

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 51 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Kelvin's point of view.

Waking in my bed, I look around, sighing because I am on my days off. The official first day was yesterday, so I have three to go with nothing to do other than twiddle my thumbs. Call me a workaholic, but when you are 45 and single, there is not a lot else in your life.

Well, I say that my totally amazing 2-year-old grandson Moses is my only saving grace from this messed up world. I get to see him once or twice a month when my daughter brings him over. We are not that close, and yes, I hold my hands up, I am one-hundred percent to blame for that, along with the breakup of my marriage. But I adore that little boy more than life itself. You see, I let the job consume me, working my way up from being a firefighter, to lead, then to Station Officer. My mind was always filled with work, and I never stopped to realise the strain it was having on my family. I missed Nativity plays, parent-teacher meetings, even some birthdays, not necessarily because I was officially on shift, all because I put work first.

The crazy part is, I loved my family, still do, although my ex-wife soon moved on, and I do not blame her, so now I love her as the mother and grandmother of my child and grandchild, and nothing more. It has only really been since we got divorced 6 years ago that I realised, my life needed more balance, and that work, and position were not everything. Trying to better myself, for them, had estranged me from them, and I learnt a valuable lesson. So, if any of my team needs time off to deal with family issues, you can bet your bottom dollar I will do everything I can to make that happen for them.

Being the only black firefighter in my station at the time of joining the brigade had thrown up challenges, and so I had to try harder, ... work harder, ... to somehow compensate for the fact that undoubtedly there were still people who were ignorant, who judged you not as a person, but by the colour of your skin. The thing is, by working myself so hard, I had achieved a lot, but also I soon realised, after my divorce, I had also allowed the racists to win in a way, because I worked to prove something to them, when in fact, their prejudice of me was their problem, and really not mine, because no matter what I did, they still could not get over the colour of my skin. According to them, I only got the promotions because I was the 'Token Black Man' or the brigade needed to 'Check the Box', to say they were meeting the quota for having the ethnic

minorities in a leadership position. Never did they see or accept it was through the hard work and sacrifice I had given the brigade.

Sighing, I got out of bed, neatly making it, then wondered what the hell I was going to do with my day. Chantelle my daughter, she was on holiday with Moses, so they would not be coming over.

I let out a sigh, because my options for hanging around with anyone were limited to the guys from work, and if I am honest, as much as I liked all of my firefighters, I do not like to impose myself on them during their down time. Not that I hadn't been asked when they did their meet ups. Josie, bless her soul, always made sure to give me an invite, but nine-times-out-of-ten I refused. Not because I thought myself better than any of my team, but just because having your boss turn up is akin to a teenager having their parents come to their party. I do not want to spoil their fun!

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As I decide to wash my car on the drive to give me something to do, my mind wanders to the fun and games yesterday. I had been soaked with water; it was all good fun. However, my fun was short lived when 'Twinkle' pulled me to one side and informed me confidentially, that he was looking to go part time. I asked if he could give me some time to find someone who could job share with him, and he agreed. I don't think he really wants to reduce his hours, but his wife is putting quite a lot of pressure on him, and given what happened with me, I will do everything in my power to ensure we find a part-time person who can take over half of his shifts, as quickly as possible. My only issue is the guys coming out of training all want full time positions, there is nobody looking for a couple of shifts every six days.

I continue to wash the car with the large yellow sponge, as I remember Joanne. Bless her soul, she is a fantastic woman, and went through so much when Ben was injured. It was good to see her back at the station and getting involved once more. I needed some help in the office, and I know she had lost her job after Ben's accident, wanting to be on hand to help him recover; things were difficult for her. So, obviously she was the first person I thought of to come in a couple of shifts per week, to help with the filing and keeping people like Anders Maxwell from taking up my time.

Anders, he is not a bad person after all. I knew he was only ever demanding for Josie to apologise because he clearly had the hots for her, and now they

seem to be together. He has grown on me, and not like a wart. I have to admit the £100,000 donation to the Firefighters' Benevolent Fund also helped!

Now t-cutting the paintwork of my car, I continue to think about yesterday, and Joanne. It has been years since I first met her, yet she avoids me like the plague. I don't think it is a racist thing, as she really isn't that type, maybe it is because she is slightly intimidated because I am Ben's boss. I chuckle to myself as I remember yesterday when I heard her commenting on if I had a large package or not, what was her words? "Once you have black, you never go back." I could not help but react by quoting the White Chicks movie about her needing a wheelchair, the blush on her face was worth it. Bless her soul, she could hardly look me in the eye she was so embarrassed, but come to think of it, she very rarely looks me in the eye, the normally mouthy woman becomes almost mute when I am about. I try not to take it personally, but I like her being loud and full of fun, hell I need some laughter in my life.

The thing is though, I kind of like her, I know she is a few years older, and my colleague's mother, but there is just something about her, other than the obvious. Big b00bs, that have the capacity to suffocate a man, and long slim shapely legs. I have heard her with the guys, she is always laughing and joking, mostly inappropriate jokes that have a double meaning, and for the longest time I have wanted her to joke with me.

Don't get me wrong, I would never pursue her for a relationship, not with Ben on my team, although there is nothing written in the rule book that says I cannot do that, I would not wish to make him uncomfortable. But having her say what she said yesterday has made me struggle most of the night, wanting for her to personally experience my package, so she has the answer to her question.

I shake my head, wanting to put those thoughts out of my head, before my more than ample package grows again in my pants, and concentrate on gathering the dry rag to polish off the t-cut from the car.

Finished, I empty the bucket of water, and dry it out, adding the car cleaning stuff to it, and pop it on the back shelf of my garage. The weather is still hot, so maybe I could go for a drive down the sea-front after lunch; that would pass some time.

I walk back into my detached home on Silksworth Lane, which is just opposite the crossroads that leads to the station up the road, the other turn heads down past my local pub, the Cavalier, which I sometimes frequent, but not

often, as sitting lonely, nursing a pint of bitter is not really what I like to do. However, it does make a change from sitting in my front room, nursing a can of 'Tetley's' all on my lonesome.

Walking into the living room, I see my phone lit up telling me I have some messages, picking it up, I see that Arthur, my counterpart, who is on duty when I am not, has messaged, more than a few times.

Hey, Kelvin, we are seriously snowed under, the hot weather causing the grass to catch light everywhere, any chance you can find someone from your watch to help out with the overflow?

Kelvin, we are getting desperate now, the whole fire crews on shift throughout the city and not just our station are dealing with fires, and now the kids of Thorney Close have decided to set light to the bushes at the park again, could really do with a hand.

I sigh, stupid kids, still this type of arson is easier to deal with, rather than what happened to the school. I am still awaiting the final report and findings from the police. I can only hope it is a one-off incident. But more often than not, it turns out to be a lot more of that, before the police catch the bastard.

Arthur, just picked this up now, sorry, I will do a round-robin to my guys see if any can come to the station for a few hours. Then I will set off.

I message the team, asking if anyone can come to the station and give a hand. I know they all will turn up, even though it is their day off, and we will have a full crew, because that is just who they are. None of them would want to risk a life because they were too 'busy' to cover. The only exception to that is Twinkle, because his wife will put her foot down and probably tell him no, if he does turn up, we all know he will be spending another night on his sofa.

I run upstairs, and grab my kit, then head into my sparkling car and head up the road to work.

Guess I am not going to be lonely today after all.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 52 - Tips**

0 8 minutes read

Davey's Point of View.

I let out a groan, my day had been going well. I had stayed with Kathline last night, not in her bed, that spot was reserved for her brave little man. He was suffering from nightmares after the fire, poor thing. But I did sleep in the spare room, so I could be on hand to help with Andy this morning, and let Kathline have a well-deserved lie in. She is exhausted, almost asleep on her feet, and I wish I could do more.

I had carried him downstairs, and made him some Nutella on toast, feeling like I was the luckiest guy in the world to be given this chance, when my phone rang. Liv was in a state, as it seemed, the wanker she was with, had not only re-mortgaged the house, and got a load of legal debt, but also had turned to unscrupulous money lenders, and they had turned up at her door demanding money.

It seemed he had borrowed £5,000 and had never made a payment. The debt was now at 15,000 and they did not care he no longer lived with her, telling Liv she had to pay, or they would be back. To say she was frightened was an understatement, and this was one debt that phone calls, and payment plans, along with an explanation of what was happening, would not sort out. So, I had to call the loan shark and pay the amount, in full.

However, it has put a halt to the plan Kathline had talked to me about, where I purchase the house from Liv, getting a mortgage-to-rent loan, which I was already pre-approved for. Then Liv could pay off all the debt and start again, giving me the mortgage payments each month as rent. But I cannot, or should I say will not do that, not now. Yes, I still have the deposit money safe and secure. But I firmly believe she needs to move, and that it is inevitable now, as who knows who else will crawl out of the woodwork.

That call had pissed me off, then Kathline's ex rang, demanding to know why Andy had been in a fire, shouting at her as if it were her fault. Funny how the fvcker seems to care now. So that had me pacing the floor wanting to punch something. The upside of that conversation was that Kathline had told him, if he was so bothered, then he could have Andy for a few days next week between hospital appointments, and the wanker agreed, so at least she gets a break. I intend to spoil her rotten as well.

But now my day has gone south once more as I have just received a message from the boss.

Team. All fire crews are dealing with fires due to the weather, along with our friendly teenage toerags, the station is unmanned as a result. If any of you

can spare a few hours to cover, it will be very much appreciated, and I will personally make sure you get double-time for your efforts.

I sent back a message saying I was going in, after all, what am I supposed to do, message back telling him to let the fvckers burn? Of course not!

Kathline stands, she is dressed in just a pair of shorts and tight top, which makes leaving her even harder, both literally and figuratively. I place a soft k!ss on her l!ps as Andy giggles and shouts "Ewww" before I ruffled his red hair, and I head out of hers, back home and get my uniform on.

I walk into work, with the Sunderland Echo under my arm, okay I may not get a full thirty-minutes of reading, but even grabbing a few moments will make me feel better. As I enter, everyone is there, Josie is not her usual cheerful self, guess she had plans with her Arsehole that had to be cancelled.

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Ben was just as miserable, but still he was there, ready and waiting, should we be needed.

Headache was here, complaining he still felt unwell after sweating in the Fireman Sam suit yesterday, so he is happy.

Wayne is busy at the kitchen with Twinkle making some god-awful smelling concoction, as Twinkle m0ans he is going to be back on the sofa tonight.

The boss walks into the common room.

"Firstly, thank you all for coming in so quickly on your time off. I really do appreciate it. We are here only to offer extra cover, if nobody else is available, until they have a few more engines back at their stations, then we can all clock off. I have already authorised that you will get the full 12-hours shift pay at double-time, or you can take single-time and add another day to your holiday entitlement, the choice is yours. Just let me or Joanne know on Thursday when she begins her first shift working with us as my secretary. You guys never fail to make me proud. Thank you," The boss said, then turned on his heel and headed back into his domain.

"How did Andy enjoy yesterday?" Josie asked, as she slumped down in the seat beside me.

“Yeah, he had so much fun, but still had a couple of nightmares last night, bless him,” I tell her with a smile.

“That will take time to pass. Lucy had one the other night as well, then I started with one of mine.” Ben sighs out understanding what the little lad was going through.

“Yeah, but kids, man, they seem to bounce better than adults, so hopefully he can get passed it quicker,” Twinkle shouted over his shoulder.

I was not sure if I believed him or not, my understanding was, this nightmare could come back and haunt him at any time, even as an adult, and we had to be prepared for the long term affects. If I get my hand on that fvcking-arsonist, I would cheerfully k!ll him with my bare hands, and not flinch as I got sent down to the ‘clink’ after the court case.

I begin to read the newspaper, that shows pictures of the residents of Sunderland all enjoying the hot weather at Seaburn Beach yesterday; good for them.

“We need some rain,” Headache complained.

fvck, for once he is not wrong, we really do need some fvcking\*g rain.

