

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 81 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Davey's Point of View.

Raging, that is what I feel right at this moment. I heard loud and clear the conversation with that fvcking*g arsehole, and to say I am angry is a distinct understatement. How fvcking*g dare, he! Introduce a woman to the poor little lad, trying to make him call her mummy, for a fvcking*g news piece. It is clear as day that man has no real love for his son. Well, he can fvck right off, because I will be the father Andy needs. I will never insist he call me by that name, but I will be there for the little lad, showing him what it means to have two loving people in his life. Kathline instructs me where to go as we head towards Newcastle, hurtling down the Felling Bypass, going a lot faster than the 50 MPH sign that is displayed. Hell, I hope I do not get a ticket, or pulled over. This road has speed cameras along it, although the dashboard on Kathline's car gives me an indication of where they are so I can b.rake in time to pass them, I just hope I have not missed a couple, or get pulled over by PC Plod.

Kathline is sitting beside me, her hands shaking with anger, her face contorted with worry about her little boy. sh!t, we both need another massage after this crap. Am I annoyed about our hotel stay? Not really. Maybe slightly disappointed, but Andy is way more important than a night of playing out every s****l fantasy I have ever come up with regarding Kathline over the years. Now that we are going to be living together, we have the rest of our lives to live out those.

"I am so sorry about this Davey," she whispers again.

"Don't be. Andy first. Plus, I was thinking, maybe we can ask the hotel to put a single bed in our room, it is big enough, and just have a family night away. Going to the hotel may take Andy's mind off whatever the fvck went on this morning." I sigh out.

"Can we just get him first." Kathline sighs, clearly worried sick.

Another reason why I want to punch that arsehole in the face, that would give his reporters something else to write about. t**t.

“Okay, so once we get over the Tyne Bridge, head onto the motorway, they live in Jesmond,” Kathline states, as I slow the car down, to the now 30 MPH speed limit, whilst driving across the bridge.

Soon I am pulling up outside the large, detached house on Jesmond Dean Road, as Kathline is practically out of the car, and all but running towards the front door, before I even have time to fully stop the car.

Parking up, I get out, and jog up the driveway, reaching her, I take hold of her hand in mine, giving her some much-needed support, whilst knowing her presence will calm me down, a little bit.

A woman in a light grey maid’s uniform answers the door. I mean, come on, in this day and age, they have staff dressed like we were from the fvcking*g 18th century.

“He is here,” the maid, or whoever the fvck she is, states, as Andy hobbles out of the house holding his own bag of luggage whilst trying to use his crutches, his face awash with tears.

Yeah, keeping calm has gone out of the window, as I push passed the hired help and go grab his bag from him, as Kathline rushes forward gathering him in her arms, holding him tight to her c.hest, soothing him.

“Where is your boss?” I growl at the woman. This is not her fault, but I am in no mood to deal with any bullsh!t either.

“They are indisposed at the moment,” the maid tells me, straightening her back.

“I didn’t ask if he was indisposed, I asked where the fvck he was,” I growled out, walking around the house, as the maid followed me, her protests falling on deaf ears.

I barge through a couple of the white painted doors, into a large very ornate, and very posh room, where I see Andy’s s.perm doner sat his arm around that fvcking*g woman Kathline hates, a photographer taking pictures as a journalist sits smiling, and writing on his note pad.

“OI, fvck TARD,” I bellow at him, the journalist hardly able to contain his glee, as he begins to scribble on his note pad at a furious rate.

“You fvcking*g arse wipe! You leave your six-year-old son to fend for himself when he has an injury, all because he refuses to call this b***h here Mummy on the first day of meeting her. You do not deserve a son, after all, you have not paid a penny piece for his upkeep, nor have you bothered other than a couple of times a year to see him. You are a disgrace, trying to wheel him out, to play the perfect family man for these people here,” I bellow.

Father of the year pales, and begins to stand up, as an older man, who looks like he wants to k!ll me enters the room. Guess that is b***h face Zoe’s father, well he can get fvckingd as well.

“Hey, you guys want the real scoop on this man, and what type of father he is, give me a call, I will happily tell you,” I growl out.

“What is your name?” the journo asks, looking like all his Christmases have come at once.

“Get out of my house,” the Sperm Doner shouts, as the older guy storms towards me.

“With pleasure. Wanker,” I shout, turning on my heel.

Then I shoot a look at the old guy, who looks like his bl00d pressure has sky rocketed, his large face bright red with anger.

“Oh, and just so you know. This man who is marrying your daughter, told the world and its mother what a b***h she was. He is using her to get a promotion, or your money, maybe have a think about that. But don’t you DARE try and use my girlfriend’s SON as a pawn in your games, because the truth about all this sh!t will come out. TRUST ME,” I shout once more.

“Sir, your name,” the journo shouts again.

I storm out the room, thinking better of giving my name to a random journalist, as it may well affect my job.

I exit the house, as I hear Zoe-bl!tch-face, shouting at her fiancé, asking him to explain himself, and head to the car, suppressing a chuckle, bet that journo is having the time of his life right now, recording everything that is going on in

that house. Taking over from Kathline, I lift Andy up and get him in his car seat.

“Calm down Davey,” Kathline whispers to me.

I look at Andy and see his tear-streaked face, then gently wipe them away with my thumb.

“Sorry buddy, I did not mean to upset you,” I say with a sigh.

“Davey, I don’t have to come back here again, do I? I don’t like my dad, or that woman, or the old man who threatened to spank me if I did not do as he told me to,” Andy asked.

“Where is your boss?” I growl at the woman. This is not her fault, but I am in no mood to deal with any bullshit either.

“No buddy, you never have to come here again. Nobody, and I mean NOBODY will ever hit you or spank you,” I say, another wave of anger rushing through my veins, as Kathline stiffens, then before I can turn around she is now storming back through the doors of the house, and the shouts from inside increase before she storms back out, then gets into the car, turning round and smiling at Andy.

“Andy, you do not need to make a choice now, but we shall talk when you have calmed down about if you want to keep in touch with your father.” Kathline smiles at him.

“I don’t want to see him again. You are my Mammy,” Andy states, jutting his little chin upwards.

“Now, Mammy and I were at a hotel for the night, would you like to go home, or come stay in the nice hotel with us?” I ask Andy, he could do with something to take his mind off what was going on around him.

“Can I stay at the hotel?” Andy asks, his brown eyes wide with wonder.

“Of course, you can buddy.” I smile at him, then reverse out of the drive and head back to the hotel.

As we walk into reception, I request a put-up bed for Andy, and the receptionist smiles at me, telling me that the sofa folds out into another bed,

and that they will send someone with fresh bedding for it. Grabbing Andy up into my arms, I carry him up to the top floor and show him our room.

“Now, we can go to the really posh restaurant, or we can go to the posh restaurant that has a carvery for our meal, which do you prefer?” I ask the little man.

He shrugs his little shoulders, then looks up at me, tears in his eyes. “Davey, will you be my daddy instead of him please?” he asks.

I look over at Kathline, not sure what the hell to say.

Kathline looks at me then smiles down at Andy.

“Davey is going to move into our house permanently would you like that.” Expertly changing the subject.

“Yes, and that means he can be my daddy,” Andy states, not letting that conversation go.

I smile at him, sitting him down on the large bed, then kneel before him. “Andy, I am more than happy for you to call me Daddy, if that’s what you want. But that is up to your mammy and you. I love you buddy, no matter what you decide to call me,” I tell him, letting both him, and his mother know, I am okay with this, but the decision is ultimately theirs.

“Mammy, can I call Davey Daddy please?” Andy asks Kathline.

She stands, her eyes wide with shock, then joins me, kneeling before her son. “Yes, if that’s what you want, you can.” She smiles a tear falling onto her cheek.

“Daddy, can we go to the carbery please?” he asks, mispronouncing the word.

“Yes, we sure can. Now let’s get changed, and we shall go and spend some family time together whilst the hotel makes up a bed for you.” I grin, my heart bursting with pride.

Kathline looks at me. “Are you sure about this Davey?” she whispers softly.

“Never been more certain of anything in my life. I love you both, and you two are mine.”

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 82 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

How is it, that four days on-shift feels like four weeks, and four days off, feels like four hours? Once upon a time, I was grateful to be getting back to work after my days off. But not now, as much as I love my job, I miss Lucy, plus given Cal and the kids are staying with us, I have had no quality time with her over the past four days.

Don't get me wrong, I do not regret my decision to let Lucy's brother and his kids stay with us, not in the slightest, but they do monopolise a lot of our time. Still, Kirsty and Dante are happy, they have good food in their bellies, and have spent a lot of time playing in the back garden, and before the storms hit, at the beach.

It seems that the boss and my mother's dates are going well, she has a glow on her cheeks. That is good news for her, but I cannot help but feel a little apprehensive about the whole thing. I just hope the boss doesn't hurt her. But so far, so good, however, tonight, my last night before getting on-shift tomorrow, we all are going to the mother's for tea, and guess what, my boss is going to be there, playing happy families with my mother. I am not sure how I feel about this, my need to protect her is strong, plus who wants to spend their last night off before four days on-shift with their boss? Not me, but I will, as Lucy said, be happy for them and be a good son.

"Hey, kids are all spick and span," Lucy shouts through from the room the kids are using.

I chuckle slightly, because she may have them all washed and cleaned, with brand new clothes on, but I would like to guess that, give it five minutes of getting downstairs, they will be covered in something or other.

"Thanks Sis, I am ready, you go get yourself sorted," Cal shouts through.

I pull on my dark wash denims and black V-necked pullover, as Lucy arrives in our bedroom.

"Give me five minutes, actually make it ten. I will just grab a quick shower and get ready," She tells me, passing like a blur as she rushes to the shower.

I sit on the end of the bed, lacing up my trainers, shaking my head slightly, with a small chuckle. Lucy had taken a half-day holiday from work, so that she could help get the kids ready with Cal. She is wanting them to make an impression on the boss, hoping they behave and not give him reason to bounce Cal's application.

"Calm down Lucy, it is only tea at the mother's," I shout through.

"Yes, with the Station Officer, I mean, Cal needs to make a good impression, and so do the kids," Lucy shouts through, still worrying.

"Hey, he may be shagging my mother, but honestly he would not expect the kids to be perfect, he has a grandson of his own," I shout through.

Shagging my mother, the thought sends a shiver through me. I really do not want to think about that.

"They are not shagging, well not yet," Lucy states, coming back into the room wrapped in a towel, her body glistening with droplets of water from the shower.

sh!t, I really need some alone time with her, because I am rock hard, and want to sack off this tea, and just eat Lucy instead.

"How do you know?" I ask her.

"We may have had a talk yesterday." Lucy shrugs.

"Do I want to know?" I ask.

Lucy giggles slightly shaking her head.

"Probably not." She laughs.

sh!t, I really do not want to know, but now find myself morbidly curious, although I am happy to hear they have not got jiggy with it yet, I cannot deny that.

Lucy pulls on a pair of mid blue, ripped at the knee, denims, pairing it with a black wrap top, slipping her feet into some black flats, she looks stunning.

"No time for make up," she declares more to herself than me.

I don't care, if I am honest, she looks amazing without make up, and I prefer it. Scraping her hair into a bun at the nape of her neck she does a quick check of herself in the mirror.

"You look beautiful." I smile at her.

It is not a good boyfriend line, she really does look beautiful, she is so effortlessly stunning, and my heart does that flip thing again.

"Thank you." She smiles at me, as I lean in and place a soft kiss on her lips.

"Right, we best get going before the kids get messy again." Lucy smiles happily.

