

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 17 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View

We continue to walk in an embarrassing silence, as I pick the flake from my ice cream and devour it.

Ben was right; the cold from the delicious ice cream really does help to numb my throat, plus it tastes a heck of a lot nicer than the numbing spray the hospital gave me.

"Better?" He asks, looking down at me with a small smile on his gorgeous face.

"Yeah, that works a treat." I grin back up at him.

We continue to walk down the promenade, enjoying our ice cream when he suddenly turns to me.

"Lucy, tell me to mind my own business, but I know those houses are two bedroomed, where are you sleeping?" he asked his voice filled with concern.

I look down and sigh.

"On the sofa. It is not ideal, but I should be thankful I have at least that, even if I don't get much sleep." I shrug.

Ben, say's nothing, just nods. Then he takes a breath, as if he doesn't know if he should say something or not.

"Is she always like that with you?" He softly asks me.

I sigh and nod.

"Yes, my brother's girlfriend is not happy I am living with them, other than the money she demanded I pay, and the fact that she can sleep and swan off leaving the kids with me all day and night when Cal is at work."

I shouldn't really be venting my frustration to a man I hardly know, but the words are out of my mouth before I can stop them.

"But you are injured, plus you have been through a hell of a lot. You need sleep to heal, not only your body but also your mind." Ben all but growls out.

"Well, hopefully this job thing will work out and I can earn enough money to pay Samantha her £500 per month plus food money each week and get a bond together for a new place of my own." I sigh.

"How much?" Ben looks at me shocked.

"It is okay; I know my brother struggles for money, as he is just 19 and works in a bar." I shrug. I really don't want Ben to think bad of Cal.

"Sorry, your family stuff is none of my business. I shouldn't make comments." Ben looked down at me his grey eyes swirling with so many different emotions it is hard to discern what he is thinking.

"It is okay, I should be more grateful for the help from my brother. He is lovely; just his girlfriend that is the problem." I sigh.

"Can you not get the landlord to give you another house?" Ben asked

"Oh, please, don't get me started. He is avoiding my calls. He knows I reported that leak, and he told me there wasn't one, that he had checked when I was at work, and now has disappeared into thin air since the fire." I sigh out.

"I am sorry you are going through all of this Lucy, but yeah, hopefully this job turns out well for you, and you can get back on your feet." Ben sighs.

"So, do you want to head to mine? Then you can make the call, I have a couple of spare bedrooms, if you need some sleep. I know that kind of sounds creepy, but I also know what it is like to be stuck in a fire, and as you are getting no rest at the moment, I am more than happy for you to relax in one of them for a couple of hours before I take you home." Ben shuffles, looking a little embarrassed, and my heart melts into a puddle of mush.

I look up at him, sleep sounds heavenly, but this amazing man has done enough for me, and so I do not wish to impose.

"Thank you, I will make the phone call if that is okay, but then I best head back. I don't want to overstay my welcome; you have been so kind." I smile.

Ben nods, and we walk back up Dykelands Road and into his house.

As we step inside his home, I cannot help but feel embarrassed; it is perfectly clean and tidy, unlike Samantha and Cals home, really nicely decorated, and once more I wonder if he has a wife or girlfriend living with him.

“Here is my phone. I will get you a pen and paper, and give you some privacy. How do you take your coffee?” he asks with a smile.

“Milk and two sugars please, and Ben, thank you.” I smile up at him, tears of gratitude stinging my eyes.

I dial the number, and the gruff voice of Mr. Maxwell answers.

“Hi, this is Lucy Dixon, I had a message you wanted to speak with me.” I say, my voice still not good, but a lot better than it was, thanks to the ice cream.

“Ah Lucy, I am glad you have called. Brian emailed me about you and your situation. I would love to interview you tomorrow, as I am in desperate need for good BDM’s who can hit the ground running. He also sent your sales figures over, so I feel you would be a good fit. Do you think you can pop into the offices around 11 in the morning for a chat?” He asks me.

I take a large gulp of air. This job sounds perfect, plus I would no longer need to travel to Newcastle every day which is the icing on the cake. A couple of months hitting targets again and I would be out of Samantha and Cals house easily. The only issue is that I am still unfit for work, and I can only hope he will be understanding of that, and it does not stop me from getting the job.

“Yes, however, just to be upfront; I am signed off sick for at least another week.” I tell him, hoping that he will understand.

“I know that you are recovering from a house fire, that is totally fine. If you are successful, you can start when signed back to work by your doctor, plus the first couple of days will be just setting up emails and stuff. But we can have a proper chat about this tomorrow.” Mr. Maxwell states.

