

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 91 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Josie's Point of View.

My feet feel like lead as I stand staring in horror at Liv's battered and swollen face, Anders halts and looks at me, a furrow on his brow.

"It's Davey's sister," I whisper to him.

"Go to her, I will come get you when it is time to leave," he tells me, placing a soft kiss on the top of my head before walking down the sterile corridor and into a room at the far end.

I hesitate to step into the room, but then with a deep breath I walk towards the bed.

"Liv," I softly say, as she tries to open her eyes, one of them fused shut completely.

"Liv it is Josie," I tell her, hoping she at least recognises the name.

A single tear falls onto her cheek, as she attempts to look away from me.

"Liv, what has happened?" I gently ask her, taking a seat beside her bed, then reaching out and holding onto her hand.

Liv continues to look away from me as more tears streaming down her face.

"Does Davey know?" I softly ask her, trying to get her to speak.

She slowly turns her head around towards me, shaking it slightly.

"No, he does not speak with me anymore, and has blocked me on his phone," Liv chokes out.

"Do you want me to call him?" I ask, I know they are not speaking at the moment, because Liv chose to stay with the wanker, but Davey would want to know about this. Hell, he will go nuts when he sees the state of her.

"No, I cannot hear him say I told you so, or that I am on my own again," she whispers, as another tear falls from her black and blue swollen eyes.

“Liv, he will not do that, not when you are in this state. Please, tell me what happened,” I ask.

Liv shakes her head slightly then winces, clearly in pain.

“Keith and I got into a fight. I found out he was gambling again. Davey called because he found him in Sunderland coming out of a casino. When I challenged Keith, he lost his sh!t, and told me I didn’t trust him, that Davey was trying to cause trouble. Then he left, I haven’t seen him since, but a few hours ago, some loan sharks appeared at the door, they had your accent. Said they were in the area on other business, but that Keith had borrowed from them when he was in Sunderland, he had skipped out without paying them back. They did this because they wanted to send him a message, that they always find their man, or his family,” Liv sobbed out.

My body began to shake, what the hell was happening? A surge of fear washed over me, as the thought that Anders’ family had something to do with this would not leave my mind. It was too much of a coincidence. If that was the case, then we needed to get Billy out of here, now.

“I need to call Davey,” I told Liv.

If those guys were from Sunderland, and IF they were Anders’ father and brother, then Davey needed to know, he had Kathline and Andy to think about.

“Please don’t, he will not care,” Liv protested.

“Liv, if these guys are from Sunderland, then he is in danger as well because of your fvcking*g boyfriend. I am sorry this has happened to you, but I must ring Davey,” I tried not to shout at her, but failed miserably.

I pulled out my mobile and quickly called Davey.

“fvcking*g hell Josie, do you know what time it is? We are in bed,” Davey answered in his own unique typical way.

I glanced at the clock on the wall, it was nearly quarter to midnight, still there was not time to waste and I needed to speak with Anders and help him get Billy out of here.

“Davey, shut up and listen. I am in Harrogate, with Anders, we are at the hospital regarding something else. Liv is here, she has been beaten up, almost unrecognisable,” I begin to tell him.

“What the fvck?!” Davey shouts.

“Yes, that wanker borrowed money from loan sharks in Sunderland, they came to Harrogate to collect. He has disappeared again, and so they took it out on Liv. You need to keep Kathline and Andy safe, if they work out you are related to Liv, they make come after you three,” I continue to tell him.

“How bad is she?” Davey sobs out, never before have I heard him so broken.

“Bad. Really bad, she is conscious, but her face is a mess, and I don’t know what the rest of her looks like. Davey, I cannot stay here with her. I have to get going, you can call Ben and ask why. I also think it may, in some sick and twisted way, be connected to this,” I whisper to him.

“Let me talk to her,” Davey’s pained voice demands.

I place the phone beside her ear, I try not to listen, but I cannot help but overhear.

“Olivia. fvck Liv, I will be with you in a couple of hours. I should never have blocked your number, I am sorry. Hang in there, sis, I will be with you as soon as I can,” Davey’s harrowed voice sounded through the phone.

“Davey, I am sorry, I should have listened to you,” Liv began to sob.

“I love you sis, just hang on in there, I will be as quick as I can,” Davey said, then hung up the phone.

“Liv, I have to go, I am sorry,” I whisper to her.

“Thank you, Josie,” Liv whispered, another tear falling onto her cheeks.

I feel terrible for leaving her, but I have to see Anders, and I have to ask his brother if this is the work of his family. Anger and rage are pulsing through me at a rate of knots, as I try to give Liv one last smile of reassurance then pull back the curtains and head down the corridor to the door where Anders went.

I walk through glaring at the man in the bed, not really giving a sh!t about his condition at the moment. It is unlike me, but after seeing the state of Liv I want answers before I care about this man.

“Mr. Maxwell, might I have a word sir,” I say to Anders, not sure what the story is about me to Billy.

“Yes, of course Kris,” Anders nods, turning on his heel and walking out of the door, shutting it behind him.

“What’s up?” he asks.

“Liv was beaten up by some loan sharks,” I tell him, hardly able to control my rage from overflowing in his direction. I know it is not his fault, but I need someone to shout at.

“They were from fvcking*g Sunderland. It happened a few hours ago. Her wanker boyfriend borrowed money from them and didn’t pay.” Anders drew in a sharp intake of breath, his eyes held a whirlwind of emotion, as he looked at me, his face growing paler by the minute.

“Oh, it gets better!” I growl out.

“Apparently, they found themselves in the area on other business and paid her a visit, then did that to her because her wanker boyfriend has disappeared again,” I hiss at him.

“fvck,” Anders growls.

“It cannot be a coincidence,” I state hands on my h!ps.

“No, it cannot, we need to get Billy out of here, what is happening with Davey’s sister?” Anders asks, concern etched on his handsome face.

“I called Davey. He is on his way, but seriously, we cannot let this slide, I have to tell Davey. We need to inform the police.” I sigh out.

“Agreed. I will do it myself, I promise to put in the call, once we get Billy to that rehab centre. Josie, I know now is not the time, but please, until those bastards are behind bars, move into my house. It is safer, if they find out about you, God only knows what they will do,” Anders begs me, then wraps his arms around my wa!st, pulling me to him, his body shaking all over.

"We will discuss that later, for now, we need to find a doctor, and get Billy released. We have to go; they could be hanging around here for all we know," I replied not wanting to get into living arrangements right now.

Anders storms off down the corridor to the nurse's station, I can hear him speaking to them in hushed whispers, but his body language tells me it is not a polite conversation. He storms back towards me, then leans over and whispers.

"Go wait in your car, I will be out in a few moments with him. I should leave the fvcker to rot, but if he doesn't get help, he will be forever under their control," Anders growls out.

I nod my head and make my way out of the hospital. Going to the carpark, I open the door to my car and climb in the back. I will give Anders the keys to drive, as I have the first aid qualifications, I'll stay back and watch over his brother.

As I sit watching the exit to the hospital, my heart is pounding in my chest, it has not even been ten-minutes, but it feels like days, yet at the same time, the minutes pass quickly, as strange as that sounds. Another fifteen-minutes later, I see Anders wheeling out Billy, bringing him to the car, and bundling him into the back seat.

"They have given him more meds. Said he should sleep for most of the journey now. You just need to make sure he doesn't vomit and begin to choke on it. They also put incontinence pads on him, for when he starts shitting himself." Anders groans.

"Joy." I sigh.

"Okay, I got this Mr. Maxwell, you just get to where you want to go sir," I tell him.

"Thank you, Kris, I will give you a bonus in this month's pay check," Anders plays along.

The Journey is long, but finally without stopping we make it into Cornwall as the sun lights up the Cornish sky. The beautiful scenery is peaceful, a million miles away from the built-up city we come from. The sat nav takes us straight to the rehab centre, where a man is waiting for us to arrive. I unbuckle Billy from his seat, he has, as the doctors said he would, slept most of the way.

Although he begun to twitch a little around half-an-hour ago, gr0aning out in his sleep.

“Mr. Maxwell, we’ll take care of him now. We don’t allow family visits or for him to be in contact with anyone until week 6 at the earliest,” the man tells Anders.

“Good. As I mentioned before, his dealers are his family, if anyone other than myself asks about him, he is not here,” Anders growls out.

“Don’t worry, we have a strict security policy. He isn’t the first patient we’ve had that’s running from his dealers.” The man smiles, attempting to reassure Anders.

“Anything at all happens, or you get any sort of call, you contact me straight away,” Anders orders, as if the guy is working for him, and he is not just a paying client.

“We will; try not to worry, we have got this,” he states, then placing Billy into a wheelchair, he rolls him down the path, and into the large house, as I climb out of the back seat and walk round into the passenger side of the car.

“We need sleep.” Anders sighs out as he gets in the car.

“Yes, is there a bed and breakfast nearby? I have brought you some clothes.” I smile at him.

“It’s Cornwall, there are loads.” Anders chuckles slightly, clearly less stressed now that we have Billy in rehab.

“We should book it in your name, just to be safe.” Anders sighs out.

“fvck Josie, I hate this sh!t. I hate even more that you’re involved, and that Davey is now tangled up. I hate my fvcking*g family,” Anders growls as he spins the car around.

“Yes, well, it is what it is Anders, we both need some sleep, and we can plan what to do next after that,” I tell him.

“Josie, I understand if you want to leave me, but I really don’t want you to go,” Anders suddenly announces, as we follow the sat nav to the nearest B&B.

“You can choose your friends, but you cannot choose your family. You’re not them, and I still hate you lots and lots, so let’s just get some rest then plan.” I smile at him.

“Yeah, yeah, you told me you loved me.” Anders chuckles as we turn up a small country lane.

“You said it first.” I laughed back at him.

“Meant every word of it.” Anders grins at me, and despite everything going on around us, my heart settles, no matter what, I know Anders ‘The-Arsehole’ Maxwell is it for me, he is my everything

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Anders Point of View.

There is a hole in this ceiling, a small spider crawling out of it, has begun to weave its web. I watched on, as Josie softly snores, laid on my c.hest. The light from the window reflects on the delicate web, as my mind wanders to the web of destruction my fvcking*g family have caused. My instant reaction is to hold Josie a little tighter to me, the need to protect her is primal, all-consuming. This girl in my arms is nothing short of an angel. Without a second thought, she dropped everything and came to me, helped me, and never uttered one word of protest. She could not be more perfect if she tried.

Her toes began to twitch, and I cannot help the smile on my face. It is her thing, when she wakes up her toes wiggle against me, and a wave of contented bliss washed over my soul, chasing away the pure undiluted anger I felt when thinking about my family. I let out a deep sigh, holding her even tighter, as her fingers began to stretch out on my c.hest. Another sign she was waking up. Hell I never thought I would take so much joy from a woman waking in my arms, but here I am, and this feeling is addictive.

She let out a soft gr0an, blinking open those big baby blue eyes of hers, as she stretched out her long shapely legs.

“Hey.” She whispers to me.

“Morning, or should I say evening.” I grin down at her, then place a soft k!ss on the top of her head.

"What time is it?" she sleepily asks.

"5 pm." I smile at her.

"Humm, okay, well we should get up, get some food and get going." She sighs out, as if she is reluctant to leave the comfort of the bed in the small room we managed to check into this morning.

"When are you back at work?" I ask her, an idea forming in my head.

"Friday night." She whispers back to me, then attempts to leave the safety of my arms.

I hold her closer to me, not ready to let her go quite yet, as she blows out a breath, before snuggling up to me.

"I was thinking," I begin.

"That is a dangerous sport, thinking, leading to all kinds of trouble." Josie let out a small laugh.

"Cheeky." I chuckle at her.

"So, what were you thinking then?" She asks, as her fingers lazily trace the contours of my pecs.

"Well, it is Tuesday, how do you feel about staying down here for another day, go home on Thursday. Make the most of your time off?" I ask her.

"Humm, yeah, I think that would be a nice idea. Make the most of this situation." She smiles up at me.

"Definitely." I smile down, happy she likes the idea.

Josie stretches again, then pulls away from me.

"Where do you think you are going?" I groan at her.

"I need the loo." She giggles slightly.

"I suppose that is okay." I laugh at her, reluctantly letting her go from my arms.

As she shuffles off the bed, I watch as she quickly pulls on her leggings, and throws a t-shirt on. The one downside of staying in this place is the single bathroom at the end of the hall. I watch as she opens the door to our bedroom, then reach over and grab my phone, ringing Lucy.

“Hey Anders, are you all okay?” My sales and marketing director asks, her voice laced with concern.

