

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 10 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Davey Point of view (Kathline)

It is so good to finish your shifts, and just kick back and relax, but what is even better, is to know that once your shift is done, you have a hot date to go on.

Excitement is making my heart beat out of my chest as I pull up on my drive. As I enter my three-bed, semi-detached home in Hastings Hill area of Sunderland, I run up the stairs, nearly tripping over my feet, as I head for my bedroom. Kicking off my shoes and opening the wardrobe, I ponder on what the hell I am going to wear. I am not one to care what people think, but for some reason, I want to portray the perfect image. I need to impress Kathline, so this decision is harder than normal.

Pulling out my clothes, I don't want to be too dressed up and look like I have made too much effort. Finally, I settle on a pair of black jeans and light grey t-shirt that is a size too small but makes my muscles bulge slightly. Not that they would ever bulge like bloody Ben's, that guy is a monster, but hey, I have good tone. Grabbing a fresh towel I head across the landing to the bathroom, hey don't judge, it is a 1960's style house, and so I have one bathroom. Given there is only me living here, who, in all honesty, cares!

I step into the shower and let the warm water massage my aches and pains from a day at the fire station. My thoughts wander to what tonight will bring. I know the guys all took the piss about me getting lucky, and yeah, I was a gentleman and defended Kathline's honour, but let me be honest, I really hope I do get lucky. Let's face it, I have more chance than they do tonight ... well other than Twinkle, I am sure his 'Mrs' will put out for the old sod, given he is going ball room dancing with her.

The thought of spending the night with Kathline goes straight to my head, suddenly I am supporting the biggest hard on I think I have ever had in my life. As I soap down my body, I resist the urge to relieve my frustration to the impure thoughts which are infecting my mind. Her red hair against the pillow, her long legs wrapped around my neck as I taste her delights, or around my waist as I give her the ride of her life. No, I will be a good little firefighter and keep those thoughts locked away. Turning the water to cold in order to take away the pulsing in my groin, I let out a frustrated groan, then remind myself, it will be worth it in the end.

Stepping out of the shower, I wrapped the towel around my waist, then clean my teeth; twice. Hey what can I say, I want to have minty breath, I am anticipating at least a snog once the kid goes to bed. After a quick close shave, I splash my Joop aftershave and spray some deodorant under my arms, then head back to my bedroom to get ready.

I dry off my body when my phone pings and I feel myself smiling as I go to grab it. Obviously, Kathline is as keen as I am, and that bodes well for my Fireman's hose inside my tight jeans.

Kathline – Hey, sorry but Andy is feeling unwell tonight, so can we take a rain check please? X

“For fvck sake!” I growl out in frustration.

My happy mood instantly crushed as I re-read the text, hoping she is just joking. But I know at the bottom of my heart, she would not joke about the health of her young son. Sighing, I pick up my phone and text back.

Davey – sure no problem, I hope he is okay x

Well, I can hardly text back that it's a huge fvcking\*g problem, can I? After all, the date I had been looking forward to, was just me picking up a couple of Big Mac's and a Happy Meal, then heading to her house. But hey, it was important to me to spend some time with her, to get to know her again. I mean texting is great, but there is nothing like a real conversation to find out if there is a chance of this going somewhere. Then if it is, having a kiss and cuddle, and hoping for something more.

Kathline – Thank you, and sorry, but I think it is wise to stay away at the moment, he has a rash that looks suspiciously like chicken pox behind his ears xxx

sh!t, if he does have chicken pox, then it is more than a day's delay. I am sure you have to stay away from the little fvckers until the spots scab over!

I curse my luck and channel my inner concerned man who is perfect boyfriend material.

Davey – Aww poor thing, don't worry about it, just look after your little man, we can reschedule for another time xxx

“Bollox!” I shout to the air, then slump down on the bed, totally and utterly disappointed.

fvcking\*g hell, I feel like a woman, all dressed up with nowhere to go. I do not relish the thought of staying in and thinking all night about what could have been, so I decide to find out if anyone is heading to the ‘Chester’s’ pub for a pint. I know they are going to mercilessly take the piss out of me, but needs must, because I refuse to stay in at this point. Now, who can I stomach, who will take the piss, but then shut up about it quickly. Ben and Josie; I reckon those two will be a good bet, failing that Wayne, then possible Headache, but if that t\*\*t goes on about his ailments, I will not be staying long.

Davey – Hey, change of plans, do you fancy a pint at the Chester’s?

Ben – Actually heading there in a bit, Josie called, she is pissed off about having to see that arsehole again.

Davey – Cool, anyone else going?

Ben – I think Wayne, and possible Headache, not sure though. You eating? I am grabbing a steak.

Davey- may as well, Okay I will see you all there.

I look back to Kathline’s text and send her a message, because I am going to go in a taxi, and I intend to fully drown my sorrows at this point, and well, my messages later may be a little more risky than she would want after a few bottles of brown ale down my neck.

Davey – Hey, I am heading to the pub with the guys from work. Hope the little fella is okay, text if you need anything. Oh, and please ignore any drunken messages I may send xxx

Kathline – ha ha ha, okay, enjoy your night xxx

With that I order my taxi on the app, pull on my black jacket, and head downstairs, ready to head out and try to forget how sh!t I now feel at not seeing Kathline tonight.

