

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 111 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Anders Point of View.

There is something just so effortlessly beautiful about Josie in one of my white work shirts, that hangs just above her knees, teamed with a belt, and a pair of high boots. Her blonde hair is in a ponytail that cascades down her back in natural waves. As always, she wears minimal make-up, showcasing her natural beauty. What can I say? I am the luckiest asshole alive because my girlfriend, the woman I share my life with, looks se.xy as fvck. There is just something about knowing it is my shirt she is wearing, that has just sent my pulse beating faster than a freight train, sending bl00d straight to my groin.

The urge to grab hold of that ponytail, tilt her head back and command her to bed is strong, so fvcking*g strong. I know she would instantly be onboard to some se.xy playtime. Josie loves it, just as much, if not more so, than I do. But I also know she has been looking forward to having a night out with her friends, all of us together, and as always, her needs come before my desire to possess every inch of her in s****I gratification.

“I couldn’t find anything to wear so I decided to wear your shirt. Do you mind?” she asks me, flashing me the innocent, yet seductive smile, because the little feisty minx knows for certain the affect her dressed in my clothes has on me.

“You know exactly what you are doing, and you are playing a dangerous game, firefighter Edwards.” I gr0an at her.

She tilts her head to one side, a small smile on her face as her eyes trail up and down my body, resting on the bulge in my jeans.

“Really, so what are you going to do about it?” she asks, raising her eyebrows in a challenge.

fvck, does she actually want to make it out tonight? Or has she changed her mind and wants to spend the whole night fvcking*g for Britain?

I feel the low rumble of a husky growl in my c.hest as I take a step towards her, only she turns away with me, full of her sass and picks up a black clutch bag that matches the se.xy black high heeled, knee-high boots, and turns to me with a wink.

“Later, big boy. We don’t want to be late.”

“Josie Edwards, you are k!lling me girl.” I tell her, following behind her like the wh!pped man I now am.

I may enjoy playing a Dom in our bedroom activities, but hell, this woman holds all of the power, and I am just her submissive, no matter what people think about how we enjoy our se.xy time.

Josie giggles at me, as we head into the garage.

“If you want a drink, we can go in my car. I am happy to drive because I have work tomorrow.” She offers.

“We can order a taxi if you want to have a couple of pints,” I tell her.

“Tempting, but that is okay. I just want to spend time with everyone together. We used to do all sorts of stuff together, but lately that hasn’t been happening, so it will be good to just have that time.” Josie smiles.

I love how much she loves her friends and coworkers. She is always concerned about them, willing to help. Baking cakes, which now I have batches that she makes me take to work for the guys in my office. She just takes the time to show love, helping everyone.

“Okay, well, if you are not drinking, I will show solidarity. After all, I have a busy day tomorrow as well.” I support her, and then open the door to my ‘mid-life crisis’ car as she calls it, letting her climb inside, getting a flash of her beautiful th!gh, as my shirt rides up, the perfect reward for my chivalry.

I press the b.utton on the automatic eight-foot, black iron gates, starting the car, and driving through. Normally, I would leave them to just close themselves, and drive off, but after the sh!t with those idiots I am related too, I wait, ensuring there is no chance of anyone slipping through and getting near or into the house.

Satisfied, I speed off down the small road, before joining the sea road, that runs past the beach, then up Dykelands Road, wondering if we would sp0t Ben and Lucy setting off. As we pass their house, I see the car is not on the driveway, so obviously they are on their way, or with Joanne and wh!p-me. We continue the 20-minute journey onto Chester Road, heading for the firefighter’s favourite ‘hang out’ pub.

I pull up, swinging the car around at the top of the car-park, and pull into the top space, near the door, just so I can hear if the car alarm goes off. I get out of the car, quickly running round to let Josie out of her side, to be rewarded again by a flash of her tiny white thong she has on. Chivalry is well worth the effort, let me tell you!

I slip my hand in hers as we walk through the doors, feeling proud as I notice the men at the bars, all checking her out, and knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt she is mine.

Joanne waves to us, letting us know where they are sitting, and I see Wh!p-me beside her, looking at her with the same expression of pure love, joy, happiness and lust I have every time I look at Josie.

We head straight over to the table, and see Ben with his arm wrapped protectively around Lucy's shoulder, and it is to be hoped they make their pregnancy announcement tonight, because his other hand is constantly stroking her stomach, with a small, satisfied smile on his face, and that is the biggest give away.

"Hey, do you want a drink?" I ask Josie, then offer around the table to get a round in.

"Diet coke please." She turns and flashes me a beautiful smile.

"Joanne?" I ask.

"Ooo a diet coke as well please." She smiles, then takes a breath.

"With a little bit of Bacardi in it." She adds, making Wh!p-me throw his head back with laughter.

"I am okay thanks, Anders, I still have most of my pint." Wh!p-me states, holding up his pint of bitter.

"Just a pint of orange juice please." Ben smiles, obviously not drinking in support of Lucy.

"Can I have a bottle of ginger bear please," Lucy asks.

Cool, I will be right back. I smile at them. As I stand at the bar, I hear a familiar voice say hello. Turning round I see Jason, the copper who knows Josie, and who has been keeping me informed about what is going on with my i***t relatives.

“Hi Jason.” I smile, resisting the urge to ask if they have found anything out, because the guy is clearly off shift.

“I have some information that you need to keep under your hat for now.” He says under his breath.

I glance at him and nod.

“It seems that your brother was picked up in Cornwall, trying to break into a rehab centre. It wasn’t the one your other brother is in, but he was caught. They ran his details and obviously it flagged up that we have a warrant out for his arrest, they are transporting him back.” Jason whispered.

“You are joking?” I ask him in shock.

Jason simply nods.

“You will be informed officially when or if we charge him.” Jason tells me, then picks up his pint and walks over to his own table, with a number of his colleagues, and sits down.

For all I feel relieved, I still have a sense of trepidation, as I know the man who helped create me will retaliate, once he feels that another son will turn on him to save his own skin. Trust me, that will happen. My family have a unique sense of self preservation. I know, I possess it too. But where they use it to avoid justice, or dish out their own idea of retribution on those who dare to stand up to them, mine is to work, build businesses, create a life outside of that family. It was my sense of self-preservation that set me free from their coercive control.

With a deep sigh, I order the drinks, waiting for the barman to place them on the small round tray, then opened a tab on my card.

I make my way back to our table, taking a seat, as Davey and Kathline arrive, both looking bright and care free, as if some one had knocked a hundred tons from their shoulders. Both laughing, Davey constantly touching Kathline, a

slight brush of her hand or leg, and the same look of love and desire that both Ben, Whip-me and I have in our eyes when we look at the women in our lives.

“There is a tab open at the bar Davey, get yourselves a drink, tonight is on me.” I tell him.

“Wow, cheers mate.” Davey grins, then walks over to the bar to collect his drinks.

Twinkle walks in, his face downcast, as Ben looks at him then to Josie.

“Guess they are arguing again.” He whispers to my girl.

“My heart breaks for him. She is just awful.” Josie sighs out, shaking her head, clearly upset about her friend.

“I wish he would leave her; all she thinks about is herself. She is a selfish b!tch.” Joanne grits out under her breath, so as Twinkle could not hear.

I do not know much about Twinkle’s situation, but from what Josie has told me, I cannot help but agree with Joanne, he should just get out of the mentally abusive relationship that woman has him trapped in.

“Hey, sorry, I am late, had an issue coming tonight.” Twinkle sighed.

“You are not that late, Headache and Wayne are still to arrive.” Josie smiles.

“I have opened a tab at the bar, go get yourself a drink.” I tell him.

“Thanks, what a gent.” Twinkle smiles at me, then heads to the bar.

I am not being a ‘gent’ or trying to buy their friendship. The reason I want to pay for tonight, is because each of these people means something to Josie, and her team are the ones who keep her safe, shift in, shift out. Every time she comes home to me, I am grateful to each and every one of them. It is my thank you to them, and I am well aware a few pints will never cut it.

Davey walks back to the table with his and Kathline’s drink.

“Jason is on the other side with PC Plod and PC Copper.” He laughs.

“Yeah, I saw him at the bar.” I smile, not revealing what he had told me in confidence.

I look over and see Headache and Wayne standing, talking to the table of policemen, before heading over to us.

“Hey y’all, the cops are here.” Wayne says with his fake American accent.

“Tab open at the bar, get what you want.” I tell the young lad.

“I am not drinking, feel a little stuffy tonight.” Headache says, then sits down, taking a over dramatic sniff.

“fvcking*g Hell Headache, it is unusual for you to be ill.” Davey says sarcastically. As Josie giggles slightly.

“Twinkle is on the sofa tonight...again.” He continues, clearly having a brief conversation with him at the bar.

Wayne joins us with a bottle of bud in his hand and what looks like hot lemonade and passes it to Headache.

“It will help with your stuffy nose, man.” The lad kindly tells him.

“So, now you are all here, I have something to tell you all.” Ben smiles lovingly at Lucy.

Joanne cannot keep the grin off her face, as her son begins to speak. Lucy looks at him, her face slightly blushing as her eyes light up.

“So, as you all know, Lucy had to spend some time in hospital. That was because she was and is pregnant and had a rare but very dangerous form of morning sickness. She was severely dehydrated. With medication, it is under control. However, it may come back, and she may need hospital care again. But for now, as you can see, my beautiful girl is healthy, and we are overjoyed that we are pregnant, and I wanted you all to know from me.” Ben said.

I have to admit, I think that is the most I have heard him speak at one time.

Josie moves over and hugs Lucy, then Ben, one by one, those who work with him, slap him on the back, hug Lucy, and all cheer for them.

Something hits me, like a ton of bricks, in this happy moment. These guys are a family. Yes, they take the piss out of each other, but ultimately, each of them champion the other. Family is not blood, as most people think, it is those who

support and champion you. This is Josie's family, as much as her parents and grandparents, and I know that she is my family.

As I look at her, smiling happily, and chatting away, wearing my shirt, and looking gorgeous, I am certain of one thing, and one thing only. I am going to get down on bended knee, and beg this woman who I love more than life itself, to marry me. So now, I am going to go to her work-brother's, as well as her father and grandfather, and ask their permission. I am going to speak with Lucy, Joanne and even Kathline, and get their thoughts on the perfect engagement ring, and then on her first night of her next off shift days, I am going to plan the most r0mantic night that the girls and I can come up with and hope she says yes.

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Josie's Point of View

Anders is being really affectionate tonight, small touches here, a little stroke of my leg there. I mean, he is always affectionate, but this is more than usual. He keeps staring at me, his eyes fully dilated, but the normal, high degree of lust is not as evident as usual. It is more like how Ben looks at Lucy, like I am his world.

Don't get me wrong, I am loving it, but it is strange.

"Y'all I have been looking at Youtube for cooking instructions. I am going to make some Cajun chicken pasta tomorrow. Did it for mom yesterday, and she didn't yeet it." Wayne said.

"Do you mean your MAM, and she didn't THROW IT OUT!" Headache exclaimed with exasperation.

"Oi, leave him alone, we all know what he meant, and if he wants to say those words he can. It is more annoying listening to you b***h, m0an, and complain about it." Joanne said, instantly jumping to Wayne's defence.

Headache, shuffled in his seat with a slight huff, as Davey patted him on the back.

"Here mate, have some Ibuprofen, it will make your hurt feelings feel much better." He said, as everyone rolled their lips together to stop from laughing.

“How do you know if your wife is having an affair?” Twinkle suddenly asked out of the blue.

Everyone paused, mid drink and looked over to him.

“You think she is having an affair?” Joanne softly asked, changing her tone from the harsh one Headache had just received.