“Yeah, we are fine, all things considered. Did Ben get home okay?” I ask her, he really had done me a solid last night, going above and beyond the realms of friendship for me.

“Yeah, a little quicker than he should have, in that car of yours.” Lucy laughed.

I let out a low chuckle, they all take the piss out of my ‘mid-life crisis’ car as Josie call’s it, but hell if they don’t love to drive it.

“How was work?” I ask her.

“Good, team had a great day sales wise, plus some good decisions pending. Looks like they will smash their targets again this month.” She replies happily.

I am pleased, not just for my business, but for them, making the well earned extra in commission, is good for moral around the place.

“Great. Listen, I am wanting to stay here with Josie, come back Thursday with her. Make some time for us out of this fvckingd up situation.” I tell Lucy.

“Brilliant idea, work is fine, and there were no ‘visitors’ at the office yesterday.” Lucy tells me.

“Do you know how Davey is?” I ask with a long sigh.

“Yes, he checked in with Ben. Liv was released from hospital this afternoon. He is packing up her stuff, and placing her house on the market, brining her back to Sunderland. I suppose the silver lining in this cloud, is she has finally agreed to leave that wanker.” Lucy sighed out with annoyance.

“Where is she going to live, is he going to evict Cal?” I ask, after all they say family first, well that is if you come from a normal family, and not the fvcked-up version like mine.

“No, Cal offered when he heard, but Davey said he was not backing out of the agreement he had with him. Liv is going to stay with him and Kathline for a while, then they will work out what to do.”

“Okay, well can you tell Davey, that I will contact the police when I get back, give them my statement, hopefully they can pick up the bastards, lock them up and throw away the fvcking*g key.” I growl out.

“Yes, well, we can deal with all that when you get back. In the meantime, enjoy you day with Josie. Work is fine, I have got it all under control.” Lucy tells me.

“Thanks Lucy.”

I always look for someone to run a business for me after the initial set up period, and I move on to another place. Lucy is that person for the publishing house, but I want to give her more than just a promotion and payrise, so I am thinking about gifting her shares, making her a partner in the business. However, that is a worry for another day, today, I just want to worry about my girl, and the conversation I am desperately wanting to have with her about moving into my place. I can only hope she is more receptive to the idea than she seemed to be last night.

I get out of bed and gather some clothes, along with my wash kit, then as Josie returns, I smile down at her, placing a soft k!ss on her l!ps.

“Just going for a quick shower, and to get ready.” I inform her.

“Okay, give me two minutes, and I will join you. Save water and all that.” She giggles at me.

“Now that is a very cunning plan, but you will need to be quiet, the walls in this place are thin.” I laugh at her.

“Who said we are doing anything other than showering?” she raises an eyebrow, placing her hand on her h!p, looking se.xy as hell.

“You know you cannot resist me.” I shrug, my arrogant statement making her roll her eyes at me.

“Whatever.” She smirks, then gathers her own wash kit, and clean clothes, following me out the door.

I should know better than to issue a challenge, because my feisty firefighter, did resist me, no matter what I did in that shower, so now I am left with a case of blue balls, whilst we sit in the old stone brick pub eating our surf and turf, and drinking a pint of lager each.

The little minx knows what she has done and keeps giving me a wry smile as she lets out soft moans whilst eating the delicious food.

“You know this meat is so tender. It is not hard meat at all.” She tells me with another god damn smirk on her face.

“Remember Josie, revenge is a dish best served in the bedroom.” I growl at her.

“Counting on it, big boy.” She winks.

I chuckle at her shaking my head at her not able to keep the smirk of my own face.

“Actually, I want to talk with you, a serious conversation.” I tell her.

Josie tilts her head to one side, looking at me, and nodding for me to continue.

“I know you wanted space the other night, but honestly Josie, it will be safe for you to move into mine, just till the police get those bastards. I have CCTV, huge gates, and lots of space, should you need to have a night on your own you can use one of the many guest rooms.” I begin.

Josie places her knife and fork on her plate and looks up at me.

“Firstly.” She says, her voice taking a serious turn.

“Space is over-rated. After not hearing from you as soon as I woke up, I really did regret that decision.” She grins at me.

“Secondly, if you only want me to move in because of this mess, then I will refuse. I have other places I can go to.” She shrugs.

Hell, what is she saying, that she wants to move in permanently? Or not at all? My heart flaps about in my chest, as I stare into her big blue eyes, holding her gaze, trying to work out what she is actually saying.

“So, what is it? Move in because you feel I have to? Or move in and maybe stay?” she asks, with a voice full of confidence, but the small tick on the corner of her delicious lips tells me just how nervous she actually is asking the question.

“To be honest, I was kind of, maybe, using the situation as an excuse to get you to move in, then make it difficult for you to leave me.” I admit.

“Wow, kidnapping?” Josie giggles, but the twitching of her lip halts, and I know she is feeling reassured.

“I am not apposed to tying you to the bed to keep you with me.” I grin at her.

“Good to know.” She laughs.

“So seriously, will you, firefighter Edwards, move in with me? Permanently.” I grin at her.

She bites her bottom lip, then slowly shrugs her shoulders.

“Well, if I have to, I suppose I will.” She tells me, again with that damn smirk, which I am determined to wipe off her face the moment I get her back to the B&B, turning it into a squeal of delight.

“Oh, I think you have to.” I grin at her.

“Okay, well, when we get home on Thursday, I will grab my stuff, and move in then.” She tells me teasing me with her eyes.

“Damn right you will.” I chuckle at her, then thank every GOD I have heard of that this woman belongs to me.

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Joanne's point of view.

Standing in the shower, I grab the small mirror to take a good look at my bits and bobs. The mirror steams up, so I wipe it repeatedly, before adding some Dove shower gel to it, then wipe it again. It is not perfect, but a lot better, and I can get somewhat of a good look at what is going on down there.

Good, my scabby rash has all gone, but now I am left with the predicament of designer p.ussy stubble, not a good look.

“ALEXA, WHAT TIME IS IT?” I shout through to the damned device in my bedroom.

“The time is 9:45 am,” the machine answers.

sh!t, that means I have T minus 45 minutes before Wh!p-Me picks me up.

I grab the new packet of razors, and wrestle with it. You need a freaking razor to open the damned packet, seriously, it should not be this hard.

The packet finally opens, and the razors fall everywhere. Just my luck. What was it my mother always said? More haste, less speed. I guess she was right, again!

Finally, I am silky smooth, everywhere, not a designer p.ussy stubble in sight, and I jump out of the shower, and realise I left the clean towels in my bedroom. Great, now I am going to have to do the n.aked dash. Turning on my electric toothbrush, I clean my teeth, as I run n.aked across the hallway, water dripping off me, and leaving we.t footprints on the carpet, to my bedroom. I am really hoping nobody is walking up the street and looking in my landing window and see my wobbly bits wobbling everywhere as I make a run for a towel.

I look at myself in the mirror, and grimace. How Wh!p-Me finds any of this se.xy is beyond me. I mean, the little rhyme comes to mind.

Do your t**s hang low?

Can you tie them in a bow?

The answer to that question is definitely a YES. I probably could.

Still, the se.xy stud muffin, that is Kelvin ‘Wh!p-Me’ Webber, tells me repeatedly how se.xy, gorgeous, and wonderful I am.

Maybe he is only saying it to get into my granny pants, but let me be honest, he doesn’t need to fill me with compliments in order to have his wicked way with me. I am a sure bet right now.

I shudder slightly, as memories of that date in the cinema come to mind. Hell, the man has talented fingers. After disclosing to him, that I have not had a man who was able to bring me to my climax, he took it as a challenge. Let's just say, he did a spectacular job under our coats as we watched Top Gun 2. Tom Cruise was not the only one flying high that night. Wh!p-Me has serious sk!lls.

To be honest, things are great, he is attentive, helpful to everyone, even building a tree house slide thing for the kids in Cal's new garden. The man practically has 'perfect' tattooed on his forehead. But me being me, I am still waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Other than that magical night, we have snogged each other's faces off like horny teenagers more than a few times, and the odd grab of my ample low hanging b00bies, which he insists are perfect. But, we have yet to 'seal the deal' and well, tonight is the night. My rash is all gone, and he is taking me out for a r0mantic day, which he promises will be the most memorable date ever.

I pull on my jeans, wiggling my fat arse into them, then lay on the bed in order to b.utton and zip them up. Best not eat a lot, else the b.utton will probably pop; they are that tight. But Lucy, the darling she is, told me I looked amazing and never mind if they were a little young in fashion, I looked fantastic. She did say to remember to shave my knees, as the rips in them expose that often-overlooked area of anybody's body, a tip I am most grateful for, seeing my knees poking through the rips.

I pull out the bright red tight fitting plain t-shirt, with a V-neck, and pull on my new red b.ra, one that lifts the girls up and showcases my more-than-ample cleavage.

Let's hope I don't drop food down there, I kid you not, one night I took off my b.ra and crumbs fell out of my cleavage, some stuck underneath my b00bs!

Yes, I am that classy! It is called, 'Big t!t problems' and yes, that is a thing ... trust me!

Bending over and feeling like the circulation to my brain had been cut off, I pull on a pair of sketches, then tie my hair up into a high ponytail, before adding a small splattering of make-up.

That's it; job done. I'm as ready as I'm going to be, so pick up my bag and head downstairs, and sit waiting for my young stud muffin to arrive.

Wh!p-Me knocks on the door, and I rush to open it. Damn, I feel giddy right now. As I opened it, he is standing with the biggest smile on his handsome face.

"Hey girl, you are smoking hot today," Wh!p-Me compliments me, as his eyes trail up and down my stuffed-in-jeans body, making my lady region heat up, and weep in response to his deep se.xy Barry White type voice.

"Thank you, you are not so bad yourself." I grin at him.

He is hot-damned-gorgeous! I feel myself, possibly needing a fresh pair of knickers. He is stood in dark blue wash denims, a white t-shirt that clings to his muscles and hot damn, do I want to sack off this date and str!p him n.aked and show off my no stubble bits and bobs.

"So, are you ready to go?" he asks with a smirk on his delicious 'k!ss me now'!!ps.

"A-ha," I smile, nodding my head.

He ushers me out of the door, and I turn to lock it. Nosy Nora over the road is curtain twitching again, and so I smile and wave, letting her see that I've noticed her spying on me. No doubt the fact Wh!p-Me and I are going out again will have done the rounds twice over before I get home tonight. Ah well, when they're gossiping about me and my cougar activities, they are leaving someone else alone, I suppose.

I slump down into the passenger seat of the car, praying my b.utton doesn't pop, as Wh!p-Me closes the door behind me, then rounds the car and quickly gets in.

"I cannot believe, I almost forgot, because you took my breath away," he says, then leans over and his !!ps meet mine with the softest brush that promises of more to come, sending a tingle direct to my lady bits.

"Smooth talker." I laugh at him, shaking my head.

Wh!p-Me chuckles and shrugs his shoulders.

"I may be smooth, but it's the truth, I was literally stunned by how drop dead gorgeous you look. Although those skin-tight jeans beg the question, how the hell did you get into them?" he states.

"Start with a Bacardi and coke." I laugh.

Wh!p-Me chuckles at me, shaking his head slightly.

"Noted." He nods, then pulls away as Nosy Nora over the road hangs round her curtain watching us disappear down the street.

"So how are you on water?" Wh!p-Me asks.

"Good." I smile at him, never been seasick, or any kind of travel sick.

"Great. So, my friend Jack from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has bought a new boat. It's moored on the Tyne, on Newcastle quayside. He agreed to rent it to me for today. So, I thought we could head out down the river and anchor off the Tynemouth beach and have some lunch." Wh!p-Me smiles.

"Wow, that is cool." I grin at him.

I've never had a man go to so much trouble for me, and I cannot deny, ... it feels good.

"I've not seen the boat, but he assures me it's amazing. He is going to sail it for us, obviously, but we have the whole thing to ourselves," Wh!p-Me explains.

We pull up into the large carpark behind the crown court and walk down to the quayside hand-in-hand. As I look out onto the River Tyne I stop in my tracks. Before me is a huge boat, well more like a luxury yacht, it's gun-metal-grey, and by far the largest boat moored.

"Bloody hell, is your friend a billionaire or something?" I breathe, my eyes wide.

"I know he said it was amazing, but I honestly didn't expect this," Wh!p-Me answered, as taken-a-back as I was.

Excitement begins to bubble in my tummy, as we walk towards the massive vessel, when a man of around Wh!p-Me's age shouts over and waves.

