

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 5 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Kathline's POV (Davey)

Sitting on my dressing table, I tie my long straight red hair into a bun twist at the nape of my neck, after applying a small amount of tinted moisturiser to cover my dusting of freckles. I apply my final coat of mascara, to my pale green eyes, as Andy bounces into my bedroom, very clearly pleased with himself.

"Look Mammy, I have tied my shoes." He announces with pride.

I take a look down at his small feet and smile. The 'tied' shoes are on the wrong feet, and the bow is just a twist of the laces stuffed into the top of the shoe, but still he tried.

"Good effort, however, I think we should put the shoes on the right feet, so that you do not get uncomfortable." I grin down at him, ruffling his auburn hair.

Disappointment clouds his dark brown eyes, the only part of him that is like the man who I refuse to call his father, after all, he is little more than a s.perm doner, having practically sh!t the bed the moment I found out I was pregnant seven years ago, and ran for the hills as fast as he could.

I smile at my little boisterous boy, who is my whole world, and count my blessings. Thankfully I had finished my law degree at university and had secured a paralegal position at a law firm in Newcastle, before my 'surprise' pregnancy. However, once I gave birth, and my maternity leave had ended, I chose to move to a firm in Sunderland as it was just so much easier, than trying to catch the metro that was almost always late or cancelled for some reason or another. So now I have reached the associate position, in a firm that is not too far away from my home on Durham Road, and I earn decent money, enough to buy the large semi-detached home, run a car, and have spare to spend on my little boy. Life, in the grand scheme of things is good, yet somehow, I feel like something is missing, which has only intensified since I saw him, Davey Brennan, my old school boyfriend.

He was a good-looking boy at school, the one all the girls wanted to be associated with, and for six months of my teenage years, he was mine. But he was two years older than me, and we inevitably lost touch when he finished school, and so we headed off onto different paths.

I pulled Andy's coat on, and picked up his book bag, before heading out to take the little monster to breakfast club at school. As we passed the railings that lead into Barnes Park, a small smirk formed on my lips as I saw the bend where Andy had his head stuck, the day I saw Davey again. Damn, he was hot, his grey hair more of a turn on than a turn off, but it has been three years since my last s\*\*\*\*l encounter, so frustration may be playing a part in my body's needy reaction to seeing him again. But since that day, I have been unable to get the man out of my head. Pathetic I know, a thirty-year-old woman, acting like the 16-year-old girl I was when I first knew him.

"Can I go on the park, Mammy?" Andy asked.

"Not this morning, sweetheart, but if you are a good boy, when I pick you up from, Mel's after work, you can go then." I smiled.

Ah Mel, she was my female knight in shining armour, the child minder, who looked after Andy each day from school pick up at 15:30 till got to her after I finished work at 16:00, an hour before my colleagues, something I had written in my employment contract, so that I could spend some quality time on an evening with my bundle of energy 6-year-old son, who has a penchant for getting into many scr.apes.

"Awww" Andy huffed, screwing up his adorable little face.

I resisted the urge to smile at him, knowing that would validate his little mood, but inside, my heart bubbled full of love for the little man who had come into my world and turned it on its head, yet I can confidently say, I wouldn't change a thing.... Well other than my need for a trip to the back of 'Ann Summers' for a new 'Rabbit' Vib.rator, because I have some needs that are not getting met.

As soon as the thought enters my head, about the lack of se.x in my life, Davey's face flashes in my memory. Damn he is se.xy, and said I was 'looking good'. I shake my head to get rid of the memory which had been the object of my little fantasy last night as I had some self-relief. He is probably married, or with someone, and given I have a kid, I doubt he would look twice at me even if he is single.

Dropping Andy off, I give him a big h.ug, as he runs happily into breakfast club, another life saver, meaning I can get to work before half eight of a morning ... well, I can when he isn't getting his head stuck in railings ... and start my day.

I head back up the road home, so I can collect my car, the school run part of my daily exercise routine, after all, I have little time for anything else, or a babysitter to look after Andy even if I had the energy after his bedtime. Another reason my love life is with a plastic toy, my only time away from my boy is when his s.perm doner decides he wants to try and be a father, which, is a couple of days during the school holidays, once every three months. However, I allow Andy to go, as every child needs a relationship with both parents, and I will never let it be said that I kept my son from the man who ran away faster than Usain Bolt.