“I don’t know. She is being secretive, and hell, I cannot do anything right now.” Twinkle shrugged, but I did not miss the small tear that was in his eye.

“She may not be Twinkle. All couples go through issues at times.” Wh!p-me said to him.

“Maybe, maybe not. I just don’t know anymore.” Twinkle sighed.

“Well, if she is, you deserve better. You are an amazing man...crap cook...but amazing man.” I tell him.

Everyone chuckled slightly at my quip about his cooking, although if Wayne has been taking Youtube lessons, maybe we will get something decent to eat this week. Although I will not hold my breath, I am sure Anne just tries to encourage him, like any other good mother...or mom as he calls her.

“I just want to know, one way or the other.” Twinkle tells us all.

“Easy, follow her.” Davey tells him.

“Erm, I think there is a law against stalking babe.” Kathline smiles at him.

Davey shrugs, then reaches over to place a soft k!ss on her !!ps.

“Break into her phone, hack her computer.” Headache suggests.

“Again, that could be illegal.” Kathline laughs.

“Jeeze Kathline, give the guy a break. I am sure you will get him off if he gets caught by the cops.” Wayne laughs shaking his head.

“Sorry, not my area of law.” Kathline giggles slightly.

“But if she is doing the dirty Twinkle, and you want to move out and buy a new house. She is your woman.” Davey grins with pride at Kathline.

“Yeah, I will be in touch.” Twinkle finally smiles a little.

“Why not just sit down and talk with her.” Wh!p-me comes up with the only sensible suggestion.

“Yeah, I should do that. In all honesty, I am scared of the answer. I know you lot don’t like her, but she wasn’t always a b***h. I still remember the woman I fell in love with and married.” Twinkle sighs once more.

I reach out over the table, and place my hand on top of his, giving it a gentle squeeze my heart breaking for him, he looks so defeated.

“No matter what, we are all here for you. Remember that.” I tell him.

We finish our drinks, changing the subject to a more jovial topic, before Ben stands up.

“Sorry guys, we are going to head off. I want to get Lucy to bed.” He tells us.

“Oi oi saveloy!” Davey shouts with a wink.

“It was getting her to bed that put that bun in her oven.” Headache laughs.

Ben shakes his head, rolling his eyes.

“We are out of here, see you horrible lot tomorrow.” He tells us.

“Anders, I will be in work tomorrow. Not sure if it will be all day, but definitely in the morning.” Lucy smiles at Anders.

“Yes, of course, you know you can take as much time as you need.” Anders smiles at her.

Ben and Lucy leave, as Joanne turns to Kathline.

“Hey, we are going to self defense lessons, our next one is tomorrow night, after Josie finishes her shift, if you would like to join us. It is actually good fun.” Joanne invites Kathline.

“Yes, I would like that. Would you look after Andy for me?” she asks Davey.

“Of course I will.” Davey smiles at her with a nod of his head.

“Great, it is funny most of the time. The instructors husband Stan is a hoot. Seriously, we take bets on how much food will be spilt down his top every session.” I tell Kathline.

“Actually, I have an early start tomorrow as well, so do you mind if we get off Josie?” Anders asks, and I notice the twinkle in his eye.

“Nope, see you lot tomorrow, and I will pick you up Kathline, to take you to Self-Defence.” I tell her.

“Bye, you two.” Joanne grins at us.

We pull up at the house, as Anders rushes round to open the car door for me, a wide smile on his face. He is really a gentleman, always opening the car door, and helping get in or out. As we get in, he looks at me with an apologetic smile.

“Sorry Josie, I have quite a few calls I need to make tonight. I will be with you shortly. I promise.” He gently tells me, then places a soft kiss on my lips.

“No problem, see you in bed.” I grin at him.

I make my way upstairs, and run the shower, letting the hot water wash over me. Before washing my hair, and cleaning my teeth. I head out of the shower, to find Anders is still making his calls. Damn, with all his touching, I was hopeful for a little bit of fun tonight. I climb into bed, hoping he isn't too much longer, but all too soon, my eyes become heavy, and I drift off to sleep.

My alarm wakes me up at 5 am, turning I see Anders is already awake, sitting up, looking down at me, with a small smile on his face.

“Sorry, I took longer than I thought last night.” He whispers softly to me.

“Don't stress, there is always tonight.” I tell him with a smile.

“Definitely. I cannot wait.” Anders grins and winks.

“I will give you a lift to work if you like. I am heading into the office early, got sh!t to sort, and things to do with Lucy this morning.” He tells me.

“Okay, that will be nice. Will you pick me up at 6?” I ask him.

“Sure will.” He grins at me.

As we pull up outside the fire station, Anders grabs me by the waist and pulls me in for a deep and passionate kiss, which leaves me breathless.

“See you tonight babe.” He tells me.

“See you tonight.” I smile and wave as I get out of the car, and make my way upstairs.

As always Davey is sitting in his usual spot reading the Sunderland Echo.

“Morning Josie, how are you?” He smiles and asks.

That is weird, he never normally acknowledges anyone before reading his paper. Maybe he had a good morning with Kathline. Well, if he did, I wholeheartedly approve.

“I am good thanks Davey. You?” I ask.

“Yeah, all good here.” He smiles, then returns to reading his paper.

Ben arrives shortly after, as I make my way into the kitchen.

“Do you want a cupper?” I ask him.

“Yeah, that would be great. Did you have a good night last night?” Ben asks me with a weird smirk on his face.

“Yes, we had fun, it was good for the whole of the team to get out together.” I smile at him, as he simply nods, then looks at me grinning like the Cheshire cat.

Just when I think things cannot get any weirder, Twinkle walks in and makes a beeline for me.

“You know, not all marriages are like mine Josie.” He states, then walks off.

I look at him with a frown on my brow.

“Random.” I say taking a sip of my coffee, then look at Headache who simply shrugs his shoulders.

“Josie, the girl of the hour.” Wayne shouts, as he walks into the kitchen area.

“I have not brought any cakes today.” I tell him.

Out of the corner of my eye I see Ben lift his fingers to his lips, but then quickly put it back down, when I look at him.

This is really strange. I cannot help but wonder what prank they are all going to pull on me. I guess I need to be on high alert.

I head down to the office to see if Whip-me and Joanne want a drink, only to find the Boss alone today.

Let me be honest, that is a lot better than when I found Joanne giving him head under his table.

“Hey Boss, where is Joanne?” I ask.

“Oh, she had a message to do this morning. She will be in after lunch.” He tells me, flashing me a big smile.

Now I know the boss smiles more since dating Joanne, but this is still weird.

“Do you want a coffee?” I ask.

“No thank you. However, if you can sort out the Fireman Sam stuff, we are going to do another school visit today.” He tells me.

I nod my head in response, and smile. I love doing school visits, and if we are in need of Fireman Sam, then it is for a primary school which is always fun.

I go to the supply closet sorting out what we will need, wondering who I am putting in the suit. I rule Twinkle out, he is having a hard enough time with his ‘Mrs’. Davey was nice this morning, and it is usually him who pisses me off, so he gets a reprieve, this time.

Headache’s voice booms around the station, as he shouts at Wayne for calling a pushchair a stroller, and instantly my decision is made.

“Oi Headache, we are going to a primary school. You are the Hero of the hour.” I grin at him, as he gr0ans, shaking his head.

“Really, for fvck sake.” He m0ans out loud, as Wayne mouths a ‘Thank you’ to me.

The morning is spent doing our usual chores, with no interruptions by the fire alarm, when Headache, Wayne and I set off for one of the primary schools to do our lesson on fire safety with the little ones.

It is great fun, as they all squeal with delight, and hugging Headache in his suit. When we are finished at the school we head off back to the fire station, as Headache m0ans that he is dehydrated due to being in the suit all the way back.

I walk up the stairs, as everyone greets us. We have been blessed this morning, not a single shout to attend to, however, sod’s law will state the closer we get to 6pm, the more chance of a shout coming through.

“Josie, grub is ready.” Wayne shouts over to me, as he proudly picks up a pot filled with creamy pasta and chicken.

To be honest I am surprised as it smells amazing. I dig in, and honestly, it is really good.

“Well done, Wayne, this is good. Really good.” I praise him, as he grins at me with a smile.

“I have to agree with Josie. This is nice.” Ben also compliments the youngest member of our team.

“Maybe I can take any leftovers to the ‘Mrs’ tonight, tell her I helped make it, and get back in her good books.” Twinkle says, and we all just look around the table, not one of us wanting to get into that conversation again.

“Hey Wayne, this food is lovely. Can you plate some up for Joanne and leave in the fridge, she will be back at work in an hour or so.” Wh!p-me asks, looking out for his woman.

That thought alone makes me smile, she really does deserve to have someone who thinks so much of her.

I take my dish to the sink ready to be cleaned up, when my mobile phone pings in my pocket.

“Hey Josie, your granddad and I are so happy, we really approve.” My nana texts.

I look at the phone, not sure what the heck she is on about, and was just about to text back with ‘Approve about what?’ when the fire alarm begins to ring and we all rush to the engine, forgetting about everything else.

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Joanne’s Point of View.

Glancing at my watch, I practically hop from foot to foot, as I wait for Anders and Lucy to meet me at Café Nero just outside the bridges shopping centre. I am so happy for Josie and her arsehole. When he called Wh!p-me last night to ask his permission to marry Josie, it was so sweet. At first, Wh!p-me wondered why the hell he had to give his consent. Then Anders told him, that Josie’s family, was not just her parents and grandparents, but also her work mates, who were like her brothers, and he was determined to ask every single one of them for their blessing. He had invited Kathline as well to help him chose the perfect ring, but she had to work, so we are going to WhatsApp her pictures of what we find, for her input.

I look towards the small tunnel that leads down to the east side of the city, towards the river, and see Lucy and Anders laughing as they come through.

“Hey.” Lucy waves at me, her smile wide.

I know for a fact she is more than a little relieved to be out and about, back in the land of the living. However, she still needs to be careful, especially if the sickness gets worse again, but for now, the medication is working, and she is only sick a couple of times a day, which believe me, is a huge blessing.

“Hiya. Should we go in for a coffee?” I ask, wondering if Lucy can deal with the smell.

“Yeah, I am actually desperate for one of the mango ice blasts.” Lucy tells me, her eyes wide.

I grin at her, I would not say she craves any on thing at the moment, but when she wants something, she really wants it.

“How is my grandchild?” I ask her, pressing the black button in the side of the double doors so they open.

“Good, they have let me keep my breakfast down.” Lucy grins as Anders chuckled.

“Come on ladies. I wish we had time to head into Newcastle to find the ring, but I have meetings this afternoon.” Anders shrugs as he ushers us through the doors.

We walk inside, taking the large sofa, with two chairs, that sits in the middle of the coffee shop.

“What do you want to drink?” Anders asks.

“Mango Ice Blast.” Lucy instantly answers, her voice slightly manic.

“Okay, I know that. You have been talking about them as if they are porn all the way up.” Anders chuckled at my daughter-in-law. Well, not officially, but I know beyond a shadow of a doubt, Anders will not be the only one putting a ring on it.

“Joanne?” He asks as a question.

“Skinny latte, with sugar free caramel syrup please.” I answer with a smile.

Anders nods his head, then goes and stands at the back of the queue to order our drinks.

“Ben was funny last night.” Lucy grins at me.

“Oh, really, how?” I ask her.

“When Anders called to gain his blessing, he looked disappointed. It took me ages to find out, he was happy for Josie, but was pissed that Anders had beaten him to it.” Lucy giggled.

“Oh, wow, so did he pop the question then?” I excitedly ask her.

