

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 2 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Davey's POV

Sitting on the long sofa in the common room of the fire station, I look at the clock. The 'Red Watch' shift officially starts in thirty minutes, but as usual I am early, taking the time to relax, and set myself up for the day. It has become my ritual, of sorts, and although I would deny being superstitious, if I do not have my half-an-hour reading the local newspaper at the beginning of a shift, be it day or night, something always feels off for the rest of the shift.

Josie walks into the room, as always, she is cheery, she is the only female firefighter on our watch. Her long legs go on for miles, her sandy coloured hair scraped back, she is, in a prudential light, a beautiful woman, but none of us see her as such, to us she is our little sister, and we avidly protect her.

Before the 'burn your b.ra' brigade gets on their high horse about me being chauvinistic with that comment, let me explain. No one protects her, more than we do each other, when on a shout. Josie is more than capable of doing her job, better than most, truth be told. No, we protect her from underserving male attention. I must admit to feeling a little sorry for whoever she decides to embark on a relationship with, they will have to run the gauntlet of five overprotective work colleagues who will all want to know what his intentions are with her.

"Davey, have you heard?" Josie asks with a smile.

"What?" My voice gruff, she knows I hate to be disturbed during my reading half-hour.

"Big Ben is back to work; he starts back this shift." Josie claps happily.

I nod my head, and return to reading the Sunderland Echo, as the sound of scraping echoes around the room. I roll my eyes, I know what Josie is doing without looking, she is hanging the welcome back banner, and I shake my head slightly, wondering if she is going to break out the cakes as well for his return.

Micky 'Headache' Smith walks in sighing, as he does at the beginning of every shift.

“Morning,” I greet him, not raising my eyes from my paper.

“Morning, I have a pounding headache this morning.” Micky states, as he slumps his shoulders and heads towards the locker room.

“That’s a surprise,” I sarcastically answer. He always has a ‘headache’ or ‘belly ache’, hence his nick name.

“Big Ben is back today,” he shouts over his shoulder.

“Yeah, I got the memo,” I answer, returning to read the news.

Next to arrive is John ‘Wayne’ Hudson. He nods at everyone. The lad is relatively new to the watch, coming to us a year or so ago. Although he is born and bred in Sunderland, his Mackem accent is tinged with a slight American twang, caused by constantly watching too many ‘YouTube’ videos from the USA in his spare time. Following him in is Billy “Twinkle Toes” Oliver, our very own ballroom dancer, he would say his ‘Mrs’ forces him to go, but we all gate crashed his lesson once and I don’t believe that sh!t for one minute; he was loving his life.

“Twinkle, Pa.ss me the drawing pins please?” Josie shouts from the top of her ladder.

“Whatever you do Davey, don’t get up to help!” Wayne shouts over a he runs to hold Josie’s ladder as she precariously hangs on the edge, stretching to pin the banner in place.

Shrugging my shoulders nonchalantly, I continue to concentrate, or attempt to, on my newspaper. Nothing and nobody can make me change my routine; it has served me well over the years. Laugh if you want; I don’t care.

Station Officer Webber walks out of his office, his hands on his hips as he looks around the room, then without a word nods his approval before heading back into his domain.

The doors open once more, and I know who it is before looking, Big Ben Bishop.

“Welcome back!” Josie shouts, always head of the welcoming committee.

“Great to see you, Ben!” Headache grins at him

“Happy y’all back.” Wayne shouts over.

“Josie baked cakes!” Twinkle grins, he loves anything sweet, and if you don’t get your fill before he hits the baked goods tin, you are not getting any.

Josie gets off the ladder and kicks the bottom of my foot. However, I do not respond. Don’t get me wrong, I like Ben, he is a good guy, but after failing two psychological tests, I am not sure I am happy he is back. In this job you need to trust your fellow firefighters completely, and I am not sure I can do that. Say what you like about me, I am a straight up guy, I say what I think, and I am never two faced.

Josie kicks my foot again, and I look up over the top of my newspaper as “Yellow Watch” all make their way out of the fire station, indicating we are officially on duty.

“Are you fit to work with us Ben?” I ask the question which is on everyone’s mind, but nobody has the balls to ask.

“I wouldn’t be here if I wasn’t.” Ben states, before smiling and thanking Josie for all her efforts.

An awkward silence fills the room, as Josie glares at me.

“I am only asking what the rest of you are thinking.” I shrug. I know Ben will not be offended, hell he would probably ask the same if the boot was on the other foot.

“Listen, I am good, I am fit, and mentally strong.” Ben addresses the room, as Station officer Webber walks back into the common room.

“Bishop, welcome back” he says with a nod, then walks to the centre, ready to start the morning meeting.

“Right, a couple of things, Twinkle, Wayne and Headache, you are on clean up duty, and cooking. Josie, Ben and Davey, you three are heading to the local primary school, to do a talk with the kids about fire safety. Be there for 11am, You know the drill,” he tells us.

“The school is not far from the station, so if we get a shout, we can easily follow the engine.” Josie grins happily, then runs to the cupboard. She loves the community program stuff we do.

