others, like Tank and I, sat on someone's lap during a meal when we were not at the meal table. I understood, but he wants me on his lap all the time.

My phone dings, and I pull it out of my pocket.

"Bytch, why didn't you tell me you were getting married?" I sighed. I knew she would be mad.

"Get your bu.tt over here now, and spend the next couple of nights here, I will explain." I didn't ask for permission or if this was alright; I just told her to get here. If they don't like it, I would go home with her and come back each morning.

Tank just emptied my plate, because I was full, and he always finishes it off for me when one of the noms came over.

"Some chick at the gate, Jenny, demanding to enter, by invitation of Max."

"Please, let her in."

"Sir?" the nom directed his query to Prez.

"You heard the VP's lady, let her in." He barked back, making the nom jump and run.

"The sooner they know you have the power to give the go-ahead, the better." Sticks said, making me frown, Being Tank's girl means I'm permitted to have people enter? I didn't know that.

"I asked her to come over and stay a few nights. Is that okay?" I asked, belatedly. I was ready to leave with her if I had to; I wasn't losing my BFF over this.

“Sure, I spoke to Blaze, he’s more than happy for her to meet up with her, maybe she can sleep with him for a few nights, or we can find a guest bed somewhere.” Sticks chimed happily, and it pissed me off.

“And when were you going to tell me? About the same time, you ask my opinion on my ceremony?” I spat, harsher than I intended.

“Maxxie,” Jenny called out, stopping the tirade I was about to dish out.

I got off Tank’s lap and rushed over to her, swinging her around in a circle. I picked up her overnight bag and guided her up to my room, not giving those at the table another thought. I didn’t say a word till I reached my room. Once inside, she got an earful of what the girls had done and hadn’t done, and if I hadn’t asked what she was doing, would I have known about bridesmaids? She immediately told her you had to be here.

“Those witches, why don’t they include you?” Jenny was as fuming as I was.

“Don’t know, and if Tank hadn’t explained the day to me, I would still be in the dark, but I am not going to sit back and accept it, I have told Tank they if they try and dress me in something I don’t like, I won’t wear it, and I don’t care if it hurts their feelings or goes against some codes, they never explained, at first I was going to go along with it, but as I talked with Tank, I realised I don’t have to, he would be happy me showing up in jeans,” I said with pride, my man was a good one, he backed me in this, it was after all my ceremony.

“Sticks said that Blaze was interested, would you....” I didn’t get to finish what I was saying when her screams filled the room.

“Really, he was interested in me?” She was jumping up and down on my bed, all excited.

“I asked Sticks a few days ago, but she only told me when the nom said you were here, that he said he was interested. I am so sorry for not chasing it up.” I was mortified at how bad I had been for my BFF I should have thought to ask Sticks if she had talked to him.

“So, give me more on what was going to happen on Friday?” So I gave her what I knew.

“Wow, I am so looking forward to that. You deserve a good man, and what you have told me is that you have a good one. There’s no way that Tank would be interested in your sister, he’s a keeper.”

“She’s supposed to be pregnant and engaged, so why would she even try? You think she would just because he was mine?”

“Yep, anything to break you. But he wouldn’t even blink at her, so you have nothing to worry about.”

“You’re the best, thanks. I needed to hear that from someone who knows me.” Before I could continue, there was a knock on my door. Jenny looked at me, frowning, and I had a similar look.

Opening the door, to find Blaze on the other side, a big smile on his face, his eyes lit with interest.

“Is she here?” He asked, trying to look around me. I opened the door a little further to let him in, and Jenny squealed again, and ran to him, throwing herself in his arms, and climbing up his body, wrapping her legs around his waist.

He caught her with an “oomph” but held on to her tight, supporting her with his strong arms.

“Guess he was happy to see her, huh?” Tank’s gravelly voice said behind me, as he wrapped his arms around my waist. I chuckled and agreed.

“Mind if I take her for a while?” Blaze asked politely, not at all expecting to be asked.

“Yeah, we can catch up tomorrow.” Blaze started out the door, with her still wrapped around him.

“Blaze.” He turned at the door, and I lifted the bag.

“Thanks.” Jenny was still glued to him, her head tucked into his neck, kissing and nipping his ear. Oblivious to the rest of us.’

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 81[1,583 words]

Tank POV

It’s fun pulling Max onto my lap; she never expects me to pull her down when it’s mealtime. We discussed this last time, I did it, and you could say she lost the argument. I stiffened when the nom spoke about Jenny, and the quick response from Prez. He’s right, she has the right to ask other girls here, especially her best friend.

Max and Jenny disappeared up the stairs, and I knew that was the last time I would see her for a while, so I took this opportunity to speak out.

“Sticks, I am angry with you and your girls.” I looked at Prez to see how he would respond, but all he did was lift his head and look at me.

“What! Why?”

“You, Cricket, and Pins have been so busy organising my little ladies’ celebration, you forgot a few major things.” I barked, trying to keep my temper in check, and starting to lose it.

“Careful,” Prez said softly. I wasn’t sure who he was talking to, but I kept looking at Sticks.

Now I had her attention.

“What major things?” She asked, confused.

“How about you failing to include her in the organising, or picking out her dress, or getting her best friend here to be a bridesmaid? If she hadn’t asked about the bridesmaids, she wouldn’t have known about them till it was too late. She wanted to cancel it and start again later, when she got to have a say in it. She cried on my shoulder about how she was not included or having a say in her own ceremony. Max has never seen one, and didn’t know what to expect. You have her so scared she was almost sick.” My voice grew deeper the angrier I got. The calmer my voice went, and even Bruiser suddenly moved, knowing what it meant, the more I spoke.

“Of course, we included her.” Sticks argued.

“When? You asked her favorite colors and where, and that’s it; she had to ask the questions with me. When did she get to go pick a dress, or get involved in who the other bridesmaids would be, or...”

“Stop,” Prez commanded.

“Sticks, you have failed in your duties,” Prez said angrily.

“I didn’t...” He didn’t let her finish.

“You did not fulfill your duties by including the bride in her own wedding. How would if, on your day, you knew nothing of our ways, didn’t get to choose your dress, didn’t know about the promises you would make, and all you knew was to show up and wait for someone. to tell you what to do? I can’t believe you did this to Max.” Prez got up and walked away. I heard a door slam.

“I...I...!” Sticks burst into tears, and her girls surrounded her to comfort her, sending me an angry look as if it was my fault she stuffed up.

Standing, I headed off to find Blaze, who most likely wondered why he hadn’t heard from Jenny. I saw him in the games room playing pool.

“Blaze got a minute?” I called out when he finished his game.

“Yeah, Mate, what do you need?” Yep, that’s our Blaze, always ready to give a helping hand.

“I just found out that you are interested in my little ladies, best friend.”

“Yeah, Sticks asked days ago, but I haven’t heard anything, thought she changed her mind.”

“Sticks failed to inform Max that you were interested; she only just found out and texted her.”

“You mean, I could have met up with her days ago? What’s wrong with Sticks lately? Someone said it was baby brain.”

“Think she had other issues, not just baby brain, but I don’t know what they are, she failed to include Max in the organising of our ceremony, or even the dress, she lost it, that’s for sure, and the others would just go along with her, because she’s Prez’s woman.”

“I hear ya, I can understand that, most wouldn’t go against Sticks in fear of Prez’s wrath.”

“Anyway, thought you would like to know that Jenny’s here.”

“What? Where?” He looked past me as if he could see her from in here.

“My room, with Max, they are talking, Jenny was most likely giving Max the support she needed. At dinner, Max said she would like to have Jenny here to stay for a few days, and asked where she could put her. That was when Max found out you were interested. You want to go rescue her?” I asked with a chuckle, knowing he would be very interested.

“You bet, I have been semi-hard since Sticks asked me days ago, was beginning to think they were pulling my leg, having seen me with her last time, and thought to play tricks on me.”

We headed upstairs, and Blaze led the way, taking the steps two at a time. He paused at the door and looked at me.

“Go for it, mate, knock in case they are indecent.” His face beamed with a smile, and he knocked.

What happened next was not planned, but was the best result. Blaze was out that door, with Jenny glued to him, holding her with one hand and the bag with the other.

“You did that?” Max asked as we stood at the door, watching Blaze head downstairs to his room. It’s not as large as mine, and if they become a couple, they might get one of the larger rooms offered to them.

“Yep, he was under the impression that Jenny wasn’t interested, because he hadn’t heard a thing since Sticks asked if he was interested. You should have seen his face light up when I told him she was up here; he flew up the stairs.” I chuckled, steering Max back into the room.

“Are you tired, or want to talk, or what?” I asked, she was so angry earlier, and it was about time she gave Sticks a piece of her mind. Sticks needed to hear that she doesn’t control everything, and has to organise everything; some things should be shared.

“I know she means well. Jenny suggested that, because I didn’t see the system, maybe Sticks took control, but made the mistake of not including me, probably thought it would be easier to do it herself. I can understand that, it still hurts though.”

‘Jenny will be good for you to have around, especially leading up to Friday, take this time off from work, and enjoy her company, when she isn’t tangled around Blaze’s torso.’ I joked that it was funny to see him walk away with her like that. It’s given me some ammunition to throw back at him after some of the ribbing he had given me. All in fun, but still nice to give back a little.

“Jenny has always had my back, and I hers. She sees things differently. I would never have thought of Sticks doing that because it was easier for her, but still, it would have been informed as she went along, rather than leaving me in the dark; it was as if it was not even my ceremony.” I could see Max getting upset again, so I pulled her to me and kissed her gently.

“Want to play pool?” I asked, trying to think of something to get Max’s mind off everything.

“Sure.” I led her out the room, and downstairs, the games room was busy, but we managed after a small wait to get on the table, where Max and I played doubles, and I learned that Max could play, enough for us to keep hold of the table, when you lost the winner keeps the table, and takes on the next couple waiting.

It was good to see Max relax and laugh at some of the guys’ bad jokes. The drunker they got, the worse the joke got, but it was all good fun. I had a few beers and was mellow, thinking nothing could go wrong tonight, we were on the right track again.

“Tank.” Bruiser came into the games room, and the blank look on his face was never good. The hairs on the back of my neck rose as he approached us.

“Problem?” I asked, moving to the side, to listen.

Prez’s drunk and out cold in his office. You’re the boss tonight. Sticks and Prez argued; it was ugly. Sticks has gone to her room, in tears, and I have no clue what to do.”

“Let’s get Prez comfortable on the spare couch, and leave Sticks to cry it out. I saw it coming. It’s been a few days, things have been off, maybe at last they have blown off steam, and they can get back to normal. Think Sticks didn’t cope too well, with the clubhouse being attacked, her haven, no longer safe.”

“I hadn’t thought of that. I can understand that thought; it hit me a bit, too. With her being with child, she would be extra vulnerable, and so would, same as Cricket, maybe taking over the ceremony was getting her mind off her fears.”

“Yeah, when you try and look at the bigger picture, what happened over the past few weeks, Pixie, Doris, the camping weekend, and the attack, she would have grabbed the chance to make something good happen, for herself and the club, and not think of Max. I don’t think she did it on purpose, not including her, I mean.” I say as I walk with Bruiser to the office to put Prez in a more comfortable position.

“That is why you make the best VP. You take it all in and make sense of it all. Thank you.” Together, we moved Prez to the couch and covered him with a blanket.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 82[1,694 words]

Maxine POV

Jenny’s reaction to Blaze at the door was about what I expected. When she wants a guy, she’s all in. It’s been a while since she has been this interested. The last one moved away. She was heartbroken, and because of that, she became a one-night-stand girl for a while. As she worked through her heartbreak, it was how she had always been.

It was good to see Blaze’s reaction; he looked just as pleased as she was. Carrying her out the door, in a hurry. Both absorbed in each other, her happiness was contagious. I was happy for her; she needed a new lover, and after my talk, although too brief, had helped me a lot, she always knew what to say.

Tank and I played pool, and I sipped one beer as we played. It was fun, and luckily, Tank was good at playing the game. I potted a few balls, but not to clear the table in one go; that wouldn’t be fun. We had lost a game because I think Tank had had enough and just wanted to watch, when Bruiser came to talk to Tank. I managed to catch a bit of it before he kissed me and left with him.

“Got to go, duty calls.” I didn’t argue or hold him back; I understood about duty. When it calls like this, he has to step up.

I went upstairs and stood outside of Prez and Sticks’ door, worried she wouldn’t open it.

I had to try.

Raising my hand, I paused, took a deep breath, and knocked on the door softly.

Waited a few minutes, raised my hand, and knocked again, a little harder, louder. Waited and did the same again. I wasn’t going anywhere now that I had put my mind to it.

They eventually opened, to a very sad-faced Sticks, her eyes red and puffy, her nose red and running.

“What do you want? Haven’t you caused enough trouble?” Her comment hurt me, and she went to close the door on me.

Nope, not taking it, not anymore. I didn’t cause this; she managed that all on her own.

So, I didn’t let it stop me from pushing the door open further and walking in. I was not going to take her crap anymore, and she needed to see that and deal with it if we were going to move forward from this. I am over being the mouse, too afraid to hurt someone else’s feelings; it did no good for me.

I looked around her room, which was the first time in here; she had made it a cozy, homely place. Baby gear was already being gathered in a corner, reminding me she was extra emotional because of her condition. Not a bad job, clean and tidy, except for the mountain of used tissues overflowing her small bin and the bed all messy, making me believe she had been lying in it.

“Sit,” I commanded, pushing her to one of the two chairs that she had in this room, by a small round table.

I then went through her mini kitchen, made her a sweet tea, and placed it in front of her. Then found a small bucket of ice cream in the little freezer, came to sit on the other chair, handed her a spoon, removed the lid, and pushed the ice cream over to her.

She had watched me move around her home, with the occasional sniffing noises, as she tried to get her tears under control.

First, she took a sip of the hot, sweet tea, eyeing me with suspicion.

I said nothing, just waited. For what I wasn’t sure, but didn’t think saying anything yet would go down well.

Eventually, Sticks grabbed the spoon and ice cream and started to eat.

“At some point, you are going to have to let others in,” I said softly. I knew she had her two closest friends, but I still think she keeps them at a distance, like getting too close was dangerous.

Her eyes moved quickly to me, the shock and hurt evident in them.

“Let me tell you how I felt. I had no clue about the ceremony, what to expect, or what I was supposed to do; you took all my choices away from me. You made me feel unimportant, and when I eventually talked to Tank about it, he explained what to expect. Heck, I didn’t know about any of it, like the promises I have to exchange, nothing. What did you expect me to do on the day? Make a fool of myself in front of everyone because I had no clue and stumbled along? I suggested cancelling the whole thing and rescheduling it for another time, when I was certain I wanted to be in this club, or cancel it completely. I know I want Tank. You didn’t exactly make me feel welcome lately. Forgetting to tell me about Blaze’s interest was a blow, too. If this was too much, say something, don’t bottle it up. Are you trying to prove something? Because if you

are, you are doing a great job at showing you don't give a shiet about anyone else's opinions, what you want goes, and that won't work on me, not anymore. I am not going to sit by and let you dictate my life." I pushed it all out in one go and waited.

The tears built in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks; she lowered her head and stared at her tea, which was going cold. I noticed the ice cream was starting to melt, and I wasn't sure whether to leave it there a little longer or put it away.

Bugger it. I thought, and picked up the spoon, not caring she had been using it, and scooped some of the melted ice cream and ate it.

Her head lifted fast, staring at me as I was eating her ice cream. Surprised that I had been so bold, or maybe because I had used her spoon. I scooped up another spoonful and put it to her lips. She hesitated, but opened her mouth to let me feed her. After the second spoonful, she took the spoon from me and took the ice cream, digging in herself. Her tears dried up, and she still couldn't say anything.

"I didn't mean it that way. I am sorry I hurt your feelings, and I didn't talk more about it." Sticks managed to croak out after she had finished the tub of ice cream.

"But shouldn't it have been me who was organising it and asking you for advice? It was to be my day after all?" I asked softly, trying not to make her cry more, which I sadly failed at doing, as she burst into tears again.

Sniff, hiccup, sniff, "You are right..." Sniff, I pushed the almost empty tissue box at her, and she blew her nose loudly.

"I wanted it to be perfect, and it gave me something to do. I was feeling useless lately, not able to help out as I used to, because I am pregnant, and Prez had put me on restricted duties, because I had a small mishap, and he blew it out of proportion."

"He was only thinking of you and the baby; all else to him was unimportant. You came first; others could do the grunt work. You have great organisational skills, you could have reworked the kitchen roster, or the cleaning one, putting those two snobs on toilet cleaning duty, bring them down a peg or two, that sort of thing, instead of trying to move furniture, why do we have all these buff men around us, if we are not going to utilis all that muscle? Even I use them." I said with a chuckle, thinking about how Tank lifted the engine and moved it for me, saving me from trying to get a hoist, strap it up, and then push it to where I wanted it, plus I got to see all those muscles in action, yummy.

"That was what Prez said, although not in those words. I like your thought on those two ladies, doing toilet duty for a week, they have managed to dodge that long enough, give some of the other ladies a break." She sipped her tea and looked longingly at the empty ice cream container.

