

Where's Molly one shot

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Summary: My contribution to the 'Where's Molly' challenge.

1. Chapter 1

So this is my contribution to 'Where's Molly' one shot.

**I have not written for a few months so i'm feeling a bit rusty.
Thanx for reading. **

I'm sulking I'm aching for a fight. I've provoked him beyond belief but, he's just smiled, nodded and ignored my comments. Tonight we are on countdown, tonight is our last night together because tomorrow he is leaving me to go on tour. I watch his face and he looks so happy packing his bergen. Despite him saying he'd rather be at home with me I know he cant wait to get out there. It hurts to think he is happy to be leaving me and I feel some sympathy for Rebecca his first wife. Not a lot of sympathy though she's a right cow.

It's always the same when one of us is going away it's like, I guess its sort of a tradition now I start a row he calms it and we make up. I'm making a memory I want to have lots of things to remember whilst he's gone. I'm not bleeding superstitious its all mumbo jumbo nonsense. But, if I didn't do it this once and some'it happened well, I'd never forgive meself. I don't think he knows I'm doing it deliberately he just thinks I'm losing the plot or something. I don't know how he stays so bleeding calm, I cant get a calmness in my nut at all. Every time I think about it well, I feel sick. I want to weep, I want to scream don't go, don't leave me. But, I know I cant this is the job, this is the deal. So i'll wait and tomorrow when I'm alone i'll scream and throw stuff around. Today well today I just want to take everything in. I want to sit and watch him pack but I know he finds it irritating he has a routine and I get in the way of it.

I shiver as I suddenly think back to that day on the bridge and he looks across the room at me. His brown eyes softening as he holds my

gaze. How did I Molly Dawes end up with someone like him so out of my league. He loves me, adores me, says I'm brilliant, I am wanted, I am safe. I don't think I ever thought it would happen to me. But then if someone had told me i'd join the army I'd have laughed them out of the room. I pull his oversized shirt around me feeling a chill in the room. It smells of him I wont wash it until he gets home safe and sound. I'll wear it every day as I wait for him to come back to me.

He's crouching in front of me concern on his face. I reach out and touch his skin my fingers tracing the contours. His eyes search mine worry etched in them. Mine fill up and a lone tear trickles down my face. He reaches up and wipes it away leaning towards me to brush his lips over mine. I close my eyes and savour the moment. I need to remember this moment. Just in case.

He's asking if we should order a takeaway? I nod and try to smile. I'm a hopeless cook I tell him all the time my skills lay elsewhere. Thats when he normally bites his lip as he looks me up and down before saying something seductive. It always works he is my soulmate not in a mushy sentimental type of way. Its more than that we saw so much in Afghan, we went through so much to end up here where we are today.

He's talking to me asking if I'm okay. I'm not he's leaving me alone and he's going away with her for six months. I saw her walking around the base yesterday. She's like a supermodel only shorter but, taller than me. She walks with a cockiness of someone who knows she's shit hot at what she does and doesn't care who knows it. I saw Fingers and Mansfield laughing and joking with her and I felt jealous. Jealous that my boys like her and jealous that I've been replaced.

I speak quietly as I respond to him it seems to appease him and he stands up going back to his packing. There is so much I want to say, so much I need to tell him. But, I hold back because my sulk needs to end I know that. So I stand and walk across the room my arms slinking around his taut body. I feel him relax and lean into me as I breathe him in. I want to remember it all, I need to remember it. Just in case.

xxxx xxxx

And now I'm dropping him off at Brize watching him unload the car. I drive now he made me take driving lessons. He'd tried to teach me but bloody hell he shouted at me so much I couldn't take it. So I got some bloke locally and I'd passed me test first time. He was so proud of me when I came home he'd made a banner an everything.

I look around the car park watching the lads unloading bags. Brains spots us and comes over hugging me tightly. He can see it in my eyes he says nothing but, whispers something comforting in my ear. I nod and plaster a bright smile on me face. I'm trying hard to keep it together this time its harder, this time there is more at stake.

