

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 11 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Kathline's POV

I smile at my phone as I receive yet another apologetic text from Davey, yet he has nothing to apologise for. I was the one who let my horny emotions get the better of me and instigated the start of sexting. Something I really regret, winding him up like that, but as soon as the messages were sent, and things looked to be warming up, Andy cried out in his sleep because of his itchy sp0ts, and I was brought back to reality with a bump.

My poor lad, he is struggling so much right now. What started as a few sp0ts behind his ear, has turned into his whole body being covered in just a few hours. I do not have any calamine lotion; nor do I know how to get any, as he cannot leave the house, and obviously I cannot leave him alone in the house to go get some in the morning. He is up to the maximum dose of Calpol that he is allowed, yet still, he is hurting and itching, unable to get any sleep at all. It is going to be a long night. I scoop my sp0tty man up in my arms and carry him to my bed, laying him down on the mattress, then pull out a pair of my socks from my drawers and place one on each hand, in a bid to stop him scratching the sp0ts and leaving him with scars.

My phone buzzes again, and I realise I have yet to respond to Davey and his constant apologies, being far too busy dealing with my little boy.

I pick up the phone to read his message.

Davey – Like I said Kathline, I am so sorry, I have had a few pints, I hope you are okay, and that Andy is okay as well. I will leave you in peace now xxx

My heart does this flip-type thing in my chest, guilt that I had started something I could not finish and now he was feeling sh!t about it, washes over me.

Kathline – Hey, sorry for not answering sooner, busy with Andy, he is very itchy, and I don't have any Calamine lotion to help him. I have just put him in my bed. You don't need to apologize, you did nothing wrong, it should be me saying sorry to you. I started something, then when Andy woke up crying, I realised what I was doing. Xxx

Placing my phone back on the bedside table, I stroke Andy's auburn hair in a bid to soothe him and help him drift off to sleep. It is just after nine-thirty, and for all he is a little tear-away during the day, he is always fast asleep by 7:30 on a night. He whimpers once more as he tries to scratch the spots, but thankfully the sock on his hands is preventing him from doing so.

"Hey, do you want some hot chocolate? Maybe that will help." I smile down at him.

He looks up at me, his dark brown eyes wide with wonder, and nods. I never allow anything other than water after he is bathed, and has his teeth cleaned of a night, so this is a huge treat for him. Let's just hope it works.

I go downstairs, in my long cotton nightdress, not the sexiest of night attire, and not what I would have worn if Davey had come over and possibly, ... maybe, ... had spent the night. I pull out the milk pan and pour in the milk, setting it on the hob, then mix the powdered hot chocolate with some cold milk into a smooth paste, in his special cup, before adding the warmed milk. Using a small hand-whisk I make sure the drink is velvety smooth, and then set it to one side to cool slightly before taking it upstairs for my little man.

I sigh, wondering if Davey got my last text, or if he just decided I was a cocktease with a kid and not worth the bother anymore. As I reach over and check the temperature of the drink, I take hold of the cup when there is a knock on my door. I look at the kitchen clock, it is past 10 pm. This is the worst part of living in a city, by yourself, I am not expecting anyone, and a cold rush of fear washes over me. I walk into the lounge and take a peek out of my drawn curtains in the big bay window, that looks out onto Durham Road, to see if I can work out who is at my door at this time of night. As I peer into the darkness, I see a familiar flash of grey hair under the security light. Now my heart is galloping like the horses in the grand national, he is here, Davey Brennan is outside my door, at 10pm!

Oh crap, I am in a granny nighty!

My hands begin to shake slightly, causing the hot chocolate to run down the side of the cup. Andy obviously heard the knock and is now shouting he is scared.

"It is okay Andy, it is just mammy's friend, I will be up in a little bit, don't worry." I shout up at him, to calm him down a little.

I open the door, then step into the small porch and open the front door to the house.

“Hey.” Davey gives me a grin that goes straight to my lady parts and makes them weep.

“Hey, what are you doing here?” I ask a little shocked and embarrassed about my appearance.

“Well, there is a late-night chemist on Chester Road, next to the Chester’s, so I popped in and got some Calamine lotion, some of this Calpol stuff the pharmacist recommended as well. Thought you might need them.” Davey smiled handing me the two bottles.

Now I have always found Davey attractive, and yes, I have imagined all sorts of things I could do with him and too him, but right now, in this moment, never have I ever met a man that everything within me wants to jump into his arms and demand he take me, right here and right now! His thoughtfulness towards my son has just catapulted his se.xy good looks, into the stratosphere, and my body is dripping with need of him.

“Thank you, I cannot believe you have done this for him.” I stare at him.

“Erm, he is upstairs, so if you want to come in, I think it will be safe.” I offer.

Davey grins at me and nods his head, and steps into the porch. I step back and open the internal front door, as his body brushes past mine, my n!pples harden, and tingles rush through my body.

“Just the door on your right, I will take this hot chocolate up to him and the lotion. There is hot milk in the pan if you want to make yourself one.” I smile at him. Then I make my way up the stairs to Andy.

My son sips his hot drink as I place lots of the lotion on his sp0ts. He lets out a little sigh of relief. After drinking about half of his hot chocolate his eyes get heavy, and he finally drifts off to sleep.

I tuck him in, then stand up and glance at myself in the mirror. I am a hot mess, my hair is all over the place, my nighty, well, it is not the look I would be going for right now, and I have not a scrap of make-up on.

