

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 131 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Joanne's Point of view.

I walk down to the fire station, I know I am going to leave whoever takes over in the lurch, so to speak, but I cannot stomach the thought of continuing to work at the station without my wh!p-me in the adjoining office. I will tender my resignation today, before I go off shift, for four days, giving me just three more days before I finish for good. But, I want to be a full-time granny to my grandchildren, and yes, I include Kirstie and Dante along with that. I can only hope that either Davey or Ben got the promotion, but I am keeping out of it. It could go to Alex Jones from 'yellow watch'. Well, whoever it is, I hope they understand my reasons for leaving.

I walk into the station, it feels weird not seeing Davey sitting on his sofa reading his Sunderland Echo, even as Acting Station Officer, you would find him completing the same ritual every morning, before disappearing to his office. But, he is not superstitious at all. According to him, anyway. But let's be honest, we all know differently, and I bet if I ask 'Yellow watch', when they come back on shift, if he was there reading the paper before heading over to HQ with Ben, they will all say that he was.

I settle myself behind my desk, my thoughts wandering to Wh!p-me. Other than the heartache over the past weeks since that fire, along with the stress of the man I love having a heart attack, and my constant worry, that he so much as looks like he has a pain, life has been pretty perfect personally. I feel a little bit guilty, because I know Anne is struggling. However, I am pleased she is making the effort to come out tonight. Wayne would have wanted her to. She is like I was, a single mother, but her son was lost, whereas mine survived. I hope she finds some enjoyment in the craziness Lucy, Kathline and I have organised.

Twinkle walks into my office, he has decided to stay full time with us. He never wanted to semi-retire as it was, we are still not sure why that woman forced that on him, when she wanted him dead. I guess you will never know the inner workings of a psychopath's mind.

"Do you think Anders will mind me sharing his stag do?" Twinkle asks as he slumps down on my receiving chair. He spends a lot of time in my office when

not on a shout now. He misses Wayne, and I think he is still filled with guilt because it was his Mrs who orchestrated his death.

I looked at him quizzically.

“Erm, why?” I ask, as I pull out my pen, then look over at Wh!p-me’s old desk, and wish he was here so I could drop it under and have to crawl and pick it up...I miss him in the office.

“Because my decree nisi came through this morning.” He grins at me.

“What already, wow, how do you feel?” I asked him.

“Free.” Twinkle shrugs.

“Well, only six more weeks and your absolute will come through and you are a fully free man then. Divorced with a capital D”, I grinned at him.

“Yeah, just need to get all the financial orders done, and have that woman not receive a penny piece. I put all her designer sh!t on ebay, other than the jimmy choo’s she never wore. Say no if you want, but I have them here for you. I thought if you wanted them, you could have them, and that would give me the added benefit of knowing it would piss her off even more if she knew you were wearing them.” Twinkle shrugged.

Do I want a pair of Jimmy Choo’s...Hell Yes, what woman wouldn’t? Do I want a pair of shoes that belonged to that b!tch...Hell NO. Would I take perverse pleasure in wearing them to breaking point just with the knowledge it would boil her piss if she ever found out? Hell Yes.

“Okay, but only if we take pictures of me putting the rubbish out in them, or going for a walk around the lakes, with the heels deep in the mud, and send them to her prison cell.” I smirk.

“Deal.” Twinkle laughed, the first genuine laugh I have seen in years.

“I got a letter from her.” Twinkle sighs.

“Did you? sh!t, are you okay?” I ask as he shrugs at me.

“Suppose. She really hates me. She blamed me for not dying instead of Wayne. I will not spoil your intelligence about the whole thing. Her sister came to see me as well. She swears she knew nothing about her and the fires, but did own she knew she had met a man. I found out the reason she wanted me to go part time.” He sighs.

I nod at him to continue.

“It was so that when she left me, I would have lost my full-time job here, and would not get it back. It apparently gave her some sick twisted satisfaction that I would be earning less money when she took half of everything. Guess her twisted thoughts progressed after that to more deadly ones when she realised how much she would get if I died at work.” Twinkle sighs.

I just look at Twinkle, I mean what do you say to that? Poor guy.

“How is the house sale going?” I asked him.

“Yeah, good. Kathline is working on the searches for my new place now and said that we should exchange contracts soon. I love the new place, closer to work, away from Fullwell and the neighbours who all got a good look at the coppers searching the place, and the whispers behind my back. Plus, the house is a lot bigger. I can afford a little extra now I don’t have designer clothes to buy that never see the light of day.” He smiles genuinely.

“Yes, Cal said, he had a walk around Brockenhurst Drive the other day, and said it was bigger than his. You got a good deal getting the detached house for that price.” I smiled at him.

“Yeah, it needs some work on it, but I have nothing else to do when I am off shift.” He sighs.

“What about your dancing? Do you not want to continue with that?” I asked, because as much as he denied it, we all knew he loved it.

“Not got a partner. I mean, I doubt I would get back into the competitions now, but it would be nice to dance with someone.” Twinkle let out another sad sigh.

I nod my head, bless him he is going through the mill at the moment.

Cal pokes his head round my office door.

“Hey, the kids drew these for you. One I thought was hen party appropriate. It is apparently supposed to be a pink rocket ship.” He laughs, handing me a couple of pictures to put onto the side of my filing cabinet, with the others drawn by Kirsty, Dante and even little Andy for me.

I take a look at the giant pink rocket, that looks suspiciously like a giant p\*\*\*s, and throw my head back laughing.

“Your daughter has high expectations.” I giggled away, laughing at it.

“In rocket ships,” Cal laughs.

“Are you sure you don’t mind having all the kids tonight?” I ask him for the umpteenth time.

“Not at all. Andy is great to have around, and Kathline deserves a good night out. Also, she has agreed to watch my two next week. I have a date.” Cal grins at me.

“Wow, really, so who is the lucky woman?” I grin at him.

“User 34713 goes by the name of Single and is ready to mingle. Just hope she is like in her pictures.” Cal laughs.

“Oh wow, so not a relationship seeker with that name then.” I gave him a questioning eye.

“Nope, but I don’t want a relationship, just some fun once in a while. I am still young, and now have the advantage of a firefighter’s uniform.” Cal winks at me.

I shook my head laughing. Yes, he is still young, only 20, a single dad, who is brilliant with his kids, he deserves a mingle with the single 34713.

I stick my giant pink rocket ‘c0ck’ picture up on the filing cabinet as Twinkle leaves my office. I wish I could do something to help him.

