Title: Don't You Come Undone
Fandom: Bomb Girls
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Genre: Het
Characters/Pairings: Lorna/Bob
Rating: PG-13
Summary: Lorna knows she will have to tell her husband eventually. She just didn't think it'd be like this.
Timeline: This takes place one or two weeks after episode 1x06.
Author's Note: Yeah, yeah, I know. Who wants to read Lorna/Bob, right? But, please, indulge a little Peter Outerbridge fan and Meg Tilly admirer here, okay?
On that note, both of them made it much easier than it should be to write these characters. I can only hope I'm doing them justice. Let me just add that the below is what I would *like* to see happen, but what I don't think *will* happen. Season two will eventually tell.
I would like to offer a thank you to Ms. Tilly herself for answering my question about Lorna's children via Twitter. She confirmed they were conceived after Bob got back from WW I. Thanks also to Michael MacLennan, who single-handedly made my day by completely out of the blue sending me a message on Tumblr. This one's for all you guys who easily made *Bomb Girls* take permanent residence in my heart in the space of just six episodes.
Kudos to dolanter for the character beta, and also to Di for the overall beta. Thank you so much, guys!
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She's done this for years now, she should be used to it. Still, the exhaustion Lorna feels after a day like today refuses to be shaken off easily. It's taken residence in her bones and in the muscles of her neck, making them knot and protest. She's not as young as she used to be, the decades are taking their toll. She can't deny that.

As she unlocks the door to her home, puts the grocery bags on the floor, her mind goes wandering back to that place where things used to be good and lovely and blissful. A hot bath (the kind with foamy bubbles that smell of lavender and vanilla), the strong hands of her husband rubbing her aching shoulders, a contented sigh that escapes her lips. How long has it been since she's allowed herself such luxury? Too long, surely.

She opens her eyes, and reality unfolds with the sight of the faded green wallpaper and the jingle of her keys that she places on the chest of drawers.

"Bob?" she calls out, and it's almost a reflex. Like a ritual, familiarity, something that belongs.

The silence that greets her breathes both relief and disappointment. It's become so hard to separate the fixtures in her life from the surprises; the days where excitement accompanied her entering these halls have long gone.

In the kitchen, she's already preparing dinner in her mind as she unpacks the fresh vegetables, the pork chops that Bob is gonna think of as a 'bloody extravagance'. She knows they're struggling, they're always struggling, but she also knows that she doesn't want to give up living. They've always managed, somehow they've always found a way. The story of her life.

As she passes through the living room, she eyes the half-painted tin soldiers on the table and allows her mouth to curve into a small smile. She knows he enjoys that, enjoys the moments where his mind goes back to those carefree years as a boy, re-enacting great battles on hardwood floor. It's those moments she tries to hold on to, tries to anchor the love in. Her eyes darken as the bitterness of the present seeps through, the darker shades of a harsh reality that taint the picture. She and Bob, they've surely not had it easy.

Bob. For the past twenty-five years, it's always been Bob. And suddenly, there's fiery Italian hands curving over her back, drawing her body closer by the hips. There's warm lips on hers, devouring her, wanting her. The conflict hits her with such fierceness that she almost drops the ceramic bowl she is holding.

Her mind inevitably wanders to the tiny life that is now growing her belly, a life made in a weak, desperate moment of longing. A life she doesn't want but can't deny or shun. A lump forms in her throat and threatens to take away her ability to breathe. For a fleeting moment, she wonders what it would be like to collapse right here, suffocating under the weight of a world that seems to be pressing down on her from all angles.

As the shame and self-loathing of her actions—all of them—threaten to overwhelm, her hands find support on the edge of the table before she can draw in a quick breath to collect herself. Her husband will be home soon. There is dinner to put on the table.

Over an hour later, potatoes simmer on the stove and the frying pan is sizzling with heated fat. It's almost half past seven now, and Bob hasn't come home yet. She thought she'd be past the anger, past the frustration, but it still stings. The damn alcohol, his drinking buddies, the seemingly constant accompaniment of the whisky glass in his wake. It'd be the ruin of them—one of these days.

She doesn't know if it's defiance or resentment, but she'll be damned if she lets her husband rob her of a good meal. So there's the potatoes and the green beans and the meat, and it smells delicious. It's Bob's own fault if he'd rather while away his time in smoky bars with raucous men in heightened states of inebriation.

