

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 121 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Anders Point of View.

The sound of the kids all playing at the back of the room, echoes in my ears. My stress levels are through the roof, as I continue to pace the floor, unable to sit still. The weight of the engagement ring sits heavy in my pocket, a reminder of how just a few hours ago I had been so happy, not a care in the world, planning a romantic night when I could ask the girl who is the other half of me to be my wife. But, without warning, my happy bubble was burst, the life I had planned for us laid in ruins at my feet. I contemplated life without my Josie in it. My thoughts turn dark. If she does not make it out of there alive, then I do not know how I will continue to live. I force those thoughts that are consuming my mind to the back of my head. I cannot give in to them. All I can do is wait, to see if she makes it out of this fire in one piece.

Anger is bubbling inside of me, a symptom of the stress I am under. I am mad as hell that someone made the choice to put my girl back in that building. Angry at the fvcking\*g arsonist, if I ever get my hands on that bastard I will do them some damage, and not give a rats' a.ss about the consequences. Anger that just when my life felt like it was perfect, fate turns up and laughs in my face once more.

People think I live a charmed life, with so much business success under my belt, but hell, I have had a sh!t time of it. My childhood was horrific, I had to claw myself out of the literal gutter to get where I am today. I thought that my achievements had defined me, but I was oh so wrong. The thing that defines me is Josie. I would give up every last bit of my wealth and success, returning to utter poverty, without blinking an eye, if it means I get to hold her in my arms again. If I get to ask her the question that has been burning in my heart, knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt there is no one else on this earth who I can love as much as her.

I glance over at Lucy. I am angry at myself, as I do not know what I can do to offer her comfort, or give her some relief. The girl is pregnant, with complications, and she is going through this living hell, barely able to function properly. I should be more of a man, do more to help. But I know all too well, there is nothing I can do that will stop the fear, the worry, and the utter heartache we are all going through right now.

It is all I can do to keep breathing, my heart pounding in my chest, as I continue my never-ending pacing.

“How long will they be in there?” I turn, asking Joanne; she has more knowledge than the rest of us sitting here. I am not sure if that is a good or a bad thing for the woman.

“It depends on which oxygen tanks they have. If they have one-hour ones, then they should start coming out in around 25 to 30 minutes. Earlier if it is the 45-minute tank.” She tells me.

“I wish I could do something.” Kathline sighs, as she sits by the kids, allegedly playing with them, but in reality, she is going through the motions, her eyes never leaving the TV screen for more than a minute at a time.

“Why don’t we get the kids bathed and put to bed?” Lucy suddenly announces, pulling the blanket Joanne placed over her from her body and standing up on shaky legs.

“Good idea, yes, we can do that.” Kathline replies, jumping at the chance to keep herself busy.

Joanne’s mobile pings, Lucy jumps slightly, looking at her baby’s grandmother, Kathline stills, a toy she was passing to Dante in her hand, and looks over, and I halt my pacing, holding my breath.

“It’s Twinkle’s Mrs. She is not coming, she has people visiting, and things to do.” Joanne tells us.

“Cannot say I am not relieved; I hate the woman.” She adds with a shrug.

“After what Twinkle said the other night, it makes you wonder who the people visiting are.” Lucy sighs out, shaking her head.

“If that b\*\*\*h is shagging some bozo whilst our guys are in that building, I will rip her a new asshole.” Joanne growls out.

Clearly, her own stress is turning to anger, just as mine has.

“Has anyone told Liv?” Lucy asks, wondering about Davey’s sister.

"I haven't, I didn't even think about her. I am a bad girlfriend." Kathline exclaims, and she instantly loses her fight with the tears she has obviously been holding back.

"Look, let's just get the kids sorted, then you can ring her. I cannot sit around here waiting for another thirty minutes." Lucy tells her, and I can sense a newfound strength in her voice, and it makes me glad.

"I will put the kettle back on." Joanne tells the room, as they all disappear, leaving me to my thoughts.

I sit back down on the sofa, running my hands through my hair. As I watch the TV, desperate for them to finish this segment on other news that is happening around the UK and get back to the live feed at the fire.

They begin to talk about some puff-piece, about a new film that is due to be released. Apparently, they are doing a premiere in Newcastle, and the lead actor will be visiting the city. I mean, who cares? NO FVCKER!

Finally, the smiling news anchor hands back to Kate their onsite reporter, and once more we are back, live, at the fire.

"There is no change here at the moment. Huge. Fire crews are still inside the building attempting to find the final two missing people. I have heard a rumour that if this crew comes out empty handed, they are not going to send more people inside, as the chances of anyone surviving this blaze are now at less than 2 percent. The fire is just too unstable to risk any more lives. But I must stress that information is not yet confirmed." The reporter tells the smiling anchor. Who's face I seriously want to punch! Just what the hell does he think there is to fvcking\*g well smile about?

"Sorry to cut you off Kate, but we have a press conference from outside City Hall in Sunderland with the Northumbria chief constable, and the head of the Northeast Fire brigade." The fvcking\*g smiling wanker tells her.

The image changes as they cut to the outside of City Hall, as the chief copper taps slightly on the microphone, then clears his throat.

"At approximately 3pm today, fire fighters were called to the Batrick factory, on the A1290 in Sunderland. We have reason to believe that the fire was deliberately started and that the person or people responsible remained at the scene, creating two more trails of fire after the first initial destination. The first

of those extra detinations was successful, lighting up the east side of the factory; the second was halted before it reached the building. We ask the public if they have heard or seen anything suspicious around the factory over the past few days. They get in touch with our hotline. It doesn't matter how insignificant it is, please let us know."

Lights are flashing all over the TV as reporters take their pictures, and I look at the number on the screen. A fresh wave of anger pulses through my veins. They have confirmed what we all thought, it was the fvcking\*g arsonist. fvck, who ever it is was wanting to cause as much death and destruction as humanly possible. My bl00d chills, even if my girl gets out of that blaze, who knows how long before she has to return to one, even bigger, unless they catch this fvcker, and soon.

"Chief Constable, Jon Thompson with the BBC here. We know that a number of people have been rescued from the building. Can you confirm if they are okay?" he asks.

"I can confirm that eleven people have been found. However, I will need to refer you to my colleagues at Sunderland Royal Hospital for an update on their condition." He said, before turning towards another reporter and nodding his head.

"Is it true that the fire brigade is refusing to send any more firefighters into the building once this latest rescue squad comes out of the factory?" The reporter asked.

I have my fingers and toe's crossed that this bozo tells me, that once Josie is out of there she doesn't have to go back inside.

"I will let my colleague from the fire brigade answer that question." The chief copper tells him.

The head honcho of the fire department steps forward.

"Given the intensity of the blaze, and the threat of the batteries and cells in the building exploding, we can confirm that after this final sweep for victims is completed that we will not send in another rescue crew." He tells them.

"Get In!" I shout, fist pumping the air. All I need now is my girl to get out of that building in one piece and hightail her se.xy arse back here, so I can h.ug the life out of her.

“What’s happening, are they out?” Lucy shouts from upstairs.

A wave of guilt washes over me. fvck, my reaction to the news that they would not have to go back there had given Lucy false hope.

“No, sorry Lucy, just the head guy at the brigade said, once they are out, they will not have to go back inside.” I shout up the stairs.

“Oh, okay.” She shouts back, and I can hear the utter disappointment in her voice. I am a fvcking\*g i\*\*\*t!

I continue to listen, as they waffle on about missing people, and giving a number to call.

I glance up at the clock. Hell, these minutes feel like days, only ten minutes have passed since Joanne told me that they would not start coming out for twenty-five to thirty minutes. I mutter to myself, that I want them to get back to the fire live feed, so I can watch for my girl and her brothers getting out of that place.

fvck me, I am not a prayer, but right now, all I can do is shout to the heavens about, to a God I am not sure I believe in, to fvcking\*g get her out of there.

Lucy, Joanne and Kathline arrive back downstairs. That was the quickest kids bath time known to man.

“They are all in bed. I put a film on for them to watch.” Lucy tells me.

As much as I like the little ones, I cannot say I am not relieved. My nerves are in shreds and their constant chatter was making things worse.

“They should fall straight to sleep, it has been a long day.” Kathline tells the room with a sigh, before sitting on the sofa, and letting the tears she has held inside flow.

Lucy sits beside me, her hand on her stomach.

“How are you doing?” she softly asks.

“Like sh!t. What about you?” I turn and ask her.

“Like sh!t.” She responds, forcing a small smile.

I look around the room, to find each of the ladies sitting in various positions, but all of them are mouthing what I presume are silent prayers, and I cannot help but agree with them, we all need a fvcking\*g miracle, and quickly.

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### **Ben's Point of View**

As I lead the team back into the blaze, I attempt to shake all of my concerns off me, but I cannot deny this is the stupidest decision shallow fallow has ever made in his lifetime of many stupid decisions. The guy is a joke, only now, it is our lives he is playing God with. fvcking\*g i\*\*\*t.

I glance over at Davey, and it does not take a genius to work out, he is cursing 'Shallow Fallow' to the ends of the earth right now. I bet Josie even has a few choice words for the i\*\*\*t. Still, ours is not to reason why, just to get on with the job in hand, and pray we all make it out of here with all our limbs and life still intact.

"Davey, we should split up, cover more ground. Do you know where the last crew searched ?" I shouted at my friend over the roar of the flames.

"They got as far as the main factory where the batteries are," Davey shrugged.

I let out a gr0an. If every nook and cranny had been searched, other than the a.ssembly line, and the stores where the Lithium-ion cells were kept, then we had no choice but to come out empty-handed, and quickly. We cannot take the risk of opening those extra-strength fire doors. If they are in that area, yes, there is more chance of them being alive, but if we open those doors, and the fire spreads, there is an increased chance that we heat up the batteries, or the flames take hold, and then we are all blown to smithereens.

"Boss, we have an issue," I say over the radio.

"Go ahead Ben." The Boss shouts, his normal calm voice sounds anxious and angry.

"The other crew have searched everywhere but where the batteries and the cells are kept, we run the risk of blowing this place up if we open the doors to that area." I tell him.

“Stand by.” The boss tells me.

“Ben, can we not go in, two of us, close the doors behind us, to keep the fire out and search?” Wayne innocently asks me. The lad has only been on the job just over a year, and he still has a lot to learn.

“No, the risk is too high, Wayne.” I patently, tell him.

“fvck this sh!t,” Davey shouts, as another piece of the ceiling falls, narrowly missing him.

Josie jumps backwards, to avoid the falling debris as well, as she shakes her head in dismay. We are all thinking the same thing. Why the fvck did they not call this fire?

### Davey's Point of View

fvcking\*g shallow fvcking\*g Fallow. He could not organise a piss-up in a brewery. We all know it, and there is not one of my mates here that also knows the chances of us getting out of this hell hole without at least one of us having a serious injury are getting shorter by the fvcking\*g second.

If we make it up to the top part of the main factory, then open the reinforced steel doors to where those fvcking\*g batteries are stored, it will not take long for the place to go fvcking\*g boom.

