

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 14 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

I froze as I heard the roar of an engine, instinctively I had looked to where the noise had come from, and saw Anders Maxwell glaring at me, in his midlife crisis dark blue Porsche 911 at the pedestrian crossing traffic lights. Not that he was in his midlife, but still, that is what it looked like to me.

Do not ask me why it was bothering me that he saw me placing sun cream on Ben, but the thought of him thinking Ben was more than a work colleague and like a brother to me, had my stomach doing some sort of deep dive.

Why the hell do I care what that arrogant arsehole thinks of me? I HATE HIM!

But try as I might, this bothers me, more than I will admit to anyone.

sh!t!

I watched as the Porsche sped away, then continued to apply the total block sun cream to the gnarled skin on Ben's back. It had taken me and the guys over an hour to convince him to take off his t-shirt and enjoy the hot weather, that his scar was something to be proud of, not embarrassed about.

"Josie, was that d!ckhead in the Porsche the arsehole you had to apologise to?" Davey asked with a smirk.

I tried to shrug nonchalantly, but the smirk on Davey's face told me he was not buying my 'don't give a sh!t' act.

sh!t, he was going to have my life about this!

"Looked like him." I responded, trying like hell to keep the small tremor from my voice at seeing the arrogant, se.x-god again.

"You're blushing." Davey laughed pointing at me.

"She sure is, ya'all." Wayne laughed.

Fvckity, fvck, fvck!

"Josie's got a boyfriend." Twinkle sang out.

"You are not in kindergarten Twinkle." Wayne laughs out. .

"It is fvcking*g primary school, not fvcking*g kindergarten, again you are fvcking*g ENGLISH!" Headache growls at Wayne.

I could hear big Ben chuckle in front of me, as I continued to apply the sunscreen.

"Have you been to say your sorry yet?" Headache asked from under his large umbrella, whilst drinking some water, because he felt he was getting dehydrated.

"Went this morning." I shrug, trying to ignore their chuckles.

"Oh, did you now; you never said." Davey laughed again, the inuendo clear in his voice.

"fvck off Davey, else I will tell your bit girlfriend that the Calamine lotion was my idea next time her kid gets stuck in the railings." I retaliate.

Now I have done it. I have bitten back, and this bunch of bastards will not fail to jump on the banter waggon.

"She is not my girlfriend, we are only dating, well, we will be when the kid gets rid of his chicken pox." Davey shrugged.

He did not fool me, he really likes this woman, and I reckon he has a soft spot for her little boy as well. I can see it in his eyes the way they light up when the pair of them are mentioned.

"So how did the apology go?" Ben asked, at least he sounded concerned about me, rather than just laughing at my expense.

"It didn't, not really." I giggle, as I replace the lid onto the sun cream.

"Webber is going to k!ll you." Headache shouted over.

"I did apologise, but not technically about what I said." I shrugged

"Eh, what do you mean? You either said sorry or not." Twinkle laughed at me.

"I told him I was sorry that he heard me call him all the names I said, making sure I shouted everything I had called him loud so his whole office could hear.

Then I said sorry that I was too busy saving lives to get to him earlier to apologise for his hurt feelings.” I laugh.

“Yeah, that sounds like an apology I get from the ‘Mrs.’ when she does something wrong. Like spend nearly a month’s worth of fvcking*g wages on a pair of shoes, then never wears the fvckers.” Twinkle laughed.

“After five years, you are still going on about that?” Ben laughs at Twinkle, shaking his head.

“fvcking*g hundreds and hundreds of pounds because they are some fvcking*g designer, ‘Jimmy-some-fvcker-or-other’ shoes, and they sit in the back of the wardrobe, and never see the light of day in case they get scuffed! Of course, I am still going on about it!” Twinkle protests.

“You used the hero card on him? After calling us all kinds of d!ckhead’s when we use it to pull women. Ouch, he really has got you all riled up. Do we need to pay him a visit and sit him down to find out what his intentions are for you?” Headache laughs again.

I giggle at that, because if I ever do get a boyfriend, I know these guys will make his life hell. Maybe I should go out for one drink with Anders Maxwell, just so I can sit back and watch him squirm when this lot gets their hands on him.