I have said it before, and I will say it again, she will make a perfect mother, and really, I am excited to start that part of our future together. Although I know the timing is not quite right for us yet, far too soon, and I want to enjoy time just us, plus, call me old fashioned, I would want a ring on it, before getting her pregnant.

We round up the kids into the car, as Cal states he will walk over to the mother's, as there is not a lot of room for two car seats and an adult in the back. The kids wave excitedly to him, as he sets off on the shortish walk, and I jump into the driver's seat.

"Now remember kids, we must be on our best behaviour tonight," Lucy warns them for the umpteenth time.

"Yes, Auntie Lucy," Kirsty replies, sounding more like a fed-up teenager than the four-year-old she is.

I chuckle again, knowing that the kids are probably sick of hearing how they must behave, and shake my head. Lucy really needs to calm down.

As I pull up outside the mother's, Lucy gets out of the car and helps Kirstie get out of her seat, as I go to the other side and lift Dante into my arms, walking round to the path before placing him on his feet. Both kids immediately run up the pathway, and bang on the door to the mother's house.

The door opens, and Wow! Who is this woman, and where is my mother? She is stood in a pair of black denims, that mould to her legs, a long burgundy coloured shirt, her hair hanging down over one shoulder, with perfect make-up on. She looks stunning, and a good few years younger, not that she looked her age to begin with.

“Hey kids,” she says to them, a grin on her face.

“Wow Joanne, you look amazing.” Lucy grins at her.

I say nothing, just nod, because I cannot deny, my mother looks happier than I have seen her in a long time, and yes, she really does look great. Lucy nudges me with her elbow giving me a small frown.

“Yeah, you look nice,” I tell her, knowing it is an understatement, but hey, I am her son, so she is getting no more than that, it is the law!

We head into the house to find the Boss stood, looking uncharacteristically nervous in the kitchen, wearing my mother’s flowery pinny, stirring something in the pan. Now, if I was like most of my teammates at the station, I would click a photo of this big boss man stood in a flowery pinny and make mountains of copies placing them all over the station. But I am not them, although I have to admit the temptation is there, only hampered by the fact that this new relationship, or whatever it is between the mother and the boss, is relatively secret, for now.

“Be thankful this is me and not Davey boss.” I nod at him.

The boss looks down at his pinny shrugs and smirks.

“It is the only spare one your mother has.” He shrugs, but I see some of the tension in his shoulders lift slightly.

“Where is Cal?” the mother asks.

“Walking over, it is to much of a squash to have him in the back with the car seats.” Lucy smiles, handing the mother a bottle of wine.

“Ooo thank you, you didn’t have to bring anything.” My mother smiles.

“Nanna Joanne, is there any sweeties?” Kirsty asks.

“Erm, what is the little word?” Lucy corrects her.

“PLEASE,” both her and Dante say in unison, smiling up at my mother.

“Yes, there are some sweeties for you, now, you can have one small one now, and the rest after your tea.” My mother grins down at the kids.

The boss chuckles, then places his wooden spoon down on the side, before walking over and shaking my hand.

“I know this is weird for you Ben, to be honest it is for me, but it is important to your mam, and what she wants, she gets,” the Boss tells me, his voice barely above a whisper.

I nod my head, not responding, because it really is weird. I cannot deny though, I am happy he is putting her needs before his own, so that is a tick in the box beside a very long list of things he has to live up to, for me to class him as good enough for her.

“Right, we best get going before the kids get messy again.” Lucy smiles happily.

Am I being overprotective, about this? Damn right I am, after what she has gone through with bozos in the past, I make no apologies for it.

Finally, Cal arrives, and he stands looking slightly nervous at the Boss, and I don’t blame him, after all, one word from the Station Officer and his aspirations to join the brigade could be halted in their tracks.

“Come on, sit down, everyone is standing on ceremony, and I don’t like it,” my mother declares.

Everyone takes a seat, as Kirstie opens her small kinder bar, and promptly gets the chocolate all over her pretty dress, making Lucy sigh slightly before getting a damp cloth to try and clean her up.

We eat the food, all chatting, the atmosphere changing from being awkward at first, to being a lot more relaxed. I watch on as the Boss, smiles at my mother, every time she says something inappropriate, because she is nervous, he throws his head back bellowing with laughter. sh!t, he seems happy, and clearly more than a little invested in her.

“Any news from the police about the arsonist boss?” I ask, wondering if they have been in touch over the past few days.

"Only that they released that Linda woman, pending further investigation. Although she was cautioned for stalking Josie. So, we are no further forward." He sighs out.

I shake my head; we really need to catch this bastard before more people are killed.

"Also, Station officer Morris, is finally retiring, I got an email this morning." He shrugs.

"Oh, is he at your station?" Lucy asks.

"Nope, he is at Marley Potts station, he has been around forever." I smile at her.

"Yes, and they need to find a replacement." The boss nods.

"Anyone we know lined up for it?" I ask, as the Boss looks at me.

"There are a couple of names being mentioned," he states, not stating who or where they are from, and I know I will get no other information out of him.

Cal sits quietly, obviously still very nervous.

"Also, I had an email from HQ, I cannot say anything officially, but they are looking to get you onto the next fitness test. It will be sooner rather than later, if you pass the first part of the interview," the Boss tells Cal.

Cal looks up shocked. "So quick, wow," he answers.

"I need someone parttime, I cannot give you the reasons why, so I asked them to rush it through." The Boss smiles at Cal.

"Thank you." Cal smiles, looking shell shocked.

"When I get into the office tomorrow, I will send you the details of the first interview, and the fitness test over." The mother smiles at him.

"Boss, can I use the training tower with Cal, just to get him ready?" I ask.

"Yes, but it will have to be on a night, and when nobody has it booked in. Your mam has the schedule." He smiles and nods.

I have never seen him smile so much. Lucy looks at me, a smile on her face, but with tears in her eyes, and I squeeze her knee in silent support. I know she really wants this for her brother, we all do, but now she will have two of us to worry about, when we are on the job.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, and I take it out.

Davey – Kathline and I are living together, going to move my sh!t out of mine when we are next off-shift. If Cal wants the house, it is his for the same rent. He can come take a look after we finish tomorrow night.

I look to Lucy showing her the text and the tears that were in her eyes fall onto her face, a wide smile on her face.

“Hey Cal, fancy moving to a big three-bedroomed house with decent sized garden in Hastings Hill for the same as what you are paying now?” I ask him.

Cal looks over at me, shocked to the core, nodding his head.

“Yeah, Davey is moving in with Kathline.” I grin, happy for Lucy’s brother.

“Oh, that is great news. Although I think we need to organise a cleaning crew Lucy, he is a messy sod,” my mam says clapping her hands with glee.

“Count me in, plus any building of furniture.” The boss grins over at Cal.

I look at him, and just like that, I totally approve of his relationship with my mother.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 83 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Lucy’s Point of View

Looking at the clock, I see it is just past 3pm. I head out to the sales board and see that the team with my help has hit target for the month, with one week to go. I go knock on Anders’ door, as he hangs up the phone shaking his head a little. I would not say he looks annoyed, but he looks far from pleased. I second guess the reason I had come in here, to see if he is happy to let the guys have an early finish, given they reached target, with a full week of sales to go.

“Hey, what’s up?” Anders asks.

“Erm, well, the team has hit the monthly target today, and well, we still have a full week of sales. I was going to ask if they could do a flyer and finish now?” I asked him..

Anders grunts, looking up at the clock, then blinks his eyes.

“sh!t, yes, I was going to let them go after lunch. Time just passed me by.” He shrugs.

I wonder what is bothering him, hoping it is not the fact that Josie has volunteered with myself and Joanne to clean Davey’s house, as he moved all his things out last night.

“Cool, I will go let them know.” It is a well-known fact in sales that once Friday afternoons come, nobody is available to talk to, they are pretty pointless, so having the early finish as a bonus for having a good week or hitting targets doesn’t, in theory, cost the company any real time.

I head out onto the sales floor, and give the team the good news, that let’s be honest, they have all been waiting for and hoping they could get out early.

They disappear like rats from a sinking ship, out the door in double-quick time. I smile, remembering that feeling very well, from when I worked at my old place. Stepping back into my office, Anders shouts through for me to go back into his office for a chat.

Guess I am about to find out what is bothering him. Taking a deep breath I walk back to his office, taking a seat.

“Are you going to Davey’s, or should I say Cal’s house straight after you are finished here?” he asks.

“Yeah, that’s the plan. Ben is going to meet me there.” I smile.

I plan on taking the bus, as the fire station is a short drive from the house, and it makes no sense for him to come all the way into the city to pick me up to drive all the way back.

“I will take you across, I was trying to hire a van to get your brother moved out of his current place tomorrow, but they are not hiring Saturday and Sunday

because they are fully booked because of the air show. So ... I have let Ben know I cannot get a van." He sighs.

"That's okay, as long as we get it cleaned and the grass cut, I'm sure we can move the furniture over in little bits after Ben has finished work on Saturday and Sunday night." I smile, wondering if that's what has annoyed him, but not sure why it would.

"Sure, if you like, I can spare a few hours helping as well. I know Josie will want to help, so you have two for the price of one." He laughs, quoting the recent sales pitch, £2000 for one issue with the second issue free.

"Hey, we only want, £1000 for those half-pages anyway, so we're not losing anything," I defend with a giggle.

Anders lets out a chuckle, nodding his head.

"Was that what was annoying you earlier?" I ask, maybe I shouldn't be so friendly with my CEO, but to be fair, we are more like a group of friends now.

"No," Anders curt reply, shaking his head.

I don't want to push him, but it is intriguing to say the least, so I wait to see if he will divulge any more information. After a couple of moments, I realise that's the only answer I'm going to get, so I quickly try to come up with a change of subject.

"Josie is doing a fire inspection at the moment, with just that young lad, Wayne or whatever his name is," Anders states, the look of annoyance flickers on his face once more.

Now I get what's bothering him, he's worried. Especially since the police found pictures of Josie in Linda's house, and now she's been released from police custody, he's naturally concerned.

"Hey, Wayne may seem a little young, but he has a good head on his shoulders. Plus, we've been going to our self-defence classes. Linda try's anything, she'll get more than she bargained for, trust me, Josie is no slouch," I try to reassure him.

Anders nods once, but I can see he'll not relax until Josie is back from the inspection and messaging him that she's okay.

"I'll be coming over with her tonight. Not that I'm any good at cleaning, I have staff for that sh!t. But I don't mind doing some of the garden." Anders sighs.

"Hey, you don't have to."

I appreciate the help and support, but seriously, Anders and manual labour are not cohabitators, despite his strong muscles.

"Na, I don't mind, Josie loves to help people, and I love to see her happy. Plus, your brother deserves a helping hand." He smiles.

"Cool, well I best get on the phone to the printers, and organise the cut off for the issue, else I'll not get out of here in time. " I smile, then head off back to my office.

Finally with the printer sorted, with the files of graphics being promised to them in ten days, I shut down my computer, before grabbing my bag, that contains leggings and an old t-shirt ready for me to clean and bleach. I hope Anders is ready to go.

"Hey, I am ready when you are." I smile at him as he nods his head, his fingers furiously typing, then shuts down his computer, with a sigh, before grabbing his suit jacket. I hope he has something to wear other than business dress to cut the long grass, but some how I doubt it.

We pull up outside the house, we're the first here, given Ben and Josie, Joanne and Wh!p-Me don't finish 'til six, but I have a key, as Davey had passed Ben a spare one yesterday when he made the offer to Cal.

Opening the door, it's not as bad as what I was made to believe, and I wonder if Kathline gave the place a quick dust around when Davey moved out last night. My phone buzzes to say I have a text, and I see it's from Cal.

