

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 19 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Ben's Point of View

It has been nearly an hour-and-a-half since Lucy walked into her interview. I drum my fingers on the steering wheel of the car, my heart pounding nervously in my chest. I hope it is good news for her, and I hope she agrees to come for the meal. It is another hot day, and I really do not relish the thought of sweat patches under my arms, so I open the windows on both sides of the car, as it is now resembling an oven in here.

I pick up my phone to see that Josie has text to ask if there is any news. I answer with a quick 'not yet.' I also have a text from Davey telling me that he found an article in the Sunderland Echo, with a picture of Twinkle and his Mrs, crowning them the city's best ballroom dancers. I laugh, because I know that come Tuesday that picture will be blown up and placed on every spare wall around the station, just to wind him up. Then I have a nicer thought, knowing Josie, she will bake lots of cakes as a celebration for him, which means we are all in for a nice treat for our first nightshift. Josie's cakes will take the sting out of the first shift back at work, which is always the worst, especially if it is quiet.

I am busy laughing at the picture of Twinkle dressed in a tuxedo with bright yellow bow tie, covered in sparkly shit, and a yellow sparkly waist coat, with the biggest smile on his face, and his 'Mrs' who, despite winning, still looks like she has sucked on a lemon, in a bright yellow sparkly dress to match Twinkles bow tie, and waist coat. Poor guy is not going to live this down for a good while.

I look up and see Lucy walking out of the building, the brightest smile on her face. She looks like the weight of the world has lifted off her shoulders as she practically dances to the car. I get out and quickly open her door, as she gets inside, she lets out a little squeal, but her voice croaks at the end, and it is quickly replaced with an "Ouch".

"So....?" I ask my smile wide, as I anticipate good news for her.

"I didn't get the business development manager job." She grins at me. "You are looking at the new sales director of Maxwell publishing, getting paid a shit ton more than I was before, with larger commissions, and I start as soon as the doctors sign me fit for work." She croaks out excitedly.

"Wow, well done; I am so proud of you!" I say to her.

"I know; I am proud of me too," she laughs.

"So you should be; you deserve this, Lucy," I grin, happiness radiating through me for her.

"Well, how about we head down to the Quayside Exchange and see if we can get a table and have a celebratory meal." I suggest, hoping I sound causal and that I have not been planning this since last night.

Lucy grins and nods her head at me.

"On one condition," she says with a smile, her voice now barely a whisper it is so croaky.

"And what condition is that?" I grin at her.

"I pay, you have done so much for me, and I want to thank you." She grins.

"No deal, it is my treat," I tell her pulling the car out of the carpark.

"Ben!" she protests.

"Sorry, I cannot hear you above the engine." I laugh then turn and wink at her before returning my concentration on the road ahead.

I can see her giving me a small pout out the corner of my eye, and it is the most adorable thing ever, making me chuckle in response.

I pull up around the back of the restaurant, after trying to find a parking space for about ten minutes, then jump out the car and run round to make sure I open Lucy's door for her.

"You are such a gentleman." She smiles at me, her voice now only able to speak part of the words.

"Come on, I hope after spending so long trying to park we don't need a reservation," I grin at her.

Placing my hand on the small of her back, trying to remember Will Smith's advice in Hitch, that too low is pervy, too high is friend zone, the perfect place is somewhere in the middle, as we walk down the cobbled path to the front of the building.

I open the large glass door, and stand back to let her in, and she smiles up at me with a perfect blush on her cheeks, damn she is totally gorgeous.

"Table for two please." I say to the waiter, who nods his head. Grabbing a couple of menus, he leads us to our seats.

"What can I get you both to drink?" The waiter asks.

"I will have a large diet coke please, no ice. What would you like Lucy?" I ask her, then worry I should have let her go first.

"Same please, but with ice." She croaks out.

"Oh, can we have a small glass of ice cream now, before we order please." I ask, knowing that Lucy is really struggling with her voice.

The waiter nods his head, then walks away.

