

## Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 9 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Ben's POV (Lucy)

Finally, it is the last shift of my week. In some ways it is like I have never been away. Everything just feels normal; something I have been craving for over a year. My only issue is the woman I rescued. I reached out yesterday, something we do from time to time, to offer some help and support for the victim who has lost everything. Hell, she did not even have clothes on when I found her. We have done a collection at the station and have raised over a £1,000 to help get her back on her feet. In the grand scheme of things, it is not a lot, but when you have nothing left, it can at least get her some clothes. As yet, she has not called me back, and I do not understand why that is bothering me so much. Maybe because she is my first rescue since coming back to work, however, I have a need to make sure she is okay.

"So y'all, what do you have planned for the four days off shift?" Wayne asks us all.

"I am going swimming tomorrow." Josie smiles. She loves to swim; it is her go-to for keeping up on her fitness.

"The 'Mrs' is wanting to go do some dance competition; not that I want to go, you all understand." Twinkle sighs, but he isn't fooling anyone, we all know he loves to ballroom dance, just as much as his wife.

"I got a doctor's appointment," Headache answers.

"I have a fvcking\*g date." Davey grins like the cat who has pinched the cream from the top of the milk, before returning his attention to his mobile, with a sly smirk on his face.

"Ooo so naughty Norman's mom is getting some Davey lovin'." Wayne jests with him.

"His name is Andy, and Kathline is not that type of woman, she is sophisticated. Did I tell you she is a solicitor?" Davey asks, his chest puffing with pride, the guy has got it bad.

"Yes," we all groan in response. He has told us this fact about the object of his desires at least ten times.

“What was Norman’s mom called on Fireman Sam?” Wayne asks, changing the subject.

“For fvck sake, it is MAM not fvcking\*g MOM!” Headache shakes his head.

To be honest, I am used to Wayne’s American words, with the slight accent, it doesn’t bother me, but for some reason it really winds Headache right up; he hates it.

“Phyllis.” Josie grins.

“Might have known, you would know.” Davey scoffs at her.

Station officer Webber walks into the room, placing his hands on his hips, and that means only one thing, he is pissed off, then he turns and stares at Josie.

“Josie, you will be going to see Mr. Maxwell and apologising, because if I have to take one more call from him, you will be on clean up duty for a month!”

Josie let out a gr0an and nodded her head. She really doesn’t want to say sorry, probably because she hates to lie, and she really isn’t sorry, not one little bit.

“Okay, briefing, your next shift is nightshift. You will take over from Blue Watch. Just to make you all aware, there has been zero calls on night this past week, so you all know what that means.” Station officer Webber announced, as we all let out a gr0an.

If it is quiet one week, you can bet your bottom dollar it will be c\*\*\*\*\*e the next week. Best spend my last day off shift, trying to sleep as much as I can. Shift changes are tough, and not having done them for a while, I guess this one is going to hurt the most.

“Any news from our house victim?” Josie asks.

“No, the hospital said she was discharged yesterday, to her brother’s house. She has yet to call, but Noreen, the nurse who looked after me, did say she is staying with her brother on Byron Terrace, Monkwearmouth.” I inform them all.

“Cool, maybe I will head over there Sunday and give her the money.” Josie offers.

My stomach sinks, for some unfathomable reason, I want to see the girl again.

“Actually, I was thinking of going tonight, when we are finished with work. I pass the door on my way home.”

What the hell am I doing? I am not sure why I just said that, because I will have to go a long a.ssed way round to pass that street, but the words are out of my mouth before my brain has time to engage.

Davey looks up from his phone and c\*\*\*s an eyebrow at me, then shakes his head slightly, before returning to texting, or by the smirk on his face, sexting with Kathline.

I should be grateful he is predisposed by his text life, as normally he is the first to call bullsh!t.

“Well, which ever one of you goes, make sure Miss Dixon gets the money. We also have some clothes that Josie donated for her as well.” Webber tells us, and I simply nod in response.

“Also, Ben and Davey, you two are on cooking duty next shift.” He adds.

“Yes, not as good as Josie, but a hell of a lot better than burnt everything from Twinkle.” Headache makes a fist pump.

He is not wrong, and if I am honest, I don’t mind cooking, it gives me something to do when hanging around the station waiting for a shout.

“Okay y’all. If you have any trash, put it in the trash can now; I am going to empty it.” Wayne announces, as Headache lets out a deep sigh of frustration, at his Americanisms.

I gather the rubbish from the small wooden coffee table and head to the bin, placing it in, as Josie, grabs everything else, kicking Davey’s feet off the table as she passes.

“Whatever you do Davey, don’t help,” she states, sarcastically rolling her eyes at him.

I let out a chuckle, he really is a messy sod. The alarm begins to ring, and instantly we all jump up, and head for the fireman’s pole, running to the engine.

As we set off, Josie gets the info from dispatch.

“Kid stuck up a tree in the small park in Thorney Close.” She announces.

“Hey, Davey, ask your girl if her kid is missing again.” Twinkle chuckled.

“No, and she lives on Durham Road, so not him.” Davey growls.

“This time.” Josie laughs.

Davey turns and flips her his middle finger, as the rest of us chuckle at his annoyance.

The estate is just over the road, and we reach the small park in less than two minutes to find all the kids standing around looking up at the tree. Not a parent in sight! Two boys around 9 or 10 are waiting for us, as we pull up the engine, and Davey gets out.

“Here mister, me mate is stuck up the tree.” One of the lad’s shouts at us.

