

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 16 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

### Lucy's Point of View

My head slumps forward from sheer exhaustion. Sleeping on a couch when you are recovering is not ideal. Although I am grateful to my brother for him putting me up, this situation is fast becoming unliveable. When Cal is home, it is much better, but as soon as he leaves for work Samantha starts with her sh!t. She is tired, so takes herself to bed, leaving me with two toddlers to look after, even though she knows I am physically and emotionally a wreck.

The icing on the cake was this morning, as soon as Cal left to go to the pub and start his 12-hour shift, she bounces down the stairs and proceeded to berate me stating I was taking the piss if I thought I could live there and not pay my way. I know things are tough for my brother, so I had agreed with him to pay him money for my food, plus a little extra to help him out when I left hospital. Only Samantha is not happy, and proceeded to demand £500 per month to live there, and give the money to her, not Cal. To put that into perspective the rent on the house I lived in was £600, she then told me I had to pay a further £50 per week for food, and I had to look after her kids, even though she doesn't work herself.

Don't get me wrong I love my niece and nephew, but they are a handful, plus they get up at 5am every morning, when Samantha brings them downstairs, then leaves them with me whilst she goes to get some sleep, or get ready, returning four or five hours later, only to say she is going out with her friends. She then leaves the kids with me for the rest of the day, returning well after their bedtime, just before Cal comes home from his work. I am exhausted, money is running out fast, and I still cannot get hold of my landlord.

I just need something to change and fast. I really cannot live here, yet I have nowhere to go, and with no job, I cannot pay her what she wants and save up for another bond on a home.

Tears begin to form in my eyes again, when a knock at the door brings me round. Sighing I stand up, because Samantha is once more taking a nap, and go to answer it.

As I open the door, I literally gasp, he is back. Ben stood looking like a giant Greek god, in Black denims and grey t-shirt that moulds to his large muscles, making my mouth water. I cannot control my heart doing a happy dance. This

drop-dead gorgeous bear of a man who is every bit the hero, not just because of what he does, or the fact that he saved my life, but because he took time out of his busy life to deliver the clothes and some much needed money the other day. Ben, my firefighter, the one happy thought I keep having every single day since the day he rescued me.

“Hey,” I croak out, my throat still feeling like a hot poker had been rammed down it when I speak.

“Hi, sorry to disturb you, but do you have a minute?” Ben says, his grey eyes trailing up and down my body before they fix on my face.

Wow, his stare is doing something to my senses, and I feel goosebumps erupt all over my body as I lose the ability to speak, and it is nothing to do with my painful throat.

I simply nod, as Kristie pokes her little head between my legs to look up at who was at the door.

“Yeah, sorry. Come in,” I croak, looking around, hoping Samantha doesn’t come down and kick off for me having a guest, and his knock waking her up from her much required sleep.

“Would you like a coffee?” I ask him.

“Yeah, sure.” Ben states, looking around the small living room.

“How are you feeling?” he asks me.

“I am okay.” I answer, although just one look at me and you can see I am as far removed from being okay as a person can be.

“WHO’S AT THE DOOR?” Samantha bellows down the steep stairs from her bedroom.

I am unable to shout back up due to my throat, and I let out a sigh.

“OI, I SAID WHO IS AT MY DOOR, YOU THINK YOU fvcking\*g OWN THIS PLACE?” She shouts again.

I lower my head, shame flooding over me, as I tear my gaze away from the gorgeous grey eyes and mouth ‘sorry’.

“Hey, how about I take you for that coffee, as the owner of this place clearly is uncomfortable with me being here.” Ben smiles down at me. “I have some really good news for you,” he adds.

I simply nod, then go and get the denim jacket, that was part of the clothes gifted to me by his work colleague the other day.

I swallow, as I attempt to shout up the stairs, but my voice comes out in a croak.

“I am going out for a bit; your children need you,” I say, the sarcastic tone clear even with my croaky voice.

“Oi I let you live here; you cannot swan off when I need my rest.” Samantha bellows as she moves down the stairs faster than I have ever seen her move before, clearly wanting a fight.

Samantha stops in her tracks when she sees the giant firefighter, who fills the room, staring at her.

“I am sorry, but I need to speak with Miss Dixon regarding the fire, the details of which should not be discussed in the presence of your small children. I am sure you understand.” Ben tells her, his face a stoic mask, and his baritone voice full of authority, that causes my lady bits to pulse in my leggings.

He places his large hand on the small of my back and gently steers me towards the door, leaving Samantha speechless, and my body feeling like fireworks are exploding all over it from his touch.

As we step out of the door onto the path, Ben clicks the button on his key fob to unlock the doors, and then opens the door for me, before walking around the car, giving what looks like a death glare in the direction of Samantha who is stood open-mouthed at the door, holding onto Kirstie as she tries to follow me into the street.

Ben pulls the car away, then heads back onto Southwick Road.

“Sorry about that.” I whisper, feeling my face burning with embarrassment.