“Kelvin, great to see you.”

“Jack, thanks for this. Let me introduce you to my girlfriend Joanne. Joanne this is Jack,” Wh!p-Me introduces me.

sh!t, girlfriend, more like old lady friend, but hell it gives me a pleasant shiver, down my spine landing right at my freshly shaven haven, to be thought of as the girlfriend of Wh!p-Me.

“Nice to meet you.” I smile at Captain Jack and cannot help but wonder if he’s a pirate like his namesake and has commandeered the beautiful boat we’re about to set sail on.

“So come on, hop on board.” Jack grins at us

Wh!p-Me and I nod out heads in excitement, I mean who the hell gets a chance to go on a boat like this around here? This is clearly a one-off event, and I intend to make the most of it.

With his arm casually slung over my shoulder, and a bright smile on his face, Wipe-Me and I walk towards the gang plank of the massive luxury yacht.

“No, not that one.” Jack laughs.

“This one,” he indicates with his hand to the small blue fishing boat that is moored behind.

I cannot help the wave of disappointment, then look at Wh!p-Me’s face, and roll my !ps together, desperate not to laugh, as he is stood with his mouth hanging slack, as he glances between the two boats.

“sh!t, I hope it floats, it is a rust bucket,” Wh!p-Me whispers to me.

“Well, if he is part of the RNLI, I guess we are safe,” I reply, holding in my laugh, but failing miserably.

“Isn’t she beautiful.” Jack grins proudly looking at the tiny boat, with flaky blue paint around the hull.

“Yes, she is lovely,” I reply politely.

Jack nods happy with my response, as Wh!p-Me still stands staring at the yacht in front like it's a long-lost lover, before holding my hand, and gently helping me aboard the boat, that stinks like a tin of tuna.

"Pop your lifejackets on, and make yourselves comfortable, and I'll get us underway." Jack smiles, as we head to the back of the boat, finding a wet wooden bench to sit down on as Jack heads up into his little white cabin, and we set off.

"I am so sorry," Wh!p-Me says as soon as Jack is out of earshot. Putting the bright yellow life vest, with bright red whistle on me.

"Don't be, this will be fun, I mean who wants to sail on a posh yacht anyway." I giggle.

"It stinks," Wh!p-Me states, then begins to chuckle.

"Just a bit, don't think I will eat tuna for a while." I laugh.

"sh!t Joanne, can you tell everyone I hired that yacht, and not this sh!tty thing?" Wh!p-Me laughs.

"Not a chance in hell, although I am going to take a picture of both, just for posterity." I am laughing hard now, tears rolling down my cheeks, as we both look at the posh yacht as we chug by it and wave at the people on board.

"Well, I was right about one thing, this date is going to be memorable." Wh!p-Me laughs.

"It's not the size of the boat; it is the motion in the ocean." I reply and wink.

"But let's be honest, you really want a big boat." Wh!p-Me winks back at me, then laughs as he places his arm around my waist.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 94 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Kelvin's Point of View.

As far as memorable dates go, yeah, I think I have cracked that. But for enjoyable dates, not so much!

Although Joanne said she has never been seasick before, bobbing about in this rust bucket that stinks of fish, has her hanging over the side, whilst I rub her back as she feeds the fish with the contents of her stomach.

She keeps trying to smile and reassure me she loves the effort I made, but her face is a pale green colour and once again her head is hanging over the boat, tears streaming down her face, from retching so much.

Noticing the state Joanne was in, mercifully, Jack had turned the boat around and we were currently sailing past the massive posh yacht. I looked at it once more with a wistful sigh. Now that would have been both memorable and amazing, if we had gone on it. Still, it is what it is.

I took a chance at calling Joanne my girlfriend, but that is what she is. As far as I am concerned, she is the best woman I have ever had the privilege of knowing. I must think of something to rescue this date and do something fun for her. However, at the moment, all I can think about is getting her off this damned boat, and back on solid ground. Seeing her struggling like this is doing something to my heart, like breaking it!

Hell, I want to give her the moon and stars, show her just how deserving she is. But all I have managed to do is give her green skin, and the ability to projectile vomit across the North Sea.

Finally, we pulled up on the dock, and Jack tied off the boat, then he put the gang plank down, enabling us to finally get off.

I take hold of Joanne's hand, and despite the fact that she has just been sick, I still get those sparks rushing up my arm, and a sense of utter pride as I wind her small delicate fingers in my large stubby ones. Wordlessly, I helped her off this damned boat, thanking Jack, when really, I just wanted to shove him overboard.

Magnificent boat, my backside!

As we stepped onto the quayside, I gently removed her life jacket, handing it back to Jack, before throwing my arm around her shoulders and pulling her into my side.

"Well, that was fun," I said, although it was as far removed from fun as the North pole is from the South.

"I am sorry." Joanne sighed, the colour starting to return to her cheeks.

"Why are you sorry? It is not your fault I was duped into hiring a rust bucket," I tell her.

"I know, but you went to all that trouble for me to spoil our date by throwing up my breakfast." She sighs.

"You are worth the trouble babe, so don't ever apologise for something you have no control over," I tell her, really hating that she feels she has done something wrong. Again, it irks me that some undeserving asshole has made her feel like everything is her fault.

I bend down to give her a k!ss, but she turns her head away.

"Sorry, but I just threw up my guts, you are not k!ssing me, until I get a toothbrush and scrub my teeth." She gives me a giggle; the sound makes my heart leap around in my c.hest, other than Moses's little laughs, it is the best sound in the world.

We head up into Newcastle City Centre, making our way towards Grey's Monument, as there is a big chemist there, where I can get my woman a toothbrush, toothpaste, and mouth wash, so she can feel happier, and more confident. Also, because I really want to taste her l!ps with my own as soon as possible.

After purchasing the toothcare things, we head over the road to Starbucks. I stand in the queue as Joanne excuses herself for the bathroom.

"What would you like to drink?" I ask her, before she disappears on me.

"Ooo, skinny latte with sugar-free caramel syrup." She smiles, and I ignore the tiny piece of residue carrot that is residing in her teeth, from throwing up.

I cannot keep the grin off my face as she rushes to the bathroom, watching her se.xy backside sway in those sprayed on jeans she is wearing. God alone knows how she is actually breathing in the things, but my length appreciates her lack of oxygen and stands in full salute at her kind gesture.

I tear my eyes away from her glorious behind, turning to the lady behind the counter and order our drinks. I would normally offer her one of the amazing muffins they sell, but she has just been ill on that rust bucket of a boat, so

probably will not want food just yet. I take the tray and head to one of the couches and place it on the table and await Joanne's return.

As I sit, I see a man wearing a green bomber jacket, his head shaved bauld, and a swastika tattooed on the side of his head. His blue denims are rolled up to the top of his doc martin boots, and he is currently giving me a look as if I am the sc.um of the earth.

Joy, just what I need, a raving racist bastard glaring at me. It's not the first time I've encountered this. Let's be real here, most black men and women have, but I really cannot be bothered to deal with this, when out on a date with Joanne. Plus, I doubt very much my woman has ever encountered the grotesque species of the white supremacist at work. I can only hope his vileness doesn't scare her too much, or worse still, have her second-guessing having a relationship with a black man.

I take a breath, feeling more than a little on edge as I prepare myself for the onslaught of racial a.buse, I know will come my way, before this coffee is finished. But I refuse to move seats, that would make the imbecilic feel like he had won, and I'll never let people like him win.

Joanne walks out of the bathroom, her smile is wide, teeth bright white, and she looks so much better than she did going in there. She slides onto the couch next to me, and I automatically place a protective arm around her shoulders.

"Better?" I ask her.

"Much, thank you for the coffee." She grins at me.

"You are most welcome." I smile down at her, getting lost in those big hazel eyes she has, they're the window to her soul. All I can see is total happiness, and I hope that's because she's with me, and not just because she has cleaned her teeth.

"fvcking*g disgusting," the Neo-Nazi across from us shouts across.

Great, here we go, this date just keeps getting better and better. I chose to ignore the i***t, keeping my focus and concentration on Joanne. After all, she is much better to look at than a bauld headed i***t.

“That should be illegal,” he shouts again.

Joanne furrows her brows, not understanding just what is happening right now, then looks over to the racist bastard, the look of realisation dawns on her face, and she lets out an annoyed breath, rolling her eye in disgust at him.

“Just ignore him,” I whisper to her.

“Yeah, if you feel uncomfortable, we can leave though. Not that I want to, I would prefer to stay and upset his stupid ideals for a little longer.” Joanne smiles at me.

“I never walk away, but if you want to go, we can.” I smile at her.

“Definitely not, his issues are his problems. I happen to feel rather proud to be sat here cuddled up with the best looking, kindest, loveliest man in the Northeast of England.” Joanne grins at me, then snuggles into my chest a little further, her hand resting on my stomach.

I must admit, her words make my chest puff out, because as I gaze into her eyes, I see nothing but truth in her words.

“Oi, b***h, could you not get a white man, and got so desperate you had to slum it with that black scum,” the racist pig shouts over.

A hushed silence falls around the coffee shop, as people begin to stare. Some look uncomfortable at the confrontation, others look annoyed at the racist pig whilst the rest pretend it isn't happening.

Now, I will ignore anyone having a go at me for my skin colour, but will never allow them to target my woman.

I shift towards him a little bit, as Joanne places her hand on my chest and shakes her head at me.

“Ignore it. I don't care what he thinks,” she whispers to me.

My instinct is to defend the woman I am fast falling for, but she is right, there is no use in adding fuel to the fire. I relax back into the chair, my fingers trailing up and down her shoulder and top of her arm.

“You lot should leave our women alone and fvck off back to where you came from. Black bastard,” the Neo-Nazi shouts once more.

“Why doesn’t the management come and chuck him out,” Joanne whispers.

“Unfortunately, not a lot do. It is better than it once was, but still people try to pretend this isn’t happening.” I sigh, explaining the reality of being a person of colour.

“It is disgusting,” Joanne whispers again, her face looking sad, like she cannot believe that in this day and age there are still people who judge a person or attack someone because of the colour of their skin.

“You know what, let’s just go. If they cannot come and get rid of the trash that is that i***t, then I don’t want them to have our business,” Joanne suddenly decides.

“But then he will think he has won. But, yes, we can leave.” I smile down at her.

“Oh, he will not win. Trust me,” she responds, and I have to chuckle because I see a determination in her eyes and know something is about to go down.

We finish off the last of our drinks, as Neo-Nazi scum bag stands up to go get himself another coffee. His large belly is hanging over his jeans, his black t-shirt tucked in. I notice he is a good 5 or 6 inches shorter than me, so go to stand up myself, taking hold of Joanne’s hand.

“Wait a second.” Joanne smiles, then looks through her bag, her eyes watching the bozo as he collects another cup of steaming hot coffee. She throws her bag over her shoulder and waits for the i***t to sit back down as he continues to stare at us both in disgust.

With a smile on her face that I know means she has planned something, she nods her head. We walk out and as we pass his table; she allows her bag to drop, hitting off his hot cup of coffee, knocking it over the scalding contents spilling all over his lap.

“Oops, I am SO SORRY! Don’t worry though, the damage should not be too bad given you have a tiny p***s even for a white man,” Joanne shouts, then walks away as the Neo-Nazi racist bastard is stood up, squealing like a pig, trying to pull the jeans covered in scalding hot coffee from his nether regions, as the people around us all start to giggle at him.

A little old lady with white hair leans over towards him.

“Serves you right, you are a disgusting poor excuse for a human. My father fought against Hitler and won; you are nothing but a discussing pig,” she shouts at him.

“You b***h, you did that on purpose, that is assault,” he screams after Joanne.

“Nope, I saw the whole thing sir, and it was obviously an accident,” finally, the manager comes across.

He turns to us and passes me a gift card.

“I am sorry you had to endure that sir, please accept this gift card as way of an apology. My staff should have evicted him the moment he made comments. I will be having a chat with them about this,” the manager states.

“Thank you, and honestly, my bag just dropped off my shoulder. I must not have put it on correctly in my haste to get out of here, given how uncomfortable that man made us feel.” Joanne smiles at the manager, attempting to look innocent but the glint in her eye gives her away.

“Yes, I can see that.” The manager chuckles.

We leave the coffee shop and walk back towards the car. I want to get out of this place, because this amazing date I planned has turned into a barrel of sh!t.

“He squealed higher than a little girl,” Joanne suddenly says, then begins to giggle.

“He did. But Joanne, this type of thing happens more than you would think,” I tell her, taking a breath, hoping she doesn’t re-evaluate our relationship knowing this could, and let’s face it, probably would, happen again, maybe not like what just happened, but in some form or other.

