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There are no full length mirrors inside of Tom Wreke's personal quarters. He's shaving very carefully in a small mirror that pulls out from the wall- just large enough for Laurel to buff eyeshadow on in, or for him to examine the side of his face as he pulls the skin taut to shave in slow, careful strokes.

**TOM WREKE**

I'm not looking forward to it.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

It'll be over before you know it.

Laurel fluffs her hair out as she leans over his shoulder, trying to catch sight of herself in the bare slivers of the mirror. She seems content with it, as she tucks a lock behind her ear.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

I'll be there with you, the whole way.

Tom nods, as he rinses his razor off, tapping it dry on the edge of the sink.

**TOM WREKE**

I know. It never gets any easier, though.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

It will, one day.

Laurel gives his hand a reassuring squeeze, letting it fall by his side as she does up the buttons on his shirt. They're pearl snaps- easier to pop off than his usual buttons. She smooths the front of the shirt out over his shoulders, patting him once or twice.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

You look as handsome as can be.

Tom cracks half of a smile at that. His voice is soft, as he holds her hand- entwining their fingers together.

**TOM WREKE**

Thank you, Laurel.

His other hand goes to her waist- and Laurel laughs, as she leans in closer to him.

Her head rests on his chest- and they're swaying together, slow dancing in his bathroom. Laurel hums along to a long forgotten song from their youth- back when they were wild and young in college, eager to take the world on together.

He spins her, the bright lights overhead catching on his reading glasses lens. Tom is smiling gently, eyes warm.

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The doctors are more than used to seeing Laurel slip into the same appointment room as Tom. She sits down, crossing her legs at the knee, holding her purse in her hands, leaving the spare chair free.

**DR. ELEANOR SIMMONS**

Whenever you're ready, Mr. Wreke.

Tom is crossing his arms across his chest, eyes watching the doors slide shut to the room. There's the perfunctory round of questions, paperwork filled out- and Laurel smiles at him encouragingly, as he moves to undress at the doctor's directions.

**TOM WREKE**

Ready as I'll ever be.

Laurel pulls out a paperback novel from her purse, sliding a bookmark out from it's pages- and begins to read. She's a passive presence.

**DR. ELEANOR SIMMONS**

Wuthering Heights? A classic, Dr. Scoresby.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

I do enjoy the historicals.

At the end of the appointment, Tom looks relieved to shrug his shirt back on.

The doctor is typing away at her computer, professionally not looking on as Laurel helps Tom do up the snaps, the little clicks of the buttons loud in the quiet room.

**DR. ELEANOR SIMMONS**

Until next year, Mr. Wreke. Have a good day.

**TOM WREKE**

You as well, Dr. Simmons. Good day.

Laurel and Tom hurry out into the hall- where Laurel pauses to hug Tom tightly.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

You did wonderfully.

Tom drops a kiss to the crown of Laurel's head, holding her close- one hand cradling the back of her head, as she lets her weight relax against him.

**TOM WREKE**

Thank you. That's mighty kind of you to say.

Laurel scoffs lightly, snuggling up against Tom.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

I love you, you know that?

**TOM WREKE**

I love you too, Laurel.

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