"Back in a sec." I got up and left her room, walked next door to mine, grabbed two containers of ice cream I had in there, and returned, closing the door behind me.

“Strawberry and cream, or Rocky road?” I asked, being the only two choices I had left in the freezer.

“Rocky road.” I opened it and pushed it to her, went and grabbed another spoon, and sat beside her, eating the other one.

“Thank you,

you, I needed this, and thank you for being a friend. Cricket and Pins, try, but I am not as close as you might think. They follow me around because I am the Prez’s lady; if I weren’t, they wouldn’t have anything to do with me. They didn’t before I became his.” She sounds sad and lonely.

“I have few friends, Jenny being the main one, I was shocked that you choice those two, and not considered my Jenny, I think she and Blaze are going to be an item, you should have seen them both when he found out she was here, don’t be surprised if you don’t see them tomorrow, both most likely burning up the bed.” I chuckled as I told her off and gave it an out at the same time.

“I didn’t think, again I am sorry, and will try and make it up to you, if you will let me. I need a true friend who will tell me straight and not what they think I need to hear. Jenny will be a good addition to our club; she’s bubbly, and I can already see she has her head screwed on right. I wish I had seen it, instead of being in an argument with Prez, where is he by the way?” she asked as if she suddenly thought of him.

“Blind drunk in his office. I think Tank and Bruiser will lay him comfortable on that couch in there, and let him sleep it off.”

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 83[1,501 words]

Tank POV

With Prez tucked away for the night, I said goodnight to Bruiser and went to search for Max.

I was a little disappointed when I couldn’t find her, and decided to call it a night. I was dozing off when Max climbed in, snuggling against me. My arms automatically reached for her and pulled her in tight.

A knock on the door pulled me from my sleep. I moved carefully, hoping to leave Max asleep.

“Come downstairs,” Bruiser said. I turned and put on my jeans, shirt, and boots, and left, happy that Max didn’t stir.

“Bruiser was waiting in the main room.

“Doris is gone. Hammer here just took over, and he went in to check. The beds were empty, the window was locked shut, the only way out was through the door, which should have been guarded.” Bruiser explained. Hammer nods in agreement.

“Get the gates locked down, no one out of the compound, let’s go check the security footage, that hall has a camera in it,” Hammer called the person on the gate, and Bruiser and I went to the security room.

“Start from when Hammer took over and slowly go backwards,” I suggested, and we stood around a computer, watching the footage. It didn’t take long; the person Hammer had been the one. He carried Doris out about fifteen minutes before Hammer took over. We flicked to the other camera and watched as he took her out and put her in his truck, careful to cover her up, protecting her.

“Son of a.. Well, that explains how Doris got into our room; he worked security, and it also explains some of the fight with the Jones gang. They should never have reached that far. Change all the passwords and remove his access. Where is he now?” I barked, in a voice foreign to me. I was pissed off majorly; he violated our trust in the worst possible way.

“Just climbing in his car, looks like he headed to the gate.”

“Call the gate, make sure they don’t let him out. We are on our way. Get the guys on duty out here, chase this bastarrd down.”

Bruiser called the gate as we raced out the door. I climbed onto a quad bike parked near the door, Bruiser climbed on behind me, and we took off down the road. Footsteps behind us, as men were alerted of a breach, all taking position, training taking over, as they raced to do what they had been trained to do.

The guy must have seen us coming and quickly tried to change direction, heading to another rarely used exit, but he would need the access code to get out, and we just changed that. Two dirt bikes took off past us, and one guy who caught up was kicking the side of the vehicle. The other guy had a bat and was swinging it against the windscreen. Eventually, with persistence, the windshield broke, and the car lost control as the driver was showered with glass. His vehicle ended up hitting a tree.

Our guys pulled the driver out and threw him on the ground. They might not know why they were pulling him out like this, but when orders went out to catch him, they would, without question.

“Flip the boot,” I shouted, and the closest person reached in, and it popped open. The cries of Doris could be heard, even before she was dragged out of the boot of the car. Her mouth still wired shut, she was unable to talk.

“Take them to the cells.” I barked, satisfied, we stopped them from leaving, and would leave the interrogation to Prez when he wakes up.

“Stand the men down, the fun’s over,” Bruiser shouted as they walked back towards the clubhouse.

Once inside, Bruiser and I entered the office to find Prez still out like a light.

“What now?” Bruiser asked, looking at me for direction.

“Let him rot for the rest of the night, let him worry what was coming, the longer we leave him wondering, the worse he will think up what might happen, and put Doris in a different cell, a dirtier one, she doesn’t deserve that nice bed she was in any longer.”

“I will see to it, go get some sleep, tomorrow, or should I say, later today, we can talk to Prez, and fill him in, before gossip does.” Bruiser tried to send me back to bed.

“Nah, too wired now, will rest here, and wait for Prez to wake, you go get some sleep, cuddle up to Cricket, feel her warmth on your body, give you some calm. I will talk to Prez when he wakes; you rest up.” Bruiser nodded and left, knowing it would be useless arguing with me; he understood, wired, and how I want to burn it off, but can’t.

I settled in on the Prez chair and leaned back, and even though it was uncomfortable, sleep still managed to find me, after a shot of whiskey, something I never drink.

“Hey, what are you doing in my chair?” Prez growled at me, kicking my legs off the table, and almost sending me to the floor.

I get up and change chairs.

“It was more comfortable to sleep in than that chair, and you’re welcome.” I deadpanned him in the eyes, daring him to say something more.

“Thank you, need coffee.” He said and started for the door.

“Wait, we need to talk before you leave this room.” Prez turned to look at me, and I guess he saw something because he came back and sat in the chair. I got up, opened the door, and asked the guard who Bruiser had stationed at the door to see if he could rustle up two coffees. I waited quietly till the knock on the door brought us coffee and a muffin.

“Thanks, you are dismissed, go get some rest.” He nodded and left, closing the door softly behind him.

“You had a guard at the door all night?” He asked, incredulously.

“No, only.” I checked my phone for the time.

“Two hours.” Wow, two hours went by.

“Care to share?” He asked.

“Ready and awake enough?” I asked, making sure he was ready for the BS I was about to share.

“Shoot.” So I did, not missing one tiny detail. He scrubbed his face with his hands and looked back up at me.

“Did you interrogate him?” He asked, leaning forward.

“Nope, had Doris put in block E, and Stan in block B, and left both of them to stew for a while.”

“Good, let’s get some breakfast, and I need to talk to my woman before I go down there. I don’t want to give my woman the agro I am feeling right now, that will only get worse when I see that traitorous scumbag. Glad you put Doris in a not-so-comfortable cell; we were too nice to her.” We headed out, and both grabbed a tray, put on food, and headed upstairs. He went into his room with his offering, and I went into mine. I hope his woman is feeling better today. After the ding-dong barney they had yesterday.

Max was up, and in the middle of getting dressed, she turned her head when the door opened, and looked at the tray in my hand.

“Wow, what did I do to deserve breakfast in bed? Do I have to get undressed and wait in bed?” She joked at me while still pulling on her clothes, no sign of getting undressed.

“The table’s fine.” I put the tray down and moved to pull Max into my arms, giving her a hungry kiss.

“Wow, what did I do?”

“I have had a long night and needed some grounding. Come and sit, I will tell you all about it.”

Max sat and started to eat, waiting for me to talk, and talk I did, explaining what happened, and how Doris gained entry because of the traitor, who had given her the access.

“How long it had been going on, we have yet to find out. That’s where you come in. I was thinking you could interrogate her while Prez and I talk to the traitor. Bruiser can be with you, so you don’t have to go it alone; he might think of questions that you might not think of.”

“My pleasure, would love to have some time with her again.” She then went on to tell me what she did, after she heard about the fight, and I was glad, it not only told me how good, caring person she was, but also why she wasn’t in the room when I returned, not that I thought bad of her, but it was good to know it was for a great cause. She was doing all the things a good Prez woman should have been doing, and not let self recrimination and self doubts cloud her judgement on others, Max would never have done that, she might get pissed off, and sulk, but never take over like Sticks did, in a why she was being childish, not at all leadership was want to see. Hopefully, Max’s talk with her will snap her out of it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 84[1,486 words]

Max POV

I woke to no Tank; it didn't surprise me, knowing the Prez was out of commission for the night, and Tank had to step up. His arrival with breakfast was nice, but not the news he brought. I hate traitors as much as cheaters.

We ate talking about the ceremony, and our promises, both laughed at our strange and silly ideas, it was a good way to improve the start of the day, after the bomb shell he landed on me, and I wonder how Prez was feeling, after getting so drunk, that Tank had to step up, would have be proud of the way he handled himself when he needed to, or would have be feeling guiltily for letting his hair down and getting drunk?

A knock had Tank headed to the door.

Opening to find Prez and Sticks on the other side.

"Time," was all he said.

I picked up the tray and headed to the door. The four of us headed downstairs as a united front.

Dropped off the trays, Sticks did the same, but she stayed in the kitchen, while I headed to the cells with the men.

We passed a few guards on the way, gaining a nod for the men and raising eyebrows for me. I smiled and continued.

Bruiser was outside Doris's cell, waiting.

"Max, before you go in, I want to say, thank you for what you did last night for Sticks. She's like her old self again, and even apologized to me for her behaviour. Don't know the details of what you said, or did, but thank you." I nodded and turned to Bruiser. I wasn't sure what to say or do about that.

Bruiser unlocked the door and moved aside for me to enter. I heard the other cell unlock, and profanities coming from inside before the door closed, taking all sound with it.

Doris was lying on the floor, a thin mattress made of straw, no sheets or blankets, a bucket in the corner to do her business, an empty cup, and where she might have had water, but that was gone, and there was a wet patch on the floor, so maybe in anger, she knocked it over. She will learn not to knock it over next time she gets thirsty.

“Good morning, Doris.” She looked scared and in pain, but running as she did, she lost the privilege of our doctor’s help, for now that is.

She raised her hand and pointed to her mouth, then to the cup.

“Did you spill your water? The guard will be around this afternoon, with more.” Her eyes widened in disbelief.

“Did you think trying to escape would put you back in that nice, cushy cell? You are in lockdown, meaning water and food once a day. In your case, I don’t think you can eat, so just water. So are you ready to talk to us?” I asked politely.

She raised her middle finger at me, and I chuckled, reaching out faster than she could pull her hand back, and heard the satisfying sound of her finger snapping, and her blood-curdling scream.

“Shall we try again. I am not usually this brutal, but I don’t like cheaters, or traitors, and you, my dear, fall into the category of both.” I smiled sweetly at her, all the years of being the victim, I knew what it was like to be on the other side, however, I prefer this side, it’s much easier, and giving me a kind of satisfaction I hadn’t felt before, like I was getting my own back on all the years I couldn’t against my sister.

Doris was cuddling her hand, keeping it close to her chest, and shaking her head no.

“Bruiser, would you like to have a go?” I knew Bruiser wouldn’t touch her, but she didn’t.

“Myph, inths, me.” I couldn’t make out what she was trying to say, but Bruiser did.

“I don’t care if you hadn’t agreed to go; you went.” He roared back at her, making her shrink back, looking at me for some way out.

“Use your tongue and lips, I know you know how to use both; you bragged about it often enough, and form the words before you make the noise,” I said. If she used her throat too, she would make a sound we could understand.

Soon she was making sense, and Bruiser asked all the questions, while I stood by and listened. I was pretty happy for him to take over. When Bruiser was satisfied, he would get nothing else; he motioned for the door.

“Because you have been a good girl, I will get you some water.” I made it sound like a reward, but I would have gotten her the water at the end anyway.

Once outside, Bruiser went to the other cell, while I grabbed the promised water and placed it in her cell through a small opening at ground level. I heard the screams when Bruiser entered the cell, and I was glad I wasn’t in there. I can’t stand watching that sort of brutality; I’ve seen enough of that to last a lifetime.

Needing to clean up, I took a quick wash in the washhouse, removing the blood from my hands, before entering the clubhouse back door. I found Sticks in the kitchen. She did look a lot better, although still pale.

“You okay?” I asked as I walked towards the fridge, in search of some water.

“Yes, thank you, want to give me a hand? The girls who were rostered on are not here, for some reason, not sure where they went.”

“Sure.” I drank the bottle of water in one go, and then washed my hands and started to help make a salad.

“What are we making?” I asked, so I had an idea what to do.

“Quiche, and salad, plus some sandwiches, with the leftover chicken from yesterday’s dinner.”

We work together as a team. We never know how many would show up for meals, so we make a certain amount, and if we run out, the person has to make their own. I had offered to do more once, and nearly had my head chewed off, first in, first-served, or something like that. No sooner had we decided we had done enough than the first started arriving to take the plates out to the serving table; it’s the only time the men help, other than BBQs, eager to get the food.

We joined them, grabbing a plate and sitting down together. Just the two of us, no sign of Cricket or Pins, or Jenny, whom I think would still be in bed with Blaze.

“Prez and I talked this morning, he brought me breakfast, and apologised for being a d**k. Apparently, something went down last night, and he was too drunk to handle it, so Tank took over, and according to him, did a bang-up job.” I nodded, knowing what had gone down, and wondered why Prez hadn’t told her the whole story. I wouldn’t blame him; she was fragile at the moment, and some TLC would be needed. Maybe he was testing the waters; it’s not easy to talk about the hard stuff while you are trying to make up an argument.

“Tank was not in bed this morning when I woke, so I thought maybe something had happened during the night. He did show up with a plate of bacon, eggs, and a nice breakfast. They must have come upstairs together, after talking.” If she was fishing for answers, I wasn’t giving them, not my story to tell.

“Yeah, it was thoughtful of our men.” We had just finished eating when Pins and Cricket arrived, arms loaded with bags, and guys behind them carrying more.

“We’ve been out buying the food for Friday.” Cricket boasted, expecting a big thank you. I looked at Sticks and waited.

“Did you take the list from the kitchen?” Sticks and I both know they didn’t, as it was still pinned to the fridge with a magnet.

“There was a list?” Pins asked, looking at Cricket and then to me, and lastly back to Sticks.

“I forgot, if I missed anything, I will go back out and get it. Thanks for doing lunch, I completely forgot I was on duty, it’s my fault Pins wasn’t here either.” Taking the blame for both of them.

“Maybe talk about it before heading into town, next time,” I said, collecting the Sticks plate and leaving her to deal with Cricket, making me wonder if maybe she was part of the reason Sticks had changed. Cricket was trying to act high and mighty, because she was Bruiser girl, guess she too will come tumbling down soon enough, why do people do that, change so much, I thought Cricket was okay, mind you, I hadn’t had that much to do with her before now, she was always at Sticks’ side, cosying up to her. I think she might feel threatened because Tank is the VP now, which makes me above her, but I would never act any differently because of it.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 85[1,533 words]

Tank POV

This guy was as dumb as they come; he thought he wouldn’t be found?

He had been a patch member with us for about three years. He helped set up all the security cameras. Now we wonder what information he was feeding other clubs. Well, not anymore.

“Come on, man, why did you do it, and why take Doris? Was she worth the risk?” Prez was asking, running his hand over the back of his neck.

“Doris, she’s mine; we’ve been together for years. I hated seeing her with others, but she said it was necessary.” He sobbed out, his face was bleeding, his right arm broken, and a few ribs too, I think. He won’t last much longer.

“Not much of a relationship, I wouldn’t have my woman being shared around like that,” Bruiser added. His hand was on the guy’s chin; he moved the guy’s head, side to side, checking out how with it he was. Bruiser had entered a few minutes ago, having completed their task next door. Max had returned to clean up.

“So you’re part of the Jones gang? Both of you?” Prez was seated by the door, on a stool he brought in with him. He was staying back, or he would kill the guy too soon. He was so angry, I thought he would burst a blood vessel.

“Yeah.” He slurred; his blood loss was making him tired.

“How long?” I asked, wanting to finish this.

“Eight years.” I was shocked that he had been part of a different club for eight years??? All that time as nom, and the time as patch, he was working both sides. How did we not know this? Maybe it’s time to look at everyone’s background.

“Eight FUKING years!!!” Pres was standing now, having knocked his chair on the floor in his haste to stand.

“You telling me, you have been betraying us for all these years? We accepted you, trusted you, and all the time you were spying? For what purpose? What’s the end goal?” I held Prez back; we needed answers, and with him this angry, he would only end up killing himself before we got them.

The interrogation went on for another half hour, names, dates, disbelief on our part, failed ventures were all because of this guy, because Doris wasn’t around our club, not until recently, and not anything more than a club bike. Sharing her body with all takers. So it was all our traitors’ fault.

He didn’t last much longer, having bled out, but Prez was satisfied with what we learned, and we will dispose of his body, throw it on a fire, and dismantle his car. Do the same with Doris. Bruiser said she was still alive, and that was good. We can work on her again later, find out more of what she knows. Their phones were given to our Tech guy to go through and extract more information.

“I feel so gutted, it’s time to get everyone checked out who came to our club in the last five years. Make sure we are not blind sided again.” Prez kicked the dead man, and together we left. We will burn his body later tonight, build a nice bonfire, and put him in the middle. We have a lot of damaged wood to burn from the attack. We had intended to burn that pile anyway; now we have a better reason to do it quickly. Get the team to finish building the pile.

