

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 101 - Tips

0 11 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

Seriously, I am worried about Lucy, she is sleeping all the time, hardly eating anything, and has waves of nausea all the time.

I cannot wait for this last night shift to end, so I can get her to the doctors ASAP. Every morning when I've gotten home from work, she has been sleeping. I called Anders this morning, not wanting to wake her, and let him know she is sick, so she could get more rest. He was brilliant of course, telling me to keep him informed, but for her to get rest, and to see the doctor.

I got into bed, and snuggled with her, for most of the day, when I got up, I made her some food, which she ate about three mouthfuls of the tuna and pasta before rushing to the bathroom and bringing it all back up. She is able to keep water, milk, and tea down, but that is about it.

It's 3am; only three more hours to go. We have been quiet all night, and I have managed to get some sleep, but now the engine needs to be cleaned. It's Wayne's turn with Twinkle to wash it down, but to be honest, I need something to pass the time, as I cannot sleep because I'm worried about my girl, at home alone, feeling really ill.

Wayne's in the garage with Twinkle, filling up the water buckets, with the large sponges.

"Hey, can I give you both a hand? Or, if one of you wants to get some shut eye, I'll take over," I ask the pair of them.

"Hey, I don't mind doing this with Ben, if you want to get some sleep Twinkle," Wayne offers.

"You sure Ben?" Twinkle asks, almost looking relieved he can head back to his bunk.

"Certainly, you get your head down." I nod at him.

"Cheer's Ben." Tinkle smiles, the poor fvcker probably will be on his sofa for the next eight nights, so is probably wanting to make good use of a bed, even if it's just the bunk in the sleeping quarters.

I soak the big yellow sponge and begin to wash down the engine.

“Y’all okay Ben?” Wayne asks me.

“Yeah, fine,” I answer, I’m not one for getting into long conversations about what is bothering me.

“Lucy okay bro?” the lad asks.

Bless him, he is doing his best to try and help, but honestly, I’m not in the mood to talk about it. However, that’s not his fault, so I’ll answer as quickly as I can with a hope, he gets the hint I don’t want to hash it out with him.

“Na, still sick,” I answer, whilst concentrating on stubborn piece of mud on the engine.

“Y’all going to see the doctor bro?” he asks.

“Yep,” I reply, indicating end of conversation.

He is honestly a lovely person, but I’m just not in the mood. The only person I kind of opened up to was Josie earlier, when she arrived on shift and asked what was up with Lucy. To be honest she has her own sh!t to deal with, worrying about Anders and his fvckwit family.

I continue to scrub the engine in silence, thankful for the mundane work. Hoping it’ll pass the time ‘til I can hightail it out of here and get home, give my girl a cuddle and ring her doctors, demanding an appointment today, we’re not waiting two weeks for a possible appointment, of that you can bet your last pound.

Finished the engine and cleared away the cleaning kit. I make my way back to the common room, with half-an-hour to go, all I can hope is that we don’t get a shout between now and clocking off time. In fact, I’m going to make sure I don’t get a shout.

I walk to the boss’s office, ensuring to knock this time, not that it matters, the mother is home, ... well, his house, tucked up in bed. But, after the last time, I’m sure not going to make that mistake again.

“Come in,” the boss shouts through.

I pop my head around the door, letting out a sigh, I hate to do this, but I cannot help it, I'm that worried about her.

"What's up Ben?" he asks.

"Look boss, I wouldn't normally ask, and I know it is pulling a fast one. But Lucy is still unwell, I need to make sure I'm home on time, so I can sit on hold with her doctors to get an appointment. I'm worried," I blurt it all out.

The Boss looks at me, and then the clock.

"Go, if we get a shout I'll hop on the engine." He nods his head.

"Ben, what is wrong with her?" he asks, just as I go to leave the door.

"She is exhausted all the time, cannot keep anything down, other than water, milk, and tea. Been going on for days, not getting any better. If anything, a bit worse, as now just the smell of stuff sends her running to the bathroom," I tell him.

Boss nods, then has a small smile on his face.

"Go, I'll cover for you," he tells me again.

I don't ask twice and hightail it out of there before anyone can ask me a question, or that damn alarm goes off and I am duty bound to attend the shout.

I clock out, as quick as I can, then run down the stairs out to the car park and head home, with a sigh of relief that I'll be in time for the eight o'clock opening, to sit on hold behind a queue of at least 15 others all vying for an appointment.

As I pull onto the drive, I open the door, hearing the sound of Lucy, heaving in the bathroom. I run up the stairs, taking them two-at-a-time, barging into the bathroom, and holding my girl's hair back as she clings to the toilet seat.

"How long have you been like this?" I ask her, as softly as I can, trying to keep my frustration, not at her but at whatever is wrong, out of my voice.

“Just about 15 minutes. Woke up thirsty, gulped my water down a bit to fast.” Lucy sighed, almost defeatedly.

sh!t, she cannot keep water down now! What the hell is going on.

I rub her back, with one hand, the other running through my short hair.

“Is it half-six already?” Lucy asks, her head resting on the toilet seat, looking like she is scared to move in case she throws up again.

“Nope, six, I knocked off early, to make sure I got home this morning, and not called on a last-minute shout. I’m ringing your doctor, getting you an appointment today,” I tell her with certainty.

“I doubt they’ll have one.” Lucy sighs, then pulls herself up, going to the sink to brush her teeth, the toothpaste making her gag again, but she manages ... just.

I follow her back to bed, and climb in beside her, holding her to my chest and smoothing her hair with my hand.

“Honesty, I feel ill, maybe I ate something.” Lucy sighs.

I don’t say anything, because I have no clue what to say. She falls asleep in my arms, her skin pale, and eyes dark. I force myself to stay awake, then as the clock ticks around, I load the doctor’s number in my phone, then watch as the minutes count down to make sure I ring dot-on 8am to secure my position in the queue.

As 07:59 shows up I count to fifty, then press to dial, hoping that when the phone connects, I’ll be first, second, or even in the top five. Thankfully it rings and is not the automated message, the line tells me I am number 8 in the queue. I mean, how were eight fvcking*g people quicker getting connected than I was?

With a frustrated sigh, I wait listening to ‘Happy’ automated music which makes me want to throw the damned phone out the window.

Lucy stirs in my arms, she reaches out for some water again, and sips it slowly, but still within seconds she is rushing back to the bathroom, how the hell is she being sick, she has nothing on her stomach?

I go sit on the bathtub, rubbing her back whilst I wait for the receptionist guard dog to answer the phone, whilst a male voice tells me I'm now number one in the queue and that a.buse to staff will not be tolerated by the surgery, and they reserve the right to remove a patent from their list.

If they answered the phone quicker, maybe they wouldn't be so worried about people losing their sh!t with them. Just saying.

I like to think I'm a patient man, but even I'm at the end of my rope now.

I take a breath, and blow it out slowly, to calm myself down, knowing honey catches more flies than vinegar.

Finally, the receptionist answers the call, and I must let out an audible sigh of relief.

"Hi, I'm calling on behalf of my girlfriend. To get an emergency appointment please," I say, as politely as I can muster.

"What is the problem?" the receptionist asks.

"She has been sick since Saturday, now cannot keep water down, and exhausted," I give her the details.

"Erm, I'm not sure if that qualifies as an emergency sir, let me speak to the nurse pract!tioner," she says, and I'm thankful she put me on hold before I got a chance to answer, because I was about to give her a piece of my damned mind.

Another voice comes onto the phone.

"Hi sir, I understand you are calling for your girlfriend, is she with you at present?" the person asks, who I presume is the nurse or whatever.

"Yes, but is being sick at the moment," I tell her, as Lucy retches into the toilet again.

"Okay, can I take her name please, date of birth, and address details?" she asks.

I give her all of Lucy's details, as finally Lucy stops retching.

"I have a couple of things I really need to ask your girlfriend, is she still being sick, or do you think you can pop her onto the phone," the nurse asks.

"Lucy, the nurse wants to speak to you baby, do you think you can?" I ask her.

"Yeah." Lucy nods, she grabs the phone, and places it on speaker phone, placing it on the side, still keeping her head over the toilet.

"Lucy, can I ask when your last period was?" the nurse asks her.

At that I freeze, and I look at Lucy eyes wide.

"Erm, I have not had one since I started the pill about four or five weeks ago," Lucy tells her, her cheeks flushing despite the paleness of her face.

"Okay, do you have any tenderness of your breasts?" the nurse asks her.

"A bit, yeah," Lucy answers.

"Are you able to keep water down?" the nurse asks.

"I was until yesterday, now nothing, and having trouble going for a wee," Lucy adds.

"Okay, so I think before we get you an appointment you need to do a pregnancy test, if you can squeeze a wee out, whatever the result please give me a call back," she tells her.

Lucy looks up at me, her eyes as wide as mine are right now.

"Okay," Lucy weakly answers.

"Try not to worry," the nurse tells her.

"Okay," Lucy answers, seemingly as dumb stuck as I am right now.

"I will go get her a test now," I tell the nurse practitioner or whoever she is.

"Good luck," the nurse says, happily.

I lift Lucy up into my arms, as I hang up the phone and carry her to the bed.

"I am going now," I tell her, placing a soft kiss on her forehead.

“Ben, what if I am?” she asks.

“Then we are going to be a family.” I smile at her.

After all, I want kids with Lucy, would I have like to be married to her first. Yes. But hell, I feel the bubble of excitement in my stomach at the thought of being a dad.

I have never once driven the short distance to the local supermarket, but today I make an exception. I’m in and out of ‘Morrisons’ quicker than a fast jet, not sure which pregnancy tests to purchase, I grab one of every type they have available, paying for them at the counter, thankful it is still early in the morning and not many people are in the store, before I hightail it back home. Picking up the carrier bag full of every type and make of test, I run back into the house, up the stairs, to see Lucy sat on the bed, looking wide-eyed at me.

“I wasn’t sure which one to get, so I got the lot,” I tell her.

Lucy just nods, picks up the bag.

“Do you think you can have a wee?” I ask her, hardly able to keep the excitement from my voice.

Lucy thinks about it for a moment.

“I can try,” she determines, then grabs the bag and goes to the loo. I follow her in, and she looks at me, not bothered what she says, I’m with her every step of the way, including weeing on the multiple sticks I bought.

She picks out one that tells you simply ‘Pregnant’ or ‘not pregnant’ and seeing I’m not moving, she sits on the toilet, mumbling about how unromantic this is. After about five minutes she manages a little trickle, onto the stick then replaces the lid placing it on the countertop as she flushes the chain and washes her hands, before having to bend over the toilet again as her stomach begins to heave once more.

I look at the instructions it states we wait 3 minutes, and I cannot help but pace the bathroom floor.

The three minutes are up, but my poor baby is still retching for England, so I wait, wanting to do this together, and hope it doesn’t mess up the result. Finally, she stops and sits back on the toilet seat, grabbing the stick.

“Well?” I ask her.

Lucy closes her eyes and beckons me forward.

“Together, we read it together,” she tells me.

I simply nod then kneel beside her, as she turns the stick over, I look, a smile on my face.

“Pregnant,” Lucy whispers.

I grab her to me, holding her to my chest placing kisses all over her, not caring that she has just been sick and not yet brushed her teeth. She is carrying my baby, she is pregnant, and I feel like I could climb mountains, I’m so happy right now.

