

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 31 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Josie's point of view

Oh sh!t, I am in trouble. I was hoping Anders would cancel the swimming, and now I find myself agreeing to a drink, and a second meeting including a meal. All because I was riled up that he was going to not continue his lessons. However, I must admit, after seeing him vulnerable yesterday, I really felt sorry for him. Then on the phone just now, the little back-and-forth we had, made me feel like a giddy teenager.

However, I refuse to call the drink and meal dates, even though I am busy searching through my wardrobe like a crazy woman, literally trying on everything I have to wear, ready to meet him in his office at mid-day.

I mean, it makes sense for me to look my best, given I have a job of getting rid of his overzealous receptionist for him.

Who am I kidding? I want to look my best for one person and for one reason, only Anders-Fvcking-Maxwell. This is not good. "I hate him," I shout to my wardrobe as I grab hold of a maxi dress, and pull it up against me, then discard it into the 'no' pile.

"I fvcking\*g hate him," I repeat, as I grab another dress, and throw it once more into the 'no' pile.

I peer out of my bedroom window, to see yet again we have sunshine. God knows what that is about. I am sure we are due some rain soon. I pull out a white broderie anglaise skirt, that is gathered at the waist and hands to mid-thigh, then grab a plain black V-neck tight-fitting short, sleeved t-shirt that amplifies my bust. This will have to do. It is pointless wearing any make-up, as it will make me look like a panda as soon as I hit the pool, so I add some lip balm, and an extra coat of moisturiser, just to make my skin look a little better than normal. Slipping on a pair of black flip-flops that are decorated with small pearls along the V of the strap. I pull on a pair of cream-coloured full knickers, to match my skin tone, and a push-up bra, before changing into my outfit. Then gather my long blonde hair and pull it up into a high ponytail.

I go to my swimming bag, and groan. If I thought today could not go any further south, well, it just reached Antarctica. I forgot to take out my swimming costume and hang it out to dry when I got back from Ben's, and now it stinks,

and is still damp. There is no way I can wear it. I let out a frustrated sigh, and go to the drawer under my bed, where I keep my holiday beach swimwear and pull them out. I have only two-piece bikinis that leave not a lot to the imagination, and one other full swimming costume, which is bright red, with a sweetheart neckline, that pushes the girls up with thin spaghetti straps, and is high legged. Thank God I got a full leg and Hollywood bikini wax after work on Saturday, that is all I have to say about that! With no other choice, I put the overtly se.xy swimwear into my bag, and grabbed a fresh towel, cursing myself for being stupid and not hanging out my normal adidas one yesterday.

I look at the clock and see it is almost half-eleven, and nervous anticipation takes hold of me. Shit... I HATE HIM. I reminded myself for the umpteenth time. But I can already feel my n!pples pebble at the thought of seeing him in his trunks again. Taking a breath, to try and calm myself down, heading to the car.

As I pull up outside the new offices, I grab my kit, and make my way up the stairs to the top floor. Pausing slightly to compose myself once more. I headed into the reception area, as the guard dog greeted me with a scowl, so I did the only thing I could in this situation. I give her my biggest, brightest, friendliest smile.

“Hi, can you let Anders know I am here please? It is Josie.”

I swear if looks could k!ll, I would be six-feet under! As she tells me to take a seat, and rather than pick up her internal phone, she wanders off to where I think his office must be. Then she returns a few moments later, looking like a bulldog chewing a wasp, and hisses at me.

“Mr. Maxwell is on a call, but he said, you can go wait in his office if you don’t mind.”

Again, I flashed her a bright smile.

“Thank you, what is he like? Always busy working.”

“Well, he is a busy man.” She all but growls at me.

“Yes, but never too busy for me.” I gave a girly giggle just for effect.

I sauntered off hoping I remember the way to get to his office, because I am not asking her. I deserve a medal for this sh!t!

I find Anders' office easily enough and knock on his door. Rather than shout 'come in', he opens it, his mobile phone on his ear, and beacons me in. I walk in behind him, as he turns around, his fully dilated eyes wide, trailing up-and-down my body with a heated glaze. My skin feels like it is on fire wherever his gaze hits me, and my mouth suddenly goes dry, as I take him in, stood in a cream shirt, sleeves rolled up to the elbow, the top two buttons of the collar open, so the wing of his eagle pokes out onto his neck. The pair of dark brown suit trousers has a visible bulge, that looks huge, and I feel my cotton panties moisten.

sh!t, I. HATE. HIM!

I stood motionless, waiting for him to finish his call, unable to stop gawking at him like a love-struck teenager. I swear my mouth is open and I am practically drooling. This is not good, not good at all!

"I have to go, have that report ready by close of business today," Anders states to whoever he is speaking with, then hangs up the phone, placing it in his pocket of his trousers.

I still do not move or speak. Literally, I am back to the squeaking girl he first met, as he looks over at me then chuckles.

"Like what you see, Firefighter Edwards?" he asks.

Arrogant son of a b\*\*\*h. Yeah, I HATE HIM!

"Can we go, I have a busy day," I managed to spit out, but my words do not even convince me, let alone the Arsehole.

"Eager to see my body again, are we?" He chuckles.

"Oh please, you are not all that." I sigh, but who am I kidding, he is all that with a dollop of cream and a cherry on top.

Anders lets out a laugh, shaking his head, then rounds his desk and opens the door to his office. "After you Josie," he whispers in my ear, turning my moist situation into a full-on soaked situation.

I HATE HIM!

He placed his hand on the lower part of my back, and holy sh!t, my legs go weak, my heart beats so loud it echoes in my ears, and my skin erupts with tingles from his touch .... I ... HATE ... HIM.

As we pass the guard dog in reception, he looks over to her. "Hold all my calls, I will be out most of the afternoon," he tells the clearly jealous receptionist.

I turn and flash her a smile, playing my part to perfection.

"Thank you," I say, sickly sweet, as Anders leads me out the door. As we reach the stairs, I turn to him.

"You can stop touching me now," I hiss slightly.

"I could, but I don't want to." He chuckles.

I sigh out in annoyance, but do not argue, because I kind of like him touching me.

I HATE HIM!

"Okay, well, I was not expecting to go swimming today, but I am sure they sell shorts at the gym," he states, as he leads me to his Porsche, opening the door for me. I climb inside, sinking down into the bucket seats, my skirt riding up, as I get a shock from just how low to the ground the seat is and let out a little squeal, then grab my skirt pulling it down.

Anders chuckles, then jumps in the driver's side and revs the engine, pulling away heading towards the Wearmouth Bridge and the A1231.

We arrive at his private posh gym in silence, then head through the doors. He grabs my bag for me. Who knew the arsehole had manners? Leading me inside, he goes to the posh reception area, where a man dressed in tight navy shorts and polo shirt smiles and scans us into the main area.

"Do you have some swimming shorts?" Anders asks him.

"Yes Mr. Maxwell, what size and I will fetch them for you sir," he tells him.

"Large please," Anders informs him and then looks at me and winks.

Seriously! I HATE HIM.

"The changing rooms are mixed," Anders informs me, and I reply with a nod, as long as I have my own cubical, I do not care, after all, they are mixed at the Aquatic Centre.

The man from reception walks over with a pair of black swimming shorts, handing them to Anders, and we head into the changing room. I grab my bag from him, and head into the cubical, then remember the bloody sexy swimming costume I have with me and let out an internal groan of frustration.

Changing quickly, I walk out of the cubicle, to find Anders leaning against a locker, his arms folded across his large muscular, tanned chest, his six pack on show, a small happy trail leading to the promised land. His eyes once more look me up and down as he whispers, "Fvck."

I clear my throat and decide to try and act professionally.

"Lead the way," I say to him, trying to keep my voice nonchalant, but failing miserably.

Anders nods then turns around, grabbing some floats from a basket at the side of the changing room.

"You don't need them today," I inform him.

Scowling, he looks at me.

"What the fvck?" he asks, and I see the lust in his eyes from earlier disappear and turn into pure fear.

"Nope, it was using a floating board yesterday that got you into trouble. Plus, you are getting one-on-one tuition, so you really do not need the arm floats. Today, you are going to learn how to float on your back without any aids." I nod at him, letting him know I meant business.

I see him visually begin to shake, taking a step towards him and offer a reassuring smile, placing my hand on his arm, ignoring how it is sending shockwaves through my body.

"Trust me," I whisper.

Anders looks at me, and nods his head, as we make our way to the pool.

I jump in, then ask him to sit on the side with his feet dangling in the water. Hesitantly, he does as he is told.

“Now once you feel comfortable, I want you to turn around and shimmy down into the water, it is up to my chest, so it is shallow, I am right behind you.” I attempted to reassure him.

I see his chest breathing in-and-out as he tries to calm his nerves, then slowly he turns around and, grabbing hold of the side, he shimmies into the water.

“Good job.” I smile at him. “Now let go of the side and walk over to me.”

He really needs to gain some confidence in the water before we do anything, so I want him to take baby steps at first. “Keep your eyes on me, Anders,” I tell him as I walked backwards, and he came towards me. We reached the centre of the pool and I stop, then smile at him.

“Well done, you never went to grab the side of the pool, and look, you are in the middle now.”

Anders looks around, and I see panic form in his eyes, so I quickly go and take hold of the top of his arms.

“Look at me Anders, you are safe.”

His arms reach out and wrap around my waist, as he clings to me as if his life depends on it. I don’t push him away; he needs to get his confidence back. Slowly his breathing returns to normal, and he looks down at me, then smirks.

“If you wanted me to hold you, all you had to do was ask, not take me into the middle of a pool.” He winks.

I grin, shaking my head at him, at least he is getting over his fear, so I let the comment go, because there is no use denying the pure fact that I like him with his arms around my waist. Oh, wait a god-damned minute, I. HATE. HIM.

“Now, I want you to lie back on the water. My arms will support you, look straight up to the ceiling. Then place your arms out either side of you. Trust me, you are safe,” I tell him.

Slowly he lets go of me, then lies back looking at the ceiling, his arms stretched out either side of him. I place my hand under the small of his back

as he begins to float around. The feeling of his skin is once more affecting me in more ways than I would like. However, as I look at him, I can see I am clearly not the only one affected, as his bulge protrudes out of the water. I try to ignore it, but I really cannot, it looks massive, and my heart begins pounding in my chest again. You can cut the sexual tension with a knife, and I find it hard to breathe without panting like a dog in heat.

“Keep looking at the ceiling,” I tell him, my voice breathless.

Slowly, I move my hand from his back, and allow him to float on his own, when he realises, he stiffens, more than just his man bits and bobs, and begins to sink, so I quickly grab hold of him, as he puts his feet on the ground, then looking at me his eyes wide and dilated he grabs my waist pulling me to him.

I would like to say I don't know what came over me, but I do, lust, pure undiluted lust, and I wrapped my legs around his waist as his hands grabbed my behind. My lady area grinds against his bulge as he lets out a groan of appreciation.

“I hate you,” I whisper out.

“Oh, I know you do,” he says as his lips crash into mine.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 32 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

Anders Point of View.

fvck, the feeling of her soft lips on mine is driving me crazy, her delicious mouth tastes of hate, lust, and need, a heady combination. Her hips are unashamedly grinding against me, and I let out a groan. Never has a kiss felt this good. Wave-after-wave of fireworks erupted throughout my body. I never knew that was a thing, until right at this moment.

I walk towards the edge of the pool, keeping her body pressed against mine, as our tongues dance a tango together, both of us moaning and gasping as we intensify the kiss. Reaching the edge of the pool, I lift her slim body up onto the side, then placing my hands on either side of her, I lift myself up, as her legs automatically open to greet me. I lay on top of her, crashing my lips into her once more.

She is addictive. The world around us disappears, but I know we cannot do this here, so I break the k!ss, and lift her up, her legs wrapping around my waist once more, as I stride towards the changing rooms, s.ucking on the sensitive skin just under her ear, as she whimpers in ecstasy.