“Try and contain the gossip,” Prez asked as we headed out to get cleaned up in the wash house.

“Guys on duty last night have already been told to keep it to themselves. No talking, or we will know where to start looking.” I said it was the first thing I did, after we dragged their sorry azzes to the cells.

“Good work, Tank, we were right in choosing you for VP.” Prez clapped me on the shoulder before he left the wash house, a lot on his mind to sort through.

Max was doing dishes in the kitchen. She turned to me when I entered and wrapped her arms around my waist, holding me, resting her head on my chest, as if she knew I needed to hold her, or maybe she needed me to hold her. Either way, we were both getting what we needed. This was an ugly business, not a part I enjoy of our job, but it’s got to be done.

“Have you eaten? Or should I ask, are you up to eating?” Max murmured against my chest, her eyes closed.

“Starving.” Max pulled away and went to the bench, making me a late lunch. I took the food and sat at the nearest table. Max followed me, placing a coffee down and taking a seat. She watched me eating, not saying a word; she didn’t need to.

“He’s gone. What we found out hit Prez hard; it hit us all hard.” I said quietly, noting no one was in the room or within earshot.

“If Doris’s bragging means anything, then they have been working on us for years,” Max replied as she looked around us. Good girl, she knows we need to keep this under wraps.

“Yep, too many years, Prez is pissed.” I nodded.

“Sticks kept in the dark?” I looked up at her, tilting my head at her question.

“What gives you that idea?”

“The way she talked last night, it was like she was being careful not to say too much, or just didn’t know, and by her tone of voice, I would say she knows nothing about it.” Max shrugged her shoulders before making eye contact with me.

I looked around and saw others coming our way, and nodded to her, knowing this conversation was done for now. She’s good at this.

“Hi, Sticks, how are you doing?” Max asked, as she sat, Prez behind her with a plate of food, and Bruiser also joined us.

“Better.” She replied tersely as she sat down, Cricket next to her, as if that was her place.

Jenny and Blaze came to join us, both glowing with happiness. Jenny sat next to Max, smiling.

“Hey, chicklett.” Jenny sang at Max.

“Hey, chickley.” Max chimed back.

“What’s with the chick stuff?” Cricket asked in a tone that had the whole table looking at her.

“Childhood names,” Max replied, not giving a rat’s arse about her opinion. She started so lovely and went downhill fast.

“Childish names,” Cricket said sarcastically.

“Cricket, what’s your problem? You’ve been ragging on Max for a while now. This isn’t you.” Stick jumped in, maybe seeing Cricket’s behaviour for the first time.

“I was here first.” Huh? What does that mean?

“Pass that by me again? What does how long I have been here have anything to do with your bad behaviour?” I was lost on this one.

“You have been getting special treatment since you moved here, and now getting hitched to VP, what do you think you are better than me, us?” She spat out, and I couldn’t help but laugh at her snarling face.

“Cricket, you are out of line. How long you’ve been here has nothing to do with it. Max and Tank are VPs; get used to it. I have enough on my plate without having to deal with you, too. If you are going to get petty and jealous, be thankful for what you got.” Bruiser said, shocked at Cricket’s remarks.

“So she’s my boss?” She looked hurt by that thought.

“Yeah, she is, mine too, only Prez and Sticks are above the VP, what’s got into you?”

“Nothing.” She sulked, looking down, avoiding eye contact.

“We need to go shopping again. Who wants to come?” Sticks asked as she started to get up.

“Thought the shopping was done earlier?” Prez frowned.

“Cricket decided to go shopping without taking the list and missed a few things.” Cricket looked up at Sticks, her eyes threatening to tear.

“Fine, take the guards with you.”

“I’d like to come. Need to stop at the paint shop.” Max added quickly.

“I will come with you, need a break,” Tank announced that he was wound up and needed some space.

“Pick two others, and take the two vehicles,” Bruiser suggested, drinking down the last of his coffee.

“How’s the ceremony organising going?” Prez asked softly.

Before Sticks could answer, Cricket jumped in.

“I have done the shopping for the party, have a team ready to do the decorations, and have made a few changes.” She looked proud of herself.

“What changes? Who authorised them?” Prez looked at Sticks for clarification.

“I made the changes, didn’t think I needed permission, it’s just a party.”

“You decided to make changes to Tank and Max’s wedding?” Bruiser asked lowly.

“Yeah.”

“You are not authorised to make any changes, nor are you supposed to be shopping for it, or getting a team to do anything. Cancel that team now, and you are not to be involved any further with it.” Cricket stood up and ran upstairs, I presume to her room.

“I am sorry, Max, Tank, I had no idea that Cricket had taken over and was doing whatever she wanted. I know Sticks started to until we talked to her, but I didn’t think it was necessary to talk to Cricket, but I guess she had other ideas. Excuse me while I track her down and find out what’s going on.” Bruiser got up and headed in her direction.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 86[1,403 words]

Max POV

Tank was driving the van to town, would drop me off at the paint shop, then take Sticks to the shops to pick up whatever Cricket didn’t get and a bit more. She had shown me a list the other night, after she had downed all the ice cream I had. The ceremony was going to be beautiful, and I didn’t need to make any changes to her arrangement; it was perfect.

But Cricket this morning, even Sticks looked worried about what changes she had made. That girl, I had no idea she was so jealous of me that I had slotted into the club scene so easily, according to Sticks.

“I am sorry about Cricket. She had been poisoning my head for a week now, and after that attack, she got worse, and I took it out on you, and I shouldn’t have.” Sticks kept apologizing for not seeing how bitter Cricket was becoming. Bruiser knows now and will sort her out.

“It’s not your fault, you had so much going on, and the attack would have made everyone feel vulnerable, after believing the clubhouse was safe. You would have been dealing with all the women and their fears, and with Cricket in your ear, you had no reason not to be guided by her. You have been her associate, a lot longer than I, and I arrived with my own kind of baggage.”

“You’re too kind and forgiving.”

“She is.” Tank agreed a little too quickly. Chuckling at my glare, I gave him.

“Here you go, will be back shortly, will drop the guards off along with Sticks and come back to you and help you with the paint, then return to collect Sticks.” I gave him a quick kiss, waved goodbye, and entered the paint shop.

“Hello Maxine, been a while.” Dan, an older man, greeted me with a bright smile.

“Hi. Dan, Yep, been busy, you know, time can get away from you. I sent a list. Did they come in?” I asked, heading to the paint section for vehicles.

“Yes, came in yesterday, was going to call you today. You saved me the trouble.”

Dan, can you get in paint for tattooing, or do I need to order online and have it delivered here?” I hadn’t seen any on the shelves, but it’s a specialty paint, like a lot of mine, and might need a special license to order it.

“I have some, want to see?”

“Lead the way.” I followed him to the back of the store, a small storage room, full of assorted types of paint.

“Great, can I get these colors?” I handed him a list and slowly looked at all that he had.

“Wow, can I have those two as well?”

I left Dan to gather my list and added to the pallet of paint he had waiting for me, and looked around at the other paints in the store. I was near the front window when I saw in the corner of my eye a familiar figure, and I looked up. The bell rang, and that signaled trouble.

“Well, well, well, decided to surface, did you?” My sister cooed at me, my ex attached to her arm, or was it the other way round?

“What do you mean, this is not the first time in town?” I replied, thinking that if I didn’t, she wouldn’t let it go.

“You haven’t been home to visit us. Why, you scared?” She nasally asked, her heels too loud as she walked towards me.

“I was told to get out and never return, so I did. Now you expect me to visit, make up your mind.” Not that I would have gone visiting then anyway, not now I am out.

“So they did.” She giggled, now too close to me, her perfume way too strong, overpowering the smell of the paint, in the store.

“Thought we’d invite you to our wedding, it’s next Saturday. Local church, ten o’clock, be there.” She demanded, flicked her hair over her shoulders, and turned to leave the shop. As she reached the door, I spoke.

“Not bloody likely.” She turned and glared at me, as if that would make any difference to me. The bell rang, and I looked past her. Tank had entered the shop.

“You’d better be there, or I will make your life a living hell,” she snarled at me.

“I can’t. I will be on my honeymoon, I am getting married on Friday, and you can’t make my life a living hell, you already did that, and I climbed out, you can’t send me back in.” I smiled at Tank behind her, but she mistook it for a smile at her.

“Who would want a biatch like you? No way are you getting married tomorrow.”

“I would.” Tank towered over both my sister and my ex. She turned to see who was ready to give him a mouthful, and shrank back, grabbing my ex’s arm tighter and dragging him to the door. She glared at me through the window as she stormed off.

“I would have introduced you to my sister and my ex, but they appear to need to leave suddenly.” I joked as Tank moved to me in two enormous strides.

“You okay? They didn’t hurt you, did they? Sorry, I shouldn’t have left you on your own.” Tank looked worried, searching my face and body for any sign of injury.

“Yeah, she wouldn’t hurt me in here. Dan would have given her a lot of trouble; he knows what she’s like.”

“Hey Tank, the pallet of paints back here.” Dan called out, and reluctantly, Tank left me there and walked to Dan.

They had their heads together, chatting. Tank loaded the van in four trips before stopping.

I gave Dan my credit card and paid, ordering some other paints from his catalog, before we left.

“By the way, congratulations, for tomorrow, look after her Tank, she’s special,” Dan called out.

“Don’t I know it,” Tank replied, with a smirk.

“That sister of yours, she’s a piece of work, did she enter the shop just to give you a hard time?”

“Sort of, she’s getting married on Saturday, and demanded I be there or else, I told her I would be on my honeymoon, and could possibly make it. That’s when you walked in.” Sticks was having the men load the other vehicle, with what looked like the whole shop. Noticing that the man was arriving, she left the men to finish loading and climbed in.

“Did you buy the whole shop?” I asked, jokingly.

“Feels like it, Cricket didn’t get one thing from the list, god knows what she brought, or why. It’s like she was out to make it a disaster, and that would be stupid, because it would only backfire on her, as we all know she did the shopping. I also got you a new dress, one more in your style, because I don’t think the one Cricket convinced me to buy was right for you.”

“Does she hate me that much?” I asked, not hiding the hurt in my voice.

“No, she is jealous, but not hate, to her, you joined and became VP in less than a month; she spent two years getting Bruiser to accept her, and then when she got pregnant, he had no choice but to make her his. I don’t think he would have if she hadn’t gotten pregnant.”

That explained a lot.

“She hasn’t had morning sickness since I’ve been here, and isn’t showing yet, unlike you.”

“I agreed. Do you think she was lying?”

“I don’t know, maybe she was and lost it, and that was why she changed so much, possibly worried Bruiser would dump her if she lost it.” I tried to think of reasons why she had changed so much, and that was the only one I could come up with.

“Bruiser won’t dump her for losing the baby; if that has happened, he would coddle her all the more, feeling the loss as much as her, even if it was not planned, and he was trapped, he’s not the kind of guy to back out,” Tank added to our conversation, and it was good to get an man’s perspective.

“Good to know. Thanks, both of you. I had been feeling like a failure lately, not being able to please everyone; you have given me plenty to think about.” Sticks turned and looked out the window, signalling that this conversation was over.

I thought about my sister, and for someone who was a little further along than Sticks, her stomach looked relatively flat. Could she be lying?

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 87[1,458 words]

Tank POV

“Make sure you stay by her side at all times. We can’t be too careful, not with all the Jones activity.” They understood that Sticks’ life would be in danger, so would Max’s, but Max can take care of herself a lot better than the pregnant Sticks. I would be extra protective of Max if she were pregnant. I had no fears leaving her at the paint shop while I took Sticks to the shops; it won’t take long, and Dan would watch over her.

“Tank.” I looked at Sticks.

“Sorry for all the trouble I caused. I let Cricket get under my skin, and with the incidents that went on at the camp, and what Max did, and can do, like with Pixie, Cricket convinced me that Max was trouble. She was relentless, every tiny bad thing that happened, Cricket pushed it in my

face, blocking all the good that Max did, like the pool competition, and keeping order with the girls, in a way I couldn't, being Prez woman only goes so far, she tried to make it out that she was aiming for my place in the club, which in hindsight was stupid thing to think. Still, once the seed was planted, it was hard to shake, given all the praise and attention she was getting. Cricket made it easy to believe her distorted view of her." I thought for a moment Sticks would cry, and if she did, I was conflicted on how to handle that.

"Max's tough, and not judgmental. She will wade through what she knows, and if she can't figure it out, she will ask when she's ready. Don't worry."

"Yeah, she was relentless when she came to me. Banging on the door till I opened it, then filling me with sweet tea and ice cream till I was ready to talk. Constant flow of tissues. At the end of my tear fest, I feel we are closer and could be good friends. I would love to be close, like she is with Jenny, seeing how they were together, warmed me inside. You could see it was genuine and not the fake friends I am surrounded by." I understood what she meant. Since becoming VP, I have suddenly gained guys who want to be my friends, although I see them all as brothers and would have their backs. That doesn't mean we're good friends; we all have our click groups.

"Thanks for listening, I'd better get going." Sticks pushed the open door, climbed out, head held high as she entered the shop, the two bodyguards following close behind.

My phone rang before I started to return.

"Sup?" I answered, not looking at the caller's ID.

"Max's sister has arrived. It does not sound polite," Dan growled over the phone and hung up before I could respond.

Reaching the paint shop, I saw through the shop window that a man and a woman were confronting Max. I recognised the woman, so the man had to be the ex. Max looked calm and not bothered, and the woman was trying hard to get a rise out of her.

Entering, the bell tinkled, and Max looked over the woman's face and smiled at me. The woman was nasty, saying some things to hurt Max, and I was getting annoyed, wanting to rip her throat out, to stop the BS she was spewing.

My chance came, and I took it.

That strong perfumed woman spun around, and I saw her shocked face when she saw me, looking down at her. I didn't need to do anything but stand and glare at her, and she fled, but I get the impression this was not over.

"You okay?" I asked, and Max nodded, before Dan called me back to load up the paint.

"That sister of hers. don't get me started." He told me what was going down, and some of the past that I had never discussed with Max. She had so much hurt in her past that it's impossible to

take it all in. Over time, I expect I will get more and more of the spiteful things that the girl and her parents have done to her. But some of the things Dan told me as he helped me load the paint in the vehicle made me want to kill all four of them. I had thought it was just the sister, but it was the parents too, mainly the mother, but the father was known to give her punishment, for things her sister did, and lied, that it was Max.

Soon, Max had paid for her paint and put in another order.

As we were leaving, Dan reminded me to treat her well, but how could I not? Tomorrow, she will be mine legally, not just my girlfriend, and I am finding myself getting excited about calling her truly mine. It's going to be a great day, and I am thinking it would be a good night to take her V-card. I hope she was ready. I know I am, the last few times we have been in the shower, and I had put my shaft between her legs, rubbing, but not entering her hole, it stayed erect, and I reached my peak, that was a good sign, something I hadn't been able to do, since that incident. Even getting a head job in the past was difficult, yet Max had managed to do all that and more. I get hard just thinking of what she had done to me. She took away my nightmare of that night and replaced it with lustful dreams of ventures we had yet to explore.

I didn't expect Sticks to start up again briefly in the vehicle headed home, though she had done all the talking she wanted to; then again, it was more to Max she was chatting than to me. That poor girl must be hurting inside; the silly things she believed were all false. Max set her straight, and I think they are on the right track now. My concern now would be Cricket and why she suddenly changed.

The gates opened for us, and we entered slowly. They were still clearing up this driveway, and the men were busying themselves doing that as we slowly drove by. They looked up and stopped working as we drove by. Giving me the nod before continuing on their task.

I stopped to drop off Sticks before moving the vehicle closer to Max's workshop. Max helped me unload and guided me to where she wanted the paint stored. She had brought a lot more paint than I had expected, plus a couple of boxes, which I had no clue what was in them, but they were surprisingly heavy for how small they looked.

"Tank, what are your thoughts on Cricket and Sticks? It looks like Cricket was trying to recruit Pins into whatever she's planning, and worried for Pins, she easily led." Max asked as she handed me a bottle of water and sat on a crate, opening hers.

"I feel Sticks has at last seen Cricket and what she was doing now. Sticks had a lot shoved on her shoulders since we arrived at the camping site, and things were going sour. I don't think you need to worry about her, but Pins? Yeah, maybe you should take her aside and talk to her, get to know her a little better. You were not exactly approachable in the beginning." She nodded, listening, and evaluating, not me, but my observation.

"Agreed, time to take her aside and chat, might see if Sticks wants to be in on that, and hear Pins' side of the story. I have a theory regarding Cricket." She said hesitantly, as if she were still considering her theory.

“Spit it out, no matter how out reitag is,” I said, pulling her to me. I felt the need to touch her.

“I had expected her to be showing more by could be that she lost the baby, was to now, even a small bump, but there’s nothing. It afraid to say anything in case Bruiser got rid of her, and was trying to do things she shouldn’t have. She should have cemented her place.”

“That makes sense, lost it while at the camping trip, because that was when she started to say and behave oddly. Want me to talk to Bruiser, get the feel on this?” If she lost the baby, that would make more sense regarding her recent behaviour. I doubt Bruiser would get rid of her; he had gotten used to her as his woman. He’d be angrier if she kept it hidden when he could have been consoling her.

