

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 15 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Ben's POV

I let out a yawn as I pour my morning coffee. Taking a sip, I let the scalding liquid ignite my senses, waking me from the sleep-fog. Last night I was restless. Once more I was haunted by visions of the past. I should be thankful I have had a reprieve the past few nights, but as soon as I am not working, or busy with the guys, the past jumps up and bites me on the a.ss once more.

I let out a deep breath as I push two slices of bread into the toaster and wait for them to pop back up. I need to do something. I was just going to wait for Josie to arrive to pick up her car, then head to the mothers, but I am needing a distraction this morning, and the best one I know is exercise.

I know Josie will be swimming this morning. It is her go-to for her fitness regimen, so I pick up my phone and drop her a text.

Ben – Hey, you are probably in the pool, but when you get this, I am heading to the gym at the Aquatic centre, so I will give you a lift back to pick up your car. So, if you are finished before me hang around in the café, please xx .

I finish off the coffee, then b.utter the hot toast. Taking a bite as I make my way back upstairs to change into my workout clothes, before heading out the door to my car.

As I pull into the carpark at the rear of the Aquatic centre, I walk round the side of the large building. I stop suddenly as I sp0t a blue Porsche 911. I mean there are not many of those around Sunderland, so I instantly know it'll be that arsehole.

Pulling out my phone, I look to see if Josie has returned my message, but as yet, she is to even read it, which kind of says to me she is swimming. I just hope this guy is not giving her ha.ssle or stalking her.

Stalking her — that is a bit rich coming from me at the moment, especially after I spent most of yesterday walking up-and-down the shops on Southwick Road just up from where Lucy Dixon is staying, hoping for a glimpse of her again. Yeah, I never go to that place, but I spent three whole hours walking up-and-down the street, going in every shop other than the barbers and the dog grooming place. I even visited a party shop and looked at balloons,

before heading into B&M ending up buying a cheap toilet brush, and some plastic plates, ... not that I needed them.

Realising I was behaving irrationally, I forced myself to head back home before I turned into that creepy perv who was a contestant on the Special Forces – Have You Got What It Takes show, with me. He had taken a shine to an instructor and would stand by her bed watching her sleep. Yeah, that is not what I have goals to become, so I gave my head a wobble and decided that enough-was-enough and put all thoughts of seeing that girl again, out of my mind.

Although the dreams of Lucy were far better than the one I had last night!

I enter through the double doors and turn right before scanning into the gym. Then grabbing my water bottle, and bottle of disinfectant spray to clean the machines before-and-after I use them, I make my way over to the cross trainer, and begin a punishing cardio regimen, before hitting the weights.

The sweat was dripping down my back, as I lifted larger-and-larger weights, focusing on my breathing, clearing my mind from the images which haunt it. Exhausted I place the weights back into the cradle, taking a gulp of water, before spraying down the bench and the bar. My muscles were screaming for mercy, and I knew, due to my frustration, I had pushed myself a little too far, which I would pay for tomorrow. Still, I had Monday off; not back on shift till 18:00 hours Tuesday night. I reach into my bag and grab my phone, and see Josie has text back.

Josie – Hey, just in the café now, the arsehole is here, for once he is not being a complete d!ckwad. Xxx

So, the Porsche was his then; I figured as much. I decide to forgo the shower, and take one at home, so I might get to Josie and deliver an intervention if she needed me to. Although the way that man gets under her skin, and the way he is doing everything he can to provoke a reaction, is a little like boys on the playground pulling the pigtails of the girls they like.

I grab my holdall and sling it over my shoulder, wincing slightly as the muscles in my shoulder burn, then head out of the gym section and into the small cafeteria.

I see Josie sat opposite her nemesis at the silver circular table in the centre of the area. Is she blushing? Yes, yes she is, and twirling her blonde hair around

her finger! Woah, guess my friend does have the hots for him after all. I called it! With a grin on my face, I walk over.

“Hey, ready when you are.” I grin at her.

Anders Maxwell visually stiffens when he sees me, his mouth forming into a hard line, and I have to suppress the chuckle at his reaction. Yeah, he likes her, it is as clear as day.

“Hi Ben, yeah, nearly done, however grab a drink, you might want to hear this.” Josie smiles up at me.

Nodding I pull up a chair, and grab my water bottle, taking a sip, then wait for one of them to speak.

