

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 61 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View.

fvck that was close, I am holding on to the rope, for dear life, swinging back and forth. Watching the elevator crash to the ground and hope it doesn't burst into flames when it does. The surrounding black walls of the elevator shaft grow perilously close to me, and I pray I do not hit the hard brick, because that could cause a serious injury. I look down the elevator shaft once more, worried about the possibility of an explosion, thankfully nothing but dust comes from the fallen lift, accompanied by a horrific noise. I also, somehow, avoid being swung into the brick walls and doing myself a nasty injury.

I let out a sigh of pure relief, sh!t, that was lucky! I am so glad I had taken the time to double-knot the rope around my waist, I had thought about just doing a single to keep me on the ladder, to save time, which has now followed the lift to the ground below, but I changed my mind last second. Good job I did!

"JOSIE!!!" I hear Anders bellow.

Catching my breath, I look up.

"I am okay," I shout up at him, as I hang gently swinging back and forth.

"HEAVE," Bens voice commands.

I feel myself being hoisted slowly upwards, it seems to take forever, but finally, I can grab the edge of the floor above, and clamber onto it. Laying on the floor, I burst out laughing, the adrenaline taking over, along with a high degree of shock.

"fvck Josie," Anders shouts, grabbing hold of me and holding me to his wide chest, kissing my head repeatedly.

"I am all good." I start to manically laugh up at him.

"She is in shock guys, get a blanket," Ben states.

Lucy runs towards me with a duvet cover, wrapping it around me, probably from her bed... eww, I know what they were doing in that bed!

Still, I sit hysterically laughing, when I am laid on the floor, my feet instantly elevated by Ben. I know I am in shock, but still, I cannot stop laughing, until suddenly, the laughter changes and I begin to shake.

“fvck Josie, I thought I had lost you,” Anders whispers softly in my ear, stroking my hair, and if I did not know better, I would swear he had tears in his eyes.

I then hear a familiar voice coming down the hotel corridor and think I have gone stark raving bonkers because there is no way he is here.

“Yeah, I called the boss, just in case I couldn’t get you out.” Ben sighed.

“Ben, Josie. You both good?” he asks.

“Yeah, but I think Josie is in shock,” Ben informs the boss, as another bout of hysterical laughter breaks free from me.

The boss nods his head, then looks to Ben. “The Ambulance crew are downstairs, along with the guys, I had them come when you called me,” he informed me.

My station officer, then turns and looks to the hotel employee, or manager, who is stood beside him.

“I have it on good authority that my colleagues at your local station condemned that lift, and issued a do-not-use notice, yet you had guests travelling in it,” he states, not shouting, but the pitch and tone of his voice was filled with authority, making the man gulp slightly.

“We had too many guests for just one lift,” the manager protests.

“Well, that issue will soon be sorted, as you will have no guests until a team ascertain the damage the fallen lift did to the floors and the building,” Webber announces.

The ambulance crew arrive, and take over me, wrapping a foil heat shield around my shoulders, then wraps one around Anders, as his crew mate does the same to the pompous perv, before getting us all into separate wheelchairs.

“Take the stairs,” Webber informs them.

“Once these three are out, we will evacuate this building. Ben, Lucy, well done, now make your way downstairs, I am going to set the fire alarm off to get the guests out of here,” he states, as I feel myself being lifted off the floor in my wheelchair and carried down the stairs.

As we are wheeled out of the doors, the fire alarm goes off, and suddenly there is a flurry of activity as frightened guests begin to file out of their rooms, and through the main doors.

I sit in the ambulance, my hysterical laughter changing to a strange numb feeling, as Anders was moved in beside me, reaching out he took hold of my hand entwining our fingers together.

“Did you hurt yourself when the lift crashed?” he asked his voice filled with concern.

Did I hurt myself? Humm, not sure. I do not feel any pain, but then again, my body is so pumped full of adrenaline I cannot be sure.

“I don’t think so.” I smile at him.

“Josie, fvck, Josie. If anything had happened to you, God man,” Anders said with desperation in his voice, running his fingers through his hair, a look of pure fear on his face.

“I am okay, just in a little bit of shock, they will check me over then we can go home.” I smile.

“Yeah, I will come back for your car tomorrow.” Anders nods.

“No need, what room were you in? I will get the keys and drive it back,” the boss said, standing at the back of the ambulance.

“841, thank you Boss.” I nod at him.

Suddenly Headache, Wayne and Twinkle appear, poking their heads around the ambulance doors.

“Hey, you guys came as well,” I shouted.

"Yeah, although not in the fire engine. Boss rang and told us what was going on. I am on the sofa again anyway so thought I may as well make myself useful." Twinkle laughed.

"Y'all okay?" Wayne asked.

"Yeah, we are fine." I smile at him.

"Good, glad you are okay Josie." Headache grins at me, then circles his shoulder and makes a small face as if in pain.

"Are you okay Headache?" I ask, as Davey arrives.

"Don't fvcking*g ask him, you know better than that!" Davey laughs.

"Good of you to come, finally," Headache retorts to Davey.

"Oi, I got here as soon as I could, Andy was having a nightmare, and I did not want to leave Kathline to deal with it on her own." Davey shrugs, then turns to the paramedics.

"Keep all your paracetamol and Ibuprofen locked up, this one is a fvcking*g addict," he shouts, motioning his head towards Headache.

"Okay Gentlemen, we are taking her to the RVI for a quick check up," the Paramedic stated, laughing, then closed the doors on my work brothers.

As the ambulance pulls away, Anders turns to me again. "Josie, fvck babe, that was scary." He sighs out.

"Hey, I am fine, all in a day's work. It is a good job it was us in that lift and not other guests, as they would probably be dead or seriously injured right now, because that hotel had not rung the brigade to get us out." I sigh in annoyance.

"We should sue them," Anders growls out.

"Na, I think the boss is going to sort them out." I smile and squeeze his hand in mine.

"Did he really need to set the fire alarm off?" Anders asked.

“Well building safety is an issue, plus there was a risk of fire, so yes. But in all honesty, I think he did that more to piss off the management.” I laugh.

After a few hours in the A&E department, finally we are sat in a taxi on our way back to my place. The sun has already begun to rise in the sky, we pull up outside the door, when I suddenly let out a groan.

“I don’t have my keys,” I say with a defeated sigh.

“sh!t, I don’t have mine either,” Anders states, looking at me.

I look towards my allotted parking space to find my car has been returned, and walk over to it, hoping the boss hasn’t locked the car and put the keys through my letterbox. Thankfully he has more brains than I do at the moment, and there is a note folded under the windscreen wiper.

‘Keys to car posted through the letterbox, your house keys are under the plant pot. Didn’t get your luggage though.’

“Oh, thank God.” I breathe out, then take walk back to my front door, lifting up the large plant pot, and unlock the door.

Anders follows me into the house.

“Do you want a drink of something?” he asks me.

“No, just need to get some sleep.” I smile at him.

Anders nods his head in agreement, then turns around, taking my keys from my hand and locks the front door.

I make my way upstairs to my bedroom, then strip down, not even bothered about having a shower, and I know I will probably stink, but I really do not care, I need to sleep. Anders does the same and climbs into bed beside me, then gathers me into his arms and holds me to his chest, stroking my hair softly.

“I am sorry, I probably stink,” I tell him, but still cannot be bothered to move and go shower.

“So do I, and no, you actually don’t smell bad at all, now let’s get some rest babe,” he orders, placing a soft kiss on the top of my head, as I snuggle closer to him and finally drift off to sleep.

I am woken by something hard digging into my back, with a soft giggle I realise just what that is.

"Morning," I softly say.

"Morning, did you sleep well?" Anders asked.

"Yes, what about you?" I ask, wiggling my b.utt against his morning wood.

"Yeah," he responds breathlessly, thrusting his h!ps forward slightly.

I turn around in his arms to face him, as he moves himself on top of me. Instantly I open my legs to welcome him, as he slips his rock-hard length inside me.

"What no fore play," I tease.

"Humm, sorry, should I stop?" Anders asks.

"Nope." I grin up at him, as he begins to move in-and-out of me.

Anders stills, then looks deep into my eyes before his l!ps find mine.

There is no kinky stuff, no fore play, I am not telling him I hate him. It is just me and him, as he gently slides in-and-out of me. This feels special, different, as my body begins to climb the dizzy heights. I hold on to him, never wanting to let this man go. My body shudders, as I reach my climax, it is mind blowing, but not because of all the games we normally play, but because all I can feel is pure peace, it wraps around me like a warm blanket.

Anders body j.erks slightly, as he reaches his own climax, deep inside me. Then holds me in his arms, his chin resting on my head.

"Don't ever leave me Josie," he states, his voice filled with emotion.

I look up at him, and see tears forming in his eyes, as I shake my head.

"Don't ever leave me Josie," he repeats.

"I am not going anywhere," I tell him.

"Promise me, you will not leave me," he continues.

"I promise," I whisper softly to him.

He grabs me tighter to him, his body shaking, he is so vulnerable in my arms, and I feel my heart triple in size. This strong, arrogant asshole is none of those things, not really, he is just as frightened as the rest of the world, probably more so.

"I hate you," he whispers softly to me, and I know he doesn't mean hate at all.

"I know, I hate you too." I smile up at him, as he lets out a little chuckle.

"I know babe, I know," he sighs out in contentment, as I hold on to this man-child, who I do not hate at all.

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Joanne's Point of View.

I grab hold of the pan of cooking vegetables taking it off the stove, heading to the sink to drain the water. Looking at the vegetables, they are slightly over done, and a little bit soggy. sh!t, I am not on my game today, and I have Ben and Lucy coming over for tea tonight. I think Cal and the little ones are coming as well. I begin to serve the dinner onto the plates, only to see I am around half an hour early in preparing the dinner. Yeah, definitely off my game today.

The thing is, I am nervous, well that is a slight understatement, I am sh!tting a brick about starting work tomorrow. Not because I cannot do the job, because let's face it, yes, I can, probably with my eyes closed, but because I am going to be working in such close proximity of wh!p-me-with-your-willy Webber.

I plate up the food, then cover them in tin foil before placing them into the oven to keep warm, then begin to clean up the pans, before everyone arrives.

"HEY MOTHER!" Ben shouts from the front door.

I cannot help but smile, there is no love quite like a mother's love for her child, it doesn't matter how old they get, they will forever be your babies.

"In here," I shout back at him.

I hear little feet running down my passageway, and Lucy laughing telling the little ones to calm down. They have been a few times now, and I am kind of an adopted granny to them. I know why they are rushing in to see me, because I always have some sweets sat on the table waiting for them.

“Oh, look Daunte, a kinder bar!” Little Kirstie shouts with glee.

“Keep that till after your dinner. Now say thank you to Joanne,” Cal shouts to his kids. He is such a good father, for all he is still quite young, he is doing a great job on his own with the two of them.

“Fank U,” two little voices say up at me.

“You are both very welcome.” I grin down at them, wondering when it is too soon to get excited for Ben and Lucy to produce me a grandchild. Yeah, probably a little to soon yet.

“Hey Joanne. Do you need a hand?” Lucy grins at me.

“Nope, I got my timings all mixed up, so it is all ready, and a bit over cooked.” I shrug at her.

“You really are nervous about tomorrow.” Lucy grins at me.