“Now there’s a sentence I never thought I would hear living in the northeast of England.” Josie laughed, only her tone held little of her normal humour.

“So how is Liv?” Ben asked me.

“Don’t fvcking\*g ask. Got a phone call this morning, that wanker took a loan from a shark and they turned up at her door. That’s 15 grand I will never see again,” I huffed.

Josie’s eyes widened, and she shook her head.

“She needs to come home,” Josie sighed out.

“Yeah, I have told her that she is going to have to sell the house, but I can tell she doesn’t want to leave, and my guess is, that she is already ‘missing him’. Because we all know what a fvcking\*g catch he is,” I growl out in annoyance.

I get up out of my seat and head to the fridge to get a bottle of water, Ben follows behind, then goes to grab a bottle out of the fridge at the same time.

"If you need some money let me know, I have quite a lot left off my injury payment. I don't mind." He whispers so the others cannot hear.

"No, it's okay. I have savings but I appreciate that mate." I shrug.

For all the banter, and piss-take, I know each of these guys would give me their right arm if I needed it, as I would for them.

Each with a bottle of water we head back to the sofa area and take a seat. I fvcking\*g kid you not, the sofa practically lifts up my end when that giant fvcker sits down at the opposite side.

"How as Lucy about you leaving today?" Josie asked.

"She is at work, so just said stay safe, and she will see me when I get home." Ben smiled.

"I was going to organise a picnic for her tonight at Whitburn, but I guess that isn't going to happen now, may take her to that Asian place instead." Ben continues with a shrug.

"What about the Arsehole, what did he say?" I ask Josie.

"He was great, told me to look after myself, and that he would go into work himself." Josie smiled.

"What about Kathline?" Josie asked.

"Yeah, sound as a pound. Just told me to take care, and would see me later." I shrugged.

It was good to hear all three of our new partners were cool with this type of emergency situation, when we had to come into work, even when we were off. Not that it happened much, but yeah, it was still good that all three understood.

"In other news, Andy's wanker dad rang. He went off on one at Kathline about the fire, as if it was her fault," I tell them, not able to keep my utter hatred of the man from my voice ... nor do I want to, truth be told.

"What? fvcking\*g d!ckhead." Josie shakes her head in disgust.

"Yep," I respond popping the P.



“However, he has said he is going to take Andy for a couple of days next week, and it works out on my time off, so I want to spoil her. Any ideas?” I ask both Josie and Ben.

“Maybe you could come ballroom dancing with me and the Mrs., they are looking for more couples. It is good exercise as well,” Twinkle shouted over his shoulder.

“fvck off,” I respond flashing my middle finger for good measure. No way in hell is that old bastard getting me into a sparkly shirt dancing around like an i\*\*\*t.

Ben and Josie both let out a small laugh, as Twinkle huffs and returns to make his concoction with Wayne.

“Is she at work?” Josie asked.

“No, she already had two weeks off work booked for the beginning of the school holidays, and works from home the rest of the time, plus her boss told her to take an extra week off as compassionate leave,” I tell them.

“That was good of them, well, if she is already off work, when is Andy at the wankers?” Ben asked.

“We finish last night of shift on Sunday night, back Thursday for day shift, he is going Wednesday and Thursday night, back Friday,” I tell them.

“Ooo, so one day and night, along with one other night for a date as well. Go you.” Josie laughs,

“Couples massage. The Ramside Hall Hotel do them at their spa. They also do overnight packages, that include a full day spa, lunch, evening meal, and night at the hotel, with breakfast,” Ben tells me.

Clearly, he has been looking for him and Lucy, and it is not a bad plan, with all the sh!t going on, Kathline deserves a pamper day. Yeah, I think that will be a winner, even if we don’t have se.x, it will be nice to just relax for the day and not worry about anything. Although I believe Kathline will worry about Andy, but hopefully it will help her relax a little bit.

“Not a bad shout.” I grin.

Just as the word shout comes out my mouth, the alarm goes off, and we all spur into action, running to the pole and sliding down into the garage for the standby engine. It doesn't have all the bells and whistles as our normal engine, or the other one on duty, but it will have to do.

As Headache pulls out, I grab my gear and pull it on.

"Field fire, out of control, Hastings Hill Farm." Josie informs us.

Well, here we go again.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 53 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

Kathline's Point of View.

I feel my shoulders relax as I let out a long breath, reminding myself to breath. It has been more than a little stressful since Andy was caught in that fire; his nightmares keep me up all night. My poor boy is struggling, and I feel helpless.

Thank God for Davey; he has been totally amazing since bringing my boy out of those flames and back to me, always there to help with the heavy lifting, making sure both Andy and I have everything we need, when we need it. I know I had doubted his intentions before, with the look of annoyance he had when Andy had disturbed us, but I have no doubts now. Davey is in this for the long haul, making sure Andy comes first in everything. Which makes me feel terrible considering my current thoughts.

Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't change anything, and I don't mind being sleep deprived, my boy is here. That said, I cannot deny I am desperate for a break, to get some sleep, to have just ten minutes to myself. I know that sounds selfish, but honestly, I am physically and emotionally drained. If I am honest, I never thought I would say these words, but I am grateful that John, the Usain Bolt of the northeast, was going to step up and be a father for once and give me two nights off. Although I would bet my last pound after one night of Andy's haunted dreams, he will call me and tell me that my little man needs to come home, with some excuse or other.

When Davey got the text from his Station Officer to go into work, I could have cried. I didn't obviously, but I honestly just felt like I could not deal with the extra worry of him dealing with fires today. I know, that is my problem to deal

with, so I just told him to take care, offered a soft smile and responded to his sweet kiss, he does not need to know how fragile I am feeling right now. I feel terrible for being so needy, after all, things could have been so much worse.

“MAM, my leg is itchy!” Andy cries, big tears spouting from his eyes.

I turn to him with a smile, knowing there is nothing I can do about that, searching for the words to tell him that it will pass, whilst understanding that it is probably going to be itching inside his cast for a long time to come.

“I know sweetheart. I am sorry you are going through this. Let’s put your tablet on and see if we can distract you mind,” I tell him, handing him the tablet and turning it on to Kids YouTube.

“It won’t work,” He cries out again.

“We don’t know unless you try. The itching means your ankle is getting better, try to be positive darling,” I tell him, again another small white lie, the itching is purely from the cast.

Yesterday had been a good day at the fire station Family Fun Day. Andy had loved every minute of it, getting out, enjoying himself, and the attention he got off everyone. We were going to take him to the museum and winter gardens today, to help keep him distracted from the pain and constant itching, but obviously that had to be put on the back burner because Davey was called into work. I don’t know if I can manage to get Andy in and out of the car by myself, as he still needs a wheelchair until tomorrow, then we are back at the hospital so they can teach him how to walk on crutches.

Handing Andy his tablet, I walk over to the mantel piece and pick up the coffee Davey had made me before he had left for work, taking a drink, the coffee is now cold. I let out another sigh, but drink it, hey I remember when Andy was first born, I don’t think I drank a hot cup of tea or coffee for about a year. They always got left, and if I didn’t drink them when I could irrespective of the heat, then I didn’t drink. I know I am being so despondent and emotional, not at all grateful like I should, but it is like my mind is closing in on itself, my own dreams are haunted by the nightmare that Andy did not get out of that fire, then there is the one where I am stood beside a large coffin alongside a small one, which has me waking up in a cold sweat.

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Thankfully Andy is a little more settled watching his tablet, so I head into the kitchen to get started on the laundry, as much as I want a break, I know keeping busy is what will help me overcome the melancholy that today feels a lot worse than it had when I woke up. I am unsure if that is because Davey is not here, or just because my mind has reached its limit, and exhaustion is finally taking over.

After loading the washing machine, I make another coffee.

“Hey Andy, would you like a drink?” I shout through to the living room.

“No thank you, when can I have my magic medicine Mammy?” he asks.

I know he is in pain, but he has another three hours before I can give him his pain relief.

“I am sorry sweetheart, not yet. But I can give you a magic chocolate biscuit,” I tell him.

Yeah, breaking my own rules and using bribery and corruption spoiling my little man with chocolate goodies that are normally reserved for treats only.

“Can I have some chocolate coins instead?” he asks, his tone a little more demanding than I would like. Maybe it is time to reinforce some of his discipline, as I am sure he is taking advantage now.

“What’s the little word?” I ask.

“PLEASE,” He shouts through.

“Better, yes you can but these must last you the rest of the day, so when they are gone, there is no more till tomorrow,” I warn him, taking a bag out of the fridge.

I make a fresh cup of hot coffee, then take that and the chocolate coins into the living room, passing them to Andy, who instantly looks up at me tears in his eyes.

“I cannot open them,” he cries, having not even tried. Okay, yes, he has been a little too spoilt, and needs a reminder that this type of behaviour is not acceptable.

“Andy, it is your ankle that is broken, not your hands, now open the coins yourself, or don’t, but I am not doing it for you darling,” I reprimand him.

He tries to cry a little louder, and although it is breaking my heart to ignore him, I am sticking to my guns, because I know he is in pain, I have to do just that. Once Davey is back to work on Thursday, I am going to be on my own once more, so I know that I need to be strong, else I really will not be able to cope if I continue to let him get away with everything.

Finally, Andy gives in, realising it is not getting him anywhere, and opens the mesh bag himself, taking out the biggest coin he can find, opening it, and popping it into his mouth.

I sip the hot coffee, and let out an audible sigh of relief, hoping the hot caffeine helps chase away this slightly depressed mood.

The day wears on, when my phone pings. I take a look to see that Davey has text that he is popping to his house and grabbing some clean clothes for the next couple of days, and then is on his way over to mine. I let out a sigh of relief, my heart pounding in my chest, happy again that he will soon be here, not just to help with Andy, but because I am craving his emotional support, along with his sweet kisses if I am being totally honest.

Grabbing a duster, I do a quick tidy round, having not kept on top of my daily chores lately, Andy is currently napping on the sofa, and I am glad his sleep seems restful, and not filled with the horrors of the fire. I could really do with putting the vacuum cleaner around, but that would wake up my brave little man, so I decide it will wait till later.

The front door opens, and I hear Davey coming in.

“Hey beautiful.” He grins at me.

“How is he?”

“Fine, just napping peacefully.” I smile down at the top of Andy’s head.

“Good.” Davey nods, then grabs me gently around the waist.

“So, I may have done something.” He smiles at me, making my heart pick up its rhythm.

I tilt my head to one side and wait to find out what he has done.

“I have booked us both for a couples massage, at the Ramside when Andy goes to his dads.”

I smile, a feeling of contentment washes over me, grateful that this man before me has done this, recognising I really do need a break.

“AND....” he continues.

“After a full day at the Spa including Lunch, we can go back to our room, and dress for a nice meal on the night and stay at the hotel.” He grins down at me.

“What do you think?” He asks.

“I think that sounds perfect.” I grin up at him, my melancholy from earlier evaporating immediately.

He places a soft k!ss on my !lips, then looks deep into my eyes.

“Hey, why don’t you head upstairs and get some sleep, I am here if he wakes ups,” he offers.

Perfect, he is absolutely perfect.

“Yes please.” I nod knowing I will probably fall asleep on my feet if I don’t rest soon.

“However, he is pushing his luck today, being a little spoilt, so anything he can do for himself please make sure he does.” I smile up at him.

Davey nods his understanding, then gently taking hold of my shoulders he turns me towards the hallway and stairs, then leans in and whispers in my ear.

“Go, sleep, firefighter’s orders.”

A shiver of delight rushes through me, and had I not been so exhausted I would have turned and placed my !lips on his and k!ssed the life out of him. But I am exhausted so do as I am told and head up to bed to catch up on some much-needed rest.

Blinking open my eyes, I stretch out my arms, looking at the clock, I see I have had a whole three hours sleep. It will soon be Andy’s bedtime, and

quickly get out of bed. I walk downstairs and hear Davey chatting away to my boy.