As we all wait for the Boss to find out what ‘Shallow Fallow’ has to say, we move slowly up the burning building, double checking each area. We have already triple checked the fvcking\*g area. This is pointless. If those fvcking\*g bozo's who are missing, have fvcking\*g gone off and not reported to the company fire marshal, and just fvckingd off for the rest of the day. I will k!!! the fvckers myself.

fvcking\*g hell, Boss is taking his damned sweet time to get us an answer, which means, he doesn't like the order from ‘Shallow Fallow’ and is arguing his point, in an attempt to get us out of this fvcking\*g hell hole now.

All we can do is cross our fvcking\*g fingers and hope the Boss wins this fvcking\*g argument, or someone with half a brain cell comes down from the head office, and calls the fvcking\*g fire. The added bonus would be if they ordered Fallow the fvcker in here to find the missing victims on his jack jones. Let him put his life on the line. He has always only been a fvcking\*g pen

pusher, nothing more and nothing less. Arse Licking Wanker. fvck, come on Wh!p-me, let us know what the fvck we are doing next, for the Love of fvcking\*g God.

I push open another door, taking a step inside, but it is clear this room has been searched multiple times, but I stick to the fvcking\*g protocol.

“Fire Brigade, is there anyone in here?” I shout.

Let me be perfectly honest, even if there is anyone in this room, they have not a cat in hell’s chance of them shouting out to me now anyway. But it is part and parcel of what we do, so at least I can fill out my paperwork correctly.

Bending down, I double check all the areas, that I know have been checked before.

“Ben, Davey. Do one quick last sweep of that area, do not hang about, then get out of there, do NOT, I repeat. do NOT open the fire door’s to the batteries.”

“fvcking\*g get in”! I shout into my oxygen mask as Josie’s eyes brightened behind her mask.

The sense of relief we all feel is damn well palpable, as we move out, and double check the area that has been double checked twice before.

Josie’s Point of View.

“Just a customary glance as we make our way out of here.” Ben orders us all, not wanting to waste our time any more.

Twinkle looks like he is struggling now. If I am honest, I feel like my arse is hanging out as well. Three rescue stints is a lot for anyone. Still, all we have to do is a quick sweep of the area and we are out of here. More crews will arrive, taking the glory of putting the flames out completely, but to be quite honest, I really do not care. I want to get home, get a shower, and snuggle up in bed with my favourite pillow, Anders’ c.hest, and sleep for a week.

“Watch out!” I shout over to Headache, as a door that one of the search crews had left ajar, blows open, and nearly wipes him out.



Headache manages to avoid it, by the skin of his teeth. I let out a sigh of relief that it did not hit him. I glance around at my teammates, my colleagues, my brothers. They all have their different quirks, but I love every single one of them. Sometimes it is at times like these that you realise just how blessed you are, with the guys who surround you day to day.

I step over some fallen debris that is still glowing. The fire around us is looking like it is beginning to subside. I let out a sigh of relief. If it has started to burn itself out, and now is submitting to the water from the engines and crews outside, then we really have had a miracle. I know each of us has prayed for, in our own way.

I cannot relax, none of us can, but it is good news. I can feel the sense of relief washing over the team. One quick sweep, and we can get out of the danger zone. The metal fire doors, and the constant cooling of the area around those battery cells have paid off.

As we reach the top of the corridor towards the factory assembly lines, another girder falls, blocking our path out of the building.

“For fvck sake.” I hear Davey growl.

“Come on, we have to move it.” Ben shouts, his voice loud, but with a calmness to it, that gives you a small amount of hope.

I rush over to help Ben, Davey Wayne and Headache to lift the beam. Twinkle is attempting to do, god knows what at this point, he is clearly exhausted, standing rooted to the spot.

“fvck!” Twinkle shouts.

I look up to where he has frozen and is staring.

“BEN,” I scream into my mask, as both Ben and Davey halt what they are doing and look around.

The wall to the batteries has caught light, the fire gaining in power, as the walls begin to melt under its intense heat.

“fvck, Dump this, we have to use the fvcking\*g fire door, we need to get out of here, right fvcking\*g now.” Ben shouts, as we all ran towards the fire door.

“Ben, it will vent the fire, giving it oxygen.” Wayne protests.

I know what he means, it will cause a back draft, which will make the place go up like a tinder box, and cause the explosion we all have been dreading. But the situation is simply this, we have minutes to get out of here before the fire explodes one of those cells, it will cause a chain reaction. We are simply damned if we do, and damned if we don't, at this point. Our only possible chance of survival is that door.

“Wayne, we have to get out of here, this is the only real chance of surviving this. Look at the fire has burnt a fvcking\*g whole in that wall, and those batteries are heating up. We have no time.” I tell him as he nods his head.

Headache places his hand on Wayne's' back, as we all run towards the rear fire door.

“Here goes nothing,” Ben shouts.

Kelvin's Point of view.

“You cannot ask them to go into that factory, it is secure now, if they open the doors, they have moments before we have a mushroom cloud. I am NOT accepting that order, and you can damned well fire my a.ss if you want, but my team are NOT going to be put in any more danger because of your incompetence. “ I bellow at Shallow Fallow.

fvcking\*g hell, my c.hest is constricting. Bloody Wayne's cooking is k!!ling me. I should have known better than to attempt eating it. I wish I could just pull out one of Joanne's man burps when she drinks any time of pop then I would be all good.

I round my shoulder and rubbed my c.hest again, trying to move the wind bubble that was stuck in my c.hest.

“Look Webber, Like it or not, I am the man in charge here.” Shallow Fallow begins, when a clearing of a throat behind him gains his attention and he halts what he is saying, his jaw hanging slack.

“No, I think you will find that I am the man in charge now.” The chief fire officer for the whole northeast said.

“Station officer Webber, give the order for your team to come out, they can do a quick sweep, but I do not want them in that place a moment longer than is necessary.”

“Thank you sir.” I say, then speak to Ben and Davey, telling them to do one last quick sweep, but they were clear to come out.

Thank God we have someone with a brain from head office on site now.

“Mr Fallow, you and I will be having a conversation as to why you allowed another rescue squad to enter that building later.” The Chief Fire officer glares at Shallow Fallow.

“We agreed.” Fallow tells me, then goes to open his mouth to say something else.

“We did NOT agree. But you did what you wanted to do irrespective of the danger.” I shout, unable to hold my tongue.

“Boss, the factory floor is up in flames, we have seconds before this place blows. We are going out the fire escape. Look after Mam. Lucy and my baby.” Ben’s voice echoes in my ear.

The pain in my chest intensifies, as I collapse to the ground under the intensity of it, when the earth shakes, and the defining boom echoes, as a small mushroom cloud reaches into the skies above. A veil of darkness fell over my eyes, as the pain took over my body, and then there was nothing.

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It is funny how grief affects us all differently. Some cry, shout, collapse, in dramatic fashion. Others take to their beds for days on end unable to find the will to get up. Sometimes people turn to the lure of alcohol in a bid to forget. Whilst some people are deemed to have zero emotions, they just get on with it, only to have the breakdown months or weeks after the event. I, however, am just numb.

The toll of the bell breaks the silence, as the gathered mourners stand heads bowed in respect. I glance over at Lucy, who cradles her small bump with her hands. Tears stream unabashedly down her beautiful face. The shock and stress of that day played its part, causing her to end up in hospital again, her

body unable to cope with anything she put inside it. But thankfully my grandchild is still here, safe and sound.

As the bell tolls again, my eyes wander to Kathline, as she hugs her son tight to her, she is putting on a brave face, holding it together for her child, but I know, she is falling apart inside.

Another toll of the bell, and I glance at Anders, his skin pale, his brow furrowed, as he stared straight ahead, not blinking, not flinching.

I glance over to Twinkles 'Mrs'. Tears fall down her cheeks as her shoulders bob up and down from her sobs, as the bell rings out again, breaking the silence. My eyes look to Anne, who stands with her back straight, as she takes a white handkerchief from her pocket, that stands out against the black coat and gloves. She silently, with reverence, dabs the tear from her eye.

The low hum of an engine moving towards the Crematorium. I glance around, the autumn leaves fall to the ground, floating a while in the soft breeze. It is fitting, in a way, nature's tribute to the fallen.

The open ceremonial engine comes to a halt, the cherry wood coffin sits draped in the union flag, a single bouquet of flowers mostly white lilies, placed on the top.

I watch still numb, my mind still not making sense of that day, as 6 black uniforms, with shiny buttons and shoes step forward, to carry the coffin on their shoulders.

They step forward in unison, as the Coffin is moved out of its fire engine carriage and on to their shoulders.

I watch, as Kelvin, my whelp-me who only got out of hospital four days ago after his heart attack, stands linking arms with my son, my two brave heroes walking together side by side. Kelvin should not be carrying the coffin, he should be resting, but no one dared tell him that when he said he would stand beside Ben today.

Davey links his arm around Josie, her diamond engagement ring sparkles under the low autumn sun. They rest the coffin on their shoulders, both of their faces looking grave as Josie cries a single tear. They had escaped that blast with barely a scratch, survivor's guilt had eaten away at each and everyone of those in that building who came out of their alive.

Twinkle gets into place behind Josie, nodding his head to Headache, as a tear falls down his cheeks. They have all taken Wayne's death badly, but none more so than Headache, devastated at the loss of the lad, who only now tells the world he loved as a little brother.

The six of them carry their brother into the crematorium, as Anne bravely follows the coffin, her face awash with tears, but with grace and serenity, that I know if it was Ben, I would not have displayed.

We follow her in, at her request, Anne, insisting we are all one family. She is not wrong, we are family, our loved one's bond is forged in the fires they fight together. Ours is forged in the utter terror we feel each day they head to work, not knowing if they are going to return to us, something nobody can explain, unless they have felt the magnitude of it.

The music begins to play. The sound of the mourners singing the hymn "The Lord is my Shepard" echoes around the crematorium.

As the coffin reaches the bottom of the small aisle, the team place Wayne down before each of them tap the coffin a couple of times, before making their way to the seats at the front. Anne sits surrounded by the management from head office, as Lucy, Anders, Kathline, Andy and I sit behind her.

The Vicar begins to speak, but the words swim in my brain, unable to make sense of the events of that day. How five of the firefighters could beat the odds, but one was sucked back into the flames instead of blown forward away from them. How was that even possible. Kelvin, flat lining in the ambulance, only for his heart to be restarted on the second attempt. Yes, he will not work in a station again, but he was here, alive and well. I had been blessed, I had my son with me, my amazing Kelvin by my side, my new grandchild to look forward to, whilst just in front of me was Anne, who had lost everything.

Kelvin stood up, to give his eulogy for Wayne, and the numbness began to evaporate a lump forming in my throat.

"Firefighter John Hudson, or Wayne to all of us who knew and loved him, was a hero in all respects of the word. His love and zest for life made our working shifts a brighter place to be. Although I would not recommend his cooking." Kelvin smiled.

A titter of laughter went round the congregation.

“He had a love for the USA, he even had picked up the accent.” Kelvin said, as again titters of laughter echoed around the stone walls.

The lump that was in my throat erupted, as finally the numbness left me, and hot streams of tears fell down my cheeks.

“He was so excited the day he walked into the station to tell us he was going to go to Disney World on his holidays. He made us hot dogs, and fries to celebrate.” Kelvin smiled, shaking his head slightly at the memory.

“The hot dogs were cold, the buns were soggy as he forgot to drain the brine and the onions were both raw and burnt, at the same time, which is a feat in itself.” Kelvin smiled.