“I still hate you.” She breathes out. I let out a low chuckle as I find the large family changing cubicle, and push the door open with my foot, bundling us both inside.

Locking the door, my l!ps find hers once more, fvck I could come in my shorts just from k!ssing this feisty woman who is hotter than any fire she could put out.

She had looked innocent and gorgeous when she arrived in my office in her flowing skirt and tight top, but then when she walked out of the changing room, in this little red swimsuit, hell she was full-on se.x kitten, her body screaming at me like a siren to touch her.

I trail soft k!sses down her neck as she tilts her head back softly m0aning, then trail my hands to the thin straps of her costume, pulling them down her arms, freeing her amazing more than a handful b.reasts. I gr0an out in pleasure as I see something I did not expect, but that turns me on even more if that were possible. Her n!pples are both pierced, and I latch on to them, my tongue l!cking around the bar as I s.uck down nibbling the end of her protruding teats.

Josie whimpers, pressing her h!ps into me, as I worship her amazing, pierced n!pples, gr0aning in satisfaction. fvck, I am never going to get enough of this woman. I pull the swimming costume down her long shapely legs, placing k!sses on her abdomen, swirling my tongue around her pierced belly b.utton. Her hands grasp the hair on my head as she m0ans incoherently, something about hating me still.

I move south, her bare p.ussy glistens, another piercing, this time it is her cl!t, fvck me, she is perfect. Who knew someone who looks so innocent, is hiding such delights on her body? My tongue reached out and catches the bottom of the diamond piercing, making her body thrust forward, and Josie cries out. I smile as I get onto my knees, spreading her legs then bend down and s.uck on her pierced nub.

Josie shivers and shakes, as she m0ans, begging for more. Oh, I will give her more, the taste of her is as addictive as her k!sses. I take a long swipe of her



hot wet pussy, gathering her sweet nectar onto my tongue, as she whimpers again, lost in her own world of heady bliss.

"More, I need more," she breaths.

Chuckling, at how needy my feisty little firecracker has become, I move my tongue to her hot, wet entrance, before fucking\*g her with my tongue as my fingers play with her piercing, making her body shake.

"OH God, yes, I am going to come," she is all but shouting.

I pull away, just as I bring her to the edge, and she curses me to hell and back. I look up at her, as she glares down at me.

Standing up I find her lips once more, allowing her to taste herself on my tongue, as the hatred soon turns to wanton need again and she moans. Good girl Josie.

I bring my fingers to her soaked pussy, and thrust one inside her, her walls grip it like a vice, hell she is tight, her arousal pools onto my fingers as I massage her clit with my thumb whilst thrusting them inside her. Once more I bring her to the brink, as her eyes begin to roll back in her head, I pull my fingers out of her, as she again calls me every name under the sun.

I spin her around, so that she is bent over, her hands on the bench, in front of the long mirror, then stand behind her, dropping my swimming shorts, letting her take a look at my thick hard cock, with the prince Albert piercing, fisting my length. Her eyes focus on my manhood and the piercing, and she licks her delicious lips, as she nods in approval. She is the most beautiful, sexy woman I have ever met or had in my life. I reach over and grab her hanging breasts, again playing with her pierced nipple, as she pants, closing her eyes, as I relish in her enjoying my nipple play.

Moving one hand from her amazing breasts, I once more fist my length, then with my legs I spread hers, standing between them. I swipe my hard dick over her wet pussy, making sure to touch her clit with myself. She shivers with need.

"fuck me," she growls out in frustration.

sh!t, fvck, bollocks, condoms, I have no condoms. But there are some in the toilets.

I pull my shorts up and gave her behind a quick swipe with my hand, leaving a delicious pink mark.

“Do not move from that sp0t, or I will not let you come, I need to get condoms,” I tell her.

She lets out a pained m0an, then brings her hand down to massage her own cl!t. I run to my locker to get some pound coins out of my wallet, then high tail it to the men’s bathroom, finding the machine on the wall, and put the money in, grabbing at the silver tray like a crazy man, getting the box of three, ribbed for sensation condoms out of the machine, I run back towards the changing room.

Like the good little firefighter she is, Josie is still bent over in the exact same position, playing with her perfect p.ussy. I close the door, and lock it, then pull my shorts down, going over to her.

“Good girl; now, hands off what is mine,” I growl at her.

She obeys me but hisses out.

“No, it is mine, I am just letting you have it this once.”

“We shall see,” I gr0an, then pull out the condom from the foil and pull it onto my thick hard length.

“So, can you take nine and a half inches in one go Firefighter Edwards?” I growl huskily in her ear.

“Shut up and fvck me already,” Josie snaps at me.

I chuckle, oh she still wants to fight with me, good, because it is her fire, I want the most.

I take hold of her we.t ponytail and wrap it around my hand, gently pulling her head backwards.

“Look in the mirror Josie, look into the eyes of the man you hate, as he f\*\*\*s you,” I growl at her.

Josie snaps her eyes open and stares at me in the mirror, her lips parted as she eagerly awaits my dick to penetrate her.

I reach round and play with her clit once more, then tease her with my finger, then begin to push myself inside her.

“OH fvck! That is big,” she cries out, her mouth hanging open.

She is so tight, I nearly spill my load into her right there, but I push in further, resisting the urge to just thrust hard and fast, knowing this is going to hurt her.

Josie opens her legs wider, to give me more room, as she pants out, her face contorting with pleasure and pain. She closes her eyes, and I immediately stop my movement.

“Look at me Josie,” I order.

Her eyes snap open, as I push into her another inch.

Finally, I am fully seated inside her, and fvck me, never has a woman felt this good, her walls clamp me like a vice. I grab her hips, and begin to thrust deep and hard, as she moans, cries, and whimpers. Circling my hips, I find her g-spot then focus on hitting her right where she wants it. She lets out a soft cry, her eyes rolling back into her head, and this time I let her reach the dizzy height, and she comes crashing down, her pussy tightens, as I feel stream-after-stream of her arousal squirting out of her.

I don't believe she could be any more perfect if she tried.

Her legs go like jelly, as she shakes, and I thrust into her, letting her ride out her high. When she comes down, I pull out and lay her on the bench, lifting her legs and placing them onto my shoulders, then thrust inside her once more.

“I still hate you,” she tells me, as I thrust, grabbing her nipple between my finger and thumb and tweak the very end.

She lets out another moan, and I see she is beginning her roller coaster ride once more.

I leave her nipple and she let out a soft whimper, but it soon turns to needy moans when I begin to play with her clit piercing.

I pick up the pace, as my own piercing hits off her c.ervix, and she lets out a loud moan once more.

“I really hate you, now harder,” she shouts.

I thrust as hard and as fast as I can as she gyrates beneath me, her body begins to convulse as once more she rides the crest of her wave, and I follow as hot long streams of come fill the latex.

We collapse in a heap of n.aked sweaty limbs, both breathless, I push a strand of her hair off her face.

My lips search for hers once more, but she turns her face away from me. I let out a low growl, and gently grab her chin turning her towards me.

“Oh no, you do not get to do that Firefighter Edwards,” I say, before placing my lips on hers, biting her bottom lip and invading her delicious mouth with my tongue once more.

Instantly she melts into the kiss, fighting for dominance with her tongue, driving me wild with want and desire of her. Breaking the kiss, I move off her body, standing up, taking my time to appreciate her n.akedness once more.

Josie pulls herself up, her cheeks flushed red, making her even more beautiful, then smiles up at me. “Well, that is over and done with, I will go get ready and you can take me back to pick up my car.”

She shrugs, then stands up picking up her swimming costume and walks out of the changing room to the locker, n.aked as the day she was born, as I watch her. Grateful to all that is holy nobody else is in the changing rooms.

We head back to the office in the car, a silence between us, as Josie fidgets slightly with her fingers. For all her bluster, I know she is embarrassed, and I can tell she is not someone who normally does stuff like this. I get a sense of pride wash over me, that she could not control herself with me, and I smirk as I watch her looking out the window, her eyes fixed straight ahead.

I pull up outside the office, and she grabs her bag, and reaches for the door handle, then turns to me.

“So, I guess I don’t have to go for that drink or meal now that is done with. However, you need to continue your lessons, so find someone you can trust.” She shrugs.

I let out a low growl, and place my arm around her shoulder, stopping her hand from opening the door, then bite gently on her ear lobe.

“Wrong again Josie, you are definitely coming with me for that drink, and for that meal, a deal is a deal. If you think for one second this is over, you are mistaken. There is only one person who is going to teach me to swim, and that is you. So, my beautiful little firecracker with the se.xiest body I have ever seen, and the best fvck of my existence, get used to it. You are going to be busy with me for a long time, because we are far from done, and you know it.”

Josie gasps, then quickly opens the car door, getting out, and slamming it in frustration.

As I watch her walk away, I chuckle. Yeah, we are definitely not done, not by a long shot, because all she has done is made me want her more!

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 33 - Tips**

0 10 minutes read

Josie’s Point of View

What have I done?

I drive around in circles, my body still humming from having se.x with Anders not two hours ago, shame taking over my senses. I ask myself again ‘What have I done?’

The question is spinning around my head in a never-ending cycle of self-loathing, this is not me. I don’t do sh!t like that. I have self-respect. Yet the first time I am really put to the test with the Arsehole, I shamelessly gave in.

What will he think of me? More importantly, why do I care?

Tears begin to form in my eyes, as I blink them away, so that I don’t get distracted further from my driving. It is no use though, I need to get myself home, take a long hot bath, because I feel dirty.

I cannot deny, that was the best se.x I have ever experienced. Not that I have experienced a lot, but still, it was mind blowing. I guess Joanne was right, 'hate se.x' is amazing. The throbbing between my legs telling me just how good it had been. When it was over and done with, I was more than prepared for him to sack me off, dismiss me from his sight, used-and-a.bused, having got what he wanted. So, I got in first, telling him to make sure he keeps up with his swimming lessons, what I did not expect was his reply. His words echoing in my mind.

"You are definitely coming with me for that drink, and for that meal, a deal is a deal. If you think for one second this is over, you are mistaken, there is only one person who is going to teach me to swim, and that is you."

What the hell does that mean? Was he not using me after all? Did he want more? If he does, how do I honestly feel about it?

I pull up in the private carpark that sits at the bottom of my street, as I turn off the engine, I bang my fists against the steering wheel, letting out a frustrated scream, before slumping my head down, as the hot tears stream down my face.

I had practically begged him for more, my mind completely taken over by pure lust, desire, and the most incredible feeling when he touched me. sh!!

The truth of the matter is, I do not know if I have the willpower to resist him again. His body against mine, his dirty words, the way he looked at my body, not put off by my individual body art. No, it just drove him wilder, his own doing the same to me. I wipe away the tears from my face with the back of my hand, then grab my swimming bag, and get out of the car, making my way round the corner to my home.

I let my self in, and head straight through the living room and kitchen, out through the patio doors, and hang my swimming costume out to dry. Picking up the kettle on the kitchen counter, I give it a shake, to make sure it has water in, then flip the switch. Glancing at the wall clock, I do not have time for a bath, but I do have enough time for one coffee, before I head to my Nana's. I need to pull myself together before I get there. For all she is 83 and almost blind, she will still see that I am upset if I do not get my fractured emotions under control.

I pour the water on top of the coffee granules, adding a splash of milk, then sit down at the small, light-oak dining table. My mind fills with images from this

afternoon; how hot he had looked in this business shirt and trousers, how se.xy he had looked in the black tight swim trunks that left not a lot to the imagination, the tingles that rushed through my body, when I touched him, his stare when I walked into his office, the feel of him inside me, stretching me, the way he played my body, knowing exactly how to use my piercings to heighten the experience. The org\*asms were mind blowing, hell I nearly passed out after both of them. As mind blowing as the whole thing was, as much as cannot deny that I do not hate him, even though I still kind of do, I cannot do this again, as much as I really want to, if I am honest with myself. But I am not a 'fvck Buddy' type of girl, I am more a relationship girl.

