

## Behind Brick Walls

So my reasons for writing this...

It is currently ten pm and I just watched episode: wrongful termination and now I can't get to sleep. Why, you ask? I am a fan of Liz Reaser, and I find it hard to hate her character, Tammy. Therefore, I am going to give myself, and you readers of course, a reason to like her... How does that sound? Enjoy

®This story contains strong language and possible sex scenes. Read ahead at your own caution®

®What if the rules Tammy wanted to play by with Will were nothing but a façade? A way to keep herself under control, even when she knew she was losing it. ®

What do we do know.

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Shit. Fuck. What the hell has gotten into you, Tammy?

Everything I wanted to do, how I wanted to treat this, blown out the window by that damn job offer.

I had already turned my boss down earlier this morning, he was disappointed to say the least but I didn't give a rat's arse. The only thing on my mind right now was my mistake and Will's... everything.

My sister used to gush about him in college to no end, it killed her when they broke up, yet id never understood how any man could captivate any woman that much.

Until now.

Until id met Will myself. Until I fell right under his spell like a hopeless puppy with its new owner. And boy do I notice it, how whenever he calls, I all but leap at my phone, reminding myself to wait a few seconds so I don't scare him off, or the feeling, or the feeling of disappointment that courses through me like a fish in the ocean, free and careless, whenever it's not him.

Staring at the wall in front of me, I sensed and made use of a good opportunity to hopefully get something into my obviously thick head, so I banged my head against it.

Hard.

And hit the floor almost instantaneously.

"Fuck!"

Head pounding in pain, cheeks flushed in embarrassment, though there wasn't anyone around, I headed for the freezer to grab a bag of peas to rest on my forehead and made a beeline for the couch as soon as the first sign of dizziness made its appearance.

Sighing, I lay back, head on armrest, and went back to cursing myself.

Idiot!

The **one** reason I had established that pathetic 'fall in love with me and its over' rule was so I wouldn't lose it like my sister had.

Yeah, that worked.

I had turned down the opportunity of a lifetime to work in London for the Olympics – the **Olympics!** – And I had turned it down because *Will* didn't want me to go.

'Are you out of your fucking mind Tamra?!' I mentally screamed at the top of my mental lungs.

All that work, all those carefully orchestrated plans, gone to dust.

And he couldn't even tell me where that left us.

Stupid fucking lawyer.

It was at that moment, with my makeshift icepack covering an already forming bruise, and myself close to tears from emotional exhaustion and frustration, that my sister decided to walk in.

"Jeez, T, getting to old too play basketball anymore, too slow to avoid getting a ball to the face?"

I was so tempted to tell her that I could still play and, yes, could still kick her arse at it if it came down to it, before I realised the alternate story might not be much better.

"When the hell are you going to get the fuck out of my apartment?" I settled for.

Helena walked in, an ugly smirk covering her face that I'd just love to wipe clean off.

"I'll get an apartment when you learn to catch, and that's a promise. Too bad for you I might be here awhile." Ughhh, stupid fucking sister!

"I'll kick you out the window if I fucking have to," and with that, I threw the bag of peas on the floor, and with all the dignity I could manage, I grabbed my keys and phone and stormed out the door.

@@@

Obviously banging my head against a wall left me with more consequences than I first thought because I was now sitting on a park bench in Chicago in the middle of winter, in a thin, short t-shirt and a knee-length skirt, which, while getting the attention of many men and college boys around town, had left me freezing and drenched in the light snow that was now falling.

Soaked to the bone, I got up from the seat and started the long walk back to my car. After two minutes and flipping off two guys that looked a little to scrutinizing at certain areas, I finally made it back. Not caring about the condition of my wet clothes I threw myself in and rested my head against the steering wheel, only to jerk back when the horn went off.

Sighing, I shoved my key into the ignition and turned it hard.

'Click.'

Shit.

Twisting the key again, I prayed to whoever was listening that it worked this time.

'Click.'

I was when I finally looked past the steering wheel to gaze at the flashing light on the dashboard that my eyes focused on what essentially meant the battery was dead.

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

The last thing I wanted to do was call Helena and listen the whole trip back as she insulted me and my apparent one less skill set. At a complete loss I pulled out my phone and flicking through the contacts list. Stopping at certain ones, finger edging closer to the call button, then, as it almost got to close to call, immediately dismissing the notion and pulling my finger back.

This happened for almost twenty-five of the two hundred contacts I had, before landing on one at the very bottom.

Before my lateral thinking kicked in and stopped myself from making the call, I hit the green button on the bottom corner of my phone, watching as it lit up before holding it to my ear.

The phone rang twice before someone picked up.

"Hello?"

"Will, it's me. I need your help."

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So... what did you think? Don't hate me for writing it like this. But if you have feedback let me know and review!

Just a pointer, because I don't know what happens in future episodes, Will and Alicia never get back together, though Will does comfort her, because Kalinda and Peters little secret comes out. So

ilyxx

kat