“We have to ring the nurse back,” I tell her.

Lucy nods, as I dial the surgery number once more. But as we wait in the queue to be answered, she is already back throwing up. I rub her back once more, wondering if there’s anything that’ll help her keep stuff down.

Finally, nurse Janet, as she calls herself this time, comes onto the line.

“Hi, it’s Ben Bishop I rang about my girlfriend Lucy, you asked us to get a pregnancy test.”

“Ah yes, is Lucy there,” the nurse asks.

“Yes but is being sick again. I’ll put you on speaker phone,” I tell her.

“Okay, so what was the test result?” the nurse asks us.

“It says pregnant, but we only did the one, we have 19 more if you need her to do another, but she took ages to do that one,” I tell her.

“Congratulations. Ben, how is Lucy’s skin? Can you pinch it for me,” I do as she asks, then gasp, her skin is not returning to normal after I pinch it, wrinkling.

“She is severely dehydrated. I am a firefighter; I have some first aid qualifications,” I tell her, just to qualify that I know what I’m talking about.

“Okay, I don’t want you to panic, but I’m sending an ambulance, we need to get fluids into her. I think she has Hyperemesis Gravidarum.” The nurse sighs.

“What about the baby?” Lucy cries out, automatically putting her arm protectively over her stomach.

“Try not to panic, but the ambulance is on its way,” the nurse says, and I go from being the happiest man alive, to the most scared I have ever been in my life, in less than ten minutes.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 102 - Tips

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Lucy’s Point of View.

As the paramedic crew carried me out of the house on a gurney, I wish the blanket covering me could be brought over my head. Call me paranoid, but I feel like every house curtain is twitching right now. My stomach lurches as they carry me over the porch step, and I am reminded that I am pregnant, and now I am being rushed to hospital.

I would cry, if I could, but I feel like my body is unable to produce the tears I want to flow, as fear for our little one consumes me. All I can do is hope and pray we are both okay.

The paramedic turns to Ben.

“Are you coming in with us or meeting us there?” he asks.

“I don’t want to leave her; we can get a taxi back,” Ben decides out loud.

I breathe a sigh of relief, I really don’t want to be separated from Ben at the moment. I glance up at him as he runs his hand through his hair, he looks desperate, as he takes a seat opposite in the ambulance.

“I am so sorry Lucy, this is my fault,” Ben suddenly whispers.

“How is it your fault? We didn’t know,” I try to reassure him, but secretly I am blaming myself, I should have known something was wrong when I didn’t get my period, but to be honest, I just thought it was my body adjusting to the pill.

"I knew you were really ill. I should have called yesterday when you were still being violently sick before I went to work," Ben argues, his voice sounding defeated.

"Okay, so nothing but the best for you two, we are going to turn the sirens on, you'll be at the hospital in no time." The paramedic smiled.

Ben let out a sigh, as the sirens blared out and we headed off up the road, to make the 20-minute journey to the hospital.

"sh!t, I didn't lock up. I don't even know if I have picked up my keys," Ben suddenly says.

I attempt to look up at him, but the movement of the ambulance and turning my head works against me as I begin to retch again, the paramedic placing a cardboard bowl under my chin.

"Lucy, can I call my mam?" he suddenly asks.

I am unable to reply but manage to nod my head. To be honest, I really want Joanne as well, she is the closest thing I have to a mam now. She will never be actual mam, but she is the best second-best anyone could wish to have.

Ben pulls out his phone from his pocket, as he does the keys he was looking for fall out. He is in such a panic, that he must have missed them the multiple times he patted himself down.

After filling up the bowl, not sure where it is all coming from, given I have eaten nothing for days. The Paramedic offers me another one, but I finally feel my stomach settle ever-so-slightly, and lean back onto the pillow they have behind my head.

"Mam?" Ben's harrowed voice calls out, he never calls Joanne mam, it is always the mother, or just mother, it is clear he is hanging by the same thread I am right now.

"I am with Lucy, in an ambulance going to the hospital. I forgot to lock my door, is Kelvin still awake?" Ben asks.

I can hear the million and one questions Joanne is asking, but cannot make out what she is saying, through the phone line. Ben glances over to me, as if to ask permission to tell her and I nod.

“She is pregnant, we just found out. But has something called hyperemesis gravidarum, which is severe morning sickness. She has become severely dehydrated; they are rushing us in now.” The crack in his voice shows his commitment to not losing control of his fraught emotions, and once more I wish I could cry, but everything feels a mixture of sh!t-scared, and numb right now.

“We’ll be at Accident and Emergency, if you can lock up my house, then you can pop over,” Ben tells Joanne.

“Mam, please hurry,” he says at the end, a single tear running down his face.

I try to reach out to take his hand, but the paramedic moves beside me.

“I’m just going to get a canula into your arm ready for the doctors,” he tells me.

I nod my understanding, and close my eyes, willing my stomach to just rest for a moment, as exhaustion begins to take over, and I find myself once again unable to keep my eyes open and drop off to sleep.

I wake up as the gurney I’m on is moved out of the ambulance, my stomach instantly lunging, as Ben quickly places one of the compressed cardboard bowls under my chin, stroking my hair, as once again I’m sick. I’m wheeled through the smell of disinfectant making me feel even worse than before. As they push me into a small bay, closing the curtains around me, a doctor arrives quite quickly, which I’m both grateful for, and concerned about, in equal measure, after all this is the NHS and you normally wait hours to be seen.

“Okay, Lucy, isn’t it?” The tall man with sandy blonde hair and a twinkle in his eye that tells anyone he has a good bedside manner and probably has his fair share of nurses chasing his a.ss.

“Yes.” I try to smile, but I’m concerned for my baby, and quiet honestly myself right now.

“Right, well you’re dehydrated. I’m going to get the nurse to put you on a drip for fluids. Once we’ve done that, we’ll re-evaluate you, but I’d be prepared to stay with us for a few days, if you continue to be sick like you have been.” He smiles at me.

“What about my baby?” I ask him, desperate to know if my little one is okay.

“I think we got to you in time, babies are more resilient than you might think. Do you know how far along you are?” he asks me.

“No, just found out I’m pregnant,” I tell him.

Ben sits beside me, still pushing his hand through his hair and looking up at the doctor as if he can solve the worlds problems with one single word.

“Okay, when was your last period?” he asks.

“I’m not too sure, about four or five weeks ago, it’s on my calendar, in my phone.” I sigh.

Ben looks at me, then smiles, pulling out his own phone.

“Don’t hit me baby, but I marked it down as a reference of when to buy you chocolates and flowers.” He gives me a sheepish grin.

I want to roll my eyes, and tell him that was inappropriate, but right now, I’m just thankful he did that.

“Okay it’s 6-and-a-half weeks ago,” Ben tells the doctor, and I blink in some shock.

The doctor nods, then smiles at me.

“That is good, so when you miss your first period, you are classed as four-weeks pregnant, even though technically you are only around two-weeks, that means you are technically nearly at the 8-weeks mark. How long have you been having this violent sickness?” he asks.

“Just since Saturday I was tired at work last week, and have felt off since the week before that, but nothing worth concerning myself over, it’s been a busy time,” I begin to explain. “Then on Saturday, I was literally exhausted, then started to be sick at night. I haven’t kept any fluids down since Sunday night,” I tell him on a sigh.

I have to admit, I feel like an i***t, not recognising the symptoms, when I think about it, they are obvious.

“So can I ask why you didn’t check when you missed your period?” the doctor asked, and I feel a little under scrutiny now, but I take a breath, getting a large nose full of the disinfectant smell and my stomach lurches again. Instantly Ben is beside me with another bowl under my chin.

“She thought it was the pill messing with her system as she had just begun taking it.” Ben tells him.

The doctor asked a few more questions which Ben answered regarding when I began to take the oral contraceptive and nods.

“I think you were pregnant just as you began to take it, but when they scan you in a month, they’ll be able to give you better information.” The doctor smiled at me.

“Is the baby okay though?” I ask, desperate for more information on my little one, I don’t really care about me right now, as long as our child is safe inside my tummy.

“We’ll know more when you get scanned, but what I’ll say is, the fact that you are being sick is a good sign, means your hormones are high. Now, the most important thing for you and the foetus is that we get you hydrated, maybe some medication so you can keep food down, and plenty of rest. I am going to give my colleagues in Maternity a call, see if they suggest you stay there, or here with us in the main hospital.” He smiles again.

“So ... she is staying in then?” Ben asks.

“I would think so, but I need to speak with my colleagues first. Given how much she has been sick just on the way to hospital, and whilst in here, I think she should stay for a day or two to give us a chance to try and find something to help with that. Try not to worry though, I’ll be back shortly.” He smiles again and pulls the curtain back walking out of the makeshift room before pulling it back, giving Ben and I some privacy, as I still keep my head in the bowl.

Finally, my stomach eases up again and Ben removes it from me, sitting down in the seat by my bed, reaching out and holding my hand. Once more my eyes feel heavy, but I want to talk to Ben about all of this, so I try to keep them open.

“How are you?” I ask him softly.

Ben looks at me with shock in his eyes.

“Lucy, babe, don’t worry your head about me, I’m fine. Just worried sick about you and our little one,” he tells me.

The look of pure concern swirling in his eyes tells me he is being truthful.

“This feels a little surreal, I want to be excited, but right now, I’m just worried. What about my job?” I suddenly ask, after all I’ve not been at the company that long, and for all Anders is a friend now, he still has a business to run and cannot afford to pay me to not be there, then there’ll be all the maternity leave. He may decide to let me go.

“I’ll call Anders. Should I tell him everything, or just that they are keeping you in hospital?” Ben asks.

“Probably best to be honest, and ask him to keep it confidential, although he can tell Josie. If I’m going to be off a lot, he may need to replace me, it is a new venture after all.” I sigh.

Ben nods his head.

“I’m not worried about that, I have more than enough to look after all three of us.” He smiles.

“But I love my job.” I sigh, I’d always thought that I’d work, then take the year off I’m entitled to, but would return to work after that.

“I know babe but let’s not worry about that for now. I’ll contact Anders later today when we know more to let him know you won’t be in for the rest of the week at least,” Ben tells me.

I nod, he’s correct, we have enough to concern ourselves with right now.

I hear the familiar voice of Joanne and Wh!p-Me in the corridor, as a Nurse shows them where I am, but asks them to wait outside. She comes into the cubical, a bag full of clear fluids in her arms, then with a smile, attaches the line to the canula before placing it on the drip stand, and playing with the little valve on the line. When she is happy, she then takes my temperature, smiling and nodding, before placing the cuff on my arm for my blood pressure check.

She looks at the numbers which mean nothing to me, then turns and frowns slightly.

“Have you been feeling lightheaded and dizzy?” she asks.

“Yes, a little,” I tell her.

“Yeah, your BP is a bit on the low side, but hopefully this bag of fluid will get that back to normal.” She smiles, then leaves, telling Joanne she can come in.

Joanne walks into the room, her eyes red where she obviously has been crying, she leans over the bed and kisses me on the cheek, stroking my hair, before turning to Ben and grabbing him into a big hug. Ben breaks, big sobs coming from him, as Wh!p-Me stands watching us all, making sure the curtain is closed to keep us from prying eyes.

