

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 71 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Josie's Point of View

I looked down at my hands, that unusually trembled slightly, taking up the mic to get the information from dispatch had never been so gut wrenching. A shout was always an adrenaline rush, but knowing that someone was deliberately setting fires, was a whole different ball game, and something that resembled fear washed over my body as I waited for the information to come through, barely able to take a breath.

"Tango one, multiple car pile-up on A183 slip road from A19, three occupants trapped inside vehicle," the voice informed me, and I let out a loud puff of air.

Was this shout something to celebrate? Definitely not, but given it was not our arsonist playing their sick and twisted games, it was still a relief.

As Headache pulled the engine up alongside the police car, we jumped out of the engine, as Wayne ran round the side and got out the hydraulic cutters, whilst Twinkle gathered the blankets to cover the occupants as we prepared to take the roof from the Range Rover Evoque, which although a mangled mess, looked strangely familiar.

"Three occupants inside, all conscious, other than bumps and bruises, they should be okay. Obviously, we need to protect their spines and necks until they get to the hospital and be checked out properly. Hence the need for you guys to cut them out," the tall paramedic with beautiful green eyes framed with long black lashes informed me, his voice gravely. Normally, this would have caught my attention, but since meeting Anders, other men paled into insignificance in comparison.

I nodded my head, and walked around the far side of the vehicle, reassuring the occupants, only to instantly recognise Casper, Kean, and King, from Yellow Watch. fvck, they were on the way to work, part of our relief.

"fvck boys, way to fvck up our day," Davey shouted through the window at them.

"I am fl!pping you the bird, but cannot move my hands, so you have to imagine my middle finger in your face," Casper shouted back at Davey.

Ben disappeared back to the engine, probably to call the boss and let him know what was happening, so he could call in some reserve firefighters, to stand in for the three of them.

I looked at King, seeing he was in the driver's seat.

"Always told you, your driving was sh!t," I grinned at him, as he flashed me a death glare.

Knowing these boys were okay, was a relief, especially as Kean started telling me to stop being a girl and get them the fvck out of the car, they would have completed the rescue by now.

I let out a light laugh, yeah, it was good that the normal piss-taking was happening, and the three guys were going to be just fine.

"You know the drill, here are the blankets, and close your eyes," Twinkle shouted through, passing the covers over to the guys.

Once they were covered, Twinkle passed me my set of cutters, as Davey took the other set, then working together, as we had multiple times before, we cut the roof from the car, as the green-eyed paramedic, and his mate, walked over, placing neck braces around them before getting them out of the car and onto the pat boards, carrying them to the ambulance.

"fvcking*g wankers, things you do to get out of a sh!tty shift," Ben chuckled at the three of them.

"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up," Casper sighed out, trying to shake his head, but the neck brace kept him his head firmly in place.

"Y'all, lets all have a selfie," Wayne chuckled beside them.

"fvck you," Kean shouted, as Wayne dipped down beside their stretcher, and snapped a picture of himself beside them.

"Y'all, it's a good one, definitely one for the wall of fame. Now you folks all have a nice day." Wayne chuckled.

"Here, King, I think we may have scratched your new car a bit," Headache laughed.

“Okay, we need to get these guys to hospital.” The paramedic broke up the banter, as Boss arrived in his small fire car, getting out with his hands on his hips, surveying the damage.

“Good job Red Watch, as always picking up the slack from Yellow Watch.” He grinned, unusually joining in the banter.

As the ambulance drove away with our colleagues, Boss looked at us all.

“I have two firefighters to relieve them, but need one more, anyone fancy some overtime?” he asked.

Twinkle instantly put up his hand.

“Yeah, I will do it, the Mrs wants me to visit her sister this afternoon, and I really hate that woman.” He shrugged.

Laughing we all clapped him on the back.

“You will be on the sofa for a week,” I tell him, with a chuckle.

Twinkle shrugs, as if to tell me that he probably would be anyway. I wonder why the hell those two are married, other than the ability to dance a mean tango together, they had nothing in common, and his ‘Mrs’ was a complete b***h.

Finally, the shift ended, and I am heading home to bed, when I check my phone.

Anders – Hey se.xy, I fvcking*g miss you. Fancy sleeping at mine today, so I can spend my Saturday in bed with you. Xxx

Josie – Yeah, sure, only one more nightshift to go, then on my days off. See you in around half an hour. Xxx

I smile at the exchange, before, putting the car into gear, and heading off towards Anders home. In all honesty, his bed is much more comfortable than mine, and I am desperate to get into his power shower with multiple nozzles, that looks like it belongs in a sci-fi movie. Plus, truth be told, I am missing him as well, not that I would ever give him the satisfaction of knowing that small fact.

Pulling up outside his house that to me was more like a mansion, I get out the car, and ring on the doorbell. Anders answers, his smile wide, as he takes hold of me by the waist and pulls me to his large chest.

"Hey girlfriend." He chuckles at me.

"Hey asshole." I grin back at him, as his hand connects with my bum, making me groan with pleasure, he knows how to play with me, driving me wild with desire.

"I hate you," he whispers, as his lips connect with mine.

"I hate you more." I grin, before melting into the soft kisses.

Lifting me off the floor, his lips still moulded to my own, as our tongues dance a tango with each other, Anders kicks the door closed, and partly carries me to the kitchen. The smell of a full English breakfast reaches my nostrils, making me break the kisses, as my stomach growls out, desperate for some decent food after the shit Twinkle and Wayne produced for food last night.

Anders laughs, as he places me down on the chair in front of the large plate of bacon, scrambled eggs, sausage, and hash browns, with a round of toast.

"Thought you would appreciate some decent food." He smiles.

Nodding my head, I tuck straight in, this man, he makes me hate him, more and more each day.

"Then I thought you could head upstairs, have your shower, then snuggle up and get some well-earned rest, before I give you a full work out." Anders grins, winking at me.

Instantly I feel wide awake, sleep the furthest thing in my mind. Hell, I want more than anything to have that shower, then dive into his bed, and for him to give me that work out before I get some sleep.

"Or..." I grin up at him, taking the sausage on my plate, and licking it up and down, before pumping it in and out of my mouth suggestively.

Anders lets out a low groan, as his eyes dilate, with lust.

"We could shower together, then have a 'work out' before I fall asleep," I say, raising my eyebrows up in a question.

"Yep, that sounds like a good option. Now hurry up and eat your breakfast," Anders states, tapping his fingers on the table impatiently.

Deliberately, I slow down my eating, but making sure I tease the hell out of him, with my moans, and licking the broken yolk of my egg off the top of my sausage, making his fingers drum faster, as his breathing becomes laboured.

"I am going to make you pay for this," Anders growls.

"Oh, I really, really hope so." I grin at him, finally finishing off the food, as Anders circles around the kitchen table, and lifts me up into his strong arms, and throws me over his shoulder, carrying me up the stairs, taking them two at a time, before throwing me onto the soft bed.

I let out a laugh as I bounce slightly, as his body hovers over mine.

"Fuck Josie, you do things to me I never believed possible," he whispers softly to me.

My phone buzzes in my work trouser pocket, and groaning at the disruption, I take it out, seeing it was a text from Joanne.

Sorry, are you still up? Xx

"It is Joanne," I say, wondering why she was texting, it must be important, so sit up on the bed, as Anders growls slightly, but places a kiss on the top of my head, before heading into his bathroom, and turning on the shower.

Yes, just. What's up?" I ask.

My phone springs into life, as she calls me instantly.

"Hey, sorry to disturb you, and this is not really important, but I am having a slight melt down." Joanne sighs at the end of the phone.

"What's up?" I ask hearing the panic in her voice.

"I may have a date tomorrow night, I cannot tell you who with, or if it is or is not our boss. As neither of us want to be the station gossip," Joanne states.

I let out an involuntary squeal of delight. Yes, I knew those two had the hots for each other, and I cannot help but be happy for the pair of them.

“Your secret is safe with me.” I grin down the phone.

“Ben knows, your boss may or may not have informed him, confidentially.” Joanne sighs.

“Is he okay with it?” I ask.

“Not sure, he hasn’t messaged me about it, only to say he was home from work okay.” Joanne sighs.

“Are you wondering if he was okay last night on shift?” I smile, knowing she would be freaking out about her son finding out she wanted to bone our Station Officer.

“Yeah, I am worried.” She sighs.

“He was perfectly fine, and him and the boss, were their normal selves all night. So don’t worry,” I tell her.

“Thank you, sorry to message you when you will be needing sleep.” Joanne sighs, and I can tell she is feeling bad for panicking about Ben and the Boss.

“Don’t worry about that, you have been there for me, plenty of times.” I smile, it is the truth, she was always just a phone call away.

“One more question,” Joanne sheepishly asks.

“Yeah, what is that?” I grin, knowing the woman at the end of the phone, it was probably something wildly inappropriate.

“What is the current fanny fashion?” she asks.

I burst out laughing, throwing my head back, trust her to come out with something like that.

“I think it is whatever you feel comfortable with,” I tell her.

“I know but overgrown 80s bush that gets no action, but is comfortable really isn’t going to cut it, if you know, wh!p-me, actually wh!ps me with his willy.” Joanne giggled more like a schoolgirl than the fifty something year old.

I laugh again, shaking my head.

"Maybe prune the bush," I laugh.

"Humm, do you think I am too old to bare all, so to speak?" She mutters.

Again, I laugh, tears starting to form in my eyes, as I can just see her looking down with a question on her face.

"Nope, not at all, I am sure the person who cannot be mentioned will appreciate the effort." I giggle.

"Hum, okay, thanks Josie, and remember, secret squirrels," Joanne tells me seriously.

"Of course, hey when is the date?" I ask her.

"Sunday at seven," she tells me.

"Okay, do you want me to pop over around four and help you choose an outfit?" I ask, knowing she would be panicking about everything right now. She has fancied the boss for so long, and after the last fiasco of a relationship she had, I am sure she will need a glass of wine, with some girl's time, to dress up and feel confident. Plus, I really need to know how this all transpired, because this is amazing, those two would be perfect for each other.

"Please, I mean, I don't intend to put out on the first date, but well, you never know." She sighs again.

"Always pays to be prepared. I will see you tomorrow, around four. Just remember, he is the lucky one." I grin down the phone.

"Thanks Josie, enjoy your sleep." Joanne sighs, obviously still stressing out about her night with the Boss.

I look up and see Anders stood, a towel hung low on his hips, as he leans against the door frame to the bathroom, waiting for me to finish the call.

Throwing my phone onto the bedside table, I jump from the large bed, and head towards him, already undressing as I go.

"I am all yours," I tell him as he lets out a low growl and grabs me by the waist and bundles me towards the sci-fi shower.

“Damn right you are, now get in that shower, because I intend to make you pay for your teasing ways,” he growled, as I grin happily.

Yeah, I really, really hate this man.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 72 - Tips

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Anders Point of View.

Watching Josie laugh, her face lighting up with glee, as she spoke with Ben’s mother, did something to me. fvck, I had never been one for relationships, yet here I was a fully paid up member, and hell if I did not fall deeper in love with her every single moment of every single day. Once upon a time, the thought of staying in bed all day with a woman would have turned my stomach, making me sick to the core, but since meeting my feisty firefighter, who was the perfect blend of sweet, happy, friendly, and hot tempered, stubborn, fireball, I could not think of anything more pressing than spending a whole day in bed, even just to watch her sleep, after I had exhausted her of course.

