

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 12 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Josie's POV.

I would love to say my consumption of copious amounts of lager last night helped me sleep. But I would be telling a big fat lie. Normally, after the four days of 12-hour shifts end, that night I sleep like a baby. But oh no, not last night. Because I know I cannot put this off any longer, today is Friday, and I have to go see that arrogant arsehole and make my apologies, or face Station Officer Webbers wrath on Tuesday night, when I begin my nightshift.

This Anders-fvcking-Maxwell, man is annoying. Even his name screams ARSEHOLE at you. I mean we live in bloody Sunderland; which self-respecting Mackem calls their kid Anders!? But what is worse than his arrogant behaviour, is that for some unfathomable reason, I cannot stop thinking about him, nor can I stop my lady parts pulsing, or my nipples looking like pyramids in the desert when I do.

I HATE HIM!

Well, I do not really know him, and normally I am not one to hate anybody, but for this arsehole, I make an exception! I just need my body parts to catch the memo from my brain.

Groaning and turn over onto my front, I pound my fists into my pillow in frustration, before letting out another scream, and getting up to have my shower then get ready. My neighbours will think I have finally lost the plot. Let's face it, the walls are thin in my relatively new mid-link two-bedroom house just off Eden Vale on the way into the city centre. My home is only about 16-years old, and I don't think they use anything other than plywood and reinforced cardboard to separate the homes. I swear to you, you can hear next door having a wee on the toilet, if you happen to be in the bathroom at the same time. The estate agents don't tell you that when you view the house then buy it!

I stand under the hot water, soaping my body, the weather is nice today, so I decide I better shave my stubbly legs, and arm pits, because when I am finishing giving my heartfelt-lie to that bozo, I am heading down to the beach to meet up with the guys from work.

Ben lives not too far from the sea front, so we are all going to have a walk along the beach paddling in the cold North Sea, then heading to his place to have a BBQ in his back garden. I really hope his mam turns up; she is a hoot. We all love her. Also, I cannot help but wonder if my idea for Davey to turn up at Naughty Normans mothers house with calamine lotion worked for him or not. He will either love me or hate me, depending on the results.

I step out of the shower with nice smooth legs and underarms, then open my wardrobe and pull out a red spaghetti strap sundress with tiny white flowers all over it. A bra really doesn't work with this dress, because you can see the straps not only on the shoulders but also around your back, so I grab some masking tape and strategically place it to hold the girls in place. Then pull out a pair of red lacey knickers, I do not go for a thong, because knowing my luck a breeze will catch the dress and show off my whole bottom to my work mates. Brushing out my wet long blonde hair, I tip my head upside down, and dry it with the hairdryer, and it falls straight but with a bit of volume when I am finished, then give it a quick spray of hairspray. I pop some factor-fifty sunscreen on to stop me going as red as my dress, and that is me done. Pointless wearing make-up, it will only wear off when I hit the beach with the guys. I slip my feet into a white pair of sandals, then picking up my beach bag, I double check the weather on my phone app, to see it should be 23 degrees Celsius all day, with no rain forecast, and head off into my car, ready to make the pitstop to see the arsehole.

As I pull up in the carpark of the new building that is predominately tinted glass, I place my head on the steering wheel and let out a long groan.

"Why me!" I ask the air, not for the first time.

Grabbing my bag, I open the car door, the sooner I get this over with, the sooner I can get to the beach with the lads and start to enjoy my four days off work.

I head into the office stopping at the concierge desk.

"Hi, I am here to see Mr. Anders Maxwell." I introduce myself.

"Top floor, his receptionist will buzz you in." The security guard behind the desk smiles at me.

I take the stairs which are in the centre of the floor two-by-two, there are two flights to every floor, and they go up in what can only be described as a

square spiral staircase. It doesn't take me long to reach the top floor, and I follow the signs for Maxwell Enterprises Limited, and open the door into his office space.

A woman sits behind the light oak reception desk. She looks very professional, full make up on, her brown hair up in a bun, with a thick plait around the base. Seriously, I am impressed. I could never do anything like that with my hair. To be fair, I wouldn't have the patience to spend hours doing my hair and make-up before work, but a part of me kind of wishes I was able to do such intricate up-do's. Not that it would make much difference at the station, after all, once that yellow helmet goes on your head, hair styles are the least of your worries.

"Hi, I am here to see Mr. Maxwell." I smile at the receptionist.

"Do you have an appointment?" She asks, looking me up-and-down, with a frown on her perfectly plucked eyebrows.

"No." I smile sweetly.

"Mr. Maxwell is a very busy man; you cannot just arrive and expect him to see you." The receptionist tells me off, and I blink my eyes at her.

It seems to me, Anders Maxwell employs staff as rude and arrogant as the man himself. You know the saying, 'water finds its level;' well I do think that is appropriate here.

"No problem at all, however, he did request that I come here, but you can give him a message if you want." I smile again.

"What is it?" she huffs slightly, well pardon me for you having to do your job.

