Reliving The Glory Days

by maipigen

Summary

LoVe are married, soon to be divorced and two ghosts won't let that happen. Thus time travel happens...

Notes

This is the reworked edition of RtGD that is up on FF.net. This will hopefully have less errors and cringe worthy moments, but I'll let you be the judge of that...Enjoy and make my day by leaving a comment and all that jazz :D
"Sleeping Beauty! You need to get up! Right now!"

At first, the familiar voice didn't quite register. Veronica thought it was one of her dreams wreaking havoc inside her mind once again. The fact that it had been ages since the feisty blonde had entered her dreams didn't get any real reaction. Veronica was exhausted and weary after a long day before and thus only managed a mumble in response.

"Lily, go away. You can haunt my dreams another time, 'cause this beauty needs her beauty sleep more than ever."

The laughter – Lily's laugh – was so life-like that Veronica briefly wondered just how disturbing human memories were considering it had been about fifteen years since she'd heard her best friend's tinkling and mischievous laugh.

When it became clear from Lily's continued presence that she had no intention of leaving Veronica alone to rest before another hard day at rejoining the world, she finally opened her eyes and looked up at the specter of her childhood best friend.

"Why are you coming back now? I haven't seen you in my dreams for a long time. After what's been happening in my life lately, my therapist said it was a good sign that I'd gotten over the whole 'using a dead friend as my crutch' or whatever."

The forever seventeen year old Lily Kane scoffed mockingly at the mention of therapy as she'd always done, and proceeded to unceremoniously jump down onto Veronica's bed. She placed herself next to the older woman and smiled with a surprising amount of gentleness that no one that had once known her would've believed her capable of – aside from the other members of the Fab Four of course.

After a brief pause to stretch her voluptuous body seductively, Lily spoke again. "Well," she said teasingly, "I'm here to give you a much needed heads up. Something huge is about to take place."

Realizing that this was going to be over a lot faster if she played along, Veronica sighed heavily as she sat up and ran a hand through her short, patchy hair. "Oh," she said, "you've finally discovered that it's not all the beautiful people that get to go to heaven?"

"Haha, very funny. No!" Lily responded and added with a faux pout on her full lips. "Imagine my surprise when I discovered that by the way..."

Veronica laughed, feeling a trickle of her long lost self return. "What?" she taunted with an echo of her laugh still on her face, "Was it such a shock to find out that ugly people are permitted through the pearly gates?"

For an instant, it seemed as if the weight of the world was on the deceased Kane's eternally young shoulders before she blinked the seriousness of whatever it was she was feeling away and replied with a serene smile firmly in place. "No, Silly. It was nothing like that. It was more along the whole astounding bit about me actually going to heaven in the first place, you know."

For once, Veronica was at a loss for words and privately decided that it was a good thing that this whole thing was only a dream as she had no idea how to touch that with a ten foot pole.
There was an awkward moment of silence, before Lily suddenly exploded into action and pulled the completely flabbergasted Veronica out of her bed by her arm and deposited her right in front of the big mirror that Veronica had had installed on the inside of her small walk-in closet. "Well, that's quite enough small talk for now, my petite friend."

Veronica blinked with confusion and stared questioningly at her fellow blonde next to her. Lilly rolled her eyes as if Veronica's confusion was such a bore and pointed right at the mirror. "So, tell me, what do you see?" She asked, looking closely at Veronica.

Not for the first time during her newest dream, Veronica sighed heavily. She reminded herself of her earlier thought to just comply with whatever it was her subconscious wanted so she could go back to sleep in peace and glanced quickly into the mirror before replying flatly.

"Well, I see me; A thirty-one year old soon to be divorcee with an extreme need for Botox. Is that all?"

Having said what she felt was all she could say at that moment, Veronica turned and tried to return to her cozy bed, but Lily gripped her shoulders firmly and turned her right back in front of her own reflection.

"Oh Ronica," Lily tsked her tongue with an almost tangible air of sad disappointment, "here's what I see; a thirty one year old woman who is mourning desperately because the love of her life is about to be her ex-husband after a truly terrible set of events that I would wish on no one, not even Mommy Dearest."

Veronica groaned with frustration, not ready or the least bit willing to discuss that at all. Instead, she sat down on the edge of her bed. A second later, she groaned even louder and with a bit more irritation mixed into the frustration as Lily calmly grabbed hold of the picture from her wedding she still hadn't managed to make herself throw out.

It had been such a wonderful day. Logan and she stood so close together as if even an inch apart from each other would be pure agony. The way his eyes looked down at her seemed to scream to the world that no other woman would ever matter to him. Well, Veronica thought with familiar bitterness and sorrow burning in her very soul, wasn't I stupid?

Unable to stand the reminder of happier times, Veronica snapped at Lily to put the photo down. The ghost took over the job of sighing heavily before she did as ordered. Only, she put it right in front of Veronica and when she spoke again, her voice was exceedingly serious.

"You'll always be my best friend, Veronica, but hey, I'm dead so I haven't really been able to drop by as much to tell you when your pigheadedness is getting in the way of yourself. So, here goes 'kay? You and Logan have to realize that you belong together. So—"

Veronica arched an eyebrow and interrupted coldly, not interested in listening to any kind of defense made at Logan's behalf. "He couldn't deal with the reality of everything, Lily. So in true Echolls form, he ran away and slept with the first woman he could find. I don't know about you, but I don't think that spells eternal love to anyone except the criminally insane."

Not looking the least bit deterred, Lily narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms before pointing out, "Not everything is about you, you know."

Veronica didn't want to be pierced by Lily's surprisingly solemn gaze and looked at the floor. The churning emotions inside her were beginning to make her fragile insides nauseous. "Why are you telling me all this anyway? It's over and nothing will ever change that. We're so over it's not even
funny."

Lily's high spirit returned with a vengeance. She wiggled her perfectly sculpted eyebrows suggestively and Veronica didn't have the heart to tell her that she looked like an idiot. "I almost forgot in the midst of all the angst. I have found the perfect way to make you two understand each other! You're so welcome!"

Veronica's eyes widened comically when she heard the next statement from her dead best friend. "You're gonna relive high school!"

"No way! Absolutely not!" The words escaped Veronica's lips before she even had a chance to think about the preposterous statement, but to her growing annoyance – and fear – Lily only laughed.

"Well, my dearest stick in the mud, it's way too late for you to do anything. The plan has already been set in motion. As we speak Logan's getting a visit from the ghost of …hmm, well not Christmas – past, but something along those lines. Anyhoo, toodles V! Make sure to have fun for me while you're there!"

The dead Kane left behind an utterly shell-shocked Veronica, whose expression resembled someone that didn't know whether to laugh hysterically or sob desperately. Before the tiny blonde got a chance to choose, she suddenly felt an overwhelming urge to sleep and mere moments later, she succumbed with the haunting echo of Lily's most mischievous laugh ringing in her ears.

00000

While Veronica was visited by her best friend, Logan too was getting a visit from his long lost past.

It was the gentle touch from a soft hand on his scruffy cheek that slowly coaxed Logan back into the world. Halfway between awake and asleep, he wasn't quite as sharp as he usually was.

"Ronnie, I'm trying to sleep here." He mumbled hoarsely, before suddenly realizing that the hand on his skin couldn't possibly be his wife's. As his senses returned more fully, Logan grew surer of that fact since his wife had sworn never to touch him again except to slap him if he ever came near her.

Even as Logan slowly opened his eyes, he tensed his body. He was preparing himself to take actions if the woman touching him so softly, turned out to be one of the deluded fans of his fiction books.

It wasn't.

In fact, what he saw caused Logan to jump up from his bed as if to escape a horrible nightmare. His hazel-eyes were unnaturally widened with shock and confusion. His voice was high with incomprehension and sounded nothing like the self-assured man he usually presented to the public.

"Mom!?"

Lynne Echolls, fourteen years deceased looked up at her much taller son with an expression of gentle amusement before she simply smiled softly and replied. "Yes my dear, it's me."

Hearing the familiar voice, so life-like even after all these years caused Logan's heart to race. Without saying a word, he looked around for the bottles he had been emptying with gusto the night before. His eyes caught one such half-empty flask lying on the carpeted floor right by his bed as if
he'd fallen asleep with the damn thing in his hands and dropped it when sweet obliviousness finally came for him.

Logan shook his head at himself, his voice a chagrined mutter as he picked up the bottle and placed it on his nightstand. "Too much tequila Echolls, just too much this time around."

Hearing that, his mother – his mom! – laughed. It was a sound Logan barely recognized seeing as the woman had been terrorized just as much as he himself had by Aaron Echolls. Before he could try and figure out why his hungover mind had conjured up his mom of all people, Lynne spoke and forced his confusion into complete incomprehension.

"Well, as I'm not quite sure how to convince you of my little visit, and not mention the drinking habits you've developed without sounding too hypocritical, I'll just skip that part, Honey. I'm here on business."

Ignoring how childish it would make him look, Logan wiped his eyes with his hands roughly before looking back down at the shape of his mother again. She was still there.

*This is one hell of a dream*, Logan thought, becoming more and more annoyed with himself at the weird things his brain conjured up in his still half-drunken state. Ultimately, he decided to play along since dreams of his mother weren't something that happened often. Let alone lately with everything that had happened between Veronica and him.

Forcing his mind away from that kettle of misery, Logan returned to the matter at hand. "What business might that be, Mommy Dearest?"

Lynne's amusement dimmed into a more solemn expression that seemed more familiar to her son. She sighed and gingerly sat down on the edge of his rumpled bed and took one of his blankets in hand to fiddle with as she finally began to explain.

"I've watched you ever since…" her fiddling with the blanket turned near frantic for a moment before she stopped herself and continued with a more calm air about her, "…ever since I left. I've loved seeing you so happy with Veronica. I mean, when the two of you finally grew up enough to stay together…until now at least."

Lynne turned on the bed and Logan watched silently as she grabbed his wedding photo from his nightstand. He didn't have to look at it to describe it to the uttermost detail.

Veronica was practically glued to his side, and for once she looked like there was nowhere else she'd rather be, a case to occupy her mind and distract her from him. The love in her face and the look in her eyes made it seem as if nothing anyone could ever say about him would break her trust in him.

Well, wasn't I stupid? Logan thought, bitterness and sorrow fighting for dominance inside him. The churning emotions made him snap and his tone was far from polite when he demanded for Lynne to put the photo down.

The two Echolls' stared at each other for a long moment without speaking. Then, suddenly, Logan found himself being pulled effortlessly into his ensuite and placed unceremoniously in front of the bathroom mirror.

"Tell me what you see." Lynne ordered after another long moment of awkward silence from Logan's side. Raising his brows in bemusement, Logan cast a short glance at his reflection. He had no idea what his crazy subconscious was heading towards and made vague plans to call his shrink
for an appointment just in case.

Lynne cleared her throat pointedly and Logan made an effort to answer her odd query.

"I see a thirty-one year old man, who's in desperate need of a decent hangover cure." He turned to leave; ready to get this whole weird episode over and done with, but Lynne's firm grip on his arm stopped him.

Turning back to look at his dead mother, Logan felt uncomfortable with the utterly intense look she bestowed upon him. "Do you want to know what I see?" she asked him quietly. Trying to play off the powerful moment, Logan looked up at the ceiling as if to ask for divine help, but Lynne didn't seem to notice or care about his tried and true methods of escaping heartfelt talks.

"I see a thirty-one year old man, who's desperately mourning the loss of his soul mate. All of which could've been avoided with decent communication and a little less stubbornness and male pride."

Logan's eyes narrowed dangerously, anger suddenly flaring in him at his mother's blunt words. "I feel like I have to remind you that she left me way before I even looked at that woman."

Lynne closed her eyes as to pray for strength before she calmly spoke again. "Yes, I can't deny that you've got a decent point and really that is I've - along with a fellow friend - devised a genius plan to make the two of you realize that despite everything you still belong together."

A couple of minutes later, Logan's eyes were once again widened to an almost comical degree as he finished listening to his mother's absurd plan.

"No way," he stated firmly, backing away from the crazy specter of his mom and back into his master bedroom. "Me and Neptune High having a reunion? No way, not gonna happen. I'm gonna call my shrink and have him get me committed 'cause I'm obviously completely insane since the ghost of my dead mother is playing the part of a Yenta. Goodbye and no thank you."

Lynne smiled a devilish grin that looked suspiciously like she was enjoying his momentary freak out. Her voice was half-way chipper as she informed him that the whole thing was already set in motion.

Feeling utterly poleaxed, Logan shrugged helplessly. He couldn't understand why he wasn't waking up already. "Well," he tried to put in some semblance of his normal cockiness. "What time in this endeavor of yours will you have me return to? 'Cause if it's freshman year, I'm totally gonna ignore my algebra exam. I don't care what Mrs. Peterson said, I will never need that in my adult life."

Once again, Lynne ignored his attempts at levity and answered his question calmly. "I'll take you back to the year after Aaron's imprisonment. I can't be there so it had to be after my death and we thought it'd be a good time for you and Veronica."

Hearing the supposed timeline caused Logan to laugh bitterly even as he knew it was only a dream and thus never going to happen. At the look of confusion that Lynne sent him, Logan explained coolly, "Well, Smarty-Pants, at that point in time, Veronica was dating Duncan so even though you and your mysterious partner in crime think it's going to be a swell time, I can't exactly convince her of our, what was it, soul-mate destiny."

Logan chuckled and ran a hand through his hair before continued with faked disappointment, "Oh well, I guess that means the plan is off and all. Nice to see you again and I'll just go back to tend to my severely neglected hangover."
"Honey," Lynne sounded far from deterred and it stopped a retreating Logan in his tracks, halfway into his bed as he was. "All that means is that you'll have to work harder. Besides, the memories of these years aren't going to just magically disappear. Neither is hers by the way."

For the first time, Logan allowed an inkling of belief to enter his system and he turned serious. "Are you telling me that Veronica is going through this craziness as well?"

Lynne nodded, "Yeah, she's with Lilly as we speak. And since she never could deny Lilly anything I'm gonna play the mother card here and demand you go too."

Logan froze at the mention of his long deceased girlfriend. He hadn't really thought about her in years and discovering that she was somehow involved in this scheme was the last straw and pushed him firmly into the believer's side of things. He was actually – somehow, and despite how utterly cracked it sounded - going back in time.

Suddenly, he was overcome with a wave of exhaustion and Logan practically fell fully onto the bed. Just before he succumbed to oblivion, he heard his mother's softly whispered voice in his ear. "I'll be watching over you, Logan. Please do everything you can to mend things with your wife or else you won't be alive this time next year…"

00000

The sound of birds woke her up just as she became aware of the sun basically roasting her on her bed through her windows.

Veronica yawned widely enough to feel her jaw creak ominously at the strain. *I'm not gonna get up just yet,* she decided, and ignored the fact that she needed to put a show in at work. She'd only recently returned after all and couldn't afford to call in sick just because she'd slept poorly. *But,* Veronica tempted her lazier side, *even though it was a weird dream, it's been so long since Lily came to me. I'll just use a little more time today to remember her…*

Before the more responsible part of her could give a counter argument, a clock radio suddenly began to blaring loud music right next to her aching head and Veronica sat up with a yelp of surprise.

As soon as her mind registered where she was though, Veronica could feel her heart rate grow faster and faster. She recognized this room easily. Too easily since it hadn't existed since the house it belonged to had long since been burned to the ground by Weevil and his bikers.

"No no no," Veronica said, only to clap a hand over her mouth to stop a scream of panic from escaping.

Feeling the panic build despite her best efforts, Veronica took stock of what was in front of her. She was in Logan's childhood bedroom, in his bed and to top it off, she could swear that she felt something that seemed eerily like facial hair under her hand and that was just not okay.

Since Veronica wasn't really good at sticking her head in the sand long term, she decided to get up. She inelegantly got out of Logan's king-sized bed and fumbled her way into her husband's bathroom in the Echolls mansion. All the while with her eyes firmly closed and with one hand still covering her mouth. She wasn't quite ready yet to face her growing fears.

It was only as her free hand located the bathroom mirror over Logan's sink that she finally, with one deep breath in preparation, opened her eyes.
There was one long moment of silence before the storm. Then a piercing scream was heard that chased away any birds still singing cheerily outside the windows.

"LILY!"

Almost instantly, Lily popped out of thin air. The sunny smile on her lips slipped off and transformed into a look of abashed fear at the sight that met her.

"Whoops, my bad," Lily said and without further ado, she hurried back to wherever it was she'd been and left Veronica in front of the mirror, looking absolutely stricken with horror at her reflection.

Well, wouldn't you be if you had woken up fourteen years younger and trapped in your husband's body?

00000

TBC…
Waking Up Not Normal

Chapter Notes

Yay, it seems people like it, so I'm gonna continue. The speed of updates will waiver as I'm currently starting a new job (two actually) and they need to be the priority :D THANKS for reading and commenting etc. :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waking Up Not Normal

For one long, seemingly endless moment, Veronica couldn't quite make herself move away from the mirror. Logan's face mesmerized her. She'd forgotten just how young he looked back in their High School era.

"Holy crap," she muttered hoarsely, only to moan loudly when she once more realized that her voice sounded exactly like Logan's. Apparently, the good news just kept on coming. Veronica expertly pretended not to hear the voice inside of her that pointedly mocked her for thinking she would've sounded like herself when she was stuck in her husband's teenaged body.

With one fortifying breath, Veronica took the bull by the horns and eyed herself...well, Logan closely in the mirror. She swallowed a weary sigh when she had to acknowledge that seeing her husband as the teenager she'd originally fallen in love with made her confused. She didn't like being confused, let alone because of him.

His annoyingly beautiful hazel-colored eyes, the obnoxious highlights in his hair that she'd spent many a time during their marriage teasing him about. That special necklace he still had to this very day... at least, he'd still kept it hidden fondly away in a box when they used to live together.

Veronica eyed the body she was now apparently trapped in. The muscles that Logan had developed as an adult were absent, yet there was no doubt that all his time spent surfing and running had given him a nice physique. Very nice, Veronica's more blunt self pointed out before she could snuff the thought out completely.

After another few moments standing frozen and looking at her new reflection, making even Narcissus jealous of her devotion, Veronica took another deep breath. Then she did what she did best in an attempt to stomp out the still huge amount of pure panic lingering in her system. She tried in her own way to find the silver lining in the whole mess that was now her life.

"Well," she said, pretending that her speaking with Logan's voice was due to a head cold and sore throat, dammit! "At least at this time in his life, Logan is someone, who answers to no one and can do whatever the hell he feels like. Veronica Mars on the other hand have Back-up and Dad."

"I can't wait to hear about that experience."

Without being able to stop herself, Veronica once again looked at Logan's face in the mirror and then proceeded to almost flinch as she realized that his reflection was lit up with that special evil smirk of his.
It was the feeling of a warm and undeniably smelly breath, on his face that brought Logan back into the world of the living. He wasn't ready in the least and mumbling incoherently as he turned around.

It was the presence of a wall of all things that first reminded him that there was something he was forgetting. A warm tongue suddenly licking the back of his head was the second. He was pretty sure he'd been alone when he'd fallen asleep after his mother's ghost had showed up…to...

Nope, Logan thought. I'm hungover, and that's all there is to it. He was not ready to find out whether or not it had been a nightmare or reality quite yet.

Sadly, for Logan, no one seemed to have told whomever it was that was still gently licking the back of his head with an unspoken amount of perseverance. Unable to return to the luring temptation of blissful sleep once again, Logan finally decided to open his eyes.

Even though he was facing a wall, where just last night there had been no wall at all, Logan was more concerned with the temptation to close his eyes again. The sunlight streaming into the room was making his eyes burn and he had to blink away a few tears before sight was fully restored. To make matters even worse, the licking had now evolved into a gentle nudge in his side.

The quiet insistence managed to coax Logan into reality after a few more minutes wherein the gentle nudging transformed into annoying little shoves. Feeling fully determined to make his newest bed-friend understand boundaries; Logan abruptly sat up to face his silent attacker and maybe yell a little.

The yell stuck in his throat for a second, before transforming into a literal girlish scream. "What the —?"

Before Logan could get a chance to grasp that little tidbit, a lot of things suddenly happened all at once.

A golden-brown pit bull that Logan never thought he would get to see again jumped toward him. It was doing something he'd never really seen a dog do before. It was growling in a confused manner, as if something was seriously freaking it out. As this was happening, the door into the room that looked an awful lot like his wife's once upon a time bedroom, burst open and slammed against the wall and Keith Mars flew through it with a fierce expression on his otherwise so genial face. To make everything even more absurd, the older man was holding a metallic baseball bat with an air of someone who knew just where to hit to make it hurt.

Logan stiffened instantly. He still had a near fearful respect for his father in law, and more importantly, his capability to inflict pain on those he deemed in need of it. In fact, the last time Logan and Keith Mars had been face to face, Logan had been the not too gracious recipient of said amount of pain.

Swallowing down his ill-timed fears, Logan watched in silence as Keith called the still growling pit bull to rest.

"Back-up, breakfast is served."

The dog simply turned and left, although not without giving Logan a low warning rumble in farewell. Food was always more important than anything to the dog, at least since its blonde human had suddenly started giving off something that was very wrong to its senses.
"So bad dream, Honey?" Keith arched his eyebrow and looked the picture of puzzlement as he looked down at his only child. The bat in his hand lowered and held at the ready just in case.

Logan vaguely realized that if Lynne had indeed sent him back to his teenage years, then it wouldn't have been too long since Keith had saved his daughter from a crazy man with a freezer and he probably still suffered from a raised set of protection instincts.

Unable to stop his eyes from looking at his surroundings any more, Logan repeated the childish movement he'd done in front of his mother and rubbed his eyes before looking back at the room again. "Yeah, you can say that again," he then mumbled when Keith's raised brow grew when he didn't respond immediately.

The scream he'd made earlier almost made a comeback when he heard Veronica's very non-masculine voice sound from his mouth. What the hell is happening to me?

Seemingly satisfied with his answer, Keith shook his head ruefully and positioned the bat by the dresser next to the door. "Please settle for yelling out, 'Daddy, I'm only dreaming,' next time you feel the need to scream like you're being murdered in your bed. You almost gave your old man a heart attack."

Logan didn't quite know how to respond to that, but fortunately Veronica's dad didn't seem to expect any reply because he continued amiably, "Anyway, it's good you're up. It's getting late and I have a meeting with Woody Goodman today, so I'm leaving in a second."

Before Logan could do much of anything, except gawp like an idiot, Keith had bent down and kissed the top of his head and left without saying anything else. Listening to the other man leave, Logan exhaled a breath of relief. He had no idea what to do with such an affectionate Keith Mars. The look on his father in law's face only served to remind him of that deep connection Veronica shared with her father and it made him uncomfortable somehow being the receiver of said devotion.

How am I gonna get myself out of this one? Logan thought before he decided to confirm his growing suspicions. He practically tiptoed out to the bathroom in the apartment Keith had rented after being forced out of the Sheriff's office. He ignored the way his eyes lingered at the tiny feet he was somehow in possession of. Until he'd seen it for himself, Logan wanted to believe that everything was just some weird dream caused by alcohol poisoning.

As he entered the small bathroom, Logan sent up a prayer to a deity he didn't really believe in, his mother's ghostly existence notwithstanding. "Shit," he cursed with Veronica's voice as he finally looked into the mirror and faced his new reality.

Yep, there she is, Logan thought despondently. Looking as tough and sweet as ever. Her face was young and deceptively innocent-looking. Logan's eyes feasted on the healthy glow of her skin. The haircut she wore during this timeline was the shortest she'd had back then. She'd had shorter hair in her adult life, but Logan didn't like to remember the depressed and gaunt-looking shell of a person his wife had been over the last long while he'd seen her in his timeline.

Instead, Logan shook his head and pushed the depressing memories aside for later. He scratched Veronica's surprisingly smooth cheek, lost in thought about everything that had happened in the last few hours of his life.

Still silently freaking out about being somehow inside his wife's petite body, Logan tried to see the positives. A smirk filtered onto his face then, an expression that was more suited on his original body to be honest. In the next second, Logan did what any warm-blooded male would have done in
his stead. He lifted out the large T-shirt Veronica used for sleeping and looked straight down on a very nice pair of women's parts; oh how he'd missed those.

"Logan!"

Suddenly, Lynne was standing in the doorway to the small bathroom. Her arms were crossed and she looked completely offended on behalf of her gender at the display of testosterone she'd caught her son indulging in.

Ignoring the look with an ease that came from living with a sometimes pissed off Veronica, Logan simply released the T-shirt and straightened back up. If his ears were a bit warm with embarrassment, so be it. He was an adult man for Pete's sake!

Trying to get things back to the important part, Logan ran a hand through his…No, Veronica's soft locks and eyed his mother closely with a hint of pure anger in his gaze. "If I recall correctly, and I may be wrong, hungover as I was this part of the whole magical bargain was not mentioned during our previous encounter.

Surprisingly, Lynne actually blushed crimson. She all but radiated mortification when she spoke. "Well, we might have made a small mistake on that front…but…" she paused and Logan got the foreboding sense that he was not going to like what his mother said next.

He didn't.

"Err…Well, seeing as this whole thing is a tad unconventional in the first place and takes a whole lot of juice to work, it's not possible for us to get you into your own body. You'll just have to make the most of it."