Joanne is still holding him, telling him it will all be okay, when the doctor walks back in.

“Okay Lucy, I’ve spoken with my colleague, you’re staying with us for a few days at least. We’re going to move you over to the dedicated early-maternity ward.” He smiles, then nods to Wh!p-Me before leaving us in the room, as I let out a small sob, and instantly Ben is beside me, gathering me in his big strong arms as we silently cry together.

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Ben’s Point of View.

“Ben why don’t you go get some rest, or something to eat. I will stay with Lucy. You need sleep son.” The mother tells me, a look of concern etched on her face.

Although I know she is right, and that I should go get my head down, maybe get some clothes and stuff for Lucy, I just cannot bring myself to leave her, even though she is sleeping.

The orderly walks round the small ward of the Maternity block, there is one other woman residing in one of the six beds, who is currently reading a magazine, so Lucy practically has the ward to herself.

"I will put her a cup of tea beside her bed. Now, I am not normally allowed to give visitors one, but I recognise your uniform. I know you are a firefighter; would you like a tea or coffee?" She smiles at me.

"Coffee would be great, thank you so much." I smile back at her.

I forgot I was still dressed in my work stuff, maybe I should have changed, but to be honest, all I wanted was to get Lucy here, my clothes were the last thing on my mind.

She looked at the mother, who smiled and asked for a tea, thanking her. Then passed the boss his own coffee. The orderly smiled at us all and placed a finger on her lips.

"SHSHSHSH" she dramatically said then giggled slightly before wheeling her tea trolley out of the room.

"That was nice of her." The mother said with a smile sipping on her hot tea.

I respond with a nod, not really wanting to talk about the gesture, although it was lovely, don't get me wrong, but my mind is only able to focus on Lucy.

The boss stifles a big yawn, and I look over to him. He needs to sleep just as much as I do. I know he will not leave either; guess us firefighters are stubborn like that.

I glance at the clock on the wall, the minute hand ticks over, it is 11 am, five hours since we got to the hospital, he must be knackered, I am running on adrenaline.

I sigh then yield slightly, knowing the boss needs his bed.

"When Lucy wakes up, I will ask her if she is okay with you staying and me going to get her some stuff and get my head down for a couple of hours." I tell the mother, who looks relieved that I am going to go home and get some rest.

"I will take you Ben, then come back for your mam around teatime." The boss nods.

"sh!t, I need to call Anders." I announce, realising I have yet to call him. It is a conversation I am not looking forward to, but it needs to be done.

I take my phone out of my pocket and ring his number.

“Anders.” His voice rings out.

“Hi, its Ben.” I sigh.

“How is Lucy?” he asks.

“She is in hospital, will be for a few days.” I simply tell him.

“sh!t, is she okay?” Anders asked, and I can hear genuine concern in his voice.

“Yes and no. Anders, we just found out she is pregnant and has a sever form of morning sickness. They have her on a drip and are debating what medication they can give her that will not harm the baby to try and control her sickness.” I tell him, cutting straight to the point.

“Oh, well congratulations first off, secondly, that is sh!t mate I hope they can get it under control for her.” Ander’s replies.

“Look, this information is confidential at the moment, but you can tell Josie if you want. The other issue is work. I am not going to bull sh!t you. She may need lots of time off, then there is her maternity time. I know she doesn’t want to leave, but we both understand you are a new business, and so if you need to let her go, there will be no hard feelings.” I tell him.

The guy is a friend, and I want him to know if he makes a business decision it will not impact our friendship with him, or of course Josie.

“Ben, mate, don’t worry about that. Seriously, Lucy has brought in so many big deals, she has covered her wage for three years, and still giving me profit. Is it ideal? not going to lie, it isn’t, but at the end of the day, she has covered herself in the time she has worked here with so many great deals. I will not let her go. However, she will just get the statuary sick pay allowance that we get from the government, but she has commissions due which will boost that for her. After two years, I was going to move out and start another company and ask her to take over as the Managing Director. If she wants to come back during her pregnancy, or even after the baby is born, I will keep that offer on the table for her. But that is not important right now, she is, and the baby. Just don’t worry yourselves about this place, that is what I am trying to say.” Anders rambles a little.

“fvck mate, that is amazing, more than we could ever ask.” I tell him.

“Hey, it is not a friend thing, it is me trying to keep hold of the best member of staff I have ever employed in any of my businesses. I cannot afford to let the competition get their hands on her.” Anders chuckles.

I cannot help but chuckle back, I have no doubt he is being truthful, because the man is ruthless in business, so I know he would cut her if she was not producing what he expected. At least when Lucy wakes up, I can give her some good news, and take some of the worry off her shoulders.

“Seriously, I know she will be so happy. She loves her job.” I gush slightly.

Well gush for me anyway.

“Okay, well you get back to her, send her our love. Don’t worry, I will tell Josie, but we will keep everything confidential.” Anders reassures me.

“Thanks again Anders, despite my first impression, you turned out alright.” I chuckle at him.

“Don’t tell anyone else I am a good guy; I have worked hard for my asshole reputation. Bye Ben” Anders laughs.

“Bye.” I smile and hang up the call.

Lucy blinks open her eyes, and looks at me, a small smile on her lips, until her face pales, and I quickly reach over and get one of the sick bowls for her, placing it under her chin.

The mother strokes her hair, as I hold the bowl in place for her. When she is all done, I ring for the nurse, placing the full bowl on the bedside cabinet. The nurse arrives and smiling.

“You are back with us. I will just get rid of this then be back” the nurse says as she takes the bowl and wanders off out of the ward.

“Hey.” I smile at Lucy, as she looks at me her eyes glistening, and I wonder if she is going to get upset again.

“Hey.” She whispers back to me.

"Listen, next time you fall asleep, I was wondering if you would mind me heading home, I need to get you some clothes and toiletries, plus I think I need a couple of hours sleep. The mother will stay with you." I tell her.

"No, you should go, get some rest, you were on night shift." Lucy gives me a small smile.

"Thanks baby." I smile at her, taking hold of her hand, as the mother continues to stroke her hair lovingly.

"I have a little bit of good news. I spoke with Anders; he said you have more than covered your wage for three years and cannot let the competition get their hands on you. He will keep your job open, no matter if you need all the pregnancy off, but it will be statutory sick pay, not full pay. He will also honour you full maternity leave as well." I grin at her.

"Really, wow." Lucy looks shocked at me.

I smile and nod, as she lays her head back down against the pillow.

"Has anyone told Cal I am in here?" Lucy asks.

"No, not yet. I will call him if you like." The mother offers.

"Not yet, maybe when we find out more, I don't want him worrying about me, he has the final stage of his firefighter stuff today, let's not worry him." Lucy tells her.

"sh!t, who has the kids?" I ask.

"They went for a trial day with Mel, the child minder Kathline recommended. It was already sorted out last week." The mother tells me.

Lucy smiles and nods at me. I think she told me, but not sure, if I am being honest, my mind is in a daze at the moment, I can hardly remember my own name.

The nurse comes back with a big syringe thing, without a needle in it, then smiles at Lucy.

"Okay, so we are going to give you some anti-sickness medication, that is safe for both baby and you. Now, the quickest way to get this into your system is via your rectum as you will not keep tablets down, and the drip will take a

while to work. So, if your visitors could just step outside for me, please.” She says giving us all a pointed look.

I nod, when Lucy weakly squeezes my hand.

“Go home and get some sleep Ben. I need some fresh PJ’s.” Lucy attempts a smile.

“Okay, the mother will stay though.” I tell her, then bend over to place a kiss on her lips, but she moves her head out of the way.

“Nope, my mouth is horrid at the moment.” Lucy attempts a small giggle.

I shake my head, then kiss her on the forehead.

“I will be back in a couple of hours or so. I love you.” Then I bend down placing my hand on her abdomen.

“I love you as well little one, try and give mammy a break please.” I tell my unborn child.

“We love you too daddy.” Lucy grins, and I can see the mischievous look in her eye, for all she is still really sick, the fluids are clearly helping her feel a little better, and my heart leaps with joy inside my chest.

I let out a chuckle, I guess that little, fetish, or what ever you want to call it, is over with, because being called daddy no longer has the appeal it had. Now that I am going to be a real daddy it makes my heart swell with pride, and I instantly think of our little bundle. God willing our baby will be okay.

“I will drop you off Ben.” The boss smiles, slapping his large hand on my back.

“Cheers boss.” I nod at him.

“Are you ever going to call me by my name, after all, I am only your boss at work.” He asks with a low chuckle.

“Sorry, cheers whelp-me.” I half grin at him, as he throws his head back and laughs.

“Joanne, you are going to pay for that nickname.” He shouts over his shoulder, then winks at her.

The mother giggles, shrugging one should.

"I bloody well hope so." She grins. As Lucy shakes her head giggling slightly and I let out a groan.

"Time for me to go." I announce, then leave the ward to head home and get some sleep.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 104 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View.

OH MY WORD I CAN EAT!

Seriously, I have never been so happy to eat a bowl of lumpy porridge in my life!

Granted, I feel a little sick looking at it, but, I have not vomited, and rather than my stomach lunging in protest, it is growling louder than one of the werewolves in those books Joanne reads.

I am really hoping this means I can go home, after been here for a couple of days now, having medication shoved up my bum every morning, I am feeling a lot better. I am hoping they can give me tablets, after all I have was only sick a handful of times yesterday. Then this morning, finally, I am able to consume solid food.

When I say solid, I mean solid, because you can stand your spoon in this bowl of cement pretending to be porridge!

Would I say it is delicious? Definitely not. But it is going down, and so far, has not come back up. That is a win for me.

I am tempted to request another bowl, as I scrape the last remnants onto my spoon, wondering if it would be really rude to pick it up and lick it clean.

With the realisation I cannot get any more out of the bowl, I reluctantly place it back on the table, then pick up the cup of tea, and take small sips. Letting out a loud sigh of contentment.

“Wow you have eaten!” Lena the four-month pregnant woman in the bed over the way, who has a nasal problem and snores, loudly, all night, exclaims.

Snoring aside, she is a lovely person, and we have both made friends, championing each other’s small victories in the ‘Keeping food down’ stakes. Lena has the same issue as I have, and this is her third visit to hospital since she became pregnant. I try not to focus on that, as being in and out of this place is not appealing.

I miss Ben, even though he is here from the moment they allow visitors, till they have to most physically alkick him out at 9pm. But still I miss cuddling up beside him in bed, or sitting on the sofa, snuggled up watching TV together. Even our walks down to the beach to grab an ice cream.

Ice cream... oooo... I could really polish a bowl of ice cream off right now...mint chocolate chip....not my favourite flavour, but for some reason the thought about eating it is making my mouth water like crazy.

“How do you feel after eating?” Lena asks me, as I sit with my eyes wide, my mind still on mint chocolate chip ice cream.

“Erm, good, a little bloated, so apologies in advance. But yeah, I think I am going to keep it down. Now I am dreaming of ice cream.” I tell her.

“Good news, once they get you on tablets, they will let you go home.” Lena expertly tells me.

“Maybe we will both get out of here today.” I grin at her.

“Tomorrow for me at the earliest, probably the same for you Lucy, they normally monitor us for 24 hours after first lot of food we manage to keep down.” Lena smiles.

Edith the orderly walks in with her trolley, to gather the dishes.

