

Paradise

Part 2 - Duty

A month into my stay at the station, and the place was already feeling more like 'home' than any place I'd ever lived before. Everything from the friendly banter and playfulness between me and the guys, to the chores and duties I had, to the rigid hierarchy that existed. For the first time in a very long time, I felt like I fit in perfectly.

Waking up in the early hours of the morning, heading to the station's large kitchen and grabbing a fresh bottle of energy drink - made locally by the research centre, using some special local fauna or something. From there, it was to the station's common room to relieve whoever was on duty there.

Today, it was Dent.

The bald man gave me a wide, cocky smile as he examined my uniform. He shook his head, smile stuck in place, and tutted.

"All wrong," he told me. "Your uniform is a mess."

I looked down at myself, the firefighting uniform I had on.

To my untrained eye, everything looked perfectly fine. The black trousers were on, boots too, and the jacket. Nothing looked messy or out of place.

But I was the newbie of the station for a reason.

Dent had been here a lot longer than me, knew the ropes and regulations far better than I did. If he saw something wrong with my uniform, there must be.

"Here," the man said, reaching out his hands, "let me sort it out for you..."

His hands slid under my breasts, lifted them up and dropped them, gave them a solid squeeze. He moved them around, fingertips kneading them through the thick firefighting jacket.

"There," he grunted after a minute or two. "That's better."

I thanked him as he left the common room, then sat myself down on a sofa and waited. Listened.

There was a large, professional-grade radio in the room. The one locals and company officers used to contact the station, let us know if we were needed and where. It was, as far as I was aware, the station's only contact with the outside world.

In the month I'd been here, it hadn't been used once.

At least one person had to be in the common room at all times, just in case a call came in. Early mornings were my shift.

Six hours passed.

From dark night to bright morning light, quiet as a whisper to active jungle screeches and chirps. All the while, I sat there waiting for the radio to do something.

It was around midday when Sparks came to relieve me.

"Chief wants to see you," the man said, giving me a once-over. "Your uniform is a mess. Here, I'll help you tidy up before you go see him."

"Last night," Chief said, "the bosses up top contacted us."

My eyes widened. Why hadn't Dent mentioned anything when I relieved him? The answer popped into my head instantly. He'd been too tired. Probably wanted to head straight to bed.

"There's been a lot of discussion about protocol and structure and all that shit. Long story short, some things are gonna have to change around here."

He eyed me, watched me closely.

"You'll no longer be allowed your own room," Chief continued. "Something about health and safety and properly allocated sleeping areas or something. From now on, you'll sleep with the rest of the men. We have a bed set up for you already."

"Okay," I said with a smile, nodded my head.

It made sense. Health and safety was important. Especially in a fire station. If me having my own room went against health and safety protocols, I definitely had to move and sleep with the rest of the firefighters.

"That's not all," Chief smiled. "Until now, you've been having showers separate us. Me and the guys all shower at the same time. To save water. Resources are important 'n' all that. Until now, I've been fine letting you shower privately. But, going forward, you'll be expected to shower with the rest of us."

"Saving water is good," I shrugged.

"Excellent," Chief grinned. "Well then Ali, you can go ahead and move your shit into the sleeping quarters now."

"There is something I wanted to ask," I said.

Chief's eyes widened slightly. The faintest hint of panic passing through his irises.

"Is it about the floral scent? Don't worry, that'll be in the main sleeping area too."

"No," I shook my head. Floral scent? What floral scent? "It's something else."

"Yes?"

"Well..." I glanced away nervously. "Everyone has a nickname here. Chief, Dent, Sparks, Canner. It feels a little weird for me to not have one..."

"Oh!" Chief let out a sigh of relief. "That's it?"

I nodded.

"Nicknames are earned," Chief grunted, crossing his arms. "But you've been here long enough now, and you've proven yourself competent enough - even if you dress sloppily. I'll have to adjust your uniform before you go move your belongings. But yes, nicknames..."

His eyes drifted to my chest thoughtfully, probably thinking about how best to adjust my jacket.

"What's your favourite type of fruit?" Chief asked.

"Uhh..." I considered it for a moment. "Strawberries, I think. Maybe grapes or-"

"Melons!"

I blinked at him.

"You like melons, don't 'cha?"

"I... I guess..."

"Then there you go! Your nickname. Melons. Fits you perfectly."

"Alright shitbags, line up."

Me and the guys quickly formed into a neat row, backs straight and eyes forward. A rare occurrence, us being formal and serious like this. Whatever Chief had to say, it must be important.

"Everyone here is certified in basic first aid," Chief began, pacing in front of the line. "Some of you earned those certifications before others, but you all possess them. However, medicine and healthcare are ever-evolving fields. What you learned years ago might not apply today, and some methods of care you might know as fact could well be outdated and obsolete."

The speech sounded very un-Chief-like. He'd probably rehearsed it beforehand. It *must* be important.

"It's vital for us to keep up to date with developing techniques. So today, we'll be learning and practicing a new first aid treatment. Melons, step forward."

I did, keeping my eyes forward.

"Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation," Chief said. "Commonly known as 'CPR'. We use it on civilians who have stopped breathing, have no pulse - you all know this."

I nodded, heard some snickering beside me.

"The eggheads at the research centre have come up with a technique similar to CPR that they've dubbed 'CPA'. Cardiopulmonary Assistance. For when a civilian has

inhaled a lot of smoke but is still able to breathe. The basic gist is that it helps 'em regulate their breathing after sucking in a ton of smoke. Simple, right?"