There was a long beat of tension-filled silence where Logan waited for his mother to break into a grin and say she was just kidding. When it didn't happen, he snapped for the first time.

"Revoke this little charm of yours right now or I swear to God—"

Lynne quickly interrupted his rant and Logan watched in growing horror as she began to fade away even while speaking. "There's no need to threaten me, Son. They won't be of any use anyway. Just try to make this work. You need this to work, okay?"

Then Lynne was gone as quickly as she'd appeared, leaving her son standing in an apartment he didn't live in and in a body that didn't belong to him. To say he felt unsettled was a massive understatement.

How long Logan stood in front of that damned mirror, he didn't know. It was only when he recognized a familiar feeling in his bladder that he moved. He glanced over at the toilet in the corner and sighed tiredly.

Well, this will be a very unique experience, Logan thought as he loosened Veronica's pajamas pants and gingerly sat down to pee for the first and hopefully only time during this whole time traveling business. Hopefully Veronica won't kill me for this…

00000.

Logan would never know just how close his wife came to committing murder. It was only the fact that it would ultimately be suicide that stayed her hand. Across town, Veronica had just finished her own unique toilet experience and was very glad for its completion.
She'd spent an inordinate amount of time wishing that the picture quality on Logan's phone was as
good as the one she'd left behind in the future. Why? Because the only positive the former blonde
female could find in that whole bathroom experience would've been to be able to take a picture of
her sitting like a girl on the toilet in Logan's body. It would've had endless blackmail opportunities
after all and she was nothing if not an opportunist.

Now though, Veronica faced a lot tougher obstacle. A sigh escaped her as she tentatively picked up
the shaving crème on the sink.

"You've shaved your legs and more for ages, Girly Girl," Veronica reminded herself as she began
her task with an odd feeling of being the loneliest person alive. If it turned out to be harder than
expected, Logan would just have to go to school with scruff on his face. It isn't as if it won't look
good on him, Veronica thought with a hint of old jealousy of the easy time men had with such
things.

Her feelings on the matter weren't enough to quite quench her nerves though. As Veronica – almost
without shaking – lifted the razor to her new face, she determinably coached herself into beginning
her task. "It can't be worse than peeing from your soon to be ex-husband's penis. Here goes
nothing…"

Twenty or so minutes later, Veronica exited the bathroom. She was covered with small paper
spots. Apparently shaving one's face wasn't the easiest task in the world.

Putting the matter behind her and conveniently forgetting she'd have to do the same thing all over
again in the morning if she was still stuck by then, Veronica went exploring. She walked around
the giant house and thoroughly examined all the rooms. The last time she'd actually been inside the
mansion was during a long ago and half-forgotten fight with Logan about his sleazy affair with
Kendall Cassablancas.

Remembering that fight caused a horrible thought to fly into Veronica's mind and she uttered a
very unladylike word and kind of fell down into the nearest chair she could find.

In this point in time, Logan is having an affair with Dick and Cassidy's stepmom! Veronica thought
with a hint of disgust. As Cassidy's name came into her mind, she felt a sudden rush of nausea. She
had no idea how to take on the youngest Cassablancas and his murderous and raping inclinations
without outright killing him or making everyone think she – or rather Logan – was completely
insane.

Fortunately, she was interrupted in her frantic musings by the doorbell. In the next second,
Veronica's relief turned sour when she recognized the guest. It was Dick Cassablancas and hid
characteristic voice shouted shamelessly from behind the still closed front door, "Hey Man, move
your rich butt, this sexy stud waits for no one. Come on, Dude, we're late. I've got people waiting
for my perfect self!"

Veronica almost whimpered when she recalled the close friendship Logan had with Dick and got
up from her seat with a worried expression. Maybe if I hide, he won't hang around too long? It's
not unusual for Logan to skip class after all… For once she was completely stumped and to make
matters worse, it wasn't possible for her to use one of her usual plans of finding somewhere small to
hide. She wasn't exactly near dwarf hood anymore.

Evidently, Dick had a key or maybe the door was simply unlocked because moments later, found
the blond teenager standing right in front of what he thought to be his best friend. Dick was smiling
his signature goofy and half perverted grin that always ruffled Veronica's metaphorical feathers
even as an adult. Knowing from experience that nothing she said or did would ever change him,
Veronica simply kept quiet when Dick unceremoniously threw his arm over her shoulders and announced, "The good times are about to begin, Dude. The party machine is here."

Veronica didn't exactly know how to respond to that oh-so-modest comment and compromised by allowing Dick to pull her out the door and over to Logan's big ugly x-terra. She swallowed a mocking sneer with effort, having hoped never to see that obnoxious vehicle ever again.

"Hjeeellooo? Are you in there?" Dick yelled into Veronica's ear and laughed at her startled expression. "Wake the fuck up, Man. We're in a hurry. I promised that Gia chick to show up today before homeroom. I think maybe I'm finally getting somewhere with her, so let's get moving."

At the sight of Veronica's now dumbfounded face and not knowing it was the mention of Gia Goodman and all she entailed that brought the look in the first place, Dick's own expression suddenly became a bit more serious.

"Yo, are you still bummed about Ronnie nailing your best friend? Don't worry; she's too much of a headache for you anyways. Now let's bounce!"

Veronica suddenly felt a lot happier. Unbeknownst to Dick, he'd just reminded her of something that would no doubt be a source of endless amusement for her coupled with frustration for Logan, which was always good in her book.

She'd completely forgotten that she'd been dating Duncan Kane at this point in time.

*Finally there is something for Logan to worry about too*, Veronica thought vindictively even as she reluctantly delivered one of Dick and Logan's all but patented high five's and got into the car, to follow Logan's best friend to Neptune High; a place she'd fervently hoped never to see again.

0o0o0

Logan stood in front of Veronica's small closet and growled in an eerily similar way to the pit bull, who was sitting in the doorway to Veronica's room and watching his every move.

*What the hell am I going to wear?* Logan pondered silently, only to groan out loud when he realized the thought that had just crossed his mind. It was one of those age old questions that every man had learned to avoid completely lest it put him in serious jeopardy of being too girly. *I might look like a girl, but I'm not a girl*, Logan decided with a nod to no one but his own reflection.

Ultimately, just eager to put the whole clothing debacle behind him, Logan grabbed the first thing he could and put it on. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, he was now wearing a pair of ordinary jeans and a blouse that had some punk rock letters on them and seemed vaguely familiar to him. *Maybe Veronica wore it on one of our dates?* He wondered, but then put it out of his mind, eager to just get out of the glaring Back-up's domain.

The hair he didn't dare touch. Logan knew that the hairstyles he knew how to make involved a massive amount of gel, luck and time he didn't have at the moment. Also he didn't quite think that the look he usually sported look would suit his new face.

Five minutes later, Logan was finally ready and he manned up enough to walk past Back-up, who apparently didn't want to cause him serious pain since the dog simply huffed and walked in to claim Veronica's bed without tearing into him. Logan let loose a gust of air filled with relief and left the apartment without further ado.

Walking out into the small parking area that was connected to the apartment complex Veronica lived, Logan quickly located the one car he'd forever associate with his wife. It had been years
since she'd given up on it and bought a newer model, but Logan still remembered her riding around in the very car in front of him. The Le Baron.

Logan approached it carefully, as if Veronica would somehow know he didn't treat the junk with enough respect. He chuckled a bit when he heard a distinctive creaking moan as he unlocked the door to get inside.

"Are you gonna fall apart on me?" Logan asked the car and laughed, feeling a bit fond of the car himself all of the sudden. The memories of all the times he'd picked Veronica up from wherever she'd managed to get stuck due to some crisis with that particular car were good ones that he hadn't thought about in years.

_Thankfully Duncan didn't give her too many rides to school, or I would probably have somehow gotten it fixed to make it harder for him to help her_, Logan thought before everything hit him at once.

"Holy crap," Logan whispered as the blood drained from his… or rather Veronica's face – that would still take some getting used to, he realized before refocusing on the _terrible_ matter at hand.

"I'm dating my childhood best friend and he's going to sleep with Veronica at the Grande in the near future!"

As if in a stupor, Logan got into the car and simply sat back for a moment.

The past memories of his jealousy at discovering Veronica had had sex without him and his petty reaction to said sex haunted him for a long while. Eventually, Logan shook himself out of the past regrets that were only a teaspoon of what he now carried around.

Adjusting the rearview mirror a bit, Logan locked eyes with his new reflection and felt a sense of determination come over him. "Well," he told Veronica's face, "boyfriend or not, that is one person that's _not_ gonna be allowed near these lips as long as _I'm_ the one in the driver's seat."

Having finally settled on something to do, or more accurately avoid like the plague, Logan started up the Le Baron and drove towards Neptune High; a place he'd sincerely hoped never again to grace with his presence…

00000

_TBC…_
BFF's and Boyfriends

Chapter Summary

Logan considers bleaching his mouth and Veronica argues with herself when faced with an old foe

Chapter Notes

Wow, so happy you guys seem to enjoy this so far. Makes me all squishy and happy inside :D
Thank you so much for commenting, they are the main reason this is happening so fast:D I'm off to work and have a busy schedule ahead of me, but wanted to post this just to keep you happy while you wait.
THANK YOU!! Also, enjoy.....lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

BFF's and boyfriends

Pulling into the parking lot of Neptune High, Veronica had to force back a groan of discontent. She was so not ready to go back to high school. She'd barely survived it the first time around. The memories she'd be facing that day alone was enough to make her consider simply dropping out.

Eventually though, Veronica couldn't postpone it any longer, so with one quick breath, she grabbed Logan's old schoolbag and left the safe interior of the big yellow car.

"Dude, wait up!"

Veronica sighed heavily at the shouted demand and had to repress the instinctive urge to just grab the before mentioned schoolbag and throw it in a hastily approaching Dick's annoying face. Preferably supplemented with a kick to the shin just because…

*Why can't he just leave me alone?* Was Veronica's moody thought, but she knew that to avoid suspicion from her peers, she'd need to keep up appearances. Forcibly remembering that fact, Veronica put on the best imitation of Logan's arrogant smirk she knew and turned to Dick just as he reached her side.

"You need to remember Dickie that I wait for no man, woman or even the elderly. Only if it's worth my while."

Grinning widely, even as he eyed the female hunting ground all around them, Dick replied cockily, "Likewise Bro, likewise."

Veronica feared more inane conversation but luckily, Dick's eyes caught sight of his newest victim; Gia Goodman. The blond's interest in Veronica completely shifted and he lifted an invisible hat and simply started making his way over to the dark-haired girl.
Thanking her lucky stars, Veronica hurried onwards towards the school's entry. It didn't take long for her to realize that entering Neptune High in the form of one Logan Echolls was a completely different experience from what she was used to.

Everybody shot varying degrees of certain looks at her and Veronica had to fight off the need to just crawl along against the walls. Some of the looks where made up of pure hatred – especially from the PCH'ers. There were some that were full of idolization and worship, even from the teaching staff.

*How did he do this every day?* Veronica wondered with a certain degree of sympathy she'd never imagined she'd feel for her soon to be ex-husband. She glanced around at all the people staring more or less subtlety at her. *I thought I had a hard time when I went here.*

Suddenly, Veronica's thoughts were interrupted. It was because of a feeling of being stared at with so much anger that it eclipsed all the other stares and Veronica froze momentarily before looking around to catch the culprit. Then she noticed Weevil just as he walked past her and it all made sense. The cold look he was giving her so openly was nothing if not frightening.

"Watch your step, Echolls." He practically hissed, passing her and Veronica wanted to proclaim loudly that she hadn't actually done anything, but before she got the chance to act on her desire, something else happened that distracted and scared her.

One of Weevil's guys, one that Veronica instantly recognized as Thumper even though he'd been missing for years in her own timeline, jumped toward her with a threatening grin on his face. The unexpected lunge caused Veronica to flinch, readying herself for a hit, but fortunately, Weevil simply grabbed the back of his so-called friend's jacket and pulled him away with a mumbled, "not here, Dog."

Watching the biker gang leave without further incident, Veronica was busy remembering everything from a long ago past that involved the time where everybody and their neighbor in the poorer side of town believed that Logan was a *murderer*. More importantly, she recalled just how devoted the PCH'ers had been in their effort to make him pay.

Sighing, Veronica adjusted the strap on the schoolbag on her shoulder. *I have to change that whole mess somehow,* she realized jadedly. *It's too dangerous to let it play out like it happened back then…and justice needs to be served to the right person.*

Once more, Veronica suddenly found herself pulled out of her gloomy thoughts. This time it was because Dick, with a slightly frustrated-looking Cassidy next to him, stopped in front of her and started speaking.

"Hey again, Dude." Dick's tone was over-the-top-cheerful as he continued in a half-way announcer's voice, "I'm like deciding to chill with you anyway. Gia's totally not ready for my sweet self just yet."

Veronica almost didn't register his words. She was busy debating with her baser self. "*Cassidy is a murderer,*" her inner wrathful side ruthlessly pointed out.

"*Well, you already knew that,*" Veronica tried half-heartedly.

"*He deserves to die,*" was the angry response to that.

"*He did once, remember?*" Veronica felt compelled to point out.
"He raped me!" To say that her inner self still carried anger at that fact was an understatement.

"Calm down! Now let's focus on keeping up this charade before they start wondering too much."

"He hurt Mac!" The last comment somehow pierced through Veronica's carefully set up walls and she barely swallowed down a sneer.

"Good point," she acknowledged and added vindictively, "I'm gonna taser his sorry ass as soon as I get the chance!"

"Dude?"

Dick's voice snapped Veronica out of her vengeful planning and she looked over at Cassidy in an attempt at playing like everything was normal. She had to force herself to stay even semi-friendly with the boy she'd had nightmares about ever since he'd pressed that button and supposedly blown up her dad. Come on, she prepared herself, this is not the hardest thing you've ever done, remember?

"So…err, Beav; done anything brilliant today?"

Cassidy flinched almost imperceptibly at the nickname he hated so much and Veronica took vicious pleasure in making him uncomfortable, however little it was. Then the teenager in front of her broke into a shy smile that really brought it home to Veronica that he was a very complicated person. "Well, what else is there to do?" He asked quietly.

Dick looked at his brother with more or less genuine affront. He loudly gave a mock sob and turned to Veronica, saying, "That little ball of pure sunshine and goody-two-shoesness just can't be related to me. Nope, my awesomeness can't deal with his weird scholastic nerdiness this early. Go away, Beaver before I throw up in my mouth a little."

Cassidy smiled ever so serenely and left with his books carried tightly in his arms. Veronica noticed the look of pleasure on his face before he turned away and figured it was simple satisfaction at making his older brother uncomfortable coupled with the opportunity to just not be around Dick any longer that brought it on.

Veronica had to clamp down on the rising need to run after him and taser him until he spilled all his dirty secrets. Before she could do much of anything really, Dick punched her roughly on the arm and fortunately drew her attention toward…well, herself actually.

The shape of Veronica Mars came around a corner looking a lot more tense than usual. Remembering just how much of a ball of sunshine and daisies she'd been back then, Veronica reckoned that Logan looked ten times worse and she couldn't help it, she felt her spirits lift immediately at the sight.

In fact, Veronica was smiling with glee and completely ignoring the fact that she was in the same boat as her husband. It was just ridiculously amusing watching Logan stuck in her petite form, looking for all the world like surfing had been outlawed. She was about to walk over to him, prepared with a snappy question of, "so have you walked a mile in a woman's shoe yet?" but then she realized that something far more entertaining was about to take place and Veronica simply leaned back against the nearest wall and watched it unfold in front of her. Dick eyed her evil grin questionably, but thankfully didn't say anything to ruin her enjoyment.

00000

Logan didn't notice Veronica's presence nor did he see the gleeful expression on her…well, his
face and run for the hills accordingly. No, he was busy cursing under his breath about the torture instrument that was the common bra. He had already sworn never to enjoy opening one ever again. The damned thing was itchy and he felt trapped in places that he didn't even realize one could feel trapped.

There was chatting all around him, people he'd forgotten all about ever since leaving the school the first time. Fortunately, it didn't seem like the talks had anything to do with him, so he just kept looking down at the floor, making it keenly obvious that he wanted to be left the hell alone. Anyone who dared to interrupt him was going to be in for a very painful experience, Logan decided as he walked onwards toward his first class of the day. He'd had to make a pit stop at the secretary's office and beg off a new schedule as he had no idea what classes Veronica had, so he knew exactly where he was going.

Suddenly, a tanned set of muscular arms slid around his waist and Logan felt himself being lifted into a tight hug.

"There's my girl," a familiar and very unwanted voice muttered softly in Logan's ear.

Duncan Kane. Logan had to bite back a literal scream of panic. The hairs in the back of his neck stood up and he barely resisted the urge to vomit even as he was put down gently and turned to face Veronica's boyfriend and Logan's childhood best friend.

His emotions were warring inside of him, and Logan didn't quite know how to react to the boy in front of him. On one hand, Logan hadn't seen him more than a handful of times since he'd escaped the country with baby Lily and he missed him. On the other hand…he was Veronica's boyfriend and Logan was currently trapped in said body.

"So," Duncan said and Logan's mind focused on the present with some effort, "you didn't answer my calls last night. I was worried about you."

Duncan leaned forward as if to kiss Logan's lips and the time traveler finally got to appreciate Veronica's slender physique in person as it made it very easy to just dive under Duncan's arm to avoid any lip-action.

To cover up Veronica's seemingly inexplicable avoidance tactics, Logan fumbled to come up with an excuse for her lack of calls. "Well, Mr. Mar…Err, Dad was on the warpath, you know so…err…family time was kinda on the first priority list…Sorry."

Logan spared a brief prayer, hoping against hope that Duncan had just as much respect for Keith Mars as he had and wouldn't question anything that had to do with the man. Luckily, Duncan smiled forgivingly and said with such a nauseatingly sweet tone that Logan wanted to throat punch him, "Well, great fathers such as yours are very protective, so I get it. I'd never want to come between you two."

Unable to dig up some quirky reply, Logan just stood there and hmm'ed noncommittally. Duncan leaned casually up against the wall of lockers next to them and asked with a frown furrowing his brows, "Are you okay, Sweetie? You look, I don't know…different somehow."

Logan swallowed a lump of pure fear and plastered on a fake smile as quickly as he could manage. Feeling a beat of cold sweat slide down his temple, Logan tried playing that everything was normal. "I'm fine, Duncan. I mean, why wouldn't I be?"

Duncan smiled sadly and Logan had a feeling that he wasn't fooling the Kane heir for one second. Then he spoke and Logan wanted to hit something.
"Honestly? Because yesterday you were kinda swearing to anyone listening that whoever caused the bus crash was going down and now," Duncan shrugged awkwardly, "you look a bit scared actually. So, what did you find out?"

Logan cursed silently as the memories of the crash entered his mind for the first time in years. More importantly, he remembered just who was responsible for it. I've gotta find Cassidy and lock him the hell up so no one else gets hurt, he told himself, forcing back the memories of a broken Veronica lying on his lap when they thought her dad had been blown to kingdom come.

Duncan fidgeted and Logan recognized that he hadn't answered the other man's question and hurried to comply with the quickest excuse he could think of. "Nothing like that, I promise. I just didn't sleep much last night. Bad dreams, you know. So, aren't you gonna be late for class?"

Logan had a brief moment of relief when it looked like his excuse worked, only to tense up with awkward revulsion when Duncan reached down and gently caressed what he thought was his girlfriend's cheek. Logan had to battle himself to stop his baser instincts from trying to pin Duncan up against the lockers and inflict much harm - preferably in the crotch-area. He only succeeded resisting the urge because he knew full well that Veronica would never forgive him if he acted on it. She has enough ammunition against me already and don't need any more, Logan thought, suddenly very tired with everything.

Duncan's voice brought Logan out of the minefield that was the memories of his failing marriage. "Actually, I'm just on my way out to an assignment for the Navigator. I just wanted to see you before I left, so you didn't worry."

Then to Logan's utmost dismay, Duncan managed to put his lips on his in a quick farewell peck. He left before Logan could do anything to prevent such a thing from ever happening again.

Feeling utterly grossed out, Logan started wiping his mouth frantically. He was silently moaning to himself about the unfairness of everything. He was in the middle of pondering if bleaching one's lips would manage to remove the lingering sensation of Duncan's mouth when he noticed a very familiar shape nearby.

In the next instant, Logan looked up and met his own eyes. That was quite possibly the weirdest thing he'd experienced – Duncan's kiss notwithstanding of course.

Did she see it? Logan wondered, feeling unusually awkward and humiliated. He already knew the answer to his unasked question. The look of thrilled amusement in her…well, his eyes was a clear sign.

Doing the only thing he could, Logan fell back into a long forgotten ability to just play off of unwanted attention and simply smirked. Deciding to use another old memory, Logan then exaggeratedly mouthed, 'I'm gonna get you back.'

Veronica's gaze didn't leave his face and Logan had to fight back a sudden irrational spout of bittersweet nostalgia. It had been a very long time since she'd looked at him with anything other than hate and disgust. True to Veronica's form, she didn't back down from his challenge and simply pointed at herself with an innocent expression that didn't fool him one bit. Then she mouthed back in return, 'Who me?'

Logan wanted to laugh at the cat-that-got-the-canary look on her face, but then he watched with a concerned frown as her face suddenly fell as she noticed something behind him. A hand gently bopped the top of his head and as the familiar voice sounded, Logan understood why she'd looked so desperately sad and longing all of the same time.
"Yo V. The bell rang like five minutes ago, are you coming?"

It took a huge amount of silent coaching before Logan turned to face Wallace Fennel's smiling face. He clenched his fists, trying not to let his own feelings show. The last time the two of them had been face to face in his old life; Wallace had punched him and violently thrown him out of Veronica and his house.

So caught up in that cheerful little walk down memory lane Logan was that he at first didn't respond to Wallace's comment. When Wallace's face turned a little worried and confused, Logan all but snapped. "What?" He could almost feel the way Wallace's fist had connected with his jaw all over again.

Without knowing just how close he was to getting punched, Wallace smiled genially even as he shook his head ruefully.

"Look, here's a thought," he said warmly, "maybe you should lay off the P.I. badassery for a little while. To be honest, you kinda look like doodoo."

Feeling almost dumbfounded by the friendly look in Veronica's best friend's dark eyes, Logan tried with all his might to shake off his own feelings. He needed to avoid acting too suspicious among the people who associated with Veronica. Using everything he knew about his wife's friendship with her BFF as she repeatedly called him, Logan finally replied, "Why Wallace, didn't Mama Fennel teach you never to say anything bad about a lady and her gorgeous face?"

Wallace chuckled, "Sure. That's why I said 'doodoo'." He then nodded in the direction of a classroom behind Logan. "Bio, 1 on 1, here we come eager to learn and ten minutes late."

Logan swallowed a heavy sigh when another fact about Veronica flashed through his mind. She didn't skip class on a regular basis like he himself had done.

Can this get any worse? Logan asked silently, then he quickly amended just in case his mother was listening and taking his question as a personal challenge, not that this isn't already a barrel of hoots, of course. I can do this...

Wallace gestured for him to follow and Logan reluctantly followed the tall black teenager, a known best friend of Veronica Mars that he couldn't just start avoiding like he planned to do with Duncan.

I never thought I'd even think this, Logan thought grumpily, but I miss Dick.

00000

Veronica felt so much envy in her very soul as she watched her best friend leave unknowingly with her husband. She focused on the lingering delight at seeing the horrorstruck look on Logan's face after Duncan had unceremoniously kissed him.

She'd felt so happy at the sight, for once feeling more like her old self that it had taken her unpleasantly by surprise when Wallace had come up to Logan and addressed him like he always did her. I need my Wallace, Veronica thought despondently. I'm stuck with Dick...

Although, she thought with a small spark of satisfaction, even as Dick told her to get a move on so they wouldn't miss the line of cheerleaders walking by, at least, I don't have to worry about any kisses from Dick.

00000
Chapter End Notes

Aw poor Logan hehe, he's gonna realize a little kiss from the boo ain't nothing soon enough.
Thanks for reading!
Driver Ed and Surfing

Chapter Summary

LoVe tries to live in the other one's life with varying degrees of success. Also, Weevil be maaaad.

Chapter Notes

Aw guys and girls, I'm so genuinely thrilled at the response this has gotten. I'm also posting on ff.net and no one seems to respond to it and it's breaking my insecure heart a little bit...
Then I see your lovely reactions and just keep on writing regardless. Thanks for making my day!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Driver Ed and Surfing

It was so completely strange to actually be back in high school, Logan decided as he reluctantly followed Wallace into class, sitting down next to him by the windows. The surrealism of it all seemed to hit the Echolls' time traveler more than ever as he gingerly placed Veronica's schoolbag on the ground beside him on the floor. It kinda felt like he'd planted himself into one of his bestselling science fiction books.

Wow, Logan thought, eyeing the teenaged forms of people he hadn't really spent any time with ever since he'd been the same age. Like school the first time around wasn't bad enough; let's get my dead relative to send me back...Prepare yourself for pointless plot build-up...He barely managed to keep his tired groan on the inside in time for the teacher to begin droning on.

It was Wallace's sudden jab in his shoulder that forced Logan back into the present and away from mulling over how he could actually use his life's weird circumstances in his next book. The only positive about this whole thing may be the amount of money its ludicrousness can bring me in sales.

