

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 21 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Kathlines Point of View.

Every last drain of blood leaves my body as I stare wide eyed at my son. What the heck, why would he ask if Davey was my boyfriend? I open my mouth to tell my little munchkin that Davey is mammy's friend when the man himself crouches down, getting on the same level as Andy, and smiles.

"I am your mammy's friend, we used to be very good friends when we were at school, and I hope that we will be very good friends again. I also want to be friends with you," Davey smiles.

"Oh, okay, just Amber's mammy has lots of boyfriends, like three, and I think mammy should have one as well," Andy sighs sadly.

I gasp, how the hell does my six-year-old know about Chantelle and her constant stream of men she parades around the place? But I guess that is a question for another day, for now, the crisis has been averted by Davey's answer who looks up at me, and smiles.

"Now, shall we eat," he states, taking the whole embarrassing situation in his stride, and it makes my stomach flutter at just how good he is with my son.

Andy tucks into the pancakes and syrup, but one bite of the sausage McMuffin and he turns up his nose, casting it aside.

"So, are you at work tomorrow?" Davey asks me.

"Yes, I am sending Andy back to school, and I have some urgent things to do that I need to get back into the office for." I shrug.

"So, what time do you set off in the morning?" Davey asks.

"Erm, I get Andy to breakfast club for eight am," I smile up at his handsome face.

"Okay, I finish at 6, so up to you, but I can bring breakfast again for half six if you like. The only issue is if we get a shout just before shift ends, then we have to finish when the job is done," Davey asks.

"Can I get more of these pancakes, they are delicious?" Andy asks as if the question had been for him and not me.

"That is up to your Mammy," Davey laughs ruffling my son's hair affectionately.

Again, my stomach fl!ps over, seeing him act so naturally with Andy does something to me, making me want to put Andy in his room for a couple of hours and jump on Davey, and live out every fantasy I have had about him over the past few days.

"Well, we can do that, but I will still need to be at work for half-eight, so you will have to go to breakfast club, but you do not need to eat." I smile down at my son.

Davey grins up at me and gives me the se.xiest wink, and I have to cross my legs, as I am pulsing with need down below now. Damn, another night with my pink rabbit to get rid of the ache is on the cards. What is this man doing to me?

Finished with his sticky pancakes, I send Andy upstairs to clean his teeth and wash his face again, then begin to clear away the plates. Davey follows me into the kitchen, then comes up behind me softly trailing his finger down my arm leaving goosebumps in its wake.

"Remember our date on the beach?" He whispers huskily in my ear.

His breath on my cheek causes my body to tingle from head to foot, as I let out a laboured breath.

"Yeah," I breathe out. That is one time of my life that will be forever engrained in my memory.

"Me too, laid on the beach, getting carried away as we k!ssed," he whispered.

"Yeah," I say again losing all ability to speak right now.

"I still remember the feel of you as I slipped my finger into your short shorts, and under your tiny bikini bottoms, you were so we.t, your walls so soft as they clenched my finger, it drove me wild. Still does," he continues as I let out a soft m0an.

"Then you got embarrassed and hid under the towel before running away," He whispered again.

I let out another sigh as I remember. We were kids, turned on beyond belief, and I got scared he would tell everyone what he had done.

"I panicked," I whispered back, as he continued to stroke my arm with his figure.

"I know. Are you panicking now?" He huskily asks.

"No. Yes, ... not sure," I whisper honestly.

Davey let's out a low chuckle.

"You were always the one who got away. I have thought about you a lot over the years, wondered what it would have been like if you had not panicked, how it would have felt for you to be my first and me yours," Davey continued, driving me wild with desire.

"MAMMY I cleaned my teeth can I watch Fireman Sam?" Andy shouts bounding into the kitchen.

I let out a quick breath and try to school my features.

"Yes, I will come put it on for you," I say smiling at my son.

"Mammy, why are your cheeks bright red, are you hot?" my adorable boy asks.

"It is just a little warm, come on, let me put the TV on for you," I say as Davey steps aside a smirk on his delicious lips.

Oh god, how I want to be back on that beach with him on top of me, kissing me, his tongue dancing with mine as he finds the hem of my shorts and begins fingering me again, and I know that I would definitely not panic if I ever got to go to third-base with him again.

We sit down in front of the TV as Andy watches Fireman Sam, Davy chuckling to himself as he grins at me every opportunity he has, seriously loving the fact he knows I am all hot and bothered by our conversation in the kitchen. My

phone rings, bringing me out of my lust filled daze, and I pick it up without looking at the caller ID.

“Kathline, I am getting married.”

There it is ... the voice that brings me back down to earth with a bump. My child's sperm donor, Usain Bolt himself.

“Hello to you too, your son is good thanks for asking,” I growl out, sarcastically, as Davey furrows his brows and looks at me, knowing I am annoyed.

“Yeah, right, well I wanted you to know, I will want Andy to come meet with my fiancée, not this Sunday as we are going for a weekend away, but the Sunday after,” Paul states, he doesn't even have the decency to ask permission, he just presumes this is okay.

“Look, I couldn't give a rat's ass about your love life, however, to spring a fiancée on our son like that, with no warning, is not acceptable,” I growl out.

“Stop being a b***h about it, can I take him out for the day a week come Sunday or what?” Paul states, his tone flat.

“I will not stop you from seeing him, you know that, but you make no effort to spend time with him, and now you want to say, hey, I'm coming to see you with a woman who I'm going to marry, without a thought as to how that will make him feel,” I protest, angry.

“So, are you just coming here for the day, he breaks up from school that week for the six weeks, do you want to spend more time with him, or just a couple of hours?” I sarcastically ask, because I already know what the answer will be.

“Look, I am busy, I cannot be around all the time, you know I didn't want to be tied down, so you get what you are given. Can I come get him or not?” he shouts.

“Actually, ... not. He deserves better, and until you can offer him that, then do not contact me again,” I rage, hanging up the phone.

I stand up from the seat and walk back into the kitchen, so that I can have a shout about the idiotic man, without Andy asking questions.

As I pace the floor, I let out a long growl of annoyance, when Davey arrives standing with his hands on his hips, his head tilted to one side.

“Hey, what’s up?” he gently asks, obviously remembering my temper, and not wanting to poke the beast.

“That egotistical, fvcking*g bell-end of a sperm donor. Apparently, he is engaged. Good for him, but Andy has never seen him since Christmas and we are into the beginning of July, and suddenly he wants to introduce this woman as his fiancée taking him out on Sunday for a couple of hours. He does not want to see him over the school holidays, and once again my son is just an also-ran in the busy life of that pathetic human,” I rant.

“Well, I am not having it, he either shapes up and spends more time with my boy. Or fvcks-off completely. I will not have Andy treated this way, getting his hopes up for a relationship with a man who is not fit to tie his shoes, and will hurt him on repeat,” I continue, undiluted rage pulsing through my veins.

Davey stands watching, letting me rant, as I continue to pace the floor. Once I get it out of my system, I breathe deeply then look over at him.

“I’m sorry,” I sigh. Yeah, guess this will make him run for the hills.

Davey gives me a soft smile.

“Don’t be, you are still that fiery redhead, and I always liked that about you. Plus, you are right; Andy deserves someone who will be there for him, not someone who just turns up when he wants for a couple of hours one in a blue moon. Now, when did he want him to meet with this woman?” Davey asks. `

“A week come Sunday,” I sigh.

“Well, he cannot anyway, because that is the family day at the station, when all the firefighter’s family and kids turn up. We have a BBQ, and the kids get to play in the engines. Fireman Sam turns up, as well. So, if you agree, that day is already booked out. I was going to ask you later in the week, before you think I am just saying it because of this, so get that out of your head.” Davey flashes me a grin.

I let out a small laugh, it seems Davey remembers me better than I think.

“Then, yes, we would love to come.” I smile.

“Good, for once, I am looking forward to it then. Now, I am going to have to head off home before I fall asleep standing up. I will text you later when I am at work.” Davey smiles.

“Okay, I will let you out.” I smile back at him.

We walk back into the living room, and Andy is still transfixed on Naughty Norman Price accidentally setting fire to something, and I let out a groan.

“I hope he doesn’t get any ideas,” I sigh.

“Well, if he does, you know my number,” Davey chuckles.

“Yeah, 999.”

Davey walks over to Andy and ruffles his hair.

“I have to go now kiddo, be good for your mam, and I will see you with pancakes in the morning. Now in the meantime, do not play with matches.” He states, then as he turns away, facepalms himself, as I laugh. Hey with my son, it is good advice.

I walk him to the door, and as I open it into the porch he turns and places another kiss on my forehead.

“I will text you later, and see you tomorrow morning Kathline, and do not stress, everything will work out as it should.” Then turns and waves as he makes his way up the street to get his car.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 22 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Davey’s Point of View

Another night begins, let’s hope it’s quieter than last night, as I tossed and turned all day, hardly getting any sleep. This morning had been amazing, I have to pat myself on the back for navigating the whole “Are you Mammy’s Boyfriend?” thing. But that Ex of Kathline’s had me raging with anger. I mean how dare he just dictate he wants to see Andy, turn the little lad’s life on its head, then walk away. Kathline was right, her son deserved more than a couple of hours of his time, and the respect to be treated with kindness and love when introducing another person into his life.

I mean granted, I have kind of bulldozed my way in, but the kid likes me, that much is clear. If I am honest, I like him as well. I had been contemplating inviting Kathline and Andy to the family and friends BBQ at the station, that was not a lie, but I was going to leave asking them till next week, after spending some time with the pair of them. But that bozo and his demands was like a red rag to a bull, so I jumped the gun a little, although I do not regret it.

Because of my lack of sleep, I arrive later than usual at the station, so quickly grab my Sunderland Echo out of the car, and run into the common room, so I can begin my ritual of reading it for the full half-hour. Look, I am not superst!tious, I just like to do it. OKAY?!

Yeah, who am I kidding, I am very superst!tious when it comes to starting a shift, and I know it's crazy, but hey, given I literally run into burning buildings, I will hold onto anything I have, to make me believe today will be a good day.

Big Ben is already sitting at his end of the couch, the fvcker practically takes up the whole thing! He is texting and smiling ... again. Yeah, something going on there. I am going to fish for information off Josie, who is currently coming out of Station Officer Webber's office with a h.uge bouquet of fvcking*g flowers. I would have expected her to be smiling and smelling them, but she is scowling as if someone had delivered dog sh!t through the letterbox, as she rips off the card, walks it over to Twinkle and hands them to him.

"Hey Twinkle, give these to your 'Mrs.' I don't want them," she hisses, then squeezes her a.ss down between me and Ben. It is a good job she is thin, that is all I can say about that.

"Are you okay?" Ben asks her, a genuine look of concern on his face.

Now, it is not that I don't care about why Josie is pissed off, but it is my time with my newspaper, so I don't ask. However, that doesn't mean I'm not listening.

"That fvcking*g Arsehole, I mean what the hell? Spends last week making my life miserable by wanting me to apologise. This week, he donates a ton of money to the benevolent fund, then sends those flowers, as way of an apology to me, which is all very nice, until I read the card," Josie rants.

Ben doesn't ask, he just looks at her and c***s his eyebrow, waiting for her to tell him.

I pretend I'm not listening, but let me be honest, I'm hanging on every word.

"Oh, the arrogant egotistical man, who is more annoying than fvcking*g Covid, wrote. 'You know you want to come with me for a drink, and you also know you want me inside you, so why stop this game and let me rock your world.' I mean what the flying fvck!" Josie hisses out in disgust.

I cannot help the laugh that comes out of my mouth. She is right; that is arrogant, but he has a point, she really does want to go out with him, anyone with eyes in their head can see that!

"Oi, you're supposed to be reading your paper!" Josie turns on me.

I shrug, and flick over the page, but hey, you can bet your last penny I'm still listening to her rant about the guy she apparently 'Hates', yeah, bullsh!t!