Kathline has said she will watch the kids for a few hours if I want to work at the house. Do you think they'll be okay? They hardly know her. Xxx

I am sure they'll be fine, and she has your number, if they aren't then you can go pick them up. Xxx

I smile, my heart warming at just how good a father my younger brother is. It could've been so very different, and I am glad we had great parents when they were alive to show us by example. Despite his acting out stage when they first died, he's turned his life around, and I feel so proud of him.

I grab the key for the garden shed from the top of the kitchen countertop, he had kindly left the lawnmower and strimmer, as Kathline had them at her house anyway. He also left most of his furniture, which means Cal doesn't need to worry much about purchasing anything, other than two spare beds for the kids' rooms. Little does he know that I ordered a princess bed for Kirstie and a racing car bed for Dante, as a surprise for them.

I head out into the overgrown garden, Anders hot on my heels, as I pull out the lawnmower and strimmer.

"Joanne is bringing the cleaning stuff. So, I'll strim, if you don't mind mowing." I smile at Anders.

"Put me to work," he states, and I grin at him.

I begin to strim the top off the grass, to a length that'll be okay for mowing, then glance around, rolling my lips as I see Anders, in his full suit, trying to work out how to start the lawnmower.

"Push the orange button and hold the little lever under the handle," I instruct him, trying to keep the amusement from my tone.

The garden is pretty big, bigger than the one at our house, so the kids will have plenty of space to run around and play once it is cut down.

I'm lost in my work, when I feel two strong arms circle my body, the sparks that erupt on my skin let me know exactly who it is, and I cannot suppress the smile.

"I'll do that babe," Bens low voice whispers in my ear.

"You're here." I smile, my heart leaping with joy.

I often wonder if the intensity of our connection will waver, but so far, it has only increased with each passing day.

"Yes, now I'll take over doing this, it's a big job, I didn't expect you to do it," Ben all but admonishes me.

I giggle slightly, nodding my head and passing him the trimmer, before heading into the house, as Joanne arrives, damn she gets more glamorous every day, she really is growing in confidence. Not that she didn't appear to have it in truck loads, but this is different, like she is happy and proud to be herself. It's very good to see.

"Hey, did you go out and do the garden in that skirt?" Joanne asks.

I look down, then realise I have not changed into the leggings and old t-shirt, damn Anders and I must have looked ridiculous tackling the garden in full business dress, and I regret my inward laughter at him earlier.

"I forgot to get changed." I laugh as Josie looks out the French doors that lead to the garden shaking her head and giggling at Anders.

"Is it totally weird that I am perving the arsehole, whilst he does manual labour in a business suit?" she asks, but I gather it's a rhetorical question rather than one that requires an answer.

Although I'm enjoying a good old perv myself as I glance at Ben, his big muscles bulging as he moves the trimmer from side-to-side. My lady parts pulse at the sight of him, and if I'm totally honest I cannot wait to have the house back to ourselves.

Grabbing my bag, I quickly go to the bathroom, and get changed, before heading back down the stairs to be greeted with an array of cleaning products, sponges, mops, and buckets.

"There is quite a bit of limescale on the taps, so I have bags and white vinegar, we need to make little pouches and pop them over the bottom, then come back tomorrow and take them off," Joanne orders and both Lucy and I look at her, the question on both our lips.

"Vinegar?" Josie asks.

"Yes, best thing, and a lot cheaper than the overpriced limescale removers you can buy. Although the house will stink like a chip shop for a couple of days." Joanne laughs.

With a shrug of our shoulders, Josie and I set to work to cover the taps with the bags of white vinegar, then realise, that perhaps we should have left a hot and cold without the homemade limescale remover so we could fill the buckets of water.

Fixing our mistake, the three of us are soon busy washing paint work, cleaning windows, Hoovering the floors, as Cal comes in, looking around the house, a wide smile on his face, but then quickly checks his phone, clearly worried about the kids.

"Hey, they are fine with Kathline, she is a good sort." Josie reassures my brother with a smile.

"Okay, so what do you need me to do?" he asks, as if it's not going to be his home.

"Bleach the toilet and bath, it is a bit yellow around the bowl," Joanne states with a smile, handing him a bottle of bleach, as he nods his head and disappears upstairs.

Ben walks in, giving me a warm smile.

"Garden's cut down, needs a good weed, but it is safe for the kids now." He grins wrapping his arm around me.

"Damn mother, you are using vinegar to clean again. Now I want some fish and chips," he moans to Joanne, whilst he pulls me into his chest and steals a quick kiss.

"Hey, you always say that, and so it's all in hand." Joanne grins at her son, as the door opens and Whip-Me walks in, followed by Davey, Twinkle, Wayne and Headache, his arms laden with fish and chips for everyone, along with some bottles of villa pop.

"I got coke, but also, some dandelion and burdock, and sarsaparilla. You cannot have chips from the chippy without those," Whip-me shouts then walks over and plants a big kiss on Joanne's lips, as Anders looks over eyes wide, but says not a word.

Ben shakes his head, but smirks, then whispers to me.

"The team all know now, after Twinkle walked in on them snogging behind his desk."

"Oh," I reply giggling.

"Yes, they have taken the eyes out of me all afternoon. Calling me Daddy's favourite." Ben chuckles.

"You are my favourite." I grin at him.

"Humm, you want to call me daddy?" he groans slightly.

I bite my bottom lip, never had I thought of such a thing, but now he mentions it, the pulsing of my lady bits indicates I'm not averse to the idea.

"So, let's eat, then get this place ship shape and Bristol fashion before Cal moves in tomorrow," Whelp-me orders and Joanne grins with pride as she helps him sort out the food, and I'm plagued with very un-lady-like thoughts about calling Ben Daddy when the kids and Cal finally move into this house.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 84 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Ben's Point of View.

I have always thought of myself as a kind, sensitive lover and probably classed as being very vanilla in the bedroom.

For me, sex is always about emotion, rather than chasing pure lust. However, when I thought of Lucy calling me daddy, my dick went as hard as steel, my pulse beating wildly, and I felt like I was about to make a schoolboy error and come in my pants. I was that turned on.

My predicament was made harder, (pun intended) by the flush on Lucy's cheeks, and the dilation of her eyes, indicating she was definitely liking the idea. The thoughts have literally plagued me ever since, and I cannot believe I like this idea as much as I am.

I think I need a crash course on what all this shit means. Maybe I should read some of the mother's romance shit she reads, find out what the hell it is all about.

Cal and the kids are not moving out until probably Monday, when I am back off shift, so I have a few days of research to get through. If this is what Lucy wants, you can bet your last penny that is what I will give her.

Pulling into the station, I park the car, as it is Saturday, I do not need to drop Lucy off at work, plus the mother doesn't work weekends, so I do not have the embarrassment of my work mates catching her and wh!p-me as she still calls him, snogging in the office. Today should be an easy day. We are joining our colleagues from around the city at the air show. On standby should anything happen, along with the lifeguards, given most of the display is done in the skies over the edge of the North Sea.

The Sunderland International Air show is one of the highlights of what this city has to offer. The largest free air show in the country, it is always packed with people from all over the place, coming to see the many aircraft as they do death defying aerobatics in the skies above. Although we are on duty, it does give us a chance to engage with the wider community, and we will allow the kids to sit in the engine and talk to them about fire safety. However, if we get a shout, we have to get them out of the engine and away in double quick time, so we must have a plan, one that the boss will go through before we set off.

I walk in, and see Davey sitting in his usual sp0t, nose burried into the Sunderland Echo.

"Morning." I greeted him, and he returned his normal grunt in response.

Josie is pulling out some of the display equipment for the air show, and, as usual, nobody is helping her.

"Hey, let me help." I shout over to her, annoyed at my fellow co-workers.

"Thanks Ben. I am glad one of you have manners." She shouts, over in the direction of Headache and Twinkle, who are busy fighting over the fact Jam is called Jam not Jelly, as Wayne called it in his fake American accent.

"Sorry Josie, I am just helping Headache make the snack lunch whilst you are busy." Wayne defends himself.

"fvcking*g PACKED LUNCH not Snack Lunch.... Seriously!" Headache shouts.

“fvcking*g hell Headache, stop shouting, you will give yourself a fvcking*g headache, and the rest of us.” Davey growls out, shaking his head.

Twinkle walks into the station, although he is not late for his shift, he is later than normal. His eyes have dark circles around them, and his face looks seriously pissed off.

“You okay Twinkle?” Josie asks him with concern.

“Yeah. The ‘Mrs’ has her sister staying over, and well, let’s just say. I am persona non grata or however you say it, again. I swear, other than the ballroom dancing, I am sure she hates everything about me. I am not refined enough, or posh enough. My job is not good enough. Why do I not want to make something of my life? I had it on fvcking*g stereo from the pair of them all night.” He sighs, heading to the kitchen, and pouring himself a strong cup of coffee, clearly to wake himself up.

I refrain from making a comment, but I honestly do not know why he stays with that woman. He would be far better off on his own, but for all their fighting, I think he must still love her, else why would he put up with all her sh!t? The thought that Lucy and I ever end up like those two makes me feel sick to the stomach, but I know deep down we won’t. Lucy is the kindest, most loving, beautiful woman I have ever met. She supports me, as much as I support her, and has no false airs and graces, so I doubt she would turn into Mrs Twinkle.

“Is your new daddy in his office? I need to check if there is an update on when I can go part-time.” Twinkle asks me.

I feel the low growl in my c.hest, as I glare at him, and refuse to acknowledge his question.

I may have a new acceptance of the boss and my mother, especially seeing how he will do anything for her, but I am in no way wanting to call him fvcking*g Daddy.

Daddy.

sh!t.

Yep, that has my d!ck half chub again as my mind instantly returns to the thoughts of Lucy saying it to me. I wonder if there is something wrong with me, fantasising about this sh!t.

Turning my back on Twinkle and his crap, I take out the large recruitment pull-up, and place it beside the rest of the kit Josie had got out of the cupboard. I know we will not be taking most of this stuff, as we are still on duty, but no doubt Josie wants it all out just in case.

“Hey, do you know where the cookies are? There are none in the cupboard.” Twinkle asks with a frown.

“Biscuits, not cookies.” Headache hisses out, as Wayne flips the bird in his direction, obviously fed up with him critiquing his accent.

The boss walks into the common room, clearing his throat, just as the yellow watch all make their way off shift. Since some of their guys were in a road traffic accident and we rescued them, they have been rather quiet on the banter front.

“Okay, red watch, listen in.” he shouts, and everyone stops what they are doing, and turns towards him.

“Headache, I want you to do the oil checks on the engine this morning, as hopefully it will be sat on the side of the road most of the day. Secondly, we can take two items with us for fire safety public information, so make your choice Josie. Thirdly, although today and tomorrow are fun shifts at the beach watching the aeroplanes, please remember, even though we will be engaging with the public, and some of you have your families arriving with kids who will want to sit in the engine, we are still working. Two other stations are going to cover any city-wide shouts. We are to back up Marley Potts station, staying at the air show should anything happen. Joanne has printed out each of you an emergency number sheet, for the likes of lost children, and the main St Johns Ambulance co-ordinator, for first aid enquiries. The public will no doubt ask us for help with some of these issues but we cannot leave our post for. They are on the table, so each of you grab a sheet.” He begins.