The brief flare of pain, Wallace's touch brought was enough to once more make it hard for Logan to keep his real feelings for the black teenager hidden. Using every bit of skill he'd acquired over years of living with Veronica Mars' and catching a front row seat to her bullshitting arts, Logan smiled with a halfway decent look of friendliness. "What's up?" he whispered questioningly with a raised brow.

Wallace grinned eagerly with a nod in the direction of the front of the class. Logan followed the other male's eyes and spotted the young woman, who'd entered while he'd been caught up in his own mind.

Huh, Logan mentally exclaimed and couldn't stop a crooked smirk from making itself known on the usually non-smirking façade of his wife. Jackie Cook was another person he'd completely
forgotten about ever since she'd come and gone so briefly in his drama-filled high school career.

Logan's first instinct was to check the black beauty out. Damn, he thought as his eyes quickly roamed over Jackie's form, I forgot what a fine specimen she was. It was when Wallace's looked a little confused at him that Logan realized that checking out women probably wasn't something that was on Veronica's to-do list and he turned his attention to the teacher after what he hoped was a supporting smile in Wallace's direction.

She's way too young for me anyway. Logan comforted himself as he forced his attention to stop wavering from the teacher's droning lecture. Surprisingly, some of what the educator said was something Logan could actually remember and thus he managed to participate a little bit when a question was asked about the subject.

When no one raised any brows or protested at his willing participation in class, Logan began to feel a hint of pride in himself. I might just be able to pull this whole mess off, he thought. It's not that hard to act like Veronica in class situations at least.

Answering another question correctly, Logan gave himself a mental pat on the back and decided he'd played along enough for the time being and turned his head to look out the window next to him.

The sight that met his eyes, nearly catapulted him into thoughtless action and it was only a timely grip on his desk that stopped him from running outside to get a better look.

Weevil and the PCH'er were surrounding their archenemy in broad daylight, looking like nothing would deter them from putting some hurt on him. The sight of his own body, standing alone with only Dick at his side sent a confusing mix of emotions running through Logan's insides. Dick and Veronica looked like they'd been accosted on the way to the beach, skipping class as was their norm.

Before he could really decide how he felt about the possibility of seeing Veronica getting beaten to a pulp by one of the people she considered closest to her, Logan raised his hand and practically demanded a bathroom pass. He was almost outside the classroom before the teacher had fumbled just such a pass into his hands. He did remember to send Wallace what he hoped was a passable imitation of Veronica's, 'I'll-be-right-back-bestest-buddy-of-mine, look' just as he exited the room in a half-sprint.

As soon as he was out in the hallway, Logan burst into a run. He'd vaguely determined that he definitely didn't want to miss the sight of his wife trying to use her new body to fend of Weevil and his gang physically.

The thought of the anything but fight trained Veronica trying not to resolve to girlish hair pulling was a thing he suddenly needed to see. "I knew I'd find the positive about this whole mess eventually," Logan told himself as he finally reached the doors to the outside.

0000

There were a few things in Veronica's life she knew for certain. One; she'd get a pony someday. Two; her friends were amazing and thirdly, she didn't really like Dick Cassablancas.

It was not news to anyone who knew her. He'd never been on her BFF list, especially since the part he'd played in her rape at Shelley Pomroy's party and the complete lack of remorse about said event when Logan had told him years after.
Anything to do with Cassidy was buried beneath mountains of flippancy and perverse innuendos that managed to deflect any real feelings on the matter. It was something Veronica could never understand and one of their biggest obstacles in forming any kind of genuine friendship. It was only when she'd married Logan that the two of them had come to a certain kind of understanding of truce.

I need that understanding back, Veronica thought with a huff of exhaustion escaping her lips. I may actually end up killing him if I have to listen to a seventeenth rendition of how he bagged this honey and drank that keg all by his lonesome.

Luckily, Veronica's internal debate about Dick's continued survival was put on hold before she could manage any kind of honest planning. Unfortunately for Veronica though, the reason for the interruption was none other than Weevil's arrival.

The gang-leader slowly approached with several of his PCH'ers in tow and it was clear as day that he wanted to finish their previous encounter now that they were more or less alone.

Weevil's expression of disgust and hate sent shivers down Veronica's suddenly sweating back. It was eerie seeing those emotions pointed so obviously at her and she would be lying if she didn't admit to feeling a bit frightened by the whole thing. The many gang members slowly surrounding her with similar expressions may also have been a tiny factor, Veronica amended sarcastically.

"Yo, Richie Rich; skipping school again? Breaking rules? That ain't a good sign; I thought your high priced lawyers would've told ya to stick to the straight and narrow while they kept your sorry ass from joining your old man in the slammer."

It was a point of pride for Veronica to not think of herself as a coward. She'd experienced enough harrowing things in her life to be pretty sure she was anything but, but she still had to force her legs to stay put when Weevil came closer. He was letting off such high levels of danger that for the first time in a long while, Veronica realized why the short Latino had been leading the PCH'ers at such a young age.

Being on the receiving end of Weevil's rage was majorly unsettling for the former blonde. The two of them had had some disagreements throughout their friendship sure, but never had she been the recipient of such cold contempt from him.

Veronica had to swallow down the hurt his actions caused her. I'm not actually me right now, her pragmatic self pointed out before she could do anything stupid like start crying or telling Weevil what a meanie he was. Instead, she did what she did best and rose to the challenge shimmering in her friend's dark gaze.

"Hello Navarro," she uncrossed her arms in preparation for whatever was to come, "having a nice day? It must be busy since you're out here so early throwing threats around in public. Don't you know how to delegate?"

Feeling Dick stand next to her in silent support, gave Veronica a much needed boost of confidence. She quickly amended some of her earlier thoughts about the boy as she remembered one important thing about the Cassablancas heir. He may be a goofy self-centered idiot most of the time, but he was also loyal and remained so to the last drop when it was needed.

Weevil's answering laugh at her comments, abruptly reminded Veronica that she was more than likely about to get beaten. At this point of Logan's life, it had practically been a weekly event, but she very much preferred to talk her way out of trouble if at all possible. How do I do this? Her mind raced for a solution that just didn't seem to want to come even as Weevil drew closer. He was
immediately followed by Hector and the true culprit in the whole mess, Thumper.

Holding her breath, Veronica clenched her fists just in case they were needed. She desperately wished she'd taken Logan's advice at the beginning of their marriage and started up self-defense lessons and not simply relied on luck and her beloved taser. *This is gonna hurt so bad,* she thought with resigned fear just as another voice interrupted the fight-to-be.

"Hiya. Aren't you guys late for today's Auto Shop class?"

Without hurry, Weevil turned his dark eyes from who he thought was Logan Echolls and eyed the petite blonde he thought was Veronica Mars; a girl that somehow always knew just how to push his every button and not get hurt in the process like so many others had before her.

"Hey V," he greeted amiably as if her stopping him from beating her ex-boyfriend was a common occurrence. "In case you didn't know, school's actually thataway." A pointed finger in the direction of the school was added for emphasis.

The real Veronica had to suppress the sudden urge to close her eyes and pray for a miracle when Logan, who was obviously trying his hardest to sound like she would in the same circumstances, opened his mouth to speak.

"Thanks…err, Amigo mine. So…err…planning to let the boys back loose in the world anytime soon?"

Looking slightly puzzled at "Veronica", Weevil eventually sighed. Trapped in a semi-circle of Weevil's gang, Veronica could almost feel the moment where Weevil's anger turned from her and transformed into that weird, quid-pro-quo, friendliness they'd shared. It was the first time in ages she could appreciate that she'd married someone who'd known her in school well enough to act like her.

"Aww, you know I'm just a sucker for the head tilt, V," Weevil chuckled darkly before turning his attention back to "Logan". His tone abruptly changed from amused to threatening, "You should feel lucky there always seems to be a woman around to shield you, Dog. Just remember that this won't be the last you'll see of me. We need to iron out a few things, you and me after all…"

Unable to say anything that wouldn't get her into even more trouble, Veronica simply nodded. The whole experience left a bad taste in her mouth and it wasn't made better by watching her friend simply turn and walk away without a second look.

*Just another thing I need to get used while I'm here,* Veronica thought with a growing sense of sadness.

"Geez, thanks Ronnie. I knew I could always count on you to be the party pooper." Dick blurted out after a few moments of tense silence. Without another word, he simply grabbed hold of Veronica and more or less dragged her toward the parking lot. The abrupt movement didn't leave her any chance at all to finally talk with her husband, who looked oddly bemused for some reason.

*Oh well,* Veronica decided and settled into Logan's car a few moments later, *I'm just gonna have to find him later to talk about what we'll do next. And maybe thank him a little for helping me out,* she added with a slight feeling of awkwardness she didn't particularly enjoy.

00000

Logan barely registered how Dick all but tossed Veronica into his old car and took off to what he knew from experience to be the beach. Most of his faculties were occupied with a much larger
conundrum.

Why did I even jump in to protect her liked that? She'll probably just blow up at me later and tell me she can handle everything herself as she's prone to do. I don't particularly like her anymore, so why the hell did I risk getting into a volatile situation like that?

Logan paused momentarily; a small somewhat unacknowledged part of him hoped that his mother would pop out of nowhere and give him the answers he was looking for. After a little while with no divine intervention so to speak, Logan rolled his eyes and ignored the tiny speck of disappointment lingering inside him. Oh well, Mommy Dearest is probably too busy screwing with someone else's life right now. Logan pretended to be comforted by that thought and then made his way back to class.

Once he'd passed through the entryway, Logan didn't exactly feel pumped up for rejoining the student population and found the perfect thing to postpone that for another little while. He found himself standing right in front of the girls' bathroom, a.k.a. Veronica's former 'office'. Barely sparing a thought for Wallace's inevitable worry over his best friend's long absence, Logan went inside with a small nostalgic grin.

Surprisingly, he wasn't alone. Logan paused abruptly at the sight of the black dressed, average height blond girl leaning up against the opposite wall. There was a very determined look on her face and it was as if she was surrounded by a wall of unseen tension that made Logan want to offer her an antacid.

The girl just kept staring at him, and unable to place her. Logan's pessimistic side simply hoped that she wasn't one of the chicks he'd slept with and abandoned.

With my luck, he thought gloomily, she's here to ask Veronica to somehow get even with me or something…

Bracing himself for the worst, Logan did the only thing he could think of. He greeted her. "Hey."

"You know who I am right?" The girl unceremoniously asked and Logan had to mentally fight of a fresh wave of trepidation from falling over him at the expectant look in her eyes.

Dammit, does Veronica know her? Is she important? He thought nervously before he decided to play it safe and just agree with her statement.

At his confirmation, the girl nodded and took a deep breath, seemingly fortifying herself before she spoke again. "Just out of curiosity, did you know who I was last week?"

Finally, Logan fought down a beam of elation, a question I can answer truthfully.

"Nope, not a clue."

At his candid reply, the girl broke into a laughter that bordered on the hysterical. "Oh well, your dad drives one bus over a cliff and your days of being under the radar are over."

Feelimg the proverbial lightbulb go off in his mind, Logan felt like an idiot for not remembering the girl. The girl was the daughter of that Ed bus driver that had driven the bus of their classmates. Jen something. No, Logan corrected, Jessie. Her name was Jessie.

If memory served, Jessie had dropped out of Neptune High following all the media frenzy and only surfaced when Cassidy's involvement in the crash became known. Last thing he'd heard, she'd still been unsuccessfully suing Dick's dad for mental damages or something.

Satisfied at solving that little mystery, Logan looked up and realized that she was still staring
intensely at him. Feeling a bit unnerved with the attention, Logan swallowed and crossed his arms and tried to channel unshakable Veronica with all his might.

"So, did you actually want anything or just avoid the wolves outside a little more?"

Jessie nodded and after a short pause, she told him what she wanted. "I need proof that my father didn't kill himself. I have a mother and a little brother and we've been accustomed to having a place to live and, like food. Insurance companies don't pay if they decide its suicide."

"Yeah, imagine that." Logan muttered while everything inside him was screaming out for Veronica, the real private investigator in this whole mess. He felt way out of his depth and it came through his voice as he tried explaining his lack of ability to the grieving girl. "Look, I wouldn't even know how to begin with that. I mean, how do you prove someone didn't kill themselves?"

Jessie gave a sarcastic smile that didn't suit her face before replying coolly, "If I knew that, I wouldn't be waiting for Veronica Mars in a bathroom."

Logan couldn't quite stop himself from flinching at the girl's sharp tone. "I'm sorry," he said, actually meaning it, "I can't."

Once again, Jessie's face was graced by an ugly smiled. "Great, 'cause I'm sorry' is ever so helpful."

Logan didn't get a chance to react to that before the door behind him suddenly opened and a pretty girl that Logan recognized as Shelby walked in. The most he could say about her was that he was sure he'd actually slept with her and abandoned her carelessly at Shelley Pomroy's infamous party so very long ago. A couple of her friends followed in her wake, chatting inanely all the while.

Shelby held up a manicured hand and the other girls quickly stopped talking. Without a second glance at Logan, she walked right up to Jessie with a sneer on her face.

"Jessie, you know, if my dad killed a bunch of people I went to school with, I don't know if I'd have the nerve to show my face at school."

Watching the scene in front of him, Logan was just about to tell the bitchy female just what she should do with herself, but then Shelby simply turned her back on a seething Jessie to talk to Logan. Her voice was suddenly nauseatingly obsequious and Logan knew it was only that because the 09'er knew that Veronica Mars was dating the town's golden boy, Duncan Kane.

"Hi Veronica! Are you and Duncan coming to Logan's Life's Short party? It's gonna be-"

Logan felt a surge of respect pour into him when Jessie roughly took a hold of Shelby and turned her around without a word and simply punched the sycophant girl right in the face.

The alpha male in him always appreciated a good chick fight. He didn't get to enjoy it too long though seeing as a voice that sounded suspiciously like his mother's echoed demandingly in his head.

'Logan! Help the girl out! Veronica will know how to handle this.'

Fine, Logan all but pouted inwardly and quickly pulled the angry girl off of a screaming Shelby. "Ruin my fun, why don't you? Shelby's friends quickly got the bleeding girl out of harm's way and Logan quietly promised to help Jessie if she'd calm the hell down.
While Logan was getting forcibly pulled deeper and deeper into Veronica's old life, Veronica herself was failing miserably to succeed even a little bit in his.

Dick was sitting carelessly on his surfboard in the water. The look he was sending her was filled with complete dumbfounded disbelief and didn't exactly make her feel any better.

"Dude," he said with an air of real worry in his voice, "have you been doing anything more than *drinking* lately? I don't remember you being such a retard on a board."

Veronica tried her best to laugh it off, while sitting precariously atop her own board. Well, Logan's anyway. Naturally that tiny movement was enough to make the surfer-challenged time traveler fall right back into the ocean with a lack of grace that came with a severe lack of ability to surf.

One would never know just how many hours full of laughter and gentle mockery, Logan had tried to teach her the art of surfing. She majorly sucked at it no matter what and simply couldn't pretend otherwise.

As her head broke through the surface again, Dick's last sentence horrified her and made her want to just snap.

"-Short Party? I'm flying solo – Madison's out of town and that Gia chick isn't ready yet so it's a great opportunity for new female companionship to enter my life, Dude."

It took a lot more effort than Veronica wanted to admit to not try drowning herself as Dick's words reminded her of Logan's absurd party habits as a teenager. Fortunately, Dick had already begun paddling toward the beach and didn't notice her grossed out expression.

When they returned to Logan's car, Veronica barely managed to turn away as Dick's shamelessly started pulling off his wetsuit. Looking down at her male body and the similar attire, Veronica sighed deeply.

Dick unknowingly provided enough distraction for Veronica to change into dry clothes by whistling obnoxiously at a couple of women, who were walking by and eyed his body closely. She'd never dressed that fast or gracelessly in her life.

By the time Dick had put on his shorts and sandals, Veronica was already waiting impatiently in the X-terra, eager to leave and silently bemoaning the lack of a blow-dryer. *At least I'm used to short hair,* Veronica mused, running a hand through Logan's soft locks, *so it won't be too long before it's dry again.*

Finally, Dick climbed into the car, shaking his head violently and causing a cascade of water drops to rain over her. Veronica swallowed a growl and started the car. *It's official,* she thought moodily as she entered the bustling traffic to drive back to Neptune High, *surfing sucks and nothing will ever convince me otherwise.*

00000

Once she was back at school, Veronica managed to escape Dick by running into her old 'office' where she quickly and expertly barricaded the door to keep him from finding her.

*Phew,* she thought wearily, *peace at last.*

"Nice of you to drop by, my dear Wifey."

Veronica froze at the sound of her own voice taunting her. A quick look over her shoulder
confirmed what she already knew. She turned slowly around to face the woman who was her 
husband.

"Hi Logan." She greeted with a fake air of casualness. "What do you want?"

"We need to talk. Apparently, I just landed my first ever Veronica Mars case."

Sighing and feeling utterly over the whole time traveling thing, Veronica walked over to the sinks 
and leaned against them. "Fill me in and I'll help you. In return you help me figure out a believable 
way to avoid surfing ever again. Not even in your skin do I even remotely function at it."

Despite not trying to be funny, Veronica watched Logan break into a heartfelt laugh that was 
contagious enough for a small smile to break free from her iron control.

"Sure," Logan agreed amiably. "Sure, we transformers gotta stick together."

Rolling her eyes, and still smiling a little, Veronica replied the only way she could in that moment. 
"God, you're such a dork."

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the end is a bit abrupt, I couldn't find a greater place to end it than here. 
Hopefully you enjoyed the newest installment as much as I did writing it!
Orders, Fame and Visits

Chapter Summary

LoVe gets directions from GhostLily, tries to work a case and Veronica gets an unexpected visitor...

Chapter Notes

Just wanted to thank you all so much once again. I'm so happy for your comments and reactions to this tale of mine. Thanks! Please keep on enjoying my little tale.

Btw, I'm writing this without a beta, so some errors are impossible to avoid, I'm afraid. Sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Orders, Fame and Visits

Old memories that had evolved in that very bathroom kept playing on high definition inside Veronica's mind. Right in the middle of where the two spouses were standing was where they'd all but attacked each other's mouths passionately once upon a time...or two or three times, Veronica amended, fighting back an uncharacteristic blush all of the sudden.

"So," she said slowly and tried her damndest to ignore the awkwardness that lingered in the air at finally being face to face with her husband. Ex-husband in a matter of speaking, a tiny bittersweet part of her pointed out. "Here we are."

For seemingly no reason at all, Logan burst into laughter. It was only because she recognized not only her own sounds, but Logan's as well that Veronica realized that it had a tinge of hysteria in it.

After the laughter slowed down to a wry chuckle, Logan straightened up to announce with mock cheer, "I'm never gonna get used to this. It's so weird. Oh, well; at least I can finally see for myself just what a good looking specimen I am. Could you twirl a bit? I'd like to see if the back's looking as good as the front and you did always think I had a sweet tush, remember?"

Just like that, Veronica felt her old annoyance toward her partner flare to life, speckled with a tiny bit of hurt that he seemed to be so cavalier about everything. With an ease that came from a lot of practice, Veronica simply ignored his absurd questions and tried to act normally.

"Look," she began, "just tell me about the stupid case and I'll see if I remember the details and then it'll be over and done with before dinnertime."

"Not so fast Ronica, my little overachiever."

Veronica actually jumped on the spot in surprise when Lily's amused voice suddenly echoed in her mind as if she was standing right in front of her. Veronica looked around the restroom with frantic
eagerness to locate the deceased Kane.

Logan's raised brows indicated that he had no idea why she was acting so crazy all of the sudden. Then Veronica spoke and his expression turned into vague frustrated understanding mixed with hope that he was not the reason for the ghostly visit.

"What's wrong now, Lily?"

Lily's laugh sounded incredibly life-like even inside Veronica's head, and she pretended not to feel any longing for the other blonde. Said emotion died pretty quickly though, when in the next moment, Lily once again spoke without actual sound. The teasing edge in her voice was unmistakable.

"Sorry to be the one to burst your little bubble again, my sweetest of sweets, but I've been informed that I need to tell you and the hubby that you have to solve your old cases the old fashioned way like you used to do. No short-cuts allowed, I'm afraid."

Veronica had to stomp down on the immediate impulse to somehow find her dead friend and make her even deader. Once she felt a little more in control of her faculties, Veronica tried acting like the mature thirty-one year old she was.

"I'm sorry but that just doesn't seem possible. I mean, I already know what the cases are going to be about. It'll be a lot easier for both Logan and I to just skip to the end. Also, it'll be easier for the clients to get their answers quickly, and not have to wait for me to provide the evidence as slowly as I did last time.

In the next instant, Lily abruptly appeared before Veronica. One quick look over the deceased girl's shoulder told Veronica that Logan couldn't see Lily's form. He was staring at Veronica with a curious expression, clearly waiting to be filled in on what was happening.

Lily's voice brought Veronica back to the matter at hand and she crossed her arms angrily even as the other girl's words washed over her.

"Look, Veronica, I know that we messed this whole thing up a bit, but doing it this way has a purpose. It's so you don't change things too much. The only thing we wanted to change was your relationship with Logan after all. Fate's not gonna appreciate everything getting turned upside down just because you don't wanna play nice with your husband."

"Ex-husband!" Veronica snarled and once again used her great training in ignoring things when Logan seemed to freeze at the word and show a split second's worth of hurt before a more neutral expression formed on his face...well, her face, but you get the picture by now.

Lily rolled her eyes and tossed her hair over her shoulder in a practiced move to show off just how little she cared about Veronica's childishness. The urge to strangle her reappeared in Veronica, but before she could contemplate even halfway acting on it, Lily laughed.

"Already dead, Sweetie, remember? Now go help out your man-candy and that poor girl. It'll go so much faster when you cooperate with each other. Remember that and with that keen advice, I'll just be leaving you for now. Toodles."

There was a long, heavy silence in the minutes after Lily's departure before Logan finally seemed to have used up all of his already rather limited patience.

"What the hell just happened here? I doubt your friendly ghostly god fairy or whatever popped in just to chat about our marriage? Spill!"
Veronica stepped back one step with surprise at the raw anger she could hear in Logan's voice. Then she quickly replayed the conversation she'd had with Lily and realized that having only heard her speaking, he really had no idea what was going on. After all, the last thing she'd said was 'ex-husband,' and Logan could only work with what he was given.

_No wonder he's so pissed_, she thought and quickly prepared what to say, _it did sound like I was only talking about divorcing him_...

With one fortifying breath, Veronica revealed the truth as ordered. "I was just getting reprimanded by Lily."

Logan's narrowed eyes widened at _that_ piece of news. Seeing as Lily had been anything but reprimanding in real life, he tried playing it off as something completely out of the question.

"That sounds nothing like her. Are you sure you're not hallucinating? You _have_ spent an awful lot of time with Dick after all. Has he introduced you to his Party Pig?"

Choosing not to dignify that question with an answer, Veronica simply spoke over him. "We're going to see some people and I'll have to teach you a few of my tricks to pull everything off."

Looking rather suspicious at Veronica's statement, Logan mirrored her and crossed his arms in front of him. "Pull _what_ off exactly?" he asked warily.

Veronica told him and Logan just stared at her for a few moments before practically exploding.

"No, no, no. Absolutely _not_. Consider this me putting my foot down, Veronica! _No!_"

_00000_

"_How_ did I even get here?"

Logan sighed when his muttered question went ignored by Veronica. To be fair, he had asked it more than once during their drive. He glanced over at her, sitting calmly and looking for all the world like she wasn't trapped inside her husband's body.

_Ex-husband_. Logan winced at the reminder of just how vehemently Veronica had been in pointing that out. Then he pushed it to the back of his mind and answered his earlier question by himself.

_Veronica Mars simply doesn't take no for an answer_...

It took a few more miles of driving before Veronica pulled in to a small parking area. They were driving her old Le Baron since Logan had adamantly refused to be a passenger in his own X-Terra and Veronica insisted on driving seeing as she knew their location.

"Here we are," she announced, looking out the window. "This is Duane Andrew's shop. He was on TV recently if my memory serves me correctly. He was _very_ eager to tell the world about the apparently ever so suicidal bus driver that bought a religious item in preparation for his misdeeds or something." Veronica paused and Logan couldn't help but pose a quick question.

"So what really happened? I was pretty preoccupied at the time to worry too much about it," he expanded when Veronica looked over at him. _Yeah_, Logan's bitter side was quick to remind him, _you were so busy planning a stupid party that unbeknownst to everyone involved celebrated the fact that your soon to be ex-wife didn't die in the crash and leave your sorry ass. Too bad it happened anyway only fifteen or so years later..._
Shaking off his self-hating and bitter subconscious, Logan met Veronica's gaze. He was not willing to admit to anyone, barely even himself that his 'Life's Short' Party had been an untold way to rejoice in Veronica not dying on him like everyone else he loved seemed wont to do.

Eying him a little suspiciously, Veronica deadpanned her answer. "He was buying said item so he could get change to go call his mistress. Oh, times pre everyday cellphones, how I've missed them...not."

Logan had to acknowledge that Veronica was pretty impressive. How she managed to keep and more importantly retain all that information in her head without getting confused had always been a source of envy for him. Compared to her, Logan already felt lost and overwhelmed.