My taxi pulls into the car park of Chester’s pub, and I climb out. Heading in through the double doors, I look around to see if anyone is here. Sat at the back of the pub, on the raised square area, is Josie. Her normally happy face,

scowling, as she takes a sip of her pint of lager. Yes, she is a pint drinking girl, after all, she is one of the lads. I order my bottle of Newcastle brown ale, grabbing hold of it, then walk over to her table.

“Hey, thought you had a hot date?” Josie asks as she looks up then picks up her pint, which looks too large in her small hands, and takes a big gulp.

“So did I, but Norman Price has the fvcking\*g chicken pox.” I huff, as I slide into the seat opposite.

“Oh bummer, poor kid.” Josie smiles, clearly feeling sorry for the little lad.

“Yeah, poor kid.” I mumble, as Josie shakes her head at me and laughs.

“If you want to date a single mother, I suggest you learn to like kids.” Josie laughs at me again.

I shrug at her nonchalantly and take a swig of my beer, but I know she is right. I mean, he seems cute enough compared to other kids, but if I am serious about embarking on something with his mother, I need to be on board with her having a kid. Maybe I should think about this situation before diving in. “If you cannot do that though Davey, you have to walk away now.” Josie warns.

I look at her as she gulps more of her lager down her throat and turn the tables onto her, to get the subject off me.

“Anyway, you don’t seem your usual sunshiny self; what gives?” I ask.

“Oh, nothing. Just having to go see that bozo tomorrow and give my heart felt apologies to the asshole.” She frowns.

“Just say, ‘Hey, d!ckward, sorry you’re a cunt, and that I offended you by calling you out on it,’ and be done with it.” I laugh.

“Don’t tempt me.” Josie shrugs.

“Wow, you really are pissed off; you hate the word cunt, and normally get all huffy about it.” I smile at her.

“Well, it is very offensive, however, in this instance, the guy truly is one.” Josie laughs, taking another sip of her lager.

Looks like I won't be the only one getting off my face tonight the way she is knocking back that pint.

Ben turns up, with his own pint, and plonks his oversized muscly arse beside me, I swear to God the whole fvcking\*g back bench seat moved under the weight of the muscle-bound giant.

"Hey, did you drop off the donations to the fire victim?" Josie asks him with a smile.

Ben stiffens beside me, not sure what that is about, but he nods his head, and takes a sip of his pint. Then turns to me, obviously wanting to change the subject.

"So, you got stood up then?" He gives me a half smirk. Bastard.

"No, her kid has chicken pox." I defend.

Ben lets out a low chuckle, "Poor kid."

What is it with these two, poor kid, what about poor fvcking\*g Davey!

Wayne walks in, followed by Headache and gets his bottle of Budweiser, then swaggers over to the table, sitting next to Josie.

"Y'all, I am so glad I got here alive, my cab driver didn't know how to use his blinkers. Seriously every turn, no blinker was used." He complains.

Headache rolls his eyes behind him, and slams down his pint of diet coke, guess the fvcker is on painkillers again.

"It is a taxi and indicators, not fvcking\*g cab and blinkers. fvcking\*g hell man, you are ENGLISH!" Headache growls out angrily.

"Geeze buddy, no need be so aggressive." Wayne complains, his fake American accent thick.

I have to roll my lips, as Headache shakes his head in annoyance at the kid.

"You not drinking Headache?" Josie asks, purely to stop the argument about to break out between them, but we all know what will come next.

One.

Two.

Three.

“Not tonight, I had to take some Beecham’s Powder’s before coming out, I feel like I have a cold coming on, and don’t want to drink and stop it from working.” Headache sighs.

There it is; the next ailment he will spend the next shift complaining about; he needs to come with a health warning!

We order our food; most of us going for the mixed grill. Ben of course goes for the extra-large one, and all eat. Then we decide to order more rounds of drinks. After the eighth round, I am feeling more than a little bit tipsy, and I pull out my phone.

Hey gorgeous, sat in this pub, thinking how nice it would have been to be with you, doing nice things together xxx

“I really think we need to take your phone; it’s for your own good.” Josie laughs.

My phone buzzes and I have a sh!t eating grin on my face as I read the message that comes in.

Kathline – oh really, what nice things would that be xxx

Davey – one that would have me checking your whole body, to make sure you have not caught the chicken pox xxx

Kathline – Oh really, and how would you do that xxx

Get in, she is up for some sexting, and I am more than happy to give her what she wants.

Davey – slowly str!pping off your clothes, until you are all n.aked, just to be sure I don’t miss a sp0t xxx

At that exact point Josie snatches the phone from my hands, and with a stern look she smiles at me.

“Trust me Davey, I am saving you from yourself.”

I hear my phone ping, and Josie, the little madam, looks at the message, then giggles, and reads it out.

“Oh, that sounds great, maybe you can check later, I will send you some pictures. K!ss, k!ss, k!ss, winky-smiley-face.” Josie laughs as she reads it out.

I grab my phone off her, and look at the text, excitement filling me, that I will at least get some spunk bank material tonight, only to see that Josie was of course taking the piss and the text actually said.

Kathline – Now, now, behave yourself, you need to have a cold shower, I am heading to bed, nite xxx

All I have to say to that is fvck!