“I will be joining you at the beach. However, we must have three members of the crew in the engine at all times. That means two of you create a queue and hand the kids to Headache as he shows them how to set the sirens off and pops a hat on them. One of you will be with me, talking about fire safety to the crowds where possible. We will do it in shifts, so you all get a chance to

interact with the public. Yes, Davey, before you ask, that includes you.” The boss states, with a glare at Davey, who is not known for wanting to play nice with ‘Joe public’, although since meeting Kathline and Andy, he has mellowed somewhat.

“Yes, our families will be there, and that is great, but remember, this is not a jolly outing, there is work to do.” The boss finished as we all nodded our heads in agreement.

“Ben, can I see you in my office?” The boss asks.

I nod my head, wondering what he wants, hoping it is not something to do with my mother, as I am kind of enjoying having a break from all the guys taking the piss out of me like yesterday, never more so after my strange reaction to the word Daddy now.

I walk into his office, and he indicates with his hand for me to take a seat. Normally we just stand, so now I am wondering what the hell this is about, but I sit down in the chair opposite his desk.

“I have your review to complete, indicating you are still okay with working.” The boss tells me with a small smile.

I let out a sigh. Yes, I know they would be checking on me, but it seems to have come round quicker than I would like.

“I have to ask, but how are you feeling since returning to work?” He asks me.

“Yeah, I am good” I answer his first question.

“What about your nightmares?” he asks.

“To be honest, they are a lot fewer than before, especially after meeting Lucy. Obviously, I had one after the Cooper Rose fire, but I think everyone would have one after that. Other than that, I am back to normal.” I told him. I will not lie and say I have not had any.

The boss nods his head in understanding, checking off his form.

“Is this review not a little early?” I ask him, now wondering if it is more for my mother’s sake than the brigades.

“Yes, and no, it is not for your mother, before you ask.” The boss chuckles.

I look at him, wondering why he had brought it forward. Is there something in my work that doesn't seem quite right to him?

"I am just doing this to get it over with. As you already know, Station Officer Morris is retiring. I have been asked to make my recommendations. You were the lead firefighter before your accident, and you did an outstanding job. Davey took over when you went on sick leave, and is also doing a great job. Therefore, I want to recommend you both for the promotion. I need this side of things sorted though, before I can put the paperwork in." He smiles at me.

I am slightly taken-a-back, promotion, I thought I would never achieve that after my mental health issues. I honestly hope he is not doing this as a way to impress my mother. I go to open my mouth when he holds his hand up, interrupting me before I start.

"Before you ask. No, this has nothing to do with my relationship with Joanne. You work hard, Ben, and you are bloody good at your job. I have seen nothing to cause me concern since your return, and you have earned this chance. Davey has turned out to be a good lead firefighter as well. I would not have recommended him, because of his people skills, or should I say lack of people skills. However, since he has met Kathline and Andy, he has improved a lot, and I am more confident that he will do a good job. Hence, why I am recommending both of you. Of course, you will have others to compete against from the different stations and watches but I have no qualms about recommending you and Davey." He tells me.

I simply nod in response. For all the Marley Potts station is closer to home, I would miss this place and my team if I got the job. However, there is something I want to know.

"Will this affect Cal's part-time application?"

"Not at all. Twinkle is still pushing for part-time hours, so it is of no consequence. If either you or Davey are successful, I will have to bring on a full-time firefighter along with Cal, but other than that, it doesn't affect anything." He smiles.

"What about Josie?" I ask, hell she is bloody good at her job, and deserves to be a lead firefighter at least.

"Yes, if one of you goes, the other will remain as lead. However, I am going to have her shadow you both at the moment, because she deserves a chance to

work her way up the ranks as well. But first things first, I need to get this report up to HQ, and let Davey know he is being recommended as well. So, if you can send him in for me please?" The boss states, effectively ending the conversation, leaving me in a little bit of shock.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 85 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View

Cal is busy getting the kids both ready so we can head out and go down to the air show. Thankfully, because we now live near the beach, there is no trying to park the car, or standing in massive queues for the buses that are packed beyond capacity transporting everyone down to Seaburn beach to see the aeroplanes in action, and visit the vast number of stalls selling goods, or the two show-grounds to see the military set ups for the day.

After all the baking heat, the weather has turned a little more bearable after the storm, but it is still warm at 21-degrees Celsius and the cloud cover is light, so the visibility will be great.

"Come on Lucy, the Red Arrows are opening the show," Cal shouts, almost as excited as the kids.

I pull on a light cardigan, then double check that my trainers are tied up properly. There is no way I am wearing normal shoes. After all, you walk for miles during this weekend. Grabbing my purse, I make my way down the stairs to find the kids waiting. Daunte is in his pushchair, with Kirstie holding the side, and with a toddler's leash on her arm, the other side firmly over Cal's hand, both of them wearing a pair of ear defenders.

"We need to find the police officers to get the child identification bracelets just in case they get lost," Cal tells me. It is clear he is taking no chances at losing either of his little ones to the hordes of people that have already descended on the promenade.

Locking the door behind me, we headed down the short walk to where all the fun would begin. The sound of the MC talking over the tannoids echoes along the beach, we make our way towards the white lighthouse, which is the centre of the aircraft's display, when the MC announces "Red 10", the personal PR person for the RAF's red arrows.

'Red 10' introduces himself, then informs us to look to our right, and sure enough in the distance, lights appear, quickly turning into the silhouette of nine bright red hawks, red, white, and blue smoke coming from the back of each plane. The Hawks fly in close formation, in a diamond shape, in front of the crowd, as they all cheer and clap. As they pass by to the left, they go higher into the sky, all turning with precision at the top and twisting back around heading right again. Kirsty claps her hands with glee, whilst Dante attempts to remove his ear defenders, clearly not happy having to wear them.

They do a few more flybys in different formations, before they split into two groups, Enid and Gypo.

The whole crowd watches, enraptured, as one aircraft flies straight past, another doing a barrel roll around it, taking everyone's breath away. Soon they are performing 'Valentines', as two aircraft switch their smoke to red, flying and creating a perfect heart in the sky. Kirstie jumps with glee, as Cal lifts her onto his shoulders and I hold onto Dante in his pushchair.

Soon we are all holding our breaths as two planes hurtled towards each other at speed, looking like they were heading for a crash before each breaking at the last second and passing each other with what looked like inches to spare, then doing a large loop to repeat the action higher in the sky. The crowds all erupt with applause when the heart-stopping aerobatic display comes to an end.

"We need to find some coppers before the next display," Cal states, still concerned about the safety of his children.

"Yeah, then we can go see Ben, he is beside the showground." I smile.

As we walk, we find the police officers, who chat with the kids, issuing yellow paper bands that contain their details and our phone numbers before we wrap them around their wrists and stick the ends firmly together, securing them in place.

"Every pilot who is part of the RAF starts to fly in one of these. If you join your local air cadet squadron, you can also learn to fly one," the MC announced.

"Here is the training aircraft, the Grob Tutor," he continues, and a white, single, jet plane flies across the sky.

Cal stops to watch and lifts Kirsty onto his shoulders once more. As the plane loops the loop and performs barrel rolls, I see a mother standing with her teenage son. He is no more than 16 or 17 at the oldest, dressed in the RAF uniform of the Air Cadets.

“Yes, I have done that, and that Mam,” he states, then talks her through how you fly the manoeuvre.

I smile as the woman’s face pales, as she hisses out.

“sh!t, really.”

“Yeah.” He chuckles at her.

A girl approaches dressed in the same blue uniform.

“Corporal, the Warrant Officer is looking for you. I am on my break now,” she tells him.

He nods his head and disappears.

The woman looks at the girl.

“Your brother has been telling me that he has flown these manoeuvres, have you?” she asks in an accusatory tone.

“Of course, I have, I tell you what, the positive G hurts like a b***h,” the younger girl of about 15 laughs.

“I don’t think I like you both going flying anymore.” The woman huffs slightly, but you can see she is still proud of her kids.

With the Grob tutor finished with its display, we head off up the side road, and I see Ben standing outside his engine, lifting kids into it, the sirens going off every few moments.

“Hey,” he greets me with a smile, then leans over, placing a soft k!ss on my !!ps, before taking Kirstie off Cal’s shoulders and lifting her into the engine to sit on Headache’s knee as she blasts the horns.

“Are you having fun?” he asks.

“Yes, it is great.” I grinned at him.

Josie pops her head out of the window.

“Hey Lucy, Anders has messaged, he has tried to ring you, but obviously you didn’t hear his call. He pulled a few strings and managed to get us a van, but only for a couple of hours at two. Can Cal go meet him at the top of Dykelands Road before the road closures and head to his old house to get some of the big stuff moved?” she asks with a smile.

I look over at Cal, who nods his head with a wide smile in appreciation.

“I will keep the kids down here.” I smile at him, then look over at Ben who is helping another little boy into the engine before he turns his attention back to me.

“It is going to be a huge help; it means we only have to get the smaller stuff in my car.” Ben grins.

“Oh, Joanne said she would make us all some tea, once we have finished the shift, so we can get straight on with the move,” Wh!p-me shouts.

“Tea with Mammy and Daddy,” Twinkle shouts out the other open window in the Engine.

Ben shakes his head, as I giggle, then place a kiss on his cheek. Then leaning in, I whisper to him,

“Maybe by tomorrow night I will get my daddy back.” Giggling.

Ben stiffens, and lets out a low growl, as if he is in pain, then flashes me a look with his beautiful grey eyes that are almost black with desire.

Yeah, I thought so, he likes the thought of me calling him daddy.

Well, once Cal and the kids are moved out, he can live out any fantasy he wants with me. I am all in, because as much as I have loved having my brother, niece, and nephew staying with us, I am desperate to have some private time with Ben.

Who would have thought either of us had a daddy fetish? Not me, that is for sure.

2PM comes round quickly, and we wave goodbye to Cal. I leave Ben to his work and make my way around the different displays with the kids, stopping to watch the various air displays take place, my personal favourite, the Battle of Britain flight, a Lancaster bomber flanked by a Hurricane and the world-famous Spitfire. All of them flew in the Battle of Britain in World War 2.

After taking the kids onto the showground, they wear camouflage hats, get sat on tanks by the soldiers, play with the weapons, climb in different helicopters, and pretend to fly a 'Red Arrow'. They have now eaten enough candyfloss and sugar-dummies to make even the sweetest tooth feel sick. I decided it was time to walk up towards Joanne's.

As we pass the fire engine, Ben hangs his head out of the window, as Josie sticks a sticker on a kid, with a large bright smile.

"Hey, I am getting these up to your mam's," I tell him.

"Yeah, we will be finished and heading back to the station in about half-an-hour, so we should be there by half-six at the latest. Tell her to feed you and the kids first, we will have ours when we get there," Ben shouts out, waving at the kids in the queue.

Wayne walks over to the pushchair and smiles down at Dante.

"Hey little guy, are you enjoying being in your stroller?" he asks.

Headache approaches, rolling his eyes.

"He means pushchair Dante," he states, then looks at me.

"You don't have any painkillers, do you? My head is killing me after setting off the sirens all day," he states.

"Sorry, no, not on me." I smiled, suppressing a giggle as it was the turn of Wayne to roll his eyes.

"Just say NO, Headache," Davey shouts, repeating the famous government advert aimed at young people to discourage them from taking drugs.

We all chuckle as I wave goodbye to everyone, grateful for the help they have all given my brother, and how they have welcomed both of us into their crazy gang, and walk up the street, towards Joanne's house.

As I walk into the house, the kids slowly walk to the sofa, both of them curling up, obviously tired from the day. I put Netflix on, playing 'Grizzly and the Lemmings', which is the new favourite for both of them, then headed into the kitchen.

"Hey, do you want some help?" I shouted to Joanne.