"So," he asked, getting ready to exit the car, "what am I supposed to do now? Oh-wise-and-all-knowing-one, I seek thee guidance to not screw things up."

"I've already told you what to do seven times," Veronica practically growled. "Just do as I said and repeat things as closely to the past we both know so Lily won't come back and yell at me."

"Fine," Logan said and stepped out the car with a heavy sigh escaping him. He tensed up a little when Veronica leaned out the passenger window and spoke in a tone that reminded him eerily of Dick of all people.

"Go on, Echolls. Go get your flirt on."

Logan ignored the need to run and hide that her words invoked in him and walked toward the shop. With every step, he tried to fall into Veronica's character. As soon as he entered the shop, Logan spotted the shopkeeper, Duane. He was a tall black-haired man, a bit on the heavy side. His dark eyes looked over at his newly made bus crash souvenirs with a disgustingly high amount of pride.

It took more effort that he'd expected, but Logan finally sidled up to the counter in front of Duane.

"You were the one on TV, right?" he asked, pouring as much innocent curiosity into his voice as he could muster in-between fighting off bursts of distaste for the man in front of him.

Duane looked down at Logan, and it was clear to the time traveler what the other man was seeing: a pretty little blonde with an inviting smile. Logan swallowed down an urge to throw up a little in his mouth and tried staying in character.

Duane himself, straightened up with a goofy smile that just cried out for Logan to punch him in the nose. "I am, Man. Did you see that? Check you out. Let me ask you a question, I look fat to you?" Duane briefly looked down at himself before rapidly continuing, "'Cause I was watching the news and I was like, "Damn, I look fat." Then I read something online says, like, the camera adds ten pounds. I was thinking maybe it was them, but just in case, though, I started a diet regiment this morning."

Logan tried to act like Veronica, he really did, but the subtle art of manipulation was and had always been lost on him, so instead he simply tilted his head in an effort to look like his wife and proceeded to do what he could to get this whole nightmare over and done with.

"So, ah, did you really, like, sell stuff to that drugged up bus driver?"

Duane stopped a bit at that, but luckily for Logan, he was still so caught up in his fifteen minutes of fame, he just answered carelessly, "Yeah, actually I did. It was a slushy and a bag of peanuts. Do
you want that – you look like you could use a few calories?"

Logan sighed at Duane's stupidity. He wanted to wager that even Dick would be an honor student before this guy.

Noticing something out of the corner of his eye, Logan pointed at the bowl of small medals. "Didn't the dude like buy one of those too? If he did, I'll totally buy one…I'm so like, in love with Death…or something."

Duane broke out into another dumb smile and promptly picked one up. "Hmm, St. Chris. Good choice. Hope it helps you, it didn't exactly help him."

Quickly paying for the damned medal, Logan turned to walk back out to the waiting Veronica with his "new" knowledge, but Duane's next words stopped him in his tracks.

"Be careful going around those cliffs. Don't pull a 'Bussie', please. You're too cute to die."

"What the fuck did you just say to me?" Logan asked, slowly turning around to face Duane's rapidly paling form. Evidently, the chubby man hadn't expected such a reaction to his well-meaning yet misplaced concern.

How the hell could Veronica get anything done during this time? Logan asked himself. How did she find the time to solve cases when she had to deal with such misogynistic assholes with no sense of tact whatsoever? Did everyone hit on her?

The thought somehow reignited a half forgotten set of protective instincts inside him and Logan could almost feel the way his eyes began spitting fire. Right before he got a chance to actually jump on the other guy and force-feed him the St. Chris medal he'd just bought, the real Veronica entered the store.

"What's taking so long, L-Vero…?"

Veronica stopped talking in the middle of her sentence, as she took in the sight of a silently fuming Logan and a very pale shopkeeper. Without another word, she grabbed Logan's arm and pulled him out to the Le Baron.

00000

There was nothing but silence in the car as Veronica drove them back to Neptune High. Nothing had been said as she'd more or less thrown Logan into the passenger seat, briefly rejoicing in her newfound superior strength.

Now, still silently fuming, Veronica glanced over at Logan. He looked utterly unconcerned with what had happened and the close call he'd had. In fact, he'd leaned up against the passenger window and looked for all the world to be sleeping peacefully.

Why can't you just control your temper? Veronica thought out to him with an inwardly rumble. I told you how important it was to not screw anything up. If I hadn't gotten impatient, I bet I would've found you strangling the poor idiot and that would've meant cops and more importantly, my dad. Ugh!

Veronica sighed loudly and returned her full attention to the road in front of her. This, she thought sadly, is why we won't work in the end. You always keep changing things up even though I've… Argh, I can't even think about it.
A few more miles closer to Neptune, Veronica decided to try contacting Lily. *If you've been following along today, she said mentally, I hope you've paid enough attention and realized just how absurd your plans for our reconciliation are. Send us home, please."

There was no response, but then again, Veronica hadn't really expected any. Instead, she just turned on the radio and woke Logan up as they pulled into the parking lot of the high school.

Logan yawned. "I'm not in the mood for more school today so I'm gonna take off. Call me if you need me or whatever, it's not like you ever do that anyway."

Veronica ignored the jibe and put on a fake smile. "Well, since school's actually not expecting you back since I told the administration worker that we were going on an assignment for the Navigator, I guess that's okay. Just remember that unlike you, I have after school priorities."

Looking confused, Veronica elaborated even as she tried not to think too hard on the spark of envy she felt at not seeing her dad every day like he could. "My job at Dad's office, remember? He's probably already waiting for you to answer the phone and file things and be an all-around good employee. Coincidentally, I feel it's my duty to point out that I worked *hours* at Mars Investigations. Have fun, but don't do anything to change the past too much."

Logan seemed like he honestly wanted to break something and scream, but then he caught sight of the Cassablancas brothers and turned thoughtful as if trying to recall something. Then he suddenly broke into a small grin that sent shivers down Veronica's spine for some reason.

"Oh, how I'm gonna enjoy what you've got coming to you, Mars. I'll make you eat those words, I promise. Now get out so I can go to work."

Veronica exited the car and watched Logan drive off, feeling a little apprehensive. She hadn't really enjoyed the look of dawning delight on his face and knew from experience that it never ended well when he looked like that.

Putting it out of her mind for now, Veronica settled on finding the yellow monstrosity that Logan insisted on calling a car and driving back to the Echolls estate.

Feeling ever so relieved, yet a little freaked out about it as well; Veronica finally walked inside the mansion's front door and promised herself that the next day was going to be better.

A half an hour later, found Veronica in the kitchen, finishing up a quickly made meal. She was in the middle of figuring out whether or not she'd risk her own peace of mind and attempt to take a shower when the doorbell suddenly rang.

"What now?" Veronica asked with an air of exhaustion. She sent up a quick prayer, hoping against hope that her guest wasn't Dick trying to get her to go out for some inane drinking event she had no interest in. Then she opened the door and promptly took back her former wish. Where the hell was Dick when you needed him?

Veronica could feel herself turning pale as she stood immobile, watching mutely as her guest unceremoniously invited herself inside.

"Why the *hell* didn't you show up today, Pet?"

00000

**TBC...**
Chapter End Notes

Ten virtual bucks on who the visitor is...lolsies.
Seduction and Womanhood

Chapter Summary

Veronica deals with Logan's former golddigging lover while he deals with a whole new horror on his own.

Chapter Notes

Yay, one last update before a short pause over the weekend. It's my birthday saturday and I have plans where writing takes a backseat unfortunately. Please enjoy and let me know if you laughed during this chapter please ;D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seduction and Womanhood

Kendall Cassablanca was a truly beautiful example of female perfection. To Veronica’s barely repressed jealous side, she seemed to have everything a woman was expected to have; beauty, long shiny hair, a keen intelligence, a pretty near perfect physique and, Veronica swallowed a petty pout before it could form on her lips, she was tall…

Despite those traits, Veronica absolutely despised the other woman. She was a dolled up whore that somehow managed to twist males’ heads around with one look and it didn’t seem to matter whether or not the male in question was even considered legal.

Before Veronica could stop herself, she vividly recalled the noises she’d heard from Logan back at the Grande when she and Duncan had been forced to listen to him having sex with the older woman standing in front of her now.

Kendall’s mockingly caring voice interrupted Veronica’s reluctant trip down memory lane, and she blinked back into the present time with a scowl on her face.

“So, how was school? Learn anything useful, dear?”

Without waiting for a reply, Kendall made her way past Veronica and moved toward Logan’s bedroom with an ease that spoke of having done just that several times before.

She’s not setting foot in that room as long as I’m the one controlling this body! Veronica fumed silently. The abrupt spikes of mixed disgust and all but forgotten jealousy almost made her falter in shock at the severity of them, but then she shook it off and focused on her newest goal.

With a few steps, Veronica had caught up to Kendall. She didn’t try to keep a sneer off her face as she stepped in front of her, conveniently blocking the doorway into Logan’s bedroom at the same time.

“Just where do you think you’re going?” she asked coldly.
Kendall paused in her advancement at the tone in Veronica’s voice. Apparently deciding that “Logan” was in a mood and needed cheering up, Kendall posed sensually and replied, with a seductive smile that made Veronica feel like vomiting all over the brunette’s expensive-looking stilettos.

“Where do you think I’m going, Schoolboy?”

Veronica barely resisted the rising urge to slap the statutory rapist silly even as the other woman kept on smiling enticingly. Instead, she channeled the part of her husband at his most self-centered and pissed off.

“I’m not in the mood, Kendall. Feel free to take you and your working shoes right back out of here.”

Kendall’s dark eyes narrowed, and the flash of confused anger going through them, was like a balm on Veronica’s soul. It was pretty clear that the brunette was trying to figure out whether or not her under-aged lover was expecting her to follow along with his cues like in some sort of twisted role-play.

Sighing, Veronica knew she’d have to make her statement even more obnoxiously clear. She walked back over to the front door and opened it with a mock flourish. There was even a sarcastic bow and everything as Veronica flung it open and proceeded to point out to the driveway without another word.

“Have you forgotten that you were the one that called me, little boy?”

For some inexplicable reason, Kendall’s voice no longer sounded seductive. Pity that, Veronica thought cattily and quickly shrugged the comment off.

“That may be so,” she said, “but to be honest, it’s not healthy to get everything one asks for in life. I mean, did the Lion King teach you nothing? I’m only looking out for you, Kay.”

Having delivered what she herself thought was a very well delivered stinger, and ignoring that the Scar metaphor may be over the gold-digger’s head, Veronica straightened up. She very much enjoyed the fact that her new body was taller than Kendall’s. It made looking down her nose at the other woman much easier.

Looking briefly gobsmacked at the turn of events, Kendall then simply broke into an ugly laugh with no humor in it whatsoever. She walked through the door, but then turned to face her ‘lover’.

“Look, Logan. I really don’t appreciate this attitude you’ve got going on today. You called me, and I waited around the house like servant. Then, when I take the initiative to come have a little fun, taking away time from my tanning schedule, I might add, you’re actually treating me like I’m common hooker or something.”

Unable to control herself even a little at the perfect opening, Veronica titled her head in a movement that was all her and asked calmly, “Well, isn’t that kinda what you are, Kendall?”

Veronica knew she was acting extremely petty, but she just couldn’t stop. She truly hated the philandering woman, not only for her immoral relationship with a teenager, but also for the fact that she’d helped Aaron Echolls get out of jail. Mostly though, Veronica admitted, full of old hurts and rage I hate her for damn near helping that psycho Liam kill Dad.
At Veronica’s brutal comment, Kendall seemed a little ruffled, as if not used to people confronting her in such a way. A moment later, she surprised Veronica by seemingly shaking the ugliness completely off. She walked a little closer, the earlier smile firmly back in place.

“Like I said, Logan. I’m not really enjoying this side of you. Let’s forget it for now and skip to the good part.

What the other woman did next completely shocked Veronica to her core. She watching in dawning horror as Kendall quickly unbuttoned her long, dark coat and let it fall to the entrance floor unceremoniously, leaving her slim body clad only in a barely there bikini.

"Like I said, Schoolboy; I was supposed to tan and relax but I need some exercise first. Got it? We both know it’ll be worth your while…”

For one very long minute, Veronica stood completely frozen and stared the shameless brunette in the eyes. Finally, the usually so tough as nails Veronica Mars did the only thing she felt she could actually do in the bizarre situation she found herself in.

Without another word, Veronica brushed past Kendall roughly, ran out to the X-Terra and proceeded tearing down the driveway faster than one could even spell sex, let alone have it.

00000

While Veronica was busy entertaining his former lover, Logan had arrived back to the apartment feeling a little troubled himself. Only in his case, the trouble was corporeal, a general pain that was just as irritating as the mental one that Kendall inspired.

As such, pained as he was, Logan wasn’t really willing to put up with the fiercely growling dog that greeted him the moment he unlocked the door to Veronica’s place.

“For fuck’s sake, Back-up! Chill out!” He commanded with an annoyed curse.

The brown pit bull froze as it recognized its mistress voice, and Logan almost laughed at the sight. The expression on the dog’s face was pure comedy gold. It was pretty hilarious seeing how Back-up knew that the Veronica in front of him wasn’t the right one despite everything seemed normal. Confused dogs were pretty funny; Logan decided and took pity on Veronica’s old pride and joy.

Pushing aside the irritating pain in his stomach, Logan bent down to caress the dog. “Don’t worry, Boy,” he muttered soothingly, “she’s fine. She’s probably busy enjoying a nice afternoon with a certain sexy brunette.”

Just the thought of that encounter caused Logan’s mood to brighten and he laughed a little.

My wife and ex-lover going at it, he thought fondly, getting back up again, I wish I could be there to see it.

Then, as he finished straightening up, Logan flinched when a sudden stomach cramp seemed to explode into being inside of him. It was unlike any kind of pain he’d experienced before in either of his lives. Never having particularly liked pains that didn’t come from extreme situations such as brawling or sports, Logan quickly decided to go looking through the Mars’ cabinets for some much needed painkillers.

A few moments later, his increasingly more frantic search bore fruit when he found a bottle of aspirins hidden away in a cluttered cabinet next to the fridge. He’d just dry-swallowed a couple of the tiny life-savers when the house phone rang.
Feeling more like he needed a nap than a no doubt mindless phone call, Logan sighed before picking up the receiver.

“Yo, what’s up?” was his genius comment.

“Veronica, Honey? Is that really you or has my apartment been taken over by some Eminem wannabe?”

Keith Mars’ voice sounded so gentle even when engaged in simple teasing and not for the first time, Logan envied the easy-going banter and all around closeness Veronica shared with her father. In that very moment though, feeling sick and pained, the envy was easily pushed aside and Logan just wanted Keith to be like any other respectable Neptune Parent – minding his own business and leaving his kid to fend for herself, but alas…

“Hello? Veronica?” Keith’s voice sounded a bit more serious when Veronica didn’t respond as snappily as she usually did.

“Yeah, I’m here…err, Dad,” Logan hastened to pull himself together and focus on what the older male was saying.

“So after a quick and effortless case, I’m sitting here and waiting to show off my brilliance, but for some reason I’m missing my trusty sidekick and her amazing ability to act like she actually finds my awesomeness awesome. What is said sidekick up to? That’s what I’d like to know.”

Logan couldn’t quite stop a smile from gracing his face. It just never got old being treated so friendly by his father in law. The smile quickly vanished though when another quick stab of pain jolted to life in his lower stomach.

It took a lot of effort to answer the still waiting Keith with some semblance of casualness. “I’ve just walked through the door,” he explained and ignored the voice inside of him that sounded too much like Veronica and was pointing out, rather emphatically at that, that he’d been told to go to the office straight after school. “I’m kinda beat, so I thought I’d just stay home today…Dad.”

Logan prayed that Keith didn’t notice the awkwardness in his voice, but sadly for him, Keith Mars noticed everything.

“Is everything okay, Honey? I can come home if you need me to.”

Marveling again at the new experience with having an attentive parent, Logan hurried to calm Veronica’s father down. “I’m fine. I’m just not feeling so cool at the moment. I think I’m gonna head straight to bed. That’s okay, right?”

Keith didn’t even hesitate with his reply. “Sure, I’ll be home in a few hours and maybe, if you’re up for it, I’ll swing by the Pizza joint you love so much. What do you say?”

“Sure Dad,” Logan agreed, eager to get off the phone as the aspirins failed to work even a little bit. “You know that’s a stupid question. I love my food.”

Thankfully, the conversation ended after that and Logan went in to Veronica’s room with a tired sigh. He laid down on the bed just as he’d told Keith he’d do, but it only took a few minutes before he all but jumped back on to his feet again. The scent that was so undeniably Veronica was simply too strong in the sheets and the last thing Logan wanted was to be reminded of her in any place that had a bed in it.

He also didn’t want to risk being reminded too much off their differences right now, at least, those
that pertained to their old life. He was in too much pain to handle anything else on top of that even if it was mostly mental agony and not tangible pain.

Desperate for any kind of distraction, Logan puttered around in the small room and came to a stop in front of the tons of photos she’d hung up on her wall. The biggest one she had was placed in prime position in the middle of the bunch. It was one that he knew well as she’d kept it in her home office at their house during their marriage. The copy that Logan used to own was burned to cinders when the PCH’ers had set his childhood home on fire.

The picture was of them, the Fab Four as Lily liked to call them. Veronica, Duncan, Lily and he were standing close together on the night of the fondly remembered Limo Party.

Damn, we look so happy, Logan thought with a bittersweet misery coursing through his veins that had nothing to do with his annoyingly frequent cramps and everything to do with past regrets. He gently touched the photo, looking closely at the deceased Lily. It suddenly occurred to him that Veronica had told him that Lily was the one responsible for their being stuck in the past.

Well, her and my mother, Logan amended even as he dearly wished to get the chance to meet his ex-girlfriend and talk to her about all the things he’d carried in his heart ever since his own father had so brutally murdered her.

After staring at the picture wall for a few more minutes, Logan’s concentration began to waiver. He walked around and tried to not be too worried over the way his new body behaved.

This is so weird, Logan thought, does Veronica have some kind of sickness that she’s managed to keep hidden from me all these years? It hurts like hell…

Ten minutes or so later, Logan decided to try using the bathroom even though he still wasn’t too comfortable doing so in Veronica’s body. Logan quickly pulled down his pants and sat down. Once seated, Logan looked down for some reason and was met with a terror-inducing sight that made him catapult upwards from his seat as though a swarm of bees had attacked his…well, you know what.

Logan only managed to take a couple of steps before he fell straight on his face with his butt right up in the air in one of the most abject displays of a lack of grace ever seen in Neptune.

The man trapped inside the petite body didn’t even care. He hurried back up to his feet and held his breath as he tentatively looked back down, and prayed it was all a bad dream.

An unmistakable color was marring his underwear.

Feeling every inch of himself drowning in pure fear and being overcome with irrationality that came with being born male, Logan all but whimpered out his distress. Even Back-up seemed to take pity on him and came to offer silent support as Logan pulled up his underwear with shaky hands.

“Oh my God,” he whined, “I’m gonna die.”

“Logan Echolls; who knew you were such a drama queen?”

Logan’s head snapped up to stare wide-eyed and panicky at his mother’s form, which was beginning to appear in front of him. “Mommy?”

Lynn sighed, but it was quite obvious that she had trouble keeping a smile off her face. “Logan,” she said, “please go change your clothes and pull up the rest of your pants. Remember, that behind
is not yours to show off Willy Nilly, Sweetie."

Still rather focused on one very important thing, and feeling like his mother didn’t quite understand the seriousness of it, Logan felt compelled to point it out to her. “I’m dying.”

Lynn actually rolled her eyes and started rummaging through the small cabinet under the sink. Getting back up from her bent position, Logan realized she was now holding something in her hand. It was a small cylinder-shaped item that he recognized but didn’t understand the meaning of in that moment. Then Lynn spoke and his levels of horror rose, coupled with a rising sense of doom and despair.

“Relax, you’re not dying, Son. You’ve just gotten your very first period. Congratulations.”

00000

Veronica didn’t think as she drove, yet she wasn’t surprised when she realized that she’d ended up in front of her one true safe place, her own home.

Praying silently that her dad wasn’t home yet, Veronica quickly walked up to her apartment and let herself in. As soon as she’d crossed the threshold though, she stopped dead when she heard her own voice ask with horrified anger, “You want me to put what where?”

Before Veronica had more time to listen in unnoticed, she was suddenly spotted by someone who’d she’d dearly missed. Judging from the way Back-up was reacting to her familiar smell, she had been missed as well.

The dog jumped toward her like a puppy with a bone and sent Veronica careening to the floor with a chuckle. “Easy, Boy, easy.” She demanded fruitlessly as Back-up simply kept up his joyful attack on her person.

It took a few whispered promises of long walks and treats before Back-up backed up and let her get back on her feet. Once she’d gotten to her feet and quickly brushed off the worst of the dog hairs, Veronica once again concentrated on the other person in the apartment.

Making her way to the bathroom where she’d heard the noise earlier, Veronica was once more stopped dead in her tracks. Her usually very much put together husband was standing immobile with his pants down at his ankles and holding a tampon in his hands as if it was a bomb about to go off any second. His eyes were filled with angst and incomprehension.

Logan was looking at something she couldn’t see…or more like someone, Veronica realized a moment later, when she felt a presence leave the room that matched the feeling she got every time Lily popped in and out to visit her.

As soon as Veronica felt she was once again alone with Logan, he turned and looked at her with such a look of befuddled betrayal that she almost wished she’d stayed with Kendall. Then he spoke and she was suddenly very glad she’d run home like a coward.

“What the hell is this madness you women go through?”

00000

TBC…

Chapter End Notes
Come on, admit it, there was a little smile playing on your lips during Logan's POV, wasn't there? :D
It took about fifteen minutes before Veronica was even capable of trying to stop laughing. In the midst of her laughing fit, Logan had cursed at her and locked himself inside the bathroom, slamming the door so hard that the thin walls of the entire apartment shook ominously.

Just as she felt like she could regain control, it was put to the test when Logan finally emerged from the bathroom. He was walking a bit funny and subconsciously looking over his shoulder down at his backside as if to check he wasn’t bleeding through his clean clothes.

Oh yes, Veronica reminisced with amusement, the subtle look that all women eventually learn to perfect during their teenaged years. I know it well.

Eyeing Logan’s uncomfortable stance for a moment, Veronica just couldn’t keep a straight face any longer. The smile on her face was positively angelic.

“So,” she asked innocently, “what’ve you been up to since we last met?”

Logan just looked at her and Veronica almost flinched as she for the first time experienced being on the receiving end of one of her own infamous evil glares. Maybe I should wait until he’s done bleeding before cracking too many jokes? She wondered silently.

Shaking off the hilarity and lamenting all the lost opportunities she had at giving her own husband ‘The Talk’ like her own mother so clumsily had done with her so many years ago, Veronica changed the subject.

“So,” she said, “ignoring the giant elephant in the room and all; have you called Jessie yet?”

Logan’s Stare of Death stopped at the question and seemed perfectly willing to ignore Dumbo bleeding in the corner as well. “No,” he answered, and continued with a small smile, “haven’t quite had the time yet. So, how did you do the whole reveal last time around?”
Veronica shrugged and got a couple of sodas from the fridge, one of which she handed over to Logan along with a couple of the stronger painkillers she knew was kept in the bottom drawer in the small table next to the kitchen. She nodded at the grateful look Logan sent her, knowing full well just how awful her cramps could sometimes be and walked over to sit down at the worn couch where Back-up was waiting patiently for some attention.

“Well, first of all, I arranged a meeting between Jessie and Ed’s mistress and then...” she slowly began to narrate and settled in for some much needed story time before the next phase of the case could be completed.

00000

It was a couple hours later when Veronica and Logan drove back to their new homes separately, feeling if not satisfied about ‘solving’ the puzzle of the bus driver’s death, then they were at least accepting that the past wasn’t going to be changed much in this particular case.

Logan had shaken off the sad reality, eager to return home so he was near a bathroom at all times. It didn’t help his eagerness that Keith had called in the middle of their running around town and asked where the supposedly sick Veronica had gotten off to. Fortunately, he had quickly accepted their saying there’d been some emergency development in Veronica’s newest case and just asked that she came home soon and stayed safe.

Technically they hadn’t lied to her dad and for some odd reason that brought Veronica a sense of relief in all of the crazy that was now her life.

Even as she congratulated herself for not lying more than needed, Veronica was deep in thought over Lily’s warning about not changing the past too much. The longer she thought about it, the more it rankled her.

What’s the point of reliving things if I can’t make things better for all people involved? She thought with a disgruntled sigh. I need to know how I can work around the warning and stop Cassidy from killing even more innocent people on that plane...

Veronica pulled into the driveway to the Echolls mansion with some fresh trepidation rushing through her. At first glance there was nothing that indicated that Kendall was still waiting inside. The brunette’s expensive car was absent, but Veronica was too paranoid to hope that it meant the other woman had left for good.

Taking a deep breath, Veronica quickly inspected the darkened house. She released the air through widely smiling lips a few minutes later as she concluded that Kendall was nowhere the premises. “Coast is clear,” she announced to no one, “Slutty Miss Slut Slut has left the building.”