“Wayne was a horrid cook, an American enthusiast, a brother to his team. A hero. But more than that, he was a son, who loved his mother, a man, no more than a boy, who, without thought for his own safety, ran into that factory to help get victims out. He will be missed by everyone blessed enough to have known him.” Kelvin finished, then walking past the coffin he returned to his seat, as Anne sobbed once more.

Slowly Kelvin turned his head towards me, a question in his eyes that I knew was asking me if he had done okay, a rare moment of under confidence from my amazing man. I simply nodded my head, raising the corners of my lips ever so slightly, to give him the reassurance he needed.

The service ended, as we each walked past the coffin, saying our own silent goodbye to Wayne, before he entered his final fire. Then stepped outside, taking a look at the hundreds of floral tributes that sat against a stone wall. Arms circled around my waist, as Kelvin rested his chin on my shoulder.

“Are you okay baby?” he gently asked.

“Yes, well, as well as you can be.” I let out a soft sigh.

“Anne has asked us all to head to the ‘Chester’s’ for the wake.” Kelvin let out a sigh, remembering the last time we were all together, was in that pub.

“Yeah, she has hired the function room upstairs, for us.” I tell him, as I bend down looking at the floral tribute made in the American flag, that we had ordered from all of us.

“The flower’s look great Mother.” Ben’s voice tells me, as he glances over, his own arm around Lucy, his free hand stroking her tummy.

“Yes, they turned out well. How is Anne getting to the pub?” I ask.

“The big wigs are taking her.” Davey tells me, as he walks over with Andy and Kathline, the little lad between them, holding the hands of each of his parents.

Raised voices catch all of our attentions, as Twinkles Mrs, storms off, leaving her husband with his head bowed to the floor, Headache standing beside him, before taking hold of his arm, and fetching him towards us.

“You okay Twinkle?” Josie asks, as she walks from where she was looking at the flowers with Anders.

“Fine.” Twinkle shrugs but we all know he is far from fine.

“Come on, why don’t we all walk down to the pub, it is not that far from here.” Kelvin states.

“Erm, I think you have done enough exercise for one day.” I tell him, worried he is doing to much, I never want to go through that day and night again, as he lay clinging to life.

“Gentle exercise is good for me. The doctor told me to go on long walks. So...I am going to be just fine.” Kelvin smiles, placing a soft kiss on my cheek.

“Okay, well let’s go to the pub and do Wayne proud.” Josie exclaims, as we all walk away from the crematorium, past the trees with their fallen leaves, out of the large gates, and head down Chester road, to remember the young lad who gave everything for people who did not even know his name.

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Anders Point of View.

I sit and listen, unable to fathom how Anne is able to be as strong as she is.

“So yes, I am going to Disney, and I am taking Wayne’s ashes with me, so my boy will still go. I am thinking of scattering them somewhere in America. I am sure he would have loved that.” She tells the table.

I swallow the lump in my throat, this is so wrong, because I am filled with conflicting emotions. Sadness that this poor woman is going through this, and the young lad has been killed, but also utter relief that it wasn’t Josie. I know that sounds selfish, but that is exactly how I feel.

Josie has been quiet of late. I don’t blame her. It is going to take a while for everyone to get over what has happened. My main concern is every time she leaves for work, I get hit with a paralyzing fear, and I have to resist the urge to grab hold of her, and physically stop her going to the station.

Obviously, I keep my gut-wrenching terror to myself, she has enough to deal with. I know, because she gently sobs every night in her sleep, leaving me feeling helpless as I hold her body to mine, gently trying to tell her it is okay, when I know nothing is okay.

“Any more news on the arsonist?” Headache asks, as he pops a painkiller into his mouth.

“Only that there is more than one, but they are still no further forwards.” Ben tells him.

“Bastards.” Headache spits the sentiment we all feel.

Anne stiffens, and my girl instantly notices, so being the beautiful person she is, she quickly changes the subject.

“So... what have HQ said about your job Boss?” Josie asked Whelp-me.

“Well, I was going to wait to tell you all, but as you have asked,” Kelvin states, as Joanne reaches over and takes his hand in hers, then gives him a reassuring smile.

“I cannot go on active duty again, obviously. However, they foresee a position as a Group Manager becoming available in the not to distant future.” Kelvin smiles.

“So ...are they going to promote you?” Josie asked again.



“That is what they have indicated. Once I am signed back to work, there will be the Group Manager Job available, once the person has served out their notice of resignation.” Kelvin shrugs.

“Is that a posh way of saying they gave Shallow Fallow no option but to resign to keep his pension, or they were going to sack the fvcker, and leave him with nothing?” Davey asks.

Everyone held back their laughter at his comment, not wanting to upset Anne with joviality. However, Wayne’s mam bellows with laughter at Davey’s straight to the point statement.

“I hope they sacked his incompetent a.ss. I wrote to them, stating his decision against your advice cost my son his life.” Anne said with a shrug, wiping away a tear from her eye, that I am not sure is her grief, or from the laughter, probably a mixture of both.

“You were not the only one to complain, there was a petition signed by all the firefighters that were at the scene at the time, including the station officers, sent to them.” Joanne informs us innocently.

She is not fooling anyone, we all know she anonymously started that petition, and made sure every firefighter and their mother signed it.

“He was requested to leave,” Kelvin confirms.

“So, you are going to be permanently behind a desk and smiling for cameras now, Boss.” Josie grins at him.

“Yes, my days running a crew, or fighting a fire are gone now. But at least this way I can help the guys on the ground, so to speak.” Kelvin nods.

“So, who is taking over as our watch station officer?” Headache asks.

“That is to be decided. Also, there is the matter of the Marley Potts station officer role as well.” Kelvin states, then glances at Ben, then Davey.

I am a businessman, and I know only too well by that glance, that one of those two will take over at least one of the roles. I wonder what that will mean for my girl. I cannot help but wish she was behind a desk somewhere.

“So, it is going to be ‘all change’ then. It is the end of an era.” Twinkle sighs, looking into his pint.

“Yes, the seasons are changing. But life goes on.” Anne wisely declares, then wipes another small tear from her eye.

The table drops silent at her words, each of us lost in our own thoughts.

“However. Even in change, things remain the same, so how about we all raise a glass to my boy ‘y’all’” Anne smiles.

We each raise our glasses.

“To Wayne, I know you are looking down on us now, but if you are talking to God, remember you are fvcking\*g English!” Headache smiles, as tears stream down his face.

“To Wayne.” We all repeated and took a sip of our drinks.

“Do you want another drink?” I ask Josie, seeing her drain the last dregs of her pint.

“No, actually, would anyone be offended if we took off?” She asked the table.

“Of course not, Josie. Thank you for coming. Wayne loved you, never more so than when you brought your cakes to the station.” She tells my fiancée with a sad smile on her face.

“Yes, he loved them.” Josie smiled, then wiped a small tear from her eye.

“Okay, see you tomorrow guys.” Josie stands, and I followed her, giving the table a wave goodbye, before following her out the door.

We headed up Chester road towards the carpark, walking back up to the crematorium to pick up the car. I took hold of her hand in mine, not really sure what to say to her.

“Sorry, I just needed to get out of there. Especially when they began to talk about change. I have something to tell you.” Josie sighed, then her beautiful blue eyes looked up at me.

I nod my head, waiting for what it is she wants to say.

"I have applied for a head office role. I will need to do six months' training, but I want to go into the fire investigation side of things. Honestly, I am okay working on the fires at the moment. But, I want a family, Anders, and the last thing I thought as we opened that fire-door, was you and me with kids running around our feet and how I would probably not see that. I cannot work putting out fires and have that dream. Well, technically I could, but I don't want to anymore. I may not be accepted on the course, but it is what I want." She tells me.

I don't say anything, because if I did, the relief, and shouts of glee that she would be away from running into burning buildings, will be my go-to response, and I don't think she needs to hear that from me right now.

"Say something." Josie tells me with pleading eyes.

"I think it is a very good decision, and I love the fact that the job would be safer, especially if we are wanting to start a family. But, it is your choice, Josie, not mine." I smile at her.

"So... you want a family as well?" she asks.

"Yes, I do. The sooner the better, if I am honest. I am quite envious of Ben stroking Lucy's bump, believe it or not. But we have a wedding to organise first." I grin down at her.

"I was thinking, I have some leave left from work. Fancy a trip to Vegas? Get married by an Elvis impersonator? We can have a party afterwards for everyone, but I just want to be able to call you my husband. Life is too short to wait for months and months booking a traditional wedding, worrying about seating plans, and who is going to be offended if they are not sitting at a certain table. I want it just the two of us." Josie asks with a shy smile on her face.

"Not sure about the Elvis impersonator part, but you had me at being called your husband, so when can you get leave?" I smile down at her.

"Not sure, Davey is running things as Acting Station Officer, so I will collar him tomorrow, maybe after I am finished this next lot of day shifts." Josie grins up at me.

"Well, then. Let me know tomorrow, and I will book us up for two weeks in Vegas, with a wedding included." I grin down at her, then place my arms around her waist, turned her towards me and crash my lips on hers.

We are lost together, both of us melting into each other, the world around us disappears, until someone passes in a car and honks their horn. Some lads, hang out their window shouting "Get a room." Making Josie giggle, and I break the k!ss, fl!pping them the bird, as I rub noses with my soon to be wife.

We make a turn into the cemetery. It feels peaceful, as we head towards the crematorium, we stop suddenly. Another coffin is being brought out of a hearse, only this time there are not hundreds of people there to say goodbye to a loved one. A solitary person stands, her eyes red raw.

"Liv." Josie breathes out.

"I did not know it was his funeral today. Does Davey know?" I asked Josie.

"Yes, he offered to come, but Liv is blaming him for not getting Keith out of the building in time." Josie sighs.

"In fact, she is blaming all of us. She is leaving my house and returning to Harrogate in a few days." She continues.

I say nothing, because what is there to say? I am pissed that Davey's sister is blaming everyone for her loss, but at the end of the day, she is grieving, even if that fvcker was partly responsible for the beating my father and brother gave her. If I am honest, none of us are mourning his loss.

"Let's leave her in peace." I whisper to Josie, knowing she would want to go comfort the girl, but I also know that Liv will probably not appreciate it, and may spout some sh!t to her, which would make me lose my sh!t and say something back to her. Not an ideal situation.

"Yeah, I think it is best. Do you mind if we go past the flowers again? I just want to tell Wayne that I have planned a wedding he would be proud of." Josie offers me a soft smile.

"Yes, are you telling the others or just coming back married?" I ask her.

"I will be telling them, the lads need to organise my hen night." Josie giggles.

"Oh, I see. What about my stag do?" I grin at her.

"Why don't we have a joint night out?" She asks, and I nod my head, loving the idea.

We cross over the small path and make our way into the stone-walled-off area reserved for the floral tributes for those that have been cremated that day. As we walk down, Josie freezes as she sees Twinkle's Mrs standing sobbing her heart out.

"I am sorry Wayne. You were not the one supposed to die." She whispers.

I blink my eyes, wondering what the hell the woman was talking about, when I saw my father walking over to her, gathering her into his arms, and kissing her on the head.

