

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 13 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Anders POV

I am stood watching Josie, or Firefighter Edwards, as she wants me to call her, disappear out of the car park and out of sight, leaving me looking like the loser I am.

fvck!

How the hell did I get myself into this situation!

I am taunted by the way she had been dressed in her little red summer dress, looking innocent, yet totally se.xy and tempting, in one perfect package. The way her nostrils flare when she is pissed off, the outline of her n!pples as they pressed against the cotton fabric, even more evident because she was minus a b.ra. Those shapely legs that go on for miles, even though she is probably only around five-foot- five, and the b00bs, a man could lose himself for hours just looking at those two bundles of fun. She is total and utter perfection. Her non-apology, that she fair shouted so all my staff could hear her, it annoyed the hell out of me, but at the same time, caused my length to stand and salute her. This woman is driving me crazy!

I storm back up to my offices, and growl out at the new receptionist, that I am not to be disturbed. I cannot for the life of me remember her name in this instant, because the only name that is on my !ps is 'Josie'.

I all but slam my office door, and slump into my large leather executive chair, grabbing another batch of C.V.s for the business development manager roles I have to fill. I need someone with consultative sales experience, preferably with Chamber of Commerce magazine experience. All of the C.V.s state they have the relative experience, and consistently hit their targets, but we all know that sales staff embellish the truth. I need people to hit the ground running, who can pick up a chamber, and sell the advertising space in both the magazine and the digital app. I cannot afford to wait for them to build a pipeline for weeks on end, not since we are late in opening the office.

I sigh out in frustration. This is important; but I cannot concentrate on the task at hand because all I can think about is Josie, the feisty firefighter, who has set my loins aflame and refuses to help douse the fire.

Unable to find any C.V. which captures my imagination, I throw them all into the bin beside my desk, then open up my recruitment email, working my way through more of the candidates.

Spotting an email from Brian from Newcastle and Gateshead Publishers, I open it, wondering what that old fart wants.

I know he doesn't want a job. Hell, I offered him one as soon as I took their last chamber from them, but he said he is going to take his redundancy and retire. Plus being from Newcastle, he also came up with some sh!t or other about needing a hazmat suit to enter Sunderland, and a bleach bath when he returned to Newcastle. I am hoping my luck is in and he has changed his mind. I could do with some good news today.

Dear Anders,

I hope and trust this email finds you well, you chamber stealing Mackem a.ssh0le.

Anyway, I thought I would forward you this C.V. It is from one of the girls who worked for me. Lucy Dixon. She hails from your area as well, and as much as it pains me to recommend a Mackem, I find I have too.

All joking aside, Lucy is one of the best sales-staff I have ever employed. Her work ethic is amazing, doing over two-hours call-time every single day. She is not afraid to package deals together to get bigger money, but will also bag the smaller deals so you have a constant cash flow coming in.

In the eighteen-months she worked with us, she never missed a target. Which as you well know, is some good going when magazine advertising is classed as a dead business right now.

The reason I am sending you this and not her, is she had a house fire earlier this week, lost everything. So as a result, she has no phone, no laptop, nothing left. On top of that, I had to give her the news she had also lost her job, whilst she was in her hospital bed.

I did say I would reach out to you, and recommend her, but I do not have a number for her. I do not even know where she is living now. Not ideal, I know, but if you do some digging, I am sure someone in your sh!tty city will know her. After all, you Mackem's are all inbred, unlike the superior Geordie race.

I know it is a long shot, but seriously, this woman is worth the effort, because I know she will sell, even on her first day, just like she did for us.

Wishing you all the best (you are going to need it.)

Kind regards

Brian Nelson

Unemployed, now retired sales director.

I cannot help but laugh at Brian's email, Geordie bastard, but all intercity rivalry aside, his is a good guy, and really, I would have employed him as my sales director in a heartbeat, so I take this recommendation seriously.

I read the email again, this Lucy's house burnt to the ground, he said this week. Now I really do feel sh!t, what was it Josie said? She had been busy 'fighting fires', and I cannot help but wonder if this was one of the fires she had been called to. Had I been ratting her out to her boss, and she was there putting her life at risk whilst I was intent on having her apologise to me, even though I was being a total arsehole like she accused me of being.

fvck!

No wonder the woman wants nothing to do with me.

I look over Lucy Dixon's C.V. Brian has also sent a spreadsheet showing all her sales from her time with them, and to say I am impressed is an understatement. This woman would be perfect. But how in the hell do I get her new number or address?