“Oh wow. You managed to eat that okay Lucy.” She grins at me as I nod my head at her.

“Yes, now I want ice cream.” I giggle a little.

“Let me see what we have in the freezer from yesterday.” Edith smiles at me, before heading over to Lena and talking with her for a little bit.

The nurse comes to my bed, doing the usual checks, BP, temp and oxygen.

“Your blood pressure is back to normal Lucy, so you can go walk around, maybe head up to the day room or you can go out into the gardens sit on a bench when your boyfriend arrives. However, when you get up, do so very slowly as it will drop when you stand up.” The nurse informs me.

I nod as she takes the blood pressure cuff off my arm.

“The doctor will be here in about half an hour.” She tells me.

I glance at the clock, it is half seven, another two and a half hours before visiting time. I really miss Ben, and I want to tell him all about eating my bowl of porridge, I cannot wait to see the proud smile on his face.

Edith pops her head around the door to our small ward.

“You are in luck. We have strawberry, chocolate or vanilla.” She smiles at me.

The thought of strawberry, makes me grimace, no, definitely don’t want that, chocolate, maybe, vanilla, yes, I could eat that.

“Vanilla please.” I grin like a kid at the ice cream van.

Edith brings me the small block of vanilla ice cream, and I grin up at her.

“Thank you.” I say, whilst practically dragging it out of her hand and immediately digging in, I know my eyes are wide, and I cannot shovel it into my mouth quick enough.

Now I am grateful for this bowl of deliciousness, but I cannot stop the small amount of disappointment it is not mint chocolate chip, and my mind fantasises about it. What the hell is wrong with me?

Edith chuckles at me.

“Looks like someone is having her first craving.” She grins.

“What, this early?” I ask.

“Yeah, I ate whole lemons before I even knew I was pregnant with my second child.” Edith laughs.

“So that is why I am eating this whilst dreaming it is mint chocolate chip, when I am not that keen on mint chocolate chip normally?” I ask her, a little in disbelief.

“That would be it. I would text that nice man of yours and ask him to bring you some, we can keep it in the freezer.” Edith helpfully offered.

I hesitate, and grin, before pushing another spoonful into my mouth. Nodding my head, I like this idea. A lot.

The doctors arrive in the room, they stand talking to Lena first, and I try to distract myself to give them some privacy. I pick up my phone and begin to text Ben.

Lucy – Ben, guess what xxx

Ben – Morning gorgeous... what? Xxx

Lucy – I ate porridge and so far, it has remained in my tummy. Xxx

Ben – Oh wow that is amazing xxx

Lucy – Then I wanted mint chocolate chip ice cream, but they only had vanilla, however, I ate that as well xxx

Ben – really, well done...you don't normally like mint chocolate chip xxx

Lucy – I know, but apparently this may be my first craving, so I was wondering ????

Ben- A tub of mint chocolate chip will arrive at 10 am on the dot...anything for my girl and baby xxx

Lucy – THANK YOU... I have never loved you as much as I do right now. Xxx

Ben – LOL, I aim to please. Have you seen the doctors yet? Xxx

Lucy – They are just heading over now xxx

I place my phone down and look up as the doctor smiles at me.

"I hear you have eaten and not been sick." He grins as if he is proud of me. If I am honest, I am proud of myself.

"Yes." I smile and nod back at him.

"Well, if you keep that up, we will try you with the anti-sickness tablets today, then if that works out okay we will send you home tomorrow. But first, we are going to send you down for a scan to see how everything is progressing." The doctor smiles at me.

"A scan, when?" I ask.

"Porter will be here in around half an hour. So, you need to drink that full jug of water please, and no bathroom break." The doctor smiles.

"But what about my boyfriend, please can you let him in so he can come with me?" I ask, tears instantly pricking my eyes. I really want Ben with me, fear begins to rise up inside me, what if this sickness has damaged my baby, I cannot face that alone.

Seeing the harrowed look on my face the doctor smiles.

"If he can get here on time, then yes, we will let him go with you." He tells me.

I grab my phone, texting telling the doctor thank you at the same time.

Lucy – They are taking me for a scan in half an hour, if you get here you can come with me x

Ben – sh!t, okay, on my way, will get the mother to buy your ice cream xxx

My foot bounces on the bed nervously as I constantly glance between the clock and the door, whilst drinking this water, already desperate for a wee, and holding on for dear life. It is nearly half an hour, since they told me I was going to have the scan, and I am hoping Ben gets here before the porters do. Lena looks over to me.

"The porters are very rarely on time, they are usually late, try not to worry." She smiles at me.

I simply nod my head, then look at the clock again as the minute hand ticks closer to the half hour mark. A porter walks through the door, pushing a wheelchair. Just my luck, he is five minutes early. I feel the tears prick my

eyes, and swallow the lump in my throat, willing myself not to cry and make a fool of myself.

“Lucy Edwards?” he asks, and I simply nod.

“Okay, we will take you down in the wheelchair, let’s get you out of bed.” He smiles.

“My boyfriend is on his way, the doctor said he could come down with me.” I tell him, almost pleading with the porter to wait.

“Sorry petal, but I have a busy morning, so we need to go now.” He tells me.

The tears begin to fall from my eyes as I wipe them with the back of my hand. I wonder how long I can take getting out of this bed, just to give Ben a chance of getting here.

Seeing me almost sobbing the Porter sighs.

“I tell you what, I will go grab your paperwork, then come back and help you into the chair, but after that we have to get you to the Ultrasound unit.” He tells me, then walks out of the room to the nurse’s station.

“Come on Ben.” I whisper under my breath as Lena looks at me, lifting her hand up to show me she is crossing her fingers for me.

The porter arrives back with my file, and I hang my head.

“Sorry petal, let me help you into the wheelchair.” The porter tells me, then gently lifts me off the bed, the idea of being able to delay, going straight out of the window.

He pushes me out of the small room, down the corridor when I hear the door at the top open.

“WAIT!” Ben’s voice booms, and I let out a sigh of relief as one of the nurses reprimands him for shouting, but he takes no notice as he runs down the corridor grabbing hold of my hand.

“Bloody rush hour traffic.” Ben tells me.

I simply nod, tears now running down my cheeks, he is here, relief floods my body as Ben gives me a soft k!ss on the l!ps. I shuffle in my wheel chair

because, wow, I really need a wee now, and I instantly cross my legs, to try and halt the impending flow.

We sit in the waiting room, having been here for 20 minutes, if I knew I was going to have to wait this long I wouldn't have been so panicked about Ben arriving on time.

My legs are bouncing up and down, because I really do need to wee, and I pray I don't sneeze or cough. Ben holds my hand, but the pair of us sit in silence, both lost in a world of our own world of fear and excitement in equal measure.

"I hope they hurry up, I am desperate for the loo." I whisper to Ben.

"Yeah, there was no need to jump that red light. I may get a ticket." He sheepishly tells me.

"sh!t, will that affect work?" I ask him concerned.

Ben shrugs his shoulders.

"I don't drive the engine anyway, so probably just a slap on the wrist from head office." Ben tries to reassure me.

"LUCY EDWARDS" The nurse shouts to me.

I look at Ben, and he stands up, getting behind me, and wheeling me into the room.

"Okay Lucy, hop onto the bed for me." The nurse tells me.

Ben helps me onto the hard bed, as the nurse places a blanket over my legs before lifting up my PJ top, then pulling my bottoms down to my pubic bone.

"Okay, so cold gel." She tells me, then squ!rts it onto my stomach.

Ben reaches over and holds my hand as she places the wand onto my stomach, and I really clench my th!ghs as the pressure on my bladder is not welcome. I watch the technician as her brow furrows slightly before she turns to me.

"Okay...."

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 105 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

"Okay ... well, I'm not getting a good image of the foetus, I just need to call my colleague. Try not to worry," the ultrasound technician said, before standing up and heading out of the room.

I looked over to Lucy, and squeezed her hand, trying not to think the worst, but my heart beating so hard, I could hear the pulsing blood flow in my ears.

"Ben," Lucy let out a harrowed whisper.

"Try not to worry just yet baby," I tell her, but it is hard not to, as the sense of foreboding floods my mind.

We are left, almost abandoned, for what feels like forever, both of us sat lost in our own thoughts, terrified out of our wits. A single tear falls onto Lucy's cheek, as I lean over and wipe it away with my thumb, whilst swallowing down the lump that has formed in my own throat.

The door opens, and a doctor walks in, offering us a small smile.

"Okay, let me take a look," he says, then proceeds to grab the wand and push it down hard on Lucy's stomach.

I see her grimace and resist the urge to punch him in the face for hurting her. I'm not a violent man, but I'm at the end of my tether. I take a breath, because right now I need to let him do his thing, as we both need an answer, the waiting is just pure torture.

"Ahh, there you are. Your baby was playing hide and seek." The doctor smiles. Then switches the monitor on over the bed.

Both Lucy and I let out an audible sigh of relief as our anxious expressions change to sheer joy.

"That is your baby there, and for all it looks just like a blob at the moment, there is a heartbeat, see that black and white pulsing dot right there." He points to the centre of the small white mass inside Lucy's tummy.

"That is the heart pounding away. Now, let me see if I can get some measurements," the doctor continues, looking intently at the grainy screen, as he twists the wand pushing deeper into Lucy's stomach as she lets out a hiss.

"I'm sorry, I know the pressure is uncomfortable," he states, but never lets up.

"It's just, I feel like I'm going to wet myself each time you push down hard," Lucy states, her eyes wide and full of concentration trying not to wet herself.

"You wouldn't be the first." The technician laughs, as the Doctor nods his head with a wry smile.

"Okay, so we're looking at seven weeks, give or take a couple of days. However, your womb is tilted back, Lucy. It's not a problem, as baby will bring it forward during the pregnancy, but we'll keep an eye on it all the same." The doctor smiles.

"Is that what is causing her sickness?" I ask him.

"No, we're unsure why some women suffer this way. Sometimes it's hereditary, sometimes an indicator of a multiple pregnancy. But other times there is just no real explanation. Just one of those things." The Doctor smiles at Lucy.

"Multiple pregnancy?" Lucy asks, wide-eyed.

"There is just the one baby here," the doctor quickly confirms.

I don't know if I'm relieved or sad by that, but still, our little bundle of blob is safe and healthy, and that's all I care about right now.

I reach over and kiss Lucy on her lips as she smiles at the monitor, her tears falling from sheer joy and relief.

"That's the cutest blob I've ever seen, well done you." I grin with happiness at Lucy.

"It is, isn't it," Lucy agrees, nodding her head, both our eyes back on the screen.

"I normally offer a picture, but as baby is enjoying playing hide-and-seek the image will not show anything, so we can get one next time which will be in five weeks or so." The doctor smiles.

I feel slightly disappointed at not getting a picture, but he's right, it's difficult to make out on the screen, and now we know blob is healthy, there will be plenty more opportunities to take a picture for the mantle piece.

Unfortunately looking at our beautiful blob comes to an end, as the Doctor switches off the machine.

"We'll get you back to the ward. I've ordered you anti-sickness tablets today, see how you go." He smiles at Lucy.

"If I'm okay on them, can I go home tomorrow?" Lucy asks, her eyes bright for the first time in days.

"We shall see, I'm not promising anything." The doctor smiles.