“It shouldn’t, but hey, I’m proud to be with you, you make me happier than anyone I’ve ever been with. I would say it doesn’t bother me, but that is incorrect, it does bother me, but only that people are still so narrow minded and disgusting in this world.” Joanne smiles.

“So, you have not thought better of being with me?” I ask, suddenly feeling a little insecure.

“Why would I? Nope, if anything, I admire your forbearance, you were a lot calmer than I was. Why, did I handle it badly?” she asks, suddenly looking as insecure as I felt.

“Nope, you are, as always amazing. Now, what can we do to rescue the rest of the day?” I ask.

“Oh, well, I can think of something, but that may be presumptuous of me, and not at all lady like.” She grins at me.

“Not presumptuous at all, and you are every inch a lady. My lady. So, your place or mine?”

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 95 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

Joanne's Point of View.

As Wh!p-Me pulls up on his driveway, my stomach is fl!pping around like a fish out of water. I am a heady mixture of nervous, excitement, and horny as hell right now, which is a lethal combination.

My old insecurities are also rearing their ugly heads, telling me he'll not find me attractive when fully n.aked, but with determination to not give in to my own thoughts about my body, I push them to one side, choosing to ignore them for once in my life.

“I thought we should come to mine. I think it is safer. As much as I love your close relationship with Ben and everyone else for that matter, the thought of them just wandering into the house this afternoon was not appealing.” Wh!p-Me chuckled.

I feel the heat on my cheeks, as I bite my bottom !!p with a smirk on my !!ps. I have to agree with him on that point.

“Yes, not ideal.” I grin at him.

sh!t! We are really going to do this. Wh!p-Me, is going to wh!p-me-with-his-willy! Yikes!

“Joanne, in all seriousness, no pressure though, if you change your mind at any time, just let me know. I won’t be offended. Frustrated, definitely, but offended, absolutely not,” Wh!p-me continues.

“Okay,” I manage to squeak out, knowing I’m not about to change my mind anytime soon, but happy I have the option should I happen to find myself in that situation.

Wh!p-Me rounds the car and opens my door, then taking my hand he guides me out of the passenger seat. Throwing his arm over his shoulder he presses the b.utton on his key fob, as the car beeps and flashes its lights a couple of times as you hear the clunk of the lock.

He leads me through his front door, down the hall, and directly into his living room.

“Make yourself at home baby,” he whispers huskily to me, the timber of his voice causing me to shiver slightly. Damn this man is se.x on legs.

I take a seat on the long sofa, worrying my hands together, as the nervousness begins to consume me once more, and I feel my cheeks burst into flame as my mind wanders to what will happen next.

Wh!p-Me chuckles, then heads off towards the kitchen, returning a few moments later with a large crystal class containing diet coke. Handing me the glass, I take a sip, to calm my nerves, only to realise there is at least a double shot of Bacardi in it.

“Wow, what is this?” I ask, looking at the glass.

“Well, when I asked you how I could get into those se.xy-as-fvck denims, you said start with a Bacardi and coke, so, voila.” Wh!p-Me chuckles, taking a seat beside me.

“Before I embark on partaking my own alcoholic drink, you are happy to stay the whole night, and well, tomorrow and tomorrow night, before we go back to work?” Wh!p-Me grins.

“Wow, you think you have the stamina for that amount of time,” I quip, the words out of my mouth before my brain gets into gear.

Trust me!

“Well, I definitely hope to ‘Rise’ to the challenge, but even if I cannot, I want to spend the rest of my time off work, just me and you, irrespective of any stamina issues.” Wh!p-Me chuckles.

I find my nervousness settling down at his words. Knowing he likes me for who I am, helps chase away my annoying insecurities, making me feel a lot calmer than I was previously.

“It’s getting close to lunch time, I have some nice steaks in the fridge, if you fancy them?” Wh!p-Me smiles, changing the subject to safer ground.

Do I want food?

Yes, I am starving after emptying my breakfast in the sea.

But, and this is a big but, I am more than a little bit concerned that when the food hits my stomach, I will get bloated, and the release some of the gas in the midst of passion, and that thought puts me off accepting the kind offer of lunch.

Then again, I am hungry, and feel like I could eat a horse, and run after its rider!

Decisions, decisions.

“Come on, what is going on in that beautiful head of yours? I can almost see the wheels turning,” Wh!p-Me asks, his brows raised up as he tilts his head to one side waiting for me to answer.

“Erm, nothing,” I squeak again, feeling my cheeks beginning to burn once more.

“It’s not nothing if you’re worried about something, and you clearly are,” Wh!p-Me continues.

“Okay, I am just being stupid. But if I eat, I may get wind, and I would hate to fart halfway through whatever happens after lunch,” I tell him, unable to stop my mouth from spilling my inner most thoughts.

Oh, good GOD, I wish my mouth had a filter attached, but sadly, it just spews out whatever is on my mind. I am sure it is a medical abnormality.

Wh!p-me looks and throws his head back, bellowing with laughter, as he wraps his arm around my shoulder.

"I would love to just live in your brain for a day, it seems like a fun place to be," he continues laughing.

"Seriously, I am concerned about it!" I declare, nudging him with my elbow.

"Well, let me put your concerns to rest. Everybody, and I mean everybody, farts Joanne. If that happens, then so be it. The covers blow off, it is no big deal. After all, I have shared an Engine with YOUR son, not to mention Josie and her musical, smelly bum. Seriously, that girl is worse than the men on shift." Wh!p-Me laughs again.

"Stop worrying. Now, come on, you can drink that in the kitchen whilst I make you some food." Wh!p-me laughs, moving his arm off my shoulder and grabbing my hand pulling me to my feet.

We walk into the kitchen hand-in-hand as I take another sip of the Bacardi, then let out a breath, as I try to relax. I am going to blow this, if I don't calm down, when really all I want to do is to blow him.

The thought, of s.ucking on his big sausage sends a bolt of pleasure straight to my shaven-haven, making it throb between my legs.

Clearing my throat to stop my dirty mind from going into hyperdrive, I sit on one of the bar stools by the counter, as Wh!p-Me pulls out a griddle pan. He turns and opens the fridge, grabbing out two fillet steaks, seasoning them, before adding some olive oil, and wrapping them in clingfilm setting them to one side.

"Can I help?" I ask, I find it weird to be sat in a kitchen not doing the cooking.

"Nope." Wh!p-Me smiles, popping the 'P'

"You do enough for everyone, today, I am going to wait on you hand-and-foot." He turns and flashes me the sexiest smile.

"I could get used to this." I grin at him, taking another sip of my drink.

"I am really hoping you do. That is my cunning plan." He grins, then leans over the counter placing a soft kiss on my lips before returning to cut up some mushrooms and peppers.

"Chips, or Baked Potato?" Whelp-Me asks.

"Hum, I should probably go for the baked spud, but the chips are shouting for me to choose them. I really cannot deny them when they are begging me so much." I giggle slightly.

"Chips it is." Whelp-me chuckled, grabbing some potatoes from his veg basket, and begins to peel them.

"Oh wow, properly cooked chips as well, you are spoiling me." I grin, although I know that will not help the diet I tell myself I am on every day, only to give up at the first sign of a biscuit, or cake, or any type of unhealthy food really.

"Well kind of, I have one of those air fryer things, so not as fattening as the deep-fried version. I have to watch my weight for work." Whelp-Me chuckles.

"You don't have a weight problem!" I declare, because to me his body is perfection.

"Oh, I do, I used to have a six pack, now I have a protruding one pack." He chuckles.

"Too much time sat behind the desk and not fighting fires." Whelp-Me shrugs, as he places the chips into the air fryer.

"So how do you like your meat?" he asks.

"Big and juicy so it fills my mouth," I tell him, again with the bloody lack of a filter!

"Oh, well, I will see what I can do in that regard." Whelp-Me laughs, then throws me a wink.

"Erm, rare would be good," I tell him, feeling my cheeks heat up once more, and not just from embarrassment, but from the pure fact, this man has me all ways of horny right now.

We banter back-and-forth, with various degrees of s****l inuendo, when finally, he plates up the food. The steak is so tender my knife glides through it, and I pop a piece in my mouth, m0aning at just how delicious it tastes.

“fvck Joanne, that noise is k!lling me,” Wh!p-Me gr0ans out, his eyes staring at me, pupils fully dilated.

“What can I say? Your meat is delicious.” I grin at him.

“Woman, if you are not careful, I am going to bend you over that table, and find a shoehorn to peal those tight, se.xy-as-hell denims off you and pound you, until you cry for mercy.” Wh!p-Me gr0ans.

I let out a gasp, my mind screaming ‘yes please’, but for once my mouth cannot form words, as my throat becomes dry, and I gulp, my heart feeling like I may need a trip to A&E if it doesn’t stop beating so fast.

I cut another piece of the delicious steak and pop it in my mouth, letting out another soft m0an, when Wh!p-Me suddenly pushes his plate away. In one swift motion he stands up, his chair falling behind him, stomps over to me, picking me up as if I weigh nothing, when we all know I weigh a lot more than that, and throws me over his shoulder in a perfect fireman’s lift and storms out of the kitchen, taking me up the stairs two at a time, before depositing me onto the soft mattress of his bed, my body bouncing, as he lets out a low growl from his c.hest.

“You asked for it.” He gr0ans, as his l!ps find mine, his tongue poking into my mouth, as it searches for my own, and all of my senses heighten as I wrap my arms around his neck, and my legs around his wa!st, digging my heels into his back.

Yes, I certainly did ask for it, and insecurities be damned, because already I am about to explode, such is my desire to have this man possess every part of me!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 96 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Kelvin’s Point of View

Hell, this woman is something else, the taste of her l!ps against mine is better than any steak, the way her body moulds against me, she is so receptive, it sends a shiver down my spine.

I had wanted to make this moment r0mantic, but after her teasing at the lunch table, all constraint snapped. My hands fumble with the hem of her tight t-shirt as I slowly lift it up, exposing the bare skin of her torso. A red lacy b.ra greets me and I cannot control the low growl of appreciation that rumbles through my c.hest. My hand reaches round her back, unclasping her b.ra, removing it from her arms, as my other hand cups her weighty b.reast, the n!pple poking into the palm of my hand.

You can keep your skinny women, they do nothing for me, I require something to grab hold of, and this perfect woman, all breathless and panting beneath me, has curves to die for. I feel like the luckiest man alive.

I have wanted this woman for a long time, never believing she would even consider me an option, but here we are, and the feelings I have for her is a lot more than just a bit of fun to chase away the long, lonely nights.

My l!ps find the crook of her neck as I place soft, teasing, open mouthed k!sses over it, trailing down her soft skin, until my mouth reaches the outline of her n!pple. With one hand holding her ample bust upwards, my tongue l!cks around her puckered n!pples, and I clasp my l!ps around it, l!cking the tip with my tongue before s.ucking like a man in desperate need, because that is what I am, desperate and needy for this glorious woman.

“Oh sh!t.”

Joanne pants out, as my hand reaches down the soft contours of her beautiful womanly body, popping the b.utton of her denims open. She shudders beneath me, before letting out a sigh of relief, and I am unsure if it's because of my fingers pulling down the zip or just because these se.xy jeans are that tight on her and she is finally able to breathe properly.

I let her n!pple go with a plop, and begin to move southward, placing k!sses over the mound of her tummy, as my hands begin to pull down the denims, her h!ps raising to give me access. As I peel the tightest, se.xiest denims known to man, down her long shapely legs, my mouth continues its journey downwards, until it finds the wa!st band of the red lacy knickers she has worn.

I cannot keep my hands from shaking as I reach in, and slowly peel them from her bottom. Kneeling upwards, I take a second to truly appreciate this woman beneath me, her cheeks heat under the intensity of my gaze.

“You are beautiful,” I whisper out.

It is not a line, because she is, beautiful, funny, se.xy, loving, and caring. The perfect combination.

Holding eye contact, I lower my mouth to her silky-smooth promised land, swirling my tongue against her engorged cl!t, as she lets out a soft, needy, m0an, followed by a string of expletives, that cause my already hard length to pulse in my pants, knowing I am making this woman, my woman, loose her control.

Her hands find the top of my head, as her fingers run through my short hair, as she grabs a handful and pushes my face closer to her core, as she lets out another mewl, her body beginning to thrust upwards. Trailing my fingers up the inside of her th!ghs, she shivers and cries out softly, when I run my finger along her crevices gathering her sweet nectar on my finger, before plunging into her soft we.t, folds.