Oh bleeding hell I spot her and she's walking towards us. 'Morning Bossman.' My head jerks up as I hear the words I once used and I gasp in shock. He is oblivious to my discomfort as he smiles down at her. His face lighting up as he speaks back. He is happy to be going on tour, I sense that need in him to get back out there and do something useful. He hates being sat behind a desk. 'Lane good morning

everything ship shape?' She nods and I feel her eyes turn towards me. She smiles and stretches a hand towards me. 'You must be the famous Molly.' I laugh nervously and wish I'd put some more slap on. 'Hello.' I feel tongue tied its not often it happens to me. A hand reaches for mine and I look up gratefully as he clasps it tightly. 'You've a lot to live up to Lane. Molly Dawes is a legend around 2 section.' She nods as she absorbs his words watching us as we watch her.

I gaze at her and see nothing but a friendly face. There is no scoping me out, sizing me up she seems genuine, friendly no agenda. 'Look after my boys Corporal Lane they mean a lot to me. And if this one starts walking across a bridge don't bleeding follow him.' We all laugh and he drops my hand to pull my body close. My hand snakes around his waist and although I cant feel his skin I feel the warmth of his body radiating through his shirt. 'I'll do my best Molly. You take care of yourself and maybe when we are all back we can meet up. I'll have plenty of stories about that lot.' She nods over her shoulder and we look as the lads are greeting each other. 'They never change do they?' I laugh as I watch them playing around before they look over and give us a wave as they walk into the building.

She disappears after them and suddenly its just us two. I cant go in so I will stay out here and wait for the plane to take off. I will watch until its out of sight my eyes will squint in the sunshine to keep track of it. I need to watch it I need to make a memory of that. Just in caseâ€¦|.

He's watching me and I know its coming that moment when he will leave me. I bury my face into his chest. 'I love you.' My voice is muffled as I speak because I'm crying openly now and he knows it. I don't want to cry I'm s'posed to be hard but I'm out of sorts. Its different I'm different.

He starts running through a list of jobs to do in the house. He's trying to detach so we can let go of each other. _Don't forget the chimney needs sweeping the number is on the fridge._ Fuck the chimney I think. I nod sadly the moment is seconds away now. Yesterday it was hours and as we parked the car it was minutes and nowâ€¦|.

His lips touch mine softly as he says goodbye. He stands up straight and looks around before leaning back down to kiss me again. His hands are gripping my waist and his fingers dig into my skin it hurts as he holds me so tightly but I don't wince or moan. He's going any second I can bear this.

He steps back and looks down at me. His eyes are watery as they hold mine and I notice the gold flecks in them, his face is sad as he gets ready to go. His voice is shaky as he speaks. 'I'll email as soon as we get into the base and I'll call you tomorrow night okay?' I nod through the tears and his fingers touch my face to wipe them away. 'Six months Molly and I'll be home.' I nod slowly and try to smile my hand brushing across my face to wipe the tears that wont stop falling. 'I know it'll be fine, I'm fine.' He knows I'm lying but right now it's the best thing for both of us. He needs to go thinking i'll be okay and I need to get home and smash dishes, scream, cry and blame the bloody British Army for taking my husband to bleeding Kenya.

His forehead touches mine briefly and then he's lifting his bags and

with a final squeeze of my hand and a whispered 'I love you.' He walks away. He stops briefly at the entrance door and waves he gives a quick nod and smiles, I smile and wave back and then he's gone. I lean against the car and try to catch my breath as I take in the enormity of what is happening. He's gone and although he's only a building away from me I can't get to him. I wait, I know it will be at least two hours before they take off.

I sit in the car crying I'm not normally this pathetic I look down at my flat stomach. This time it's different I didn't tell him. How could I? '_Charles before you go I'm pregnant see you in six months.' _

'I'd wanted to I really wanted to see his face when I told him. I should be so happy, we should be so happy. But, I knew he'd worry about me too much and I need him home in one piece. I need him to stay focused and alert out there. I need him to stay alive and come back to me, to us. So I said nothing and that's what I'm blaming this over the top emotional behaviour on. They say your hormones go doo-lally when you're pregnant so that must be it.