“Don’t be.” He turns and smiles before looking back at the road.

“Now, tell me no if you like, I will not be offended. But I have news of a job that you may be interested in, and the boss of the company would like to speak with you today. I know you don’t have a phone. So, if you like, I live at Seaburn, we can go to the beach whilst I talk to you about it, then we can go to mine for the coffee, and you can use my phone to call him, in private. If you feel uncomfortable, we can find a coffee shop, or I can call my mother over, so you feel safe.” Ben tells me.

I glance over at him, his chivalry causing my ovaries to explode. He is a relative stranger, and this is probably an idiotic decision, but I feel safe with him. Not sure if that is because he has already saved my life and helped me more than anyone else since the fire, or if it is because my heart is pounding in my chest at the possibility of being alone with him, but I do not think for one second, he would do anything to hurt me.

“Yeah, that is fine.” I croak out in a whisper.

“Okay, sit back and relax your voice. Smoke inhalation is a killer on the vocal cords.” He smiles at me again, and I feel myself blush as he looks back to the road.

We pull up onto the drive of the large semi-detached home. It is more what you would expect a family to live in rather than a single man, and suddenly my stomach dips, maybe he has a wife and kids. Then I remember he offered for his mother to come over, so I grasp at that little bit of hope, but knowing my luck, his wife will be at work or something. Surely this amazing, handsome and genuinely nice man will have been snapped up years ago.

He steps out of the car, then runs around and opens my door. As I get out, he shuts it behind me, and locks the car door, then leads me down towards the path. He lives not far from the beach, in fact I can see the sea from here, and we head off towards promenade. The sea air feels refreshing. The sounds of kids having fun, and seagulls squawking fills the air. It feels so good to be out of the pokey house, and I feel my body begin to relax.

“So... Lucy, do you mind if I call you Lucy?” He asks with the most panty-melting smile I have ever seen.

My heart is now pounding in my chest; my panties are becoming uncomfortably moist just at the sound of my name on his lips.

“Not at all.” I croak out.

“Well, I am Ben.” He grins down at me.

I offer a smile, as once more this man has rendered me speechless, and as before it has nothing to do with my burning throat.

“So, as I mentioned, I think there is a job opportunity for you.” Ben smiles once more as we walk down onto the beach. I take my shoes off, feeling the soft sand between my toes, and let out a contented sigh. This is the most relaxed I have felt in what feels like forever, if I am being honest, since even before the fire. What is it about this man that does things to my body with one look, but also makes me feel safe, secure, and totally relaxed in his presence, even though I do not know him?

“We had dealings with Mr. Maxwell, he is the CEO of Maxwell Enterprises, and owns a publishing company which he is just setting up just outside the city centre,” Ben tells me.

I nod, yes. I know of Anders Maxwell and his new business venture. He managed to take all the chambers of commerce I used to sell advertising space in their publications for. Brian had said he would speak for me. If this is legit, it would be a dream come true and an answer to my prayers.

“Well, someone you worked for reached out to him, told him of your situation. Mr. Maxwell couldn’t get hold of you, but he saw my colleague Josie today at the Aquatic Centre. He asked her if we had any way of getting in touch with you. He said that he wants to interview you, and to give him a call, today if possible, so he can go through the details. She let me know, so I popped round hoping you would be in.” Ben smiled.

The smile on my face tells him that I am more than a little happy about this information, but then I stop in my tracks.

“I cannot go back to work for at least another week.” I croak to him.

“No, you cannot, your health comes first Lucy. However, he is aware of the fire, and that you were in hospital, so I don’t think that will be a problem. You can find out when you call him. Now, I know from personal experience, that Ice cream is one of the best pain remedies for your throat.” Ben grins, then leads me back up onto the promenade to the small Minchella’s Ice Cream van.

I smile up at him, yes, the nurse said she had looked after him, when he was injured in a fire, and I cannot help but wonder what had happened to him.

“Two ninety-nines’ please.” Ben asks the man in the van, then turns to me with a smile.

“Monkey’s blood?” Ben turns to ask me.

I shake my head,

“No thank you.” I smile.

The raspberry sauce a lot of people love over their ice cream really is not my taste, not even as a kid, and I often wondered if it was because locally everyone referred to it as monkey’s blood.

Ben pays the vendor, then hands me the large ice cream with a flake stuffed in the side.

“Thank you,” I whisper up at him.

“I agree with you, monkey’s blood is not needed on the top of a Minchella’s Ice Cream, to me it overpowers the creamy vanilla taste.” Ben grins, as he licks his ice cream.

I freeze momentarily unable to take my eyes off his tongue as he licks the delicious ice cream, wondering what that tongue would feel like licking my body. My cheeks burn when I realise, I am being a total pervert, and I quickly look down and begin to eat my own cornet, as Ben looks down at me, and his own face begins to blush, and I lower my head feeling like an idiot, because I have obviously made this amazing man feel very uncomfortable. What the hell was I thinking?