Joanne’s h!ps buck upwards as the m0an turns to a cry, when I hook my finger twisting and turning searching for the sp0t inside her where all her nerve endings gather together creating that one perfect sp0t.

“Oh sh!t!” she cries out as my finger traces of the small sp0t, her h!ps thrusting as if they had a mind of their own.

Sucking on her cl!t, and working her with my finger, I feel her ar0usal dripping from her. I cannot help but growl with satisfaction that her body is so needy for me, that I’m the one privileged to give her this pleasure. The vibration of the growl sends her over the edge as she stiffens, before crying out again, her walls clenching my finger like a vice, as she comes undone beneath me.

Keeping the steady rhythm, I help her ride the crest of her wave, before she slumps back into the mattress, her body going limp as she pants out breathless, her eyes hooded, as she recovers.

"Wow," is all she manages to breath, as I move off her, pulling my t-shirt over my head, and discarding it to the floor.

I stand up, unbuttoning my trousers, letting them fall to the floor, as Joanne trails her eyes over my body. Her lips part slightly, as she licks her bottom lip, her pupils blown. This is one of the things I love about this woman, her eyes are so expressive, her face tells you exactly what she is thinking, and I know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, she is happy with what she sees.

Pulling down my black boxer briefs, I feel my hard length spring free from their constraints, as Joanne gasps, her eyes becoming wider.

"Oh, Hell the rumours are true," she gasps out, a small, satisfied smile forming on her lips.

"It is bloody huge, I have had a kid, and I am fearful of it!" she continues.

Her lack of filter always makes me laugh, and I chuckle as I climb on the bed beside her, stroking her soft skin with my fingers.

"You like it then." I grin at her.

Joanne swallows looking at me, the smirk on her face tells me everything I need to know as she slowly nods her head up-and-down.

"Now, what was it you call me again?" I chuckle at her.

Again, she swallows, then bites her bottom lip.

"Oh, I remember now. Whip-me-with-your-willy." I grin, then roll myself between her open legs.

My hands seek out her magnificent breasts, as I pull and tweak her nipple, concentrating on the very tip as she lets out a small squeal of pleasure.

Although I love feeling and playing with those bundles of fun, I want to give the girl what she has asked for. I pull my hand down to my rock-hard length, moving it between her folds, but not entering her. With a quick thrust of my hips, my hard cock whips her sensitive clit and she widens her eyes, and moans again. I repeat the action, whipping her with my willy, as she begins to pant once more.

"OH MY GOD, YES," she cries out, lost in her own world of pleasure.

I continue to wh!p her with my large manh00d, as once again her body begins to shake.

“Oh GOD it is happening again,” she cries out, in what sounds like disbelief.

I cannot help but feel pride that I’m the only man who has made her come undone, let alone given her multiple org*asms. Her h!ps thrust upwards once more, as she holds her beath, letting out a strangled cry, as I watch her face as she loses herself to pure ecstasy for the second time.

As she recovers, I continue to stroke her soft skin, looking into her hooded eyes. My heart pounds in my c.hest, as feelings wash over me like a tidal wave.

I am unsure if it’s because I have wanted this woman for so long, or because I have not been in bed with a woman for years, but this feels different. I was in love with my ex-wife, but there is just something deeper, stronger, more intense than anything before, when I think about Joanne. It’s her laughter, humour, her caring nature, mixed with a don’t-give-a-sh!t att!tude, her forced independence, that makes me want to protect her, do things for her no other has. This is just different than anything before, deeper, and a hell of a lot stronger.

My mind is in a rush of pure emotions as I hold her gaze, nothing else matters, only her. I feel a physical stretching of my heart, as it grows in size to accommodate this beautiful woman beneath me. I know, I’m done, there is no other woman I could ever want in my life, nobody would ever come close to her. Maybe those crazy books she reads has a point, there is such a thing as a soul mate, and if that’s true, I feel like I’ve found mine.

I go to my top draw, pulling out the box of condoms, but as crazy as it sounds, I don’t want the thin piece of latex between us, I want to feel her soft folds, as I make her mine.

Seeing the hesitation Joanne blinks up at me.

“I have had the op,” she whispers softly.

“After the fiasco with the surprise family and his activities coming to light, I also got tested, I am clean, thank GOD; I have not been with anyone since,” she continues, staring into my eyes.

"I get tested for work, and not been with anyone for years," I whisper to her.

The small upturn of her lips and nod of her head, has me shutting the draw, leaving the box where it is, as I gather her into my arms.

"This is it, Joanne. Are you sure," I double check, as she smiles up at me.

"Never been surer of anything in my life." She giggles slightly.

I position myself back between her open legs, my hands gripping her ankles, as I pull them further apart, then with one last wh!p of my willy, I move my h!ps, lining myself up with her entrance. Slowly, I begin to push into her, pleasure radiates through my body, as I sink inch-by-inch into her cavern.

"God you are tight. This is amazing," I gr0an out, unable to stop the words dripping from my tongue.

The feel of her walls grasping me, is heavenly, and I know, beyond any shadow of a doubt, this is the best time I have ever had.

Joanne stiffens beneath me as I give her another inch.

"sh!t, that is big," she whispers, biting her bottom lip.

"Are you okay?" I still, giving her time to adjust.

"Yeah, I kind of like the extra stretch." She giggles at me.

I push in again, as her body begins to tremble.

"I want all of it," she tells me on a m0an.

Thrusting deep inside her, I fill her up completely, shockwaves of pleasure rush through our bodies, as the electric current of pure desire pulses between us.

I move slowly out of her, leaving the tip just inside, before thrusting hard and deep as Joanne lets out another cry of pleasure.

"OH god YES," she encourages me.

I slam back into her, as her legs wrap around my wa!st, her heels digging into my back as she takes everything I have to give her.

Working up a rhythm I pump harder, faster, with more determination as she meets me thrust for thrust, panting, and moaning beneath me.

“Oh god, again,” she whimpers out, as I increase the rhythm of my thrusts, my cock gliding in-and-out, the slickness of her soaked pussy driving me crazy.

With another cry from her lips, I feel her walls grip me, as she shivers and shakes once more, only this time, I continue to push into her, then holding her waist and flip us both over still deep inside her, as she straddles me, and takes what she wants. Her boobs bounce freely as she rocks up-and-down on my length, her clit rubbing against the small overhang of my one-pack, as she gets the friction she needs on her sensitive nub, her body is convulsing as she cries out.

“It’s not stopping, fuck, it is not stopping.”

Her walls are gripping me, as the tingles in my balls, and the euphoric feeling in my stomach takes over, she shudders again, as I release my seed deep inside her, seeing stars. The intensity of my orgasm makes me feel like I might pass out, as Joanne slumps forwards onto my chest. My arms circle around her, holding her to me, as both our bodies relax.

Slowly Joanne slides off me, and I miss being inside her, as she wiggles her body to break free from my embrace.

“Sorry desperate for a wee now.” She chuckles.

I grin at her, and nod, as she attempts to get out of the bed, as soon as her feet touch the floor, her knees buckle, and she holds onto the bedframe attempting to put one foot in front of the other.

“Oh hell, I cannot walk, my legs are jelly.” She begins to laugh.

I lay back watching as she attempts to walk to the bathroom, looking like Bambi on Ice, and I would be lying if I didn’t say I felt a high degree of satisfaction knowing I’d given her so much pleasure that she could hardly walk.

As she finally makes her way into the bathroom, I move to the side of the door to wait, I’ll carry her back to bed, and if she can, I’ll do it all over again. Because I cannot get enough of her, and I have the distinct feeling I never will.

As the door opens, she gingerly walks towards me as I scoop her into my arms.

"I guess you were right." She chuckles as snuggles into my chest.

"What was I right about?" I ask.

"I think I am going to need a wheelchair."

Both of us laugh as I carry her back to bed, laying her onto my chest.

"Well, that was just the starter, now for the main course." I grin as her eyes go wide, then she giggles.

"Love a good main course." She laughs, as I hook her leg around my waist, rolling her onto her side, and begin to make love to my woman again.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 97 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

OH, MY WORD!

Seriously, I am sure Wh!p-Me thinks I'm some sort of contortionist, and not a middle-aged woman, but oh wow, this position he has me in, bent like a damn pretzel, is so good, I'm coming apart with each thrust of his rock hard, giant love stick.

"Yes, harder," I cry out, literally, I have no inhibitions left after a two-day sex-a-thon with the sexiest man alive.

"AHGHGHGHGH" I shout suddenly, as Wh!p-Me stills.

"Are you OKAY?" he asks, pulling out of me, as I unbend myself and practically fall to the floor.

"sh!t, ouch, ouch, ouch!" I cry out.

"Joanne, sh!t, sorry baby, are you okay? What have I hurt?" he cries out, his face full of desperate pleading, his eyes swirling with worry and concern.

I am unable to answer, scrunching my face up. fvck me this is painful.

Finally, I'm able to gather a breath, to let him know what is wrong with me.

"I am okay, just, ... fvck, cramp all down my leg from my h!p to my calf."

Wh!p-Me gathers me up into his arms and lays me back flat on the bed then lifts the leg I am clutching, as my lady bits expel the air, he has pumped into my shaven-haven, with a loud rasp.

Why me? Could this be any more embarrassing?

Wh!p-Me ignores my farting fanny, and pulls my toes back, rubbing the muscles with his big strong hands.

"Sorry," I whimper, my cheeks flushing bright red.

But hell, that cramp hurt, and now I have the humiliation of puffing out a load of air into his face! Oops!

"Don't be. It is not your fault." Wh!p-Me smiles at me, giving me some reassurance.

"The downside of dating an old woman," I say, as I bit my bottom !!p, and scrunch up my nose, as Wh!p-Me continues to massage my clenched muscles.

"But the upside is, having you in this position gives me the best view." Wh!p-Me winks and chuckles.

"What, even if it does say hello." I look sheepishly at him.

"I think it is more like saying thank you." Wh!p-Me chuckles again.

I can not help but giggle in response, because I totally agree with him. Never in my 50-something years have my bits been so thoroughly serviced, and oiled. I feel like a new woman, well I did 'til my toot tooted, and my leg cramped.

The cramp in my leg finally goes away, much to my utter relief, and Wh!p-Me gently places it back on the bed, then climbs on top of me, placing a soft k!ss on my embarrassed pout.

"You are so gorgeous," he whispers at me.

“Thank you,” I reply, still feeling embarrassed.

“Seriously, your hair all messed up, that flush on your cheeks, I don’t think I can ever get enough of you.” Wh!p-Me gr0ans.

Hot damn this man is perfect!

Well, it seems my faux pa with my pumping p.ussy, doesn’t seem to have bothered him, nor my old, achy, cramping legs.

“So ... my burping bits didn’t put you off?” I ask, still embarrassed, my brain not able to stop my mouth from talking about it.

Really, I just want to forget the embarrassing incident, but some how can not let it go, unlike my vocal v****a.

Wh!p-me throws his head back and laughs.

“Nope, I’m far to professional for that to bother me.” He grins and winks.

“Now, how is your leg?” he asks, with a smirk on his delicious l!ps.

“Better.” I grin at him.

“Good, because we have an hour before we need to leave this bed, and get the lunch sorted for Ben to come over.” He smiles, effortlessly slipping back inside me.

The cramp and other issues instantly disappear from my thoughts, as he plays my body better than Vanessa May plays a violin, and soon he has me singing his praises once more as we both reach the crescendo of pure bliss, each of uttering prayers and curses, mixed with words of pure praise for each other.

Collapsing in a heap of arms and legs, Wh!p-Me gathers me into his arms, a thin film of sweat coats his body, and my own.

“Well, after this two-day work out, I think my yearly fitness test will be a breeze next week.” Wh!p-Me chuckles.

“Yeah, I think I have burned enough calories to allow myself one of Josie’s cakes tonight at work.” I laugh.

"Is Ben bringing you some work clothes over, or do you want me to drive you home, so you can gather some things?" Wh!p-Me asks.

"He said he will pop into mine and bring me a bag. Although, he did add, that he doesn't want to think about why I am at your place minus clothes." I laugh.

It is traditional for Ben and me to have lunch together the day he begins his night shift, and with Lucy at work, it made sense for him to come here, given Wh!p-Me lives less than a mile up the road to the station. Anders said he would drop Lucy off at home, when she finishes, given he got back from Cornwall with Josie yesterday.

We get out of bed and make our way to the shower, my legs a little less wobbly than the first time he rocked my world, but not by much. This man ... my man ... he has sk!lls!

