

# ***Follyfoot Fanfic***



## ***The Biker's Good Deed***

**by Suzy**

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The Colonel was very worried. There was no more money to keep Follyfoot Farm running. How was he to tell Steve, Dora, Slugger and Ron?

And Dora. Now there was another problem. She had got in with a bad crowd. Bikers of all people!

Crash!! The gate flew back on its hinges as a motorbike roared into the yard, sending dust and small stones flying as the rider expertly swung the bike around, coming to a stop by the Lightning Tree.

"Dora!" shouted the Colonel, leaning out of an upstairs window. "Do you have to bring that infernal machine into the yard?"

Taking off her helmet, she shook her head to fluff her feather haircut, flung herself off the bike and removed her black leather jacket, throwing it over her shoulder before strutting towards Steve, who's face appeared over a stable door.

"Hi," said Dora, smiling cheekily. "Think I've upset him, Don't you?"

"What do you expect? You know what time mucking out is Dora, and you'll have that gate off the hinges one of these days."

"Oh Steve! Come on, it must be time for Slugger's disgusting bacon and eggs," Dora giggled. Steve sighed, shook his head and followed her to the farmhouse kitchen.

"So where did she stay last night then?" Slugger asked no one in particular, while he plonked a burnt offering on Dora's plate.

"I was down the local with the bike club, watching that new rock band *The Legend*, then on to Lewis's place for a party."

"Huh! Not that Lewis. Dora, keep away from him, he's trouble!" Steve, face like thunder, barged past her and stomped out. "I'm going to ride Copper if anyone's interested."

"But what about breakfast?" Slugger shook his head. "Does no one eat in this house any more? I see Dora's not tucking in."

"Nah. Think I'll give it a miss too. Got to watch me figure!"

Out in the yard Dora approached Steve, who was busy hiding his face under the saddle flap, tightening Coppers girth.

"I don't fancy Lewis you know. He's got a face like a bulldog chewing a wasp, but underneath all that macho stuff he's really fond of horses."

"Oh open your eyes girl. He's just trying to get into your pants, pretending he loves horses. Huh!"

"Have it your way, but he'll prove you wrong one of these days, you'll see. And who said you could ride Copper?...best you do though, after the amount I had to drink last night, I don't think it'd be a good idea me riding him!"

"Well you managed to ride your bike here!! And you drink too much."

Dora watched him canter away across the fields and muttered "You'll find out, all in good time."

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The members of the bike club were already in the pub when Dora crashed through the door. "Sorry I'm late guys. I had extra work to do at the farm as I was late this morning."

"You weren't telling Steve about our plans were you?" teased Ron.

"Absolutely not! He mustn't find out, he'll tell Uncle and that would be the end of it."

"It's a pity he thinks all bikers are like the Night Riders, maiming horses and all that," said Lewis. "I never was one of that gang, but he'll never believe it."

As Dora went to order a pint there were several admiring glances at her pert derriere. "You're a lucky devil Ron, working alongside Dora," Lewis leered.

"Yeah, but she's only got eyes for Steve, me old mate, so don't even think about it."

"Really? So how come she's making eyes at the lead singer of The Legend then?"

"To get them to play at our rally for nuffing, stupid!"

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"Well I don't think Steve will see it like that; look who's just walked in and look at his face!"

The first thing Steve saw was Dora, with her arms draped around a bloke with long hair and tight jeans. "I don't believe this Dora! It's a different bloke every night!"

"Oh Steve! Don't be like that. We were just having a bit of a laugh," but she was talking to his retreating back as he stormed out.

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The atmosphere in the kitchen could be cut with a knife. "What's the matter with them all THIS time?" Slugger asked the tea pot.

"Better ask her over there. The one that sleeps with the entire village." Steve retorted.

Dora ignored the comment as she could barely conceal her excitement. It was the weekend of the bike rally, and she was trying to behave as though it was just an ordinary weekend.

"Steve, Dora, could you both come into my study for a moment," called the Colonel. Dora's excitement disappeared to be replaced by dread. Had someone told him what was happening? She looked at Steve, but he turned his head away.

"Now look you two. There is no other way to say this, but the farm will have to close as from next week." The colour drained from Steve's face. "A chap I know has kindly agreed to take the old horses. I'm so sorry, but that's the way it is."

Steve looked at Dora, but strangely there were no tears and she looked, well, sort of excited! This was most odd.

"Dora, if I didn't know better I'd say you were happy about it. You're more interested in booze and bikers than the horses these days."

"That's a horrible thing to say," she retorted. Now she DID look like she was going to cry. If only she could tell him. If only Steve didn't hate the bikers so much. Of COURSE she cared about the horses!

Steve walked out in disgust.