“Anyway, leave Josie alone, and take a fvcking*g paracetamol, I am sure you will be due a headache off the sun soon.” Davey shouts at Headache.

Clearly, he is worried I will let his love interest know the Calamine Lotion was my idea and is now playing nice, so I rethink doing that to him. Not that I ever would, I am actually happy for Davey, and I hope it works out for him.

“Anyway, let’s head back to mine and light up the BBQ,” Ben shouts over, looking at his watch.

We all get up, rubbing the sand off our clothes, and picking up our towels. Headache picks up his large sun umbrella, folding it up. Heading across the road, past the queues of people waiting for either the best Ice cream in the world, or next door, for the best fish and chips on the planet, bar none, as Headache whacks a few people with his long brolly, apologising profusely to them. We make our way up Dykelands Road to Ben’s house.

“Is your mam coming?” I ask Ben.

“Probably already there, making all that salad stuff nobody ever eats.” Ben laughs.

“Cool, I have missed her face.” I grin at Ben.

Ben chuckles, nodding his head, knowing we all love his mother; she is an honorary member of the gang.

Walking through the house we head through the kitchen, where sure enough, Joanne is stood, chopping up cucumbers to place in the salad.

“Hiya, I put the beers and stuff in the fridge for you all.” Joanne shouts at us.

“Let me help.” I grin at her, grabbing another knife and cutting up some tomatoes.

I know what is coming as soon as the guys leave the kitchen, Ben’s mother is an eternal worrier, and after what had happened to him, I can only imagine she is beside herself wondering how he is coping being back at work.

“How has he been at the station?” she instantly asks with a sigh.

“He is good Joanne, really good. Try not to worry.” I smile at her.

“As I have told Ben, it is in the job description. So, I have not seen you in a while, how are you? Ben said you got into a bit of trouble with the Station Officer, about some arrogant guy.” Joanne asks, looking a little concerned about me.

“Yeah. He was an annoying prick, I had to go apologise for calling him such because he overheard me.” I smile up at her.

“Oh dear, that bad eh, he is one of those?” Joanne side eyes me.

“One of what?” I innocently ask.

“Gets you so mad, and so wet, all at the same time.” Joanne winks at me. Seriously nothing gets past this woman.

I feel my cheeks heat up, as I concentrate on chopping my tomatoes.

"You know, I hated Ben's dad when I first met him, but hell, did he make me all kinds of horny, hence why Ben is here." Joanne laughs. "Angry se.x, is good for the soul, Josie." She laughs again, as I shake my head at her.

"What happened to his dad? He never mentions him," I ask, in an attempt to change the subject. I know it has just been Ben and his mother for all the time I have known him.

"It didn't work out; we got divorced. He met someone else and the contact with Ben became less-and-less until it was non-existent. He did reach out when Ben was first in hospital after that fire, but my son said he had not been a dad to him for years, so he was not interested in him playing father-of-the-year when he was injured, and that was that." Joanne shrugged.

"What about you, any men driving you crazy?" I ask.

"No, chance would be a fine thing. I just have to live vicariously through you Josie, because I would like to bet you will be bumping uglies with this guy who has got you angry and has you blushing before the month is out." Joanne laughed.

"I would not waste your money; he is an arrogant arsehole, and really, I hate him." I state.

"If you say so Josie." Joanne laughs, then carried out the bowl full of chopped salad and places it on the small table, as Ben tells Twinkle to get lost, he is not cremating the steaks.

I wait for my taxi to take me home, leaving my car on Ben's drive after the large amounts of alcohol I have consumed. It has been a really good night. We are all having bets on if Twinkle will be back on the sofa for coming home drunk again. To be fair, it's pointless betting, because let's face it, we all know he will be. His 'Mrs.' really doesn't approve of his work mates; she has her own circle of friends who are more refined than a group of firefighters and feels like we lead her 46-year-old husband astray. To be fair, the guy's kind of do, but it is rare Twinkle gets to come out with us all, as his 'Mrs' keeps him on a tight leash.