I watch the clock on the dashboard and wait. I'm good at waiting out it's an occupational hazard you learn to be patient whether it's sitting in the car waiting for a plane to take off or sitting in a ditch waiting for the Taliban. I think about him right this minute getting the platoon ready for departure; the stock take of all the kit, the briefing and the obligatory platoon photo. I smile as I think back to that day when we flew out to Afghan never in my wildest dreams did I ever imagine any of this.

I'm leaning against the car as I hear the engines and any minute now I'll see the plane. I watch as it lumbers along the runway and takes off into the blue skies above. I don't take my eyes off the plane as it soars higher and my hand is across my eyes to shield them from the sun. But, I don't stop watching. After ten minutes I can't see anything but sky. He's gone

2. Chapter 2

I'd known it was coming, she gave me lots of indicators. The long stares, her beautiful green eyes filling up with tears, the quiet sulk. It was always the same when one of us was going away or being deployed; she'd become irritable in the preceding days and then she'd pick a fight. It would be over something so ridiculous so inconsequential. But, I always went along with it I'd smile and let her rant and then when she was exhausted from it I'd hold her tight and let her regain her equilibrium.

I knew what it was for she was making memories, she wanted to have precious moments to remind her of me, us. Don't get me wrong I'm not making light of this I know the reality of our situation and what could happen. We've been through it already I'm one of the lucky ones. I know this time she's angry, sad that I want to go back on tour. But, I'm drowning not being out there doing something useful.

I love being her husband, I love the fact that I get to call her the _Mrs_ when I'm talking to the lads and that people think I'm the lucky SOB for having her in my life. And I've tried, I tried to work

the desk job when the army wouldn't let me go. I begged for assignments where I could get away from the office. I'd done a tour in Jordan last year I felt reborn; it might have only been a joint exercise but the freedom I felt to be back out there leading a platoon there is no feeling like it. When I heard about the Kenya posting I was the first one to volunteer. I wanted it badly and I took it before I even discussed it with her. She hadn't got mad, she'd smiled as she listened to me nodding approval. She knew I was suffocating, she'd supported me even though I knew I'd disappointed her by wanting to go, wanting to leave her, leave us.

I look across the room at her huddled in my old shirt. She won't let me throw it out even though it's held together with a button and good luck. Something spooks her and I know she is hanging on to her emotions by a thread. She's different the last few days I can't put my finger on it. Kenya is a dangerous place I know that but is it any different than Afghan?

Is she still worrying about Lane. Or Corporal Georgie Lane my new medic? I think back to two nights ago

'So are we going to behave like adults or will this sulk continue all night.' He stood hands on hip his head tilted to one side as he finished speaking. She gazed at him her eyes fiery as she flung the words at him. 'I'm not sulking Charles you said Corporal Lane. You never said Corporal Lane was A) female and B) some drop dead goddess.'

He sat heavily on the edge of the sofa his face softening; as normal when he wanted to defuse the situation, he said nothing just watched her. His voice was quiet and kind when he spoke. 'Molly A) I never said Lane was a he or a she because it's not relevant. B) You need to stop listening to Fingers, Dangles or whoever told you she was a goddess. She's the medic a bloody good medic by all accounts, and that is all I care about. I need to get those lads back in one piece they are in my charge you know the score.'

She nodded and sniffed as her eyes dropped to the carpet. 'But they said she's very pretty.' He stood walking quickly towards her, dropping to his knees in front of her. A finger under her chin to raise it up. He searched her face to understand what was really worrying her. 'Molly it's not just Lane that's upset you up so out with it.' He looked on concerned as her eyes filled with tears. 'I'm scared Charles really scared this time. It's so bloody dangerous out there' His lips pressed against hers quickly and cut her off. His arms wrapped around her tiny frame pulling her body towards him. He leaned back slightly to look in her eyes. 'I'm going to be fine, we'll all be fine. Six months is going to fly by.'