I was never supposed to fall in love, too hurt by my past, unable to fathom what love was, felt like. I had never been on the receiving end of that concept, a child that was little more than a nuisance, and one who had the balls to turn their back on their criminal family and forge my own way in this world. Love for me, had always equalled pain, but not with her. With her, it was like a blanket of warmth on a cold winter’s day, it was the constant state of uneasiness when she was apart from me, made worse by our recent lift encounter, then that club fire, where so many had been k!lled.

Her job was who she was, ... kind, caring, putting others needs before her own, ... and if I’m honest, her speaking with Joanne right now, putting them before my own. But the opposite side of her personality was the love of danger, the thrill of the fire, the adrenaline rush. She was se.xy and dangerous, wrapped up in innocence, and she drove me wild.

Finally, I watched as she hung up on Joanne, she had kept me waiting, the truth was, I did not mind the wait, the watching her, seeing her smile, carefree and happy, but pretend annoyance was part of the game we played. The ‘I Hate You’ game, where those words replaced the ones I desperately wanted to say, that I loved her, but as yet, I could not voice it out, fear of rejection from a mother who never h.ugged her child, let alone told them she loved me. So, we played the game, uttering words of hate, that actually meant love.

I followed my feisty firefighter into the shower, as she stripped out of her blue firefighter's uniform, standing totally naked, and unashamed in front of me, the bathroom light catching the bars from her nipple piercings making them twinkle, as if winking at me, begging for my attention. In this game we played, I was the boss ... her sir ... but in reality, the opposite was true. Josie, had me, all of me, in the palm of her hand, and I was not the dominant one, I was the one who would, in reality, fall to my knees, in front of her, just for the promise of a kiss from her delicious mouth.

"Shower, now," I commanded, as Josie grinned, then schooled her features into a submissive mask.

"Yes sir," she whispered, lowering her eyes, playing this game of ours.

I could not contain the chuckle that erupted from my lips, breaking character for a split second, as she almost skipped passed me, clearly excited for what was about to come.

Dropping my towel, I followed her into the steamy hot spray of water from the shower, then turned her to face the tiled walls, holding her wrists behind her back with one of my hands, as the other reached around, and began to play with the nipple bar that had winked at me.

A soft groan escaped Josie's lips, as her head tilted back over, her nipples knifing out between my fingers as I rolled the bar around, before tweaking her hardened peak.

Letting her wrists go, I turned her around to face me, then dropped to my knees, spreading her long shapely legs, before tilting my head, and began to taste her sweet nectar. One long lick from back to front, and I was almost undone, as she whimpered with delight. Grabbing her thighs I parted her lower lips with my thumbs, before moving my tongue around her pierced clit, figure eight, ensuring I placed a little pressure on the piercing, as her body began to shake with the build-up of pleasure I was giving her. Just as I felt her body begin to still, her tell tale sign of her impending orgasm, I removed my tongue from her swollen clit as she growled out in protest. I knelt back, looking at her spread pussy, letting her body come down from the high slightly, before delving in again, tasting her once more, before thrusting my tongue deep inside her entrance, fucking her with my mouth, as she writhed straddling my face.

“Oh fvck,” she began to cry out, as I entered a finger into her puckered hole, tipping her over the edge.

With a silent scream on her lips, she came undone, her body stiffening before it convulsed, squirting her nectar all over my tongue. I lapped her up, like a man starved of food, enjoying every last ounce of her pleasure. It was addictive, she was addictive, and I could never get enough of her.

I looked up at her, and I could see the power of her climax, mixed with the tiredness from her nightshift was taking its toll on her body, as her head hung limply. Smiling I lifted her in my arms, switching off the shower, then wrapped her in a warm bath sheet, before lifting her once more, and taking her to the bed, laying her down.

“I am good,” she whispered, trying unsuccessfully to stifle a yawn.

“Yes, you are, you are perfect. But now you must sleep because you are wiped out.” I smile down at her.

“But I wanted to play,” she protests her voice turning sleepier with each passing second.

“I know, and tomorrow, we can play as much as you like, but now, you have your final shift tonight, and you need to sleep.”

I place a soft kiss on her forehead.

“Night-night, I hate you,” I whisper.

“Humm, night-night, hate you too.” Josie sighs, as she drifts off.

I spent the whole day, in bed, flicking thorough the channels, let me tell you, daytime TV is boring, yet still I was in a bubble of happiness, as Josie softly snored, curled up in a ball beside me. As she slept, suddenly she began to whimper, small sobs escaping her lips. I looked down, at her, as she began to whisper.

“No, not another one. No stop.” Her body beginning to shake slightly, as more tears streamed down her face, I watched on feeling helpless, my poor brave girl was reliving horrors most of us will never understand, and I felt like my heart was about to break in two.

I reached out, gently stroking her hair, hoping I could reach into the dream that was upsetting her, and somehow give her comfort.

"I don't want anyone else to die," she mumbled, as more tears streamed down her cheeks.

I let out a concerned sigh. I had read, you do not wake up someone who is having a nightmare, whether that is true or not, I do not know, so I curled up around her, encasing her into my arms, and whispered softly that it was just a dream, she was okay, it was just a dream. But I understood all too well, that this dream that was haunting her, was her reality.

I know that the arson cases are playing on her mind, I can see her eyes glass over every time anything is mentioned on the local news. This was the cost, the price she must pay to keep us mortals safe from the horrors of fire. I also understand perfectly, that watching her pay this high price, was also what I must endure, to be with her, to support her.

Do I wish she would change her job to something that was not so dangerous? In all honesty, I would say no, because being a firefighter is more than what she does, it is who she is, and I would not change a single hair on her head.

She snuggled back into me, turning in her sleep, her tears now gone, as she wrapped her arms around my body, and returned to soft snoring. Relief washed over me, the dream was gone, for now, and she could once again sleep soundly.

I sat in the car, as I watched Josie walk into the fire station, a smile on her face as she turned to wave me goodbye. Tonight was the final nightshift, tomorrow she began her four days off, which I had been informed, she was going to spend most of it with me in the swimming pool after I finished work. I had hoped she had forgotten about giving me swimming lessons, but sadly she had not, and was more determined than ever that I need to learn. The plus side was, I get to spend time with her in those sexy swimming costumes, that do things to me, that should be illegal. The down side was, I was still totally and utterly frightened of water, and I wondered how long it would be before I could fully control the fear.

As I watch her disappear into the station, I turn on my engine, then spin the car round, as I catch a glimpse of someone lurking in the bushes, between the station and McDonalds. They seem to be watching the station, but crouched down, dressed in black. I pull the car around as if I am heading away, to the

junction, but pull up on the side of the road, watching the hunched figure in my rear-view mirror, when finally they move, standing up, glaring at the fires station. I blink my eyes, not quite believing what I am seeing, knowing who this person is. Picking up my phone and calling the local police. Then instantly swing the car round, and pull up, where she is stood.

“What are you up to Linda?” I growl as I stand in front of her, as she tries to run away, I chase after her, not wanting this crazy woman to escape.

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Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 73 - Tips

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Josie’s Point of View.

The sound of my work boots hitting of the staircase echoes around me, as I pull open the double doors at the top, entering the common room. Davey is sat, as usual his nose in the Sunderland echo, pretending to read it. Pots and pans rattle from the kitchen area, as Twinkle pulls them out, in preparation for whatever barely edible concoction he will make tonight with Wayne. Thank God this is their final shift on cooking detail, Ben and Davey will be on duty when we return for our four-day shifts.

Ben is stood, his grey eyes glaring towards the corridor that leads to the Station Officers office, and I do not need a crystal ball to know why, not after my conversation with Joanne this morning. I cannot stop the small upturn of my lips, when I remember her question about ‘fanny fashion,’ only she is daft enough to come out with something like that. Wayne is standing looking out the large bow shaped windows, that overlook the carpark, when he suddenly shouts out in shock.

“Woah.” I turn to look at him, my brow crinkling in and unspoken question.

“Y’all, Josie’s dude is running up the path past Macy D’s chasing some other dude,” Wayne shouts and begins to chuckle.

“What?” I shout over, striding across so I can take a look.

Sure enough, I see Anders running past the old, abandoned police station that no longer has windows, and is covered in graffiti, as he chases after someone dressed head to foot in black.

"What the hell?" I question, as Ben appears at my side, looking out the window as well.

"Maybe we should go help him," Ben suggests.

Davey, peers over the top of his newspaper, with a look that says, 'fvck off', when I see, Anders walking back, clearly out of breath, as he stops placing both hands on his knees, bending over to catch his breath, shaking his head in annoyance.

Confused as to what the hell is going on, I move away from the window, heading straight to the double doors, then begin to run down the stairs, out the door into the carpark.

"I didn't fvcking*g catch her," Anders growls out, in annoyance.

"What is going on?" I ask him.

"fvck she was quick; didn't think she would be. Need to go inside, the coppers are coming over now," Anders states, before righting himself, and making his way up the stairs of the station.

I shake my head, following behind him, trying to ignore his se.xy a.ss as it moves from side to side with each step, but fail, as I momentarily forget the questions that I should be asking, as I take in the sight before me.

As we walk into the common room, I look at Anders.

"Okay, so please can you tell me what the hell is going on?" I ask, the fog of lust finally lifting from my mind.

"Saw someone crouched down, in the bushes, staring at the station. I pulled over, and they stood up, still staring, then I recognised them. It was Linda," Anders states.

"I called the coppers, then gave chase, that woman is a lot quicker than I gave her credit for," Anders continues, shaking his head.

"Linda?" I question, as Anders slowly nods his head at me.

Anger starts to rise up from the pit of my stomach, bubbling up, threatening to explode like a volcano. Why was she stood staring at the station? And was she the one behind those fires? Hell, the woman was strange but was she

psycho enough to put the lives of kids at risk, then move on to k!ll all of those people just a few days ago? I swallow down the lump of emotion that threatens to overflow, blinking away the angry tears that are stinging the back of my eyes. If it was Linda the randy-receptionist, I will fvcking*g do time if I get my hands on the b***h.

“Linda, Linda?” Ben asks a scowl on his face.

Davy then huffs, shaking his newspaper, and placing it on the chair.

“Who the fvck is fvcking*g Linda?” he asks.

“My first receptionist,” Anders begins to explain.

“Yeah, she didn’t like me much. Refused to put my calls through or give any messages,” I inform him, unable to control the hiss of anger and utter rage from my tone.

“Oh, the one that was miserable as fvck, and looked like she had a pole stuck up her a.ss?” Davey asked.

I nodded my head at him, I had forgot he had come across her as well when issuing the fire certificate.

“Lucy helped Anders fire her, as she was being inappropriate with him,” Ben continued.

“She is a piece of work, threatened to sue me for s****l hara.ssment, when the opposite was true,” Anders growled out.

“I wish someone would se.xually hara.ss me.” Headache chuckles, probably using humour to desensitise his own emotions regarding the arsonist.

“If they did, you would say, ‘not tonight dear I have a headache,’” Davey quipped back.

Headache instantly fl!pped him the bird, as the Boss walked out of his office.

“I just had Jason on the phone, he is popping round now to take a statement Anders,” the boss stated.

“Hey, Anders, I am making food, do you want some?” Twinkle shouted over, as he pulled down a catering sized tin of corned beef.

Anders flashes me a look, my anger suppressed slightly, as I suppress the urge to laugh at his pale face at the thought of tasting anything Twinkle and Wayne had cooked.