“If you don’t mind. You can tell him it was my thought, so you don’t get a black eye.” She joked, That’s my girl, thinking of others.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 88[1,560 words]

Max POV

It was a relief to air my suspicions to Tank about Cricket, and he took the thoughts in without making me feel like a fool for thinking them. If she had lost the baby, she would have been in pain and not thinking clearly.

“Tank, do you think we need to get Cricket to see the Doc? She might need help?” I asked, as we headed inside. I was no longer in the mood to start painting or any artistic work.

“Come with me, let’s find Bruiser and talk, he might agree to have Cricket see the Doc, if not lose the baby, she had something going on, that could be health-related,” Tank said, and I couldn’t agree more, something was amiss, going on what I had seen before the camp, and what I had heard, from the others whispers.

We found Bruiser, out the back, working on the wood pile for the bonfire, the body was already in the middle, completely wrapped up, and he was placing wood, broken boards, and charred timber from the building. He looked like he was working off some agro.

“Bruiser, you got a minute?” Tank called out when Bruiser finished throwing a large log on the woodpile.

“Sure.” He wiped the sweat from his brow and followed us into my workshop office. Tank closed the door, and Bruiser stood, arms folded, looking between us.

“What gives?” Bruiser asked, his stance negative, ready to defend or leave.

“Sit,” Tank ordered in a voice I hadn’t heard from him very often. Bruiser hesitated briefly before sitting down. Tank was, after all, the VP, giving him power over Bruiser.

“Max and I have been talking about Cricket’s behaviour, and by the way you were throwing those logs around, you are mad at something, and I am going to assume that it’s Cricket, too.” Bruiser nodded in agreement but said nothing, waiting for the reason he was brought in here.

“Max, do you want to tell him your theory?” I was nervous. I trained with Bruiser; his punches hurt, and if that was in training, what would his punches be like in anger? I have to trust Tank would stop him if he got angry.

“Before you ask, other than Tank, I have spoken to no one about this. I was concerned about how changed Cricket had been lately. I talked to Sticks after her big fight with Prez, and a lot of things keep going back to Cricket. It occurred to me today, when I saw my sister and her flat stomach, that Cricket should be showing even a little bump. My thoughts were that she had lost the baby, and in her panic, thinking you would disown her, she had been doing things out of the ordinary, to appear helpful, like taking over my ceremony and not talking to me or Sticks about the changes she was making. If she has lost the baby, she needs your support, and maybe a visit to the doctor.” I stopped talking when I saw Bruiser go pale.

“You could be right. I was angry with her and spoke harshly. She cried and hid in the room. I haven’t been able to see her since. I hear her crying on the other side of the door, and I don’t know what to do.” Bruiser looked broken, outside of his strong image.

“If you will let me, I can sit with her, talk to her about my suspicions. She needs help and someone to talk to, who won’t judge.”

Bruiser looked up at me in surprise.

“After all she’s done to you, you, would do that?”

“Of course, I know what it feels like to feel all alone. Will you stick by her if there’s no baby now?” I asked, needing to know where he stood on this.

“She’s stuck with me now, I don’t go around giving my cut out only to take it back, when there’s a setback.” I blew out a breath I didn’t know I was holding.

“Can you let me in the room? She might not answer the door if I knock.” We sat for a bit longer, Tank and Bruiser talked, while I listened and thought about how I was going to make this work; she wasn’t an ice cream kind of girl, so that wouldn’t work.

“Come on, let me get you in that room. I am ready now. Thank you, Max.” I looked at him quizzically.

“For caring.” I nodded, not willing to say much, my mind elsewhere.

I followed for a while, and then as we passed the bar, I reached over and grabbed a handful of chocolate bars and hid them in my pocket. We stopped at his room, and I stared at the door.

“Ready?” Bruiser asked, knowing this was not going to be easy.

“Yeah. Tank, can you stay with Bruiser while I work on Cricket?” Hopefully, Tank can make Bruiser feel less guilty; he was self-recriminating for not noticing that she might be in pain.

Bruiser opened the door and moved back, allowing me to enter, and the door closed behind me with a soft click.

The room was smaller than ours, clean, and cosy, in one corner was the baby’s cot, filled with cloths and plush toys. Lying in the middle of her bed was Cricket, her back to me, and hiccupping sobs.

I moved to the mini kitchen we all seem to have, and put the kettle on, still not speaking, and not hiding that I was in there. The clink of cups as I stirred the milk in the coffee, and turned to bring two cups over to the bed, placed them on the side table, sat on the bed, and waited for Cricket to acknowledge me, or at least turn to see who was in the room with her.

I waited a few minutes, then decided not to waste my hot coffee, leaned over, picked it up, and started to drink it. My movement had her turn her head to look at me; her face said she wasn’t expecting to see it was me.

“What do you want?” I felt like *de char voo*. It was not that long ago that Sticks was saying the same thing when I entered her room.

“Came to see how you were doing, and to talk. Coffee?” I nodded to the table.

Cricket begrudgingly sat up and leaned against the headboard, taking the coffee and sipping it between snuffles. I reached into my pocket, pulled out a handful of chocolate bars, and placed them on her lap.

She looked at them for a while before choosing a cherry ripe, unwrapped it, and took a large bite.

She ate three bars before she spoke.

“What do you want to talk about?” I could hear the hurt in her voice and the emptiness.

Thinking it might be best to pull the band-aid off in one go, I asked the most challenging question first.

“Did you lose the baby?” Cricket looked at the time, eyes wide, shock on her face, then she turned pale, and tears started falling again.

“How? I, yeah, I did,” she eventually sobbed out.

“At camp?” She nodded, and my heart broke for her as she admitted her loss.

“I slipped in the shower block, landed hard, and lost it.” She croaked out.

“Why didn’t you tell Bruiser, or even Sticks, someone? It must have been hard all this time, keeping it to yourself; you had to know sooner or later, it would come out.” I asked, watching her closely, she put the coffee cup down, it was empty, she had to have been thirsty. Popped another bar in her mouth, this time a flake, and chewed it for a while.

“Scared to, thought they would kick me out, Bruiser only claimed me because of the baby.”

“But the two of you have grown closer; you needed to trust him to stand by you. You have been snappy, alienating everyone. We see the stress. What you have done is make things worse, not better. Have you seen a doctor, you might need help?”

“Yeah, a doctor at the camp gave me some painkillers and suggested taking it easy for a few days. It was a clean loss, apparently.”

“How are you now? Are you in pain?”

“Not physically.”

“Was that the way you have been a bi.tch to me?”

She looked at me, full of guilt and remorse.

“Sort of. I didn’t know how to deal with it; it ate away at me. Not just the hollow feeling of losing our child, but the fear of losing Bruiser, the club. I love it here.”

“Then I suggest, the first thing you do is talk to Bruiser, and then start behaving like the Cricket we all know, and not the bi.tch you were becoming.”

“Bruiser?”

“Yep. You start with him.” I pulled out the last of the chocolate bars and placed them on her lap. Pulled out my phone and called Bruiser.

“I was right, come upstairs, time you two talked.”

“Bruiser’s on his way up, talk, I mean, really talk, cry, scream, shout, whatever it takes.” I picked up her empty wrappers and threw them in the bin.

“Good luck, he’s a good man, try and be honest with him.” I turned to go to the door and stopped my hand on the door handle.

“Oh, and by the way, I think you have terrible taste in wedding dresses.” I opened the door to find Bruiser standing before it.

“She’s all yours, talk. Sort it.” I let him in, and I went to find Tank. I need a hug.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 89[1,511 words]

Tank POV

Needing somewhere quiet and out of the way to talk to Bruiser, I led him into my room, walked to my mini fridge and handed him a beer, grabbed two more beers, and then led him out to the small balcony, where I have two chairs.

We sat staring out into the compound for a while, just sipping our beer. Bruiser finished one, and I handed him another. He wasn’t ready to talk, and I wasn’t sure where to start.

“Do you think she’s right?” Bruiser broke the silence first, asking the question that had been on my mind.

“Yeah, Max notices more than most people, and works through what she sees and hears in her head before she speaks about it. I think she had to learn to read people to stay alive. How do you feel about that? Relieved no baby? Or relieved that maybe you can get some understanding of what’s going on in Cricket’s head?” I asked, staring at my beer. I am not a guy who talks to guys like this. Prez said to step up and be there for the club, the men, and ladies, give them what he can’t or won’t. I think this was part of the pep talk he gave me.

“Yeah, she’s perfect for you, for the club.” he paused to think.

“Cricket must be in a lot of pain. I had been blaming myself, thinking I had been too harsh. With all that had been happening lately, she was not getting much attention from me. I misread the signals. We had argued a lot since the camp, about silly things, then when Prez exploded at Sticks, something he never does, I knew something was off with the ladies, but I couldn’t figure out what. Regarding the baby, I had adjusted to the idea of becoming a father and was actually starting to look forward to the little tyke’s arrival.”

“Don’t blame yourself, you did nothing wrong. If Cricket didn’t let you in, that was on her, not you. You’re not a mind reader.”

“She would say she’s fine, not to worry about it, things will sort themselves out. But it kept getting worse, and I kept growling at her, for her interference, for her snarly comments. I thought she was jealous of Max, but I couldn’t figure out why. Max had done nothing wrong.” I handed Bruiser my last beer; he needed it more than I did.

“You need to talk, get it in the open, and sort out how you feel from there.” I encouraged, before taking a sip of my beer.

“Cricket’s my woman, that won’t change unless she wants to leave. We can try for another baby, if that’s what she wants, but no pressure from me; if it happens, it happens. I like the old Cricket back, the fun-loving, laughing woman, I gave my cut to.”

His phone rang, stopping our conversation. It had taken nearly two hours to reach this far, and I didn’t like the interruption.

“Got to go, that was Max, she was right,” Bruiser said, downing the last of his beer, before standing and stretching, arching his back.

“My ceremony tomorrow, bring a big smile to it.” I clapped him on his back, sending him on his way.

I put the cans in the recycle bin, another little thing that Max introduced, saying we are throwing money away, so now we have a person collecting the cans and bottles, and once a week, taking them to the recycling place, getting the receipt, and handing the money and receipt to Zero, who puts it in the till. Yeah we have an account on the till, that Zero keeps tabs on who had what, and the money was collected each week, if the club pays you, it comes out of your wages before you get it, if you work outside, you get a reminder from Zero, by text to come and pay up, so far it had been working, only time we don’t bill, was if we had a party for some important reason. Like tomorrow’s ceremony.

Max enters our room, looking sad.

“Hey.” I pulled her to me and held on tight. She was shaking, and then the tears broke. I picked her up and carried her out to the balcony, sitting back in the chair I had just vacated, and let her cry. This must have been harder on her than I had thought. Most see the confident Max, and not the more vulnerable side, not unless she lets you in, that is. Max would rather hide and cry than let anyone see it, maybe part of her childhood defences.

I rocked back and forth, kissing her hair.

“She must have been so scared.” Max sniffed out.

“Yeah, but she went about it all wrong. To me, that shows a lack of trust in both the club and Bruiser; they have a considerable gap to fix. It will take Bruiser a while to trust her again at the level he had with her before. Losing that child shocked and hurt him, too, and she was selfish not to inform him when it happened; she took away his chance to help her heal. Help them both to heal. He got busy with the place when we got back from the camping trip, getting the security back up, and we all neglected our loved ones. I have to apologize to you, too, for neglecting you.”

“We all had tasks to do, get in, and get the place operational and safe again. The attack instilled fear in many, who lost the illusion that they were safe here. With all our security, no place can be totally secure. I understood. Been in a war zone before, remember, this was nothing, although I sewed up more in one day than I had for a long time.” Max joked, and her tears dried up.

“You were a trooper and not afraid to jump in. Was glad to see the girls working in the kitchens.”

“I sent them there, told them to get food for the workers and the group when they arrived, they were too busy crying in the corner, than helping, and the kitchen was the only place I thought they wouldn’t be in the way, but still be productive.” Max was yawning, and I suspect she would be sleeping soon. She had a busy day, physically and mentally.

Always working, my little lady was.

“You did well. You have a flair for organisation and getting tasks done, and you are a born leader. Don’t let it get you down so much. You are doing a great job. The clubs are just all emotional because of the attack, and even the men are jumpy. Add the other personal issues, and we have the situation now. We have not faced this before. I believe we did well. The team

did what it had to, and we are on the mend.” I kissed her hair, but I think she’s already asleep, before I had finished speaking.

Her breathing slowed and grew a little heavier on my chest, but I liked the feel of her on me; the trust she has in me must be higher now, for her to feel comfortable falling asleep in my arms. I puffed up like a rooster at the thought of my woman’s trust.

I won’t let her down.

Resting back in the chair, I rub Max’s back in a soothing motion, kissing his head occasionally, thinking about today, and what we had done and seen. We missed dinner, but I don’t think Max would care about missing food. But she had faced a lot, and I believe her sister shook her up a bit, seeing her for the first time since she was kicked out of her home.

The sister didn’t look pregnant, didn’t have the glow that pregnant women often have, and she was skinny as a beanpole, with a flat tummy for someone who was at least five months pregnant.

I think Max was right in this one, but did she lose it, or was she never pregnant in the first place?

We have had so much trauma lately, and the test of strength, challenged, on the whole, we’ve done all right.

The bonfire was lit tonight. I can see the glow of the flames from here, happy that the wind was blowing the other way, taking the smoke away from the clubhouse, and me, I didn’t want to move just yet, I liked sitting here holding Max, tomorrow was going to be busy, with our celebration.

Can't wait for her to see the cut and her new name. I am proud of the work I have done on it. Best one yet, if I don't mind saying.

Plus, she was going to do the tattoo in front of everyone, as she put her new name on my skin, and mine on hers. I am interested in seeing how she manages to tattoo herself, and where; we hadn't gone into details.

Can't wait for tomorrow.

I sighed and stood up, carefully not to wake Max, and placed her on the bed, removed her boots and jeans, shucked off mine too, and climbed in behind her.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 90[1,580 words]

Maxine POV

Glad that was over, Cricket wore me out, emotionally. It was difficult to know how to approach Cricket. Seh must be confused and in a lot of pain, not just physically, but also with the strong emotions. I don't blame her for trying too hard and messing up.

The harder she tried, the worse and frustrated she got, till she lost direction completely. I get it, you can be too focused and not see the consequences of your actions.

I was on Tank's lap again, where I was happy to be, my go-to place lately, when I needed some comfort, and he was always obliging me. He enjoyed carrying me around, not sure what all that's about, a man thing, I guess. It was calming and peaceful to be in his arms, like this, the birds calling, a gentle breeze, the warmth of his body, giving the feeling of being safe, cared for, something I had longed for so much.

Yeah, I could stay like this and enjoy this feeling, like forever.

I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feeling, the warmth, pushing away all the evil thoughts of the day.

My bladder screamed at me, and my stomach grumbled, both wanting urgent attention.

I was snuggled up to Tank, in bed, and I don't remember how I got here; obviously, it was Tank, who else? But I didn't even feel him move me; I must have been exhausted not even to remember moving.

Quickly moved to the bathroom, before I made a mess in the bed, and once I finished, went to the mini fridge and was glad to see some yoghurt in there to give my noisy stomach. I sat and devoured it, like I hadn't eaten in a week. The kettle boiled while I ate, and I made two coffees, a

smile on my face as I went back to the side of the bed, placed my coffee on the side table, and waved Tank's under his nose.

Today we are one, I will be officially recognised as his one and only woman.

"Morning." He whispered with a chuckle, opening one eye to look at me, smirking.

"Hi." I moved back so he could sit up, and then handed the coffee, both enjoying the first few sips of the day.

"What's on the agenda? Like, will you disappear on me till the ceremony? What time do I need to be downstairs?" Before he could answer, there was a knock at the door. I slipped on my robe and opened the door.

"Good, you are both awake, get up and go across the hall, Prez, Blaze, and Bruiser are there getting ready." Sticks commanded Tank as she, Jenny, Cricket, and Pins entered the room, taking over and barking out orders.

"You get in the shower, you've got ten minutes." My mouth hung open at how they barged in without prior notice, disrupting a perfect start to the day. I had hoped for a slow start with Tank before the day's madness began.

"What are you waiting for, scoot?" Sticks said, having put clothes on the chair, and was presently pushing me towards the bathroom.

Tank climbed out of bed, a smirk on his face as he did precisely what Sticks had ordered.

A scream from Pins. "You're huge!" Her eyes bugged out as she had them glued to his groin and what was hanging there. At least it wasn't erect.

Gasps from Cricket, covering her eyes, but peeking through them, a smile on her face.

Jenny clapped her hands together. "Nice one, Tank." She gave me a wink before making shooing movements with her hands.

Sticks kept her back from Tank, knowing he might do something like this, and it was a high possibility he would be naked, and she pretended to sort through the armful of clothing she had brought with her.

I stood at the doorway of the bathroom and watched Tank come to me, in all his glory. The look in his eyes was of mischief, and he leaned in and gave me a short kiss.

