

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 3 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Josie's POV

There is just something lovely about excited children. At this age, they love the firefighters, listen to what we tell them, and you feel like you are making a difference. However, visits to the comprehensive school are not so much fun. Teenagers with chips on their shoulders, hormonal girls asking the guys if they have a big hose, okay, I admit, that is rather funny, however, they hear it every day. The boys all trying to flirt with the female firefighter asking questions like do you make the tea whilst they put out the fire. Still, it is all part of the job.

We walk into the assembly hall for the infants, aged between 4 and 7 years old. They are all sat cross-legged on the floor, until Davey walks in wearing the Fireman Sam costume, then they all jump up and run to him, giving him cuddles, and I just know, although the mask has a permanent smile on its face, Davey will be cursing me to hell right about now.

It is good to have Ben back, the place has not been the same without him. He is a good guy. The tall musclebound giant of a man who looks like a male model, is the strong silent type, but after his brush with death and the failed rescue of the two little girls, he has been to hell and back. None of us like to dwell too much on what he goes through, because we all know, it could just as easily be one of us who mentally breaks, or worse.

The headmaster pulls us up onto the stage, then tells the children to settle down. Ben, knowing his size can be imposing for the youngsters, sits on the edge of the stage, for all his strong silent type, he loves kids, and has a natural way with them.

"Okay everyone, who knows what number we call if we see a fire?" he asks.

Hands bob up everywhere, as the kids all shout '999'. He continues to talk to the little ones about how to make a call, and when to make a call, as I grab my bag of props.

Pulling out the giant stuffed match, I walk to the stage.

A little boy puts his hand up into the air, and Ben smiles encouraging him to ask his question.

“Is that the real Penny from Fireman Sam?” he asks, pointing at me. I smile, it is my sandy blonde hair, and the fact I am a girl.

“My name is Josie, and I am a firefighter just like Penny, along with Ben here and Fireman Sam, who said before we leave, he wants a big group hug off everyone.” I smile.

I know Davey will be growling in that suit, but the face I see looks happy about it. That will teach him to be a sour puss on Ben’s first day back.

I mean, don’t get me wrong, I understand what Davey means, it is a concern if Ben is not ready, he could freeze in a fire and put us all at risk. However, we need to trust the professional opinion, and welcome him back with open arms and group support.

“So, everyone, who knows what I am holding?” I ask

“A Match!” the kids all shout.

“Yes, that is right, a match is dangerous. You must never play with them; they can cause a fire.” I smile down at the little faces who all look like angels, although I bet their parents would tell me otherwise.

We go all through the props, talking about the dangers of fireworks, to always go to an organised display, bonfires, and campfires. Then continue on to tell them to ask their parents to check their smoke alarms and see how loud they are, if they don’t work, they can come to the fire station, and we will provide them with a new one. All too soon, the visit comes to its close, and I helpfully remind the kids to give Fireman Sam a big hug before we leave. Yeah, I definitely think I will be on Davey’s shit list for the week, oh well, he should have been nicer to Ben.

As we get outside, Ben climbs into the car, and Davey waves to the kids, then once out of sight he pulls off the head of his costume, his grey hair is messed up, and his blue eyes glare at me.

“I suppose you think that was funny!” he huffs.

I roll my lips together and shrug.

“Never mind, I am sure you will get over it.” I grin back at him, as Ben laughs between us. The school is in the estate on the opposite side of the fire station,

and it takes less than five minutes to get back. As we pull up Station Officer Webber is waiting outside, hands on his hips. He is taller than Davey who is six-foot, but smaller than Ben who is six-foot-four, his white shirt is rolled up to the elbows, his black skin made darker in contrast to the white shirt. For all he can be gruff, he loves his job, and is well respected throughout the brigade; we are lucky to have him.

“How did it go?” he asks as soon as we get out of the car.

“Good, really good, Davey got lots of cuddles from the kids.” I laugh.

“Okay, Josie, I have another job for you and Ben after lunch, if we don’t get a shout. The new office block they have built in the city centre, they failed their fire safety check. I have a list on my desk of what they needed to work on and have ready for the inspection. I need you both to go do a spot-check to see if they have rectified the problems. The new CEO of one of the companies who rents out the top floors has been on the phone, wanting to get his people in there. If the landlords have done everything required, we can issue their fire certificate. If not, then we need to let this new big shot know.” The station officer announces.

I nod my head, then make my way up the stairs, smelling Twinkles mince and dumplings, and my tummy begins to rumble. I hope he hasn’t burnt them too badly today, but with Twinkles cooking, there is never a guarantee. No sooner than I put the fork into my mouth, the alarm goes off, and we all break into a run towards the pole, sliding down it, as we make our way into the Engine. Part of my role is to liaise with dispatch, finding out where we are heading and to what. I pick up the radio and speak with the operator directly.

“Road traffic incident on the slip road from the A690 to A19 southbound, we believe it is only one car, but it is on fire, if it is more let me know and I will dispatch another engine to you. Police are at the scene,” the operator advises.

I repeat the information to the guys, as Headache expertly weaves through the traffic, and we all change into our safety equipment. Grabbing our oxygen tanks, ready to put on. I take my yellow helmet and jump from the engine. Thankfully it is one car only, however it is burning, and that could mean an explosion any time soon. Davey takes the lead, it is normally Ben, but as it is his first shift back, he seems happy enough to follow instructions.