“Actually, we are on City Centre duty tonight again, so best just make some sandwiches and bag them up,” the boss informs Twinkle, as an audible sigh of relief echoes around the common room.

“Josie, you go sit with Anders in the side room, whilst we wait for Jason,” the boss instructs me, and nodding my head, I lead my boyfriend down the narrow corridor into the side room.

Taking a seat, I look over at him, his face still filled with anger.

“So, what happened?” I asked, trying to get a handle on what the hell was actually going on.

“I saw a hunched person in black, head covered with a hoodie, and in this weather, that is not normal, they were crouched down behind the bushes between the shop and McDonald’s, staring at the fire station. I pulled out, as if I was leaving, then parked up at the side of the shop, and watched in my rear-view mirror, then saw her stand up, still staring at the building, looking pissed off as fvck. I pulled round, and got out of the car, asking what the fvck she was doing, and she took off faster than a hare, seriously, I could not catch her, and I am not unfit,” Anders growled out.

“Does she live around here?” I asked, looking for a logical explanation, clinging to the fact there may yet be one, and not that this woman who was clearly unhinged was the one starting the fires, and she was stood just outside the fire station.

“I cannot remember, but her HR file is in the office, so I can find out.” Anders shrugged, clearly trying to remember where the woman came from.

“fvck Anders, what if it is her, and this is some sick revenge against you, and me for being with you. What if all this death and destruction is my fault?” I questioned, guilt flooding through me at a rate of knots.

"It is not your fault, even if it is her, we don't know anything yet, but it is suspicious." Anders reached out cupping my small hand in his big one and giving it a small squeeze as he tried to reassure me.

I felt like the weight of the world was sitting on my shoulders, as I rolled my lips together, staring at a hair line crack in the corner of the wall, shaking my head, attempting to control my emotions, and make sense of it all.

The door opened, as the boss walked in with PC Jason Dale.

"Josie, we need to move out to the City Centre, Jason will take Anders' statement," the boss ordered, and I looked over to Anders as he reached out and took my hand in his.

"Stay safe," he whispered, clearly concerned.

Nodding, I turn towards Jason.

"If you need my account of what happened with Linda at the office, or even Lucy's to verify why Anders is concerned, just let me know. I can pop into the station when I am finished this shift." I smile at him.

"Yeah, I am on nights as well at the moment, finish at 6 same as you, but if I need anything I will let the front desk know you are coming in to speak with one of my colleagues." Jason smiles.

I head out to the engine, as Boss takes hold of my arm, gently pulling me to a stop.

"Are you okay Josie?" he kindly asks.

"Yeah, well no, if it is her, I feel guilty as hell, but we don't know anything just yet. We just need to find out who this fvcker is and stop them." I sigh.

"Okay, well, I will come in the engine with you all tonight, all hands on deck so to speak. Hopefully it is quiet after the fire at cooper." The boss sighs.

As we walk through the corridor, and down into the garage to climb into the engine, the boss suddenly asks, "Have you been to that Asian fusion place on the sea front?"

I suppress the small smile that threatens to consume my face, after all, I know why he is asking, but he doesn't know I know.

“Yes, a while ago though, we invited you,” I say, after all, I invite him to all of the team’s night out, and he rarely comes, maybe if he is with Joanne that will change, and I hope it does, because the boss is a good man, and needs to have something other than work in his life.

“Oh, yeah, I forgot, sorry, I was busy with paperwork. What was it like?” the boss asks.

“Nice, the views of the sea are great, and the food is lovely. Maybe now you have Joanne, you can find time to come out with us more,” I say, as innocently as I can.

“Hum, yes maybe,” he states, then speeds off towards the engine, as I roll my lips together once more.

We all sit in the engine, the City Centre is quiet tonight, as I pull out my corned beef sandwiches, and fresh fruit. The bread has half a tub of butter on each slice, making it taste almost sickly, how the hell do they manage to mess up a sandwich? I take a bite, swallowing the bread and fat with a minimal amount of meat in them down, then start on the apple I have in the bag. The boss’s phone breaks the silence, as he exits the engine to take the call. We all watch as he paces up and down the side of the engine, before climbing back in.

“That was Jason, they have taken that Linda woman in for questioning, He is preparing paperwork to get a search warrant for her house as well,” the boss informs us.

“So, it is her then?” Headache ask hopefully, wanting whoever is setting these fires behind bars, and halted before more death follows them.

“We don’t know, but they are questioning her all the same, just like they did with Samantha,” the boss states.

“Yeah, but they let her go, as no evidence,” Ben growls, still not overly happy they had not held onto Cal’s ex longer than they had.

“Well, I kind of hope it is her, and she is caught, so we can all fvcking*g sleep at night,” Wayne sighs out.

“Amen to that,” Twinkle agrees.

I just nod my head in silence, as there is nothing more I can add to that statement, not one single word.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 74 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Joanne's point of view.

Oh, my word, finally it is Sunday, and I wake with a mixture of excitement and sheer terror. Tonight, is the night, but as it is just 6 am I have a long day ahead of me, so I decide to prepare, which means I will probably be ready hours-and-hours before I need to be. I pull out a couple of my outfit choices for tonight, hanging them outside my wardrobe door, not sure which one to wear. One, is bright red, form fitting, where I will need the torture knickers again, the other, a deep V-necked dress, empire line, pale blue, with small white flowers, which means I can wear the little sexy pair of satin knickers I bought, you know, just in case.

I walk into my bathroom, sitting down on the toilet seat, looking at the instructions on the hair removal cream, yes, I have decided to brave the bare bush look, but after so many years of no action, my lady garden is more like Sherwood Forest, only there has been no merry men anywhere near it, not for a long, long, time. I apply the cream, then put some on my legs and underarms, I tell 'Alexa' to 'set timer for ten minutes,' whilst I sit on the toilet seat, so as not to get the hair removal cream all over my sofa, or bed.

Hey, it is a cunning plan, and according to the internet a game changer for hair removal problems. Picking up my phone, I open my eBook app, may as well get into the mood with a little bit of naughty, and if I remember rightly, today is the day the werewolf love interests, will seal the deal, in a tepee in the middle of the Montseny forest. I am hoping this chapter is as good as I have thought it will be in my mind, I cannot deny, I have looked forward to it.

I read away, a smirk on my face, as I replace the male lead with wh!p-me, and imagine myself as the female lead.

Ohhh yeahhh, now I am seriously in need of some action after reading that, I am not sure if I am having another hot sweat, or if I am just that horny!

I browse through my phone, looking at different funny videos, tapping my toes on the floor, wondering when the ten-minute timer will eventually go off. I

laugh at a chat show segment, before fl!cking to the next one. Maybe my timer is close enough, so I can get in the shower, and have this process finished.

“Alexa, how long is left on my timer?”

“There are 3 minutes left on your 30-minute timer.”

What the actual fvck! This cream has been on me treble the amount of time it should.

“Alexa, you stupid b***h,” I scream, only she doesn’t respond, just the blue circle spins round, as if to say, hey you set the time love.

I jump off the toilet, turning the shower on, and stand under, desperately scrubbing off the cream, and hairs. Then the water starts to slop over the tray, the plug hole clearly blocked by my overgrown foliage.

sh!t.

Stinking of hair removal cream, which is not the nicest smell in the world, I lather up lots of lavender shower gel, then give my fresh no hair area a good scrub, when suddenly it begins to burn, like seriously burn.

sh!t, I remove the head of the shower, turning it to as cold as I can get it, and concentrate the spray to my now burning, pubic area. Although it cools it somewhat, when I look down, my flaming hot fanny, (not in a good way, I assure you) is red raw, little sp0ts appearing all over it, and it hurts like hell.

I get the remainder of the cream off my legs, and under arms, and the patch of dark hair that grows on my big toe, since the menopause hit, praying my legs are not covered in the same rash as my flaming hot fanny is.

“Oh God, what a loser,” I cry out to myself, as I step out of the shower, then run to my bedroom, and grab some calamine lotion I have lying around, that is probably ten years out of date, and apply liberally to try and get some relief.

I hear the door downstairs unlock and open, as Ben’s voice echoes up the stairs.

“Hi Mam, are you up?” he asks.

I pull my dressing gown around my body, then precede to walk down the stairs, like I had ridden a bull for ten hours straight, my underarms still stinging from the brush of my dressing gown, so move my arms outward, like I am doing an impression of the incredible hulk.

“Hey, how was your shift?” I ask, as Ben grabs the kettle and fills it.

“Yeah, no shouts thank god, and the police have someone in for questioning regarding the arson attacks.” He nods at me.

“Mam, sit down a moment.” Ben smiles at me, his face suddenly serious.

Just the idea of sitting down on my burning bottom, has me shaking my head, with a firm NO.

“Would rather not, if you don’t mind,” I tell him.

Ben raises his eyebrow, as if I am the child and he is the parent, and I let out a small huff, like the child he is treating me as, and very carefully sit down.

“Ouch,” I say as my arse hits the chair.

“What’s wrong?” Ben asks, his face now a mask of concern.

“You don’t want to know,” I tell him.

“I clearly do, because you look in pain,” Ben tells me, giving me a Paddington hard stare.

I feel my cheeks heat, as I look down at the table, there are some things normal parents do not share with their kids, but I am not now, nor ever have been, normal.

“Small accident with hair removal cream. May have burnt my bits and bobs,” I state, grimacing.

“fvck sake mother.” Ben shakes his head, looking at me.

“Well, I suppose I am not entirely sad that area is in pain. Which leads me nicely to my next point,” He tells me... seriously, I AM THE MOTHER not HIM. But I sit and dutifully listen.

"The boss is a good bloke, but I want you to be careful, because you never truly know someone. Please have fun but watch what you are doing. Also, Haley, who I was on the show with, she runs a woman's self-defence class, I have booked you, Lucy, and Josie in at 9 am. Just so, you know, if anyone does something you don't want or like, you are able to kick the sh!t out of the fvcker." Ben shrugs, as if his reaction to me dating his boss is completely normal.

"Seriously Ben?" I laugh at him.

Ben takes a sip of his tea, nodding his head. "After what that last fvcker did, you can bet your last penny I am." He shrugs.

"But knowing self-defence would not have stopped him being a lying arsehole with a whole other secret family," I state.

"No, but you hear of all sorts of things that go on with people you would never guess were like that. Plus, when the dark nights come in, it is always good to know how to defend yourself. Now it is just after 7am, I am going home to give Lucy a k!ss, and grab some shut eye. Josie will pick you up at half eight," Ben states, before standing up and rinsing out his cup.

"But I am injured," I whine, hoping for a sympathy vote. But it is no use, he ignores me, and if doing a self-defence class or two helps put his mind at rest, then who am I to argue?

Currently I am laid prone on the floor, as Josie has my hand up my back, as I shout out in pain, not only from my earlier 'accident' with a bottle of hair removal cream, but because this feels like my arm will break.

"Great, well done, Josie. Now Joanne, your turn." Haley smiles at me.

Haley shows the move I need to perfect again on Lucy, then nods at me to try.

As Josie, goes to throw a punch, I grab her arm, hook my leg around hers, whilst twisting it up her back and sending her to the floor, arm up her back.

"Well done, Joanne, you are a natural," Haley praises.

I want to feel proud of myself, but in all seriousness, all I want is to go home, and have another cold shower, before Josie comes over to help me get ready, because my burning bits now feel like they have gone a little crusty.