“Thank you for your help, Andy, I am sure your Mammy will love it.” His deep baritone voice tells my boy.

A smile adorns my lips as I walk into the living room, to find the dining table set, some flowers from the garden in a vase.

“Look Mammy, Davey took me outside and we picked some flowers for you,” Andy shouted excitedly.

“I can see, thank you so much.” I grin down at him, placing a soft kiss on the top of his red head, as he wheels himself towards me.

“He is a good boy, look, he has managed to learn how to move himself in the wheelchair, and has been racing me around the garden.” Davey laughs.

I look down at him, Andy seems more like his usual self, and I mouth a ‘Thank you’ to Davey.

“I also helped make the food Mammy,” Andy excitedly explains.

“It’s just tuna pasta, nothing special.” Davey smiles.

It feels special though, having him do this for me, and keep Andy entertained whilst I napped.

“I think it is amazing, I love it,” I declared to both my boys.

“Sit down and let the wheely-waiter and I serve you.” Davey grins at me.

I take my seat, and see that Andy has a bowl of the pasta resting on his knee, as he wheels himself into the dining room.

“Wow, look at you.” I grin at him.

“I know, Davey showed me how to do it, I am a racing car.” Andy giggles happily.

I feel the sting of unshed tears in my eyes, not because I am sad, but because happiness surrounds me. Andy was proud of himself, and for the first time

since the fire, I feel like everything is going to be okay, because of Davey, our own personal Hero.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 54 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

### **Davey's Point of View**

I wrap Andy's leg in his plastic covering, thankfully his cast is on the leg that can rest on the edge of the bathtub, thank God for kids being contortionists at this age, then lift him up as Kathline undresses him, and I lower him into the bath, leaving immediately. I leave the bathroom and sit waiting patiently in my guest room, so I can lift him out for her when he is done.

He is a little whiney tonight, obviously tired from wheeling himself around the garden and picking flowers for Kathline. Whilst I am waiting, I unpack my things along with a fresh uniform for Wednesday night. As long as I get a few hours in during the day, I will be able to stay and help her. I have to admit to being excited for next week to arrive. Not just to spend some alone time with my girl, but for her to get a full break, she damned well needs it. Her eyes had dark circles underneath when I got in from work earlier, she looked close to tears, she was that exhausted, which is why I promptly sent her to bed and took over looking after the brave little man.

"Davey, we are ready for you," Kathline shouted through to me.

I go into the bathroom, and see that Andy is practically asleep in the tub, lifting him out into his mother's outstretched arms. She quickly dries him off, as he whimpers slightly, half-asleep, as Kathline dresses him in his PJ's.

"I think he should go straight to bed." Kathline sighs.

"Yeah, yours or do you want to try him in his own?" I asked, knowing she needed some sleep, and given the bruises on her legs from his cast, where he thrashes about in his sleep, I was hoping she would say his own bed. I can go carry him to her, if he has a nightmare.

"Try his own, see how he goes." Kathline sighed.

I nodded, and carried the brave little man to his bed, and watch on, my heart swelling with pride, as she tucks him in, singing a soft lullaby to him, then places a small kiss on his sleeping face before turning on the landing light,



and leaving the door slightly ajar, hoping it will help him if he wakes, so that he will not be too afraid.

We head downstairs, as Kathline collapses onto the sofa. I sit down next to her, wrapping my arm around her shoulder and pulling her tired body into my chest.

“Rest for a bit,” I tell her.

“Okay,” her voice a tired whisper.

Soon she goes heavy, and I know she has drifted off to sleep on me. I look down at her peaceful face, my heart leaping in my chest. Damned if she isn't the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

I switch on the TV, setting it to very low, so I do not disturb her, and settle down for my evening. To be honest, I get a strange sense of peace, sat here watching TV with Kathline curled up snoring very softly on my chest. I feel like I could stay here for the rest of my life and die a happy man. I know, I sound like a f\*cking sap, but it is the truth.

We stay like this for over two hours, when Andy wakes up, crying out in fear, my heart breaks for the little man. Kathline wakes immediately, then disorientated she lets out a small groan and shouts, “It's okay Andy, Mammy is coming,” as she walks up the stairs.

I follow behind, standing at Andy's bedroom doorway, as Kathline soothes him, stroking his hair and softly singing to him as his little body shakes, covered in a thin film of sweat.

“Do you want me to carry him to your room?” I ask.

Kathline looks torn, then taking a breath she lets out a sigh.

“No, he needs to get used to being back in his own room, else this will become a habit, and that is not good for anyone. I have to be tough,” Kathline groans out, I can see the look of guilt in her eyes.

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“Why don't we take it in shifts, you do a couple of hours sitting with him when he wakes, then I take over, so you get some sleep,” I offer.

"I cannot ask you to do that." Kathline shakes her head at me.

"You are not asking, I am offering. Seriously Kathline, let me help," I tell her. sh!t, I am used to doing night shifts, so it is no big deal really.

"Thank you," she sighs at me, never taking her eyes off Andy.

He soothes under her gentle touch, then finally falls back to sleep, and we quietly step out of the room.

"I am going to grab a quick shower, whilst he is settled." Kathline smiles at me.

"Okay, I will make us some hot chocolate. Where are your keys? I will lock up," I tell her.

"On the mantle piece. Davey, thank you, I do not know what I would do without you." She shyly smiles at me, a cute little blush on her cheeks.

"No need to thank me. It is my pleasure to help both of you." It really is my pleasure, there is no place on earth I would rather be right now.

I make my way back down the stairs, finding the keys I lock up the house, then put a pan of milk on the hob, ready to make the hot chocolate, as I mix the powder into cold milk in the cups, my phone pings. I pull it out to see a text from Liv.

Liv – Davey, I am so sorry for all the sh!t xxx

I view that text with a hefty degree of suspicion, normally that is followed by her telling me something I really do not want to know.

Liv – He has joined gamblers anonymous; he is getting help xxx

I f\*g knew it, here we go, she is going to take that fvcker back. That is fifteen-grand that I should have just thrown away, because I have heard 'he is getting help' many, many times before. Anger pulses through my body, I am beyond my limit. This is her life, her choice, but now I am done. I have my girl and that little boy to worry about, if she wants him and this type of life, then she is on her own. I am done.

Davey – Let me be very clear, if you take him back, then I am done Liv. You are on your own, never contact me again wanting money, or crying because

some th.ug is at your door, threatening you because of him. Seriously no more. You take him back, then you get no further help from me.

I wait for her response, and I know what is going to come before the text arrives, seeing the three dots as she types her message.

Liv – Sorry Davey, but I miss him, I love him, and he loves me. Xxx

Davey – this isn't love, but on your own head be it. I love you too sister, but you have made your bed, now you have to lie in it. Goodbye Liv.

I let out a long sigh of angry frustration, I never once thought I would turn my back on my sister, but enough is enough. Kathline is right, sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind.

I pour the hot milk into the cups as my phone pings repeatedly, obviously texts from Liv, but when I say I am done, I mean it. I take the cups upstairs, walking into Kathline's bedroom, I see her sat, head in her hands silently sobbing. My phone pings again, but my sister is no longer my problem, this b.rave strong woman sobbing her heart out, is what I want and need to focus on. Placing the hot chocolate on the side, I sit down beside her, pulling her into my c.hest, my hand stroking her long we.t red hair, soothing her as I let her cry it all out.

My phone pings again, and I take it out seeing 5 messages from Liv, no I am not dealing with her bullsh!t now, so I turn the phone off without reading them, still holding Kathline.

"I am sorry," She sobs.

"No need to be Kathline," I whisper placing a soft k!ss on the top of her head.

"Davey, would you stay with me tonight?" she softly asks.

My heart jumps about in my c.hest, I want nothing more than to hold her in my arms all night. It is weird because I do not even think about se.x with her, I just want to hold her, to sooth her, to be here for her when Andy wakes up. Both her and that b.rave little man are my full focus now. They are my everything.

The realisation hits me like a hurricane, I am in love, hook, line, and sinker, and this woman who silently cries in my arms, and the little boy in the room next door, are my whole world. I am in love with both of them.

“Always, Kathline,” I whisper softly to her.

I don't think she realises that when I say always, I mean, always, forever, till the end of time, but I know that is exactly what I mean.

“Come on, get into bed, I will grab a quick shower, and we can drink our drinks, and snuggle up.” I smile at her.

Kathline nods her head, wiping her tears with the back of her hands. I pull back the covers, and help get her into bed, then tuck her in, much like she had done for Andy, then place a soft k!ss on her head.

“Won't be long.” I smile, then head for the shower.

I take the quickest shower known to man, desperately wanting to go hold my girl in my arms, granted this was not how I envisaged sleeping in her bed for the first time, but for some reason this means more to me.

sh!t, I really am a sap, and wh!pped.

I wrap a towel around my wa!st, then head into the guest room, and get out a pair of joggers, knowing that I will probably have to go settle Andy through the night, pulling them on, I take a breath, and make my way to her bedroom. Climbing in beside her, I get the hot chocolate, and begin to drink it, as Kathline sips at hers. We drink in a comfortable silence, enjoying the peaceful feeling washing over both of us. Finished, I snuggle down into the covers, and pull her to me, holding her tight.

“Sleep babe,” I whisper to her, as I reach over and turn off the bedside lamp.

Kathline snuggles tighter into me, her head resting on my c.hest, as her fingers draw patterns in the fine hairs.

Goosebumps erupt all over my body from her touch, as she starts to place soft k!sses on my c.hest.

“Kathline,” I whisper, almost like a warning, that if she continues, I am not going to be able to control myself.

My length hardens in my joggers, and her fingers trace down my stomach, as she looks up at me, a soft smile on her beautiful face,

My lips crash against hers, our tongues desperately seeking each other, I let out a low groan, as we deepen the kiss.

As she softly moans against my lips, my last thread of control snaps, and I roll on top of her, and she opens her long legs to make room for me, her hands now trailing up and down my back.

I break the kiss, looking down at her beautiful face.

“Are you sure?” I ask, wanting to know she wants me as much as I want her, that I am not taking advantage of her situation in any way.

“Yes, I am positive,” she whispers.

My lips crash against hers once more, unable to stop myself, and not wanting to. I love this woman, and now I am going to make her mine.

My hands run up the length of her long nightdress, gently stroking her long soft legs, as her hands find the waist band of my joggers, and she slowly pushes them down. Lifting up her nightie, she lifts up her arms, as I pull it over her head. Hot damn she is beautiful; her naked body beneath me. I take a moment to look at her, committing this moment to memory. Her pink n\*s are hard, her legs unashamedly open, hiding nothing from my gaze. Bending down, I place another punishing kiss on her soft lips.

“MAMMY!” Andy shouts.

Kathline groans slightly, and I begin to laugh.

“He has impeccable timing; I will go and see to him.” I laugh out, then pull up my joggers and head into his bedroom, hoping I can sooth him like his mother had, and unlike the first time he disturbed us, I have no frustration at all, because in this, he comes first.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 55 - Tips**

09 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View.

I wake up, feeling the bed is empty beside me. Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I sit up, wondering where Ben has gone. I do not need to wonder for long, as he arrives with a tray filled with breakfast, and a pot of hot tea.

“Morning sleepy head.” Ben grins down at me.

I giggle up at him slightly. It has been a few nights since I moved into his room, and they have been the best nights of my life. We k!ss, cuddle, and explore each other’s bodies, but as yet, Ben is to take me, and I have to admit being more than ready for the next step in our relationship, however I feel a little shy to tell him that.

“What do you have here?” I grin at him.

“This is another attempt to convince you to move in permanently.” He grinned down at me mischievously.

I laugh, shaking my head, he is not giving up. The truth is, I already know I am not leaving anytime soon, I just haven’t told him yet. Cruel? Probably, but I just want to be triply certain we are doing the right thing, me moving in permanently.

Ben places the tray onto the bed beside me, then crawls in, getting under the covers.