“Great, thank you, I will see you then.” I respond, then put down the phone, as Ben arrives with two cups of coffee.

“Well?” he asks with a grin.

"I have an interview 11 am tomorrow at his offices." I smile, feeling a little shell shocked.

"How will you get there?" Ben asks.

"I will get the bus." I smile.

"No, you are still recovering, I am not back to work till Tuesday night, so I will pick you up and take you." Ben smiles.

"I cannot ask you to do that, what about your wife or girlfriend? They will want to spend time with you." I force a smile as if I am okay with him being married or with someone.

I know I am fishing, but hey this man is doing things for me and to me that make me want more than I should, and I need to know his situation before I get my hopes up.

"No wife, or girlfriend, so I will pick you up. I want to know how it goes." Ben smiles, then hands me the cup of coffee.

I sip the hot liquid, allowing it to sooth my throat, when a wave of exhaustion hits me, my eyes begin to droop.

Ben takes the coffee cup from my hand, then gently pulls my legs up onto his leather sofa.

"If you won't sleep in the bedrooms, then take a nap here." He whispers softly. I look up at him as he nods and smiles.

"Don't move; firefighters orders." He grins, then disappears out of the living room.

I feel myself drifting off to sleep, then I feel strong hands place something soft and warm over me, tucking me in.

"Sleep." He whispers softly, as I drift off into welcome darkness.

I don't know how long I have napped, but I am awoken to the delicious smell of something cooking. I rub my eyes with the back of my hand, and my stomach growls loudly, letting me know it must have been a while.

I pull myself up from the sofa, and fold the soft duvet up, placing it on the side of the couch.

“Hey sleeping beauty.” Ben smiles as he walks in carrying two plates filled with what looks like spaghetti carbonara.

My cheeks flush bright red that he called me sleeping beauty.

“I am sorry, how long was I out for?” I ask.

“About four hours. Come, eat.” He beckons me to the dining area, placing the plates onto the large rustic wooden dining table.

“I am so sorry.” I whisper again.

“Stop apologising; I am just happy you got some good rest. You obviously needed it.” He smiles, making my heart beat out of my chest once more.

“I really need to get back,” I protest when I see the clock on his wall, and it shows that it is past 7pm.

“I know, but eat first, then I will take you home.” Ben smiles, as he twists some spaghetti on his fork and places it into his mouth.

My stomach rumbles again, and he grins c*****g an eyebrow at me, then nods at the food. I let out a giggle and begin to eat the delicious meal. Can this man be any more perfect?

“Wow, this is lush.” I compliment the food. It really is amazing, and I wonder if there is anything this man cannot do.

“Yeah, I had to learn to cook at the station; we each take a turn.” He grins at me.

A knock at the door disturbs us, and my heart literally stops for a second.

“Hiya, only me. I went to Sainsbury’s for my food shop, earlier, and found some steak on special offer so I got you some for your freezer,” a woman’s voice shouts out.

Ben lets out a groan and shakes his head.

"We are just in here mam, there is some carbonara in the pan if you want some," Ben shouts, then looks at me.

"She found out I had a woman here, and has found an excuse to come be nosy; I am so sorry about this," he whispers.

The pretty woman in her fifties walks into the room, a huge smile on her face, her dark hair pulled back into a ponytail.

"Hi, you must be Lucy. Ben said you were having a rest. I am his mother, Joanne." She grins at me.

"Hi, nice to meet you," I say my throat croaking once more.

"Did you not give her ice cream, poor thing. Let me get you a bowl, it was the only thing that helped Ben after his accident." Joanne fusses.

"It is okay thank you, I have to get going soon," I croak out.

"Aw okay, well enjoy your meal. I am heading straight home, just thought I would bring the steaks over. I hope to see you again." She grins at me, and Ben lets out another small groan.

I giggle and nod.

"Nice to meet you, Joanne." I smile at the woman.

"Right, see you later, love you!" She shouts happily then disappears as quickly as she appeared.

We finish the food, and I go to wash up my plate.

"Nope, leave that; I will do it later. I will get you home." Ben smiles.

As the car pulls up outside my brother's house Ben turns to me with a grin.

"So, I will pick you up at 10:15, and hang around until you are done, then bring you back." He tells me.

"You really don't have to; you have done enough." I say feeling embarrassed.

"I know I do not have to, but trust me Lucy, I want to. So, I will see you in the morning." He grins and I leave the car, watching as he pulls away, then with a

big sigh, I walk into my brother's home, to be greeted by screaming and shouting from Samantha, who is very clearly pissed off with me for her having to watch her own kids for the day.