

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 4 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Ben's POV

Watching Josie's cheeks flush pink as she all but ogles this bozo in front of us, is more than a little amusing, but this is my first day back at work, and well, she kind of defended me against Davey, so I will let her off, and not tease her mercilessly when we are finished. We go through the check list of things that needed work, and most of them are done, however as we climb the stairs to the office suites at the top of the building, instantly I know this man is going to be disappointed. All of the fire escapes are blocked with furniture, the required distance for routes of escape not adhered to, plus the big boxes that also sit beside one of the heaters. There is no way we can sign this off today.

"I am sorry, Mr. Maxwell, but we are unable to issue you the certificate today." Josie's voice rings out.

Anders Maxwell, folds his arms across his chest, letting out an exasperated sigh.

"Why not!" he growls in her direction.

I go to answer his question, but my feisty colleague has finally found her voice, and she lists the reasons, speaking to him like he is a naughty child, clearly pissed off with his attitude. One thing we all hate is people who just think this is pathetic and have no regard to why fire safety is more important than their profit margin.

I watch in amused silence, as Josie goes toe-to-toe with the man, who is towering above her, arguing back-and-forth, the twitching of his temple a clear indication she is annoying him, but I get the distinct feeling that he is enjoying it, saying more ridiculous things just to push her buttons.

Clearing my throat, I step between them determined to put this little 'fight' to bed, so we can both go home after a long assed shift.

"Mr. Maxwell, like my colleague has told you, these areas need to be cleared, the furniture relocated, the fire exits clearly marked, and these boxes of magazines need moved away from heaters. If you get that done, please call us back, and when we have time, we will come and re-evaluate. Now, I see

you are a busy man, so Josie and I will leave you in peace.” I tell him, in my authoritative tone, just to get my point across.

Josie tears off the red docket to say the building had failed the checks, and practically throws it in his face, her hands trembling with anger.

We head out in silence into the carpark when Josie suddenly turns to me, filled with rage.

“That idiotic, arrogant, son-of-a-b!tch, who the hell does he think he is? Arse wipe!” Josie shouts, louder than she really should, given he is stood at the door now, locking up. His eyebrows reach for his hairline as he stands glaring at her, hands on his h!ps.

“Say that a bit louder, the whole city didn’t hear you.” I chuckle at her.

Josie is the sweetest girl you could ever wish to meet, until you piss her off, and then the stubborn determination, don’t-give-a-sh!t att!tude comes out. Something we all need doing this job.

“Don’t care, seriously, he thinks he is all that, fvcking\*g .... aghghghghgh, he boils my piss!” Josie ranted on.

“Well, I am pleased he didn’t get under your skin Josie.” I laugh, then head to my car, as Josie shakes her head, and stomps off to her own.

“See you in the morning.” I grin.

“Yeah, good to have you back Big Ben.” Josie flashes me a smile, and a wave, her rant over, for now, as I get in the car and head home.

I kick off my boots, in the hallway then head into the kitchen, taking out a bottle of lager, the smooth refreshing amber liquid flows down my throat, as I put a meal into the microwave and set it off. Today had been a good day, I faced my first fire, and thankfully it did not phase me. Although I do wonder what my first house or building fire will do to my fragile mind, but I will take the positives of the day. As the Microwave pings, I take the food, putting it on a plate, grab my lager, and head into the living room, where I slump into my favourite chair, and switch on the TV.

Yes, today has been a good day. It was good to get back and have something to focus on rather than the past. After finishing my food, I send a quick text to

the mother, just to let her know I am home and safe, else I know she will ring, and then I will not get her off the phone as she attempts to dissect my day.

Looking at the clock it is already 10pm, so I head up to bed, and set the alarm for 5am, so that I am ready to complete another 12-hour shift tomorrow, let's just hope my brain switches off and I get some good sleep.

The morning alarm rings in my ears, and I blink open my eyes, for the first time in what feels like forever, I slept all night, not stirring once. Yet despite that, I am more tired than ever, as I drag my a.ss out of bed and head for the shower, switching it too cold to help wake me up from the left-over sleep haze. After completing my morning routine, I grab a water bottle, and add it to my black holdall, which contains my gym clothes, ready to head over to the Aquatic Centre when I finished my shift. Then picking up the keys to the car, I sling my holdall over my shoulder before walking onto the drive, ready to head to work by 05:35am.

Walking into the fire station, I see Davey in his normal sp0t, reading last night's Sunderland Echo, if you tell him he is superst!tious, he will deny, deny, deny, but we all know he is. Either that, or he has a bad case of OCD just before shift starts, but given he is a messy sod, I am going with superst!tious. Whatever helps you through the day, I suppose. At least he is not like one guy I worked with, years ago, who carried a parsnip with him, and k!ssed the tip before each shift, now that was some weird a.ssed sh!t right there, although in his defence, he once forgot it, and that was a sh!t day, if I remember rightly.

