

Hello again. Boy do you have a long chapter coming up. You're welcome. ☺ Also before I start a shout-out to my beta @karly_g13. And would you like to see a chapter in wills POV? I feel like writing one... Enjoy ☺

I had been to the Lockhart/Gardner offices plenty of times, but today seemed so much more special. I walked through the lobby in a blissful daze, easily making my way to the lifts. I always found it baffling how in some of the offices in Chicago, including the network I work at, the security was almost on par with that at the airport but here I got in with ease.

When a lift finally arrived on the floor, I stepped in, not taking notice of who else entered. As anyone would, I was surprised when a voice on my left broke through the silence and the awful elevator music.

"Tammy?"

Startled, I looked to my left and saw Alicia standing there, looking at me curiously. All of a sudden I was slaughtered by a thousand different emotions, running through my body unchecked. Jealousy, caution, hatred. Reining it in, I greeted her as calmly as I could manage.

"Alicia, hi. How are you?"

"Hi. Uh, I'm fine. Sorry for asking this, but do you ever work?"

Umm, what? Confused as ever, I noticed the small smile that was adjoining Alicia's lips so I took it as a joke, though ninety per cent of me was seething over the fact that she thought she could ask such personal questions.

"My boss is as much of a slack worker as the rest of us, he doesn't care." My boss was actually like that, though he was more of a caring and carefree man than anything.

"Oh, lucky, I wish my bosses were like that." She had to continue the conversation, didn't she? This was one of the times where I would actually welcome the awkward silence that would normally accompany an elevator ride.

"Well, I might put in a hat tip to Will, just for you, kay?" I hoped that she would get the message and stop talking, though the memo was unnecessary because at that moment, the doors popped open with a ding and a groan.

Without caring or bothering to see where Alicia went, I made a beeline for Will's office. I was expecting to see a mountain of paperwork on his desk, his windows with the view of Chicago, but no Will. What I got was the exact opposite.

His office was the cleanest I had ever seen it and the curtains had been pulled, casting a gloomy but almost romantic light to the room. And Will, as handsome as ever, was standing half leaning against the front of the desk.

"W, Will. I thought you were supposed to be working or something today." I exclaimed. In the time it took me to speak the words, he was in front of me. The tips of his fingers were grazing my

elbows, and just that alone sent a current of electricity straight through my body, from my fingers to my toes.

"I knew you would come sometime today." I raised my eyes in confusion, silencing asking him to explain himself. "I'm taking you out for dinner, or lunch, or whatever."

Oh, whoa.

A shiver ran through me at the pleasure I felt, as I mentally slapped myself for not accepting this earlier.

"Oh, really? Where were you thinking of taking me?" I asked, as I slipped my arms around his waist. A million possibilities ran through my mind, but his answer surprised me as much as the notion of a lunch date with him.

"Nuh-uh," he teased, "it's a surprise." As he nuzzled my nose, I hit him.

"A surprise?" I whined, "You know I hate them! Can't you just tell me, I mean it would be a lot"- I gasped. While I was whingeing Will had moved his lips from my cheek to my jugular, and the estranged sound that escaped my lips was a reaction to the electricity and pleasure thrumming under my skin.

"Were you saying something?" he asked during the brief moment when he hesitated in his ministrations. I was all prepared to say some smart ass comment in return when he alternated between open-mouth kissing, nibbling and sucking on my neck. I moaned in bliss and eyed his desk with sudden desire.

Gathering up all my will power I pulled away from Will to make a move towards his table but he mistook my action.

"Your right, we should go."

Shit. I forgot about that. Trying to hide the disappointment at the fact we were not going anywhere near that desk anytime soon and the delight at the fact we were finally going out on a real date, I grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the door.

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I had expected something like more of a classic date, like him taking me to the movies, or the park, or a basic restaurant. But by now we had passed the cinemas a while ago, and had kept driving past every park I had seen. He must have realised what I was looking out for, because when we passed Millennium Park he teasingly slowed down; so much that I even undid my seatbelt.

After around fifteen minutes of driving through the bedlam of Chicago, he pulled off the main road and parked on the curb of a street. Before getting out, he motioned me to stay in my seat. Through window, I tried to make out my surroundings, but nothing stood out.

I was surprised when my door, which I was leaning against, flew open, my seatbelt jerking me back into the car. "Oh, shit, sorry Tamra, I didn't know you were"- By then I had gotten out of the car and placed a soft kiss against his lips to stop his apologizing.

"I forgive you babe." I paused, "You know I could get used to this; you opening doors for me and all." I smirked, before wrapping my arms securely around his waist and kissing him again. Though he seemed more than happy to stay here for a while, he eventually took my hand and led me into a small Italian restaurant.

I expected to find the place crowded with lunch guests but it was empty, not even anyone by the counter. "Should we be worried about the fact no-one is eating here?" I asked, half serious. He only chuckled before pulling me over to sit at a table in the middle of the room.

"The owner owes me a favour."

"I don't think I want to know." Especially considering the reason Will was owed was because this owner had been involved in illegal business, and that was not what I wanted to be thinking about when I was eating this man's food.

Thankfully, the food was actually delicious. Will and I spent most of lunch talking about inconsequential things. I talked about everything happening at the network, despite deciding to skim over anything Olympics related, and he talked about Lockhart/Gardener and some about upcoming court cases.

When the waiter came for our empty plates, I assumed it was time to leave and reached for my purse, but Will mentioned, "Dessert?" and the waiter nodded, before returning to the kitchen.

"Dessert? Shouldn't you be going back to work?"

"Shhhh," he whispered, motioning with an over-exaggerated gesture of putting his finger against my lips. "I won't tell if you don't."

"I guess what they don't know won't hurt them, huh," I winked, though god knows why but he only laughed. When they brought our dessert, I decided I should probably give Will more credit. The cake they cooked was some sort of caramel-chocolate mud cake. My favourite!

"God, you're spoiling me today."

He smiled, scooping up a piece of the cake on a spoon and feeding it to me. Oh, sweet heaven on earth. This was good stuff. "Yep, you deserve it," he said, before feeding himself a spoonful. Before long, the bowl was empty and we were heading out the door.

Walking to the car hand in hand, he opened the door for me. I paused before getting in, kissing him quickly but passionately. I could taste the chocolate dessert on his lips, and it excited me so much more.

"You taste like chocolate," I moaned, taking his lower lip into my mouth and nibbling, "I love chocolate."

"I love you."

I smirked.

"I love you more."

The twitter is @KatNeall, the tumblr is katneall. Tumblr, the blogspots are katneall and katsfiction. Blogspot. Check 'em out, k?

KATNEALL