“Meh.” I shrug, trying to brush it off, but I know I am not fooling anyone.

“Did you speak with Josie yesterday? How is she?” I ask because, yes, I want to know, but I also want to change the subject.

“Yeah, she is perfectly fine. Boss told her to take tomorrow’s night shift off, but she has refused, you know Josie.” Ben laughed.

“It is a good job you were there.” I sigh, not wanting to think about what would have happened if my son and daughter-in-law had not been staying in the hotel.

“Anyway, I know it is a little bit early, but dinner is ready.” I grin at them all.

“Then can I eat my sweeties?” Kirsty asks, her big blue eyes wide.

“Yes, then you can eat your sweeties.” I laugh.

I take the children's plates out of the oven first, unwrapping them, and leave them on the side to cool, as I sort out everyone else's food. Once I have everyone served, I take a seat at the table, suddenly not hungry. Yeah, I love my food, so I am definitely stressed out about tomorrow.

"So, what time does the boss want you tomorrow? I can drive you in," Ben offers.

"He wants me in for around 3pm, working till you guys start shift at 6pm. Just so he can go through everything he wants me to do." I shrug, moving a piece of broccoli around the plate. I do not even want to eat my Yorkshire pudding; I am that nervous.

"I will drop you off, then go pick Lucy up from work, bring her home, then head back. You will need to get home by yourself though," Ben informs me.

"No need, I can catch the bus," I protest.

"You could, but you know as well as I do you want the lift." Ben chuckles.

Okay, my son has me there, I really do want the lift, it will give me extra time to have a melt-down about what I am going to wear.

"Thank you." I grin up at him, as he chuckles, calling me a 'loon'.

"Cal is thinking about applying to join the brigade," Lucy states with pride.

"Wow, that is great." I grin at him; happy he is trying to do something positive with his career and the kids.

"Yeah, I did not know part-time was a thing with the fire brigade. I will need to be full-time for the training, but that is permanent day shift, so if I get in, and pass the medical, I can have the kids in day care. My only issue is finding a job share, and the night shifts." Cal sighed out.

"I have told you, when you are on nights, I will have the kids, it will be only two nights every couple of weeks. It is not a problem." Lucy smiles at her brother, as Ben nods his head in agreement.

"Hey, I don't mind taking a turn, if you are happy for them to stay with me," I offer.

“Well thank you both, but first I need to pass the interview, then the fitness test.” Cal smiles.

“Yeah, we will go through the interview questions later if you like,” Ben offers him.

Lucy reaches out and squeezes Ben’s arm, a warm loving smile on her face, as he looks down at her, his eyes glistening with love.

Okay, so I am turning as mushy as this veg I have overcooked, but honestly, I am so happy for my son I could cry.

“Mother, eat something. It is only the boss. It is not like you don’t know him, or the guys on shift. Why are you so nervous?” Ben asks with a frown.

“Oh, no reason, just don’t want to let anyone down.” I shrug.

What I really mean is, ‘Just don’t want to make a t!t of myself, and get all tongue tied with wh!p-me, and make it obvious I want to jump his bones,’ but that is not something you tell your son.

The food finished, Cal takes the kids to run around the garden. I hear a squeal of delight when they find the old bubble car I had for Ben when he was little, that I got out of the loft, along with a ball, and some other toys I found up there.

Lucy comes to the sink, to help rinse off the plates, before packing up the dishwasher, as Ben goes outside to help Cal with the little ones.

“So, what are you going to wear tomorrow?” Lucy asks with a knowing smirk on her face.

“Not sure. I mean, I want to make an effort, but I don’t want to look like I have made too much of an effort, if you get my drift. Plus, I may have put on a few pounds since I last worked, so not sure what still fits.” I sigh out.

Lucy lets out a laugh and nods her head at me.

“Maybe something tight, like a se.xy secretary. Show off your curves.” She giggles.

“Yeah right, there is not a lot se.xy about this body. Once upon a time, yes, but now, not so much.” I laugh with her.

“Hey, don’t put yourself down. When we are finished here, do you want to play dress up? We can find out what looks SEXY but not as if you have made too much effort,” Lucy asks, raising her eyebrow at me.

“Yeah, good luck with that.” I laugh, as Lucy shakes her head at me, for being so negative about myself.

We head upstairs, and finally after discarding three outfits that no longer fit, we find what Lucy determines as perfect. Me, I am not so sure, all I can see is my belly, but she tells me I look amazing. So ... I guess I will trust her, and just go with it, I don’t have many other options anyway.

I wave off Ben, Lucy, Cal and the kids, then head up for a relaxing bath. With my outfit sorted, I make a mental note to purchase some new clothes on my first payday.

I just hope I do not do what I normally do, tomorrow, when I see wh!p-me, which is either become a mute, or talk so much and so fast, saying wildly inappropriate things to cover my nervousness. As I str!p down, ready to get into the bath, I make the mistake of looking in the long mirror, yeah, that is not good! Shaking my head to rid the negative thoughts, I climb into the bath, then pick up my phone to do a little reading on an app I have found to take my mind off tomorrow.

I am just beginning to get into the story, about a young girl who has just found out she is a werewolf and mated to her headmaster, when my phone begins to ring.

fvck me, it is wh!p-me calling. sh!t. Calm down Joanne, calm down.

“Hi,” I say, trying to keep my tone light, but my voice is high pitched even to my own ears.

“Hi Joanne. How are you getting to the station tomorrow?” Wh!p-me asks.

“Oh, Ben said he will bring me, before picking up Lucy from work then coming back for his shift,” I ramble, again speaking far to quickly for a normal person.

“Well, I can pick you up at 2:30 if you like, save Ben a trip,” his deep voice asks. Oh, sh!t that voice does something to me. fvck. Calm down Joanne, calm down!

“Erm, yeah, that would be great, thank you,” I respond trying to sound like a normal person.

“Okay, see you then. I am looking forward to having you,” Wh!p-me states.

Okay, so my mouth is open before my brain can engage.

“Woah there, maybe a drink before you have me.”

SHIT... Shit....sh!t...

Then I hear a deep laugh, and let out a breath, good, he is not going to fire me before I start because I said that.

“At work,” he corrects himself.

“Isn’t there a law against that.” I laugh, oh crap, really, I really need to shut my mouth. “And now I will go.” I say, as he chuckles once more.

“Okay, see you tomorrow, Joanne, 2:30,” he states and hangs up the call.

I quickly drop Ben a text – so wh!p me is picking me up from here at half-two, so you don’t need to give me a lift xxx

Then I drop Lucy one as well, just to tell her what I have done.

Just spoke to wh!p-me, made a complete t!t of myself, when he said he was looking forward to having me, told him I needed a drink first. sh!t why do I cease to function correctly when that se.x god is around. Xxx

Ben – was that text for me? And LOON! X

Great, just great, now my son knows I have the hots for wh!p-me. Could this be anymore embarrassing?

My phone pings again, so I take a quick look, hoping Ben isn’t going to tell me off for having a crush at over half-a-century years of age, on his boss, and soon to be my boss.

Wh!p-me – If you want a drink before I have you in the office, be ready for mid-day and we can go for lunch. Xxx

HOLY fvck A DUCK!

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Kelvin's Point of View.

I stand in just my boxers, paying extra attention to ironing my uniform. I don't know why I feel so nervous about having a lunch with my new assistant. Well, I do know why, but still, I need to be professional. I was so happy last night when she text that comment about having a drink first. That is the Joanne I like, the one who says wildly inappropriate things with lots of innuendo, not the one who cannot speak two words to me. Before I could even think I sent the message saying I would take her to lunch today.

To be honest, I will be glad of the company. Irrespective of the fact, that woman is taking up a lot of my personal thoughts when I am having 'alone' time. I wanted to grab a decent lunch anyway, because if memory serves me right, it is Wayne and Twinkles turn to do the food these next few shifts, which means, slop-on-slop that is barely edible. I hang up the freshly ironed shirt, placing it on a hanger, and putting it on the door handle so it can cool down and not crease the moment I put it on, then grab my trousers, and proceed to create razor sharp creases in the legs.

Looking at the clock I notice I need to get a move on, so grab my uniform and head back upstairs, to get changed. Even though I showered an hour ago, I decide to grab another. I am like a teenager on a first date. Not that this is a date, just a welcome lunch with a colleague, who is the mother of one of my team and just so happens to have b00bs to die for.

Spraying ample deodorant because it is still blistering hot outside, and I really do not want to sweat and smell, along with a dash of my aftershave, which I do not normally wear for work, quickly get ready, take one more look in the mirror, then grabbing my keys I head out of my house, and into the car, heading towards Joanne's home.

The closer I get, the more I feel my heartbeat picking up speed.

What the hell is wrong with me?

As I pull up outside her small home, I take a breath, to steady these unfathomable nerves I have managed to acquire. Glancing at the house I see that she has poked her head around the curtains, and so I cannot stay in this car any longer without looking like a total fool. Getting out, I make my way up

the short path, and knock on the door. I know she is stood behind, because I can see her outline through the stained-glass panels, but she takes a few moments before she finally answers, and I cannot help but wonder why she had done that.

“Hi.” I smile at her, as she grabs her keys from her purse and locks her door.

“Hi.” She smiles, but then quickly looks down.

I guess shy Joanne is back, which is a shame. I take a moment to look at her, stood in a red dress that wraps around her body, white leaves printed on it, that hangs just below her knees, her long hair is scooped up into a high formal bun. Bloody hell, she looks Gorgeous, with a capital G. I try and pry my eyes away before my length gets too noticeable in my trousers and take a breath to calm myself down. I walk down the path, then open the car door for her, before heading round the other side and getting in.

Buckling my seatbelt, I take a moment to check she is strapped in safely, then set off.

“I thought we could go to the Barnes, have a carvery, or would you prefer a light lunch?” I ask her.

“The Barnes is great, thank you.” Joanne flashes me a wide smile.

Nodding my head, I head onto the A690.

“Thank you for coming with me for lunch,” I politely say, just for something to say.

“Thank you for inviting me.” Joanne smiles shyly.

“Oh, not a problem. Plus, I have an ulterior motive. Twinkle and Wayne are cooking tonight, so I need decent food inside me.” I chuckle.

Joanne laughs slightly, then looks back down at her hands on her lap.

“Ben said their food is bad.” She smiles again.

“That is an understatement, part of me wants to bar them from doing the cooking, but then that is not fair to the other members of the team.” I chuckle.

We pull up into the carpark, and before I can be the gentleman my mother raised me to be, Joanne is out of the car. Well, I suppose it is not a date, so that shouldn't really matter, but somehow, I feel slightly disappointed I did not get to open her door for her. I head towards the double doors that enter the pub, making sure I get to them before her, then open one, and stand back allowing her to go in before me, and I cannot help but get a small sense of victory as she walks past me with a small smile.

Requesting a table for two, the waiter leads us into the restaurant side of the pub and shows us to our seats. Thankfully we are placed in a booth, which means I do not have the dilemma of whether or not I should pull the seat out for her. I guess I am just overthinking this whole thing.

"Oh, I am sure Ben will mention something tonight, but Lucy's brother Cal, he is going to apply to be a firefighter. The only issue is, he needs part-time hours because of the kids. Ben said those jobs are like hen's teeth, but hopefully there will be something." Joanne smiles at me.