Mentally crossing off the whole thing off as a great end to a very weird day, Veronica walked through the house again, turning on the lights as she went. The place was too big for her to feel comfortable in in the dark. As the calm of an ending day settled on her, Veronica felt hunger gnawing at her insides and quickly called for some Chinese food.

As she waited impatiently for the food to arrive, Veronica kept walking around and ultimately stopped in front of the wall of fame that Logan’s father had made for himself throughout the years. For a seemingly endless moment, Veronica stared into the eyes of her deceased father-in-law. At least, she hoped he’d keep being dead if or when she returned to her own time. As she kept staring, Veronica came to a conclusion to the question she’d had for years. Aaron Echolls truly was the person she hated most in the world. Not even Cassidy was close to the burning flames of hatred she
nurtured for Echolls Senior. In comparison, her hate for her old nemesis, Madison Sinclair was barely a blip on her radar and everyone and their aunt knew that Veronica didn’t like the self-centered and bitchy blonde.

As she was standing there, Veronica suddenly caught sight of her new reflection in the glass that protected one of Aaron’s movie posters from harm. She stood frozen for several minutes, trying to figure out all the feelings that were bubbling inside of her and how everything in her past had helped screw up her future by shaping things into the clusterfuck it had turned in to.

*If I’d been more trusting or forgiving when it happened,* Veronica thought hesitantly before quickly stomping the thought down into the ground without mercy. *No, stop thinking about it, about him or the-

All of the sudden, Veronica felt overwhelmed and all her earlier good humor evaporated into thin air and she reacted before she could even think about stopping herself.

She grabbed the first thing she could find, a heavy candelabrum that stood on a small table nearby, and relentlessly proceeded to bash it into the framed face of her enemy. A moment later found Veronica standing out of breath after having shattered all the posters and pictures, leaving them forever destroyed on the flush carpet under her feet.

It took a little while before Veronica returned to her senses and when it happened, she had to let out a groan at her own actions. Eyeing the combined hallway and living room she’d just ruined, Veronica sighed.

“Thankfully, Logan won’t ever have to know,” she whispered, taking a little pleasure in that fact at least. “Weevil and his bikers are gonna burn the place down any day now…”

As soon as the words escaped her lips, Veronica felt like a complete and utter self-absorbed idiot. She remembered how she’d looked at all of the mementoes that had stood proudly displayed in practically every room she’d had looked through earlier. Her favorites were the ones where Lynn and Logan stood embracing at one of his soccer championships and the one where Trina and Logan were sitting together by the pool as young kids and beaming happily at the camera.

Shame slowly flooded Veronica’s veins and she left the mess she’d made behind without a second thought and went out in search of as many empty boxes and bags she could find. The Chinese food was delivered and ignored in the midst of her increasingly frantic search for storage things.

*Logan and I have our issues,* Veronica thought as she began packing up as many of Logan’s personal effects as she could find, but unlike me, who have Dad and our memories, Logan lost everything in that fire. He doesn’t deserve to go through that again, not if I can help it.

It took three hours before Veronica was somewhat satisfied with her work. She practically crawled into Logan’s bed, feeling a little more satisfied with everything. She’d packed countless numbers of memorabilia, some of which Veronica remembered that Logan had mentioned during their happier times. Afterwards she’d painstakingly made sure it was properly stored in the pool house. It was the only part of the Echolls home that would survive the hate crime.

So exhausted was Veronica that she barely noticed when Lily graced her with her presence.

“Hey Mars,” the dead girl said quietly and gingerly placed herself next to Veronica on the bed. When Veronica didn’t reply, Lily continued softly, “I’m glad to see that you’re finally doing something for Logan that has no particular benefits for you. I’m proud of you.”
Veronica snorted at the comment and childishly turned her back to the other blonde. Sadly, her actions elicited nothing but a tinkling laugh and not the offense she’d meant it to inspire. Before she could do something else and probably even pettier, Veronica felt Lily’s arms wrap themselves around her waist.

The deceased Kane leaned closer and whispered in her ear with a hint of mischievousness in her voice, “Not only is it the right thing to do, Ronica, but Lynn and I kinda made a couple of bets along the way of this fun adventure and what you just did put me firmly in the lead. So thanks, Honey Butt.”

Fighting to stay awake, Veronica just had to smile at that little revelation. “So, what are you gonna win?” she asked with her eyes dropping closed.

The seriousness that Lily portrayed as she replied, managed to halt Veronica from sleeping just a little while longer.

"I get to see my best friends happy that’s all the reward I could ever need or want. Besides,” the tone changed back to its normal teasing self, “I’m loving being here and not wasting my brilliance up there forever and ever on the puffy white clouds of boredom.”

Veronica smiled, feeling a little saddened at the reminder that soon enough, Lily would be lost to her again. The smile soon turned into a howl of laughter when Lily’s next question registered in her mind.

“Soooo, are you gonna totally freak out on me Kendall Style if I tell you that you’re kinda turning me on in that familiar body of yours?”

00000

The next morning, Logan was woken up by Keith knocking on the door and telling him that breakfast was ready.

The harsh realities of womanhood had completely thrown Logan and he was still not entirely sure he wanted to face another day, especially with blood pouring out of him. It was so much more disgusting than he’d ever imagined even living with a woman himself for several years. *I’m never gonna bitch about going on tampon runs ever again,* Logan swore even as he slowly swung his legs out of the bed and bracing for any potential leakage.

Thankfully he was still dry and, knowing he couldn’t postpone it any longer, Logan took a shower. He didn’t know whether to be grateful or annoyed when his mother popped in right as he walked under the warm spray of water. Clearly she was there to distract him from eyeing his former lover’s naked body too closely in a way he’d never imagined before.

In the end, he settled on grateful. The bloodied water disappearing down the drain kinda took any enjoyment out of things for him.

Ten minutes later, Logan entered the kitchen and he had to smile at the sight that met him. The usually so stoic-looking (at least around Logan) Keith Mars was wearing a polka-dotted apron with the words ‘Kiss the Cook’ proudly displayed. He was deep in the middle of making an almost unholy amount of waffles.

“Morning Honey, I hope you’re not too hungry this fine morning. I’ve only made twenty waffles so far.”

Logan sat down and eagerly started scoffing down said doughy delights. He didn’t give any kind
of verbal reply, knowing that Veronica wouldn’t have either as she was the not the most functional before she’d eaten.

Logan had just finished his third waffle, and was silently pondering the continued mystery of just how the tiny Veronica could stomach so much food, when Keith joined him and started up a fresh line of conversation.

“So,” Keith said as he practically drowned his waffle in syrup, “what’s new in your life?”

Logan felt pierced by the loving gaze Keith so willingly bestowed upon him and had to look down at his plate to avoid it. The love Keith had for his only child was enormous and Logan wasn’t used to receiving such looks anymore. At not since his marriage fell apart.

“Nothing much,” Logan finally mumbled awkwardly when Keith cleared his throat, waiting for an answer, “I’m still just living the life; fighting the injustice of the world and saving as many baby kittens as possible along the way.”

Keith smiled and rewarded Logan’s response with another waffle. Logan felt like he was bursting at the seams already and knew it’d be suspicious if he didn’t at least attempt to eat some more. Feeling about for something to talk about, Logan noticed that Keith’s expression looked a little unusual, almost tentatively hopeful.

“What’s up with you Ke…Pops?”

Luckily not seeming to notice his near slip of the tongue, Keith smiled widely. “Remember me saying that I wouldn’t say yes to Woody Goodman’s proposal?”

Logan had no clue as to what his father-in-law was talking about, but chanced an agreeing nod in the hopes of getting some answers eventually. Fortunately, Keith continued and unknowingly filled in the blanks.

“I saw the bus driver’s daughter fight like hell to be heard by Lamb, without luck of course, and that made me realize that I had to run.”

Finally grasping what was going on, Logan broke into a wide, honest smile. “Oh my God. Good for you, Dad. Lamb is a moron and really needs to leave the Sheriff’s department. Good luck, not that you’ll need it!”

Keith only smiled at the generous support and continued eating his breakfast in silence. After that, Logan excused himself, collected Veronica’s schoolbag and headed toward the hated high school for a new day

As he drove, Logan contemplated the whole Woody Goodman thing, which Keith had reminded him about. One thing’s for certain, Logan decided, completely willing to piss of Lily and her warnings, that pedophile isn’t gonna die in a quick and painless explosion this time. I don’t care what I’ll have to do…

The death of Woody Goodman was perhaps the only thing he had never blamed Beaver for. He’d only ever wished that the death could’ve lasted longer and maybe, that the smarmy politician hadn’t escaped the repercussions of his actions in death.

00000

When Veronica entered Neptune High and wasn’t immediately beset by Dick, she realized she had to do the unthinkable. Seek out and talk to the boy of her own free will. Sometimes trying to act
like Logan’s usual self was a pain in the ass.

As she searched for the other blond, Veronica vaguely noticed that she was a bit more used to the people’s looks and murmurs than the day before. It brought a much needed sense of relief that, sadly, didn’t last long when she remembered what class she was about to take.

No matter how many times I do this, I’m still not a future business leader of America, Veronica thought as memories of the last time she’d taken the class flashed through her. Dick showed up out of nowhere and lead the way after a quick greeting consisting of a manly backslap and a fist bump.

Veronica had to force herself to enter the classroom, but in the next minute suddenly realized that things weren’t that bad after all. She watched with hidden amusement as Logan entered the class and sat down with an air of reluctance next to Duncan. Dick’s usual mockery toward Veronica Mars went in one ear and out the other.

No matter how many times I see Logan trying to dodge Duncan’s kisses, it’s still funny, she determined, watching just that transpire in front of her. Unfortunately for Logan, he wasn’t successful and received a gentle kiss on the cheek from a softly smiling Duncan. It was priceless.

The teacher, Mr. Pope came in next, followed by a man Veronica barely remembered. It was Dick and Cassidy’s father and Veronica had to stop herself from scoffing in disgust when Mr. Pope went on and introduced him as if it was Jesus himself standing beside him with that arrogant smirk plastered on his face.

Instead, Veronica turned her attention to Cassidy and had to swallow down a sigh. No matter how much she resented the young man for the murders and the rape, she still felt her heart go out to him as she recognized his sadness and hurt when Dick Sr. only had eyes for his oldest son.

Maybe I should try and befriend him? Veronica considered, barely listening as Dick Sr. launched into a lecture about business. It’s too late; she then determined when she remembered the casualties that the dark-haired Cassablancas had already wrought on the world.

As Dick Sr. droned on and tried to inspire them to be great future leaders in economy, Veronica’s eye caught Logan’s and she knew they were both thinking about the irony of it all. The man lecturing was the biggest fraud of them all.

Some future, Veronica thought and started doodling idly to keep from falling asleep with boredom.

0o0o0

At lunch later in the day, Logan finally managed to shake a persistent Duncan by citing feminine troubles. It was a pure joy watching the dread on his friend’s face before he quickly said goodbye and mumbled something about being very busy himself doing some much needed Navigator stuff.

As Logan walked through the quad in search of some much needed alone time, he was trying to decide just how to break Duncan and Veronica up. Maybe I can use the whole Meg being pregnant to my own advantage? He thought, and imagined pitching a fit in public and dumping the Kane heir and thus leaving him free and Duncan available to devote all his time to Meg and baby Lily. Meg might even end up surviving with Duncan’s full attention on her, Logan thought and, hoping that Lily and his mom were listening in, he added very clearly, screw Fate.

It’s a win win situation, Logan mentally proclaimed and felt a little cheered up. He resolved to run the plan through with Veronica and was about to go find her when a familiar voice suddenly called out to him. Well, not him, but…you know.
“Hey, Veronica, wait up.”

Logan was almost used to the rush of desire to kill that flushed through him whenever Cassidy was nearby and managed to sound pretty normal when he stopped and returned the greeting.

“Hey Beaver, err, I’m sorry, I mean, Cassidy.”

Cassidy caught up and then continued walking alongside Logan in silence for a few steps. Then he tried Logan’s already limited patience and stated quietly, “I think it’s cool that you’re joining the FBLA, what with you being a girl and all.”

Don’t remind me, Logan demanded silently while using every bit of his being trying to call the real Veronica. He desperately wanted to trade places again to avoid the little snot next of him, who was now wearing a tiny smile of arrogance that Logan figured he wasn’t supposed to notice.

Well, two can play that game, Logan thought and said with a faked rueful smile dancing on his lips, “Yeah, and a poor one at that.”

Cassidy stopped walking abruptly and it took a few steps before Logan realized he was no longer being followed.

Logan waited casually, betting that the younger Cassablancas was finally about to get to the point. And just as expected.

“May I talk to you for a sec?” He spoke in tone that warred between sounding pleading and trying to sound tough.

Smirking a little himself, Logan nodded and decided to be as obnoxious as possible. “In case you haven’t noticed you are talking to me.”

Cassidy shrugged at his comment and elaborated. “It’s about my dad. I’m worried he might-”

Everything suddenly made a lot of sense to Logan and he barely managed to stop from cursing like a sailor. I guess I finally know just how Veronica ended up working for Beaver in the first place back then…

Feeling like he was about to spring a vicious mouse-trap, Logan tried to walk away with a muttered, “He looked like he was doing just fine,” but Cassidy followed and kept insisting to be listened to.

“No, look; it’s not money, but it’s my stepmom. She’s a gold digger and it’s obvious to everyone else in the world except for my dad. All she ever does is spending his money.”

Starting to feel annoyed and also silently cursing Veronica’s small legs, Logan finally stopped and faced Cassidy head on. “Unfortunately, there are no laws against exploiting rich and horny middle-aged men.”

Cassidy’s answering smile was a little unnerving in his self-satisfaction. “Yeah, well; the pre-nup doesn’t allow her to cheat on him either. I found a condom wrapper wedged in the couch cushions the other day. Before you say it, it’s not my dad’s, I checked.”

Fuck! Logan cursed. He could vividly remember how Kendall and he had been at it all day by the comfy couches in the Cassablancas residence. Why was I such a horn dog back then?

Logan blinked out of his self-flagellation and tried to save face by pointing out the condom
could’ve belonged to Dick. “He’s not exactly an image of purity that one,” Logan finished weakly.

"Look, it's just a hunch, okay, but I'm willing to pay you a lot of money to back it up with hard proof." Cassidy replied, looking as determined as any client that Logan had ever seen of Veronica’s.

Accepting the inevitable, Logan sighed. Then he started haggling a decent price for his (and the real Veronica’s) services. At least this is something I’m good at, he thought as he forced the murderer to pay top dollar.

00000

Veronica sat unnoticed by a table in the quad, not too far away from Logan’s unexpected client-meeting. Well, as unnoticed as Logan Echolls can ever be, Veronica added sourly as a couple of girls giggled and pointed in his direction from a nearby table.

She watched as Logan talked to Cassidy, thankfully without letting his temper get the best of him and almost forgotten memories of the day began to slowly trickle through her mind as she silently watched the pair negotiate.

One memory in particular stood out abruptly. Especially since she knew from hard-earned experience that it was about to take place within a matter of minutes.

Quickly scanning the quad and seeing what she remembered, Veronica exhaled heavily and called out to gain Logan’s attention. He glanced over at her and frowned at the no doubt weird expression on her face.

“What?” he asked and took a step toward her with worry blossoming to life in his eyes.

Knowing that there was nothing she could do to change this from happening; Veronica simply started apologizing for not remembering sooner.

“I’m sorry, sorry, sorry, so sorry. I really am.”

Then Veronica, and the rest of the students in the quad, watched as Logan was approached by the eternal Deputy Sacks only to be taken away for questioning in regards to the death of a man named David ‘Curly’ Moran and the whole ‘why’s your name on a dead guy’s hand-thing’.

Unable to do anything to help or even warn the man she married, Veronica felt utterly worthless. “This day just keeps getting better and better, doesn’t it? She whispered into thin air and then got back up from her seat to go back to the 09’er table in the center to listen to Dick and all the other self-centered morons keep court.

00000

TBC…
Am quite busy these days, so am writing inbetween tiny slips of free time and thus the next chapter may end up being delivered at the end of the week- will do my best and also, THANK you for the lovely comments. They make my day and makes it worth it to skip silly little things like sleep.... *yawn* Enjoy!

**Cheatty Cheatty Bang Bang 2**

*Well, isn’t this almost nostalgic?* Logan asked himself as he was sat down on the ever so uncomfortable chair by the old metallic table in the interrogation room inside the Sheriff’s department.

The transformed Echolls’ looked around the small, dark room with a wry smile playing on his lips. *Nice to see everything is exactly like I remembered*, Logan decided, keeping the almost smirk firmly plastered on his face and not caring that the expression didn’t really suit Veronica’s visage.

It *did* seem to make Sacks majorly uncomfortable and that was just incentive to keep going, after all.

It was always funny to see people reacting to Logan’s perceived evilness when it was captured on Veronica’s more innocent-looking face. So big was Logan’s continued amusement that Sacks began squirming in his seat and looking at the closed door with a near tangible feeling of longing.

Fortunately, for the eternal deputy, his unspoken wish was granted when, a moment later, the door opened to reveal Don Lamb, the sheriff.

Logan eyed the man, who’d spent his time as Sheriff of Neptune being the most sufficient suck-up he could be to the elite of the town. *One would think I’d be more thrilled to see him*, Logan debated silently, *he really was incompetent and that means it’ll be a lot easier to pull a fast one on him compared to Keith, but all I want is to go slap that stupid smirk off his face.*

*Oh well,* Logan then decided, *I guess I can at least respect the fact that he died in service.*

Lamb nodded superiorly at Sacks for him to leave, only to stare a little bemused after the other man as he practically bolted through the door. Lamb then looked down at Logan with a suspicious look in his eyes that transformed into the usual mask of annoyance he always had around Veronica Mars. He took Sacks abandoned seat without a word.

Refusing to play along with Lamb’s obvious need for control of the situation, Logan leaned back in his chair and said with what he knew was a gift of sass that he shared with his wife, “Did you really mist me that much, Donnie? Or did you just want to look into my pretty brown...blue eyes ‘cause I gotta tell ya that it could be constituted as sexual harassment and we know that you’ve only just stopped getting backlashes from the whole prostitute thing. I don’t think your career could take any more bad press.”

It was truly the first time where Logan felt like his old self; there was just something so right about
knowing he was at fault for the narrow-eyed glare of pure frustrated anger on the incompetent sheriff’s smarmy face.

“Oh well,” Logan finished with mock concern, “some things never change, but remember that I was just looking out for you.”

Lamb clenched his jaw, but then proceeded to ignore Logan’s pleasantries. The tight grip he had on the file in his hands did reveal that it took a lot of effort from the man and that made Logan tick their meeting in the win column in his mind.

After a few minutes of silence where Lamb unsuccessfully tried regaining the upper hand, he finally broke their stalemate and spoke first.

“So,” he said brusquely, “I guess you already know why you’re here, being so smart and all. Wanna tell me about it?”

Logan shrugged and tried to portray the tiny blonde he’d married by obnoxiously not answering. Lamb leaned backwards in his seat, waiting for whatever Logan said next.

“Fine!” Logan exclaimed after five minutes of waiting, “I confess!” He threw up his arms for added emphasis. “Damn, you’re good, Sheriff. No wonder the crime rate escalated in Neptune after your so-called election.”

Lamb didn’t look amused at his antics and leaned forward grimly to say something. Without hesitation, Logan cut off the inept man. He’d played along enough for now after all.

“Are you ever gonna tell me why I’m here or should I just sit back, relax and enjoy your failing impression of a mildly-constipated David Caruso?”

Logan had to admit to a tiny flash of disappointment when, once again, Lamb didn’t rise to the bait and simply ignored his snide remarks. Instead, he slid the file he’d grasped so tightly moments earlier over to Logan’s side of the table.

“What can you tell me about that man?”

Slowly, Logan opened the file and stared down at the photo in front. It was of a middle-aged man with no hair and a tough, yet tired expression on his face. He looked vaguely familiar and it took a long while of silent perusing before something clicked inside Logan.

Wait, he thought with dawning realization, isn’t that…?

As though Lamb had heard his unasked question, he spoke again, “This Mr. David ‘Curly’ Moran isn’t a complete stranger to you, is he?”

For the first time since entering the police department, Logan felt like he was treading on thin ice. He swallowed a lump of unexpected nerves.

“Personally, yeah, he kind of is a stranger,” Logan replied cautiously, “but my…err ex-boyfriend’s dad – I think you know him, psychotic and rich, just your type, worked with Mr. Moran on some movie or another.”

Lamb shook his head like he didn’t believe a word Logan was saying. He reached out to turn a page in the file, thus revealing more pictures and this time Logan actually stiffened in surprise.

There it is, Logan realized with numbed anger, the famous proof Veronica told me about once of
Beaver killing and implicating her...I knew I should’ve ignored the rules and gotten rid of him sooner.

He was staring at pictures of Mr. Moran’s body. Another picture was focused slowly on the body’s hand, which was scarred with a name written in black marker. Veronica’s name.

Logan glanced over at Lamb and didn’t particularly appreciate the almost hungry look the other man was wearing and decided to be as irritatingly uncooperative as he could manage.

“Woah,” Logan muttered, doing the best Keanu Reeves impression he was capable of. Lamb didn’t seem to appreciate it. “It’s just so nice of you to drag an under-aged girl in without parental consent to look at dead people. You take me to all the best places, Donnie.”

00000

To be honest, with no one but herself anyway, Veronica had no idea what to do with herself after watching Sacks take Logan in for questioning.

As a result of her indecisiveness, Veronica simply walked around the campus before finally escaping the school and her ‘friends’ to drive back to the Echolls mansion. Fortunately for her, Dick had made plans with some other friends so her absence wasn’t noticed all that much.

Veronica put on the South Park movie and watched it for the billionth time while she ate and silently wished that Wallace was sitting next to her and parodying the parodies as he always did more or less successfully. After finishing it, Veronica braced herself for a shower before bed.

The whole shower experience was way more awkward than Veronica had even imagined. All those tight muscles she wasn’t used to and that certain unavoidable other thing was pretty hard to ignore…literally and figuratively. Luckily, turning on the cold water had taken care of that at least seeing as Veronica did not relish the thought of having to masturbate in that form.

To say it was a quick shower was an understatement, and after quickly toweling off, Veronica put on one of Logan’s T-shirts and hurried by the huge bathroom mirror without looking closer at her new form.

Look at the bright side, Veronica comforted herself a few minutes later, when she was lying comfortably in Logan’s massive bed. At least, you didn’t have to shave your legs...

With that soothing thought Veronica soon fell asleep, only to be woken up some odd hours later by the phone tossed carelessly on the nightstand. Groaning tiredly, Veronica only answered the phone after identifying the caller ID as her own…well, formerly her own, she supposed.

"What?"

"Don’t take that tone with me. You so owe me a favour, Blondie."

Logan’s voice sounded both annoyed and amused at the same time. Veronica had to acknowledge the creeped out feeling it gave her, listening to her own voice like that. Shaking off her momentary freak-out, she got back to business.

“So, I take it that everything went as it did before?”

Logan snorted and quickly narrated what had taken place at his ‘interrogation’, while pointing out more than once that unlike her, he hadn’t had any idea what had happened first time around.
“…and then he finally stopped trying to blame me for that guy’s death when I more or less threatened him with Keith and my underage status. He backed off pretty quickly after that.” Logan finished with another snort of derision for the spineless brown-noser that was their sheriff.

Veronica shook off her remaining grogginess and then revealed what she could remember from that case. As they’d talked, she’d sketched a rough timeline from their shared past onto a sheet of paper. It was easier for the always detail-oriented former female to keep track that way. The last thing either of them needed was to forget something important and mess things up even more.

Logan’s next comments brought Veronica back from worrying about forgetting things.

“How do I even deal with the whole Beaver incident in the first place?” He asked, “I’m not the one used to investigating every little thing. Hey, I guess you don’t feel up to a good ol’ sexy session with the ever so delightfully willing Kendall, so I can get my ‘evidence’ for Beaver through basically no effort of my own?”

Veronica let her disbelieving laughter answer for her. Catching her breath a moment later, Veronica got back to business.

“I’ll tell you what to do and how to provide Cassidy with evidence about the whole fraud thing, deal?”

Veronica could practically hear the pout on Logan’s face when he sighed at her serious reply. Evidently, he was still having trouble with just how much work she’d been juggling in-between love-triangles, school and work. Having had more than one experience with said pouty Logan, Veronica just ignored it and told him what to do next and before finishing the conversation with a warning.

“Don’t blow your cover by acting stupid. I do have a reputation for being quite good at what I do, remember?”

00000

The next day, Veronica felt pretty confident in her ability to live Logan’s life, however long it would last, and she went to her FBLA-class feeling certain that her almost ex-husband was off being occupied with ‘solving’ their newest case.

In short, she felt almost content. At least, until her eyes locked briefly with Duncan’s and his curt nod and closed off expression told her that he clearly had some issues with ‘Logan’ that she’d need to address sooner rather than later.

Veronica sighed, and pretended to listen to Mr. Pope’s dreams of early retirement even as she tried to puzzle out how to handle the whole Duncan situation. She hadn’t really thought about the guy for years and being back around him, even sparsely as she was, was weird and she kept expecting him to act like the grown up fugitive she’d only talked with a handful of times since high school the first time around.

*How do I fix this whole thing without actually changing things too much and upsetting Lily’s rules?* She wondered.