I grab a pair of black leggings, and a t-shirt, pull my hair back into a ponytail, making my way back down the stairs, into the living room.

Davey walks out of my kitchen holding two cups of hot chocolate, slightly staggering as he curses himself for not walking straight.

“Sorry, I think I had one bottle too many.” He apologises to me.

I let out a girly-giggle, that makes me sound more like a horny teenager than the 30-year-old professional solicitor I am. Then take a cup from him.

“Here, I think you better sit down before you fall down.” I grin at him.

“Cheeky.” Davey chuckles at me, running his hand through his grey locks, his biceps bulging in his tight t-shirt.

I inhale a sharp breath, as I stare at him, unable to pry my eyes away from this se.xy man who has been the object of my private fantasies for the past four or five days.

Davey catches me checking him out, and he lets out a low chuckle, which causes my cheeks to burn with embarrassment. I quickly look away and take a seat on the long sofa that sits against the side wall of the living room, placing my hot chocolate on one of the side tables, as Davey sits beside me.

I suddenly feel shy, and look down, searching for something to say.

“I think you should be okay, if you are not in the same room as Andy, I don’t think you will catch it or shingles.” I ramble a bit to him.

“I had it as a kid, and contrary to popular belief, you cannot catch shingles from someone with chicken pox, but you can catch chicken pox from someone with shingles.” Davey shrugs, then falls silent.

I take a sip of my drink, staring straight ahead, again at a loss for words.

“So,” Davey turns and smiles at me.

I look at him, wondering if he is feeling this awkward s****l tension as much as I am right now.

“So,” I repeat back to him with a small giggle.

“Can I ask you something?” Davey looks suddenly serious at me.

I nod my head and brace myself for a question I probably will not like.

“Andy told me during his second rescue of the week, that he doesn’t see his dad, can I ask what happened?”

I sigh outwardly, here we go, this is where I tell him the man who fathered my child did not think either of us worthy of his attention, and I look like a complete loser.

“We were together for a while, well, I say ‘a while,’ it was around six-months or so. We met when I was at university, then dated. When I got my first job in a law firm in Newcastle, I found out I was pregnant. Not sure how it happened, as all the correct precautions were adhered to, if you know what I mean.” I glanced up at him and Davey nodded at me.

“As soon as I told him I was pregnant, he could not get away from me quick enough. Usain Bolt would not have a look in, the speed he ran.” I give a humourless laugh at my own joke.

“Thankfully the firm I worked for was understanding, however, after my maternity leave. I realised travelling over to Newcastle every day on the metro and having a six-month-old son was not good for me. I got a job at a solicitor in Sunderland working in conveyancing. I completed my training and worked my way up, and now I am an associate. His s.perm doner has done nothing to support him, even though he has a good job, and very rarely bothers to see him, maybe a few days during school holidays, if Andy is lucky. He is a waste of oxygen.” I shrug.

“What, he doesn’t pay you maintenance?” Davey asks shocked, shaking his head.

“No, I told him, when Andy was born, he needed to be present when I registered his birth, but he did not turn up. So, his name is not on the birth certificate, and that means legally he does not have to pay. I don’t care, though, I work to bring up my son; I do not want or need his money.” I sigh.

“Good on you Kathline. You are amazing doing it all alone. What about your parents, do they help out with Andy at all?” Davey asks.

Oh, dear we are really into the reality of my life now.

"Nope, they washed their hands of me when I refused to terminate my pregnancy. Their loss." I sigh, swallowing the lump in my throat. That rejection still stings to this day.

Seeing my change in demeanour Davey snakes his arm around my shoulder, my body feels like fireworks are exploding from my skin where he touches me.

"You are right; it is their loss. You are brilliant, beautiful, and strong, and that little boy is a credit to you, even if we do call him Norman Price at the station." He chuckles, then instantly closes his eyes as if he has said something wrong.

I laugh, and he relaxes again.

"Yes, I think he has watched that program too much lately. I am not surprised you are calling him that." I giggle, just to let him know it's okay.

"Kathline, I really want to take you out, ... get to know you."

"I cannot go out on dates; I do not have a sitter. I will not be able to do what normal single women do. Andy must come first." I sigh, he needs to understand, date nights are off the table for us.

"Hey, I know you come as a package deal. I want to get to know Andy as well. I also know it will not be easy, but anything worth having never is. But we do have a babysitter available, if and when you feel comfortable. Josie, the female firefighter, she loves kids, and will always do us a solid, because she is the nicest girl you could ever meet. So, what do you say we see what this is between us?" he smiles at me.

I look up at him, and my heart leaps in my chest once again lost for words, so I simply nod in response.

Chuckling, Davey places his cup down, then stands up.

"Right, well then, that is that sorted, and once that little man is better, how about we take him down to the beach at Seaburn for a day out, next time I am off shift, and you are not working?" He asks me.

"He will love that Davey, thank you." I grin up at him, wondering what I have done to deserve the chance of a relationship with such an amazing man.

“Okay, well I best get off, and head home. I will text you tomorrow. Night, night.” Davey grins then pulls me in for a h.ug.

My body pulses in his arms as I eagerly await a k!ss, but rather give me what I am craving, he gently k!sses me on my forehead, then walks out of the house, and still slightly staggering and heads off up the road.