I walk towards her and crouch down she's trying to avoid looking at me and then her eyes look up into mine and my breath catches as I watch a lone tear trickle down her cheek. I reach up and wipe it away. My eyes search hers trying to gauge the moment. I'm worried about leaving her she seems different, fragile, uncertain. This is not like her and I wish she would shout at me, throw something but she looks at me eyes full of tears and shakes her head. I want to remember her smiles and laughter I don't want to go away for six months and think she is sitting in a dark room crying whilst huddled in that old shirt. I beg her to talk to me but she smiles and says everything is fine. It's not but what can I do? I fly in less than 24

hours.

We have dinner neither of us is hungry and we end up pushing food around our respective plates. I am watching her as she tries to appear normal. She regales me with some funny story from a training session. I'm so proud of her she is an instructor now and her CO never fails to talk her up when I run into him. I hope she is proud of me wanting to go out and make a difference, that's what it's all about at the end of the day. Changing people's lives for the better she made me see that fix the small things, help one person at a time.

Dadaab will allow me to do that a camp with over 350,000 refugees. I've watched the videos, I've read the files but I don't think they can prepare us for what we are going to see. They call this camp and its residents the refugees the world forgot. Will we make a difference? Can we even make a dent in helping any of those people? The platoon is ready to try I'm proud of the way they have prepared for this tour and the commitment I've seen on all their faces.

xxxx xxxx

As I turn away from her in the car park at Brize I feel a pain in my heart that I've never felt before. My legs are heavy as I walk and it's all I can do to make it to the door. Behind me at the car she stands and watches. Her face is sad and there is something else wearily etched across it. That face is going to be the last thing I see of her for six months and it's going to haunt me until I speak to her tomorrow. I stop at the door and look over to her she's smiling waving trying to make out she's fine I do the same and head inside.

It's busy, organised chaos as everyone gets ready for the off. The platoon is assembled for the photograph and I take my position in the middle. I think back to that day when she joined us and I really thought she would be trouble, hold us back. Little did I know the impact she would have on me, on all of us. She was without doubt the best medic I've ever served with. As we walk back into the building I cast a glance at Lane surrounded by 2 sections. The lads have all given it a shot to chat her up and she has politely shut them down one by one. She has some secrets but don't we all? I have no doubt she will cut it Molly opened my eyes to not taking everything at face value.

I'm watching her out of a window we have a small office the officers can use that looks out over the car park and I can see her sitting in the car. I know she's still crying and more than anything I want to go to her and hold her tight. She is hiding a secret she thinks I don't know but I do.

I know because I emptied the bin before we left this morning and as I tipped it into the wheelie outside I saw an empty box. I had to root around of course not easy to find the contents; I found it wrapped in a tissue at the back of a drawer on her side of the bed. She was hiding it from me I know that she doesn't want me to worry about her.

I didn't say anything although I wanted to throw my arms around her and swing her around joyfully. I am so happy about it I could burst but, I'm going to miss everything and that's why she hasn't told me. She doesn't want me worrying, she doesn't want me wondering. She

wants me to stay focused, stay alert and come home alive.

A tap on the door and I'm advised of boarding in preparation for departure. I give one more wistful look outside willing her to look my way and see me; but she has her head down. This is torture pure and simple my wife, my beautiful wife is pregnant with our first child and I'm leaving her for six months. What sort of a man am I? How could I have thought this was a good idea?

Wheels up and we're gone every second takes me further away from her and I know she is probably still sitting in that car park watching me disappear and I feel like shit. I have wanted this freedom, I ached for it and now I realise that what we had should have been enough for me. Because now I'm going to miss the most precious months of what should be bloody joyâ€¦|.

So my one shot has turned into something elseâ€¦|.

_Thank you for the really lovely comments and feedback. This may have another couple of chapters if thats okay? _

End
file.