Big Ben's phone buzzes again, and he grabs it like it is gold out of his pocket, reading his message, another smile on his face. Josie smiles at him, her rage melted away like snow on a sunny day. He has a woman, and Josie knows who it is. Right, operation find-out-who-Ben-is-fvcking is a go!

Yellow Watch comes out, as usual, so it is time to put my newspaper away, and begin my shift.

I pull out my own phone, and text Kathline.

Davey – Hey MILF how is Andy? Xxx

Kathline – Ha ha ha @MILF. He is good thanks, he is going in the bath soon, then bed for him. He has talked nonstop about those pancakes and is super excited for tomorrow morning. Xxx

Davey – Yeah, you are a MILF, my MILF, and I bet he is not as excited as I am. Xxx

Kathline – LOL, or me xxx

Davey – Humm, just how excited are you? xxx

Kathline – Let me get Andy to bed, and I may tell you xxx

Davey – Cannot wait xxx

“Let’s get supper started,” Ben tells me, kicking the bottom of my foot of my leg that is crossed and is hanging over the opposite knee, bouncing with excitement at just what Kathline will text back with next.

I stand up, heading over to the kitchen area, and begin scrubbing some large, sweet potatoes, before cutting them into wedges. Ben grabs the Cajun spice and begins to coat the chicken fillets. Finished, I grab a load of corn-on-the-cob and put it in a pan of water, as Ben takes the spinach out the fridge, and finally chops some halloumi cheese slices, ready to grill. We work together in perfect tandem, like a well-oiled machine.

“So, who are you texting? Are you shagging someone?” I ask Ben, cutting straight to the chase, wanting to know, and hoping that he has found someone, the guy deserves a break.

“Nope,” Ben scowls at me, then continues with his food prep.

“But you want to,” I grin at him, as I light the gas on the hob to cook the corn.

Silence, that is all I get, fvcking*g silence, not another word is spoken as we continue to cook the food.

“Good chat Ben,” I sigh, as we finish off in the kitchen, plating everything up and passing it to the guys.

Tonight, is boring, not a single shout, everyone is quietly doing what they do, waiting for the time that is acceptable to try get some kip. My phone pings, and I smile, taking it out of my pocket.

Kathline – Andy is in bed fast asleep xxx

Davey – Good, now, how excited are you? Xxx

I grin, waiting for her reply.

Kathline – Very xxx

Davey – Hmm, so is your excitement doing things to your body? Xxx

Kathline – Like what? Xxx

Davey – Like making those delicious n!pples of yours hard? Xxx

I bite my l!p waiting for her response, as Wayne rambles on in the background about the faucet in the bathroom leaking, and Headache ranting about it being a tap, not a faucet.

Kathline – Maybe, I am going in the bath, I will check them then xxx

fvcking*g hell, my d!ck is straining against my trousers, my heart beating like a herd of galloping horses, at that response.

I look up at the clock and see it is just before Nine.

“I am heading for a kip, before we get a shout,” I say, then head towards the sleeping area.

“Don’t you dare wank in there, with your se.xt texts,” Twinkle shouts over.

“fvck off,” I shout over, fl!pping him my middle finger.

I climb onto my top bunk, getting comfortable, then I sent another Text.

Davey – Are you all n.aked, and checking? Xxx

Kathline – Yes, and you were right, they are all hard and poking out with excitement xxx

fvck me, this is amazing, I don’t think I have been this turned on, ever!

Davey – Show me, just how n.aked and we.t you are xxx

Kathline – Oh I am very hot we.t and n.aked right now xxx

I let out a low gr0an, as I anticipate what to say next, when an image arrives on my phone. sh!t, fvck, get IN!

I open the image to see the bottom half of her amazing legs, and her perfect little feet her toes painted with a pale pink nail polish, in the bath full of water, and lots of bubbles. sh!t, she is teasing me, but just knowing she is n.aked and thinking of me, is driving me crazy.

Davey – How hot are you?

Kathline – I am on fire, xxx

Davey – Want me to come put out your flames with my big hose? Xxx

Kathline – I have my own fire extinguisher in my hand, to help contain the blaze until you get here xxx

She sends me another pick of a fvcking*g pink vib.rator, and I swear to all that is holy, and unholy, I nearly come in my pants.

Just then the fvcking*g fire bell goes, and I let out a gr0an, jumping from my bunk, heading for the pole, to get to the engine. Pulling out my phone I drop her a quick text that I am going on a shout, then listen as Josie tell us that we have a drunk who decided to try and climb the sides of the spire on the new bridge is now stuck. fvcking*g i***t!

Finally, another shift has ended, after five hours of getting that drunken i***t off the bridge, we returned to the Station. Kathline had gone to bed, and I spent the rest of the shift, reading and re-reading her texts. I am not going to lie, I am glad she is open to sexting, especially when I am on nights, it keeps the connection with each other, when there is no time for anything else.

I grab the bag full of pancakes, from McDonalds, and head down the road, eager to see Kathline.

I all but run out of the car that I park round the corner from her house, desperate to see her.

Kathline opens the door, a shy smirk on her !ps, a faint blush on her cheeks. I follow her into the living area, to see Andy sat, still in his little PJ's.

“Hey Kidder, are you looking forward to school today?” I ask, ruffling his hair as I pass the bags of food to Kathline.

“Yeah, I suppose.” He grins at me, then turns to watch whatever show is on the TV.

“Good, I am just going to give your Mam a hand plating up the pancakes.” I smile down at him.

I walk through into the kitchen, closing the door to the living area, as Kathline stands plating up the food. She looks hot as hell in her tight black pencil skirt,

that hugs her perfect arse, the slit up the back showing she is bare legged. Her black heels making her long legs look even longer. A white blouse tucked. I grab hold of her waist, unable to control myself any longer, and spin her around to face me.

My lips crash against hers. As she lets out a small gasp in response, I take full advantage of her slightly parted lips, as my tongue enters her mouth and explores every sweet inch of it. Kathline lets out a soft moan as she melts into the kiss, only making my length grow harder. I push up against her, grinding my hips into her, as the kiss continues, until we are both panting for air. I have always thought our kiss-and-fumble on the beach was the best kiss of my life, but this was even better. Never have I felt as turned on; she just does something to me. Kathline lets out a small giggle as I grin at her.

“Are you sure you have to go to work today?” I groan, into her ear, as I place soft kisses onto her neck.

“Certain,” she moans, sounding as disappointed as I feel.

“Fvck Kathline, you are doing things to me, you know that don’t you?” I groan again.

“Yeah, but as much as I do not want to, we have to stop and take this into the dining room, before Andy decides to come in here to get them himself.” Kathline giggles.

Reluctantly I let her go, but not before I place another kiss on her soft addictive lips. Then, with a quick readjustment of myself in my trousers, I follow her out to have breakfast with the woman who I would happily kiss for the rest of my life, and her son. Who would have thought Davey Brennan was whipped by a single mother!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 23 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Kathline’s Point of View.

Walking up the steps into my office, I swear I can still feel my lips still tingling from the most amazing kiss I have ever received. After that mind blowing encounter in the kitchen, we had eaten breakfast, then when just before I set off with Andy to get him to breakfast club, Davey snatched another, distracting my child by ‘forgetting’ his wallet, and sending him to get it. I felt like a

teenager hiding my boyfriend from my parents. Both k!sses caused sparks to ignite around my body, it was ... Wow, ... just wow. I walk in to find Tracey sitting behind her desk applying her trademark pink lipstick.

“How is Andy?” she kindly asks.

“He is good now thanks, back at school, sports are all scabbed over or disappearing.” I grin at her.

“Woah, you are glowing!” she tells me, looking wide eyed at me.

A smile begins to expand on her face, as she c***s an eyebrow at me.

“So, please tell me that glow is a result of a man.” She giggles, more like a schoolgirl than the forever-remaining-39-year-old she is.

I feel the heat burn on my cheeks from embarrassment, as Tracey opens her mouth wide at me.

“Tell me everything!” she demands.

I smirk at her, shaking my head.

“No time, I have so much work to catch up on,” I say, waving as I make a beeline to my office, to escape the barrage of questions I know will come my way.

Tracey, though, is not put off and quickly follows me, she wants answers, and I know her well enough that she will be relentless in her pursuit of them.

“Not as much as you might think, Daniel stepped up and got some of the searches sent off for your new clients. So, you have a few moments, now spill.” She grins at me.

I sit behind my desk turning on my computer, then look up at her, unable to contain my excitement.

“So, yes, I have met a man. No, we have not had intimate relations, but yes, we k!ssed, and yes, I really like him, and so does Andy,” I give her the brief highlights.

“Interesting, so when did you meet this man who is giving you this glow?” she asks, straining her neck forward, her eyes wide as she waits for my reply.

"He is a firefighter," I mumble.

"What, as in you pulled one that rescued Andy?" she asked, her face breaking into a broad smile.

"Yeah, kind of. He was my first boyfriend when I was at school, he has been really sweet." I blush.

"Oh, first love is always the strongest love. So how is he being sweet?" Tracey now asks, plonking her bottom on my receiving chair, and swinging back and forth on it.

I proceed to explain about him turning up with the Calamine Lotion and Calpol for Andy, and him bringing breakfast for the past two mornings when he finished work. Tracey listens intently, nodding her head.

"I approve." She grins, then stands up to go back to her desk.

"Oh, I got all up-to-date with your the letters and transcriptions, along with the reports. You have four clients to complete before tomorrow when they pick up their keys. I sent you an email outlining who is coming in when," she tells me over her shoulder.

"Thank you." I smile, she really is wonder woman.

"I just need your client billing hours before tomorrow please," she reminds me. I smile and nod at her, and she leaves me to it.

With a sigh, I begin to work my way through the backlog of emails that have not yet been resolved. Today is going to be a long day.

My stomach begins to rumble. Looking up at the clock I see that it is way past my lunch time and let out a groan. I need to eat, but seriously, I have no time to go get a sandwich. I hate to ask one of the assistants to run and get me something. It is such a cliché move. Plus, they are employed to do work not run around for me, grabbing sandwiches. However, as my stomach now feels like it is going to eat itself, and I still have so much to do in the remaining hour-and-a-half I have in the office, I guess I have no choice.

Picking up the internal telephone, I call Tracey.

“Hey, sorry, I am so busy I missed lunch, and still have mountains to do. Any chance you could spare one of the interns to grab me a sandwich? I hate to ask, but my stomach is growling louder than a guard dog at a burglar.” I sigh.

“Yeah, of course, I know you never normally ask, unless you are desperate. Unlike some I could mention, but I won’t.” Tracey laughs.

“Thank you, I really appreciate it.” I sigh with relief.

There is no doubting who Tracey is referring to. Christian, one of our other associates, likes to think he is important, swans around the place ordering the back-office staff to do his bidding, including picking up his dry cleaning. Thankfully Daniel stepped in, and put a stop to that, he was taking the proverbial piss, thinking he was living on some American law TV soap opera, and not the reality of working in Sunderland as a solicitor.

Sighing, I continue to get on with work; a knock at the door disturbs me.

“Come in, that was quick thank you, my belly thinks my throats been cut,” I say, then look up to find Tracey standing a big a.ssed grin on her face.

“You have a visitor.” She smiles.

I frown, I have no clients booked in until tomorrow when they drop off the keys and exchange the contracts.

“Who is it?” I asked, confused.

“A silver fox, who goes by the name of Davey.” She winked.

I blink my eyes in surprise, surely, he should be in bed sleeping. I glance back up at the clock and see it is just past three, damn the day has gone quickly.

“Erm, yeah, send him in.” I smile a blush on my cheeks.

Davey walks into the office, looking a little unsure of himself, which is unusual, and kind of cute.

“Hey, what brings you here?” I smile up at him, my heart pounding in my chest.

“Yeah, sorry, but I was in town. I did message you, but I guess you are busy.” Davey half smiles.

I look down at my phone to see three text messages that I have missed.

"I am, I have not even eaten yet, take a seat." I smile at him.

Davey sits down, placing his ankle over his opposite knee, his foot bouncing slightly.