“Okay, that is all for today ladies, next week, you will face a male attacker, none other than my other half, Stan the Man.” Haley smiles, gesturing to the dark-haired man in the corner that is currently eating a bacon and egg sandwich as if he had never had food in his life, as the yoke drips down his top.

We say out goodbyes, as Josie drops Lucy off first, Kirstie and Dante greeting her at the door, smiling and waving at me.

I give them a wave, wishing I had brought some sweets with me, because, well, they deserve a treat, and I kind of feel like their adopted nana, and that is what nana’s do, spoil their grandkids.

As we pull away, Josie grins at me.

“So, are you excited about tonight?” she asks with a smirk on her face.

“I was, now not so much.” I sigh out.

“Why, what’s happened?” she asks me.

“I kind of left the hair removal cream on, you know, down there,” I point to my nether regions, “three times longer than I should have, then in a bid to get it off quickly, I used loads of shower gel.” I sighed.

“Oh sh!t, no, you don’t use anything, just water. That must hurt like a b***h,” Josie shouted out with a grimace as if imagining it.

“Just a bit, but worse than that, it now looks like I have some nasty disease down there and is bright red with small scabbed over spots.” I sigh.

“Yeah, not good, guess wh!p-me is going to have to keep it in his pants tonight after all.” Josie giggled.

“I bought new nice knickers as well.” I shrugged, as Josie laughed.

“Better get the cotton granny pants out, because you are going to be sore for days.” Josie laughed.

“Just my sodding luck.” I sigh.

“Hey, I will be over at around five, to do your hair and make-up, even if he cannot get any, may as well make him really want to, in the future.” Josie laughs out.

“I mean, I wasn’t really planning on doing anything, it was just in case. I have been out of the game so long; I do not know the rules for this anymore.” I shrugged.

“Hey, there are no rules, you do you, he likes you as you are, so no more stressing, and I will see you at five.”

I wave Josie off, as I walk like an ape to the front door, then head to the shower again in order to cool off my burning bits again, then wonder not for the first time in my life. Why the hell can I not be, ... you know, ... NORMAL?

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 75 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Kelvin’s Point of View

Keys, check.

Phone, check.

Wallet, check.

Clean bed sheets, check

Condom, check.

Not that I am expecting to make sweet love to Joanne tonight, but if the opportunity presents itself, then it pays to be prepared. I take a look in the hallway mirror, the Asian fusion place is smart casual, so I put a pair of jeans on with black V-neck t-shirt, that is tight around my arm muscles, and chest, which are still in good form, even if I do say so myself. I will, however, ignore the middle age spread that once had a 6 pack, but now has a small rounded single pack. To be fair, I am still very fit, you have to be for the job, but age does what age does, and spending more time sitting behind a desk than in my younger days doesn’t help.

I chuckle to myself, when I remember Joanne wondering why I wanted to take her out, and informing me of her big knickers, I know the ones she means, my

ex-wife wore them all the time, maybe I could do with a pair myself. I shake my head, with a chuckle, pushing that insecurity out of my mind, before it takes root.

Double checking the time on my black apple watch, I grab my jacket, the weather is finally getting a little cooler at night. I never thought I would welcome the bite of the northeast sea breeze, but I have to admit, it is a welcome relief after the weeks of weather that us brits are just not prepared for. Mind, we complain no matter what the weather is, it is a national pass time.

As I walk to the car, I feel my heart pick up its rhythm, and I have to admit, as unmanly as it sounds, I am feeling a high degree of trepidation. I have liked this woman for a long time, not knowing why she would practically run to the other side of the room whenever I approached, it was only hearing her comment at the family fun day that gave me hope, and well, I just hope I don't blow it.

It has been a long while since I last felt the softness of a woman's skin under my fingers, so I am hoping I can keep myself in check, and not push too hard, too fast, because, irrespective of se.x or no se.x, I have the upmost respect for Joanne, and want this to go somewhere other than a few dates. But, yeah, se.x would be a most welcome bonus.

I pull up outside her home, then get out of the car, her nosy neighbour across the street is peaking out of her window, the curtain twitching, resisting the urge to wave my middle finger at the woman, letting her know that I have spotted her spying on us, and give her something to really gossip about, I make my way up the short path to the front door.

I knock with purpose, if that is such a thing, you know a strong knock, that gives off confidence, but not so loud that it sounds like the local plods are raiding you. Not sure if I have the knock on the door, as I want it, and really not sure why I am worried about how a knock comes across ... yeah, I am more nervous than I thought.

The door opens, and literally I am struck dumb, her dark hair, hangs down her shoulders, in soft waves, the light blue dress, plunges, deep at the neckline, exposing those two big bundles of fun, and I am overcome with the urge to place my head between them, and give them a good motorboat.

Who. Am. I?

Bloody hell, I am a respectable man, her son's boss, her boss, I have always been serious, but suddenly the need to be a little crazy and have fun takes over. She kind of brings out the crazy side of my personality, I thought I had lost many years ago, when life became serious and far to adult.

Tearing my stare away from her more than ample cleavage, I scan the rest of her beautiful body. Yeah, you can keep your stick thin models, I love something to grab hold of! Joanne here is absolutely perfect.

"Man girl, you are looking fine," I say, nodding my approval.

sh!t, in my embarrassment, I have turned into Wayne, with a fake American accent.

Joanne throws her head back and laughs.

"Alright Steve." She laughs

I frown at her, who the fvck is Steve? The voice in my head shouts.

Seeing my confusion, Joanne laughs again.

"Oh, American talk show host, and comedian, cannot remember his surname, but Steve, he pops up on my social media feed, funny videos. He gives advice to women, about what to do with their husbands, boyfriends, and stuff," Joanne rambles slightly, and I find it totally adorable.

"Ah, I think I know who you mean." I smile, it is not a total lie, I do think I know but it is not something I have taken much notice off.

"Well, let's get going." I smile, as she locks her door, then steps out in front of me, giving me the opportunity to place my hand on the small of her back and guide her down the path.

"Oh, there she is, nosy Nora over the road, twitching away behind her curtains, guess this will be the talk of the street tomorrow." Joanne laughs.

"I was going to wave when I got out the car." I admit, leaving out the fact I wanted to wave just one finger, the middle one.

Joanne turns with a wide smile her eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Let’s do it.” She giggles.

“On the count of three,” I tell her.

After counting to three I wave my whole hand to ‘nosy Nora’, then turn to laugh with Joanne only to see that she is fl!pping her the bird with a big sarcastic grin on her face. The curtains immediately stop twitching, as Joanne throws her head back laughing.

“Sorry, but she is always poking her nose into peoples’ business.” Joanne smiles and looks embarrassed that I caught her fl!pping the bird to her neighbour.

“I can see I am going to have my hands full with you.” I laugh at her, opening the passenger door to my car, as she gets in, then slightly winces as her bum hits the seat.

“Sorry, I know you are a very refined gentleman.” Joanne blushes.

“You mean boring old sod? Yes, you are right, but I find your free personality refreshing and it is bringing a side out of me that I though was long gone. I like it, plus would it really shock you that I really wanted to fl!p her the bird when I arrived” I grin at her reassuring her.

“Well, boring young sod, after all you are just a babe compared to me, and well, if you wanted to do that, you are not as boring as I thought.” Joanne laughs, only this time she is having a fun quip, and I do not sense any self-deprecation, which makes me happy.

“Oh, so I am a BABE, am I?” I laugh, as Joanne smirks at me, giving a low laugh shaking her head.

“Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you.” Joanne laughs, excitedly, and I cannot stop chuckling at her.

“Not to talk shop, but I had a call today,” she tells me, a look of mischief in her eye once more.

“Erm, okay, who was ringing you on a Sunday and at home about work?” I ask, ready to tear a new arsehole into whoever did that to her on a day off.

Joanne smiles at my annoyance, shaking her head.

"Calm down, it wasn't anyone who works at the fires station, it was Twinkles' Mrs." She smiles, but I do not miss the hiss when she mentions that woman.

"What did she want?" I ask, knowing it probably wasn't anything good, the woman was a nightmare. I once had to give her a piece of my mind a year or so ago, when she was ringing me to complain about her husband having to do his job, it was every other day.

"Oh, for me to refuse to allow him to do over time." She laughs.

"I think he does it to stay away from her," I say, the words out of my mouth before I can put my normal professional mask back on. But there is nothing in me that wants to hide behind a mask, not with this amazing woman beside me.

"Probably, not sure why he is agreeing to go parttime." Joanne shrugs. "Don't get me wrong, I am happy he is, for Cal, but yeah, it is all a bit strange. Anyway, I digress ... yeah, she was booting off down the phone, saying I have no right to allow her husband to do an extra shift," she tells me.

Annoyance washes over me, not at Joanne but at Twinkles' wife.

"I hope you don't mind, but I politely told her to fvck off." Joanne shrugs, and I immediately throw my head back laughing.

"So how did you 'Politely' do that." I chuckle.

"I told her that I was not working, that she was contacting me on a personal mobile, also that it is against GDPR and HR policy to talk about members of staff shift patterns, and requests to do overtime to people who did not work in the brigade ... then I hung up and blocked her number." Joanne shrugs.

I throw my head back and bellow with laughter, yes that was a very polite 'fvck off,' I have to agree.

We head into the restaurant, ordering our food, the conversation is easy, funny and sometimes more than a little crazy and I am loving every single second of it. All too soon, I am paying the bill, and wishing that the night could continue. However, the hot weather has now changed, and a massive thunderstorm, and deluge of rain is over us, so I quickly get my jacket, and throw it over both our heads as we hightail it out of the restaurant, down the

path, over the road, which is now running like a river, to the car park, and quickly get us both inside.

Joanne is laughing hard, as she gives herself a small shake, her hair drenched through, even after that short distance, the soft waves, now hang limply, the material of her blue dress clings tighter to her, almost becoming transparent, and hot damn she has never looked so se.xy to me as she does right in the moment.

I cannot help myself, as I lean over and place my lips on hers, as soon as I do, I am ram rod hard, as her soft mouth moulds against my own. My hand run up her back as I fist her wet hair into my large hand, and she lets out a soft moan. Something primal takes over both of us, as the windows begin to steam up, from the heavy pants between the punishing kisses, my hand traces down her body, I have thrown all caution to the wind, as she moans, and gyrates her body against me, both of us lost in this world of pure pleasure, and teenage type horniness. Her soaked dress has bunched up, showing ample thigh during our hot passionate embrace, and I cannot stop my fingers from move up her leg, as I groan into her mouth, forgetting we are in a car, in a carpark, at the busy beach, in the middle of a storm. My fingers trail higher and higher as Joanne lets out another soft moan, pushing herself into me.

Suddenly she freezes, her eyes wide, she pulls away.

“shit, sorry Joanne, I pushed too far, sorry,” I tell her, feeling like an i***t, she deserved better than this, and my desire for her has probably caused me to blow it.

“No, no, it is okay, it is not you it is me.” She shakes her head, her lips swollen from my kisses, her cheeks adorably flushed.

“I am sorry Joanne, I just got carried away. Please, I do respect you,” I try to reassure her, really wanting to kick myself for the lack of self-control.

“Oh, so did I, lose control, but that is not the problem, seriously, it is not what you did, just a realisation of something I did earlier,” Joanne said, suddenly looking down blushing bright red.

I frown at her, as she is talking in riddles. She takes a breath and lets out a long sigh before looking up at me biting her bottom lip, and I just know, there is a story, and probably a funny one coming.

