

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 41 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View

As I lay in bed, curled up like a burrito in my covers even though it is far to hot, I cannot help but feel a mixture of relief and disappointment wash over me.

Relief, because today I was scared out of my wits about Ben and that fire. Although I had played it down, because he did not need the extra weight of worrying about me, worrying about him on his shoulders. I had not lied to him, I had worked through the whole school fire fiasco, but I also had the radio on in the office so I could listen to what was happening. Anders had paced the floor, letting out a growl every now and then, it is clear to me, that he thinks a lot about Josie.

Work was great, the only person I feel will be an issue is the receptionist, Linda, who thinks she is a cut above the rest of us and is constantly trying to think up excuses to get into Anders office. The silly woman is making herself a laughingstock because both Sarah and John, who work in the sales office with me, were saying things like 'oh here she is again, something important the boss must know about that requires her to stick her t**s out a little further.' I had of course nipped the comments in the bud, given I am the sales director, but I cannot deny they have a point, and it is clear as day that Anders is not interested, hell, she is the only person in the place he makes call him Mr. Maxwell.

The disappointment I feel, is because as lovely as this bedroom is, and as happy as I am sleeping here, I really want to be sleeping next to Ben. I know it may sound silly, but since coming back from our night in Lumley Castle, our relationship has strengthened so much, yet still he treats me like glass at bedtime. I understand he doesn't wish to push me or make me uncomfortable, and I respect him so much for that. But, at the end of the day, I just want to be asleep in his arms like that night, because as crazy as it sounds, I miss him. The feeling is even stronger tonight, because after the fear of today, I could do with the extra reassurance that he is okay, because I was worried sick.

Huffing I turn over, willing sleep to come, but my brain is awake, playing over the day on repeat, and I can get zero rest.

I need to find a way to sleep, because I have work tomorrow, so I get out of bed, and quietly potter down to the kitchen to make a hot chocolate. I place

the milk in the pan, and begin to heat it up, when I feel two large strong arms wrap around me from behind.

“You couldn’t sleep either?” Ben’s low gravelly voice asks.

“No, the day kept playing over in my head,” I sigh out, and spin round wrapping my own arms around him, laying my head on his rock-hard bare chest, and let out an involuntary sigh of contentment.

He bends down and places a soft kiss on the top of my head, then holds me a little tighter, as we remain like that in a peaceful silence, until the sound of milk boiling over the pan hisses.

“Oops, sorry,” I say, then move out of his warm embrace and switch off the milk, grabbing some kitchen roll to clean up the mess.

“Lucy, leave that, I will do it, you get to bed, and I will bring you the hot chocolate up.” Ben smiles down at me.

“No, I will do this, you go back to bed; I will bring up the hot chocolate.” I smile back round at him.

Yes, I have a sneaky plan, to take the drink to his bedroom, and hope he asks me to sit with him and drink it, then possibly accidentally on purpose doze off beside him. I wish I was more confident just to say what I want, but honestly, with Ben, although he feels like home, is loving, caring, and the most amazing man ever, after the rejection that was not really a rejection at the hotel, I am feeling a little bit uneasy when it comes to this stuff.

Am I ready to go all the way with him? No, and he was right to stop things, but I am ready to maybe share a bed, cuddle up, and do other things, I just don’t know how to voice that without sounding like a hussy.

Ben chuckles, and nods at me, before making his way back up the stairs. I quickly make the two hot drinks, and make sure everything is turned off, then head up to his bedroom. A nervous excitement fills me with each step towards his bedroom, and I have to stop outside the door, and take a deep breath for courage. I walk in to find him sat up in his bed, he is the most gorgeous man I have ever seen, his large chest on full display, along with the splattering of tattoos, that makes my lady parts weep with satisfaction and need. His black

hair is tussled slightly, the scruff on his jaw slightly longer than it was this morning. Grey eyes swirling with desire greet me, and I forget how to breathe, as I momentarily freeze.

“Would you come lay beside me Lucy, whilst we drink the drinks?” his baritone voice shyly asks me.

I lose the ability to speak as excitement causes my stomach to do the ‘Riverdance’ and just nod my head, my body humming with anticipation of being next to him once more in a bed.

Placing the cups down on the beside table, Ben throws back the covers, and moves a long a little bit as I nervously climb in beside him. His arm wraps around my shoulder, as his calloused fingers softly trace up and down my arm, as he lets out a contented sigh. I nervously take a sip of the hot chocolate, wondering what I should say, or if I should just remain quiet.

It is so confusing; they never show this side of things in the romance films I like to watch, they always seem to know what to do and say, whereas I am just a nervous i***t right now.

“I was worried today.” His voice breaks the silence.

I turn and look at him, waiting for him to continue, his face is a contorted mixture of heady emotions, fear the most prominent.

“When the news came through it was a school and kids were inside, I was worried that I would freeze and be unable to do my job.” Ben let’s out a long breath.

“Did you? Freeze I mean?” I hesitantly ask him.

“No, once I was on scene the b.utton in my head was pressed, and I got on with the job. But then I worried again.” He turns to me, pinning me with his grey eyes.

“Why?” My voice is barely a whisper as I squirm slightly under his intense gaze that is causing my already weeping lady bits to cry a river.

“That if it all went wrong, I would not see you again,” he whispered.

I blink repeatedly, the comment both giving me joy, but also making my heart break as I hate that he was worried.

“Then I was worried again, that once I got home, I would shut down, or have a delayed reaction. Driving home was horrible Lucy, I was shaking like a leaf, my heart pounding, and I thought I was going to have a full-on PTSD attack, but then when I walked in the house and saw you cooking in the kitchen, hearing you humming to yourself, everything disappeared, and I instantly calmed down. It was the strangest yet most satisfying feeling ever.”

I feel my cheeks begin to heat, knowing that I was blushing, I lower my head down, feeling embarrassed that I was ... well ... embarrassed.

“Lucy, don’t hide your blushes from me, I happen to love them.” Ben chuckles at me, gently placing a finger under my chin and tilting my head back up so our eyes meet. Oh hell, my heart sounds like a heard of horses are galloping about, it is beating so fast.

He likes my blushes, well he said, ‘love them’, okay, it is not an I love you, but still, he loves something about me. That is huge, because lately, I get the feeling I may love him. I have never been in love before, so I do not know what it means in reality. I know this is a bit quick to think I am in love, but hell, I cannot deny that the thought of life without him in it is unbearably painful.

“I didn’t lie, I kept myself busy with work, but I did have the radio on all day listening to what was happening. Anders was a mess, pacing his office floor, growling. He was kind of outwardly showing what I was feeling inside, if that makes sense,” I sigh out, admitting to him just how nervous I had been all day.

His arm tightened around my shoulder, as he nodded.

“Lucy, I really hate that you stay in another room to me on a night,” Ben stated, then took a deep breath as if he had said too much.

My heart leaps for joy in my chest, and I turn to look at him.

“I know the feeling,” I whisper, then feel my cheeks burn once more, but this time, I do not hang my head, after all, he loves my blushes.

“I am not being pervy, I just want to hold you on a night,” Ben qualifies.

“I know, me too.” I give him a half smile.

“Not that I don’t want to ... well, you know ... it drives me half crazy at times, but I have so much respect for you Lucy, I would not act on it, until you are ready,” he rambles a bit.

I giggle at him and nod my head. I think about se.x most of the time as well, so I get where he is coming from, and he is the least pervy man I have ever known. Hell, when Cal and I shared a house just after my parents died, I had to change the sheets every morning, from his teenage hormones; now that is pervy!

“I don’t think you’re a pervert, well, if you are one, then I guess I am as well.” I smile up at him.

Ben looks down at me, a low growl emanating from his c.hest, his eyes dilating, as he holds me even tighter to him.

“Lucy, I suppose what I am asking is would you sleep in my bed from now on?” he asked, his voice strained.

“Yes, I would.” I nod at him, again feeling the burn on my cheeks.

“Also, would you please let me know what you are ready to do, or not do?” he whispers softly.

I look at him and nod, he is obviously worried about me, not wanting to push too hard and too fast, and that makes me swoon a little inside, that he is so considerate to my needs.

“Okay, why don’t we just find out what works for us, if I am uncomfortable, I promise to tell you,” I whisper back at him.

“Deal.” Ben laugh’s and holds me closer to his c.hest.

We finish out drinks in a comfortable silence, then place them on the side tables, before we both snuggle up to each other. Ben tells his Alexa to turn off the lights, and we lay holding onto each other, as he places soft k!sses on the top of my head, and I place little ones on his amazing c.hest, until peaceful and contented sleep finally finds us both.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 42 - Tips

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Ben's Point of View

I walk into work, feeling like the weight of the world has been lifted from my shoulders. Waking this morning feeling the softness of Lucy in my arms was heavenly. Her giggle when she felt my morning glory poking into her back as I spooned her was infectious, and only made the hard situation, harder. Her reluctance to kiss me, until she had disappeared into the bathroom, fearful of 'morning breath'. It was just perfect. As I left for work, I gave her one instruction. To move her kit from the guest room, into our bedroom, because that is what it now is, 'Our' room.

Davey is sat in his normal position, scanning the Sunderland Echo, damn, he did not have a copy yesterday, and as much as I would deny it if asked whether I believed that was the reason the day had gone to hell in a handcuff, I cannot help the small sense of relief that he is reading the thing this morning.

"How is Kathline and Andy?" I ask him.

"Andy is a trooper mate. He is in tons of pain, but is being a brave soldier, as his mother calls him. Kathline, she is okay, baring up. I dropped off some clothes for her, this morning. Andy's op isn't going to be for a few days, so I asked the boss, rather than have today as compassionate leave, if I can have that day. He told me to work this morning, then head out to the hospital, then take the day of the op as well." Davey shrugs.

He pretends he isn't bothered, but I can see the flash of gratitude in his eyes. That is one thing about Webber, the man is firm when he needs to be, but is more than fair when it comes to things like this. He understands family comes first, after, as he put it, he fvckngd up his relationship with his ex-wife and kids because he put the job first. He has a young grandson now, and dotes on the kid, making up for the mistakes he made in the past.

"That's good." I smile, then head over to the locker, and place my kit in there.

I look at the door inside, I have no memories or pictures hung like most of the guys do, and I take a look at the picture I had snapped of Lucy asleep this morning on my phone. Damn, she looks so beautiful, she never fails to take my breath away. I determine to send off the picture, and the one of her and I together at Lumley Castle, printed off so I can have them in the door of my locker.

I grab shutting the door, I walk back down towards the common room, as Yellow Watch make their way out the door. After yesterday, the usual banter between the Watches is quiet, and I let out a small sigh.

Josie stands, her hands on her hips, glaring at Headache as he rants at Wayne telling him it is a 'Tap, not a faucet'. She is obviously pissed off that Headache refuses to let Wayne's Americanisms go.

"Headache, leave him alone," Josie tells him, sounding like a pissed off primary school teacher.

"Aye Headache, go take a fvcking*g pain pill will you," Davey shouts.

I am not sure what I have missed, but obviously both Josie and Davey feel like Headache is going too far with his rant to Wayne.

Twinkle walks in, looking more than a little bit pissed off.

"What's up with your face Twinkle?" Davey shouts over.

"Sorry Ben, but your mother had really upset my wife," he states.

I let out a sigh, I am about to say something in the mother's defence, but Davey responds, after all the whole team love my Mam.

"The bigger question is what the fvck did your 'Mrs.' say to make Joanne call out her bullsh!t," Davey shouts over.

I turn to Twinkle and look at him.

"Look, they had words yesterday, because your wife was b!tch-m0aning and complaining about the Family Fun Day, then when Mam referred to you as 'Twinkle' your wife kicked off and slammed the phone down," I state, then sit down.

"Yeah, she is kicking off at me, not wanting to come, and saying I should not want to come either, now she is saying she is not coming because Joanne will be there." Twinkle sighs shaking his head.

"Tell her to grow the fvck up," Josie shouts across.

The whole place sits in stunned silence, it is not like Josie to get involved in this sh!t, she is more like the peacemaker, not one to add fuel to the fire.

“You know, I think it is not just this place and my job she hates, I think it is me,” Twinkle sighs out, looking despondent.

Nobody says a word, because honestly, with the amount of arguing those two do, he is probably right.

Station Officer Webber walks into the room, clearing his throat to command our attention.

“Okay, so news in from the Arson Squad. No surprise but it is confirmed, the fire was deliberately set. Someone had placed accelerant into the kitchen, then lit a match from the far side of the building. The police are on site, however, as always, we have to be careful in case of more attacks. The family Fun Day, is going to proceed as planned, and I want to remind you all that I need who is manning what, on my desk by end of the shift.”