I help Lucy off the bed and get her settled into the wheelchair.

"I can take her, save a porter coming," I tell them.

"Okay, go straight to the ward, but when you have seen them, if you want to go for a little walk out into the garden, you can, just let them know where you are." The doctor smiles holding the door open for us.

"Thank you," I say earnestly to him, I've never been so grateful to anyone before in my life. Including Davey and Josie when they pulled me from that blaze that almost took me off this earthly plain.

I wheel Lucy back to the ward and see it's almost visiting time already. I know that as soon as 10 am comes, the mother and Wh!p-Me will be straight through those doors. As I push Lucy down the long corridor, sure enough, stood at the double doors at the bottom, looking through the long thin glass, I can see her peaking in, waiting impatiently for visiting hours to begin.

"Joanne is here." Lucy giggles.

"Yeah, but today we can give her good news, so she can enjoy Wh!p-Me's time off." I laugh, wanting my mother to enjoy her time with her new boyfriend, and hopefully keep their s****l activities out of the station.

The next day, I wake up early, excited to get Lucy home. She was only sick a couple of times yesterday, and the doctors said she was doing well. I'm beyond hopeful they will let her out, but sad that I'm back on shift tomorrow. I look through my calendar on my phone, and see I have two weeks holiday still owed to me this year. Maybe I can take this dayshift off. Granted it means going back for nights, but I'll cross that bridge when I come to it. I hope Wh!p-Me agrees and can find cover at late notice.

My phone pings, that I have a text and I grab it off the bedside table.

The Mother – Any news if she can come home today? Xxx

Ben – Not yet. Give them a chance, it is only 8 am lol xxx

The Mother – Well, Wh!p-Me said he'll bring me to yours before nine, I'll cook you both some meals and put them in the freezer, whilst you go get her, or are at the hospital. He is going to spend some time with Moses. Xxx

Ben – Are you at his? Xxx

The Mother – No we stayed at mine last night. Why? Xxx

Ben – I want to speak with him about my next shift. Xxx

My phone rings in my hand as soon as I see the message is read.

"Ben," the Boss's voice booms down the phone.

"Hi, yeah, I was wondering if it's too late to take next week off from my holiday entitlement?" I ask.

"Yeah, it is," he states.

I resist the urge to let out an audible sigh, the poor bloke does his best for all of us on his team.

"However, I've already authorised with Head Office two-weeks compassionate leave. I had to tell them the reason, I hope you don't mind. Obviously, they'll keep it confidential," the Boss informs me.

"Wow, really? No, that's great, but will it affect the promotion opportunity?" I ask him, now that Lucy is pregnant, the Station Officer's job is more than a

little appealing, as you do less running into fires and more behind the desk or giving the instructions to the teams when at a fire.

“No, not at all. You and Davey have both been selected for final interviews, I was going to tell you both tomorrow morning,” the Boss states.

“When are they?” I ask.

“Not until you get back from work, they are interviewing the candidates from Marley Potts station first,” the Boss informs me.

I nod my head, realising that he cannot see me, then offer him my thanks.

Looking at the clock, I need to get ready and get to the hospital.

“Hey, I have to go get ready for the hospital. Enjoy your day with Moses,” I tell him.

“I will, and good luck for today,” the Boss replies.

If I was like Davey and superst!tious, I would’ve read the Sunderland Echo ten times over, but as I’m not, I’m resolved to pretending I’m not crossing my fingers as I pull up into the carpark, getting out and pressing for an all-day ticket which costs a small fortune, but hopeful it’s a waste of money. I’m playing the odds of sod’s law, hoping, for once, it’s on my side.

I make my way over to the maternity unit, taking the stairs to the top floor two at a time, before buzzing into the ward.

“Hey Ben, she is waiting for you,” Edith the orderly tells me, as she opens the door.

“Thanks Edith.” I smile at the woman who keeps me in secret teas and coffees whilst I’m visiting.

I head down the corridor, taking a left into the small ward, and see that there are two new patients, as Lucy sits in the chair by her bed, her bag already packed and on her bed.

“You can go home?” I ask

“Yes, I can go home,” she tells me, the smile bright on her face.

I grab hold of her pulling her to my chest, happiness filling my soul.

“Let’s get you home.”

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 106 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Davey’s Point of View.

I can feel that my mouth is open, looking like I am catching flies. No words form, although I have fvcking*g plenty in my head.

i***t.

Dimwit.

Stupid.

Crazy.

What does it have to take?

Kathline shoots me a look that tells me to keep my internal utterings to myself, but I cannot say the words even if I wanted to, they are too busy being stuck in my throat. I watch on as Kathline places her arm around Liv’s shoulder, patiently letting my sister sob her heart out over that piece of sh!t. For fvck’s sake her face is still yellow from the bruises, and she winces when she stands up, sits down or does anything for that matter from her cracked ribs. Yet here she is crying to Kathline about how much she loves that mother fvcker, how much he is a good man underneath, how much she misses him every single second of the day. I take a deep inhale of breath and turning on my heel I walk out of the living room back into the kitchen, so I can bang some pots and pans around in sheer frustration.

I have no clue what the hell to do. I tried making her stand on her own, but the results of that left her battered and in hospital. The guilt I feel about that, weighs me down daily. I cut her off financially, but still she took him back. I even paid off all the debt, the first time and the second, but still, Liv declares they are love’s young fvcking*g dream, when in reality it is a nightmare. WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? If somebody has the answer, tell me, because I am desperate to know what it is!

Picking up the kettle I fill it up with water, just for something to do. Am I to harsh? Should I be more touchy feely? The only person I am like that with, is patently listening to my damned sister in the living room, not making a comment about the bull sh!t Liv is spouting, just sat rubbing her back.

Grabbing the large tea pot, I add a couple of tea bags to it. It feels like a tea day, what is it they say? Tea and sympathy. I am all out of sympathy right now, but at least I can do the fvcking*g tea part. I put the pot, with three cups onto the tray, grabbing a plastic glass for Andy and put him some fresh juice in it. Poor little lad, he is finally out of his cast, and is desperate to run about outside, or go to the soft play, or even swimming. But, my sister, who I now firmly believe is selfish, is too scared to be left alone in the house, and doesn't feel like going anywhere, for fear that people will judge her bruised face, so the little lad is busy playing with his toys, having to overhear this bull sh!t every single fvcking*g day!

Well, I cannot fix my sister, but I can fix that. Liv can either come with us so we can give the little man a break from the bull sh!t at soft play, or she can stay in on her own. Those are her two choices.

"Dad, Liv is crying again." Andy's little voice sighs out.

He looks as fed up with the theatrics as I am right now.

"I know, but hey, after you have this juice, I am taking you to the soft play." I tell him.

"Yeah!" Andy squeals in delight.

"MAM, Dad is taking me to the soft play." He shouts through to Kathline.

"Actually, we are both going with him." I state as I walk through with the tea tray, a few biscuits on the side, because I need the bl00dy comfort food right now.

Liv's sobbing stops instantly, and she twists her head round looking at me as if I have grown an extra head.

"Liv you are welcome to come with, or you can stay here, it is up to you." I shrug.

"But you know I cannot be left alone right now, and I don't want to go out." Liv tells me.

NOT. GOING. TO. WORK. LOVE!

"Liv, this is about Andy, and that little man needs to get out of here and run about. You have two choices, come with us, or stay in, but it IS happening." I tell her firmly.

Instantly the water works begin again, and I just wonder how much of this is for affect, but I am not giving in, it is time she got back on her feet, and time we all stopped pussy footing around her.

Kathline shoots me a look, but I simply shrug my shoulders, sitting down on the sofa, and pouring the tea into the cups, I refuse point blank to back down from this. Liv needs to realise; the world does not revolve around her. Is what happened sh!t? Of course, it is, but still, she needs to man, or woman the fvck up and get on with building a new life for herself, instead of moping around pining after that piece of sh!t.

Also, she needs to move out, call me heartless, but the fact is, Kathline and I are trying to build our life together, and she inserts herself in the middle of us, all the damned time. I never realised just how much of an attention seeker my sister was, until she moved in, then it all came back to me. Even as kids growing up, she hated anyone getting more attention than she did. If I was praised, she had to do something to try and get attention as well. It seems like she hasn't stopped doing that even as an adult. I had just never noticed it when we lived apart.

Aww sh!t.

I know I sound like a d!ck, but I am frustrated and desperate to have alone time with Kathline, along with knowing that Liv will not go running back to the boyfriend from hell.

"B...b...but Davey." Liv begins to whine, but I am not going to listen to it.

"I think it is a great idea, you have to get out of the house at some point Liv, and the longer you stay indoors the harder it will be." Kathline tells her gently.

Knowing she is not going to win this little argument she turns to Kathline with a sad smile.

"I suppose I can try." She whimpers slightly.

"Yes, you can." I say, missing out the, and cut the amateur dramatics that I am desperate to add to that sentence.

As we pull up at the Puma centre, Andy rushes off towards the soft play, straight round to the trampoline, as he jumps about, already happily chatting to another couple of kids. I smile as I watch him, this is what the kid needed.

Kathline and Liv sit down at one of the circular wood effect melamine tables, as I go to the counter and grab three coffees and some juice for Andy. I watch through the glass doors and see Liv hanging her head, and I feel a pang of guilt that I have practically forced her out of the house. sh!t, this is the problem, I go between anger and frustration, to guilt then back again, quicker than a bullet train. Letting out a long sigh, I grab the coffees and head back into the room, placing them down on the table then sitting next to Kathline, resting my hand on her knee.

Kathline turns and gives me a winning smile, the one that makes my heart feel like it has stopped beating. How is this beautiful woman mine? She is dealing with all this Liv sh!te like a pro, not fazed by it at all. A sense of peace washes over me, and captivated by her, I lean over and place a soft k!ss on her delicious pout.

"Davey, can you sit next to me please, I feel scared nobody this side of me." Liv whines.

Is she fvcking*g kidding me? Again, with the attention seeking. Next it will be tears about how she misses the loving moments with that d!ckhead.

One.

Two.

Three.

"Oh, seeing you all loved up makes me miss Kev even more." She whimpers out.

Knew it, and I have to roll my l!ps together to stop myself from shouting a load of expletives that would be far from appropriate in a child's soft play area, or burst out laughing, because I called it.

Kathline finally rolls her eyes, the only indication that she has also picked up on the dramatic attention seeking from my sister.

Okay, call me childish, but I lean over and capture Kathline's lips in mine once more. Remembering, only just, to try and keep the kiss PG rated. Getting up and with a wink to Kathline I walk round and sit on the chair next to Liv.

"Yes, he is!" I hear Andy's voice shout.

I automatically look over to see him having a standoff in the middle of the trampoline with another kid twice his size.

Looks like he is not going to back down from the bigger kid whatever is going on, and I cannot help but feel a sense of pride.

Kathline cranes her neck looking through the nets that enclose the play area, as Andy stands, toe to toe with the kid.

"Shit." Kathline sighs, going to get up.

"He is holding his own Kathline, but if it looks like it is going to go too far, I will go sort it." I tell her.

Kathline nods her head, but both of us never take our eyes off the trampoline area. Liv soon realises she has lost the attention, and starts moving about, or whimpering in pain. Don't get me wrong, I know she is in pain, but this is just an attempt to grab attention again, so I completely ignore it.