"So, the reason I text you, I was looking forward to seeing you in the morning, but I will not be able to come over. My sister called, remember Liv?" he asks.

I nod my head, she was in the year below me at school, always hanging around us, much to Davey's annoyance at the time.

"Yeah, is she okay?" I asked.

"Not really. She lives in north Yorkshire, with her husband. Who is now soon to be her ex-husband. They have split up today." Davey states an unmistakeable look of anger all over his face.

"I am sorry to hear that," I say, not sure if he wants to tell me the ins-and-outs of everything going on with his little sister.

"Liv is in a bad way. He has taken all of the money from her joint bank account and emptied the savings. Apparently, he has been gambling, and she never told us. She finally had enough when all her cards were rejected for her food shopping. She asked if I could go down and stay with her, to help pack up his stuff on my days off. I have some holiday time owed, and the Station Officer has agreed for me to take Friday night's shift off, I will be heading down tomorrow as soon as I finish work, coming back on Tuesday." Davey sighed, clearly concerned for his little sister.

"That is awful, I hope she can work this out, and get some of the money back." I sigh.

Davey shrugs, shaking his head.

"If I get my hands on him, I will do some damage, she has also found documents that he has forged her signature on, with secured loans on the house, which he never paid back. She has nothing left, and these loan companies are now going after the house," Davey growled out.

I blink, that is bad. It will mean they will lose the house, and she will be legally required to pay half of all the dept, unless they can prove he forged her signature in court. That is a very long and lengthy process, not to mention expensive.

Another knock at the door, disturbs us, and Lorraine pops her head around the door, passing me a ham and cheese baguette from Greggs, with a bag of crisps and a bottle of diet coke.

“So, I was going to ask that we take Andy to the beach on Sunday, but I guess that is off now.” Davey huffs slightly.

“Yeah, but family first Davey, Liv needs you, so do not worry about it.” I smile through the disappointment.

“I best get going, I will text you when I can, and pop over when I get back on Tuesday if that is still okay with you.” Davey looks at me expectantly.

“Of course it is, and hey, if Liv needs any legal advice to help get things sorted, let me know, I will do what I can for her. Free of course,” I add.

Davey stands up, and I go to let him out of the office, he takes hold of me by the waist, and stares into my eyes.

“I am going to miss you, I know that sounds lame, but honestly, it is the truth.” He sighs.

“Hey, absence makes the heart grow fonder.” I smile up at him, trying to cheer his mood slightly.

Bending his head down, Davey’s lips find mine, unlike the kiss this morning that was fuelled by lust, this one is soft, his tongue just grazing against mine. Breaking the kiss, he plants another on my forehead.

“I will text you later tonight. I will also give you a call when I get to Boroughbridge. I promise I will see you on Tuesday when you finish work, maybe we can all go out for food somewhere.”

“That would be nice, but for now, concentrate on trying to help Liv, I am not going anywhere.” I give him a soft smile.

"I am sorry, see you Tuesday." Davey sighs, planting another quick k!ss on my l!ps.

I smile and nod, then watch as he walks out the office.

Sitting at my desk, I cannot deny just how disappointed I really am. I mean, I did not know he planned to take me and Andy to the beach on Sunday, so in reality I am not missing out, but it damn well feels like I am. Letting out a sigh, I throw myself back into my work, after all, there is nothing I can do about the situation right now. With Andy's chicken pox, now this, I cannot help but feel that someone somewhere is trying to stop us spending quality time together. I shake my head at myself, for being ridiculous, after all, this is just life, it never goes how you want it to.

One thing I will do when I finish tonight, and have Andy tucked up in bed, I will definitely be engaging in some research along with checking up on the law regarding Liv's situation, to see if there is any way I can help stop her from losing her home.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 24 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Ben's Point Of View.

Finally, it is Friday, the last night shift. To say this week has been tough would be an understatement. It is always difficult to get used to the shift changes. The first batch of nightshift has your body and mind confused as hell most of the time, but add to that the excitement about a date with an amazing girl you are obsessed with, then to find out the same girl is currently living each day in what must feel like a battle zone and there is not a lot you can do about it, makes the week a hell of a lot longer.

I stretched out my back as I lay looking at the clock. I have a couple of hours before I need to set off for work, so I do what has become my new daily ritual this week. I pick up my phone and called Lucy.

"Hey you," she answers.

My heart soars, her voice sounds so much better, but I know she will not have gotten much rest again today. Her brother's girlfriend would see to that. As expected, I hear the kids in the background, and Lucy trying to deal with them. The thing that has really pissed me off, is that I could have spent a couple of

hours every day with Lucy between three and five, helping her, so that she could get a break. But when she asked Samantha if I could pop over, she had a hissy fit, and it really wasn't worth putting Lucy through the fight with the b.rat.

"Hey, you got the kids again?" I asked, trying to keep the utter annoyance out of my tone, but failing miserably.

"Yeah; she popped to the shop. Three hours ago," Lucy responded, the annoyance in her voice matching my own.

"Well, at least you start work next Wednesday," I sighed, resisting the urge to say a lot more about the situation.

"Yeah, I cannot wait... Kirstie, no, no, darling, we do not hit our brother, please say sorry." Lucy continued.

I wait patiently for her to finish disciplining the little one, my mind wandering to what a great mother she will be one day. sh!t, I cannot deny that I am thinking of her being a mam to my kids... this is getting intense!

"I'm back, sorry, someone wanted a toy the other one was playing with." She laughed.

"So, I have booked the place I am taking you, and I may have done something else as well," I sheepishly tell her, hoping she does not immediately think I am a perv just after one thing. Okay, granted I do spend a lot of my waking hours perving about that 'one thing', but that is not all I want from her.

"Sounds ominous." Lucy lets out a little laugh.

"Now, hear me out to the end before you think I am a pervert," I quickly told her.

"I don't think you are a pervert. However, now I am seriously wondering what you have done." Lucy laughs again.

"I have booked us into the Elizabethan Banquet Night at Lumley Castle. There was a deal where you could book a room as well, so I did that. But before you freak out, I ordered twin beds, and you can tell me to fvck off, but it is for no other reason for you to get a good night's sleep," I say, hoping she doesn't freak out.

“Oh.” Is her response. I scrunch my face up, wondering if I have completely screwed this up now.

“Ben, that is so lovely. I have always wanted to go to the castle for an Elizabethan Night. Thank you. But, I have to admit to being worried about staying in a twin room.” Lucy sighs.

sh!t, I knew I had gotten carried away with myself. Seriously though, I did just think it would be nice for her to get some sleep in a bed, and for me to enjoy a drink and not worry about getting home.

“Sorry, honestly, I do have the best of intentions,” I sigh out, hoping she is not going to change her mind about the date.

“Oh, I know that. My main concern is, how the hell are you going to fit into a single bed.” Lucy laughs.

“So, you are okay with it?” I hesitantly ask her.

“Kind of, but just so you are aware. Nothing, erm, well, you know, is going to happen. I am not that type of person, and definitely not ready for that,” she says and even though she is on the phone, I can imagine her cute blush on her cheeks right now.

“I know it wont Lucy. Honestly, hand-on-heart, that was not why I booked it. I just wanted you to get a good night’s sleep, and for me to enjoy a drink and not worry about getting us home, or what time you had to be back for, to stop Samantha kicking off at you,” I reassure her.

“I understand and thank you. So long as your fireman’s hose remains in the engine it will be all good.” Lucy giggles.

The more we speak the more confident she becomes, she has a wicked sense of humour, something I adore about her.

“Oh, you did not just pull the fireman’s hose line,” I tease.

“Kind of. Oops. Hey, it is your first one for tonight, after all you told me yesterday about weekend nights on shift, I wanted to get it in before the drunken women do.” Lucy laughs.

I let out a long chuckle, yeah, Fridays and Saturdays even Sunday nights on shift are interesting to say the least.

“So, what are you going to do tonight?” I ask her.

“Well, I found the series of Special Forces: Have You Got What It Takes on Netflix and well, one of the contestants looks vaguely familiar, so I am going to binge watch that.” She laughs.

I let out a low chuckle, my stomach doing a small flip knowing she will be watching me on that show. I suppose it will answer some of the questions she may have about the fire I was in, ... or make her run for the hills. Although, the more I get to know Lucy, the more I think she is someone who will support me rather than run away from me.

Crying erupts in the background.

“It’s okay Daunte, it will clean right up... Sorry Ben, got to go, Daunte has spilt his milk everywhere,” she tells me.

“Of course, I will text you later if I can, and see you tomorrow.” I smile at the thought of seeing her.

“Yeah, looking forward to it, stay safe Ben,” she tells me happily, before hanging up the call.

I walk into the station, it feels a little weird not seeing Davey sat reading his paper, but he had some family sh!t go down, so has taken this shift off. I wonder who they drag in to replace him for the night. I know we are short staffed. Given there is only me on clean-up and cooking detail tonight.

I hang up my coat and place my stuff into the locker, then head straight to the kitchen, wondering what I am going to make tonight. I will probably just go with plating up a boat load of sandwiches, and cut fruits, that we can easily grab between shouts. After all, after 9pm, most of the night will be sat in the engine parked in the City Centre, ready for if we are needed in one of the pubs and clubs.

Pulling out the loaves of bread, Josie arrives, heading to her locker.

“I will come give you a hand in a sec Ben,” she kindly offers.

I smile and nod at her. The rest of the gang arrive, Headache has a headache, Wayne is going on about how cool some YouTube bloke is, and Twinkle is m0aning about his 'Mrs.' and the designer handbag she has just bought then placed it in the wardrobe beside the designer shoes she never wears. Yellow Watch all leave giving us a wave, and shouting good luck, for tonight. As Josie runs over with a shy smile on her face.

"Hey, do you know who is on shift with us tonight?" I ask

"No, so have you told her about the room?" Josie whispers at me, whilst she takes hold of the b.utter knife and grabs half the bread.

"Yeah," I whisper back.

"And?" she grins up at me.

"She is okay with it, I made it clear it wasn't for any funny business." I smile.

"Cool, but will you be able to control your urges." Josie giggles slightly.

"I am going to have to, but honestly Josie, it was booked so she could get some rest, that fvcking*g brother's girlfriend is a joke," I sigh out.

"Kid's having kids." Josie shrugs, and I know she is right.

Station Officer Webber walks into the common room.

"Right, as you all know you are a man down tonight, as Davey had to have a personal day. Because we are short staffed. You lucky lot, have the joy of my company on the engine." He grins at us, as everyone supresses the gr0an. There is nothing worse than having your station officer in the engine watching your every move. Although Webber is an okay bloke, truth be told.

"Also, I know this is your last night shift, just to confirm you are back to work at 6am Wednesday for day shift. Now, Sunday next week will be your first day off-shift, but it is also the Family Fun Day, I need numbers of how many are coming, so if you can drop me an email before you are next on shift with how many you have coming, and what you are going to volunteer to help with on the day, please. At 21:00 hours if we are not on a shout, we will be taking the engine into the city to back up the other crews, our sp0t is to park between The Beehive, and the old Debenhams building, opposite the Point. I will see you all then, if not before." Webber announces then swaggers off to his office.

“So will you be bringing Lucy to the BBQ Day?” Josie asks.

“I don’t know, do you think I should?” I ask her.

“If you want to, definitely. Davey is bringing Kathline and Naughty Norman.” Josie smiles.

I nod, yeah, I think I may well invite her, but I need to get tomorrow sorted first.

“So how is it going with the Arsehole?” I ask.

Her face turns into a grimace, then she begins to snigger slightly.

“He messaged me, saying see you on Sunday,” she tells me, shaking her head.

“Oh.” Is all I respond.

“But that is what he thinks, I am going nowhere near the Aquatic Centre this Sunday, I am going to head up to Hetton, and use their pool.” She grins.

I let out a little laugh, she is going quite away out to avoid him. If I did not know any better, I would swear she is enjoying this cat-and-mouse game they are playing a little too much.

We pack up the sandwiches and place them into some Tupperware boxes, to put on the engine ready for sitting watching the piss heads go by tonight. Then cover the rest and place them in the fridge.