With that he turns and goes back towards his office. A hum echoes around the community room, we all knew it was going to be confirmed, but it doesn't lessen the sting of the word 'arson' nonetheless.

I head down to the garage, and make a start on checking the engine, making sure everything is where it should be, before I give it a good wash down both inside and out. I welcome the mundane task, helping me to put thoughts of arson out of my mind, and focus on far happier thoughts about Lucy.

I find myself wondering how her day is going, if the deal she had talked about last night has come in, also planning a date night for Monday when she is finished work. It cannot be a late one, as Lucy will have work on Tuesday, but I have all day to prepare for it. If the weather is good again, I am thinking of taking a walk up to Whitburn, around the cliffs, and prepare a picnic in one of the small inlets, I am sure she will love it.

I continue to polish the engine, as Twinkle approaches, I could do without his interruption. This thing with his wife and the mother is annoying.

“Hey Ben, sorry for being off this morning. I had no sleep, after the fire, and as the Mrs. was in one of her moods, it was not a good night.” Twinkle apologises.

I nod my understanding, not really replying, the whole thing is just annoying. Of course, I defend my mother, and we all know what Twinkles wife is like. I feel sorry for the poor bloke because it cannot be easy living with the woman.

Finished with the engine I return to the common room, and get some food, before embarking on a game of scrabble with Josie. Today is long, it is quiet, and although I do not want a day like yesterday to happen anytime soon, I find myself wondering if any shout will come in to break the monotony.

“So, you are with Maxwell then?” I question Josie.

She smiles a little before looking up at me.

“He is not quite the arsehole I thought he was. But it is early days, we shall see.” Josie shrugs slightly.

“So how did that happen?” I ask.

Josie lets out a little giggle.

“I blame your mother, she put changing room sex in my head.” She giggles slightly.

Okay, I know I asked, but that is a little bit of too much information.

“Okay, I really don’t want to know.” I chuckle at her.

“How is Lucy?” Josie asks.

“Great, really great. She is enjoying work. Told me Anders was pacing the floor when news came out about the fire yesterday.” I smile at the girl who is like a little sister to me.

“Yeah, he turned up at my house, all hell-and-brimstone, wanting to know if I was okay.” Josie laughed.

“Did that annoy you?” I ask, knowing Josie is fiercely independent.

“Yes, but also turned me on,” Josie whispered.

“Again, too much information.” I laugh at her.

“Right, I am heading over to the hospital,” Davey announces, standing up from his spot.

“Oh, I baked Andy a cake, it is in the fridge,” Josie shouts over to him.

“Where is mine?” Davey chuckles at her.

“There are three of them, one for Kathline as well.” Josie laughs light heartedly, shaking her head.

The afternoon drags on, I did not realise just how much I would miss texting Lucy during our down times, but we set to work on sorting out the banners and stuff for Sunday, given it is so quiet. I am just helping Josie hang up the banners when my phone pings in my pocket. Reaching in, I see Lucy has text, and looking at the time, realise it has just gone 5pm, only an hour to go till I get home and spend the evening on the couch snuggling with my girl.

Lucy – Hi, sorry I will not be home until later tonight. Had a message from Cal, sh!t has hit the fan so going to pop over and make sure the kids and him are okay xxx

Ben – Why what has happened?

Lucy – Samantha has left, gone to live with her friends. She has left the kids without even saying goodbye, the little ones are confused. Xxx

Ben – Do you want me to pick you up when you are finished work?

Lucy- Would you not mind? That would be great. Xxx

Ben – Do not mind at all. Hope he is okay. He and the Kids are better off without her. xxx

Lucy – Thanks, and I know. Xxx

I pull up outside Callum’s house, knocking on the door, Lucy opens it. The place is a lot cleaner and tidier than the last time I was here. The kids are all dressed their little faces clean, and hairs brushed.

“Hey babe, how was your day?” I ask her.

“Great, my deal came in, and I got another big one as well, from a client I had previously worked with. Anders is really happy. If I keep this up, I will hit the

target by end of next week, which means I will soon have the deposit for a house.” She grins up at me.

My stomach sinks, after last night, and her moving into my room, I thought she would be happy to stay with me. I bend down to talk to the kids, to try and hide my utter disappointment but Lucy frowns at me, a questioning look on her face.

“Hey Ben,” Cal states as he comes out of the kitchen, two small plates of meat, potatoes and vegetables in his hands as he sets them down on the small table and gathers the kids up to eat their meal.

“Hi.” I smile at him.

“I asked Cal to come with the kids to the Family Fun Day on Sunday, I hope that is okay,” Lucy asks me.

“Of course it is, I will get some car seats fitted for the little ones, pick you up at around 10 am.” I smile at him.

“Thanks mate. The kids will love it.” Cal smiles down at his little ones.

“How is the work situation?” I asked him.

“Well, I finished at the pub. Trying to find something I can do and childcare for the kids, but it is okay for now, I get to spend some quality time with the little munchkins.” He grins down at the kids.

We spend an hour with Cal and the kids, Lucy helping to bathe them and put them both to bed, before we head back home. Once we get through the front door of the house, I cannot contain myself any longer.

“Lucy. I don’t want you to leave, I want you to stay here,” I say, then hold my breath, praying she feels the same.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 43 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Lucy’s Point of View

Did I just hear him right? No, I must have miss heard him surely! Either that or this is some kind of dream I am about to wake up from.

“Lucy, you are kind of leaving me hanging here babe.” Ben looks at me, a rare flash of nervousness on his perfectly sculpted face.

“Repeat the question please?” I whisper to him, unable to say anything in case I heard him wrong and make a total i***t of myself.

Ben lets out a low chuckle, then takes hold of my waist, his eyes locking with mine.

“I said, I don’t want you to leave, so asked if you would please consider staying here with me, rather than finding your own place. Just to make it very clear, I want you to move in with me permanently.” He grins down at me.

sh!t, he did say what I thought he said. I am not sure why, but a sense of panic begins to bubble up inside me. After all I trust this man with my life, however what people will think of us starts to cloud my judgement.

“Ben, is it not a bit quick to be deciding that?” I whisper, even though my heart is shouting ‘YES, YES, YES,’ my mind is shouting louder, that he may change his mind in a few weeks and to proceed with caution.

“Possibly, but when you know, you just know. Trust me babe, I know.” Ben locks his beautiful grey eyes at me, making my heart skip multiple beats.

I give him a soft smile, lifting my hand to trace the scruff on his face. I desperately want to say yes, but we must be sensible, things could change.

“You might change your mind in a few weeks,” I whisper to him.

“I won’t.” His answer is determined, and filled with confidence, making me want to jump into his arms, wrap my legs around him and dry hump him all the way upstairs. But I don’t do that, this is serious, and I think common sense says to wait before we make that life changing decision.

“Ben,” I begin to whisper to him

“Lucy, before you say anything, how about a compromise?” He looks down at me.

I nod, waiting to hear what he has to say.

"I know this is quick, and I hope that is all that is stopping you from saying yes. So, how about you remain here as planned, putting away your money for a new place, in a few weeks, we revisit this conversation," He asks.

I bit my bottom lip, I know my eyes are wide looking at him, I feel the blush begin on my cheeks. A small smile forms on my lips and I nod.

"Okay, I can agree to that." I smile up at him, as the panic I felt started to subside slightly, knowing he understood my fear.

"Cool, but just so you know, I am going to make it extremely difficult for you to leave. Not in some crazy kidnapping way, but I am determined to show you just how amazing our life together will be." Ben smirks at me, making my heart feel like it was going to burst out of my chest it was beating that loud and fast.

His lips crash into mine, as my arms wrap around his neck, my fingers running through his hair. Biting my bottom lip slightly, I gasp as his tongue invades my mouth, setting my senses on overdrive. My body feels like a million jolts of electricity is surging through it, as our tongues dance together, twisting and turning. Ben pulls my body closer to his, as he deepens the kiss, and I can feel the large bulge in his trousers, as between my legs begins to throb, my arousal pooling out of my body. My nipples strain against the lace of my bra, poking into Ben's hard, wide musclebound chest.

The need for oxygen takes over and Ben breaks the kiss, leaving me breathless and panting. He holds me a little tighter to his chest, then bends his head down to give me another quick peck on my lips before chuckling at me.

"Like I said, I am going to make it very difficult for you to leave me."

I giggle at his quip, he is not wrong, I am already wanting to just say 'Screw it' and just do this, but sense tells me to hold back a little bit and see how we feel in a few weeks.

"So, did you move your stuff into OUR room," Ben asks, emphasising the 'our'.

"Yes, I did." I nod emphatically at him.

“Good. So, do you fancy being naughty tonight?”

Oh sh!t, yes, I fancy being naughty, I had dreamed of nothing else than being very naughty with this man.

“We can go for a walk down to the beach, and get some fish and chips?” He grinned at me.

A slight wave of disappointment washes over me, that he was thinking about fish and chips when I was thinking more about me becoming the food. I internally give my head a shake, to get rid of the dirty thoughts and smile up at him.

“That depends,” I say mischievously to him.

“Oh really, on what?” he asks chuckling at me.

“If there is also the inclusion of an ice cream after.”

“I think that can be accommodated.” Ben laughs.

“Oh, and one more thing.” I grin at him.

Ben raises an eyebrow tilting his head to one side, with a smirk on his lips, waiting for me to continue.

“I pay.” I smile. But I give him a look of determination.

“Er, no, I pay Lucy,” Ben states.

“Er, no, I will pay for these, no arguments Ben.” I grin at him.

Grumbling he eventually gives in and nods his head, as we turn around, hand-in-hand and leave the house, walking down to the beach.

We stand in the long queue to get the best fish and chips on the planet, when it is our turn, Ben immediately puts a £20 note down, turning to me and winking, as I go to protest, the lady behind the counter grabs his money, then looks at me.

“Let the man pay.” She laughs, reading the situation perfectly.

Shaking my head in mock annoyance, and accept the defeat, I grab my fish and chips and we head off walking towards the show ground, munching away silently, both completely contented.

“It is the air show in a couple of weeks. I will be on day-shift and have to work it. But I will be here ready if anything happens. However, if you want to pop down, the mother always comes, you could bring Cal and the kids as well, so we can spend some time together during my breaks.” Ben smiles at me.

“Sounds great, I will need to get ear defenders for Daunte.” I smile up at him, loving how inclusive he is of my brother and his kids.

“Of course, we have some at the station, for both the kids.” Ben nods, then picks up another chip, stuffing it into his mouth.

“Cool.” I smile, grabbing a piece of the fish, and letting out a moan as I pop it in my mouth. These really are delicious.

Ben stills slightly, and looks at me, letting out a long breath.

“sh!t Lucy, that noise does things to me,” he growls out slightly.

I let out a giggle, as I glance down to see, the noise really has had an effect on him.

“So, I can see.” I nod towards the bulge in his pants.

Then feeling empowered, and a little naughty, I put a chip in my mouth and deliberately moan again.

“Lucy,” Ben growls in a warning.

I laugh, biting my bottom lip.

“Payback for not letting me buy the food.” I shrug at him.

“Hum, you can buy the ice creams,” Ben sighs out.

I grin at him happily, as we continue to make our way down the promenade, towards the old white lighthouse. Using that as our walking round-about, we make our way back down the promenade. A lady sits on one of the wooden benches looking out to sea, her long curly red hair blows slightly in the breeze,

her hand on her stomach, she looks a little sad, and my heart suddenly feels heavy.

“Good evening, Doctor.” Ben greets her.

“Oh, Hi Ben, how are you keeping?” she asks.

“Great, really great.” Ben smiles.

“Good, that is really nice to hear,” the doctor answers.

Getting the feeling she wants to be left alone, we continue past, with a quick goodbye.

“She looks sad,” I whisper to Ben.

“Yeah, she always has that look about her, she is one of the new doctors at the surgery. She is pregnant, and I am not sure if the father is about,” Ben sighs out. “Another deadbeat dad. That is why I have so much respect for Cal, he is doing everything he can to raise his kids himself now, despite being little more than a kid himself. I promise you Lucy, I will help you help him with those kids, because he has stepped up, better than a lot of men who are twice his age.” Ben sighs.

I do not doubt his statement, not for one second, and for him to want to help and support my brother really does mean the world to me. Ben is right, he is going to make leaving his home, difficult.