"We knew there was a risk when we planned these attacks. But we will make sure the next one kills your husband. Fran, I promise you." My father tells her, as Josie and I stand watching, then before I can stop her, my girl rushes towards them, screaming like a banshee.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 125 - Tips**

0 8 minutes read

Jason's Point of View

"fvck" I curse as the pen I was writing my latest arrest sheet with decided to leak all over my hands, leaving a blue blob on the sheet, which means I had to start it all over again.

I shouldn't complain, some of the old guys on the force reminisce about the time when they would spend more time writing out paperwork, than actual police work. I am getting a taste of just what they mean today, along with the rest of my colleagues, because the servers are down, and we have no idea when they are coming back online, so the inspector has insisted we revert to pen and paper.

I throw the leaking pen into the wastepaper basket, getting a high degree of satisfaction from hearing it clatter against the wire frame as it settles at the bottom.

"PC Dale, leave that, we have a shout." Sergeant Tanner shouts at me.

I jump up from my desk and follow my sergeant down the staircase and into the panda car. Happy to have put off doing the paperwork for a little while longer. I can only hope the computers are back up and running when we get

back, and that the Sergeant is the arresting officer on this one, meaning, his paperwork to complete, not mine.

I jump in the panda, as the Sarge puts on the blue lights, the sirens echoing around us, as we pull out past the fire station, then up the small road and head towards Durham road. Before taking a left onto Springwell road, heading towards Chester Road.

“What’s the shout?” I ask him, as we proceeded with speed through the Sunderland streets to our destination.

“A fight in the cemetery,” Sarge tells me.

I nod my head, it is not the first time I have been called to one of these, or the last. I often find I am an uninvited guest at Funerals, Weddings, and Christenings, where emotions run high, and sometimes overspill.

I give dispatch a record of where we are going, our speed and everything I have to do, over the radio, as we travel.

We pull up outside the cemetery gates, turning off the siren as a mark of respect for the dead, and slow our speed down, to accommodate for the narrow road.

One of the groundsmen flags us down.

“Its in the memorial section just down to the left. Two men and two women. One of the women is dressed as a firefighter, she was here for the funeral earlier.” He tells us.

I glance at my Sergeant, and he blows out a breath.

“sh!t, could it be Josie?” I ask.

“Makes no difference, PC Dale, if she is fighting with someone, then we need to arrest her.” He tells me.

I nod my head, yeah, as much as I would love to give the girl a free pass, especially after what that fire station has gone through lately, he is right. We cannot be seen to show favouritism.

We pull up the car, and jump out, running towards the affray. My Sarge radio's in, asking for back up, when I see Josie, standing over a woman, kicking her repeatedly, screaming and shouting at the top of her voice.

Hell, this is not at all like the girl I know.

It is then I spot Anders, in a fist fight with the man we have been searching for, his father.

I rush towards Josie, lifting her off the middle-aged woman who was lying on the floor, shouting that she was sorry.

"Arrest her. Jason, do not let that b\*\*\*h get away." Josie screamed, trying to get out of my hold.

"Josie Edwards, I am placing you under arrest on suspicion of assault. You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something that you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence." I tell her, slapping a pair of cuffs onto her wrists.

"Arrest her, and him. They are the arsonists. We just heard them admit it. It is Twinkles' wife. She is having an affair with that arse hole. They have been setting fires to try and kill Twinkle. Don't let them get away." Josie pleads with me, tears streaming down her face.

A few more of my colleagues arrive, as my Sergeant places Mr Maxwell senior in cuffs, a sense of satisfaction washes over me, we have been after this low-life criminal for years, and now we finally have him. Another colleague reads Anders his rights, before cuffing him, as one of our female officers arrests Twinkles' wife.

"This one will need to see the Forensic Medical Examiner when we get to the station." She tells me, pulling the woman to her feet, before dragging her towards the Mariah van.

Josie is sobbing. Hell she could lose her job over this, but I had no option than to arrest her.

"You did a number on her." I say to Josie.

“She will live. Wayne, however, did not.” Josie tells me, shaking her head.

“Please don’t put me in the back of the van with those two Jason.” Josie suddenly asked.

I nod my head, in response, not saying a word.

“Sarge, I will put Miss Edwards and Mr Maxwell in our car.” I shout over.

“No, you can take Josie in ours, but Anders needs to go in the van.” He tells me, before bundling him into the back beside his father and Mrs Oliver.

I gently guide Josie’s head with my hand protecting her from the top of the car, as she gets into the back, then closed the door, going around to the front of the vehicle, and climbing in the passenger side. I don’t really have long before the Sarge gets in, so I quickly turned around hanging over the seat.

“What happened, Josie?” I asked her.

“We were coming around to see the flowers , she was there, giving a full confession to ‘Wayne’ when that cunt turned up, and said that she knew it was a risk when they agreed to the fires, that Twinkle wouldn’t die, and they would get him the next time, then k!ssed her head.” Josie sobs out.

“Sorry, but I ....” Before she could say anything else, I interrupt her. Hell I want to help, I am not a bent cop, but if she opens her mouth before consulting a solicitor, it will go south for her pretty quickly and there will be not a lot I can do.

“Did you give her a warning that you were going to apprehend her until the police arrived?” I asked, then slightly nodded my head at Josie, urging her to say that she had.

Josie frowns, but gets my drift.

“I shouted that I had heard her confession.” Josie tells me.

I have no doubt she is telling me the truth, probably omitting the fact that she probably told the woman she would going to kick the sh!t out of her. But, Josie has not told me that, so I cannot write it down. Hey, the law is the law.



“Did she try to escape, or did she attack you causing you to defend yourself?” I asked the leading question that I would not get away with if Sarge was sitting next to me.

“Erm... It is all a blur.” Josie tells me.

Good girl, I am not sure if that is the truth or not, but she is using her brain, and keeping quiet until she gets legal advice.

“Look, the Sarge is on his way back. When we book you in, get a fvcking\*g solicitor, and say nothing until you have spoken to them.” I quickly tell her, as Sarge opens the door.

“She say anything?” He asks me, giving me the look that tells me, that he knows she has, and to watch my step.

“Yes, just that she heard the two suspects admit that they had caused the fires. Also, that she shouted a warning to them that she had heard their confession... that is it.” I answered him honestly.

The sarge nods his head, he is not stupid, he knows I have slightly coached Josie, but he lets it go, for now.

We made our way back to the station.

“Is Anders okay? His father saw him and immediately began to attack him.” Josie tells me.

Now, I have no doubt in my mind that is the truth, Josie has not just thought that up on her own, and I doubt she realises that she has offered a lifeline to her boyfriend.

“He is fine. We need to get you booked in.” I reassured her.

We stand in line at the front desk, as the on duty sergeant books everyone in, carting Mrs Oliver off to see the FME. I give Sergeant Smith the details for Josie, and he re-reads her rights, then takes her belt, phone and shoes from her, placing them into a bag.

“Cell number three.” He tells me.

I move Josie down into the cells, and see Sergeant Smith as he placed her in a cell next to Anders. His father is down at the bottom, away from both of

them and not within hearing distance. I guess Josie has more friends that she probably knows right now. She is able to shout to Anders and he will hear her, and vice versa. Sarge Smith has given them an opportunity to get their stories straight. I just hope the pair of them realise that and take the opportunity presented to them.

As I get her to her cell, she turns and looks at me. Pleading with her big blue eyes. Hell, I used to fancy the pants off her once upon a time, and I still find those eyes difficult to resist.

“Someone needs to tell Twinkle. He is going to be devastated.” She tells me.

I nod my head, it is not up to me, but no doubt they will get a warrant to search his house, so he will be informed soon enough.

“Josie, use your phone call wisely. Don’t worry about Anders, he has his own solicitors who will help him.” I give her my parting advice, as I shut the cell door, and walked out of the holding area, back to my Sarge, and hope she gets off with a caution, if we have to charge her with anything at all.

“Does she want the duty solicitor?” Sergeant Smith asks as I pass the desk.

“She hasn’t said yet.” I tell him.

“Okay, I will deal with the other two first, give her time to think.” His voice is purely professional, but I know he is doing what he can in the bounds of the law to help her.

Josie was quite a favourite with the single officers around this station. There was many a broken heart when she hooked up with Anders. I hope that works in her favour, and not against her right now, because ‘Smithy’, the desk sergeant, really had it bad for her.

“Dale, you and I will question Miss Edwards, but first we need to go get refs, and let her stew for a bit.” Sarge tells me.

I nod my head, and follow him to the canteen, to grab a cup of tea and a custard cream biscuit, hoping beyond hope, Josie gets a good solicitor, and doesn’t need the on-call one, who is more interested in taking the path of least resistance. For the first time in my law enforcement career, I want to face off with someone who can wrap me up in knots and hold me to task for every single question I throw at my suspect.

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 126 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Josie's Point of View.

sh!t, the last thing I expected on the day of Wayne's funeral was to end up in a jail cell at the local station. However, I really did not expect to find the two arsonists either. Why the hell would Twinkle's b\*\*\*h want to set fire's to k!!l him? Just fvcking\*g divorce him.

Anger is flowing through my veins like lava, as I sit in disbelief that someone, who, despite her being a total b\*\*\*h, was part of the fire service family. She had done this, she had k!!led Wayne, she could have k!!led all of us. Her pathetic apologies did not wash with me, she was planning on doing it again with Anders' father.

"Josie." I hear Anders' voice echo into my cell.

"Anders, are you okay?" I ask him. His father laid a heavy punch on his handsome face, just before I kicked the sh!t out of that b\*\*\*h.

"Yes, listen. Get a solicitor, but you MUST tell them you gave her three warnings, and that she hit you first. I am telling them that. Okay, it is important baby." He pleads with me.

"She did hit me first when I rushed at her." I shrugged, although I did not give three warnings, I did shout that I had heard her and she was going to pay...does that count as a warning? Not sure. Hell, Anders is right, I need my own solicitor. I know one thing, his cannot represent us both. Who the hell do I call?

The only person I can think of is Kathline.

"I will call Kathline." I tell him.

"Remember, she hit you first." Anders' voice echoes again, he sounds worried.

"She did hit me first, Anders." I tell him.

He must not have seen, probably due to fighting his father.

I mean, how the hell does Anders' s.perm doner know who Edith Oliver is? I mean, could it be a coincidence? And why the hell did they set fire to a school? A fvcking\*g school full of kids.

The pieces just don't add up in my mind. What the hell is going on?

I snap my head up, as I hear a key unlock my cell door. Smithy is standing, looking at me. He places a paper cup full of tea down onto the floor, with a sandwich in a packet.

"It's egg and cress. All we have left, I am afraid." He nodded at the sandwich.

Smithy is a good guy, although he did once ask me out, I said no. After all, he is known for loving and leaving ladies, and using his handcuffs for more than just arresting people. Not that I mind that sort of thing, quite the opposite, but he was not for me. I never saw him in that way. However, that was ages ago, long before I met Anders. I had heard he was a little hurt, but I am sure he is over it by now.

"Do you want your phone call now?" he asks me.

"Yes please." I nod my head at him.

Smithy walks forward, and gently takes me by the arm, leading me to the area for my call.

"Erm, I don't know the number off by heart, but it is in my mobile, under Kathline. Can you get me it please?" I ask him, hoping he will be allowed to get me the number.

"What is the passcode for your phone?" Smithy asks.

"123456" I tell him.

Smithy shakes his head and rolls his eyes at me.

"That is not a safe number Josie." He sighs, then leads me back to my cell.