"See you soon, beautiful." He wiggled his eyebrows, gave me another quick kiss, turned, and strolled out of the room. He looked mighty fine from the rear; those toned muscles and all that yumminess were all mine. He left the door open so we could see him knock on the Prez's room

door. Blaze opened the door, looked him up and down, then burst out laughing, dragging him inside and closing the door with a bang.

With Tank out of sight, Sticks rushed to our door and slammed it shut, leaned her back on it for a moment, and looked around the room. She looked like she had been affected more than she let on. I don't blame the girls. Tanks easy on the eyes.

"Girls, lift your jaw off the floor. We have work to do, Maxie Max, get inside that shower now, or I will push you in, and turn on the cold tap." She growled at me, but was smiling at me.

"It's not me that needs a cold shower now." I giggled as I turned to do as she asked. This day was going to be crazy; I could see it now, a day of chaotic fun. Sticks and Cricket seem to have put their crisis behind them, and are both looking a lot better than the last time I saw them. I was glad to see Cricket smiling, so that even her eyes sparkled again. I am not fooled; she was far from back to where she was before she lost the baby, but much better than yesterday. She and Bruiser must have had a good chat and are working through it. Time will heal; they were a good match.

Somehow, it didn't shock me that Tank was bold enough to do what he did; like most men, if not all, they have no problems parading around in what Mother Nature gave them, and well, Tank has a great muscular body, and nothing to be ashamed of, anywhere on his body. That walk of his will keep the girls talking about it for months to come, if not years, when they talk about my ceremony and memorable moments.

Jenny will be quick to corner me and discuss what she just saw. Hopefully, she doesn't go down the comparison trail; that would not be very comfortable. She has had a lot of experience when it comes to men, and if what I have seen so far between Blaze and her, she will be in for a wild ride. He looks like he can handle her; she's insatiable, and he seems hungry for her. Perfect match, as long as he's not a cheater, they will go far, like me. Jenny has been cheated on enough not to hold on; if they do, it only leads to harder heartache.

Oh, I didn't get to drink all my coffee. I thought as I washed my hair, roughly. I needed that coffee.

The moment I opened the bathroom door, the girls converged on me faster than a seagull on a chip.

I was pushed to sit on a chair, and then Pins took one of my hands and started on my fingernails, Cricket on my toenails, Jenny on my hair, and Sticks organising them all, as she fluttered about making us something to eat and drink.

"Blue or purple?" Pins asked, out loud, as she picked up two nail polish bottles and showed them to Sticks.

"Soft blue." Sticks replied, pointing to the dress I was to wear, which was hung on the wardrobe door.

It was gorgeous, it was nothing like what Tank had described, and I get the impression that the one that Cricket brought would have been, but Sticks was being kind. The dress was full-length, made of soft-looking material, with a small lace panel at the back that flowed onto the floor, trailing behind me. It was going to get dirty fast, since we were having the ceremony outside. The top was a bodice style with ties in front and lots and lots of lace, which would cover my boobs. Hopefully, they don't pull the ties too tight, so I can still breathe. The full sleeve was also light blue lace with darker blue swirls, trailing down from the wrist for about a foot; my fingers would slide through the finger openings at the end of.

I the sleeve, in the lace, holding it in place. I didn't see any shoes, so I guessed I would be walking barefoot. I can't see more till I put it on, but so far, it's pretty. I love the color.

Jenny opened her box of tricks, which I called her makeup box. It had a separate compartment in it for hair ties and clips, and inside she had four silver clasps with small motorcycles on them; the wheels had blue sapphires.

"I made these for you, knowing one day, you would be part of the club, but I didn't think it would be so soon." I took one in my hand, and looked it over, the intricate work she had done, to make these, she makes some beautiful jewelry, something she found she loved to do and had a flair for it, also we were too broke to buy some of the bling we liked so get old broken jewelry for market stalls, and Jenny would pull them apart, melt the metals and start again, She was good at it. I was always on the hunt for broken pieces for her.

She repaired my Grandma's jewels, which I am so ever grateful for.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 91[1,549 words]

Tank POV

The smell of coffee woke me. I opened one eye; it was strong, so I tried not to flinch or move, in case it was very close to my face.

Max was smiling at me, her eye gleaming with mirth. What a way to wake up, looking at the beautiful face each day. How was I so lucky?

We were drinking coffee, enjoying the start of the day, when the knock at the door dampened my mood. I was hoping to get Max back in this bed for a little while longer, for a bit of pre-ceremony release.

What I didn't expect was four women invading my space so early in the morning and kicking me out. I have never had this many women in my room at once before. What am I saying? Before Max, no woman had been in my room, except the cleaner once a week to clean the bathroom. I

kept my room clean and tidy, and don't like being in a mess. But the bathroom, I don't seem to do a good enough job, so once a week, I get the lady in.

So, with a smile, I climbed out of bed, stretched my aching limbs, and kissed my little lady, before walking across the hall to the Prez's room, knowing that the girls were getting an eyeful. I was proud of my body, worked hard to keep it toned, and was blessed with ample length. I was just glad it stayed soft; these girls couldn't make it rise. That was special for my woman only, and seeing the girls' surprise made up for barging into our room before I got my chance with my little lady.

Blaze looked me up and down, then glanced over my shoulder, and burst out laughing. It happened quickly, and I couldn't help but chuckle at what he saw; those ladies were most likely still staring at my back, in shock.

"Well, saves us telling you to strip and get in the shower, go shower." Prez barked out, with a chuckle.

"What, no hello?" I smirked as I walked by them and into the shower.

"Hello," They chimed.

While showering, I wondered how Max was doing. Would she be overwhelmed by all the attention, or would she sit and behave and let them do what they wanted? I couldn't see her staying still for too long if it was not what she wanted. My little lady had matured a lot in a short time. Even Prez had noticed how well she had adapted, since she blew up at him. She showed she was a strong leader, not a follower, and perfect for Sticks, who can sometimes be overwhelmed by the responsibility her position can force on her. Having a strong second was important. My little lady was born to lead, and she shows it when she gains confidence.

Trust, I guess, takes longer; what I mistakenly took for shyness and reserve was really watch, learn, and then act. She needed to get her bearings and be comfortable here or reach her point of tolerance before lashing out, but since then, wow, my girl shines.

Leaving the bathroom, with the towel around my waist.

"Don't need to be shy now, we have already seen your junk when you walked in the room," Blade said, causing the others to laugh. The room was jovial, and if the rest of the day goes as it started, I am on a wild rollercoaster ride of fun and jokes.

"We have an outfit for you to wear, and you are going barefoot," Bruiser said as he held up what looked like a sheet to me.

WTF?

“We are going casual, something out of the box, nothing like our traditional way, thought Max would be more comfortable this way, you will still wear your cut, but over the toga,” Bruiser said, as if that explained the sheet.

“It’s a sheet,” I complained bitterly. I wanted to wear my black jeans and shirt.

“No, we will help you put it on, you will look like a Roman Gladiator of the ye-old-days, and instead of a breast plate for armour, you wear your cut.” That sounded more appealing than I am wearing a sheet.

For the next hour, we got ready, and I thought women took forever. They wanted my hair and beard trimmed and styled, and grrrrr, I want to say, the promise and get to the party part. I started to get the jitters.

“Hey, you haven’t eaten yet, come eat, have a coffee, it will help with the nerves.” Bruiser offered me a plate of something, goulash, I think, not exactly breakfast food, but I took it anyway, and the coffee was strong.

As we ate, we were more or less ready to go downstairs. Just killing time, the guys decided to give me shiet.

“You know, I am going to have trouble now that my girl has seen you, in all your glory, like she will know what big looks like.” He joked, “My size has always gained attention, from both jealous males and females who want it.

“It’s not the size that counts, buddy, it’s how you use it.” I quipped back at them.

“Oh, I know how to use it, never had any complaints in that department, don’t worry about that, but she will talk about it for days, all of them will. Bet they are giving Maxine hype over what you did, even now.” Bruiser retorted.

“Good, give them something to bond over,” I said, and then felt bad for saying it; I didn’t mean. to bring down the happy mood.

“They have plenty to bond over, and I would prefer it were not your d**k that had them bond over.” Prez joked back, trying to keep the mood light, and getting agreements from the other two.

“It’s time to go down. Ready?” Bruiser said after answering his phone and nodding.

Blaze led the way, we all looked the same, except for our cut, all barefoot, and in sheets, I don’t care what label they put on this, it’s a sheet, end of story. Even barefooted, Prez made heavy footfalls, as did Blaze, where Bruiser and I were quietest, yet we were the largest. Silly things you noticed as we walked down to the grassed area, where my life will soon change again forever, but for the better, this time. Last time I was on this grassed area like this was for my parents’ funeral, I had needed it to have a happier meaning for this place, than a reminder of death, and sadder times.

I met the guy that was our officiant, this will believe it or not, will when done, make Max my legal wife according to law, I decided, I wanted more than just the club level, but hold her to me, in the court of law, so if anything happened to me, she would get all that I owned, not that the club wouldn't look after her. Still, when I lost my parents, Zero, and I received a vast inheritance, the other family members would love to get their hands on it, and I, for one, want to make sure she gets her share. Zero and I are fifty-fifty, and it was his suggestion to get her on the share list, but getting legally married automatically put her on it, without all the cost and red tape of getting her on, both of us agreed when we heard this. Zero said if he got a woman, he would do the same, but at the moment, he was enjoying playing the field.

Zero was a best man too. He was already there, waiting, dressed the same as us. It took everything in me not to laugh like us, all dressed in sheets, looking like t***s.

“Bro, you ready?” Zero asked, as he hugged me, not a bro hug, but a brotherly one, only he can get away with.

“Yep, more than ready to get this show on the road, and make that woman mind.” I grinned at him.

“You are whipped, boy, well and truly whipped.” He chuckled as he stood in line, turning to watch the bikes roar into place, a line of six side by side, all cleaned and polished, gleaming in the sunlight, the guys astride them, once they were happy they were in line, turned to look at the door, where my little lady would come from, and those jitters in my stomach, became more active, the longer we waited.

The song, “Nothing Else Matters, by Metallica, came on loud over the speakers.

“Maxine spoke to me yesterday about music, because she hadn't been asked and wanted something of her choice, and she chose this as her wedding march to walk to you. Apt, don't you think?” Zero whispered to me, but loud enough for the other groomsmen to hear him.

“You bet.” I grinned from ear to ear, knowing she chose this song.

Because she was right, nothing else matters, and it showed me she trusted me, and that was more than I could have hoped for after such a short time together.

The Pins arrived, as the music started, rolling a long, thin length of carpet, of swirling colors, along the ground. Cricket and Sticks followed, throwing what looked like flower petals along the ground. Then she was standing in the doorway, the goddess herself, with her BFF behind her, adjusting the back of her gown.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 92[1,523 words]

Maxine POV

The woman that looked back at me in the mirror, I didn't recognise, I have never looked this good, I felt pretty, and I liked the look, they didn't suffocate me with the ties, and I understood some of what they said, once I get that cut on, it will balance the look. I giggled at seeing my toes. I don't paint them ever, so seeing them peeking out from under my dress was cute, not that I would be putting polish on again in the future. I wear boots most of the time, so you would never see my feet. The clips in my hair stand out. I love what Jenny had done, and the gift of the clips was perfect. Something new, something borrowed was a brooch that held my lace in place over my chest. Something blue was well, dress, underwear, and nail polish, I more than covered the color blue.

Jenny had told me about Blaze; he had asked her to be his girl. At the same time, they get to know each other better, and if she were to move in, she would squeal and say, "Yes", so I will be seeing my BFF every day. At the same time, they would navigate through the relationship minefield. I was concerned that if it didn't work out, she would still visit anymore, and she said a failed relationship would not keep her away from me ever.

"You and Blaze fit, in my eyes. You should have seen him when Tank told him that I hadn't been informed of his interest and that you were here. He ran out that door so fast, taking the stairs two at a time. He was fully invested; you must have made a huge impression on that first day." I giggled as we finished a coffee and a muffin, being careful not to make a mess, as I would cope it from Sticks.

"Time, chickadees." Sticks called out, and those butterflies came back full force. It was what I had been waiting for: to be part of a real family.

We walked down the stairs and gathered at the door. I could see out at the men waiting under the tree from where I was, but they couldn't see me yet.

The music started signalling it was time to roll out the carpet. It was decided that the walk to my man would be with dignity, so they got the long carpet runner. Had a few choices at the shop. The multi-colored runner was my end choice. I didn't want browns and blacks, or dark colors, on my day. Sticks had organised someone to film the ceremony so that I could see it later. She said I would miss too much once I step out that door.

I watched the girls do their thing.

"Not too late to back out, but then seeing your man this morning, I wouldn't back out," Jenny said behind me, giggling, as I blushed.

"He's my forever, the one who I have been waiting for," I replied as my turn came to walk through that door.

I stepped out, reached the first bike, and nearly jumped out of my skin when the first two bikes revved their engines. If I hadn't been aware that was going to happen, I would have pissed

myself. It was loud and vibrated through me, raising my emotions as I continued walking towards my forever.

“Thank you, Tank” I thought, for giving me the heads up, if I hadn’t got that, I would be shitting myself right now.

Tank was watching my every step, his eyes roamed over my body, from head to toe, and he licked his lips, which caused my panties to get wet suddenly. I was ready for the second and third bikes to rev before Tank held out his hand for me to take.

The officiant began by explaining why we were here. I found that amusing and had to stop myself from rolling my eyes when he said things that were so obvious.

*Tank, do you have something you would like to say?’ The man said at last, and I watched Tank get nervous, and his throat bobbed as he swallowed.

“You stole my heart the moment you squatted down beside me and gave me a hand fixing my bike. From that moment, I knew I had to have you. I don’t see another woman who looked as cute as you when you were covered in grease and oil from my bike; it was like my bike marked you as ours and gave me the seal of approval. I didn’t hesitate to hold you when we reached the clubhouse, pulling you onto my lap, that very first day, and showing every contender who they were up against, if they were game enough to try and steal you away from me. I promise from this day forward to always see you as mine and I am yours, to support you even when you are wrong.” He lifted my hand and kissed my knuckles.

“Maxine?” The man turned to me, offering me a chance to speak, and a lump formed in my throat as I tried to talk.

“You had my heart the moment you saw the real me, and still wanted to know me, and you carried me out of the shadows and into the light, where everyone could see we were as one. I tried to fight it, but you were a force to contend with, and my aching heart had clung to you, like you were my lifeline, and fighting was futile. I promise to fix your bike. “No charge.” To ride on the back, when you need me to, and ride beside you at other times. I see you, Tank, and will always have your back, even when you are wrong.” I smiled at him and waited for the next part, my cut, I hope. I was longing to know what my new name would be.

“Tank, I believe you have a ring?” Blaze stepped forward and handed Tank a box.

*With this ring, I lawfully call you my wife, seen by those who expect to see a wedding ring, and a marriage certificate. Those who are not part of the biker scene will see this ring and know you are wed.” He slipped the most beautiful ring I had ever seen, not on the ring finger, but on the index finger on my left hand; it was perfect, a bike chain, nothing too large, to get caught up when I am working. I loved it and briefly wondered why that finger, but I had noticed others wearing a ring on that finger, and thought maybe it was our club recognition thing.

“Cut?” The excitement in my heart rose when those words were said.

Prez stepped forward and handed him the cut.

“Maxine, I offer you my cut to show that you are my woman, where every biker would recognise, from the moment you put on this cut, your name of Maxine will be no more.” Tank helped me slip my arms through the cut openings and settle it on me, stepping back and looking at where my name was on the cut, and I was dying to look at it, but for now, I had to wait for this part to be over. Then I can look all I want. I had to wait for him to announce it so everyone could hear.

“From this moment on, you will be known as “The Fixer,” my little lady. Maxine no longer exists.” Jenny and the girls squealed and clapped, jumping up and down.

The club shouted at one, clapping and whistling.

“The Fixer has arrived. Welcome to the family.” I had tears threatening to fall as the emotion of being welcomed into a family that wanted me washed over me. I was choked up and could have spoken if my life depended on it.

“You are now man and wife.” The officiant announced.

The sounds and vibrations of the bikes’ three great roars did it; the tears spilled over.

Then one by one, the road away, as if they had rehearsed it a million times before. The cheers took over their place as the sound of the bikes slowly died away. At the same time, flower petals showered over us.

Bruiser came forward with my tattoo equipment, and Prez, a chair Tank sat in. There, in front of everyone, I tattooed my new name on his chest. I would complete the tattoo later; for now, he wanted my name imprinted on his chest for all his clubmates to see.

When that was done, Tank pulled me to him and gave me the kiss that had more wolf whistles and cheers, until the officiant spoke, causing us to break apart.

“Tank, Fixer, come sign some paperwork, and then the party can start.” Hearing my new name used and the old name never used at the club again by members. Tank had me engulfed in his arms as he led me to a table with some official paperwork. We were one.

Tank had asked me to wait for my tattoo; he didn’t want me to do it in front of everyone. They can see it when the tattoos are completed.

**Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 93[
1,483 words]**

Tank POV

Watching Max walk down that aisle caused my insides to churn, and I wished I hadn't eaten the food I was given. I still can't identify what it was; it filled my belly and now threatened to return with force. I swallowed several times, trying to get rid of the taste. I lick my lips to find the taste of coffee, which is much better. But the churning didn't completely go away.

