

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 18 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

I literally hate leaving Lucy at that house, to the point I have to stop myself from swinging the car back around and demanding she pack her things and come stay in my spare room. She was exhausted today; her beautiful hazel eyes sunken in, dark circles around them, her face pale. Don't get me wrong, she was still the most stunning woman I have ever laid eyes on, but she looked worse than when I last saw her, just after getting out of hospital.

The fvcking*g brother's girlfriend, what the hell, making her pay all that money, then shouting and making her life sh!t saying she doesn't want her there. I beg to differ, she wants Lucy to pay an extortionate amount of money, and then to watch her kids whilst she swans around with her friends. I feel like she is trying to make it impossible for Lucy to move out.

I know I shouldn't judge, but how can I not? When clearly Lucy is being taken advantage of when she is in a vulnerable position, having lost everything, and is probably too weak to fight her corner. I know that memories of that fire will still be haunting her, on top of everything else. All I can hope is that Anders Maxwell is true to his word and offers her the job.

I tell you what, if he does, I will owe him a solid, and even if that means getting Josie to give the man a chance, then I will do everything in my power to get her on a date with the guy!

Maybe not if Josie really disliked him, but from what I saw this morning, Josie clearly has the hots for him, no matter how much she thinks she hates him.

I walk into my house, slinging my keys into the bowl on the windowsill in the hallway, and walk into the living room, to grab the plates from the dining table.

I am going daft, because this is my home, I have lived here alone for about six years, yet for some reason the house feels empty without Lucy in it! sh!t, what the hell is that all about?

After washing up the dishes, I head to the living room, and watch the highlights from the Motorcycling Championship race, but I cannot concentrate my mind drifting to Lucy laid asleep on my sofa, she looked so peaceful and relaxed there. Then I remember when she ate her ice cream, the way she

licked it from the flake before eating, had me hard in a second. I am sure she caught me watching, I know I went bright red with embarrassment.

My phone pings, and I pick it up to see a message from Josie.

Josie – How did it go? x

Ben – Good, she has an interview tomorrow, I am going to pick her up in the morning to take her. X

Josie – You like her x

Ben – I want to help her x

Josie – Na, I saw your eyes light up when her name was mentioned, admit it, you like her x

sh!t, if Josie mentions a word of this at the station, the guys will have my life, but I trust Josie more than the others, plus I have something on her now anyway.

Ben – I will admit it, when you admit you want to jump the Arseholes bones. X

Three dots appear, then disappear, then appear again. I chuckle as I wait for her to answer.

Josie – What makes you think that? I hate him. X

Ben – You may hate him, but you know you want him all the same. I saw you twirling your hair around your fingers giving him the glad-eye. LOL. It is okay Josie your secret is safe with me. X

Josie – sh!t Ben, not a word to anyone, I really do hate him, but at the same time I get flutters x

Ben – What, as in fanny flutters, ha ha ha, if he gives Lucy the job, I will let you release that pressure and not give him hell for it, or tell the others x

Josie – So you do like her then x

Ben – if you tell a soul, including my mother, who turned up whilst I was eating with her tonight, I will put a poster up on the station wall about you and the Arsehole. X

Josie – What she stayed for food! You cooked for her? You have got it worse than Davey. X

Ben – Look who is talking, the girl with the fluttering fanny when she looks into the eyes of an Arsehole. x

Josie – Shh, seriously, I will not give in to animal attraction, he is not my type, personality wise, and I get the feeling he is a player as well. I am worth more than that x

Ben – Yes you are! Never settle for second best Josie. X

Josie – I won't, now what are you going to do after the interview tomorrow? X

Ben – Don't know, do you think it creepy if I take her out to celebrate, or commiserate after? x

Josie – Nope, I think that would be perfect. Now remember she is in a vulnerable place, so spank the monkey before you pick her up, so you are not filled with lust lol x

I bellow with laughter at that last message, little did Josie know, that is exactly what I did this morning.

Ben – This is not my first rodeo x

Josie – LMAO, ewe now I have images I don't want! But you have to admit, it has been a long time Ben... now go get some beauty sleep, and let me know if the Arsehole employs her x

Ben – Yeah, Night Josie, see you Tuesday x

I switch off my TV, and lock up the house, before heading upstairs, after grabbing a quick shower. I climb into bed, my thoughts filled with Lucy, and just how stunning she is.