"Eat your sandwich and drink your tea and I will get you the number." He sighs, then shuts and locks the door again.

I sip at the tea, it tastes like dishwater, worse than what Wayne and Twinkle make. My heart constricts in my chest, as I think of Wayne, the sudden realisation that he is gone forever hits me like a tidal wave. Then there is Twinkle. Hell, he has to live with the knowledge his wife killed so many people, trying to kill him. I mean, how does anyone even begin to deal with that?

Hot tears fall onto my cheeks. Only a few hours ago, I was happy that Anders and I were planning our quick wedding in Vegas, the beginning of a new start for us, moving forwards from this tragedy. But now, I am sitting in a cell, waiting to call the only Solicitor I know, in the hope that she can help me, so that I do not lose my job. Hell, I will take a fine or something else, but I want to keep my job, go into fire investigation, but that will come to nothing with a criminal record.

I hear Smithy walking up the corridor, but it is not my cell he unlocks.

"Your solicitor is here, Mr Maxwell." He tells Anders.

"I LOVE YOU ANDERS." I shouted, hoping he could hear me.

"I LOVE YOU TO BABE." Anders' voice echoes around me.

I let out a sigh. Normally, his voice brings me comfort, but right at this moment, it reminds me that we could be up shit creek without a paddle, if these interviews don't go well.

I take another sip of the dishwater masquerading as tea, then rip open the egg sandwich packet. The smell of egg fills the cell. I will never complain about the food at our station again! This is horrid. If I get out of here okay, with my job intact, I will have to bring some cakes and biscuits in for these guys. They need them!

I force the sandwich down, after all, I don't know how long I am going to be in here, when I hear the key in the lock again.

"Okay Josie, I have the number for you. Let's go." Smithy tells me.

I pick up the phone and dial the number Smithy has written down for me, and hope that Kathline answers my call.

After two rings, she picks up, and I let out the breath I was holding.

“Hello” Before she could say anything else, I interrupted her, not sure if there was a time limit on my single phone call.

“Kathline, its Josie. I need your help. I have been arrested for assault.” I quickly informed her.

“What the hell Josie?” Kathline says in shock, she is clearly still in ‘The Chester’s ‘as I can hear the music in the background.

“We went back to the cemetery. Twinkles was there, with Anders’ criminal father. I heard them, Kathline, they admitted it was them starting the fires, and a fight ensued.” I tell her.

“fvck, okay, it is not my area of Law Josie, but don’t worry, I know someone who can help and he is really good. My old boss. I will make the call, hang tight Josie.” Kathline tells me.

“Someone needs to warn Twinkle,” I tell her.

“Okay, don’t worry about that for now, let me make my calls and get someone to you. Say nothing until he gets there. NOT A WORD!” Kathline sternly warns me.

“Okay, thanks Kathline.” I sigh as more tears break free.

I hand up the phone, then nod to Smithy that I am finished, and he rounds his desk, unlocking the door with long iron bars, then takes my arm and leads me back to my cell.

“Is Anders okay?” I ask him before he locks me back inside.

“Sorry Josie, I cannot tell you anything. I gather you are not willing to be interviewed until your solicitor comes?” He asks, and I get the feeling he is telling me to wait.

“Erm, yeah, that is the advice I have received.” I softly tell him.

“Good. Now, give me a moment to get the other prisoners sorted, and I will get you some custard creams. They are about the only edible things in this place.” Smithy smiles, then locks the door.

I have no idea how long I have been sitting in this cell, on the cold hard mat that they give you to sleep on, but it feels like forever. I have heard the officers

come and go, taking other prisoners to be questioned, but as of yet, they have not brought Anders back, and my solicitor hasn't arrived.

I find myself biting my fingernails, a bad habit I gave up years ago, but I am so nervous, it cannot be helped. I wonder what time it is? Hell I have to be on shift at 6am, just next door!. Footsteps echo down the corridor, as the key is entered into my lock.

Smithy opens the door, and a tall man with salt and pepper hair and a smart suit walks in.

"Hi Josie?" He asks my name as a question.

I nod my head at him hoping this is the guy Kathline has called for me.

"I am Peter Lane, of Lane Law. Kathline called me for you." He tells me with a small reassuring smile.

"Hi, thank you for coming." I said politely. I am not really sure about criminal etiquette when it comes to meeting your solicitor for the first time.

Smithy closes the door behind us, and Peter Lane, takes a seat.

"Now, in your own words, tell me exactly what happened." He smiles.

I do exactly that, not missing anything out.

"So she hit you first." He asks.

I simply nod my head.

"Yes, I shouted over to her, that I had heard, and rushed over so that she could not get away, and she punched me in the stomach. I am sorry, but at that point I lashed out and hit her back." I tell him.

"Okay, I can work with that. However, the police officer I spoke with on the way in said they found you kicking her whilst she was on the floor." He tells me.

I simply nod my head, I had seen red, and lost my restraint, I know. I am going to be in deep sh!t for that.

“Are you sure that is what was happening, or were you attempting to help her to her feet?” Peter offers me a small smile.

“I don’t want to lie.” I tell him.

“Okay, I applaud that, let’s hope they don’t bother asking you, but if they do, you should know your answer to that question could mean the difference between going home with your fiancé tonight, or spending the night, in here and facing an assault charge. I will, of course, argue extenuating circumstances, given the situation. But, that will be an argument for the court, not the police.” Peter tells me.

“Well, we will be going in the interview room shortly. Now, keep quiet, and let me do the talking”, Peter tells me.

I simply nod, as he bangs on the cell door, and tells Smithy we are ready for interview.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 127 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

Ben’s Point of View.

Davey glances over at me, as Kathline whispers to us both about Josie being arrested.

“What the actual fvck!” Davey exclaims.

“Shut up Davey, keep it down, there is more.” Kathline hisses at him, then looks around to the table, and pulls us further away towards the toilets, out of the way of prying ears.

“What is going on?” Davey asks, clearly as shocked as I am about Josie being arrested for assault. I mean Josie? She would no more assault anyone than go to the bloody moon.

“I have called my old boss, Pete Lane. He is a criminal defence barrister, the best in these parts. He is doing me a favour, but it is going to cost her and Anders a pretty penny.” Kathline sighs.

“I don’t think that will be an issue, but who the hell did she assault?” I ask.



“Twinkle’s Mrs.” Kathline’s voice barely audible.

“What, why?” I ask, I mean we all know Twinkle’s Mrs is a b\*\*\*h with a capital B, and is treating him like sh!te at the moment, but that is not enough to make Josie assault her.

“Josie and Anders went back to the flowers. Josie wanted to say a final goodbye to Wayne, when they got there, Twinkles Mrs was there, apologising to Wayne, saying it wasn’t supposed to be him that died. Ander’s father turned up, telling her it was always the risk they took setting the fires. She knew that, but the next time they would k!!! Twinkle.” Kathline whispered.

I stood looking at Kathline, as Davey looked like he was about to upturn the whole bar. I am shocked, the words not fully registering in my brain. Then, as the reality dawns that one of our own was the arsonist, rage begins to pulse through my veins. I stagger backwards slightly as once again my mind transports me back to that factory.

The flames grow increasingly hot, as we watch in horror as the fire takes hold of the part where the batteries are. I had no other option, we had to get out of the fire escape, the door opening giving a fresh wave of oxygen, feeding the flames. We rushed out together, as the back draft blew me, Davey, Josie, Headache and Twinkle free, before the flames s.ucked back inside the building, pulling Wayne with them. I can hear his scream echoing in my ears. The sound of all of us shouting his name repeatedly, before members of the Marley pott’s squad rushed round, pulling us off the ground, to the ambulances.

I closed my eyes, concentrating on my breathing in a bid to bring myself back to the here and now. I am not there, I am here, at the wake of Wayne, hearing how Twinkle’s wife had caused the fire with her lover...Anders’ father.

“How did she know him?” I suddenly ask the question that my mind goes to, not that it matters.

“Don’t know, but she or they set fire to a school full of kids, my own son inside, to try and k!!! her husband, for what?” Kathline said, tears pricking her eyes.

“His pension,” Davey growled out.

I looked at him and nodded my head in agreement. If a firefighter is k!!!ed in the line of duty, the pay out is massive, plus I know she has a massive life

insurance policy for Twinkle. He often complained about the amount of money it cost each month.

“sh!t, who is going to tell him?” Davey asks.

“The police will, they will need to search his house. They will probably arrive here shortly. I don’t want him finding out in front of everyone.” Kathline sighs.

“No, me neither, plus we have to go support Josie.” I said, worried about the girl who is like a sister to me.

“Listen, Kathline and I will go get Twinkle, we will tell him away from this place, and take him home. If you and Lucy can head back to the police, see if Jason will give you any information,” Davey states.

I nodded my head in agreement.

I head back to the table, offering a small smile to Lucy, who furrows her brows at me.

Not many people can read me, only she can, and my mother. However, the mother is busy fussing over wh!p-me, worrying that this is getting too much for him. I don’t blame her, the guy damned well flat lined before they shocked him back to life.

“Listen guys, we are going to head out now.” I smiled at Headache and Twinkle.

“Yeah, sure, I am going to go myself. Find out where the ‘Mrs’ has disappeared too.” Twinkle sighs.

“Twinkle Why, don’t you come to ours? Kathline hasn’t had a drink, we need to get Andy home, she can drive you home from there.” Davey offers, our eyes meeting for a split second.

“Aye, thanks Davey lad.” Twinkle nods his head, then downs the last of his pint of Guinness.

“Let’s say goodbyes to Anne.” Lucy smiles up at me, but I can see the questions in her eyes.

We walk towards Wayne's mother, as she smiles up at me.

"We are heading out now." I simply told her. Part of me wanted to avoid her. After all it was my decision to open the fire door. But, I know that choice saved five lives. We would all have perished if I had not taken it.

"Thanks for coming, Ben. Wayne thought the world of you." She smiled at me, as I bent down and gave her a kiss on each cheek, making a mental note to always ensure that I am there for her, anything she needs.

"He was a good lad; we miss him so much." Lucy offered a sad smile, before hugging Anne herself.

"Thank you. Ben, did he suffer?" Anne asks the question I had been dreading.

"No, it was over with before he even knew what was happening." I lie out of my back teeth, but I am not about to tell her that his scream's haunt all of our thought's day and night. She doesn't need to have that playing in her mind.

Lucy slips her hand in mine, giving it a squeeze. My girl knows what happened. We have talked and talked about it many times. Mostly when I wake up in the night in a cold sweat, crying out for Wayne. It used to be two little girls that haunted my dreams. But now it is my colleague that keeps me up at night. However, that said, I know that Wayne would want me to work to not blame myself, and so thoughts of him help me function, unlike the last time I struggled with PTSD.

"Thank you, Ben." Anne smiles, and I get the feeling she knows I have been less than honest to save her from her own nightmares.

I walk over to the mother, who looks at me, then with a nod of her head, she stands up, gathering me in for a hug.

"I know something is going on." She whispers to me.

"It's fine, I will message you later. I am okay, Lucy is okay. The baby is okay." I told her, so she is not worried about me, my future wife, or the baby.

The mother looks at me and nods her head, as I go shake Whelp-me's hand.

"See you tomorrow night when you have finished work, Ben. Your mother is making a roast chicken dinner. No red meat for me, I am afraid." He smiles.