“I will get showered, take you to work, then head to the gym. What time will you finish today?” he asks.

“Around lunch time, Anders said he has booked the hotel, so we don’t have to worry about getting home. We can check in at three. The event starts at 6pm,” I tell him.

“Do you have to go to these black-tie events a lot with work?” Ben asks.

“No, well, I didn’t, but being the sales director, I guess I will have to attend more of them now. It is good to build relationships with the chamber members, will make the team’s jobs easier, when ringing them to see if they want advertising opportunities.” I smile.

Ben nods, and grabs some toast off the tray, then motions with his hand towards the full English breakfast.

“Tuck in.” He smiles, whilst starting to eat the toast.

“I will pick you up from work when I am finished at the Aquatic Centre, we can go grab a light lunch. Are you all packed?” he asks.

"Nope, I will do that when we get back, I only need my dress, PJs, and a fresh set of clothes and of course underwear. Josie said she will bring make up, and we can do the dressing up bit together." I grin at him.

"Oh, I see, so I don't get to play dress up with you." Ben chuckles at me.

"Nope, you can go down to the bar with Anders and wait for me to arrive." I laugh.

"Ahh, I get it, the grand entrance." Ben smiles then bends his head down placing a soft kiss on my lips.

"Josie's idea." I laugh.

"You two seem to be getting along really well. I'm pleased; she is like a sister, and definitely one of my best friends." Ben sighs out.

"Yes, she's lovely. Anders said yesterday when he got into the office, after you were both called into work, that we should double-date. I mean, it was so cute, but seriously, double-dating with my boss feels a little bit weird," I tell him.

"We should, and who cares if he is your boss. I talked to Josie yesterday, I don't think he has many friends; he always works. From the little bit she told me, his childhood wasn't very good, so he just turned his attention to his businesses," Ben tells me.

"I kind of got that from him as well," I say, munching on the bacon, and hash brown.

Finished with my breakfast, I look at the clock.

"I need to shower and get ready," I say, getting out of bed.

"Want me to help wash you?" Ben laughs.

"No time, maybe tomorrow morning at the hotel." I giggle, because there is nothing I want more than to shower-share with my big man.

"I will hold you to that." Ben winks at me.

Ben drops me off at work, and I make my way up the square shaped staircase and into the office. Linda sits behind her reception desk, looking like she had lost a pound and found a penny. Maybe I should stop to ask if she is okay, but

honestly, she is not the nicest of women, and her mood is more than likely due to Anders dismissing her from his office again as she hangs about him uninvited and unwanted. Still, I rise above the foul look she gives me, and say my good mornings, then head onto the sales floor, dropping my bag by my desk, then settling down to open up my emails.

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“Lucy, can you come in for a moment please?” Anders shouts through.

“Two minutes, I got an email from that Norwegian flight operator,” I shout through.

My hands shake, as I go to open the email. I had pitched them a few times when I looked after this magazine at the other publishers, but they always refused to advertise. However, this time, with the app and extra digital exposure, their marketing manager was a lot more receptive, and it is worth a lot of money, a 100,000 in total on a three-year contract. Suddenly Anders is by my side, looking at me impatiently, just as nervous as I am about this potential deal that will set the business up very nicely, and get me a ton of money at the end of the month. Hesitantly I read the email, then open my mouth in shock.

Dear Lucy,

Thank you for this opportunity, we would like to proceed with the three-year deal, at £100,000.

Would you offer any discount for immediate payment, rather than split it into three, so I can take it out of this year’s remaining budget?

Soren.

I look up at Anders, my mouth wide open as he shouts, “GET IN!” loudly.

“Offer them 10-percent, if they pay this week. I will cover the cost of that, do not take it off your figure.” Anders grinned.

“You are amazing,” Anders shouts with joy.



I start to uncontrollably laugh, as I jump out of my seat, and make my way to the sales board, placing 100,000 on it, beside my name singing my sales song.

“That’s the way... ah-ha ah-ha

I like it ... ah-ha a-ha.”

Then dance back to my seat.

“Let me just confirm the payment and percentage to them, and I will be in your office as soon as they reply,” I tell Anders.

“See Team, ... Lucy had been told no from this client multiple times at her old place, but with the added extras we can, and do, provide, she turned that into a yes, and the biggest deal I have ever seen in publishing.” Anders proudly announces to the sales managers as they all clap and cheer.

Finished with the paperwork, and with the client confirming they will pay the invoice within the next hour, I get up and head to Anders office.

“Close the door,” Anders states, nodding towards the glass door.

I close it, then take a seat, waiting for him to tell me what he wants.

“fvcking\*g hell Lucy, that deal is amazing. Well bl00dy done,” Anders praises me.

“Thank you.” I grin happily at him.

“So, the reason I called you in here, is to do with Linda. It is not working; she has to go.” Anders sighed.

“What happened now?” I ask him.

“When Josie finished work last night, she left a message at reception as I was on my phone, to let me know to pick her up, as I am using her car at the moment, till Headache fixes mine. Linda did not give me the message, so Lucy was hanging around the station for ages waiting for me. Good job I text her to see if she was okay, and if she had to work through the night. I pulled Linda this morning, and she told me that the reason she did not disturb me with the message was that I was a busy man and shouldn’t have to worry about girlfriends being needy.” Anders growls out.

“What, she actually said that?” I exclaim.

“Oh, it gets better, she then proceeds to complain about the heat in the office and undoes two of her buttons on her blouse. I lost my sh!t, really gave her what for, firstly for failing to pass me the message, and secondly for acting inappropriately. I need to fire her, but I am a little concerned as I do not trust her, so would you sit in with me?” Anders asked.

“Yeah, of course. Was there anyone else in the office, when she did that this morning?” I ask him, suddenly concerned she would turn the tables on him.

“Yes, Simon was in, and saw the whole thing.” Anders sighed out.

“Good, I will have him write up what he witnessed, and hold it on file, just in case she gets any ideas.” I nod at him.

“Yeah, that is what I am concerned about as well. Josie was fuming with her last night. I don’t want my girl angry at anyone other than me.” Anders sighed.

I let out a laugh, after all we all know how much Josie pretended to hate Anders when she first met him.

“Should we call her in now?” I ask him.

“Yeah, but I need someone to man reception.” Anders sighs.

“To be honest, Carol, she is a lovely girl, sounds great on the phone, but lacks the ability to close a deal, maybe we could offer her the receptionist’s job, as she is out of her depth in the sales department,” I offer.

Carol had been someone who was already on the team when I joined, and I doubted she would be able to close a sale, as she just felt embarrassed asking the client if they wanted to go ahead.

“Yeah, that might be a good shout. Maybe we should chat to her first then deal with Linda.” Anders agrees.

“I will go get her.” I smile, then walk into the office to call Carol in.

Thankfully she is more than happy to take over the receptionist role, and so with strict instructions to keep the change confidential till we make the announcement, she returns to her desk.

I head out into reception, to find Linda sat, filing her nails. I mean what, like ... who does that anymore!

"Linda, could you come into Mr. Maxwell's office please?" I politely ask.

Huffing she walks from behind her desk, and I let her go first, following behind. As we reach the office, I close the door behind us.

"Linda, it is with great regret, that we are unable to continue with your employment at Maxwell Publishing," Anders begins.

"Why?" she asks, looking like she was about to throw a hissy fit.

Anders looks at me as if to say, 'is she really asking that?'

"Unfortunately, you have not passed on important messages, you have behaved inappropriately towards our CEO, and have been told multiple times about your attitude and constant attempts of soliciting his attention. You will need to leave immediately and will be paid until the end of this week," I tell her, sounding more confident than I felt, having never sacked anyone before.

"You know what, stick your job up your a.s.s. You are going to hear from my lawyer," Linda shouted, as she pulled the office door open and rushed out.

I follow her, to ensure she only takes her own things, and doesn't do anything that might cause an issue with calls, then take her office keys, and escort her out of the building.

With a sigh of relief, I walk back into the office.

"Ding-dong the witch is gone," Simon sings as everyone laughs.

"Guys, back to work please," I say to them, then head back into Anders' office.

"She is gone, but I would change the locks, just in case," I tell him, something about that woman sets my last nerve on edge.

"Sure, have Carol take up her new position, I will call the buildings manager and get the locks changed, then you can head off and Josie and I will see you this afternoon. Well done with the order, shame we could not celebrate it a little more before having to deal with the sh!t." Anders smiled.

“Okay, I will give Ben a ring. See you at the hotel. We can celebrate it tonight.” I smile and head into the office to make the official announcement that Linda has gone, inform Simon to write down his statement of the events from this morning, and set Carol up on reception, before texting Ben and head out the door, knowing exactly what I want to do as a personal celebration for that deal, and Ben has the starring role.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 56 - Tips**

0 7 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

Placing the weights back into the cradle, I wipe down the equipment before heading into the locker room to grab a quick shower. As I open my locker, I pull out my mobile phone, seeing a text message from Lucy.

Hey, finished work, ready when you are xxx

Looking at my watch, I see that it is still only 11am, and a grin forms on my face. We have time to get to the hotel for a nice lunch together before check in. I quickly get showered, and dressed, my black hair still damp, and make my way to the car.

To say I am excited about tonight would be an understatement. Lucy and my relationship had really developed in the bedroom. We have experienced so much together now, and I just know that my girlfriend is more than ready for her first time. Tonight, was the night, that was my plan if she was willing, and I cannot wait. I had already packed condoms, and some massage oil, to help her relax. Feeling the bulge start to grow in my pants, as I thought of how the night would play out, I quickly reversed out of the carpark, willing my mind to concentrate on driving rather than the feel of Lucy underneath me.

Pulling up outside Lucy's work, I sent her a text to let he know I was here, then sat back and watched the door, knowing I have a sh!t-eating grin on my face.

Lucy practically skipped out of the office block, her wide smile dazzling, and I felt, once more, as if she had stolen the air from my lungs. Quickly I got out of the car, and went round to the passenger door, opening it for my beautiful girlfriend.

“Hey, you are out early,” I greeted her with a smile.

“Yeah, I got a 100,000-pound deal, which has already been paid. Anders is cracking walnuts he is so pleased.” Lucy grinned with pride at me.

“WOW, I am not surprised. So proud of you,” I said, unable to keep the grin from my face.

“Yeah, and we sacked Linda, she didn’t give him a message off Josie yesterday. Plus, she tried it on with him, so she’s gone, escorted out of the building.” Lucy sighed.

“Oh wow, so you had an eventful morning then.” I chuckled.

“Just a bit. Anders said we will celebrate the deal tonight at the chamber event.” She grinned happily at me.

“Oh, and it means, come payday, I will have more than enough to rent a house and buy all the furniture,” she added.

I let out a low growl of annoyance, not happy about the thought of her leaving me to live somewhere else. The thought was so abhorrent, I felt a physical pain in my chest. Well, let’s see if she still wants her own place after tonight.

Letting out a deep sigh, I decide to change the subject to one which would not cause me physical pain and was far more pleasant than talking of her moving out.

“So, as you are finished early, how do you fancy picking up our stuff and heading straight to the hotel, we can grab a nice lunch whilst waiting to check in?” I ask her.

“Oh, yes please.” Lucy nodded her head eagerly.

Yeah, this girl is not moving out of my house if I have any say in the matter.

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We pull up outside OUR home, and I go inside to grab the case, along with my suit, and Lucy’s dress, to hang on the handle in the back of the car to avoid them getting creased, whilst Lucy nips to the bathroom to freshen up.

“Do you think I look okay for lunch at the Mal’masson?” she asks as she walks out of the bathroom, wearing a pale blue day time maxi dress with small flowers all over it.

"You look beautiful," I whisper, it is not a line, because she really does look amazing. But then again, she could dress in black plastic bags, and I would still think she is the most beautiful girl in the world.

"You say all the right things." She giggles, standing on her tip toes placing a soft kiss on my lips.

"I do try." I grin down at her.

