

Odds are, most of you know me from my previous story of the same name... This is basically the same story, re-written to coincide with Tammy's move to London. Any questions, just ask. Find all of my stories at [kats fiction. blogspot. Com](http://katsfiction.blogspot.com), including the original Behind Brick Walls.

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

Not Chicago

Previously

"So, you're really leaving. You're really, seriously leaving." I paused.

"Are you having second thoughts?" He looked at me.

"Are you?" It took everything I had not to moan in frustration.

"You know I hate it when you answer questions with questions!" I accused. "And no."

"Sorry, and as you shouldn't. I mean the Olympics, yeah. This is what you always wanted wasn't it." He seemed unsure, hesitant. I looked him in the eye.

"Will-"

"Flight 1843 to London, gate 42, prepare to board. That's flight 1843 to London, gate 42, prepare to board." The speaker system interrupted. Damn.

"Okay, I have to go so, you know," damn, since when did I stutter, "get back to work or something. You know." I finished lamely.

"Oh, yeah, yeah. I have a job to do don't I."

"Yeah, I've got stuff to do at work so..."

"Get back, I get it. Goodbye."

We paused, seeming like we wanted to prolong our last moment together in what would be months. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the line to board dwindling. So, without giving it a second thought, I picked up my carry-on bag, kissed him on the cheek and made my way to the plane.

"Tammy, I..."

"Yeah?" I asked, wishing that the hope in my voice wasn't too obvious.

"Nothing, have a safe trip, good bye." Trying to keep my face in check, as to not give too much of my disappointment away, I turned away and headed for the line.

My ticket scanned, bag checked one last time, I turned to see if he was still there.

He was.

Two months later.

I moved my mouse, bringing the screen back from its near-dead state to life - and almost wishing I hadn't. A picture covered the now flickering laptop screen. It had been my wallpaper for months now, something that I couldn't bear to change in his absence, no matter how hard I tried. It was one of me with Will Gardner, at a Chicago baseball game.

Surrounded by fellow fans, we almost looked like a normal couple, going to cheer on their favourite team. And even in the simplicity of the photo, my heart ached with a sudden yearning that shook me, right to the core.

Oh, how I missed him.

I missed his voice, his scent. I missed his presence in the room, and how that presence affected me. I missed his smile. Oh God, how I missed his smile. How it seemed to lighten up the world, even in the dreariest of nights.

I missed him, so much it hurt.

In the last two months, we hadn't spoken, no No phone calls, no emails, not even texts. It was as if we were both afraid to make the first move, even though we knew each other so well already, body and soul. I could recall multiple times where I had awoken in the middle of the night, eyeing my phone on the table, and wanting nothing more than to call him, to talk to him, so I could feel like I was back in Chicago. So I could pretend that it was just another long night we had spent together, just before drifting off to sleep, with him whispering sweet nothings in my ear.

I often wondered if he had forgotten me; he had so many woman lust after him back there, he probably didn't hesitate in finding another lover. Maybe it was Alicia this time. I had met her a few times, and yet even after I found out about her and Will's past, I couldn't bring myself to hate her. She seemed so distant and hurt, which I suppose seemed fair after what she went through with her husband that it was like kicking a puppy to save any hate for her. Of course if she had been sleeping with Will, since my departure that would probably dissolve into ash.

I sighed and put my head in my hands, taking a few deep breaths to calm myself. When that didn't work after a couple of seconds, I picked up the first thing my hands touched and threw it at the wall on the other side of the room. It took the metallic crunching sound, and the shattering of glass for me to realise it was my phone.

Shit.

Frustrated about how everything in my life happened to be complicated, I stepped out of my clothes and got into bed, completely ignoring the mess of what was once my phone.

Needless to say, I didn't sleep well.

@KatNeall is the twitter, katneall. tumblr/blogspot. com are the blogs, and you can read all my stories, including the old BBW, at katsfiction. blogspot. com

KATNEALLY