

Saved By The Firefighter Epilogue Part 2 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

Joanne's Point of View.

I shimmy my fat a.ss into my giant spanks, not the se.xiest of under garments to wear on your wedding day. But needs must, when Josie is on maternity leave, and brings cakes almost every day.

Her little boy is the double of his daddy, and is such a placid baby, who I think he takes after Josie for that more than Anders.

I can hear the kids all running round in the room next door. They are dressed in their little suits for the boys and red dresses for the girls. Apart from Emilia, who is in a little champagne coloured dress with a red sash. She is just beginning to walk now and is into everything. I bet by the time we get to the hotel room I am marrying Wh!p-me in, they will all be covered in something or other.

I giggle to myself at the thought. I know the kids' parents will panic, but I do not give a rats a.ss, kids are kids at the end of the day. Lucy walks into the room, as I jump up and down trying to get the spanks all the way under my bust.

"You, okay?" she asks with a smile.

"Yeah, just need a few giant shoehorns to get in these damned knickers." I laugh.

Lucy grins at me. She doesn't have the worry of spanks; her figure is back to what it was. Lucky girl. She looks stunning in the red bridesmaid dress I picked out for her.

"How are you doing, any second thoughts about our plans?" I ask her

"Nope, definitely not." Lucy grins.

You see, I am not the only blushing bride today. So is Lucy. However, Ben has no clue. He has been trying to get her to pin down a date for a year now, but we had this all figured out, so she kept being none committal about it. Much to my son's annoyance.

My Wh!p-me had buried the marriage licence paperwork in one of the files that he took to the station for Ben to sign. It worked a treat, he didn't even notice as he placed his signature on lots of paperwork. Lucy holds out my champagne-coloured dress that floats out from the waist, covering a multitude of cake. The top part is a sweetheart neckline, but it comes up to my shoulders, with a fine net coming down my arms, covering my 'Bingo wings' at the top.

"As soon as the vows start, I am going to have to run to the other room with Emilia and get changed into my wedding dress. I am sad I will not hear you say I do." Lucy sighs.

"I do.... There you didn't miss it." I grinned at her.

"You know what I mean." She sighs.

"I do, ooo said it again. Two for the price of one....anyway, it was either you miss me tethering myself to that hunk of a toyboy I have managed to bag, or me miss you saying I do to my son. Trust me, I am not missing that for the world." I grinned at her.

"I cannot wait to see his face." Lucy grins at me.

"Me neither. Is Cal ready to take Emilia tonight?" I ask her.

I would normally offer, but I am going to be kind of busy getting wh!pped with my husband's willy tonight.

Lucy smiles and nods her head.

"Yeah, bless him." She smiles.

I picked up my bouquet of red roses, as there was a knock at the door.

"Shush, that is Ben." I say to Lucy, who gave off the lightest giggle.

"Come in, she is almost ready," Lucy shouted.

My son walked into my room, looking so handsome in his black suit, with black shirt and red tie. His eyes take in Lucy, as he looks at her longingly, probably wondering when she is going to marry him.

I have to suppress my giggle.

“Mother, you look nice.” He tells me, which is Ben’s words for Mother, you look beautiful and stunning. I simply smiled back at him.

“Ready?” he asks me.

“Oh yes, definitely. I am more than ready, for to wh!p-me, to wh!p me with his willy tonight.” I giggle.

Ben rolls his eyes, shaking his head slightly, then looks down at me.

“Loon.” He simply replies, as we head out of the hotel room, down to the reception room, ready for me to get MARRIED!

Ben’s point of view.

As I walk the mother down the aisle, I see wh!p-me’s face light up. I could not give my mother away to anyone less deserving than the boss. I placed her trembling hand in his, then stepped aside, and took a seat next to my two girls.

Lucy looks stunning in her red dress that perfectly suits her colouring. My daughter is playing around on the floor with a toy fire truck she loves. Her little champagne coloured dress to match the mother’s is already looking slightly dirty around the bottom. I glance at my girl, wondering when she is going to actually book our wedding. We are the last ones, even Twinkle and Anne went off to the registry office a few weeks ago and tied the knot in secret. He never refers to her as ‘the Mrs’ though he always calls her ‘my Anne’.

I listen to the celeb.rant as she begins the ceremony, and I cannot help but wish it was me and Lucy stood where the mother and wh!p-me are right now. Hell, I would give my back teeth for that to happen. Still, with us both working and Emilia to look after, Lucy hasn’t had time to plan her dream wedding. All I want is for her to be happy at the end of the day. But it still doesn’t stop me wishing.

My mother and wh!p-me join hands as they begin to say their vows.

Lucy leans over to me.

“Emilia has a dirty nappy, I will go change her.” She tells me.

“I will take her.” I offered.

"No stay and watch your mam get married. I wont be long." She smiles at me, then picks up Emilia and walks off to the side and out of the door.

Strange, normally when Emilia does her bum, it stinks to the high heavens.

I shrug that off as I watch the mother as she glows, marrying the love of her life, the warmth of happiness consumes me. It is such a shame Lucy is missing this moment.

I glanced over at the door, wondering where she had got to. She was taking longer than normal.

The Celeb.rant pronounces the Mother and Wh!p-me husband and wife, and I stand to go congratulate them.

"Actually, if everyone could remain seated please. We have another wedding today." The celeb.rant states.

I wonder if it is the hotel room adjoining this one, and they don't want us making too much noise.

Wh!p-me, came over, taking my hand and shaking it, before pulling me to where he sat waiting for the mother. My Mam beams at me, then sits behind me.

I look at everyone as they all stared, grinning like Cheshire cats in my direction. I wonder what I am missing when Bonny Tyler's voice echoes out of the speakers, singing 'I need a hero' The song that Lucy would sing to me sometimes, and has been adopted as our tune. The doors at the back of the room open, and everyone turns around, and I look stunned, my heart leaping in my c.hest, as standing in a long white lace tight-fitting wedding dress is my beautiful Lucy. Our daughter is holding her hand in a small red puffy dress with a white band around the wa!st.

I feel my mouth open in disbelief as Lucy approaches me, Cal by her side. She reaches the bottom where I am standing, still in a state of shock. Then whisper's to me, as Emilia staggers over to the Mother and climbs on her knee.

"Fancy getting married?" she asks.

“Hell yes.” I grinned, then pulled her into my arms, and kissed the life out of her, because today, this perfect woman who I rescued from her burning home, is going to be my wife.

The End.