"DAD!" Andy's voice booms out, and I am up out of my seat quicker than a jack-in-a-box, making my way to the trampoline.

"What's up buddy?" I ask, trying not to show the anger I feel at the ten-year-old bully in front of him, after all there is a law against beating the shit out of bullies when you are an adult, no matter how tempting it is.

"Tell him, aren't you a hero." Andy shouts pointing to the bully.

I grin at Andy, my heart bursting with pride, seeing him showing off about his dad, something he had never been able to do with his stepfather.

"Well, I am a firefighter, if that is what you mean." I try to play it down, but hell, my boy thinks I am a hero!

The big bully, looks over to me, shrugs his shoulders and stomps off, back towards the monkey steps and up to the top floor of the play area.

“Davey, can we go now!” Liv shouts over in a huff

I look down at Andy.

“Are you finished or would you like more time.” I smile down at him.

“Can I have more time please?” he politely asks.

“Yes, of course you can.” I smile, then with a ruffle of his hair leave him to continue playing, and head back to the table where I tell Liv in no uncertain terms we are staying, as Kathline gives me a small smile and nod of approval. I guess we are both fed up with this bullshit, and I am not an unfeeling bastard after all.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 107 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Kathline's Point of View.

The swirling North Sea waters build up in ferocity, crashing against the promenade, spraying those brave enough to walk alongside the iron railings. I stay beyond the grass area, safe from the turbulent sea, as I inhale the salt air. The metaphor does not escape me, as I stare out, my mind feeling as troubled as the wild waters.

I came here first thing this morning, in a bid to escape the drama back home. My home, once a peaceful haven, had turned into something else, and only one person was to blame. Liv. I spend my days listening to her tales of 'woe is me', sympathising or at least trying to. Her constant need for attention has worn thinner than toilet paper. I cannot even sit and cuddle Davey anymore without some drama unfolding. The tears fall, or she suddenly has a bout of pain. If I am honest, I am not sure how much more of this I can take.

The annoyance is real, and how I have held my red head's temper I have no clue, but then another wave crashes over me. Guilt.

The woman has been to hell and back, but then she is dancing around the belly of the beast, wanting to take him back. Davey is exhausted. Day two, of

the third time off shift since he brought her back from hospital, is once again spent dealing with her amateur dramatics.

Other than the soft play, we have had no time, together as our newly formed little family. The stress is beginning to take its toll on our relationship.

Is it wrong for me to want to kick her out?

What would Davey think of me if I insisted his formally battered and bruised sister leave?

What would that decision mean for our relationship?

Just when I felt like things were going well, this all happened, and the strain is beginning to cause a chasm between us.

I make my way up towards Roker light house. In the distance, I spot a heavily pregnant woman, hair as red as my own, lighting a Chinese lantern and with a bowed head watching it float out to sea, before wiping tears from her sad eyes and turning on her heel heading in the opposite direction.

I let out a breath. It feels to me my 'hair twin' is letting go of her problems. Maybe that is what I should do. Shout them out to the rough waters, all my pent-up frustrations. After all, the sea won't judge me for feeling like this about my boyfriend's sister, who was hospitalised only three weeks ago. I may look like a crazy person, but voicing them out loud may help me feel better.

I stand screaming at the waters, passers-by looking at me as if I have lost the plot... maybe I have, because feeling this pent up is not healthy.

After five whole minutes of screaming towards the sea, I take another deep breath, then I look over my shoulder, to see if any passers by had phoned the men in white coats. Thankful I am alone, am I ready to go home and face the day?

I am not sure, the thought of more drama makes me want to run far away from the place that was once my sanctuary. I cannot continue like this. I may sound like a b***h. Hell people may think I am just that, but I need to talk to Davey. If he cannot understand why I want his sister to leave, then maybe he is not the person for me after all.

With a renewed determination to sort this out, to speak with him. I headed to the car, before I second guess my resolve, and make the 20-minute journey back to my house.

As I walk in through the front door, already I can hear Liv crying out to Davey that he cannot understand how hurt she is, how a love like she had with Kev is a one-time thing. How it is not simple to walk away.

“Kathline, tell him!” Liv cries out to me before I can even get my coat off.

I close my eyes, taking a long, frustrated breath to calm my temper, but unfortunately, this time it is not working. My anger bubbles up from my stomach and before I can stop myself it boils over.

“No Liv, I will not tell him. I am fed up to the back teeth of this sh!t. Do what you want, go back to that bastard if you need to, but I know one thing, you cannot remain here.” My annoyance spills from my mouth.

Great, I let that spill even before I had a chance to talk to Davey about how I feel and why.

“Davey, are you going to stand there and let her speak to me like that?” Liv shouts in dismay and anger.

“No Liv, I am not.” Davey said, as a look of triumph appears on Liv’s face, her tears from earlier completely dry.

I glance up at him, is he really going to defend his attention-seeking sister against me? I hold a breath, ready to tell him to pack his bags as well, because I just need peace.

“I am going to go upstairs and grab a suitcase and pack it for you. Kathline and I have done more than enough to try and help you, but you throw it back in our faces. You cannot even stand for us to be sitting together. You need to sort yourself out, and here is not the best place for that. This is Kathline’s home, and you go on as if she is the one who is the guest. Andy needs his mam and dad there for him. When we are not working, we want to spend our time bonding as a family. But you cannot even bare the attention we give a six-year-old. I was done with this sh!t a couple of weeks ago, now finally so is Kathline. So, no Olivia, I am not going to stand here and let Kathline speak

her mind, I am going to agree with her, and get you moved the hell out of here, today.” Davey shouts, then takes a step beside me, wrapping his arm around my waist.

The sheer relief I feel is almost overwhelming. He feels just as I do, I am not the b***h from hell.

“What!” Liv screeches back at Davey.

“You are not even the annoying kid’s father! You are turning your back on me, your REAL family, just like before, which put ME IN HOSPITAL! It is all your fault, and you are kicking me to the curb, no thought about how I am still injured!” Liv shouts back.

“Bull sh!t, you ended up in hospital because you remained with that man you love so much. Davey has helped you time and again, but still you do not learn. My son is NOT annoying, he is in his OWN HOME, unable to play because you have a headache, or your ribs hurt. You are perfectly healed, the doctor said so on your last visit. But here you are, using a situation which you helped create by remaining with a man who clearly doesn’t love you, but uses you to feed his gambling habit, to try and manipulate your brother. You know, I anguished over this decision, but it is as clear as day, you just love the drama. Now, I would have helped you, but guess what, sort your own mess out, because I am going to work, to provide for my AMAZING SON.” I shout at her, anger boiling over. How dare she say that about Andy?

“Where am I going to go?” Liv shouts, followed by a barrage of those tears she likes to shed, in order to get her own way.

“Don’t know, and to be quite honest, I don’t care!” Davey growls at her.

Liv stomps up the stairs, taking them two at a time. I guess her arms, legs and ribs are not hurting her now! The slam of the bedroom door echoes around the house.

Davey nuzzles his head into my neck.

“I am so sorry Kathline; I should have got her out of here a couple of weeks ago. But I felt sh!t every time I thought about it. I thought you would think I was a cold-hearted bastard.” Davey mumbles into my neck.

"I am sorry too, I should have sat down and had a chat with you, like I planned. Not just lose my temper." I sighed, laying my head against his chest.

"Thank God Andy is at school," Davey sighed back. His love for my son makes me feel warm inside. .

"Yes, I need to log on to work, I cannot take another day off." I tell Davey, my employers have been brilliant since Andy was in that fire, but that is over 8 weeks ago now, and I need to get back into the office. But today, I will once again work from home. I tilt my head up and look up at Davey, as he moves my hair back from my face, then places a soft warm kiss on my lips.

"I love you, Kathline. I will find somewhere for her before the end of the day." He whispered his promise to me.

As I go and log on to my laptop, I begin to make a dent in the emails from Tracey. Then I began to dictate replies to solicitors working on behalf of the vendors of the homes we have exchanging contracts this week and bury myself into getting the home buyers of Sunderland moving again.

I hear Davey in the kitchen, as he makes a call, not sure who to, I am far too engrossed in my work to listen. Maybe I no longer care, because all I need is for Liv to be gone.

I am not sure how much longer I work, when a cup of tea arrives at my desk, along with a plate of biscuits. Davey stood, looking handsome as sin, smiling down at me.

"Liv has a place. She is moving into Josie's house. I am heading out to pick up the keys." He grins at me.

Relief washes over me, happy his sister will be out of my home tonight, and grateful that I have not just kicked her into the streets with nowhere to go.

"Does Liv know?" I asked him.

"Yeah, she tried to argue that she had no money. But I told her I had paid the first month's rent, and I would stock up her food, but she needs to find a job and get on with her life." Davey grinned at me.

I smile up at him, thanking everything that is holy for this amazing man.

“So I am going to pick Andy up from Mel’s for you when you have finished work, and you will get your ‘glad rags’ on. We are going out for a family fun night, just the three of us.” He continues.

“Thank you.” I whisper to him.

“The pleasure is all mine.” He grins down at me, placing another kiss on the top of my head, before turning on his heel and leaving me to my work.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 108 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

Davey’s Point of View.

After dropping off a tearful and angry Liv at Josie’s house, I quickly rush towards Mel’s house, ready to pick up my boy. I know he has school tomorrow, but I want us all to enjoy this night. To spend some time just the three of us. I am hoping that Liv will turn her life around, see this as an opportunity to begin again, to get over her constant need for attention.

My phone rings, and I answer on the dashboard of the car.

“Hey Josie.” I said, more grateful that she would ever know that she had said Liv could move into her house.

“Hi Davey, did Liv get settled in okay? Does she need anything? Honestly, I really do not want her to pay rent. Both Anders and I agree, she should stay for nothing, given it was the Maxwell family who beat her so badly.” Josie tells me, not for the first time.

“Thanks Josie, but I feel she needs something to inspire her to get a job, find friends, and make a life for herself. If she has a free pass, it will not really help her in the long term,” I tell her.

“Okay, well, if she needs anything else let me know. Did you hear Big Ben is back for the next shift? Joanne rang me earlier letting me know.” Josie said, and I knew she would be smiling.

“No, it will be good to have him back.” I reply, genuinely pleased he is getting back on shift, I actually miss the silent beast of a man.

“How is Cal doing? Did Joanne tell you?” I asked about my own tenant.

“Yeah, he is doing brilliantly, they are managing his work load and the kids easily.” Josie tells me.

I nod, even though she cannot see me.

“Also, Joanne said to tell you, Cal has offered to babysit Andy with his two, tomorrow night. I am organising a team night out, just at the Chester’s for food and a couple of beers. It has been ages since we have done anything all together. Kathline is more than welcome; Anders and Lucy are coming apparently along with the boss and Joanne.” Josie tells me.

“Yeah, that sounds cool, we could do with a night out. I will ask her tonight.” I tell Josie, as I pulled up outside Mel’s house.

“Got to go get Andy from the childminders.” I tell her.

“Okay, well, if Liv needs anything, let me know, and hopefully see you at seven tomorrow night.” Josie offered again. I know she feels guilty, as does Anders, but none of this is their fault. Anders is not responsible for his family’s decisions anymore than I am responsible for Olivia’s.