Hell, the only other s\*\*\*\*l experiences I had were with long term boyfriends, a few years ago. I know that Anders can have any woman he wants, I doubt he is the settling down type of guy, so for that reason, I cannot do that again with him, no matter how much my body craves him. Even now, after what had transpired between us, I feel the throb, the pull. He may not think this is over, but it has to be, because I have to protect my heart. As much as I would deny this if anyone asked, I know that I will fall fast and hard for that man.

I drink the last dregs of my coffee, then stand up, determined to put Anders Maxwell out of my head. If he does contact me again, then I will ignore him. Picking up my purse, and car keys, I let out a sigh, leaving the house again to visit my amazing Nana.

As I walk into Nana's home, I smile, because she has a table of food set out. It has always been the same since I was a little girl. A bowl of tuna pasta mayonnaise sits next to a large, corned beef and potato plate pie. Another plate filled with ham and peas pudding sandwiches, cut into triangles. The perfect comfort food, the feeling of acceptance, a small amount of peace washes over me, and I am more than grateful for it.

Granddad walks out of the small kitchen, a pot of tea in his hands. He is unsteady on his feet, but try and help him with anything, and he will tell you "NO" in no uncertain terms, enjoying his independence to much.

"Emmy-Loo, the bairn is here," He shouts through to the kitchen.

"Eee hello, I didn't hear you come in. It's my ears, they are blocked again. It's driving me mad," Nana shouts through from the kitchen.

“Hi Nana, this looks lovely, do you want a hand with anything?” I ask, as I walk through and see her.

“It’s all done,” she smiles at me.

Her wavy grey hair sits in a short bob, her glasses on her face. Although she is 83, she looks a good ten-years younger; they both do.

I take a seat at the dining table, as she asks me about work, when do I go back? Did I see the news? Then tells me the same story she did last time I was here, then a few sentences later, tells me again. She doesn’t have dementia, but fixates on one thing, repeating it over-and-over. I smile at her, happy that I have come. There is nothing quite like family to ground you, make you remember who you are, just by giving you a slice of corn beef pie, a sandwich and a dollop of tuna and pasta, talking about everything and nothing, all at the same time.

A few hours later, I say my goodbyes, and head home, feeling a lot better than when I had arrived.

I get in the house, and head straight upstairs, and run a nice warm bath, adding some lavender bubbles, to relax me and help keep the calm that being with my grandparents had offered me.

I sink into the warm bubbly water and let out a soft sigh, letting it relax me further. Maybe I have been over thinking this whole thing. I know what Anders said, but I doubt I will ever hear from him again anyway. So, I am determined to put the whole thing out of my head.

Getting out of the bath, I wrap the big bath-sheet around my body, and head into my bedroom. I look at the mess of clothes that had been strewn all over the floor and let out a frustrated sigh. I bend over picking them up and re-hanging them into the wardrobe. I hear my phone ping downstairs but decide to leave it until I am finished.

Once I am done, I grab a pair of grey cotton pyjamas with black vest top, then head back downstairs. I go into the kitchen to put a pan of milk on and make some hot chocolate, to ensure I sleep tonight. I grab the hot delicious loveliness and walk back into the living room, and curl up on my cream sofa, grabbing the light green fleecy through and wrapping it around me. My phone pings again, and I let out a sigh, grabbing it from the nest of tables, sat at the side of the sofa.



Arsehole CEO – Hey, home from work. When are you back on shift? We need another lesson. Xxx

Arsehole CEO – Josie, stop ignoring me. I know you are just freaked out, trust me, I am as well, but no matter how much you say you Hate Me, we both know there is something between us, I don't chase anyone, but I am chasing you. Why not give this a chance? Xxx

Aghghgh, so much for finding my zen or whatever, because my heart is once more pounding in my chest, my mind is spinning round like a tornado, and as much as I try not to, I have a smile on my face.

I look at the phone, not sure if I should text back ... ignore him ... I am so damned conflicted.

My phone vibrates in my hand, as it begins to ring, his name flashing up on the screen. Before I can think about what I am doing, I hit the green button, and put it to my ear.

“So... you are alive then.” His sexy baritone voice rings out in my ear.

“You know I do have a life,” I bite back, but the smile is still on my face.

“Tell the truth, you have been freaking out all afternoon.” Anders chuckles.

“What makes you think that?” I ask, not wanting to admit he's right.

“Because I am good at reading people, and you are clearly not the type of person who does what we did just for shits-and-giggles.”

“Maybe you are not as good as you think you are,” I sass back at him, hating that he has hit the nail on the head.

“I am as good as I think I am, and I know I am right. Now, stop avoiding me, this isn't going to go away.”

“Yeah, I can tell you will not go away,” I sigh out.

“Not when I want something, and trust me on this Firefighter Edwards, I want you.” Anders voice becomes low and husky.

I let out a sigh, wondering what the hell he means. He wants to have se.x with me again? Or he wants something more? If it is the latter, would I take that chance?

“Well, you are right, I don’t normally do that type of thing, and I am not interested in fvck buddies or anything like that, so I guess this is a pointless conversation.” I decide to be honest.

The phone line goes silent, well I guess I have my answer, and I cannot help but feel the sting of disappointment that pierces my heart.

“Goodbye Anders.” I say, then hang up the phone.

Tears begin to stream down my face, and I curse myself for caring, for having that small spark of hope that he would be interested in getting to know me, rather than just fvcking\*g me. I guess that is what you get for shagging someone in the swimming pool changing rooms.

A knock at the door, shocks me slightly, as I look up at the clock and see it is past nine at night. I head to the door, opening it with a frown.

“And what the hell did that mean?” Anders asks, the vein on his temple twitching like crazy.

“What the hell are you doing here? and how the hell did you know where I live?” I ask folding my arms across my c.hest.

“There is such a thing as the Election Roll, now why did you say goodbye and put the phone down, we were not finished with our conversation?”

My next-door neighbour comes out of her house and peaks round, having a good old nosey at what was going on.

“Come in,” I hiss, not wanting to be the talk of the street, taking hold of his strong muscly arm and dragging him into the small hallway.

“So come on Josie, why the hell did you put the phone down,” He growls out.

“Because your silence spoke volumes. We clearly want different things, so why string this out,” I huff, shrugging my shoulders.

“Really, well let me tell you something. I do not do relationships,” he all but shouts.

I go to open my mouth, but he holds up his hand to me.

“I never have, but then this fvcking\*g firefighter walks into my office, refuses my fire certificate, drives me all kinds of crazy, who is kind, beautiful and innocent. She challenges me, makes me want to be a better man, but she is also a se.x goddess, and has wormed her way into my every thought. I finally get her, and she is addictive, and it seems for the first time in my life, I do not want a one-and-done, or a fvck buddy, I want her, to get to know her, to take her out on dates, to worry about her when she is running into burning buildings. She asked me today to trust her with my biggest fear, and I did, and I am now trusting her with my second biggest fear, to care. Because try as I might, I fvcking\*g well do care about her, even though she tells me she hates me at every given opportunity,” Anders shouts out at me, clearly frustrated.

I am stood dumbfounded. As I blink at him, he begins to take off his shirt, throwing it onto the chair under the window.

“What are you doing?” I hiss at him.

“I am taking off my clothes, then I am going to go up your stairs, and into your bed, because it has been a long a.ssed day, and then you are going to come up to your bed, and I am not going to have se.x with you, I am going to show you that I want more than that, because I am going to cuddle you in my arms, so that we both can get some fvcking\*g sleep without lying awake thinking about what the other is doing,” he shouts, as he pulls down his trousers.

Then turns on his heel wearing nothing but a pair of tight white boxer briefs and heads up the stairs.

“Coming?” he shouts.

I quickly lock the door, and head up the stairs, climbing into bed beside him, as he wraps his arm around my body and pulls me into his c.hest, then places a soft k!ss on my forehead, as we both gently fall to sleep, guess I do want him after all.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 34 - Tips**

0 8 minutes read

Davey's Point of View

The whirring of the engine sounded as I watched the white lines on the tarmac disappear one by one, as I filtered onto the A19 heading northbound, going home, back to Kathline.

She had been the only saving grace these past days I had spent with my sister. How I did not hunt down that pathetic excuse of an Ex and beat him to a pulp is beyond me. But somehow, I managed. The debt was massive, Liv would not be able to keep her house as things stood.

I had helped her pack up his things, but we kept and pawned anything he had that was of value, the mother fvcker was not happy about it, but I really don't give a sh!t. Liv may have to come live with me, but Kathline had been doing her thing. She had contacted an old colleague she worked with in Newcastle, with the hope he would work for my sister pro bono, in fighting the forged signatures. However, waiting for it to go to court, the debts would still add up, and even if she won, she would lose her home before they even got there.

To say I am fuming, would be an understatement to the true feelings I have right now. I am angry at that fvcker for doing this, but I am also angry at Liv because this is not the first time that he has pulled sh!t like this. Granted, not on this scale, but I have had to help her out with money more than a few times over the years because he has left them with nothing due to his gambling addiction.

Kathline keeps telling me to keep calm, all is not lost, she may have found a way, for Liv to keep the house, but she needs to double check the legality of it before she suggests the way out of this situation.

I have spoken with her every day, and truth be told, I am itching to go see her and Andy. However, she will be at work when I get back. Then tomorrow I start my day shifts, but I am determined to see her this evening.

For all the sh!t she is going through, Liv is happy for me. Although her advice was to keep separate bank accounts and never legally share a home. I suppose her warnings are warranted given what she is going through, if not a little premature. I look over to the seating-well under the passenger side of my car, and smile. I am sure Kathline will k!ll me, but I couldn't resist. I bought Andy a massive fvck-off nerf gun, I am sure he will love it, and I guess I will probably be his target when he fires it up.

I don't quite understand what is going on with me. I never hated kids, but I could take them or leave them. I was definitely not like Josie who loves them

all, thinking they are sweetness and light. Even Ben has a soft spot for kids, whereas I would happily let them crack on with the kid education side of the job, but Andy, he has changed that. I mean, I can still take or leave other kids, but he has wormed his little way into my heart.

I let out a small chuckle as I think of him, 'Naughty Norman,' as the guys at the station all call him. Yeah, he is a great kid, and I know he gets into normal scrapes just like kids should at his age.

Thankfully he hasn't got his head stuck in anymore railings since I have been away, nor has he started any fires, or got stuck up any trees, so he isn't that bad, not really.

I pull off the A19 then turn right at the first roundabout, then take another right at the second and into my estate, beyond grateful to be home. I just hope that fucking g, robbing, cunt does not take advantage of me no longer staying with Liv.

Pulling up onto the driveway, I grab my kit from the car, and head into the house. Grabbing my post off the doormat I head into the kitchen, opening up my bag, and putting the dirty clothes into the washing machine. I finally sit down and begin to read the post, which is mostly junk mail, apart from my bank statement, along with a letter offering me a loan if I want one.

My money is healthy. Am I rich? Definitely not, but I have amassed a good amount of savings, for a rainy day. To be honest, I would just pass the money over to Liv, to help get her out of the sh!t, but as things stand, even if I do that for her now, she needs to have a plan moving forward. I have to know that she can afford to keep the house even after the majority of the debt is paid off. Plus, she has split up with that wanker before, then as soon as he comes back with a grand gesture, telling her he made a mistake, that he cannot live without her, that this time he really has changed, she gets all gooey eyed, tells me she loves him, and takes the fvcker back.

As much as I love my sister, and want to help her, I refuse point blank to throw my money that I work damned hard for, at this situation, for her to just end up back at square one again, if they get back together. Maybe this time she will actually learn her lesson, that real love does not do this type of sh!t.

Don't get me wrong, I want her to keep the house, but I have learnt my lesson to not just bail her out with money, because as soon as she gets back on her feet, he comes back and the whole cycle starts again.