The morning drags, as the guys are out on a shout. Fortunately, it is nothing more than a cat stuck up a tree, so nothing to worry about with that one. Ben and Davey finally get back to the station. Both of them laugh and joke about. I crane my neck up to see if I can work out who got the job, as Davey walks back into the office with a wide smile.

“Best get used to me Joanne.” He winks.

“You got it!” I exclaimed, happy for him, but also sad that my son didn’t get Wh!p-me’s job. It would be a weight off both Lucy and my mind to know that he would be behind the desk, not going into the flames anymore, unless absolutely necessary. Still, it is what it is, and I am pleased for Davey.

“Yeah, I did.” He grins.

“Actually, not to put a dampener on things, but....” I say, my voice trailing off as I hand him my letter of resignation.

It is no surprise to him, he knows I have been thinking long and hard about this for the past weeks.

“So you are doing it then?” He smiles.

“Yes, I will leave in two weeks. It is time.” I sighed. It is definitely the end of an era.

“Yeah, I know. I accept, because although you are brilliant, I cannot have the mother of the enemy in my office.” He states, as Ben walks into my office, his normal stoic face beaming with joy.

“What do you mean?” I ask with a confused look on my face.

“Station officer Bishop, when do you leave for your crappy new station?” Davey asks.

I look up at Ben with my mouth wide open.

“You got Marley Potts!” I declared, jumping out of my seat and hugging my son.

“Yeah, so much easier to get to.” He grins at me.

“Have you told Lucy yet?” I ask him.

“You bet I have she was the first call I made when I left HQ. She cried. She was that happy.” Ben grins.

“So proud of you Son.” I smiled up at him, my chest swelling with pride, not that I need these chestical’s swelling anymore than they are already.

Seriously, Kelvin loves me to eat, and I have no self control, so I have put more weight on, most of which has gone straight to my b00bs, making them even bigger!

The rest of the shift passed quickly. I would like to say I worked hard, but that would be a big fat lie, all I did was sort out all the c0ck straws, then blew up a load of bobbie balloons, for Ben to bring tonight with the blow up dolls.

“fvcking\*g hell Joanne, my home is full of c\*\*\*s and now the office is full of t\*\*s!” Davey exclaims as he pushes past the giant balloons, one bouncing back and hitting him in the face as he passed through the door into the common room, to get some food Cal and Headache have made.

My phone dings with a message and I pick it up and see it is Anne.

What time should I come to your house to get ready?

I will be home in half an hour. We can have pre-drinks with the girls. Wh!p-me is meeting us after he has finished. I quickly replied.

Great, I am actually looking forward to getting my dancing shoes on. Xx Anne tells me

Oh, dancing shoes... a thought springs into mind, as I look through the office door window and see Twinkle, stuffing his face with some big c0ck biscuits Josie has brought in, to celebrate her hen night.

I smirk wickedly, as I text back.

Yeah, Twinkle was saying he was looking forward to dancing as well xxx

That is good. I will dance with him. I know Wayne would want me to dance for him as well. I am actually looking forward to this. xxx

Well, what do you know? Mission dancing partners is a go!

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0 10 minutes read

Anders Point of View

Standing in my kitchen, I opened up another bottle of Newcastle brown ale, flipping the top onto the surface, and taking a long gulp.

“fvcking\*g hell Anders, you are on the loopy juice tonight.” Davey laughs as he sips from his bottle of corona.

“What can I say, I am only getting one stag night, as I am only getting married once.” I shrug.

“What time is everyone else getting here?” Ben asks, as he pulls the ring on a can of John Smiths Bitter, before pouring it into a glass.

“That widget in the can works amazingly. Look, your pint has the perfect head,” Headache says.

“I wish someone would give me perfect head. That b\*\*\*h would never go down on me.” Twink sighs.

Ignoring Twinkle, before I say Josie gives me a perfect head, I quickly steer the subject to safer ground.

“Wh!p-me is meeting us there. Steven Masters is due now, John and Barry who worked at Newcastle Publishing will meet us there as well.” I tell them.

Business Contacts, that is all I have as friends outside this group. I should feel like a sad loser, but I don’t, because if I am honest, this group of people are the only ones I want to spend my Stag do with.

“Steven Masters, as in CEO of the Master’s Group?” Davey asks me.

“Yeah, he is a compet!tor, but a good man.” I shrug.

“Well Stan and Haley are coming as well. I hope you don’t mind, but I invited the pair of them, given they helped with the Josie situation. They are meeting us there. Jason said he cannot come as with him working on the case against your father, it could be construed as a conflict of interest.” Ben tells me.

“Sure.” I nod.

I don’t know Stan that well, other than when we met at the Chamber of Commerce event, but him and Haley did help Josie, and she likes the pair of them.

“What time is the partybus coming?” Headache asks, then rolls his shoulder, guess he has another ache or pain in it.

“Not long.” I shrug. To be honest I am not sure as Joanne has organised getting all the Stags to Durham.

I have hired out a section of a busy bar ‘The Slug and Lettuce’ in Durham for our joint parties, I figured if we wanted to go on a pub crawl after, then we could. I have also opened a tab up, so that the drinks are all free. I am sure these lot will give it a good bashing.

The doorbell rings, and I walk out into the long hallway opening it.

“Steven, good to see you.” I smile, extending my hand to my acquaintance.

“Yes, and you Anders. Thanks for the invite, I am looking forward to tonight. Good to kick back and not worry about work.” He smiles.

“How are the kids?” I ask him.

“Great, they are with Mam and Dad at the moment, getting spoilt rotten no doubt.” Steven laughs.

“Let me introduce you to everyone.” I smile and lead him into the kitchen where I see Davey throwing a packet of paracetamol to Headache, rolling his eyes, but not giving any sarcastic comment. I guess now he is the boss, he is curbing that side of his personality. I kind of hope he doesn’t change it too much though.

I make the introductions, and Steven fits right in, busy talking to Davey about their kids and the excitement about Christmas which is coming soon.

The doorbell rings again, so I go answer it, and the driver of the party bus stands.

“Ready when you are Mr Maxwell.” He tells me.

“Guys, the bus is here.” I shout through, then pick my wallet up from the hall table.

“Careful you don’t strain a muscle under the weight of your wallet, money bags.” Davey quips.



Guess he isn't going to change much after all.

I shake my head, and chuckle at him as everyone walks out of the house.

"What the actual fvck!" I shout as I see inside the party bus.

It is full of boob balloons, along with a naked blow-up doll with a veil on its head, and a sash that says Fake Josie around it.