I text Lucy a couple of times, to find out Samantha never did return home, so she has put the kids to bed, not knowing when the ‘mother of the year’ will return. Seriously, it is annoying the hell out of me, how much that woman takes advantage. There is a special place in hell reserved for parents who do not give a sh!t about their kids.

Yeah, okay, I admit, my annoyance isn’t just because of Lucy, it has triggered something deep inside about my absentee father as well. I know how difficult it was for the mother to bring me up on her own, whilst he didn’t give a sh!t.

We sit in the engine parked in our sp0t as the drunken residents and visitors to Sunderland City Centre enjoy their night out. Yes, there have been many a

comment out how big my hose is, or if I am in proportion to my larger-than-average body.

“So, will your Mam be coming to the Family Fun Day this year Ben?” Station Officer Webber asks.

“Yeah, I am sure she will be; you know she loves a good party.” I laugh.

“Hum, yes, we missed her last year, and the year before,” he tells me, then continues to stare out the front window.

“Oh, y’all, look out my window, t**s!” Wayne laughs.

I shake my head, looking around, and see two girls, one with greasy bleached hair, and orange arms and legs, with her t-shirt up wagging her n.aked b.reasts in the window. My bl00d boils!

Before I know what I am doing, I am out of the engine, hands across my c.hest, glaring at her.

“Oh, it’s the giant who wants to fvck Cals pathetic sister,” Samantha shouts, laughing as she stumbles over her feet.

A low growl comes from my c.hest, as I take deep breaths to calm myself.

“Move along ladies,” Webber tells them.

“Hey, why go after her when I will give you a turn. I doubt she knows what to do with a d!ck anyway.” Samantha laughs with her friend.

“I suggest you go home to your children,” I growl out.

Josie is by my side, placing her hand on my arm, as Webber, gives me a look of surprise. I am never one to bite in these situations, but my annoyance and disgust for this woman before me has hit the limit of what I can control.

“Here mate, fvck off. I have given her a fvcking*g house to live in, least she can do is watch my kids for me,” she shouts.

I take a step forward, shaking my head.

“Here is a little tip for you. Sow your fanny up until you are prepared to look after what comes out of it!”

“Bishop, back in that engine. NOW!” Webber shouts and turning on my heel, I climb back into the fire engine as Josie comes in beside me, giving me a soft sympathetic look. What is worse, now the whole fvcking*g crew will know I have been seeing Lucy and I am in no mood for the banter that will come my way. sh!t!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 25 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View.

I wake up to searing pain in my head, as I land with the thud onto the floor. Startled and dazed I attempt to open my eyes when I feel a foot connecting with my ribs. Incoherent shouting echoes around the house waking up Daunte, as he begins to cry. As I try to get up off the floor to go up the stairs and soothe my nephew, I am greeted with a hand slapping me across the face.

Shaking my head, I look to see a drunk, angry Samantha yelling in my face. I do not know what it is about, nor do I care. All I am bothered about it going and soothing the two-year-old little boy who is obviously frightened right now, not that his poor-excuse-for-a-mother cares about that.

The front door opens to the house, and I see my brother grabbing Samantha by her waist as she twists and turns trying to get out of his grip. I stand to my feet, completely confused as to what has just happened, my head spinning, when I hear the back door close, the lock being turned as Cal, rushes past me to go to see to his little boy.

Samantha is banging her fists on the back door, screaming and shouting about being locked out of the house, and calling me all the b!tches under the sun.

I hear Daunte settle, and sit on the edge of the sofa, my head in my hands. I cannot do this anymore. I have to leave, it's unbearable.

Cal comes and sits alongside me, lifting my chin up with his finger, muttering, “fvck,” as he looks at my face.

“What the hell happened?” he asked, as he steps up and goes to the freezer bringing out a bag of frozen peas, wrapping them in a tea-towel, before sitting next to me and gently placing them on my face.

"I have no clue. I was asleep when the next thing I knew I was on the floor, and she was kicking the sh!t out of me," I sigh.

Tears spring into my eyes, as I shake my head, not knowing what the hell I should do, or where the hell I can go.

"Lucy, what has been happening? Tell me everything," Cal sighs, as the banging on the back door continues, but the shouting stops.

"Cal, I cannot stay here," I whisper out and look at my younger brother who just nods his head.

"Lucy, please, what has been happening?" he asks again.

"She is always out with her friends, and when she isn't, she is upstairs because she needs to nap. I have been recovering and looking after the kids. Don't get me wrong, I love those two, but she has not done a thing with them since I got here, apart from when you are home from work." I sigh out.

Cal nods his head, as if he already expected the answer.

"You are home from work early," I say looking at the clock, seeing it is just past midnight.

"Yeah, I was on my break when I saw her flashing her t**s at a fire engine, then getting into an argument with that fireman you are going out with tomorrow, or should I say today now," Cal sighed.

"What? She had an argument with Ben, what the hell?" I sigh.

"Yeah, she didn't know I was stood watching and listening, she offered him se.x, and basically he told her to go home and look after her kids, or words to that affect." Cal shook his head.

"Why didn't you tell me? And where the hell did she get the money from to go out?" Cal asked.

"I am sorry, you have enough on your plate without worrying about the kids and her not really looking after them." I sigh.

"No Lucy, if she is not looking after them, then I have a right to know. I cannot go to work and leave her with them, if she is neglecting them." He sighed.

"The money may be my fault as well. She demanded I give her £500 per month to live here and £50 per week for food, she said you wanted me to give it to her." I sigh.

"fvcking*g b***h, no way Lucy, we agreed you would give me £100 per month to cover the extra food, nothing more, and why the hell would you pay that to her," he all but shouted, then seeing I was about to cry he placed his arm around my shoulder.

"I am not mad at you Lucy, only her." He pulled me in for a h.ug, but I winced with the pain in my ribs.

Looking at me, he pulled up my PJ top.

"sh!t, she has bruised your ribs," he gritted out.

"I cannot stay here Cal," I repeated.

"I know, where will you go?" he asked.

"I have no clue. But Ben has booked us into the hotel tomorrow night, so I will have a think about it, see if I can find somewhere to stay that is cheap, until I get my first pay check." I shrugged.

"Lucy, I am not sure how much of that money you gave her is left, but I will check, and give you back what I can. I am so sorry sis." Cal sighs.

The banging on the back door stops, and I look towards the rear of the house wondering if she has wandered off or fallen asleep out there.

"What are you going to do about her?" I ask him.

"I cannot leave my kids Lucy. As much as I want to leave her, I cannot leave them. I am going to have to give up work. If she is not looking after them, I have no choice ... and get some legal advice." Cal shrugs.

I look at my brother, and my heart breaks anew.

"I feel this is all my fault Cal. If you find any money is left, you keep it. If you have to leave work, you are going to need it," I whisper to him.

“No Lucy, I will manage. It is not your fault, this has been going on since Dante was born, she has been going out cheating on me. When I am not at work, leaving the kids with me, but now I am seriously worried she has been going to bed all day and leaving the kids to fend for themselves.” He sighs.

“I wish Mam and Dad were here,” I sob out.

“Me too sis, Me too.”

My phone lights up, and I see a number of missed text messages from Ben.

I sigh, opening them, wondering what the hell had happened whilst I had slept.

Ben – Lucy, I am so sorry, I think I have caused you some sh!t. Saw Samantha out, and I kind of lost it a bit xxx

Ben – I am not sure if you are awake, but I am sorry Lucy, I should not have got involved, I hope you forgive me xxx

Ben – When you wake up, please let me know you are okay. xxx

I look at the texts, then up at Cal.

“It’s Ben apologising.” I sigh.

“He seems like a nice guy, when she offered herself to him, he was fuming that she had spoken badly of you. Then told her to sow her fanny up until she was prepared to look after what came out of it.” Cal smirked at my shocked face.

“He isn’t wrong.” I shrug.

Lucy – it is not your fault, Cal saw the whole thing, don’t worry, I will see you tomorrow, stay safe xxx

“Are you going to tell him about this?” Cal asks, removing the frozen peas from my face and placing them onto my ribs.

“He feels guilty enough but given the mark on my face I think I may have to.” I shrug.

“Okay, try to get some sleep Lucy, I am going to go and get her back in the house, I will not let her come near you, I promise.” Cal sighs.

I lay back down on the sofa and listen as he opens the back door.

“You locked me out, you fvcking*g cunt,” Samantha shouts.

“Yeah, go to bed Sam, we will talk in the morning about this,” Cal gently tells her, then walks her through the living room, leading her to the stairs, taking her drunken a.ss to bed.

I am woken up by the kids as Cal brings them down for breakfast.

“Hey, no climbing on aunty Lucy, she needs her rest,” Cal tells them, nicely but firmly.

“It is okay; I am up.” I sigh, folding the blankets and putting them in the cupboard under the stairs.

A gentle knock on the door, makes me look over at Cal. He goes to answer it, as I gather the kids wondering who the hell it was at half six on a morning.

Ben stands in the doorway, as Cal stands to one side, motioning for him to come in.

“Hey.” I smile.

Ben looks down at the bruise on my face, and gasps slightly.

“What happened? I am so sorry Lucy,” he says, his eyes swirling with a mixture of sorrow, and anger as he gently cups my face in his hand.

Cal ushers the kids into the kitchen to give us some privacy.

“When she got in, she beat me up whilst I was asleep. Cal came in and stopped her. He was on his break from work and saw the whole thing. Her flashing the engine, you telling her to go home and look after her kids. He even saw and heard her offering you se.x, and what you said to her in response.” I sigh.

Ben nodded his head, then pulled me into his h.uge c.hest, I winced with pain from my ribs, and he halted looking down at me.

“Yeah, I got a good kicking in the ribs.” I sigh.

“sh!t, Lucy, this is all my fault, if I had just ignored her none of this would be happening to you,” He whispered.

“It is honestly not your fault, I believe this would have happened no matter what, she was looking for an excuse.” I shrugged.

“Do you want to cancel tonight?” Ben whispered.

I snapped my head up and looked at him, that was the last thing I wanted to do, but maybe after all this he had changed his mind.

“Why, do you?” I asked, tears forming in my eyes, as I attempted to blink them away, but one strayed onto my cheek.

“Definitely not, I just thought you might have changed your mind after I confronted that woman.” He sighed, wiping away my tear with his large thumb.

“No, I am seriously looking forward to it. I have been all week.” I offer him a soft smile.

“Me too. Lucy, I cannot leave you here, not with her doing this to you. Honestly, since our first meeting I have wanted to get you out of this place, it has been driving me mad, the thought of you living like this.” Ben sighed looking down at me.

“I know, I am going to enjoy tonight, then tomorrow I am looking for a room to rent, as I do not want to come back.” I tell him my plan.

“What about a room that you can stay, without paying rent?” Ben asks.

I look at him confused.

“Lucy, I have three bedrooms, I use one, there are two spares. You can stay in one of those as long as you need. Get yourself back on your feet. Or if you don’t feel comfortable with that, the mother will put you up, no questions asked. If that is too weird, I know Josie will help as well, she has a spare room,” Ben tells me, his eyes locked with mine.

“I don’t want to be a nuisance, Ben.” I sigh.

"You won't be, you will be doing me a favour, stopping me from worrying about you all the time." He smiles down at me. My heart leaps in my chest.

Cal walks to the cupboard under the stairs, grabbing the two bin liners of clothes I have, and plonks them on the floor.

"Lucy, I love you sis, take the man up on the offer." Cal winks at me.

Ben looks down at me and I nod slightly.

"Good, let's get you out of here, and back home." Ben grabs hold of the bags, as Cal grabs my jacket slinging it over my shoulders. Then in my PJ's, a denim jacket, a pair of fluffy slippers, with two bin liners full of clothes and shoes, I leave the house that has been like a living hell for me and climb into the front of Ben's car.

"It is only till I get my first pay check and find somewhere to rent," I tell him wanting him to know I would not take advantage of his kind nature.