"If you can tell him, Firefighter Edwards came as requested. But because he is such a busy man, he cannot see me. So, please tell him, I will not be coming back, and Station Officer Webber will not be answering his calls, this is a one-time deal." I grin at the woman.

"Just wait over there." The receptionist waves over to a long white leather couch, and I head over to sit and wait.

The receptionist puts down her phone and looks at me.

“Mr. Maxwell is on his way.” She said, a little more friendly than before, but not a lot.

“Thank you so much.” I grin at her, after all you catch more flies with honey than vinegar.

The double-doors to, if I remember correctly, a large, open-plan office space, open and to say I am unaffected by the man who stands before me, his light blue shirt rolled up at the sleeves, showcasing his strong forearms, the glimpse of a tattoo that goes up to his neck, his muscular legs in a pair of navy dress-trousers, would be a big fat lie. He is gorgeous, like, panty-wetting, breath-taking, mouth-watering, drop-dead ... gorgeous. I just love a man with shortish, wavy, brown hair, oh good grief he is the whole package, and instantly I feel between my legs become wet, as I take him in.

He is an arse hole Josie; he is a totally arrogant son-of-a-b!tch who needs bringing down a peg or two. I remind myself.

He approaches me, a smirk on his lips.

“Josie, how nice to see you again.”

Now normally I am not petty or vindictive, but this man is pushing my buttons, and so, I kind of retaliate.

“My friends call me Josie, you can call me Firefighter Edwards, Mr. Maxwell.” I state, standing to my feet.

The lady on reception looks over her eyes bulging out of her head, then she pretends to do her work, but I know she is listening to us, and not doing anything behind that desk.

The drop-dead gorgeous, arrogant Arsehole with a capital ‘A’, chuckles at me, which is like adding petrol to a fire, and yes, that goes bang, and flames go everywhere.

“So, I believe you have something to say,” the Arse-wipe grins at me.

“What, here?” I ask, not what I was expecting. I was hoping for a quiet corner so I could mutter sorry then disappear.

“Well, you said what you said publicly; I only think it fair that you apologise publicly.”

I glare at him, okay, if a public apology is what he wants, that is what he is going to get.

“Mr. Maxwell, I am deeply sorry that you heard my private conversation with my work colleague where I called you”

I turn and smile then raise my voice to make sure everyone can hear.

“An Idiotic, son of a b***h, and an arse-wipe. I am also very sorry that the fact that your attitude towards fire safety boiled my piss, and that upset your delicate sensibilities, after I refused your fire certificate. I am also sorry that I care about your staff being safe in this building more than your profit margins. I am truly sorry that you are offended by my analogy of your personality. I am also sorry that you felt the need to harass my busy station officer, whilst I was out fighting fires and saving lives, to demand an apology, to soothe your bruised ego. I am really very sorry you felt the need to do that.” I grin up at him.

Take that!

Anders Maxwell lifted his eyebrows at me and tilted his head to one side.

“That is not quite the apology I was expecting Firefighter Edwards.” He stated.

I crossed my arms under my chest, glaring up at him. Instantly I realised my mistake, as his eyes glanced downwards, and focused on my boobs.

“Eyes up Mr. Maxwell.” I shout at him.

He snapped his eyes upward and I give him a sweet smile.

“I am sorry you do not like my apology, but it is the only one you will get. Now, have a nice day Mr. Maxwell,” I say, then stomp out of the office, as the receptionist looks at me like I have lost the plot for daring to speak to her arsehole boss like that. As Anders Maxwell stands his arms folded across his chest, the vein in his temple throbbing, and his eyes wide with anger. The phrase he is ‘Gob Smacked’ comes to mind, and I role my lips.

I cannot help the laugh escaping as I head back down the stairs, and out to my car, so I can make my way to the beach to spend some time with the lads and forget that arrogant arsehole exists.

As I push the button on my key fob, the orange lights on my car beep, and I walk towards the driver's side, I go to open my door, only to feel a presence behind me. I freeze, turning round to find a very angry Anders Maxwell hovering over me. He places his hands either side of my head against the car and tilts his head at me.

"What is it about you that is driving me crazy?" his voice low and husky.

I look up into his big brown eyes, and gulp slightly, my body is covered in goosebumps from his close proximity, and my lady parts are throbbing, and weeping. I open my mouth to speak, but my throat is dry, no words come out. sh!t. sh!t. sh!t.

"I have spent five days, waiting to see you, and when you finally turn up, you pull that bullsh!t in front of my staff, and yet here I am, wanting more," he gr0ans.

"I really do not think that is my problem. Now if you will excuse me, I am a busy woman." I finally find my words.

"One drink," he states to me.

"I beg your pardon?" I say in utter shock.

"One drink, let me take you out for one drink." He smirks.

My lady parts are in all-out war with my brain, begging for me to agree, but I take a breath and let my intelligence win this round.

"Sorry to disappoint. But... I am fed up, not hard up. Goodbye Mr. Maxwell, have a nice life." I grin at him, then open the car door, climbing in and make good my escape, before I change my mind and give in to my bodily desires, and beg him to take me for that bl00dy drink.