Pressing the unlock button the car lights flash, as I climb in, and reverse onto Durham Road, one of the busiest roads in Sunderland, and head up the road, to the next turn off where I can drive through the estate at the back of my home, and head in the correct direction to the city centre.

Parking the car in what the local's still refer to as 'Debenhams Car Park' despite the fact Debenhams had long since closed, the large department store a victim of 'Covid', I grab my ticket and walk through the centre down to the long streets which house most of the city's law firms, and walk up the steps of the white-washed building, straightening my grey pencil skirt when I reached the top step, before heading straight to my office.

"Morning Kathline."

Tracey my 39-year-old legal secretary who has celebrated her 39th birthday for the past five years I have worked here, shouted over to me, as she applied her trademark bright pink lipstick.

"Morning." I smiled, for all she was my secretary, I shared her with Daniel, one of the partners of the small legal firm, so the '39' year old was always busy, and in early of a morning, which was another blessing I needed to count.

"Did Andy get to school okay today?" she asked with a smile.

Yes, my son is adorable, and I love him with every last ounce of my heart, but he can be a hand full at times. The other day was not the first scrape he had gotten into, and I have no doubt in my mind, it would not be his last.

"Yes, no firefighters required today." I grin at her.

"Shame, you could do with a hunky man to save you." Tracey laughed.

I nodded my head and headed into the office closing the door behind me. Oh, Tracey did not know just how right she was. Shaking my head to get the images of Davey out of my mind, I logged onto the computer, and began to sort through my work, of helping the good old citizens of Sunderland buy their new home's.

I let out a sigh of relief when I saw the clock approaching 4:00pm, another day done. Logging off, I grabbed my jacket, then took hold of some folders, that needed to be sent to other law firms, and headed out of my office.

“Hey Tracey, these need to go into the DX office today please.” I smiled.

“Will do, have a great night.” Tracey smiled.

“Yeah, you too, see you tomorrow.” I waved, and headed out the door, walking as fast as I could to the car, to pick up Andy.

I arrived at Mel's by half past four, after dropping the car off at home. Another thing I was immensely grateful for was the fact she lived on Mount Road, just opposite the other side of Barnes Park, halfway between home and Andy's school.

“Hey Mel” I smiled at my child minder.

She is one of these women who is a ray of sunshine. Everything from her heart-warming smile, short pixie hair cut with pink strands running through her blonde hair, the yellow summer dress with pink polka dots all over it, made you smile, and the kids she looks after all love her, along with the parents.

“Hi, he has been as good as gold. I might add, he paid me in chocolate coins to tell you that so he could go to the park.” Mel grinned at me, as two of the other kids she looked after ran excitedly through the house.

I laugh and nod, to part with his beloved chocolate coins, is a clear indication that Andy really, really wants to go to the park today. Trust me, he never parts with them, and I have to have bags hidden away ready for when he runs out of them.

“Well then, I guess he is going to get his way.” I laugh.

“Andy, get your coat sweetheart.” I shout at him as he plays with the other kids.

“Actually, if you don’t mind, I will get these two out of the house, before they destroy it all together, and join you.” Mel asked.

“The more the merrier.” I laugh, and we bundle all three kids into their coats, then head across the road into the park, across the field, and down the small bank which leads to the adventure playground, and let the kids run free.

“Mammy, can I show Simon and Zoe where I got my head stuck....  
PLEAAASSSSEEE” Andy shouted.

I nodded my head and looked at Mel.

“It is on the Durham Road, entrance of the park, if that is okay with you, it is okay with me.” I smiled.

“Yeah, that is fine, keeps them busy before their parents arrive at six.” Mel nodded.

“Yes okay, but do not run to far ahead.” I warn.

“Okay Mammy. Guy’s come on!” Andy beckoned excitedly to his little friends.

Mel and I chatted about nothing in particular, as we walked through the trees, past the outside tennis courts, when Andy saw the railings and was off like a shot.

“Andy not too far ahead!” I call out.

“Look Simon, that is where my head got stuck, I only did this.” Andy said, then puts he head through the closed railings next to the one he had previously got stuck in as the shout of,

“NOOOOOO!” Came out of both mine and Mel’s mouth simultaneously.

But it was too late, and I am stood here, not knowing what to say or do as Andy shouts over to me, seemingly very pleased with himself.

“Mammy, I am stuck again!”

“I guess we better call the fire brigade.” Mel stated her eyes wide as I hung my head shaking it in dismay. Oh, please God, do not let it be Davey again!