The waitress comes over, taking our drinks orders, and informing us to head to the carvery when we are ready. I thank her then turn my attention back to Joanne.

"Actually, this is obviously confidential, so do not say anything yet. Twinkle, his wife wants him to leave, they have agreed he can work part-time, so I will need someone on Ben's shift to cover half Twinkles shifts. He has agreed to stay full-time till I can find someone for him to job-share with. When we get to the office, I will show you how to push through applications to head office, when Cal's comes in, send it straight to me so I can look through it, and then send with a recommendation This could work out really well," I tell her.

I get lost in my thoughts, mulling over this situation. If the young man passes the interviews and medical, it will only be 16 weeks when I can grab him for the job-share with Twinkle, keeping his 'Mrs' happy, which in turn keeps Twinkle happy. This would be perfect, and it will be one less headache to deal with.

Joanne nods, then offers a smile. I am surprised she hasn't gone on a rant about Twinkles 'Mrs.' We all know there is no love-loss with those two. Mind, after what that woman had said to her when Ben was in hospital, it is hardly surprising. Still, it is good that she is keeping her council and remaining professional about it all right now. That is a huge tick in the box for me, with regards to her working with me in the office.

“So ... what will you have me doing?” Joanne asks, clearly still nervous.

“Just keep up-to-date with some of my paperwork, seriously I spend more time in the office than I should just to keep up, I really need to be out with the guys more,” I answer honestly.

We go for our food, and return to the table, eating in silence. sh!t, she is hardly speaking, and I feel tongue tied. This is not how I imagined this afternoon going. Normally Joanne is the life and soul of the party, but still, she hardly looks at me. Curiosity of why gets the better of me, and so I take a breath.

“Joanne, you are normally very chatty, yet around me you go silent. Can I ask why?” I ask her.

Her cheeks begin to redden, to the point she is as red as that se.xy god damn dress she is wearing, and my length grows in appreciation of it.

“Because I am a gobby cow, say the most inappropriate things, and well, you are Ben’s boss, and now my boss,” she shyly admits.

I nod my head in understanding, but it is the fact that as she puts it is a ‘gobby cow’ that draws me to her. Along with the b00bs that could easily suffocate a man. No, I need to stop thinking about that, it is inappropriate!

“So, it is not that you hate me then.” I flash her a smile to let her know I am teasing.

“Hell no, but you are intimidating.” She laughs, then blushes again as if she said something she shouldn’t have.

“Intimidating, how?” I ask, genuinely wanting to know the answer, because she is the last person I would want to intimidate.

“Well look at you, tall, dark, handsome, full of testosterone, and my son’s boss to boot. Of course, you are intimidating,” she states as if it is something I should already know.

“So ... you think I am handsome?” I grin at her, hell I cannot help but find that little fact amazing, and I feel my body react to it.

The blush on her cheeks deepens again.

"I may be old, but I have eyes. Fair enough they don't work as well as they once did, but yes you are handsome." She laughs, covering her embarrassment.

"Thank you. But that means that you are also intimidating." I smile at her.

"How the hell am I intimidating?" she asks, shocked.

"Beautiful, stunning figure, personality in truck loads, and my teammates mother," I say before I can stop myself.

"Hardly beautiful and stunning figure, but thanks anyway." She smirks, shaking her head not wanting to accept the compliment.

Instinctively I reach out and take her hand in mine. As our hands meet, I feel like an electric-type bolt shot up my arm. sh!t, I have been out of the game for a long time, but honestly, I do not remember having this feeling before. Not even with my ex-wife.

"Do not ever put yourself down, because you are all of those things, trust me," I tell her in my serious voice.

I pull my hand away from hers, even though I really do not want to, as she stares up at me in shock. sh!t, I went to far, but hell if I will allow her to continue to put herself down. I know from Ben she has had some idiots in her life, who treated her badly, but what I did not realise was how much that has affected her self-confidence.

"You just need reminding of how wonderful you are," I say to her, and to myself.

Joanne looks up at me, eyes wide, and blushes even more. I can see she has no clue what to say, so I cut her some slack, placing my napkin down onto my empty plate.

"If you are finished, we can head to the office, and I will go through everything with you." I smile, as she nods her head, placing her own napkin down, and stands up.

I head towards the pay point, to settle our bill, when she turns with the biggest smile I have ever seen on her face.

"I am all yours, boss," she tells me then winks slightly. This woman has game!

Okay, now I really am in trouble, because before I can stop myself, I am leaning into her ear and whispering softly.

"I really wish that were true," I groan slightly at the thought.

fvck let's hope I don't get a s**** harassment complaint before she even starts working for me.

"It could be arranged," she states, then giggles slightly, walking out of the door, leaving me stood watching her, open mouthed, with the biggest bulge in my pants.

I really hope she is not joking ... like really, really, hope she is not joking.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 64 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Davey's Point of View.

I plant a soft kiss on Kathline's delicious lips as Andy giggles behind his hand. Thankfully he is out of his wheelchair now, and able to get about using crutches, but still the nightmares remain.

"Look after your mam for me squirt," I tell him, as I ruffle his red hair.

"I will Davey, I promise," he states, puffing his chest out with pride.

I love this kid!

"Stay safe," Kathline whispers to me, as I walk out the doors.

"See you for breakfast." I grin at her, then head towards my car.

The past few days have been interesting to say the least. Every time Kathline and I get 'close,' Andy has a nightmare, interrupting us. I am sure he has a camera in the room, and he is spying, timing out the cries to perfection. But this is life, and trust me, I am not complaining. Although, I am looking forward to the little monster heading to his dad's house, when I can take my girl and head to the hotel for a relaxing day. The only issue is, I will need to get up at 5

am and head to work from the hotel that day, but still, it is no problem, not really.

Liv continues to blow up my phone, but I have made up my mind. Apparently, that wanker has moved back in, now the loan sharks have been paid off, and he is getting 'help' again. Yeah, whatever, this is not my first rodeo, and I know in a few months Liv will be back to square one, only this time, I will refuse to help her. I maybe harsh, but I am not a cash cow for her to use when that wa!st of oxygen gets them into sh!t again. She has made her bed; she can lie in it.

Pulling up outside the station, I see Arsehole's Porsche outside, guess Headache got it fixed, as he waits beside it, looking at it like a lovesick puppy, he needs a fvcking*g woman, potentially a nurse who can sooth his many aliments.

Josie pulls up, as Anders gets out of her car, opening her door, even though he was the passenger, and grabs her wa!st giving her a passionate k!ss on the l!ps, as she holds onto a large tin, which means only one thing. CAKES! Before turning to Headache and collecting his keys, then speeding off.

I walk into the fire station, my Echo under my arm, grunt my hellos, then take up residence in my normal sp0t, and begin to read the news of the day.

Ben walks in not long after, as Josie begins to plate up what looks like blueberry muffins she has made. Twinkle is already in the kitchen, and he gets his hand slapped as he tries to pinch one of the muffins.

"Not yet, they are to welcome Joanne, so we will wait till the Boss is done with her, then have them," Josie admonishes him.

"Joanne wishes the boss would do her," I chuckle out, as Ben kicks the souls of my foot that is crossed over my knee, and growls like a giant grizzly bear in my direction.

I return to my reading, ignoring the fact that kick hurt like a b***h on the soul of my foot, as Headache rounds the corner, and sits down, rolling his shoulder again. For fvck sake, seriously this man!

Wayne walks in, clearly excited.

“Hey y’all, guess where I am going on my vacation,” he shouts like an excited kid. Well, he is a kid really, compared to the rest of us.

“You mean your fvcking*g holidays, again you are not fvcking*g American,” Headache growls out.

“Stop being mean Headache,” Josie shouts across to him, then smiles at Wayne.

“Where are you going Wayne?” she asks.

“America, my mam booked us a trip to Disney world Florida,” he shouts with glee.

“Isn’t that for kids? You should have chosen Vegas,” Headache asks.

“Disney world is cool man, Star Wars world, it is going to be epic.” Wayne shrugs off Headache’s comment.

“I am pleased for you Wayne.” Josie smiles warmly at the lad.

“Thanks Josie, how are you feeling after the other night?” Wayne asks her.

“Fine, although Ben was the hero of the hour.” She smiles at the giant man who is busy doing God knows what at the opposite side of the room, where all the recruitment literature is kept.

“Yeah, we know,” I shout over.

It is true, if he had not been on the other end of that rope, today would be a whole different story, not any of us want to think about.

The boss walks into the community room, clearing his throat, behind stands Joanne, in a rather nice dress.

I spy over my paper at her, then wolf-whistle at her, and she shakes her head in my direction. Ben turns and looks like he is going to kick my foot again, so I move it quickly out of his way, then look back towards the Boss who is also giving me daggers.

“Looking good Joanne.” Josie smiles at her.

“Thanks.” Joanne shakes her head, being a lot more subdued than normal.

“Okay, so as you all already know Joanne, I will keep the introductions short. She is my assistant, and will be working a few days per week, when we are on day-shift, then a couple of hours a week when we are on night-shift. She is your new point of contact for any forms you need, or if you want to book a meeting with me. Treat her nice, or I will not stop Ben from ripping your heads off.” He chuckled.

fvck the boss made a joke! Wow, that is knew.

“Just a heads up, it has been relatively quiet the past few days, since the outbreak of field fires, other than Josie of course.” The Boss chuckled again.

Seriously, who is this man and where is Station Officer Webber?

“I see you have baked welcome cakes Josie, so once we have them, I will take Joanne home, to save her getting a bus, then if you are not on a shout, I will have a full debrief when I get back,” he continues.

Josie hands out the cakes making sure Joanne, and the Boss get one before the rest of us pile in and demolish the lot of them. Joanne takes a seat on the long sofa, and fvck me sideways, the boss sits next to her, rather than return to his cave.

I look up at Josie, and raise my eyebrow, and she gives me a small shrug of one shoulder.

“Also, Ben, when I get back from dropping your mam off, we need to have a chat about something.” He smiles...yes, he fvcking*g smiles at Ben, who also nods his head and smiles back.

WHAT IS GOING ON! THE TWO MISERABLE FVCKERS NEVER SMILE!

Granted since meeting Lucy, Ben bares his teeth in a friendly manner a lot more now, but the boss smiling, that is just makes me think I have entered the twilight zone.

“Josie, these muffins are lush,” Joanne compliments her, as she takes another bite.

“Thanks Joanne.” Josie smiles up at her with a nod.

There is far too much smiling around here lately, it is just not normal!

“Oh, also you guys are on shift next weekend for the airshow, we are going to be stationed down at the beach, so expect a lot of kids about wanting to be in the engines. Let them, but be aware we need to move if needed,” Webber states.

“I have organised a sp0t on the showground for a tent, to sell baked goods, all proceeds to the benevolent fund, so if you can let me know what you are all going to bring to sell as well, please. There is a list on my new desk just outside Kelvin’s office, for you all to put your name and what you will be bringing,” Joanne states.

Kelvin, fvcking*g Kelvin ... sh!t, I really am in the twilight Zone, I have only ever heard her refer to him as wh!p-me.

“Okay Joanne, are you ready to go?” KELVIN... states.

“Yes, see you all later. Bye son,” Joanne states to Ben, then gives him a k!ss on his cheek, which he immediately wipes off with a shake of his head, like he is 10.