Reaching the ice cream van, Ben lets me buy us the ‘99’s’, and we begin the walk back up Dykelands Road towards home. sh!t, it really does feel like home, but sense needs to prevail here; it is too soon, and I do need to decide about moving in permanently in a few more weeks. Ben swirls his tongue around the top of the ice cream peak, his eyes locking with mine. Yeah, that had the desired effect, my lady parts begin to instantly throb as I imagine that tongue elsewhere on my body, my white lacey underwear becoming soaked in an instant. My pulse begins to race, and I let out a soft, shaky breath as I unashamedly stare, totally transfixed at what he is doing, my mind conjuring up all kinds of dirty images. Seeing the small smirk on his lips, I know he is deliberately putting the dirty thoughts into my brain, I decide that two can play that game.

I bring my tongue to the base of the flake then slowly lick up the delicious chocolate, before swirling it around the top with the tip of my tongue. Rolling my eyes back into my head, then lower my mouth down, taking the flake to the back of my throat, bobbing my head up and down slightly, and letting out a soft moan.

Ben lets out a low growl, as he watches, as transfixed on what I am doing, as I was at his little show.

“Lucy, you are playing with fire babe,” Ben hisses out, almost like his is in pain.

“Oops, sorry, good job I know a fireman who can whip his hose out,” I say, trying to look innocent, but know I am failing at this.

Ben leans in and groans into my ear.

“Carry on, and I will be whipping my hose out when I have you in my bed, and have you lick it like that flake.” His hot breath tickles my ear, making me even more turned on.

My eyes lock with his in a challenge, I cannot help myself, something primal taking over me, as my nipples become rock hard in my bra and I clench my thighs together in an attempt to bring some relief to the pulsing between my legs.

“Do it,” I say, not sure where this confidence is coming from.

Ben lets out another growl, then grabs my hand and picks up the pace, towards the house. I guess I have released the beast, and I know, I am more than happy to see if his hose tastes as good as this flake, and I cannot wait to find out.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 44 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Ben's point of view.

Animal instinct, that is what I feel has taken over me, as I open the door to the house, then grab hold of Lucy, making good use of my fireman's lift abilities and run up the stairs, kicking the door to the bedroom open. Lucy is giggling like crazy as I gently throw her onto the soft mattress, then crawl on my knees

hovering on top of her. She is driving me crazy, biting her bottom lip, her cheeks slightly blushing, but I see no fear or uncertainty in her eyes, which spurs me on.

My lips find hers, as I invade her delicious mouth with my tongue. Never has a woman tasted as good as she does. I take my time, exploring every inch of her delectable mouth. My manhood is straining against the confines of my trousers, begging to be released, pulsing every time Lucy makes soft moans. I trail my fingers through her long brown hair, then breaking the kiss, I place soft pecks along her jaw, reaching the spot just under her ear. She lets out a soft mewl as I kiss and suck the erogenous zone.

Fuck, I have never wanted a woman as much as I want her, my beautiful Lucy. Her hands moved down my back, as she finds the hem of my t-shirt, and delicately trails her fingers up under the fabric, causing a shiver of pure pleasure to wash over my body. Moving my fingers down, I begin to open the buttons of her blouse, as I kiss back up towards her mouth. Lucy wraps her legs around my waist, as once more I pour every last ounce of my passion for her into the hot steamy kiss. Her hips begin to move towards me, as she lets out more of her amazing moans.

Breaking the kiss, I sit up, and pull off my top, her pupils blow, as she takes in my chest. I want to take her, claim her and make her mine, but, as needy as my girl is, she is still not ready to go all the way. However, I know she is ready to have her s**** experiences increase, and I am determined to give her mind-blowing pleasure. My eyes lock with hers.

"If you feel uncomfortable at any point, you tell me Lucy," I whisper to her.

She gives me a small nod, and watching her face closely I remove her top, throwing it on top of mine on the floor. Slowly I reach round her back, unclasping her white lace bra, then pull it down off her arms, discarding it to the pile of clothes on the floor. I take a second to look at her bare chest, she is so fucking* beautiful, I can hardly breathe.

My fingers trail down her neck, as once more our eyes lock, and I bring them down to her naked breast, circling her engorged nipple with my thumb, my eyes never leaving hers. Cupping her heavy breast in my hand I dip my head and take it in my mouth as I look up, my eyes never leaving hers. I gently begin to suck on her hardened nipple, Lucy's head tilts back as she lets out another needy moan, her hips thrusting forward.

Seeing how receptive she is to me, makes my length harden even more so, and I feel like I could explode in my pants. I feast on her naked breast like a man starved, my teeth graze her nipple, and she moans with pleasure. I push the boundaries slightly giving it a little bite. Lucy arches her back, pushing her breast further into my mouth in response, as she laces her fingers through my hair, pushing my head down towards her.

Licking, sucking and nibbling leaving my mark on her soft skin, I lift my head, and give attention to the other breast, as I work it with my mouth, my fingers tweaking with the other nipple still wet from my mouth. Lucy begins to writhe beneath me, her moans turning into low squeals of delight. I look up, as with one last suck on her skin, I pull back. Her breasts were beautiful before my marks were on them, but now, covered in my love bites, they are out of this world. I watch her intently, as I unbutton her jeans, slowly slipping them down her long shapely legs, taking her white lacy thong with them, making sure she is okay. She licks her delicious lips, as she watches me.

“Trust me babe,” I tell her, and she gives me one nod in response.

Pulling them from her ankles, I throw them into the pile of clothes, then sit back on my knees, my eyes trailing her perfect naked body. She is amazing, so beautiful, my gaze stills as I take in her bare glistening pussy. Her legs are open, bent at the knees. Perfect, so fucking*g perfect.

I glance up at her face once more, to make sure she is okay, then tip my head downwards. Extending the tip of my tongue I swirl it around her engorged clit, as Lucy shudders, bucking her hips up to me, letting out a loud moan of pleasure. Encouraged, I bring my lips down and begin to both lick and suck as she bucks up, twisting and turning in response to my mouth on her clit. I place my hands on her thighs parting her legs a little bit more, then hold her in place, as I give her hot little pussy a lick from back to front, gathering her sweet juices onto my tongue.

“Oh fvck!” Lucy cries out.

My eyes reach hers and see she is throwing her head from side-to-side, her cheeks flushed pink, lost in her own world of lust. Repeating the action, I watch her face contort with pleasure, then concentrate on her clit once more, as her hands find my hair again and she pulls at it, pushing my face into her hot wet throbbing core. I let out a low chuckle.

Moving my hand from one of her thighs, I hover it against her entrance, then with a quick look at her face, I gently bite down on her clitoris as I enter a finger into her. Shit, she is not ready for more than one finger, she is so tight, the soft walls of her vaginal pussy, grip my finger, as her juices begin to flow freely, over my hand. I slowly begin to pump my finger in-and-out of her, as she, once more, arches her back, and thrashes about, her grip on my hair becoming tighter.

“Don’t stop, please don’t stop,” she begs.

I don’t intend to stop, not until she has reached her climax. I withdraw my fingers, and she lets out a moan of protest, as I lick off her addictive sweet nectar from my finger.

“Do you think you can take more?” I ask her.

“Please, Ben, please,” she all but shouts.

I return my mouth to her clitoris, then place two fingers inside her, damn she grips them like a vice, and so I spread them slightly, stretching her, all the while licking, sucking, and nibbling her swollen clitoris.

Hooking my fingers, I begin to explore her cavity, finding the spot inside her where all the nerve endings meet. Thrusting her hips upwards, she lets out another squeal, as I brush over her G-spot. I concentrate all my effort on that one spot, as she pants, letting out more squeals.

“Oh God, something is happening...” she shouts.

Seeing she is at her limit, I bite down on her clitoris a little harder, as she lets out a primal squeal of delight, her already tight pussy, gripping my fingers tighter, as she comes. My eyes look at her beautiful face, not wanting to miss a single second of seeing her come undone.

I pump my fingers, and lick her clitoris, allowing her to ride the crest of her wave, before slowly bringing her back down to earth, before removing my fingers and cleaning them with my tongue, addicted to the taste of her.

Slumping against the pillows, she is breathless, panting, her cheeks flushed with the afterglow. She is so beautiful.

I crawl up the bed, gathering her into my arms.

“Are you okay?” I asked, placing a soft kiss on her lips.

“Wow, that was... oh my word,” she whispers, looking a little shocked.

I smile at her, proud that I had given her that experience. She looks up at me, with a soft smile.

“You have more clothes on than me,” she whispers.

“You are correct, I do.” I chuckle.

Gently she pushes me onto my back, then looks into my eyes.

“My turn,” she whispers.

Fvck, her tongue is trailing down my chest, circling my own nipples, and I hiss in response to her ministrations.

“Lucy, babe, you don’t have to,” I groan, but hell I really want her to.

“I know I don’t, but I want to, now let me know if I do anything wrong,” she whispers, her tongue trailing down the ridges of my abdominal muscles, as her fingers fumble with the button on the top of my trousers.

I hear the sound of my zip going down, as my hard length finally feels some relief when she hesitantly pulls down my trousers. I lift my backside up, to help her pull them off, and add them to the increasing heap of clothes at the side of the bed. She hesitates as her fingers hook the hem of my boxer briefs and looks at me. I don’t want to push her, but I give her a nod of encouragement, and biting her bottom lip she pulls them free. Gasping slightly, she looks at my engorged member, then looks at me wide eyed.

“That is fucking huge!” she exclaims.

Not that I am one for checking out other men’s private parts, but having shared showers with the guys at work, I know it is quite a bit larger than the average penis. I say nothing, letting her decide what she wants or doesn’t want to do with it.

Slowly she trails her fingers up my hardened shaft, fvck I am not going to last long, her touch is like a pleasurable jolt of electricity, and my length pulses in response. Encouraged, I see her watching it, as she moved her fingers up-and-down, then circles my bulbous head, taking a little bit of the pre-cum on

her finger, then hesitantly places it on her tongue, as if to test out if she likes it or not.

Gripping the shaft at the base, she pumps me a couple of times, and I let out a low moan of satisfaction. Her eyes meet with mine, as she licks her lips, then removes her hand, and slowly moves it towards my balls, stroking them with her fingers, as I let out another groan of pleasure.

Closing my eyes to enjoy the sensation of her fingers, I feel her tongue at the bottom of my hard shaft. Snapping them back open, I watch as she licks my engorged length, like she had the flake, then swirled her tongue around the head, gathering more pre-cum on it.

"I like it," she whispers. I am not sure if that is to me or to herself, but the declaration causes more of my seed to ooze out of the top.

Instantly she licks it off again, as I let out another groan of pleasure, as she opens her mouth, and slowly takes me in, inch-by-inch.

I have to resist the urge to thrust, hard and fast, wanting her to set the pace. I hit the back of her throat, and she takes the remaining inches in her hand, and begins to bob up-and-down, sucking me like a fucking*g lollipop. This is not going to take long. I am already nearing my climax, then she begins to moan, and I see her hand drop to her clitoris as she massages it, whilst pumping me with her hand and my mouth.

"fuck Lucy, I am going to come babe," I shout.

I fist my hands into her hair, as I guide her mouth, up-and-down my shaft, then all restraint leaves me, as I pump into her. She continues to suck, lick, and moan, as she gives me the best head of my life. Made all the better because she is pleasuring herself, enjoying the experience so much.

Her rhythm is perfect, and I remove one hand from her hair, and reach down, as she sucks me, and massages her clitoris simultaneously. I place my two fingers into her hot wet folds, and find her spot, determined to help her reach her high, as I release my own.

Lucy moans, and continues to bob up-and-down, my balls clench, and I know I am about ready to release all of me into her mouth.

“You need to let me pull out now Lucy, or I am going to come in your mouth babe,” I warn her.

I expect her to release me, but she only takes me deeper and faster, letting out her own moans of pleasure. Two pumps later, I release the hot streams of my essence into her willing mouth, I watch on transfixed as her delicate throat swallows it down.

Perfect, she is damn well perfect in every possible way. I move my fingers again against her g-spot and she grips them like a vice, as she tips over the edge of her own desire. As she comes down from her high, she lets my cock go from her mouth with a plop, as I pull out my fingers and lick them clean, then gather her up into my arms, holding her to my chest.

“Where did you learn to do that Lucy?” I ask, smiling down at her.

Giggling, she looks up at me shyly, and I pull her tighter to me, to reassure her.

“I may, or may not have practiced with a banana, when I was a teenager,” She giggled, blushing slightly.

I throw my head back, and let out a bellow of laughter, shaking my head at her.

“Practiced on a banana. Oh, my word. I love you, Lucy.” I laugh.