Dinner is a lonely affair, and the echo of the clanging of the cutlery on porcelain only fuels the anger in her belly. The house has been so lonely with the boys gone and Sheila spending more time with friends than family. Sometimes she wonders how it happened that her own life revolved so much around the schedules of her children, and how she could not have noticed until they were gone.

It's after nine when Bob finally makes it home, the expression on his face etched into that eternal frown. Some days, she's willing to give him the benefit of the doubt because there's so much underneath that he won't let her see or understand, but tonight there's little of that.

"You missed dinner," she tells him, not bothering to hide the bitterness in her voice.

"I already ate," he replies.

The simple statement offends her more than she wants to admit. She tries to keep her voice neutral, but doesn't quite succeed. "You could have told me, then I wouldn't have waited up."

"What's the harm, Lorna?" he snaps, clearly irritated.

"What's the *harm*?! I bought fresh pork chops, I spent an hour in the kitchen cooking dinner, and you're not here. You're out drinking with your buddies and I... I'm working at the factory all day, I'm out buying groceries, I'm doing the laundry and the ironing, cleaning the house. I'm making sure you get a warm meal once a day, and you have the audacity to—"

"Oh, don't you start with me!" he erupts.

"I have *every* right to start with you. You haven't raised a damn finger in this household for years. When have you ever done anything but paint your little toys and down a drink?!"

His eyes narrow, and his expression hardens. It's only for a fleeting second that she considers this might not be a good time to confront her husband.

"In case you had not noticed, I haven't—"

"No," she sharply interrupts. "You are not going to use your disability as a defence, not this time. Because I have indulged that for far too long."

"Fine," he barks, his voice made of steel. "What is it you want me to do, Lorna?"

She crumbles just a little bit, right then. Her voice becomes softer, deflation setting in. "I want you to..." she starts, but that's as far as she gets. What exactly is it that she wants from him?

"What?" he snaps. "You want me to *what*?"

"Be there," she almost whispers, her shoulders sagging. She raises her head, looks Bob straight in the eyes. "I'm pregnant, Bob."

His blue eyes widen, his expression softens. "What?" he rasps.

"You heard right."

"Pregn— How?"

"I think you know how."

He falls quiet, and she tries to gauge his reaction.

"We're having another child?" It's like he's still trying to understand the implications.

She stays guarded, unsure of his intentions. "Yes, I think that's what it means."

"Lorna," he just says.

The fact that there is no joy in his tone tells her everything she feared his reaction would be. It's not like she can't understand, but it does hurt. She tries to suppress the sob that is working up her chest, turns on her heels and stumbles into their bedroom.

The edge of the mattress is her refuge, and the red-hot tears of disappointment and dread flow freely. It's not long before the creaking of his wheelchair announces his presence, and another sob escapes her lips.

"Lorna," he says, his deep voice gentle. He draws nearer, and his touch on her hand startles her through the tears that blur her vision. "I'm sorry."

"What are we going to do?" she desperately asks.

"We do what we can do. We raise our child to become a proud Corbett, same as we've done before."

Her hand covers his, squeezes it just a little. "I don't know if I can do this."

"Of course you can."

She allows a small smile to shimmer through the sorrow. It all sounds so easy, but there are so many obstacles in their way. "How would we support another child, Bob?"

His thumb softly strokes the back of her hand. "There's always a way."

She would like so much to believe it, and at this very moment, she doesn't have the energy to contest the statement. She draws strength from Bob's presence, from his words, strength that carries her through the rest of the day.

That night, his eyes search out her face as she slips under the covers. Something plays in them that she hasn't seen in years, something he's kept so well hidden that she's almost forgotten what it feels like. She thinks it might be affection. She dares hope it is love.

His slender fingers softly brush the hairline near her temple, a gentleness in that gesture that, once so well known, is now unfamiliar yet still welcome. She slides closer and he leans into her. Their lips meet and she closes her eyes, relishing the rare moment of intimacy.

After his lips release her, she lets her head rest on his shoulder, and his voice whispers in her ear. "I'm going to be here, Lorna."

It is then that she knows she has made the right decision. Those few simple words give her hope she needs to believe that she can make it—that *they* can make it. Together.

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THE END.