“Okay this is really embarrassing, but I may have had an accident with some hair removal cream, and left it on too long, and let’s just say, it is not pretty down there at the moment,” she tells me, shaking her head and closing her eyes.

I throw my head back and laugh, my daughter had done something similar a few years ago, my ex-wife had to deal with it, and apparently it was not pleasant. I then take hold of Joanne and pull her into my chest, kissing the top of her head.

“Ah I see, my daughter once did that, her mother had to help her, was not nice apparently. How about we head home, get out of these wet clothes.” I smile.

“There will be no getting out of clothes happening, not with the burning-bush-of-biblical-proportions going on.” She laughs, and I cannot help but laugh with her, damn there is no woman on earth as crazy and funny, as she is.

“Maybe I could help put out the burn with my fireman’s hose.” I chuckle.

“Oh, you did not just do a fireman’s hose joke.” Joanne throws her head back laughing so hard she is crying.

“Hey, you mentioned a burning bush,” I defend myself laughing, as I start the car, and we drive, I automatically take her to my place, and I know there will be zero sex going on, but I’ll be damned if I want this night to end, because just being with this woman makes me feel alive, and happy, even just to sit and talk to her for the rest of the night would be the biggest blessing I have had since my grandson Moses was born.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 76 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Joanne’s Point of view.

I cannot help but feel a little self-conscious, especially after me opening my mouth and letting my soul see daylight, regarding my accident with the hair removal cream. But in all honesty Wh!p-Me is seeing the funny side and is not looking at me as if I have lost the plot, which I chose to take as a good sign. Also, he is busy pulling up on his long winding driveway to his quite large home, which is set behind some trees, and feels secluded, rather than in the outskirts of a busy city.

The rain is still falling, a deluge of water hitting the windscreen, making the wipers struggle under the constant downpour. Kelvin shuts off the engine, then runs round to my door, opening it, whilst trying to keep me from getting more wet than I already am. I am soaked through and not just from the storm, that is for sure. For all I read romance books, I never truly believed in the whole, sparks, tingles, getting moist and losing control type of thing, it was fun to read, but I had always felt it was more than a little over exaggerated, well that was until just half-an-hour ago, when I was covered in goosebumps, tingles, and yeah, I lost control, forgetting myself, nothing else had mattered in the car park, everything forgotten, other than the feeling of his lips on mine, and my need to be closer to him. It felt quite weird if honest, not in a bad way, but in the most breathtakingly amazing way, because I have never ever experienced anything quite like it.

As we enter the house, our clothes literally dripping from the storm, Whelp-Me, smiles.

“Now as much as I would love to get you upstairs, I am not saying this to ‘get you upstairs’ if you get my drift.” He chuckles, seeming suddenly unsure of himself, which makes my large granny pants even more wet with excitement.

“But if you want a shower to warm up, there is a family bathroom at the top of the landing, I will grab you a shirt or something to wear and pop your clothes in the tumble dryer.” He smiles at me.

“Thank you,” is all I can manage to say, suddenly embarrassed again.

To be honest, the date had gone really well, once we relaxed, laughing and joking about. I never knew just how funny Whelp-Me was. He had always seemed so serious, and it makes me happy to know that he has a whacky personality hidden under his serious boss facade.

I follow him up the wide staircase, my feet leaving wet footprints on his cream wool carpet as I go.

“So, this is the bathroom. I will grab a shower myself, there are clean towels, and here is one of my shirts to put on whilst your clothes dry off.” He gives me the biggest smile.

“Thank you,” I say once more, feeling a little tongue tied, this situation feels a little surreal if I am honest.

I strip off my dress, and wring it out in the shower, before, taking off my underwear, then step into the shower and turn it on. The warm heat from the spray instantly relaxes me, as I stand, a stupid smile on my face, my fingers tracing my lips as I remember the punishing, and most amazing, kiss of my life. I feel like a teenage girl who had never been kissed before.

Grabbing the shower gel that is on the side, I soap my body, great, now I smell like Whelp-Me, and hell does it do something to me. After rinsing off, I step out of the shower, grabbing a large fluffy bath sheet, and wrapping it around myself, before drying off my body, and picking up his work shirt, noticing he has also given me a fresh pair of his boxer-briefs, wow, they look like they are those tight type, you know the ones that mould to a man's ass, and showcase what they have going on, not leaving much to the imagination, and I let out a shaky breath as I try to focus my mind on something other than Whelp-Me's willy. I button up the shirt as much as I can, but with my boobs, well the top three buttons have zero chance of getting done up, then pulling on the boxers, I gather my wet clothes and the towel I have just used and walk out of the bathroom.

Whelp-Me stands in the hallway, he is in a fresh pair of joggers and tight t-shirt. Before today, I had only ever seen this man in his uniform, and trust me, he is sexy as sin in it, but seeing him so casual has my pulse beating at a million miles per hour, he is damn well gorgeous. His eyes trail up and down my body, leaving a trail of heat in their wake, then with a low growl, he reaches round my waist, well the slight indent where my waist should be, and pulls me to him.

"Damn Joanne, seeing you in my clothes is doing something unspeakable to me," he groans out as if he is in pain.

I let out an embarrassed giggle, yeah, I have turned into a 16-year-old on a first date with her first boyfriend, but I cannot deny it feels good.

"Come on, I will get these clothes into the dryer and make us a hot drink, before I forget you have injured bits, and drag you into my bedroom, and do unspeakable things to this amazing body you have," he groaned again.

I literally let out a little squeak, I mean, how embarrassing, but it could not be controlled, as he takes my soaked clothes from me, then walks down the stairs.

I follow him into the kitchen, into the small utility room, where he bundles my clothes into his dryer, turning it on, then with a small chuckle, leads me back to the large white kitchen, the walls are white, the cabinets as well, but with a black granite work top. All of his appliances are black, a long silver light with five spotlights shine down on top of the large island with black granite waterfall countertop, three black and silver bar stools sit underneath. A silver fruit bowl sits on top of the island, filled with all sorts of different fruit, and off to one side is the biggest spice holder I have ever seen, filled to the brim with everything you have heard of, and some I never knew existed.

“Wow, this kitchen is amazing, like out of the pages of a magazine, amazing,” I say, my eyes wide.

My kitchen at home is small, just a few blue cupboards with normal counter tops, and a pine table in the middle of it. I would give my right arm for a kitchen like this.

“Yes, but I cannot take credit for it, it was like this when I bought the house,” he tells with a high degree of humility.

“How long have you lived here?” I ask, looking around the larger-than-average home.

“Coming up for five years. I bought it when I got divorced. My ex-wife stayed in the other house. To be honest, the mortgage was all paid off, and well, I had some savings, so let her keep the house, after all, she gave me my daughter, so I started again. I got this place with a mortgage, but it is nearly paid off.” He smiles.

My heart melts at his words, that he did not demand his ex-wife sell the house, and split the proceeds, recognising that she had brought up their daughter. It was a far cry from my experience of walking away without a penny piece, and Ben's sperm donor getting everything. Not that I fought him for it, what was the point, I had my son, and whatever I have, which is not a lot, my house is from the local housing association, but I did it myself whilst being a single mother. I take pride in that.

Whelp—Me passes me a hot mug of tea, and we walk out of the magazine-worthy kitchen into the living area, which has muted colours, on the walls, the large sofas again a soft light grey, but the cushions and rugs all have a pop of bright colours, making the place feel like a home. It is damn well perfect, just like its owner.

We place the tea on the coffee table, and sit down, Wh!p-Me places his arms around my shoulders, and gently pulls me into his side, and it feels like heaven, so comfortable, so right.

“Joanne, I just want you to know, I am not messing around here, I really do want this to go somewhere. Not putting any pressure on us both, but I am in this with a view of a long-term relationship,” he tells me with a contented sigh.

“I didn’t think I would be your type.” I smile into his large broad chest.

“If you say anything about your age or weight, then we will have our first fall out. Of course, you’re my type, you’re beautiful, and crazy in the best possible way. I have fancied you for years,” Wh!p-Me tells me, the timber of his voice reverberating through my body, making me let out a soft moan in response.

“Really?” I ask, biting my bottom lip.

“Yes, really.” He chuckles at me.

“I have had the hots for you for ages as well. That is why I never spoke much to you, in case you realised and thought I was some crazy old lady.” I giggle.

“Enough with the age difference.” He shakes his head, then places a soft kiss on the top of my head, his big hand squeezing me slightly as I laugh.

“I have a nick name for you.”

Okay, so the words are out of my mouth before I can stop myself, now I am going to have to tell him, why-oh-why do I not have the ability to just keep my mouth shut, and insist on embarrassing myself.

“Humm, I have heard.” He lets out a low laugh.

“Oh, shit.” I grin.

“Yeah, and just so you know, I am very much looking forward to the day when I can wh!p you with my willy.” He laughs.

“But for now, your clothes are dry, and well, if I do not get you home soon, I know Ben will turn up demanding to know what I am doing with his mother.” He grins.

“Sometimes he forgets I am the parent.” I laugh.

“No, he doesn’t; he just loves you, and is a credit to you, Joanne, you did a good job with that man, and I am not just saying that to wh!p you with my willy, I am saying it because it is true.” He smiles at me.

I through my head back laughing at him, shaking my head.

“So, what are you doing tomorrow? You are not at work; fancy going to the movies or something?” Wh!p-Me asks.

“Yeah, that sounds good. What do you want to see?” I ask him with a wide smile.

“Not bothered, just want to spend the day with you, and well, sit in the back row of the cinema in the dark sound like the perfect date.” He winks.

“Oh my, well, I will look forward to it.” I grin at him

“Humm, not as much as me.” He smiles.

Wh!p. Me. With. His. Willy. I have got a keeper here, let’s just hope I do not screw it up!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 77 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Davey’s Point of View

Waking up next to Kathline on a morning has to be my second favourite thing. The first, well, making her come, the flush on her cheeks, her slightly parted !ps, as I bring her to ecstasy. Yeah, that is definitely my favourite thing in the world. I turn over, as she begins to stir, wrapping my arm around her wa!st.

“MAM, DAVEY!” Andy shouts from his bedroom.

I smile, as Kathline gr0ans slightly, the little lad is sleeping through the night again, which is a h.uge blessing.

“Hey Buddy, Mam is still sleepy, how about you and I go downstairs and make some Mickey Mouse waffles.” I smile.

Yeah, I bought him a new waffle maker, and he loves it. Sue me!

I jump out of bed, pulling on a pair of jogging bottoms, and head into Andy's room, helping him out of bed. He doesn't need the wheelchair now, but still needs some help getting up and downstairs with his cast on, as he still requires crutches.

"I will come," Kathline shouts through, her voice groggy from sleep.

"Nope, you stay there and get a few moments of peace, I will shout up to you when they're ready." I shout back at her, whilst taking hold of Andy's small hand and leading him out of his bedroom.

sh!t, when did I become dad goals? Well, I cannot complain about it, because I am really happy to do all of this sh!t for both her and Andy.

I help Andy down the stairs, sitting him on a chair at the kitchen table, grabbing a mixing bowl, with the flour, eggs, milk, and sugar, then measure the ingredients as Andy begins to give them his magic whisk. He soon gets board and hands the bowl of lumpy batter to me.

"That looks great kiddo." I smile, taking the bowl from him, heading into the back countertop, where I wh!p like hell to get the lumps out, adding more milk.