"Here Headache, Joanne got you a girlfriend." Twinkle laughs.

I have to say, it is good to see him smile, it has been tough on everyone, but nobody has felt the effects of the past weeks more than Twinkle.

Ben is the last into the bus, and I kid you not, the thing literally creaks under his giant weight.

"fvcking\*g hell Ben, you are going to kill the suspension. Ya giant freak." Davey laughs.

"fvck off." Ben laughs back at him.

In the corner is an ice bucket filled with bottles of lager, in a fold out cabinet is a bottle of champagne along with decanters full of scotch, and brandy.

"Pour the drinks Headache." I shout over to him.

Headache nods, and passes everyone a glass of the good stuff.

"Right, before we start, I want to propose a couple of toast's." I tell everyone.

"First one, is congratulations to Davey, who is the new Station Officer of Farringdon Station." I say, raising the glass.

"Cheers Boss." They all say raising their glass before downing the whole glass, as Headache gets the decanter and refills everyone's glasses.

I guess to night is going to get messy!

"Second toast is to Ben, who is going to be Station officer of Marly Potts." I shout.

The sounds of booing echo around the bus from the Red Watch guys.

“Bastards.” Ben laughs taking his drink.

Again, they all down the drink, well, if you cannot beat them, may as well join them so I finish my own.

“Thirdly, a toast to my Josie. What started off as a Lust/Hate relationship turned into something so deep and meaningful it took my breath away. To my life, and in less than a week, my wife.” I grin.

“Why thank you asshole.” Headache shouts in a high-pitched voice, from the blow up doll he has sitting on his knee, pretending to do inappropriate things with it.

“To Josie!” Ben shouts, and we all down our drinks, before grabbing some beers.

Laughter and jokes ensue, everyone taking the piss out of each other, as Steven smiles, not sure if he is used to this sh!t, but with this little lot he will have to go with the flow.

Half an hour later, the party bus pulls up outside the pub, and we walk into the venue. I shake my head as it is full of b00b and c0ck balloons, laughing.

“Trust the mother.” Ben laughs looking around the space.

“The girls will be here soon; they are just getting into their bus now.” Davey shouts over, as everyone heads over to the Bar, each with their wallets out, guess they are in for a pleasant surprise, and I know by the end of tonight, my bank account will have a good dent in it.

I smile, because I cannot wait to see my girl and party with her, and our friends. I am the luckiest sod in the whole of England.

Josie’s Point of View.

“Shots.” Joanne shouts, pouring some god-awful stuff into the pink p\*\*\*s shaped plastic shot glass that hangs around my neck. The girls have done me proud, I am dressed in a short white flowing dress, a tiara with tiny pink p\*\*\*\*\*s standing up on it and a shirt veil with pink ‘L’.s all over.

My sash that is draped over my shoulder has Bride written on it. I look to my mother, who is wearing a 'Mother of the Bride' Sash, and my grandmother has one with 'Granny of the Bride' on. I laugh, wondering how my mam and nana are going to cope with the festivities. My fears are soon dispelled with my Nana shouts over.

"I hope his... 'thing' is bigger than those on your head Josie!" she shouts.

I laugh shaking my head, then let out a sigh, wishing grandad was here, but he is unsteady on his feet, so said for my nana to come with Mam, although she has said she is going home before we head to Durham. That was about the time the big blow-up naked man appeared, and Joanne sunk to her knees pretending to give it head. The blow-up doll is currently sitting next to Anne, who is like everyone else here, three sheets to the wind already, and has spilt her drink on Joanne's coffee table.

"Woops." Anne shouts.

Lucy laughs, being the only sober one, I guess she will be in charge of us all tonight. Sucks to be pregnant on a hen do, although I doubt, she would change it for the world. She goes into the kitchen and brings out some kitchen roll, mopping up the spillage that occurred right in front of Fake Anders blown up p\*\*\*s.

"Messy Fake Anders, I only tickled your balls." Anne laughs out.

I grin at her, loving how she has let go of her grief for tonight. I think she deserves a good night.

"The bus is here." Kathline shouts, as she staggers slightly from the window.

"Shots." Joanne shouts again, going round with the bottle of Sambuca, and pouring it into everyone's p\*\*\*s shot glass around their neck.

"To the Party bus!" she shouts, then downs her shot, and we all follow suit, she has been toasting everything tonight, hence why everyone except Lucy is more than a little bit tipsy already.

We head into the bus, and the laughter continues, as more drinks are drunk, and we all talk utter sh!te for the whole journey. As I say my goodbyes to nana, who's nose is now bright red, because she has had one to many of Joanne's shots, and my Mam, decides to leave us to it, and get her home. It is

probably for the best, as much as I love them, this raucous night will not be their cup of tea.

We pull up outside the pup Anders has booked for us, and stagger inside, seeing the area sectioned off. You can tell it is ours, just by the amount of giant c0ck's and b00b balloons floating about.

Anders is stood, looking hot as hell, in a pair of black slacks, a grey shirt, sleeves rolled up to his elbows, hell, I am one lucky woman. Although, I am instantly re-thinking the se.x ban I enforced on us a week ago, until our wedding night. He turns to see me, his face instantly lighting up in a bright smile. I can see from his glassy eyes he is just as drunk as I am right now. Anders strides over to me, wrapping his arms around me then pulls me in for a drunken, passionate k!ss, that tastes of scotch and Sambuca, as our tongues entwine together.

Anders rests his forehead onto mine.

“fvck Josie you look hot babe. You are driving me nuts with this no se.x till we are married sh!t.” He gr0ans.

I giggle at him, because truth be told, I am driving myself nuts as well.

“Not long now.” I grin at him.

“Drink?” He asks.

I nod my head, may as well go from drunk to steaming unable to walk, after all, I don't plan on having another hen night. This man is the only one I will know for the rest of my life, and I cannot deny how happy that makes me feel.

“WHIP-ME!” Joanne shouts as she staggers over to the boss, as he chuckles at her. He must have changed at HQ because he is looking se.xy in his denims and casual shirt.

I guess he is looking after the men tonight, as he is not drinking after his heart attack.

I giggle as I look around the area, to find that Fake Anders, and Fake Josie are getting it on, as Twinkle and Anne giggle like teenagers bouncing the blow-up dolls together, giving everyone a fake p0rn show.

“Dance with me.” Anders groans into my ears.

I smile and nod, who am I to refuse this man a sexy dance. We make our way to the dancefloor, followed by everyone else, and soon we are all strutting our stuff, as I grind my self against Anders and he groans again.