I hear something go bang in the kitchen, frowning I get up and walk in to see my washing machine has flooded the kitchen floor. fvcking\*g great! Just what I need on top of everything else. Frustration and a fresh wave of anger washes over me. I have no clean clothes, nor my uniform for work clean. I grab the wet clothes and put them in a large black bin bag, then mop up the floor, well I suppose it means the kitchen floor has had a clean. Looking at the clock it is still only 2pm, three hours before I go see Kathline again. I need these clothes washed and dried ASAP, so I guess I need find someone to help.

I walk out the house shoving the bag of washing into the boot of the car, I will head over to Josie's she is the closest person to my house and see if she will let me use her washer. If she is not in, I will head over to Big Ben's. Failing that there is always Wayne's mother's house. I drive round to Josie's parking up beside her car, but there is a Porsche the opposite side of her car, oh dear God, lets face it, there is hardly anyone with one of those rich-boy toys around here. If she is shagging him, then me and the boys will be having words with the arrogant arsehole, because nobody messes with our sister-from-another-mister.

I head up her path and bang on the door, hearing noises I really do not want to hear coming from her bedroom. sh!t Josie, I have enough to worry about with Liv, let alone you!

Yeah, that sounds like she will not be answering the door anytime soon, so I walk off back to the car and head to Ben's, trying like hell to put the sound of giggling, out of my head. I really do not want to think of Josie doing that sh!t, it is just sick and wrong on so many levels.

I arrive at Ben's place, his car is on the drive, but then I see him walking up the street from the direction of the beach, hand-in-hand with that girl he got out the fire, both laughing and smiling, eating ice creams, rather suggestively, each teasing the other.

fvcking\*g hell, I go away for four days and come back with all my colleagues getting more action than I am, and I met Kathline first! Damn, I really need to seal the deal with her, I do not want to be out done by Ben and Josie!

Ben spots me, and waves, as I nod at him, not sure what the fuck to say, do I ignore the fact he is looking at the woman he rescued like a lovesick puppy? Take the piss? Or ask the question, 'What the fuck is going on?'

"Hey, how did it go?" he asks me, his face looking concerned.

"Don't ask mate, it is not good. Plus, I just got back, and my washer is fucking, can I borrow yours?" I ask.

"Sure, come in. Davey, this is Lucy. Lucy this is Davey. He is a firefighter with me." He smiles down at her his face glowing with happiness. fucking\*g hell, I think cupid has come shooting off his arrows around the fire station!

"Hi Lucy, sorry about this," I say to her.

She smiles and nods. Great, another non talker. Guess they are a perfect match for each other then.

"I went to Josie's first, but there was a Porsche beside her car, and noises coming from her bedroom, I did not want to hear. I think we need to have a chat with that arsehole," I growl out.

Do not think that I don't notice Ben is not at all surprised, and I wonder if that is what the pair of them were all secret-squirrel about before I left for Liv's.

"Erm, count me out of that chat mate. Lucy is working for him, don't want to upset the apple cart. Plus, he is okay when you get to know him." Ben shrugs, as he grabs the bag of washing off me, and bundles it into his machine.

"Would you like a cup of tea or coffee Davey?" Lucy asks with a smile.

fucking\*g hell, looks like she has got her feet well and truly under the table.

"Coffee please Lucy, milk and two." I smile at her.

She nods, then humming happily to herself fills up the kettle. I look over at Ben and raise an eyebrow, who smiles and nods his head. That is Ben's silent code of 'yeah, we are together, and I am happy; get over it'. Well, I hope it works out for him, the poor fucker deserves a break after what he went through.

"Here we go." Lucy hands me the coffee, then smiles up at Ben.

"I will go to my room, leave you two to talk."

"Hey, you don't have to do that, this is your home whilst you are staying here." Ben protests.

"She is living here?" I ask, fvcking\*g hell, what is going on with my work colleagues?

Lucy looks to her feet, blushing, and Ben all but growls at me.

"Yes," he snaps. sh!t, I guess I poked the bear.

I say nothing, but go back into his living room with my coffee, keeping my mouth firmly shut.

Ben follows me, leading Lucy in by the hand, not letting her be pushed out and go to her room, then sits her on his lap, as she blushes like crazy. Talk about feeling like a third wheel!

Washing all finished, and after talking to Ben and Lucy, I have to admit, I am glad the girl is staying with him, although they are insistent it is in separate rooms, but I guess that is their business. If I were a betting man, I don't reckon it will remain separate rooms for long though. It is decided that I will have a word with Anders Maxwell with Headache, Twinkle and Wayne, to make sure he is on the level about Josie, as Ben doesn't want to upset the appplecart, his job will be to check on her and make sure she is okay.

I thank them both, then gather my clean dry clothes, and head off back home, dumping them in the hallway when I see it is time to head off and see the woman who puts the smile on my face. I cannot fvcking\*g wait!

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 35 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

Kathline's Point of View.

"Hey Mel, how has he been?" I smile at my child minder who is in a bright orange dress today with thick yellow str!pes on the flowing skirt part of it.

"Not a peck of bother, although I have to tell you, he is saying that you have a firefighter for a boyfriend to the other kids," Mel whispers to me.



“Oh, he asked Davey out right the other day, it was so embarrassing,” I sigh.

“Well, he seems to like Davey, and he is really happy to show off that his Mam has a boyfriend. I think he kind of felt left out with so many kids having dads, and stepdads at school,” Mel tells me.

I cannot help but agree, it is really quite obvious that he has felt something was missing from his young life. My heart breaks for him, he deserves so much better than what he got for a father.

“Come on Andy, we have to go,” I shout over to my little man, as he bound over, grabbing his coat from the banister it is hung over and ties it around his waist with the arms.

“It is too hot to put it on,” He informs me, and I just smile and ruffle his hair.

“Thanks Mel, see you tomorrow.” I smile at her, then we wave goodbye to the other kids walking across the road through Barnes Park.

“Can I go on the adventure park.... Pleaaaa.sssseeee?” Andy pleads with me.

“Okay, five minutes, then we have to get back,” I tell him and take a seat on the wooden bench and watch as he climbs up to the highest rope bridge, and carefully begins to walk over it. I hold my breath, because he has never been that high before, and if he gets stuck, there is no way in hell I can go up there and get him.

My phone pings, and I pull it out of my bag.

Davey – Hey, I am at yours, xxx

Kathline – Oh, wasn’t expecting you to come till later, we are just at Barnes Park on the adventure playground xxx

Davey- I will head over, see you in five xxx

I smile to myself; my stomach feels like a kaleidoscope of butterflies have taken flight when Andy suddenly shouts.

“Mam, I am scared,” he cries out.

I look up and he is right in the centre of the rope bridge, hanging on for dear life, as it swings about, a group of kids all behind him shouting at him to move out the way, as he sobs slightly, terrified.

“sh!t,” I curse under my breath.

Heights are really not my thing, and wood planks held together by rope that swings high between a slide and a rope climbing frame, which probably will not hold an adult’s weight, is not my idea of fun.

“It’s okay Andy, take a breath,” I shout up at him, wondering how the hell I am going to get him off the thing.

“Mammy, I am going to fall,” Andy sobs out, his little body shaking with fear, as the bigger kids start to push past him, bringing him closer to the edge and causing him to squeal out.

“Oi, stop pushing past him,” I shout to the older kids, fearful myself that he will fall through the gap between the ropes, not that he could if I look at it objectively, but my own fear, and concern for my child, has set in and being totally rational at this point is never going to happen.

“It’s okay Andy, I am coming up,” the deep voice of Davey shouts over my shoulder.

I let out a long breath, thankful that he is here. Davey climbs up the rope frame, then leads to the narrow rope bridge, asking the kids to step aside, which they do without question. He walks over the planks, reaching my son. Rather than just pick him up and bring him down though, Davey crouches down to his level with a smile.

“Hey kidder, let’s do this together, shall we?” He smiles.

Andy sobs clinging to the rope.

“I will not let you fall, trust me, I will talk you through what you need to do,” Davey reassures him.

“Okay, so take hold of both sides of the rope. Now don’t look down, look straight across at that tree over there.” Davey points to one of the large trees in the park.

"That's it, good boy. Now, keep your eyes on the tree and just take a step," Davey tells him.

"But I might fall through the gap," Andy protests with another small sob.

"I know it feels like the gaps are big when you are up here, but they really aren't. So just one step, I am here, I can catch you at any time," Davey reassures him.

"It's wobbling," Andy's terrified voice rings out.

"I know, but don't worry about that, it's very secure. Just one step Andy, there's a good boy," Davey encourages him.

Andy hesitantly takes a step, and I watch on in awe as Davey soon has him moving slowly but surely across the bridge on his own. They reach the end, and Davey sits down on the top of the slide, picking up Andy and placing him between his legs. Then counts to three, and the pair of them slide down together.

I rush over to Andy and give him a huge hug.

"I did it Mam, can I do it again?" Andy beams with pride.

I am about to say no, when Davey chuckles beside me.

"Go on then, if you need me to come up again give me a shout, just remember to concentrate on the tree," Davey encourages him.

Andy runs off, then climbs up towards the bridge once more, as Davey chuckles beside me, grabbing my waist and placing a soft quick kiss on my lips.

"Hi," he grins at me.

"Hi." I smile back at him.

"All he needed was a little bit of confidence to get across, look he is crossing it like a pro now." Davey grins nodding towards the bridge.

"I am glad you were here, because I hate heights," I sigh looking over at Andy.

“Not a problem. God am I happy to see you,” he sighs, taking hold of my hand.

I look down at our entwined fingers, as he grins at me.

“So, how do you and Andy feel about heading down to the Barnes Toby Carvery for tea?” he asks.

“When? Tonight?” I ask him.

“Sure, if you want.” Davey smiles at me.

“Our first date.” He grins at me.

“What with Andy in tow.” I laugh slightly.

“Yeah, I am dating both of you.” Davey winks.

I let out a light laugh and nod my head at him.

“We best get the little monster home and changed then.” I smile.

“Hey Andy, time to go now son,” I shout over at him.

“Aww, okay... I have to go now, with my Mam and her boyfriend.” Andy turns to a kid he has made friends with.

I close my eyes, wondering just what Davey will think about my son insisting he is my boyfriend.

“I think that has a nice ring to it, don’t you?” Davey asks, reaching out and taking my hand once more.

I smile shyly, saying nothing in return and Andy runs in the middle of us, breaking our hands apart then grabs each of us so that we are all holding hands together.

After quickly getting Andy changed, we walk out of the house towards the Barnes Toby Carvery. It is a short walk at the bottom of my street, across the pedestrian crossings, then past the garage that sits next to it. We walk in and ask for a table for three.

Taking our seat in the long booth at the side, the smell of roast beef, pork, gammon, and turkey fills the air, and instantly my tummy rumbles in appreciation. The waitress comes over and takes our order for drinks, and Davey tells her it is three for the carvery. She nods her head and tells us to go up to the food counter when we are ready.

“How was Liv when you left?” I ask him.

Davey sighs, shaking his head slightly, a look of annoyance flashes on his face.

“Upset, but she is okay. I bought some food, so she has enough to eat, I also paid the gas and electricity bills off, so she has power. But honestly Kathline, we have been here before, not as bad, but still, she always takes him back,” Davey sighed out, clearly frustrated.

“Well, I had a word with Larry who works in my old place, he said he will take a look at the evidence and make a decision on if it is worth going down that route. He will look at it as a favour to me, but if he takes the case, I am not sure if he will do the whole thing for fee,” I tell him.

“Thanks, Kathline, you are a super star. Come on let’s go get some food.” He smiles, shuffling out of the booth as Andy follows him, chatting away to him, holding his hand. I walk behind the pair of them smiling. Maybe I should discourage Andy from getting too attached to Davey, after all, who knows if this thing between us will work or not but seeing him so happy to have a man around him, I do not have the heart to tell my little boy he needs to be careful.