“I will, but honestly do not worry about it, but I have to go pick up Andy, so I will let you know about tomorrow night later.” I answered, wanting to get Andy home so we could go out.

“Bye Davey,” Josie answered.

“Bye.” I replied, before hanging up the call.

I get out of the car and make my way up to Mel’s door, knocking loudly, as the sound of kids all shouting and laughing echoes around the place.

“Andy, Davey is here.” Mel shouts as she opens the door holding Dante in her arms, as he giggles, pulling at her hair slightly.

“Wow, they look like they all had fun.” I chuckle, as I see the kitchen table covered in home-made slime.

“Yes, they did.” Mel smiled at me.

Andy bounds towards me, a broad smile on his face, as he lifts up a plastic tub of grey gloop filled with glitter.

“Look what I made Dad.” He shouts with glee.

“I can see, so go get your coat buddy please.” I tell him, as I heard footsteps behind me.

“Hey Davey.” Cal’s voice greets me.

“Hi, how’s it going Cal?” I asked, genuinely happy to see him.

“Good, really good. Did my first burning tower exercise today.” He grins at me.

I chuckle, remembering my own first tower burn, only I do not remember being as happy as Cal about it. I think I was more terrified out of my wits and went home evaluating my choice of career.

“Great, oh, I spoke with Josie, can I call you tonight regarding your offer to look after Andy?” I ask him.

“Sure, my little monsters have been bugging me to have him stay over. Kirstie especially, I think she has her first crush.” Cal laughs.

I shake my head, chuckling, and nod at him.

“Cool, well, I had best get my little monster home.” I say with a small wave, as Andy grabs hold of my hand, his coat half buttoned up, and his boots laces in a large loose knot.

I pick him up in my arms, to avoid him falling flat on his face tripping on his laces, and take him to the car, putting him into his car seat for the short journey home.

“So, Aunty Liv has moved out of the house, so it is just me, you and your Mam tonight. We want to do something as a family, so what would you like to do?” I ask Andy.

“Can we go to the Oak Tree Farm for a piece of giant cake and so I can play on the big red bus?” Andy asks excitement lighting up his eyes.

“Yes, but you can only have cake after you have something decent to eat,” I tell him.

Andy pouts a little bit, the idea of eating anything other than one of the giant slices of cake they sell obviously not appealing to him.

We get back into the house and go inside. I find Kathline waiting for me, a knee-length black dress that fits her like a glove. Instantly I suck in a breath, she looks absolutely gorgeous, and my fireman's hose gives her his salute of approval.

"Mam, we are going to the Oak Tree Farm for a giant cake!" Andy excitedly tells her.

"Are we now?" Kathline giggles slightly as I lean over and place a soft kiss on her deliciously soft pout.

"Come on buddy, we need to get ready to go." I tell Andy, eager to get us out for our family time, and even more eager to get Kathline back home and peel that sexy as hell dress off her.

"Oh, Cal has offered that Andy to stop at his tomorrow night. The guys are all going to the Chesters for a night out." I say over my shoulder.

"Wow, two dates in two nights, you are spoiling me." Kathline grins, her face looks brighter than I have seen it in weeks.

"You deserved to be spoilt." I grin at her, then walk up the stairs to grab a quick shower, and change, as Andy runs to his bedroom, and starts to take his uniform off and change into the clothes Kathline has laid out on his bed.

I quickly get ready, and head down the stairs, as Andy waits, hopping from foot to foot, desperate to get to the family-friendly pub and have his giant cake.

I look at both of them, and my heart swells with pride, I have said it before, and I will say it again, I am the luckiest bastard alive to have these two in my life.

"Come on then, let's go." I declare, as we headed out of the door, to enjoy our night.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 109 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Kathline's Point of View.

I sit watching Davey play with Andy in the children's zone of the Oak Tree Farm, as we wait for our food to arrive. His black jeans and roll-neck jumper contrasted against his grey hair, making him look sexier than ever. I cannot help but feel relieved that Liv has left my home. It has been hard work these past few weeks.

Tonight just feels special. I sit and ponder on how many times I would look at couples with their kids and feel lonely. A single mother with little to no help from anywhere. Yet, here I am, with a man who loves my son, loves me, and for all, his sister was a nightmare. I would not change our lives for all the tea in China.

The waitress arrives carrying two plates of food, placing them on the round table, then disappears to go fetch the next plate. I look over to Davey, who turns round and grins at me. I am sure he loves sitting in that mechanical bus as much as Andy does and could not care a less that he looks kind of ridiculous squashed inside, as my boy pretends to drive it.

"Next stop driver please." Davey shouts to Andy, making me giggle and shake my head.

"Kathline" I hear, and turn around to find Tracey, my secretary from work, standing behind me with her family.

"Tracey, how are you?" I grin up at her.

"I am good. I got those searches back just after you finished work, so I sorted them out for you to be ready for Monday. FYI, there is an issue with the ownership of the house." Tracey informed me.

I take a breath, just what I needed. The client was desperate to move, and if something turned up in the searches, then it was likely to delay the whole process again.

"What is it?" I asked, as Davey climbs out of the bus, and walks with Andy to the table.

"Oh, Tracey, this is Davey, Davey, this is Tracey." I introduce them.

"Yes, we met when we first started seeing each other and I popped into your office." Davey smiled, extending his hand to shake Tracey's.

"Yes, nice to see you again." Tracey grins.

"Sorry, I will leave you to your meal." She continues.

"So ...what happened with the searches?" I quickly ask, not because I am a work-a-holic, but because I want to know what the hell I am facing on Monday, or if I need to do something tomorrow from home, even though it is a Saturday.

"Turns out the house was first bought by the client and his ex-wife, even though he got a joint mortgage with his new wife, the ex was never taken off the deeds. It was a joint tenancy," Tracey explains.

"Oh sh!t, so he cannot sell, and even if he does, his ex-wife is entitled to half the money from the house. I will leave that till Monday." I say with a slight grimace. Not something I am looking forward to dealing with.

"Rather you than me." Tracey laughs, then waves me goodbye as she heads to her own table with her family.

The waitress arrives with Andy's plate of food, and he quickly tucks into his chicken nuggets and chips, the peas flying off the plate left and right as he attempts to put them on his fork.

"Hey Andy, you have pea'd on the table buddy." Davey chuckles at my son, who looks up at him, then giggles behind his hand.

"How is your hunters chicken?" Davey asks as I begin to eat.

"Nice, what about your steak?"

"Canny." Davey nods.

As we eat in a comfortable silence, I cannot imagine a life without Davey in it now. It is like he has always been here. We finish our meals, then make our way round to the counter with the giant cakes, as Andy hops from foot to foot with excitement.

"He will never eat a full slice." I tell Davey.

“Then he can bring what he leaves home. Do you want one?” Davey asks.

“No thanks, as lovely as they are, I have been sitting around for weeks at home, not even going to work, and I have put 7 pounds on.” I tell him.

“You look beautiful, and to be honest, I have not noticed.” Davey tells me with a smile.

“Still, I need to get rid of it before it becomes a full stone.” I tell him with a shrug.

Davey nods, but I can see the cogs whirling in his brain, as he orders a giant profiterole for himself and a giant rainbow cake for Andy.

As we sat back down with the cakes, Davey looks up at me.

“I meant what I said, you look bloody gorgeous, never worry about your weight because of me, Kathline. I love you, all of you. When we get home, I am going to show you just how gorgeous you are.” He softly whispers, his voice laced with lust.

I offer him a soft smile and a quick nod of my head. The truth is, I do not want to lose the half-stone for him. I want to do it for myself. However, it is still nice to know that he finds me attractive, even if my clothes are a little tighter than before.

With our tummies full, and two boxes filled with the cakes neither Andy or Davey could finish, we head back home.

Andy is sitting in the back of the car, his eyes heavy.

“I will shower him in the morning, he is nearly asleep,” I said as Davey nodded his head.

We pull up onto the driveway, and Davey carries Andy out of the car, as I open the front door, and we head inside.

Before I even get Andy’s pyjama’s on, he is all but asleep, so I lay him in bed and place a soft kiss on his forehead, wishing him sweet dreams, as Davey follows, doing the same. We walk out of the room, closing the door, when strong arms wrap around me, and bundle me into our bedroom.

“Now, I love you in this dress, but I feel it will look better on the floor.” Davey’s husky voice almost growls out.

His lips connect with mine, as he passionately kisses me. A low groan rumbles in the back of his throat, as I let out soft moans. Our tongues begin to explore each other. Breathless, we break the kiss, as I lift up his jumper, pulling it over his head, desperate to feel his muscles with my fingers.

Davey unbuckles his belt, then unbuttons his denims, and they fall to the floor with a thud, his boxer shorts going with them. He stands back, fully naked, and fully erect.

“Does he look like he thinks you need to lose any weight?” Davey asks, pointing to his thick hard erection.

I gulp as I see it twitch slightly, and shake my head with a small giggle in my throat.

Davey lies down on our bed, his hand stroking his engorged length, as he stares at me.

“Strip for me baby.” He groans at me.

I give him a grin, filled with confidence, then slowly unzip the back of my dress, then turn to face away from him, wiggling my body till the dress falls to the floor.

“shit Kathline, you are wearing stockings and suspenders.” Davey growls out, as he continues to pump his length, his eyes almost black with lust.

I turn around, then reach behind me, unclasping my black lacey bra, pulling the straps down, then holding it in place with my hands.

“Fuck.” Davey groaned, his heated stare trailing up and down my body.

I remove my hands, and throw my bra off to the side, my nipples rock hard, goosebumps all over my body.

“Come here.” Davey growls, as I walk towards him, wearing nothing but a pair of black lacey knickers, black suspender belt, with black stockings and a pair of black heels.

“Keep the heels on baby.” Davey groans, almost as if he is in pain.

I climb onto the bed, positioning myself on his lap, as his mouth concerts with my b.reast. He begins to s.uck and tug at my hardened n!pples, feasting as if he is a man starved. My whole body lights up in response, as I arch my back, pushing my b.reast further into his mouth.

Davey's hands move around my back, then settle at the hem of my lacey knickers, he starts to pull them down slightly, exposing my b.uttocks to the air, and grabs a hand full, squeezing them, whilst he teases the tip of my n!pple with his teeth.

"Oh God." I whimper in response, as my ar0usal soaks my lacy knickers.

Davey lets my n!pple go with a plop, before moving his head, and begins to give my other b.reast the same attention. My hands clasp the back of his head as I pull him closer to me.

Moving his hands around my wa!st, Davey finds the front of my lacy knicks, and his fingers move downward, seeking out my throbbing cl!t. Placing his thumb on it, he begins to rub soft yet firm circles, as my body begins to climb the dizzy heights, as I whimper and plead with him for my release.

Turning his hand, he moves his fingers southward, keeping his thumb working its magic, as he slips a finger inside my hot we.t throbbing entrance.

"fvck you are soaking." He growls out, whilst still slightly biting the tip of my sensitive n!pple.

Adding another finger, he twists them, finding my g-sp0t with ease, as he gently rubs it, whilst still massaging my engorged cl!t, my body instantly reacts as wave after wave of e.rotic ecstasy washes over me, taking my breath away as my face scrunches up to let out a silent scream of approval.

I slumped forward, breathless, trying to catch my breath. Davey gives me a soft smile before grabbing hold of my wa!st, then lifting me up and turning me, laying me onto my back.