"That is fine. Now, I need some sleep, and I bet you do to, before we go out on our actual date." Ben grins, putting the car into gear, and heading off towards his home.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 26 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

I am still shaking with anger, unable to calm myself down, having found Lucy covered in bruises. Thankfully she is all settled in my spare room. It has a double bed in there, a wardrobe and large chest of draws, so she should be a lot more comfortable than she has been on that thread bare lumpy sofa. She had gratefully climbed into bed, as soon as we got her things into the house. The dark circles under her eyes, show me just how knackered she is, along with the fact, I am sure she was asleep before I even got out of her room.

I climb into bed, stripping down to my boxers, I guess I am going to have to remember to keep my bottom half covered from now on, rather than sleep commando in the heat, like I normally do.

I let out a contented sigh, wondering if I am going to wake up from a dream. She is here; granted, I hate how she ended up here, but I cannot stop the

smile on my face that she is with me now, safe and sound, just across the hall. I set my alarm for 1pm, we can check in at the hotel anytime after 3pm, and I am determined to make this a great night, for both of us. She deserves the treat, after going through so much, closing my eyes I drift off to sleep dreaming of the girl just across the hall, who is now staying in my house, and they are good, ... no, very good dreams.

The buzzing of the alarm wakes me up from my slumber. Listening to the song which was playing on the radio, I turned over in my bed to face the door. A sense of peace washes over me, knowing that Lucy is laid just across the narrow hall. Stretching out the dull ache in my tense scared back, I sit up throwing my legs over the side, then pick up a pair of jogging bottoms and pull them on. Heading downstairs, I boil the kettle, making two mugs of tea, then head back up to Lucy's room. Knocking softly on her door, there is no response, so I quietly let myself in, hoping I am not overstepping my boundaries, but I really need to wake her up if we are going to get to Lumley Castle on time. As I enter the room, I watch as she sleeps, her leg slung over the bedcovers. Her pink pyjama bottoms riding up to just below her knee. Her brown hair wafted against the white of the pillowcase. She is so damned beautiful. My breath is literally taken away. Feeling like a creep, I shake my head, then place her tea on the bedside table, before sitting on the edge of her bed, and gently stroking her hair to wake her up.

"Lucy, we need to get ready," I softly whisper to her, not wanting to give her a fright when she wakes.

"Lucy." I smiled down at her as she blinks open her eyes, she looks so innocent and totally cute.

A wide smile as if she had won the biggest toy on the Hopping's fairground, spreads over her face, making my heart jump in my chest.

"Hey sleeping beauty." I grin down at her.

"Hey handsome prince." She giggles at me.

I laugh at her response as she realises what she has said, and a blush invades her cheeks.

"I made you a cup of tea, sit up and drink it, then we have to pack our things for tonight. We can check in anytime after three, so thought we could go early, get dressed up at the hotel, and just relax for a bit."

I stand up to leave, when she looks up at me, biting the inside of her cheek, a look of concern clouding her face.

“Ben, can I ask you something?” she whispers.

I take a breath, her voice does not sound confident, and instantly I worry what she wants to talk about.

“Yeah, sure,” I say, wondering if I should sit back on the edge of the bed or not.

“I am sorry if this upsets you, but I watched the episode where you were interviewed last night,” she says, looking down.

I sigh and nod my head.

“Is that what the scar on your back is from?” she asks.

“Yeah.” I nod ... my simple reply.

“You were my first rescue since that day,” I tell her, looking down at my feet.

“Is that why you want to help me so much?” she asks.

There is no malice in her tone, nor accusation, it is just a question she wants to know the answer to. I look around and lock eyes with her.

“No, I don’t think so. When we got out of the fire, and I looked in your eyes, as corny as it sounds, I was dumb struck at just how hauntingly beautiful you were. At first, I wondered if it was because you were my first rescue, that I could not stop thinking about you. But after I came with the donations for you, I knew it was because of you and I would be just as enamoured if I had met you in the street. It is weird, but I really did feel an instant attraction, and that has only intensified the more I get to know you. So, the answer is no, it is not just because you were my first fire rescue after I returned to work, because I know I would have been just as attracted to you no matter how we met.” I smile softly at her.

Lucy nods, then looks down swirling the tea in her cup.

"I get that, I thought I was fixating on you because you saved my life. But I don't think that is the case, I mean you are gorgeous so, yeah, I would have always been attracted to you, but it is more about who you are as a person, than anything else." She smiled up at me.

My stomach does a flit, as my heart leaps in my chest, and I lean over her, tilting her chin up with my finger, and place a soft peck on her perfect lips. Even just that fleeting kiss feels like my body explodes into pleasurable tingles, like the stuff the mother reads in her romance books. Placing my forehead against hers I smile.

"So, I am gorgeous huh? Even with the scar?" I ask, I suppose I am trying to feel out if she is okay with it.

"The scar is not ugly to me, in fact, I find it beautiful Ben, it is a permanent reminder of the selfless, gentle, amazing person you are." Lucy softly smiles at me.

fuck me! A well of emotions build up in my chest, threatening to consume me. I swallow down the lump in my throat at her words. The most I had hoped for, was that she was not put off by the gnarled ugly skin, but she just called it beautiful, and I have no idea when I turned into a mushy sod, but her thinking of it in such a positive way has me feeling vulnerable. The feeling does not scare me senseless, like I thought it would, because even though I have known her for just a couple of weeks, I trust her completely, and I do not understand why.

"Thank you," I whisper.

"No need to thank me, it is the truth." She smiles, then reaches out with her finger and gently traces the outline of the scruff on my jaw, sending a shiver of delight through my body, straight to my groin.

"Okay, well we have to get sorted out. You drink your tea. I will bring you a holdall to pack your stuff for tonight in." I smile at her, because I need to escape the room, before she sees my evident admiration for her through my joggers.

"Ben, I need a shower. I never brought any shower gel or shampoo with me," she says, suddenly panicked.

"Or make up!" she looks wide eyed.

“There will be complimentary toiletries at the hotel. You do not need make-up because you are beautiful as you are. However, if we get sorted now, we can pop in the shops on Sea Road. There are chemists and small supermarkets, so we should be able to get everything you need.” I grin at her as she sighs in relief.

“Okay, so I am going to go pull a t-shirt on, and pack a bag, I will bring you a holdall, let’s get this show on the road.” I grin at her.

After a small argument in the chemists over who was paying for her toiletries and make-up, which I won by just passing the checkout girl my card, as Lucy was grabbing her purse out of her bag. We finally pull up outside Lumley Castle. The receptionist hands us the keys for one of the rooms in the courtyard. We walk over the cobbles, and enter the courtyard area, finding our twin room.

Lucy unpacks her stuff, as I dive in the shower. The room is, how should I put this, quaint, which really means, far too small for me, and I have to watch my head constantly against the beams in the ceiling. However, it does have that old world feel to the place, and Lucy’s eyes lit up when she saw it, so that is a big tick in the box for me, even if I do bump my head when I walk around the room.

Finished with my shower, I wrap a towel around my waist, and head into the bedroom. Lucy looks up, then freezes, her eyes trailing up-and-down my body. Her soft pink lips slightly parted, and to say it makes me feel good, is an understatement. I cannot control the chuckle that comes out of my mouth at her obvious lust-filled reaction, kind of glad I will not be the only one struggling on that front tonight, and her face goes bright red from the neck up.

“Erm, yeah, sorry, I will let you get ready, I will go into the shower,” she stammers adorably, then picks up her new toiletries, and her clothes, then brushes past me in this tiny room to make good her escape to the bathroom. Do not think for a moment I missed the slight feel of her protruding nipples against my arm through her thin t-shirt as she passed me, because trust me, I didn’t, and now I am glad she has disappeared as the towel around my waist is now a full-on tent.

Grabbing a pair of black dress pants, I team it with a pale blue button-down shirt, leaving the collar open and rolling up the sleeves to my elbows, as it is a warm night, and the dress code says smart casual.

Lucy walks out of the bathroom. My breath is taken away, like I have been sucker punched. She is beautiful normally, but stood here in a tight black dress, with a rounded neck, and three-quarter sleeves, that clings to every curve on her perfect body, landing just below her knee makes her room-silencing stunning. A rose-gold coloured long necklace that has a knot halfway down draws my eyes to her perfect breasts. Her legs go on for miles, as she stands in a pair of black heels. Fuck me, how am I going to keep my hands off this goddess. She is utter perfection, and this is another outfit I owe Josie a favour for.

"You look, fuck, ... sorry Lucy, I have no adjective to describe just how stunning you are," I breathe, as my length strains against the constraints of my trousers, almost to the point of pain.

Lucy blushes, placing a strand of her long brown hair that hangs in perfect waves behind her ear, which is adorable, and is doing nothing to help my Hard situation right now.

"You look handsome." She smiles up at me.

"Thank you." I grin down at her.

Hell, I could quite easily forget the banquet meal, and just sit in this room, staring at her all night, and die a happy man.

I realise I am standing gawking at her and really need to say something.

"So would Madam like to accompany me to the library bar for a pre-banquet cocktail or two." I grin down at her, sounding like a complete and utter geek.

"Why yes, kind sir, I would like that very much." Lucy grins back at me.

Okay, not so geeky after all. I open the wooden door that leads into the cobbled courtyard and allow Lucy to go first, locking the door, then place my arm out, as she laughs, linking it with her own, and we head over the cobblestones, into the main castle building ready to start our official first date.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 27 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View.

We walked through the corridors of the large castle, now turned into a hotel, my arm through Ben's as he smiled down at me, his grey eyes swirling with what looked like pride. Reaching the 'Library Bar', we entered together relaxed and happy.

The bar was full of people all dressed up in their best finery, sitting in the large plush seats, each of them took a second to pause, turning towards us to see who had entered their domain. I feel like all eyes were on us, ordinary me, with this giant Adonis-of-a-man by my side.

Some of the women gazed at him, their eyes clouded with lust, then looked at me, jealousy dancing in their dilated pupils, clearly not understanding why such a man was with plain old me. I understood their confusion because I could not believe he was with me either.

Men looked at Ben with a great deal of scepticism, whilst others made no attempt to cover the fear they felt at seeing such an imposing man walk into a domain where those who wanted to have the appearance of being refined and having wealth for one night, sat sipping on their drinks, in the opulent surroundings of the North East's premier hotel, that had stood for over 600 years, once the home of Lords and Ladies.

I looked up at him, wondering what these people really saw, when they looked at my personal hero? Why they had a look of fear in their eyes? Because to me, this hulk was the kindest, most considerate, most humble, and gentlest of men you could ever wish to meet. He was my saviour, in more ways than one. Glancing down, Ben held my gaze, a small smirk on his lips.

"It seems we have an audience." His voice low, unless you were stood right beside him, you would never hear it.

I nodded, unsure what to say.

"It also appears I am the envy of almost all of the men in this place, because I have you on my arm." He grinned, giving me a playful wink.

"I think they are more envious of your muscle mass." I snickered slightly.

I am not one for being the centre of attention, unless at work, where I ooze the confidence required to convince business owners to part with their hard-earned cash and trust me to turn it into more, marketing their company. But at home, on the street, in a bar, I prefer to slip by unnoticed. Standing with Ben, I

knew that hiding in plain sight was never going to be achievable. Rather than fill me with nervousness or insecurity, I felt confident, and the now-familiar feeling of safety whenever I am with him washed over me.

“What would you like to drink?” his deep baritone voice asked, causing a shudder of undiluted lust to wash through my body like a tidal wave.

“Erm, I think a glass of wine, please.” I smile up at him.

I am not a wine drinker, preferring a cold pint of lager, but given where we are, I have to at least put up an appearance of fitting in.

Ben looked at me, a small frown on his handsome face, as if scrutinizing my choice. Leaning into me, he whispered softly in my ear. “If we were not here, what would you be drinking? Because I can see in your eyes, it is not a glass of wine.”

Blinking up at him, another wave of tingles rushed through my body, just from the knowledge that this man, who in the grand scheme of things hardly knew me, had read me like an open book.