A moment later, all thoughts about helping her ex-boyfriend was interrupted when Dick suddenly laughed obnoxiously and Veronica leaned over to whisper something inane to keep up with her role as Logan and his ‘Devil May Care’ attitude. Apparently, said whisper got completely misunderstood by the surviving Kane and before she even really knew what was happening,
Veronica saw him lunge at her.

Oh, fuck my life, she thought with growing desperation even as her ex-boyfriend pulled her out of her chair and pushed her roughly into the hallway before he brutally rammed her into the lockers. Hard.

Seeing as Veronica had never really been in a fistfight before, it took a precious long second before she managed to put up any kind of defense. She pushed Duncan away and pulled back one arm and, remembering Logan telling her once upon a time to keep her thumb free, hit Duncan right in the face.

It hurt her hand a lot more than she’d expected and she barely managed to hold back another curse before Duncan unceremoniously grabbed her and pushed her back into the lockers. Veronica resorted to basic brawling and pounded Duncan on the back while he kept hitting her upper body. She’d never been happier to not have breasts when one particular punch hit said chest area and the expected agony only caused a twinge of pain instead.

After what seemed like hours, someone finally managed to pull the two apart. Veronica glanced at his still scowling face and then down at herself. They looked like a complete and bloodied mess. A moment later both of them were escorted to the nurse’s office by a stern-looking Mr. Pope, who left them with a mutter about detentions.

The nurse looked at both of them with a knowing look in her eyes as she tended to their wounds. "Well," she stated coolly, "I can tell you one thing: whoever it is you're fighting over, she won't be very impressed by this."

You tell him, Sister, Veronica thought with female solidarity as she eyed Duncan closely.

“And you're done.” The nurse continued, looking at Duncan as well, “I believe the principal is waiting for you. I'll be back for you.”

After she finished talking, the nurse left the two of them alone. Veronica watched Duncan grab his jacket to leave and knew she had to do something to at least begin to build a bridge between Logan and him so they’d eventually end up living at the Grande together without committing murder.

Doing the only thing she felt she could do, Veronica channeled as much as Logan as she could and drawled, “Actually, I disagree with nurse Rachet. I think Veronica would be quite impressed.”

Duncan paused in his steps toward the door and Veronica knew her gambit had worked when the Kane turned to face her. "Careful Logan,” he practically hissed, “you're exposing your soft underbelly."

Hearing the usually so soft Duncan make a mocking funny, Veronica almost laughed. I don’t think I’ve ever heard him be sarcastic before. Who knew he had it in him? Maybe Lily didn’t end up with all the piss and vinegar...

Impressed despite herself, Veronica couldn’t muster up much of a response. She settled for stating, “I can go on all night.”

Narrowing his eyes in clear irritation, Duncan replied, “you lost her. I didn’t steal her.”

Grasping that the fight really had been mostly about her, Veronica couldn’t stop the surprise from rushing through her. Why didn’t Logan tell me about this conversation? I have no idea what to say…
Finally, in an attempt to change the subject from her, Veronica decided to address something that had always irked her whenever she’d thought about it in her later years.

“Look,” she said, getting up from the cot and facing Duncan completely, “forget about the blonde, ok. Why didn’t you have my back this summer? I was all alone.”

Veronica was in the midst of walking a bit closer to Duncan when his answer made her freeze in shock.

"I was busy dealing with the fact that your dad murdered my sister!"

Veronica flinched. She would always hate thinking about Lily’s murderer and stated emphatically, eager for the Kane to understand her honesty.

“I hate him too, more than you could even begin to know.”

Unfortunately, Duncan didn’t seem moved by her vehemence and simply left without further words exchanged.

Feeling oddly despondent and a little annoyed at Duncan’s lack of support for his supposedly best friend, Veronica too left the nurse’s office. She sighed heavily before calling Logan and telling him they needed to go over some details and that she’d be waiting in the usual ‘office’.

0o0o0

About forty minutes later, Logan opened the door to the girl’s restroom and, without waiting for orders; he quickly put up the ‘out of order’ sign. Afterwards, he turned and met Veronica’s gaze.

“So,” she said with an odd tone in her voice, “did you and Duncan fight a lot?”

Logan almost missed the question when he recognized the rather obvious signs of having been in a fight. He felt an unexpected surge of anger toward Duncan for daring to touch her, conveniently forgetting that the Kane thought he’d been pummeling him and not Veronica.

Feeling a little out of sorts at the emotions twisting his insides, Logan turned the question around.

“Geez, Ronica; I thought you’ve always said that you were a lover, not a fighter…?”

Identifying the deep intake of air, Veronica took as a sign of trouble for him; Logan quickly diverted her attention by pulling out her old beloved camera from his schoolbag.

“I did as you commanded, Ma’am,” he stated, “here in my hands, or yours as the case may be, I hold proof that Dick Sr. is a fraud and married to an extremely boring, albeit sexy, trophy wife.”

Veronica rolled her eyes at his comment and Logan swallowed a triumphant grin at having distracted her from lecturing him.

“Look, go tell Cassidy about the fraud thing,” Veronica was all business as she rummaged through her own bag and pulled out a picture that she then handed to him. “This should be proof enough for Cassidy to scare Dick Sr. into hiding. I didn’t even need to break Lily’s annoyingly stupid rule to get it.”

Looking down at the glossy picture in his hands, Logan whistled impressed. There he was, clad only in his boxers with a white towel around his neck standing in front of his bedroom mirror. In the reflection one could see a long brown wig of hair on the ruffled bed and nothing else really. It
clearly showed that Logan wasn’t alone in the room.

“How did you even do this? Did you invite Kendall over and did I really not tell you I need to be there to watch if you do?”

Veronica smiled. “I took the last one, remember? I simply reconstructed the surroundings to the best of my memory. The wig was one I borrowed from dad’s office, he’s away with Alicia right now as you know. The rest kinda speaks for itself.”

Eyeing the slightly smug look in Veronica’s eyes, Logan chuckled and placed the picture in his bag to go show Beaver after their meeting was over.

“You’re pretty damn amazing, Mars,” he proclaimed as he once again looked up at his wife.

His words didn’t seem to cheer her up as Logan had intended. Instead, Veronica seemed to morph through several unnamed emotions and her eyes darkened. Then she made it impossible for him to see more of her face as she avoided his eyes and turned away. She swung his old bag over her shoulder and walked by him in a swift pace.

Just before she left the restroom, she whispered something that ruined Logan’s mood completely.

“Yeah,” she whispered, “but not amazing enough, right Logan?”

Logan watched Veronica leave without trying to stop her. He knew perfectly well it wouldn’t do any good and a moment later, with memories of their shared future swirling in his mind, Logan simply left the restroom as well with a weary sigh.

00000

TBC…
Wake Up Calls

Chapter Summary

Veronica and Logan get separate wake up calls and that's basically it this time...

Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading and commenting! I managed a quick update despite 50+ week this week and now will not write more to this story until sunday. I have another story of which I need to complete a chapter soon. That takes priority I'm afraid. Enjoy!

Wake Up Calls

As Veronica left the restroom, she used a lot of effort in trying to stop herself from crying. She knew that a weeping Logan Echolls walking through Neptune High was something extremely unlikely to happen ever.

Veronica normally didn’t like to remember the few times she’d seen Logan cry, but in that moment, she kinda needed to think about other things than how nice it was to be around her husband again. In fact, she just wanted him to stop being like he used to be. She needed the husband back that she’d arrived with, the one that she desperately wanted to divorce and not the easygoing jokester with layers that she’d somehow fallen in love with so long ago.

Arriving at her locker, Veronica distractedly tried opening it, mind still trying to stop noticing how much she’d missed bantering with Logan. After a few unsuccessful attempts at opening said locker, Veronica stopped and finally realized that the locker in front of her wasn’t Logan’s. It was her old locker and she’d completely forgotten her old code and couldn’t even comfort herself by stealing Logan’s books.

Feeling a little overwhelmed, sad and all around tired of everything, Veronica banged her head against the cool metal. She gave absolutely no fucks about the odd stares her behavior attracted. It’s not like this stupid day can get any worse, Veronica thought.

“Yo, Echolls,” a familiar voice suddenly sounded in the midst of Veronica’s growing misery and genuine ennui, “mind moving away from my girl’s locker – she’s real attached to it, you know.”

Apparently, it can, Veronica’s bitchy side felt the need to point out and she barely resisted slamming her head back into the locker in front of her. Instead, she sighed and turned to face her best friend.

Wallace stood a few inches away with his newest lady friend, Jackie Cook just hovering behind him. Where she looked a little irritated at the scene happening coupled with awkwardness at the attention they attracted, Wallace looked like he was having trouble restraining his anger.
He’s always been too protective of me, Veronica thought, remembering how pissed off Wallace had looked the last time they’d seen each other before Lily had sent her back to the past.

“You may not believe me,” she finally said when she realized that Wallace’s anger was growing rapidly at ‘Logan’ ignoring his request, “but trust me when I say that Veronica will have absolutely nothing against me bashing my head into her locker.”

Wallace tensed up even more at her words, crossing his arms to subconsciously show off his muscles. Then he snorted with derision and spoke in such a cold tone that Veronica wanted to check for frostbite on her new body.

“There, right. Trust Logan Echolls. Like that’s a mistake we’ll ever make again. Just move away from my girl’s private locker, all right? Come on, Jackie.”

Veronica watched silently as her friend took a gentle hold of Jackie’s waist and more or less proceeded to drag the other girl away. Seeing the complete disregard from Wallace of all people made it all the more difficult to contain her uncharacteristic tears.

*Dammit*, Veronica snapped at herself, while discreetly wiping at her eyes, *I can’t afford to lose it now.*

Practically brimming with annoyance, Veronica resisted one final hit to the locker and turned to walk over to Logan’s where she quickly grabbed the books she’d need for her next class and slammed the small, thin door with the utmost satisfaction – severely scaring a gangly Freshman, who looked at the raging ‘King of Neptune’ with real horror in his eyes.

Hurrying away without saying anything, Veronica tried to suppress the childish urge to jump in front of the kid and scream, “Boo.”

00000

While Veronica was scaring Freshmans, Logan stood where she’d left him: Motionless and silently cursing.

Watching her reflection in front of him made it even harder to stay away from unpleasant memories.

*Dammit*, he thought and looked away from the mirror, unable to stand it for one second longer. *I thought we were making a little progress after all this time, but our past keep getting in the way for anything to ever change…*

Before Logan could start truly reliving the horrid memories, he was pulled back into the present by his dead mother appearing in front of him from one second to the next.

“Honey,” her voice was soft and warm, very unlike it had been when she’d been trapped in a loveless marriage with her psychopathic husband, “why don’t you just go after her and tell her that you’re sorry for everything? It might help with our attempts to get her to stop that stupid divorce idea she’s got in her head.”

Feeling unusually maudlin and uncooperative, Logan smirked his signature smirk and deflected to the best of his abilities. "She doesn’t want me, remember that little tidbit? The times I’ve tried in the past…Well, I guess future is more apt, but you know what I mean; anyway, in the past it was anything but successful.”

Lynne sighed and gently took his hands and gave them a firm squeeze. She kept at it until he
looked up to lock gazes with her.

“Logan,” she said sincerely, “Veronica is just as stubborn as you and that is never easy to deal with. Deep down she knows that she messed up when everything happened, but then again, so did you and someone has to be the first to compromise.”

Logan barked out a bitter laugh even as he roughly pulled out of his mother’s loosened grip. He quickly made sure that Veronica’s beloved camera was in his bag so he could escape his mother’s presence and go show off that picture of…well, himself, to Beaver and get the rest of that idiotic day over and done with.

His mother’s voice stopped him just before he reached the door to leave.

“Veronica loves you, Logan.”

The transformed man turned back to his mother and just looked mutely at her for a long moment. Then, through gritted teeth, Logan replied, copying his wife’s earlier words. “Yeah, well, not enough I suppose.”

Then, for the first time since the whole time travelling adventure began, Logan finally succeeded in getting the last word as he left his saddened-looking mother behind without another glance.

0o0o0

For the first time since going through time, Veronica really appreciated Logan’s lackluster scholastic efforts. It meant she could just up and leave for the rest of the day. Nobody batted an eye at the Echolls heir cutting class.

When she pulled into the driveway to Logan’s house, Veronica felt exhausted and as a result skipped making something to eat and just went straight to bed. She fell asleep immediately, letting the burdens of her future be forgotten for just a little while.

That night Veronica had a lot of confusing dreams, some from her married life, some from her past, but most of them somehow involved Logan. As the night wore on, the dreams got progressively more R-rated and Veronica was aware enough to know that she desperately wanted, no, needed Logan and his not-too-shabby bedroom skills to soothe her everlasting anger.

Next morning came and with it a new frustration that Veronica hadn’t really felt since before her world had crashed and burned all around her. Apparently, her dirtier subconscious had woken up and realized that she wasn’t fulfilling her sexual needs like she used to.

Still caught in the purgatory between asleep and awake, Veronica could almost feel a gentle touch on her body. It sent shivers of pleasure through every cell and she barely managed to keep in an appreciative moan at the realistic dream.

Wait, Veronica’s always questioning mind woke up and pointed out, if this is a dream and I know it is, why hasn’t it stopped yet like they always do?

Veronica forced her eyes open and felt every tiny bit of her new form freeze in pure unadulterated shock at the sight in front of her.

Kendall!?

The soon-to-be-poor-wife of Richard Cassablancas was sitting next to her on the bed. She wasn’t looking at Veronica; her entire focus was on what she had in between her manicured hands.
Veronica looked down at herself and immediately had to fight back a confusing feeling of nausea and pleasure. She had an erection again. Damnit, Veronica mentally cursed, I’m a damn girl, and I don’t need to deal with this on top of everything else right now!

Despite the shock, Veronica still wasn’t quite awake yet, so she wasn’t fully in control of herself when adrenaline burst through her and she reacted without thinking. One rough push and the tall, sexy brunette at her side landed on the carpeted floor with a loud bump and an undignified shriek of outrage.

“What the hell?”

Veronica ignored the angry woman on the floor, mumbled a half-hearted excuse and ran to the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

“No, no, no,” was all that her otherwise so widespread vocabulary would allow her to groan in denial.

To make matters even worse for the transformed former blonde, Veronica realized that she still had an erection tenting her boxers uncomfortably and unsated. “No, no, no,” she repeated as she did the only thing she could think of.

She took an extremely cold shower that barely had an impact on Logan’s appendage. Veronica then grabbed the shower handle and mercilessly aimed the icy spray directly on her crotch and after she’d stopped cursing a blue streak at the very painful sensation that brought forth, she finally succeeded and turned off the water.

Five minutes later, Veronica was dry again and lamented the fact that Logan had never kept clothes in the bathroom. It made it necessary to go back out to the bedroom and be confronted with a no doubt steaming Kendall.

Covered in a huge fluffy towel, Veronica peeked out of the door and found that she’d been right in her assumptions. Kendall was waiting and judging from the look on the other woman’s face, she wasn’t anywhere near happy.

“What’s your damage lately?” She asked with a genuine hint of confusion mixed with the tiniest bit of hurt, “You usually like being woken up like that.”

Don’t I know it, Veronica thought, thinking back on the times where she’d woken up Logan just like Kendall had tried to do. It almost always used to end in spectacular bout of sex that left Logan and Veronica in a great mood for the rest of their day.

With a little more effort than she’d like to admit, Veronica forced back those memories and decided to be as honest with Kendall as she could under the circumstances. “Err,” she began, and prepared herself for the worst, “I don’t…I mean…I can’t do this thing with you anymore.”

“What?”

Veronica felt a completely unexpected – and inappropriate - stab of sisterly respect for the older woman, who’d probably still end her life gunned down by her Irish lover. She couldn’t not admire how Kendall reacted to ‘Logan’s’ abrupt and rather harsh ending of their relationship.

Then Kendall’s dark eyes narrowed ominously, and Veronica forgot the respect and focused on getting through what she just knew was going to be the very opposite of a smooth conversation.
It was Back-up’s frantic barking close by that woke Logan up from a sound sleep. He quickly sat up and yelled; feeling annoyed at having his rarely peaceful sleep disturbed so violently, “Shut up, Dog. It’s way too early for you to hate on me!”

A moment later, the reason for the pit bull’s high pitched barking became clear when his old voice rang through the door clearly.

“Open the door, Lo… Veronica! I need to talk to you!”

Groaning, Logan left his warm bed and opened the front door. He was so not in the mood to live through more of Veronica’s anger right now, too damn tired.

He did, however, feel generous enough to point out that Keith left for the office earlier. He vaguely remembered Keith gently shaking him and telling him so sometime in the early dawn.

Logan barely managed to finish telling this, before she’d pushed her way past him and sat down by the kitchen counter.

Growing more alert by the second, Logan frowned as he scanned Veronica’s unnaturally tense form. Feeling a little concerned despite himself, Logan walked over to her.

“Are you okay?”

Veronica stiffened and looked a lot shiftier than he was used to from his usually unruffled ex-wife to be. “Why do you ask?” Her tone was cautious and her eyes wouldn’t quite meet his.

Shrugging it all off as Veronica being weird, Logan walked over to the fridge, grabbed a carton of milk and started chugging straight from it without even pretending to look for a glass.

“That’s really unattractive,” Veronica said, sounding more like herself, “I thought I’d broken that disgusting habit of yours.”

Feeling charitable, Logan decided not to answer. If he kept drinking a little longer than was absolutely necessary just to annoy her, it was nobody’s business but his.

Finally, Logan had quenched his thirst and inelegantly wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he got back to the matter of hand.

“It didn’t escape my notice that you didn’t answer my question, Sugar Puss.”

Surprisingly, Veronica actually blushed and went back to avoiding his eyes.

*This is weird even for me.* Logan thought with wry amusement, *seeing myself blush… never thought it could happen.*

Veronica slowly muttered something near unintelligible while she tenderly scratched Back-up’s head. The dog hadn’t left her side since he planted himself right next to her on the stool.

“Sorry,” Logan said, “I didn’t quite catch that. Care to repeat it to someone, who doesn’t have super hearing?”

“I’ve been violated!”

Even though Veronica had practically shouted the statement, it still took a few seconds for Logan to grasp the sentence and understand its meaning.
Placing the now nearly empty milk carton back in the fridge, Logan looked closer at the only woman he’d ever truly loved. What he saw made it very hard not to grin like a demented lunatic on steroids.

“So,” his tone was ripe with laughter, “I guess that explains why you happened to show up this fine morning with a fresh non Duncan related bruise on your face.”

*Oh, that Kendall, Logan thought with fond reminiscing, you gotta love her spirit…*

Seeing the half-hearted attempt at suppressing his amusement, Veronica jumped to her feet with a rapid explanation of what had really happened that pretty much matched what Logan had imagined. The undignified offence and horror in Veronica’s eyes made it impossible not to break down.

Logan laughed so hard he felt like his stomach muscles would rebel, it didn’t get any easier to fight when he then watched his own body stomp his foot childishly in frustrated anger.

A moment later, Veronica turned to leave and her parting remark was enough to finally penetrate the humor dancing inside Logan and turn it into impotent annoyance at the low blow.

“All least, *I* don’t get my period every month anymore!”

0o0o0

Veronica sighed heavily as she sat next to Dick in his car on their way to school. Fortunately, the blaring music was enough to hide her exhale and the blond Cassablancas didn’t notice anything out of the ordinary.

She felt utterly humiliated and hoped beyond anything that the day would get better. Her little encounter with Kendall and then Logan hadn’t really raised her hopes for a good day.

It certainly hadn’t been made better when, after delivering a truly well-thought out stinger to Logan, Veronica had then realized halfway down the stairs that she had to go back and remind the former male to go to her dad’s office. He needed to meet that rich engaged woman with trust issues enough to rival Veronica’s own, named Julie something.

After having delivered the information that Veronica knew Julie so desperately wanted about her fiancé not being a gold-digger seeing as he was plenty wealthy on his own, she’d left with hopes of not seeing her husband any more that day.

Without being able to stop it, Veronica sighed again when Dick pulled into the parking lot of the high school with squealing tires and a whooping laugh that didn’t suit anyone over the age of twelve.

_Hopefully Lily …and Lynne won’t think I’m changing the future too much by this approach I just can’t stand another “case” at the moment; Veronica thought and slowly got out of Dick’s car._

It didn’t really surprise Veronica when Lily’s voice suddenly echoed through her head.

“Of course I, and Lynne too since you’re wondering, don’t mind fast-forwarding once in a while as long as you give those poor people their answers. It’s not their fault that you and Logan got sent back to relive everything all over again, after all.”
Instead of acting her age, Veronica chose to resort to childishly ignoring her dead friend’s assurances and followed the everlasting goof that was Logan’s best friend inside the school.

Forcing her mind away from her own chaotic life, Veronica eyed Dick surreptitiously for a few seconds and then tried acting like a friend would.

A friend, whose friend’s father had suddenly skipped town in the dead of night and leaving the town reeling at the fraud he’d committed for years. A lot had apparently happened since Veronica had given Logan

"So,” Veronica started and with a rehearsed ease she ignored the tiny pinch of guilt at her own role in the whole matter and continued, “Sorry about your old man.”

Luckily, for Veronica’s rather delicate state of mind that morning, Dick was behaving just like Dick.

“No sweat, Dude, now I can probably spook the old lady into giving me and Beav access to our trust funds. That means serious parties, Man. That'll be so sweet.”

Veronica couldn't help it, she really couldn’t. She laughed.

*Maybe he's getting to me after all these years?* Veronica pondered and the mere thought sobered her amusement up rather quickly.

Then Lily’s teasing voice sounded inside her head once more and Veronica’s last remnants of cheer vanished fully. “Well, you are his best friend, Echolls…”

“Be quiet!” Veronica spat out and then groaned in defeat when her outburst just so happened to coincide with the time that the freshman from the day before walked by.

He looked truly terrified and broke into a run after shrieking out an apology for existing.

*Damn,* Veronica thought and looked at the retreating freshman and the destruction his frantic departure caused as he pushed other students aside carelessly; *they're just getting more and more spineless, aren't they?*

Veronica pretended not to hear Lily’s taunt about how she herself had behaved as a freshman and hurried to catch up with Dick, who was waiting more or less patiently for her by the door to their first class of the day.

00000

TBC…
Flaming Memories and Female Hygiene.

Chapter Summary

The fire happens and we see Love's reaction to it.

Chapter Notes

:D Managed to finish this chapter unexpectedly quick after way too little sleep. Hopefully the next chapter will come as easily, but when, I can't say. I'm hurrying :D Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flaming Memories and Female Hygiene.

The heat was stifling even standing at a safe distance. The noise crackling around her was deafening in its finality. Veronica sighed heavily as she watched Logan’s childhood home go up in flames.

*It’s so weird*, she thought with the hefty weight of guilt pulling her already tried spirit down into the metaphorical mud, *I didn’t even grow up here, but I’m close to tears…*

Sheriff Lamb was standing beside her and Veronica barely managed not to react visibly when she caught the not quite hidden insensitive smirk that was adorning his face.

“So,” the man said with a faked air of regret, “I guess TIVO isn’t an option for you anymore, huh?”

Luckily for Logan’s criminal record, Lamb didn’t seem to want to deliver anymore stingers and simply turned to his squad car, got in and drove away from what was clearly a crime scene. He did, however, wave obnoxiously at Veronica as he drove away. She pretended not to notice, her eyes locked on the hectic-looking firefighters that were desperate to keep the roaring fire from spreading through the prestigious area.

Some of the other detectives from the sheriff’s department were lingering in her peripheral vision, but Veronica decided she didn’t want to acknowledge the mixed looks of pity and suspicion she was getting. It was suffering through moments like these where no real comfort was to be found anywhere for the town’s ‘obligatory psychotic jackass’ that Veronica truly emphasized with what Logan had lived through.

Instead of allowing the looks and shouldering the inevitable questions coming sooner or later, Veronica retreated to a quiet corner, just out of the light that the fire gave to sadly watch the smoke-filled flames that were all but jumping from the Echolls Mansion.

*These last few days have been so tiring and confusing*, Veronica reminisced, rubbing her temples in an attempt to fight of an oncoming headache. It didn’t help one bit.
Being the planner that she was, Veronica mentally composed a list of the multiple experiences. She put it up in her head as if she was about to write down a recipe for Snickerdoodles.

*Firstly, there was my oh-so-tender visit from Kendall, aka. ‘Cheating Wife from Hell’. Veronica thought. Then Wallace got that little visit from his unknown Daddy-Dearest that I completely forgot even happened in the first place being the great friend that I am.*

Spotting a stone that had once belonged in an orderly row of such stones up the driveway; Veronica walked over and leaned up against it. She watched silently as several firefighters ran past her without noticing her with black smudges and seriousness etched into every line of their faces.

After watching for a few minutes, Veronica solemnly decided that her internal list was the only thing keeping her sane at the moment, she continued with her self-appointed task.

*Next up, there was the delightfully unexpected surprise visit that Logan received from Abel Koontz. That caused quite a scene with dear old Clarence Wiedman. Oh yeah, Veronica scoffed bitterly, and surprise, surprise, I had to watch my dad lose his election yet again, but this time I wasn’t even allowed to comfort him…* 

Suddenly, without any warning, a burst of inappropriate and slightly hysterical laughter escaped Veronica’s clenched mouth. *Jeez,* she thought and discreetly wiped her eyes free of tears, the look on Logan’s face when he realized that he had to embrace Dad and comfort him about his lost campaign was kinda priceless.