The chef asks me which meats I, Davey, and Andy want. Andy picks the turkey, as Davey asks for turkey and gammon. I go for the beef and pork. A giant Yorkshire pudding is placed on each of our plates, then handed to us. We move along the large pots filled with every kind of vegetable you can think of, along with mashed potatoes and roast potatoes. We all pile our plates high, then head to the smaller counter and put lashings of gravy all over the food, then return to our seats to find our bottomless diet cokes waiting for us.

“I like broccoli Davey, do you like broccoli?” Andy asks, his eyes wide with wonder as he stares up at him.

“I do, I like all my veggies, are you going to eat all yours up?” Davey asks placing a fork full in his mouth as if to make his point.

“Yes, I will.” Andy nods.

Now that is new, because he normally only eats broccoli and carrots, but here he is shovelling green beans, peas, cabbage and broccoli into his mouth.

“I am back to work tomorrow, got to get there for 5:30 in the morning, ready to start at six. Finish at six, if we are not on a shout, was wondering when we are done with work, if the weather is okay taking this little one to the B.E.A.C.H.” he says spelling out the word in case I don’t like the idea.

“It is a little late if I am honest, I bath him at seven then bed by half-seven, but you are more than welcome to come over, if you want.” I smile.

“Sure, he goes to bed quite early then.” Davey grins at me.

“Yes, and he is flat out all night.” I roll my lips together as Davey raises his eyebrow at me.

“Interesting.” He winks.

We finish our food, mostly talking to Andy about his day at school, as Davey walks to the counter to pay, and we head off back to my house.

As I walk in, I run up the stairs to start running Andy’s bath, getting his PJ’s out of his drawer, and placing them on the bed.

“Andy, bath time,” I shout downstairs.

Andy makes his way up the stairs, and I strip him out of his clothes, and give him a nice, but quicker than normal bath, before taking him into his bedroom, and putting him in his pj’s.

“I will go down and get you some milk and cookies, you chose which book you want to read tonight,” I tell him.

“Mammy, can Davey come up and help read my bedtime story?” Andy asks.

I nod, then make my way downstairs to find two hot cups of tea made.

“I am just going to get him some milk and cookies, then read his bedtime story. He kind of asked if you would do it,” I say, unsure what Davey will think about that.

“Of course, I will.” Davey grins following me up the stairs.

Andy eats his supper, whilst Davey reads him the Gruffalo, then he hops out of bed to clean his teeth before jumping back in under the covers.

“Night, night my gorgeous boy, I love you all the world,” I tell him.

“Night, night, I love you all the world too.” Andy smiles.

“And you Davey,” he adds.

Davey chuckles and ruffles his hair as I place a soft kiss on his head.

As we step out of the room, Davey looks at me.

“sh!t, I forgot, I bought him a nerf gun when I was away, I left it in the car,” He tells me.

“Erm, thanks for that, but if I get covered in bruises off it, I will be hiding it in the ‘oh it got lost’ cupboard. Just so you know.” I grin at him.

Davey laughs, then grabs me by the waist.

“So, what game do we play now the child is in bed?” Davey asks with a panty-melting smirk on his face.

I bite my bottom lip, then tilt my head to one side.

“Teenagers on a beach, sounds good to me.” I wink at him, and he lets out a low growl.

“That, ... is a very, very good game,” He agrees, as his lips crash into mine.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 36 - Tips**

0 6 minutes read

Davey's Point of View.

A guttural moan builds up in my chest rising up into my throat and escaping my lips as they move perfectly against Kathline's. My breath becomes laboured, as the requirement for oxygen feels nowhere near as important as the need to feel her tongue dance with mine. Kathline lets out a soft moan of

her own, as I bundle her backwards towards the large sofa, her legs connect with the soft cushions, and she falls backwards. I grip my arms tight around her small waist, following her, landing softly on top of her writhing body.

Trailing my fingers up from her waist I fist the soft silk material of her work blouse. The feel of the material causes the blood flow to rush southward, as my erection begged to be let loose as it strained against my pants. Kathline let out a breath as I slowly, seductively kissed down her jaw, onto her neck as she panted, giving me soft moans of encouragement. Lifting her top up exposing her fair freckle dusted skin I grazed its softness with my fingertips. God this woman did things to me I could never explain. I trailed upwards, gently stroking and teasing her with my fingers until I reached the lace from her bra.

Letting out a deep breath, my fingers traced the outline of her pebbled nipple through the material, as Kathline mewled in response. That noise right there, had to be my favourite sound, knowing she was as close to losing her control as I was. It did something primal to me. My hand still inside her blouse I cupped the heavy weight of her breast in my hand, as her hips began to grow a mind of their own, thrusting forwards towards me. A silent invite, one I was all too eager to accept.

Slowly I lifted the silk white blouse up and over her head, exposing her white lace bra. An involuntary hiss escaped my lips, as I lost the ability to breath. Hot damn, this woman was beyond beautiful. Continuing to trail butterfly kisses down her neck, my hands reached round the soft smooth skin on her back, as I fumbled like a teenager with the clasp on her bra. My body ached to set her breasts free, to taste them, savour her flavour, feast on them like a man starved. Finally, I felt the ping and I pulled the straps down her slim arms, casting it aside.

I pause for a moment, my eyes trailing up her naked top half, taking her in, hell I was back to being that teenage boy again, desperate, needy, and almost prematurely ending this in my pants before we even fully begin. I let out a groan of satisfaction, as Kathline looks up at me with hooded eyes. She reached up to the hem of my polo shirt, and pulls it over my head, her hands splaying across my chest as she lets out her own soft groan of approval.

fuck I feel ten-foot tall, as I gaze into her eyes, her pupils blown with lust and desire. My lips find hers once more, as my tongue invades her mouth,



searching, exploring, tasting. My hand circles her waist, as I find the button of her skirt, and undo it, quicker than I had her bra. She lifts up her hips as I attempt to pull the tight-fitting material from her body, as she shimmies to help, her foot kicks the bottom of the coffee table, and a cup crashes to the ground smashing.

"MAMMY!!" Andy's frightened voice echoes from upstairs.

Kathline closes her eyes and lets out a small breath, then pushes me off, grabbing her blouse and quickly pulling it over her head.

"It is okay, I just knocked a cup," she shouts up, as she quickly tucks her blouse into her skirt and rebuttons it.

"I am scared Mammy," Andy shouts once more.

"I am coming, it is okay, don't be scared," Kathline placates him.

I pick up my own polo shirt and pull it on, letting out a frustrated sigh. It is a good job I like the kid, because Naughty Norman is the ultimate cock-blocker! I wait and wait for her to return, s\*\*\*\*I desire turning into a deep frustration that I am left hanging.

Ten minutes later, Kathline appears, her face apologetic, as she looks at me with a small smile on one side of her lushes' lips.

"Sorry," she whispered.

I turn off the water and step outside of the shower, grabbing a towel that was strewn on the floor, and wrapping it around my waist. I had too much to think about, Liv and her situation, Kathline and the desire I had for her, Andy, ... could I step into the vacant position of an absentee father?

shit, we had only just reconnected after all these years, normally I would take my time to date, and get to know a woman before even entertaining the thought of long term, but with a kid in tow, I knew I did not have the luxury of doing that.

Letting out a sigh, I get ready, making my way to the station.

fvck!

In all the carry-on last night, I never picked up the Sunderland Echo, and I could only hope there was one in the station, else this day was going to go from bad to fvcking\*g worse, I can feel it in my bones.

I walk into the common room, looking frantically around for a newspaper, but no one has a copy from Yellow Watch, and I end up sitting, staring at the fvcking\*g wall, everything off kilter.

Wayne is the first in this morning, rambling on about Ben chewing out a woman who flashed her t\*\*s at the engine. I would normally be interested in Big Ben losing his sh!t, as it never happens, but this morning, I could not find a fvck to give.

Next in is Twinkle, m0aning about his 'Mrs.' again. This guy is not the advert for marriage, you want to see when thinking about embarking on a long-term relationship.

Headache is next, popping some paracetamol, apparently his big toe hurts. fvcking\*g wimp needs to man up, but for once I keep my mouth shut and just stare at the wall as if waiting for God to write the news in neon writing on it, like the story I was taught as a kid in Sunday school.

Josie is in later than normal, just a few moments before the shift starts, I do not miss the small whimper as she takes a seat. fvck at least she had a good weekend.

Ben follows, the fvcker has a smile that would like up a Christmas tree, good for him, but right now I just find those two annoying, because they are loves young dream, and I am sat here pissed off because I had no way to school my features, to hide my annoyance last night.

Josie worried her brow in my direction, then with another small yelp, she stands up and heads over to me.

"What's up?" she softly asks.

Not wanting to chat about this sh!t, I turn the tables, snapping a little as I did so.

"Judging by your inability to sit, the giggling I heard yesterday at yours and a posh bastard's car next to your house, I would say a prized prick has been UP."

Josie shakes her head at me.

“fvck you, a.ssh0le.” Then saunters to the kitchen with Headache to start the food prep.

Ben walks over, glaring at me, shaking his head. sh!t. Here we go.

“No need for that Davey. Whatever is going on, you need to have more respect for the one person around this place that cares about everyone here,” he growls at me.

I know he is right, but I cannot back down right now, anger is pulsing through my bones, I have fvcked up the one good thing I had going for me right now, and the happy new relationship brigade are on my sh!t list, because let’s face it, I am jealous.

Everyone gives me a wide birth, and the morning wears on, not even a shout to take my mind of stuff. I pull out my phone, my thumb hovering over the keys, wondering if I should text Kathline, try and make my case, and if I do that, what should I even say that will not make this cl.uster fvck a whole lot worse.

I begin to type, when the alarm goes off, and everyone runs to the pole, down to the engine, as we get in and Headache starts the engine Josie calls out.

“Fire at Richard Avenue Primary School, kids inside,” her voice rings out, and the whole engine stills.

I look at her, then close my eyes. Richard Avenue Primary School, fvck, that is Andy’s school, and fear like I have never experienced in my life creeps deep into my bones.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 37 - Tips**

0 8 minutes read

### **Davey’s Point of View**

An unnatural silence hummed around the fire engine, only the sound of the siren, and the noise of the traffic disturbed it. Each of

us lost in our own thoughts; these were the calls we all dreaded. Kids were everyone’s kryptonite, even if nine times out of ten a call to a school was

nothing more than a little one pressing the fire alarm for one reason or another. This journey, though minutes in reality, felt like hours, each second longer than the last. My stomach knotted and churned as I thought of Andy, his red hair, freckled face, wide-eyed as he ate pancakes. My heartbeat became so loud in my chest it echoed in my ears. I prayed, over and over, please GOD let it be a false alarm. But the information from dispatch was clear.

Fire.

Kids were trapped inside the building.

As Headache expertly weaved through the traffic at breakneck speed, I lifted my head to look up to heaven above, and prayed that somehow those kids got out of there. My other prayer was 'if it is anyone, please God not him'. It felt wrong to wish it were another kid, that some other family had to suffer, but I could not help it; all I could think of was not him, never him. The thought of Kathline's grief halted my ability to breathe, my mind focusing on the darkness of the situation. It was as if all hope had left me, that things would never be the same again, a fresh wave of pure pain washed over me, as my emotions threatened to engulf me.

I had to force myself into the present, because in my heightened emotional state, I knew I would be of little use to my team,

those who would have my back, and run into the burning building with me.

If I lost it, I would also be no use to Andy, if it was him trapped inside. I would be more of a hindrance, rather than any help, no use to the men and women who needed me to be at my best, not this emotional wreck I had become.

"How the hell are kids still inside and unaccounted for?" Josie gritted out, her blue eyes wide with rage.

It was a valid question. They had ample fire escapes, the kids did drills, how in hell had this happened?

I closed my eyes, concentrating on steadying my rapid breathing, as I pulled the oxygen tank onto my back.