Again, I nodded. Chief stopped pacing right in front of me, turned to face me head-on.

"For the sake of demonstration," he said, "Melons will play the part of the civilian. Lay down on your back, arms to your sides."

Without hesitation, I got down on the floor.

Chief crouched down beside me, eyes roaming over my upper torso. Probably acting out the 'examination' part of the demonstration.

"CPA is all about stimulating a civilian's chest," he told the other men. "Watch closely."

A moment later, his hands were on my breasts.

"A strong, firm grip is essential," Chief said, squeezing and kneading them. "Start off with the underside of her ti- her chest. Then make your way around the sides, then up and over to the cleav- the *centre*. Be careful not to overstimulate the nipples. That comes later."

I tried paying attention to his words, but it wasn't easy. Not while being the demonstration. I closed my eyes, let out a soft breath, tried to remember where his hands were by the feel.

"In some extreme cases," Chief said, sounding distant, "you'll be required to give mouth-to-mouth to the civilian. This is to... Uh... Clean the inside of their mouth with your tongue."

I opened my eyes just in time to see Chief's lips lowering towards me. My jaw slackened instinctively, mouth giving no resistance to the lips pushing it open or the tongue sliding inside.

The hands on my breasts gripped harder, fingers digging in.

As Chief demonstrated CPA to the men, I couldn't help but think of the technique as being similar to making out with someone.

Two or three minutes passed before Chief finally pulled back, panting and drooling and grinning from ear to ear.

"Any questions?" He asked between heavy breaths.

"No sir," a man's voice answered.

"No Boss," another said.

"Good," Chief grunted. "Then go ahead and try it out for yourselves. I'm sure Melons won't mind being a test dummy for you. She's a natural at it."

The station's showers were crude and pragmatic in design. A single, wide room. On one end, a row of benches. On the other, a line of showerheads built into the wall. Tile floor and walls, with no privacy barriers between showerheads.

I stepped into the room behind the other men, body wrapped in a big, white towel.

The room right next to the showers was for laundry. As everyone showered, the special washing machines would clean and dry our uniforms. By the time we were done, our clothes would be ready for us to wear again.

Back when I'd first arrived at the station, I'd tried using the washing machines here to clean my regular clothes. *That* hadn't gone well. The machines were designed specifically for fire-resistant clothing. When I'd gone to collect my civilian clothing after a shower, I'd found them torn to shreds.

The guys walked ahead of me, not bothering to wear towels around their waists. Instead, they dumped their towels on the room's empty benches, strutted about fully nude.

Not wanting to stand out as a prude, I tugged off my own towel, tossed it on an empty spot.

The guys all looked at me, grinned amongst themselves.

Probably admiring my toned muscles.

I'd been working out hard ever since becoming a firefighter. Had to keep up with all my male colleagues, after all. So my body was plenty strong. Lean and fit, with well-defined muscles and sharp curves. The only part of my body that wasn't lean and strong was my chest; my big, round, heavy breasts.

Not that the guys seemed to mind.

They took places under showerheads, leaving me a spot in the middle. As soon as I was in place, the water began flowing and we all got to washing. Within a minute, the room was filled with steam and shower mist.

I focused on cleaning myself. Scrubbing away dried sweat and dirt and grime, wiping every inch of my body with a soapy sponge.

Occasionally, I'd glance left or right, catch one of the men staring at me. As soon as they saw me looking back, they glanced away. Probably looking out to make sure everything was okay with me. It was the first group shower I'd been part of, after all.

I wiped under my heavy breasts, scrubbed between them, leaned forward to clean my legs.

And, before I knew it, the shower was done.

The water stopped flowing, the guys started chatting, and that was that. No tripping and embarrassing myself, no awkwardness. I was just another of the guys, nothing more.

"Better than Bimbo," I heard Dent mutter to Canner. "Wonder how that cock-pocket is doin' now."

"Who knows," Canner grunted.

The group of us walked to the benches, collected our towels.

I was just about to start scrubbing myself dry when a loud *SNAP* made me flinch, spin around.

"Motherfucker!" Sparks yelled, rubbing his ass. "Son on a-"

Dent's towel-whip shot out again, cracked the air.

Sparks jumped back, away from the whip. A split second later, his own towel was twisted into a whip. Butt-naked, the two men duelled with their makeshift weapons. The air cracked with each lash, both men grinning and laughing right up 'til they got hit – then they cussed and shouted.

I stood back, watched in amusement.

It wasn't long before Canner's towel was whipping out and joining the other two, though his attacks seemed more half-hearted and tame.

"Bastard," Dent grunted at one point. "I'm going to-"

He paused as Sparks pointed a thumb in my direction.

"Oh," Dent blushed. "Right."

As one, all three men turned to look at me. All grinning wide.

"Hey," Sparks said, voice filled with glee and hunger, "what're you doin' just standing there? Come on. Join in."

I opened my mouth to reply, but before any words could form in my throat, the three men advanced on me. Towel whips cracked the air as they surrounded me, began playfully swatting me.

One towel slapped my butt. Another my thigh. Another my chest.

All three of them were focussing on me and me alone.

Giving the newbie a locker room hazing.

I laughed along with them, gave as good as I got. Or, at least, I tried to. When we all left the shower room a half-hour later, I had more red marks from being towel-whipped than the three of them combined.

Still, it was fun.

To be seen as an equal by them – it felt good!