"Is Davey coming to work tonight?" I ask Wh!p-Me, as he turns on the shower and we both walk inside the cubicle.

"Yes, he texted me yesterday. His sister is out of hospital and is staying with him and Kathline. It is a bad business all of that." Wh!p-Me sighs.

"Definitely, I feel sorry for poor Anders though, he knows it was his family, and is feeling really guilty," I agree.

"Well, all we can do is support them outside of work, and make sure Davey and Josie are not too pre-occupied to do their jobs at work," Wh!p-Me states.

"Yeah, I know. I will have a chat with Josie when she gets into the station for her shift, check on how she is doing, if you want to tackle Davey?" I offer.

"Perfect team, both at home and at work." Wh!p-Me smiles then places a soft k!ss on my l!ps as he soaps himself, as I grab a shower puff and wash my body.

"Now, let me give you a key for here, then if you want, when you are finished you can come back whilst I am on nights." He grins at me.

"I cannot stay here whilst you are at work!" I protest.

"Why not? I will feel happier knowing you're here and have the added bonus of you in my bed when I get home in the morning." Wh!p-Me smiles.

“Well, if you put it like that.” I grin at him, as I finish rinsing the soap from my body under the hot streams of water.

“Glad you agree.” Wh!p-Me chuckles.

Hell, after what he does to my body, I am hardly going to disagree.

I wrap a large bath sheet around my body, then walk into the bedroom. I look at my tighter-than-tight jeans, and really, my body is far too achy to even attempt to pull them up at the moment, so grab one of Wh!p-Me’s white work shirts and pop it on. It hangs to my knees, but pulls slightly across the bust, but at least I am all covered. Grinning at me, Wh!p-Me hums with appreciation.

“Call me a misogynist, but hell, seeing you in my clothes is the biggest turn on.” He gr0ans.

“Down boy. One; I think these old aching bones need some recovery, and two; Ben is due in ten minutes or so.” I laugh.

We head downstairs into the kitchen, as I turn the slow cooker onto ‘Warm’ before grabbing some plates.

“Lamb hot pot.” I grin at him.

“I put it on earlier when you were snoring.” I smile at him.

“Wow, a woman of many talents.” Wh!p-Me nods approvingly at me.

“Well, I’m not sure who is on cooking duty tonight and wanted to ensure both you and Ben had a decent meal inside you before work.” I grin.

“It’s Ben and Davey’s turn tonight, so it’ll not be bad cooking, but hell, this is better,” Wh!p-Me states, whilst lifting the lid off the slow cooker and smelling the lamb chops infused with a rosemary gravy, sausages, carrots, broccoli and thin str!ps of potato on the top, letting out a m0an of approval.

The sound of the front door opening, makes me look at Wh!p-Me and frown, I know Ben would never just walk into the house, I did give him some manners growing up.

“Grandpa!” a little voice shouts, and I take in a deep breath, cursing myself for not squeezing myself into my jeans, this is not how I wanted to meet Wh!p-Me’s grandson.

“Granny is with me,” the little boy shouts with glee as he runs into the kitchen, skids to a halt, looks at me with big brown eyes, then instantly becomes shy, and s.ucks on his fingers.

“Hi Moses, this is Joanne, she is grandpa’s special friend,” Wh!p-Me tells the little boy, scooping him up into his strong arms.

Wh!p-Me’s ex-wife walks around the corner, then stands looking me up and down, as if I am something the cat has dragged in. I close my eyes, feeling my cheeks burst into flame.

“Oh, you are busy,” she states, completely ignoring me.

The dance of a thousand insecurities begins to pirouette in my mind. Hell, I am stood here in his shirt, it is clear as day what we have been up to, and his ex-wife is stood glaring at me, with their adorable grandson who is staring at me, whilst s.ucking his fingers his other hand twirling in the strands of his afro, as Wh!p-Me bounces him on his h!p.

“No, we are just preparing lunch for Joanne’s son who is joining us,” Wh!p-Me sates, then offers me a reassuring smile, as I find the floor very interesting, and wondering if it will swallow me up right now.

“Oh, so you have time for other people’s family but not your own then,” she snaps at him.

“I always have time for Moses and Catalina, Edie you know that. However, can I ask what you are doing here and not my daughter?” Wh!p-Me snaps straight back at her.

I have the urge to take Moses away from the obvious atmosphere and go find some toys for him to play with, but given I am the cause of the tension, and the fact the little man doesn’t know me and has an obvious case of stranger-danger at the moment, I am just left stood here feeling like I want to be anywhere else but here.

“Your daughter is at work, I thought it would be nice for you to see Moses, but I see I am interrupting your day. Come on Moses, Grandpa is busy with his friend.” The word friend dripped off her tongue with a high degree of sarcasm.

Just then a knock at the door sounds, and I excuse myself, knowing it is Ben.

“Well, she has made herself at home!” Edie declares.

“Yes, she has, and I insist on it when the woman I love stays here. Now, I do not know what your problem is, given you are married and ‘Oh so happy’. Now, if you don’t mind, you can leave Moses with us, and go do whatever it was you were wanting to do, because we both know you wanted to drop him off so you could do your own thing,” Wh!p-Me states, his voice light, but I know that is only for Moses’s sake.

“Love, you do not know the meaning of the word.” Edie huffs.

As I stand in front of Ben, my eyes wide. Wh!p-Me said he loves me, to his ex-wife, and my son finds out about it, the same time I have.

OH sh!t!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 98 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

Ben’s Point of View

I am stood here staring at my poor mother who looks like she wants to curl in a ball and die. I can hear the boss being polite, but firm with his ex-wife who is going on ridiculous, especially as there is a 3-year-old in the room with them.

I may be quiet, or known as the gentle giant, but when it comes to the mother, I am not so quiet, and not so gentle.

She has been through enough heartache in her life, and certainly does not deserve sh!t from a woman who married someone else within a year of divorcing the boss.

We all know the poor bloke hardly went out and socialised, for years he has remained single, and now he has found companionship with my mother, she is booting off, and being totally disrespectful towards her.

Well, not on my watch!

I stride through to the kitchen, bending my head down to fit under the door frame, and stand, giving the woman my best Paddington hard stare. Without a word from me, just the continuing eye contact and look of disgust mixed with anger on my face, all her bluster seems to disappear.

I am not going to raise my voice, after all there is a kid in the room, who loves both his grandparents as he should, but I am also not going to let her call my mother an 'opportunistic slut' as she has just spat at the boss.

"I think you need to stop what you are saying right now." I say, my voice normal level, but my intent clearly known in my tone.

To be fair to the boss, he is taking none of her crap lying down, he is defending my mother amazingly well.

"Your thoughts about Kelvin's relationship are not required or valid. I think you should calm yourself down and remember there is a child in this room who is confused at the moment." I continue, then smile at the little lad who is cute as a box of kittens.

"Well, if he didn't have a woman here when his grandchild comes to visit, it wouldn't happen." Edie huffs out.

Okay, at this, she has a point.

"Excuse me, but I did not know you were turning up. I have had no message from our daughter to say you would bring Moses around. Nor did you even drop me a text to ask if I was available. I would like to guess Catalina doesn't even know you are here, and thinks you are looking after him whilst she is at work. Now, Moses is welcome any time, my relationship with Joanne will never change that, nor would she want it to. But it is not too much to ask for prior warning so we can be ready. Now, I think you should leave, I will keep Moses for a couple of hours, until we go to work, then drop him off at his house." The boss states, the flash of anger in his eyes tells me he is a lot more upset than his calm demeanour indicates.

"Also, I require the courtesy of a knock at the door, before you barge in. I do not come to your home with your husband and walk in like I own the place. I expect the same courtesy." The boss continues.

"Yeah, yeah, we all know you gave me the house, and require a medal for it." Edie sarcastically tells him.

I didn't know he just gave her the old marital home, and hats off to him for doing that, the guy has gone up in my estimations immediately.

"What about her" Edie points to my mother with a sneer on her face.

"That is none of your business." The boss lets out a frustrated breath, as I keep my eyes boring a hole into the woman, desperately trying to keep hold of my temper a little bit longer.

"Oh, but it is my business if you think my grandson is going to be left in a house with a woman you happen to be shagging." Edie growls out.

"No, not just shagging, as I said, I am in love with Joanne, and if I have my way, she will be a permanent fixture here. However, that is still none of your business, especially as you introduced Moses to your husband before the ink was dry on our divorce papers. Tell me, does Tobias know you are here?" The boss raises his voice slightly.

Moses begins to cry picking up on all the tension in the room, and that is what finally brings my mother out of her embarrassed and shocked silence.

"Hey Moses, guess what, your granddad has some cool toys in the living room. How about we go see what we can find. I am sure you would love to play a little bit." She says without a second thought, then goes to the boss, holding out her arms to take Moses, with a look that states, 'let me get him out of here'. The boss nods at her, and ruffles Moses' hair.

"Okay my big boy, Joanne is correct, I bought you a new sailing boat. Would you like to go with her so she can give it to you?" The boss smiles down at his grandson.

Moses snuggles into the boss a little closer, but then with the wide smile that has almost every kid falling in love with her, my mother gains a little smile from him. He finally and hesitantly reaches out to her outstretched arms. Then taking him, she brushes past Edie, ignoring the woman's existence and protests. I follow the mother and Moses into the living room, as she finds the

new boat, I sit on the floor with them, and we both begin to play pirates with him.

Moses is soon giggling and laughing, which I will take as a win right now.

“So, he loves you.” I say to my mother who looks at me and shrugs.

“Apparently, but I have to admit, I would rather have heard it from him to me, not him to his ex.” She shrugs.

“Yeah, I get that. But for what it is worth, it has been clear as day to the rest of us how he feels. So cut him some slack for spitting it out when dealing with this situation.” I tell her.

A few muffled shouts later, Edie storms out of the kitchen looks at Moses.

“I will see you later.” She shouts, not even bothering to give the little lad a k!ss goodbye. Charming.

Then storms out of the house. The boss walks in running his hands through his short hair, then looks at Joanne apologetically.

“Baby, I am sorry about that.” He whispers, whilst sitting on the floor next to his adorable grandson, picking him up and placing him between his outstretched legs, and asking what he is playing.

“Does she do that a lot?” The mother asks him.

“Nope, that is the first ever time. I do not understand what her problem is.” The boss sighs out, but then smiles down at Moses, pointing out the different areas on the boat and telling them their names.

“Well, we have some nice food, are you hungry Moses?” she asks the little one.

“I know I am!” I grin.

“No surprise there.” The boss chuckles.

The mother gets up off the floor desperately trying not to flash herself, hanging on to the bottom of the boss’s work shirt, and saunters off to the kitchen.

We sit with Moses playing, an uncomfortable silence between us, till the Boss finally looks at me.

“Ben, I know I should possibly had said this to Joanne first, but I meant what I said. I do love her.” He whispers.

I don’t respond with words, just give him a nod. After all, I don’t talk that much anyway, and this conversation is a little bit weird, and uncomfortable, I maybe in my thirties but I am still her child.

The boss knows my personality so just nods back at me.

“I have asked your mam to stay here whilst I am on night shift. It will be easier for her to get to work on Monday, and today. If she has Cal’s kids, they are more than welcome here. Plus, this house is closer to Hastings hill than hers is, as well.” The boss continues.

“That is between you two. I think Lucy is helping Cal out this weekend, at his house, so I can get some sleep.” I inform him.

“Okay, well, are you okay watching this one for five minutes, I need to go talk to your mother.” The boss asks.

I simply nod, then rummage through the small toy box he has to look for more toys to play with Moses, as he disappears in the kitchen.

The Mother leaves with the boss, to take Moses home, and for her to officially meet his daughter, before they start work. I head up to the station. I am three hours early for my shift, but it gives me time to prep the food for tonight.

I drop Lucy a text to let her know I am at the station, and to see if she is okay. I guess we are going to have an interesting conversation when I get home from work, when I tell her about this sh!t show.

My phone rings, a second after sending the text.

“Hey, was everything okay?” Lucy asks.

I do not know how she knows I had an issue this afternoon, just by a quick. At the station, see you in the morning. Love you x Text, but somehow she does.

“Yes and no.” I tell her, then proceed to tell her about what happened when I got to the boss’s house.

"Oh dear. I think that is a classic case of, she doesn't want him, but doesn't want anyone else to have him either." Lucy sighs.

"The divorce was really amicable. There was zero drama when she got with her husband either. The boss just wanted her to be happy." I tell Lucy, still perplexed at Edie's reaction to my mam.

"Yeah, but obviously she is still pissed about some stuff. It is okay to be amicable when it is you moving on, but when it is the other person, she obviously doesn't like it. Some women, and men to be honest, are like that." Lucy sighs.