"Okay, I am not being rude, but Josie has text me a couple of times to see if you got the job," I tell her.

Lucy shifts in her seat slightly her smile slightly dipping, and I realise she is wondering if Josie and I are together, just like Anders Maxwell had.

"Josie is the firefighter who gave you the clothes, I think she has the hots for your new boss, but don't tell her I told you." I grin.

I see Lucy relax slightly, and just that small conversation fills my heart with hope that when I ask her out on a real date, she will say yes, and I make a promise to myself that before I am through with this day, I will have her locked in for Saturday night, my first night off shift.

"So do you mind if I shoot her a quick text with the news?" I ask.

Lucy smiles and nods. I know her throat must be on fire now, so quickly text Josie, before turning my full attention back to this amazing, beautiful woman in front of me.

The waiter arrives with the drinks and a glass bowl of ice cream and places it in front of Lucy, who smiles then croaks out a thank you, before instantly devouring it.

“Give your throat a break if you like, no need to talk if it hurts.” I smile at her.

After all, I am mostly quiet myself, so I do not feel uncomfortable with silence. In fact, I think I have spoken more to Lucy than almost anyone other than my mother and the guys at work.

“When we are finished here, do you want to go to the Bridges Shopping Centre and sort out your sim card?” I ask.

Lucy nods at me with a smile, then takes a large gulp of her drink, yeah, she is definitely in pain.

We look at the menu, and I see they have steak. Well it would be rude not to, after all it is my favourite meat on the planet.

“I am going for the ribeye, what about you?” I ask with a smile.

“Satay Chicken please.” She whispers to me.

The waiter returns, and I order our food, then sit forward looking at Lucy, my heart racing in my chest. Do I ask her for the date now, or later? I really cannot decide, if she tells me no now, that will ruin the afternoon, so maybe I should wait.

The food arrives, and we tuck in, a comfortable silence between us. When we are finished, I ask the waiter for another two ice creams, to finish off the meal, and help Lucy’s throat again before she has to speak when we get to the mobile phone shop. I watch, as once more she devours it in front of me, licking her spoon, my bulge in my pants painful as I once more find myself fantasising about that delicious tongue of hers licking something else. sh!t, I really need to stop being a dirty pervert, but I cannot help it!

I pay the bill, then we head up towards the City Centre together, as we pass one of the large buildings next to the Museum two seagulls start making the loudest noise, both of us look up, to see the male mounted on top of the female his wings outstretched as he squawks. I roll my lips, not wanting to laugh, but as I look down at Lucy, she is giggling her head off, biting her bottom lip in a bid to stop herself. Oh, good grief, that look on her perfect face

does something sinful to my body, and I wish I was that seagull right now. I start to laugh, and Lucy looks up at me, her eyes bright and happy, as she joins in full-on laughing with me at the horny birds. We round the corner and walk towards the Bridges Shopping Centre, heading up to the top of the concourse to the mobile phone shop.

After sorting out a sim card that is connected to her account, I take the phone and place the new sim in the back of the device for her checking that it is working, then quickly add my number into the contacts, before handing it back to her with a grin.

“Thank you,” she grins at me.

“I just need to pop over to Greggs to get the kids a gingerbread man each,” she smiled, heading across the way to the famous bakery.

As we stand in the queue, a young lad of around 17 looks at me, then comes beside me.

“Oi, are you that guy that was on that Special Forces show earlier this year, the one that won it?” he asks.

Suddenly the whole queue finds me more interesting than the steak bakes and doughnuts on sale.

“Yeah,” I answer, keeping my voice low.

“E’er mate, can’a have a selfie like?” he asks.

Lucy looks at me a little confused.

“Erm, yeah, sure,” I say, not sure how to deal with the situation.

“E’er, is it as difficult as it looks like mate?” he asks

“Worse,” I tell him, and he nods his head in respect then walks back to his group of friends.