She patted the Colonel on the shoulder. "Don't worry Uncle, it will be alright in the end, you'll see."

The Colonel was apt to agree with Steve. Dora was acting strangely. Where were the

pleading and the tears? The Colonel was very worried indeed.

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"What a fantastic day it's been." Dora laid back on the grass and sighed happily. "I knew we'd have a good turn out. Didn't *The Legend* go down well? They've agreed to play later on this evening, as they're having such a good time too!"

Ron could only agree. "Just you wait till the old Colonel sees 'ow much we've raised."

"And people are still giving generously. Oh Ron, it makes me want to blub. I don't know what Uncle will do when we have the bike run tomorrow and we end up at the farm. He's going to have kittens!" she giggled. "He'll probably think all two hundred odd bikes are going to crash through the gate."

"Steve's face will be a picture an' all."

"I hope he doesn't go off on one," replied Dora.

Lewis came and joined them, a cheeky grin on his face. "Wish we could have a charity rally every weekend, if it means I get to see your pretty face so happy."

"I didn't know you cared," shouted Ron, at which friendly fisticuffs erupted.

"Boys, boys steady on now, it's our turn to help. So which do you want to do? Man the bar or serve burgers?"

"Um...I've got to go and find someone...in a minute," Ron moved off rather quickly.

"Typical. Come on then Lewis, let's go burn some burgers!"

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The Colonel stopped reading and cocked an ear towards the window. "What's that noise Slugger?"

"Beats me. I'll go take a look." He returned with a very worried look on his face. "Um... well..."

"Out with it man .Oh never mind, I'll go see for myself...Oh good lord. I'm calling the police. There are thousands of bikers coming up towards the farm."

"Hang on Colonel Sir, that's Dora and Ron at the front!! What the hell is going on?"

They both rushed out into the yard to be

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confronted by newsmen and cameras.

"Over here mate, look this way!" and a camera flashed in the Colonel's face.

"Would you mind telling me what you're doing on my property?" he shouted.

"You mean to tell me you don't know about the Charity Bike Rally, which has been organised to save Follyfoot farm from closure? I guess by the look on your face you didn't. That young girl who works here had a big hand in it, along with Lewis Hammond whose father's field it's been held at," one of the reporters told him.

By now Steve was standing behind the Colonel with a totally unconvinced look on his face. "I don't believe it. Not that Lewis, he's a thug!"

The reporter turned away to see if he could catch that lovely young girl in leather jeans to pose for a picture. My goodness, she was a sight for sore eyes on that bike. He could see sales of his newspaper soaring, with her on the front page.

The bikers had stopped a fair distance away from the yard, so as not to scare the horses, but Dora and Ron rode up to the gate.

"Uncle, the farm won't have to close now. We've raised over six hundred pounds, and the local feed merchant has sponsored us enough hay and pony nuts to last the winter. I'm sorry I kept it from you, but I know how much you, and you Steve, hate the bikers, and you'd never agree to take money from them, but can't you see how much they've done to help us? Oh Uncle, please accept the cheque from them!"

The Colonel was flummoxed. "I just don't know what to say." He scratched his head and looked at Steve, who was clearly having the same trouble. Lewis was walking up the lane, cheque in hand.

"Please Uncle...?" Dora was tugging at his arm like a small child. He looked behind him at the stables, where old heads, nostrils flar-

ing at the excitement, stared over stable doors. Then he looked down into her pleading face and he couldn't help but smile.

"Okay Dora, you win!"

Lewis, by this time, had reached them and was feeling a bit awkward. "Here, this is for you," and thrust the cheque at him, before quickly turning away.

"Just a minute," called Steve. Lewis turned round, expecting a fist in his face, but Steve was holding out his hand to shake his. "Sorry mate. I really did think you were one of the Night Riders. Thanks for what you and your bike club have done."

"That's alright mate. If you ever want to give up that Dora at anytime, shove her my way!"

"No chance of that Lewis. She's all mine."

"Worth a try. I'll be seeing you then. I'm off to find that reporter and get my photo in the paper!"

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There was now peace once more at the farm. All the bikers and newsmen had left.

Dora and Steve were settling the horses for the night.

"Steve, you really didn't think I was sleeping with Lewis did you?"

"I don't know. I didn't know what to think. It seemed that you couldn't care less about the farm, or me any more. But of course, the horses always come first with you don't they Dora, they always have."

She picked up a dandy brush and threw it in his direction. It missed and he made a grab for her. "Give us a kiss then sexy breeches."

"Oh Steve!! Give over."

"You know, I might just get myself a motorbike and join your club."

"Blimey, can you imagine. You, me and Ron crashing through that gate every morning. Uncle would be furious!"

Laughing they walked hand in hand to the kitchen where Slugger's stew awaited them.

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