Heating up the Mickey Mouse waffle plate, I pour the batter in, closing the lid, as I take a couple of bananas to the table, along with knife.

"Okay, so you peel, I will chop, do you want any other fruit on them this morning?" I ask.

"Strawberries please." Andy smiles, as he happily peels the bananas for me.

sh!t, never would I thought doing this with a kid could bring me such peace and happiness, his s.perm doner doesn't know how much he is missing out on with this amazing kid.

Although I love spending time with Andy, I must admit, I am looking forward to Wednesday night, having Kathline all to myself at the hotel. The only downside is I am at work on Thursday morning, the beginning of my four-dayshifts, so I will have to be out of there by five in the morning at the latest, but Kathline knows this, so we're taking both her car and mine, so she can relax and check out later. That was the night I had planned to finally make love to her, but given we have managed a few times now, I am planning to have the conversation about potentially moving in here, see what her thoughts

are about that. If she agrees, then I already have Cal and his kids lined up to rent out my house, for the same rate he is paying for the one he is in. It will cover my mortgage, and that is all I want, so it will be a win-win situation, so long as Kathline agrees to my plans.

With the breakfast cooked, I run upstairs to rouse her again, only to find her up, and fully dressed, a wide, bright smile on her face.

“Hey, breakfast is ready.” I grin at her.

“Hum, I could get used to this.” She smiles.

Yeah, that is what I want her to feel, because it bodes well for our conversation on Wednesday.

“I was thinking, maybe we could go out today, but it is thunderstorms all day, so how about heading to the cinema?” I ask her.

“Yeah, but Andy has his physio this afternoon, so maybe after tea, let him have a later night.” Kathline grins as she follows me downstairs.

“Not sure if they are playing anything child-friendly at that time,” I state, but I am sure we will find something.

“The new Top Gun is playing, he loves aeroplanes, plus he is excited for the air show on Saturday and Sunday.” Kathline smiles.

“Yeah, that could work. I am sorry I am on shift for the whole of the air show this year.” I sigh, for once wanting to join the hoards of people that walk up-and-down the sea front watching the aircrafts put on their display.

“Yeah, but you will still be there, maybe if you get a break we can pop by and say hello.” Kathline smiles, making everything feel just a little bit better.

We eat our breakfast together, spending time in our PJs before all having showers, and getting ready for Andy’s physio at the hospital.

“Hey, I will book the VIP box then, if Andy wants to move around a bit because of his leg, he can play a little whilst the film is on with his toys not disturbing anyone.” I smile.

“Good thinking bat man.” Kathline grins as I book the seats on the website.

“Here, take my card, I will pay for the seats.” Kathline smiles. Passing me her bank card.

“Nope, I already done it, my treat.” I grin at her.

“You know I earn a fair whack of money; you should let me pay for some stuff,” she huffs slightly.

“Okay, well if you are going to be all missish about it, you can get the popcorn.” I smile, realising she wanted to contribute to the cost. Not that I mind spending my money on the pair of them, in fact I quite enjoy it, but if it makes her feel better, then I am happy to compromise.

“Deal.” She grins triumphantly at me.

We spend most of the morning relaxing, Andy watching his cartoons, as Kathline and I snuggle up on the sofa, but soon, it is time to head to the hospital with the little man.

“Okay Andy, we have to go for your appointment with the physio.” Kathline smiles at him.

His eyes instantly fill with tears, he hates the physio, stating it hurts. I grab hold of him in my arms, placing him on my knee.

“Hey buddy, I know it hurts, but if you do all the exercises, and try your hardest, Mammy and I will take you to the cinema afterwards.” I tell him, using bribery and corruption.

I used to despise parents who did this with their kids, but now I kind of have one, yeah, I get it!

I get Andy into Kathline’s car and strapped in, as she walks round to the driver’s side, and we set off the short distance to the Sunderland Royal Hospital.

I watch on, feeling helpless, as Andy tries his hardest to do the exercises. My heart feels like it is going to break apart seeing how he is struggling.

“Good Job Andy, keep going,” Kathline encourages her little man, whilst I am not ashamed to admit, I just sit swallowing down the lump in my throat.

If that woman who worked for Josie's Arsehole turns out to be the arsonist, I hope she rots in hell.

Finally, the session ends, and Andy hobbles towards us, tears in his big brown eyes. I scoop him up in my arms, telling him how proud I am of him.

"Can I go to the cinema now?" he asks, emotion clear in his little voice.

"Oh definitely, but first we have to go get some tea. Have you ever had a Nando's before?" I smile at him.

He nods his little head excitedly, and I grin over to Kathline who laughs and nods her head in agreement.

Parking the car in the carpark opposite the cinema that is on top of the casino, and just round the corner to Nando's we help Andy get out, and I pass him his crutches, as we hobble towards the lift. As we exit, we head round the corner to get some food.

"So, are you going to be all manly and get the extra hot?" Kathline teases me.

"Nope, I am going to get the lemon and herb, then ask them to put the extra hot flag in it." I laugh as Kathline giggles at me.

We order our food, sitting down eating the delicious chicken, just like any other family, and I sigh with contentment. This is what I want, but officially, living together, being the family everyone thinks we are.

Andy almost bounces with excitement as we make our way to the second floor of the Cinema Arms laden with popcorn, nachos, and of course an ice cream sundae for Andy. We head into the VIP box which over looks the rest of the cinema, set behind a glass screen. There is nobody else booked in which means we are the only three in the twelve seated box and settle down waiting for the film to begin.

I pull out Andy's aeroplanes and place them on the ledge as the lights go down and the adverts begin when I spot Joanne walking up the aisle in the cinema below, the boss behind her carrying large drinks and a mountain of food. My mouth hangs open, Ben is going to flip his mind.

I watch on as they settle into their seats, both smiling and giggling together, as the boss puts his arm around her shoulders.

Yep, definitely a date, seriously, Ben is going to have fvcking*g kittens when this gets out.

I move back to my seat, and whisper to Kathline.

“The Boss is here, with Joanne.”

“Oh wow, do you think Ben knows?” she whispers back, as the film begins.

“The Boss is still walking, so I guess not.” I chuckle.

Ben is very protective of his mother, and after her last relationship, I really don't blame him.

We settle down, only I am not watching the film, but watching the Boss and Joanne, as they eat their food, then about half an hour in, he leans in and begins to snog her brains out.

I nudge Kathline pointing to where they are eating each other's faces as she peaks over and grins.

Their k!ssing gets hot and heavy, and I sit, eyes wide, as the boss puts his hand down her top and grabs a handful of her b.reast.

“sh!t, he is groping her,” I whisper.

“Stop watching them.” Kathline shakes her head at me.

“Damn, they are all over each other, it is like watching your mam and dad make out, make it stop Kathline.” I protest with a shudder.

Kathline giggles at me shaking her head, as Andy puts his head on her lap, he is clearly exhausted from his physio, as she looks at me.

“He has dropped off to sleep.” She smiles stroking his hair.

I look down to see what is happening below, call it morbid curiosity, and wish I had not, as the boss has his hand halfway up Joanne's dress.

Fvcking hell!

“Kathline!” I protest again as I watch in shock, at the soft p0rn that is happening below.

“Behave, are you jealous?” She giggles at me.

Hell, yeah. I have to admit, I kind of am jealous. I would love nothing more than to get freaky with Kathline in the cinema, but with Andy fast asleep on her lap, there is zero chance of that happening. But still, I would not change this for the world.

Finally, the credits roll, and the lights turn on, and I stretch up to see Joanne pulling her skirt down, and readjust herself as the boss, licks his fingers.

The dirty old bastard!

He then takes hold of her hand and leads her out of the cinema, both of them smiling like the cat who got the cream. Well, that cat of a boss clearly got some cream on his fingers ... eww, feeling a tad sick.

“Seriously, Ben will flip out when he finds out,” I state.

“You are not going to tell him, leave them be,” Kathline warns and I just nod, yeah as much as I would love to see Ben find out and go ape shit, I really do not want to be the one to tell him.

We walk out the cinema, me carrying Andy in my arms as he is still sleeping, when we cross the small road towards the carpark, I freeze.

fvcking*g Liv’s t**t of a boyfriend is walking out of the casino, his hands in his pockets looking like he had lost a tenner and found a quid, which in reality he has probably lost a hell of a lot more and not found a penny piece.

“WHAT THE fvck IS HE DOING ALL THE WAY UP HERE!”

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 78 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Kathline’s Point of View.

As I heard Davey growl out, I looked towards the figure of a man with his shoulders slumped forward. I could feel the anger radiating off of Davey in waves, as Andy whimpered slightly, this shout stirring him from his deep sleep.

Instinctively, I reach out to grab my son, fearful Davey is going to approach the man, when he suddenly takes a breath and hugs Andy closer to him, almost like he is the only thing keeping him sane at the moment.

“Sorry little man; let’s get you in the car,” he says, his voice soothing, but his turbulent eyes never leave the hunched man.

As the man looks up, his face pales, and he turns on his heel, and begins running in the opposite direction of us as if scared for his life.

“Who was that?” I ask, as Davey stalks towards the car park.

“Liv’s wanker,” he hisses, his voice barely above a whisper, as he strokes Andy’s hair, and I am not sure if it is to calm my son down, or himself at this point.

“What is he doing up here? He is 80 miles away from where he lives,” I say, confused.

“Obviously, to gamble, seriously, did he not realise he could run into me. Thick as sh!t.” Davey sighs, shaking his head in utter dismay.

“Are you okay?” I know it is a lame question, as he clearly isn’t, but I am at a loss as to what to say in this situation.

“Yes,” he barks, then turns to me with a soft smile.

“Sorry, not really, but I am okay. Don’t worry, you and this precious man in my arms are more important than running after that piece of sh!t and beating the crap out of him.” Davey turns to me, and tries very hard to smile, but it appears more like a grimace.

I give his arm a soft squeeze and nod my head in understanding, as we make our way to the lift in the carpark wanting desperately to get us out of here and back home.

I watch as he gently straps Andy into his car seat, lovingly stroking his hair, every time he shows my son so much care and compassion, I fall deeper in love with him. I know that soon he will move back to his own home once Andy’s cast is off and we are all back to normal, but I cannot help but wish that will not happen.

Walking round the car, he climbs in beside me, as he pulls his seatbelt on, he looks up at me, the turmoil evident in his eyes.

“Kathline, I am sorry, my shout woke Andy up a little bit, thankfully he dropped straight back off to sleep, but I could have scared him, and for what? A piece of sh!t that is not worth a second of my time.” He sighs.

“Hey, it is okay. For all you are letting Liv learn by her mistakes, it doesn’t mean you don’t love her. of course, you are angry and reacted when seeing that waste of space. Plus, Andy is fine, look at him, he is sleeping, blissfully unaware.” I smile, reassuring him.

“I am glad I had hold of him, knowing I was carrying him in my arms helped keep me calm ... well, calm enough to let it go and get to the car.” Davey smiles slightly, then takes a deep breath and sighs out.

I nod my head, starting the engine, and wind my way down the ramps to the ground floor of the carpark. We reach the road at the bottom, and I turn left onto it, cursing this is a one-way system, as it seems that Liv’s poor excuse of a man did not go far. He is stood at the bottom of the street standing at the corner of the last building, peaking around it back towards where he came, like a scared rabbit as if looking for Davey.