“Not officially, I told him I wanted to wait until after this one is born. I quite like the idea of them being at our wedding as a page boy or bridesmaid.” Lucy smiled, placing her hand on her stomach.

I pull my black bag, which is a small back pack off my shoulders, then open the main zip and pull out a bag handing it to Lucy.

“What is this?” Lucy giggles, knowing full well, I never pass a shop with baby clothes and not go buy something.

“Just some bibs, you can never have to many bibs.” I grin at her.

“Thank you, Nana.” Lucy grins at me, then puts them to her stomach, as if showing the baby, making me laugh at her, before placing them in her own bag.

Anders arrives with the drinks, and I cannot stop laughing as Lucy, instantly sucks the straw her eyes wide with wonder.

“So, I thought we could go to the top of ‘The Bridges’ to where ‘Beaverbrooks’ is, they should have some decent rings.” Anders tells us.

“Yes, or we can go to Olive Street, there are some lovely jewellery shops up there as well.” I tell him.

Anders nods his head as he takes a sip of his espresso.

“I want to make the proposal special, I know she doesn’t like anything to fancy, so need some ideas.” Anders sighs.

I love how he is making this proposal all about Josie, it bodes well for the pair of them.

“Where did you first get together.” Lucy innocently asks.

I roll my lips, because Josie confided in me about the angry sex they had in the changing rooms.

“Erm, not going to propose to her in the changing rooms of my gym.” Anders chuckled.

Lucy looks confused for a moment, before the realisation hits her, and she widens her eyes, and makes her mouth into a perfect ‘O’.

“Ooo, I once saw on a TV programme years ago, a man proposed by putting a ring into a ‘happy meal’ from McDonalds,” Lucy suggested.

Anders looks at her as if she has lost the plot.

“What? I think that is r0mantic.” Lucy protests, then s.ucks on her mango ice blast with a shrug.

“You could book Lumley Castle, go for a meal, and stay over, that could be r0mantic.” I suggest.

“Ben did that for our first date.” Lucy sighs with a small smile on her face.

“No, I want something that is US, if you know what I mean.” Anders says, looking deep in thought.

“What, arguing then doing the dirty.” I giggle at him.

“Yeah, we did used to do that.” Anders smirks, nodding his head.

“Her feistiness is what drew me to her.” He grins, shaking his head.

“I am sure we will think of something.” I tell him, but to be honest, I am not sure he will like any ‘r0mantic’ suggestions, so maybe he needs to figure this out for himself.

“So... what did all the guy’s say when your rang them last night?” Lucy asks him.

“Davey said yes, and for me to fvck off, him and Kathline had a night with childcare. Twinkle sounded emotional. Headache, had a headache, but said yes. Wayne was the best reaction. He shouted with joy, as if I had asked him to marry me, then went on and on about how I should take her to Vegas and get married by an Elvis impersonator.” Anders laughs at the memory.

I grin, Wayne and his love of the good old US of A.

“What time do you have to be back at the station?” Anders asks me.

“One of the advantages of shagging the station officer. I don’t need to go in till after lunch.” I grin at them.

Lucy laughs at me as Anders shakes his head.

“How is that all going?” Anders asks, probably to be polite.

“Great, better than great if I am honest. His ex-wife is being a b***h, but other than that it is going amazing.” I grin with the happiness that has consumed me since Wh!p-me and I first began to date.

Finished with our drinks, the three of us head into the jewelry store, and make our way up the long concourse to the top corner and look in the window at first at the range of diamond rings they have.

“What do you think, a stone and diamonds, or just diamonds?” Anders ponders as he looks through the window.

“Which do you prefer?” I ask him, after all, this is his proposal.

“I like just diamonds,” Anders says.

“I agree,” I tell him with a smile and nod.

We step inside, and take a seat at one of the booths, as the lady behind the counter smiles and walks over to us.

“Hi, how can I help you today?” she asks with a big smile, clearly checking Anders out.

“I would like to purchase an engagement ring.” Anders tells her, in his gruff voice.

“Oh, congratulations.” She smiles at Lucy.

“Oh, it is not me, I am his employee, and this is my boyfriend's mother.” Lucy over explains.

“Friend, she is my friend.” Anders tells the assistant.

Lucy grins, then puts her hand to her mouth, and pales slightly.

“Hey, are you okay?” I ask her immediately.

“Yeah, I think so, just a wave of nausea.” Lucy frowns slightly.

“If you need the bathroom, you can use the one in the shop.” The assistant tells Lucy, looking concerned she might barf all over her posh shop.

“No, no, I think I am good.” Lucy tells her, then smiles, but lets out a massive burp.

“Oh, I am so sorry.” Lucy blushes bright red.

I cannot stop the burst of laughter erupting out of me, my poor Lucy looks traumatised that she has burped in front of someone.

“It’s not her fault.” Anders defends her, and I compose myself, placing my hand over Lucy’s with a smile.

“We all burp pet.” I tell her, trying to console her a little bit.

“I am pregnant.” She whispers embarrassed to the assistant.

“Congratulations, when my sister had her baby, she was always burping, and botty burping, truth be told.” She tells Lucy kindly.

“Okay, so what type of ring are we looking for?” she asks.

“Diamonds please, big, but not too big, my girl is not flashy.” Anders tells her.

“Oh, and do you have any nipple bars, or c*****s bars with diamonds?” He adds.

Now, there is not a lot that renders me speechless, or that shocks me...but that has me staring wide eyed at Anders. My eyebrows reach to the sky, as poor Lucy turns her head towards him, her mouth wide open.

“We have small selection sir.” The assistant informs him, her face a stoic mask, not once letting her professional demeanour waver. Before going to the back of the counter and gathering some trays of rings and the other stuff he wanted. Whatever this shop is paying her, is clearly not enough, with burb shoppers, and Anders and his strange requests.

She comes back with two trays of solitaire diamond rings, then heads to another part of the shop and returns with a tray of...well...piercing things, on it, with different stones.

“Are those real diamonds?” Anders asks, looking at the ‘piercing’ bars.

“Yes sir.”

“Yes, I like them.” Anders muses, as Lucy and I sit gobsmacked.

“What do you think?” He asks.

Lucy shuffles in her seat, as I look at him.

“I think, whatever floats your boat. But in all honesty Anders, I do not want to think of what the hell you are putting in Josie’s t**s and fanny.” I tell him as Lucy nods her head in agreement with me.

Anders chuckles.

“It is not that unusual. Maybe you should try it before you knock it.” He grins at us.

“No thanks.” I say, crossing my legs and scrunching up my face at the thought of a needle piercing my bits and bobs.

I glance over to Lucy, who has placed her arm protectively over her b00bs, shaking her head.

“Definitely not, they are painful enough at the moment!” She declares.

“How much for three of these?” Anders asks the assistant, who still is being the ultra-professional.

“They are £1200 each sir.” She smiled.

“Not bad at all, yes I will have three of them.” Anders smiles triumphantly.

“Now for the main event.” Anders grins, looking at the tray of rings.

I sit blinking my eyes, the main event, he means that little revelation about Josies, preferred jewellery choices was just the prelude!

“What about this one?” He asks pointing at a really expensive huge diamond that is so big, people will think it is not a real diamond.

“Too big, plus it would get in the way when she is at work.” I tell him.

Anders nods, then moves to some smaller ones, tilting his head from side to side scrunching up his mouth as he ponders on them.

“I love this one.” Lucy points to a ring that is approximately a carat.

“Yeah, that is nice.” I agree, it is big, but not ridiculous.

“Humm, I quite like the idea of the solitaire in the centre, but then with two diamonds flanking it.” Anders says.

“Yes, they are lovely.” I agree with him.

The assistant walks away, then returns with another two trays of rings.

Anders looks at the first tray, then his head glances over to the second and he instantly stills, a wide smile forming on his face.

“What do you think of this?” He asks, hardly able to keep the excitement from his voice.

“I think it is perfect.” I smile at him.

Lucy nods her head smiling.

“It is gorgeous, I know she will love it.” Lucy agrees.

“This one please.” Anders says with a triumphant smile handing the £10,000 ring to the assistant.

I get off the number 3 bus, that drops me off beside the fire station, and walk down to work. The garage doors are open, and the engine is not there, so they must be out on a shout. I head up to the office, to see that Wh!p-me has gone as well, which means it is more than a ‘cat is stuck up a tree’ kind of shout, and my old friend ‘Worry’ hits me like a freight train. I wonder what the call is, and head into my office, looking at the dispatch notice before I place it in the file.

I freeze when I see it. Fire, at the battery factory next to the car manufacture, blaze out of control.

sh!t, this is a bad shout!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 114 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Kelvin's point of view.

I park my car beside the fire engine and look at the burning factory. The smoke bellows from the roof, as flames peak through the bottom floor windows, swirling around, as it embarks on its dance of death. The smell of smoke, and chemicals, invades my nostrils. There is not a lot that gives me a sinking feeling, but I cannot help the knot that has formed in my stomach as I look at what we have to face.

This. Is. Bad.

Fire is a living breathing thing that plays with you, toying with your emotions, and begging you to play its murderous games.

People are all stood looking, some in tears, as they each stare in shock and disbelief at the burning factory.

Gathering myself, and schooling my face into a stoic mask, I head towards the police and factory management.

"Okay, what have we got?" I ask, as I glance over to Ben who is working with Davey getting everyone ready to go inside.

"The fire started in the canteen kitchen area. However, we have found a fire trail from beyond the building into the back area, that suggests an accelerant was used." Chief Inspector Harris tells me.

"Our arsonist?" I ask taking a deep inhale of breath.

"Looks that way." He tells me his face turning slightly pale. It is not his, or my first rodeo together, and we both understand just how dangerous this situation that is unfolding before our eyes is.

"Shit." I hiss out, shaking my head.

"What is in the factory?" I ask the senior manager from the plant.

"Lithium-ion batteries. Along with the components to build them." He informs me.

Double sh!t! This is a fvcking*g disaster waiting to happen.

"How many are in there?" I ask, bracing myself for the answer.

“Around a two thousand in the shipping area, another four hundred on the lines, with around three thousand of the lithium cells in stores.” He confirms, his own face pale.

“We were expecting the trucks to deliver them today.” He tells me.

This is as bad as a gas works catching fire. Lithium-ion batteries are all highly combustible. Yes, safer than petrol or diesel in a car, but bloody hell, in these quantities the place will go up in a mushroom cloud. Not only that, if they catch fire, they have been known to burn for days.

“Is everyone out?” I ask, praying I do not have to send my team in there as a rescue squad.

“No, there are some workers trapped behind part of the ceiling that has already collapsed.” The manager tells me.

“How many?” is my first question.

“Around ten.” He tells me, and I let out an audible sigh.

“I need a map of the plant, before I send my team in there.” I tell him.

He nods his head, and runs off towards a group of people before returning with one of them.

“We don’t have a physical map, but I can draw you what you need to know.” The tall thin man tells me.

I nod my head at him, as Chief inspector Harris pulls out his pocketbook, and pen, passing it to him. It is not ideal, but it is better than nothing.

“Listen, the batteries are stable enough, if you can stop the fire from reaching them.” He tells me.

“They will only cause a problem, if they are damaged, or the fire spreads to where they are kept.” He continues.

I nod my head in understanding, then turn towards my team.

“BEN, DAVEY” I shout over to where they are busy ensuring everyone has their equipment on correctly.

Ben jogs over, as Davey soon follows, shaking his head slightly. The both know just how serious this situation is.

“Ten people trapped. Thousands of lithium-ion batteries, and cells. Other fire crews are on route to work the building from outside. We are first on scene, so I need all of you inside that building.” I tell them.

“Boss. Where are they trapped?” Ben asks.