I let out a frustrated breath. All I can think of doing is ringing the fire station again and asking if they have any information on how I can get hold of her. The thought of speaking with Station Officer Webber again does not fill me with joy. I know that bastard is more than a little pissed off with me.

I pick up the phone, remembering what my grandmother would have said.

"Shy bairns get nee sweets."

All I can do is try, after all, this time I am calling for a genuine reason, and wanting to offer someone a job who by the sounds of it, desperately needs one.

Dialling the number for the fire station, I drum my fingers impatiently on my oak desk, and wait for someone to pick up the phone.

“Firefighter Oswald.” The voice at the other end says, as he breathlessly answers the phone.

“Hi, my name is Anders Maxwell, I am the CEO of Maxwell Enterprises.” I begin.

“Aye, I know who you are, we cannot do your fire certificate till next week mate.” He huffs out at me.

sh!t, they all know my name. Normally this would please me, but right now, it’s of no help what-so-ever.

“No, got that sorted a couple of days ago. I am calling for another reason. I am hiring staff and I was recommended a lady who I cannot get in touch with. I believe her home burnt down earlier this week and she has no phone or an address so I can offer her an interview. I was wondering if you have any details for her so I can get in touch. I know it is a long shot, but I am deadly serious when I say, I want to offer this woman a job.” I ramble at him, hoping he will throw me a bone.

“What was the address of the fire?” Firefighter Oswald asks.

I tell him the address that is on the C.V. Brian sent over and he goes quiet.

“Yeah, that was dealt with by us, nasty fire, levelled the place. It was Red Watch who attended; however, I have no details for the victim. Thinking about it though, I do believe there was a collection, and they took some money to her. Normally it is Firefighter Josie Edwards who deals with that, she will be back on shift Tuesday, if you want to try your luck then.”

At the mention of my feisty firefighter’s name, my length instantly goes half-mast, and I take a sharp intake of breath. I mean seriously, what are the odds?

“I will call back then, cheers.” I say, before putting down the phone.

I am half pleased, and half panicked, because I have a feeling Josie would rather run into another burning building than give me the information I need, and I definitely think she will presume this some type of trick on my part.

The flip side of the coin could work in my favour though. Maybe she will see me in a new light, rather than just the arrogant arsehole she thinks I am. I mean, she is not wrong; I can be just that if I am honest, but you do not get to where I am in business by playing nice. I can only hope she sees I genuinely want to help this Lucy Dixon, and I can gain some brownie points. The fact that this woman is perfect for the job is just gravy at this point.

Ah, who am I kidding, she will hate me no matter what I do or say, but still, I can dream.

I swivel my chair and look out of the office window; the River Wear winds its way from the North Sea inland. Today, it is as still as glass; the sun in the sky is high. Glancing up at my clock on the wall, I see it is 3pm. I know this is the first full day in the office, but to be honest, there is not a lot happening on a Friday afternoon, and after the week I have had, I am ready to kick back and relax at home.

I head out into the open plan office, where a couple of my new staff are sat at their desks, basically setting up their space and email accounts.

I clear my throat, "Right, you can all finish up for the weekend. See you all Monday morning when we will begin our first full week hitting the ground running," I tell them.

Heading back into my office, I grab my suit jacket, pick up the keys for my Porsche 911, and let the receptionist who's name I still don't remember, know to lockup when everyone is gone, and head into the carpark.

I take the top off my car, after all, the weather is warm, an uncommon occurrence here, and get in, driving off over the Wearmouth bridge. I head round onto the coast road, past Seaburn Beach towards Cleadon Village. I pull the car to a stop at the set of pedestrian traffic lights, as I wait for the people to cross the road, probably all going to the fish and chip shop, which honestly have the best fish and chips I have ever tasted, even in the highest-class restaurants, nothing can match the ones from Queens Café. I glance over to the beach, and my heart literally stops.

On the beach, with the giant man, and the grey-haired bozo along with some other men, is Josie, she is laughing, as she rubs sun cream into the giant's back, that looks to have a massive scar on it. sh!t, is she with him? Is he the reason she is resisting me? Jealousy descends like a cloud in my mind, and as a result, I place my foot on the accelerator pedal to hard, revving the

engine loudly, as I pull away, only to see her turn and stare, shock all over her gorgeous face.

fvck!