"Yeah boss, see you tomorrow." I smiled at him, the man who was my boss, who I now see more as a father figure than anything else. He is a good man, and clearly loves the mother, and I, for one, am grateful he is in her life.

I walk out of The Chester's ordering a taxi, on my app, as Lucy stands looking up at me. I gather her into my arms, placing them around her swollen tummy, rubbing my child fondly.

"I will tell you when we get to the station." I whispered.

"We are going to the fire station?" she quizzes me.

"The police station. Josie has been arrested." I told her, keeping my voice low.

"What!" Lucy exclaimed.

I simply nod.

"She heard the arsonist confess to the flowers at the cemetery. Then beat the crap out of her." I whispered again, taking a quick look over my shoulder to double check nobody could overhear me.

"Her..." Lucy asks and I simply nod.

"Yes, her, and the man she was having an affair with." I explained, hoping Lucy could read between the lines.

The taxi pulls up, halting our conversation, as we climb inside, and he takes us to Farringdon Police station. Which, sits next door to the fire station.

Lucy remains quiet for the ten-minute journey. I climbed out of the taxi, going to pay the fare.

"No worries mate. I didn't put the meter on. My nephew worked in that factory, and I can tell by your uniform you are a firefighter. He got out, and is okay, but he could easily not have been." The driver waved me off.

"Oh, wow, thank you." I said, feeling a little bit embarrassed at not paying the fare.

"No worries, like I said. The least I can do is give you a free ride." The driver shrugged.

I thanked him again, as we walked down the small steps that lead into the police station.

"Who was it?" Lucy asked me.

"Twinkle's Mrs." I tell her.

"Who was she having the affair with?" She pushes.

"Anders father." I said with a deep sigh.

Lucy inhaled a deep breath, shaking her head in dismay.

"I knew it, don't ask me how, but I just knew as soon as you said it was a woman." Lucy declares, and I can tell by her eyes, she really had worked it out.

"So what is happening to Josie?" Lucy asks me.

"She was arrested. Kathline has gotten in touch with some hot-shot barrister for her. Anders has access to his own firm, but he was arrested as well, so they cannot represent them both. I want to see if Jason is about to get an update." I told her.

Lucy nods, as we walked to the hatch for the public.

"Hey Ben. Josie is in with Jason and the Sarge now." Mable, the civilian at the front desk, tells me the moment she sees me.

"What about Anders?" I asked.

"He will be out in a moment, they are just releasing him now, without charge. He has given a full witness statement against the two suspected arsonists. Between you and me, the computer systems are down, and the CCTV around the crematorium has only uploaded to where the suspect hit Josie first. After that, it seems like the file has been corrupted." Mabel shrugs, then winks at me.

"That is unfortunate," Lucy tells her.

"Hum, yes isn't it. Sergeant Tanner has been looking at it, but it seems it is hopeless. I think it was Sergeant Smith who first tried to access the files." Mabel grinned.

“Take a seat, I believe Mr Maxwell is on his way out now.” Mable continued, motioning to the red chairs at the back of the small square entrance to the main police station.

Lucy and I take a seat, and wait, both of us watching the double doors that lead to the main station. Finally, the doors open, and Anders walks out, his face pale, as he shakes the hand of who I presume is his own solicitor, before nodding to us.

“Ben, Lucy.” He states, then takes a seat, slumping down, his face ashen white.

“Are you okay Anders?” My girl asks him.

“Yeah, I got off scot free. The CCTV showed that fvcking\*g bastard hitting me first, repeatedly. It also showed the b\*\*\*h hitting Josie, but then the file becomes corrupt, and they cannot play it, to find out why Josie was kicking her on the floor.” Anders whispers.

I take an inhale of breath, sh!t, Josie has gone to town on Twinkles Mrs, and I can only hope she has done the b\*\*\*h some damage.

The doors to the station open, and my mother walks in with Haley in tow.

“Haley, what are you doing here?” I ask the girl who was on the reality TV show.

“I am , as you would say, pulling rank.” She simply states, then shows something to Mable, and the doors open, as Stan walks in behind her, nodding in our direction, following her into the station.

I glance at Anders, who gives me a quizzical look, and I shrug my shoulders. I have no clue how Haley and Stan, who run the self-defence classes, can help, or do anything, or even how they knew. But given their connections, it is not a huge surprise thinking about it in the cold light of day.

We all sit and look at each other, waiting for any sort of news, when the door opens, and Josie walks out with a smiling Jason. She runs to Anders, who holds her tight to him, as Lucy looks up and smiles at me. I wrap my hand around her waist, relief washing over me like a tidal wave.

“Come on, I think we all need to get out of here,” I said.

"No, we need to go see Twinkle, they have a search warrant for his house. He needs us, Ben," Josie declared.

"I agree." Lucy and the mother say together, as we make our way to Davey's to go be with Twinkle when he finds out that his 'Mrs' has killed tons of people, including our own Wayne, in a bid to murder him.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 128 - Tips**

0 8 minutes read

Davey's point of view.

We pull up outside our house, as Kathline gathers Andy into her arms. The lad is a star today, such a well-behaved boy, and I could not be prouder. I motioned to Twinkle to come inside the house, as he stood looking lost.

"Andy, you have been such a good boy today, buddy. You can watch two films before bed as a treat, but you must go upstairs now to watch the first....deal?" I asked him, wanting him out of the way whilst I gave Twinkle the news.

fvck, I mean how do I do this? I am not the most diplomatic of people, normally we would have all selected Josie to break the news, but for obvious reasons, that is not possible at the moment.

"Thank you, Dad." Andy grins up at me as if I hung the moon and the stars.

"Okay, your mam will take you up, I am just going to grab uncle Twinkle a drink." I informed my little buddy, pride filling my chest once more.

I turned to Twinkle, who looked forlorn as he glanced around him, taking in the large hallway.

"Nice place Davey." he tells me.

"Cheers, it is all Kathline's work." I told him, then I see him let out a sad sigh, probably thinking about his wife and her affair he knows she is having.

Hell the poor fvcker thinks he has issues now, he doesn't know what is coming to bite him on the arse.

I led him into the living room not sure how to go about this, hell I am out of my depth here, and I know it.

“Want a quick drink?” I asked, but before he could answer, I go to the dining room dresser and opened the door that contained the spirits, pouring him a double shot of whiskey. He is going to need it. Hell I need a shot just to tell him, so pour myself a glass as well. I walk over as Twinkle frowns at me.

“What is going on Davey?” He perceptively asks me as I hand him the glass, then motioned for him to sit down.

“There is no easy way to tell you this, so I am just going to get to the point.” I tell him.

Twinkle looks at me, his head slightly tilted to one side as he waits.

“Josie was arrested after leaving the pub. She and Anders went to the cemetery to say a final goodbye to Wayne. When she was there, she saw your wife.” I told him.

Twinkle stiffens in his seat, staring at me.

“Your wife was confessing to the flowers, or Wayne. Apologising for him dying instead of you.” I tell him, then paused, waiting for the penny to drop.

“Guess I know she really hates me now.” Twinkle lets out a sigh, and sips his scotch.

“There is more,” I continue.

Twinkle stiffens once more and looks at me. fvck, I feel like a right a.ssh0le, having to tell him, but he needs to know what sh!t show is coming his way.

“She admitted to setting the fires, with her lover, to attempt to k!ll you.” I say, then take a sip of my whiskey, feeling the refreshing burn of the liquid on my throat, allowing it to take the edge off this horrific day.

“What!” Twinkle asks in shock.

“Yeah, Josie, well, from what I can gather, beat the crap out of her. The lover turned up, and said that it was always a risk, that you would survive.” I continued to tell him.

Twinkle’s eyes filled with tears. fvck, I don’t want to deal with a crying anyone, let alone a man who I work with.



“Who is he?” Twinkle asks, his face now red with rage.

“Ander’s criminal father.” I tell him, taking another gulp of my whiskey, to steady my own nerves about the situation we all find ourselves in.

“What, the drug dealing, money lending, low life scum who beat your sister?” Twinkle asks, shocked, shaking his head in utter dismay.

“The one and only,” I growl in anger.

Twinkle grips at his glass so hard I worry it will smash in his hand, or that he will through it across the room. Neither happens, he simply downs the amber coloured liquid, without flinching, then sets the glass on one of the side tables.

“So they orchestrated all of this, just to get rid of me! Sorry, I don’t buy it. Well, I do about Edith, she hates me enough to agree to anything. But him, why would he do that just for her? From what you have all said about the man, he doesn’t understand what it is to love anyone, turning his back on his own family, putting a hit out on his own son who tried to get out of his grip. There has to be more.” Twinkle growls out.

“We just don’t know. But, Kathline said, the coppers will probably want to search your home for evidence. I did not want you alone when that happened, so I brought you here. We will go together when the time comes. You are not facing this alone, mate.” I tell him, because no matter what, he really isn’t alone in this, and he has to know that it is not his fault.

Kathline walks into the living room, and glances between me and Twinkle.

“I have told him.” I simply say to her, no further explanation is necessary.

“Twinkle, it is not your fault. We are all here for you.” She softly tells him.

“Will I have to be at the house when they search?” Twinkle asks Kathline.

“No, not if they have a warrant. However, they will then force entry, and you are responsible for the damage. My advice would be to go, let them in, and to do their search with you there. I can come with you if you like. Remember your wife is innocent until proven guilty in a court of law. We just don’t know what is really happening at this point,” Kathline tells him.

I bite my tongue, as I swallow the words 'innocent my arse' before I shout them. sh!t, I need to keep a tight reign on my mouth right now. It will just make things worse for Twinkle.

"No thank you Kathline. You have your little lad to sort out. Hell, she nearly k!lled him as well." Twinkle exclaims, slumping onto the sofa, his shoulders hunched. The man looks like he is dying inside, and for once in my life, I am at a loss about what to do or say.

"You are not doing this alone, Twinkle. I will come with you." I tell him, determined that he should not be alone at the moment.

"Her sister is at the house." Twinkle sighs.

"Do you think she knows?" Kathline asks.

Twinkle shrugs.

"Not sure, but it doesn't matter if she does or doesn't, she can get her 'I am better than you' arse out of my fvcking\*g house." Twinkle shouts, finally getting angry.

"I mean, the house is in my name only. I bought it before I even met Edith, so they can all fvck off." He continues to rant, his voice getting louder with each cyclable.

"I should have told her and her family to get the fvck out a long time ago, I am a fvcking\*g i\*\*\*t. They got that right, good old Billy, takes all the sh!t lying down, and is a weak-a.ssed man. Forced to sleep on the sofa in his own fvcking\*g house, and never say's a word. fvcking\*g hell, I am a fvcking\*g mug, and now poor Wayne has paid the price because I didn't have a back bone when it came to that woman." Twinkle self-deprecates.

"No, don't you dare take the blame for this. You did your best to save your marriage. It is on HER, and no fvcker else. Do you hear me? This is HER, not YOU." I sternly tell him.

"But why would she insist I give up work, if she wanted me to die in a fire...I don't understand." Twinkle suddenly shouts.

I shrug my shoulders, because I never gave that a thought. But who knows what things have gone on inside the sick twisted mind of that woman.

"We don't know anything yet, Twinkle. It may yet be a massive misunderstanding," Kathline tells him.