"Oh, Mum rang. She wants to know if we can go over on Wednesday night for tea. I think she is a bit worried about starting work on Thursday. Boss has her in at 3 till 6 for an induction before I start my shift," I tell Lucy.

"Yes, of course. Is she going to do shifts as well?" Lucy asked.

"She only has to work a couple of hours per day when we are on nights. Boss rang her though and asked if she would mind doing a couple of full days when we are on dayshift. She is nervous. Don't know why, she will ace it." I sigh, wondering why my mother was panicked about doing a job she was more than qualified to do.

"Oh, it has nothing to do with work." Lucy laughs, as we walk out the door, and I lock up.

I give Lucy a quizzical look as she puts her seatbelt on.

"You know she fancies him, don't you?" Lucy asked.

"Well, I do know she has all sorts of innuendo when talking about him, but that is just Mum. It doesn't mean anything." I shrug.

"It is more than that, she blushes bright red when he is around." Lucy laughs.

"Shit, so she really fancies him then." I sigh out.

"Yeah, I think he might like her as well. I caught him watching her at the family fun day." Lucy grins.

I am not sure how I feel about that, if I am completely honest, but I do want my mother to be happy.

"Well, if anything does happen between them, I hope he doesn't hurt her. Boss or no boss, if he treats her badly in any way, I will have words with him,"

I growl out, putting the car into reverse and backing onto Dykelands Road, then speed off towards Newcastle.

"I know, but I think he is a nice guy. I also think Joanne needs some happiness in her life." Lucy smiles, placing her hand on my thigh, which instantly makes me relax.

We chatted about anything and nothing on the way to the hotel, Lucy telling me that Cal had loved the Family Fun Fay, and so had the kids. How it was his childhood dream to sit in a fire engine, he had wanted to be a firefighter for years, but that all changed when he got Samantha pregnant. I let out a laugh.

"Such a shame, they don't do parttime hours." Lucy sighed.

"Actually, they do, but splitting jobs is quite difficult to find someone willing to do that," I tell her.

"Really?" Lucy asks.

I nod my head.

"Yeah, he would undergo 18-weeks of training, fulltime during the day. Then if he could get a job at a station to job-share, he would do two shifts on, six days off, then two nightshifts. So not sure how that would work with the kids. But, hey, if he actually wants to consider it, I can have a chat with him," I offer.

"Yeah, he might be interested. He can get childcare for the days, there is a local nursery, and I would have the kids on the nights. Take them to nursery then head to work," Lucy said deep in thought.

Seizing the opportunity, I turn and smile at her.

"Yeah, we have two spare rooms, we could do them out as bedrooms for the kids when they stay. That is not a problem at all." I smile at her.

Lucy blushes, but doesn't refute my suggestion, giving my heart some hope. After all, I love kids, so I really do not mind helping out her brother like that. Plus, if we are officially living together, it makes sense the kids will spend time at our home. After all, we have the back garden, and the beach for them to play, which is much better than a back yard with broken glass cemented on the top of the walls to stop intruders. Also, it lets my girl know I am in this 100-percent.

Pulling up into the underground carpark of the Mal Ma.sson in Newcastle, I find a parking sp0t, then let Lucy out of the car. She is getting used to me opening the door for her now and knows to wait for me. It makes me smile, because my girlfriend deserves to be treated like a princess.

“We should leave the luggage till after we get the room key,” I say with a smile.

Lucy nods as I take her hand, and we make our way to the front of the hotel, and head to the bar area where they also serve food.

“I think it is a five-course meal tonight, so I will just get some soup,” Lucy states as we take our seats.

“Okay, I am going to have the burger and fries. I am a growing lad.” I chuckle.

Lucy lets out a soft laugh, shaking her head, as the bar man takes our order, and we go find a seat on the plush, long, leather couches around a small, dark-wood table.

We just begin to tuck into our food, when Anders and Josie arrive, clearly having the same idea as we had.

“Hey, you two.” Josie smiles.

“Hi.” Lucy smiles happily.

“Mind if we join you?” Anders asks.

“Not at all.” I grin, although I do mind a little bit, I was looking forward to some alone time with Lucy.

“So, Lucy and I are going to get ready in our room, if you and Anders can get ready in yours, and we will meet you downstairs.” Josie grins at me.

“Yeah, she told me. What is with all the secrecy?” I ask.

“Never you mind, we need girls time, and a girls chat.” Josie winks at me.

“I would just nod and agree. Josie has that look on her face, you know, the one that tells you she will argue until she gets her way.” Anders chuckles.



I nod my head, because it gives me time to get the room ready for tonight anyway. I have plans, and having Lucy with Josie to get ready, makes them easier to make happen. All I can say is, I cannot wait for tonight.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 57 - Tips**

0 10 minutes read

Lucy's Point of view.

Josie and I walk up to her and Anders hotel room, my dress hanging over my arm in the bag, my underwear options in a small carry case. As I enter the room, I let out a sigh of relief, because I have questions that I do not want Ben to know I need to ask, and for him to misunderstand the meaning, and presume I am not ready for our relationship to take the next step in the bedroom.

"Hang your dress in the wardrobe Lucy." Josie smiles at me.

I do not know why, but I am suddenly overcome with embarrassment, so I take another breath to steady my heart that is beating out of my chest. I really need to get a grip of myself, or I will be too worked up and Ben will not give me what I know I want.

"Hey, are you okay Lucy, you look terrified?" Josie asks a small frown furrowing her brow.

"I am okay, and yes, I am kind of frightened, but I don't want Ben to know," I tell her cryptically, hoping she can guess what is worrying me, without me having to tell her.

"What is going on Lucy?" Josie asks, concern etched on her face.

Guess I am going to have to start this embarrassing conversation after all. Okay, here goes. "Erm, well, you see, Ben and I have not done... well ... IT, before," I tell her feeling like my cheeks are burning hot at my admission.

"What, really? But you guys have been living together," Josie exclaims.

"I know, but Ben has been taking things slow, because, well ... I have never done IT before," I shyly admit to her.

"Oh." Josie nods, her mouth a perfect O shape.

"Yeah, he doesn't want to rush me, and well, ... I kind of want to be rushed now," I say with a small giggle to cover my embarrassment.

"I get you. So, what are you worried about?" Josie smiles, sitting on the edge of her bed, and patting the space beside her.

I go sit next to her and let out a long breath.

"Kind of everything. I mean, I know I am ready, and I trust him with my life. Hell, he has already saved it once, but I am scared it hurts, worried I will be no good, and terrified he sees my fear and therefore makes me wait even longer," I tell her.

Josie nods her head in understanding. "Ben is a gentle giant; he will look after you. As for the pain aspect, I am not going to lie, it does hurt at first, but after a while it gets better, then you will enjoy it. What you need is a drink to calm your nerves, but not too much so he will not do anything because you are drunk." Josie grins, standing up and heading to the mini-fridge and grabbing a bottle of wine out, then pouring us both a glass.

"So ... first things first. Drink this, then go have a relaxing hot bath, if you are like me, you will shave your legs at least twice, fully moisturise, then pick out your underwear that makes you feel confident. If you have se.xy stuff, go for it, but if wearing that makes you feel self-conscious then don't. The most important thing is to be as relaxed as possible. Also, my advice is, do not over think things; let it come naturally, and do not rush to get to the end game. The more turned on you are, the less the act will hurt you in the end, so take your time." Josie grins at me.

"Okay." I nod, still burning from embracement.

"Come on, I am going to run you a hot bath, and pour you another drink ... only a small one though, then I want you to sit back and relax. Tonight, is about you, and making this the best night of your life." Josie tells me happily.

The lavender oil Josie added to my bath and the half-glass of wine definitely helped my fractured nerves, as I felt myself relax in the warm water. I remind myself, it is Ben I am doing this with, the man I trust with my everything, so I am sure it is going to be okay. Better than okay.

After a good soak, I stand under the shower, washing my body and hair, rinsing off the soap, and yeah, I shaved my legs three times. It is weird, as I

have done things with Ben before, and never panicked about how smooth my legs and under arms were, but knowing tonight is the night, it suddenly becomes a problem for me.

Shaking my head at my own stupidity, I finally step out of the shower, wrapping a towel around my long hair, drying off my body with another towel, before putting at least half-a-tub of body lotion all over me. Pulling on the towelled bath robe, I quickly rinse out the bath, and head back into Josies room.

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“Better?” Josie asks me as I enter the room.

“Yes, much, thank you.” I smile at her, really grateful for her support.

“Okay, well whilst you dry off your hair, I will dive in the shower, then come style it for you, and put on your makeup if you like.” She grinned at me.

“Are you sure you don’t mind?” I asked her, feeling a little guilty for taking up her own getting ready time.

“Not at all. It is nice to do female stuff with someone. I am surrounded by men all day, so having a girl to do this stuff with is nice.” She smiled, then headed off into the bathroom herself.

Two hours later, I stood in front of the mirror. I had gone with the se.xy red underwear, which had given me a confidence boost, under the long halter necked red dress, that clung to every curve, a long split up one leg. Josie had pinned my hair, half up in a small half bun, the lengths curled and hung down my back. She had put natural make up on me, just to highlight certain areas, knowing I never really wore much, the outfit was finished off with a pair of diamond studs. Not real diamonds, obviously, but they still looked great. I slipped my feet into a pair of silver open-toed sandals with a medium heel. I cannot believe just how good I actually look; my confidence sky rocketing.

“You look amazing. Ben is going to go crazy when he sees you.” Josie grinned at me.

“Same for Anders.” I smiled, as I looked at Josie.

She looked stunning, a pale blue dress, that matched her eyes, obviously designer, that had a sweetheart neckline, the flowing material swished as she walked. Her own hair was hanging down to just beyond her shoulders, the blonde lengths straightened, so they hung sleek giving them an extra boost of shine. She looked beautiful; my boss is a lucky man.

I picked up my silver clutch, as Josie picked up her white one, that matched her shoes, and we both grinned at each other.

“Come on, let’s go see our men. Anders has already text me three times, asking where we are.” Josie giggled.

“Oh, I nearly forgot, the most important thing, my business cards,” I say, then rush over to my day bag and grabbed a handful putting them into the purse.

“Ready.” I smile, and with a nod, we both walk out of the room, heading down to the bar.

As I walk through the door, the first person I see is Ben, stood, in a black fitted suit, white shirt and bow tie. The cut of the suit showcased his muscles, and he literally stole my breath away. How did I get so lucky to have this man as my own?

Ben’s eyes widen when he sees me, the grey pupils turning black with lust, as he mouths a silent ‘Wow’ to me. I try not to giggle like an *it, and be the consummate professional at this event, but fail spectacularly, as I chuckle away, grinning at my man like an it.*

“Lucy, you look out of this world. You are always beautiful, but tonight is just another level,” he groans huskily in my ear, as he places his arm around my waist and gives my cheek a small kiss.

“You look amazing yourself.” I grin up at him.

“Thank you, but I hate wearing monkey suits.” Ben chuckles, then adjusts the bow tie, as if it is strangling him.

“Well, I think you look handsome and very sexy,” I tell him.

Anders greets Josie, with a look which tells everyone in the room, just how much he loves what she is wearing, and quickly, places his arm around her, almost as if he is claiming her as his to the whole room.

A waitress walks around with a tray full of champagne flutes, and Ben takes two from her, passing me one.

"A toast," Anders says to us all.

"To Lucy, and the biggest publishing deal I have ever seen." He grins.

Ben, lifts his glass giving me a proud smile, as Josie says, "Here, here," in response.

"Anders Maxwell, how the hell are you?" a voice booms out from across the room.

I instantly recognise it as John Brown, the executive chair of the chamber. I have met John a few times, he is a small, stout man, with a jolly face, and very friendly to everyone. But I know not to let that fool me, he is astute, and as ruthless as they come in matters of business.

"John, good to see you. This is my girlfriend, Josie. Josie this is John, the Chamber executive," he introduces her.

