

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 6 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Davey's POV (Kathline)

The spray of the shower washes over me, as I stand in the communal bathing area, lathering the shower gel into my body. That fire took us over four hours to get under control, I am exhausted, and hungry, but, as always, no matter what, the shift goes on. Still just another hour and a quarter to go until we hit the magic 6pm and Yellow-Watch takes over. Thankfully nobody was seriously hurt, the woman who's house it was had zero burns, but had been taken to hospital for smoke inhalation. She was lucky, so damned lucky. With this kind of fire, the victims tend to have at least some burns, but she got away with it, as she was in the bath at the time. fvck knows how the fire started, that is for the investigation team to fathom out, but it seemed to combust from the cupboard under her stairs, which given that is where the electric meter is, points to that going bang for some reason or other.

My main concern is big Ben, don't get me wrong, he did an excellent job during the rescue, and controlling the fire after he got the woman out, but he is quiet, well, he is always fvcking\*g quiet, but quieter than normal, and I am unsure if that is a bad thing or not. Josie said she had spoken with him earlier, and he was okay, that I need to calm down as there is nothing to worry about. But for me, a guy who has just returned to duty after what happened to the poor fvcker, who goes extra quiet after his first major shout, well, that is a red flag, and something I cannot ignore, no matter how much I like the guy.

Stepping out from the spray of water that cleaned the soot and debris from my body, I dry off, and get into a fresh day uniform, even if it is for just over an hour. Seriously, the smell of stale smoke on your clothes sticks to the hairs in your nostrils, and I have no wish to smell like Twinkle cooking on a BBQ at the moment. The fire is done, out, over with, and so I put it to bed in my mind, and don't think about it anymore. It is my way of coping with the job, and nobody can tell me it is the wrong thing to do, because they are not doing this day in and day out.

Heading into the common room, I see Twinkle and Wayne dishing up some concoction or other they have created, God only knows what it tastes like. Not to be se.xist or anything, but I much prefer the food when Josie is on cooking detail, rather than these two, who are equally as bad as each other when it comes to making the food. That girl knows how to cook, and the cakes she

bakes are to die for, which when she brings them in, there is almost a blood bath as we all fight to get first dibs at them. But fair is fair, so we all take our turn in the kitchen, a week at a time each.

Sitting at the table I look at the bowl of lumpy gravy and sausage with a concoction of veggies that have been cooked far too long so have turned to mush.

“What is this?” I ask, as I lift a fork full of non-dissolved gravy granules, how the hell can they over cook the food, but the gravy is all but raw? Seriously, how?

“That is Wayne’s sausage with a splash of Twinkle’s sauce.” Headache laughs, as he pop’s yet another pain pill, or some sh!t.

Well, I did not want to eat it before, now I certainly don’t, but food is food, so I grin and bear it, as the rumble in my stomach demands food, even this food.

“Got a headache?” I nod towards the paracetamol in his hand, the fvcker always has a headache, or gut ache, or back ache, or shoulder ache, if it wasn’t for the physical and fitness tests, we routinely have, I would swear he is falling apart, but he always passes them with flying colours.

“Na, my shoulder is k!lling me man.” He grumbles. “And these are my indigestion tablets.”

He continues, throwing the red box of Rennie’s into the middle of the table, which everyone instantly grabs for, me included. Let’s face it, we are going to need one or two after eating this sh!te.

The loud bell sounds, and the saying ‘saved by the bell’ has never been more appropriate, let Yellow-Watch eat the Wayne’s d!ck and Twinkles c.um concoction, I will grab a pizza after this shout.

Sliding down the pole, I can only hope it is not another fire, or road traffic accident, else getting home before midnight will be off the cards, never mind finishing on time.

As Headache drives us out of the station once more, Josie gets the intel from Dispatch.

“Kid with head stuck in railings at Barnes Park again.” She shouts.

My heart kind of does this flip thing, not sure what that is about, but the thought that it could be Kathline's kid again springs eternal in my mind. fvck, it won't be, I know that is not possible, or should I say probable, but hell if I did not really want to see her again. I have been dreaming of those long legs, and cute body, with that long red hair blowing in the breeze every time I close my fvcking\*g eyes, since we rescued her son.

As Headache pulls up the engine, I cannot believe my eyes, Kathline is stood looking horrified and embarrassed, as her son's head is poking through the railings, another woman who looked like a YouTube kids presenter stood next to her with two other kids who were busy poking feathers up her son's nose, as he giggles and laughs, totally not upset by getting stuck again.

"Oh sh!t, it is naughty Norman Price again." Josie laughs with a shake of her head.