After purchasing the gingerbread men for her niece and nephew, we head back to the car. I am loathed to finish the afternoon off so early, but I need to nap, as I will be staying up late tonight, so that I sleep quite a bit tomorrow before work. It is all part of the routine of preparing for night shift.

We walk back to the car as Lucy asks what that was about in Gregg's. I laugh and tell her about being on the reality TV show, talking about the training and the amazing instructors I met, and how the whole process helped me get back to work.

"I think I need to find it on Netflix or YouTube," she grins up at me, and I laugh. The conversation was easy, well for me, poor Lucy is still croaking, but her voice is better than earlier. We get to the car, and head off back to her brother's house. As I pull up outside the door, I turn to look at her. Here I go, it is now or never.

I take a deep breath.

"I am on nights from tomorrow, four twelve-hour shifts, my first night off is Saturday, and I was wondering if you would come out on a date with me?" I ask, hoping beyond hope she says yes.

Lucy looks at me, her face turning a gorgeous shade of pink, as she becomes shy, making my bulge twitch again in response.

"I would like that." She tells me, suddenly finding her feet interesting.

I adore that she is quite shy, I know a lot of men love confident women, but I find her shyness makes her even more attractive to me.

"Cool, I am looking forward to it. I will text you." I grin at her.

"Yeah, and Ben, thank you, ... for everything," she smiles shyly at me.

I cannot help myself; I reach out and place a strand of her hair behind her ear, then lean over and kiss her softly on her cheek. I swear my lips tingle, as they connect with her skin, and now I really need to go before I cum in my pants like a teenager looking at porn for the first time.

"I will text you and see you Saturday. Try and get some rest," I whisper, as she gasps slightly then nods her head.

"Stay safe," she whispers back, then gets out of the car and stands in front of the door, waving me goodbye.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 20 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Damn, I have never been so eager to get back to work in my entire life! After the night out at the Chester's on Thursday, the BBQ and Beach on Friday, I spent Saturday, Sunday, and Yesterday twiddling my fvcking*g thumbs. I was so bored I even cleaned my house!

My plans for my days off did not go as intended. I had wanted to spend time with Kathline, getting to know her again, seeing if I could work around her having a son, but that all went to sh!t when he caught chicken pox. My predicament was not helped by my impromptu drunken visit to her house. Thoughts of her in that long nighty haunt my every thought. It wasn't even that it was se.xy lingerie because, let's face it, the white cotton, baggy, ankle-reaching, night attire, resembled something you would see in a Victorian period-drama, but hell, I could see the outline of her heavy b.reasts and her perfect pebbled n!pples through the fabric, and that teased the sh!t out of me.

Her hair was not in its formal updo, or perfectly styled like when I had seen her previously. It was hung down unbrushed, giving her a beautiful 'just fvckindg' look, especially when her cheeks flushed at seeing me, all adding the perfect illusion created in my mind. That image had caused me to j.erk off more than a couple of times when I wasn't cleaning my sh!t.

The only thing that kept me sane was texting Kathline, checking on if she needed anything, but she was fine. I even offered to head to Sainsbury's to get her some shopping, but she told me that she had internet shopped so not to worry. Therefore, I had no valid reason to head back to her house, making me feel like a lonely loser. Everyone was busy doing their own sh!t, so I was forced to stay home, and address the fact I am a messy sod, and clean up.

My other saving grace was this picture of Twinkle and his 'Mrs.' in the Sunderland Echo. I mean, this was piss-take gold. So, I am at the station with fifty blown up photocopies I got from the lib.rary, paying the extra for colour, which was worth every penny, sticking them to every wall I can find, including the tiles just above the urinals in the bogs. Sticking up the last one on the wall, I chuckle to myself before heading back into the common room, taking my normal seat, and begin to read today's paper, ready to start my shift.

Josie is the first to arrive, and she is carrying cake tins, fvcking*g get in! she looked around the station then tutted, giving me a c0ck of her eyebrow.

"Really?" she asks.