"I highly doubt that. Josie wouldn't hurt a fly, if she has beaten her up, then there is no misunderstanding." Twinkle sighs.

I have to admit, I am pleased he is not taking the lifeline Kathline is throwing him, because the last thing he needs, or any of us for that matter, is to give the woman a free pass.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, and I take it out, looking to see Big Ben is calling.

"It's Ben, he is at the police station waiting for news on Josie." I tell both Twinkle and Kathline.

"Ben, what's happening?" I ask him.

"Josie is out, released without charge, a simple case of self defence. She has given her statement about Twinkles 'Mrs' and Anders' father; they are going to be questioned now. We are heading over to the mothers. Well, Wh!p-me's, but she may as well live there. Headache is on his way over, if you guys want to come as well. Jason told Josie he would let us know if they needed to search Twinkle's place, and give him a chance to go with them." Ben tells me.

'sh!t, okay, I will let him know, and drop you a text if we are going to go to the Boss's house." I him tell him before cutting the call.

"Josie has been released without charge. It was self-defence, apparently. They are all heading to the boss's house. Headache is on his way over. Jason said he would be in touch with us if they need to search your place. We are invited. Do you want to go?" I ask Twinkle, then wonder if Kathline was okay with me heading over, and leaving her with Andy.

"Yeah, if you don't mind, I need to talk to Josie." Twinkle nods his head at me.

I look at Kathline, who simply nods her head.

"I will give Cal a call, see if he would mind Andy having a sleep over at his tonight. He has a few days off before he starts his first shift with you guys." Kathline sighs, then takes her own phone and appears into the kitchen to call Lucy's brother.

“fvck, man, I am sorry to cause you all so much ha.ssle.” Twinkle sighs.

“Na mate, you are not. We all want to know what the fvck went down.” I shrug.

Kathline walks back into the living room.

“Sorted, I will tell Andy the good news, he loves sleeping over with Kristie and Dante.” She tells us, then heads into the hallway to get my little all ready for his sleep over.

I pick up my phone and dropped Ben a text letting him know we would be there shortly.

Andy squeals with excitement at going to Cal’s, so I guess he is okay with sleeping out tonight. Kathline walks downstairs with him, his little backpack containing his clothes and a couple of his toys on his back.

“Dad, I am going to stay at Uncle Cal’s house. Will you look after Mam for me?” He asks me seriously.

“My pleasure, young man. I will take care of Mammy.” I tell him with reverence, resisting the urge to chuckle at his little face.

“Come on Twinkle, let’s get him dropped off, and head over to Wh!p-me’s.” Kathline smiles, as we all head to the car. Twinkle looks like he had lost a tenner and found a pound, his shoulders hunched forwards, as he stares straight ahead, as if his world has, fallen apart.

I guess in a way it has, not just his, but everyone’s. Things are definitely never going to be the same again.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 129 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

Twinkle’s Point of View.

Everything around me feels unreal, like I am a spectator of my own life. Numbness and shock have replaced my initial anger.

‘I am sorry Wayne.’ I made my internal apologies to the young lad who did not deserve to die. His life cut short by that evil, sadistic, money-grabbing, b\*\*\*h that is...or WAS my Mrs.

Hatred bubbles up inside me, macabre thoughts of revenge I never knew I was capable of even thinking flood my mind, as a sneer forms on my lips.

The voices around me are none descript, as I envisage placing my hands around that woman's throat, and watching the life leave her body, sending her to the depths of hell where she belongs.

"Twinkle." I hear Joanne's voice, as I blink myself out of my thoughts of revenge and back to reality.

"Here, get this down your neck." She offers me a soft smile, handing me a cup of strong tea.

"Thanks." I mumbled to her; she is a good woman, one of the best, probably why my former Mrs hated her guts. Clearly, they were like oil and water. One, good, kind, fun to be around....the other a self-centred, evil, murderous b\*\*\*h.

Poor Wayne. It should have been me, not the lad with everything to look forward to, his life ahead of him. Hell, I would gladly swap places with him if I could.

Davey and Kathline walk through the door to the boss's house, taking a seat. Everyone greets them, but I just cannot do anything but stare into space, the world around me feels false. Maybe this is a nightmare, my mind playing tricks on me, mixing up my grief for Wayne, and stress about my wife and the affair I believe she is having. I blink, wanting to wake up...willing myself to shoot out of bed drenched in sweat, but then find myself on the sofa, in my house, and it was all just a dream.

Only the dream continues, no matter what I do, I do not wake up from this nightmare.

I vaguely hear a door open, there is lots of commotion around me, but still I sit, stiff as a board, unable, or unwilling, not sure which, to move, my eyes fixed straight ahead, as I stare into nothingness.

"Twinkle, I am so sorry." I heard Josie's familiar voice.

I don't know why hearing her brings me out of my trance, but I know this is no dream, it is a living nightmare, and hot tears of grief for my friend, loss of my life, and anger at the woman who did this, killing so many people begin to flood down my cheeks.

"It is okay, Twinkle." I hear, as Josie wraps her arms around me, holding me to her, as if I am a child who has lost my favourite toy.

"Let him cry it out guys." I heard the deep voice of the boss say from across the room.

Loud sobs begin to form, my body convulses and shakes, loud cries of pure pain escape my lips, as Josie tightens her arms around me, in a vain hope it brings me comfort. I applauded her effort, but nothing will ever bring me comfort again, because I will be forever the firefighter who's wife killed his young colleague. Who was an i\*\*\*t, allowing her to do what she wanted and when the mood struck. The weak man who had no back bone, that was me, letting her get away with anything and everything. I feel something change in my heart, as it hardens, almost like someone has poured quick drying concrete into it. Nobody will treat me like a fool again....NOBODY!

I don't know how long I have been like this, but I do know as the tears begin to dry, I am a changed man.

"I am okay Josie." My gruff voice tells her.

Josie nods her head, then sits on Anders' knee. The son of the man who helped my wife try to kill me. I shake my head, for all I know it is not Anders' fault, I cannot bring myself to look at him right now.

I took another sip of the tea, which has now turned cold, when a knock at the door disturbs us. The knock is loud, full of authority, and I know before Ben gets up and answers it, it is the plods.

I snap my head up, looking at PC Jason Dale. walks into the room, a civilian jacket over his uniform, his shirt undone at the collar.

"Take a seat Jason." The boss says to him. I glance over to see that Joanne has lovingly placed cushions behind him, obviously concerned about him after his heart attack.

"I shouldn't be here but thought I would give you all an unofficial update." Jason sighs, as Lucy gets up and walks into the kitchen, before returning with two fresh cups of tea, one for me, one for Jason.

"You will get a call soon Twinkle. The Detective Inspector has taken over the case. They are currently in the court getting a search warrant for your house." Jason tells me.

I nod, it is not like I wasn't expecting that.

"You don't need a warrant. I will happily let you in to search." I told him.

"We appreciate that, but it is best we dot all the i's and cross all the t's." Jason tells me.

I don't do anything other than nod my head. Yes, they are obviously wanting to build a cast iron case against the b\*\*\*h. Good, I hope she rots in a cell for the rest of her life. For the first time in my life, I find myself regretting we no longer have the death penalty in this country. Something I have always been proud of is that I come from a country that advocates rehabilitation. But not now, not after this. I would happily watch that woman swing from the neck until Dead. Dead. Dead.

I feel the concrete in my heart set a little harder, as my mind conjures up the image of her in a hangman's noose.

"Josie, you were really lucky today. That CCTV file was corrupt, then after your friends arrived the whole thing disappeared without trace from the server. You have friends in high places, girl." Jason said to Josie.

"Who turned up?" Josie asked, clearly not understanding.

"Haley and Stan," Ben said to her.

"What, our self-defence teachers?" Josie shook her head.

"Yes, I rang Haley to cancel the sessions we had booked for this week. She asked why, and I told her, then she just said" Don't worry, I will sort it out. I had no clue she was going to turn up at the station. Just who is she Ben?" Joanne asked.

"God knows, but obviously she has some serious connections." Ben shrugged, not looking like he cared who the woman he met on the TV show was.

"Twinkle, your wife has admitted her part in everything. She did not set the fires but owns that she knew what Clive Maxwell was doing. She let him know when you were on shift. I do think he coerced her though. She was not part of the School fire though." Jason told me.

I rolled my lips together, shaking my head. Why? Why be complicit in killing all those innocent people?

"How the fvck did she know that man?" Anders' voice boomed out, as Josie stroked his face in a bid to calm him.

"It seems they met online. Your wife admitted to joining a website for bored housewives who want to hook up with men. She met him on that. We believe when he found out she was the wife of a firefighter, he chased her down, and started an affair rather than a one-night with no strings-attached s\*\*\*\*l encounter. She met him after the school fire." Jason continued.

I shook my head in disbelief, the fvcking\*g woman wanted se.x...she never wanted se.x. I had not had even a sniff of her rancid fanny for three years, but she had been trolling the internet for hook-ups. I cannot deny it hurts my male pride, was I that much of a disappointment to her?

"So was the school fire by a different arsonist?" Kathline asked, as Davey placed his arm around her shoulders.

"We think it was Maxwell. We have some investigation to do, but from what I overheard in the canteen from the DI, there is some information that leads them to believe the fires were in fact aimed to scare or kill people who loaned money from his loan shark operation. Or, those who had not paid their drug debts to him. The cook at the school looked like he owed them a pretty penny in gambling debts, which he could not pay. Although we know this is what happened, we still need the full evidence to prove that was the case." Jason sighs.

"Liv's Ex, he was camping out in the factory, he owed them big time." Davey growls out.

"Yes, we have already been looking into that, as you know. It seems he had made friends with one of the security team, who let him use that store cupboard to sleep in and hide from Maxwell and his goons. However, that guard, was on the Maxwell pay role and had tipped them off," Jason said.



"Again, this is what we know. Not all of the evidence has been gathered. So... you must all remain quiet please. I could get into serious sh!t by telling you anything. CID are investigating and finding the evidence that is enough for the CPS to use in court." He continued.

"What about the nightclub?" Josie asked.

"We are not sure if they were both involved in that or not. However, that is when the fire exits were chained up, so my guess it is the first attempt to get rid of Twinkle. The club had refused to pay him protection money, from what we can gather." Jason sighed.

"But why?" Is the only question I can ask, my mind still on the woman I had shared my life with.

"She said she needed your life insurance, and wanted the house. That Maxwell needed the money so they could sail off into the sunset." Jason told him.

"Bull sh!t." Anders growled.

"He saw an opportunity to s.educe that b\*\*\*h, use her for information, then if he k!lled Twinkle, he would have got his hands on the money somehow, then cast her aside." Anders continued.

"Well, it would have served the b\*\*\*h right if that had happened." Joanne hissed; her face contorted with anger.

"Look Twinkle, I know it is going to be difficult, but they are probably going to want to question you, just to help with the enquiries. However, lawyer up, just in case." Jason sighed, then stood up.

"No doubt they will be back from the court about now. Maybe you should head home, ready for when they turn up with the warrant." Jason offered me a smile.

"Yeah, okay." I said, placing the fresh cup of tea that Lucy made, and had also turned cold, down, and standing up.

"Do you want us to come with you?" Josie asked.

I shake my head.

“No, I will be fine. I have her sister staying at the house. I cannot wait to see her face when they turn up. Also, I am going to take great delight in kicking her out on her a.ss.” Twinkle shrugged.