As I pull up to the traffic lights, I let out a sigh, they would have to be on red, typical. Davey gr0ans, then pushes the b.utton as his window descends, he growls out of it.

“fvcking*g get away from this city and stay away, or next time I see you, I will put you six feet under.” Then pushes the b.utton to bring the window back up.

“Not if I get you first,” Keith’s voice shouts through, but there is no mistaking his shaking body. He may talk tough, but he is clearly frightened.

Shaking his head, Davey looks at the lights that have finally turned green.

“Get me out of here Kathline, please,” he growls lowly.

I see him reach to his pocket and take out his phone, before hitting a number and holding it placing the call on speaker phone.

“Davey, oh Davey, thank you for ringing me. I knew you would forgive me; I love you, but you must understand he is my life. I knew you would come round eventually. He has changed, he loves me so much,” Liv’s rambling voice echoes around the car.

“Liv, I have not changed my mind, but just thought you should know. I have just seen the man who is your life, who is supposed to have changed and stopped gambling because he loves you oh so much, walk out of the Casino in fvcking*g Sunderland. Do what you want with that information, I do not care, I just thought you should be prepared to have no money left in your account,” Davey growls, then hangs up the phone, placing it back in his pocket with a shake of his head.

I don’t say a word, concentrating on my driving and getting us back to the house ASAP. As I pull onto the drive, Davey gets out, and goes immediately to the back of the car and gathers Andy up in his arms, as I open the front door.

“Do you want to wake him for his bath or just get him changed for bed?” Davey asks, his voice strained.

“I will just get him in his PJs and straight into bed. He had enough nachos and ice cream so will not be hungry for his supper.” I smile, hating seeing Davey so hurt and angry and not knowing what to do to help him.

I str!p Andy down, pulling on his PJs as he continues to sleep, then tuck him into bed, turning on his night light, then place a soft k!ss on his head, as Davey walks in smiling, and strokes Andy’s hair, then takes my hand and we walk out of the bedroom, heading back downstairs.

“Do you want a drink?” I ask him, as he slumps down on the sofa.

“Yeah, please.” He sighs.

I go to the fridge and pull out a bottle of lager that he likes, fl!p off the top, and walk back in the living room, to find Davey sat head in his hands, his fingers grabbing at his grey strands.

“Hey, here you are.” I smile handing him the bottle.

Davey nods giving me an appreciative smile.

"Thanks babe. sh!t, this is fvckingd up man." Davey sighs out clearly exasperated by the whole situation.

I nod my head, then take a seat next to him.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I gently ask him.

Davey looks at me, giving a half-smile and shakes his head.

"No, don't think I do. Let's talk about anything other than that fvck up, and my idiotic sister." He sighs.

I sit, searching my brain to find anything to talk about. My mind doesn't want to play, not able to think of a single thing to say, it is like my brain has frozen and someone needs to turn it off and back on again to make it work, like you do a computer.

"Andy did well at physio, I felt so helpless watching him," Davey offers, slightly pulling at the corner of the paper label on his bottle.

"Yeah, he hates it, but it is doing him so much good." I smile, thinking about my b.rave little boy.

Davey nods, as once more silence falls between us. Hell, why can I not think of anything to talk about, I am supposed to be an intelligent woman, yet not a single word comes to mind.

"Work will be weird on Thursday." Davey gives a small smile.

I am momentarily confused, then I remember his Station officer and Ben's mam getting hot and heavy in the back row of the cinema.

"Yeah, I bet it will half k!ll you not to take the piss out of Ben for it." I laugh a little.

"Na, not going to take the piss, well maybe a little." He laughs,

"I like Joanne, she is there for all of us. But don't think I can look the Boss in the eye after what I witnessed." Davey chuckles, the sound making me relax a bit.

"Yeah, I bet." I smile, then start to giggle as Davey looks at me curiously.

“Make sure you knock on his door before you enter his office, now he has her working for him ... or under him.” I laugh.

Davey shakes his head laughing.

“fvck, yeah, although I doubt the Boss would do anything in the office. He is too professional.” He smiles.

“But before tonight, did you think he would finger someone in the back of the movies.” I laugh.

“sh!t, no, definitely not.” Davey laughs again then shudders.

“It is the quiet ones you have to watch,” I add, laughing now.

“I think Joanne has corrupted him. We all know she is far from quiet.” Davey chuckles again.

We both sit giggling like school kids at the memory, when Davey finishes his bottle, standing up and taking it to the recycling bin, then comes over taking my hand.

“Come on, lets get to bed, it’s actually quite late.” He smiles.

“Are you going to finger me like we are in the movies, if I come up?” I ask laughing.

“Well, it will be a chore, but yeah, why not. Someone has to do it.” He laughs teasing me.

As we head up the stairs and to bed both still giggling together, and I say a small internal thank you to Joanne and Davey’s boss for helping me get my man out of his murderous mood, they both have my eternal grat!tude.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 79 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Davey’s Point of View.

I look at the clock on the wall, today is going to be interesting. As much as I am looking forward to heading off to The Ramside Hall hotel with Kathline, I am dreading Andy’s s.perm doner arriving to pick up the little man.

It is the weirdest of feelings, as much as I want Andy to have a great time with his father, I have this other feeling nibbling at the edges of my mind, one that if I tell anyone will sound so pathetic, so wrong, and so stupid.

I am scared half out of my wits that the little man will prefer his less-than part-time dad to me.

Yeah, see, pa-fvcking-thetic. Of course, he will prefer his father, and that is as it should be! Still, it causes my stomach to twist in knots. Is it because the s.perm doner never bothers with the little man? Partially, but mainly, it is because I have grown to view Andy as my own son, and I know I would move heaven and earth for him. I also know, that piece of sh!t dad couldn't care a less about Andy, and here he is making a big deal about having him for two nights, because he is oh so worried about his son.

Yeah right, he wasn't worried enough to visit him in the hospital, nor was he worried enough to make more than the obligatory single phone call, to try and blame Kathline stating she isn't looking after him correctly, then demanding he have two nights with him, but not one call to see how he is since ... yeah, he cares that much! Bollocks.

I take a breath, as I gather Andy into my arms, pulling him on my knee.

"Now, if at any time you want to come home, or call, you can ring mammy and we will come get you," I tell him, as Kathline smiles over to me.

"That's right, but most of all we want you to have a fantastic time with your daddy and his girlfriend," Kathline adds.

She is putting a b.rave face on all of this, but last night she told me how she secretly fears Andy liking the new woman, who is about to bulldoze herself into his life, more than her. I told her that would never happen, that Andy loves her with every last beat of his little heart, but like me, she said she is being stupid, and knows that, but for some reason cannot help it.

"You can Facetime your mam anytime you like." I smile at him, feeling like my heart is about to break, this is all very weird, why am I being a possessive arsehole about a young boy who isn't mine to be possessive about. But in my heart, he is exactly that, mine, just as his mother is.

The sound of the doorbell rings, and I take a deep breath, I have to play nice, shake the fvcker's hand and all that sh!t. Kathline goes to open the door. I

hear her inviting daddy-dearest in, the strain in her voice lets me know instantly that she is not happy.

She walks into the living room, smiling at Andy, then locking eyes with me, her brow's going up to the sky momentarily, letting me know she is already pissed off.

The father walks in, wearing a full fvcking*g Armani suit, slick back brown hair, the smell of expensive aftershave fills the room, he is followed by a tall skinny woman, long black hair, dressed in a pure white dress and jacket. The fvckers look like they are going to a formal fvcking*g meeting, rather than picking up a 6-year-old little man who will have crap all over that white dress in the matter of seconds, especially after he has held onto his chocolate coins so much, they melt all over his hands.

“Andrew, come meet Zoe,” Richard, or d!ck as I like to call him, shouts over at him.

Andy looks at me, as I help him off my knee, and he hobbles over to his father.

Straight away I notice he is not throwing himself at the man, standing back, which is not at all like him.

“Say hello Andrew, remember manners make the Man,” he commands his son, his tone not what I want to hear, and I resist the urge to tell him to fvck right off and cancel our hotel reservation.

“Hi,” Andy says his voice low, another thing that never happens, he normally has two volumes, loud and screeching ... like any kid of his age.

“Hello Andrew, I am Zoe, your father's future wife.” She smiles.

Now I am pleased, or at least I think I am pleased, she looks genuinely happy to meet him.

“Yes, I heard you are Dad's girlfriend. Mammy has a boyfriend, Davey, he is great, I hope you are as good as he is,” Andy states, looking over to me and smiling.

I cannot deny my chest puffs at that little statement, and I stand up, from my spot on the sofa and ruffle his hair.

“Not as great as you buddy.” I grin down at him.

“Davey makes me Mickey Mouse waffles; can you do that?” he questions the woman.

“Oh, we have our own housekeeper who will make you anything you want.” Zoe smiles down at him.

fvcking*g housekeeper! I hope Andy doesn’t spend his time with the housekeeper and not his father and this woman.

Kathline looks like she is about to blow a gasket, and I am not sure why, sure we don’t want Andy to like them more than us, but the woman hasn’t done anything wrong, other than tell Andy she has a housekeeper.

“Okay Andrew, say goodbye to your mother, and sorry, I don’t know your name,” Richard states looking me up and down as if I am something he has just trodden in.

Wanker!

“Davey, I just told you Dad, his name is Davey. He is a firefighter, like Fireman Sam, and he rescued me out of the fire at school,” Andy introduces me with pride in his voice.

“Yes, erm, thank you for that,” Richard states, clearing his throat.

“It is what I get paid to do.” I shrug, not wanting to engage with the man, or thank him for his thanks.

“Okay Andy, grab your bag, it is time to go,” Dick-face, states.

Andy grabs his crutches, as Kathline hands his bag to his father, and we walk to the front door. Instinctively I go to help the little man down the step, as Richard and Zoe walk off towards their car, not even looking to see if Andy is managing. I help him over the step, then shout out my tone laced with sarcasm, “Richard, you need to help your son on the steps.”

sh!t, yeah, that was not good, but I am who I am, and that dick is doing my head in already.

Richard turns on his heel, and glares at me, then hands the bag to Zoe, coming over and making a big thing about helping Andy, when we all know he hadn't given it a second thought before I shouted.

Kathline gives Andy a big hug, as she smiles down at him. "I love you, have fun, but remember you can call or Facetime whenever you wish." She smiles, kissing him on the cheek, and Andy instantly wiping it off, making me laugh.

"See you soon buddy." I smile and wave as Richard bundles him into the car. We stand at the end of the drive, waving Andy off, before heading back into the house.

"You looked like you wanted to kill the fiancée," I say to Kathline.

"Because I fucking did." She sighs.

"Come on, let's get to the hotel," Kathline states, and I simply nod, whatever is bothering her about the woman she will tell me in her own time.

I gather our luggage, putting it in the boot of Kathline's car, then take her into my arms giving her a small kiss on her lips. "I Wish we could travel together." I smile at her.

"Yeah, but honestly, it is probably best I drive on my own anyway, because I am fuming." Kathline sighs.

"I can see, want to share?" I softly ask.

"Not yet, tell you at the hotel." She sighs again.

I watch as she reverses off the drive onto the busy main road, then run round the corner to where my car is parked, and spin it round, following her as we make our way to the hotel.

The gravel of the hotel carpark crunches under the wheels of my car as I pull in the parking spot beside Kathline. Getting out, I see that she looks a little less murderous than when she got in the car, which is good.

"Check-in isn't till three, and our first pamper session is in an hour, with lunch to follow would you like to go for a coffee first?" I ask her.