I look into Ben’s eyes, making sure he is okay to continue, and as always, he gives nothing away, looking almost emotionless. It is as good as I am going to get, as reassurance my love’s son is okay with what he has to do. I nod in the direction of the man who is drawing the map, so that he can inform them.

“Here, they were heading for the fire escape, but it has been chained from the outside.”

My blood runs cold, the same MO as the fire at the nightclub. It is definitely our arsonist again.

My heart clenches, I am sending the love of my life’s only son into that factory, the man who is going to be a father, and if it goes up, he may never come out. My whole team may be lost. fvcking*g hell, this is a nightmare. Josie doesn’t even know Anders is going to propose, and that little boy Davey has all but adopted, what about him!

I push thoughts of losing my team, or Joanne’s heartache and worry, to the back of my mind. I cannot let my relationship with her, or my friendship with my guys impair my judgement. I know what we have to do, the team also know what they must do, it is our jobs, what we signed up for. But still, I cannot shake the impending doom I feel in the pit of my stomach.

“You must stop the fire from reaching the batteries.” The manager implores Ben.

“We must get those trapped out, first.” Ben tells him, his face a stoic mask.

I take a look at the crudely drawn map, which will do, until we get a copy of some building plans from city hall.

“Ben, you take Josie, and Headache, Davey you take Twinkle and Wayne. Six in, six out” I tell them.

“They are trapped here.” I say, circling the area on the map.

“Beside the battery stores, the roof is down here.” I tell them placing a line across where the way is blocked, just before you reach them.

“We need to get a clear path through and get them out. The fire is here, so you will have to take hoses in.” I tell them, indicating on the map the fire in the kitchen area which is part of the direct route to the victims.

“The fire doors have been disabled, and the building is too hot to go round and open them, if we do that it will vent and cause a backdraft engulfing everyone in flames.” I tell them.

“Fvck.” Davey curses, and I cannot deny he has taken the word right out of my mouth.

“I need your team, Ben, to do the rescue. Davey, your team are to fight any flames that halt their progress, if you can try and contain the blaze to the kitchen area, hopefully we will be okay.” I tell them.

“Once the flames are under control, your team can go help Ben get the victims out.” I add to Davey.

“Boss” both Ben and Davey nod at me.

The pair of lead firefighters go to give the instructions to the rest of the guys, when I place my hand on Ben’s arm.

“Stay safe in there.” I tell him.

Ben doesn’t say a word, just nods his head, and makes his way to Josie and Wayne.

I stand watching, feeling helpless, as my team all mask up, and make their way into the ticking time bomb that is this factory. My job is to co-ordinate from outside the building, but the temptation to get my equipment on and run in with them all to offer more support on the ground is almost consuming me. It is the worst part of being a station officer, sending others into the crucible of

fire, whilst you co-ordinate from your position of safety. However, I have sent them in, I will get them out!

I watch on as they each disappear into the burning building. Indigestion burning in my chest, keeping my eyes peeled for any unusual flame activity or change in colour, which would cause me to give them the order to retreat, but as yet, the fire seems stable. I can only hope and pray it remains that way.

Chief inspector Harris walks over to me, shaking his head slightly.

“I have the names of those trapped.” He tells me, passing me the list.

“There are twelve, not ten as we originally thought, but we are not sure where the other two are in that place.” He continues.

I quickly press the button on my radio feed to my team. The radio crackles into life, as I take a breath to give the new information.

“There are Twelve, I repeat, Twelve victims, Two of them whereabouts unknown.” I inform them.

“Got it boss.” Ben states.

“It is fvcking*g hot in here.” Davey responds over the radio, and I let out a long breath.

It sounds like an oxymoron to anyone who doesn't understand, but I know, Davey is telling me the fire is worse than we presumed and is getting to uncontrollable levels.

“Cool it down as much as you possibly can.” I tell him, after all what else can I say.

I stand watching when the crew from Marley Potts arrive, followed by a crew from Washington.

“Kelvin, what have we got?” Stanley the retiring station officer from Marley Potts station asks.

I turn and start to give him, and Martin from Washington station the de-brief, when Chief Inspector Harris arrives again interrupting me mid flow.

“Sorry to interrupt gentlemen, but more bad news I am afraid.” He tells us, shaking his head.

I hold my breath, could this be any worse?

“My officers have found another trail of flames heading towards the far side of the building, they tried to put it out, but it has caught hold of the outer wall. It is the wall directly onto the factory floor, that has 400 batteries in the process of being built.” He tells me.

Stanley nods his head, then rushes over to his crew.

“We need to stop that wall from burning, NOW.” He tells them.

I contemplate telling my guys about this, but right of this minute, it will not help them do their job, so I refrain from adding more to their load. However, I do press my button, and shout to them over the radio.

“As quick as you can guys.” To let them know there are some more complications outside of their control.

Stanley returns, as I see his crew pumping water at the wall, in an attempt to douse the flames which have already caught, and are climbing the walls, licking the skies above.

More people gather round, rubber necking, as Chief Inspector Harris, barks at one of his inspectors, to get the crowd away.

The ambulance crews begin to arrive, as I continue my fire vigil, watching, allowing my years of experience to tell me what the fire is doing, and what it will do next.

“Sit rep?” I ask over the radio.

“On our way out with three.” Ben tells me, which is a clear indication, that none of those trapped inside can walk out of the building, they are obviously being carried by my crew.

I watch as the unmistakable Giant figure of Ben runs out of the factory, depositing his victim into the arms of the paramedics, Josie soon follows, with Wayne behind her, both dropping off the ones they have managed to save, before regrouping, and without hesitation, turn and run back into the fire.

“fvck!” I hear from across the opposite side of the factory.

I turn my head, to see, flames dancing around unchecked.

“Another detonation point!” Martin shouts at his side of the building.

“Who ever this fvcker is, wants death, and lots of it!” Stanley shouts over to me.

I nod my head once, I already know, we have already come across this asshole’s work before, and never have I felt so much hatred for an unknown person in my entire life.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 115 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Ben’s Point of View.

My heart is pounding so hard I can hear its echo in my ears. My lungs feel like they are stretching, through the physical exertion of clambering over objects that were falling left, right and centre, trying like hell to get these victims out of this burning hell hole. The sweat is dripping down my face, over my goggles, and with the thick smoke that surrounds me, it is making visibility almost impossible. God only knows if the people we are dragging out of this hell hole are even alive at this moment, but that is not a call any of us are prepared to make. All we can do is dig deep and push forward, doing everything we possibly can to ensure that we get them out.

The eery sound of the ceiling creaking and cracking, mixed with the roar of the flames surrounding me, lets us all know that it is probably going to come down eventually. The question is, how long do we have before it collapses completely?

Lucy’s beautiful face flashes before my eyes, the sound of our baby’s heartbeat drums in my ears in perfect time with my own echoing beats per minute. I blink my eyes, I cannot afford to focus on them, I have to keep my concentration on the job at hand. Place all my feelings, all the distractions into the box in my mind and padlock it shut. To survive this hell, I must avoid thoughts of my loved ones, stopping them from consuming me. I cannot allow them to take root and take my concentration, making me freeze. I gulp down my innermost fears, willing myself to not think about the sheer horror that would render me prone, the thought of not meeting my baby. I cannot afford to

think about anything other than what I am doing right here, right now. Thinking would cause me to doubt my years of experience or second guess the split-second decisions that ultimately are the difference between life and death.

“Sit Rep Ben?” The boss’s voice in my earpiece caused me to refocus on what and where I was.

“Team A, are all okay, we are nearing towards the room with the victims.” I tell him, then turn to see Josie just behind me, her face black with soot, her blue eyes laser focused on the job at hand.

Headache is behind her, the same look of determination in his eyes as he moved debris that has freshly fallen from the blaze, in an attempt to give us a clear exit from the building.

We take a turn to the left, from the long corridor we are following, reaching the fallen part of the roof. More has come down in the minutes it has taken us to get the first three out of this nightmare and back again. I pick up a large piece of plasterboard, the embers of fire glowing on the edges, and cast it aside, as Josie picks up another large piece, discarding it. We have no time to triage the victims in the room beyond, we just grab the ones who are furthest from us, a tactical decision, as with each journey back and forth we will become increasingly exhausted. I walk with purpose into the room, and picking up the largest man, I throw him over my shoulder. He is heavy, even for me, and if he is still alive he is unconscious. Josie grabs the next guy, who is probably twice her size and weight, but she lifts him onto her shoulders, with sheer grit and determination, as Headache grabs the next one, then in a line of three we make our way back from where we came. In the distance, I can just make out one of Davey’s team, dousing the flames above, trying to buy us precious seconds, a few more moments in time that can make all the difference. More obstacles fall, narrowly missing me, and I have no choice but to clamber over the burning obstacles, thanking God for the suit that protects me from burning to death as I walk over, crawl under, and run through the flames.

In reality, this walk would take no more than ten minutes, but with the fire dancing around us with evil intent, the obstacles it throws at us without mercy, it takes just under half an hour. With both journeys we are all getting close to our 60 minute scuba oxygen tank running out of much needed air. All I can hope, is that the boss has timed us, and has the new tanks ready and waiting to be swapped out, so we can run back in and get the rest of the victims out.

As I push forwards I see that Davey is looking at his team, giving them a finger circling in the air, a clear indication it is time for them to move out, to grab more oxygen before continuing our task.

The minute it will take to change tanks is more time for our enemy to cause its destruction, precious seconds of breathable air lost to the flames, and more chance of anyone still alive succumbing to smoke inhalation, which kills more people than the physical flames do.

I push forwards, willing myself to keep putting one foot in front of the other, the man I am carrying weighing me down. I draw on my reserve of energy, when every muscle screams at me for mercy. Giving up is not an option.

I. Just. Keep. On. Going.

A small explosion blew out the wall in front of me, blocking my path to the exit I was heading for. It was not the explosion of the lithium cells or batteries, more like a gas pipe with a small residue of gas inside, despite the mains being turned off before we entered the building. It happens, these mini-explosions sound bad, and they are bad, but if anything is about to blow, I would rather it be that than the batteries housed in this place. It is by far the lesser of two evils.

“Need an exit!” I shout into my radio, to anyone who is listening.

“To your left.” Josie shout’s from behind me.

I look to my left, and see a window that has been blown out, shards of glass scattered around the floor. But the broken window is big enough for us to clamber through, one by one, and the old analogy of ‘When God closes a door, he opens a window’ comes to mind, and I take a split moment to thank him.

I battle my way through more flames, making a mental note to tell the teams outside to douse this area with water, to create a safer passage for all of us.

Reaching the window, I clamber through it, the weighty body of my victim still over my shoulder. As I lift my tired heavy leg over the sill, I saw the sea of green running towards me, the paramedics. Dragged free from the building, the weight of the man is taken from me, as I turn to grab the victim off Josie’s shoulders, passing him to the waiting medical professionals. I hook my arms under Josie’s and help her get free from the inferno. Headache pushes

forwards, and both Josie and I grab his own victim, passing them off to the ever present paramedics, then both of us haul him out of the window.

We wait as Wayne rushes forwards, pulling himself up, and climbing out of the window, closely followed by Twinkle. Finally Davey comes into view, and gets himself free from the fires of hell.

I move as quickly as my exhausted body would allow me, towards to the engine to get a new oxygen tank, when the boss comes over.

“Take a break, Marley pots are going in for the next rescue.” He tells me.

I pull the mask from my face, gasping for air, then grab a bottle of water, from God knows who, gulping it down to quench the burn in my throat.

“They are going to have to axe their way through, from those doors.” Davey shouts over to their station officer, as he turns and nods his head, then instructs his team, and we watch as they rush into the building.