I swear she is obsessed with that fvcking\*g Fireman Sam program, I bet she still watches it before bed, then cracks one off shouting "Sam, Sam, come be my hero next door!".

A chuckle erupts around the engine, as Wayne shouts.

"He's got the red hair and all, y'all."

To be honest, the kid does, but even though normally I would piss myself laughing at this point, I find that I feel quite protective over the young lad. Given I am not the biggest fan of kids, that is some weird a.ss sh!t right there.

"Hey Davey, there is his mother, do you think she is Looking Goooodddddd." Ben shouts.

Now the fvcker has found his voice, the bastard, guess that means he is okay.

"Yeah, yeah." I say, as I open the door and jump down from the engine, and make a bee line towards Kathline, her weird as fvck friend, and her kid stuck in the railings.

Kathline freezes and her cheeks go the colour of my engine, which is so fvcking\*g cute, as I raise my eyebrows and shake my head with a smirk on my face.

“So, here we are again.” I grin down at her, as she looks down at her feet and shuffles uncomfortably.

“Yeah, here we are again, I am so sorry, seriously, he wanted to show his friends the railings, then decided to demo how he got stuck before we could stop him.” Kathline rambles a bit.

I can hear Wayne shouting to the guys in the background.

“Hey, Y’all, I will place the equipment on the sidewalk.”

“It’s a path, you are born and bred in Sunderland, in fact the farthest you have travelled is Middlesbrough, you are not American, and it is a PATH!” Headache moans at him shaking his head.

I crouch down, ignoring the argument ensuing over calling the path a sidewalk, deciding I will do the job of talking to the kid to keep him calm this time, and let the others get him out. Now, I know this is a low blow, getting information out of a kid, but hey, in my defence how else am I going to find out if Kathline is married or not!

Josie gathers the YouTube presenter and her two sprogs, and puts them with Headache in the engine, which they think is so cool, and keeps them away from us, and stops Headache from throttling Wayne for his American twang, as Twinkle and Wayne get the hydraulic spreader ready to free Kathline’s kid.

“So, what is your name? I am Davey.” I smile at the young lad.

“Andy, my name is Andy Brown.”

sh!t, he has Kathline’s surname, does this mean she is unmarried, my heart does that leap sh!t again in my chest, as I ponder on where his father is, maybe they are one of those trendy couples where the husband takes his partner’s name. Only one way to find out.

“So, Andy, I bet Daddy will wonder where you and Mammy are.” I say,

Okay, I know, I know, it is lame, and wrong on so many different levels, but you do not understand, this woman is haunting me, and I need to know!

"No, I don't see my Daddy much, mammy calls him a s.perm doner when she thinks I cannot hear." Andy smiles at me, his two front teeth at the bottom clearly missing, making him even more cute in my opinion.

"Ahh, so is it just you who looks after Mammy then?" I ask, as Josie shakes her head at me, but hey I am on a role, this is information gold right now, and as wrong as it is, I am not about to abort my mission unless Kathline tells me to stop directly.

"Yes, I do look after mammy." Andy smiles up at me.

"I bet you do a great job kiddie" I grin down at him, as Twinkle takes the opportunity of him being distracted and spreads the railings, freeing him once more.

"Yeah, I am freeeeeeee" Andy shouts excitedly, grinning up at his mother.

Taking a breath, as this is too good of an opportunity to miss, I walk over to Kathline.

"Hey" I grin at her.

"Hey, erm, thanks. Again," she smiles, a slight flush still on her cheeks.

"So, do you have a mobile?" I ask, again another lame question, so I hold out my hand, indicating I want it.

"Erm yeah." She answers shuffling in her bag, then handing me the phone with a confused look on her face.

I take the phone, and enter my name and number, then send a text to myself saying Kathline, so when I get back to the station I have hers in my phone, and you can bet your last quid I am going to text her on it.

"So that is my mobile number, you know, just in case this little rascal gets stuck in some more railings, or something else you need my help with. Kind of cut out the middleman, situation." I ramble slightly, losing so many cool man points, as the guys all watch on from a distance, muttering and chuckling, I am in for some sh!t for this, but something's are just worth the piss take, and Kathline, is definitely one of those things.

Kathline, blushes again, as she nods at me.

“I will keep that in mind.” She tries to say nonchalantly, but the wobble in her voice gives her away, and my confidence grows.

I laugh, then wink at her, ruffling little Andy’s red hair then head back to the engine, and wait for the inevitable piss take to begin. On the plus side, I only have fifteen-minutes to listen to it, then I plan to head for a pizza and text this goddess before me.