

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 7 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Anders POV (Josie)

Looking up at the clock on the office wall, it is past 8pm, yet another day where that feisty little firefighter has not arrived to apologize to me.

God she is driving me insane. Normally women fall at my feet, after all, even though I sound arrogant. I am not bad looking. I am also very successful. Hell, I had been nominated for Young Entrepreneur of the Year, ... I didn't win. That accolade went to Steven Masters, even though he inherited the Masters Group from his father. Although that should piss me off, as I am a self-made man, working my b.utt off, having been brought up on a council estate in the notorious East End of Sunderland, with a family who did not have a pot to piss in, but it doesn't. Steven is a genuinely nice guy. It is still something to be proud of, to even make the list and award ceremony. So yeah, in short, I am successful and women, they all fall at my feet, wanting a piece of the rich, good-looking CEO.

I thought the feisty blonde would be just like every other woman when she walked into the new office building, her inability to speak had amused me, how her eyes had dilated as they trailed up and down my body. I believed that the fire certificate was in the bag, but oh how wrong was I. She challenged me, argued with me, and hell if it did not do something to my body when her beautiful blue eyes widened with anger rather than the lust, they had held previously.

I know it was a d!ck move to complain to her superior about her rant to her colleague when she had left the building, but it was a way for me to see her again. The added bonus, it was going to rile her up, and I could not contain my utter excitement of seeing her, all angry, but having to utter the words "Sorry" to me. My length twitched as I thought about it, but still two days after I was promised she would come and make her apologies, she had not arrived, and it was driving me insane. Granted, the Station officer had told me she would come when she had time, his only promise it would be within a week, but as each day past, I could not help but feel put out that she had not wanted to see me, as much as I wanted to see her.

Frustrated, I closed my laptop, the spreadsheet in front of me would have to wait, after all, it was not like my focus was on the profit and loss margins, that were more loss than profit, given we could not get into the new building.

My mind was distracted, by thoughts of her! This was not normal, I did not get obsessed with a woman, but that feisty thing had me tied up in all sorts of knots, and I needed to get the little minx out of my system once and for all. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt, once I get my way with her, it would be over, like many a woman before her, nobody could hold my interest for long, but never before had someone not taken the opportunity to see me again, then within a few sentences not fall at my feet.

Don't get me wrong, I am not some type of 'cad' who misleads women, I never promise hearts and flowers, and I tell them, beyond any shadow of doubt what it is, and more importantly, is not. They know what they are signing up for, one night, or maybe two, then it is back to the status quo. Nor would I say I am a playboy. I really do not have that much time in my life for women, so I don't have lots lined up, it is just when the need arises, I usually have no problem closing the deal, so to speak.

Looking at the clock once more, I decide I need to burn off some energy, and grab my bag, heading to the private, exclusive gym.

As I walk in, I set up the treadmill, a good run will help burn off some of my pent-up frustrations. Setting it on the steepest incline, I break into a 30-minute run, my feet ponding on the revolving floor. Sweat drips down my back, as I push my body to its limit, before, heading to the weights, doing some reps to keep my body nice and toned.

I use this gym a lot, but one thing I cannot use is the swimming pool. Yeah, I am a 28-year-old, successful man, who cannot swim. After a near death experience as a young boy when I nearly drowned in the North Sea, visiting the beach at Seaburn. The experience still gives me nightmares. I have one fear only and that is water. Four weeks ago, I decided it was time to face the fear, and learn how to swim, but for all the money I pay in yearly subscriptions to this place, they do not offer adult swimming lessons, and the only place that does is the Aquatic Centre, the Olympic sized swimming pool, that is for the general public. I bit the bullet, and joined the 16-week plan, to teach me how to swim, which begins on Sunday for lesson one, and I hope this will finally get me over the gut-wrenching fear. Once a week, on a Sunday morning, I would attend my lessons, as the local Mackem's of the City of Sunderland, enjoyed lane swimming, the other half of the pool was dedicated for those of us who

had not mastered the art. Was it humiliating walking into the pool with the foam yellow arm floats that are normally reserved for the kids of the city? Hell yes, but it was worth it, because I had set my mind to it, and I was more than determined to achieve my goal.

I finished my reps, and glanced at my smart watch, which told me how many calories I had burnt, and kept a track on my heart rate, logging it automatically into my fitness app on my phone. With my muscles burning, and my breath coming out in soft pants, I decided it was enough, and headed for the showers, before going home to my large, detached house set in half an acre of land in Cleadon Village, which is still classed as part of the city of Sunderland, but is on the outskirts, where those who had more than a few pennies to their name resided.

