

Hi, thanks for coming back @Shocker up ahead too, thought I'd warn you first, k?

Saving Grace.

"Thank you again, Will." I said, squeezing his hand that I had clasped in mine. The angel he was, he had come when I had asked, and insisted on us staying and waiting on a new battery rather than go back to his or my apartment, saying that "A car like yours wouldn't last an hour in the pitch black night of Chicago." To be honest I kind of agreed.

So now we were huddled up in the back seat of my car, swathed in blankets he had managed to find in the trunk of his car, his arms wrapped around me as I did all my best not to shiver.

"Jeez, Tamm, if you'd have told me I would have brought you clothes. I don't exactly want some guy coming out here to fix your car's battery, only to spend more time looking at you than the car." He had joked.

I had hit him.

"Don't worry about it, Tamm. Anytime, you know that."

"Well, thanks still, but you work, I mean how did you get off?"

"Hmmm, well." He paused to sink lower in the seat and grinned like a little kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "I told Diane that my sexy girlfriend is going to be waiting, soaking wet and in minimal clothes, and to hell with some hospital class action or whatever."

Well that explained the creepy smile.

I swung my arm in a way that caused my hand to hit his shoulder in the exact same place that it hit him earlier. And though he swore it didn't hurt, I swore I could see him wince every time he moved his arm.

"Hey, if you told her that you're going to," that was when what he said fully sunk in.

Girlfriend.

He called me his girlfriend. It was all I had not to burst out into some pathetic, spontaneous dance. I suppose that's what we were, but never before had he made reference to me like that.

Whoa.

"Tamra, hello? Are you there?" Followed by a soft rap on my forehead for good measure.

"Oh, what, huh, sorry."

He only chuckled and said, "I think the man is here," and pointed out the window to a man pulling up in a van between mine and Will's car and hopping out.

“Oh. Ok, hang on,” and started to get out, before pausing and pulling the blankets out with me.

After a quick description of my car problem and asking for his attention more than once, I was finally given a new battery and a hefty bill for the services of a man who worked at half the speed it probably should have taken. When the van next to me took off with a final wave which I pointedly ignored, Will decided to take this as a cue to get out of the car.

Not paying much attention to anything but the engine, I didn't notice him coming up behind me and wrapping me in his embrace, pressing small kisses to my left temple.

“What, was that too much for you to take,” seeing the sheepish expression that dawned upon his face I giggled – seriously, giggled! I'm not six – and admitted that it was most definitely not an experience I would like to repeat either. I took the momentary pause in the conversation to turn around in his arms and stare intently at his face.

‘Girlfriend’, he called me his ‘girlfriend!’

“Will, when you, I mean when we were, in the car, I mean.” Oh shit. Yeah, nice one Tamra, real smooth. “Girlfriend, you called me your girlfriend.” Again, Tamra, smooth.

While I probably looked baffled, confused and maybe a little excited, Will looked like a nervous wreck.

“Oh, Tamra, I”- By now I was literally hanging on to the end of every word he was saying, as several hopeful scenarios ran through my head. *‘Yes, Tamra, I love you, I always have, I think you’re -’, or ‘Tamra, I want you to be my girlfriend. I love you, I’-* his sigh brought me back to earth. “Tamm, I don't, I mean”- he let out a frustrated sound and leaned back against the car. “What's the point, I mean I say what I want to and you bolt and, shit, just Tamra”-

I kissed him. Screw my rules, screw everything else, I kissed him like I never would again. I poured everything I had, everything I was capable of, into that kiss. I wound my arms around his neck and clung to him for dear life, feeling very much relieved when he relaxed his tense posture and moulded himself into me, resting his hands against the small of my back.

I didn't want just sex or fun with him anymore. I wanted safety, comfort, consistency. A friend, a confidant, a lover. A relationship.

I did everything I could to let him know in that one, heated kiss. A kiss that became an outpouring of our souls, a reassurance that the other wouldn't disappear and that they were real.

And yet it didn't feel like enough. I wanted to talk to him, to ask basic things like how his day was, and I wanted him to ask the same of me. I wanted to be able to tell him anything and everything, and yet never be worried about how he would react.

He pulled away, all too soon for my liking, and looked me in the eye, nuzzling his nose with mine. The electricity that ran through me made me think I was on fire, though if I was, I didn't really care. “Tamra, you can walk away and I guess that's my fault, but I love you and I don't want to hide it anymore.

Trying to ignore the giddy feelings coursing through me at a hundred miles an hour, I tried to think reasonably, because I knew there would be some rational part of me, however small it was, that would try and steer me away from what I wanted, but no-one spoke up.

I didn't care about my sister's past with him, I didn't care about Alicia's either. I cared about our future, and nothing else.

"Will, I love you."

0_0 *gasps* well there you have it folks. Tasha loves Will. Duh, duh, duh. Remember to follow me on twitter at KatNeall to find out about teasers or to get on my back and force me to write the next chapter, or find all of my stories at katsfiction. Blogspot. Com... without the spaces of course.

REVIEW!!!

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kat

KAT NEALL