“You have got six out.” The boss informs us.

“Four more are in that room we came from, none of them conscious. I have not seen the other two. Do you have any idea where they might be?” I ask the boss.

“No, they were not accounted for at the fire call. Apparently, they clocked into work, but have not been seen since the fire took hold.” The boss sighs.

I look between Josie and Davey, all of us roll our eyes, shaking our heads. This means we have to search every single room in order to find them.

“Are any of those we rescued alive?” Josie ask’s, with a deep sigh.

The boss looks at us.

“Only one so far.” He tells us, shaking his head.

“Shit.” Davey curses.

We all know the likelihood of any others surviving that fire is slim to none, but that is not our call to make. Irrespective of their chances of survival, we will still go back in, battle the blaze and not stop until we find them.

I gulp down more water, emptying the bottle, as the Boss hands me another. I instantly open it, and take another swig, allowing the cool liquid to rehydrate my parched throat.

I hear sirens in the distance heading towards us.

“We have called in another crew. It appears our arsonist has multiple accelerant trails to this building, then are going to foam the area around the building to stop them taking hold.” Boss tells me.

“fvck me.” Twinkle shouts out in frustration, uttering the words we all want to shout.

“Hang on, does that mean the fvcker is somewhere around here?” I ask, my eyes instantly scouring the area for anyone suspicious.

“It looks like they were still hanging around when we got here, they set off two makeshift accelerant fuses whilst you were inside.”

The boss admits, his normal stoic mask dropping for a split second as I glimpse the fear in his eyes, before, blinking and getting his internal wall of protection back in place.

“Bastard.” Josie curses, before throwing her empty plastic bottle in frustration.

“The police are on it, we just need to focus. The Marley Potts crew have been in there nearly an hour. You had best get ready to go back in.” The boss sighs out.

I simply nod my head. Then turn to Davey.

“If they do not bring anyone out, we have four victims still in that room, can I have one of your guys to help get all of them out together, rather than go back?” I ask him.

“Yeah, does anyone want to go on the rescue squad?” He turns and asks Twinkle and Wayne.

“Sure, I will, ya'all” Wayne instantly puts his hand up.

I nod my head, as he moves into my group.

“We will go first with the hoses, try and get you a clear path. All of us will work to move the debris, so you can get in and get out.” Davey informs us of his team plan.

The boss looks over between us and nods his approval of the plan. The station officer from Marley Potts walks over.

“My guys are on their way out now; more debris has fallen. Kelvin, I think we need to cut the chains on the backfire exit at this point.” He suggests.

“Agreed, but beware, guys, only use it if there is no other option available, as opening that door will cause oxygen to flood that area, feeding the fire and increase the flames in that room, causing another explosion. You all know the drill.” The boss tells us.

I nod my head, then look at the guys as we get our new scuba oxygen tanks on, then double checking the valves and dials, we line up waiting for the other team to come out of the building, so that we can rush back into the place where angels fear to tread.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 116 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Davey's Point of View

For fvck sake!

It is like digging yourself out of a fvcking*g tunnel because of the amount of fallen debris there is. You just get clear and more comes down. Twinkle and I work together in tandem, passing the fallen bits of ceiling and throwing them to the sides to create a walkway, but we take two steps forward and two fvcking*g back.

I take a breath, keeping my mind focused on the job at hand, because if I let it wander, it will wander and remain on how hot those fvcking*g batteries and the lithium cells are getting and how long we have until the blow. Trust me, that is not a good thought, because if they go bang, then you will find bits of all of us, as far away as fvcking*g Newcastle.

I move to one side, as Twinkle drops down to his knees, pulling a large metal object that looks like part of the frame work from the building from the bottom

of the pile, moving it slightly making the pile of chard ceiling tiles and the now black plasterboard shift slightly, giving us more leverage to get this area clear.

As I methodically work clearing the area, my thoughts drift to something more pleasant, than this fire that is threatening to engulf us at each turn.

Kathline.

My heart rate speeds up, the memory of her kisses. Hell, every time I place my lips on hers it is like the first. Every time I slip inside her body, it is akin to coming home on a cold winter's eve, and being wrapped up in a warm blanket with a cup of steaming hot chocolate. It is welcoming, warm, she feels like home. fvck, she is my home, my life, my every-fvcking-thing.

As my thoughts drift to the soft curves of her body, the feel of her skin beneath my fingers, my cock lengthens, not caring at all that we are currently in a precarious situation, and a whole building could and probably will blow to smithereens, as a tunnel of flames flickers, and dance around us.

I shake my head, desperate to bring my thoughts back to the present. To concentrate on the task at hand, and not be distracted.

fvck.

I know better than this, to lose concentration. I need to focus on the here and now, because if I don't then the likelihood is I will not walk out of this place that is hotter than hell itself, back into her loving embrace and soft delicate kisses. If I am not careful, I will not make it back to the little boy whose hair is as red as the flames that surround us. Andy, my little man, my buddy. The boy who was known as naughty Norman but has captured my heart just as much as his mother has. My son. For once in my life, I have something to actually live for; my fvcking*g family, and the fear of not seeing them again is starting to overpower me. fvck!

If, by some miracle, I get out of this place in one piece, I know what I have to do. There is not one thing that I want from this life other than to officially make that boy and his mother mine. Anders may well have pipped me to the post by putting a ring on it, even if he hadn't popped the question yet. But one thing is for certain, as sure as God is my witness, I will not just marry Kathline, I will also move heaven and earth to adopt Andy as well, before planting another baby inside her.

I shake my head again, clearing my thoughts, and resetting my focus. I move forwards, advancing on my ultimate enemy as it tries its damndest to win its battle against me.

With renewed vigour and determination to get this job done, so I can move forward with the life I now know, beyond any shadow of a doubt, is my future. I just need to make it out of here in one piece.

Twinkle and I manage to clear the small area, as I see the four bright yellow oxygen tanks disappear into the flames up ahead. It feels like a pointless exercise. We all know nobody could survive the thick smoke that surrounds us without the aid of breathing apparatus, but still we push on.

Just. In. Case.

The team from the Washington station move in from the side of the building, as their own search and rescue crew methodically make their way through every small room, looking for the two missing people. I wish them luck, not just the fire crew, but the two that are potentially still in this fvcking*g hell hole.

Moving more of the walls that are determined to fall around us, I see Ben making his way out of the flames. He takes a moment to look at me, shaking his head slightly, the body he is carrying slumped over his shoulder. Josie follows behind, her own victim hanging limply. I watch for Headache and Wayne, but as yet they have not arrived, and I know in the pit of my stomach that they have been blocked by more falling debris.

“Twinkle, we need to get up there.” I shout over the roar of the flames.

Twinkle looks up towards where I am pointing, and simply nods his head.

Together we move forward, pushing through, clearing the obstacles as we go, making slow, but steady progress to where our colleagues, hell, they are more than that, they are friends, even though I would deny that point if ever asked about my relationship with Headache. The annoying son of a b***h is still a good guy, and the only person I would let fix my car.

We hit a relatively clear area, and made good progress, before seeing a stack of large white hot metal beams that had collapsed in front of Headache and Wayne. Their victims are laid on the floor, as they attempt to move the large

girders. As we approach, Headache looks at me, shouting something that is not discernible about the din of the fire. I moved closer, his voice becoming clearer with every step.

“Take the victims Davey, Wayne and I will clear this area.” Headache shouts.

I nod my head, it is a sound plan. Once these two are out, we only have to play hide and seek with the other two who did not show up for role call.

Hell, if they have just taken off from work, and not bothered to clock out, relying on friends to do it for them, I will fvcking*g k!ll them myself.

I grab hold of one of the victims as Twinkle takes the other from Wayne, and together we turn and make our way out towards the newly cleared exit.

I rush outside, handing off the limp, lifeless body I am carrying to the nearest paramedic, as the Boss strides over.

“Where are Headache and Wayne?” He asks.

“Trapped behind fallen girders. They are making their way back now.” I informed him.

“You good?” The boss asks me, and I look at my oxygen dial, and see I have approximately 15 minutes left.

“Got 15 mins.” I tell him.

As Ben and Josie rush back into the building.

“Out in ten.” The boss shouts as I turn to follow them, Twinkle not far behind me.

Together, Twinkle and I make our way through the pathway we had created, thanking all that is holy, it has remained clear, rushing towards the debris that his trapping Headache and Wayne. We arrive in double quick time, just to see Ben pick up one of the girders, alone, like some fvcking*g he-man, and cast it aside, as Josie grabs one end of another, helping Headache move it low enough so that he can scramble through the gap.

I rush to help her, as Twinkle takes hold of Wayne’s arm, as he climbs over the unstable, white-hot, metal.

With both of them free, I take a short moment to thank the heavens above, before we turn to move out of the building.

As we make our way out, each of us smash open the fire doors that lead to cupboards, or new corridors to the side of us, in the hope we get lucky and find the missing victims. I move to the side of the corridor, kicking at the door to my right. It is filled with fallen cages, the contents strewn on the floor, but there is nobody in there. I honestly do not know if I am relieved or not, but move out, making my way back down the main corridor, finding another door.

I kick at the door, and glance around, before walking into the small cupboard, when I see laid on the floor, under some blankets that seem to have survived the flames, a body.

“I GOT ONE.” I shout out, but this does not seem like a worker at this factory.

It feels more like some homeless guy has found a way in for shelter. As I look, the blankets are in fact a sleeping bag, confirming my suspicions. fvck me, how the hell had a homeless person managed to sneak into this place and set up home in a cupboard? It makes me wonder if the guy had some sort of deal going on with the security personnel who are supposed to protect the building from intruders. I step forward, moving the hood of the sleeping bag from the man’s head.

Shaking his body slightly, it rolls to the side. fvck, they are none responsive, which means another one has to be lifted out, and probably dead from inhaling the thick smoke that will have trickled under the door.

Bending down, I scoop the body up and hoist him over my shoulder to transport him out, when the sleeping bag falls away, exposing his face to me.

What. The. Actual. fvck?

Instantly I freeze. My resolve to rescue the body waivers, the temptation to leave it, or help the fire claim another victim by throwing the fvcker directly into the flames, is all too real as I stare at the face that had been hidden in the sleeping bag.

“KEV!” I shout his name as if it were a curse.

“Davey, get out.” I hear the boss shout in my earpiece, and I spare a moment to look at the dial for my oxygen.

sh!t, I have three minutes left.

“Come on you fvcking*g arsehole, let’s get you out.” I growl in the mask, then hoist my sister’s wanker of an ex over my shoulder, and make my way to the exit.

A paramedic waits for me, as I pass this fvcker off to them. I am not sure why I was hanging around, waiting to see if he is alive or dead.

To be honest, I am not sure which of those words I want to hear from the Doctor now attending him.

“No pulse, not breathing.” The paramedic shouts, to the doctor, as they attempt CPR.

I watch on frozen, fvcking*g hell, Liv will be even more devastated than she already is. Suddenly I am championing this wanker. Shouting into the mask for him to fvcking*g well breathe.

I feel a hand on my arm, as I turn and see Josie standing beside me.

“There is nothing you can do, Davey.” She gently tells me, thinking I am stressing over a random stranger.

“fvck Josie, it is Kev, how the fvck is that arsehole in that building?” I shout out.

Realisation dawns on Josie’s face, as she looks over towards the Boss and Ben, and they stride over to me.

“fvcking*g hell, I have wanted this fvcker dead for years. Now all I want is for him to fvcking*g breathe.” I say confused at my own thoughts and reactions.

My sister’s face all battered and bruised flashes before my eyes, and I realise that I do not care if he is dead or alive, so turn my body away from the paramedics, just as they say.