"Yes, we should leave our baggage at reception, I have my stuff for the spa in this bag." She hands me a backpack with hello fvcking*g kitty on it! Not what I would expect from my solicitor girlfriend, but it makes me smile.

After dropping the bags off, we head to the back of reception, taking a seat, as the waiter approaches and we order a coffee each.

"So, feel like you can talk about it now?" I ask, wanting her to get whatever is bothering her off her chest, and because, I am a nosy sod.

"I know Zoe. I never put two-and-two together, but she is the daughter of one of the managing partners at Richard's law firm. I met her a couple of times at the law society ball." I nod my head as she speaks, wondering what the problem is.

"She is a spoilt utter b***h. Never worked a day in her life, lives off daddy's money. A couple of years ago I saw her at the ball, Mel had Andy for me, so I could go that year with my boss. I was talking to one of the partners of my old firm, and she walked over, deliberately spilt her drink all down me, saying she tripped ... she didn't ... she is as nasty as they come but smiles so sweetly that unless you are her intended target, you would never know. I really do not want Andy anywhere near that woman." She sighs.

"What would her reason be for spilling a drink on you?" I ask, unsure why someone would do that.

"I had snagged one of her father's top clients when I worked in Newcastle, back when I was pregnant with Andy, he chose our firm and for me to work on his case, because he liked my approach. She had said, along with her father, that the only reason they had lost the client was because he felt sorry for me being a single pregnant woman whose boyfriend had ran away from me as soon as he could." Kathline grimaced as she remembered.

"It was like kicking me when I was down. The real reason I got that client is because he said I was concerned for his business and was sick of her father dismissing his requests. I mean, I left shortly after he came on board with my old firm, then became a conveyancing solicitor in Sunderland, so she had no reason to still hold the grudge. I mean, she doesn't even work, but she is that much of a b!tch." Kathline sighed.

"Richard hated her, or so he said when we were together... Daddy's little princess who thought she could order all the lawyers around in the office

when she visited. But now he has ambitions of his own, he is marrying her. No doubt they will wheel Andy out for group family photos, put on his bio that he is a loving father, and all that PR sh!t, it just boils my piss,” Kathline continued.

I offer her a soft smile and finish off the dregs of my coffee.

“Hey, they will live unhappily ever after, and Andy doesn’t have to go see them, if he doesn’t want to. Now, let’s get you relaxed, because you are a fantastic mother, brilliant solicitor, the nicest person I have ever met, and you have this hot stud as your boyfriend.” I chuckle at the end.

Kathline laughs at me, the tension leaving her shoulders, and nods her head. “Yes, let’s not think of the sperm donor and his rich b***h anymore. Sorry.” Kathline smiles.

“No need to apologise. You did well not to throw them out of your home. Hell, I nearly threw him out, and it is not my home to do that.” I grin at her.

Kathline giggles at me.

“Come on, let’s make the most of this, I cannot wait for a dip in that hot tub.” She grins, and I smile, because I cannot wait to see her in her swimming costume in the hot tub.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 80 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

Kathline’s Point of View.

I let out a low groan of appreciation as the fingers of the masseuse dig in to the tensed-up muscles on my shoulders. The smell of essential oils fills the small room. I feel relaxed, almost lightheaded. The past few weeks disappearing with every knot that is unravelled from my back. I hear Davey beside me, as he gently snores, clearly falling asleep during his own massage, making me smile.

My mind, although relaxed, wanders to Andy, and I wonder how he is doing, if he is having a good time. I hate the fact that I feel he will be used as a photo opportunity for that family, and that law firm, but there is little I can do about it now. As long as he is happy, then I suppose I must be as well.

I know, deep down inside, that the only reason the Usain Bolt of fathers is engaged to that Zoe woman is for her money, and to gain himself favour with the managing partner of his law firm. But still, it is none of my business what he does with his pathetic life. All I know is that I am so pleased to be with Davey, seeing Usain and the b***h today, just highlighted how happy I am to be with him, how much I love him. He is a fantastic man, the way he has settled into the role of stepfather, how he puts Andy's needs first, just makes me realise, I really do not want him to go back home. I am not sure if I should bring up the subject, it may push him away, feeling like I am moving too fast. I ponder as the masseuse tells me that the massage is over, and to take my time getting up from the table.

"Drink plenty of water. Once you are back in your robes, we will take you to the warm room." She smiled.

Davey sits up on the side of his massage table, a little bit of drool coming from his mouth.

"I fell asleep," he stated, his voice groggy.

"I know, you were snoring." I giggle slightly at him.

"Really, sh!t." Davey chuckles shaking his head.

I slowly sit up, wrapping my robe around my body, as the knock at the door tells us it is time to leave the peaceful haven of the massage room.

We walk around to the next room, it is dark, the walls covered with brown wallpaper, two rows of headed beds sit, with tables beside. Large cups of water await us, along with bowls of fruits as we lay on the beds letting the heat work its magic. Other people are laid, relaxing, some asleep, as Davey reaches over from his bed and takes my hand in his. With his thumb rubbing across my knuckles, he lays back letting out a contented sigh to match my own. This feels perfect.

In silence, we sip on the water and eat the fruit, laying in complete relaxation. All too soon our relaxation is disturbed, as we are informed that our lunch is to be served in the Fusion restaurant.

Smiling and nodding at the lady who came to inform us, I stand up, as Davey holds onto my hand, leading me to the changing rooms, so we can get back into some clothes. Although getting dressed again is the last thing I want to

do, I suppose it would be frowned upon going into a restaurant in nothing but a robe.

As I walk into the restaurant, Davey beside me, looking handsome in his black trousers, light blue open necked shirt, his grey hair slicked back, I smile with pure joy in my heart. He really is so handsome. We are ushered to our seats, where two drinks wait for us, and a mezze of food arrives at the table. Once everything is served, Davey reaches over the table taking my hand in his.

“I was going to wait for tonight. But I need to know,” Davey begins, looking a little unsure of himself.

I look at him, tilting my head to one side, waiting for him to continue, not sure what he is going to say to me, and a small amount of trepidation nips at the edges of my mind.

“Kathline, I really do not want to move back to my house. They say home is where the heart is, and fuck me, if my heart is not with you and Andy. I am hoping you feel the same, and we can move in together, what do you think?” he asks, his eyes almost pleading.

I cannot stop the wide smile that spreads across my face.

“I think that would be a perfect idea.” I nod at him, trying not to come across to eager but failing miserably.

Davey blows out a breath, before smiling, and nodding his head with satisfaction.

“So, it is up to you, but I can move into yours, or you into mine, whichever you prefer,” he states a grin now firmly on his face.

“Mine, if that is okay with you,” I tell him, not wanting to leave my own home. It is where Andy is happiest, and I hope he understands that.

“That is perfect. I will rent my place out. Already got someone in mind.” He chuckled.

“Oh, who?” I wonder, I always thought he would keep the house empty for if Liv ever needed it, but it looks like he is sticking to his guns where she is concerned, and I cannot blame him.

“Cal, Lucy’s brother. The kids could do with a garden, and I will charge him the same rent as he is paying now, as it will cover the remainder of my mortgage, and a small amount set aside for house repairs. The lad needs a helping hand, and if he gets accepted for the brigade, then we can look at rent and stuff again once he is working and has a handle on his finances.” Davey smiled.

My heart skips a beat in my chest, he really is a perfect man. To care for others like he does, even if he does come across as a tough guy, really sets my body aflame; he is just perfect.

“I think that is a perfect idea. It is hard being a single parent, with just one kid, let alone two. I think we should offer Cal as much help as he needs.” I smile at him.

Davey looks and nods his head, as I gaze at him, biting my bottom lip.

“When is our room ready?” I ask with a giggle.

“A couple of hours to go yet but hold that thought.” Davey chuckles at me.

We sit and eat our meal, the conversation easy, any silent moments are completely comfortable, but there are not many of them. We reminisce about times long gone from when we were at school, our past relationship which helped forged our present relationship. Both laughing and giggling, life feels just about perfect.

Finally, we can collect our luggage, and make our way into the hotel room. I look at the top floor room, the dark green walls, with ornate golden mirrors, the dark oak furniture, with a thick wool carpet. A king-sized bed sits in the centre of the room, as the white nets blow in the breeze from the open Georgian style windows.

“This is lovely.” I smiled, looking around the large room.

“Yes, now, we can head downstairs for our evening meal, or...” Davey grins at me.

“Or?” I repeat at him laughing at his face.

“We could order room service and have our meal in bed.” Davey’s grin widens and he throws me a small wink.

“I think that is a great idea.” I smile, then head into the bathroom, unpacking my toiletries, before stripping out of my clothes, and getting into a bathrobe, heading back into the bedroom.

Davey groans as he watches me walk into the room, then pulls me to him, his lips finding mine.

I let out a soft moan as his tongue swipes the crease of my mouth, begging for entry. As my mouth opens, I let out another soft moan when his tongue finds mine, and we embark on an adventure of tasting each other, exploring each and every aspect of our willing mouths. Davey’s hands drift to the front of my robe as he pulls on the cord, before breaking the kiss, and standing back slightly.

“Fuck, you are beautiful,” he groans, his eyes looking me up and down, leaving a trail of heat in their wake.

Slowly Davey pushes off the robe from my shoulders, as it falls to the floor, he moves back to me, his mouth crashing into mine. Moving backwards, we fall against the bed, as his hand trails down my body, leaving a trail of goosebumps under his calloused fingers. I let out another moan of heady bliss, already feeling myself begin to climb the dizzy heights of my arousal when suddenly my phone bursts into life.

The temptation to leave it, has never been higher, but Davey grins pulling away.

“It might be Andy,” he whispers, without a trace of the annoyance I am feeling from the disruption.

I pick up the phone to see that Keith’s number is flashing, so quickly answer it.

“You need to come get your son,” his voice growls out.

“What the hell?” I answer, for one, if he doesn’t want his child he can return him, and secondly, he has had him no more than five hours.

"I said, you need to come and get your son," Keith growls out.

"Firstly, you can return him, secondly, what the hell is going on?" I shout down the phone.

"He upset my fiancée, and her father, refusing to call him grandpops, and her mammy," he growls out.

"ONE, that b***h is NOT HIS MAMMY," I shouted down the phone as Davey was already off the bed and throwing our things into their bags.

"TWO, that arrogant bastard is NOT HIS GRANDFATHER," I continued, anger flowing through my body completely unchecked.

"He embarrassed everyone in front of the reporters we had called, to announce our engagement. The headlines will be bad. He was shouting and crying that she was not his mammy. It was a disaster, he is of no use to me if he cannot play his part," Keith growled out once more.

"YOU ARE DISGUSTING, A POOR EXCUSE OF A HUMAN. I WILL COME TO GET MY SON, BUT UNLESS YOU WANT TO FIGHT ME IN COURT, YOU DO NOT CONTACT HIM OR ME AGAIN," I bellowed before hanging up the call.

Davey has the bags repacked at the door, as I rush to get ready, then dart out the door, looking at Davey wanting to apologise, but needing to get my son above everything else.

"We will go in your car, Kathline, but I will drive. You are too angry. I will come back and check out once we get Andy and pick up my car," Davey says.

"I am sorry," I stated, knowing he had put so much time and effort into this break.

"Don't be, I want Andy back with us where he belongs. Now let's go, because I have a few choice words for that motherfvcker."