“Oh, and Kathline, do you think you could recommend a good solicitor please? Also, I need a divorce lawyer.” I asked her.

“Yeah, I will ask Pete to come to your house. He is the best. Hey, the divorce you can do yourself online. costs a lot less. I will walk you through the process. You only pay for the financial order.” Kathline nods her head.

I shrug my shoulders, I really do not care about the cost, I just want to be free from that God-forsaken woman.

“Twinkle, fvck, it is the man who spawned Me’s fault. I don’t care how much it costs, but I will pay for all your solicitor’s bills, it is the least I can do.” Anders growls.

I look over at him for the first time. Yeah, it is not his fault, anymore than what that b\*\*\*h I was married to did is my fault. I can see in his face just how hurt and angry he is, and I simply nodded at him. Then I picked up my phone, and called a taxi, walking out the door, ready to go face what was about to come, secure in the knowledge that I would have my work family who would always be there for me, no matter what.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 130 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

Kelvin’s point of view.

Letting out a long breath, I stood at the door of my house, as my darling Joanne ran the lint remover over my uniform one more time. I think she is more nervous about my new job than I am. It had been six weeks since Wayne’s funeral, and Twinkles ‘Mrs’ was arrested, and charged, then subsequently remanded in custody for conspiracy to murder, along with a whole lot of other charges. Anders father, the same, including arson, money laundering, drug trafficking, extortion and a load of other stuff. The trial date is set to start in a few weeks. I know that my former team will be there in the public gallery watching, and waiting for them both to be sent down, never to see the light of day again. I will be right there beside them, of that you can bet your last penny on.

My doctor gave me a clean bill of health two weeks ago, and today I take over as the Group Manager.

"I will hand my notice in to Davey today." Joanne tells me.

I smiled and nodded, then took the lint roller from her hands, placing it on the windowsill before wrapping my arms around her.

"I love you." I whispered down at her.

"I love you more." She grins back up at me.

That is a statement that I highly doubt. Because my heart only beats for this woman, literally she is my life. After my heart attack, she stayed, and well, she never left. We officially moved in together with Joanne giving up her rented house three weeks ago, and I could not have been happier. I have a second chance at life, and I am determined to grab it with both hands. Life is too short to mess around. My ex-wife was annoyed, complaining it was too soon, to anyone who would listen. I do not care. I love Joanne, she is the best thing to happen to me, other than the birth of my daughter and grandson.

"Are you sure you want to leave the station?" I asked her again, just to make sure she is confident in what she is doing.

"Yes, Cal wants to go full time, and the new station officer, whoever it turns out to be, needs him full time. This way, I get to spend time with the kids, and I can look after my grandchild for Lucy and Ben, so Lucy can go back to work whenever she feels comfortable, once the baby is born."

"It is a big day for them next week, her 20-week scan, and gender reveal." I smile down at the love of my life, as she nods, her eyes twinkling with excitement.

"But before that, we have a hen party and stag party to attend," Joanne grins.

I throw my head back and laugh, we certainly do. In just three days, Josie and Anders are heading off to Vegas, to tie the knot. They had wanted to do it weeks ago, but with everything going on, they had put it off. So, after my first full day at work, I will be heading straight to Durham, as we attend their joint hen and stag night.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to come and pick you up?” I asked this glorious woman.

“Certain. Lucy, Kathline and I have planned some good stuff for Josie, so we will see you there.” Joanne grins at me and winks.

Heaven knows what they have planned, probably highly inappropriate, but guaranteed to be so much fun.

I place a soft kiss on Joanne’s lips, and head out to the car, ready to drive to Newcastle, and take up my new post.

A smile creeps onto my lips. My first thing to do in my new post, is to give the news to the two new station officers, and I know that both of them will already be waiting at HQ to find out their fate.

I pull up into the carpark of the four-story building, and step out, smoothing my black uniform jacket, and making sure my tie is straight, then make my way into the building, my cap under my arm. I headed straight to my new office, passed Kerry who is my new assistant; she has worked for years in HQ. I just hope she is as good as my Joanne was, although she will not be dropping her pen under my desk like my girl often did. How clumsy of her!

In the waiting room, I could see the four candidates for the Station officer position at both Farringdon and Marley Pots stations. I get to give the good news, but the decision was not mine, it was made by the Chief firefighter himself, after witnessing both men’s work on the fire in the factory.

“Fvck, Andy thinks I am fireman Sam, now he will think I am that i\*\*\*t Station Officer Steel!” Dovey quips.

“You need to grow a large walrus moustache to go with your grey hair, just for the job.” I laughed with him.

“Actually, I have a letter here for you, from Josie.” Dovey tells me, handing me a letter, along with an application form.

I look at it frowning.

“What is this?” I asked him.

"She wants off the watch, she would like to commence fire investigation training." Dovey shrugs sadly. Guess his whole 'red watch' is changing.

"That is a shame, but good as well," I told him.

"Yeah, the shame of it is, I am going to have to promote Heodoche and his box of paracetamol to lead fire fighter. I was going to give it to Josie," Dovey chuckles.

A small shudder washes over me, as my mind wanders to that day. I push my dark thoughts to the back of my mind. Today is a day of celebration, not one to mourn the past.

I settled myself behind the light oak desk, looking at the four candidate files placed on my desk. I know two will be leaving disappointed. It is just the nature of things.

"Kerry, send the first one in." I say, into the intercom.

Lead firefighter Jones, walked into my office.

"Take a seat please." I smiled up at him.

"Sir." His polite response as he nervously sat down in the receiving chair.

I open his file, then took a breath. This is the least favourite thing for me to do.

"There is no easy way to say this, Alix, but unfortunately you have not been successful at this time. After careful consideration, the board believes you need some training in leadership, and another year in your Lead firefighter role in Farringdon on 'Yellow Watch'. However, I have enrolled you to the relevant leadership training courses, and I am confident that once you have completed these, and have another year under your belt, you will get the promotion." I told him.

"Thank you." Jones tells me, staring forwards. I could see the annoyance in his face. I am about to hand him over the paperwork for the courses I have placed him on when he stands to his feet, turns around without so much as a goodbye and walks out of the office. His reaction kind of proved the point on his file that he lacks in maturity to handle the job. I cannot confirm or deny I had made that note before I went off sick.

I let out another breath, then buzzed Kerry.

“Send in acting Station Officer Brennan.” I tell her.

I watch the door, as Davey walks into my office, all suited and booted in his formal uniform. I keep my face a stoic mask, as he waits for me to ask him to sit down. I must say, it feels unusual, normally he would walk into my office back at the station with his ‘don’t give a sh!t’ attitude and just plonk his backside down.

“Sit down please Davey.” I motioned to the chair, not letting anything show in my expressions.

“Davey, after much consideration of your application, I am sorry to say that you have big boots to fill in your new role as Station Officer of Farringdon Station. The outgoing station officer was a fantastic man, so here’s hoping you are up to the task.” I grinned at him, showing all of my pearly whites.

“fvck sake boss, thought you were going to say I was out on my arse there.” Davey said, placing his hand on his c.hest, letting out a sigh of relief.

“And... he is back.” I laughed, this is the Davey who we all know and love.

“Sorry, sir.” Davey grins sheepishly.

“Well done, Davey. The chief fire officer was impressed by your work at the factory, and the role you played in keeping the station going when I was off sick. You deserve it.” I grinned once more with pride at him.

“fvck, Andy thinks I am fireman Sam, now he will think I am that i\*\*\*t Station Officer Steel!” Davey quips.

“You need to grow a large walrus moustache to go with your grey hair, just for the job.” I laughed with him.

“Actually, I have a letter here for you, from Josie.” Davey tells me, handing me a letter, along with an application form.

I look at it frowning.

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"That is a shame, but good as well," I told him.

"Yeah, the shame of it is, I am going to have to promote Headache and his box of paracetamol to lead fire fighter. I was going to give it to Josie," Davey chuckles.

"Good luck with that." I grinned at him.

"Okay, well, you will get all the official stuff in your email by end of today's shift. I will see you tonight." I smiled standing up and shaking Davey's hand.

"Yeah, it should be a good night. I have a house full of giant pink c0ck balloons!" Davey laughs.

"Well, I do nine to five every day now, unless there is a full emergency, Monday to Friday. You lot begin your off shift's tomorrow. I am back here in the morning." I gr0an, as Davey chuckles.

"Tough at the top, sir. See you tonight." He turns and walks out of the office, for once, with a broad smile.

I sat back in my chair, then buzzed Kerry again.

"Send in firefighter Bishop please Kerry." I told her.

Ben walks in, filling the room with his sheer size.

"Take a seat Ben." I tell him as he squeezes himself into the receiving chair which creaks in protest.

I sit looking into his grey stoic eyes, my step-son, or soon will be, not that he knows this yet, but he will, when I ask his permission to marry his mother. But that is not a conversation for today.

"Firefighter Bishop, I have some bad news, I am afraid," I said.

Ben nods his head, as if he is expecting it.

"You are going to have to move to the Enemy station. Congratulations you are the new Station Officer of Marley Pots. We gave you that one, as it is closer to

your home, plus it is time the inter-station rivalry officially comes to an end...or... cranks up a notch." I grinned at him.

"Wow, thanks wh!p....sorry..bos...sorry Sir." Ben says in total shock, unusually for him stumbling over his words.

"The Chief Firefighter was impressed by your quick decision-making. I know we always focus on the firefighter we have lost, but if you had not opened that door when you did, then we would have lost all six of you. You are not afraid to make the tough call when needed, and your leadership qualities are off the chart. Everyone we have spoken with had nothing but respect and praise for you. Well done Ben." I grinned at him.

"Does the Mother know?" Ben asks, as he stares at me, in what looks like disbelief.

"Nope. It is your job to tell her, not mine." I smirked at him.

"Yeah, but you know you will be the one getting the rewards tonight". Ben laughs.

I chuckle slightly, the man is not wrong, my Joanne is going to be very happy, and given I am all clear for exercise, I will reap the benefits of that happiness, and enjoy every last moment of it.

"Talking of rewards, whilst you are here. It is probably not the time or place, but. I want to ask your mother to marry me. I would love your blessing." I tell him.

"Do you need it?" Ben asks with half a smirk on his face.

"No, I will ask her anyway, but would like it all the same." I grinned at him.

"Well, I guess, I had best pull my finger out and convince Lucy to say yes...she is determined to wait until after the baby is born. I reckon Davey will get there before me as well at this rate." Ben laughed.

"So that is a yes then?" I hesitantly asked him.

"It is a, hell, yes." He grins at me.

"Thank you, Son." I smiled warmly at the man who is my soon-to-be step-son who I am really proud of, even before I started seeing Joanne.



“Well, I suppose I will see you tonight.” I tell him, standing to my feet and stretching out my arm to shake his hand.

“Yeah, it will be good to have my wardrobe back. Lucy has two n.aked blow-up dolls in there, one male and one female.” Ben shrugs, and I laugh, because I know as well as he does, that will be Joanne’s doing.

I sit back in my seat, letting out a breath, just the final candidate to see, and disappoint them. But, once that is over, I will read through Josie’s application, and without a shadow of doubt in my mind, I will happily rubberstamp her application, not because I know her, but because she will be excellent in that role.