Lucy stiffens in my arms, and I realise what I have said.

shit. I have probably scared her again; I look down at her wide eyes and give her a soft smile, then nod my head. After all, I know it is the truth, and now the cat is out the bag, I am damned well going to make sure she knows exactly how I feel.

“I love you,” I whisper, then place a kiss on her forehead, as she blinks up at me.

“I think I love you too,” she whispers back, blushing pink.

“Good, glad we both are on the same page.” I sigh out in relief, feeling happier than I have ever felt in my whole life.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 45 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Joanne's Point of View.

Flipping heck, it is hot in here! Seriously, I am melting, and being a woman of a certain age, that is not good! I already need water wings when I go to bed at night, and the sweats start. Bloody menopause.

Why, oh why, did I agree to bake pies for the Family Fun Day? Don't get me wrong, I don't mind doing it, just not in this heat, the oven only adding to the increasing temperature. I open all of the windows throughout the house, then wiping the sweat from my brow, I continue to mash the corned beef and onion in with the potatoes.

As I look out of my window, I see Lucy walking in the back gate towards my kitchen door, she has the brightest smile on her face. I love this girl, she has brought happiness to my son, and on top of that she is absolutely lovely. I couldn't have asked for more, she is an answered prayer, believe me on that one.

She knocks on the door, then opens it.

"Hi Joanne," she cheerfully greets me.

"Hi Lucy, did you walk over?" I ask.

"Yeah, I got halfway, and wished I hadn't, it is so dammed hot out there." She smiles.

"Get yourself some water." I nod to the fridge, happy I had placed lots of bottles in there, along with some in the freezer, knowing I was going to be baking in the heat.

"Thanks, so... put me to work." Lucy smiles, she must have been thirsty because she drank half the bottle in one go.

"You can make a start on the salad-sh!t nobody ever eats, if you don't mind. Add lemon juice to it and wrap the bowl with double clingfilm and put it back in the fridge, it should keep okay till tomorrow then," I instruct her.

Lucy turns to the fridge and gets out the salad stuff, then washes her hands and ties her hair back into a ponytail, before she begins to chop up the salad.

“How is your brother?” I ask Lucy. They have both told me that he is newly single, but from what I can gather he is better off without that girl who is a poor excuse for a mother.

“Yeah, he is good. Looking forward to tomorrow with the kids. I reckon he is going to be in the fire engine more than Daunte and Kirstie, playing pretend.” Lucy laughs.

I smile at her and nod my head.

“Do you know what he is going to do for work?” I ask.

“Not yet. But thankfully, because he is a single parent now, he gets government help. So ... he can work out what he wants to do and fit it in around the kids.” Lucy smiles.

I nod my head in understanding, I remember when Ben was little, having to find childcare, and work, it can be a nightmare. However, thankfully we live in England, where we get government help, so that we can work only 20 hours per week, and they will top-up the money, if you are a single parent.

“How are the kids doing?” I ask, knowing it must be confusing for the little ones to suddenly not have their mother about.

“Great, I am sure they will ask about Samantha in time, but as of yet, they have not noticed much difference. Which makes me wonder if she did spend most of her day in bed, even when I was not living there.” Lucy sighed out, clearly worried that had happened.

“Well, we don’t know either way Lucy, but the kids are well cared for now,” I reassure her.

“How is my son?” I ask, given Ben has messaged but not called for a few days, but I take that to mean things are going well with Lucy, and that just makes me happy.

“He is great, more than great, amazing.” Lucy blushes slightly, looking down.

“Hum, good to know.” I laugh and give her a knowing wink.

Lucy looks up at me, shaking her head, her cheeks now bright red, so I hit the nail on the head, there relationship is progressing. Good.

“So, who else is cooking and bringing things?” Lucy changes the subject quickly.

“Josie is baking cakes tonight when she finishes work, Anne, Wayne’s mam, she is doing picky bits, that kids will like. Twinkles ‘Mrs.’, is well, doing two things as per: fvck and All.” I sigh.

It is unusual for me to dislike people, but I really do not like that woman. Not one bit!

“You really don’t like her, do you?” Lucy laughs.

“No, I normally like most people, but she is a b***h, when Ben was injured, she rang me and said, thank God it was him and not William,” I growl, anger pulsing through my veins at the memory.

“You are joking?” Lucy asked, her eyes wide with shock.

“No, that is what she said. I mean, I tried to like her before that, but once she said that when I was praying for my son’s life, I gave in trying, and let the hate take over.” I shrugged giving a small laugh to lighten the conversation.

“Not surprised, I think I hate her now as well.” Lucy shrugged.

“Finished, what should I do now?” Lucy asked, as she finished off washing and wrapping the salad up, putting it into the fridge.

“Well, these pies are in the oven for twenty minutes or so, so how about a nice cupper?” I say with a smile.

“In this heat?” Lucy laughs at me.

“Yeah, it actually helps you feel cooler after you are finished, trust me.” I grin flipping the switch on the kettle.

“So ... what is Ben’s boss like?” Lucy asks me.

“Wh!p-me-with-your-willy Webber, oh he is se.x on legs, seriously, the man is hot-to-trot.” I smile at her.

He is though, his black skin against his white shirt he always wears as part of his uniform, his swagger, as he walks that lets you know the rumours about black guys is most definitely true in his case, and he is packing a very large fireman’s hose in his pants.

Damn, if I was ten years younger, I would give him a run for his money. Well, I say that, but the thing with me is, if I like a man, I cannot fl!rt for toffee, lose my ability to complete a coherent sentence, and refuse to speak with them. However, if I don’t fancy them, I can fl!rt for England, which is why I end up, well used too, with the guys I didn’t really like coming on to me.

Plus, after being burnt a couple of times, I have all the banter about men, but none of it amounts to anything, I am hesitant to put myself out there, plus who wants a 50-something-year-old woman, who sweats like a b***h in heat every night, and has to get up around four times for a wee. So, I am resolved to live out my days single, and live vicariously through Ben’s young friends at the station.

Lucy laughs at my analogy of Bens’ boss, shaking her head.

“You are funny, you don’t give a sh!t, do you?” Lucy asks laughing.

“Not really, however, I am all talk and no action. It has been so long; I think I have forgotten what to do with a wh!pping willy.” I laugh.

“Hey, he has asked Ben a couple of times if you are going to the Family Fun Fay, so maybe you will find out.” Lucy nods at me raising her eyebrows.

“Oh, the chance would be a fine thing. However, I very much doubt it, especially if he caught a glimpse of my very se.xy spanks, and bladder control pads, in case I sneeze.” I laugh.

Lucy throws her head back laughing, as we continue to drink our tea, and yes, it did work, and I cool down considerably after drinking it.

“Ben is picking me up when he is finished work,” Lucy states looking at her phone.

“Oh good, do you want to stay for tea? By that I mean, I am going to order a takeout, because it is too damn hot to cook, and after doing those pies I really cannot be arsed.” I smile and shrug.

“Oh, I would love to, but Ben is taking me out tonight. Why don’t you come?” Lucy offers.

“No, don’t be daft. You enjoy your night; you do not need Ben’s mother c0ck-blocking you.” I wave her off, but grateful for the invite.

“You will not be c0ck-blocking, and we would love you to come.” Lucy protests.

I have no doubt she would be okay with it, and I know Ben would agree, but I also know, secretly, he will be cursing me to hell and back if he has organised a special date for the pair of them, and given he got the picnic stuff out of the garage last night, that is what he will have planned.

“Honestly, thank you for the invite, but I need a cold shower, then bed, because tomorrow will be a long day at the station.” I smile at her.

“Is that cold shower because of the heat, or because I asked you about Wh!p-you-with-his-willy Webber.” Lucy laughs.

See, I knew I liked this girl!

“The heat, well ... maybe a little bit of wh!p-me, but mainly the heat.” I laugh.

I wave Ben and Lucy off, after he picks her up, a smile on my face, as happiness floods over me, seeing just how contented my son is. Then I head upstairs and have my cold shower, ready to hit my bed, and get some sleep, before tomorrow.

My 7am alarm goes off, and I jump out of bed, n.aked from the heat. My wobbly bits, well, wobbling as I jog to the bathroom, and turn the shower on as cold as I can get it, then let out a screech as I stand under the freezing water, before letting out a sigh of utter relief. I get myself washed, then wrapping a towel around myself, head back to my bedroom and get dressed.

Deciding against the spansks as in this heat, well, ... just no! I go for a pair of cotton undies, and my trusted white minimising b.ra. I pull out a long blue and white str!pped summer skirt with split up the leg, added bonus, elasticated

waist, because the friendly menopause graciously gifts you with many bellies as well as lack of bladder control, and hot sweats. I pull on a long white V-neck sleeveless top.

Spraying four times as much deodorant than I possibly need, and a long spray of my coco Chanel. I pop some make up on, not sure why, as I am sure it will melt off me by the end of the day, but still, makes me feel a bit more confident. Then scrape my long brown with grey highlights, because I forgot to get a hair dye last week, into a ponytail. I look in the mirror wondering if I could use mascara to hide the small amount, of grey flashes, then decide against it, as I would probably make a mess of it.

I head to the kitchen, grabbing cool packs from the freezer and adding them to the cool bags I bought from Morrisons the other day and pack up the food, when Ben and Lucy walk in the house.

“Hi Mother, you ready?” Ben cheerfully asks, smiling.

See, happy, my boy is very happy, and my heart leaps with joy in my chest, because he deserves it.

“Yeah, just got one more bag to pack.” I smile at him, as he takes the two packed bags and takes them out into the car.

“We are going to drop you off first, then go back for Cal and the kids.” Lucy smiles at me.

“Cool.” I grin, then head out, and get into the back of the car.

We pull up outside the station, and Josie is stood, a rather tall, but not as tall as Ben, good looking man is standing next to her, looking at her as if she is food. Guess that is the arse-hole she pretended to hate.

“Hey Joanne.” Josie waves at me.

Getting out the car I wave at her, then go round to the boot, Josie and the arse-hole following, both of them grabbing the bags of food. Guess he isn't such a dick after all.

“Hi Anders.” Lucy greets him, oh yeah, I forgot, another gift from the menopause, short term memory loss! He is Lucy's new boss.

“Hi Lucy, Ben.” He nods at them both.

“Anders this is Joanne, Ben’s mam, she is cool.” Josie grins at me.

“Not in this heat.” I laugh, it is already sweltering, and it is just 10 am.

“We are going to pick up Cal and the kids, then I will give you a hand.” Lucy smiles at me.

“Don’t worry, Josie will help.” I smile at her, as she gets back into Ben’s car, and he speeds away.

“She is lovely.” Josie grins at Bens car.

“Yeah, she really is. Fits right in and doesn’t seem to mind my crazy.” I laugh.

“So, where are we putting the food?” I ask Josie.

“In the fridges, Boss has organised one half of them to be empty for us.” Josie smiles, as Anders carries a few bags in each of his hands and walks off towards the station.

We walk into the station together and Josie smiles at me.

“The boss said he wanted to see you.” Josie grins at me.

“Wow, I wonder if he is going to prove to me that the saying is true.” I laugh, as we round into the common room, to find the guys from ‘Blue watch’ all sat eating their breakfast, whilst waiting for a shout.

“What saying is that, Joanne?” Anders asks me, as he opens the fridge.

“That once you have had black, you never look back.” I grin and wink.

Suddenly I see Josie’s eyes widen, and she rolls her lips together, but still manages to giggle, as I feel a presence behind me, then hot tickling breath breathes on my ear, making my cotton granny pants more than a little moist, and not for once, from sneezing.

“Well, I prefer to quote the White Chic’s Movie ‘Once you have black you are going to need a wheelchair’.”

Wh!p...Me...With...Your...Willy!

fvck .

sh!t.

Bollocks!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 46 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Josie's point of view.

I cannot stop the giggling, as I watch Ben's mother go from white, to slightly pink, to bright red, as the boss whispers about the movie White Chicks in her ear. Typical Joanne, all mouth and no action. As the boss stalks off after getting her all flustered, she looks at me, opened mouthed shaking her head.

"You could have warned me!" she glares at me, then bites her lip, in a half-smirk, holding back her own laughter.

"To be fair, I didn't see him till the last moment," I defend myself, now fully laughing, tears starting to roll down my cheeks.

"Biatch." Joanne shakes her head in embarrassed dismay.

"Seriously though, he has said he wants to see you about something," I say, trying to stop my hysterical laughter, as Anders looks at me, an amused frown on his face.

"Well, I am not going to go ask him what he wants now, am I," Joanne states, her voice high from the embarrassing situation she has gotten herself into.

"Why not, maybe he wants you," Anders tells her.

"Yeah right, it is not grab-a-granny night." Joanne laughs.