My little lady never faltered as each bike roared to life. Her eyes rarely leave mine. When they did it, it was so she could look at my body up and down with her eyes and smile, I presumed, at the sheet I was wearing. I felt underdressed, looking at her. She had put a lot of effort into looking fantastic and feminine, or the girls did, but the canvas they had to work on needed little help. This was most likely the handiwork of Jenny; she would have pushed them to make the changes. Although I had heard that Sticks chose the dress, that lacework had to have been Jenny's. It brought out a side of Max that had been hidden under the shirts and work clothes.

This was the first time I had seen her dressed up, in a long flowing dress. Her hair shone in the sunlight, and the sparkle of the hair clips was noticeable. As she got closer, I could see they were small motorcycles; she had light makeup on, something she doesn't wear, and it was tastefully done, making her blue eyes pop. Her feet, like mine, were bare, and as she stepped forward, her blue toes peeked out of the dress, making me smile. She never wore nail polish, said it was a waste of time and money, with the job she does, the nail polish would be chipped quickly, and some of the solvents might act like a remover.

I was starting to get hard as she approached. She was stunning. My body had always reacted to her, but now, dressed like this, I have new fantasies going on in my head. When I am down, for any reason, I need to remember this day, because right now, it's my favorite one.

My dreams will have a new look.

A better look.

A sexy look.

I wanted to pull her to me, run my fingers through her soft hair, bruise her lips with mine, and claim her right there in front of everyone. The caveman in me wanted to dominate her. It would have been the last thing Max would ever want me to do, but that won't stop the ideas of her and me from popping into my head at this inappropriate time.

Then she was there, in front of me, her soft hand in mind, shaking, or was that me?

We shared our promises, and I chuckled along with everyone else when she promised to fix my bike for free.

"That's kind of you," I whispered back, as she tried to continue her promises, and I think she had to change her mind, as I broke her train of thought. We hadn't shared what we were going to say, as Max had said, she would improvise. I loved what she had said; it made me proud inside, and

so glad I carried her out of the darkness. I choked up a little when I heard her words; they meant so much to me.

No promise of love and that mushy stuff, neither of us had included that, I am glad, because my time to whisper how I feel, and words of love, are to be shared at intimate times, not like this in public. That's how I think, I would rather show her than express it in words as a promise.

The ring did fit, as I hoped. I kissed her fingers, and then came the cut, when I put it on her and said her name for the first time. Her tears flowed, her cheeks turned red, and her smile spread across her pretty face. Seeing her in my cut, her name and mine on display was like 'w ow, all that hard work I had put into it, my heart, my soul, my love, with each stitch, each symbol, each new color, and it was now, it belonged.

The roar of the bikes cemented her place in the club, more than my cut did. My cut was a reminder to everyone who she belonged to, but this ceremony made her officially part of the club and clarified her place within it. She was more than mine; she was theirs, too. To protect, if I am not around.

I sat on the chair and watched Max's "no, that's wrong" Fixer's face as she tattooed her name in place over my heart. Later, she will finish it and put mine on hers, with the same design. She will paint the same as our tattoo on the back guard of our bikes. That was her idea, and I loved it. The same was on our bodies and our bikes. I had already added her to my cut but had hidden it from her until now, removing the paper that covered it. Now on display on my cut was her new name. I couldn't add her design to it, but that didn't matter; what mattered was that she was on display by me in every way possible.

When we were announced to the club, Fixer and Tank joined forever, and I felt like a new wave of responsibility sat on my shoulders. If I thought I needed to protect her before, it was now tenfold. Now that she was officially mine, her name was on display for my enemies to see.

The paperwork was signed, and, according to the law, the marriage licence had to have our birth names on it, but for our club name on other paperwork, I watched Fixer sign her name for the first time. "Fixer Maxine Robinson" was her new name. We had the club lawyer there; he will ensure her driver's license and any other legal paperwork have her new name on it, including her bank. She doesn't need to go around changing a thing.

"Fixer, I will be over to talk to you tomorrow. What time suits?" Fixer looked at me, and I shrugged. I had no clue what the lawyer wanted to talk to her about.

"Lunch time, might be sleeping in." She chuckled back.

"Perfect, I will let you go and enjoy the party." He collected all the paperwork and placed it in his briefcase.

"Will you stay for a while and enjoy the festivities?" Fixer asked, softly.

“It would be my pleasure, maybe for a little while, but I need to get back to the office soon.” He shook Tank’s hand and nodded to me before heading to his car to put his briefcase away. I watched him leave, wondering why he needed to see Fixer tomorrow. Guess I have to wait and see, hopefully nothing bad.

Jenny and Blaze found us, kissing under a tree, snatching the opportunity of a quiet moment alone.

“Chicklett, come on, time to party.” She grabbed Fixer by the arm and dragged her away.

“Jenny’s perfect,” Blaze said, and I had the feeling she was the one for him.

Call us crazy, or mad, or whatever, but it’s like this: when we find the one, all else fades away.

It’s a gut feeling, an internal instinct that you have found your soulmate.

“Congrats, about time.” Blaze had lost interest in the club-girl visitors, who came for a good time and hoped to be accepted into the club, about three months ago. It was like a sudden switch was turned off, and none of the visitors could find his interest. That was until Fixer

invited her few girlfriends along, and some of the patch members sat up and took notice. Who knows, maybe they would one day be part of our club; they seemed nice enough, except for Alice, but then she would never get in the door again.

“Let’s go party.” Blaze nudged my shoulder, and we walked towards our girls, who were surrounded by club members, all wanting a few moments of her time, to congratulate and welcome them to the family. We are a close group, which is why the traitor in the mix rattled us. Doris was still in the cells, the doctor checking on her once a day, and it doesn’t look good for her; she might not make it. We weren’t that worried about that. She should have died alongside her real boyfriend, who was dead. He was one of the wounded who didn’t make it when they returned to their clubhouse.

I pushed all the negative thoughts away, accepted the beer they offered, and let the party begin.

The music was rock and heavy metal; the food and drink flowed, and dancing and laughter filled the air. There wasn’t a sad face amongst us as they joined us in our celebration.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 94[1,406 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

The Fixer, that’s my name, I would never have guessed it, but I think it makes sense.

I love it. No longer will I have Maxine. I wonder what Sticks will shorten it to, as she did with Maxine, into Maxi Max.

The whole club used my name all night; not once did anyone make the mistake of calling me Maxine. It thrilled me each time I heard Fixer being called out.

I am unsure how to change the tattoo. So far, the tattoo was a tank, but how do I make a Fixer?

“Tank, what do you think of me putting screwdrivers or spanners like a skull and crossbones, the tank as the skull, and below the screwdriver or spanners, as the crossbones?” I threw the question out there when we had some time alone, eating dinner at a table. No one had come to join us, but they will. They were getting food. It’s been nonstop since the ceremony five hours ago; the only alone time was on the dance floor.

The music, dancing, and laughter were wild; no throwing of the bouquet or removing of the garter. We were not following any traditional script. The four of us girls grabbed a

microphone and belted out a few tunes, and although Cricket was off-key, Pins was drunk and sang a beat or two, too late, it was fun.

I did a lap dance for Tank and ended up on Tank’s lap, and that was where I stayed for a while, as we kissed and forgot the world around us. As his kiss made promises of the night yet to come. Wolf whistles and other comments were thrown at us, but I didn’t care; tonight was about having fun, letting my hair down, so to speak, being free.

“Show me?” He asked, watching me as I pulled up my phone, found the app, thought about it, fiddled for a moment, and then showed it to him.

“Nice, I like in the middle of the tank, was our club logo, and club name, and the spanners had our names, one for you and the other me. I think I would be proud to have that on my chest. I had wondered if you would put your name on an angle. Sneaky. Better the spanners over the screwdrivers.” He grinned, and his eyes softened when he looked at me.

“I had an idea before, using this style, but couldn’t make the final design till I knew my name,” I replied, still wondering if it was enough. My original design was to use bike chain links for the tank outline; it matched the ring he gave me, and the spanners were made of chain links too. But maybe it’s better to have only the spanners using chains, less ink work.

The club’s name is VaLords, short for Valley Lords. Our town was called Greenvale Valley, and the three rivers meeting at the valley gorge was the club’s logo, with VaLords on it. I had the three rivers inside the tank, being the skull if I go with this design, and our names in the crossed spanners.

“What are you looking at?” Prez asked as the group came and sat with us, each with a plate of food and drinks.

Tank took my phone and handed it to the Prez.

“That’s cool, I like the idea, where are you putting that?” Sticks asked as she looked over Prez’s shoulder to see what he was looking at. Prez handed my phone around for the others to look.

“I am having it on my chest, and Fixer would have something the same, and on the back guard of our bikes. I think you are right, though, Fixer, only the spanners, in chains.” Oh, I hadn’t realised I had said that out loud.

“So you can do something like that for us? The logo on our bikes is much better than what we have now, but we don’t all need the tank, just that logo in the center.” Bruiser suggested as he handed the phone to Blaze.

“How does she make a Bruiser?” Tank asked with a chuckle.

“Well, on the bikes we can have the three rivers logo, and our names below the club names, my name can be in flames,” Blaze answered, handing the phone back to Tank.

“But the club name was already on most bikes. Somewhere.” I countered, remembering the names on some tanks.

“Yeah, but this idea was much better, do Tanks and yours, and then we can look at it on a bike, and work out something from there,” Prez suggested. Why do I feel each time I come up with an idea, it becomes a job to include the whole club?

“I will be doing our tats first, before I start on another paint job.” Looking at him, I expected him to argue with me.

“Fine, no rush.” What? Since when has he been so agreeable?

The party went on well after midnight. I danced with Tank, who was a good dancer, until I started to slow down; he was holding me up as we moved to the beat.

“That’s enough for me, I’ve had it,” I said, when the next song finished.

The next thing I know, I am being scooped up by Tank and headed to the door.

“Goodnight.” Tanks shouted as he reached the door, and gained a chorus of “Goodnight.” Back, and a few lewd suggestions, which I blocked my ears to. Tanks rumbling chuckle, had me smiling up at him as he concentrated on getting me up the stairs in one piece.

We arrived at our room, and I leaned down to open the door. Tank kicked it further open and kicked it closed behind him, his arms around me, holding me tight, safe. He lowered me slowly to my feet and held on till I got my balance.

Carefully removed my cut, and placed it on the back of the chair, doing the same and putting his next to mine.

Then started to undo the ties, one by one, his large fingers clumsy on the small knots that held each tie. These ties were individual, not one large tie, which was Jenny's idea. She had suggested making the like toggles, but Sticks giggled, and they made bow ties to each one, with an extra knot to make it just a bit more difficult to undo, and hopefully more fun. I guess for both of us, it became an obstacle that was more frustrating than fun; it sounded good at the time.

I don't know how long it took for Tank to undress me, between his curses and my giggles, it must have been a while, but eventually he had me bare, lifted me every so gently, and placed me on the bed. Kissing me as he went, making promises again, of what this night would mean. We both must be ready to take that big step. He has a significant bad memory tonight, and I hope I can pull him through it.

Tank started between my thighs, a place he loves to go to, not that I am complaining. He had me screaming with my first orgasm of the night, and was working on the second, stretching and playing with my folds and hole, till he was happy that I was ready for his large size.

"Come on, Tank, let me have some fun too," I complained when he kept his shaft out of my reach.

"My night, lie back and enjoy." He said once he was back to kissing me, on my lips, and pushing my hand out of the way, as I tried to grab his shaft again.

"But." I started, but he grabbed both hands of mine and pulled them above my head, and held them there, with one of his hands.

"Hey, that's not fair." I whimpered as he rubbed his shaft between my legs, sending a need for him through my core, an ache, causing me to thrust my hips up, to get more friction, groaning through his kisses.

I exploded again, just by his rubbing, and was so very sensitive, and to me more than ready for him to take me, make me truly his.

"Come on, please!! I need you." I begged, squirming under him, as he continued to kiss and tease.

Was he unable to go further? I thought.

Was his nightmare taking over, and was he unable to take that last step?

Doubts and worries started to fill my mind. The longer he played with my body, the more he brought me to another release, and my worry deepened.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 95[1,451 words]

Tank POV

The guys made sure my day would never be forgotten, joking, making sure we were catered for, and keeping drinks flowing. I did ask that they change it to juice or water after I started to get tipsy, as neither Fixer nor I was a heavy drinker.

Fixer and I barely had a moment together for a while after the girls sang a few songs. A very slow, seductive song came on, and Fixer gave me a sultry look, and I gulped, wondering what she was up to now.

Fixer walked slowly toward me, and the guys picked up on what she was going to do, quickly. They rushed over, brought out a chair, and dragged me over to it, convincing me to sit on it, as she swayed her hips and ran her hands over her body, suggestively, leaned in, grabbed my head, and kissed it, then moved around the chair, rubbing her chest on my back. She was teasing me, and I loved it. At that moment, I was glad I didn't have jeans on; my shaft was rock hard. The crowd surrounded her, chanting at Fixer to continue and egging her on. She moved back to the front, hands on my shoulders, and pushed her chest into my face. I brought my hands up to massage the two beauties before me, wanting to kiss and enjoy them, but she was having none of that; this was her show, and I had to watch. She pushed my hands away, and I brought them back, so she backed up a few steps whenever I tried to join in. She kept moving to the music and teasing me. I was glad when the song finished, as she quickly jumped forward, and straddled my lap, grinding her heated core against my shaft, and was pleased that she didn't strip, just danced, teasingly, keeping me under her control.

The cheers as she finished were deafening, and I didn't think I could have loved her more than I did at that moment. The guys enjoyed the show as much as I had. She was all woman, and I was getting a taste of the vixen she can be as she gains more confidence around me.

I couldn't wait to take her upstairs and finish making her mine. I had been watching and waiting for her to show signs that she had had enough. It was taking longer than I had wanted. But then, in the dance area, she began to melt into me, and I took that as my cue to take her to bed. A soft squeal as I picked her up had the guys giving me suggestions on how to take Fixer, and some were creative. Still, no thanks, I might one day be adventurous. I doubt I would try some of their suggestions; they were not something I had considered enjoyable in bed, and some sounded anatomically impossible to do.

I removed her cut with reverence, taking a moment to look at it and smiling as I placed it on the back of a chair, then removed mine and put it beside hers. Perfect, I thought, taking a moment to look at the two cuts side by side, and appreciating what they meant to the club and me.

Those ties, they made them into some knot, and I was having difficulty working out how to undo them, but once the first one came loose, I got the idea, and the next few, although fiddly, were dispatched more quickly. Once the ties were done, the rest came off with ease. Who now stood patiently waiting for me to finish was my little lady, in all her naked glory. I wanted to worship her body. But first, I needed to strip, so I placed her on the bed and almost tore the sheet off my body. Luckily, there was not much to the sheet, and it came away with ease, throwing it away, not caring where it landed.

Fixer waited with lust in her eyes, and was getting frustrated that I wanted to feast first, she wanted me to take her now, not play with her, and was pleased to successfully bring her to release twice before crawling up her body, and kissing her all the way. She was testing me, trying to grab my shaft, but if she managed to touch it, I knew I would explode and ruin the night for both of us.

Getting myself under control and prepared for what was about to happen. I place my shaft between her legs and move back and forth, through her moist flaps, getting my shaft coated with her juices, hoping that it would make it easier to enter her. I didn't think to buy lube, and I have done all I can to stretch her, prepare her for my size. I loathe the idea that I was going to tear her apart. Or hurt her.

It was now or never, I thought, as I lined my shaft to her entrance, looking at her face, her eyes full of lust, trust, and innocence. I hope that trust wasn't about to be shattered. I faltered for a moment, to push that thought away, and went inside her slowly, giving her about a quarter of my length. Her eyes widened, and there was a brief flicker of pain, which she tried to hide. I stopped when she suddenly sucked in air and bit her bottom lip. I stayed like that, searching her face for any sign of consent to continue. I would stop as hard as that would be, if she said to.

"Okay, I am ready." She whispered, with a shaky voice, I slowly thrust deeper, and her walls clamp around my shaft.

"Relax. Sweetheart. Please! You're squeezing the life out of my shaft, think you are going to break it." I begged, through gritted teeth, not wanting to push deeper, until she relaxes her walls, or it might hurt her more. I don't want to force it. I couldn't pull back out even if I tried; she had me stuck inside of her. I don't know how long it took; it could have been seconds, or

minutes, or it felt like hours, before her walls relaxed and I could move again.

Do I remove myself or try to continue? I asked myself.

"More?" I asked because I couldn't make up my mind, one way or the other, and was unsure whether that was as deep as she would let me in. It was over half, so I was more than happy to play with that much until she stretched and got accustomed to my size.

"Yes, more." She eventually asked, I pushed further in until I felt the end of her channel. I was almost to the hilt. I waited a moment, allowing her to feel me. She was tight, her walls hugging me. I slowly pulled back, and she groaned, not in pain this time, but in pleasure, and that sound

spurred me on. I found a slow rhythm, and Fixer started to thrust her hips up, causing me to go deeper.

“Faster,” she pleaded, her nails digging into my back, leaving a trail of pleasure and pain, and most likely leaving red marks, and she might have drawn blood. Her eyes are closed as she follows my pace and tries to thrust up faster.