“I would normally have a pint,” I whispered back, the heat on my cheeks revealing my embarrassment, wondering what he would think of a girl drinking pints of lager rather than a more lady-like drink.

“Good choice, I think I will join you.” Ben grinned.

“Two pints of lager please,” Ben ordered from the barman, then took hold of both when they were served, and led us to a table in a secluded corner of the posh bar.

Placing the drinks in front of us, he placed his giant frame in the cream Chesterfield-style chair opposite my own.

“Lucy, don’t try and change who you are to fit in, especially not when you are with me, because I think you are perfect just as you are.” He smiled.

My pulse soars at his words. After all, there is not a girl who would not swoon at being told they are perfect just as they were. Isn’t that the dream?

“How are you not taken?” I ask, my mouth open before my brain had time to engage.

Ben chuckles, then leans towards me. "I am hoping that I am now, or soon will be." He winks.

"You have got game Firefighter Bishop." I laugh.

"Not really, but I am trying very hard to impress you. I guess the question is, is it working?"

I giggle then place my thumb and finger slightly apart, holding them up to him. "Maybe just a little bit."

Ben chuckles taking another gulp of his pint, as I sip at my own.

The room is brought to a hush, as a man dressed in Elizabethan costume enters the bar.

"MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE BANQUETING HALL."

He shouts, I let out a small giggle, as Ben downs his pint, then nods to mine, and I follow suit. As I stand, he reaches out for my hand, engulfing it, then intertwining our fingers, we follow the crowds as bagpipes welcome us into the banqueting hall.

Long wooden tables sit in rows, in front of a stage area, the seats are long benches. Each place setting is a single plate, with one two-pronged fork, a silver wine goblet to the side, and a large bib to cover your clothes.

As Ben sits down, the whole bench moves, as I shuffle in beside him, his leg brushing against mine, heightening my arousal. The five-course meal is served as we are entertained by the lords and ladies of the court, all dressed in Elizabethan clothing. The atmosphere is electric, as we are served goblets of mead and red wine to drink with the traditional fayre.

We laugh, joke, and just enjoy living in the moment, stabbing our meat with our folk, and pulling it free with our fingers, then washing them in a bowl of water with lemon in. Gone are my worries for my brother and his children. My housing situation is not given a second thought. Nor is my mind filled with thoughts of the fire. For the first time in what feels like forever, I am relaxed and totally happy.

The meal over, we are led by the staff down some stone steps into another room, where a DJ is set up in the corner, and modern music replaces Greensleeves. Ben pulls me onto the dance floor, where we bop the night away, doing the Y.M.C.A. along with Gangnam style, laughing and joking together. The music slows, and Ben wraps his arms around my waist pulling me into his rock-hard chest as we gently sway to the music. His fingers begin to trail up and down my spine, as the alcohol chases away all my inhibitions. I let out a small gasp as I feel the large bulge in his trousers pressing against me.

"You are so beautiful," he whispers in my ear.

My body begins to pulse with need, want, desire, as I blink up at him. Unconsciously, I press myself even further towards him, enjoying the feel of his body against mine.

"f*ck Lucy, I am trying to be a gentleman here, but if you keep moving like that against me, all bets are off," Ben growls huskily in my ear.

His arms tighten around me, his large fingers still gently moving up-and-down my spine. My arousal is pooling out of me. I could easily forget everything, lose myself in this moment, give this man my all, right here, right now. I have waited my whole life to find someone with a connection that would give me the confidence to offer myself to them. I had held on to my innocence through my teenage years, an old-fashioned standpoint for many, then after witnessing first-hand the consequences of impulsive decisions when I saw my brother, it had only strengthened my resolve to wait for that special someone. Yet here I am, in Ben's arms, wanting him so much that all my fears of intimate connections disappear into thin air, knowing that if he tries to take me, I am powerless to resist him.

Ben tilts his head down, his lips finding mine, as fireworks erupt all over me. His tongue presses against the seam of my lips, and he lets out a low groan as I part them. His tongue invades my mouth, as I melt into the kiss, passion overflowing. His hand moves upwards, grasping the back of my head, as our lips move in sync with each other, our tongues dancing together, exploring each other. The music stops, and the lights go back on, and breathless we break our embrace.

My cheeks are flushed, as Ben takes hold of my hand, and leads me out of the room, through the stone corridors, out into the courtyard and through the doorway into the bedroom area. Opening the wooden slat door to our room. I

walked inside, my heart beating out of my chest. Ben closes it behind us, locking it, then takes hold of my arm, gently pulling me towards him once more.

Our lips collide with each other, the kiss turning frenzied. Lifting me up as if I weigh nothing at all, he gently lays me on my bed, his mouth never leaving mine. I let out soft moans, as my body goes on high alert. This is better than I could ever have imagined, his lips leave mine as he trails kisses along my jaw to my ear.

"Tell me to stop Lucy, because I am losing control." His voice was gruff, almost sounding in pain.

"I don't know if I can," I whisper back, not ashamed of my honest confession.

Ben groaned, his lips finding purchase with my own once more. I am lost in a heady world of bliss, unable to have a coherent thought, all that matters is him, this feeling. The world and its problems are just a haze in the distance.

"Lucy, I want you to know, I do not normally do this. I haven't done this in years," Ben groaned out between kisses.

"I haven't done this, ever." I sigh as he kisses my neck, the feeling hitting me straight between my legs.

"What are you telling me?" Ben whispered, halting the kisses, his eyes boring into mine as if to see my very soul.

"I have never done this," I softly whisper, my cheeks beginning to burn with my confession.

Ben rolls off me, gathering me so that I am laid on his hard chest.

"shit Lucy, you're a virgin?" he asks,

I nod my head, looking down. His finger finds my chin as he tilts my face up to his.

"Lucy, I want you, so much, but I will not do this tonight. I want you to completely trust me, and for me to earn the gift of your virginity, ... if you give it to me. I do not want your first time to be a thing of regret because you are vulnerable right now," He whispers.

My cheeks burn feeling embarrassed that I was going to just give him my everything, yet he has refused me.

“Lucy, don’t be embarrassed. I want this more than you will ever know. But I have too much respect for you, for us, to do this now. You deserve the world, and I will give it to you. I want you to have no regrets. I like you Lucy, hell it is more than just like. I have never felt this strong connection with anyone, especially not so soon after meeting them, but I do with you. So, please no embarrassment, not between us. Because once I have you, I promise you, I will never let you go,” he whispers softly to me.

My emotions are jumbled up in my mind. I am both swooning at his words, and feeling like something is wrong with me, in equal measure.

“Hey, let’s get ready for bed. I want to hold you in my arms till we fall asleep. Then tomorrow, when we go home, we will plan another date, and the next, and the next. Then, when everything is perfect and you know how you really feel about me, we will take the next step.” He smiles down at me, placing a soft k!ss on my forehead.

I go grab my PJ’s and head to the bathroom to get changed. His words comforted me, and now I have had a chance to breathe, I know he is right. As I walk out the bathroom, he is laid taking up the whole of the twin bed, in just a pair of tight black boxer briefs, and I wonder how the heck we are both supposed to sleep in it.

Gently, he reaches out and takes my hand, pulling me towards him.

“I don’t think we will both fit.” I start to giggle a little.

“Oh, we will manage.” Pulling me onto the bed, then moving so I am laid on top of his hard body, his arms wrapped around me, he softly k!sses my head.

“Night, night sleeping beauty.” He chuckles, as my eyes begin to grow heavy.

“Night, night, handsome prince,” I whispered back as I drifted off to sleep in his arms.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 28 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Anders Point of View

Grabbing my phone, I check it for messages. I don't know why I am bothering myself, because the message I want to receive is never on my phone, no matter what I try!

It is driving me crazy, other than one text to say she had received the information I sent her last week about the job for Lucy Dixon. There has been nothing but radio silence since.

I had made a sizable donation to the Firefighters Benevolent Fund, not to impress Josie, but because I really did feel sh!t about the trouble that I had caused her Station Officer, in my bid to see her again. Also, after listening to Lucy tell me about the fire, and just what the fire crew had done to help her, even after saving her life, I knew that the money I allocated for charitable donations needed to go to help those families who had paid the ultimate sacrifice so that others could be saved. The fact it might score me some "Good Guy" points with Josie was just an added bonus. But she had not even acknowledged what I had done.

I had also sent multiple text messages, like some sap with no game, asking if she was, okay? Telling her I was grateful she had put me in touch with Lucy and that I had given her the Sales Director's position. I even sent one stating I was going to bed and 'Night, Night.' What did I get back?

Nothing.

Nada.

Zilch.

It was driving me round the bend that she could just ignore me, when I was trying to be a nice guy for her. I am sure she wants me as much as I want her. Our coffee last week told me as much. The way she flushed slightly, the dilation of her eyes, her fingers twirling around her still slightly damp hair when we spoke, was giving me all the information I needed. So how could she just act like I did not exist? Especially when she was consuming my every thought, every day and definitely every night!

I decided then to up my game, sending some flowers, with a message that I was sure would piss her off so much that she would send me some kind of 'fvck off' message, which would open the lines of communication. But still, she did nothing. Finally, I messaged I would see her today, and now all I could

hope was to accidentally on purpose bump into her at the Aquatic centre once more.

Swimming, sh!t, my fear of water was not going away anytime soon. The first lesson had been utter t0rture. Not only did I look like a prize prick in my bright luminous yellow arm floats, but the fact that they tried to get us accustomed to the water, by insisting we place our heads under. I nearly got out of the pool and gave up at that instruction. However, seeing Josie glide through the water, in the fast-swimming lane just beside my lesson section, and just how fvcking*g gorgeous she was in her swimsuit, I managed to dunk my head in the water, and not run out of the pool, screaming like a little girl being chased around a playground by a little boy with a worm.

I felt my length pulse in my navy joggers, as the image of her in that swimsuit flashed through my mind once more. Damn, it did something for her perfect body, plus the water in the pool, which was supposed to be warm, but clearly wasn't, had made her n!pples stand out like pyramids.

I glanced down at my groin that was now protruding outwards, letting out a low gr0an. This woman was going to be the death of me. I mean, I am sure I read somewhere someone had died from having too many wanks in a day. Granted, that was probably internet bullsh!t, but still, it was a genuine concern, given how much I had 'pulled my pudd' thinking about Josie in the pool this past week.

I gave my head a small shake, both figuratively and literally, to rid the vision that was playing on repeat, heading into my large ensuite bathroom, grabbing a fresh bath towel, before grabbing my swim shorts, and rolling them up in the large soft bathsheet, then grab my shower gel, shampoo, and deodorant, balancing them on the top of the rolled up towel, which was a lot more problematic than anticipated, given they all fell off after a couple of steps, then add them to my back pack.

Making my way down to my large farmhouse-style kitchen, I grabbed the kettle, and filled it with water. fvck I miss my housekeeper on a Sunday, normally a pot of freshly ground, perfectly made coffee awaits me on a morning, but as it is one of her two days off per week, I am reduced to grabbing the instant coffee out of the cupboard and making my own. Yeah, I know, rich spoil b.rat problems.

I grab a couple of breakfast bars, not wanting to eat too much, before I go into that infernal swimming pool again, as fear begins to rear its ugly head once more.

I close my eyes and focus on something other than my perceived impending doom heading my way, thinking about Wednesday this week instead.

To say I am happy about Miss Lucy Dixon joining my team is an understatement. She is perfect for the job. Her knowledge of sales is amazing, but more than that, she understands how to package things together and make them more attractive, thus gaining more money from the client. She can also look at analytics, and discern them within minutes, an added bonus when going back to the client after their campaign is finished. She is confident, personable, and when asked some tricky questions about leading a team, she has some innovative ideas that I actually really like. I am more than confident she will do amazing things, and quickly. All I have to worry about is if her doctors will sign her fit for work so that she can start her employment with us this week, as planned.