Ben double-checked me, as I turned and triple-checked his equipment, not fully trusting myself that I did not miss something given my current state of mind.

As we pulled the engine up outside the school, the sounds of more sirens echoed in the distance, another crew from another station.

would soon join us.

We parked up on the roadside, each of us jumping down from the engine, navigating the rubberneckers, the police already in

attendance, keeping them back. Horrified parents staring into space, some sobbing in each others arms. I looked over at the school, assessing the situation, but the pit in my stomach sunk further into the abyss of despair.

‘Andy’, my only coherent thought. The smell of smoke filled the air around us, as kids all stood in line at the designated fire point, teachers keeping them under control, whilst also managing the ones who were visibly upset. Parents had begun to gather around the gates, wide eyes desperately searching the kids outside to catch a glimpse of their little ones. I found myself doing the same,

scanning those gathered to find him. Yet no matter how hard I tried to find him; he was nowhere to be found. I glanced around to see if Kathline had arrived, but I could not see her in the sea of people that had arrived, all looking on in horror.

Ben looked at me, and I became aware he had been talking, but I had not a clue what he was saying, my mind otherwise engaged.

“Davey, are you okay?” he asked, his normally stoic face showing a high degree of concern.

“It is Andy’s school,” I whispered, my voice breaking under the pressure of the pain in my heart.

Ben nodded his understanding, then turned to the team, taking over as lead firefighter. After all, that had been his job before his personal hell had taken away his sanity for months. I took over the position when he was on his sick

leave. Today I would gladly give it back, knowing I could not lead a horse to water, needing someone to navigate me through this personal hell.

“Switch on. Davey, else you are no good to anyone.”

Josie stated to me. Her tone was not harsh, or lacking empathy, but matter of fact, it was just enough to drag my mind out of the all-consuming fear that was pulsing through my veins.

The headmistress approached us, her face contorted with pain and anguish, as she attempted to remain professional, but looked like she was about to lose her control at any given moment, and give in to the sheer horror of what was happening.

“The fire started in the kitchen. We have three children missing. They had gone to the bathroom. We did not know they were not

in the class until we did a role call. That was when the teacher realised she had given them permission to go wash their hands after painting. The toilets are in the second block, in the middle of the corridor to the left,” she informed us, choking back a sob.

“What are the names of the children?” Josie asked,

“Tim Mosby, Evan Peters, and Andy Brown.”

At the sound of Andy’s name, my blood turned to ice, a stabbing pain through my heart taking my breath away. I froze to the spot, pain threatening to engulf me.

“No not him, please not him,” I found myself shouting into my mask.

Josie looked at me and closed her eyes before thanking the headmistress, then walking over to me.

“Davey, if you cannot do this, you need to sit this one out,” she whispered softly.

My mind was a whirlwind of emotions. I thought of Andy being frightened, hurt, or worse. My mind went to Kathline, she would be terrified, he was her life, she needed me now, more than she would ever need me, and I flicked the switch in my brain. I had to find him. I must get him to his mother, and when I

did, I would never ever feel frustrated by his interruptions again. In fact, I would welcome them.

“NO, I will find him,” I shouted.

He would recognize my voice, I would be a familiar face, when he would be terrified.

“Twinkle, Wayne, set up the hoses, Headache find a fire hydrant to replenish the water, Davey, Josie and I will go inside,” Ben

ordered. I was probably not the right person to run inside that burning building, but Ben understood, there was no way I would stay outside with the hoses.

Station Officer Webber arrived in his small van, liaising with the other crew, giving out his orders.

Ben picked up his axe, and then placed his oxygen mask on his face, as I did the same. I looked at him, then Josie, and nodded to her

that I was okay, I could, and would do this.

We ran towards the burning school, entering through the doors. The heat of the flames almost pushed us back, but we pushed through. Twinkle was behind us with Wayne tackling the blaze, as we methodically searched every room, shouting the kids’ names. Each door we entered was more painful than the last, the searing heat burning my exposed skin on my face. We pushed on, heading towards the toilets, hoping beyond hope the boys were in there, but leaving no stone unturned as we methodically searched.

The smoke was thick, making visibility difficult, as we continued to fight our way through the blaze, shouting as loud as we could

through our masks.

The sounds of the roaring flames filled my ears, then overtaken by exploding glass as the windows of the classrooms blew out under the intense heat. A classroom door flew off its hinges, as I dragged Josie out of its path, just in time, a second later and it would have wiped her out.

The progress was slow, due to the scorching heat of the flames and debris that marred our path down the corridors. Pictures on the walls turned black,

the paper disintegrating, as small particles floated all around us, white hot with heat, landing on other posters, or drawings the kids had done, and spreading the fire where they touched.

Painstakingly, we approached the area Andy was presumed to be, and once more I prayed to anyone who would listen that we would

find him. Alive.

I forced entry into the bathroom, screaming Andy's name, but there was no response. Ben began kicking the trap doors to the toilets, but each one brought another wave of disappointment. A bubble of emotion clogged my throat, as I swallowed back the scream that begged to be let go. Blinking back the tears that threatened to fall, I checked under the sinks in the centre of the room, but nothing. Josie double-checked every place we looked, and looked for any cupboard or another doorway outside, but there was one

way in, and one way out, and there were no kids.

"We keep searching," Ben's voice echoed in my earpiece, and we moved out of the bathroom, turning up the unsearched area.

Entering another classroom, we searched under the tables, in the corners, and broke the door into the teachers' supply closet,

but, yet again, I was left disappointed, as nothing but shelves of textbooks welcomed us, and no little boys hiding.

Where the hell is he?

Moving out, another window exploded, shattering its glass towards the playground outside. Turning around, we moved out as a unit, searching, shouting, and praying.

"UP AHEAD," Ben's voice screeched.

I looked up the corridor and saw two bodies hunched

in the corner, the flames licking the ceiling around them. That was two, but where in this hell was the third? As we ran towards the huddled boys, I saw another laid prone on the floor, a chair had been blown in his pathway, the



child's leg lay at an odd angle, and the mop of red hair made my heart both leap and sink. He was not moving.

Rushing over, I crouched down beside him, searching for a pulse, but I had no time. I gathered Andy carefully in my arms, cradling

him to my chest, praying he was alive. He let out a small whimper, before he shuffled slightly in my grasp. I let out a breath, thanking the heavens above.

Ben and Josie picked up the other two boys. I had no clue about their condition, and in this moment, I do not care, all I could think about was getting Andy out of here, back to Kathline. Quickly, I removed my oxygen mask and gave Andy some much needed air, before replacing it to my face, then began to move out, back towards the main doors, where the flames had been doused with

water.

"Mine is alive," Josie shouted.

A sense of relief washed over me, proving I did care about the others, even if my priority was the little boy in my arms.

"Mine too," Ben growled, the relief clear in his tone. He had faced his own demons in this place.

.

We walked quickly, avoiding the fallen debris, towards the exit, when a crackling sound began to form around us.

"sh!t!" Josie shouted out.

I looked up and the flames circled the ceiling of the corridor.

"The roof is going to go," Ben shouted.

"fvcking\*g RUN!" Josie all but screamed.

My heart beating in my chest, I moved as fast as I could when I heard the sound that chilled my blood, as the ceiling cracked and

banged, then began to fall around me.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 38 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

### **Kathline's Point of View**

Numb, that is how I feel. Totally and utterly numb. I drive my car like I had stolen it, towards the school. I had been with a client when Tracey walked into the office without so much as a knock, and told me Andy's school was on fire, and it was believed he was trapped inside. At that point, I grabbed my coat and ran out of the building, leaving a shocked client and staff behind me.

As I round the corner to the school the road is closed, so I dump the car practically in the middle of the street, as a police officer calls out after me. I run towards the burning school, hot tears streaming down my face.

"Miss, you cannot leave your car there," the officer calls out to me.

I throw my keys at him.

"Move it, my son is in that building," I shout at him, not showing any respect for the officer, and not giving a damn if he arrests me for abandoning my car.

A wave of pity washes over his face, and he silently nods at me, lifting the blue and white tape to let me past.

"I will park it for you and find you with your keys later," he shouted after me, as I ran towards the gates of the school.

The numbness I had felt left me in an instant as I looked at the building. A scream of sheer terror left my mouth, my hands covering my face. My knees became weak as I trembled, falling to the floor, as pain radiated through my body.

Suddenly I felt a strong arm around my shoulders, someone placing a fire coat over me.

"Madam, I am Station Officer Webber, please take a seat in the engine." His deep voice rumbled in my ear.

I knelt on the floor sobbing, as I watched, unable to move. Two strong black arms gently lifted me up, guiding me to the fire engine, then placed me in the cab.

“Madam, let me assure you I have three of my best firefighters searching for the little boys.”

His words swirled around my head, as he continued to look at me, but I could not take my eyes off the school that was engulfed in flames, and my boy was trapped inside. A fresh wave of panic began to take over, as I tried to fight against the man, wanting to run into that building and get my child out of there.

“Madam, please, you must stay here, the people who are searching for your child, they are honestly the best we have.” He tried again to calm me.

“Headache, try and get an update from Davey or Ben,” the Station Officer shouted.

I snapped my head up, and looked into the pool of big brown eyes, that swirled with emotion, as he looked down at me.

“Davey? Davey is in there looking for Andy,” I asked, my voice breaking with every syllable.

“Yes, you know Davey?” he gently asked.

I nod my head, when another firefighter walks over.

“Comms are down boss.” The firefighter looks at me.

“Kathline?” he asks.

I blink up, yes, he looks familiar, someone who had helped get Andy out of the railings, he worked with Davey.

“Davey is going to find him,” the man they called Headache told me, then turned to do something with the engine, as someone shouted, they needed more water.

“You are Davey’s girlfriend,” the Station officer asked.

I nodded my head, although I don’t know what we are now, but at this moment in time, all I can think about is that Andy is in that building, and Davey is in there with him.

My hands will not stop shaking as I stare at the building that is nothing more than a burning tomb, hoping to God that my boy is saved. But hope is slowly leaving me as I watch on in utter horror as the roof begins to cave in, the back of the building first.

I hear screaming all around me, as I watch, wanting the noise to stop so I can wrap my head around what is happening, only to realise the screams are from my own mouth.

As I stare, fixated on the building that is burning as hot as hell itself, the roof falling in, suddenly through the doors, three firefighters, carrying three small boys in their arms hurtle out of the school.

Ambulance crews run towards them, gathering the children, but one firefighter would not let his go, holding on tight as if his own life depended on it. I glanced again, unsure if what I was seeing was a figment of my imagination, that my brain had constructed some happy ending, when in reality, nobody could escape that place. Blinking I look again and see red hair, a leg hanging at an odd angle, and Davey's eyes behind the mask, holding on to him.

I jumped from the engine, the Station Officer unable, or unwilling to stop me, and ran towards Andy, my heart pounding in my chest, as Davey finally lay him on the gurney the paramedics had waiting for him.

I hurtled towards my son, and his saviour, as Davey slumped to the ground, removing his mask and gasping for air. Sweat trickled down his face, mixing with tears that streamed from his eyes.

I halted where I ran, why was he crying? Oh, good grief, no, please someone tell me he is still alive. Once more I fell to my knees, the world around me turning dark, as blackness descended, and I willingly gave myself to the darkness.

My eyes blinked open, I was on the cold floor, my legs raised in the air, Davey kneeling beside me, his face covered in soot. Where was I? Why is Davey here? Am I dreaming? Then like an invading nightmare my mind engaged.

"Andy, where is Andy?" I shouted, struggling to get up off the floor.

"He is on his way to hospital, he was okay, Kathline, breathing and conscious, but his leg is busted," Davey's baritone voice reassured me.

"You got him out," I said, tears streaming down my face.

"Yes, we got him out." Davey gave me a small half smile.

"I need to go; I have to get to the hospital," I shouted.