“Time of death 20:15.”

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 117 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Josie's Point of View.

I watch Davey's face, as the doctor pronounces, his sister's ex-partner dead. I am searching his face for any clue as to how he is really feeling at the moment. Davey is not an easy guy to read, he hides his true emotions behind a mask of sarcasm and disdain. His mouth is set in a hard line, and the only indication that he feels anything at all, is the small flicker in his otherwise stoic eyes.

Don't get me wrong, I know for a fact, that he could not give a sh!t about Kev dying for himself. In all honesty, it will be a relief to know that man can no longer manipulate or hurt his sister. But Davey will hurt for the heartache that Liv will go through. I understand, despite his frustrations with her of late, he will feel her pain and mourn for her more than anyone will realise.

"Take a break." The boss tells us.

I look over and see the Marley Potts crew heading back into the building.

"Only one more to find," Stanley shouts over to his crew.

"What are the names of the missing people?" Davey snaps his head up and looks at the boss.

"Harry Ryan, and Sean Mullen." The manager of the plant shouts over to him.

"Then we still have two to find." Davey's shoulders slump as he shakes his head, probably thinking what I am. What the hell was Kev doing in that building?

"How could you possibly know that?" Stanley asks him, stroking his grey moustache.

"Because that fvcker I just brought out is my sister's low-life ex-boyfriend." Davey tells him, then stomps off towards our engine.

I went to follow him, knowing he is more bothered by this situation than he is letting anyone know.

"Davey, are you okay?" I gently ask him.

"Leave it, Josie. I can do my job, and that is all that matters." He retorts.

I am not offended by his abruptness, I understand it. This guy is like a brother, hell they all are. We all deal with different things in different ways.

I simply nod my head, and climb into the engine, grabbing a bottle of water.

“We need another crew.” Headache sighs, looking at the burning factory.

He is not wrong, but we are understaffed, under equipped, and some may argue, underpaid. So we just plod on with what we have got, and make the best of a bad situation.

“They have an hour’s air, we need to get some rest whilst we can. Because if they do not find them, and the place hasn’t blown to the skies, we will be in there next.” Ben tells us, as Davey sits in stony silence beside him.

“I doubt the boss will send us back in there, it is too dangerous now. If Marley Potts crew don’t find them, then I reckon he will call it, and we just crack on and fight the fire from out here.” Twinkle gives us his years of wisdom.

It is not a nice feeling, knowing that you are calling a fire too dangerous to go into, and the survival of those inside less than one percent, and leaving a body, or bodies, inside. It has only happened to me once in my years of service, and I still find myself thinking when alone in the dark, that 1% is still a chance, and that they could have lived.

I shake my head, and take another sip of my water, letting the cool liquid sooth my parched throat.

The boss heads over to the engine. After having a discussion with Stanley, he is rubbing his chest, his brows furrowed.

He climbs into the engine beside us.

“You okay Boss?” I ask, as he scrunches up his mouth to the side, still rubbing his chest.

“Fine, have you got an indigestion tablets, headache?” he asks.

“Yeah, in the console, Boss.”

“No offence Wayne, for all your dinner tasted edible, even nice tonight, it is repeating on me, and mixed with Stanley’s fvcking*g archaic ways of doing things, it is giving me heartburn.” The boss sighs.

I blink, I have never heard the boss be anything other than totally professional when speaking about his counterparts from the other stations, and I have to wonder if part of that is because he is now more comfortable with everyone, or because he has picked up on some of Joanne’s ‘sh!t not given’ attitude.

I take another gulp of water, looking out the window of the engine. As expected, there are film crews and reporters behind the police barrier they have put in place. I guess we are the star of the local evening news on all channels again. I cannot help but wonder if Anders is watching this, and hope that he is dealing with it okay, maybe even keeping an eye on Joanne, Lucy and Kathline for the guys.

I let out a sigh, I am already over two hours late for finishing my shift, and I doubt we are going to get this fire under control anytime soon. ‘Yellow watch’, will be on shift now back at the station, but as usual with a major incident they will be held back, to cover any other fires that may happen in our little corner of the city, until the men in white shirts at regional HQ give the go ahead for them to relieve us.

Talking of which, the group manager from the region is walking towards the engine, Group Manager Fallow, the most pompous i***t to ever walk into a fire station, and I suppress the gr0an that I feel coming as soon as he opens his mouth.

The boss lets out a sigh, and steps out of the engine, and I see him talking to the group manager, rubbing his c.hest once more. Clearly, the management give the boss indigestion as well as Stanley and Wayne’s YouTube pasta. Although truth be told, Fallow gives everyone indigestion.

“I need a wee.” I announce to the engine, the water going straight through me.

“We have been using the back of Marley Potts fire truck as a rest room,” Wayne chuckles.

“He means fire engine and toilet.” Headache quips, but his voice is not laced with the usual annoyance, only humour.

“Not a bad shout.” I giggle, climbing out of the engine, ready to go squat down behind the Marley Potts one.

Inter-station rivalry is nearly as intense as inter-watch rivalry. So pissing on the big black, back wheel of their engine does not phase me in the slightest. In fact, it feels really rather good.

I finish relieving my bladder, and stamp my feet, wiggle my bum to get rid of the drip's, then pull up my yellow trousers, which are covered in a thick layer of black soot, before heading off back to the engine and grabbing some hand gel to clean my hands.

As I make my way back around the side of our engine, I can hear the boss having an animated discussion with the Group Manager.

“With all due respect, this fire is too far gone. The chance of anyone being alive is literally at zero. You are telling me that despite that, and the clear and evident threat that it could blow up like Hiroshima, you still expect me to send my team in there? If this crew do not find the two victims, there is no chance another crew can.” The boss literally bellows at the group manager.

“Yes, if there is a chance of life, then you must send them back in.” He tells him.

“There is no chance of life!” the boss bellows at him.

“Fine, have you got an indigestion tablets, headache?” he asks.

“There is always a chance, and the TV crews are watching. They must see that we have done everything possible to retrieve them.”

” Heaven forbid they see the realities of the choices we make. The only chance you are giving my team is the chance to not get home to their families when this fire is out.” The boss rages on.

“Station officer Webber, might I remind you that you do not call these shots? I do.”

“Group Manager Fallow, might I remind you that you only got the job you currently enjoy, because you were ready for your pension, and s.ucked up to the right person.” The boss shouts back at him.

I bid a hasty retreat back into the engine, not wanting to eaves drop any more. I have never heard the boss so annoyed and animated. Joanne would be proud if she could hear him go toe to toe with 'Shallow Fallow' as he is known throughout the brigade, because all he thinks about is himself, and what a decision means for him. Clearly, he wants his ten minutes of fame with the TV crews around, and doesn't care about us in the process.

"That is my decision, get your crew ready to go inside. I have no time to stand here arguing with you, I have the press briefing to give." Fallow states.

I take in an annoyed breath, as I watch him lift up his peaked cap, smooth his hair, then lick his teeth with his tongue before heading over to the reporters, a smile on his face, clearly not giving a sh!t about his crews or the perilous danger we are all in.

"fvcking*g d!ckhead." Davey growls, shaking his head.

For once, I agree, the guy is an i***t and should have retired years ago.

"Right, let's get our tanks sorted, make sure you get some more water on board, and pray to GOD those batteries don't go off for another hour and ten minutes." Ben tells us.

As Ben checks my equipment, I put the face mask back on, and wait for the crew that is in the building to come out. As I stand watching and waiting, a sense of dread floods me. I shake my head against the feeling, before it causes me to freeze and let my team down.

I think about Anders, smiling at the memory of a time when I hated him. My mind shifts to our first passionate encounter in the changing rooms of his gym swimming pool. The heat between us is even hotter than the explosive building before us. Our lives together are just beginning, as we get into a routine of living together. The happiness he brings, which outweighs any of the previous annoyance I felt for him. The gruff CEO exterior he has, that hides the sensitive loving soul he really is, especially around me.

I blow out a breath, hoping beyond hope, that I will come out of this factory in one piece, so that I can snuggle into his big strong arms, feeling the safety and security of being with the man who I love with every last ounce of me.

"I am sorry team, but they are coming out empty handed. It is not my choice, but Fallow is demanding you all go back in there. Do your best, but most of all,

keep each other safe, and if at anytime you feel like that fire is going to break through to those batteries or cells, get out of there as fast as you can.” The boss tells us, with another rub of his chest.

“Six in, and Six out.” Ben shouts, and each of us return the shout.

“Six in and Six out.”

I turned and looked at the boss.

“We will be okay.” I softly say to him, as he gives me a quick nod of his head.

I only hope that we will be, as I head off behind Ben and Davey back into the jaws of hell.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 118 - Tips

09 minutes read

Joanne's Point of View.

My stomach is swirling, like it is in the middle of a cyclone, even sipping my tea is causing it to lunge. In an attempt to distract my mind from the thoughts that plague me about this shout the team are on, I begin the mundane task of sorting out Whelp-me's filing cabinet. Honestly, it is a job I have been putting off, it is in such a mess.

I grab the files, place them on the floor, ready to sort them in date order going back 8 years. There are thousands of them. Each contains information on every shout that was done on each of the specific dates. Crouched onto my knees. My hands tremble slightly as I sift through the files to find the earliest date, the temptation to look and read through them weighs heavy on my mind. But, I know if I do that it will not help me control my nerves as I wait for news that this blasted fire is out. If anything, the details of fires and rescues from the past, will only serve to make my anxious state worse.

My thoughts run to my precious son. Closing my eyes, I say a silent prayer for his protection. He has so much ahead of him now. A beautiful fiancée, a baby, that when he or she arrives will bring nothing but joy and happiness. A small smile teeters on my lips as I think about the arrival of my grandchild. My mind wanders to what gender it is, if they look like Ben or Lucy. These thoughts are much more pleasant than the ones of impending doom that I have been focusing on since the guys went to that burning factory.

However, the positive feelings I get from thinking about my son's unborn child soon evaporate, when my mind begins to conjure up images of Lucy struggling to bring up the baby on her own. Ben, gone from their lives. Tears began to sting my eyes, as I blinked them back, taking a deep breath, holding it for a second and slowly releasing it, a trick my counselor taught me, when I visited them after Ben's accident, in order for me to control my stress levels.

"I am worrying about something that has not happened." I say over and over like a mantra, but try as I might, I cannot rid myself of the utter fear that is consuming my body.

Snapping my thoughts back to the dates and times on the folders, I attempt once more to distract myself. It works for a few moments, before images of Wh!p-me flood my mind.

Fear and concern about the new partner in my life floods my mind, not pushing my fears about Ben away, only making them that little bit worse. At least with Kelvin, I know he will not be inside the fire. That said, I know, after one of our many deep conversations that he is under a lot of pressure and how he feels sending his team into the flames. He has spoken at length to me about the guilt he feels when things go wrong, not just towards his team, but also their families.

I let out a long sigh, shaking my head, in a vain attempt to focus my mind on the files that lay strewn across the office floor.

My eyes glance over at the scanner that is sat at the back of Wh!p-me's desk, the temptation to turn it on and listen in to what is happening at the factory, has my hands twitching. My heart wants me to go turn the dial, switching the scanner on, but my brain tells me it will serve no purpose, only increasing my fears. After all, do I really want to know?

"Please God let them be okay...please." I say to the empty office. Hoping that the big man upstairs hears my plea.

Unable to concentrate at all on the files, I shake my head. This was a futile task, I cannot even work out what date comes before what, or the time stamps, such is my nervous state.

With a defeated sigh, I glance at the clock. Seeing the time, I realise it is not long until 'Yellow watch' arrive, so I gather the files together and dump them

back into the top drawer of the filing cabinet, then proceed to do the only thing I can. Pace the floor.