The police have already cordoned off the area, and thankfully the young driver escaped the car before it blew up, and without injury. However, he sits in the

back of the police car in handcuffs, he cannot be more than 18, and by the looks of it he was going too fast, overturning the car. Boy racers; they all think they're cool, but their ambitions in driving cars at speed, nine times out of ten, outweighs their talents, and far too many times we are called to pick up the pieces of their stupidity. For all this young kid looks miserable sat in handcuffs, he is one of the lucky ones.

"Foam" Davey shouts, as I run to the side of the engine and grab the big yellow hose, Wayne behind me, as Ben grabs the other hose, and moves into position at the opposite side of the car. As we stand, the windscreen explodes, shards of glass fly through the air like weapons. We quickly duck to avoid the debris hurtling towards us, then shout we are ready. Twinkle turns on the foam at the engine and soon the hose becomes heavy, as the thick sticky solution bursts out of the nozzle. I aim it towards the car's engine. The air is thick with petrol fumes, as we continue to battle the blaze before as the whole car blows up and causes a small fire ball. The heat from the flames causes me to begin to sweat, my oxygen mask tightens against my face, the hose feeling heavier and heavier in my arms, but this is what I do, this is what I am here for. I may love the community outreach side of the job, but fighting fires is the real reason I am here. I push through, until the front of the car is no longer burning, as Ben does the same at the rear. I spare a glance at him, and his eyes seem focused behind the mask, he looks good, and I let out a sigh of relief.

Davey inspects the car, and confirms the fire is out, and we lay some sand on the tarmac to soak up any residue fuel, as Station Officer Webber arrives to liaise with the police.

Three hours later, I arrive back at the station, exhausted and hungry, the food is on the table where we left it, and each of us grabs our plates and places them into the microwave, and nuke the food, all collapsing onto the chairs and finally eat our lunch at 4pm. Only two more hours to go on the 12-hour shift, which now will be spent cleaning the engine and making sure it is ready for the next time.

As I refill the foam, Ben looks over.

"How did you do?" I softly ask the question I know is on everybody's mind.

"Good, no problem, it's like riding a bike." He smiles and I notice the relief in his face, as he knows he faced his first fire since that day and has battled it head on, and from the smile on his face, I think he passed that first test.

“Josie, I have that damned CEO on the phone again, any chance you can do me a favour and head over there after your shift ends, I will make sure you get paid.” Webber asks.

“Yeah, no problem, tell him I will be there around seven tonight.” I sigh.

“Hey, do you want me to come with you?” Ben asks, all of the crew I work with treat me like their little sister, not on the job, If I mess up or do not pull my weight, they would be the first to chew me out, but sending me to meet a man alone after hours, they would all move heaven and earth to ensure I am safe.

“Na, it is okay, pointless us both being late home.” I smile, thankful he has offered, but also knowing it is his first day back.

“I don’t mind Josie.” Ben frowns at me, obviously concerned.

“It is honestly fine, you all know where I am, and this CEO sounds desperate to get his certificate. He is hardly going to try anything; you guys seem to think all men will when I turn up.” I laugh.

“Because, although we see you as a sister, we are still men, and you need to look in the mirror Josie, you are a stunning woman, and trust me, all men get the horn when a looker like you turns up in a uniform.” Ben sighs out, protectively.

“Just like all women wet their panties when you turn up, you handle them, and I can handle this. Thanks for the compliment.” I smile, I know he is not being pervy, and it is always nice to be described as stunning, even if I think he is exaggerating.

Finally, everything is finished, and “Yellow Watch” have arrived for the night shift.

I get into my car and head towards the town centre, the list of safety concerns on the passenger seat. I am to meet Mr. Anders Maxwell at the entrance, the CEO of Maxwell Enterprises. I cannot help but wonder why he is meeting me, when it should be the landlord. As I pull up outside, I grab the clipboard, hoping this won’t take long, then get out of my car and make my way to the front entrance. As I push open the door, my breath hitches, my palms become clammy, and my heart skips in my chest, stood before me is the most gorgeous man I have ever laid eyes on. Around six-foot-two inches tall, short wavy light brown hair, his eyes a deep brown, stood in black trousers, his

white button-down shirt tucked in, and rolled up at the sleeves showing off his muscular forearms, the neck unbuttoned, the top of a tattoo peeking out onto his neck. He looks mysterious, maybe even dangerous, and as I walk towards him, I am unable to form any words.

“Are you with the fire department?” he asks.

I nod, unable to speak, feeling like a prize i\*\*\*t, as my stomach does a happy dance.

Breathe Josie, just breathe, he is just a man, but oh good grief what a man he is.

“Yes” I manage to say, but it comes out almost like a squeak.

Smooth Josie, real smooth!

“Good, I am Anders Maxwell.” He says, his baritone voice thick and deep, sending shivers down my spine.

“Yes” I squeak out again. A smirk forms on his lips as his eyes light up.

I feel a large presence behind me, and Ben’s voice boom’s out beside me.

“Good to meet you, Mr Maxwell, my colleague and I will take a look around for you.” Ben’s tone is his ‘not to be messed with’ one, and although I had previously refused his help, I should have known at least one of the guys would turn up to ensure I was ‘safe’.

“Shall we get on with it?” Anders Maxwell states, looking slightly annoyed, but his baritone voice hits me right between the legs... oh sh!t he is just too se.xy, I really need to get control of myself, I am a professional fire fighter!

“Yes.” My voice comes out like a squeak once more, I think I have turned into a blasted mouse, and to make matters so much worse, I notice the small smirk on Ben’s lips. This is bad, so bad, and why am I unable to form a sentence? This is ridiculous. Oh God help me!