

Hello. The P.O.V.s change a bit jsyk :D
Enjoy

Will's P.O.V.

Be back for the weekend.
I miss you.

Tamra.

I miss you. I miss you. I miss you.

It had been two months. Not a word from her since she took off to London. I should have been glad she was gone. I had gotten my shot to be with Alicia, I had used it. But every cell in my body ached with the fact that the one I made love to wasn't the one I wanted.

Not anymore.

After more than ten years of yearning after her, my feelings for Alicia had diminished in the face of my feelings for Tamra.

In between her and college I had had many flings, one night stands and short term relationships, but those were forgotten by the time the next one came along. With Tammy, I was no-where near to forgetting. I could never get enough. If I saw her three times during the week, I wanted to see her four times.

And yet I hadn't seen her for two months.

The fact that she was even texting me now was a shock. I had expected with the way she had run off, that she would find the first man she could to have sex with; to forget everything about me. But no, she wanted to let me know she was coming home.

Feeling resolved, I sent back;

When?

Will

It took two minutes, or twenty times of pacing around my office, to receive a reply.

I arrive at O'Hare International on Friday, 6PM
Pick me up?

Tamra

The child in me wanted to stamp my feet and yell no! But as that was a very minor part, the rest of me was yelling yes!

Sure.

Will

I paused before sending off another text.

I miss you too.

Tamra's P.O.V.

I miss you too.

It felt like my heart was going to fly out of my chest. He missed me. He *missed* me.

I couldn't look up from my phone, even though I was pretty certain that that was exactly what it said. Screw not falling in love, that was out the window. I was head over heels for this man.

"Tim Tam? Tamra!" A sharp nudge to my shoulder jolted me out of my reverie. It was Zoë. "Are you OK? You haven't been paying attention since we left." I looked out the window of the grimy cab I was sitting in; the familiar buildings coming up ahead were what I recognized as those of the Olympic village. It was nearly time to get out.

"Oh, yeah, no I'm fine. Really." Zoë looked like she seriously doubted it - damn the fact that we knew each other so well - but didn't say anything else. When the cab pulled up to the gutter, I jumped out, not really wanting to be subjected to anymore of the girl's questions. Walking ahead, I scoured the crowd of reporters for our humble group. When I finally found them in a huddle amongst other Americans I started to make my way towards them but a strong hand pulled me back.

Pissed at myself more than anything, I turned to face my current annoyance.

"What?"

"Are you sure Will's worth it?" What the hell kind of question was that?! My puzzled look must have answered her question. "He hasn't talked to you. No texts, no calls, no anything. Maybe he's moved on." Remembering the texts we had exchanged this

morning. No... he couldn't have. It felt like I would fall apart at the thought of him not wanting me anymore. One more look at Zoë and I turned back towards our group.

"You can't keep doing this, Tamra." Zoë said from behind me. "Tell him how you really feel. You can't keep playing your silly little game, you can't."

I sighed. Not yet, I needed to be sure he felt the same way about me. Recalling the months without any communication, that was something I highly doubted, but I would hold onto the dream that he still cared for me as long as I could.

I can keep this game up, Zoë. Watch me.

4 Days Later

I wasn't the only one flying back today. Along with me, Zoë and David, there were four other crew members and two of the reporters going back home. All of them had a family though. Children and wives and husbands. Who the hell did I have?

"Why am I being sent back again?" I asked Zoë, who was sitting rather calmly next to me, doing something with her phone, compared to me who kept dropping mine due to my continuous bouncing in my seat.

Zoë levelled a glance at me. "Yes, of course. Cause you would totally be able to stay here without losing your mind," She said sarcastically before drawing back her attention to her device. I nudged her to capture her interest so maybe she would answer my question properly. "Everyone here has been working hard, so dad wants to give 'em a break."

"Yes, but these guys have family, spouses or children to go home to. I want to keep working."

"You will keep working, you're coming back at the end of the month remember?" I gazed at her to keep her talking, she was obviously hiding something. "Plus, dad wants to get you back to Will. Because of me." What the?-

Seeing my puzzled look, Zoë continued. "I may have told him about your sick little game, and he might have got the idea of sending you back so you could tell him the truth."

"He knows?!" Great, even my boss knows about my personal life.

"Hey," Zoë sighed, "I mean it, get back home. Tell him!" She said forcefully, before turning away from me and turning on her iPod.

10 Hours Later.

The familiar dark hair that rose once it came into view was like a life raft after the titanic. The fifty yard hundred distance between us was shortened drastically when he started walking towards me but it was still too long before I was standing in his arms. Surrounded by his scent was like being home again. I didn't realise how much I had missed it - missed him.

It almost hurt physically as I fully felt how much pain it had caused me to be away from him. Even now I didn't want to step a few feet away just to claim my baggage.

Unfortunately, we eventually pulled away, though my body ached at the loss of his skin against mine. It was then that I got my first real chance to look at him. He wasn't wearing a suit like he would to work, but he wasn't wearing basketball shorts. He was wearing faded dark jeans and a button down t-shirt. I had no problem with sports gear, and I adored him in suits and ties, but this was when I was excited the most. He seemed younger, relaxed. Almost the nineteen year old he was when I met him.

"Hi," he sighed, and I sighed in response.

"Hi." Just by locking eyes we seemed to be able to convey just how much those short syllables meant to the both of us. So damn much. Looking around, I noticed the arrivals lounge slowly clearing out, and Zoë by the doorway, slowly meeting my eyes before smiling and turning away. "I should, you know," pointing towards the baggage carousel.

"Oh yeah, sure." He all but let go of me as he stepped back, but I grabbed his hand so he couldn't get too far away.

"I missed you for two whole months; I just got you back now. I'm not letting you go." I exclaimed.

He smiled. "I think I can live with that," he said before pecking my lips and leading me towards the carousel.

Thanks for reading. Reviews get a better chapter, sooner!