Slowly the laughter ended and Veronica ran a hand through the short hair she still hadn’t gotten used to. *Oh, and lastly, let’s not forget that it’s not a real good night in Logan Echolls’ life if it doesn’t end up with him being arrested at a party…*

Even as she thought about it, Veronica’s mind played the scene out in her mind.

She'd attended a party, well, the party had actually been planned and organized by her and Dick, but in Veronica’s defense, she still had to act like Logan – a fact that Lily with more frequency popped up out of nowhere to remind her of.

At said party, sweet old deputy Sacks showed up like he did at the last party Logan had thrown in another lifetime and had arrested her.

Finally finished with her little internal list, Veronica had to resign herself to the fact that list or not, it didn’t help one iota and as she watched the flames conquering the building in front of her, not stopped in the least by the hardworking people running around, a sudden burst of frustrated anger swelled up inside of her.

“Dammit, Lily,” she cursed, “why didn’t you let me prevent this?”

As though her anger called Lily to her, Veronica watched with anger simmering in her eyes, as the dead Kane appeared right in front of her. The blonde wore a heartbreakingly sad smile on her forever young face that didn’t do much but ignite even more fury inside Veronica. This had been Logan’s home after all and she could’ve done more than stack some mementos in the pool house.

“Look, Ronica,” Lily said quietly as she walked over and leaned up against the stone right next to Veronica, “I know this is such a cliché and I despair at being so predictable, but Logan needed to free himself of this place even if he never realized it at the time. Sweet ol’ Weevil actually did Logan a favor, if you think about it.”

Veronica couldn’t stop herself from raising a disbelieving eyebrow, eyeing the other girl
incredulously. “Right,” she said and then asked coolly, “Please tell me that I get to watch when you tell Logan that Weevil did him a grand favor by burning down his childhood home and all the memories associated with it.”

Lily, being who she was, simply let the acidic words roll off her like they didn’t matter and turned to face Veronica. After a long second of silent perusal, the Kane girl tilted her head in a perfect copy of Veronica’s usual move and replied in a matter of fact tone of voice.

“Chill and retract those claws, Mars. We both know that you made damn sure, that this time around, Logan would have some of his belongings safely stored. I even commended you for doing so, remember?”

Knowing that she still couldn’t best Lily in a battle of wills, Veronica decided not to respond and turned back to watch the still roaring fire with morbid fascination.

The two childhood friends looked on silently for a while until Lily spoke again. Her tone was soft and surprisingly gentle.

“Listen, Veronica. I’m actually quite honestly glad that you saved some of his stuff. He didn’t deserve this.”

Veronica glanced over at Lily and, irritating guardian angel or not, she couldn’t keep from delivering a sarcastic reply. “Really,” she spat, “well, now I can totally sleep calmly tonight without any care in the world.”

Shaking her head, Lily reached out and gently slapped Veronica upside the head. Then she answered without any further hesitation, “No, Miss Smarty Pants. I’m glad because it proves a valid point that I’ve been trying to make ever since this started.” Lily paused to lock eyes with Veronica before continuing seriously, “no matter how screwed up the two of you have been, it’s clear that you still love him enough to make sure that he doesn’t suffer needlessly.”

Sighing for what felt like the hundredth time that night alone, Veronica whispered dejectedly, “Yeah maybe…I just wish he could’ve done the same for me.”

Finally, something she said seemed to have an effect on the deceased Kane heir. The girl straightened up and roughly grabbed a hold of Veronica’s biceps to turn her around for a face to face discussion.

“Listen here, Little Miss Everything-Is-Always-About-Me! We both know from experience that things aren’t always as they seem. Why can’t you remember that? Also, here’s another important fact you’re forgetting. You too had a part to play in that whole mess. It’s not just Logan’s fault things went to shit.”

Veronica’s jaw clenched and she was about to scream childishly in anger, preferably something about Lily not understanding anything at all, when the other girl’s attention slipped from her without warning. Lily glanced behind Veronica with a weary sigh of her own.

“Speak of the Devil and he shall appear,” she muttered and, after one last warning glare at Veronica, Lily disappeared as abruptly as she’d arrived.

Turning around with a rising sense of dread, Veronica quickly recognized the Le Baron barreling up the road. Mere moments later, her dread had turned to genuine sadness as she watched the car break hard in the crowded driveway right in front of the burning mansion.

The driver’s side’s door opened and out came Logan. His entire being was captivated by the
devastating sight in front of him and Veronica flinched when he let out a howl-like scream that sounded even more eerie in her own voice than she could ever have imagined.

“No!”

Without sparing anything else another thought, Veronica catapulted into movement. She was running as fast as her new body could manage and just barely reached the small form of her husband as he sank to his knees on the gravel with a defeated air hanging all around him.

00000

Everything was a haze. As soon as he regained his senses, he’d probably feel embarrassed by his very public reaction, but now there was really only one thing he could do.

Logan’s eyes were fastened upon his home with terror and a near-tangible anguish shrouding his senses in a way he only had experienced before a few times and hadn’t wanted to ever feel again.

Why didn’t I use my time better? He wondered numbly as his eyes tracked a particularly large flame when it exploded through the window that had once belonged to his room. I knew it was gonna happen and I was so stupid not to do something…

“No again,” Logan muttered repeatedly, only half-realizing he was speaking in the first place. He wanted nothing more than to look away from the nightmare in front of him, but no matter how hard he tried, he just couldn’t tear his eyes away from the flames eating everything in its path.

“How can I do this twice?” Logan asked, not realizing he was talking even as he inhaled the burning air to speak. “Everything is lost and I didn’t even…I don’t want to do this alone again…”

Everything was crowding his senses, and Logan wanted nothing more than to roar out his despair, make the people staring understand just how very devastating this was for him, but then, just as it all seemed too much she was suddenly there and everything didn’t seem so bleak anymore. There was hope, however small a spark it was.

“Logan…” It wasn’t her voice, but the tone in it made him remember a happier time where he had been allowed to let go of his walls, let his guard down in front of the only person who’d ever really seen the person he was underneath all his masks. “I’m sorry…I’m…come with me.”

The soft-spoken order finally managed to get Logan’s head to turn from the horrid sight in front of him and he looked up to meet Veronica’s sympathy-filled eyes. Knowing that she always knew things that other people didn’t, Logan couldn’t quite stop himself from asking in a barely audible whisper, “Why didn’t we stop this, Veronica?”

Veronica’s responding flinch made it clear to him that she blamed herself for the flames destroying his home as much as he did. Before Logan could even try to make her understand that this guilt was not something she needed to take on her shoulders too, that this was nobody’s fault but his own, Veronica used her new upper-body strength and unceremoniously pulled him up into a firm and comforting hug.

It’s so odd, Logan thought even as he immediately tightened the embrace, subconsciously afraid that Veronica would let go too soon, even though we’ve switched bodies, she still smells like peaches and grass…and why the hell is that suddenly all that I can think about?

After a few minutes, that felt like seconds, Logan decided to pull out of the hug before Veronica could end it and turn to his newest, yet so familiar, personal tragedy.
“I know that Weevil will eventually become my friend, but right now, I want to kill him.” Logan stated quietly as the two of them watched the firemen eventually chose to give up and concentrate on containment.

Veronica glanced down at him and then, to his amazement, he watched out of the corner of his eye as she suddenly lit up in a smile that practically oozed smugness. It reminded him of all the times she’d gotten some case solved that had stumped everyone else. It was kind of beautiful.

“Not everything is as it seems,” she muttered, looking briefly as if the words were a bit sour before gently taking a hold of his hand and leading him to the back of the ruin that was now his former house.

Logan had to use every skill he possessed to not show any of the surprised delight he felt as Veronica gripped him tightly. He honestly couldn’t recall when she’d last held his hand in public.

“I remembered something not so long ago,” Veronica said, drawing Logan’s attention back to the present, where he quickly recognized the watchful look she was sporting.

She thinks I’m about to do a Beaver, he thought and tried to stop acting like an idiot. “Color me intrigued,” he said, trying to sound like he normally did and was rewarded with a smile when she seemingly recognized that his will to live through shitty situations was not diminished.

A moment later, Veronica came to a stop in front of the unharmed pool house. Logan eyed it warily, he hadn’t been inside ever since the day he’d found out about his father’s extracurricular activities inside of it. Fortunately, it didn’t look like Veronica noticed his hesitation as she unlocked the door and spoke again.

“As I was saying, Miss Mars; I remembered that you once told me about how this was the only survivor of the fire. One night, I simply packed up all the stuff I guessed you’d be more or less desperate to get back if it were up to you…so…I hope you don’t mind.”

Logan barely heard his wife’s uncertain tone as he took in the boxes upon boxes lined up side by side, pretty much covering the entire floor space of the pool house.

Without saying anything, Logan quickly bent down over the nearest box and ripped it open. The first thing that caught his eye was a nearly forgotten picture of him and Trina. Logan still recollected how his mother had stood in the backyard one afternoon taking ordinary family pictures, when Aaron had been away making another not-so-great movie.

I can’t believe I’ve ever been so young and looked so happy, Logan thought with wonder singing in his bones, I didn’t know that the Echolls family could look so normal…

A gentle breeze seemed to touch his temple, almost like an invisible kiss. In the next instant, Lynne’s voice echoed inside of him and he had to blink fiercely to stop from breaking into tears. Damn all those female hormones.

“Honey, I hope this brings you some kind of peace. I hope you finally see that despite all our problems, you were truly loved. I’m sorry I couldn’t tell you when I was alive.”

Logan couldn’t stop the smile growing on his face and didn’t care all that much that there were still tears in his eyes when he looked up at a patiently waiting Veronica.

“I don’t know how I can ever thank you for this,” the words could barely leave his mouth due to the huge restricting lump in his throat. The emotions of the moment were all but choking him.
Veronica’s smile returned and she sat down next to him on the small spot of carpeted floor that was free of boxes. Her face turned serious and her eyes looked intense as they met his for a long, heavy, moment.

“No matter how screwed up we are, Logan,” she began quietly, “I would never want you to go through this again – especially without any reminders and keepsakes from your life.”

There was a long pause and Logan didn’t know what to say. Then Veronica’s lips twitched again and she continued in a more normal tone, “Besides, I think it’s punishment enough for you that you’ll get to experience leg-waxing and who am I to add to a person’s misery?”

Logan broke into a heartfelt laugh, feeling better even as he recognized his emotionally scarred wife’s self-defense mechanism of teasing when things got too heavy. Then, the reality of what she’d said hit him like a sledgehammer.

“Wait,” he exclaimed, straightening up. “I have to wax my legs?”

Veronica got back on her feet and made to leave. Just as she reached the door, she looked down at him with a smile that was identical to that evil one that she’d received from him so many times in the year after Lily’s death.

“Oh yeah, and then let’s not forget that little teeny thing that’s known as a bikini wax.”

Then Veronica was gone, but Logan didn’t much care for once. His eyes were locked on his reflection in the wall-to-wall mirror opposite him. The blood had drained completely from ‘his’ face and Veronica’s signature blue eyes were widened in horror that didn’t suit her face. He vividly recalled the pained expletives that she’d delivered whenever he’d happened to listen to her getting ready for something during their marriage.

And, although Logan Echolls had just lost his home for the second time, all that was running through his mind was a profound ‘Holy crap,’ at the mere thought of that upcoming experience into womanhood.

00000

TBC…

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to you precious few that take the time to not only kudos but comment and tell me what you think. It is probably why I keep pushing myself because as an avid reader myself, I hate to wait for updates.
Hi, I am not maipigen. I am a family member and she begged me to type this. She will be delayed in updating. Friday the 26th on her way home from work, she got in a severe solo car accident. She will need time to heal but didn't want you to think she abandoned her works. Thanks for being patient and please don't pester her for updates as she really needs to heal. She loves writing and will do her best to return...
Alterations and Counselling

Chapter Summary

Lily interferes...

Chapter Notes

Not maipigen again. Sorry. I'm her BF and she's been begging me to post this since it was just sitting finished on her computer ever since the accident. She's slowly doing better and if all goes well will be released from hospital in the upcoming week. Then there's a lot of other stuff like training and getting better etc. Enjoy and I am supposed to thank you for the well wishes. I read them to her when her concussion meant she couldn't stand reading for long periods of time. Thanks.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alterations and Counselling

There was a tense silence in the room; none of the two people present seemed willing to break it for some reason. A standard-issued wall clock ticked away loudly in the quiet room until stubbornness was eventually replaced by impatience by one of them.

"Well…tell me again just how you ended up in this mess?"

Veronica squinted through the corner of her eye to glare angrily – albeit subtlety - at Lily, who hadn’t moved from her spot, where she was leaning with fake nonchalance up against the window in the school counsellor's small office.

The deceased Kane looked like she was trying very hard not to tap her heel-clad foot impatiently the longer it took for Veronica to respond. Finally, and with a weary sigh, Veronica opened her mouth, ending the unofficial stalemate the two friends had gotten themselves into.

"Look Lil, I really don't want to discuss this whole thing with you right now."

Lily put her hands through her golden hair and shook her head to make the locks fall gently down her shoulders, portraying someone that didn’t have a care in the world. Since Veronica knew her too well, it most likely didn’t even slightly fool her and so, Lily turned to fully face her transformed best friend, who was sitting in a worn-out chair in front of a much used desk, looking tired but defiant all at the same time.

"There's not a whole lot that you can do to escape me, remember? I’m a dead girl walking after all." Lily stated flatly, barely keeping her frustration at bay. It didn’t get any easier when Veronica merely sighed heavily. She was keeping her attention on the desk and a cheap-looking stapler that they both knew had once housed a camera, which Veronica had hidden in it in the original time-line.
Will I have to do that again too? Veronica wondered briefly, before movement from Lily tore her back into the present with a vengeance.

Lily jumped elegantly on top of the desk right in front of Veronica. Without any pause to give the former teenage detective a chance to snark anything, the deceased Kane spoke in an unusually serious tone that honestly didn’t suit her carefree nature all that much.

“Ronnie, please try to understand how very much of a bad idea this was. You’ve already altered a few things on your own and trust me; the man upstairs isn’t seeing eye to eye with your reasoning for those changes.”

Veronica bit back an inhumane – and slightly childish – snarl even as she fearlessly locked eyes with her first best friend. “If you’re about to spew some crap about, how everything happens for a reason, you need to trust me that I don’t give a flying fuck about that statement. I’ve heard it before and it was just as meaningless then…”

The heat in Veronica’s voice wasn’t a surprise to Lily. She even understood it given what she knew of Veronica’s life over the last year or so before the time travel had come along. Before the former Kane Heir could try and diffuse the situation so it didn’t evolve into a complete screaming match that she only ever enjoyed having with Celeste, Lily watched Veronica in Logan’s tall body slump in her seat with another loud sigh.

“Look, Lily,” she said slowly with an exhausted undertone that made the ghost cringe inwardly, “we both know that I’ve lived through a lot and unlike you, I’ve also lived through this hell of a year once before and again you can believe me when I say this. There were a lot of wrongs that needed to be righted. And," Veronica lifted a hand when Lily tried to interrupt, “I know that stopping Kendall from joining forces with Mr. Echolls a.k.a. Gigantic Psychopath Numero Uno wasn’t in your script, but I’m not sorry. I went to the prison and I intervened when I saw the chance to and Logan doesn't need to know anything about it.”

Lily twirled a long golden hair lock around her index finger as she contemplated Veronica's statement for a long while. She pretended not to notice nor secretly enjoy the sight of Veronica fidgeting uncomfortably in her seat as she waited for Lily to speak.

“Listen, when you do these things Veronica, it changes the way things were meant to go. It can prove dangerous beyond anyone's imagination playing around with Destiny without explicit permission.”

Clenching her fists, Veronica had to use all of her willpower to not resort to Logan’s bad habit of beating up people that annoyed him or made him uncomfortable as was the case right now with Lily…well, sort of; Veronica amended silently and ignored the tiny part of her that viciously pointed out that Logan’s temper had cooled over the years and before their marriage had turned into a total disaster, he’d actually counselled teenagers with anger issues.

Getting a grip of her own rather wobbly temper problems, Veronica crossed her arms and leaned back to get a better view of her friend. “Lily,” she then tried to explain with heartfelt sincerity, “So many mistakes were made this year. I mean; avoidable ones too. Duncan didn't really have to run away with baby Lily. If we'd been rational about it, the Kane money could’ve easily paid the way for him to gain custody the legal way – especially since Neptune’s corruption is pudding in the Kane family’s hands. By threatening Aaron the way I did, I also made sure, that Duncan won’t have his death on his hands.”

Lily looked curious at that last statement and then shrugged with an agreeable nod when Veronica quickly explained that it didn’t really take a genius to figure out who’d been responsible for the hit
on the famous murderer.

Veronica uncrossed her arms, got up with a sudden need for movement and walked around in a circle silently for a minute. Then she added a few more of the wrongs that needed to be corrected to the list, suddenly desperate to make Lily understand and agree with her.

“It’s not like I don’t already know how to get Mr. Druggy Plastic Surgeon to confess to his false witness statement, therefore Hannah won’t have to be heartbroken by Logan…and speaking as one, whose heart was destroyed by said male, I don’t really want anyone to live through that if I can do anything to stop it.”

Once more, Veronica expertly pretended not to hear her inner voice point out that she also wouldn’t have to remember just how quickly Logan had fallen for the other and genuinely nice girl if the girl never really entered the picture.

Finally reaching the end of her quickly thought up list, knowing that if she was given more time it would only turn longer and longer, Veronica stopped moving and bit her lip nervously as she waited for Lily’s response.

The Kane girl looked up at her old friend for a long while. Eventually, she copied Veronica’s earlier weary sigh and spoke, with uncharacteristic sadness and defeat etched into every inch of her beautiful face.

“Ronica, I totally get where you're saying, I do. And trust me in this if nothing else: the fact that mini-me and Donut are well on their way to be together without having to flee the country is nothing short of great, but…” Lily hesitated but then finished with another heavy exhalation. “You really can’t change the past. It’s already been done and just because Duncan won’t flee the country this time around, it doesn’t change the fact, that he'll end up living in Australia in a couple of days from now.”

Hearing that, Veronica lost her fragile grip on her temper and practically threw herself back into the chair she’d abandoned earlier. “Tell me then, how can you and Lynne change the past between me and Logan if it's all just so damn set in stone, huh? Just stop this stupid thing and send me home right now!”

Instinctively, Lily reached out to embrace her miserable friend, but Veronica pushed the gesture away with a small hiss of exasperation. A moment later, Veronica said hoarsely, looking a little broken. “It's killing me to be here Lily, being like this hurts me more then you'll ever know. Please end it, reverse it or whatever; just make it stop!”

Lily swallowed her own guilt, the wretchedness of the whole thing getting to her like never before and she decided to reveal just a little bit of the truth. Veronica needed to grasp the seriousness of the situation before she ended up doing more harm than good anyway.

“The reason you and Logan were sent back is not because of a whim or a bet or anything silly like that.” Lily waited for Veronica to look up and meet her gaze before continuing softly, “You and Logan's future weren't supposed to turn out like it did. Something went wrong. You're…epic, remember? Epic people need to stay together.”

Veronica drew in breath to actually scream at the murdered teen. About what she didn’t even really know, but before she finished the door to the office suddenly opened and in walked the school’s counsellor, Rebecca James.

Rebecca's kind eyes took in the sight of the King of Neptune High sitting alone in her small office
with what looked a lot like tears in his eyes and a look of something she couldn’t really put into words as his dark eyes met hers.

What's going on here? Rebecca thought to herself before closing the door behind her and putting on her professional mask.

“Hello Logan, thank you for coming. I hope you didn't wait too long, I had a few details to discuss with a couple of other people and I didn’t realize how late it was.”

She watched quietly, and a little unnerved as Logan nodded and seemed to put on his own mask of pure expressionlessness while leaning back in his seat with an air of complete relaxation that almost made her forget the dark shadows under his eyes.

Veronica kept cursing her bad luck as she cast a few sideways glances at Lily, who once again had morphed into the former queen of Neptune even though her performance couldn’t even be seen by anyone other than Veronica. Lily ignored the mocking tilt of Veronica’s eyebrow as she studied the older woman curiously. Then she broke into a smirk and left with a parting note of warning inside Veronica’s mind.

“Remember what I said and please don’t screw this up any more than you absolutely have to.”

It was Rebecca sitting down at her desk and clearing her throat delicately that brought Veronica out of her head and into the present once again.

“So, Logan,” Rebecca began kindly, “I called you in here to discuss your family situation and how it’s changed you. I know things are tough for you right now. Are you having trouble with someone…say, a little blonde girl?”

Veronica held her breath and almost let slip a whole torrent of curses. She was not prepared to deal with this!

0000

"Why didn't you tell me Miss James met with you and wanted to discuss your mental health during senior year?"

Logan flinched and spilled his Snapple all over the red plastic table in the quad and looked up at his own very angry reflection.

The question damn near pierced through him, and he had to repress an instinctive reaction to flee from the anger. Ultimately, Logan did what he always did in situations he’d rather avoid; he acted like it didn’t faze him.

"Well, little-miss-I-have-a-perfect-memory, I forgot. How's that excuse?"

Veronica’s answering laugh was drenched with disbelief and irritation. It sounded so much like the bullying teenager Logan had once been that it caught the attention of their curious peers and made Duncan walk over to them. The sole surviving Kane child probably thought he needed to intervene before their conversation escalated into a full-grown fight.

Logan almost whimpered pathetically as the other male drew closer. He still vividly recalled the very unwelcomed kiss he’d received and definitely didn’t want a repeat performance. “Make him go away, piss him off or something,” he ordered frantically with an edge of begging in his voice that he didn’t even want to deny. He was that desperate.
Logan noticed distractedly that Wallace was following right behind Duncan. His usually so genial face was full of a warning that vaguely mimicked the expression he’d worn when he’d exploded at Logan in the original time line. Logan refused to let his mind wander back to that and let himself be distracted a little by the fact that Jackie wasn’t far behind the dark-skinned teenager.

It seemed like she was at the stage in her life where she’d accepted Veronica’s hold over Wallace, but judging from the glances she sent who she thought was Veronica and then Wallace, said acceptance wasn’t endless.

Logan watched silently as the real Veronica froze up when the trio came closer. He could easily see the pure longing in her eyes and it made him a little uncomfortable with guilt. Once again he realized just how much she missed her friend and Logan sort of wished he’d remembered and told her a little about Wallace and his interactions since they’d been back. *It would probably have cheered her up to know I have no idea how to play besties with her bestie…*

In the end, the trio arrived at Logan’s table before he could say much of anything. To his utter humiliation, as soon as Duncan arrived, he slipped down beside him and planted a chaste kiss on his ‘girlfriend’s’ cheek. Veronica made a sound as if she barely managed to stop a giggle from escaping her and that naturally put an end to any and all sympathy Logan may harbored – his appetite didn’t survive the kiss either and he pushed his tray away from him with a sigh of disgust.

Fortunately, Wallace placed himself right in front of who he thought to be Logan with an air of distaste simmering all around him, and took away any attention Logan’s actions may have caused. When Wallace spoke, his voice seemed to have a touch of ice in it that would’ve sent shivers down a weaker person’s spine.

“So…What’s up with you today?”

Clearly, the basketball-player was spoiling for an argument that Veronica would never give him. She did however do her best to act like Logan would’ve in the same circumstance sans violence.

Jackie sat down at the table, next to Logan and watched her boyfriend’s uncharacteristic antagonistic behavior closely. As did, Logan noticed, Duncan. The Kane’s eyes were narrowed as if he didn’t quite know who to root for. It would seem like the fight he’d had with ‘Logan’ had knocked some sort of friendship sense back into his skull and he didn’t want to see Wallace explode on his former best friend completely.

Logan would’ve appreciated Duncan’s slight turnaround, but he was too busy taking advantage of the lack of attention. He’d childishly grabbed the nearest paper napkin from his abandoned tray and was repeatedly wiping his abused cheek, silently yearning for a gallon of Purell.

In the end, Wallace’s lack of experience with poisonous conversations showed when Veronica abruptly ended the icy conversation by sitting down next to Jackie and he almost gawped like a fish on land, unable to continue. The other female quickly got back up, took a firm hold of Wallace’s hand and began dragging him away to their next class– clearly; her patience was at an end.

Wallace didn’t object, but he did look over his shoulder and asked his supposedly best friend with a raised brow, “You coming, V? I don’t think Mrs. Hauser’s gonna like waiting too long even though it’s you.”

Putting down his mangled napkin, Logan forced and replied with a shrug and Veronica’s head tilt firmly in place, “What can I say? The lady does adore me. Please tell her that I got called away by Clemmons or something. Thank you.”
Wallace shook his head with a smile. Obviously, he thought Veronica was skipping class to work on another case or something because he simply waved before disappearing through the open doors.

After Wallace and Jackie left, there was a beat of awkward silence. The trio hadn’t exactly had a peaceful last couple of encounters.

Then it seemed like Duncan decided to take on the role of peace-keeper. He turned to who he thought was Logan and, using that special calm voice that unknowingly irritated the married couple to bits, Duncan asked a question.