"How is your mam in all of this?" she asks.

"Not had a chance to ask her, she was putting on a brave face when Moses was with them. However, the boss told his Ex that he was in love with my mother." I tell her.

"Oh wow, that is good." I can practically hear my girl smiling down the phone.

"Would have been, if he had told the mother first." I chuckle slightly.

"Oops. Well, I have a client call, so have a good night, I will text you when I get home. Hope you have a quiet shift." She tells me.

"Yeah, Friday nights on shift are never quiet." I laugh, because although we may not get many shouts, being stationed in the city centre on standby for the pubs and clubs are always full of something or other happening. Normally the ladies of Sunderland, asking about our big hoses, or if we are strippers. Something Wayne likes to try and take advantage of, and who can blame him, he is a young lad after all.

I make my way into the station's kitchen area, and start buttering the bread, I will just make us sandwiches and snacks to take in the engine tonight, as the Boss and the mother walk in. They are giggling and laughing, so I reckon everything is okay there, and I must admit, that makes me happy.

Eventually everyone walks in to begin the shift, Davey sits in his normal spot, reading his echo, Twinkle is moaning about his 'Mrs' again, stating she is dancing this weekend with a different partner because he is on night shift. For someone who only does the ballroom dancing, and dresses in sparkly

costumes to keep his wife happy, he sure as sh!t, sounds unhappy about it. I would have personally breathed a sigh of relief.

Wayne and Headache are arguing over the fact that Wayne had asked him to pop the hood of the engine to check the oil instead of saying the bonnet, like a normal English person. Whilst Headache rubs his leg, stretching it out, then makes his way to the medicine cabinet and grabs some paracetamol.

Josie is the last to arrive, which is unusual for her, but she has brought a tin full of cakes, and like always they are gone within ten seconds flat. She rescues two of them, then heads down to the office. I continue to make up the food bags, when she returns bright red in the face, with the cakes still in her hand. Not sure what that is about!

"I am going to see if there is any news on my part time application." Twinkle shouts, heading towards the corridor.

"Oh, Twinkle, the boss is...erm... in a meeting, maybe do that later." Josie states, then sits down next to Davey asking how his sister is.

Our shift begins, and the mother is still in the office, she must be waiting for the boss to give her a lift back to his when their meeting is over.

Suddenly the alarm bell rings, and we all jump into action. Unusually dispatch is contacting Josie through her headset before we even get to the engine.

"Ben, bomb threat at city hall, they are evacuating everyone from the buildings around, including Anders offices just behind. We need the boss." She tells me.

"I will go get him; you get to the engine." I tell her running down the short corridor then open his door.

I see a pair of my mother's shoes under the desk, suddenly there is a loud bang as she hits her head off the bottom of the desk, and the boss is scrambling to do up his trousers.

"Really! MOTHER!" I gr0an out, not what I wanted to witness.

"Bomb threat at City hall, we need to go." I growl at the boss.

As my mother shouts out. "I dropped my pen; it is not what you think."

Yeah, right of course she dropped her pen, and happened to unzip the bosses trousers on the way down to pick it up, today just gets more embarrassing by the second!

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 99 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

Ben's Point of View

I storm into the fire engine, that was the last thing I ever wanted to witness, my mother on her knees giving head to my boss! I mean, I think I will have PTSD after witnessing that, never mind about the fire I got trapped in.

So, Ben, how are your nightmares? The therapist would ask me.

fvcking*g worse, keep dreaming of my mother and the Boss in his office and she is giving him a blow job, pretending to have dropped her pen. I would answer!

Yeah, I doubt that would go down well with the brigade therapist, she will think I am some sort of Oedipus-inspired pervert with an unhealthy obsession with the mother.

For fvck sake man, the last thing I want to do is go on this shout, I need to curl up with Lucy, in our bed and have a more positive memory about blow jobs than the one playing on repeat in my head!

"You could have warned me," I hiss in Josie's ear as I climb into the engine.

She has the good grace to blush, then giggle slightly.

"I thought they would have been finished. Kudos to the boss's stamina though. Plus, I didn't want anyone else catching them, in case they reported them," Josie whispers back, as the blast of the sirens sound, and Headache hightails it out of the station towards the City Centre.

"Do we think this is a real threat, or an i***t?" Twinkle ponders.

"Worse still, it could be our arsonist, and he has levelled up," Davey sighs out.

That thought sends a chill through my body, because if Davey is right, then no doubt there will be an explosion, something nobody wants.

“Well, it is not a terror organisation, they don’t typically give warnings,” Wayne sighs, his eyes wide.

My mind races to Lucy, sh!t, her offices are the building directly behind the City Hall, all I can hope is she is out of there already.

“Is Anders still at the office?” I ask Josie.

“Yes, he was working late to catch up, Lucy was staying to help him,” Josie tells me shaking her head as if to remove the fearful thought.

“I am sure they will have been evacuated by now,” Twinkle offers both Josie and me a reassuring smile.

I instantly pull out my phone, and drop Lucy a text, my heart pounding in my chest so hard my ears ring.

If you are in the office, you and Anders calmly but quickly get out of there, and away from the city xxx

It takes a few moments of me staring at my phone before she returns my message.

We are already out of the building. Had to leave the car, all the buses and metros have stopped, so working something out to get home. Stay Safe xxx

I breath a sigh of relief, then turn to Josie.

“They are out of the building, but had to leave the car, no buses, or metros, so they are working out how to get home. But they are safe,” I tell her.

The relief is evident on her face, all we have to worry ourselves about now, is them getting home, and dealing with the aftereffects of this bomb, if it is real.

Headache pulls up the engine, and Davey jumps out, heading to the copper who is standing creating a safe zone with his colleagues.

“Hey, what’s the script?” Davey asks.

“Not sure mate. We got a call in, it was credible, so were dispatched. Your boss needs to talk to my boss when he gets here. We are all just on standby waiting for the Army bomb squad from Catterick to arrive and check out the building.” He shrugs.

The Boss turns up in his little red van, and makes his way over to his police counterpart, gathering the information we need. I can barely look at him, the thought of him and the mother in the office still fresh in my mind.

“So ... we just going to wait here then?” Wayne asks, it is his first bomb scare, and clearly, he’s a little anxious about the whole thing.

“Yep, we are just on standby,” I tell him, hoping that will give him the ability to quiet his mind.

It may sound a little harsh, but he needs to deal with this fear himself, just as we all do. If he cannot control himself, he will not last long in this job.

Wayne nods, then pulls out his phone, and turns it on, and all we can now hear is some American YouTuber playing on a game and giving loud commentary.

The Boss walks over to us, his face a stoic mask, not at all like his face when the mother was ... NO do not want to think about that!

“Davey, Ben. On me,” He orders us.

Davey and I walk over to him, and still, I cannot look the bloke in his eye.

“So, this is a credible threat. Some guy has ongoing beef with the council, there have been issues in the past. He walked in just over an hour ago, booting off about them being corrupt. He announced on social media that he has planted a bomb, to rid the city of the corruption. There have been issues before, so the police are taking this seriously. We are to remain just beyond the cordon, on standby should the place go bang. They have evacuated this building, and Anders’ building, and are now clearing out the car parks and shops, along with the Empire, and the pubs and clubs around this area. Bomb squad’s ETA is ten minutes. Keep the guys informed, both of you are lead firefighters if anything happens. Ben, you take Josie and Wayne, Davey you take Headache and Twinkle,” he tells us.

“Boss.” I nod, still not looking him in the eye.

“Ben, just a moment please,” he tells me.

I know he wants to talk about what I witnessed him and the mother doing in his office, but seriously, I do not want to talk or think about it ever again.

Davey heads back to the engine to let the guys know what is happening, and I stand waiting for the inevitable conversation I wish more than anything to avoid.

“Ben, I am sorry for what you saw today. It was totally unprofessional of me, and I want to assure you it will not happen again. If you want to put in a complaint to head office, I totally understand, and will offer my resignation. But I would ask that you keep your mam’s name out of it, I would hate her name to be dragged through the mud because we couldn’t control ourselves,” the resolve in his voice lets me know he is serious.

“Boss, look, was it a shock? Yes. Do I want to see my mother in that position? No. But you are both consenting adults, and in a new relationship. Along with the fact you told me you love her. However, please keep it out of the office, or at least lock the fvcking*g door!” I sigh. I don’t want this man to lose his job and pension, because him and the mother are at it like rabbits.

“Thank you, Ben, and for what it’s worth, I do love her, more than anyone I have ever known. She is an amazing woman.” The Boss smiles, the look on his face tells me he feels like the cat who pinched the cream.

“Let’s agree never to mention her pen dropping activities again. Shall we?” I half-smile at him.

“Agreed. But drop her a text, she was upset when I left. I felt awful having to run off from her and leave her worried about you, and well, me and you working together,” Boss asks me.

I nod my head in response and head back to the engine, pulling out my phone to find five texts from the mother, all apologising, and each with a higher degree of panic in them wanting to know if I am okay.

It is okay, I am okay, the Boss is okay, we are okay, breathe, and let’s agree to never talk about it again. LY xxx

No sooner than I hit send, I see the three little bubbles as she types a reply.

I am so sorry, stay safe. I love you more than you will ever know. Xxx

Go to the Boss', get some rest, this is going to be a long-a.ssed shift tonight. We will all go to Cal's tomorrow afternoon for some tea / breakfast before work. xxx

I know that will put her mind at ease, plus I want to sit with Cal and the Boss tomorrow, as he has his fitness test in a few days, along with his medical.

The night draws on, I was relieved Lucy and Anders had managed to flag down a taxi just outside the City Centre, so both got home okay. She texted me a good night with a couple of k!sses when she got in. fvck, I cannot deny I wish I was in bed beside her rather than stuck in the bl00dy engine all night.

The sound of that bl00dy YouTube video Wayne is playing on repeat is starting to get on my last nerve. But it is keeping the lad busy, so I don't say anything.

"I have moved in with Anders." Josie smiles with a blush at me.

"Really? Cool. Do you need a hand shifting your stuff?" I ask her, after all her car is quite small, and his is a two-seater, no space in the boot, mid-life crisis car, that I loved driving back from Harrogate, which is little to no use for moving stuff.

"No, we got it all done yesterday and before work. I am thinking of renting my house out. It was going to be temporary, but we agreed today to make it permanent." She smiles.

"Cool, pleased for you both." I grin at her.

"Would you rent your house out to Liv?" Davey asks.

"Yeah, of course, is she staying here then?" Josie looks at him with a quizzical brow.

"fvck knows. But it's an option I suppose. She was back at my place five minutes when I caught her telling Kathline how much she misses him. She can hardly move for cracked ribs, her face black and blue and she is saying she misses the fvcker. I don't know what to do for the best anymore." Davey sighs, and unusually he looks more than a little bit emotional about the whole situation.

Josie reaches out to him and squeezes his arm, and I sit and do the manly thing of not saying anything.

“Anders called the cops yesterday, put in a report about his family. They are going to pick them up. He has agreed to stand as a witness, about their business interests, shall we say. Also, that they followed us to Harrogate. They are going to coordinate with the Harrogate cops but could not give us any other information on Liv’s case,” Josie tells him.

“Is it wrong that I want them to find the fvcker before they get arrested and do the job, I so wish I could on him?” Davey asks.

Nobody replies, because there is no need, we all kind of hope for the same, truth be told.

The annoying loud obnoxious laughter from Wayne’s phone breaks the silence.

“Wayne! Turn that fvcking*g phone off before I stick it up your fvcking*g arse hole,” Headache shouts back at the lad, then shuffles in his seat.

“fvck, my bum is numb, I am sure I will get piles sat around like this all night,” he complains to nobody in particular.

“Headache, shut the fvck up about piles, or it will be you with Wayne’s phone up your arse,” Davey growls back.

“I mean, why would my Mrs. want to dance with anyone other than me?” Twinkle m0ans out of the blue, like he has been lost in his own little world all night mourning the loss of dressing up like a fvcking*g sparkly unicorn and dancing about.

Nobody answers, all of us looking at each other with raised eyebrows. I will never understand Twinkle and his Mrs.

Boss approaches the Engine.

“Okay guys, we are free to head back to the station. It was a hoax, and the i***t has been arrested. Bomb Squad have given the ‘all clear,’” he informs us.

We all let out an audible sigh of relief. Finally, this shift is over, and we can get out of here.

"Thank fvck for that!" Josie sighs out, as Headache turns the engine on and we all head back to the station for the last hour of our shift.