"No, I am all sorted. I just baked some pasties and will make chips with them when everyone arrives. I have boiled some potatoes and vegetables for the little ones. How was your day?" she asks with a smile.

"Great, kids loved it. Anders has got a van for a couple of hours, Cal is with him moving the big furniture that he is taking to the new house, so it just leaves the smaller stuff for Ben and Wh!p-Me later." I smile.

"Oh good. I know you love the kids, but I bet you are eager to have some naughty time with Ben." Joanne laughs.

She is not wrong, but I am not going to admit that fact to Ben's mother, but all too soon she spots my blushes and laughs again.

"So, how are your bits after the hair removal cream accident?" I asked her. After all, two can play that game.

"Oh, almost healed. I will be all good to go when he is off-shift on Monday, and let's just say I am as eager as you will be right now." She laughs.

"Erm, good to know." I smiled, blushing further, I should have known not to try and embarrass the woman who has no filter and the phrase 'too much information' does not compute in her mind.

"I bought the kids some PJs and some clothes, and I have set up the spare room. If Cal is okay with it, I will be happy to have them tonight, so that you guys can crack-on with the move. You can then crack-on with Ben." She winks.

I cannot help but laugh at her, she is totally mad.

"I don't have an issue with that, but best ask Cal when he arrives." I shake my head still laughing.

“Good, now let’s get these two fed; do you want me to make your chips now, or would you like to wait till the rest arrive?” Joanne asks with a smile.

“I will wait, save you doing extra work, and thank you Joanne, for everything.” I smile at her.

The kids eat some of their tea, but they are still full of all the stuff they shouldn’t really eat, but given it is a day out, I let them have and are settled back down when the doors open and the whole of Ben’s team walk in, along with Kathline and Andy.

Joanne is quick to ask Cal about letting the kids stay over, and he agrees, asking Davey if it is okay to paint out the rooms for the kids, making them more child friendly. Which he agrees.

“I will stay at the new house tonight, so I can get the painting done first thing, if you don’t mind having them tomorrow, sis?” Cal asks.

“Don’t mind at all.” I smile at him as Ben walked up behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist, he whispers huskily in my ear.

“Guess you and Daddy are going to be alone tonight.”

My breath hitches, as I feel my arousal begin to pool out of me. Hot damn, I cannot wait to get home tonight!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 86 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Ben’s Point of View

It is amazing what teamwork can achieve; Cal is literally moved into his new home. All he needs is the kids. The house is sparkling clean, the smell of paint fills the air. Stretching out my muscles from the heavy lifting, I climb the stairs and head into one of the bedrooms, which, given it is halfway pink now, I presume will be Kirstie’s room.

I stand watching from the doorway, as Lucy is painting, her tight leggings covered in splatters of white and pink paint, the white t-shirt not faring much better, rides up as she reaches high with the roller, giving me a perfect view of her peachy bum. It is then I notice she has more paint on her than I think is on the walls, clumps on her arms, streaks in her hair, and her hands are bright

pink. Not sure how she has managed that, but it is as cute as hell. Feeling me staring, she turns around and flashes me the brightest smile I have ever seen. A pink streak of paint is on her forehead, with little white dots all over her face. I cannot help but chuckle, even in this state, she is the most beautiful woman on this earth, and nobody can tell me differently.

“Hey, it is gone half-nine, we need to get going.” I smile at her.

Since the mother agreed for the kids to stay with her, and Cal is staying here for the night, I have been more than a little excited about getting my girl home, and alone.

“Okay, I will just finish off this last little bit, I will be two minutes.” Lucy grins at me.

She bends over to the paint tray, and it is now very clear why she is covered in paint, as she doesn’t roll the paint roller and get a smooth coating. No, she slaps it into the paint, pushing it down, covering the roller, then, without even attempting to remove the excess, she picks it up, the paint dripping down her arm and plops it on the wall, she rolls like hell to stop the drips running down the wall. Seriously, the kids could not have made as much of a mess. Again, I shake my head, chuckling. As cute as she is doing this, there is not a cat in hell’s chance she is getting into my car like this, not without some serious coverage on the seats and floor.

“I will see you downstairs.” I grin at her.

I grabbed a few bin bags, then headed to the car, completely covering the passenger seats and floor where she would sit, before heading back inside to see Lucy washing her hands in the kitchen sink.

“This paint gets everywhere,” Lucy complains as she scrubs her hand, and I have to wonder if she has bothered to see her face and body, because they are just as bad.

“Yeah, I guess it does.” I nod at her in agreement. Hell, I am not going to call her out for her mess, firstly, because she looks so happy. Secondly, because she may get offended, and I really want some se.xy time with her tonight.

“fvcking*g hell Sis, you are covered.” Cal laughs as he comes into the kitchen, only a few splashes of blue paint on his hands.

“Shut up, you know I always make a mess painting.” Lucy shrugs.

“Did you just throw the paint against the wall and hope for the best?” Cal teases, as Lucy pouts slightly.

“Nope, I painted it, and I made sure everything was covered before I started,” Lucy defends herself.

“It looks great up there Lucy.” I smile, defending my girl.

“Thank you.” Her face lit up at the compliment.

“Suck a.ss.” Cal coughs, laughing.

“Anyway, we are going to head home now, Cal. I will come over tomorrow with the kids, after I pick them up from Joanne’s.” Lucy smiles at her brother.

“Thanks Sis, for everything, you are amazing, even if you do paint walls like a three-year-old.” Cal chuckles.

“Oi, I could get offended. However, ... I know it’s true.” Lucy giggles, and reaches out to give her brother a h.ug, which he expertly avoids, making her laugh.

“Come on Lucy, let’s get home.” I smile, and she turns nodding at me, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Finally, we pull up outside our home. It has been a long night, but first-things-first, I really do not want splashes of paint all over my carpets or walls, so I guess I am going to have to strip her bare before we enter.

“Let’s go in through the garage, you have a little paint on you.” I smile.

Lucy looks down at herself then giggles. “I would say more than a little.” She giggles.

I chuckle and shake my head at her, then open the garage door, as Lucy follows me, closing it behind her. Reaching out to her, I lift up the paint sodden t-shirt, pulling it over her head, throwing it to one side.

The sight of her ample breasts in the white lacy bra, her nipples all hard and pointing at me, makes me groan out, even in this state she is so damned sexy. My fingers find the waist of her leggings and slowly pull them down her long shapely legs, as she bites her bottom lip watching me. As she steps out of them, I begin trailing kisses up her legs, unable to contain myself or wait a second longer.

Lucy lets out a soft moan, as her fingers run through my hair.

"Oh Daddy," she whispers, almost unsure of herself.

My engorged length twitches, and I groan against the softness of her skin, my fingers finding the hem of her thong, and move it down. Ridding her of her knickers, my mouth greedily seeks out her beautiful glistening and soaking wet pussy, as she spreads her legs wider for me, giving me access. I take one long lick front to back as Lucy moans, her hands now fisting my hair and pulling slightly. Her knees buckle slightly as she begins to slowly gyrate her hips, rubbing herself all over my face. My hands reach up and grab her waist, holding her in place, as my tongue explores her crevices, the taste of her sweet nectar driving me crazy. Lucy shudders, slightly, her moans growing louder by the second.

"Yes, Daddy right there," she whimpers.

Her words make my control snap, and I push her towards the brick wall, as my mouth latches onto her swollen clitoris, sucking it as she whimpers and moans out.

"fuck you are so wet," I growl at her, as I move my hand down to her soaked pussy, and insert a finger, pumping in and out as I continue to suck and massage her clitoris with my tongue.

"Oh God," Lucy cries out, as her body involuntarily thrusts against me.

"I am coming ... oh DADDY!" she shouts just as I feel her walls clench against my fingers, her juices flowing coating my fingers, running down my hand.

Not giving her any time to recover, I stand up, removing her bra, and latch on to her hard nipple, as I pull down the zip of my trousers, pushing them down so they pool at my knees before letting her nipple go with a soft bite, lifting my head up, my lips find hers as I give her a punishing kiss.

Lining myself up with her, I push my hard c0ck inside, as she lets out another m0an, her leg hooking around my wa!st, giving me more access. The softness of her walls clenches my rock-hard c0ck, as I slip into her, letting out a low gr0an. This is what heaven feels like, because this is better than any other earthly experience. My hands move round cupping the cheeks of her backside, as I lift her up slightly, her other leg hooks around my wa!st.

“Harder Daddy,” Lucy begs, her l!ps parted, her eyes hooded.

I thrust hard inside her, as she shivers, then pull out slowly, leaving just the tip in, before giving her another hard thrust.

“Oh God Yes, Harder,” Lucy m0ans out, pleading with me.

Who am I to not give my perfect girl what she wants? I thrust hard and fast, hitting the neck of her c.ervix as she whimpers and m0ans, begging for more.

I feel her walls grip me once more, as her body again begins to convulse as she reaches her high. She looks so beautiful when she comes undone, her cheeks flushed, her l!ps parted as silent screams come from her mouth.

My balls clench, and I cannot hold back anymore. With three more deep hard thrusts, I empty myself inside her, giving her everything I have. Both breathless, we slump against the wall of the garage.

“Wow,” Lucy breathlessly whispers.

“Yeah, wow,” I pant out.

We stay like that until my c0ck goes flaccid and slips out of her. Placing Lucy back onto the floor, I smile at her, as she giggles slightly, blushing.

“Guess we could not make it into the house.” She grins at me.

“Nope, I guess not. Now, not to be practical, but you are covered in paint, and need a shower, so let’s go.” I grin at her, lifting her into my arms again, her legs automatically wrapping around my wa!st as I step out of my trousers and carry Lucy into the kitchen, then make my way upstairs, into the bathroom, managing to turn the shower on while still holding her against me.

Lucy pulls the hem of my top up and I reluctantly put her down, whilst I remove it, but soon lift her up again and walk us both into the shower.

"Now, who was a messy girl?" I ask, wondering how far I want to push this daddy thing before it gets too much for us both.

"Me, Daddy." Lucy grins.

"Then let's get you all clean." I groan, my cock already hard again and we do a full repeat of what happened in the garage.

I have one single thought in my head, that I am the luckiest bastard in the world.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 87 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Josie's Point of view.

I cannot confirm nor deny that I absolutely love my days off!

The last four days have been manic. What with work and helping Lucy's brother move house, but today I get to have a long lay-in, then head out to visit my nana and grandad, before going to Anders' work to meet him for his swimming lesson.

He had wanted me to go to his again last night, but I opted to come home. As much as I love spending time with him, we have become a little intense and at a rapid pace, so I just wanted some alone time, to catch my breath. I also need to start doing some of my household chores before my little home becomes as dirty and messy as Davey's was.

I don't think Anders was overly pleased with my decision, but he was a good little boyfriend and didn't push the issue. I am surprised he did not argue, and I cannot help but wonder if he also needed a night's break.

Now, given I wanted this night and half-day away from him, I cannot help but feel a little putout he did not argue with me, and wonder if he also wanted a break, and if he did, why it bothers me so much.

Yes, I know, I am being ridiculous, but I cannot seem to help it.

Stretching again, loving the fact I can starfish in my bed, I glance at the clock to see it is just past 9am. I am going to go to my Nana's for lunch, so I decide it is best to get up now and sort out the house.

Still in my PJs I dust, vacuum, clean paintwork, then grab some white vinegar to put on my taps like Joanne had shown me, given they have some stubborn limescale on that I cannot get off, then fill up the washing machine and set it going. After making a nice coffee, I sit down in my freshly cleaned home, curling up on the sofa and drink the hot liquid, letting out a contented sigh.