“Here, Davey, you’re in the costume today.” She grins wickedly at me.

“What, why am I in it?” I say, with a groan, looking at the giant costume of ‘Fireman Sam’.

“Because Fireman Sam likes children to play nice, and you need to learn how to play nice.” She sasses back at me, then grins up at Ben, who chuckles at her.

With a huff I put down my newspaper, then head to the bathroom to escape the ‘Happy Ben’s Back’ brigade and splash some cool water on my face. After all, if I am going into that god-awful suit, I am going to need to cool down; you sweat like a b\*\*\*h in heat when wearing the thing. Looking into the mirror, I slick back my grey hair, at 32 I have turned prematurely grey, I once dyed it; never again. Plus, most of the ladies love a silver fox.

Taking a breath and hoping the ‘Ben’ fan club has calmed down I head back into the common room, where Twinkle is cooking up a storm making breakfast. When the bell rings, everything stops. Each of us run to the pole, grabbing hold and sliding down. Then picking up our boots which sit outside the engine, we bundle ourselves inside, as ‘Headache’ jumps in the driver’s seat, and turns on the sirens, driving out of the garage. Making the short turn past the local food store and McDonald’s, then taking a left at the roundabout, and heading down Durham Road, I pull on my fire suit, as each of us gets ready.

“Kid got his head stuck in the railings at Barnes Park.” Josie shouts, as the info comes in from dispatch.

An audible breath releases around each of us. That is an easy shout to attend to; better than what we sometimes face. As Headache pulls the engine to a stop, sure enough a boy of around 5 or 6 has his head stuck, his mother standing beside him panicking slightly.

“I am so, sorry, I cannot get him out!” she cries apologetically.

“Don’t worry, we will have him free in a jiffy.” Josie smiles.

I run round the side of the engine and pull out the hydraulic spreader, as Josie reassures the boy, who quite frankly thinks the whole thing is cool, and is not as panicked as his poor mother. Ben talks too her, helping keep her calm, as I walk over and with Twinkle keeping the boy still, and Josie talking to him, I attach the equipment onto the railing, and pull it apart, before going to the other side and doing the same.

The boy is freed, and reunited with his mother, who is busy thanking us all, and telling him off. She looks up at me, and my stomach lurches, what the hell! Kathline, my first ever girlfriend who was a couple of years below me at school is stood, looking like a million dollars, her red hair hanging in soft curls to her shoulders, a tight black pencil skirt showcasing the longest legs I have ever seen, the buttons on her white blouse strain slightly across her ample breasts. As a girl, she was pretty. As a woman, she is smoking hot.

“Davey?” she asks, looking shocked to see me.

“Yeah, Kathline, long time, no see,” I smile at her.

“God, yeah, not since we left school.” She smiles, and my length twitches in my pants.

“You are looking good,” I tell her, because let’s face it, there is no denying that.

“Thanks.” A small blush creeps onto her cheeks, making the twitch in my pants go half chub.

“Mam, I am going to be late for School!” her young son shouts.

“Yes, okay, well nice to see you again Davey, and thanks for this.” She smiles motioning to the railings with her hand.

“Yeah, bye.” Is all I can say, after all, what else is there to say, she is clearly married with a kid, but god damn it, if I wish she wasn’t.

I climb back into the big red engine, and strip off my protective clothes.

“So, who was that?” Wayne asks.

“A girl I went to school with.” I shrug as if my world did not just shift on its axis, as my heart races quicker than when I do tower drills in full apparatus.

“You are looking good.” Josie quips giggling at me.

Shaking my head, I look out of the window, as we drive slowly back up to the station.

“Ha, Davey is blushing,” Twinkle shouts with a laugh.

“fvck off,” I bite back, only to realise my mistake, I have shown them they have got to me, and now I will have to put up with the piss take all day, if not all week.

“Small kid pointing and waving at the bus stop, holding onto a pushchair with his mother or grandmother,” I shout.

All of us wave back at the boy no more than 3 years old, as Headache flashes the lights and puts the siren on for a couple of seconds for him. His little face beams with joy, as his mother or grandmother smiles and waves her appreciation.

We arrive back at the station, and head up the stairs, as Twinkle re-lights the burners and continues to make our breakfast. I look at the clock, it is only 9am, let’s hope we can get some food before the next shout comes in.

After eating the disgusting egg and bacon b.uttty Twinkle made, Josie hops over to me.

“Hey, time to get in the suit.” She laughs.

Groaning, I get up and head into the locker room, to put the infernal ‘Fireman Sam’ suit on. As I walk out all of them are waiting for me.

“You are looking good.” They all shout, pissing themselves laughing. They are a bunch of bastards like that, but hey if I am honest, I am just as bad, if not worse.

“Yeah, yeah.” I gr0an back, as Josie heads down to the Fire Investigation Unit van.

“We are taking this, rather than the full engine.” Josie informs us, as she jumps in to drive, big Ben beside her with his bulging muscles, and me stuck on the end of the bench, dressed as fireman fvcking\*g Sam, and we head off

to the primary school, as Ben smirks and begins to hum that bastard program's theme tune. Guess he is fit for work, after all!