When I had finished the interview and looked out of the window to the car park, I saw that giant firefighter with a big smile on his face greet her. I cannot help but be happy that even though he told me Josie was like a sister to him, he was obviously interested in Lucy, making my path clear to pursue my feisty firefighter, if she ever returns my calls and texts.

Finishing off my coffee and breakfast bars, I head into the laundry room and grab a white V-necked t-shirt that is hanging on the clotheshorse, pulling it on, then picking up my backpack once more, I head out to the garage and jump into my beloved Porsche 911, rolling down the top, as the weather is still quite warm, a full couple of weeks with sunshine is not a common occurrence, so best make the most of it. I put the bag into the footwell of the passenger side of the car, then reverse out of the garage. As I drove past the beach, I cannot help but wonder what Josie would look like sitting beside me, the wind in her long blonde hair. fvcking*g hell, I need to stop this sh!t, because I am being wh!pped by a woman who is little more than a figment of my imagination right now!

I pull up at the back of the Aquatic Centre, grab my backpack and lock the doors, but do not put the top up on the car. Walking round the building, a small smile formed on my lips. Not long now, till I see Josie and my heart skips with excitement at the prospect.

As I enter the changing village, yep, that is what they call it, a changing village! I find a free cubical and get changed. Walking out, I head to the lockers and place the bag in and take my key, before heading to the showers to rinse myself off before going into the pool. Grabbing the fvcking*g yellow monstrosities and placing three on each arm, I headed out to the side of the pool waiting for the sp0tty-faced teenager who is my swimming instructor to arrive.

As I wait, I watch both entrances to the pool, hoping to grab a glimpse of the feisty firefighter who has gone out of her way to ignore me. She is not here, and my stomach sinks. Disappointment descends like a cloud, and a wave of anger rises up inside me.

My sp0tty teenage instructor arrives and instructs us all to get into the water. My anger is soon replaced by fear as I walk down the steps, clinging onto the side of the pool wall.

“Okay ladies and gents, if you have arm floats, please can you remove them and placed them on the side. Your feet can touch the bottom of the pool, so don’t panic.”

Taking a breath for courage, I remove the hideous yellow arm-floats and place them on the side where I am clinging to the edge for dear life.

“Great, now I am going to pass each of you a foam float board. Once you have it, I want you to place your upper torso onto the board, holding it either side with your hands, then using your legs in a scissor motion I would like you all to swim up and down this section of the pool.” The pimple faced, pre-pubescent boy smiles at us.

I take another breath for courage, schooling my face, to not show the sheer terror I am feeling and grab the board, placing it under my c.hest as instructed, then kicking my legs I make my way to the end of the pool, never leaving the edge, so I can grab hold of it if need be. As I turn around and swim back up, I am looking at the entrances to the pool, and still cannot see my feisty firefighter.

“Anders isn’t it.” The sp0tty boy from Atlantis shouts over to me.

I nodded my head in response, not really up for a conversation with anyone other than a certain blonde firefighter with long blond hair and the best body I have ever seen in a swimsuit.

“If you can move away from the edge and go more into the centre of the area for me, please,” he shouts.

fvck, I don't even think his voice has broken yet! However, he knows how to swim, and I don't, so I move a few steps away, then set off again, clinging to my board for dear life once more. Reaching the top of the area, I turned around, and kicked off again, only I had not centred myself properly. I begin to wobble like crazy.

Panic becomes my best friend as I search for the teenager. Only, he is not looking at me. No, the sp0tty fvcker is too busy fl!rting with a girl in a two-piece, and I roll over under the water. I gasped, taking in a lung full of pool water. I feel myself sinking to the bottom. Memories flood my brain of being dragged under by the tide in the North Sea, and I am paralyzed with fear. I do not even think about putting my feet onto the floor, as once more I feel like I am drowning.

Suddenly, I am dragged up to the surface of the water, rolled onto my back as a hand clasped me under my chin, and I am dragged to the side, coughing and spluttering half the swimming pool water out of my lungs.

Two more hands reach over and pull me onto the side of the pool, as the instructor from kindergarten rolls me onto my side. I blinked my eyes, and I think I must have died. Stood over me, dripping wet, with her hands on her hips, looking like an angel sent from heaven, but with fire as hot as hell dancing in her eyes, shouting with disgust at the sp0tty teenager from Atlantis, is Josie. How the fvck is she here, when she wasn't a few moments ago?

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 29 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Josie's Point of View.

I am standing, loudly letting the stupid swimming teacher know exactly what I think of him, as Anders pulls himself up off the floor, then storms off in the direction of the showers. I had wondered if I should come here this morning, after arriving at the Hetton Centre swimming pool, only for it to be closed. Now I am glad that I did. No sooner than I got into my fast-swimming lane, I saw Anders go under, the swimming teacher too busy fawning over a girl in a bikini to even notice. I swam under the lane barriers and dragged him out to the side. Only then did the i***t in charge of teaching adults to swim notice one of his students had practically drowned.

"I will go see if he is okay," the instructor announced, as if he was doing the world a favour.

"Don't bother, you have these people to look after, maybe do your fvcking*g job, a.ssh0le!" I rage at his stupidity, before storming off towards the showers, to check on Anders.

As I round the corner and head to the shower area, I stop in my tracks. Anders is slumped on the floor against the wall under the stream of water, his face pale, and shaking like a leaf, quite clearly terrified out of his wits.

Taking a breath, I walk over, standing in front of him. I know he is terrified, but he needs to get back into the water as soon as possible.

"Hey," I gently say to him.

He doesn't respond, only sits shaking his head in his hands. I go beside him and sat on the floor, pulling my legs up to my c.hest.

"Anders," I softly speak once more.

Still no response. Okay, I need to pull him out of the place his mind has obviously gone.

"Oi, arse wipe, I am talking to you!" I shout at him.

Slowly he raises his head and glares at me.

"fvck off Josie," he whispers.

Okay, good, he is speaking and knows who I am. It is a start.

"I will, soon, but first you need to get back into the water," I tell him.

"What part of the words 'fvck Off' do you not understand?" he shouts up at me.

"About the same amount as you understand, I will not go out with you," I grin down at him, hoping to push his b.uttons, just so he gets in that water to piss me off.

"Don't worry, I got that message loud and clear, now leave me the fvck alone Firefighter Edwards," he growls at me.

“With pleasure, Mr. Maxwell, as soon as you go back into the water,” I stubbornly reply, because as much as he doesn’t want to go back into the pool, he has to get in the water, as soon as possible, before he loses his nerve all together.

“NO! I am never getting into that pool again,” Anders spits at me, but at least he is shaking a lot less than he was, so my ploy is hopefully beginning to work.

I take a breath and shuffle over closer to him.

“You know, when I first joined the brigade, I had a close call, climbing up some ladders. I nearly fell 20-feet off them. To say that I was terrified of heights after that, is an understatement. Ben, who you have met, well, him and a guy called Davey, who are my best friends at work, wouldn’t let me leave the station, until I got back on that ladder. I hated them for pushing me, but eventually I gave in, after hours of arguing, and slowly got up the ladder again. They then got on the hydraulic platform, and came up beside me, so I wasn’t alone. They were right, of course, because you cannot have a firefighter who is terrified of heights. After that, every day for a week, I was forced by my two friends to climb that fvcking*g ladder. I tell you, I plotted how to k!!! them every day, from putting poison in the cakes I bake, to murdering them when they went for a lie down between shouts. But it worked, because I am no longer terrified of the ladders, and can do my job. So ... Mr. Maxwell, hate me, shout at me as much as you like, but you, are not giving up on learning to swim. I will not let you.”

Anders looks over to me, shaking his head at me.

“Un-fvcking-believable, careful Firefighter Edwards, I may think you care.” Anders gr0ans at me in annoyance.

“Oh, I don’t, but it is fun to watch you pissed off. Now you want rid of me? Then get back in the fvcking*g water,” I say with determination.

“No, I am not going back in, not here. I will never come back to these swimming lessons again,” He growled out.

Now that is something I can get on board with, because what I just witnessed was not good. I will also be making a complaint. It is strange, because the

lifeguards and instructors are normally fantastic here, but to be fair, I have never seen this kid who was doing the lessons before, and the centre needs to know he is incompetent.

“I will teach you,” I offer, the words out of my mouth before I could stop them.

sh!t, what have I done? Why do I always need to help people? Why could I not just leave this asshole to his own devices?

Anders turns and looks at me, his eyes still wide with annoyance and he lets out a sarcastic laugh.

“YOU, will teach ME? Yeah right.” He shakes his head.

“If that is what it takes to get you to stop being a p.ussy and get back in that water. Then yes, I will teach you,” I say with a determination I did not really feel, inwardly cursing myself once more.

Shaking his head in disbelief, a smile spread across his face, his eyes changed from being full of fear, to holding a challenge.

“Okay, on one condition.” He grins at me.

fvck, I mentally face palm, what the hell is he going to ask?

“You let me take you out for one drink.” He grins, as if he has found the ‘get out of jail free’ card on a monopoly board. Well, screw him, because I do not give up that easily.

“After you have done two lessons with me, I will go for ONE solitary drink with you.” I grinned back at him.

“I am still not going back into this pool. But I am a member of a private gym, they have a pool, but do not offer lessons. So ... you teach me there, and I get to take you out for one drink.” He grins.

“Deal.” I smile down at him, extending my hand, inwardly celebrating my victory.

Anders takes it, and gives it a shake, then pulls me towards him and whispers in my ear.

“Knew you liked me really,” he whispers.

fvck! fvck! fvck! Guess my victory is not all it is cracked up to be. What the hell have I done? And someone please tell me why his hot breath against my ear is making my lady parts wetter than this insipid shower is?

“Just because I have a malfunction in my brain that causes me to want to help people, and save their lives, does not make you special, Mr. Maxwell. You are just one person in a long line of people who I have saved. Now, I am fvcking*g freezing, so I am going to get changed. Text me the details of your posh gym, and I will see you there tomorrow at 6pm sharp, for your first lesson,” I state, standing up and getting the hell away from him before I get myself into more hot water.

I am in no mood to swim now, so quickly get ready, and jump into my car, avoiding any more interaction with the arsehole. I need to talk to someone about what the hell I have done! I mean, why did I do that? I have been skilfully avoiding Anders Maxwell for days. I have ignored him when he pressed my b.uttons. I did not give in, when I spent most of my down time thinking about the gorgeous prick, and what his prick may look like, if I am honest. Yet, here I am, now stuck in a situation I really do not want to be in.

I find myself aimlessly driving around, heading towards the beach, so I decide to see if Ben is about. At least when I tell him, he will not take the piss too much, unlike the other bunch of bastards I work with. Plus, he can tell me how it went with Lucy and his big date yesterday. Yeah, that will take my mind off my idiotic decision to spend more time with a man I clearly hate, less than I think I do.

Pulling up outside Bens, I notice that his car is on the driveway, so go and knock on his door. Joanne answers, and gives me a sh!t eating grin, not sure why, but guess I am about to find out.

“Josie, come in.” She welcomes me happily, like really happy.

“Hey, sorry, is Ben about?” I ask his mother.

“Yeah, he is, he just got back with Lucy. She is living here for the time being now.” Joanne smiled again.

Oh, so that is what the grin was about. Joanne wants nothing more than for her son to find happiness. I make my way into the living room, as Joanne heads into the kitchen.

“Josie, I have made enough dinner to feed the five thousand, do you want some?” she shouts over her shoulder to me.

Oh, roast beef, with the best Yorkshire pudding I have ever tasted, is being offered. It would be a sin to refuse.

“Yeah, if that is okay.” I grinned back at her.

I walk into the living room, and find Ben sitting next to a blushing Lucy, his hand resting on the top of her thigh. Seems like things are going well.

“Hi.” I smile at the pair of them.

“Hey, Josie. What’s up?” Ben asks.

“I have made a terrible mistake and need to vent.” I sigh, plonking down on the sofa at the side of the large room. “Hey Lucy, lovely to see you again.” I then smile at the blushing girl.

“Hi.” Lucy returns my greeting.

