

Writing this chapter in celebration of the good wife finale that airs in Australia the night this was being written :D

Two new characters this chapter: David, The network boss, he goes over to London once every few weeks to see over the reporters he's got running the town; and Zoë, his daughter, fifteen years old, she acts more like she's 35, and she is heavily involved in helping to run her father's business and is probably going to inherit it one day.

Tamra's new phone is a Blackberry Torch 9800. You can find a link on my page.
Enjoy

Going Home

There were many ways I dreamed of being woken up; some guy massaging me, maybe the sun shining through the window showing that it was afternoon, and a lover's arms wrapped around my body. I was, however, woken up to the rough jerks of my boss pulling my shoulder.

"Tamra, Tamra!" I moaned.

"What, for the love of God, is the problem? Can't I sleep for once in my life?!"

"My guess is that you have," David answered back, "its ten 'o' clock in the morning."

I bolted out of bed. Ten? Already? No. Sure enough the digital clock situated on the table next to my bed said 10:03. Oh, shit. I face-palmed myself while David laughed. "C'mon. Clean up, get ready. We need you. I'm giving you one hour."

As I opened my eyes to watch he was leaving, my eyes caught sight of a blue gift bag sitting next to the clock. "Um, Dave, this is-"

"Yours." He interrupted. "I came in earlier this morning, saw your old phone in pieces, figured I'd get you a new one before you woke up. Get that bad mood out of you before you take it out on me." He joked.

"Oh, Dave, I owe you-"

"A good day's work, and nothing else." And with that, he turned around and exited the room.

After getting showered, dressed, and examining my new phone, I made my way down to the hotels buffet for breakfast. The only thing left was French toast, and though it was not something I really liked, I was so starved I took a couple of slices anyway, along with a glass of OJ.

I met Zoë at the lounge. She was David's daughter, and at fifteen years of age, was well on her way to inherit the family business. When I was in college, and she was four, I babysitted her and her brother after the passing of their mother. When Dave found out I was a budding journalist he gave me a few tests plus some extracurricular work to help me on my way. As soon as I finished my degrees at DePaul he hired me, while I still happily looked after his kids.

He set me up on the career path I had coveted my whole life. He was more like a father than a boss.

His daughter was more like a close friend than a child.

It was a hand speeding rapidly towards my face that brought me back from my musings. "You alright, Tamra? You kinda spaced out there."

I shook my head to clear my thoughts. "Oh, yeah no, I'm fine." She looked back at me sceptically. Damn her, she had always been able to see right through me, from the time I met her.

"I heard you annihilated your phone last night." I shrugged as a way of answering. "Does it have anything to do with Will?"

I always thought that when people spat their drinks out in TV or movies, that it was incredibly cheesy. That obviously didn't stop me from doing it. I forgot.

Oh, yes. Zoë knew everything, including both my sister's and Alicia's involvement.

"What! No!" I paused, "Well, maybe." I sighed.

She nodded, taking this in. I wasn't joking when I said she was way beyond her years.

"Dad's sending you back." Huh, what? I paused, waiting for her to elaborate. When she didn't, I prompted her.

"What do you mean? Did I do something wrong?" I asked, suddenly worried I was on the verge of losing my job.

"What? Oh, God no. He's just giving some of the reporters a break. You're one of them. You'll go back to Chicago for a month then he'll bring you back. That's it."

"Oh." I was relieved, to say the least. Ecstatic at the most. To know, not only that my position was secure, but that I was also getting time to go back home was much better than the alternatives my mind insisted on fretting about.

"I'll go back too, with Dad. I'll have to go back to school." She grimaced at the last part. Zoë paused for a moment. "You can go back to Will."

Resisting the urge to spray my juice again, I thought about what that meant. I could go back to Will.

I could kick his arse for pretending I didn't exist.

I nodded, suddenly excited for the move. As much as I wanted to continue doing my job in London, I wanted - needed - to go back home. I needed to see Will. If he had moved on then so be it. Maybe I should move on. But I needed to know he remembered me, that he felt at least something for me like I still did for him.

"You know he misses you too." I looked at her doubtfully. "Hey, I've met him before he's not totally heartless. After everything you two have been through, he's not going to forget you." I had to shake my head to clear the violent bout of hope that rose up in me. I got up from my seat.

"I have to go back to my room, get ready, you know?" I said, collecting my rubbish. I hesitated. "When am I, when are we being sent back?"

"End of this week."

That was quick.

Nodding to myself, I threw away my leftovers and pulled out my new phone. After familiarising myself with the features, I sent off a hasty text before my mind kicked into action and stopped me.

*Be back for the weekend.
I miss you.*

Tamra.

So Tammy's going back to Will. What do you think? Yay, nay? Review!!!