All I need now is to get home, and curl up in bed with my beautiful Lucy, before she gets up for the day, and life will be damned well perfect.

Saved By The Firefighter Chapter 100 - Tips

0 11 minutes read

Lucy's Point of View

As I wake up, I stretch out my feet, having turned my alarm off last night when I got back home.

It had taken ages to get home last night. After walking for an hour, we finally were able to flag down a taxi, for the rest of the journey, after taking a few detours due to the evacuation zone. Unable to sleep, I had listened to the local radio to try and gather information on the bomb scare, once it became apparent that nothing had gone 'Bang' and Ben was as safe as he could be, I eventually took myself to bed.

Normally when Ben is on nights, I get up early and make him his big breakfast /supper before he gets into bed for the day. But this morning, I have woken up with a cup of cold tea by the bed, a congealed bacon and mushroom sandwich beside it, which is now inedible. Clearly Ben had made me something, thinking I would wake up soon, and a tinge of guilt washes over me, that we did not get a chance to chat before he slept for the day.

My large, musclebound, hunk of a man is beside me, his arms wrapped around my waist as he softly snores. I turn over, just looking at the face of the man who I love with every last beat of my heart. Gently I stroke the scruff on Ben's face, hoping not to wake him, as he clearly needs the sleep, but a secret selfish part of me, wants him to wake up, so that we can enjoy some Saturday morning, well, almost afternoon, fun.

Ben doesn't stir, so I prize myself out of his hold, a little bit disappointed, but mostly glad he is getting rest. Then getting out of bed, I grab the cold tea and sandwich and head downstairs to dispose of them. Looking at the cold bacon fat that has soaked into the bun is making my stomach turn a little bit. It's nasty!

I head to the living room, curling up on the sofa, putting the TV on, just for background noise and to try and wake me from my still, soporific state.

Picking up my phone, I see a text from Cal, asking where I am. Yeah, it is 11:45 I should have been at his house a couple of hours ago.

Morning, sorry, got home late last night, then listened for news about the scare on the radio. I have just woken up. I will get some food in me then head over. I text him.

My phone pings, and I let out a big yawn, I am still really tired.

Hey sis, Joanne is here already, she said she will make you some food when you get here, if you want. Xxx Cal replies.

I let out a breath, blinking my eyes repeatedly, wishing I could just wake up already. The idea of not making breakfast or brunch is appealing though, so I drop a quick text back telling him I will get ready and be there ASAP.

I peel myself off the sofa, and head back upstairs, then jump into the shower, hoping that will wake me up a bit.

It has been a busy week, running the business in Anders absence. Plus making sure all the staff were okay and ensuring the Maxwell family were not camping outside the office. Thankfully though, since that incident there has been no sight of the pair of them. I cannot help but feel relieved, but I had booked another self defence class with Haley for this evening, with Joanne. Josie is at work, so she cannot come, but after last week, I really want to continue with those classes, just in case.

After washing myself, the shower waking me up slightly, I quickly grab a pair of leggings and a sloppy t-shirt, pulling it on. Then write a quick note to Ben.

Ben,

Thanks for the tea and sandwich, unfortunately I didn't wake up till gone half eleven this morning. Sorry I missed you.

I have gone to Cal's. Your mam is there as well today, then I am heading to my self defence class.

I love you, hope to see you before you go back on shift.

Only three nights to go If I don't see you, Stay safe.

Love always.

Lucy xxx

I place the letter on the bed side table, as Ben continues to snore, then with one last look at his handsome face, which is drooling a little as he sleeps, I giggle slightly, before heading out to go see Cal and the Kids.

As my taxi pulls up, I get in. The driver, is a chatty one, complaining all journey about the money he lost last night, given the city centre was locked down. Apparently, the hoaxer has been arrested, and a guy he works with, knows a guy, who knows the man concerned, and well, he was giving me all the third hand information about the incident. I find myself zoning out, not really listening, still fighting this tiredness. Finally, we arrive at Cal's, and I pay him his money, before wishing him a good day.

"AUNTY LUCY!" Kirstie shouts as I walk through the door.

"Hey Kirstie, how is my favourite girl in all the world?" I ask as she rushes forward holding what looks like a giant poo with eyes, giggling like crazy.

"Look what Nana Joanne bought me and Daunte." Kirstie grins, as Joanne giggles behind her.

Kirstie turns around then begins to chase Daunte with it as the pair of them let out squeals of laughter.

"Sorry, but I couldn't resist them." Joanne shrugs, clearly not sorry at all that she had bought the kids fake poo's.

"Hey, are you okay Lucy, you look pale?" Cal asks me.

"Yeah, just tired, could not seem to wake up this morning. I didn't even wake when Ben got in. It has been a long week." I smile.

"I have made us all some lunch, I decided to do a full English with some chips on the side," Joanne grins at me.

"Thanks, I missed breakfast. Ben had made me a sandwich, but by the time I woke up it was cold and congealed so went in the bin." I smile grateful for the offer of food.

We all make our way to the dining table, as Joanne serves us the brunch, but the smell of the bacon after this mornings cold, congealed sandwich doesn't hold its normal attraction, so I offer my two slices to the kids, eating just the sausage and a few of the chunky chips.

"So did you speak with Ben this morning?" Joanne asks, looking rather sheepishly at me.

"No, I was asleep, why?" I ask.

Joanne blushes, then shakes her head.

"No reason." She states.

I do not believe there is no reason, not for one second, so I furrow my brows at her, wondering if she had some information regarding last night, that something happened that I do not know about.

"Joanne, there clearly is a reason." I state, concerned that something may had happened with Ben on the shout.

Joanne's blush deepens, then she looks at the kids and Cal before shifting in her seat.

"Ben may have come into Wh!p-me's office at the wrong time." She tells me, concentrating on her food, her voice barely above a whisper.

I look quizzically at her, tilting my head to one side.

"How do you mean?" I ask, as Cal begins to chuckle beside me.

"Well, I was kind of eating my tea." She says, giving me a pointed look.

"Why would that bother Ben?" I ask, clearly, I am missing something, as Cal's chuckle turns to full on laughter.

"I was eating sausage." Joanne continues, her cheeks now aflame, and still, I am not getting her point.

“Big, sausage.” She looks at me her eyes wide, as if to make the point.

I shake my head, still not understanding.

“Lucy, you are not that innocent, I have heard you and Ben in the bedroom.” Cal laughs.

I turn to look at my brother, who grabs his own sausage off the plate and thrusts it in and out of his mouth, before biting down on it.

The realisation dawns on me, and wide eyed I look over to Joanne, the nostrils of my nose pinched together, my eyebrows shoot up, and a shocked grin on my face.

“Really... Joanne!”

“Look Dante, I am eating my sausage like daddy.” Kirstie’s little voice shouts to her brother, and I look at her to see her copying what Cal had just done with his,

“Oh sh!t.” Cal whispers.

“Just ignore it. If you make a big deal, she will do it all the more.” Joanne whispers over the table, as we all try hard not to burst out laughing.

“So, you couldn’t wait till Kelvin got home this morning then?” I ask Joanne.

“What can I say, he told me he loves me, introduced me to his daughter and grandson, and I was suddenly... hungry.” Joanne shrugs, her usual sense of humour returning.

“Poor Ben.” I sigh but cannot stop giggling.

“Yeah, he wasn’t a happy chappy, but Wh!p-me tells me they are okay.” Joanne smiles.

“Are you not eating your fried egg Lucy?” Cal asks looking at my plate, I have only really managed one sausage and a few chips, I wonder if I am coming down with something.

“No, don’t fancy it. I am still exhausted, truth be told.” I sigh, passing my plate over to my brother, knowing he will polish it off for me.

“Well, Wh!p-me and Ben are coming over here around three this afternoon. You have your physical and fitness on Tuesday.” Joanne smiles at Cal.

“Yeah, I know, I have been working hard when the kids are at nursery. I am excited for it.” Cal grins at Joanne.

“Wh!p-me is going to bring the full apparatus for you and do an obstacle course in the garden. Apparently, a lot of guys fail when it comes to wearing the kit for the first time, claustrophobia is a thing.” Joanne informs him.

I can never repay the kindness all of Ben’s work colleagues have shown Cal, and now the station officer is going out of his way to help get him through the second part of his interview process. I think, Joanne needs to reward him in the office a little bit more, and Ben will just have to get over it!

“We also need to make a plan for your training. If you pass this next test, there is an intake starting a week come Monday. It is 9 – 5, the days I am off work I will pick the kids up for you and have them those days. But that leaves three days you are going to need childcare.” Joanne tells Cal.

“I know, Kathline recommended the lady she uses, Mel her name is. I rang her and she has reserved some space for the pair of them, just in case.” Cal nods his head.

“Great. Does she pick the kids up?” I ask.

“Yes, once they are back at school, but for now she will have them all day. I need to change the nursery now anyway, the old one is too far away. So going to put them into the same school as Andy is in. It has a nursery attached, I can get 30 hours for both of them free.” Cal nods.

“Cool, you seem on top of everything.” I smile with pride at my younger brother.

“I have the forms, just wondering if I should put Samantha down as a point of contact. I don’t want to, but she is their mother.” Cal sighs.

“Only you can decide Cal, you run the risk of her being able to sign them out of school if you do.” I warn him.

“I know, but I don’t want to be that Dad, that stops the kids from knowing their mother.” Cal shrugs. Clearly not sure what to do about the whole situation.

After we finish the brunch, I help Joanne clean up, as the kids run outside to play on the big playhouse. Wh!p-me and Ben made them in the garden.

I go back to the living room, my eyes feeling heavy again, as I sit down, I am so damned tired! I close my eyes, just for a little bit, because the truth is, I cannot keep them open.

“Hey sleepy head.” Ben’s baritone voice wakes me.

“Oh hell, did I fall asleep again?” I ask blinking my eyes open.

“Yeah, the mother said you fell asleep as soon as lunch was over, have been out for the count since.” He smiles at me, taking a piece of my hair and placing it behind my ear.

I rub my eyes and sit up.

“Sorry, I don’t know what is going on, I am so tired.” I tell him.

“It has been a busy week. Sorry to wake you, but we did the fitness stuff with Cal, he is a natural. I have to get to work in an hour.” Ben smiles at me.

“sh!t, what time is it?” I ask, I have seriously lost a full day.

“Half four.” Ben tells me as he sits down on the sofa beside me, wrapping his big arm around my shoulder pulling me into his chest before placing a soft kiss on my lips.

“Are you feeling, okay?” he asks, concern laced in his tone.

“Yeah, just really tired.” I smiled up at him, but then my stomach begins to flip, and not in the way it normally does when Ben is around me.

“sh!t, I feel sick.” I tell him, then rush off to the bathroom.

Ben follows me, coming in as I sit on the floor hanging over the toilet bowl.

“Sorry.” I whisper, as the wave of nausea washes over me, but I don’t think I am actually going to vomit.

“It’s fine, you are obviously not well.” Ben tells me feeling my forehead.

“You don’t have a fever though.” He smiles at me, looking relieved.

“sh!t, I best ring Haley and cancel going to the self-defence class tonight.” I sigh.

“Yes, I think you should. I will take you home now, get you tucked up in bed.” Ben smiles.

“I can get a taxi, it seems silly to go all the way home, just to turn around and come all the way back over this side of the water.” I sigh, not wanting to put him out.

“Nope, you are not well, so the least I can do is get you home, tucked up in bed. I will get the mother to ring Haley.” Ben tells me, then stands up, helping me off the cold bathroom floor.

“Hey guy’s I am taking Lucy home, she isn’t well.” Ben shouts down to Cal, Joanne and Wh!p-me.

“Okay, feel better soon Lucy.” Joanne shouts, as Wh!p-me nods his head in agreement, crawling around the floor with my niece and nephew on his back pretending he is a horse.

We arrive home, as Ben opens the car door for me, then gathers me into his arms, leading me into the house.

“Come on, straight to bed.” He tells me, then lifts me up bridal style taking me to our bedroom, before laying me down and pulling the covers over me.

Sitting on the side of the bed, he watches me, before leaning over and placing a soft k!ss on the top of my forehead.

“Sleep, you obviously need it. I will see you in the morning.” He whispers softly.

“Thank you.” I sigh.

“I will leave you a sandwich in the fridge for if you feel hungry later. I love you.” He tells me, before placing a soft k!ss on my l!ps.

“I love you more.” I smile at him.

“Impossible. See you in the morning beautiful.” Ben grins down at me.

“Stay safe.” I whisper to him, before turning onto my side into the foetal position, as once more sleep takes me.