I picked up the pace and was feeling the telltale signs that I was on the edge, that it wouldn't be long, and I would blow my load. I had forgotten what having a woman felt like, having blocked it out of my mind for so long.

She was tight, warm, and perfect.

Sweat trickled down my back and face as I tried to hold on, waiting for Fixer to explode again. Just when I thought I couldn't hold any longer, she screamed out my name, her channel squeezing my shaft, and I exploded too, calling out her name as she milked me dry.

When her body relaxed, and my shaft softened, I pulled out, headed to the bathroom, wet a cloth with warm water, and returned to clean up Fixer. There was a small amount of blood, but that was expected, and not too much; I didn't tear her to pieces, like I was dreading. Next time, she will be able to handle me a lot better..

“Thank you,” Fixer said when I had finished cleaning her up. I returned to the bathroom, cleaned myself up, rinsed the cloth, and then threw it into the washing basket.

When I returned to bed, Fixer had rolled over, her eyes closed, and I believe she had fallen asleep.

What a day, I hope she enjoyed herself as much as I did. I thought as I snuggled in behind her.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 96[1,570 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

I giggled as Tank got frustrated with the ties. It was Jenny's idea to cut the tie from one long one to make it single ones; he would have to undo ten ties, all with double knots. She was cruel that way, said it builds up the lust, I thought it just made him frustrated, not lustful or full of desire. It made me want to help him, or have him just rip it off me. But I did as Jenny suggested and stood still, and let him work it out on his own.

But he was good, quicker after he worked out how the ties were knotted. I have to admit I was getting aroused as he worked on my ties; his concentration and patience were fantastic. Tank was

gentle and attentive, even when we reached the intimate stage, and the pain ripped through me. I was prepared for some of it, but when it happened, it still came as a shock.

His shaft filled me. I doubt there was any room left inside. I completely encased him, snug like a condom. But once the initial shock was over, the pleasure that washed over me was beyond words. His feasting, as he called it, never brought me this much pleasure, and need. The feel of him pulsing inside, when he came, was amazing, a feeling I can hardly explain.

I was totally his now, and I would fight for him.

Tank cleaned me up, his care so soft and gentle, almost like he thought I was in pain, and didn't want to push too hard as he wiped away the evidence of our lovemaking. I was asleep before he came out of the bathroom. I vaguely remember his arms pulling me close to him, but I was too far gone to say anything.

What a day, it was all I had wanted, and more.

Morning came, it was ten o'clock when I woke, Tank still sleeping, as I climbed out of bed and headed to the shower.

I stared at my reflection, and couldn't see anything different, not a magic sign saying I was now married, or that I was no longer a virgin. I was still me. Not that I had really thought there would be. It's like nothing happened, no hickies, or leftover marks, or bruises. I looked exactly the same as yesterday when I had a shower, before getting ready to get married.

Turned on the shower and climbed in, with a small sting between the legs when I washed there; it was about the only sign I had lost the V-card. As I washed, I thought about our day, and evening, and all the fun I had, the jokes, the acceptance, the bonding, even the problem that Sticks and Cricket were having, showed no signs of an issue. Bruiser and Prez were attached to their ladies when they weren't attached to me. All appeared to have been forgiven and forgotten, or at least put aside for the special day.

The bathroom door opened, and Tank joined me in the shower.

"Fixer, why didn't you wake me?" He kissed my neck and held onto me from behind.

"Thought let you sleep. Wake you with coffee." I leaned back against him, enjoying the feel of his hard muscles against my back.

"What time are we going to see the lawyer?" Tank asked as he reached for the soap and took it from my hands.

"I had said this afternoon, but before he left, he suggested coming when I woke. After breakfast?" I have no idea what he wanted me for; maybe more paperwork to sign. There seemed to be so much of it when changing your name.

“We can be there before lunch, get it over with, and do a bit of shopping while in town.” Tank suggested, as he washed my body, kissing my chest, neck, and tummy, when he lowered himself to wash my lower body, lifting each foot to wash them, causing me to place my hands on his shoulders for balance.

Breakfast was a help-yourself day, with us all waking at different times, many still asleep after a late night, looking out the kitchen window at all the mess in the yard yet to be cleaned up, and amongst the mess were bodies sleeping on the lawn. It brought back a party not that long ago, with drunken bodies left where they collapsed. Luckily, it wasn’t winter, or they could catch nasty colds.

We had toast and coffee before leaving in his van. Tank had the window down, the radio on low, and held my hand, while his other hand was on the steering wheel.

“The wedding was beautiful, the girls did a bang-up job, setting it up,” I said, not that I needed to make conversation, but because I wanted to share my thoughts on our special day.

“They excelled, so glad, Jenny and Sticks changed it from what Cricket had planned. Oh, and several of the guys and girls took pictures and videos that will get shared.”

“That’s good, I had hoped, but didn’t want to pressure anyone into doing it.”

“Prez did, he asked a few to make sure the ceremony was captured, and to snap pictures during the day and night, if they are still sober.” I chuckled along with Tank, knowing most would be drunk before the sun went down.

We pulled up in the car park and entered the business building, which had lawyers, accountants, and other professional offices. The large double doors, with three lawyers’ names, were boldly written in gold lettering on a plaque by the doors.

“Hi, who are you here to see, and do you have an appointment?” A girl, not more than twenty, who had her hair up in a tight bun, a white blouse, and a snooty attitude, asked, seemingly looking down her nose at us, even though both of us were taller than she was.

“Tandy’s expecting us,” Tank said, lowering his voice so deep, I felt my panties moisten.

The girl’s eyes widened as Tank used that name, and she picked up her phone and called him.

No sooner had she spoken than a door flew open, and Tandy rushed out, full of smiles.

“Tank, Fixer. This way. Chantel, coffee, please.” He shook Tank’s hand and nodded at me before he led us back up into his room. I glanced at the receptionist and saw her shocked face. Guess he doesn’t greet his clients like this very often.

“Sit.” We sat on a lounge chair, rather than on chairs before his desk, making this feel less formal.

“That wedding was lovely, different from the usual ceremonies. I had a great time.” He boasted, glowing over the ceremony, and chatted about it until the receptionist had delivered the coffee, and he got to the reason we were here.

“There’s no easy way to discuss this, so I will be blunt. First on the list was your Grandpa’s estate. The house and finances that your so-called parents gained were not all there was. Your grandparents had put in your name, when you were sixteen, and us as trustees till you were twenty-one or married, was a parcel of land that actually adjoined the club lands, it’s double their size, and includes that swimming hole all the kids enjoy swimming at each summer, plus a very large sum of money, that has been growing in value each year. The trustees were the accountant and me, managing your affairs for many years now.” He pushed one of the manila folders at me, and I flipped open the cover to see the land title, now in my new name, and some bank statements that tallied higher than most lottery jackpots, shocking me with the totals. Tank whistled at the sight.

“The next will be harder to swallow; your parents were not your parents.” Say what? He paused while I digested what he just said.

“Huh? Explain.” I pushed, after gulping down some hot coffee, trying to remove the lump forming there.

“Your birth parents were ostracized by your father’s parents; they didn’t think your mother was good enough for him. Your mother died when you were two, and your mother’s ma took you in, but after constant nagging from those you believed to be your parents, pushing that they should look after you, as they had a daughter to keep you company, they gave you over. Grandpa gave your parents money each month to cover what you needed, but that stopped when they realized they weren’t providing it. They stopped all payments and brought what you needed themselves. You were about eight at the time.”

“That was when my life changed for the worse; they turned on me, my sister, or whoever she was, because they were vicious.” I softly said, hardly believing what I was hearing.

“Anyway, your parents, who raised you, were really your uncle and aunt; your birth mother was your aunt’s sister.”

“So it was all for money. I wondered why they changed again when Grandpa died, less interested in my life, making me buy my own things, and not attending to any of my needs.”

“That was why when your grandma died and left you everything in her will, they presumed all went to Grandpa, but he had everything legally put in your name, and we have been your trustees since. If they knew, they would have hounded you to get their hands on it.” I glanced at the other folders and wondered what other Pandora’s box he was going to open on me.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 97[1,522 words]

Tank POV

We were both in good moods as we headed into town.

I'm still finding it hard to believe that she's all mine, and that we managed to be intimate. I haven't had nightmares of the dreadful night since I had been involved with Fixer, and been investigating each other's bodies, and I am hoping that she has rid me of that particular memory for good.

The lawyer receptionist, had been close to being rude to Fixer, looking down at her, she had been trying to gain my attention, since high school days, wasn't interested in her then, and not now either, but that never stopped her from trying, and when she heard I was getting married, I heard she went on a bender, and got drunk, waking up in some ally, no panties on, and not remembering a thing. Word on the street was that she had taken on nearly all the men in that bar that night. Yet she was still working here, as if nothing had happened. I doubt the lawyers will keep her around for long; if they get wind of that night, they have a reputation to uphold, and a loose woman wouldn't help their cause. Not that I would be sharing that snippet of news with Fixer any time soon, it's not exactly a conversation to have over the dinner table.

Tandy was in a good mood, racing out to take us away from the front desk. I was glad for that; I didn't want Fixer to get defensive because of the bad reception.

But what he had to say blew my mind, my little lady was filthy rich, and owns the land we have coveted for years. But her parents aren't her parents. I was having trouble getting my head around that. All those years of pain, and she could have been with her Grandparents, living a better life. Being told they didn't know till it was too late didn't go down well in my book.

"Fixer, your grandparents didn't know about you, till recently, the military asked them to clear your father's things out, so they could give his room to someone else, and that was when they found the letters, and photos. They want to get to know you because you are their only heir; you have some cousins, but you are the only one on their side. They have changed their will, so you will be the sole heir, unless they find your father alive, in which case it will revert to him, with some still going to you. If you thought what you just received was large, triple that. They own a chain of hotels and, more or less, own Mayfield, where their main home can be found." My hand went to Fixer, pulling her to me, almost like I knew those words would invoke tears, and they did.

"I might have a father?" She all but whispered.

That was all she got out of that?

“They don’t know. The military was still searching for his team. Will you meet your grandparents?”

“How much do they know about me?” She asked, looking so sad.

“I have been sending your father regular updates since your Grandpa died, as he requested. The most recent was to inform him you were getting married. The Grandparents phoned me the day before your ceremony to wish to attend. That was when I gave them details about your life, and their sudden appearance would be confusing and might be worse than not attending at all. I video-called them for the ceremony, so they were here in spirit. Sorry for not informing you before your ceremony, but I didn’t want to upset you before your big day; you had enough to contend with.”

“Tank, would you come with me? To meet them.”

“Of course, I have your back.” I kissed her forehead and turned back to Tandy.

He pushed the next folder to Fixer.

Inside were photos of her as a baby in her parents’ arms, of their wedding, and of how happy they were. Then news clippings of her mother’s death, in a car accident. The signed agreement for Grandpa to have custody, due to his being away so much with the military. Tears fell down Fixer’s face as she touched the photos reverently.

The final file was pushed to Fixer.

Inside was a list of assets from her mother, when she died, her jewelry, a house they lived in, before her death, now rented out. Stocks and shares in companies I had never heard of. A copy of her will, leaving everything to her. Her real birth certificate. With her real parents’ names on it. So the one she had was a forgery.

“Did Fixer’s aunt and uncle adopt her?” I asked, staring at the certificate.

“NO.” He growled out.

“Then how come her other birth certificate has her uncle and aunts’ names on it?”

“Show me, and I will deal with it legally. They should never have their name on your birth certificate. I wondered why you never knew about your other family; their lies go deeper than I imagined.” Tandy said.

“I have them at home, but let me forward you a snapshot of it.” Fixer pulled out her phone and forwarded the photo.

Tandy looked at it, then forwarded it to someone else, typing fast on his phone, faster than any man of his age, I had seen use a phone, faster than me, being all thumbs on that tiny screen.

“Sent it to our investigator to dig into it further. We may be able to take them to court for fraud.”

“Good, the further you can drag them down, the better. They ruined my life long enough; they deserve a little payback.” Fixer said with a little venom laced in her voice.

“Send me everything you have on them. We shall deal with them through the courts. You have the money for the best lawyers in that field of expertise. I am sorry, it’s not my area. It’s best to have someone who can handle it better, if you allow me to contact them and get her on board.”

“Do it, time to start claiming my life back. When can I meet my other grandparents? Are they snobs who will look down on me?” Fixer looked at the file containing the picture of her mother and father.

“That side of them was over; they learned their lesson, for a number of reasons, not getting to know their daughter-in-law before her death, and not their missing son, which had shattered them more than they thought it would, and then missing out on their childhood. They can’t make it all, but they are willing to try and get to know you, before they get too old, and miss out on everything.”

“Go ahead and contact them, and let me know when they are available.”

“Hang on, let me video call them now. If you have time.” Fixer looked up at me, and I nodded my approval.

“Okay,” Fixer replied nervously.

The phone rang three times before a man answered.

“Astore residence. How may I direct your call?” Wow, a butler, maybe?

“Can I speak to both Mr and Mrs Astore, please, via video conference? Tandy here.”

“I shall inform them of your call, hang up, and they will call you,” he replied politely.

“Can you set it up on your computer? So we can all see them?” Fixer asked what might sound like an easy question, if you know how to do it. I wouldn’t begin to know how to like the phone to the computer.

“Not sure how,” Tandy admitted.

“Let me.” Fixer moved to this console and typed away. A screen lit up, and we waited. When Tandy’s mobile phone rang, he nodded to Fixer that it was them, and she connected the call to the computer screen.

“Hello, how did you go?” An elderly woman’s voice greeted Tandy with a question.

“I have Fixer in the office with me now, if you would like to talk to her.” Fixer giggled as she looked at the screen before moving to sit back beside me.

“Michael, get in here, now. Our granddaughter’s on the phone, come show me how to look at her.” Her voice shouted on the phone.

Tandy had moved the computer screen our way and came to sit with us so they could see all three in the room. It was a dark screen, and I couldn’t quite work out what I was looking at. The phone moved a little, giving it some light, and I saw an ear, a diamond-studded ear.

Soon, the screen no longer looked like an ear; it went fuzzy for a moment, and the two faces stared at them. I could see straight away that those sad old eyes of her grandfather were exactly like hers, a striking deep blue. Her blonde hair was from her grandmother; even with all that grey in it, you could see it. There was no denying they were who they said they were, her grandparents.

“Oh my, it’s like looking at our son, but a female version.” The woman said with tears in her eyes.

“She’s perfect. Are you her husband, Tank?” The man asked me, his piercing gaze would cut right through you, as his blue orbs landed on me.

“That I am.”

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 98[1,433 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

The lawyer was friendly, polite, just like when my Grandma died, and then my Grandpa, he read the wills in front of my parents, and when they got what they came for, my parents left me, alone with Tandy, and he comforted me, explaining that when I reach twenty-one, he has more to tell me. I didn’t know what he meant, and didn’t push for answers then. I know when a lawyer says later, nothing I could say or do would change that to now. So, I waited.

Well, until now, and here I am in his office, not yet twenty-one, and he has just blown my mind.

“Let me get this straight, my mother and father are my aunt and uncle, my aunt is my mother’s sister, and my sister is my cousin?” Just saying it makes me sick, all those years of living a lie, and no one thought to tell me, my grandparents thought I was better off where I was, or something like that.

“Yes.” He replied softly. I looked at the pictures of my real parents, tears flowing down my cheeks. This can’t be true.

“Why did you have to wait so long to tell me?” I asked, confused by all the secrecy. It would have saved me so much grief if I had known I could have reached out to my dad.

“You’re filthy rich. At first, your Grandparents tried to help you as much as they could. They agreed that if your aunt and uncle found out the true level of wealth, they would have done everything in their power to gain control over it, stripping you of what was your birthright. Do you see your real surname? They changed it. When? I have no clue, even your grandparents never knew. I didn’t know until now; before then, I had assumed you knew, and I used their name to keep life simple and avoid questions at school. That birth certificate’s fake. Astore was the name of your birth parents, and your grandparents are the owners of the Astore hotel chain.” I was lost for a while, in my own world of hurt, the depth of their betrayal over me was beyond imaginable. To steal my name from me was low. My grandparents, were rich, like mega rich, those hotels, are higher than a five star hotel, the elite or royalty stay at them, when they travel the world.

Then the opportunity to speak with my grandparents on my dad’s side, the ones that disowned my Mum and Dad, are they going to be just like my aunt and uncle? Are they reaching out to tell me that they never wanted me? Just like they threw my parents away.

“Call them, arrange it.” I was ready to take them on. I have had enough hurt; nothing they can say or do can make that any worse.

I linked the phone to his computer while we waited for the return call. It was odd for the man to say that, but maybe they needed to do it, to protect themselves. They might get thousands of calls a day, from people saying they know them or from beggars asking for money. I have seen money corrupt others. At school, the bullies were often the ones with the money or the girlfriends of said wallet.

I laughed at the sight of the ear, something my Grandma would have done. Not understanding that the video call was visual. I miss her, her laughter, her cooking, and her stories.

Then came the voice of a sweet older lady, and it made the butterflies in my stomach take flight. She sounded kind and warm. Not at all what I was expecting, sweeter, nicer.