“I am going to make you pay for this future wife.” He whispers in my ear.

“I really hope you do.” I grin at him.

The music continues, and we are all dancing, as Twinkle takes Anne by the hand and does some fancy dance moves with her. I notice Joanne looking at them with a smug smirk on her face as she whispers something to Whip-me, and he looks over at Twinkle and Anne and shakes his head laughing at whatever she said. Ben and Lucy sway to the rhythm, both wrapped in each other’s arms. As Kathline grinds all over Davey as he stands with a knowing smirk on his lips before grabbing her and kissing the life out of her drunken ass.

This has been the best party ever, but like all good things, it is coming to its end, as the music slows, and changes to love songs.

Anders takes hold of me, as I wrap my arms around his neck, his hand rest on the top of my bum, and we sway to the music. The world around us disappears, as his lips find mine.

“I love you Josie.” He whispers.

“I love you too Anders.” I softly sigh.

As the lights come up I look around everyone, then take a double look, Twinkle and Anne are stood together, lip locked, her leg hooked around his hips.

“Oh my word.” I say, as Joanne grins with triumph, I guess she had a hand in this.

Lucy giggles as she snuggles into Ben, Kathline is too drunk to notice, as Davey holds onto her keeping her upright.

Headache looks over and grins, before grabbing fake me and pretending, or at least I hope he is pretending to lip lock the blow-up doll.

“This was the best party ever.” I declare.

“Hum it was, only one thing could make it better.” Anders groans in my ear then grabs a hand full of my a.ss.

“Not until we are married.” I say with a determination I do not feel.

Then all too soon we are heading home, everyone other than Lucy and Wh!p-me, totally and utterly wasted.

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09 minutes read

Josie's point of view.

Nervous excitement makes my tummy flip about as I look at myself in the mirror of my bedroom in the suite Anders booked for us. I stand here checking out my blush pink knee-length dress that floats out from the waist, the sweetheart neckline pushing up my bust, the slight outline of my diamond nipple bars that were part of my engagement gift just visible under the tight soft fabric.

I add the small diamond comb head-dress to the side of my hair which is hanging down, styled in soft waves. I slip my feet into the blush pink strappy heels that match the dress perfectly, then pick up my small bouquet of cream-coloured roses. Taking a breath to get control of my nervous excitement, I took one last look in the mirror.

Do I wish all my family and friends were here? Not really. It may sound selfish, but just spending this day with Anders is perfect for me, for us. After two weeks of no sex, in the run up to our wedding, I had zero desire to sit around a fancy table entertaining wedding guests. As soon as we get out of that Chapel of Love, we are heading straight back to this suite, and I will move into the other bedroom, and I have no intention of leaving it until our flight home in four days' time.

A soft knock at the bedroom door, brings out the widest smile I think I have ever had in my life, as I let out a small squeak of excitement, then go to open it.

Anders is stood. Hell, this man is all kinds of sexy, he is wearing a charcoal pair of trousers, teamed with a lighter grey shirt that is undone at the collar. It

is casual for a wedding, but when he asked me what I wanted him to wear, I asked him for this exact look, because it is my favourite.

“Wow Josie, you look so beautiful.” Anders’ deep voice tells me, as his heated gaze leaves a trail of goosebumps where he looks.

“Thank you, you are not so bad yourself.” I grin up at him.

“Ready to get married?” Anders asks with a smirk on his face that looks like he has just won the main prize on one of the slot machines downstairs.

“Erm... If you insist,” I teased as he let out a groan.

“You are asking for a spanking.” He growls at me.

“Yes, yes I am.” I giggle then winked.

After two weeks without feeling his body on me and in me, I am more than happy to spend our wedding night with a little slap and tickle. If you get my drift, to hell with all that romantic sh!t, there is plenty of time for that. I want hot, heavy and, my domineering asshole to consummate our marriage.

Anders slips his big hand in mine, and as always, I feel the pleasurable electric humming pulsing up my arm, leading straight to my core.

We walk out of the hotel suite which resides on the top floor of the Bellagio, taking the private elevator down to the foyer. The sounds of coins being dispensed with huge cheers greeted us. I guess someone has hit the jackpot. I look around and see an elderly lady grabbing a hand full of her coins as they pour out of the brightly lit slot machine, placing them into her bucket. I guess I am not the only lucky lady here today. A few guests see us in our wedding attire, and congratulate us, as we walk to the front of the hotel. A limo is waiting just outside the doors, as I descend the marble steps, and step inside for the short trip up the strip, towards the chapel.

The chauffeur pulls up outside the chapel, which has a huge red heart on it. It is completely tacky, but I do not care, it is what I want. He steps outside, and opens the door, as Anders gets out first before turning and taking my hand once more, helping me out of the stretched limo.

“Ready?” He asks.

I nod my head. I have never been as ready for anything than I am to marry this man who I once hated, but now love with every last beat of my heart.

We headed into the chapel of Love, to find the provided witnesses to our marriage stood with smiles on their faces, as we walked together down the short isle, the sounds of Elvis singing “I can’t help falling in love with you.” Echoes around the chapel.

I smile, it was my choice of song. What can I say, I am a Sunderland la.ss through and through, and this is the song sang on the terraces at the Stadium of Light, when the footy is on. As we reach the altar, the ordained Elvis impersonator steps forward, and I look at Anders. My mouth opened wide. I thought he had refused that little want of mine. Guess not, this is why I love him, he lets me have my tacky stuff that I love.

Anders chuckles at my face as the song comes to an end, and on the final note of ‘YOU’ in the song, we both chant together “Sunderland” then laugh.

The service passes in a blur, as we say our vows, promising to love and cherish, have and hold, in sickness and in health, to each other. Anders places a platinum wedding band on my finger. It sits perfectly above my engagement ring, and I love it. I placed his thicker platinum wedding band on his finger. As Elvis pronounces us man and wife, he doesn’t have to tell Anders to k!ss the bride, as I am already in his arms, his l!ps on mine, as his tongue swirls around, fighting for dominance in a way that makes my core weep. Someone hands us our marriage certificates, and we walk out of the chapel into the limo, and make our way back to the hotel, hand in hand, both of us with the cheesiest grins on our faces, and I am the happiest girl in the world.

Anders Point of View.

We get to the door of the hotel suite, and I lift my wife...MY WIFE! Into my arms, and carried her over the threshold. I moved past the trolley filled with food, covered with silver lids, taking her straight to the bedroom. I kick the door open, and bonce her body onto the bed.