“So, remember our victim from the house fire?” Josie smiles wide at me.

fvck, do I ever remember that beautiful girl. I am trying hard to forget her before she has to get a restraining order! I jest, but there is kind of a fine line of truth in that, because after yesterday, I am seriously worried about myself.

“Yeah.” I simply answer hoping not to give away my interest too much.

“Well, Mr. Maxwell here wants to offer her a job. Apparently, she was recommended, but he has no way of getting in touch with her. I cannot remember where she was staying, but you dropped off the collection money, so do you think you can pass over his phone number?” Josie asked.

Get in! I have a valid reason to go knock on that door again and see her! My heart pounds in my chest at the thought, and my resolve to forget the girl goes out of the window, in fact, it smashes the symbolic window into smithereens.

“Yeah, I will do it this afternoon if you want.” I reply, a little too quickly, making Josie frown slightly, then smirk at me.

“So, what is the job?” I turn and ask Anders Maxwell, just so I can avoid Josie’s scrutiny of my quick reaction.

“Business Development Manager. I know her old Sales Director; he recommended her. They have made all their staff redundant the other day, so not only did she lose her house, but also her job. I understand she has

nothing left, and no phone. She is just the type of person I need, and I trust Brian's word. I want to interview her, not just for the BDM position, as I have seen her results from her old place of work, and would employ her now without a second thought, but I also need a Sales Director, and I want to interview her with a thought to possibly offering her that position, if she is suitable. Can you help?"

I nod at the man, who actually seems decent underneath that asshole façade he has been displaying. For that reason, I am going to throw him a bone.

"Yeah sure, if you give Josie your number, I will make sure Lucy gets it today. When should I tell her to call you?" I ask.

"Anytime; she can ring today if she wants, I know she doesn't have a phone." Anders shrugs.

"Yeah, I will let her use mine. So, if you text Josie the details, she can forward them to me." I smiled.

Josie is currently giving me daggers and I suppress the smirk I want to throw her way. She can thank me, or kill me, ... later.

"Give Mr. Maxwell your phone Josie." I grin as she scowls at me, and reluctantly passes her phone to the man.

After Anders puts his number in her phone, then drops himself a text from it, he passes it back to her.

"I will text you all the details when I get home. Now I do not want to disturb your date-day any longer so I will get off." Anders states, pulling back his chair and standing up.

Oh, he is fishing; he wants to know if we are together. I look at Josie, who shakes her head, but her mouth is hanging open like she is trying to catch flies, not knowing what to say.

"Oh, we aren't dating, she is like my sister, that would be like ... incest." I grin.

I watch as the tension leaves Anders Maxwell's shoulders and he gives a nod, then turns to leave.

"What the hell Ben?!" Josie turns on me.

“Don’t know what you mean.” I shrug.

“Come on, let’s go; I need to shower, then once you get the information, I will head over and see if Lucy is at home. I think this will be good news for her, and the asshole has seriously gone up in my estimation.” I grin at her.

I wave Josie off, as she pulls out of the drive, then head up to my bathroom, and jump into the shower. My heart is beating out of my chest, and fuck if I am not nervous about seeing Lucy again. So much for putting her out of my mind! After that conversation with Anders Maxwell that girl is front-and-centre in my thoughts, and she is consuming not only my brain but other parts of my body, which are now standing to attention at the thought of seeing her again.

I really need to get this lust under control. I cannot go see her with a raging hard on, so I grab my thick, hard, length and begin to pump. Thoughts of those hazel eyes, her long brown hair, the memory of her naked body slung over my shoulder, fill my mind as I work myself up into a frenzy. Finally, the release comes, and I place my hand against the white tiles of the shower, breathless. The hot streams of water wash away the evidence of my lust filled activity, and I grab the shower gel, and begin to scrub my body, before rinsing off and stepping out of the shower and walking to my bedroom.

I ponder on what I should wear, after all, I don’t want to look like I have made too much of an effort, I grab a pair of black denims and a grey plain t-shirt, then run my fingers through my short black hair, before pulling on a pair of trainers, and grabbing my keys I head off to the car, which was parked on the side of the road. I drive down the street and pull in at the Territorial Army centre to spin the car round, then head back up the road in the direction of where Lucy was staying.

Taking a breath, I pull up outside the pebble dashed house once more, then get out of the car, hesitating for just a second, before I knock on the door. I really hope after all this, she is in. I guess I am about to find out.