"DAVEY!" the voice of the Station Officer hollered over to him

"Boss," Davey answered but made no move to leave my side.

"You need to get checked out at the hospital, go now," he shouted over to him.

Davey nodded, as he gently lifted me off the ground, then winced in pain. I looked down to see a large rip in the side of his jacket, blood staining around his arm and side.

"I have to get to the hospital," I shouted, wanting to be with my boy.

"You can travel in the back of our ambulance with Davey. Ben and Josie can go in the other," a paramedic informed me, motioning to two waiting ambulances.

I pulled myself to a standing position and looked down at Davey's side and arm.

"Your hurt," I whispered.

"Just a scratch, come on, lets get to the hospital and check on Andy." His voice was hoarse with emotion.

I nodded my head, and climbed into the ambulance, as Davey climbed in beside him, the Paramedics doing their thing. I stared straight ahead, eager for the ambulance to set off, to get me to my boy.

Finally, the driver closed the double doors behind us, as the other paramedic sat in his seat, chatting away and writing notes on a tablet.

The ambulance set off, following the one in front that contained Davey's work colleagues. A fresh wave of anxiousness pulsed through my body, as I

thought of my boy, in hospital, alone. More tears began to stream down my face, as I watched the houses pass by in a blur through the tinted window on the side of the ambulance.

Thankfully the journey to Sunderland Royal Hospital was short, and soon they were backing into the Ambulance parking bay at the front of Accident and Emergency. The doors opened, and I rushed to the step, as the paramedic pointed me in the direction of the reception area.

“He is in the children’s area, so next doors along, straight ahead to reception, they will guide you from there.” The paramedic helpfully informed me.

I ran through the double-doors, to the crescent shaped reception desk, as a young woman sat behind the desk typing on the computer, not even raising her eyes towards me.

Nervously I tapped my fingers on the beach wood top of the desk, waiting for her to finally acknowledge me. Finally, she lifted her head up from her work, her dark brown hair in piled up in on her head, a pencil in the knotted strands.

“How can I help you?” the pretty girl asked.

“My son, he was in the school fire, Andy Brown,” I said, my voice laced with panic.

“I will get him to you as soon as I can, first can you give me his details.” She smiled.

I let out a frustrated sigh, the details could wait, my child needed me. Taking a breath to calm my fractured nerves and stop myself from biting off the head of the receptionist, I gave all the details, to her and with a smile, she moved out from behind her desk, pressing a button on the side.

“The doors are open; I will meet you at the other side and take you to him.” She smiled.

I pulled at the doors and walked through as the receptionist glanced at me with a smile.

“This way,” she beckoned me to follow her.

"Is he okay?" I asked, panic and relief, I was finally here, battling with each other in my fraught mind.

"I am not part of the medical team, so I do not know. But he is in the best hands, honestly, you could not ask for a better paediatric team." She smiled down at me. Taking a left then a right, she arrived at the small nurse's station.

"Andy Brown's mam." The receptionist smiled at the nurse on duty.

"Thank you," I whispered to the girl, forgiving her for my first impression of 'Not giving a sh!t'.

"Right this way Mrs. Brown." The Nurse smiled.

She led me to the back of the area, into a private room. I walked in and once more I felt like my world was about to collapse around me.

Andy lay, oxygen mask on his soot smudge face, his leg elevated, and bandaged, an IV drip in the canular in the crease of his elbow, tears streaming down his face.

"Mrs. Brown. I am Dr. Hussain; I am looking after Andy today." The doctor of middle eastern descent smiled at me.

I scrambled to Andy, desperate to hold him.

"Take a seat by his bed and hold his hand but avoid crowding him at the moment." Dr Hussain smiled.

I nodded and sat in the large green chair with wooden arm rests, and gently took hold of Andy's hand.

"Okay, so good news and not so good news. Andy if fine, he has inhaled some smoke, so we must keep him on oxygen for 24 hours. The bad news is his foot is fractured in three places. The bones are shattered as well. He has broken the talus, the cuboid, and cuneiform 4. The x-ray shows he will need the talus pinned, but we cannot operate until his lungs are clear of the smoke. He has a couple of first degree burns on his back, but they will heal nicely, although he will have a couple of nice cool scars to show his mates when he gets back to school."

I looked at the doctor, not really hearing what he was telling me, but nodded as if I understood all the medical jargon.

“We are waiting for a bed in the children’s ward, I am afraid he is going to be with us for a couple of days; at least until we get that ankle set. I have given him pain meds, which will make him drowsy, but until the breaks are plated and cast, he is going to feel that foot,” Dr. Hussain continued.

“He is a lucky lad,” Dr. Hussain continued.

I nodded, then looked up at him.

“What about the other two boys? Are they okay?” I asked.

He placed a hand on his arm and smiled.

“They are doing fine.” Then walked out of the room.

I held onto Andy’s hand as he whimpered a little.

“Hey, you scared Mammy so much darling,” I whispered to him.

“But you are okay, you are going to be okay,” I informed him, swallowing the sob that threatened to escape.

Then I placed my head onto the bed beside his arm and silently let my tears fall once more.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 39 - Tips**

0 8 minutes read

Davey’s Point of View.

I winced slightly as the last of my six stitches were tied off, the clattering of the forceps into the metal bowl indicating I was all done.

“Okay, you are good, take this prescription to the pharmacy. By this time, ours will be closed, so I suggest Millets on Hylton Road. Finish the course, and if it gets hot and inflamed come back.” The doctor smiled at me.

I nodded, pulling down my polo shirt. Hell I stunk as badly as Twinkles cooking, from the smoke of the fire and I was in desperate need of a shower.



The doctor passed me a bag full of dressings to keep the wound covered and sent me on my way. I walked out into the hospital reception where Josie waited for me with Ben, both of them cleared by the doctors almost immediately. They were only brought here to do the bog-standard concussion checks. When the roof went down, a piece of the ceiling had fallen, narrowly missing my head, but the jiggered corner had pierced my side before falling to the floor. God knows how, but neither Ben nor Josie got hit by anything. We were fvcking\*g lucky, it could have been so much worse than it was.

“Hey, the police have just arrived looking for Kathline, apparently he has her car keys,” Ben said, nodding over to the reception desk.

I looked over at the officer, seeing it was Jason, one of the guys who I had met after being roped in to do a career talk with the local Air Cadet Squadron on Tay Road. I walk over to him, giving him the customary nod of greeting.

“Hi Jason, are those keys Kathline’s?” I ask.

“Red-headed mother, who parked her car in the middle of the road and hightailed it to the school?” Jason asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Sounds like her, listen. She is a friend, I am going to head up to see her now. I can pass them to her,” I suggest.

The truth was it was an excuse to check on both her and Andy, hell, I am not sure if I needed an excuse, but it was good to have one just in case she didn’t want to see me just yet.

A gnawing feeling ate away in the pit of my stomach. Anxiety is rising to the max. Had I totally fvckindg this up, just with one look? The truth was, as soon as I found out Andy was in that burning school, I had panicked, and not just because I felt for Kathline, I panicked because I felt for that little boy. The question was, would Kathline give me a chance to explain that to her.

“The initial report on the fire is in,” Jason’s voice snapped me back to the present.

It had been hours since he left the scene of the blazing school, the guys obviously got it under control and put the fvcker out.

“Fire investigation will not be for a few days,” I stated, looking at him with a furrowed brow.

There was one reason and one reason only the police would get an instant report on initial findings, and that did not bare thinking about.

“Yeah, but your Station Officer had a word with my inspector, it looks like arson.”

I s.uucked in a breath, who the fvck in their right minds would torch a primary school full of little kids between the ages of 4 and 11.

“Kids?” I asked, wondering and hoping to hell, Andy had not turned Naughty Norman on me and set light to something when he was supposed to be washing his hands.

“Not little ones, they don’t have the capacity to place accelerant into the kitchen area, trailing it to the back doors, then strike a match.” Jason looked at me, his eyes wide.

“What the fvck?” I exclaimed, no, primary school kids did not have the knowledge or expertise to do that. This is fvcking\*g bad.

“Boss said we will know more in a few days when you guys get back to us, but as of now we are conducting a full arson investigation.” Jason shrugged.

“What was that?” Ben growled out behind us.

“Arson,” I said the one word we all hated, because that meant deliberate, and could also be an indicator that more fires were to come if the police didn’t find the culprit and quickly.

A chill ran over my body, as Ben shook his head in disbelief, then turned and gave the news to Josie, who sat wide eyed. We all knew the consequences of an arsonist, along with their pattern of setting bigger and better fires. This was a nightmare, the only hope in this situation was someone had a grudge against the school or a family, or person who were part of it. The other scenario would mean we were going to be busy, and things would go DEFCON 1 in the danger department.

“Look I got to get off, I am doing a double shift. Obviously keep that info under your helmets.” Jason nodded at us.

“Goes without saying Jason,” Josie sighed out, still shaking her head, in silent disbelief.

“sh!t, this is not good guys,” Ben sighed.

“No, but there is nothing we can do about it, Ben, just hope the boys in blue catch the fvcker, and quick,” Josie stated, crossing her arms across her chest defensively.

“Hopefully the fvcker has left some blindingly obvious clues around the school, so they get caught before they go on a fire-starting rampage,” Ben growled out, his face awash with emotion that was normally alien to him.

More than anything, I need to go see Andy and Kathline. The knowledge that someone had done this to the little man deliberately causing bile to form in my stomach.

“I am going to give Kathline her keys and see Andy. I will grab a taxi back to the station to pick up my car. See you both tomorrow,” I say and begin to walk off towards the Children’s Accident and Emergency department.

“Boss said to tell you take tomorrow’s shift off, then come back Friday – full pay,” Josie shouted to me, and I give a nod of my head and a wave with the back of my hand, in response, needing to get to Kathline.

I stand looking through the glass square of the door of Andy’s side room, apparently, I am just in time as they have a bed on the children’s ward, and he will be taken up there in the next half-an-hour or so. He is sleeping, and Kathline has her head on the bed beside him, her eyes never leaving his face, as tears seem to run down her cheeks unchecked, like someone had forgot to turn off the tap. My gut clenches, as I stare at her harrowed face, dark circles under her eyes, her pale complexion almost translucent with shock. Yet still she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Hesitantly I knock on the door and walk in.

Kathline lifted her head off the bed, and wiped away her waterfall of tears, with the palms of her hand then wiping them dry on her skirt.

“Hey, I got your car keys off Jason, the copper who moved your car for you,” I ramble a bit, to explain why I was here, hoping she doesn’t take the keys and shove me out the door.

Blinking she stared at me.

“You saved him,” her voice barely audible.

I didn't know how to respond to that, so just gave a simple nod in reply.

"You saved my boy," she whispered again.

"I can never repay that debt," she sighed out, looking towards Andy again.

"You don't have to. How is he?" I ask looking at the little lad, itching to go sit at the other side of him and take his small hand in mine, just so he knows we are both here for him.

"High on pain killers. His ankle is broken in three places, they told me the bones, like I can ever remember them. He needs an op, to pin them, but until his lungs are clear, they cannot do it, so he is in pain and will be until the effects of the smoke inhalation wear off," Kathline said on a sigh.

"But he is here, alive, because of you. How can I ever thank you? Words will never be enough. You gave me back my boy. My beautiful little boy," She said with a sob.

Turning back towards me, her eyes wide, like she was begging me to answer. The fact was, she never had to thank me, not her, him being here, alive and with a chance of a full recovery was all the thanks I would ever need.

"You don't, just seeing him alive is more than I could ever wish for. sh!t Kathline, I have never been so scared in my life knowing it was Andy in that school. I was almost stopped from going inside, but hell itself, which that fire was, could not stop me from finding your little boy." I pointed at the little man who had captured a piece of my heart, equal to the piece his mother held in her hands.

Taking a breath, I know now is probably not the time, but still, I have to try, today I almost lost one of them, and the pain I felt was more intense than anything I have ever felt in my life.