This little minx has been winding me up for two weeks, with her no se.x rule. She knows exactly what she was doing, and I know exactly what she wants, and trust me, I am more than happy to give my wife what we both need.



I crawled onto the bed, as she lay looking up at me, all innocent, yet se.xy as fvck in her wedding dress. She is perfect, so damned perfect. I never believed in love, having never experienced it. That was before this feisty firefighter went toe to toe with me about a fire certificate. But now, I am a true believer, because I can never express the feelings I have for my wife. The word love doesn't even cover it. She is my everything.

I unb.utton my shirt, casting it aside, as Josie stares up at me, l!cking her l!ps. Next, I kick my shoes off, before undoing the belt on my trousers, unzipping them and kicking them off my feet, before pulling down my boxer briefs.

My wife lets out a soft m0an as she takes me in, her face flushed already, her pupils blown. I resisted the urge to chuckle at her, putting on my dominant mask. Then stride to the side of the bed and lay down.

Like the good wife she is, Josie lay waiting for instructions, biting her bottom l!p in anticipation of what is to come.

"Wife, you have made me wait to long to feast on you. Sit on my face." I order her.

Josie all but jumps off the bed, and straddles my face.

I lift the soft fabric of her wedding dress up, letting out a gr0an as I see the se.xy minx has not worn any underwear today, the diamond cl!t ring twinkles with the low light of the bedroom.

I grab hold of her h!ps, lowering her onto my face. My tongue teases her cl!t, pushing the bar back and forth making her jolt with pleasure letting out little squeals. Her ar0usal is pooling out of her, and I know it will not take much to have her come completely undone on top of me.

My d!ck pulses and twitches, longing to be inside my perfect girl, but he will have to wait. I have plans for my wife, and that is to tease her as much as she has teased me these last weeks waiting for this day.

My hand rubs the globes of her gorgeous bum, as she gyrates on my face, my tongue lapping up her juices, the perfect entrée to our wedded bliss. I took my hand back, giving her one hard slap to her b.uttocks as she let out a small cry of pleasure and pain, then pushed further into my face.

“No.” I growl out, and instantly, like the good wife she is, she halts, lifting herself up slightly, as I push a finger into her puckered hole.

“fvck, please Anders, I am nearly there.” She begs.

“NO!” I commanded her, as I twisted my finger inside her.

Her wet hot pussy drips with need into my open mouth, and I let out a sigh of contentment.

“How much do you love this dress?” I asked her, breaking character just for a moment. I am desperate to rip it from her perfect body, but if she wants to keep her wedding dress, I will resist that urge.

“Humm, not enough.” She pants out.

I smirked as I once more extended my tongue, pushing the clit bar back and forth, driving her wild, then lift my hands to the top of the dress, and pulled it, the buttons flying across the room, as I lifted it up from her body, throwing it to the floor.

Josie lets out another delicious moan, as she once more pushes into my face, attempting to have my tongue enter her hot wet folds.

Effortlessly, I pick her up just before she climaxes, before throwing her back down on her back.

“shit, I hate you!” Josie cries desperate for her release.

I lift her feet by her ankles, pulling them up above her head, and stare down at her glistening pussy, that I can never have enough of.

“When was the last time you took your pill?” I growled out.

“Two weeks ago, as discussed.” Josie whimpers out, as she tries to gyrate her hips, but is hampered by her position.

“Good wife.” I praise her.

I line myself up to her hot throbbing core, then, without warning, I thrust hard into her.

Josie let out a small cry of pleasure, as I thrust deep into her.

Letting her ankles go, she wraps them around my neck, as my hands find her nipples, and I play with those bars, as I continue to thrust deep inside her aching needy body.

My wife begins to shake, as her moans turn to cries, and I feel her walls begin to grip my manhood.

"I am going to put a baby inside you now, wife." I growled at her.

Josie nodded her head, her face a beautiful mixture of want, pleasure, pain and need.

I pull out of her, just before she crashes over her ledge, as she curses me to hell and back. I grin, I love it when she is all riled up, that has never changed, and I doubt it ever will.

I flip her onto her front, grabbing her hips upwards, before thrusting deep inside her, taking a hand full of her hair and pulling her head back, as she whimpers and moans again.

I am unable to hold myself back now, I have waited too long for this moment, and with a slap of her backside, I feel Josie come undone, as my balls clench, and I spill my seed deep inside her, at the same time.

We slump together onto the bed.

"Wow." Josie whispered.

"I have missed this." She smiles up at me, her face flushed.

"Hum, me too wife, me too." I smiled at her, stroking her long blonde hair.

"I do believe that was the money shot." I grinned at her.

Josie giggles, and looks down at her tummy.

"Swim, little tadpoles swim." She giggles, as my hips crash onto hers, and instantly I feel my length grow.

"Again?" I ask her.

Josie grins up at me and nods her head, and I roll on top of her, kissing my wife's lips, as this time, I make love to the only person who has ever held my heart.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 134 - Tips**

0 10 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

I sit behind my desk, as I work out the rota for cooking duties. I have been running Marley Pots station for just under six months now, and I have a good team of guys working with me at this station. Do I miss my days at Farringdon and Red Watch? Yes, I cannot deny that I do, but life goes on, and that watch has almost completely changed now. Cal is full time, Davey is running the station. Twinkle and headache are the only two originals left, as Josie left to start her fire investigation training not long after she returned from her wedding, which was a good job, as within a month of coming back she was already pregnant.

We all make sure we meet up at least once every off shift, and the girls are as thick as thieves.

Weddings, now there is a sore subject. Lucy has, as promised, made me wait, not even wanting to get engaged until after our baby is born. My girl is large with child, already a week overdue, and is getting more and more uncomfortable as the days go by.

However, I have a plan, and I check my trouser pocket, feeling the box I carry inside it, ready for when she gives birth, which could be any day now, but if not, she is booked in to be induced in three days.

I cannot wait to meet our little one. Find out if we are having a boy or girl. Lucy and I decided we did not want to know what we were having, both of us liking the idea of a surprise. The mother was a little disappointed, as she wanted to buy the shops out of little outfits she had seen, but could only buy neutral colours and babygrows. However, her mind was happily taken up on planning her own nuptials. Who would have thought it? The mother being married before I was. Even Davey is engaged, his wedding is next month. Seriously, it is doing my head in, being the last man to make the woman of my dreams, and mother of my baby say I do!

I let out a sigh, as a knock on my office door disturbed me from my thoughts about marrying Lucy.

“Come in.” I shout, as the door opens, Josie enters my office with a tin of what I hope are her cakes in her hands.