We all watch as the boss and Joanne disappear out of the doors, laughing and joking, and dare I say a little bit of fl!rting. I raise my eyebrows up to Ben.

“fvcking*g hell Ben, the boss is going to be your new daddy,” I quip.

Ben growls at me again, then fl!ps me the bird, as Yellow Watch all begin to do a mass exodus out the door, meaning we are on-shift.

“What’s for tea Twinkle?” Josie asks.

“In honour of my glamorous cooking assistant, finally going to the US of A, we are doing hotdogs in buns.” He grins.

Cool, even those two cannot fvck that up. As the food arrives on the dining table, I realise I had spoken to soon, as the hotdogs arrive. The buns all soggy of where they had not drained the water from the pan correctly before adding the sausage. The hotdog is not hot at all, barely warm, and the onions chard so badly that they looked like small pieces of coal sat on the top.

Each of us pick up the long soggy bun, and look at it, with a curl of our lips. I know everyone is hoping we get a shout so we don't have to eat it, but no such luck, the one time we want that bell to ring, it stays silent.

The boss arrives back, after dropping Joanne off, then gives us a quick update on what is happening and allocates the duties for the next four days.

"Hey, I am going to get my head down for a bit. Hardly had sleep for days," I tell them all. Best thing about a quiet night shift is we get some sleep, which is always good.

I head to the bunk room, and climb on my allotted bed, then pull out my phone ringing Kathline.

"Hey you," she says happily through the phone.

"Hey, is Andy in bed?" I ask.

"Yes, out like a light, so I have done a quick tidy round, and am going to get some rest whilst I can," she tells me.

"Yeah, I am going to get a nap in whilst we are not busy," I tell her.

"Okay, well night-night. Kind of miss you not being in here with me," she whispers.

"I know what you mean. Night-night, see you at breakfast. I will get a MacDonalds one, on my way home from work," I tell her.

sh!t, I really need to go to my actual home, and check on it, and grab more stuff.

"Actually, I may be a little later than normal, I have to go check on the house, and get more kit," I tell her.

"Okay, you know you don't have to stay with us if it is causing you a problem," she tells me.

"It is no problem, and I stay because I want to. Now, see you in the morning, get some rest," I tell her, as she wishes me goodnight again, before she hangs up the call.

I snuggle down into my bunk, and instantly feel my eyes closing, I am that tired.

The sound of the fire alarm wakes me up, jumping out of the bed, I see the others all doing the same thing, it must be late into the shift. I run into the common room, pulling my yellow braces back over my shoulders and run to the pole, sliding down it.

As we scramble into the fire engine, I notice it is half one in the morning, as Josie gets the info from dispatch.

“Fire at Cooper Rose the night club in town,” she shouts.

sh!t, that is one of the busiest places for revellers. Thank fvck it is only a Thursday. Let’s just hope they got them all out before the fire took hold, or it is the chief burning the food.

Headache switches on the lights and sirens, and we head off towards town, at breakneck speed.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 65 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Davey’s Point of View

We pulled up outside of the nightclub, yeah, this was no false alarm. People were gathered in the centre of the road, holding up the many taxi drivers as they tried to get through the main exit of the city centre with their passengers. Some laid on the ground, gasping for air, others sobbing, or stood motionless, eyes wide with shock. The paramedics were on scene dealing with the injured, and an engine from closer to the town was already tackling the blaze.

Pulling the mask down onto my face, Ben checked my oxygen tank, as I double-checked his. The boss arrived in his smaller van and begun to liaise with the other crew.

“fvck, this is a bad one,” Headache gr0aned.

As always, I entered the burning building with Ben and Josie, as Headache, Wayne and Twinkle begin to sort out the hoses and equipment we might need.

“People are still inside,” the Boss shouts as he comes over to me.

Nodding my understanding I run through the double doors.

Visibility is difficult, the thick black smoke clouding my vision, but downstairs is not burning, however there are bodies laid on the floor. Instantly I go grab one, throwing them over my shoulder and out of the building into the arms of the awaiting paramedics, before turning around and heading straight back inside.

I pass Josie as she carries someone out, followed shortly by Ben who has his own victim over his shoulder.

Looking around, I cannot help but wonder why the hell everyone exited the front of the building. I know for a fact there are double fire exit doors at the rear of the club. I did the fire safety check myself.

I make my way onto the dance floor, finding another body laid, then pick them up, and get them outside. This is a nightmare. We are hampered by bodies laid everywhere, and yet to tackle the flames upstairs. I do not understand how so many are laid around, until I reach the back of the building fire exits and see that someone has wrapped something around the doors from the outside, making them impossible to open.

sh!t, that has to have been done deliberately, there is no other reason. I know the managers of this place, and they are crash-hot on fire safety. Pushing the thoughts to the back of my mind so that I can fully concentrate on what I need to do right now, I continue to search for people who have obviously been crushed or fallen in the frenzy to get out of the burning building.

“Clear!” Josie shouts, indicating her section has no more people waiting to be rescued.

I scan around, under the tables, in the corners, thankful my area is now clear also.

“Clear!” I shout, indicating my section is okay.

Ben walks out of the female toilets, a girl over his shoulder, she is sobbing and crying, well at least she is alive. To be honest, I am unsure of how many I took out were still breathing, some of them were injured pretty badly.

After handing off his victim, Ben walks back in, and confident we cleared the downstairs, we make our way up to the upstairs bar area, where the main kitchen is.

The flames lick of the ceiling, as the other crew tackle the main blaze coming from the kitchen, Grabbing the hose, Ben jumps behind me to keep it steady, as I request water from Headache. The hose begins to fill, the weight feeling heavy in my arms as finally we begin to douse the flames. Twinkle arrives behind Josie, helping with her hose, and working as a team, we begin to conquer the flames that are sucking the oxygen from the room.

Four hours later, the flames are out. Unfortunately, we also find a couple of bodies of those who had been unable to escape the blaze, slumped in the corner of the room. I let out a sigh, shaking my head.

Josie walks around to make sure there are no burning embers that may take light again, but the fire is out, thank God.

As we exit the building, the boss is talking to the police, and the station officer from the other fire station, their faces grave. Camera crews and reporters from the local news stations all stand filming us as we leave. One woman with a microphone is busy sticking it into the face of a rubbernecker, clearly, he had not been anywhere near the fire, but was enjoying his few moments of fame. I let out a sigh, shaking my head slightly, turning my focus back to what we had just witnessed, trying to make sense of it all.

It was clear the fire started in the kitchen, but the blue flames we tackled, indicates there was an accelerant used. I glance over to Ben, who passes me a look, no words are needed, we both know, this was arson, and whoever had started the fire definitely wanted to kill people, else they would not have immobilised the fire doors at the back of the building.

The boss walks over to us, hands on his hips.

“Okay, go back to the station, you guys are officially off shift, but if you can all hang around for an hour after your showers, please,” he orders.

Nodding, we climb into the engine, as Headache starts her up, we pull away.

“fvck, that was arson.” Headache shakes his head.

"Looks that way. Do we know how many dead? There were some serious crush injuries," Twinkle asks.

"Definitely two, who were un-rescued from the blaze," Josie sighs out.

"I saw three pronounced dead outside," Twinkle states, his eyes wide.

I shake my head in dismay, this is not part of the job any of us like. Death is a fact of what we do. It is inevitable, but it doesn't sting any less, just because we know it will happen.

Pulling up into the station, I jump down out of the engine, making my way straight upstairs for a shower. Grabbing my phone as I take a fresh set of uniform from my locker, I quickly drop Kathline a text.

Hey, going to be late. We had a large fire to deal with, also having a debrief with the boss. Maybe make Andy some breakfast. I will see you when I get back xxx

I place the phone back into my locker then make my way to the showers.

The hot water streams down my body, turning dark from the soot of the fire, Ben is stood beside me, his hands pressed against the cold tiles, head bent low. Each of us deal with the aftermath of a fire differently, and nobody speaks, the normal camaraderie and banter replaced by silence, everyone's face a stoic mask as our brains come to terms with the horrors we have just faced.

As the soap from my shampoo runs down my face, stinging my eyes, my mind wanders to Kathline. I wonder if she saw something in the news, if she was worried or concerned. I hope she did not have it on repeat, as I really did not want Andy to see this, the little lad was struggling enough after the fire in the school.

Stepping out of the shower, I get dried and place a fresh uniform on, then head out into the common room, waiting for the others to join me.

Taking a seat in my usual spot, I see the Boss arrive, he nods in my direction before heading to his office.

"Five-minutes Davey, I will not keep you long," he shouts over his shoulder.

As I wait, the rest of the watch all gather around, all of us sitting in silence, waiting for this meeting. Hell, I know I should go home and get more things from my house to take to Kathline's but in all honesty, all I want is to get to hers and gather both her and Andy into my arms and k!ss the life out of her and h.ug that little lad tight to me.

Boss walks back into the common room, and takes a seat, looking at each of us.

"Okay, so not official yet, but none of you will be surprised to know that was arson. We are working with the police, and although a full investigation needs to be done, we cannot rule out it was the same bastard who set the school fire," the Boss begins.

"He was determined to k!ll someone, the back fire exits were tampered with from the outside," Josie states.

"Yes, we know. They are hoping CCTV footage can shed some more light on it, but at the moment we need to let the police do their jobs," the boss states with a long sigh.

"The thing is, we are dealing with someone who is determined to commit mass murder, and his weapon of choice is Arson. The police are asking for all of us who attended both fires to keep an eye out when we go to a shout, see if we notice anyone who turns up to watch who we have seen before. Also, they are not ruling out the fact that, whoever is doing this, has something against a firefighter, so they are asking us to also have a good think about anyone who was not happy with us at some point. The police are going to send over some detectives tonight to have a chat with each of us when we are back on shift. Hey, they also want our body-cam footage. I know tonight was tough, but it is over for now. Go home, get some rest, and I will see you all tonight," the boss declares standing back up.

"Boss, do we know how many dead?" Ben asks, his eyes wide.

"Ten so far, a few are critical. Most, crush injuries in the scramble to get out. But hundreds were safe, focus on that Ben," the boss tells him.

Ten, fvcking*g ten already, and you do not need a medical degree that number will go up as the day goes on!

I head out of the fire station, straight to my car. Yes, I can wait to get my things, all I need right now is my little family, and some rest.

Heading into Kathline's house, she is stood waiting for me. Without a word I walk straight over to her, grabbing her by the waist pulling her to my chest, longing for her comfort, needing her presence to calm my mind. My lips find hers, my hands weaving into her long red hair deepening the kiss.

"Hi Davey.... Ewww!" Andy shouts.

I chuckle as Kathline shakes her head slightly.

"Hi squirt, did you look after your mam for me?" I ask him, keeping my voice as cheerful as possible.

"Yes, I did, especially this morning. The news about a fire was on, and she was scared. But I told her that she had to be brave, that I was going to be brave," Andy tells me, puffing his little chest out.

"That you are Andy." I smile at him, ruffling his hair.

"Guess what?" he continues.

"What?" I smile down at him.

"Mammy said I can go see Aunty Mel and my friends at her house today. We are going in one-hour." He grins up at me.

I look down at Kathline.