I look at where he is pointing and see a kid hanging onto a branch for dear life, tears streaming down his face. It is an easy call and Wayne is already grabbing the ladders from the engine.

Josie walks behind him, shouting words of encouragement to the stuck kid, as Twinkle tries to get the others to keep a safe distance.

“I will go up and get him.” Josie smiles at me, so I go grab the bottom of the ladder as she climbs up, and gently grabs the lad, hoisting him over her shoulder, before bringing him safely to the ground.

“KEITH!” the frantic voice of a woman who I presume is his mother shouts, as she runs into the small park.

“What have I told you about climbing trees.” She continues, her panic fading when she sees he is perfectly fine, other than the tears he is crying. Then swiftly grabs his arm and without so much as a ‘thank you,’ marches him off home.

“You welcome,” Davey sarcastically shouts after her, but she is too busy ranting at the boy to care.

We head back to the fire station. Only two hours to go, and my first week, well four days, are done.

The rest of the afternoon is quiet, other than cleaning the engine for Blue Watch, who will be doing their first of four nightshifts whilst we are off shift, when finally, we are dismissed.

“Hey, are you sure about dropping off the money and clothes? I don’t mind.” Josie smiles.

“Leave Ben to it, you make sure you see Maxwell.” Station Officer Webber shouts over, as he pulls on his coat, as eager as the rest of us to leave for the night.

“Yes boss.” Josie sighs, then heads to the cupboard, and drags out two large black bin bags full of clothes, as I go to the donations jar, and put the money into a large brown envelope.

I open the boot of the car and put the bags in, then wave goodbye to my colleagues before driving out of the carpark and make the journey to Monkwearmouth.

My heart begins to hammer in my chest, as I pass the Stadium of Light. Then making a right, I drive towards Byron Terrace and look at the old pit houses. Parking the car, I glance at the small mid-terraced pebble dashed house, that has chunks missing along the bottom of the old pebble dash, exposing red brick underneath and take a breath.

Why am I feeling so damned nervous? It makes no sense to me. Seeing a few of the neighbours twitching their curtains, I make the decision to just go knock, before they call the coppers about me loitering. I head to the old wooden door with flaky white paint, and knock.

“Who the fvck is that?” a female voice shouts out angrily, and I take a deep breath.

I wait for the door to open, as a girl of no more than 19 or 20 opens the door. Her bleached hair is greasy and hangs limp around her shoulders. Her denim skirt is little more than a belt, and two kids cling to her fake tanned legs; the tan obviously not put on correctly as it has white streaks are running down the bright orange.

“What?” she asks, pushing her kids behind her, and eyeing me suspiciously.

“Hi, my name is Ben Bishop; I am a firefighter. Is Lucy Dixon staying here?” I ask.

The girl turns around and shouts.

“Oi, Lucy, a giant bloke who says his is a firefighter wants you.” Then walks away.

My heart skips a beat, when I see Lucy approach the door, she is stunningly beautiful. I cannot help but notice, despite the leggings that are two sizes too big, and wrinkle at the ankles, she is slim, but has all the right curves in all the right places. Her hazel eyes blink at me, as she pulls on the hem of the oversized white t-shirt she is wearing. Her long brown hair hangs in natural waves around her shoulders.

I stand, momentarily stunned, not sure what to say, as she begins to blush, and I curse my body for having a manly reaction to her.

“Hi.” She all but whispers, her voice still croaky from the smoke inhalation.

“Hey, I am Ben, I was one of the firefighters who rescued you.” I say, knowing that I am staring, and probably making the poor girl uncomfortable, yet I cannot take my eyes off her.

“Yes, you got me out of the fire.” Lucy nods at me. “Thank you.” She adds, her cheeks now a flame with embarrassment, and it causes all sorts of unholy thoughts to flash through my brain. sh!t!

“Well, the guys at the fire station had a collection for you, as we know you lost everything, and I wanted to give you this.” I state, pulling out the large envelope from my jacket pocket.

“Also, my colleague Josie, she has donated some clothes for you. I will get them.” I kind of ramble a bit.

“Oh, erm, thank you, but really you did not have to do that.” Lucy looks wide eyed at the envelope, as tears build up in her beautiful yet sad eyes, blinking she recovers from her emotional response, then flashes me a big embarrassed smile.

Wow, what a smile it is, it lights up her whole face, and my body goes from half-chub to full-blown hard-on, as I stand and stare, unable to stop taking her in. She is that beautiful.

I really need to get my sh!t together, because I know I am looking like some kind of creep right now, so I quickly clear my throat, and walk to the back of the car, and grab the two bags out of the boot.

Pa.ssing them to her, she offers me another heart stopping smile, and seriously it feels like all my Christmases have come at once.

“Erm, I would invite you in for a coffee, but well, it’s not my house.” Lucy stumbles over her words.

“Not a problem. I did try and leave a number so you would know we called, did Noreen give it to you?” I asked, more for something to say, as I really do not want to leave just yet.

“Yeah, but I don’t have a phone.” Lucy sighed, as tears began to form in her eyes once more.

Seeing her fighting back her emotions, I just want to gather her into my arms and tell her she will be okay, but let’s be honest that would be wildly inappropriate.

“It is okay, well, I will leave these with you.” I smile at her and she nods at me.

“Seriously, thank you, for everything; you saved my life.”

I nod, then turn and say the lamest thing I think I have ever uttered in my life.

“All in a day’s work.”

Literally, I am face palming, at myself, what the hell is happening to me. So, I quickly turn on my heel and get back into my car, and drive away, as Lucy stands at the door, and watches me, looking more than a little stunned.

Smooth Ben, real smooth!