I get in the front of the Taxi, Headache, Wayne, and Davey pile in the back. Twinkle doesn't live far from Ben, so he is staggering to his house in Roker.

"I will pick my car up after swimming on Sunday, if that's okay? I am not leaving my house tomorrow." I shout through the open window.

"Yeah, no bother." Ben waves us off, a genuine smile on his face, which is really good to see.

The Taxi pulls away, dropping me off first, I go to my purse to pull out some money.

"Na Josie, don't bother, we will get this, just bring some cakes in on Tuesday." Davey shouts at me.

Shrugging, I smile and say my goodbyes, then head into the house, and all but collapse in bed. I close my eyes; I am prepared to spend most of Saturday catching up on sleep and doing housework. I am not leaving this place for anyone. Before I know it, I am laid having the most vivid se.x dream, with a man with short brown wavy hair, big brown eyes, strong muscles, and the glimpse of a tattoo peaking up onto his neck. sh!t.

Sunday morning comes around quickly, and I pack up my swimming costume, towel, and toiletries and walk out of my house. I walk round to the bus stop and jump on the number 4 which drops me off at the aquatic centre. I will pick up my car from Ben's when I am finished working out. I love to swim; in fact, it is my go-to method of keeping fit. I could have swum at competition level when I was younger, but as much as I loved it, I wanted to be a firefighter more.

The ten-minute journey takes closer to half-an-hour on the bus, and I wish I had gone and picked up my car yesterday. Finally, I arrive at the stop, and get off the bus, walking down past the city's football stadium, 'The Stadium of Light' or if you come from Newcastle, 'The Stadium of Shite'. To be honest, I don't follow football – wrong shaped ball. I much prefer rugby or American football to watch. I walk round to the Sunderland Aquatic Centre and make my way through the double doors and into reception. The clean fresh smell of chlorine fills my nostrils, as I scan my Everyone Active card, and make my way through the turnstile, and into the changing village.

I find a vacant changing room, and quickly pull on my adidas pale blue with black go-faster stripes on the side, swimming costume, then making sure everything is tucked into where it should be, and no bits that you do not want to hang out are safe and secure. I grab my bag and head to the lockers, placing my token in and taking the wristband. I am pulling the band round my

wrist as I walk towards the showers, not looking where I am going when I go smack bang into something, or should I say someone.

I stand back momentarily dazed, as my mouth falls open. Stood in a pair of black swimming shorts, with legs that are thick and muscular, a chest that is wide and toned, the tattoo of an eagle with the tip of the wing reaching up onto his neck, is Anders-fvcking-Maxwell. I gulp, my mouth suddenly dry, as my eyes trail the most magnificent body I have ever seen.

“Eyes up Firefighter Edwards.” His baritone voice says with a chuckle.

I blink slightly, feeling the heat rise in my cheeks, as my heart beats out of my chest.

Then I see his arms, this Greek god of a man has three yellow arm floats on each arm.

The arrogant asshole sees where I am looking, and now it is his turn to look embarrassed.

“Yeah, laugh it up; I cannot swim.” He states defensively.

I blink at him, shaking my head slightly.

“I would never laugh at someone who cannot swim. It is a life saving skill, so no, I will not laugh at you.” I state, placing my hands on my hips, even if he did look funny in the yellow arm floats.

“I look fvcking*g ridiculous.” The asshole sighs.

“You do not need yellow arm floats for that, trust me.” I snipe back at him, then grin.

“Look, I have to go for my swimming lesson, but I really need to talk to you. It is not about apologies, or lack of, in your case. But I had a recommendation from someone regarding a new employee, only I cannot get hold of her. I believe her home burnt down last week, and you had a collection for her. I need to get in touch, I want to offer her an interview, and apparently, she lost her job just after the fire, so really needs a job.” Anders waffles a little at me.

I blink again, my goodness, does this arrogant man have a heart after all. I simply nod, unable to find my voice again.

“Cool, I will meet you in the café bit when you are finished.” Anders states, then heads off, towards the pool, and all I can do is stare, at his totally se.xy arse, amazing back, and some bright yellow arm floats on his massive guns.