Walking into the house, I headed up the large staircase, and straight to the master bedroom, stripping off my clothes, before sinking into the soft Egyptian cotton sheets that adorned my king-sized bed, and closed my eyes, finally drifting off to sleep with the thoughts of the feisty firefighter, and everything I want to do to her filling my dreams.

The 6am alarm woke me, as I stared at the white ceiling, my thoughts still on that girl. She had until mid-day to arrive and give me my apology, so that I could charm her into my bed, and if she did not come, then I would be placing another call with her fvcking*g boss. One way or the other, I am going to see her today.

Heading to the shower, I stood under the hot streams of water, as my hand found my engorged length, and, as every morning since the moment I set eyes on the feisty firefighter, I relieved my morning glory to thoughts of her. It was far from satisfying, only increasing my desire to have her beneath me, on top of me, on all fours in front of me. This needed to end, so I could return to what should be my main priority: The opening of my new business venture, a publishing house for chambers of commerce magazines. Many of the small businesses which had operated in the area, had fallen foul of 'Covid', which left a big gap in the market, which I intended to fill. Was it a risk, hell yeah, marketing in publications was not what it once was, but with the addition of a large digital audience, I am confident we can succeed where others have failed, I had already managed to pick up five different chambers around the UK, who were waiting for me to begin producing their bi-monthly magazine, to distribute to their members, either with the printed magazine or via an app my tech guys have created. All I needed was for the fvcking*g building to be declared safe, so I could get the team of business development managers in

place, sat on the phones and selling the advertising space. I had the CVs all lined up, ready to interview the men and women who would ultimately decide on the success of the business with their selling ability. I just needed that blasted fire certificate!

I head into the building which should be alive with people making calls, and doing business, but is silent and empty, and pick up my telephone.

“Station officer Webber, this is Anders Maxwell.” I inform him.

“Mr. Maxwell.” The station officers voice sounds pissed, well I am a man on a mission, and I want that certificate, as I am losing money hand over fist right now, and I want that feisty firefighter in my bed so I can concentrate on what is really important, business, and not this s****I desire that has become all-consuming lately.

“Two things, the changes to the building have been made, and I need that certificate, and your firefighter is yet to show her face and make the promised apology.”

I hear a gr0an at the end of the phone, and I know I am seriously pissing off this man. I honestly could not give a flying fvck. No successful CEO gets where he is by playing nice.

“Mr. Maxwell, as we have discussed, Josie will come and make her apologies by the middle of next week, with regards to the fire safety issue, if we are not busy saving people’s lives, we will come over at some point today and check the building.”

“Well, given your time is so precious, maybe send the woman who owes me the apology and klll two birds with one stone.” I state, pleased my argument made sense, and feeling he would not be able to refuse me.

“Josie will make her apologies on her own time, and as for the certificate, you will have a visit from whoever is free to do the recheck. Now if you please, I am a busy man.” The station officer growled, then put down the phone.

sh!t, I guess I have pushed him a little too far, but still, keeping fingers, toes and everything else crossed, and touching every wood surface I can find, I get my certificate today, and hopefully it will be my feisty firefighter who issues it. Oh, how much pleasure would I get from that. She would be spitting feathers,

having to apologise and give me the certificate, the thought instantly hitting my groin, as my half-chub goes to full-salute at the thought of it.

The day went on as I double-checked everything was as it should be. I could not afford to have another refusal from the fire brigade, regardless of the game I am playing with Josie, as I now know her name to be. I look around the office, when I see the bright red fire car pull up in the carpark below the window. A smile forms on my face, my heart racing in my chest, and my manhood already pulsing with the thought of seeing her again. I run down the five flights of stairs. This is it, I get my certificate, and I will get a date with her and bed her for one night only, this is everything I have been waiting for.

I school my features into a stoic mask as I open the large glass double doors, at the entrance to the building.

The door to the fire car begins to open, when anger pulses through my veins, as two firefighters get out of the car. The first firefighter is the big bear of a man who was with my feisty girl last time, and the other a grey-haired man who looks like he has swallowed a meal of stones as he glares at me.

“Mr. Maxwell.” The grey haired one shouts, not keeping his annoyance out of his tone.

“Gentlemen, I suppose you better come in.” I spit, unable to hide my utter disappointment, much to their obvious amusement.