"I am not done with you yet." He gr0ans, and I let out a whimper of approval at his se.xy words.

Kneeling between my legs, Davey pulls down my knickers, throwing them on the floor, then lets out a gr0an.

“fvck you are gorgeous, n.aked other than that se.xy as fvck suspender belt, stockings and heels.” He growls, as he fists his length looking at me.

I watch him as he appreciates my body, feeling empowered, se.xy, and more than ready to take him deep inside me.

Lining himself up at my entrance, Davey looks me in the eyes, waiting for my permission.

“fvck me.” I whimper out, as he smirks, and pushes himself inch by glorious inch inside, filling me up, as the ridges of his hard c0ck rub against my soaked walls.

I lift my legs, wrapping them around his wa!st, digging the high heels into his b.uttocks, as he lets out a low growl of approval. His mouth finds mine, as he begins to thrust, his tongue dancing with mine, matching the rhythm as he pushes in and out of me.

My hands go round his back, my fingernails digging into his muscly skin, as he increases his speed.

“Oh God, Yes, Harder.” I m0an out, as I feel the wave begin to build.

Davey obliges my request, as he moves at a furious pace, his hand moving down my body, as he once more pays close attention to my cl!t.

I am a whimpering, needy mess, beneath him, as I cry out, in soft m0ans.

“Shit.” I say, as once more I feel myself teetering on the edge of the height he has brought me to.

“I am coming.” Davey growls,

His words push me over the edge as the intensity of my org*asm consumes me, his body j.erks, as his face scrunches in a mixture of what looks like extreme pleasure and pain, as his seed fills me to the brim.

Hot and sweaty, we collapse together, both of us giggling like teenagers, as Davey places a soft k!ss on my l!ps.

“fvck that was...” His voice trails off.

“Humm, it definitely was.” I grin at him.

We lay like that for what feels like forever, both of us stated.

"I best get a shower." I whisper, not really wanting to leave our bed.

"Hum, whilst you do that, I will lock up, because I am far from finished with you yet, there is a lot more I am going to give you tonight, and every night for the rest of our lives." Davey sighs.

"Good, because I want you to give me everything, tonight and every night for the rest of our lives." I grin at him.

"Then we are agreed. Forever." Davey smiles down at me.

"Forever." I simply nod.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 110 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Josie's Point of View.

I cannot keep the smile off my face, sitting on the edge of the pool, as I proudly watch Anders swim a whole length of the swimming pool. Although he still has a fear of the water, he has overcome it, pushed through, and learnt to swim. He may never be the strongest swimmer out there, nor will he ever wish to go to a pool just for fun, but he has taken massive steps, and at least I know he is safer around water.

As he reaches me, he stands up to his full height, the water droplets glistening on his skin, as I give him a supportive cheer. He moves himself between my legs, grinning like the Cheshire cat at me.

"Where is my reward?" He asks.

With a snort of a laugh, which does not sound at all lady-like or seductive, I lean forward and place a soft kiss on his lips.

"Well done." I tell him, as he grins at me, obviously proud of himself, and so he should be.

"It is such a shame that 'baldy Bob' is in here, else we could have celebrated like the first time I brought you here." Anders grins and winks.

“Shush, he will hear you. Your voice echoes around here.” I whisper at him as he simply shrugs his shoulders in response.

“My name is Graham.” Bauldy Bob shouts over at us. But he has a smirk on his face, so I know he is not really offended.

To be honest, the guy is good looking, tall, toned, but with the shiniest head I have ever seen, for a man I would put in his early thirties, but it kind of suits him, if you like that sort of thing.

“Sorry Bob.” Anders chuckles, as Graham shakes his head and lets out a laugh, before continuing with his own laps.

I nudge Anders with my elbow, as he fakes injury, doubling over and crying out that I am a ‘bully’.

“Man up!” I laugh, then move to a stand before jumping into the water beside him.

“Okay, so we are now going to practice jumping into the water.” I grin up at him.

I know Anders hates this bit, but he was nasty to Bob with his quip about his lack of hair, so he deserves a little pay back.

Anders lets out a groan, then pouting like a little girl who has her Barbie taken from her, he pulls himself up onto the side of the pool. I gulp slightly, seeing his sexy round butt that begs to be bit, as his strong arms flex as he pulls himself out of the water.

Hot damn, after months of being together, he still has the ability to leave me speechless, as I stare at his hot body and thank all that is holy, he belongs to me.

“Do you want me to jump in, or do you want to perv a little longer?” Anders asks with that arrogant smile on his face.

“Jump.” I squeak at him.

“Ah, there she is. My squeaking firefighter.” He grins triumphantly, and I tear my eyes away from him, so that I can concentrate on the matter at hand.

“Arsehole” I whisper to him under my breath, as he just smirks and winks at me.

“JUMP!” I say more forcefully, thankful my voice has returned to normal.

‘Bob’ Chuckles as he passes us, before turning in the water, and setting off for another one of his relentless laps he swims.

Anders jumps into the water, making a massive splash, soaking me, as I stood at the side. I am sure he does this deliberately to make sure I get covered in water. Not that I mind, water is my second home. I love the stuff. Especially as it forces its way out of my hose at work and puts out a fire.

“Well done, now we have to get going.” I grin at him.

I am excited, because tonight, for the first time in forever, the team are all gathering for a night out. It will not be a drinking fest, like it normally turns out to be, because we are all back on shift in the morning at 6am. But it will be good to all meet up with our significant others, and just chill for a bit. It has been too long, with all of us dealing with so many things in our personal lives.

Anders nods his head, before grabbing me by the waist and dunking me in the water, then shouting “Race” as he slowly swims away.

I let out a laugh, letting him get a good half a length ahead of me, before I pushed off, and begin a fast front crawl lap, passing him within a few strokes, and beating him to the steps that lead out of the pool.

“One day I will beat you.” He grumbles, as I pull myself up the steps.

I feel his hand trailing down my back, his finger gently stroking between my legs for a split second, making me shiver.

“How many continuous laps do I have to do to get you back in that red swimming costume?” Anders asks.

“Three.” I grin at him, knowing he is desperate for me to wear the se.xy little number again, rather than my plain black speedo costume I am wearing now.

“I am sure you increase the number every time I ask.” Anders grumbles as we make our way to the changing rooms.

“Nope, it has always been three, you can do almost a lap and a half now, so half way there.” I grin at him, as I open up the locker and pull out my bag.

“Family changing room?” Anders asks with a wink.

I giggle slightly but given the changing room door has opened and another four swimmers have just entered, as much as I like the idea, it really isn't a good one, especially as one of the guys who enters looks around 12 years old.

“Guess not today.” I grin at him, then head towards the small cubical, placing my kit inside, pulling out my shower gel, shampoo and conditioner, before making my way to the communal showers.

We pull up outside our home, it still feels a little weird calling this mansion my home, but that is what it is now. I moved here initially for protection against the repercussions from Anders' less than nice family members, but now the place is my home. It didn't take long for us both to agree we liked living together, so I stayed. I walk through the door of the once minimalistic home that looked like it belonged in the pages of a magazine, and smile as I see my own touches surrounding the place. My pictures of my family, and one of me with my uniform on, during my passing out day are sat on the once perfectly displayed mantle. My good old fleece throw, I have had for years, is neatly folded on the arm of the long white leather sofa, giving it a pop of colour. I would have thought Anders would hate my stuff around the place, but he insists it makes the place better. It is no longer a house, but a home, and he loves it.

A photo sits on the side table in a silver frame, of Anders and me at the chamber of commerce event. Thankfully, it was taken before we got stuck in that lift. We are both staring into each other's eyes, and it is the nicest photo ever of us.

“What time are we all meeting?” Anders asks as he dumps his bag in the hallway.

“Six, it will be an 'early doors' kind of night, given we have work tomorrow.” I tell him, as I go grab his kit and walk with it to the utility room, filling the washing machine.

“Mrs Doyle will do that tomorrow.” He tells me.

"Mrs Doyle may well be our housekeeper, but she is not our slave. I am more than capable of putting a load of washing in. Plus, the costume and your trunks will stink of stale water if we leave them." I reprimand my gorgeous man, who still lives a spoilt life.

Before I knew his history, I resented that about him, but now, I know he deserves a little spoiling for all he went through as a child.

"Well, whilst you play at being the 'washer woman', I will give Carson a ring at the rehab and see how Billy is doing." Anders sighs.

He checks in every week on his younger brother, and from what we can gather, Billy is doing well. However, Anders is not counting his chickens just yet, as we all know a relapse can happen at any time. Plus, we have no clue where his father and brother have disappeared. They seem to have dropped off the face of the earth, after Anders gave his statement, hoping to have them arrested and sent away for a very long time.

I push the soaked swimming costumes and towels into the washing machine, and set it off, before heading into the kitchen, and placing a coffee pod into the machine, making Anders his favourite brew, before getting another one infused with caramel syrup for me. I place the cups on the table, before grabbing a couple of protein bars out of the cupboard for a small snack.

Anders walks into the kitchen, smiling at the coffee, and thanking me before sitting at the table.

"How is he doing?" I ask, as always.

"Good, apparently. They were asking if we could go down in the next few weeks. Part of the program is for family members to tell them how their addiction has affected us. Not sure if 'I don't give a sh!t' will be the comment they want. But that is the truth of the matter. I learnt long ago that my family were not worth my time or effort." Anders shrugs.

I smile and nod at him. I do not mention that even though he thinks he doesn't give a sh!t, I know that he does, else he would have left Billy to rot and kicked him out when he first came to him.

I have an hour or so to k!ll before getting ready to head out to 'The Chester's' tonight, so I settle down in front of the TV and turn on House of the Dragon, to

get caught up on the episodes, as Anders sits with some paperwork from the office, and goes through it. It is our routine, it feels comfortable, and it is nice.

"It will be good to see Lucy," I say to Anders.

"Yes, she is thinking she can come back to work on Monday. I told her no hurry, but she is determined to work as long as she can." Anders tells me.

"Yeah, who knew that morning sickness could land you in hospital?" I say with a small frown, taking a sip of my coffee.

"Yeap. When I found out about it, I did some research. It is a nasty thing, but she seems to be over the worst now, which is good for them both." Anders smiles.

"God, I don't know how Ben has coped. If it was you, I would be climbing the walls seeing you so ill. So when you get pregnant, no acute morning sickness." He tells me with a wink.

"When I get pregnant?" I question him with a smirk on my face.

"Yeah, I want us to have kids. When we are ready." Anders shrugs as if he hasn't just tuned my world on its axis, and said the words I have been longing to hear.

I love kids, and as we settle into our combined life, that feels so right and normal, I have been feeling more than a little broody.

"I wonder if Ben will tell the team tonight, she is pregnant?" I think out loud.

"Not sure, but she will not be drinking, and if Joanne is coming, the way she fusses over her, everyone will know anyway." Anders chuckles.

"Yep...she is one very excited granny." I laugh, knowing full well, that she has practically bought out most of the kids' shops of baby grows, scratch mittens, booties, and swaddling sheets.

"Right, I best go get ready." I tell him, as Anders immediately puts his paperwork down, nods his head, and we both head upstairs to get changed, and meet the team. It is going to be a great night, I can just feel it!