"Ah, girlfriend. Well, nice to meet the woman who has tamed the man." John grins at Josie and shakes her hand.

"I think you already know Lucy, who is my new Sales Director," Anders makes my introduction.

"Ah yes, we have met a couple of times, how are you, Lucy?" he asks with a smile.

"I am great, thanks. This is my boyfriend, Ben," I make the introduction.

"Wow, you are a big bugger," John says, cricking his neck to look up at Ben, and I resist the urge to laugh.

"Nice to meet you." Ben smiles politely.

"So, Ben, I don't think I have seen you at one of these events before, what line of business are you in? Security firm?" he asks.

"No, I am a firefighter, with Josie here." Ben smiles.

“Oh, firefighter, that is a job we do not hear about much around here, other than when you lot deny our certificates. Eh Anders.” John laughs.

I notice both Ben and Josie stiffen, John is on dangerous ground not taking the certificate and fire precaution seriously with these two here.

Anders remains silent, as John shuffles slightly, realising his error of judgment with the joke. Then turns his head back to Ben.

“So, firefighter, I would have said security or self-defence.” John covers for himself.

“Actually, I have a new chamber member here, who possibly could do with a story in the magazine Anders. She is ex-military. Quite famous, as she was an instructor on a reality show about special forces. Not that I watch it. But that should interest the readers, let me make the introduction.” He smiles, then walks over to the opposite side of the room and takes hold of a tall girl with black hair, stood in a black long legged play suit. As she turns, I instantly recognise her, but not the tall dark-haired man with her, who seems to have spilt some of the canopies down his tie. Ben grins as the girl turns, then walks straight over.

“BEN, how great to see you. You look well, how is everything going?” she smiles then gives him a h.ug.

“Hi Haley, everything is going great. I am back to work. Hey Stan.” Ben smiles at the man beside her.

“Hi Ben, good to see you again.” Stan grins at him.

“This is my girlfriend, Lucy; this is Haley and Stan. Haley was the mole in my season of Special Forces; Have You Got What It Takes.” Ben grins at me.

“Yes, I recognise you Haley, from the show.” I smile at the woman, who looks friendly now, but I don’t think I would like to cross her any times soon.

“So, what the hell are you both doing here?” Ben asks with a smile, clearly comfortable with the couple.

“Oh, I have set up a women’s self defence business, we have just expanded our classes, one in Newcastle, and one will be opening in Sunderland next week.” Haley smiles.

“So, are you not doing the show anymore?” Ben asks.

“Yes, but that is only a few weeks out of the year. Hey, you should come, be an attacker one night.” Haley laughs.

“I am in.” Ben grins at her.

“That is amazing, it is really good to have female classes for self-defence. So worthwhile.” I smile at Haley.

“Thank you, so can I sign you up?” Haley laughs with me.

“Hey, yes, why not, I think it is a great skill to have. Actually, I work on the chamber mag and app, John said he wants us to profile you in the magazine, here is my business card, we can set that up for you.” I smile.

“How much?” Stan chuckles.

“The editorial profile is free, but we do have packages for advertising if you want to promote to corporations, but there is no pressure at all to do that.” I smile.

“You know, that might work for us. Having companies sign up their female employees. We should meet up for a drink, it will be good to catch up with Ben, and then discuss the options after.” Haley smiles.

For all I see her as a scary instructor from the show, I actually really like this woman, and I know how much she helped Ben.

“Definitely, and no bull, I will sign up for the self-defence classes.” I grin.

“Me too. They will come in handy on a Saturday night when on shift.” Josie laughs and takes Haley’s card herself.

We spend the rest of the evening, networking, and chatting with the chamber members, but the closer it gets to leaving, the more nervous I become. Ben is always by my side, his hand resting on the bottom of my back, as he talks to the potential clients with me. He is doing really well, considering how quiet he normally is. Anders walks over to me, with a grin.

“I think we have the business cards of everyone in here, you guys can relax now.” He smiles, and Josie gives me a small wink, which makes me blush as red as my dress.

“Thank you,” I stammer slightly.

Ben bends down and whispers in my ear, his hot breath causing goosebumps to explode where it touches.

“Bedtime.”

A wave of anxiousness washes over me.

sh!t here goes nothing.

I nod silently, as Ben takes me by the hand, entwines his fingers with my own, and leads me out of the conference room.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 58 - Tips**

0 8 minutes read

As I opened the door to our hotel room, I stood back and watched Lucy’s reaction. She stood, open-mouthed, as she took in the rose petals on the bed, the battery-operated candles that looked like they had a real flame, the table beside the bed had an array of sensual massage oils, the fragrance filling the room. A bottle of Champaign sat with two flutes on the opposite table.

“Wow Ben, this is amazing,” Lucy gushed, as I gathered her into my arms placing a soft k!ss on the top of her head.

What I did not tell her was that I had brought a clean sheet from home for the bed, after all, this would be her first time, and I did not want my girl to worry about the cleaners seeing any stains that would inevitably happen when a girl gives you her most precious gift.

“Would you like some bubbly?” I asked, not wanting to rush her straight to the bed.

“Yes please.” She smiled nodding her head, a slight blush on her perfect cheeks.

I poured each of us a glass, handing one to Lucy, then clinked hers with mine.

“To us.” I grinned.

“To us.” Lucy smiled back at me.



Taking a sip our eyes locked. I decided to try my luck again about convincing her to live with me permanently.

"To living together, permanently," I said, lifting the glass to toast hers.

Lucy bit her bottom lip and giggled, then without saying a word clinked her glass with mine. My heart pounded in my chest, was that a, yes? Was this the answer I have been waiting for?

"Is that a, yes, Lucy?" I whispered, hardly daring to hope it was.

"It's a hell yes." She giggled at me.

I let out a long breath, the smile wide on my face, she had said, yes, she was staying, fuck I have never felt joy quite like this in my entire life.

I took the flute from her hand and placed both down on the table then gathered her into my arms as my mouth crashed with hers. Lucy let out a delicious soft moan as my tongue entered her mouth and began to entwine with hers.

Never has a woman tasted as good as she does, my length becoming painful in the trousers of this monkey suit. My hands wind into her hair, as she stands on her tip toes to reach me. The kiss soon changed from romantic to passionate, I groaned into her mouth, as Lucy trailed her hands under the jacket of my suit, her fingers gently tracing the contours of my chest.

Letting go of her hair, I moved my hands down her back, searching for the zip of her dress, but I could not find it.

"On the side," Lucy breathed at me.

I growled slightly, then deepened the kiss, as I finally found the side-zip, and pulled it down. Ridding her of her dress, I took a step back from her, my breath hitched in my throat as I saw her in a red translucent bra and pantie set which left nothing to the imagination.

"fuck Lucy, you are killing me," I growled out in appreciation as she giggled slightly.

I shook off the suit jacket from my arms, as Lucy stepped forward and began to unbutton my shirt with her delicate fingers. As the shirt opened, she gently

moved it off me with her hands flat against my chest. She then began to unbuckle the belt of my trousers, as I let out a laboured breath. Pulling it from the loops she drops it on the floor. Her fingers then move to the button her eyes never leaving mine, as she smiles up at me. Unbuttoning it, then, lowering the zip, she moves the trousers off my hips and they pool at my ankles. Stepping out of them, I move towards her.

“Go lay on the bed baby,” I huskily whisper to her.

Lucy nods her head and moves towards the king size bed, laying down. I hover over her placing a soft kiss on her delicious lips, then gently turn her over so she is laid prone. Grabbing some of the massage oil, and pour it into the palms of my hands, then gently begin to rub her shoulders, as she lets out a contented sigh. Moving my hands down, I unclasp her bra, letting the thin material fall to the sides, and continue to massage her back with my hands. Lucy lets out a soft moan, as I feel her relax under me.

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My long, hard, length twitches in response to her delicious sounds, begging to be freed from my tight black boxer briefs, but I want to cherish this moment, not to rush anything. It is her first time; I need it to be memorable for all the right reasons, for both of us. Gathering more oil into my palms, I move down and starting at her ankles begin to massage her long perfect legs. As I reach her thighs, her body shudders slightly, another delicious moan escaping her slightly parted lips. I trail my fingers up teasingly brushing past the inside of her thighs, before moving down the opposite leg. Once I reach her ankle again, I place a hand on each leg and move them firmly upwards, placing my fingers inside each leg of her seductive underwear, giving her globes a slight tantalising rub before moving my hands out and returning my attention to her back.

Reaching round her sides I gently roll her onto her back, as the bra falls off completely, leaving her perfectly rounded breasts exposed to me. Her pink nipples are protruding outwards, begging me for attention. Unable to resist I latch onto her breast, my tongue swirling around the pebbled bud, as Lucy places her hands in my hair, pushing my head into her bust, letting out louder moans of pleasure. I gently graze her hard nipple with my teeth as her hips take on a mind of their own, bucking upwards of the bed. Letting her breast go with a plop, I move to give the other one the same attention, as Lucy begins to thrust and thrash slightly against me.

I trail my hands down the sides of her body, hooking the hem of her panties with my thumbs, slowly pull them down her legs, letting her nipple fall from my mouth, as I look into her eyes, moving down the bed. My gaze then turns to her naked beautiful honey pot, and my mouth salivates, as I part her legs wider, before taking one long lick of her private area. Lucy shudders, her hands fisting the bed covers as I circle my tongue around her swollen clt.

"Oh god," Lucy begins to moan.

"Don't stop," she begs.

I do not intend to stop, not now, not ever. Her sweet juices are pooling out of her, and I capture every last delicious drop with my tongue. I trail my fingers up her legs, as I suck once more on her swollen clt, then gently place a finger inside her.

"fvck, you are so tight Lucy," I growl at her, as I hook my finger twisting it inside her.

Lucy's hips thrust wildly as she lets out incoherent mutters as I find her g-spot. Feeling her wetness coating my finger I add another, then scissor them open, stretching her, preparing her, as much as possible, for what is about to come, whilst still massaging her clt with my tongue.

"OH GOD, YES," Lucy cries out, as her body thrashes about her walls gripping my fingers like a vice.

As she stiffens, then lets out another cry, I feel another wave of her juices coat my hand, when she finally stills, breathless beneath me.

I remove my fingers, then pull down my boxers, before lifting her limp body into my arms, and removing the duvet onto the floor. Rose petals float into the air, as I gently place her back onto the bed, then quickly I open the top draw and take out the box of condoms, ripping the foil packet with my teeth, then smoothing the latex onto my rock-hard length.

Lucy watches me, her eyes wide, as I smile down at her.

"Are you ready baby?" I softly ask.

She nods her head at me, her cheeks flush from the afterglow of her climax.

"Words Lucy," I tell her, wanting to hear her tell me she wanted this.

"Yes," her soft voice whispers to me.

My lips crash against hers once more, as I line myself up, moving my length up-and-down the crease of her entrance. I already feel like I could come with one thrust, and so take a moment to steady myself.

Breaking the kiss, I look deep into her eyes.

"Wrap your legs around my waist baby," I whisper to her.

Lucy nods, then grips my waist tightly with her long shapely legs, her heels digging into my behind.

Slowly I begin to enter her, as she scrunches up her face, clearly uncomfortable, I stop, giving her time to adjust.

"Are you okay baby?" I ask.

"Yes," she whispers, but her face is still contorted with pain.

Patiently I wait, until she relaxes again, and then give her another inch of me, before stilling and giving her time to adjust. As she relaxes once more, I begin to push a little further, feeling the barrier.

"This is going to be the worst bit baby, brace yourself," I whisper to her.

Lucy grips the sheets beneath us, then nods at me as I thrust hard inside her, she lets out a little cry of pain.

"I am sorry baby, but it will be better now," I reassure her.

Once more I still, waiting for her to recover, when I feel her begin to relax again, I slowly move inside her, inch-by-inch until I have filled her with my length.

"Are you okay?" I ask, hoping it is not too painful for her now.