'Twinkle' and 'Wayne' are busy cooking up some breakfast, whilst 'Headache' is popping pain pills again for some ailment or other, he always believes he has. Heading to my locker I push the gym bag inside, before heading to the morning meeting, taking a seat on the long sofa, as Josie stomps out of the Station officer Webbers, office clearly pissed off about something.

"Hey, are you okay?" I asked.

"No, that arrogant mother fvcker from last night called in, and has complained about my att!tude. Boss wants me to head over there again, to personally apologize to the i\*\*\*t who's, 'oh so delicate feelings' have been hurt." She huffed.

I suppressed the smirk on my !ps, she sure as hell did 180-degrees turn from when she first saw him and couldn't make a coherent sentence. But I keep my council, not wanting to piss her off further.

“When do you have to go?” I asked, wondering if she wanted me to go with her.

“Boss said in the next week, so I will wait as long as I can.” Josie shrugged with a slight giggle.

Yellow watch, all headed out the door, the odd shouts of banter as they left, which meant we were back on duty.

“Scran up!” Twinkle shouted across the common room.

I go stand in line to grab my bacon and sausage sandwich, hoping he has not cremated it this time. As I take a bite, my luck is not in, because the bacon tastes like charcoal, but I swallow it down, followed by a big gulp of coffee to take the burnt taste away.

The loud ringing of the bell echoes through the station, here we go again. Dumping my half-eaten sandwich, and cup of coffee on the table, I run towards the pole, grabbing it with my hands and crossing my legs to slide down it, then heading into the fire engine, pulling on my protective suit.

Headache, switches on the sirens as he expertly drives the engine out onto the small side road as we head off towards the A690.

“House fire, occupant still inside, trapped in bathroom.” Josie shouts.

A cold shiver washes over me, this is my ultimate test. My first house fire, with a rescue included, since the incident that all but destroyed my life. This is it, the greatest test of my recovery. Adrenaline flows through my body, as we approach the house in Tunstall. The fire has already taken hold, the flames licking the sky’s above, a small tremor runs through my body, I take a deep breath to steady my nervousness, as Davey checks my equipment.

“Dispatch said there is one female occupant, she made the call, but is trapped in the bathroom, located at the rear of the house.” Josie informs us.

This is a ball ache, as the row of link houses gardens back onto the gardens of another row of link houses, no road between, so we have no other means of getting to the woman than through the burning building.

“You good?” Davey’s gruff voice asks.

I know why he asks, I even understand it, but I do not need to hear how my team are all waiting for me to fvck up, whilst waiting to enter the burning building, so give him a curt nod in response.

Twinkle stands beside me, and we nod at each other, we are going into the building to rescue, whilst the others set up to douse the flames once we have the occupant out of there. Wayne and Josie take the hydraulic jack to open the front door, and I take another breath as the heat from the flames cause my face to prickle in response.

We walk in, heading directly up the staircase, the hot flames dancing all around us. fvck this is a bad fire, the whole of the ground floor is lit up, the thick smoke making it difficult to see as we climb up to the second floor. Twinkle kicks open the door ahead of him, but it is a bedroom, I turn to my left and hear a small cry for help. Without wasting a second, I shout.

“Stand back from the door, we are coming in.” Then kick the bathroom door off its hinges.

Slumped in the corner is a woman, her long brown hair hanging over her face, a towel wrapped around her.

“I don’t have clothes.” She sobs out, like that is more important than getting her out of here.

I grab hold of her, throwing her slim body over my shoulder, then grab the towel from the floor that she had used to block the smoke from entering through the bottom of the bathroom door, and throw it as best I can to cover her private parts, and headed through the thick smoke back down the stairs, and out onto the front lawn as she gasped for air. I quickly remove my mask and place it over her face, I do not know if it is adrenaline or not, but as soon as my eyes lock with hers, my heart begins skipping in my chest, she has to be, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life. Large hazel eyes, full soft lips on her soot smudged face, I am instantly stunned, unable to move, when finally, Josie arrives with a blanket to cover her from the gathered crowd and rubberneckers. The ambulance crew take over, and I am loathed to leave her with them, something primal within me wanting to protect her. What the fvck is wrong with me!

Davey shouts over, his voice not making any sense as I continue to stare at the beautiful goddess before me, when Josey looks at me.

“BEN” she shouts, snapping me out of my daze.

I head over to Davey, and with the rest of the team, we begin to tackle the blaze before it spreads to the other homes.