“Joanne, you are still here.” Lead firefighter Smith said, poking his head around the door.

I nod my head, officially I should have been out of here a few hours ago, but I could not bring myself to leave.

“Go home Joanne, there is nothing you can do in here.” He kindly tells me, placing his hand on my arm.

More tears formed in my eyes as I will them not to fall.

“Do you know how it is going?” I ask him, in a desperate plea for some positive information.

He doesn't answer me, which gives me all the information I need to know.

It. Is. Not. Going. Well.

The tears I have fought win their battle and begin to stream down my face.

“Try not to worry, they know what they are doing.” Smith tells me. A sympathetic smile on his face.

I know he is right, but not worrying about the two men I love is easier said than done.

“Go home.” He gently urges me, picking up my coat from the rack and passing it to me, as a gentle nudge for me to get out of the station.

I cannot help but wonder if the reason for that, is that they do not want me to know just how badly things are going.

I take my coat from him, and grab my bag, when my mobile phone begins to buzz.

Lucy – I have just seen the news, is Ben on this shout! Xxx

I look at the message, and let out another long breath. Lucy, my gorgeous soon-to-be daughter-in-law, really does not need this stress, but not answering her will only make her anxiousness worse, and break the bonds of trust between us.

Joanne – Yes, he is, they all are. I am going to come over. Xxx

I tell her.

Lucy – Kathline has called me, she is beside herself, and Anders is just sitting staring at the TV in his office. We can see the smoke from the window. Xxx

Yes, of course Kathline and Anders would be going through the mill, just as Lucy and I are. At times like these, we need to be together, offering each other support. Kelvin would want me to ensure that they are okay, to help them through the wait. I know that I will gain strength from being with them.

Joanne – Message Kathline, and ask her and Anders to make their way to wh!p-me's. We will all be closer to the station, ready for when they come back. Andy can sleep in the room he has for Moses. Xxx

I know this is a time we all need to pull together, to support each other, so I drop Anne, Wayne's mother, a message, giving her the address so that she can join us, then with a reluctant determination to do the right thing, I message Twinkle's 'Mrs' as well.

Anne – I am with my sister, but thanks for the offer. If you hear anything, will you let me know please? X

I shoot back a quick text back to Wayne's mum, telling her that I would keep her informed, not that I will know anything more than she would now. Then make my way out of the station for the 10-minute walk to Wh!p-me's house.

I head past the top lake, looking at the swans that elegantly float around the still waters, ducks quack in the distance, as people stand around throwing bread and grapes into the murky water. Normally I would stand and watch them for a while, but today I have no desire to waste a second of my time, when I need to get to the house and turn on the TV and watch the local news. Desperate for any information they may have.

I passed the working men's club, then round the bend, before crossing the road, and made my way up the long driveway that leads to Wh!p-me's front

door. As I look up, I see Lucy and Anders are already there, sitting in the Porsche patiently waiting for me.

I raise my hand up to them, in greeting, as Lucy bundles herself out of the car, she rushes passed me, and heads for the bushes on the side of the driveway and starts to be sick.

Anders gets out of his car, his normally tanned face looks pale, his eyes wide, the fear I feel in my heart swirling in his eyes.

“Any news Joanne?” He instantly asks.

I shake my head, clenching my lips together, as I suppress the sobs I feel coming. I need to be strong, I need to help keep us all as calm as possible, even though I feel like I am falling apart.

Throwing the front door key to Anders, I make my way over to Lucy, as she vomits in the bushes, rubbing her back. A new wave of concern floods me, as I watch the physical reaction the stress of this fire is having on her. This is the last thing she needs. All I can hope is that it does not trigger another bout of her severe morning sickness.

“Sorry.” Lucy mumbles between her bouts of projectile vomiting.

“It is okay, try to breathe Lucy. They will be okay.” I tell her, only wishing I could fully believe my own attempts at reassurance.

Finally, her vomiting stops, as she dry wretches into the bushes. Her face wet from her tears.

“Come on, let’s get inside.” I whisper softly to her.

I need to keep Lucy calm, to try and protect her and the baby from the horrors that are playing out not four miles away.

As I turn and glance down the drive to see if Kathline was arriving, I saw in the distance the pillars of thick black smoke, shit, this fire was far from under control, and I let out a heavy breath, before ushering Lucy inside.

As we walk into the lounge area, I notice that Anders had already turned the TV on.

“fvck, this is bad, it has made the national news.” He growls out, running his hand through his hair.

I glance at the TV, as the reporters stand talking about what is happening. In the distance, I can see teams of firefighters, and I watch, hoping to catch a glimpse of Ben, but the only person I can see, is my wh!p-me as he stands toe to toe with one of the regional managers, the anger on his face is as clear as day, even from the distant shot on the TV.

I close my eyes slightly, blowing out another breath, then turn on my heel, walking towards the kitchen.

“I will make us all some tea.” I say, wanting a little time to gather myself, so that I can be a calming influence for both Lucy and Anders.

Switching on the kettle, I slump against the counter, allowing a few moments for my tears to fall before heading back into the lounge. As the kettle boils, the sound of the switch telling me it is ready, I wipe the tears from my eyes with my hands.

“Enough, you have a job to do, for Ben, and Wh!p-me.” I reprimanded myself, then pour the water into the pot, only to realise I had not put any teabags in it. Rectifying my mistake, I gather cups, and place them onto a tray, then take some ginger biscuits and place them on a plate, hoping to encourage Lucy to nibble on them, then walk back into the lounge.

“What have they said?” I ask, as I place the tea tray on the coffee table.

“That there are still people trapped inside. They are going to interview someone from the brigade about the rescue plan.” Anders informs me, his eyes never leaving the big screen.

I let out a breath, and nod. After this amount of time, whoever is trapped in that burning building is already dead, and I cannot help but wonder if that was why Kelvin looked so angry speaking with the National Manager.

“Kathline is at work, she is finishing up, then going to pick up Andy, along with Kirstie and Dante, Cal has messaged. They have asked those who are due to pass out in the next couple of weeks, go to the fire to lend a hand with some of the grunt work, of looking after the engines.” Lucy sighs, her hands trembling.

“Don’t worry, he will not have to fight the fire, Lucy, just ensure a steady stream of water is available, and keep the equipment on all the engines sorted ready for the guys.” I tell her.

Lucy nods, wiping her tears from her eyes.

“I just want him home.” She sobs out, as Anders nods his head in silent agreement with her sentiment.

“I know.” I whisper, because that is what we all want. Our loved ones home and safe.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 119 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Lucy’s Point of view.

No matter what I do, or how much I attempt to regulate my breathing, I cannot stop my body from shaking. My stomach churns, and I can only hope that I am not sick again. The pounding of my heart echoes in my ears, as any slight noise makes me nearly jump out of my skin.

I place a protective, shaky hand over my stomach, gently rubbing it, almost as if I am comforting Ben and my unborn child. Stress is not good for me, or our baby, and I know I need to calm myself down. But that is easier said than done. Because trust me, I have tried, and so far I am failing spectacularly.

I take a sip of the hot tea Joanne has made, hoping the soothing liquid helps calm my mind. After all, there is nothing quite like a cup of good old English tea to bring peace to a troubled soul. It is the go-to remedy for any situation, especially bad ones. As situations go, they do not get much worse than this...well, there is a worse one, much worse! I take a breath, and force my mind away from dwelling on those negative thoughts of Ben not coming home to me, before they consume my mind so much that I end up vomiting again.

I blow out a breath, as I have more to worry about now. Cal, my baby brother, a young father of two little treasures, their only real parent, is heading to that factory. For all I know, he will not be required to fight the fire, the thought of him being present fills me with dread, adding to my already fractured emotions.

I see Anders from the corner of my eye, his hands running through his hair repeatedly, as he watches the TV hanging on their every word.

Ben once told me, that although he doesn't have a problem with TV crews filming fires, that if he is on a shout that is being televised, that I should take what they say with a pinch of salt, as they have a knack of sensationalising the facts, and half the time they make more of a situation, and the danger is nowhere near as bad as they tell you. They enjoy creating drama, as it makes people watch their show.

I try and take comfort from that, though, as I listen to the over-enthusiastic female reporter shout down a microphone about the dangers of the fire, and her breakdown of what dangers await the fire crews.

Apparently, they are evacuating the surrounding factories in the area. Fortunately, on that stretch of road there are no homes.

I let out a long steady breath, as another wave of nausea began to rip through my body, hoping to calm my stomach down, in a bid to stop myself from, once again, being sick.

For all I have heeded Ben's words, looking at the fire, on the TV I know that this is a dangerous situation. I understand that every fire is fraught with danger, but this one is definitely worse, and I do not need a reporter to tell me that.

Hell, I just have to step outside Wh!p-me's house to see the columns of smoke in the distance, and inhale the smell of burning that is already wafting its way across the city.

"We are expecting an update from Group Manager Fallow of the Northeast Fire brigade shortly, he is just briefing his team." The reporter informs us.

That is not a name I have heard of, so I think it will be one of the high-up bods from regional HQ. Although I want to know what he has to say, I must admit I would prefer an update from Wh!p-me, at least then I can trust his words, and that would be not just me, but Joanne and Anders comfort.

“Oh fvck, I might have known ‘Shallow Fallow’ would find a way to get his arse in front of the cameras. That man is a joke.” Joanne gr0ans, as she reaches for the plate of biscuits and offers me one.

“You have to try and eat, Lucy. They are ginger to help with your sickness.” Her voice turning soft as she begs me with her eyes to attempt to eat.

For all the thought of consuming food, any food, fills me with dread, I cannot deny that she is right. I do need to try and get something down my throat, and ginger does help settle my stomach.

I nod my head, taking a biscuit from the plate and begin to nibble on it. However, it sticks in my dry throat as I attempt to swallow, so I instantly take a sip of tea to help get it down. I hold the remaining biscuit in my hand, not wanting to attempt another bite just yet.

The camera pans out, zooming in on firefighters leaving the burning building. Each of us instantly sit forwards, looking to see if it is our loved ones coming out.

“Is it them?” I ask. It is difficult to distinguish one firefighter from the next when they are in their full equipment.

“I don’t think so, you will see Ben first because he is so much bigger than the others, plus Josie is smaller, so that is what makes them distinctive.” Joanne informs us, clearly a veteran at trying to find her son from afar when in his full firefighter uniform.

None of the fire fighters that run from the building look like Ben, and they also do not have anybody dr.aped over their shoulders. So clearly, they have not found any of the victims this time around.

“They are empty-handed. The last crew that came out had one person with them.” Anders informs us.

“What does that mean?” I ask.

“They will either call the fire, which means they will not send in a rescue team for the remaining victims, as there will be a very low percentage chance of them being alive. Or send in another rescue team.” Joanne sighs, worrying her hands together in her lap.

For all, I feel utterly selfish, and I know that if it was someone I cared for in that building, I would not want that. But, I hope beyond hope that they called the fire, so that Ben would be fighting the flames from the outside of the building. Although, if there was even the slightest chance of finding someone alive, I understand him well enough, to know that he would head back into the flames, and attempt a rescue. That is just the man my fiancé is, brave, a hero, in every single sense of the word. But, despite knowing this about him, I cannot help but wish he was a little more cowardly in this moment of time, then shake that thought from my mind, because in reality, I would not change a single thing about him. He and our baby are my life, and his selfless nature is what makes me love him so much.

The camera moves, focusing back on the reporter.

“I have with me, Group Manager Fallows.” She tells the world.

“Group Manager Fallows, thank you for taking the time to update us. What can you tell us?” She asks.