"What are you talking about, trust me, he doesn't see a granny, he sees a woman, he clearly likes," Anders tells her.

I smile up at him, yeah, he has grown on me, and I find my self nodding in agreement.

The past few days have been great, although after I got back to work, I have hardly seen him, but he texts and rings every day. He did, however, turn up, back at my place the night after the school fire, demanding to look at me, and see if I was okay. Bless him, he was half crazed.

He also stated that after today is finished with, I had to pack a bag as I was spending my four days off at his house. I tried to argue, but I lost, lets face it, the thought of spending every night with Anders for the next four nights, before the dreaded nightshifts begin again, has my fanny fluttering like crazy.

We haven't had se.x since the changing room, Anders telling me, he wants to show me I mean more than just a quick, fvck. I must admit that was nice to hear, but now I have needs, because never has a man made me feel like he did in that changing room.

"I highly doubt it, but thank you for trying to make me feel better. You are a lot nicer than I thought you would be." Joanne smiles up at Anders.

"Yeah, no doubt my feisty firefighter here told you I was and arse-hole, and a lot of other things. She likes to do that to me." Anders chuckles at her.

"Hey, at that time you were a total arse-hole, do not try and deny it," I sass at him.

"Not going to deny it, I am a nice guy, with arse-hole tendencies." Anders shrugs, then laughs as he picks up more of the food Joanne brought and puts it in the fridges.

Twinkle arrives with his 'Mrs.', she stands to the side, and despite me smiling and saying hello, she turns her head away as if she is stood next to a blocked toilet. Charming. Joanne rolls her eyes, shaking her head. Yeah, she hates Mrs. Twinkle. But you catch more flies with honey than vinegar, so I open the top cupboard and grab the juices and pop down.

"Hey, would you like a drink?" I deliberately ask her with a smile. I don't know her name, in fact, I don't think any of us do, she has always just been Twinkle's Mrs., as that is all he refers to her as.

She doesn't answer, just shakes her head, and looks over to the side as if I don't exist. I feel Anders stiffen beside me, as he looks at the woman.

"Hey, rude b***h, my girlfriend asked you a question," Anders growls out.

Twinkle sighs as he looks daggers at his wife, then offers me an apologetic look.

“I will go fire up the BBQ,” he states, then grabs his wife by the elbow and walks off back down the stairs and out onto the field at the side of the station where the activities will take place.

“I like you,” Joanne declares with a smile at Anders.

“Is she always like that?” he asks.

“Always, not helped by our mutual hatred.” Joanne laughs.

“Joanne, can I grab you for a second,” Station Officer Webber shouts.

I watch as Ben’s mother blushes again then nods her head and follows him into his office.

Finished in the kitchen, Anders and I head outside, he places his hand in mine, entwining our fingers.

Wayne is stood next to Headache, both turn to look at us. Seeing our hands joined together, Wayne grins.

“Told you, hand over the bucks,” Wayne drawls to Headache.

“It’s pounds, not fvcking*g bucks, you are fvcking*g ENGLISH!” Headache snaps, annoyed once more, then pulls out a £10 pound note, and passes it to Wayne.

I don’t ask what that is about, and head round to the side of the building, grabbing the large pegs and mallet that are sat beside the deflated bouncy castle, to hammer it into the ground safely.

“Hey, I will do that,” Anders shouts over scowling slightly.

He really needs to get used to the fact that I am more than able to do jobs like this myself.

“I am more than capable, however, go turn the air pump on so it inflates, and I can put them in correctly.” I smile at him as he offers me a low growl,

muttering something about me being too independent for my own good, and needing a good spank, before heading off to the air pump and switching it on.

I cannot deny his words send my fanny flutters into overdrive, as I remember when he gave my backside a spank in that changing room, when I was bent over legs spread waiting for him to get some protection.

The large castle inflates, and I begin to hammer the pegs in to keep it tethered to the ground and safe for the kids, and let's face it, off duty firefighters, to bounce on it later.

"Oi Twinkle, step away from the BBQ, no way are we eating charcoal-everything today," Davey's voice shouts out.

I turn and smile as I see him at the boot of his car, taking out a wheelchair, as Kathline opens her door, and fusses over her young son. Davey runs round and picks up our stations very own Naughty Norman Price, in his arms and gently puts him in the wheelchair, making sure he is safely situated and the rest for his newly-cast-leg is in place.

"Hi Andy." I smile and wave at the little one.

The lad gives a small smile and wave, but he doesn't seem to be as confident as he normally is, but who, in all honesty, can blame him, poor thing.

I finish off pegging the bouncy castle down, then shout to Anders to keep it switched on, as a lot of people begin to make their way onto the field, today is not only for the firefighters, but also the local community, making in-roads with the kids and families, hopefully to build good relations with them.

Davey wheels Andy over, Kathline along side him, looking amazing, but also like she needed a good night's sleep.

"Hey, Andy, I guess no bouncing for you today. However, see those stocks over there...." I say pointing to the wooden stocks, and the buckets filled with ice cold water. "...well, later you can throw wet sponges at Davey, me, and Ben ... the other firefighter who rescued you. Oh ... and our big boss man, make sure to have your sponge extra wet to throw at him." I smile crouching down beside his wheelchair.

"Cool" Andy croaks out.

No wonder the kid is quiet, his throat will be sore as anything from the smoke inhalation.

“I wasn’t sure if he should come, but he was so excited to get out of hospital yesterday, so he could be here, I didn’t have the heart to say no.” Kathline smiles down lovingly at her boy, then looks up to me tears pricking her eyes.

“Thank you, Josie, I know you went in with Davey and Ben to rescue him,” she says to me.

I smile at her, placing my hand on the top of her arm.

“No thanks necessary, seeing him here is all the thanks any of us need.” I smile.

Anders places a protective arm around my shoulder, as he looks down at Andy, and gives him a big smile.

Joanne bounds round the corner, a shocked look on her face, then comes over to us.

“Hello, you must be Andy.” Joanne smiles at the lad.

“Hello,” his little voice croaks out.

“Oh dear, your throat is hurting. Well, I have the secret magic cure for that.” She grins down at him, then rushes back into the station, returning a few moments later with a large tub of ice cream and wooden spoon, passing it to Andy as Kathline smiles at her.

“Kathline, this is Joanne, Big Ben’s mam, and everyone here’s adopted mother,” Davy introduces her with a smile.

“Pleased to meet you.” Kathline smiles.

Finished chatting with Davey and Andy, Joanne pulls me over to one side.

“So, what did the boss want?” I ask her.

“He said he needs help with some of the paperwork, on a part time basis, and asked if I would come work for him two days a week. I have agreed.” Joanne smiles.

“Oh wow, that will be great having you here when we are on shift.” I smile at her.

“Yeah, he also asked if I would like to go for a coffee tomorrow so he can go through all the details.” She smiled shyly.

“Oooo, he never asks any of us to go for a coffee,” I tease her.

“Shut up.” Joanne laughs.

Ben pulls up his car, as Lucy gets out, helping get her brother’s two kids, as their dad, shunters out of the middle of the car seats, clearly, he had been squashed between them. The two little ones, look around, all dressed in their Sunday best. I wave at Lucy, who takes them both by the hand and wanders over to us.

“Hi. Kirstie, Daunte, this is Joanne, Ben’s mam. This is Josie, and Aunty Lucy’s new boss, Anders,” she introduces the kids.

“Hi Kids, now, very soon, guess who is coming to see you.” I bend down and speak with them.

They both look at me wide eyed.

“Fireman Sam.” I tell them as they clap their little hands with glee.

Ben chuckles, as he introduces Cal to Davey, and the three of them stand chatting for a bit.

Anders talks to Lucy, but his eyes are constantly on me, as I happily chat to the kids. I feel his hands on my waist, as he comes up behind me, then whispers in my ears.

“You are great with kids,” he states.

I turn round and look at him, smiling.

“Yeah, I love kids.” I shrug.

“I never wanted any, but seeing you with them, makes me think maybe one day... what are you doing to me?” He growls huskily in my ear.

I laugh and shrug.

“I am not ready to have my own quite yet, but I am more than happy to practice.” I grin at him biting my bottom lip.

“Sounds good to me.” Anders grins, then places a quick kiss on my lips.

Ben walks over, taking hold of Kirstie and lifting her into his big strong arms before grabbing hold of Lucy’s hand.

“So... Fireman Sam is coming, is he? Who will be looking after everything when he arrives?” he asks, which is code for who is in the suit, and given it is a really hot day, I think carefully, as I see Headache giving Wayne hell again for something he said, and smile.

“I think Headache will have to take over Fireman Sam’s job whilst he is here, what a shame.” I smile, as Davey, Ben, and I all look over to him as he shouts again at Wayne that he is English, then all begin to laugh.

“He definitely will have a headache later then,” Davey quips as Ben chuckles, grabbing Lucy and holding her tight to him.

Anders pulls me closer to his body, placing his chin on the top of my head, his arms wrapped around my waist.

“Any chance we can find a place to do that practice you mentioned now,” He whispers to me.

“Nope, sorry, you will just have to be a patient arse-hole,” I whisper back.

Groaning, he pushes his hips towards my backside, and I feel his hard bulge against me, and let out a small whimper, as my body begins to pulse with need.

“I hate you,” I sigh out, now totally sexually frustrated.

“Oh, I know you do.” Anders chuckles then lets me go. I walk towards Headache, all flustered by Anders’s request, to give him the good news that today, Headache is Fireman Sam, and has a valid reason to moan about heat exhaustion, I am sure it will make his day.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 47 - Tips

09 minutes read

Anders Point of View.

I cannot tear my eyes off Josie, as she flits around being a social butterfly. The easy way she interacts with kids, and how they all take to her, just astounds me. I never thought that I would find a woman who so clearly loved kids attractive, in fact, it would normally be the one thing that would make me run a mile in the opposite direction, quicker than Rodger Banister, but seeing her in that way, had the opposite affect on me. My body reacted, my length hardening, as I realised, my feisty firefighter was clearly a natural with kids and would make a fantastic mother one day.

A pang I haven't felt since I was a small boy, when I realised my own parents didn't want to care for me, resonated in my heart. She would not be like that woman who had birthed me; Josie would play with her kids, correct them when they needed it, and love them with all her heart. That knowledge made me want her even more than I already did. Strangely I was not frightened by the thought of a life that involved Josie, in fact I felt more at ease in myself, knowing there was someone who I could commit to, even though the thought of that, just a month ago, shook me to the very core.

I was serious when I asked her what she was doing to me, because I really want to know the answer, it is like she has cast some sort of infatuation-spell on me, and all that matters is her.

The day of that school fire was the longest day of my life. I paced the floor in my office, bit everyone's head off other than Lucy, who looked just as harrowed as I felt, but had kept herself busy, doing her thing, and making her first day the most successful day the business had up until that point. I had offered for her to go home or join me in my pacing, but she politely refused, saying she was better off working, but if she could have the radio tuned into the news. Of course, I agreed, and kept going out of my office to check on her, seeking my own comfort from a person with a shared heart-stopping fear that those we were connected with, and cared for, were in great danger.

I was in control, well as much as I could be where Josie was concerned up to that point. But knowing the danger she was in sparked something deep within me: a need to protect her. It forced me to realise that I had feelings, I mean I knew I did before that, but they were deeper and stronger than I had realised even after our afternoon in that changing room.

Josie laughs with one of her work mates, the one they call Twinkle, his wife again gives Josie a filthy look, and turns her rude-ass back on my girl. I

cannot deny this primal need to protect Josie raises its head once more, and I have to bite my tongue not to give that woman what-for again. But I know my Josie well enough to realise she would rather kill her with kindness than have a scene caused by her overprotective new boyfriend.

fvck me that word feels both alien and great, all at the same time. I am a boyfriend, wow, never thought I would see the day, yet here I am, and damn-well happy about it as well.

I watch on as Josie passes a cup cake she made to Twinkle, then offers one to his wife, her smile wide, the woman is forced to address her and gives her a sarcastic half-smile. That's my girl, she is winding her up like a rock star, killing her with her kindness and friendly attitude, but make no mistake, she is still being my feisty girl.

As I stand and watch, Fireman Sam walks out of the station, grumbling to himself about how it is too hot to wear the suit, and bad for his health, when all the kids run over to him, engulfing him with hugs, and squeals of delight. I let out a low chuckle, as Josie encouraged the kids to give Fireman Sam a big hug.

The smell of meat cooking on the BBQ wafts across the field, making my tummy rumble. I head over to the BBQ as Ben flips over some burgers and sausages.