I smirk at her and shrug. I mean, this really is too good of an opportunity not to take the piss for at least the night out of Twinkle.

I return to read my paper; spying over the top as I see Josie take plates out of the cupboards and set them on the long coffee table. She set out the butterfly cakes, all had bright yellow icing in the centre and were dusted with edible silver glitter, I cock my eyebrow at her,

“Really?”

Josie giggles like a schoolgirl and shrugs.

I return to my pre-shift ritual, when Big Ben walks in. I glance over and fuck me, the bear has a shit eating grin on his face, like he has won the fucking*g lottery or some shit. It is weird as fuck seeing that grin on his normally expressionless face. Josie glances over to him and giggles slightly at his face.

“Someone’s had a good weekend,” she laughs.

Ben shrugs, schooling his features to his normal stoic mask, not saying a word. Not sure what that is about!

I return my attentions to the newspaper, when Station Officer Webber walks out of his office, looking more relaxed than normal, as he gazes around my ‘Twinkle’ artwork. I could be wrong, but I am sure I see an upturn on his lips, as he shakes his head, then turns to Josie.

“Josie, so you went to Mr. Maxwell I hear.” His deep voice booms out.

Josie freezes momentarily, and I pretend to keep reading, because I know full well, she did not really apologise to the arsehole, and wonder if she is going to get into more shit about it.

“Yes Boss, I apologised just like you asked,” she says, the glint of defiance flashes in her eyes.

“I do not know what you said to him. But he has just got off the phone, thanking me for sending you, and apologised himself for being overbearing last week, stating he was stressed with the pressures of his new business venture. He also asked me to relay a message to everyone, ‘thank you all for

what you do for the community,' and to show his appreciation he has donated a hefty amount to the firefighter's benevolent fund."

"How much boss?" I ask, intrigued.

"£100,000" Our station officer states.

fvcking*g hell, for once I am speechless, that is more than we raise in a couple of years of fund-raising activities. That bozo must be sorry, or really wanting into Josie's knickers.

"Seems like he is a good guy after all," Ben states, then flashes Josie a look as she suddenly finds the perfectly placed cakes need to be rearranged again on the plates.

Something fishy is going on there. I saw her face when the arsehole drove passed us, and her shouts of how much she hated him sounded more like she was trying to convince herself more than us.

My phone pings in my pocket, and I smirk, pulling it out.

Kathline – Hey, hope you managed to get some sleep this afternoon.

xxxDavey – Yeah, I did, how's Andy doing? Xxx

Yeah, I want to know, and not just because I want to visit his mother ASAP but because the little lad had been upset the past few days, and it, for some reason, bothered me that the kid that was large as life was hauled up in bed and itchy 24/7.

Kathline – A lot better, the sp0ts have all scabbed over, I will keep him off school tomorrow, just so he can catch up on sleep, but sending him back Thursday, I need to get into the office got a few completions to do on Friday.
Xxx

Good, he is better, if his sp0ts have dried up, he is no longer contagious. I am off shift at 6am, maybe I can pop round with a McDonald's breakfast for us all, spend a few hours with them before I need to go home and crash. If I go early enough maybe I will catch Kathline in her se.xy Victorian nightdress again. I feel myself go half chub in my trousers at the thought. Yes, that sounds like a plan!

Davey – I am pleased he is better, text me whenever you want tonight, if I don't answer I am on a shout. XxxKathline – Okay, stay safe Davey xxx

It kind of does something to my heart when she tells me to stay safe, like I have someone to stay safe for, and I cannot deny that it feels good.

Headache and Wayne walk in next, both laughing at my wall art.

“Ya'all, he is going to go nuts.” Wayne shouts over.

“He probably won't care; he is the only one here that was guaranteed to have got some during the time off.” Headache shrugs.

I spy Headache and wonder if he has ever 'got some.' I mean I can just imagine him using three condoms at once, after insisting the woman have a bath in bleach, in case he catches something. Cannot see that being r0mantic or guaranteeing him any action. I have also been out with both him and Wayne, and to say the pair of them have zero-game with the women is not an exaggeration.