They greeted us, spoke about us, but all I could do was stare at them on the screen, my voice lost in the void of emotions. I couldn’t get my mouth to open, and when I did, no sound would come. Those eyes of the man, who was my Grandfather, were exactly like mine; I couldn’t deny who they were. I had wondered where my eyes’ color came from, and now I know. It confirmed what the Lawyer had said, and my life had been a lie, one that my Grandpa tried to hide, so he could protect me, but failed, because he didn’t know till it was too late to do anything about it, he got glimpses, and thought at first it was growing pains, until he found out it wasn’t, but what could he do? Grandma was gone, and no court of law would give him custody of me. Not after living with my aunt and uncle for so long, and he needed proof, not just a child’s word. That was when he started to teach me survival and self-defence the right way. It started to make sense, the hurt and odd things my aunt and uncle often said, and I was too blind to see it. Mind you, I had no reason to believe they were not my parents. I was a baby when they took me from my

Grandparents. They must have been convincing for my Grandparents to hand me over to them. I don't blame them. My aunt and uncle are good at spinning believable lies.

My father's parents. Father, I hope he's alive. I want to meet him, get to know him better, and see if he would like me. Who was I becoming? I had many questions about why he never came to see me. Was I that bad a daughter? Or did I remind him too much of my mother, who had blonde hair as I did, and was tall and slender, like me? But then I only have these photos to go on. Maybe I am seeing what I want to see.

"Fixer, you want to talk to them? Or just stare?" Tank asked me, pulling me onto his lap, which gained my attention.

"Hi." I waved my hand at them. I missed whatever they had been saying as I reflected on my past and on what this new information was doing to me.

"You are adorable." Grandma Astore said, giggling and crying at the same time.

"Fixer, they were saying they understand the bikie life, and don't judge you for being in that lifestyle, that there was a bikie club in their town, and they are very helpful in the community."

"Do we know that club?" I turned to look up at Tank, who kissed my nose.

Grandma A squealed in delight.

"They are so cute together. Congratulations on your nuptials." Grandpa A added, smiling at Us.

"Sweetie, will you visit us? I want to get to know you." Grandma A asked once she got her tears under control.

"Tank?" I threw the question at him, considering he didn't answer my question about the club in that town.

"Sure, we can do that. Can we get your contact details? We can video call, or phone call, and send emails," Tank asked, and I am glad he was on top of things; my mind was not yet focused enough to think of asking those questions.

"Sure. Tandy, and you give our Granddaughter our contact details." Grandpa A turned his gaze to Tandy.

"It's all in the file, with your father's and mother's photos and details. Any news on him yet? Didn't you say last time we spoke that they had some leads on where they might have taken them hostage?" Tandy asked, and it was a question I had wanted to ask but was not ready to voice. This still felt so unreal.

"They are looking at sending in a reconnaissance team next week, will know more then." I could hear the hope in his voice. This must have been a hard year for them, knowing he had gone MIA,

and not knowing any more than that. In some ways, my not knowing him had saved me from a year of heartache over someone I had yet to meet.

There were a few moments of silence, as if none of us wanted to speak; it wasn't uncomfortable, more like a silent prayer for my father.

"You are so beautiful, and to think we missed your childhood years, all because of my stubbornness, over who my son chose as a wife, I am forever kicking myself for my stupidity. I should have accepted and loved you both; instead, we have had no pitter-patter of little feet in our hallway." Tears started again, and I was not the one crying. Mine were nowhere to be seen. I was over the tear part for now, maybe once home and digesting this all over again, I might let a few fall.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 99[1,642 words]

Tank POV

Fixer was spacing out, then coming back.

Taking in part of the conversation, then looking at the photos, then back to the screen.

Her Grandparents continued to chat to Tandy and me, watching Fixer, trying to come to terms with all of this. It was a lot to take in. Her whole life must feel like a lie. Plus, it had taken another direction again.

There was a high possibility that she had a father, alive.

Although her dad hadn't spoken to her since her mother died, he had been sending money to support her to Grandpa, and he had been corresponding back, sending photos and news that might interest him. Tandy took over that job once Grandpa died, and Tandy suggested putting the money into an account for schooling. Then, when Fixer became an apprentice mechanic, he said he would continue to put money in, and she might want her own shop or buy a house. Little did anyone know, except the lawyer who couldn't say anything, that Fixer was loaded, and he didn't need to be putting money into an account for her future. Her father's family might have been mega-rich, but with him cast out, he wouldn't have expected them to help him. If they had been even a little bit caring, Fixer would have lived with them when her real mother died. But he didn't tell his parents about her death; he hadn't spoken to them in over twenty years, after they disowned him. He was deployed when his wife died, and missed the funeral.

Now the guilt was eating them up, trying to find a way to fix what had been done, and unless the son was found, they would have to live with the guilt of being stubborn and stupid for the rest of their lives.

I worked out that her real mother was her grandparents' daughter, and that the son of the ones on the screen, whom I have been calling Grandparent A, her aunt, who raised Fixer, if you can call it raising her, was her mother's sister. Some of how it all came about was still confusing, something more must have been going on in the background, for her grandparents on her mothers side, to let Fixer go, they are not alive to ask, but possible, just possibly, the grandpa or grandma got sick, and that was all the in the evil sister needed to get her hands on Fixer and take her from the grandparents and make her theirs.

The video lasted about an hour, with Fixer not really contributing much to the conversation. I think she was in too much shock, and promises to catch up soon were made, and visiting them was discussed. The Mayfield MC would need to be contacted. Maybe this would be a chance to have a closer collaboration between the VaLords MC and Mayfield MC. We have never been enemies and have been on good terms at functions. They would have to be serious about collaboration, as sooner or later, most of their town will be owned by Fixer, if what her Grandparents were saying was true, and I have no reason to doubt them.

It's confusing that Fixer was not treated better, and the Grandparents did not do more when they found out she was being mistreated and not getting the money they were giving the parents for her well-being. Tandy said it was to do with proof; on the outside, the family looked to be treating her well, the bruises and broken bones were never inflicted by the parents, and could be put down to children being overzealous. They were very careful to maintain a good public image, which made it hard to prove that the parents had done anything wrong.

We had completed our shopping and were having lunch at the little cafe. Not the best-looking shop, but the food was edible, and I doubt Fixer was even tasting what was going into her mouth.

Fixer was quiet. Too quiet.

I know she had a lot going through her head, just wish she would open up just a little with Fixer looked up at me and stared at my face as if searching for answers there.

"Should we stay in the clubhouse or move next door?" She asked as last, at least this was a start.

That house was empty now; it had been rented out, but the tenants had since purchased their own property. Tandy had the house cleaned and ready for new tenants, but agreed to hold off until Fixer could think straight.

"Can we go look at it, see if it's somewhere you would like to live? You know, do we need to refurbish the kitchen, paint walls, make it ours?" I suggested. Prez was going to flip when he learns about this.

"Sounds like a plan, at least a start. Can we keep my change of financial stability quiet, for now? I am still getting over how much I have, and the properties that would one day be mine, like who owns four helicopters, and a private jet, and was an MC member?" Fixer was still lost in the idea she was able to buy anything she wanted, money no object, when she had struggled for so long, yes, she had a reasonable sum in the bank, gifted from her Grandma when she died, but had

never touched it, thinking it was to buy a home, when she knew where she wanted to live. But now she owns several properties. She could take her pick. Life for her had just taken on a whole different meaning.

“Done. I would, however, like to let Prez know about next door and your new family, because when we go to visit your grandparents, we need to let the Prez of the Mayfield MC know we are coming.”

“Don’t you mean get permission?” Fixer looked at me, confused, a look she wears a lot lately

“Nope, you don’t need permission, because you own so much of where they live. We can show up without permission, but it’s more courteous than needing their permission; we don’t need to make enemies or make them concerned about a takeover. When they learn of another bikie club member owning so much of their turf, they will be worried.” I say we would be, if someone suddenly came and said they owned the rest of the town and the surrounding lands we call home.

The radio was playing softly, some rock and roll tune, the window was down letting the breeze blow through Fixer’s hair, she will have a lot of knots by the time we make it home, she had taken it out of the pony tail, and had let it go loose, any other girl would be complaining about their hair, and winding the window up, my not my little lady, she loved being wild, carefree, and grubby. Often she would have a smear of grease on her cheek from where she had pushed hair off her face, leaving a dark trail in its wake, from the grease on her hands.

The gate slid open as the fob was activated. The road was in good condition, and it didn’t take long for the huge house to come into view. House? It was more like a mansion; apparently, this three-storey building had at least twenty bedrooms, lost count of the bathrooms, a spa, a pool, a games room, a theater room, a country-style kitchen, a gym, four large sheds, and a ten-car garage.

I opened the van door and helped Fixer out, and together, hand in hand, we started to check out the place.

It was neat and tidy, well-maintained, with a porch wrapping around the whole building, the gardens were well looked after, and it must have had a gardener come in, and nothing appeared to be needed on the outside. Inside, it was just as magnificent. I was a little surprised to see it was fully furnished; everything was high-quality.

We were in the master bedroom, on the balcony, looking out at the backyard. I was behind Fixer, my arms around her waist, my head on her shoulder. To our left, we could see the clubhouse; you can’t see it from ground level, but from this balcony, you could see more than I had expected.

“It’s perfect, nothing needs to be done. We should live here, bring Jenny too, she will love this place.” Fixer said after a long, comfortable silence.

“Do you want your workshop brought over here?” I asked, and there were plenty of sheds that could be converted.

“Some of it, like most of Grandpa’s machinery, can come over here, and I can make one of the sheds a manufacturing shed, where we make parts. Maybe later, we can look at making a larger painting room, but I feel going next door would make it like going to work. I want to keep both parts separate. For now, however, I do want to set up a tattoo area, clean and sterile, since the club was pushing for one. Maybe take on someone who wants to learn, and teach them what I know. You would think our town would have one, but I guess, there was not a big enough calling for one, and the nearest was only a couple of hours’ ride away.” I had managed to talk Fixer into doing tattoos; she had yet to finish mine or put one on her body. But it was a start. Tattoos would not be open to the public; it would be purely club-based and selective. A nom gaining a patch can get a club tattoo. We are still working on the specifics, but a proper room for that purpose sounds like a great idea.

“Let’s head back, it’s getting late, and we need to speak with Prez.” Fixer nodded, and we left, locking up as we went.

My mind was still blown away. Our lives have just changed a lot.

Claimed by the Biker Giant - Chapter 100[1,589 words]

Maxine/Fixer POV

In a daze, we travelled to look at what could be my new home. I had seen it from a distance, as a kid, going through a shortcut to the swimming hole I loved to go to. Now that I own that swimming hole, I am considering how to improve it. The ideas I had as a child that I thought the area lacked, I can add them, for future children’s enjoyment.

“Grandpa A suggested a helipad and a hangar so that they can come and visit. If we live in that house, what do you think?” Tank asked, trying to keep me talking, thinking, and not sliding down the slippery slope of what could have been, move forward, not sink deeply into the past.

“We can look from the master bedroom, out over the immediate back yard, and see where one could be placed. I know there are some large sheds there, but by exactly where, I can’t remember.” I was glad he was with me, and I didn’t want to go alone as I had initially planned. I need him more than ever now.

“Sounds like a plan. Even if we don’t move in, we should still have access.” Tank appeared to be sorting through the mind field that was now my life, with a clear head, well clearer than mine.

“Do you think we have a few club members who know how to run a company? Like I have little business sense, and I can’t see Tandy doing it forever, he could take on some of our members

who are doing a business degree, and teach them hands-on.” I suddenly started thinking about how I could help our club members, now that I had the money to do so, trying to strike a lighter note on this change in my life.

What do my grandparents expect from me? Now that they have found me, they want to be part of my life.

My father, what’s he like?

Was he still alive?

Would he like to get to know me, once he finds out how my life has been?

I don’t want pity; if meeting me was over guilt or pity, I would be sad.

I try to push these questions aside, but they keep coming back to me.

The place was magnificent. Tandy had kept it looking pristine. As we walked through the place, I could see that this was home, and it was filled with kids running around. It was the master bedroom that sold me, bigger than the main hall in the clubhouse.

“Tank? I think I want to live here. This room calls to me. Can you see yourself sleeping here? Look at that bed, it’s enormous, bigger than yours.” Tank chuckled at my suggestion but agreed.

“We can move in, and yes, so can Jenny, and Blaze if they want, maybe we can see if some who have children, or couples want to come over, with so many bedrooms we could get a few here and still keep a room for the Grandparents, and if luck was on his side, your father?” Tank spoke softly and with care about how he worded what he was trying to say.

“We can put the hanger on the right side, and the pad in front of it, shouldn’t be too hard, just need a construction crew, and council permissions. When we talk to Prez, we can find out if we have club members who can do the job, or if we need to go outside for help.”

Tank sounded excited. We were going to pack our things in the morning and move in. We would need to go shopping and stock up the pantry and fridge. I want a few new things too: sheets, towels, and other items for us, even if I buy them online and have them sent to us. Once we unloaded our shopping, we headed out to hunt for Prez.

“Hey, Blaze, seen the Prez about?” Tank asked. I think he’d be in his office, since he wasn’t out here, which was where I would find him most of the time when I needed to talk to him.

“Office,” Blaze said, his hand in a fist, thump pointing behind, as he lifted his arm over his shoulder.

“Thanks.” We continued to his door and knocked, waiting for the voice inside to give us the go-ahead to enter.

The door swung open, and a rumpled-looking Sticks greeted us. She was tucking her shirt in as she moved quickly past us, and we entered his office, my mind wondering if it was safe to sit on the lounge or if there were loving-making juices on it. I wanted to look over at the chair, but pushed myself not to. I turned to close the door to help take my mind off the chances of wet spots.

“What can I do for you today? I feel you two are in my office more than I am at times.” He chuckled, his shirt was still open, and he wasn’t going to hide what he had been doing before we disturbed him.

“What we are about to talk about, we’d like to keep low-key.” Tank said as he sat in front of Prez’s desk and pulled me onto his lap.

“Don’t tell baby on the way?” He joked, taking in how possessive Tank was in his office.

“No, we have just finished with Tandy.” That made Prez sit up and look between us, as if trying to read us.

“Go on,” he encouraged firmly.

“Not until you agree not to talk about some of it, just yet.” I pushed, not going to tell him a thing without his agreement.

“You got it, not a word leaves my mouth, not even to Sticks.” He promised, his arms folded and leaning forward on the desk.

“Fixer owns next door, and we are moving into it tomorrow. We’re going to ask Jenny and Blaze if they want to join us there. The offer is open to you, too, if you want to move out of the clubhouse before the baby is born and have a room for the child.” Tank spoke in one long sentence as if he had to get it all out at once, before Prez could interrupt.

“True? Why would you want that kept a secret? It will get out the minute we move out.” He looked shocked, and I wasn’t sure if it was because we were keeping it a secret or because I now own it.

“Yes, it’s true, but that was not the part that we need to keep quiet, we’re coming to that,” Tank replied as he nuzzled my neck, his beard tickling me.

“I will take up that offer. Sticks had been wanting to move out of the clubhouse before the baby was born, not a place she thought a newborn should be. Can I choose the room?”

“Sure, but not the master, that’s ours, or the one across from it.” Tank chuckled.

“Of course.” Prez looked rather chuffed at the idea of getting out of here, and I agree, not a place for babies.

“Now, we need to know if we have any contractors who can build a hangar and a helipad,” I asked, watching his face change from thinking about moving to the weird request.

“We do, and someone on the council has to approve. Putting one next door? Why?” He asked, leaning on his arms again, in concentration.

“You know the Astore family?” Tank asked, but it wasn’t a serious question because everyone knows them. Or at least of them.

“Go on.” He nodded.

“Fixer, is their Granddaughter? They will need the helipad to fly over for a visit from time to time.”

“You are what? Surely you jest.” He almost shouted out. I understood what he was feeling. I barely believed it myself till I talked, or should I say Tank, spoke to them.

“Yeah, that was part of the keep quiet part, our girl here, well, she’s mega rich, owns part of our town, and most of Mayfield. We need to contact the Mayfield club to discuss our involvement in their town. Also, those hotels will become hers one day, and our club has been given permission to stay for free. The list of what she owns would take all day, but from what I can ascertain, it’s more than we can get our head around.” Tank filled Prez in, and I sat and listened, still not talking, that I own so much when I only had enough to buy a house.

“What’s your plan then?” Prez asked, thinking this money was going into my life, and they could lose a club member. I understood; it was a lot to think about, but leaving the club life was not on the radar.

“Learn what now belongs to me, live next door, fix the swimming hole, since that’s on my property. Get the helipad done, and bring one of my four helicopters here; one room will have to be for the pilot when he is here. I need to know about our club’s members. Once you are happy, you have no spy. I need someone to work with Tandy and learn how to run my businesses and accounts. I have no clue about running a business; my grandparents have some good people working for them, and they will continue to run the hotels. I will be included in the quarterly meetings starting next month, so I will need a helicopter to be housed here. My mind was running wild with thoughts of what our town needs and how I could help. It’s early days, and lots to consider.” I say, as my mouth runs away with me.