“So, what has happened?” Ben asks, looking at me quizzically.

I groan, putting my head in my hands. “I may have agreed to go out with Arsehole Maxwell for a drink,” I admit.

Ben throws his head back and laughs, then looks at me. “Okay, what the hell happened?”

He knows me well enough to understand there will be a story behind it, and so I proceed to tell him, Lucy, and Joanne, over Sunday lunch.

“So, when is your first lesson?” Ben asks.

“Tomorrow at six pm, at his gym.” I sigh out.

“Want me to come with you?” Ben offers.

“Don’t you dare Ben.” Joanne laugh’s out.

“Mother, if she doesn’t want to do it alone, I am not leaving her with him,” Ben protests.

“Oh, my poor innocent son, of course she wants to be alone with him, else why did she really offer? Those two have s**** chemistry, and maybe a good old ‘Bonk’ in the changing rooms will help both of them move on.” Joanne shrugs.

“Mother.” Ben shakes his head, as Lucy giggles slightly.

“Or they will end up at the family fun day together next week,” Joanne added with a wink in my direction.

“Family fun day?” Lucy questions.

“Yeah, I was going to ask you to go with me. It is at the station, there is a BBQ, and the kids all get to play in the engines and slide down the poles or dress up in uniforms. It is good fun. The money we raise also goes to the Firefighters Benevolent Fund. We could take your niece and nephew if you want.” Ben smiles down at her. I swear the big guy has hearts coming out of his eyes when he looks at her.

“I will ask Cal, but not going to go anywhere near his girlfriend.” Lucy sighs.

I know there must be a story, but I will not intrude just yet, so change the subject to protect Lucy’s privacy.

“Joanne, Station Officer Webber was asking if you were going this year.” I smile at Ben’s mother.

“Oh, Wh!p-Me-With-Your-Willy-Webber, man, he is a se.xy beast.” Joanne chuckles.

Now, here is the thing. Ben’s mother has fancied our ill.ustrious leader for years, and as vocal as she is to us about it, along with her inappropriate comments about him, she never does anything about it. In fact, the last time she saw him, he tried to speak with her, but she got all tongue tied, then high tailed it over to us out of his way. This woman is all talk and no action, trust me!

Ben shakes his head laughing, as Lucy giggles, and I shrug at Joanne, turning the tables.

“Yeah, maybe try talking to the man, he is single after all, and you can get the wh!pping you want from his willy,” I say, winking at her.

Ben groans, shaking his head as Lucy throws back her head laughing.

Joanne laughs, then blushes before looking at me. "I will, if you take some condoms to your 'Swimming' or should I say 'se.x' Lesson tomorrow, you know, safety first and all that." She laughs at me.

sh!t, I guess I am not going to escape this thing or stop myself from thinking about se.x in the changing room, now. Thanks Joanne, thanks a lot.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 30 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Anders Point of View

I stifled a yawn, as I walked up the stairs to my office. It is only 5 am, but I cannot sleep. Yesterday's near-death experience has me on edge, and the memories of the past haunted my dreams.

I was a young kid, showing off to my mates about swimming. I cannot remember my age, but I know one thing, I was far too young to be on a beach without adult supervision. That was my life though, one of four kids, all just left to their own devices, allowed to roam the streets, till God knows what time of night. Nobody cared, as long as we did not disturb them.

That day we had wandered to Hendon beach, deciding to go into the water. We were too young to know what the hell the flags meant, and so off I went, jumping the high waves under a double red flag, which I had no clue indicated it was too dangerous to swim and the water was closed to the public. A large wave crashed over me, pulling me out to sea. Sinking under the water, I remember thinking I was going to die a young kid, terrified out of my wits.

Not sure what happened after that, it is all a blur, but thankfully some adults were walking their dog along the beach, and the man ran into the water, risking his own life, and got me out. I never knew his name, nor did my parents thank him. All I got was a clip around the ear for creating a scene, along with causing the police to come to my parent's door, so they could take them to the hospital. Yeah, my parents were not pleased about that, given they liked to deal drugs on the side, but us kids never saw a penny of what they made from their illegal activities.

Needless to say, I never went near the water again. After I left school and was old enough to fend for myself, I never saw my family again either. My three

brothers, well, they got caught up in 'working' for my father, and each of them had done time in a young offender's institution. I am not sure what they do now, probably more of the same, never learning from their mistakes.

The only time I ever heard from my mother and father after leaving home was when I made my first million. Basically, they came begging for money. Yeah, they went away empty handed, and it seems calling them out on how sh!t they were as parents offended them enough so that they never bothered me again. Good riddance to bad rubbish, is all I can say about that.

I log onto the laptop, again another yawn leaves my lips, it is funny how things I have never thought about for years have come back front-and-centre in my mind after yesterday.

The other thing that kept me up most of the night was Josie, my feisty firefighter. That woman is doing something to me, and I am not sure if I love it or loath it. She is causing me to feel stuff. I learnt a long time ago, that feelings hurt in the end. I had originally wanted to pursue the woman because she is se.xy as fvck, then she became a challenge, a game that I wanted to win. She did not have to insist on helping me, nor did she have to rescue me from the pool, but she did. Normally, if I set up a date with a woman, I would not give it a second thought, other than the time I was to be there. But with this woman, ... I am planning on where to take her for one drink and hoping beyond hope that she agrees to another one with me as well.

I let out a sigh. I know I will see her tonight, and the thought both terrifies me and excites me equally. Fight or flight is in full swing now, and the only thing that is not making me run for the hills, rather than go swimming again, is the thought of Josie in her swimming costume, teaching me to swim, and hoping it includes some physical contact.

I open some emails that have arrived over the weekend, then look over the operations of my other businesses, all of which are going well. My only concern is getting this place up-and-running, turning a profit, then I can put someone in overall control when I head off and start something new. I have given it two years, to make-or-break, and for that time, it will have the majority of my focus, as my other business interests are being run by people who I can trust.

I see an email from Lucy Dixon and opened it. She is just informing me that she has a phone now, and that her address has changed from the one she gave me at the interview, along with the fact she will see her doctor on Tuesday to find out if they will sign her off sick-leave. Good, because I am putting recruitment on hold for Business Development Managers, so that she can choose her own team. I have a couple working now, and we got three deals last week, not a lot of money, but a start.

I drop her a quick response, thanking her for the updated information, which I sent directly to my HR team, then worked through my other emails.

I answer a few when I find one from Station Officer Webber, a thank you for the donation, and an invitation to their family fun day next Sunday. A wry smile forms on my lips, as I respond with a definitely going to attend, knowing all too well, this is going to piss Josie off. I chuckle as I think about her face when she sees me there, just imagining it causes my length to go half-chub.

My mind wanders then to her sitting beside me under the shower in her swimming costume, and my half-chub turns full blown e.rection instantly. fvck, I would love to have a shower with her one day, and not one where I am sat on the floor having a panic attack.

I continue to work, when I hear the staff start to arrive, and glance up at the clock to see it is just before 9am. I gather my stuff together, ready to do the Monday morning "Hurrah" meeting and get them all geared up for the week ahead.

A knock at the door disturbs me as my receptionist, whose name I still cannot remember, that is really bad of me, but the woman keeps giving me "Come to bed" eyes, and that will never happen. I never mix business with pleasure, plus the only girl I want in my bed is resisting me, making herself worthy of my time, along with enjoying the chase. So, this woman is here to do her job, and only her job, nothing more, nothing less, and part of me giving her that message loud and clear, is choosing not to remember her name, and not correcting her to call me Anders, as I do with the rest of my staff, hoping she gets the hint.

"Mr. Maxwell, would you like a tea or coffee?" She smiles at me, fluttering her eyelashes.

"No thank you, tell the team I will start the meeting in ten minutes," I informed her, without even glancing in her direction.

“Oh, and you had a phone call from that rude firefighter. I told her you were too busy to speak.” She smiled as if she had saved me from some heinous beast.

I snap my head up and glared at her. “If Firefighter Edwards calls me, you put her through, no matter what I am doing!” I growl out, seriously pissed off she had stopped me talking with Josie.

“Well, she left a message to say that there is a change of plans.” The receptionist shuffles her feet, her cheeks flushing red.

“What change of plans?” I growl back at her.

“Erm, sorry Mr. Maxwell, she didn’t say.”

“Tell the team, the morning meeting is postponed till 9:30,” I barked my order to her, then reached for my mobile.

Thinking better of it, I pick up the land line on my desk, just so Miss feisty cannot dodge my call if she sees it is from me.

The receptionist stands, like she is frozen to the spot, or some shit. I let out a frustrated sigh and dismissed this woman from my sight with a wave of my hand. Not sure she is going to get past her probation period if she doesn’t get herself in check. I dialled Josie’s number, waiting impatiently for her to answer.

“Josie.” Her sexy voice echoes down the phone.

“What change of plans?” I immediately ask, my annoyance clear in my tone.

“Hello to you too, Arsehole,” she sasses at me.

I instantly smile, then lean back in my executive chair. “Hello Firefighter Edwards, please may I enquire as to what change of plans you were referring to when speaking with my receptionist?” I respond, not able to keep the smile from my voice.

“Glad your guard dog gave you the message. I tried to text but for some reason the message kept failing,” she responds, sounding a little irate.

“Guard dog, is that code for, ‘Anders, your receptionist is a fvcking*g b***h’?” I cannot help but tease her. I am rewarded by a small laugh, which hits my groin, and I firmly believe it is now my favourite sound in the world.

“Well, she is sure protective over you, and I believe she thinks herself above those she speaks with on the phone,” Josie continues.

I imagine her smiling at the other end of the phone, and once again I find myself getting firmer in my pants. What is it about this woman?

“So, what is this change of plans you called about?” I ask, swivelling my chair round to look out at the river.

“I forgot that I promised my mam I would go see my Nana tonight at her sheltered accommodation. Apparently, she has bought a load of food for me to go, so I really do not want to cancel her. So, I cannot make it tonight.”

Disappointment floods through me. I mean, how am I disappointed about getting out of going back into a fvcking*g swimming pool? I should be kicking my heels like Bert in Mary Poppins, but no, I just feel, dare I say it, sad!

“However, you really need to get into the water, so do not celebrate just yet. I am off today, so if you are free and can take a slightly extended lunch break, you being the big boss and all that jazz, we can go then,” She offers.

Okay, so now I am Bert from Mary Poppin’s, full on dancing on the roof of houses, my chimney sweeps, brush in hand and everything.

“Okay, come to the office around mid-day, I will drive us over to the gym,” I say, not sure why I did not just meet her there, and wait for her to pick up and argue that fact.

“Erm, why not just meet you there?” She asks.

Thinking on my feet, I look out the window of my office, and see the Guard Dog, as Josie calls her, staring at me, fvcking*g heart bubbles coming out of her head!

“Honestly, no joke, but the guard dog has developed a crush, and is practically humping my leg when she sees me, so I need the rescue. If you come here and leave with me, pretending you are oh so happy to see me, then maybe she will get the hint.”

With that Josie laughs, and again I cannot keep the smile off my face as she does so.

“Oh dear, the big bad boss man scared of a little yorkie poo. If I give you the rescue, what do I get in return?” she laughs.

“Me committing to at least four swimming lessons from you, when I only intended to do two, then have that drink and never get back in the water again,” I admit.

“Now that is just silly, because you can get over this. It will take 16 lessons, so that is my offer. 16 lessons until you can swim, and not be terrified of water, and I will rescue you from your horny guard dog.” Josie laughs again.

“Oh, so we are negotiating, are we? Well, how about 8 lessons, and two drinks,” I counter offered her.

“12 lessons, and one drink, with food,” Josie bites back straight away.

“12 lessons, one drink, and one meal out separately.” I chuckled back at her.

“Done,” she responds.

“Oh, you will be,” I reply huskily.

“Behave, before I change my mind. Now, see you mid-day,” Josie tells me and hangs up the phone, leaving me grinning like an insane i***t, having just agreed to twelve fvcking*g swimming lessons, but now I get a drink and a fvcking*g date!