"I know I fvckinged up, letting frustration get the better of me, but I learnt my lesson last night. But today just hammered it home. I think the world of Andy, and I want you both. I don't care how many times he interrupts us. If you want to thank me, then all I can ask is that you give me another chance, to prove it to you," I say, desperation in my voice, taking away any man-points I had remaining, but I don't care. This woman, and this boy, have stolen a piece of me, and without both of them in my life, I now know that I will not be complete.

Kathline looked up at me, a fresh waterfall of tears streamed down her face, as she looked between me and Andy.

“Davey, I...I have to put him first, especially now,” she whispered.

“I know, and I am fully on board with that, trust me Kathline, I may have internally freaked out, a little last night. But knowing he was in that school, it almost killed me,” I pleaded with her. “Look, let’s not decide anything today, it is not the right time, but at least let me have the chance to prove this to you, that no matter what, I want you both in my life,” I negotiated hoping beyond hope that she would agree, to just let me prove myself.

She looked up at me, her green eyes wide, and simply nodded, then passed me her car keys.

“My bag is in the car, could you get it and put it on my drive, and pop into the house and grab Andy and I some clothes please?” she simply asked.

A small smile teetered on my lips.

“Yes, I will go sort that now, I need to head home for a shower, and pick my car up from the station, then I will be back, give me a couple of hours.” I grin, letting out a sigh of relief.

“Okay, I am not sure which ward we will be on.”

“F36, the children’s ward, you will need to buzz in though,” a porter stated, as he walked into the room, with a jovial smile on his face.

“Right young man, let me get you to the ward and settled,” he said to the sleeping Andy, then flicked off the brakes on the bed, and begun to wheel him out of the emergency room.

Kathline followed, and I quickly grabbed her by the waist, placing a soft kiss on her lips.

“See you soon, I will bring food, because I know for a fact the food in here is sh!te.” I grin at her.

I walk out the hospital, and look to the heavens above, waiting for my taxi to arrive, and repeat “Thank you,” over-and-over again.

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 40 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

### Ben's Point of View

Shell shocked, that is the best way to describe how I am feeling right at this moment as I pull the car up onto the drive. Switching off the engine, I remain in my seat, trying like hell to stop my hands from shaking. I guess that is another of my 9 lives I have used up, 7 more to go. This could have been so much worse, and I know I have to concentrate on the positives, we got all three kids out of there, each of them able to live and tell the tale. But still, my hands will not stop shaking no matter how much I try.

I have to get myself under control, today was Lucy's first day at work, and I want to celebrate that with her, but I cannot stop my body from shaking like a leaf in a storm. Taking a few deep breaths, I close my eyes, seeing again the collapsing roof all around me, at the time, I did not think twice about it, just got on with my job, but it is now, when everything is sorted, and I am sat on my own does the reality and fear kick in. Snapping my eyes open, I get out of the car, and head to my front door.

The smell of fajita seasoning welcomes me, along with the hissing sound of frying chicken and vegetables. I place my car keys in the tray on the windowsill as I hear Lucy, humming away to herself. A peace that I have never experienced, nor can I describe the full effect of that feeling in a million years, washes over me, as I look down the hall to see Lucy, stood, black moulded-to-her-amazing-a.ss trousers on with a white shirt tucked in, her hair half up, half down, the long waves cascading down her back. The tremors in my hands cease, and I know that for now, I can put that fire, and all talk of an arsonist behind me. I am home.

I walk into the kitchen wrapping my arms around her tiny waist, she spins in my arms, and reaches out to stroke my jaw.

"Hey, I heard about the fire, go sit down, and I will bring you your tea. I am here if you want to talk about it. Whatever you need." Lucy offers me a soft smile.

"Yeah, it was not good, and thank you for this." I smile at her, she will never truly understand just how thankful I actually am, for this one small act of normal, in a day that was far from normal.

“How was your first day?” I ask, grabbing the kettle and filling it with water, I need a nice cup of soothing tea.

“Really good, I don’t know why Davey has such an issue with Anders. He is a good boss, and trust me, I have had a lot worse. I have sorted out a series of interviews for next week, then jumped on the phones this afternoon, to get some pitches out. Managed to convert three small deals, and I have a larger one getting me a decision by tomorrow. Apparently, it is the most they have made in total, and Anders is beyond happy I managed to do that in a day.” She smiles up at me, clearly happy with her achievements.

“Wow, well done, so you think you are going to like it?” I ask her.

“Yes, although he was worried when news of the fire came on the radio, he paced the floor in his office, then asked if I wanted to pace with him.” She laughed slightly.

“Did you?” I ask, I don’t want her pacing the floor with worry.

“No, I prefer to throw myself into work rather than sit worrying about something I have no control over. How was it?” she asked, as she dished up the fajitas onto the plate, adding a side of sour cream and guacamole.

I finish off making the tea, and take them through to the dining room, as Lucy brings the plates of food in, setting them down on the place mats.

“Honestly, it was not good, three kids inside the building, one of them the son of Davey’s girlfriend. We got them out, although Andy has a broken ankle, the roof collapsed as we were getting out of there. Used up more of my cat-lives.” I shrug.

“How do you feel about that?” Lucy gently asks.

“In the car, I was shaking like a leaf, but when I came in and saw you, I became peaceful.”

A soft blush adorned her cheeks, she really is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, made more beautiful when she gets embarrassed.

We eat our fajitas in relative silence, but it does not feel strained or unnatural, it is comfortable. I am happy she is doing well with her work, but at the same time, I know if she hits her targets, she will get the deposit together for a new house quicker, and that fills me with dread. The truth is, I like having her here, she has made my house a home, just with her presence. Finished with the food, I grab the plates.

“Hey, I will do that!” Lucy exclaims.

“No babe, you cooked, I clean.” I smiled at her, then quickly peck her soft lips, damn she really is my home.

I have noticed the past few days, Lucy always feels like she should do everything herself, I think it is because she is living here, and has a misconception she is a burden, and I want her to relax, to view this place as her home, because if I have my way, she will not be leaving anytime soon.

“But you have had a trying day,” she protests.

“Made better by fajitas that were cooked for me by a beautiful woman when I got home. You are working as well, so fair is fair. When I am finished doing this, how do you feel about popping over to the mothers? She will have heard the news, and I know she will be worried sick,” I ask, hoping it does not make me sound like a mummy’s boy. But having just been me and Mam for so long, we are extremely close, and I know she will not calm down until she sees me.

“Not at all, she will be worried. I will quickly change though.” Lucy smiles and goes to head off.

“Erm, just one thing before you do, you forgot something very important,” I say to her.

Lucy halts, spinning around, and furrowing her brows together, clearly wondering what she had missed.

“My kiss.” I grin at her.

“Oh, sorry, how remorse of me.” She giggles adorably, then skips over, placing her soft delicious and slightly-spicey-off-the-fajita lips on mine, giving me a quick peck.



“Now you can go.” I grin at her, as she laughs, and makes her way to her bedroom.

Pulling up outside the mother’s house, I jump out of the car and rush round to open Lucy’s door. She is getting slowly used to me opening doors for her, but I can see she still feels embarrassed about it. Hey, she deserves to be treated like a queen, so she had best get used to me doing this stuff for her.

We walk into my mam’s house, hand-in-hand, both dressed in dark blue denims, and a pale blue T-shirt, you would think we had organised our clothes to match, but it was pure coincidence.

“Hey Mam, we thought we would drop by,” I shout.

“Oh good, I have been slightly worried about you all day,” my mother shouts through from the kitchen.

Lucy and I walk into the kitchen, to see that, yes, my mother has been worried, because there are trays and trays of muffins, and butterfly cakes made, that she is currently putting into large Tupperware boxes and placing into the fridge. Standing looking at me, she is covered in flour and icing sugar, and so is the floor and benches around her.

“I got a head start on the cakes for the family fun day.” She shrugs, as if baking enough to feed the whole of Sunderland and their brother is normal behaviour.

“Have you both eaten?” she asks, when really, she wants to know what the hell happened today.

“Yes, Lucy made fajitas for tea.” I smiled.

“Ooo, sounds nice, I haven’t had those in ages, may do some tomorrow.” She smiles at us both.

“So, can you tell me what happened?” my mother asks, her voice laced with concern.

“Just what you heard on the news, three kids in the school, but we got them out. They will all be okay.” I shrug.

I am not going to mention the arson, or the fact the roof collapsed around me as Davey, Josie and I brought the kids out of that burning hell, there is no reason to worry her further.

“You are not going to mention the fact the roof collapsed around you?” she questions me with a raised eyebrow.

sh!t.

“Ben, they had a local news TV Crew there, I know my son when I see him,” the mother accuses me.

“Yeah, well we were all okay, so stop worrying.” I shrug, it may sound harsh, but it is best to remind her that the worst did not happen, not today.

“I have told you multiple times, worrying is in the job description. Now who fancy’s a nice cupper, and maybe a couple of these cakes, I think I went a bit overboard.”

“Yeah, I will have a couple ... Lucy?”

“They look delicious, so yes please.” Lucy smiles.

“Do I need to make anything on Saturday, for Sunday, I will be at a loose end anyway?” Lucy asks my mother.

“Oooo, I will be doing the salads, you can pop over here if you like, and we can work together on them.” My mam grins happily.

We take a seat with the cakes, as the mother asks Lucy all about her first day at work, chatting happily.

“Oh, did I tell you? Twinkles ‘Mrs.’ is a t\*\*t!” Mam suddenly declares.

I resist the urge to tell her ‘often’ because whenever those two have any conversation it results in the mother having a good old b!tch-fest about her.

“What did she do this time?” I ask, she is not wrong, the woman is a pain in the arse, always thinking she is above the team, and hates that Twinkle isn’t some pen pusher in an office earning a small fortune to keep her in designer clothes that will sit in her wardrobe and never see the light of day, rather than a firefighter.

“Well, I gave her a ring, to see what she is bringing on Sunday, and she said that... and I quote... ‘I will not be attending I have far more important things to attend to. I don’t see why William wants to go; he spends enough time at that place,’” my mother informs me, it is of little surprise, knowing ‘Mrs. Twinkle’ like I do.

“She is all fur-coat-and-no-knickers that one. When I said that Twinkle was hoping to do the BBQ she shouted, ‘his name is William’ and slammed the phone down on me,” she continued to rant.

Lucy nearly choked on her cake, laughing at her statement about my colleague’s wife.

“Sorry Lucy, but she really is. She thinks she is better than the rest of us, yet has never worked a day in her life, well, ... as long as I have known her, because in her opinion work is beneath her.”

Lucy grinned at my mother and nodded.

“I know the type, trust me.” Lucy smiles.

Finishing our cakes, we say goodbye to the mother, then set off back home.

“So is Twinkles’ wife really that bad?” Lucy asks giggling a bit.

“Yeah, she actually is. My mam normally likes everyone, but she is never afraid to call out people on their bullshit if she needs to.” I laugh.

We get back in the house, and put on TV, snuggling up on the couch together. I let out a sigh of contentment, if I had been on my own tonight, I know I would have been rattling in my chair, focusing on the day’s events, but having Lucy snuggled into my side, as we watch, and laugh at, the Love Island contestants together, things just feel ... right.

What doesn’t feel right though, is at the end of the night, when once more, I place my lips on hers, whilst holding her in my arms, before she heads off to her bedroom. Not that I am desperate for sex, well, I am a man, so I guess I am desperate for sex, but it is more important than that. I just want to hold her, feel her in my arms, like we were at the hotel, but as of yet, I do not want to broach the subject, of sharing a bed each night, but with each passing day it gets harder and harder, pun intended, to watch her walk into her bedroom. I

let out a low groan, as my body reacts to having her in my arms, enjoying the taste of her mouth.

“Night, night Lucy,” I say holding her tight to my chest, not wanting to let her go.

“Night, night Ben,” she breathlessly tells me, before breaking free and heading into her own room, as I watch the door close behind her.