"That smells amazing," I comment to him.

"Yeah, trust me, if Twinkle or Wayne had done this, the food would not be fit for human consumption." Ben chuckled, as he flipped another burger.

"Do you want cheese on it?" he asks.

"Yeah, please. Is there anything I can do to help?" I offer.

"No, thank you though, you have done enough, donating that money. More than that, Josie seems happy, just make sure she stays that way, because she is well loved here," Ben states.

I nod my head; Josie had warned me her work colleagues would likely have a word. They saw themselves as her brothers, and protectors. I respected the

hell out of Ben and Davey, not just because of the job they do, but because of their commitment to watch over Josie. Something I needed to know they would do, especially when she heads into a burning building. Knowing they were protective over her helped settle my nerves some, when it came to her job.

“Can I get one for Josie as well please?” I ask Ben.

“Yeah, make sure you put plenty of tomato sauce and mustard on hers,” Ben advised, passing me another cheeseburger.

I thank him then head over to where Josie stood entertaining the kids, she looked so beautiful, wearing just a black pair of leggings with a white polo shirt on the side the firehouse crest with Josie Edwards embroidered beneath it. She is effortlessly beautiful, not a scrap of make up on, her hair pulled in a ponytail, strands escaping off, playing around with the kids, the epitome of innocence.

Yet, I know what she is hiding underneath those clothes, her piercings, the confidence to walk into a changing room b.utt n.aked and not give a hoot that someone could see her. She is both innocent, yet a se.xy, addictive, confident woman. She is sweetness and friendliness, yet still fiery as hell when her b.uttons are pushed. The two sides of her are a perfect juxtaposition, and it is that which drives me wild, keeps me interested. She intrigues me, challenges me, she is what she is. Perfect.

“Hey, I got you a burger.” I smile at her.

“Oh, thank you, and you put lots of sauce on it.”

Josie smiles at me, her pleasure at me doing the small thing of getting her a burger, lights up her face as if I had given her expensive jewellery. I know my money means nothing to her, she is not impressed, another thing that makes her perfect. Too many women I know wanted the luxury lifestyle, but this girl right here could not give two sh!ts about how much money I have, which makes me want to spoil her all the more.

Lucy walks over to Ben, he instantly wraps his arm around her shoulders and places a gentle k!ss on the side of her head. I smile, happy that my new favourite employee is so happy. fvck, what is happening to me! Seriously, I am turning into a r0mantic sap!

Josie giggles at something one of the kids does, and instantly my length hardens, and I have to turn away from the kids so I can readjust myself, because the bulge is evident in my long cut off shorts, and that whilst being around kids, is not good at all.

“We are packing up soon,” Josie whispers to me.

“Okay, well do you have your bag with you?” I asked, desperate to get her back to my place, to spend the next four days with her.

“Yes.” She giggles at me, rolling her eyes as if I am an inpatient child.

“So ... you can do as your told.” I wink at her.

“Sometimes, but don’t get used to it.” Josie smiles at me.

I throw my head back and laugh at her sass, shaking my head.

“You are going to be the death of me Firefighter Edwards.” I chuckle at her.

“Now, remember our deal!” Josie smiles raising her eyebrow.

sh!t, I was hoping she would forget about that.

“I stay with you for my time off, at your oversized house, and every day we go swimming,” she reminded me.

I let out a sigh, and nod. “I know.” I shrug. “It is bribery and corruption though.” I tell her.

Josie laughs, then nudges me with her elbow. “If it works, I don’t care. Just think about getting changed after your lesson.” She winks at me.

“Why do you think I agreed to this.” I laugh in response.

“Okay children, Fireman Sam has to go now, he has lots of work to do at the station. Everybody give him a wave.” Josie shouts to the kids.

I watch as the poor fvcker in the costume waves at the kids and disappears back into the station.

“He will be cursing me to hell right now.” Josie laughs.

I wrap my arm around her waist, when a younger firefighter walks over.

“Hey Y’all, my Mom has put some candy into bags for the kids,” he states, I mean what the hell is that? It is the weirdest thing, he has an American accent, but mixed with Mackem.

“Thanks Wayne, I am going to take a break, can you organise the stocks please. Also, after the firefighters have had their turn, please add Anders here to the list.” Josie grins at me.

I shake my head at her, as she laughs light-heartedly at me.

“It is all good fun.” She winks.

The guy ‘Headache’ mumbles as he walks out of the station, drenched in sweat.

“Josie, I am in the stocks first,” he shouts, clearly wanting the cold water on him.

Josie smiles and nods. “I am going for a break, Wayne is sorting it,” Josie informs him then turns to me.

“Let me show you my favourite Engine.” She grins.

I nod, not sure why she wants to show me the fire engine, but I follow her regardless. Hell, I get the feeling I will follow her anywhere.

Taking hold of her hand, we don’t walk towards the fire engine that is parked for the kids to have a turn in. I wonder what the hell she is up to, as she takes me into the station, then into the back of the garage, through another door, to a small red incident van. Opening the door, she beckons me inside.

I climb in, as Josie follows me in, closing the door behind her. She turns with a smirk on her face, her lips capturing mine, as she kisses me passionately, as our tongues dance, Josie climbs over, straddling me. Instantly my body reacts, my hand travelling up her white polo shirt, under her bra as I free her nipple, playing with her piercing.

“fvck Josie,” I groan out.

Josie pants, as she looks deep in my eyes.

“We have to be quick,” she tells me breathless.

I nod my head, and instantly unbutton my cut-off shorts, freeing my hard erection, as Josie pulls her leggings down, removing them from one leg, then sinks onto my length.

“Josie. Fvck...” I hiss, moving my fingers to play with her clit piercing.

“Hurry up,” she demands, and I grin, that’s my girl: demanding and impatient.

I thrust into her warm wet folds a couple of times, and what I am about to do next feels wrong on so many levels, my body screaming for release. However, I pull out of her, then gently move her off me, she is going to get so mad, which means tonight is going to be awesome when I finally get her home.

“What the fvck?” Josie shouts, clearly annoyed and very frustrated.

I let out a low chuckle.

“The sooner we get to mine, the sooner you get yours.” I grin at her, pulling up my zipper, and button the top of my shorts.

“sh!t, Anders!” Josie cries out.

“Patience.” I grin, placing a quick peck on her lips, as she huffs, and pulls on her leggings.

“You know what, I really do hate you at times,” She growls.

“That’s what makes this even better, now come on, you need to cool off in some stocks.” I laugh, as Josie pouts and stomps out of the garage, refusing to let me hold her hand.

Yes, tonight is going to be AMAZING!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 48 - Tips

09 minutes read

Josie’s Point of View.

I have never been so angry, and se.xually frustrated in my life. All afternoon, Anders had watched me, a small smile never far from his face, his eyes permanently dilated. It had driven me wild with desire, so much so, when he gave me the burger, I couldn't wait a second longer to have him.

But then, the arrogant arsehole, had turned the tables on me, giving me the slightest taste of him, then telling me to wait!

I HATE HIM.

Oh, who am I kidding? Absolutely nobody, I do not hate him, not one little bit, but he frustrates the hell out of me. He had tried to hold my hand, but I pulled it away, so angry at this game he is playing. However, now I want to hold his hand, but I am far too stubborn to reach out, and he has that god damn se.xy smirk on his face, as if he knows, and is a chatty Cathy to everyone, shaking their hands, smiling, keeping himself a safe distance from me. fvck! He is punishing me for not holding his hand, and the sad part is, it is working!

Joanne rounds the corner, as she begins to tidy the food away.

"Hi, Josie, they are waiting for you at the stocks." She grins at me.

"Who has been soaked already?" I asked

"Just Headache, unusually he was happy about it." Joanne laughs, knowing what I did to him with the Fireman Sam suit.

"Yeah, well, he was being over the top with Wayne about his accent." I shrug, I am not sorry.

I head out onto the field and walk off towards the stocks, if Anders wants to play hard to get, well, two can play that game. I have a cunning plan!

Giggling away to myself I look at the boss who was up next for a soaking, Wayne opens the stocks and puts him in, Ben walks over with Lucy, carrying more ice-cold buckets of water. The kids line up, and each through a soaked sponge at the boss, as he laughs, his young grandson loving every second of it. Then of course we take a turn, and I make sure my sponge is extra we.t, the water dripping down my white top, making it see through as I aim. I see Anders staring, oh yes, this little plan of mine is going to work a treat.

After totally drenching our Station Officer, I volunteer to go next, knowing full well by the time they are all finished, my top will be completely transparent ... take that Anders-fvcking-Maxwell.

I stick my head through the large centre hole, each arm through the ones at the side, and wait for the little ones to dispense their wet sponges at my face. Of course, most of them miss, but then it is the turn of my colleagues and I brace myself for the onslaught.

First up is Headache, obviously wanting revenge, but rather than get a sponge he picks up a full bucket of the ice-cold water and dumps it straight over my head, making me shriek out a little bit.

"I will give you that one Headache." I laugh as he steps to the side with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Next up to the plate, is the boss, who throws a couple of sponges, which make purchase with my face. Laughing I nod at him.

"Good shot boss," I shout.

Ben comes next, for all he is a big guy he is a gentle soul, so he doesn't put much force into his throw's, Lucy takes her turn, and misses me completely, then Wayne comes over, and grabs a hand full of sponges, throwing them all at once, only one hitting me, not quite sure what the purpose of that was, but it makes my t-shirt wetter, so am all on board for that. Davey comes next, as little Andy laughs and claps his hands together. Passing the sponge to the little man, Davey wheels his chair right underneath my face, as Andy throws it upwards, hitting me front and centre.

"He has a better aim than Wayne." I laugh.

Davey then picks up another sponge and wipes my face with it, before throwing it back into the bucket, Twinkle arrives, his 'Mrs.' grumbling, as he picks up a sponge and misses completely, much to the hilarity of everyone watching, other than his 'Mrs.' of course. Laughing I look up to see the sexiest sight ever, Anders, stood his black t-shirt moulded to his chest, his long knee length cut off denims, and once more, it is not just my t-shirt that is wet. I can see the evident bulge in his trousers as he looks at my now see-through t-shirt, his eyes wide with lust. He takes a sponge, and throws it,

hitting me perfectly, but without much force, then walks over, and nods at Wayne to let me out of the stocks. Joanne stands with a towel, as I move out, literally dripping wet. Anders takes the towel, and instantly wraps it around my top half, making sure nobody can see through my top. He lets out a low growl in my ear.

“fvck Josie,” he hisses at me.

I let out a little giggle.

“Your turn, then we can get going.” I smile at him, seeing how much he is struggling, he is about to struggle more when I remove this towel, to throw buckets of water at him.

Nodding his head, Anders makes his way to the stocks, as Wayne clamps him in. I let Lucy go first, and she manages a great hit on his face, as she jumps up-and-down squealing with delight. Ben chuckles and brings her in for a hug, and Anders laughs.

“Lucy, just so you know, you will pay for that tomorrow. I am leaving you in charge of the office all day, I am taking a personal day,” he states, then winks at me.

Okay, so my anger has now disappeared like someone has shouted, ‘Ab.racadab.ra’ and I find my heart picking up speed, as I think of not only the whole night tonight, but full day and night tomorrow, along with two other nights before I return to work.

I remove my towel that is wrapped around me, then with a wide smile, and a raise of my eyebrow, I pick up another bucket of ice-cold water, and walk over to Anders stuck in the stocks.

“I think you are far too dry.” I grin at him.

He lets out a low moan, as he fixates on my wet top, my n*s sticking out, part from the cold water, but mostly because this man does things to my body. Then with a smirk on his face shakes his head at me, as I tip the bucket all over him

Laughing, as the kids and my work colleagues all douse him with cold wet sponges, Anders is finally free from the stocks. As he steps away, I feel like I

have lost the ability to breathe, his t-shirt clings to every muscle, his hair wet, pushed back with his fingers. I let out a soft moan, as Joanne turned to me.

“Sorry, but I am totally perving your boyfriend.” She laughs.

“Don’t tell him, but so am I,” I whisper to her.

“Oh, there is no need to tell him, the pheromones are seeping out of you, so he knows, along with everyone else in a ten-mile radius.” Joanne giggles.

I smile, shaking my head at her.

“So, you are going to be working two days a week helping the boss, I bet you ten quid you will be on your knees under his desk before the end of the first month,” I quip back.

“Now that is the easiest tenner I will ever make, because that fine example of a stud muffin is not interested in me, trust me.” Joanne shrugs, then steps away as Anders walks over to me.

“I suppose you think that was funny?” Anders states, his baritone voice low and husky.