The sun peaks through the edges of my curtains, waking me from the best night's sleep I have had in ages. My morning glory, painfully hard, after the dream I had of Lucy eating that damned ice cream. I let out a groan, as I palm my rock-hard erection, remembering her tongue licking the flake, wondering what it would feel like against my shaft. The flake disappearing between her soft pink lips, my imagination again replacing it with my cock. I let out a groan,

when I remembered her s.ucking up the stray strands of spaghetti when eating the carbonara, fvck, she was perfect. I let out a roar of her name, as my org*asm hits like a tidal wave.

sh!t, it is all over the bedding, now I need to change the sheets. I look at the clock and see it is still only 6:15 am, and jump out of bed, feeling a little like a sleaze ball having had two amazing wanks to thoughts of Lucy Dixon. I grab the sheets, and throw them into the laundry basket, getting rid of the evidence, then place new ones on, before lifting the basket up and heading down into the kitchen, and putting them on to wash.

I head back upstairs, thankful that my windows are stained glass in the hallway, as I totally forgot I was running around my house b.utt-a.ss-n.aked. Heading into the shower, I switch it to cold water, just in case I get another bout of l.ust filled thoughts about the woman who I am helping out today. With a shiver from the cold water, I finish off getting showered, and go to the sink and clean my teeth, before going back to my bedroom, and sitting on the freshly made bed in just a towel and pick up my phone to search for nice restaurants near to the city centre, but not in the centre, as they all stink of stale booze from the weekend revellers.

I want something nice, but not 'this is a date' posh, even though I kind of think it is. Well, an impromptu date, if Lucy ever agrees to go on a real date, then I will pull out all the stops, and do the whole hearts-and-flowers thing. Hey, I am a r0mantic at heart, and I have witnessed many a man who tried to take advantage of my mother in the past, giving her the bare minimum, when she deserves the world and its oyster, and I refuse to treat a woman I like that way. Even if I do have unholy thoughts about her a lot of the time.

sh!t, there I have admitted it, I like her, and it is the first time I have liked any woman since way before the accident.

Another thought crosses my mind; one that causes me to pause for thought. My scar, the ugly thing on my back. I normally don't really care about it, until things like taking my top off in public, like at the beach, occur. What if Lucy see's that and thinks I am a hideous beast?

"Then she is not worthy of you." My mother's voice rings in my head.

I sigh and pull out a blue dress shirt and navy pants, then put them back in the wardrobe. That looks like I am making too much of an effort, so go for the good old dark blue denims with a black polo shirt, which is kind of in-between.

I get ready, then resume my search for a decent place to eat. I look at the Quayside Exchange, it is in the city, not too far from Maxwell Enterprises, but it is a nice place and not somewhere where the night, pub crawlers go to, so doesn't stink when you go in. Yeah, it is a good choice. I just hope I do not need a reservation, as I have no clue what time Lucy will finish her interview, or if she will agree to the meal.

Looking at my watch I see it is nearly time to head out and pick her up, but before I go, I open my drawer that is filled with things I have kept just in case I need them and grab my old phone. Granted it is not a top-of-the-range one, but it is still an I-phone 6S, which is better than no phone. I grab the charger, then rush downstairs, and head out the door.

I pull up outside Lucy's brothers house, to find her waiting outside the door, she looks stunning, dressed in a black tight pencil skirt that hugs her womanly curves to perfection. She has a pale pink see through top over a black vest tucked in, her brown hair hangs in soft waves, she is mouth-wateringly beautiful, and I have to draw my eyes away from her long legs in the pale pink pair of heels she is wearing. I must remember to thank Josie for this little outfit. sh!t, I need another cold shower!

"Hey, have you been waiting long?" I ask as I get out of the car and open the door for her.

"Only half an hour, Samantha was kicking off about having to watch her kids again, and gave them both jam on toast to eat, so I escaped before I was covered in it." Lucy laughs.

"sh!t, I would have come earlier if I had known. Talking of which, I have something for you." I smile at her.

She blushes slightly which makes my current need for a cold shower even more urgent. Damn this woman does things to me I cannot describe. I pass her the phone, as she looks at me a little confused.

"It is my old phone, nothing special but will tide you over. We can go get you a sim card when you are finished with your job interview if you like." I smile at her.

"Wow, Ben, thank you so much. I am paying for the old sim, so I can pop into the shop and ask them to issue a new one with the same number. Really, thank you." She blushes.

“Pleasure; now, I will park out the front of the building and wait for you.” I grin at her.

“I am not sure how long this will take.” Lucy protests slightly

“I have the day off, so don’t worry. Plus I really want to know if you get the job or not.” I grin at her then rev the engine and we set off to get her to the interview.