"Yes, I think you can move now," Lucy whispers.

Slowly and steadily, I thrust inside her, as her walls grip me like a vice. Never have I ever felt so at home inside anyone, this is where I know I belong, joined

as one with my Lucy. As she gets used to the feeling, she begins to meet my thrusts with ones of her own. I push in-and-out, a little harder, and faster, as the moans from her lips change from pain to utter pleasure. We both find our perfect rhythm as I slide in-and-out of her, this is glorious, my whole body is covered in pin pricks of pure elation as I make this girl mine, and only mine.

My hand moves to her clit, and I begin to massage it, wanting her to reach another climax before my own arrives. I know it will not take long, as she bucks her hips up, again she begins to lose herself to the pleasure I am giving her.

“Harder,” She begs.

“shit, are you sure Lucy?” I ask, my restraint hanging by a thread.

“Yes,” She moans out.

The last string of my restraint snaps, and I thrust, deep and hard inside her, as she grips me with her ankles, my thumb furiously massaging her clit.

“Oh God, I am coming, Ben, don’t stop,” Lucy cries out as I feel her walls tighten even further around me.

I watch her beautiful face as she comes undone beneath me, her features contorted with pure undiluted pleasure, sending me over the edge, as I feel my balls tighten.

“I am coming,” I roar at her, as she convulses beneath me and with three more thrusts I empty myself into the latex.

Collapsing on top of Lucy, I catch my breath, as she pants, tears falling from her eyes.

“Hey, are you okay?” I ask, suddenly worried.

“I am perfect, that was perfect. I love you,” she whispers, as the tears continue to fall.

“I love you too Lucy,” I whisper, then softly kiss her, mouth, before I become flaccid inside her, and my manhood falls out of her.

I hold her in my arms, knowing I have to take care of her, and the condom.

“Hey, let’s go have a nice hot soothing bath.” I smile at her.

“Okay, but then can we do that again please?” Lucy giggles at me.

“Oh yes, we most certainly can do that again, and again, and again, as many times as you can take.” I grin. I am the happiest man alive right now, and nothing or no one can spoil this moment with my perfect Lucy.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 59 - Tips**

0 9 minutes read

Josie’s Point of View.

It has been a couple of hours since Ben and Lucy made good their escape, and colour me crazy but a part of me wants to go check on how Lucy is doing after their night. I know, I know, leave them to it, and it will all be okay. However, I had a bad time of it, my first time, but then again, I was with a total arsehole who cared only for himself and not me, and Ben is not like that at all, so I know I am worried without good cause.

Taking another glass of wine, I sip it, wishing it was a pint of lager, but these supposedly posh nights, that are really just full of people trying to show off about the size of their bank accounts, who mistake money for class, ... well, those people would frown upon a girl drinking like a man.

Anders has been really attentive, and trying to engage me in conversation, however, I have nothing in common with these people, who view a mere firefighter as beneath them. I bet they wouldn’t think that if I had to drag them out of a fire or cut the top off their overly priced car if they crashed it. Still, I know it is important for his business, so I put on a smile, sip my wine, and laugh at all the right jokes, that are seriously unfunny.

“Hey, Josie, isn’t it? Are you still surviving this?” Haley, the woman from earlier walks over.

“Just about, how about you?” I smile.

“Yeah, but the looks I get when people find out I’m an ex-soldier are amazing.” Haley laughs out, shaking her head.

“I think I get those same looks when I say I’m a firefighter.” I laugh with her.

“Clearly they do not think girls should do these types of jobs.” Haley laughs again.

I cannot disagree with her; it amazes me how even in this day and age, people still think it’s weird or crazy that females do dangerous jobs.

“God, I want a pint.” Haley sighs.

Yes, I love this woman already, a girl after my own heart.

“You are not the only one.” I giggle at her.

“I told you, rebel, who gives a fvck what they think?” the man with her, whose name I think is Stan says with a shrug.

“Because we want them to sign up their female staff for self-defence lessons.” Haley shrugs at him then gives him a heart-warming smile.

Just one look at this pair and you can tell they are head over heels in love with each other.

“Seriously, I am looking forward to coming. I think it is a great idea,” I tell Haley, meaning every word.

“What is?” Anders voice rings out, returning from having a conversation with a very pompous man who only wanted to talk about the cruise he is going on, and the fact he cannot get on the list to purchase a new Ferrari, apparently, that is the most annoying thing ever. Sucks to be him I suppose.

“The self-defence classes. Haley is hoping to have corporations sign up to help their female staff members.” I smile.

“Yes, I know, we are doing a piece on you in the next edition. Lucy has your details.” Anders smiled at Haley.

“Hopefully it will drum up some business for Haley.” Stan grins lovingly at his girlfriend.

“Actually, I have a few staff who may want to get involved. After all, once the dark nights draw in, walking through the city centre is not the safest thing. I will get your details off Lucy and give you a shout.” Anders smiles.

“Brilliant.” Haley grins.

“Josie, would you like another drink?” Anders smiles down at me.

“Yes, but not wine.” I sigh, as Haley giggles slightly.

“Two pints coming up,” Stan shouts, then walks to the bar.

“Heads up, pompous, perverted, prick at your six,” Haley whispers.

Rolling my lips so I do not burst out laughing, I feel a hand on the small of my back, a little to low for comfort.

“Maxwell, who is this gorgeous filly you have here?” he drawls looking at me like I was his own personal p0rn star.

YUCK.

I step away from his arm, but the i\*\*\*t is not put off and steps forward placing his hand on my back again. Seems this i\*\*\*t is not one for taking a hint.

“This is my girlfriend Josie, and I agree she is gorgeous, but is not a filly, she is a highly intelligent woman, and a hero who deserves respect,” Anders growls out, then places his own hand on my pack effectively swatting the pompous perv’s hand away from me.

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“Girlfriend. I thought you were a love’em and leave’em type,” Pompous perv states.

“You must have a magical fanny dear,” he drawls, then continues to look me up and down with lust filled eyes and a creepy smile on his face, obviously imagining my magical fanny.

Eww.

I feel Anders stiffen beside me, and he turns towards the man. However, I am more than capable of putting this t\*\*t in his place, so I turn with a smile.

“Oh, and you must have a small d!ck to come out with comments like that. Dear,” I say, smiling sweetly and batting my eyes at him.

Haley giggles beside me, as Stan arrives with two pints of lager passing me one and giving the other to his girlfriend.



The man twists his mouth, clearly not liking my response to his pompous perverted comment.

“Do you know who I am?” he growls, as if I should bow to his feet and be grateful for his unwelcome attention.

“No, do you know who I am?” I respond, tilting my head to one side and looking him up and down.

“I am the owner of the third largest printing company in the northeast. So ... I am very important to your boyfriend, so I suggest you play nice,” He growls at me.

Okay, so this pompous perv may or may not be important to Anders, but I am not going to back down, nothing within me will allow it.

“But not quite as important as the first largest printing company in the northeast, or the second for that matter.” I grin.

I hear Anders chuckle beside m., Good, he is not pissed off that I am going toe-to-toe with this t\*\*t. Not that I would stop now anyway, I would just have the argument with him later, then have mind blowing se.x again as I declare I hate him.

“You know that meeting you wanted to pitch for my business?” Anders says to the man.

Pompous pervert smiles and nods at Anders.

“Cancel it.” Anders continues staring at him.

“But I can save you money!” he protests.

“I would rather pay the extra and do business with a man who respects my girlfriend, and women in general,” Anders states in a tone that says, ‘conversation over’.

Pompous pervert pales, realising his stupidity has cost him a potential business deal with Maxwell Enterprises, then quickly moves away.

“That was fun.” Stan chuckles whilst grabbing four canopies and stuffing them into his mouth all at the same time.

“He tried to come on to me, saying he would love to teach me a thing or two about business. Then asked what I used to do for a living that makes me want to teach self-defence. He paled slightly when I told him I was a soldier, and if he didn’t remove his hand from my backside, I would break it in less than a second.” Haley laughed, taking a gulp of her pint of lager.

“Oh god, my girlfriend is feisty enough, please do not teach her how to do that, I will fear for my life when she gets annoyed with me.” Anders chuckles.

“I think you love it when I am annoyed with you.” I grin up at Anders.

Anders bends down and gives a low chuckle in my ear.

“Yes, I do. But you love being pissed off with me as well,” He whispers seductively in my ear.

Yeah, that hit my lady parts full force, and now I really want to get annoyed with him, very, very annoyed with him, then leave this event and run upstairs and do what Ben and Lucy are doing.

“I don’t think you should drink pints at an event like this,” Anders continues to whisper in my ear.

“fvck off,” I hiss at him, playing along with this game of foreplay we seem to embark on when we get horny for each other.

“That’s my girl ... right everyone, it was lovely to meet you Haley, Stan, I will be in contact with you tomorrow about the defence classes. But it is time for us to leave,” Anders states, then takes my hand and half drags me out of the conference room.

The empty elevator is waiting in the foyer, and we step inside. Anders closes the doors, pressing our floor number, then moves towards me. I back up against the wall, as his arms cage me in.

“You really should be more lady like, and not upset the businessmen who I want to work with,” he tells me.

“Seriously, you need to shut the fvck up Anders,” I growl.

A small chuckle leaves his lips, as he stares at me, then trails his fingers down my neck sending a shiver through my body, that is now fully awake and buzzing in anticipation of what's going to happen next.

Anders continues to trail his fingers down my neck, then onto my collar bone, sh!t, this is turning me on beyond belief.

"I hate you," I whisper to him.

"Hummm, I love it when you hate me," Anders growls, then crashes his lips against mine.

My body tingles with excitement, as he thrusts his tongue into my mouth. Letting out a soft moan, Anders growls slightly deepening the kiss.

The elevator doors stop closing, as a hand pushes them apart, and in walks the pompous pervert himself. Joy of joys. He hits his floor number, then stands in staring at me.

"Yep, magical fanny," He mutters under his breath, as Anders offers him a sneer in response. I reach out and hold onto Anders arm, to keep him from hitting this asshole in the face, he is not worth our time or effort.

The lift moves off, when suddenly it creaks and groans and comes to a stop, the lights all going out.

"Did you press the emergency stop button?" I ask Anders.

"No, did you?" Anders asks.

"No," I tell him.

"What about you pervert?" I shout over to the pompous i\*\*\*t who looks like he is getting himself into a panic.

"No, why would I do that, we need to get out now!" he shouts, and begins banging on the doors with his fists.

"Calm down, that will not work," I tell him, obviously he is terrified, and as much as I dislike the man, my training kicks in and I go into firefighter mode.

"sh!t," Anders growls, then presses the help button.

"Hey, we are stuck in the lift not sure which floors we are between as all the lights have gone out," Anders growls.

"I am sorry sir, there is a power outage, we will get to you as soon as we can," the voice responds.

"fvck," Anders gr0ans again.

"I need to get out!" Perv panics again.

"Just take a seat on the floor, they will sort it out soon," I say to him, trying to keep him calm.

"You don't know that," he growls at me.

"But what I do know is that if they cannot get the lift moving again, my colleagues from the local fire station will arrive and get us out safe and sound. Now take deep breaths, it will be over soon," I reply softly.

Two hours later, we are still stuck in the lift, and now all the wine and the last pint has made its way to my bladder.

"I really need a wee," I complain, sat in the corner of the lift, as Anders sits beside me, his jacket off, and tie undone, arm wrapped around my shoulder.

Pompous perv is now in such a state he is sobbing in the opposite corner, and no amount of rea.ssurance is working to help him.

"What is taking them so long?" he complains.

"I don't know, but they should have a back up generator to power the hotel," I state to Anders. It is standard practice, but it seems that this place doesn't have one, or it is not working.

The lift gr0ans again, and I cannot help but wonder if this is more than just a power outage.

Anders rings the help b.utton again.

"Do you know how long this is going to take, this lift is making weird noises," he growls at the microphone.