"Yes, he is missing the kids, and Mel offered to have him today till teatime, so that we can get some rest." She whispers a shy smile on her face.

I nod at her, suppressing the smile on my lips. Yes, I am totally wiped out, but hell if a sudden burst of energy doesn't consume my body. A full day practically child free. Now I have other things I want to do in her bed, and sleep is not top of my agenda.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 66 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Kathline's Point of view.

Andy is hobbling through Banes Park, on his crutches, excited to be spending time with Mel and the other kids she looks after. Guilt nips at me, am I a bad mother for wanting some time with Davey, with no interruptions? However, seeing the smile on my little man's face, and how excited he is to get to his child minders, I push that to one side.

Seeing that fire on the news, then catching a glimpse of the white flash of air from Davey as he took his helmet and mask off, after fighting that fire made me realise something. I wanted this man, and I no longer wanted to wait, even for another four days till Andy goes to see his father. Selfish? Probably, but I need to know what it is to have him inside me, claiming me.

Davey's job is dangerous, and tomorrow is never a given, should anything happen to him, without me knowing what it is like to fully give myself to him, I do not know if I could cope with that. As kids, he was the one who got away, as adults, he has melted my heart into a puddle of mush, and I know there is nobody else I want to be with, ever.

We eventually arrive at Mel's house, she opens the door with a wide smile, her bright orange dress with yellow shaped diamonds on, brightens up my day even more.

"Hey Andy, we have missed you," she tells him, sounding nearly as excited as Andy did when I said he could come here.

"Hi Mel." Andy waves at her, his smile wide.

"Come in," Mel beckons as we step inside her house.

"We are doing some hand painting this morning, then after our lunch we are going to build a fort in the back yard," she tells Andy excitedly.

Andy hobbles into the front room, as the other kids all shout for him, asking if they can paint the cast on his leg. I smile, it looks like the blue fiberglass is going to be a lot of different colours by the time I collect him tonight.

"Thanks for doing this." I smile at Mel.

"Not a problem, you need to get some rest and me time," Mel tells me placing her hand on my arm for reassurance.

"I will pick him up around half-four," I tell her.

"No problem. Now go home and have some Kathline time." Mel grins up at me.

I nod at her, another wave of guilt descends as I say goodbye to my son, but he is far too busy playing with the other kids, to care his mother is heading out the door. Still, I grab a kiss on his cheek, much to his disdain.

"Mam, you have Davey to kiss now," he shouts, wiping the kiss from his cheek.

Mel rolls her lips together to suppress her laugh, as I feel my cheeks begin to burn with embarrassment, hoping she doesn't realise that I am leaving Andy here because I plan to do more than just kiss Davey.

"Yeah, well, see you at half-four," I mumble as Mel practically shoves me out the door, telling me not to worry and go enjoy some time alone with Davey, then winks at me.

Guess she does know why I called her this morning then.

I walk back across the park, the weather is cooler today, but still warm, as I see mothers with pushchairs, walking along the winding paths. Older kids with balls having a kick about, and teenagers on the basketball court at the bottom, shouting for the ball. I smile, and sigh, as I see the railings, still bent from when Andy was rescued. It feels so long ago now, so much has happened since that day.

I exit the park and make my way up the hill on Durham Road, heading to my house. As I step inside, I see Davey laid on the sofa, his eyes closed, as he softly snores.

Yeah, he must be really tired, I guess my womanly needs will have to wait till he wakes up. Shaking my head with a smile, wondering when we can catch a break, I gather one of the throws from the side of the couch and place it over him, not having the heart to wake my brave hero up from his deep slumber.

Heading into the kitchen, I wash up the plates from breakfast, then boil the kettle to make a coffee, when a strong pair of arms wrap around my waist.

"Hey," his husky voice whispers in my ear.

“Sorry, did I wake you?” I ask, not able to keep the smile off my face, because as much as I wanted him to get some sleep, I am very happy he is awake.

“It was a cat nap.” He turns me and grins.

“Just making sure I had some extra energy for when you got home.” He chuckles at me.

“Do you want a drink?” I ask, suddenly feeling self-conscious, not sure why, given we have been practically living together since Andy was rescued.

“Nope.” He grins at me, snuggling his head into the crook of my neck, placing soft k!sses on my sweet sp0t, sending a shiver through my body.

My head tilts back, giving him more access, as my body feels like it is about to combust from just those small k!sses. A soft m0an leaves my l!ps, as suddenly, Davey lifts me up in his strong arms. Wrapping my legs around his wa!st, he moves his k!sses up to my jaw, before finding my l!ps. His tongue enters my mouth, as our tongues entwine, passion and desire take over, as I hear a small growl in his throat. Breaking the k!ss, due to lack of oxygen, Davey looks deep into my eyes.

“Bed?” he questions.

I nod my head, then placing his hands on my bottom to keep me in place, he carries me out of the kitchen, through the lounge/dining room, to the hallway and up the stairs, his eyes never leaving mine. Tingles erupt all over my body, as he keeps holding my gaze, and I feel like he is looking into my soul. As we climb the stairs, Davey enters the bedroom, and places me on the bed.

“Kathline,” he gr0ans softly, I look up at him, his eyes swirling with emotions.

“I need you,” I whisper to him.

Climbing onto the bed, Davey positions himself between my legs, as his fingers gently stroke a hair from my face.

“So, fvcking*g beautiful,” he breaths.

A blush creeps on my cheeks.

“I love that blush.” He grins down at me, then bends his head down, and k!sses me softly.

"I love your hair," he whispers between k!sses as he continues to stroke it.

Moving his hand down to my t-shirt, he cups my b.reast, then with a smile whispers.

"I really love these." He grins as I arch my back upwards pressing my b00bs into his groping hand.

Davey trails his hands southward, finding the hem of my t-shirt, then lifts it up, pulling it over my head and discarding it to the floor. Instantly his mouth is on my b.reast, s.ucking my protruding n!pple through the white lace of my b.ra, as I let out m0ans of pure ecstasy. Pulling down the cup of my b.ra he latches on to me, his tongue twirling round my n!pple, before he s.ucks then grazes his teeth over my protruding bud. I feel my body begin to climb the dizzy heights of desire, as I begin to fist his silver strands of hair into my hands, pulling him closer to me.

"fvck Kathline," he gr0ans, as I begin to uncontrollably m0an with pure pleasure.

His hands reach around my back, unclasping my b.ra, then pulling it down my arms and throwing it to one side. Sitting up slightly, his eyes trail my n.aked upper body, as he lets out a low growl of appreciation.

"You are so fvcking*g beautiful," he whispers again. As he pulls his work polo shirt off his body.

I drink in his hard chiselled c.hest, extending my fingers to gently trace the contours of his muscles. Davey closes his eyes, letting out another soft gr0an, then opening them, he brings his hands to the top of my denims, and opens the b.utton. I lift my h!ps as he pulls them down my body, down my legs, and throws them with the other clothes.

Lifting my legs onto his shoulders, he looks into my eyes, then places his mouth on my se.x, s.ucking the lace of my panties into his mouth, as I let out a needy whimper. Hooking the edges of my panties with his thumbs, slowly he moves them down my legs, exposing me to him. I watch transfixed as he l!cks his l!ps, then dips his heads between my legs, his tongue circling my throbbing cl!t.

"So we.t. All for me," he growls out in approval as his tongue l!cks the length of my slit.

I watch, as the pressure builds up inside of me, as he feasts on me like a man starved. Expertly he brings me to the crest of my impending wave of pleasure, then thrusts two fingers inside of me, whilst his tongue circles my cl!t, twisting them round, he finds the sp0t where my nerve endings meet, sending me over the edge, as I grab his hair, whimpering, and panting, as my walls tighten around his fingers and my org*asm hits me like a freight train.

Coming down from the high, I pant out, my body like a noddle, as he watches me. Removing his fingers, he places them to my l!ps and watches as I clean them with my tongue.

“fvcking*g beautiful,” he gr0ans once more, then I hear the zip of his trousers, as they fall to the floor, pooling at his feet.

Kicking his trousers free, he opens the top draw of my bedside table, pulling out a condom, as my fingers find the hem of his boxer shorts, and pull them down past his thick th!ghs. He kicks them off to join the ever-growing pile of clothes on the bedroom floor. Ripping the foil packet with his teeth, he takes out the latex and smooths it on his long thick hard length.

“I may not last long, I have never wanted anyone like I want you, Kathline,” he growls out as a warning.

Opening my legs wider, Davey takes hold of his manh00d in his hand, moving up and down my se.x, before placing the tip inside my hot we.t needy body. Then pushes inside of me.

I let out a gasp of pleasure, as my walls grip around his large girth, stretching me. Finally, he is in me, finally we are doing this, as he pushes deep inside me. Fully rooted, he looks into my eyes again, as he begins to thrust. Slowly at first, tormenting me, as I lay back my eyes rolling to the back of my head.

“Harder, please Davey, fvck me,” I beg.

With a chuckle, he picks up the pace, as he thrusts deeper and harder, my body begins to shake, still sensitive from my org*asm.

I begin to whimper, as he lifts my legs into the air, and thrusts again, taking me to new levels of pleasure.

“fvck Davey, I am coming again,” I cry out.

Yes, I have had se.x before, but this is out of this world. He is bringing my body to the edge once more, as he continues to push in and out, until I let out a loud cry, my body bursting as another tidal wave of pleasure washes over me, my fingers digging into his back. With a loud roar, Davey's movements become erratic, as he stiffens, as he reaches his own climax.

Collapsing on top of me, he k!sses me once more, only moving when he slips out of me. I have never felt so fully sated in my life. Breaking the k!ss he gathers me into his arms, holding me close to his c.hest.

"I know I need to take care of this condom, but honestly, I do not want to move. fvck Kathline, that was worth the wait." He smiles at me.

"Definitely." I grin.

With a gr0an, Davey moves off me, and heads to the bathroom, to dispose of the condom, bringing a we.t cloth for me to clean myself, then pulls the covers back, and climbs into bed, pulling me to his hard c.hest again.

"I would love to be able to go again babe, but honestly, I need to sleep." He sighs.

I snuggle into his c.hest, my fingers tracing the soft tufts of hair, and smile up at him.

"Yes, I think sleep right now is perfect." I smile, and wrapped up together, we both drift off into a peaceful much needed sleep.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 67 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Ben's Point of View

The covers for my bed fell to the floor from all my tossing and turning. I have not slept so badly since meeting Lucy, but here I was covered in a film of sweat. The thoughts of those dead were people haunting my mind every time I closed my eyes. Looking at the clock, I saw I had just a couple of hours before I had to get up, go fetch Lucy from work, and head back for my second night shift. I let out a long breath, willing myself to try and catch an hour of sleep, but it was to no avail. After another 15-minutes of restlessness, I got out of bed, grabbing the covers from the floor and made it ready for Lucy tonight, then headed into the shower.

As the hot streams of water massaged my aching muscles, my mind was full of the undeniable fact that there was an arsonist, and one who clearly wanted to k!ll as part of his sick games. This was more than just some pyromaniac who liked watching things burn. This was a cold-bl00ded k!ller.

My thoughts also went to the boss, his announcement today that the police wanted to interview us was nothing unexpected, but the reason, that they felt this person could have a vendetta against the fire brigade was something that turned my bl00d to ice.