“I have left a tin in your common room, but these are ginger cakes, for you and Lucy, given she is still craving ginger.” Josie smiles, placing the tin down on my desk before sitting in the seat before me, placing her hand over her small bump.

“Talking of Lucy, still no sign yet?” Josie asked.

I shook my head at her.

“Not yet, she is booked in to be induced though, so not much longer to wait.” I sighed.

“ Oh, I just wanted to let you know, Anders and I are having a boy. We are not having a gender reveal party or anything, as Lucy is too close to her date to come, so I am just doing the rounds and telling everyone.” Josie grins.

“Oh wow, congratulations.” I said, standing up and rounding my desk to give this girl who is like my sister a big Ben hug, as Lucy calls them now.

“I know, Anders is totally excited.” She grins, then bends down to her bag and pulls out a file, placing it on my desk.

“Well, I am here for work, not just for a chat. Here are the details of that suspicious fire you guys attended last week. It wasn’t arson after all. Looks like it started with a dodgy phone charger plugged in and left on a sofa that the occupant’s forgot about.” She shrugs.

“Okay, I thought they were safer now, with the regulations on them.” I say, taking hold of the file.

“Yes, but these guys had bought a cheap one off the internet, so its speck didn’t reach the required regulations.” Josie sighs.

I shake my head, there is nothing you can do about cheap electrical sh!t, but I wish people would just spend the extra cash on the stuff that is regulated. A saving of a few quid is not worth your life.

“Thanks for this, Josie.” I smiled at her.

“Oh, and I am not sure if you know, but Twinkles Mrs and Anders’ s.perm doner, they have a date for the trial. It starts in a couple of months,” Josie informs me.

I sigh, my mind instantly going to Wayne. That fire was a sh!t show from start to finish. A trap set to k!!! Twinkle and Kev, stupid decisions taken by Shallow Fallow, and it was all for nothing. The guys we were looking for were not even in the factory, they had fvckngd off to the pub, after evacuating the building, not checking in with anyone. My personal thoughts are they should be damned well charged with some sort of crime themselves, but no, they get to live their lives, leaving the rest of us to live with the consequences. Wankers!

“We will be there.” I nodded at her, wanting to lend Anders and Twinkle and Anne, his girlfriend who never lets him sleep on the sofa, my support, it is not going to be easy for any of us.

“So, what do I have to do to get a cup of tea around here?” Josie quips at me.

I laugh, ginger cakes are Lucy’s craving. However, Josie is obsessed with cups of tea. Guess her son is going to be a proper English gentleman.

I buzzed through to my secretary, asking her to bring a pot of tea in for Josie. I don’t want a cup, but I know she will drink the whole pot before she leaves.

“You do know se.x is a great way to get labour started?” Josie smiled at me with a giggle.

“Oh, we do know that. Lucy demanded I do my part and get the baby out last night, and again this morning.” I laughed.

Josie giggled at me, shaking her head.

“It’s a tough job Ben, but I am sure you are the man for the task.” She giggled at me.

Hey, she is not wrong, I am not complaining, I love making love to my girl.

My secretary walks into my office, minus the tea, her eyes wide.

“Boss, your mother just called, she is with your girlfriend on the beach. Apparently her waters have gone, and they are on their way to the hospital now.” She tells me.

I sat momentarily stunned and blinked my eyes, looking at Josie.

“Guess you did your job well. Come on, get out of here.” Josie laughs.

“LOFTY!” I shouted through to the common room, as my lead firefighter, who is only 5 foot 4, hence his piss-take nickname, walked in.

“You are up!” I told him, as I grabbed my coat, checking my pocket for the square box I carry around with me, and rushed out of the door.

Lucy’s point of view.

I try to relax my body, as another contraction rips through my body, halting in the street. Joanne is beside me, as we attempt to walk back to my home, leaving a small trail of amniotic fluid that runs from the beach up the steps along the promenade past the best fish and chip shop in the world. To where I am stood, resting against the railings of the TA centre, waiting for this contraction to stop before crossing the road and getting into the house.

“The taxi is on its way.” Joanne informs me, as the contraction passes, and I make slow but steady progress towards my home.

I make it across the road and a little way up the street, before my stomach grips like a vice once more, almost taking my breath away. I had this great idea that I would do this naturally, without any pain relief. Let’s just say I have changed my mind. I WANT DRUGS ! NOW!

I breathe through the contraction as best I can. This one is lasting longer than the last, and they are coming a lot quicker.

Ben, I really want Ben. I wish he was here. But Joanne sent him straight to the hospital.

I threw my keys at her, as I scrunch up my face, determined not to cry out in pain. Joanne looks at me, clearly not wanting to leave me here, but I need her to grab my ‘go’ bag and load it into the taxi, because if she waits with me, it will make this whole process longer. I need to get to the hospital ASAP, as fear I will give birth in the taxi begins to rattle my already fractured nerves.

“Get my bag.” I hiss out at her, as I navigate breathing, and the urge to scream out in pain.

Joanne nods her head and runs to the house, it is only four doors away now, and as soon as the contraction becomes manageable, I waddle as fast as I can towards my home, seeing the white taxi pulling up outside the house. Finally, I reach my destination, as the taxi driver looks at me, huffs slightly, then grabs a plastic bag for me to sit on. Joanne rushes round and climbs in beside me, as we set off for the hospital.

This journey feels like it is taking hours instead of just twenty minutes, as yet another contraction begins to grip at me, but this time with unbearable pressure down below, and I fear I am going to poop myself. I must have let out a groan as the taxi driver asks Joanne if I was okay.

I look at Ben’s mother and try to whisper, only it comes out in a shot.

“I need a poo.” I say far too loudly.

“It’s okay Lucy, you don’t, it is the baby.” Joanne soothes, then looks at the driver and tells him to put his foot down.

Finally, we pull up outside the maternity unit, as Ben is stood nervously waiting outside for me with a wheelchair. I think Joanne must have dropped him a text.

Oh God, right now I don’t care what she did and when, because I really need to push!

Ben opens the door and attempts to get hold of me, but I am, midst contraction and I bat his hand away then cry out.

“This is all your fault!” whist trying to breathe through the pain like I was taught in my anti-natal classes.

Ben looks at his mother, worry swirling round his grey eyes. Those damned eyes and big muscles are what got me into this mess!

“It’s okay, but we need to get her to delivery now.” Joanne tried to say calmly, but even in this state I could hear the slight panic in her voice.