The camera focuses on ‘Shallow Fallow’ as Joanne called him, and he flashes a smile at the camera, almost as if he is flirting with it. I instantly understood perfectly why he had acquired that nickname.

“The fire started approximately five hours ago. We have teams from stations around the area battling the flames. Although we have managed to rescue some of those trapped, we have it on good authority that two more victims remain in the building. Our biggest concern is the Lithium-Ion batteries and the components that are made in the factory. At present, the area that houses these has not yet been affected by the flames and remains cool enough to not cause an explosion. Therefore, we have taken the decision to send one more team in, to attempt to find the two missing people.” He tells her, puffing his chest out.

“You have to try and eat, Lucy. They are ginger to help with your sickness.” Her voice turning soft as she begs me with her eyes to attempt to eat.

“What are the chances of finding them alive?” She asks him.

“Any chance is a chance we have to take.” He responds with a small smirk on his lips as he glances into the camera.

“Do you know how the fire started?” The reporter asked, switching the questioning round.

“There will be a full investigation once we have the blaze under control,” Fallows informs her.

“We have heard reports that the fire was deliberately started. Is this the work of the Arsonist that has been in operation over the past few months?” The reporter pushes.

Fallow instantly stiffens, before giving a curt nod to the reporter.

“At this present time our focus is to bring the blaze under control, and rescue those still in the building. As I said, there will be a full investigation once we have put the fire out. Thank you.” He replied.

“sh!t, that means it is the arsonist.” Anders said, voicing what we were all thinking.

The camera focuses back on the reporter.

“As I speak, we have more fire fighters preparing to enter the building.” She tells us, as the camera pans round, zooming in on Wh!p-me as he talks to the guys.

“That’s them.” I whisper out, my voice breaking, as tears threaten to fall once more.

Nobody says a word, we all just stare at the TV as I see Ben, clearly distinguishable by his sheer size, turn and say something, then turning towards the inferno, all six of the crew run towards the burning building.

“fvck, fvck, fvck.” Anders growls out, again grabbing at his hair, as he takes to his feet and begins to pace the floor as I watch the TV seeing Ben, Josie, Davey, Headache, Twinkle and Wayne disappearing back into the blazing inferno.

Joanne lets out a little whimper, as the camera then zooms in on Kelvin’s face, as he rubs his c.hest, he looks angry, but more than that, you can see fear in his eyes as he stares at his team.

“He doesn’t agree that they should go in. I can tell. He would have called the fire, but Fallow ordered them back. The fvcking*g i***t!” Joanne hisses out.

The tears that I have held inside break free, as I big sobs begin to wreak my body. My heart feels constricted in my c.hest, almost to the point of physical pain. My stomach lunge, as I run towards the downstairs toilet, making it just in time, before I empty its contents into the bowl, as I sob, and shake from head to foot.

Finally I finish my vomiting spree, closing my eyes, as if to shut out the horrors that I am living. With a deep breath I find the will to get back on my feet. Flushing the toilet, I rinse my mouth out with water, then hold my small bump.

“Daddy is going to be okay. He loves us both too much not to be. Try not to worry little one.” I say to my baby.

“Lucy, you need to lie down.” Joanne’s voice tells me, through the door.

Lying down is the last thing I want when the reason for living is in those flames, but I know she is right, because my other reason for living needs me to keep as calm as possible. Reluctantly I open the bathroom door. Joanne stands before me, her own eyes red from the tears she has shed, and I all but fall into her arms, as we cling to each other for dear life, both sobbing our hearts out.

“He will be okay.” She softly whispers.

But I am unsure who she is trying to convince. Me or herself.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 120 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Kathline’s Point of View.

Finally, I am finished for the day which has been hell on earth. Hardly able to concentrate on my work, I have taken twice as long as normal just to draft a simple contract and dictate a few letters. My mind constantly wanders every two minutes to Davey and the fire he is busy fighting.

All I want to do, is go home, grab Andy some clothes, and toys, then pick up my boy, and hold him close to me, then get him and Cal’s kids to Wh!p-me’s house to be with the others.

Fear consumes me, as I stand up from my desk, grabbing my coat, and make my way out the door as quickly as I can.

“Kathline, the news just said that they are sending another team into the factory. I hope it is not Davey.” Tracey said as I passed her desk, as always she is the last to leave the office.

As much as I know she is trying to help, her comment really doesn't help me at all, only causes another wave of pure terror to wash over me.

“Yeah.” Is all I can muster in reply as I rush out the door, giving a small wave with my hand in the air.

Unshed tears begin to choke me as I run, as fast as I can in a pair of heels and a tight pencil skirt to my car. Finally able to succumb to the emotions that have threatened to grip me in their iron grasp all afternoon, the tears begin to fall unchecked, streaming down my cheeks. Passers by look at me, their eyes filled with concern, some whispered to each other, verbalising their concern for the crying stranger as I staggered on the cobbled stones, making my way over the narrow road to the rear carpark.

Finally, in the back lane of the offices, I slow my breakneck speed down slightly, as I press the unlock button on my key fob, the bright orange lights flashing twice, the sound of the beeps echoing around the back of the terraced buildings, that were once homes, but now contain offices, mainly solicitors. Opening the door of my car, I climb inside, barely shutting it before my silent tears turn into large sobs. Placing my head in my hands, I allow myself a few moments in time to break down. Once I pick up Andy, I have to keep my emotional state in check, so as not to frighten him, or Cal's kids. The last thing I want is for my six-year-old son to be worried about his new daddy.

My nose is now running as freely as my tears, and I scramble in my mulberry bag for a packet of handkerchiefs so that I can clean myself up a little bit. Gasping for air, I try to regulate my breathing, to get myself back under control, and bury my emotional state. I have to be strong, no matter what. I am a mother first.

Finally calming myself down, I start the car, and focused my attention on getting home, and gathering some things for Andy. The journey took longer than normal, as I paid extra attention on the road, making sure that it has my full concentration. Pulling up outside my home, I open the door to the car. The first thing I notice is the smell of burning, even this far away from the factory,

the stench catches my throat. I look up the street to see smoke filling the sky over the roof tops of the houses. Seeing the plumes of thick black smoke in the air makes the whole thing even more real than it already is. I blink my eyes, holding back the tears, as I make my way into the house, to grab some things.

I frantically search through the washing pile that was waiting for my attention tonight, coming across Davey's spare uniform. I take hold of it, and gather it close, to my chest smelling it. But his scent has been washed away, and the only thing I can smell is the lavender fabric conditioner I use. More tears begin to form in my eyes, and I take a shaky breath, as I blink them away. Unable to put Davey's uniform down, I search through the un-ironed washing, with one hand, grabbing things for Andy. The fact they will be creased means nothing at this moment in time. My normal OCD of ironing everything from socks to underwear disappears from my mind. I just need to grab what I can and get out of my house and to my son. Once I have what I need, I reluctantly place Davey's uniform back in the basket, then kiss the tips of my fingers and run them over his gold embossed name that sits underneath the fire brigade's crest.

"Be safe, please, for the love of God, be safe." I whisper at the uniform.

Turning around, I grab a bag, stuffing the clothes for Andy into it, then pick up a couple of his toys from his toybox, then make my way out the door of my home, remembering only after I have loaded the car with the bag, that I needed to lock it.

Getting back out of the car, I go lock the door, as my next-door neighbour pulls up on their drive. As they exit out of their car, Mr Robertson nods in my direction as his wife climbs out.

"Nasty business this fire, Kathline. Is your young man involved?" She kindly asks.

"Yes." I nod.

"Oh dear, I hope he will be okay." She offers me a small smile.

"Thank you, I have to go get Andy." I answer her, getting back in my car, not wanting to be delayed any longer.

I reverse out of the driveway towards the main road, then slam the breaks on when the sound of a horn beeping startles me. I realised that I was about to pull out on a car heading up the road, nearly crashing into it. I shake my head. I have to concentrate, I have to get better control of my emotions, right now, or I will put myself and the children in danger.

Maybe I should pick them up in a taxi, but I am already on the road, swinging round the car, and heading towards Mel's house. Waiting for a taxi would take far too long, I just need to focus, all of my attention on my driving. It is what Davey would want.

As I pull up on Mount Road, I ran to Mel's door, and gave it an urgent knock. She opens the door, and her normal happiness is replaced with a furrow of her brow as she gives me a concerned look.

"Hey, they are all ready for you. Cal dropped off a bag of things for Kristie and Dante, along with their car seats. These are my last three pick-ups so I will give you a hand getting seats in your car." Mel tells me, giving me a look of understanding that I am not in the mood for a chat.

"Thank you." I whisper.

"Do the kids know?" I ask her, as the three children all stood looking at me wide-eyed. Andy unusually quiet.

"Yes, some of the kids were talking about it. I told him not to worry about it, but he has been a little withdrawn since he found out." Mel whispered back.

"Right kids, who wants to go see Joanne, at Kelvin's house." I said to them, forcing a smile on my face.

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them over his gold embodied name that sits underneath the fire brigade's crest.

"Mam, is Dad, okay?" Andy's little voice asks me, and I can see tears welling up in his eyes. My heart constricts in my chest, as I swallow the lump that forms in my throat.

"He is okay Andy; this is his job." I attempted to reassure him, but the words sound hollow to my own ears.

"My daddy is going to the big fire as well." Kristie tells me.

"Yes, I know. But he is not fighting the fire today, just helping Uncle Ben and Davey and Auntie Josie out, making sure they have everything they need." I smile at her.

"Uncle Ben is in the fire with Andy's daddy?" She asks, as the realisation hits her that Ben is fighting the fire.

I let out a breath, I could kick myself for not realising the three-and-a-half-year-old would not put two and two together.

"Yes, but he is very good at fighting fires, they all are." I smile down at her, trying to keep my voice as cheerful as possible.

"My Dad will look after him, Kristie, and your Daddy as well." Andy tells her, puffing his little chest with pride.

I offer them all a soft smile, then take a breath, as Mel comes back from my car.

"The seats are all fitted, here are the bags from Cal." She tells me, passing me a couple of bags containing clothes and toys.

I grab the bags with one hand, taking Andy's little hand with the other, as Mel lifts Dante up in her arms, and holds onto Kristie with her other hand.

"I gave them all some food. I thought you probably would not be in the right mindset to want to bother with cooking anything." She tells me.

"Thank you Mel, you are a life saver. Just add the cost to my bill at the end of the month." I tell her.

"Don't worry about it, I wish there was more I could do." She tells me.

“Thank you, seriously, I never even gave food a thought.” I smile at her, truly thankful for her help.

She smiles warmly at me, and nods her head at me, as I put the bags in the footwell of the passenger side of the car, whilst Andy climbs into his seat at the back. I make my way round strapping him in, then strap Dante into his seat, before double checking that all the seats are installed correctly, a force of habit that Davey has drilled into me. Mel gets Kristie settled and strapped in to her seat, and also double checks that her car seat is fitted correctly, before closing the door on them.

“Let me know what is happening Kathline, and if you need me for anything, no matter what time of the day or night, just give me a ring, or drop me a text and I will be there in a flash.” She tells me.

I reach out and gently place my hand on her arm, nodding my head, then climb into the car, and set off for Kelvin’s house.

I pull up onto the drive, then get the kids out, as they all rush to the door. Joanne answers it, a forced smile on her face as she ushers the children into the house, then looks at me, as I grab the bags.

“Any news?” I ask.

She slowly shakes her head at me.

“Our guys are in the factory now, trying to find the last two people who are unaccounted for.” She tells me, her voice slightly cracking, and I close my eyes, and not for the first time today offer up prayers for the love of my life as wave after wave of sheer terror begin once more to consume me.