Twinkle walks in next and looks around the station.

“You bunch of bastards.” He complains, shaking his head.

We all burst out laughing, when Yellow Watch walk out, all wolf whistling Twinkle, finished with their day shift, meaning it is time to put my paper down, because we are all now officially on shift.

“I made cakes.” Josie grins.

Twinkle looks down at the yellow sparkly b.utterfly cakes, and grins up at Josie thanking her before grabbing three of them in his hands and sitting down to eat them.

I note he doesn't call her a bastard for taking the piss, because we all know she is with that fvcking*g icing.

I lean over grabbing a cake, and pop it in my mouth before someone grabs it from me. I kid you not, it has happened before!

Within three minutes flat they are all devoured, only the crumbs on the plate are left.

“So, what are you making us for supper?” Headache asks.

“sh!t with sugar on,” I sarcastically respond, as I head into the kitchen area with Ben.

At least with me and Ben cooking these next four days, we well get edible food, unlike when Twinkle and Wayne cook. Oh, next set of day shifts is Headache and Josie, now that is good food. That girl can cook!

“How about we make up a pan of tuna and pasta, that way it can be eaten hot or cold if we get a shout?” Ben suggests.

Sounds good to me, quick-and-easy, and light enough, if we are quiet, it’s not going to give everyone indigestion when we go get some shut eye. Plus, the added bonus is, it does not require a lot of skill.

I nod at Ben, then pull down the giant bag of pasta that sits on top of the kitchen cupboards, as he begins to boil the water. We just get the pan boiling when the alarm bell goes off, switching off the gas hob we head down the pole and into the fire engine.

“Car fire, joy riders in Park X back of Thorney, looks like they have abandoned it and set to light.” Josie shouts over to us.

Great, welcome to night shift!

I stretch out my tired arms, we got no down time last night, it was non-stop, one shout after another. Everything from a burnt-out stolen car, to kids setting fire to trees and shrubs, to the smoke alarm going off in the old folks home when someone burnt their midnight snack. It has been a busy night. But finally, we are done. First one down; three to go. I head out to my car, then pull into the McDonald’s drive thru which is literally across the road at the side of the station ordering three lots of pancakes with syrup, and three double sausage and egg McMuffins with hash browns, along with a couple of coffees and a milkshake, then head off down Durham Road, pulling up just round the corner to Kathline’s house, then walk round. It is just after 6:30 am and I hope I am not too early. I know I want to surprise her, so that I have a high chance of catching her in her nighty again, but I am second guessing myself as they may still be asleep. However, I have got the food in my hand, and it will go cold if I delay, so I take a deep breath and knock on the door.

I see her peak around the living room curtains and wait as she opens the door into the porch.

“Hey,” she smiles at me.

“Hey, sorry I know it is early, but I thought you both might like some breakfast,” I grin at her, hoping she is okay with this.

“Yeah, and it is not too early; we get up six every morning,” Kathline smiles at me.

I breath a small sigh of relief, and step into the house. I am slightly disappointed though, as she is fully clothed in a pair of black leggings and long black t-shirt, but she still looks se.xy as fvck.

“Andy, breakfast,” she shouts up the stairs.

Naughty Norman Price’s twin brother bounds down the stairs, his eyes wide as he sp0ts the McDonald’s bags.

“Wow,” he shouts excitedly.

“Yes, Wow, but this is a treat, Andy,” she tells him, and I wonder if the kid is not aloud junk food. sh!t I should have thought of that!

The little lad looks up at me with a quizzical look on his face.

“Are you the firefighter that saved me?” he asks.

“Yeah, that’s me,” I smile at him, as Kathline takes the bags into the kitchen to plate up the food.

“Cool, are you my Mam’s boyfriend?” he asks.

I freeze, looking at Kathline, who also stands motionless, I mean what the hell do I say to that?