I did not know anyone who would k!ll people in revenge for something. Taking a deep breath as I rinsed the soap from my skin, I grabbed the towel from the radiator then slung it around my wa!st, before heading into the bedroom and drying off, finding a fresh uniform neatly pressed in the wardrobe. A small smile adorned my l!ps. Lucy. Bless her, she really did not have to do the ironing, and sh!t like that for me, but she had done it anyway. Pulling on my uniform, I headed downstairs, grabbing myself a coffee, along with a couple of protein bars, before grabbing my car keys and heading to pick her up from work.

As I pulled into the car park, I realised I was an hour early for her, so sat back and decided I just had to wait. My phone buzzed, picking it up from the centre console a smile reached my l!ps.

Lucy – Hey handsome, is that you in the carpark? You are early. Xxx

Ben – Hey beautiful, yes, couldn't sleep, didn't realise I was here so early xxx

Lucy – Come up, you can sit in my new office. Xxx

Ben – Will Anders not mind? Xxx

Lucy – It was him who noticed you, and his suggestion, xxx

It never failed to amaze me just how a few texts from the woman I loved could change my mood from doom and despair to full-on joy and happiness. Getting out of the car, I headed into the office, Climbing the staircase. The new receptionist greeted me with a warm smile, telling me to go through. Yes, she was so much better than the last one, that is for sure.

Lucy stood at the doorway of her office, with a wide smile on her beautiful face.

“Hey, do you want a coffee?” she asked.

“Just had one, sorry I got here so early,” I apologised, not wanting to cause her a problem at work.

“Hey Ben,” Anders shouted as he poked his head around the office door.

I walked over and shook his hand, as he stepped into Lucy’s office, closing the glass door behind him.

“Josie told me about last night. I am worried,” Anders stated, running his hands through his hair.

“Yeah, it is not the best situation. Hopefully the boys and girls in blue find out who this fvcker is and gets them locked up ASAP,” I sigh out.

“Agreed.” Anders sighed, clearly concerned.

“We just need to be a little more vigilant at the moment. It will be okay,” I tell him, not wanting to have Lucy worried all night, or him truth be told.

“Lucy, do you have any call-backs to do?” Anders asked

“Nope, all done, got a couple of big decisions tomorrow morning though.” Lucy smiled.

“Then get yourself away. I will lock up after everyone is finished for the day.” Anders smiled softly, then headed out of the office.

With a shrug of her shoulders, and raising of her eyebrows, Lucy grabbed her bag, smiling at me, as we headed out the door.

“Given I have a spare hour, can we pop in to see Cal? I have some information for him,” I ask her.

“Yeah, of course.” Lucy grins at me.

As we pull up outside the terraced house, I let out a frustrated sigh. Samantha was stood, kicking the door with her foot, then began pounding it with her fists.

“You fvcking*g cunt. I need some money, so give me some money!” she was screaming.

The neighbours left and right were hanging out of their doors, and those who lived across the narrow street were all stood in a group, gossiping and laughing at the show she was giving.

“Stay in the car Lucy,” I told her, as she went to open the door.

Lucy looked at me, as if to tell me there was not a chance in hell she was going to remain in the car, I let out a defeated sigh, it was not worth falling out over.

“YOU!” Samantha shouted, pointing at Lucy.

“You fvcking*g b***h. You tell him to give me some money. I want to go out tonight,” the woman screamed.

“Try getting a job, then you will have money. What about also trying to be a mother,” Lucy responded, her body tensed up, her beautiful eyes wild with anger.

“They stopped all my money because of HIM!” Samantha screamed out, kicking the door once more with her foot.

“No, they stopped your money because you are no longer living at this address, and no longer look after or live with your children. That money was for them, not you,” Lucy stated, her body shaking with anger.

“Samantha, might I suggest you move along now,” I told her.

Snapping her head towards me she sneered.

“Look at you, thinking you are all that. You’re not, just because you are a fire fighter, you think you are better than the rest of us,” she shouted. Then begun to laugh manically.

“Yeah well, something will happen to make you realise you are not some fvcking*g hero. Hope you BURN.” Samantha laughed again.

My bl00d chilled, as I listened to the manic laughter, as the words registered in my head. What the hell did she mean by that?

“What does that mean?” I bellowed, wondering why she would say that, the thought that she was probably deranged enough to set fires not far from my mind.

“Oh, fvck off. Keep the money and the kids,” she shouted, then with one last kick of the door, she stormed off up the street.

Lucy looked up at me, her face pale.

“What the hell, are you thinking what I am thinking?” she asked.

“Yeah, I need to let the police know tonight, Lucy.” Lucy nodded then let out a sigh.

“The kids, they are looking out of the window, poor things,” she muttered, as we knocked on the door.

Cal answered, holding a crying Dante in his arms, as Kristie looked on, eyes wide with fear.

“Mammy was bad,” she announced.

“It is okay sweetheart,” Lucy declared, lifting the little girl into her arms and giving her a huge hug.

“Sorry guys, she just turned up demanding money, she didn’t even want to see the kids, or ask how they were. I had all the child benefits swapped over to me, and informed Universal Credit she no longer lived here, and that she had left the kids with me, so her claim was stopped.” Cal sighed out.

We walked over to the large sofa, as Lucy tried to comfort Kirstie and Cal comforted Dante.

“Has she been here before?” I asked. If she was the person responsible for setting fires, I really feared for Cal and the kids.

“Yeah, a couple of times, gets more deranged each visit.” Cal sighed out.

“I wish we could just move, but the waiting list for a council house is long, and this place is all I can afford private renting.” Cal sighed out.

“Well, that may all change. I got you the forms to apply for the fire brigade. My mam said the Boss was keen to have you apply, and would fast track your application.” I smiled, hoping this would be a bit of good news for him.

“Wow, thanks. I will get those filled out tonight when the kids go to bed.” Cal smiled gratefully.

I could see the relief in his face, almost like I was throwing him a lifeline.

“How often has she come here?” Lucy asked.

“Just a couple of times before, mostly when she is drunk in the middle of the night. It wakes the kids up, and they get upset.” Cal sighed out.

I looked at Lucy, who had fear in her eyes, clearly thinking exactly the same as me. This family could not stay here. Even if the arsonist is not Samantha, she is upsetting the children coming around disturbing their sleep; it could not continue.

“Hey kids, do you want to stay at our house tonight, with Auntie Lucy? You can help daddy look after her whilst I am at work, would that be cool?” I asked the kids.

“Can we go for ice cream at the beach?” Kirstie asked, suddenly excited.

“I think we can manage that, and maybe some chips if you are really good.” Lucy smiled at her niece.

Cal looked over and mouthed a thank you, it was not a long-term solution, but it would get him out of this place and away from Samantha for at least one or two nights.

We bundled the kids into the car, as Cal squashed himself in the centre between the car seats, I placed the bag of clothes they had in the boot, before heading round to the driver’s side. Lucy smiled at me, her fingers tracing over my hand that was resting on the gear stick.

After dropping them all off, I had to make my way to the station, so I said my goodbyes, making sure to give Lucy an extra-long k!ss, because nightshifts were bad at the best of times, but with everything else going on, I needed her to know that I was going to miss her.

Pulling up outside the fire station, I see the police car sat in the carpark. I head into work, making my way up to the common room. Davey is sat with his Sunderland echo, pretending to read it as always. The atmosphere was flat, nobody really bantering, a reminder that every one of us was still dealing with the events of last night. Josie walked around, tidying up from Yellow Watch, normally she is the first to try and lift team moral, but even she was lost in her thoughts.

“Police are interviewing everyone; they are in with Headache at the moment,” Davey shouted over.

Nodding my head, I walked over to the kitchen and grabbed another coffee. After no sleep, I was going to need it to get through this shift.

“Ben!” the boss shouted over to me.

I looked over and nodded my head, following him to the makeshift interview room, as Headache walked out, shaking his head at me.

As I entered, I see two officers sat behind the desk.

“Come in Ben, just an informal meeting to see if you have seen or heard anything suspicious.” Jason, the officer we all know, smiled at me.

“Actually, up until an hour ago I had nothing, but now, I am not sure, but you may want to hear this.” I sigh, then take a seat to give them all the information on Samantha.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 68 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

Standing up from their seats Jason and his colleague, Sgt Brown, shook my hand, as I made my way back out of the office. Informing them of what Samantha had said, and the recent issues we had with her, felt a little strange.

I thought I would gain some relief, but all I could think of was Kirstie and Dante, how would they react if their mother was the one setting the fires. When they started school would the kids find out? If they did, would the pair of them be subjected to bullying? How would they cope knowing their mother was in prison, for a long time? For all I knew I had done the right thing, and if it

is Samantha, she needs to be stopped before anyone else gets seriously hurt or killed, but for some weird reason I felt guilty, not because of her, but because of those two little innocent kids, who had not had the best start in life, through no fault of their own. Cal was doing a great job, but their home was run down, and they had lived with a mother who, quite frankly, didn't give a sh!t about anything or anyone other than herself.

Walking back to the common room, I let out a sigh as I heavily slumped down on the couch.

"fvck sake Ben, seriously you nearly catapulted me across the room with your big a.ss," Davey gr0aned.

A small smirk adorned my lips at his comment, finally some one had broken the silence, and begun with the crazy banter, and it was more than welcome, making the day, or should I say night, feel a little more normal than when I first walked in.

"Not my fault you are a skinny bastard." I grinned at Davey, as he shook his head, chuckling to himself, clearly as relieved as I was to have some normalcy back.

"Did you crack the case?" Josie asked with a sad smile on her face, trying to join in with the banter.

I looked up at her, taking a breath.

"sh!t Ben, what is it?" Josie asked, sitting down on the edge of the coffee table to face both me and Davey.

"Altercation with Cal's ex. We went to his tonight when I picked Lucy up. She was outside the door screaming and shouting, demanding money from him, kicking at the door. Kids were inside, apparently, she has been doing this for a while, turning up in the middle of the night as well. Then when she turned to leave, she said something about me not being such a hero, and that I would burn," I told them.

Davey dropped his beloved newspaper to the floor, and sat staring at me. Josie gasped, placing her hands over her mouth in shock.

"Did you tell the flat-foots?" Davey asked.

“Yeah, just now.” I sighed.

“But why would she set fire to a school full of kids?” Josie pondered.

“I have no fvcking*g clue. I am not saying it is her, but if you saw how deranged she looked, I wouldn’t put anything past her,” I sighed out.

“Oh god, the poor bairns,” Josie added.

“Yeah, seriously they were both sobbing. I took the kids and Cal to mine to stay for a couple of nights, so that she cannot get to them. He needs a new place to live, but the social housing list is long, and that place is all he can afford right now.” I sighed.

Davey picked up his newspaper from the floor, shaking it out, and began to read again. Suddenly he stilled, then turned and looked at me.

“I am not staying at mine at the moment. Helping Kathline with Andy. To be honest, I need to talk with her, but I am hoping she lets me move in permanently. If that happens Cal and the kids can live at mine, for the same rent as he pays now. I was going to do something similar for Liv, but since she is determined to stay with that fvcking*g bozo Keith, I am not going to offer her any help.” Davey shrugged.

I turned to look at Davey, that was the thing with this guy, for all he tried to hide it under a gruff exterior, giving the impression that he didn’t give a sh!t about anything, he had a heart of gold.