The contraction passes, and quickly, Ben lifts me out of the taxi, placing me into the chair, and I swear he runs like hell to the lift. I mean whoever thought about putting the labour ward up a flight of stairs was clearly a man, and needs a damned good slap!

Another contraction begins, only this time the urge to push is too hard to resist and I begin to bare down. As the lift doors open, I am pushing with all my might. Ben runs with the wheelchair through the double swing doors, as Joanne shouts for a midwife, telling anyone who will listen that I am pushing and about to birth.

A midwife comes over, smiling at me, and I am not a violent person, but seriously, I want to swipe that smile off her face right now. My lady parts feel like they are being ripped in half, and my stomach hurts like hell.

The contraction passes, but the feeling my bits are tearing doesn't and I let out a small squeal, just as they get me into a delivery room. Ben lifts me onto the bed, the midwife tells me she will just take a quick look, then get me into the gown.

"Drugs." is my only response, as her head dips between my legs, and I feel my soaked elephant pregnancy underwear being removed.

"No time Lucy, your baby is crowning." She tells me.

"But I want drugs." I weakly protested, as Ben held onto my hand.

"You can do this babe. The baby is nearly here." He tells me, then strokes my hair.

"I don't want to do this today." I told him, tears streaming down my face.

Another wave of pain begins, and all I can hear is the midwife shouting at me to push, then pant, then push a little bit more. Everything is in a crazy blur as Ben shouts his praise, which I would like to say helps but honestly, it doesn't.

Suddenly, the pain ceases, at the same time as loud cries fill the room, and a small, pink baby is placed on my chest.

"Congratulations, it is a girl." The midwife smiles at me.

"Would daddy like to cut the cord?" she asks.

Ben nods his head, as his eyes fill with tears, as he looks down at our beautiful daughter. Well, beautiful, if you ignore the gunk she is surrounded by at the moment, then he cuts the cord.

She is perfect, absolutely perfect. My daughter, our baby. She has a mop of dark hair, steely grey eyes, like her father, but with my shaped face, lips and nose.

The midwife takes her from me, and I mourn the loss of my precious girl from my arms.

Ben is full on sobbing now, kissing my head and face, telling me over and over how much he loves me, as I look up at him, tears streaming down my own face.

“Go see if she is okay” I tell him.

Ben nods his head, then walks beside the midwife.

“Wow, I shouldn’t be surprised given the size of your daddy, but you are just under 10 pounds little girl.” The midwife laughs.

Ben turns and says something to Joanne, who smiles and tells him “It is in there.” Then she goes to my ‘go bag’ and passes it to Ben and the midwife.

I wish they would hurry up. I want to hold my baby again. However, I do not have to wait for long, as Ben brings her over, safe in his big arms. Then, with a wide expectant smile, passed me my baby girl.

“Hey Emilia, nice to meet you.” I smiled down at my daughter, then paused as I read the slogan on her cute little white baby gown with grey writing on the front, that I don’t remember buying.

The words make me gasp, then smile.

NOW WILL YOU MARRY MY DADDY?

I turned around to see Ben on one knee, an engagement ring in a box, and I began to sob once more.

“Yes, Emilia, I will marry your Daddy now, but only if you are my bridesmaid.” I smile, as Ben gets up, kissing me full on the lips, and places the ring that fits perfectly on my finger.

"I love you Lucy, and I love you Emilia." He grins with pride as Joanne stands taking picture after picture of us on her phone.

My life is perfect, so damned perfect.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 135 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

Davey's Point of View.

I stand nervously in front of the vicar at St Johns Church, as Andy stands beside me, excitedly hoping from foot to foot.

"Will Mammy be long?" He asks me, for the umpteenth time.

I smile down at him, because that is the question I want the answer to as well.

"Hopefully not too much longer buddy." I grin down at him.

He looks so cute in his little morning suite. A black jacket with tails, teamed with dark grey trousers that have a slight stripe in them, a royal blue cravat around his collar. He is dressed identically to me, and I couldn't be prouder of him. His top hat is on the chair behind him, as he got bored carrying it under his arm. I just hope he doesn't forget it is there and sits on the thing.

"Have you still got the rings buddy?" I checked with him, again.

"Yes Dad, they are in my pocket right here." He grins up at me, nodding his head.

The organist halts playing the soft music it was, as they crank up the volume and "Here Comes The Bride." echoes around the stone church.

My little best man dances beside me with excitement, as he turns round to look up the aisle.

"Aunty Lucy , Aunty Josie, and Aunty Liv are walking down Dad." He tells me. I sneak a peak over my shoulder, breaking with tradition to not watch the bridal party arrive. I am so happy to see my sister as a bridesmaid. Are things perfect between us now? No, but we are on the right path, and that is all I can hope for.

The girls all look stunning in their royal blue dresses, Josie's bump looks cute underneath the flow of the dress, and Lucy looks like she hasn't even had a baby, let alone gave birth not that long ago.

I glanced over to see Ben holding little Emilia. She is super cute, as he looks with pride at Lucy. Anders beams with happiness as he watches his wife, my sister, from another mister.

I look back towards the altar, as Andy pulls on the sleeve of my coat.

"She is here dad, she looks beautiful, next to granddad wh!p-me." He shouts.

I roll my l!ps together, yes Andy calls my old Station officer Wh!p-me, the lad has heard us all call him that to many times, and try as we might to correct him, he still calls him that. Joanne and Wh!p-me are nana and grandad to all the kids now, and the pair of them love having so many grandchildren, not giving a hoot if they are by bl00d to one of them or not. After all, we are all family here.

The urge to look around is almost too much to take, but thankfully Kathline arrives beside me, and I instantly glance round at her, and fvck me, does she take my breath away!

She is stunning, her dress is that shiny stuff, satin I think, but who the fvck knows? It dips in a V at the front, and fits her banging body like a glove, before gently moving out from her h!ps. A line it think I heard Josie call it. I don't know, but she is absolutely gorgeous, and my length instantly stood to attention at the sight of her. Hell, I cannot wait to get her back to the hotel and consummate this marriage. There is no sign of our little secret which we found out about just a week ago. Yes, we are having a baby, but it is too early to tell everyone yet, especially not Andy, as I know he will get super excited and pregnancy is a long time to wait for a little kid.

Wh!p-me places Kathline's hand in mine and together we step forward in front of the Vicar as our ceremony begins.

Kathline's Point of View.