After finishing my morning coffee, I head into the bathroom, filling the tub, adding some lavender bubbles, determined to relax and enjoy my morning.

One thing though is bothering me. Anders has not messaged me good morning. Now I know I could pick up the phone and text, but hey, I am not going to do that. I do not chase after men. Am I being petty and childish? Probably, but I am who I am, and I refuse to text first.

As I sink into the tub, I let out another sigh of relief, this is heaven. However, I cannot still my thoughts, as they wander to Anders. I wonder if he is busy, or possibly rethinking our relationship, after being so busy helping everyone around us for the last few days. Maybe he is in some sort of mood because I wanted a night to myself. Well, if that is the case, he can get over it. I lay my head back, determined not to give him another thought, he will text when he texts, and I will see him after lunch anyway to take him swimming.

My phone pings on the side of the bath, and I grab it instantly, but feel a wave of disappointment that the message is from my Nana and not my silent boyfriend.

‘Hi pet, I got some of that posh salad stuff you like for lunch. Do I cook rocket leaves, or are they like normal lettuce? Xxx’

I smile, shaking my head slightly, I love this woman.

‘Hi nana, just wash them and serve as you would normally. You didn’t have to buy it for me, I love all your food. Xxx’

‘Your granddad said I had to. Xxx’

That makes me laugh, whenever she wants to do something for me, and I say it is okay, she always tells me it’s my grandfather’s idea, so I go along with it. I cannot confirm or deny I am a granddad’s girl.

‘Thank you, Nana LY xxx’

‘What’s LY? X’

I shake my head with a smile on my face, she really does brighten up my day.

‘It means, I love you. X’

‘Oh, that’s nice pet. Love you more. Xx’

I chuckle, yeah, she doesn’t quite understand text-speak and thinks an aubergine emoji, or egg plant as Wayne calls it with his Americanism’s, is just an aubergine, I don’t have the heart to tell her it is text code for a p***s.

I wash down my body, then turn the shower on to rinse myself off, before grabbing a towel from the rail and wrapping it around myself, heading into my bedroom to get ready for the day.

Grabbing a pair of ripped-at-the-knees jeans, and a black tank top, with a wrap cardigan to go with it, I pull on my black sandals, before grabbing my swimming kit, I cannot deny I have deliberately chosen the bright red number, just in case Anders is having second thoughts about us. Yeah, showing him what he will miss out on, before he walks away.

sh!t, I really need to get a grip, he is probably just busy at work! Why the hell am I being so needy when I was the one who wanted a few hours of alone time?

Gathering my stuff, I walk out to the car, and make the short drive to my grandparents’ home.

I walk through the door, and I am greeted with a big smile from my Nana, as my Granddad staggers towards me, his own smile bright on his face.

“Hello, ooh you are all modern with your jeans,” Nana stated, giving me a look that tells me she doesn’t 100% like them but is too polite to say so.

“In our day, when our clothes got like that, it meant it was time to buy a new pair.” Grandad laughs at his own joke.

I giggle at the pair of them, not at all offended.

“The weather is decent again today, so your grandad wanted a BBQ,” Nana tells me, which is code for she wanted a BBQ and told my grandad to put it on.

“Great, I have to leave at around three though,” I tell them both, then pick up my phone, and resist the urge to launch it over the room, as there is still no text from Anders.

My mood completely soured, I head outside, and sit chatting about nothing in particular with my Nana, as she informs me about all the family gossip. Mind, if you said she likes to gossip, she would go in a huff and tell you that she doesn’t do that at all.

Grandad notices I am quieter than normal and comes to sit next to me, bringing a burger and some sausage with him, placing one on my plate. I take a spoon full of the rocket and tomato salad that is sat in the bowl, adding it to the plate.

“You are quiet pet, are you okay?” he quietly asks.

I nod my head.

“Yeah, fine, just a bit tired, first day off-shift, and it has been a busy week,” I reassure him, feeling guilty that I am concerning my grandad by being in a mood over the lack of texts from Anders.

“Eee, have they found that arsonist yet?” my nana asks.

I shake my head and let out a sigh, I hate that this will be worrying the pair of them.

“Not yet nana, but there have been no more incidents for over 10 days now, so hopefully whoever it is has given up.” I smile, trying to put her mind at ease.

“Let’s hope so.” Nana sighs out, as grandad looks at me.

“Just be bloody careful though Josie,” he tells me sternly.

“I always am, don’t worry.” I smile again, hoping they don’t get themselves too anxious about my job or this arsonist.

We sit and chat for another hour, when I decided enough is enough, I am going to turn up at Anders' work early.

Yes, I am being needy, but I am royally pissed off now at the lack of communication.

Heading into the car, I plug my phone in, then select my driving play list, before reversing off the drive, and making my way up the lane towards the roundabout where I can turn around and head back towards the city centre.

As I am driving along, singing Adelle's 'Hello' at the top of my lungs, which, let's face it, is not the best song to sing when you are wondering why your supposed boyfriend is ignoring your very existence, when the phone rings and Lucy's number pops up.

"Hey," I greet her, wondering why she is ringing me.

"Hi Josie. Anders asked me to ring you, something has come up, he cannot go swimming, he said he will contact you later once it is sorted. I just wanted to let you know before you set off," Lucy states.

Now I am really worried, why could he not have just text me that himself, and I am getting more and more angry about this whole stupid situation.

"Okay, but why did he not message me that himself?" I ask unable to keep my frustration from my voice.

"I am really not sure, when I got in this morning, there was someone in reception for him, and he has been locked in his office all day. He sent an email to ask me to let you know, didn't even text or ring me. I looked into his office earlier, and he looked in a hell-mood." Lucy sighs out.

"Oh, okay. I am in the car, do you think Cal would want a hand at his house this afternoon, I have nothing else to do?" I ask, not wanting to sit in my house stressing about what the hell is going on.

"Yeah, he would love that, Ben is there with him, and the Boss, building a wooden playhouse Wh!p-Me bought for the kids." Lucy tells me, and I know she is delighted that the Boss has done this for her brother's kids.

"Wow, that was nice of the Boss, he must really like Joanne." I giggle, pleased someone's love life is going well, whilst I am panicking about my own.

“Yeah, he does, even Ben approves now.” Lucy laughs.

“Okay, well I will head over and give them a hand. See you later. Oh, and tell that fvcking*g arsehole to call me when he is free.” I add on to the end.

“Will do, bye.” Lucy laughs before hanging up the phone.

I spin the car around when I get to the next side-street, and set off to Cal’s house, desperate to be busy with something and get control of my stupid thoughts about Anders.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 88 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Anders Point of View.

Anger pulses through my veins, the past 24-hours have been a total nightmare. Whilst helping out at Cal’s house yesterday, I get a phone call, from a number I do not recognise. Answering, in case it is business was my first mistake. Billy, my fvcking*g younger brother, is in the sh!t!

My Elder brother has a ‘business’ of his own, one that includes the distribution of none prescription drugs to the locals in his area, the other lending money to those who cannot afford to pay for their purchases from him, or need cash for any other reason and cannot get it by legitimate means, where he charges extortionate rates of interest, and should they not pay, he will send some i***t goons to go hara.ss them.

My younger brother was involved in the family ‘Business’ and had often sampled the ‘product’. He had been caught dealing, was prosecuted, found guilty of supplying illegal substances, and sentenced to 5 years, and got out of jail 6 weeks ago. However, going to prison does not make an addict clean, if anything, they get worse.

Now his problem is, he was stealing from my eldest brother and my father, who have charged him for the product, plus the interest. He is now broken on the bottom, his supply cut off, and facing more than a few beatings as he cannot pay his family back.

Yeah, I call them his family, because I do not class anyone who I share DNA with, as family.

Desperate and rattling, he called me last night with his tale of 'Woe is me'. I really have no sympathy, however when Josie said she wanted to stay at hers last night, I did not argue, because I doubt I would have been good company to be around right now anyway.

My second mistake was I didn't text Josie when I woke up this morning, because I wanted her to have a nice lay in. I did not want to wake her.

Yeah, I am regretting that now, because I have not spoken or been in communication with her all day, and I am not going to any time soon.

I arrive at work this morning, to find my youngest brother rattling in the reception, and the fvcker has been here all day, whilst I try and get him into a rehab facility.

Should I just kick him out? Probably, and pre-Josie I would have without a second thought, but my beautiful feisty firefighter, and her compassion and want to help people, has kind of rubbed off on me. Plus, he is saying that he is determined he wants to get clean, and to put him back onto the street would be akin to signing his death warrant.

On top of that, his brother and father have followed him here, and are camped outside my office, so I had to get Lucy to cancel Josie, because there is no way on earth I want them to know anything about her.

I will never ring her and disclose that I have someone important in my life in front of any of them. My brother may need my help, but I do not trust him as far as I can throw him. I will face their backlash, but I do not want her anyway near this sh!t show. I don't even trust him, to leave him in my office and go to the bathroom, and ring her from there.

I have spent hours ringing different places where he could go, trying to find a place that can take him ... tonight, tomorrow at the very latest.

I need a good face-to-face conversation with Josie; however, I cannot go near her home whilst daddy dearest and the bastard brother are hanging around. They could, and probably would follow. I will not lead them to her door. At the moment she is safe, and for me, that is enough for now.

Longer term, I want a conversation with her, possibly to ask her to move in with me, but if she is still at the stage of needing a small break from always being together when not at work, now may not be the time.

However, if these guys find out about her, or where she lives, the decision may be out of her hands. I have to worry about her at work, but I refuse to worry about her at home. Mine is safer, with a full state-of-the-art alarm system, high walls, CCTV and electronic gates. That is just the facts, but I know my feisty girl and she will fight me every step of the way, which will be annoying, but very satisfying when we make up after arguing for hours.

“Billy, I know you are in pain, but please try and keep your fvcking*g m0aning and gr0aning down, this is a place of work,” I snap at my brother.

I know that sounds heartless, but honestly, me pulling so many strings, I could play in an orc.hestra, is more help than I would normally give, so forgive me for not wanting him disturbing my staff any more than he has already.

I pick up the phone and call another rehab centre, this one is down south, like way down south a 10-hour-plus drive away in Cornwall, but I am getting desperate now.

As the phone rings, my leg bounces up and down, I mean the logistics of this are going to be a nightmare to sort, but if they have space, I will make it work, even if I have to drive all fvcking*g night. After all, I doubt those idiots waiting outside can keep up with my Porsche if it comes to a race.

Finally, someone picks up on the fifth ring.

“Hello, this is Sandy,” the woman at the end of the phone says, sounding fed up with their lives. I know the fvcking*g feeling!

“Hello, I am calling on behalf of my brother, who is addicted to heroin, cocaine, and is a frequent user of m*****a. He has come for my help, stating he wants to get clean. I would like to get him into rehab ASAP. I was hoping you might have a space for him,” I say, getting straight to the point.

“I am sorry, we are full,” Sandy states, and I sigh.

“Okay, thank you.” I gr0an out.

I am just about to put the phone down, when she begins to speak again.

"We are all so busy, however, there is a new rehab centre that has opened up about 20-miles away from us, they may have a place, but I have to warn you, it is a private facility, and the cost is a lot higher than ours, as they have no charity backing yet," Sandy tells me.

"Money is not a problem; do you happen to have their number?" I say, this is the first bit of good news I have had all day.

I'm not suspicious at all, but you can bet your last penny I am crossing my fingers, toes, touching all the wood in the world, whilst actually praying to the heavens above I can get him into this place.

"Yes, I do, they are good people." Sandy gives me the number, along with their website address, and at this point I don't care what their credentials are, I just need to get Billy into rehab and out of Sunderland.