“Seriously?” I asked.

Davey nodded his head.

“I need to have the conversation with Kathline. But yeah, why not. Kids will have a garden to play in as well. Although it is a fvcking*g jungle out the back, not had time to cut it. But yeah, I will leave the furniture I don’t need as well.” Davey shrugged, as if it was no big deal, not wanting to show just how much of a nice guy he was.

“Cheers mate, however, do not force a decision like that before you are ready. They are staying with us for now,” I informed him.

Nodding his head, he looked back down at his newspaper.

“sh!t Davey, you do have a heart.” Josie smiled at him and winked.

“fvck off,” Davey retaliated, fl!pping her his middle finger, as she laughed.

“Y’all seen the cops?” Wayne asked, as he sat down on the armchair opposite us.

“I have,” I told him with a nod.

“Yeah, Headache has as well.” Josie smiled at the young lad.

“Aye, but was that for the arson, or were they doing a fvcking*g investigation on missing fvcking*g paracetamol,” Davey quipped, making us all chuckle slightly.

“What weird concoction are you making for us to eat tonight?” Davey then asked.

“Mince and dumplings.” Wayne smiled with pride.

I nodded, as Davey let out an audible gr0an, and Josie rolled her !!ps together.

“I made some cakes, and biscuits when I couldn’t sleep today.” She smiled at us both.

“Thank fvck for that,” Davey muttered under his breath, as Wayne shook his head at him.

The night rolled on, thankfully other than a false alarm call, it was quiet, and we managed to get almost a full night’s sleep. As our second night shift ended, each of us headed out of the station, handing over to Yellow Watch, and made our way home. Pulling up outside the house, at 6:30 am, the lights were already on, and the sound of the kids giggling echoed through the hallway as I walked in.

“Uncle Ben, can we play in the garden PLEASE?” Kirstie asked me with a smile as Lucy rounded the corner, a smile on her face, looking se.xy as hell in a simple pair of grey PJ bottoms and spaghetti strap vest top.

"Hey, how was your night," she asked, giving me a quick peck on the lips, as the kids giggled at us.

"Good, it was a quiet one, thank God." I grinned at her.

"I told Cal to have a lie in for a bit, he can take over when I go to work." Lucy smiled down at the kids.

I could not stop my mind from wandering, wondering what it would be like to come home from work every day to not just Lucy, but a couple of our own rug rats. I cannot deny that thought felt more than a little appealing, I already knew she would be a fantastic mother, and I wanted kids, at least a couple, being an only child could be lonely at times, so I wanted a house full. It was far too soon to plan that yet, but one day I hope it would happen.

"You need to ask Auntie Lucy if you can go out. She is the boss." I grinned down at Kirstie, ruffling her long hair.

"She said not this morning." Kirstie put out a pet-lip and huffed slightly.

"Then the answer is, not this morning." I smiled at the little girl, backing up Lucy.

"I made a full English breakfast for you." Lucy smiled at me.

My stomach rumbled, after the mince that was burnt, with the dumplings that didn't rise and were quite frankly inedible, I was starving.

"Oh, wow, you say all the right things." I grinned at Lucy, grabbing her waist and placing another kiss on her soft lips, just because I could.

"Go sit down, and I will fetch it for you." Lucy smiled, as she took Kirstie and Dante to the table, and placed a plate with some bacon, a cut up sausage and toast that had been left to cool in front of them.

Heading out to the kitchen, she arrived shortly after with the largest plate in the house, filled with bacon, sausages, fried eggs, hash browns, black pudding, mushrooms, tomatoes, baked beans and four slices of toast in front of me. Damn if I didn't already love this woman, I would now.

"Uncle Ben you eat a lot!" Kirstie exclaimed.

"I am still growing." I grinned at the little girl.

“Daddy doesn’t eat breakfast with us,” Kirsty said with a sigh.

“He said he eats when we go to nursery, but I don’t think he does,” she declared; her eyes wide, clearly worried about her dad.

The truth was, he probably did skip meals, to make sure he had enough for his kids, but if he was going to train as a firefighter, he needed good food inside him.

Just then, Cal walked through the living room door, as Lucy grinned at him, placing a plate of breakfast in front of him.

“Oh, wow sis, thanks.” Cal looked at the plate, nodding his head in thanks.

“I told you to have a lie-in this morning,” Lucy admonished him.

“Yeah, once I hear the kids are up and about, I cannot sleep anyway. But thanks.” Cal smiled.

“Oh, I have filled in the paperwork you gave me,” Cal stated.

“Cool, I will go through it before I take Lucy to work, then drop it off at the mothers, she is going into the office this afternoon for a couple of hours I believe.” I nodded at him.

“Thanks mate, for everything.” Cal looked at me with such gratitude, his eyes filling with emotion, that he quickly blinked away, before digging into his breakfast.

I checked Cal’s application, as Lucy went to get ready for work, and it was damn well perfect.

“Well, is it okay?” he nervously asked.

“Yeah, it is perfect.” I smiled at him.

“You need to work on your fitness though, Kirstie said this morning, that you don’t eat breakfast. Listen mate, don’t take this the wrong way, but if you need me to buy the food for you guys to make sure you get enough to eat so you can correctly work on your fitness, I really do not mind.” I told him, hoping he did not take offence.

Cal looked down at his feet, clearly embarrassed.

"I will manage," he muttered.

"Cal, there is no shame in putting your kids first. You should be proud of what you are doing, there is not many men who give up everything to look after their children. One thing you need to know about being part of the fire brigade, we all help each other out. You are my family now, not just because of Lucy, but because, when HQ sees this application, and you pass the fitness test, you will be a firefighter," I tell him, hoping he understands he has nothing to feel ashamed of.

"Cheers Ben, I can never repay you," Cal sighed.

"Yes, you can, by letting me help you with food, and taking you to the gym with me, so you can build a better life for yourself and those kids." I grin up at him.

Cal nodded in silence, and I understood that the conversation was over, for now.

Lucy walked downstairs, looking gorgeous in a black pant suit with white button up blouse tucked in. her long hair, clipped up at the back.

"Ready?" I asked her.

"Yes." She smiled, then kissed the kids goodbye, before giving her brother a hug.

Still holding onto Cal's application, we walked out the door, and I just hope today will be the day that changes Cal's life for the better.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 69 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Joanne's Point of View.

I pull on my spangs, you know, the ones that go to the top of your knees, and up to just under your boobs, that make you feel like you cannot breathe properly. I say a silent prayer the weather is not too hot today, as these oversized modern forms of torture that give you a flat tummy, also make you sweat, and that is just not nice. However, I will take the feeling of being constricted, and risk the sweating of areas that have no right to do so, because I bought myself a knee length form fitting black skirt, for work, along

with a dusky pink blouse that, for once, I intend to tuck in the waist band, rather than leaving it hanging over the top to hide my many bellies.

Yes, I am dressing to impress, and yes, I am probably nothing more than an old fool, but irrespective if my clothes catch the eye of wh!p-me, like I had envisaged when purchasing them online, they will give me a boost of much needed confidence in my appearance. Not one for make-up, I pull out my other treat to myself, some anti-aging stuff, that is supposed to 'brighten my eyes, and give me that youthful glow', after studying some online tutorials on how to put make up on for the over-50s, I sit down in front of the dressing table mirror and begin to apply this stuff to my face. Once I am done, I sit back and take in my reflection. Not bad, even if I do say so myself. With a quick go over my hair with the straighteners, I grab my bag, and pop on a pair of low heels. Yeah, to old for the stilettos I once wore, those k!ll your feet, and I am in enough pain with the spansks constricting my stomach.

I make my way down the stairs, and grab Cals application form, placing it in my purse, ready to process as soon as I get into the station, then head out the door, to make my way for the bus. As I walk down the short path, through the gate, I blink, not quite believing my eyes. Wh!p-me, is stood looking as handsome as ever by his car.

"Oh, Joanne, I just caught you." He smiles at me.

sh!t, my heart pounds in my c.hest, and my difficulty to breathe properly, becomes even more pronounced. I really need to get a grip on my emotions, I sound like a teenage girl, with hormone overload. Maybe I need to stop reading those romance books online, next I will be saying I feel sparks or tingles, or some sh!t they love to write about, but like many a r0mantic reader I lap it up.

"Hi," I manage to say, hoping this new make up on my face covers my instant blushing cheeks.

"I thought I would come get you, I am heading into the office early again, save you the bus journey," he continues, opening the door to his car, then standing back for me to climb inside.

Now climbing into a car is a normal everyday thing, but it becomes an embarrassing challenge, when dressed in a tight skirt, with tighter spansks, that somehow have stopped my ability to bend down to a sitting position. So, my graceful entrance into the passenger seat, ends up with a grunt and gr0an, as

I flop down in a half-lying position, then have to kind of lift my legs together to get them inside and then be able to somehow sit myself back up.

Smooth Joanne, real smooth.

Closing the door, wh!p-me gives a small smirk, with a shake of his head chuckling away to himself as he rounds the car and opens his door, climbing inside.

Ground, swallow me up ... PLEASE.

We head off in silence, and my need to talk when feeling embarrassed and nervous takes over, instantly disengaging my mouth from my brain.

"I have Cals application," I tell him, just for something to say.

"Good, I will make a call to rush it through," Wh!p-me states in his deep baritone voice ... see, ... far too many romance books, but honestly, it is deep, and it is baritone.

"It is here in my bag, look. Ben brought it this morning, before taking Lucy to work, then going home to bed, to sleep," I ramble like an i***t, rummaging around in my bag and pulling it out triumphantly.

"I believe you." Wh!p-me chuckles again.

I stuff Cals application back into my bag, then fall into silence again, losing the ability to even converse coherently, I decide it is better to just keep my mouth shut.

"You look very se.xy today, Joanne," Wh!p-me, says his eyes fixed on the road ahead with a smirk on his gorgeous face.

"Erm," I mumble, not sure what to say to that, I mean, thank you should be the go-to, but I cannot seem to form a single word now, after my verbal diarrhoea moments ago.

"But then again, I always think you look se.xy. Every day." Wh!p-me grins.

Wow, did I just hear that right!

sh!t.

Get your coat Joanne ... you have pulled!

“Erm,” I mutter again, as my cheeks burn, and I feel a slight moistening between my legs. Now I am not sure if that is ‘Arousal pooling out of my body’ as the book I read last night said of the female lead, or the spanks, but hell, it is making my heartbeat even faster. Maybe I need a trip to A and E to check I am not having a coronary attack caused by lack of blood flow to my heart, due to very tight-fitting shapewear.

Wh!p-me chuckles again, as I sit, realising, my mouth is literally open, like a perfect O shape, and I am staring at him, as if I have lost the plot.

Closing my mouth, I turn to look out of the window, as I know that no amount of makeup will cover my utter embarrassment, I am probably looking like a tomato right now, but with a fake dewy youthful glow.

“How was your morning?” Wh!p-me asks, breaking the embarrassed silence.

“Yes, good. I was very busy,” I tell him, omitting the fact my busyness, was caused by watching YouTube makeup tutorials for the elderly, and squeezing myself into underwear Bridget Jones would be proud of.

“What about yours?” I ask him.