My heart is pounding in my c.hest as I look at the two most important men in my life. Today is perfect, although I think our little secret is not so secret, considering I refused the glass of champagne Josie tried to give me, then there was the small thing of demanding the salmon canopies that Lucy had

brought for us to eat as we got ready to be removed from my sight immediately before I threw up. Both girls raised an eyebrow at me, and I could not help the smile on my face, then nodded but quickly shushed them by placing a finger on my lips.

I looked at Davey's handsome face. He was my first boyfriend, then, ignoring the little glitch in between, he is now, in approximately half an hour. If the vicar hurries up and gets to the vows, rather than the long speech he is giving about marriage and what it means, he will be my husband.

I glance down at Andy, as he pulls on Davey's arms and shouts.

"Dad, do you need these rings yet? I still have them safe in my pocket."

The congregation all titter as Davey chuckles and looks down at him rubbing his red hair.

"Not yet son, but soon." He grins at him.

"I think that is my cue to hurry up." The vicar laughs.

I look at Davey, and I can read him like a book. I know fine well, he is biting back a sarcastic comment about him doing just that. But, he keeps that thought to himself, and I giggle at him, giving him a look that tells him, I know what he is thinking, and I feel exactly the same.

It is strange, but we have such a close bond together, one I never knew could exist, we each know what the other is thinking.

Finally, the Vicar gets to the good bit, and we exchange our vows with each other. We went traditional, like our wedding. Making our promises before God and our friends and family. Andy pulls out the rings, dropping one on the floor, then scrambles to pick it up, as both Davey and I laugh, and I tell him he did a great job.

The vicar finally announces that Davey may kiss the bride, and Andy claps and cheers loudly.

We sign the marriage certificate, pose for photographs, then walk back up the aisle. As I stepped outside into the mid-day sun, Tracey from the office and

Mel both stepped forwards, throwing practically a whole box of confetti down my dress. We all laugh, as more pictures are taken, before we get into the Rolls Royce, Andy climbing in the middle of us, because this is as much his day as it is ours.

I look at Davey who smiles at me, patting his breast inside pocket, and glancing down at Andy as we both make our way to the Quayside Exchange for our wedding reception.

“Mammy, I have been thinking.” Andy tells me, his eyes wide.

“Oh-oh.” Davey chuckles beside him.

“What have you been thinking, son?” I asked him.

“Well, Grant said that if I come on your honeymoon, like we promised, then you will not really be married and that Davey still will not be my real dad.” He tells me.

I hold in my frustrated sigh. I know kids are kids, but I could cheerfully throttle that one. He has been filling Andy’s head full of crap for weeks now, telling him Davey isn’t his real Dad, my boy coming home from school in tears. I have spoken with his parents more than a few times about this, and the school, but they don’t give a crap that their son is turning into a bully, so the nasty comments continue to upset my boy.

“That is not right son.” Davey tells him.

“Yes, we are really married, and we are all going together on our familymoon. You ignore Grant.” I told him.

Yes, Andy is coming with us, we are going to Paris. Three days in Disneyland, and four days in the city of love. I wouldn’t change a thing about it, and Davey was the one who insisted we bring our son with us, because today we have more to celebrate than just our wedding. However, Andy is leaving with Cal, Kirsty and Dante when they leave the reception, so we can have tonight to have our personal celebration.

We pulled up outside the venue, and walked in, heading downstairs to the cellar area, which is done out in exposed brick with gorgeous arches, as our friends and family began to arrive.

“Have you got your speech ready buddy?” Davey asks

“Yes Dad, I know what I want to say.” He tells him, bringing himself up to his full height, and both Davey and I chuckle at him.

Andy’s Point of View.

I look up at my mammy, she looks like a pretty princess. I know she tells me that she will be really married to my daddy, but I really hope that she will be. I want Davey to be my real daddy, and Grant said he will never be that, and that made me sad inside.

I go off to play with Kristie and Dante. She has got a table-cloth from one of the tables, and has put it over her head, as we pretend to get married. Dante is the boring man who married mammy and daddy. I look over to Auntie Lucy, I wish Emilia could play, but she is too little yet. All she does is sleep and cry, and poop in her nappy, making a horrid smell. But Nana Joanne tells me she will soon grow up and will be able to play with me, like Kirstie, Dante and sometimes Moses, who comes to visit Grandad Wh!p-me a lot now.

Mammy comes over to me, and smiling she asks me to come sit at the table, to get my food.

I follow her, smiling, because I get my own special food, so does Kristie and Dante. The adults all have this posh yucky food, and we are getting chicken nuggets and chips. Much better.

“You ready with your speech son?” Daddy asks me, and I nod my head.

“You can go first.” He tells me, then someone picks up their fork and clatters it against a glass.

I hope they don’t break it. The last time I broke a glass when I was being silly, I got a time out.

Seven minutes sitting doing nothing is a LONG TIME!

Everybody goes very quiet, and Daddy smiles at me, nodding his head, and I stand up, and do what I have seen on the telly, and make a small coughing sound. The adults all laugh a little at me, some saying Ahh, and I give them a big smile, showing them my new big teeth.

"I would like to give a ....toast?" I question looking at Mammy, who nods her head, smiling at me.

"To mammy and daddy, who got married today." I say, then lift up my glass of pop as the adults all lift their glasses of white pop and say mammy and daddy's names before drinking it, so I copy them, then sit down in my seat.

"Good job buddy." Daddy tells me, before standing up and giving his speech.

"Firstly, my wife and I would like to thank you all for coming." He says in a big voice.

All the adults cheer and clap. I don't know why.

"Secondly, I would like to also thank my beautiful Kathline for agreeing to be my wife." He tells Mammy, looking down and smiling at her. Daddy always smiles when he looks at Mmmy and me.

"Kathline and I also have another important announcement, which involves this little man here." Daddy says in his big voice again, as Mammy moves beside me and sits me on her knee.

I squirm a bit, because I am a big boy now, and don't much like to sit on her knee anymore.

"Andy, you are my son, and I love you with every last beat of my heart." Daddy tells me.

"I know, you have had some nasty things said about me not being your real daddy. But last week, the judge in the court, signed a piece of paper that I have here. That means I have adopted you. Which means that now, you are my real son, and nobody can tell you differently. Mammy and Daddy love you so much and I cannot wait to begin our lives together as a family."

I looked up at daddy, the judge said he is my daddy now, that is official, and I began to cry. I hope nobody sees it because I am a big boy and big boys shouldn't cry! But mammy hugs me tighter, as Daddy wraps his big arms around us both and kisses mammy, then my head. I look up, and I see that maybe it is okay to cry, because my daddy is crying as well. Everyone else claps and cheers, as I grin at them.

I have a REAL Daddy!