Before logging onto the website, I ring the number, then upload the site on my computer, taking a quick look at what they have, and the rates.

Yeah, this is not going to be cheap, but I have no concerns about affording it, obviously, but I cannot help but worry I'm throwing good money away, if he comes out and starts using again. Taking a breath, I wait for them to answer.

"Hi, this is Carson, how can I help you?" the man sates.

I repeat my problem to Carson, holding my breath.

"Yes, I have two spaces available, and we can take him as soon as you get here," Carson states.

I could k!ss the fvcking*g ground this man walks on right now.

"I live in the northeast of England, so it will be around 10 to 12 hours before I can get him to you," I tell him, as Billy doubles over, gr0aning and almost screaming.

"Okay, how long since his last fix?" Carson asks, hearing him over the phone.

"Billy, how long since you used?" I ask him as he is practically foaming at the mouth.

"Two days," he gr0ans out in serious pain.

“Okay, he is in serious withdrawal, try and get him to eat, it will help a tiny bit, it’s going to be a hard journey for him,” Carson states sounding sympathetic.

“Okay, do I need to take him to see a doctor or something?” I ask.

“If he has been prescribed methadone, then yes, else it will take longer to get him a prescription than it will to get him here,” Carson answers.

“Okay, well book him in, I will pay for the 12-week program, then we can go from there. I will get him to you as soon as I can,” I state, wanting to get off the phone and onto the road.

I put the phone down when Lucy waves through the window, the staff have all gone for the night. I motion for her to wait, then turn to Billy.

“Do not fvcking*g move,” I tell him, walking out of my office, closing the door behind me, but standing so I can still see him through the glass in the door.

“Lucy, I need to speak with Josie, but cannot whilst he’s around. I’ll be out of the office tomorrow, and Wednesday but tell her I’ll call her as soon as I can. Also tell her I hate her for me please.” I add with a wry smile.

Lucy laughs, then looks at me earnestly.

“Anders is everything okay?”

“Nope, it is a sh!t show, but I have no time to explain. I hate to ask, but can you and Ben come up with a reason for Josie to stay at yours tonight? Just till I get back tomorrow. Tell her not to ring, but I’ll call her when I can and explain,” I ask, hoping they don’t mind looking after her whilst I’m gone. Call me paranoid but the thought of her alone at home, even if my father and brother don’t know she is my girlfriend, and the most important person in my life. I really do not want to take a risk with her safety. For all they’re the ‘Big’ men, they’re just bullies, and seeing the size of Ben will make them think twice if they do know of her existence.

“Of course, she can stay with us, Anders, are you going to be okay?” Lucy asks.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine, just look after Josie for me, and leave this place with others if you can, not on your own,” I tell her, not that I think they’ll follow her, but you never know.

“sh!t, okay, some of the girls from the offices on the bottom floor finish around now, I’ll head down and walk out with them.” Lucy sighs, then grabs her bag, rushing out the door.

I walk back into the office, to see Billy sweating buckets and still gr0aning like a fvcking*g animal.

“Right, we need to go,” I tell him.

I pull Billy to his feet, and help him get to the elevator, for all my family are idiots, they’re still not stupid enough to approach or do anything outside the building, as it is covered in CCTV cameras. My only concerns are them following me, or my staff. I let out a sigh of relief when I see them both sat in their clapped-out car in the car park. At least they didn’t follow Lucy.

Bundling Billy into the car, I pull his seatbelt on, then go round to my side, turning on the engine, I set off. Flipping the fvckers the bird as I pass their car. Probably not my smartest mood, but it gives me a degree of satisfaction.

As predicted, they follow me round the city centre, as I head towards the A19, I need the dual carriageway so I can put my foot down and lose these bastards. As I get to the Grangetown area, they are still following behind, and I keep an eye on my rear-view mirror, as thye weave in and out of the traffic.

The journey to the slip road, is a lot fvcking*g longer than it normally feels but we are finally there, and I join the dual carriageway, pulling into the outside lane, but given it is half-five in the evening the road is busy, so I cannot go as fast as I like, and my fvcking*g wankers of a family are close behind.

I have travelled 25 miles, and still they are easily keeping up to me because of rush hour traffic, and I look at my petrol gage, knowing with quarter of a tank left, this car will eat that fuel in no time. sh!t, it never rains but it pours.

I wanted to lose these bastards before heading into a petrol station, and if I am honest, I am just passing Middlesborough, and see that there is a petrol station just 5 miles ahead, so pull over to the slow lane, ready to go to it, hoping that they don’t see me, or notice to late to make the exit. Looking in my rear-view mirror, I see they are four cars behind, so I watch for the turn into the station, then indicate last minute, pulling over to the far side pumps, hoping they haven’t noticed and sit in the car. I watch the road and breath a sigh of relief when they drive past.

Getting out of the car, I run round and fill up the car.

“Stay there,” I tell Billy, as I rush into the petrol station, to pay the cashier, then pull my phone out, and quickly drop Josie a text.

Babe, don't text me back, but have an issue. I am okay, will call when I can, go to Ben's tonight do not be stubborn about it. I love you xxx

Once I see the message is read, I rush back out to the car, then pull away, back onto the A19, I relax slightly that we are not being followed. That is until I pass a layby, and see the clapped-out car sat, it spots me, because hey I am driving a fvcking*g Porsche 911 and you can hardly miss it, and I see that they pull out, and I'm back to fvcking*g square one. Brilliant!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 89 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Anders Point of View

Never have I cursed rush hour traffic like I am right at this moment. I feel like I am taking one step forward and three backwards. To make matters worse, we are now sitting in a fvcking*g traffic jam. Nothing is moving, and the relatives from the pit of hell are still following, four cars behind. I let out a frustrated sigh as Billy begins to twitch beside me, still gr0aning loudly.

Glancing over, I see that he is sweating so much his hair is stuck to his head, his nose dripping like a tap. This is not good.

Billy's clutching his stomach and m0aning like a wounded animal. I take a breath, something deep inside me actually cares, not sure why. After all the stunts my family have pulled over the years, but seeing him in so much pain and feeling totally helpless is doing something to me. I need this traffic to move, and I need to get him some help, and quickly.

“Sick.” He gr0ans out, his face white as a sheet, eyes wide with desperation.

I open the glove compartment, dragging out some plastic bags I keep for shopping. Hey, I may be what some may consider 'uber rich', but I refuse to pay 20 pence per bag every time I go into a shop! I double bagged one, then opened it up and passed it to Billy.

“If you are going to puke, do it in there.”

My tone is harsher than I feel right at this moment, but I cannot let him see I care. Seriously, he will take advantage if he knows. As much as I hate seeing him practically rolling around in the seat next to me, I still will not trust him in a million years. Call me cynical, but I have trusted these fvckers before, and got burnt!

Finally, the traffic begins to slowly edge forward, as Billy's legs go from twitching, to full on thrashing out, so much so, that his foot connects with my hand when shifting gears. Great!

Slowly but surly, the traffic begins to build up speed, and as the road ahead begins to clear, there is no apparent reason as to why we were all at a fvcking*g stand still, fvcking*g typical!

Pa.ssing a slip road, the traffic thins out, enough that I can now lose those bastards behind me. Indicating, I pull into the outside lane, then put my foot down. The power from the engine roars through the seats, pushing me back. Billy is retching, but as yet no sickness comes out. I disappear down the A19, looking in my rear-view mirror now, and see I have left the fvckers behind me, they are nowhere in sight. Finally, a bit of good news.

Glancing over to Billy, I can see he is not good. I mean he never was, but he is fvcking*g worse, and I am actually scared he is going to die on me. His whole body is convulsing, his nose now uncontrollably running, and his gr0ans and m0ans sound like he has been shot. As he clenches his stomach, I pull onto the A1M, then call Carson at the rehab centre again.

"Hi, this is Carson. How can I help?" his cheery voice echoes around the speakers in the car.

"Carson, this is Anders Maxwell. I don't know what to do man, Billy is in a bad way. It looks like he has lost control of his arms and legs, he is sweating so much it looks like he has been caught in a fvcking*g typhoon and is retching saying he feels sick." I tell him desperate for some information.

"How far away are you?" Carson asks me.

"We got held up in traffic, so still around 9 hours out, I think he is going to die man." I tell this stranger, who right now feels like my only hope, even though he is so far away.

“Get him to a hospital, I will hold his place, but find a hospital so they can medicate him.” Carson tells me.

“Okay, I will let you know what they say. But please, do not let his place go to anyone else.” I groan. Yes, I have left the family fvckers miles behind, but it is still not as much distance as I would like.

“Siri, navigate to nearest hospital.” I shout to the car.

The sat nav directs me to Harrogate District Hospital, pulling up outside the doors, I shout for help, to get Billy out of the car. Some porters arrive, with a gurney and help pick him up, one getting a kick from his uncontrolled legs.

“Sorry mate.” I tell him, fvcking*g hell, this is bad.

“You need to move your car, then book him in.” the porter shouts back at me, as they rush Billy through the double doors.

I nod my head, for once in my life I am more than happy to follow orders. Spinning the car around, I head into the carpark, then think better of it, I need to park somewhere out of the way. I mean I doubt the family fvckers will know where we are, but at this point I cannot discount it. They know what withdrawal is like, hell they have been there and done it themselves, plenty of times, so whatever brain cell they have left may put two and two together and come up with hospital, then come and check it out. I doubt it, but better to be safe as sorry.

Driving round the back of the hospital, I find a place to park between two large dumpster skips, and pull up, nobody in the right mind would park here, and so I feel it is safe for now.

I rush round to the Accident and Emergency reception and check in with the receptionist.

“Name?” she asks without making eye contact.

“I am here to check in my brother.” I state.

“Name?” she asks again, what a ray of fvcking*g sunshine this woman is.

“Nabil Horacio Maxwell” I tell her, and she finally looks up raising an eyebrow.

“What can I tell you, my bastard parents were high when they named their kids.” I growl out, not that I owe this woman an explanation.

I pass her all Billy’s info, then look at her.

“Mark down on that form that there is nobody to know he is here. If two men arrive one older one around my age, covered in tattoos shaved heads, he is not here.” I tell her.

“Do I need to call the police?” the woman asks me, giving me a death stare.

“Nope, I have him sorted, booked into a rehab facility but those guys are his dealers, oh, and his father and brother.” I growl out.

The receptionist nods her stony face changing slightly giving me a look of sympathy.

“Go through the double doors, then ask for him at the nurses station.” She tells me.

I nod my head, but before I go through there, I need to call the one person I really want with me right now.

“Yeah, I just need to make a call first.” I tell her then turn to walk out of the reception, resisting the urge to go find my car and just go home, find Josie and hold her till this feeling of helplessness leaves me.

I pull out my mobile phone, and click on Josie’s name, letting out a low breath.

“What the fvck is going on?” Josie shouts, I can hear the concern in her voice.

“Josie, please calm down, I am okay. I don’t have long so just listen.” I tell her. I can hear her take a deep breath and knowing my feisty firefighter she will be desperate to shout something at me.

“To cut a long a.ssed story short, my younger brother Billy contacted me last night, wanting help. He got out of the clink a few weeks ago, he is a heroin addict, along with any other drug he can get his hands on. He stole product from his suppliers, my father and elder brother. They are after him, for the money, and to teach him a lesson. He turned up at the office this morning, wanting help to get clean and away from those fvckers who got him addicted in the first place. I am taking him to a rehab centre in Cornwall, the fvckers

followed us part of the way, but I lost them, and then Billy got really bad Josie, so I am at the hospital in Harrogate.” I sigh.