“Yeah, what are you going to do about it?” I sass back at him.

Leaning in, I feel his hot breath on my cheek as he whispers low in my ear.

“You will see, and you will enjoy it.”

sh!t, now I am really turned on.

“Josie, you get yourself away, we will clear up, you and Anders were here setting up before everyone arrived,” The boss shouts over, then looks to Joanne.

“I am sure we can manage this,” he states with a smile, and hell if the woman didn’t go bright pink as she nodded.

“Thanks boss, see you all Wednesday,” I shout and wave at the guys.

Anders grabs hold of my hand as we head towards our cars.

“I will drive slowly so your little ford fiesta can keep up.” He grins at me.

I shake my head, rolling my eyes at him.

“Yeah, yeah, leave Betty alone, at least she doesn’t make me look like I am having a mid-life crisis.” I grin back at him.

Anders chuckles at me.

“Just wait till I get you home Josie!”

I shrug one shoulder, then jump in my car, as Anders heads to his. I will never admit it, but in this heat, I am kind of jealous of the fact that he has the top off his car.

Spinning the car around, I wait for Anders, so I can follow him. He sits, frowning, as he tries and fails to start the engine of his Porsche.

The whirring of engine starts up again, but nope, it is not firing. I watch on laughing as I see him getting more and more frustrated with the car.

He jumps out, looking at the thing scratching his head. Headache walks over, and chats to Anders, and I open my door.

“Problem?” I grin at him.

Headache is joined by Ben and Davey, as they all look at the car, their head in the engine at the back.

“Your starter motor has gone,” Headache announces.

“fvck,” Anders hisses.

“We can push it into the back garage, we will let the watch know, if you want to organise a mechanic to collect it. Or if you like, order the part, and I will fix it for you.” Headache smiles.

I can see by his eyes Headache really wants to fix the car. Boys and their toys.

“Headache is good, he fixes the engines, he used to be a mechanic before becoming a firefighter,” I reassure Anders, who’s vein is throbbing in his temple he is so annoyed.

“Yeah, cheers mate.” Anders nods clearly pissed off.

“Come on, we will push it into the garage,” Ben shouts.

I stand leaning against my car, Lucy and Kathline join me as we watch our big strong men push the car, their muscles straining. Each of us are practically drooling, as we watch.

“Now, that is a sight I could watch every day.” Kathline sighs, tilting her head to one side, to get a good look at Davey’s bum as he is bent over pushing the car.

“Yeah.” Lucy agrees as she watches Ben, licking her lips.

“Definitely.” I let out a soft moan, my eyes fixed on Anders arm muscles as he pushes the car.

“You bunch of pervs.” Joanne laughs. “But it is a sight to behold.” She shrugs as the boss begins to help as well.

All four of us giggle like naughty school children, as Anders looks over to me, and reading my reaction like I was a book, winks at me.

The car moved to safety, Anders jogs back over to me.

“Sorry, guess we are going in your car,” he states.

I look at my fingernails and raise an eyebrow.

“Say sorry to Betty for your comment about her not being able to keep up,” I state,

“You are kidding,” Anders growls at me, shaking his head.

“No, you hurt her feelings, say sorry and she will take you home,” I smirk.

“It’s a car Josie, it doesn’t have feelings.” Anders shakes his head.

“Oh, I beg to differ, now say sorry to Betty, and I will drive us to yours.” I grin at him.

Shaking his head and letting out a low growl of annoyance, Anders turns to my car.

“I am sorry Betty for hurting your feelings; there, can we go now?” Anders huffs.

Kathline, Lucy, and Joanne all snicker as they hear our exchange.

“Yes, we can, but why did you say sorry to a car Anders, that is just really weird,” I shout, so everyone can hear.

Anders growls at me, rolling his lips in annoyance, as I giggle, and open the car door.

“You are so going to pay for that, and everything else from today,” Anders groans at me.

“Oh, I am counting on it.” I giggle, then start my working car, and we head off towards Cleadon Village.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 49 - Tips

09 minutes read

Anders Point of View

I navigate Josie towards my home, even my car breaking down could not halt how excited I feel about the next few days. Today had been a great day, and I realised that I have, for years, thrown myself headfirst into work and building my business, never taking the time to truly kick back and have some fun. The realisation that I needed more balance in my life hit me, all work and no play made Anders a dull boy. Even though Lucy is a new employee I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that I can trust her to oversee everything tomorrow and spend the day relaxing with my feisty firefighter.

“Just up here on the left, the white house,” I tell Josie as she nods and indicates.

I pull out my key fob and hit the button to open the large black iron gates.

“Posh bastard.” Josie laughs as she sees the gates opening up for her.

I chuckle at her, I love how she can banter with me, mostly my ‘friends’ are not really friends, just work colleagues and clients, sometimes other business owners. It was rare that any would have a laugh and joke with me. Other than

Brian from Newcastle and Gateshead Publishing, he was a crazy a.ssed Geordie who didn't care who he was talking to, or what he said.

I did not keep in touch with any childhood friends, we all went on different paths, mine into legitimate business ventures, most of them, like my brothers, into other types of business ventures, that had quite a lot of them now residing at her Majesty's pleasure.

The wheels of the car crunch against the gravel on the driveway, as Josie brings the car to a halt outside the front door.

"Is here okay?" she asks.

"Yeah, fine. Wait there." I smile, jumping out the car and heading round to the boot, to retrieve her bag for her.

The boot opens, and I grab her bag, then walk to her door, opening it for her.

"Now, you can get out." I grin at her.

Josie lifts her head up at me shaking it slightly.

"I can open my own door you know." She laughs.

"I know you can, but when you are with me, you never do it." I shrug.

Okay, so I may have been searching Google to see how to treat a woman who means a lot to you, and one of the things that came up on the search was to open car doors, in fact any door, for them.

Taking her hand, I help her out of the car, then walk her to the front door, opening it, and letting her go in before me. See; got to love a Google search. Josie smiles as she walks into the hallway, her eyes looking everywhere.

"sh!t, you could fit my house in your hallway," she exclaims.

"Not quite, but yes, it is big, and ostentatious," I agree, looking at my home in the cold light of day.

It is like a show home, one you would find in the pages of a glossy magazine, where the rich and famous have reporters in, to show off their houses. As I look around, I realise it is a house, it is not a home, no personal touches other

than the various business awards I have received. Not even a photograph on the walls, instead expensive pieces of art.

Josie's place is warmer, cosier, she has pictures from her childhood on the walls, framed photos of her on nights out with family and friends, dotted around the place. Little knickknacks that she has collected over the years, yeah, for all my house is large, and perfect for pictures in glossy magazines, I think I prefer her home to my house.

"It is beautiful." Josie smiles looking around.

"Yeah, but it lacks the personal touches required to make it a home. Something I did not realise until I came to your house." I shrug.

Josie gives me a soft smile, neither agreeing nor disagreeing.

"Come on, let's get your stuff in the bedroom, then I will make us some food." I smile at her.

I want her stripped naked on my bed, but for all our playing at the family fun day, I want to show her that she means something to me, more than just sex. Good grief I am going soft!

I lead Josie up to the bedroom, opening the door for her, upon seeing the large, white, four-poster bed she turns and looks at me a mischievous look in her eye.

"Ooo, four posts." She grins and winks.

"Yeah, four posts," I groan out, trying like hell to remember why I have not got her stripped naked and tied to them yet ... oh yeah, I want to show her respect.

Turning to the large chest-of-draws I open the top two.

"I have emptied these for you, ... well, when I say I did, my housekeeper did. Also, there is plenty of space in the walk-in closet." I smile at her opening the white double doors to what was once a small bedroom or study, that I had kitted out to match some famous person or others walk in closet.

“I am only here four days.” Josie laughs at the amount of space I have provided for her.

“I know, but maybe you want to leave some stuff for next time. Oh, and before I forget again, there is a black-tie chamber event on Tuesday, I was hoping you would be my date.” I smile at her.

“Black tie, I haven’t brought a dress. I will need to head home and get one,” she states.

“No need, I may or may not have already ordered you one.” I smile, then walk into the closet, and take the long clothes bag from the rail, opening it up for her.

Josie’s eyes go wide, as she looks at the pale blue evening dress, her fingers trailing the soft satin fabric.

“Wow, this is gorgeous,” she whispers, the first time I have seen her impressed with something that is expensive.

“I hope it fits, and you like it. If not, I can get you something else. The shoes and bag to match are just there,” I tell her, pointing to the place under the counter at the white, open-toe, strappy sandals that cost a small fortune.

Looking at them, Josie turns to me.

“These cost a fortune; they are Jimmy Choo,” she states in some shock. Then lets out a giggle. “Twinkles Mrs. will be jealous.”

I don’t know why she said that, and do not ask, I just enjoy her reaction. I was not sure when I ordered the outfit, if she would take offence, but she looks happy, her beautiful face lighting up with joy.

I take out a fresh dry t-shirt from my pile, pulling off the wet one throwing it into the laundry basket. Josie stares at me, unconsciously licking her lips. I cannot stop the chuckle that reverberates in my throat, then pick up another t-shirt, and throw it to her.

“Here, I know it is hot, but you will catch a cold if you stay in that wet top.”

Josie grins, then pulls off her white, fire fighters polo shirt, placing it in the hamper on top of mine. I can see the outline of those beautiful, pierced n*s

protruding through the lace of her bra, and instantly my length goes from half-chub to full-mast. It was my turn to lick my lips, as I watch her pull on the grey t-shirt that fits her like a dress.

There is just something about seeing her in my top, it does unspeakable things to my body, almost like I have laid my claim on her.

“It’s a bit big.” Josie laughs.

“It’s damn-well perfect,” I tell her with a low growl.

I grab hold of her small waist and pull her flush against my body, now I can feel her ***ns against my chest as they poke at me. My lips find hers, but rather than crash them against hers, I give her a soft gentle kiss that is slow and sensual, taking my time to enjoy the taste of her mouth. Josie lets out a small whimper and I push my bulging groin towards her. fk, she is perfect in every way possible. Reluctantly, I break the kiss, wanting to take my time, to enjoy this night, and the build-up of sexual*** tension.

“You unpack, I will go down and make us some food. Well, when I say I will make it, my housekeeper made it, but I am an expert at heating it up.” I grin down at her as she shakes her head giggling at me.

“A man of many talents.” Josie laughs, as she moves to her bag and begins to unpack her things.

“I will be in the kitchen. It is down the stairs then turn to the left third door along,” I tell her.

“sh!t, will I need a map?” Josie quips back at me.

I let out a chuckle, then head out the door before I forget once more that tonight is going to be a slow-burn, rather than the undiluted-passion we had in the changing room, and the few moments in the fire van earlier today.

Heading into the kitchen, I grab the lasagne out of the fridge, the note on the top making me chuckle.

‘Do not microwave, heat at 180 degrees for twenty to twenty-five minutes, the salad is prepared. Mrs Coin.’

I turn on the oven, then place the lasagne on the shelf, then tell 'Alexa' to set a twenty-minute timer. Then go and grab the cutlery from the draw and set two places at the large farmhouse style kitchen table.

Josie walks into the kitchen, her hair now hanging down, still damp off the water stock game. fvck, even like this she totally takes my breath away from me. Gorgeous is not a big enough word to describe her.

"Red or white wine?" I ask.

"Whichever, what are we eating?" she asks with a smile.

"Mrs. Coins, Cleadon Village famous, lasagne with side salad." I grin at her.

"Red then please." Josie smiles.

I grab a bottle of red, and remove the cork setting it on the table, to allow it to breathe.

"Can I help?" she asks.

"Nope, I got this, you sit down and relax, you have been on the go all day." I smile at her.

Nodding, Josie takes a seat at the table, as I go get some wine glasses out of the long unit that spans the length of the kitchen.

"I thought we could sit in here rather than the formal dining room." I tell her.

"Yeah, it is a nice kitchen, huge, but nice." She laughs.

"Is huge a problem for you?" I grin at her.

"Oh no, some things are better bigger." Josie giggles then winks at me.

"You are a little minx," I groan, adjusting the large bulge in my shorts.

'Alexa' tells me it is time to check the food, and I go back to the oven, and check the temperature, happy, I take it out, and place in the centre of the table, then go and get the prepared salad bowl, placing it along side it. Grabbing the wine, I pour us both a glass then sit down opposite her.

"Dig in." I smile.

Josie takes a mouthful of the lasagne making a little moan, sh!t, she is not making the fact I want to take tonight slow easy for me.

“This is really good. You have mad reheating skills.” She smiles, as she takes another fork full and pops it in her mouth.