“We are sorry sir, but the generator is not working. We have a team of mechanics working on that now,” the voice at the other end informs us.

“Have you called the fire brigade?” I shout, I mean they would have us out in a jiffy.

“Not yet. The mechanics will sort this shortly.”

I shake my head in dismay, I already know the only reason they would not call the brigade is if they had a warning about something prior and do not want to face the consequences.

Suddenly, the elevator makes another noise, I have heard it before, and fear washes over me because I know it is the sound of a cable about to give way.

“fvck Anders get on the floor and hold on tight.” I shout, just as the sound of a cable snapping echoes around us, and the lift violently moves making perv scream his lungs out.

## **Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 60 - Tips**

0 10 minutes read

Anders Point of View

I hit the floor of the elevator, desperately trying to grab hold of Josie to make sure she is okay, as the lift swings violently from side to side, the noise it is making almost deafening. The bozo who disrespected my feisty firefighter is screaming his lungs out in the opposite corner, and I let out a sigh of utter relief when the lift finally stops thrashing about.

“What the fvck just happened?” I hiss out.

“A cable wire has snapped.” Josie sighs.

“It is okay, don’t panic, there are three others attached.” Josie smiles at the screaming bozo, trying to reassure him, even after he treated her with so much disrespect.

“Okay, everyone, keep on the floor; try not to move about.” she instructs us as she carefully shuffles along the floor and reaches up to press the help b.utton.

"This is firefighter Josie Edwards, I am currently stuck in this lift, and one of the cables has snapped. You no longer have time to wait for your mechanics, nor will getting the generator working help in this situation. Therefore, I demand that you call the fire brigade immediately," she commands the voice at the other end of the intercom.

"We are working on it," the voice responds.

"Work faster and call the fire brigade," Josie tells them, her tone is one I have been on the receiving end of many times, and I know she is pissed off.

I cannot help but feel immense pride as I watch her shuffle back towards me, fvck I love this girl so much. What wait, love her? Yeah, I think I do.

"They are not wanting to call the brigade," Josie whispers to me, so as not to panic the bozo sobbing in the corner.

"Why not?" I whisper back.

"Not sure, but it normally means something was flagged to be sorted out and deemed dangerous and they haven't done it," Josie whispers shaking her head in disgust.

"If these idiots turn the power on and try and set the lift going again, it will potentially snap at least one more cable," She whispers again.

"So, what do we do?" I ask her, wondering if we can do anything at all.

"sh!t, I wish I had signal on my phone, one I would call the brigade myself, and two I could ring Ben to help." She sighs.

"How expensive was this dress?" she suddenly asks.

I look at her, wondering why she suddenly is worried about the cost of the dress, when we are hanging here waiting for the thing to drop out of the sky again.

"Why?" I ask her.

"Because I may need to rip the bottom of it to above my knees, then climb up through the escape hatch and see if I can find a way to get us out of here," she whispered.

"I don't want you to do that Josie, it is too dangerous," I whisper to her; I would rather go myself.

"Yet, my job," she states with that look on her face that tells me not to argue with her.

"Let me go instead," I plead with her.

"You don't know what to do and calculating the time we were in the lift before it broke down, I would say we are around 6 or 7 floors up, that is high. So, it is better that I do it, as heights don't bother me, obviously," she whispered.

She is of course correct, but still, it feels wrong Josie putting herself in danger and not me.

"I cannot let you do that Josie; I should go," I protest.

"Look, I love your chivalry, but I am the firefighter here. So, I am the one who will go," she whispers. Then sitting on the floor, she rips up the length of the dress that cost upwards of £6,000, to her mid-thigh, then continues to rip it in a circle, exposing her long shapely legs.

Bozo instantly stops his wailing, and stares at her legs, a low growl forms in my chest, fucking\*g arsehole.

"Right, before I go climb up there and see what is going on, I need a wee. I am going to piss in that corner over there," she declares.

I watch as she shuffles over to the opposite corner of the lift, pulls down her lacey thong and squats low as she relieves herself, then grabs a piece of the discarded £6,000 fabric and uses it to wipe. She moves slowly back to me and takes her clutch opening it and puts a generous amount of hand sanitiser on her hands.

"Well, I suppose always cleaning your hands during Covid and getting into the habit of always carrying hand sanitiser actually comes in handy." She giggles slightly.

She moves over to the intercom.

"Do NOT move this lift, I am going up the escape hatch to take a look. Do you understand, DO NOT MOVE THIS LIFT," Josie shouts.

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"I would not recommend that; our mechanic will be with you all soon," the voice at the other end tells her.

"Your mechanic cannot get us out of here, a cable wire has snapped, you need to call the fire brigade. NOW! I am going to take a look," Josie shouts, clearly losing her sh!t with the person at the other end.

Shaking her head in disgust, she carefully slides back over to me.

"Okay, so I need you to carefully stand up, and let me climb on your shoulders, so I can take a look out of the hatch. Oh, and try and keep pompous pervert over there calm," she whispers to me.

Carefully I stand up, holding onto the rail.

"What are you doing? Stop that," the Bozo shouts, suddenly remembering he is terrified and not looking at my girlfriend's legs.

"Don't worry, she knows what she is doing, she is a firefighter," I tell him, only my voice is not soft and reassuring like Josies, because this guy has pissed me off.

As I very slowly and carefully stand up using the wall to steady myself, Josie climbs up onto my back, her knees on my shoulders. Now I know this is probably the wrong time to get a raging hard on, given the situation we are in, and the fact I just saw her pee in the corner, but my body doesn't agree with that, and my length hardens in my pants, as I glance upwards to make sure she is steady and get a glimpse of her lacy thong, beneath the now very short dress.

Josie carefully lifts up the escape hatch, and then stands on my shoulders, Pulling herself through the hatch onto the top of the elevator.

fvck I do not like this, not one little bit, she could fall, or anything could happen to her. My heart gallops in my c.hest, as she disappears from my direct line of sight, and all I can do is pray she is okay or can find a way out of this bl00dy death trap of a lift.

Suddenly her head appears back through the hatch.



“Pass me your phone, unlocked please, let's see if I can get a signal up here,” she tells me. I grab my phone out of my pocket and unlock it, then reach down to her purse and take hers as well.

Passing them both to her, I look up at her.

“Be careful,” I say, unable to keep the fear from my voice.

“Always am.” She smiles, then disappears again.

fvck this is not a nice feeling, all I want is for Josie to be back in my arms, so I know she is safe. But then I hear her voice, echoing from the top of the elevator.

“Yes, I am Josie Edwards, Firefighter in Sunderland.” I breathe a sigh of relief, she had got a signal, and is currently giving our location to the operator.

“Three people stuck in a lift, one cable down, one looks like it is about to snap as well, we are between floors 5 and 6, the lift is closer to floor six, and rescue can happen with a ladder down from those doors to the escape hatch. We have been stuck for three-hours or more now ... I don't think we have time ... Yes, my colleague Ben Bishop another firefighter is in the hotel, I am going to call him as well ... yes will do, but I think we need to move now, if possible,” I hear her say.

I look up, hoping to see her drop back down into the lift, but then hear her voice again.

“Ben, sorry, but stuck in a lift for three-hours, cable one gone, cable four looks about ready to go, Two and three are not much better. The hotel has not called the brigade, I am on the top, just called it in, but I don't think we have time to wait, can you get a ladder and force open doors on floor six?” she asks.

“About seven-foot.”

“Okay, you need to hurry please.”

I look up at the hatch and Josie pokes her head through it. Then passes both the phones down to me.

“Put them in your pockets.” She smiles, and I nod doing just that.

“Okay, so good news is I got a signal, bad news is the hotel still haven’t rung the brigade, and all the teams are out at a fire so it will be a bit of a wait. Other good news, Ben is on his way to give me a hand, we will be out soon.” She smiles at me.

fvck, that would make me happy if I hadn’t just heard her say that the other cables are about to give way.

“Are you coming back in?” I ask her, hoping she is, but she shakes her head at me.

I then hear the echo of Ben’s voice.

“Josie, I am here, just getting something now to open the doors, I have got the ladder,” he shouts.

“Okay, I will get the others onto the top of the lift ready,” she shouts back.

Her head appears back through the hatch.

“Okay, so I need you to get that ... Gentleman ... up here with me, can you grab hold of the hatch and pull yourself up?” she asks.

“Yeah, will do,” I shout back at her, when I hear another gr0an from the lift.

“That’s not the lift, it is Ben opening the doors on the floor above us.” Josie smiles attempting to reassure me. I have to say, it is not working, but I keep my face a stoic mask, because I know my feisty firefighter is doing everything possible to get us all out of this situation.

“Right, climb on my shoulders,” I tell the Bozo, but he stubbornly refuses, shaking his head at me.

“For fvck sake, man up, and get up on the top of this fvcking\*g lift,” I shout at him, my patience gone with the man.

“No, they will fix it soon,” he shouts.

“Josie, he is refusing to come up,” I shout up at her.

Her head appears again, as she looks down the hatch, and stares at him, in what can only be described as a spiderman pose.

“Oi, this lift is about to plummet to the ground, if you do not get up off that floor and on here so myself and my friend Ben who is also a firefighter can rescue you, you will probably die,” she shouts.

Still the stubborn fool shakes his head, and refuses.

“JOSIE, GET ANDERS OUT, AND IF HE STILL WILL NOT DO AS INSTRUCTED, YOU COME UP, AND LEAVE HIM FOR THE GUYS WHEN THEY GET HERE,” Ben shouts down.

“Last chance, move or be left behind,” Josie shouts down.

I can see the wheels turning in the bozo’s head as he reluctantly stands up, then scrambles up my body towards Josie who helps him up.

“Now you Anders,” Josie shouts, putting her hand down to help me. Thankfully, I have a good degree of upper body strength, and grabbing the edge of the hatch I pull myself up enough to get me knee out of the hatch and onto the top of the lift, as I pull myself up, Josie helping as best she can.

“Hey Anders, I will get you out second,” Ben shouts down at me.

I look to see a metal ladder extended from the now open doorway to the top of the lift, it is a long climb but not impossible. Josie motions to the bozo, holding the bottom of the ladder.

“Okay, do not look down, look up at Ben, keep your eyes on Ben and make your way to him,” she instructs the man.

“It is high,” he complains.

The lift begins to groan again, and I see Josie’s eyes widen slightly, before she corrects herself.

“You can do this, just step onto the ladder, look at me,” Ben shouts down.

Finally, he gets on the ladder, and slowly makes his way up to Ben, and is hauled through the doors, to safety.

“Okay, your next Anders,” Ben shouts.

“No Josie first,” I protest.

“Anders, get on the fvcking\*g ladder, I will go last.” Josie shakes her head and gives me that look that states she is in full feisty firefighter mode, and to do as I am told.

The lift gr0ans again, and I know we do not have time to argue, so I climb on the ladder, looking directly to Ben, then move at a steady pace, ignoring my thundering heart, and the fact that I made the mistake of looking down to check my footing ... it is a long way down!

Finally, Ben grabs me off the ladder, as I get into the corridor, Lucy runs down, a large rope in her hands, as a staff member follows her, shouting she cannot have it. Guess Lucy has other ideas, as she turns and fl!ps them the bird, then passes the rope to Ben.

“Sir, I must tell you to stop that, and let the professionals do it,” the staff member complains.

“He is the fvcking\*g professional, and this could have been sorted so much quicker had you called the fire brigade when we told you to,” I bellow at the man, who looks at me.

Ben wraps the rope around his wa!st, then throws it down to Josie.

“Loop it around you,” he shouts. Then sits at the door, feet planted either side to keep him in place.

“Rope is secure. Coming up the ladder now Ben,” Josie shouts.

“Anders get behind me and keep hold of my wa!st. If I tell you, grab the rope and feed it through your hands,” Ben shouts.

Suddenly there is a h.uge noise, the Elevator sounds like it is crashing to the ground, and I hear my beautiful girl scream out, as every drop of bl00d leaves me.