“sh!t, why do I have to stay with Ben though?” Josie asked.

“Because they know I have helped Billy, and if they find out you are in my life, they may try something. It is just a precaution.” I tell her, hoping she doesn’t run off, or think I am not worth the risk being with me.

“sh!t Anders. You cannot do this alone,” She whispers.

“What choice do I have? I need to get him to rehab, and keep the fvckers away from you, from us.” I tell her, my voice turning soft, as I swallow the lump of emotion that has formed in my throat.

“Anders, listen to me. I have a few days off, if you think for one second, I am leaving you to deal with your brother by yourself. You have another thing coming. Harrogate hospital, you said?” Josie asks.

“No Josie, don’t come down, if they find us, it is not going to be pretty.” I tell her, fearful for her safety.

“Anders, you cannot drive him all that way in a two-seater midlife crisis car. I am getting into my SUV, Ben is coming with me, he will drive your car back, and YOU and I will take Billy to the rehab. One of us needs to sit with him on the way down, because the doctors might stabilise him for now, but he will be back to puking and sh!tting himself in no time. It is going to take both of us, so stay put. I will see you in a couple of hours.”

I am left speechless as she hangs up the phone. Hell, I want her far away from this sh!t, but I know better than to argue with her, because she is right. I do need help, and more than that, I need her like I have never needed anyone in my life.

My phone pings and I look down smiling at her text.

Josie – Oh and arsehole, I love you too, see you soon xxx

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 90 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Josie’s Point of View.

Lucy smiles and gives me a h.ug.

“Tell Anders not to worry about work, I have it under control,” she tells me.

“Thanks Lucy. Ben, you are, as always, a hero.” I smile at one of my best friends.

“Yeah, call me Sam, the hero next door.” Ben chuckles, referring to the Fireman Sam song.

I have never been so relieved as I was when Anders finally spoke with me. I knew something was happening, and it wasn't good, when he texted that he loved me, instead of saying he hated me. Today had been a whole mess of emotions. Anger because he hadn't messaged, pain and worry, again, because he hadn't messaged, then utter relief when Lucy called to inform me that something was wrong, and Anders was not ghosting me. Then guilt because I was relieved when I should have been worried about what he was going through, which in turn, changed to gut-wrenching fear. Safe to say, I no longer want any sort of break from Anders, and yeah, I am hopelessly, and completely in love with the arsehole.

“Can we go to mine first, I doubt he has a change of clothes with him?” I ask Ben.

“Aye.” He grins at me, nodding his head.

I pull up outside my house, and run upstairs, grabbing some of my own stuff into a holdall, then open the small wardrobe which, over the past few weeks, has filled up with some of Anders' things. I grab some denims and trousers out, along with tops, his boxers, and socks, then rush to the bathroom, grabbing our toothbrushes, along with a shower kit, throwing them into a plastic bag, then placing them on top of the clothes, before heading out the door.

I throw the holdall into the boot of my car, then run around to the driver's side, as Ben sits patiently waiting for me to get in and drive.

“Which hospital is he at?”

“Harrogate District,” I tell him.

“Isn't that where Liv, Davey's sister lives?” Ben asks.

“Yeah, I think it is.” I shrug, not being funny or anything but Liv is the last person I want to think about right now, I just need to get to Anders.

Finally, we are heading down the A19, and I am not normally one to speed much, but I am in a hurry to get to Anders, so 90mph feels slow compared to the 100 mph I want to do. Sue me!

“Good job I know you have taken your advance driver’s course.” Ben laughs as I remain in the overtaking lane with not a lot able to keep up with me.

“I know, but he is struggling Ben, he even text me that he loves me,” I say, blowing out a lung full of air.

“Oh wow, he must be worried.” Ben chuckles at me, shaking his head slightly.

“Thank you for doing this,” I softly tell him.

“Are you kidding, I get to drive the Porsche, that is thanks enough.” Ben grins like a cat who pinched the cream off the top of the milk.

“Boys and their toys.” I giggle slightly, happy he is here to keep my sanity intact, I am so stressed out right now.

We finally join the A1 at the bottom of the A19, meaning it is around 20 minutes to our final destination when I see blue flashing lights up behind me, indicating that I pull over.

“fvck. sh!t. Bollocks,” I growl out, pulling over to the layby.

I roll the window down, and smile at the two officers who approach the car.

“Excuse me madam. Do you know how fast you were going?” The officer asks me.

“Yes, 98 miles per hour,” I state, pointless lying, they will do me for driving without due care and attention then, and I will lose my advanced driver’s privileges, which means no chance of driving anything for work, let alone the actual fire engine, if Headache is off for any reason.

“Honest of you. Your name please?” he asks

“Josie Edwards,” I tell him, along with my address.

“PNC check please,” the officer says in his radio.

“Can you just get out of your vehicle and come sit with my colleague,” he asks.

I step out and head to the back of the police car.

“Where are you going in such a hurry?” his colleague asks, me as I climb inside.

“Harrogate district hospital. Family emergency,” I tell him, I am not lying, Anders is my family, and he needs me.

“You are a long way from Sunderland,” the other officer tells me, when he gets into the car.

I resist the urge to tell him that his powers of investigation are second to none, because that will just make this whole thing a hell of a lot worse.

“Yes, I know. My partner’s brother was rushed to hospital, and I am heading down to be with them,” I tell him.

“Oh, my colleagues tell me you have an advanced license,” the first officer informs me.

I simply nod.

“Why?” he asks, his brows furrowed.

“I am a firefighter,” I tell him.

Both officers let out a breath looking at each other, then turn to me.

“Look, we will mark it down as a routine check, and not ticket your speeding. However, keep your speed down to 70 for the rest of the journey,” the officer sighs out.

“I will, and sorry, I don’t normally speed, unless in the engine.” I bow my head.

“Hum, yeah, we don’t speed either, unless in this car.” The other officer laughs.

“Thank you.” I smile at them relieved I don’t have an awkward question to answer back at the station.

“Yeah, get out of here, but if we catch you again, you will get a ticket.” The first officer shakes his head.

I step out of the police car and get back into my own, then getting up to speed on the layby I re-join the motorway, as Ben calls me all the lucky sods in the world.

Finally, we are pulling off down the A59, and I follow the sat nav to the hospital. As I pull up in the carpark I cannot see Anders’ car anywhere, and now I am panicked I came to the wrong place.

“I don’t see the midlife crisis anywhere,” I say to Ben.

“Give him a ring,” Ben advises me, which I am not sure if I will get through.

I call his number, but his phone is switched off, so make my way into the hospital to make enquiries.

I approach the receptionist, with a smile, and she holds up a finger typing away. Why do they never acknowledge you in these places?

“How can I help?” she finally asks me.

“Yes, I am looking for my partner, I am not sure if I am at the right hospital. He came in with his brother who is going through withdrawal, the patient’s name is Billy Maxwell,” I tell her.

I see the recognition flash in her eyes, and she types away, then looks at me, her face a stoic mask.

“I am sorry, but nobody of that name has been brought in,” the receptionist tells me.

I let out a sigh, and glance to Ben, wondering what the hell to do next.

“Can you double check for me please? My boyfriend’s name is Anders, maybe check through the doors, and if he is there you can inform him it is Josie,” I ask her, crossing my fingers this will work.

"I am sorry madam, but as I said, nobody of that name has been brought in," she dismisses me with a glare.

I walk over to Ben, shrugging my shoulders.

"I know she recognised the name but is insisting they are not here." I sigh.

"Maybe Anders told them to not let anyone know they are here, just in case. It is what I would have done. Try calling again." Ben nods his head towards the phone,

"Maybe I am wrong, after all his car is not in the carpark." I sigh.

I go to call Anders number once more when the double doors open and he steps out, still dressed in his work suit. He is running his hand through his thick brown hair, his face is pale and eyes wide, as he glances around the waiting room. Finding me he strides over to us, his face brightening as he takes hold of me and envelopes me into a hug, holding me tight to his chest.

"Thank fuck you are here," he whispers.

"The receptionist said you were not here," I tell him.

"Yeah, she is a good one. I spoke to her when we first got here, but then she asked about sending for the police. I told her about the situation and needing to get Billy to the rehab centre ASAP, calling the cops would just hold up the process even more." He sighs out.

"Good, well I have some things for us in the boot of the car, Ben just needs to know where yours is." I smile up at him.

Anders looks at Ben and whispers his thanks to him, never once letting me go.

"Do you want some of that piss water they pass off as coffee before you go?" Anders asks.

"No, I will get straight back it is after 10pm," Ben states with a half-smile.

"Thank you, Ben, honestly you are a Sam and my hero next door." I grin at my friend and colleague.

Anders passes Ben the key fob for the Porsche.

"It is round the back of the hospital, between two large skips," he tells him.

"Cool, I will drop you a text when I get back. Lucy said don't worry about work, she will hold down the fort until you get back. I am obviously off, so would you mind if I go and sit in the office with her whilst your away? Just because of your family hanging around," Ben asks.

"Not at all. In fact, I was going to suggest it. I owe you both one, so when I get back tell Lucy she can have a few days off on me." Anders grins at him.

"Make it the next time we are off shift, in the meantime you guys sort out what you need to sort, and Josie, I will talk to the mother, I am sure she can bat her eyelashes at the boss and get you some extra time if you need it." Ben grins.

"Some advantages to Wh!p-Me and your mother's relationship then." I giggle as Ben shakes his head laughing slightly.

"Later," he tells us, giving us a wave of his hand, then moves out of the hospital.

"fvck Josie, I have missed you," Anders gr0ans out.

"I may or may not have missed you as well." I grin at him as he pulls me closer to his c.hest.

"Humm, and I do not like having a break away from you, sh!t happens when you are not with me," Anders continues.

I do not say anything, but the truth is, I don't like it much either.

"How is he?" I ask, changing the subject.

"Better than he was, they wanted to keep him overnight. But I explained about getting him to rehab as they are holding the space, and they have agreed to let him go once the drip they have given him finishes." Anders sighs.

"We need to get back into his room, don't want to risk my family finding us." Anders sighs, letting me go but holding onto my hand.

"Do you think they would search here for him?" I asked a little shocked they would go to those lengths.

“He took a load of their product and owes them thousands of pounds, which they are adding interest too. Trust me, that bastard of a father and brother will not let this go any time soon.” Anders lets out another long sigh.

“Well, let’s get back there, and get him out of here. At least we have my car now, so they will not know whose it is, if they do happen to still be driving around looking for the pair of you.” I smile up at him.

“Yeah, and Ben is in my car. They will fvcking*g sh!t a brick when they see the size of him.” Anders laughs, and it is good to see him smile.

As we walk through the doors into the treatment rooms, Anders grabs me again placing his arms around me.

“I love you so fvcking*g much Josie, but know that when I get into that room, I can show no emotion. I will not use your name for the whole journey down to the rehab. Even though I am helping him, I still do not trust Billy, and I do not want those fvckers knowing you mean so much to me, I have to keep you safe from them,” he whispers.

“I love you too. But hate you more. I understand, just call me Kris.” I giggle up at him.

“Kris?” he asks.

“Yeah, my parents were big Kris Kristofferson fans, they called me after one of his songs. Don’t know the name of it but begins. ‘I’ve been chasing after Josie, since the day I could run,” I sing.

“OKAYYYYY Kris.” Anders laughs, then lets me go, his body straight as a rod, and walks into his brother’s treatment room, his face a stoic mask.

We walk past one of the booths, when a doctor pulls back the curtain, shaking his head, I glance in and see a woman laid on the bed, battered and bruised from head to toe.

“LIV!” I shout out in shock.