“Yes, Mrs. Coin is a great cook, to be honest, she is an amazing housekeeper.” I agree.

“I can see. There is not a thing out of place. I do my housework once a week on one of my days off.” Josie shrugs.

“Well, you are busy, and I like your house, it feels more like a home than this place.” I say looking around wondering what I can do to it to make it more homely.

Josie smiles as she takes a drink of her wine.

We chat away, like we have known each other all of our lives, as we sit and eat, finishing off the whole bottle of wine. Josie giggles slightly as she stands up.

“sh!t, I did not realise I had so much to drink. Pints no problem, a few glasses of wine and I am three sheets to the wind.” She laughs.

She gets up and begins to move the plates to the sink.

“Leave that, Mrs. Coin will do it in the morning,” I tell her.

“Oh, okay, well at least let me put them in water to soak,” she tells me.

I know now to pick my battles with my feisty girl, so agree, and gather the rest of the dishes and place them in the sink.

Finished Josie turns to me with a smile.

“So, what now?” she asks.

My restraint is gone, so I grab her up into my arms, then attempt a fireman’s lift, only for Josie to laugh and say I have done it wrong, but I still stomp forwards, taking her up the stairs, and into my bedroom.

“Now, we have a shower, and I tie you to this bed,” I growl at her, as she grins up at me and nods her head.

“I think I can manage that,” she sasses at me, then climbs up and looks around.

“Just need a map to the bathroom!” She laughs.

Picking her up in my arms, I carry her bridal style this time, and head into the bathroom, ready for this night to really begin.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 50 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Josie's Point of View

Anders pops me down on the side of the bathtub, as he steps into the large walk in steam shower, that looks like something out of the Starship Enterprise with all the nozzles and hoses. Turning on the water, he checks the temperature before making his way back to me. Moving his hand up underneath his t-shirt that hangs to my knees, he gently pulls down my leggings taking my underwear with them, leaving me in nothing but his top and my b.ra.

“Do you know how hard it has been all day, trying to keep my hands off you, then you go and make it more difficult with your stunt in the van, and with the water,” he growls at me.

I look up at him biting my bottom !!p.

Taking my hand, he pushes it into his big bulge.

“That hard,” he says as if in pain.

His eyes are wide, the pupils blown, and his obvious lust is causing my body to pulse all over. This man, he is making my body sing to his tune. I have a feeling that sexually I would refuse him nothing, because anything he wants, I know I will want as well.

Electric type pulses shudder through me, as he removes his top, the hard muscles on his chest twitching as he pulls it over his head. I feel my arousal begin to weep, pooling out of me, as my breathing becomes laboured.

Pulling down his long cut-off denim shorts, he stands in just his black boxer briefs. I take a moment just to admire his strong, toned and amazing body.

“Arms up,” he orders.

I instantly do as I am told, as he takes the hem of his t-shirt and pulls it over my head, leaving me in nothing but my lacey bra. Letting out a growl of approval, Anders moves his hands around my back unhooking my bra and letting it fall down my arms, before removing it completely and throwing it onto the floor. Kneeling in front of me, he parts my legs as my breath hitches, then positions himself between them.

“Do you know how wild you made me, knowing these piercings are in place, under your wet top?” He groans once more, staring unashamedly at my breasts.

My body gives a little shiver in anticipation of what he will do now.

“I wanted to make tonight romantic, but you have wound me up all day, driving me crazy,” he admonishes me again.

“I wanted to treasure you, bring you pleasure like you see in the romantic movies, but you have driven me so wild with your feisty behaviour, your bra-like behaviour, that it makes me want to spank that delicious bottom of yours, and show you who is boss,” he growls.

His fingers trace my nipple, as he gently pushes the nipple bar back-and-forth, causing a small sting of pain, but a whole world of pleasure.

“So, now I am at a crossroads; do I continue as planned, to make this romantic, or do I give in to the primal desire to punish this perfect little body of yours?” he questions.

“Romance is overrated,” I groan, wanting him to give me everything he’s got, and more besides.

Nodding, he latches his mouth onto my nipple, sucking it, causing my back to arch, pushing my boobs further into his face. His teeth bite down on my engorged nipple, causing me to cry out from the sting of pain, that is quickly replaced by pure s****l pleasure.

“Safe word,” he growls at me.

I have dreamed of this, but never really done anything about my secret desire for the perfect combination of pleasure and pain. Never meeting anyone I could trust my body with, to know that if I say to halt, they will do so. I am not even sure how much of this I will like, but hell the thought of doing this, has my heart racing in my chest.

“Black,” I whisper.

“Black, and when you are getting close to your limits?” he asked, as he moved from my right breast to my left one.

“Amber,” I whisper.

He bites down again, but just the very tip of my nipple, there is no pain, just a rush of adrenaline pulsing through me.

“Toys; yes, or no?” he groans out.

“Yes,” I whisper, every fantasy I have ever had, beginning to become a reality.

“How many times have you done this Josie?” he growls out.

“None, this will be my first full experience,” I admit to him, then bite my bottom lip.

“Don’t think that will make me go easy on you. Not after today,” He growls.

I gulp, my mouth suddenly dry, and biting my bottom lip I nod my understanding. Hell, I don’t want him to go easy. I want this, all of it.

Grabbing my hair, he pulls my head back, exposing my neck to him, then kisses it, causing my body to squirm. Suddenly the kisses change as he sucks and begins to bite my neck.

“Oh fvck,” I whimper at him.

“I am going to leave my marks on you, so everyone knows you are mine, all mine,” his husky voice growls out at me.

I am speechless, wanting him to do just that, I nod.

Releasing my neck, he pulls me up and places me in front of the long mirror.

“Look at that mark Josie, that mark tells the world you belong to me. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I whimper again, my body shaking with adrenaline and desire.

“You are going to have more of those by the end of tonight, because you belong to me, and I to you. Do you understand?” he asks.

I simply nod, excitement coursing through my body.

“Words Josie,” he demands.

“Yes,” I whisper.

Moving his head down, he bites the top of my shoulder, as I let out a whimper, then brings his hand down to between my legs and plays with my clit piecing, bringing the pleasure to counteract the pain. sh!t, I have never been so turned on than I am right now.

Finished with his bite, he looks at his work, a small smirk on his lips.

“Get in the shower, and on your knees,” he demands.

Obediently I walk over to the shower open the door, then drop to my knees.

Anders follows me, then takes his position in front of me, looking down. He stands under the streams of water, as I kneel before him.

“Look at me,” he commands.

I look up at him, as he grabs the shower gel, and begins to wash himself, then reaching his manhood, he soaps it up, pumping it as he looks down at me, the spray of the soap hitting my body and face.

I automatically go to wipe it off, but he hisses at me shaking his head. Obediently I move my hand away, and continue to watch him, as he fists his rock-hard length, one hand against the side of the shower.

“You have teased me, all day, let us see how feisty you are with a mouthful of my cum,” he growls.

“Open wide,” he commands.

I open my mouth eagerly awaiting what he is about to give me, wanting it, needing it. I tilt my head back to receive his essence.

A few more pumps with his fist, and he unloads himself all over my face and into my mouth. I swallow down what has hit my throat.

“Do not wipe that off your face,” he states, his eyes black as night.

My body is going crazy for him to touch it again, the whole thing is e.rotic, and tipping me over the edge. I have never been so turned on, not even in the changing room.

Lifting me up by my hair, that doesn't really hurt much, more pleasurable than anything, he pushes me under the shower. The warm spray, cleaning my face, as he moves my head around by my hair to ensure the water cleans my face of his seed.

Grabbing the sponge, Anders lathers up some shower gel, by the smell I know it is my favourite brand, and again my body weeps with need of him, knowing he had gone out of his way to make sure I would have everything I would want and need in his home. He moves the sponge around my body, tantalizingly slow, concentrating on my a.ss. His low gr0ans tell me he is enjoying playing with my rounded cheeks, then he spins me around and begins to wash my b.reasts, before moving it down my abdomen.

“Open your legs,” his l.ust filled voice demands.

I spread my legs as he moves the sponge further south, between my legs. Cleaning every inch of me.

Happy with his work, he turns the shower to freezing cold, making me gasp, and let out a little scream. Chuckling, Anders shuts off the shower.

“That was for the bucket of ice-cold water.” He smiles, breaking the dominant role for just a second and becoming playful.

He leads me out of the shower, then motions for me to bend over the bathtub.

“Grip on tight,” he tells me.

I hold onto the edge of the bath, as he rubs the globes of my a.ss, then quick as a flash I feel the sting of his hand connecting with my behind. Anders rubs it, then quickly gives me two more spanks. I let out a low moan as I feel my arousal pooling out of me, dripping down the top of my thighs.

The sound of another slap echoes around the bathroom, then I feel a small amount of pain in my anus as his finger thrusts inside it.

“Have you had your arse fvcked before Josie,” Anders whispers in my ear.

“No,” I answer honestly.

“Do you want to have it fvcked?” he asked.

I hesitate slightly, again it is a fantasy, but I am unsure if the reality will live up to the expectations I have.

“Yes, but I am slightly scared about it,” I again tell him truthfully.

“Then that will wait, until you beg me for it,” he groans, placing a soft kiss on my earlobe.

Removing his finger from my a.ss, he swats me another three times, then lifts me up into his arms, and carries me to the bedroom, throwing me onto the soft mattress.

“I will tie you up tomorrow, but for now, I have to have you.” He grins down at me, again changing from the role of dominant, his features softening.

“I thought you were not going to go easy on me,” I whispered to him.

With a nod of his head, he schooled his features again, then walked to his chest of drawers and pulled out some long black satin ties, grabbing my leg he wrapped the tie around the bedpost, then expertly tied it to my ankle. Moving to the other side he did the same with my other leg. Crawling up the bed Anders hovered over me, then took one of my arms, and restrained it with another of the ties, to the bed post, then moved across tying up the other arm.

I was laid bare in front of him as he looked my body up and down, his gaze leaving a trail of heat on my wanton, needy body.

His hands found my nipples as he tilted his head down between my legs, simultaneously Anders expertly tweaks my nipple piercings with his fingers

whilst pushing my clit piercing with his tongue upwards. My body shakes with delight, as I feel myself climbing the dizzying heights, knowing it will not take long for my body to crash over the threshold of my desire. My hips grow a mind of their own as I thrust upwards towards his amazing mouth. Just as before, he brings me to the edge, then stops, and I let out a frustrated cry.

Moving off the bed, Anders goes to his other draw, and pulls out a box of condoms, and an extra-large vibrator. Switching it on, he moves between my legs, watching me as he swipes it up and down my lady area, concentrating on my swollen clit. Once again, my body shakes, and develops a mind of its own as I thrash against the restraints. Placing a finger inside me, he hooks it around, finding my g-spot. As I begin the start of my orgasm, my body tensing. But again, he stops just before I crash over the edge, and I let out a frustrated scream. Anders chuckles again and slowly removes the leg restraints then places my legs on his shoulders.

I cannot take any more of him withholding my orgasm, it was slowly driving me insane especially after this afternoon.

“Amber,” I cry out.

Watching me, he nods before lowering his head and placing a soft kiss on my clit. He rips open the condom packet, and sheaths his hard length, then with a smile on his face, and without any further ado, he thrusts into me, hard, and fast. I let out a cry of desire, pulling against the soft material of the arm restraints as he pounds my body, fast, and hard. Grabbing my ankles with his hands he pushes my legs back over, whilst still pummeling my depths, so my feet touch the pillow beside my head. Thank God for Yoga is all I can say. But the feeling of him inside me intensifies, as he thrusts deeper into me. I feel every ridge of his hardened manhood inside me, and it drives me wild with need. Again, I begin the climb, and this time he does not stop, his hands hold my legs in place as he continues to thrust at a punishing pace.

“fvck, I am coming,” I shout out.

I reach my dizzy heights, as my body convulses, my walls gripping his manhood like a vice. I literally see stars and feel like I am going to pass out through the intensity of it. He begins to stiffen himself.

“fvck Josie, fvck, you are fvcking*g perfect,” he growls as his own body convulses and he spills his seed into the latex.

Collapsing on top of me, his lips find mine, as he kisses me, softly, tenderly, his fingers trailing up my arms, and releases the restraints, before tenderly moving some of my wet hair from my face.

“Are you okay?” he asks.

I smile softly at him, and nod.

“Absolutely perfect,” I sigh in contentment.

“Good, now, I am going to pamper you in a nice warm bath, before rounds two, three, and four.” He grins at me.

All I can do is look at him adoringly and nod my head in agreement. sh!t, this was going to be an amazing few days, I just know it is.