“It was spent in bed, sleeping.” Wh!p-me chuckles again.

sh!t, he has the male lead chuckling down to a fine art right about now. Of course, he was sleeping, he is on nightshift, what a moron I am. God help me, he must think I am a complete i***t ... maybe I could blame the menopause. In fact ... I do blame the menopause, because I am acting like a hormonal i***t.

“Dream of anything nice?” I ask, before my brain catches up with my mouth.

“Very nice.” Wh!p-me turns and grins, then winks at me.

Oh. My. Word. He is fl!rting again, okay, that moist feeling is definitely not the spanks, because my n!pples are straining against my cotton granny b.ra that gives extra lift, but makes your shoulders burn with pain.

“Very nice indeed,” he gr0ans slightly under his breath, as we finally turn onto the small lane that leads to the fire station.

Pulling the car up into the small carpark, Wh!p-me turns the engine off, then places his arm around the back of my seat, looking at me intently.

“So, I was wondering if on Sunday night, when I am on my time off, if you would like to maybe go out for a meal with me?” Wh!p-me asks.

My eyes open wide, as I once more stare at him open mouthed, and lose the ability to form a coherent sentence.

Wh!p-me shuffles slightly in his seat, his hopeful look, suddenly fades, as I try and find my voice to say, HELL YES.

He looks down, removing his arm, and clears his throat.

“I thought I was not alone in this. Sorry,” he mumbles, his previous confidence disappearing at a rate of knots.

“You’re not,” I finally manage to say.

“Alone in this, I mean,” I qualify, as his waning confidence, kind of gives my own a boost.

Wh!p-me flashes me the biggest, brightest smile, as he nods his head at me.

“But I don’t understand,” I say, wishing I could for once just shut up and say yes please, but my insecurity decides to take over.

“I am old, fat, and well, my underwear is so big and tight I think it has cut off the oxygen supply to my brain,” I ramble.

Oh, for heavens sake, why can I not just shut up right now.

Wh!p-me turns and looks at me a small grin on his face.

“You are not old, only a few years older than me,” he begins.

“Ten, ten years older than you, a whole decade,” I state the facts.

“Age is just a number. Also, you are not fat, you are curvy, and I happen to like every last inch of those curves. So ... Joanne Bishop, you are not aloud to put yourself down any longer. Do you understand?” he tells me, his eyes boring into mine, letting me know just how serious he is right now.

“But,” I begin to say.

“No buts,” Wh!p-me stated, then before I can even blink, his lips brush against mine, for a few seconds.

Yeah, definitely not the spansks making me moist, and hell, if I do not feel those tingles I read about last night.

“So, just to qualify, I like you as you are, all of you. I will pick you up at 7 on Sunday night.” He grins placing his forehead on mine.

“Okay,” I breathe, blinking my eyes in shock, as Wh!p-me opens his door, then runs around the car to open mine.

I look up at him, realising, I am not able to get my legs out of the car, because of this tight skirt.

“Erm, I think I need a bit of help getting out,” I tell him, once more feeling the heat form on my cheeks, or is it another hot flush, who knows at this point.

“My pleasure.” Wh!p-me laughs, then reaches out, grabbing me by the waist, and lifts me out of the car, before shutting the door behind me, then placing me down onto the ground.

“Erm, thanks,” I say looking down in embarrassment.

“Now, do you need me to hoist you over my shoulder so you can get up the stairs,” Wh!p-me teases.

“At least wait till after the date,” I joke back, as he throws his head back and laughs.

“Oh, that will most definitely happen, one day.” Wh!p-me winks again.

OH. MY. WORD. YES, YES PLEASE!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 70 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Kelvin's point of view.

I glance up from my desk across to where Joanne sits, she is concentrating on something, nibbling the top of her pen, her brows furrowed. A smile forms on my lips, she is totally adorable. One thing I already understand about this gorgeous, and yes, se.xy as hell, woman, is that you would think she is super confident, but she is so deeply under-confident, that it annoys the hell out of me. I want to hunt down every man who has caused her to feel she is not good enough and let loose on them. However, their loss is my gain, and I am more determined than ever to uproot all the negativity from her life, and allow her to blossom, and feel, no matter what, she is more than good enough.

I had heard her last relationship ended badly, of course it was via the station gossip brigade, and I never let them see I was remotely interested in what happened. But, let me tell you, I seriously was bothered. The last bozo she was with, for a good few years, turned out, he had a whole family, that she knew nothing about, only finding out when the wife rang her, to say that she had just found out herself that the i***t was living a double life. Apparently, his dying mother, who he needed to go spend time with, who lived miles away, and was far too ill to deal with guests, was alive and well, and the other woman was the one with serious medical issues. I know from Ben, that had crushed Joanne, she felt so responsible, even though she was completely innocent, he had us all fooled. From what I can gather, she has not embarked on anything with anyone since that harrowing experience, over 4 years ago.

Taking a breath, I turn my attention back to the latest report from the police, regarding the arson attack on the nightclub. It is harrowing reading. The death toll now stands at 15 with one other person clinging to life in the intensive care unit. My heart breaks as I read this sh!t, seeing those poor people, who had gone for a normal night out, only to be trapped in what must have felt like hell. Those who escaped the flames, were subsequently crushed under foot, of hordes of panicking people, desperate to escape the blaze.

I have to make the decision, day-in and day-out to send my team into the flames, to rescue the victims, and each time, I pray that 6 go in, and 6 come out. With this arsonist on the loose, who seems determined to cause as much death and destruction as possible, it makes the whole situation even more dangerous. I cannot help but fear not only for the citizens of Sunderland, but for my committed team of firefighters, who, without a second thought for themselves, rush in to try and save those who cannot save themselves.

It was that fire which made me realise, life is far too short. There were many different reasons to not ask Joanne for the date, she is the mother of one of my team, and now my assistant, but none of that matters in the grand scheme

of things. Not now, seeing the death and destruction which had occurred that night, I am determined to grab every chance of happiness and run with it.

I glance up at Joanne, and catch her watching me, her cheeks redden as I give her a small smile and wink, and she adorably looks away, back to her work. I have a telephone conference call at 17:00 hours, today, so cannot take this amazing woman home. However, my need to show her just how special she is takes over, and so I call for a taxi to arrive at the fire station, giving my debit card information to cover the fare. Standing up, I walk out of my office, and offer her my biggest smile.

“Hey Joanne. I cannot give you a lift home tonight, so I have ordered a taxi, it is all paid for,” I tell her.

“Oh, thank you, but honestly you didn’t have to do that; I can get a bus easily enough.” She blushes.

“Well, just drop me a text when you get home safely. The taxi will be here at five. Also, before you go, I know it is just one date, but I think I should inform Ben that I am taking you out,” I tell her.

Joanne scrunches up her face, as she looks at me, worry clouding her features.

“Is that really necessary?” she asks.

“Yes, I think so. One, because I need your son’s trust in me to remain high, and if I do this behind his back, that trust will be shaken. But also, to let him know, I have the best of intentions,” I tell her.

“Okay, I understand, but can we keep it confidential to everyone else please?” Joanne asks.

Nodding my head, I agree. Yes, I feel I have to tell Ben, but for the rest of the team, it is far too early to let them know I am looking to date their teammates mother.

“Deal.” I smile.

I watch Joanne, pack up her things, in that se.xy outfit, which, I know has really made her uncomfortable all afternoon, but I appreciate her effort. This conference call is droning on and on, going over things that have already been discussed, and could have ended ten minutes ago. As Joanne walks out of the office, she does a quick turn and waves at me, again a blush on her cheeks. Watching that a.ss of hers sway as she walks out the door, has me going half-chub.

Then my concentration is brought back to reality, when someone asks for my opinion. I resist the urge to tell them, it is the same as it was twenty minutes ago when we first discussed this and begin to, once more, give my thoughts, which have not changed. Finally, that part of the meeting is done, and I can move on to what I really want to ask, regarding Lucy's brother Cal. I mention to my superiors about his application and my need for a part-time firefighter on my squad, sending a scan of his application attached to an email, so they can review it now, speeding up the whole process.

As my superior goes through the application, he instantly sends it over to HR with his personal recommendation, along with my need for Cal to be on my team. Then he assures me, I will have a first-stage interview for Cal by the end of this week. I am hoping that means he can get the fitness test done by the end of next week, so he can join the next intake which is in three weeks. Once that's done, I can then give Twinkle the good news that he has just 16 weeks to wait to partially retire and keep his ever-m0aning 'Mrs' happy.

I hear the banter, coming from the common room, and I know my team is turning up for their shift. I get up from behind my desk, and walk out, to see Davey sat in his usual sp0t, reading his Sunderland Echo, Josie is busy distributing some home baked cookies, and I make a mental note to grab one or two before Twinkle devours the lot, as Ben walks in. He is a gentle giant of a man, and I have never felt intimidated by him, until right at this moment.

"Ben, can you come into my office a moment please?" I ask, turning on my heel, and heading back behind my glass doors.

Ben stands in the door frame, filling it.

Okay, here goes.

"Shut the door please," I tell him, sitting back down behind the safety of my desk.

Ben stands, his head tilted to one side, waiting for me to begin. Clearing my throat, I take a breath.

"I just wanted to do you the curtesy of letting you know, I have asked your mam out for a date on Sunday night," I tell him.

Ben remains silent, but there is nothing unusual about that, then nods his head.

"Okay," he finally states.

"Obviously, we do not want this spread around the fire station, as it is just a first date at the moment, but it did not feel right doing this, without informing you," I continued.

Ben looks at me his eyes holding mine, as he begins to speak.

"If you are doing this just because you can, then don't. Because if you hurt her, in any way, shape, or form, boss or not, I will beat the crap out of you," he tells me, his voice low, and all the more menacing for it.

"I am going to be straight with you. I have liked her for a while now, but did not do anything about it, because obviously, you work for me. I am not going to mess her about. I really like her, if I do anything to hurt that amazing woman, then please, do beat the crap out of me," I tell him.

Ben nods his head, then turns and walks out of the door of my office and back to his team.

The night wears on, thankfully it is another quiet one. Most of the team is catching some sleep on their bunks, when Wayne walks into my office.

"Hey there Boss." He smiles happily at me, his fake American accent sounding more southern USA today, which makes me wonder which YouTube content he has been watching now.

"What can I do for you?" I ask him, to be honest you cannot help but like the lad.

"I brought you some of the Tagliatelle carbonara we made, you missed food." Wayne smiles proudly, at the bowl of mush he places in front of me. I do not

have the heart to tell him I missed that deliberately, so thank him as he walks out the door.

The tagliatelle is so over cooked, it falls apart when you lift it with a fork, the carbonara sauce, is like gloop, and the bacon he has in it is black from being burnt. I know the lad will be back to collect the dish, so I really do need to eat it, and show willingness, so with a silent prayer that I do not contract food poisoning, I take my first mouthful, and almost gag it is so disgusting. Yeah, I was going to take Joanne to a little Italian restaurant down by the beach, but this sh!t has put me off for life.

I spend the rest of the night shift, looking at different places to take Joanne on our date, settling on the Asian fusion place right on the sea front, and booking the table online.

As the sun begins to rise, we have less than an hour left of this night shift, when the bell goes off, and the guys all run for the fire pole. My heart literally stops, as I listen in to the information from dispatch, hoping and praying our arsonist has not struck again.