“You two ever going to relax around each other? Whatever it is you’re fighting about now, it’s not worth it. I’ll skip last class too. Baby Lily is ready to come home from the hospital now and I don’t want her to spend too much time with the Mannings’…” His voice turned a little hesitant as he sent a slightly worried glance Logan’s way, as if even mentioning his dead ex-girlfriend would piss him off. “I… I kinda promised Meg that.”

When neither of the time travelers verbally reacted to his statement, Duncan nodded curtly to ‘Logan’ and delivered another oh-so-sweet-kiss to his oh-so-delighted-‘girlfriend’. Then he too got up and left, walking determinedly toward the parking lot.

Logan looked forlornly down at the pathetic remains of his napkin and tried not to gag after having received yet another round of attention from his childhood friend that he’d never wanted. Never ever in a million years times ten.

It took him a few minutes to work up anything resembling his former appetite and when he succeeded, Logan looked up from pulling his tray back in front of him and met the cold stare from his wife that had all but burned a hole in his head since they’d been left alone.

Evidently, Veronica was ready to continue their previously interrupted discussion. “Well,” Logan said, rolling his eyes obnoxiously, “Stop glaring at me like I sold a pony to the closest glue factory, okay? I just forgot one little memory in the midst of hundreds of others way more important, that’s all.”

His words didn’t diffuse the situation like Logan had hoped. Instead Veronica simply leaned forward with an irritated twitch in her face. “I was taken by surprise, Logan.” She stated quietly, not wanting to be overheard by the few stragglers still sitting in the quad. “We both know that I don’t like surprises, remember?”

For the first time since she’d arrived, Logan felt an inkling of honest anger spark to life inside of him. He clenched his jaw and when he spoke, the words left him through gritted teeth.

“Yeah, I remember. It’s one of the rare things we have in common. Unlike you, I just don’t freak out over every little surprise. I mean,” Logan forced a cool smile onto his lips that had no humor in it whatsoever, “I can’t say I particularly enjoyed finding out about your little jaunt to Daddy Dearest last week, but you don’t see me pitching a fit, do you?”

It would be a lie if Logan said he didn’t feel an immense satisfaction when the blood drained from Veronica’s face and she gasped in shock.

“How’d you find out?”

Logan chuckled and placed his face in his hands, once again abandoning his untouched lunch. “You forget, Mister Echolls, that I’m the one who’s related to Keith Mars these days. The man that
knows everything…He told me.”

Veronica looked like she’d been sucking on a lemon at the reminder of her dad’s loyalties to someone that wasn’t really her and Logan had to swallow down the tiny pinch of guilt he felt at making her remember that.

There was another awkward silence for a while and then Logan did something he’d promised himself he wouldn’t do. “How did it go in the prison?” he asked quietly, hating himself for ever needing to know the answer.

0o0o0

As the question left Logan, Veronica immediately tensed. Inwardly, she instantly relived the afternoon she’d entered the visiting area and locked eyes with her best friend’s killer, her husband’s abusive father and her own attempted murderer, Aaron Echolls.

The sun had fallen in through the barred windows and the sight of Aaron in an orange jumpsuit had momentarily caused Veronica to stop in her tracks right in front of the booth where he sat waiting behind inches of bulletproof-glass. His dark hazel eyes that he’d given to his son had met hers and his million-dollar smile had been ignited as he took the connecting phone up to his ear and gestured for her to do likewise.

Veronica had to force down bile at the honest pleasure that was shining in her father-in-law’s face just from seeing her. Instead, she nodded once in a silent greeting and sat down on the uncomfortable seat before grabbing the phone that connected to Aaron’s.

"Hey Son, I’m so glad you’re here at last. I really wanted to talk to you."

“Then talk,” Veronica muttered coolly, using every bit of strength she possessed to not make the fact that she hated him too obvious.

Aaron’s smile faltered a bit and for one split second, Veronica caught a glimpse of darkness flash through his eyes. Then he blinked and the open and friendly expression was firmly back on.

“Look, Son; I know you’re angry with me and I understand. I do however want your forgiveness more than anything else and I promise you that when I get out of here, things are going to change.”

Veronica didn't respond, vitriol threatened to escape her tight-lipped mouth, but thankfully Aaron was too caught up in his no doubt rehearsed performance to notice her reaction.

“Although it’s going to be hard at first, I know that we’ll move on from this bad experience and I’ll make everything okay again. I already have something planned; Son and then we’ll be a happy family again.”

Unable to control herself anymore, Veronica barked out a bitter laugh that brought a frown of bemusement on Aaron’s face. The frown turned a darkening scowl when she finished laughing and started speaking.

“Do you for one second think that anytime Lo-I spent with you ever made me happy? What made you think that? The beatings? The abuse and the threats? Stop looking at me like that, I’m too old to cower in front of you now, Daddy.”

Veronica leaned forward towards the thick see-through Plexiglas and added, sounding every bit as evil as the unapologetic murderer in front of her. “You will never get out of here. Your little appointment with Mrs. Cassablancas will go as I say or you will end up dying a pathetic death.
Trust me; I know how to make it look like you killed yourself in remorse. Believe me, you’re better off in here among people, who want nothing more than a little morning fuck in the showers. Don’t test my resolve on this. If you do, I swear I’ll make you see just how far I’m willing go. Do you understand?"

A long minute passed by in utter silence. Tension kept building unacknowledged. Neither of them blinked, unwilling to be the first to look away. At long last, Aaron drew in a deep breath and slowly nodded. This time his eyes had a flash of something Veronica had never seen in them before. It was fear and it was delicious to see for the former blonde.

Someone laughing and shouting nearby jolted Veronica out of the memory and she met Logan's questioning gaze. She bit her lip briefly, trying to decide how to answer his reluctant question.

“Nothing important really happened.” Veronica finally settled on saying, “He was like he always is and I played the part of his disappointed son when he tried to insincerely make everything dandy again. That’s all. I promise.”

Logan knew she was lying. Something else happened in there, he thought as he shook his head a little ruefully at the blatant lie, but really cares? That asshole in that prison stopped being my father the second his fist hit my face when I was four.

As though she knew he was on to her, Veronica avoided his gaze. She was currently looking over at Weevil, who stood all alone over by the entrance doors, looking for all the world like he too was skipping class. Logan scanned the Latino, silently remembering that it was around this time that the PCH gang leader had been betrayed and feeling a little guilty for not helping him out even though they had their own problems to deal with.

“So,” Logan asked, deciding to change the earlier subject completely. “Heard anything from our visiting pain in the asses lately? My mom seems to only drop by when I’m doing something that’s either juvenile in her eyes or in danger of changing too much of the timeline.”

Suddenly, as if his words reminded her of something, Veronica lit up in a smile. For once her eyes didn’t have any hint of their shared sadness in them. She answered, while carelessly rummaging through his old schoolbag for what turned out to be an apple.

"When you say juvenile, I’m willing to bet it’s because you’re trying to ogle my body or something to that affect, right?” Logan smirked but didn’t admit to anything and Veronica continued, “As for the other stuff, I wouldn't worry too much about that just yet if I were you…well, I am, but… oh never mind. Lily told me, that no matter what we do, we couldn't change certain things.”

Logan’s brow furrowed when she elaborated, “Things like Duncan’s upcoming move Down Under.”

He’d barely begun processing that new information when a voice interrupted their conversation.

"Hi Kids. I was looking for you. Happy coincidence and all that. I think we need to sit down and have a little meeting.”

Logan straightened up hearing Rebecca James’ statement. He glanced over at Veronica, who was eyeing her father’s former love interest like she was a piece of gum under her shoe. Trying to avoid a confrontation, Logan put on as much of Veronica’s personality as he could in such a short time and turned to the guidance counsellor with a faked smile.
"So…err…am I going first or is chivalry truly dead?"

Rebecca smiled just as politely as Logan, albeit without the fakeness. “I noticed the two of you sitting here, obviously skipping class and I wanted to have a meeting with you together because I think the history between the two of you needs to be addressed to avoid possible incidents from happening in the future. Also,” she added with a small shrug, “I thought it’d be good for you to talk in a safe space.”

Veronica grabbed her things and got up. For once, Logan got to see her looking completely like him in every way. Especially when she turned to Rebecca with a sneer on her face that screamed about superiority. “Tell me why I should waste another minute in your quaint little office, Becca?”

Rebecca didn't give an inch in the face of the famed Echolls temper and Logan’s inner respect o’ meter rose a few degrees when she simply responded to Veronica’s insulting tone with a calm-spoken threat of her own. “Well, Logan. It’s quite simple really. You do as I ask or I'll go to the principal’s office to inform him of your little unscheduled absence from class. So,” as the brunette continued there was a tiny bit of ice to be found in her voice, “get your things and follow me. We all know you’ve got nothing better to do since you’re just sitting here and chatting aimlessly. The sooner you do as I say, the quicker it’ll be over with.”

Then the woman turned and walked in the direction of her office. She completely ignored the two dumbfounded students sitting frozen at the red plastic table behind her. As she entered her office a moment later, leaving the door open for the former couple to enter, something weird happened. A misty shadow exited the utterly unsuspecting counselor, turning into a see-through Lily Kane. Rebecca didn’t notice, sitting down at her immaculate desk, readying for a conversation she’d suddenly felt compelled to set up.

Lily crossed her arms and waited a beat until she heard Veronica and Logan come closer, both grumbling a bit at their upcoming chore. Well, the ghostly blonde thought smugly, it’s a start. And, knowing that her two best friends would finally get a chance to talk about their shared history, however subtly, Lily left them to it.

0000

TBC…

Chapter End Notes

Message from maipigen: I'm alive. Sorry for worrying you. I'm still far from okay but I remembered that I finished this chapter the night before the accident and have pestered my BF to post for me and he did. He's even writing this since with one hand it is pretty difficult to be honest. In fact for anyone interested to know, I broke a lot of ribs, practically all of them, my chestbone too (don't know what it's called, sternum?), my left hand was crushed under the car as my hand went out the open window and the car landed on it and trapped me inside for an hour while the paramedics and local volunteers tried to get me out = hence I know have claustrophobia like nobody's business. my seatbelt burned a nasty wound into my neck and my chest is black, I have a massive concussion ans a broken nose that may need surgery inside since I keep having unexplainable and uncontrollable nosebleeds in the dead of night. Not fun.
Anyway I'll spare you anymore details, I just am thankful for being alive and most of all, my dog was with me in the car and suffered no injuries to his ten year old body and that is the most important bit to me. (my boyfriend is now scowling and yes I made him type this even though he's a 33 year old manly man lol). I love you all and hope you will enjoy the new chapter. I can't say when the next one is up, but I'll try my best as I get home and have nothing to do but heal and feel bored. Also THANKS for all the lovely wellwishes and prayers. Thank you so much it made my day!!!!!
Outbursts and Violent Meetings

Chapter Summary

LoVe undergoes a brief stint of therapy which doesn't go well. Duncan writes love letters for Logan to mock and Veronica has a run in with Weevil...

Chapter Notes

Bored out of my mind = typing ever so slowly = new chapter :)

Enjoy and thanks for the comments!

Outbursts and Violent Meetings

To say that the atmosphere in Rebecca James' office was chilly and uncooperative was an understatement of the century. It was a lot worse than that and some small part of her kinda wanted to call the whole thing off.

Rebecca eyed the two teenagers closely without a word while they made themselves as comfortable as they could in her two standard spare chairs that stood in front of her desk.

Logan Echolls looked extremely exasperated and more than ready for anything, almost like he was prepared for nothing short of battle. His eyes had some kind of defensive offensiveness in them that she'd never noticed before in any of their earlier encounters. Clearly, he was ready for anything.

The Echolls heir wasn't the only one looking a little different. Veronica Mars. For starters, her face bore a smirk that in more ways than one reminded the school counsellor of the young man sitting fumingly beside her. On top of that, her blue-grey eyes seemed to radiate mischievousness and yet Rebecca saw a hint of vulnerability in them that she'd never noticed before in any of their earlier encounters. Clearly, he was ready for anything.

Well, let's get this party started. Rebecca tried to encourage herself and then cleared her throat to speak with all the confidence she didn't really feel one ounce of when it came down to it.

"Thanks for joining me," she began with a civil smile and nod at the duo in front of her. "I've sked you to meet with me here today so we can get a dialogue going about recent events and how your relationship and its abrupt end happened to affect your fellow student body. What happened between the two of you?"

Instantly Veronica's uncharacteristic smirk evolved into something that had a rather vivid hint of evilness and Logan took in a deep breath, as though readying for first blood. Rebecca refused to show any fear. She wasn't afraid of two emotional teens...she wasn't.
"Before I get up to leave this very educational little kumbaya-meeting of yours to threaten you to never ever suggest hosting one ever again, I'd very much like to know one little thing, Miss James." Logan's voice was deadly, and Rebecca had to stop herself from fidgeting with chastened fear even though it grew harder to not do when the young man finished his sentence coldly, "Why do you think you have any right to know the details of the relationship between L-Veronica and myself? What happens in our private lives is just that; private."

Yeah, why is it that I just had to single them out like this? It's really none of my business… Rebecca pondered with growing despair even as she outwardly straightened up and put all her effort into feigning confidence. Nobody but her needed to know she had no real idea why she'd started this whole mess in the first place. *In for a penny, in for a pound and all that,* she thought.

"Well, Logan, you bring up a valid point. Threats not withstanding of course," the brunette said calmly, no sign of her internal rattled state showing. "You and Veronica have been through a lot over the years since the loss of Lily Kane and some other rather…err…unexpected and emotional things happened as a result of that." Rebecca didn't want to bring Aaron Echolls or the bullying that Logan had instigated up by name, so she didn't expand on her explanation.

She did notice, and briefly wonder, why Veronica was the one who looked guilty at the very vague mention of that time before she continued, "To make a very long story short and slightly unprofessional; I loved how your relationship managed to grow into something more and I feel saddened to see how the ending of said relationship has seemingly caused a return of your less than positive affections towards one another and I know this is not really my business, but I'd like to know why—"

Suddenly a burst of *something* rose up inside Rebecca and without her control or permission her lips formed a sentence that she neither understood nor had wanted to say in the first place.

"Why Veronica was stupid enough to rekindle her little doomed fairy tale romance with Donut? And you Logan, for the love of Gucci, why did you get together with Hannah?"

Rebecca shook her head to fight off a dizzy spell that made her want to throw up. Then she refocused, looked over at her two students and froze at the sight of them.

To be honest, Logan looked nothing short of deadly. It seemed like he was just about ready to make her pay for every little word and Veronica didn't look much kinder. Mostly, she looked like she just wanted to throw something, preferably the chair Rebecca sat on with her still attached, through the nearest window.

In the near deafening silence Rebecca easily heard when Logan whispered maliciously into thin air, "I'm gonna kill you all over if you don't butt out of our lives, Lil."

Feeling pretty desperate to understand what had just happened and trying to remember exactly what she'd said while fighting down fears of an impending lawsuit, Rebecca sighed loudly.

"Well, I'm pretty sure this meeting is over," the now weary brunette stated in the continuing silence. She got up to open the door and let the two teenagers leave without another word, when suddenly; Veronica quickly straightened up after a glance at the male next to her and spoke with an interrogative tone to her voice.

"Miss James, forget all the weird stuff for a moment. I have a question. I mean, you're trained in psychological scenarios and all. It's a pretty easy one, so it probably won't take long to answer."

Logan tensed up and practically growled, but Rebecca had always seen it as her duty to help the
kids in her school when asked to and simply nodded for the tiny blonde to finish.

"Let's say your spouse deliberately pushed you aside and then accidentally managed to find you in bed with another person and then refused to even listen to your explanations and claims of innocence? 'Cause I saw this movie once and it got me thinking…"

Before Rebecca could even begin to contemplate the rather specific query, Logan jumped to his feet. His voice was loud and full of anger and emotions that the brunette couldn't even begin to decipher.

"You're so fucking full of it! That's not what happened and you damn well know it!"

Then, to Rebecca's immense shock and indignation, Logan unceremoniously slapped Veronica across the face and left. He banged the doors closed after him with so much power that a couple of her paintings fell to the floor and cracked in their frames.

Rebecca didn't notice that until later. For the next few minutes, she was busy trying to make a red-cheeked blonde press assault charges or at the very least tell her overprotective father.

00000

Veronica stomped out of the school building. She was absolutely fuming with rage and oddly enough she realized that disappointment simmered hotly just beneath the surface as well. A lot more than she'd been willing to bet on that's for sure.

"I can't believe him," she muttered, not noticing the narrow-eyed look she was receiving from across the quad. I really thought he'd end this little trip of ours by finally admitting the truth. His lying about the past is one of the main reasons we're never getting back together again! Ugh, I hate him!

Veronica blinked, realizing that in the midst of her rage, she'd somehow made her way over to the Le Baron. Without a single moment's pause to consider any possible consequences of her actions, Veronica hopped into the car and unceremoniously jumpstarted the car. A minute later, she tore out of the parking lot with squealing tires that left no doubt about her current state of mind.

00000

An olive-skinned teen watched silently as one of his oldest nemesis's left the school in a car that most certainly didn't belong to him and wondered as to why that was. Then, a couple of moments later, he saw his sort of friend run out to the parking lot. She looked rather frantic and wild-eyed, but that wasn't what he noticed the most. No, that particular honor went to a significant and easily recognizable red mark on her pale cheek. It didn't take a genius to put two and two together and Weevil Navarro wasn't as dumb as most people made him out to be. His insides twisted with a roaring protective rage at the sight.

"Yo, V!" Before Weevil even considered doing it, he called out to the tiny blonde that usually spent a fair portion of her time bailing him out of trouble. Unfortunately, she didn't even seem to notice him.

In the distance and coming closer with every second, Weevil recognized her best friend, the flagpole guy (which he'd forever be known as in Weevil's mind), Wallace. He looked on as the taller male reached her and started talking quietly with her.

Seeing Veronica distracted and taken care of for now, Weevil nodded to himself. Well, he thought
darkly and made his way over to his very old and rusty piece of crap car that was his only means of transportation after his old gang had taken his beloved bike after his fall from power, no 09'er kid is gonna get away with hurting my friends – especially since I ain't got that many of them left…

Barely a minute later, Weevil had driven out of Neptune High's parking lot, following in his newest prey's direction and wearing an ominous look on his face.

And that's how Veronica would soon discover a whole other side to her old friend Eli "Weevil" Navarro!

0o0o0

Logan kept cursing himself out internally even as he managed to talk Miss James into some kind of calm and then ran outside, only to catch a glimpse of his hot-tempered wife driving away. Then things got even better (not!) when he found himself cornered by her best friend; Wallace "Freaking Annoying" Fennel.

"Veronica, where'd you do? You never showed up to class, I thought you were joking about skipping and…" his friendly tone turned dark as he noticed how she looked. "What's that on your cheek?"

The unspoken threat and protective tone in Wallace's voice once again proved to Logan that the dark-skinned male hadn't only stayed by Veronica's side out of some misplaced sense of loyalty after the infamous flagpole incident on his first day. No, the guy truly loved his best friend.

"And that's just another reason for you to treat him nicely, young man."

Logan swallowed a mix between a groan and a sigh when his mother's stern voice echoed through his mind, promising dire penalties if he didn't do as he was told.

I'm not five years old no more, Logan thought out to his invisible mother, but received no more responses.

Noticing Wallace's expression turn into a thunderous glare, Logan quickly refocused and tried to come up with some kind of reason for his current situation.

"Look, Wallace. It's no big deal, okay? I just…err, ran into a door in my hurry and however pathetic it sounds, I'd appreciate handling my next order of business on my own. Just use your… err…BFF abilities and trust me on this one, please. Everything's fine."

Wallace looked like he'd never heard a lamer excuse in his life, but luck finally seemed to favor Logan for once and he could practically see how Wallace's loyalty to the little blonde kicked into gear and made him listen to 'her' plea.

"Fine," he exhaled heavily, running a hand through his hair. "But, please, Veronica; just tell me if you're in some kind of trouble. I'm ready whenever you need me to step in, I promise."

Next thing Logan knew, Wallace had leaned down and enveloped him in a tight hug. It left Logan completely gobsmacked and he just stood there, utterly frozen and unable to respond in kind.

No one since Veronica have ever just hugged me like this, Logan realized dumbfounded, this is so odd, but I didn't even realize how much I missed getting a hug like this…

The embrace ended and Logan had to use a surprising amount of effort to not grasp onto the tall teen and just continue to hug everything out. Wallace smiled and then gently touched the sore spot on his cheek that Veronica had caused in her anger. "I was actually looking for you to give you this. Duncan gave it to me just now and basically begged me to give it to you."
Then Wallace handed Logan a yellow piece of paper with Veronica's name written on the front and, feeling slightly mystified, Logan took it without a word.

"Great," Wallace beamed, "I'm just gonna go see if I can catch Mac and make her give me a ride home. Jackie's got something she needs to do with her dad so she can't do it. Take care, okay?" Then he nodded and left. It was easy to see from his barely hidden worry that he wasn't completely satisfied with 'Veronica's' secrecy, but he seemed willing to keep to the sidelines for the time being at least.

Logan watched him disappear, feeling a little flummoxed from the mixture of emotions warring inside of him, but with one big push he managed to shove everything to the back of his mind. Then he looked down at the innocent-looking letter in his hand and quickly opened it. He was so caught up in seeing what Duncan wanted that he didn't hear Weevil drive away with almost as much speed as Veronica had done minutes earlier.

My dearest Veronica

I know you'll probably hate me forever for this and I'll understand and respect that. This, however, is very important. After I left you at school, I discovered that the Mannings tried to force Meg to give baby Lily up for adoption to some horrid place without even notifying me and I just couldn't let that happen. She's my child too and I already love her more than I thought possible.

With that said, I have to tell you that I love you so much that sometimes I lay awake at night thinking about you, about us …

Logan actually snorted as he read that statement. He'd had many a sleep-over at the Kane mansion in his childhood and still vividly recalled Duncan's sleeping pattern. Not even Lily and him having loud sex right next to the male Kane Heir could wake him up, so Logan definitely doubted that piece of information. Duncan was not only a heavy sleeper; he slept easily no matter what troubles he had during the day.

Sighing as the memories of his time spent with Duncan before they hit puberty hit him; Logan forced his attention back to the letter that quickly turned into a sappy love declaration.

...I've loved you since I first saw you and I'll love you forever and ever. Please forgive me for leaving, but I swear I'll return when the Mannings cancel the charges they undoubtedly will press against me for taking baby Lily. My parents have made sure I can disappear safely and with them backing me, I have no doubt it will all be resolved quickly. I trust you to keep being true to us.

I will never love another like I love you!

Remember, my darling Veronica: True love stories never have endings...

With my undying love

Duncan

Finishing the letter, Logan relaxed his tensed shoulders and actually let out a loud, disbelieving laugh. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed that it caused a tall skinny blonde that he vaguely recognized as Caitlin Ford, to look at him as though he was an escaped convict from a mental institution.

Logan didn't care. One of his old and unasked questions had finally been answered.

Damn, he thought, here I always figured that the two of them had some kind of epic love of their
own, but Duncan's just so...immature and innocent compared to Veronica. Logan couldn't stop himself from grinning stupidly, even as the movement sent a sharp sting of pain through him from his abused cheek. Oh well, this little almost repeat of history is good for one thing in particular. No more kisses for me.

So caught up in enjoying himself and mentally gloating over how juvenile Duncan's love really had turned out to be, was Logan that it took several coughs from his dead mother to gain his attention. Well, three coughs and a very hard stomp to the ground as well…

"Dear Son of Mine; Fruit of my loins," Lynn began coolly as she glared with aggravation at Logan, "Don't you think that your attentions should be more guided towards something or someone else right now? Since Lily's little screw-up there's been—"

"Hey, I didn't screw up, Mrs. Echolls!"

Suddenly, it was as if air became too hard to draw in and Logan didn't even care that he was probably turning blue as he caught sight of his dead lover for the first time in over fifteen years.

At the sight of pure shock and the dropped jaw that Logan couldn't quite control, Lily briefly turned her head to nod at him before turning her attention and a rather accusing glare at Lynn.

"Hi Logan, your tonsils are showing and it's not an attractive look on you to be honest." Then her voice turned poisonous and defensively indignant all at the same time when she addressed his mother.

"Look, I miscalculated a little bit, but let's not forget whose idea this whole thing was in the first place, Mrs. High and Mighty!"

Lynn muttered a profanity, not seeming to notice how her words shocked her son even more. She never used to curse around him. Then, in the next second, the older woman had taken a firm hold of the outspoken and a bit too honest in Lynn's opinion, Kane girl and readied to leave as quickly as she'd appeared. Before they vanished into thin air, she sent a stern glower Logan's way and gave one final order.

"Just go after your wife and fix this whole mess, before it's too late!"

00000

While Logan suffered several shocks, Veronica finally reached her destination. The beach, the one place she'd always gone to find solace and to think things over privately.

With a deep breath, taking in the smell of the water and usual beachy scents, Veronica got out of the car and walked out into the warm sand where she quickly took off her shoes. Silently, she longed for Backup and their long amiable walks on that very beach.

The ocean greeted her ears with its special sound while several seagulls flew around nearby screeching their distinctive greetings and Veronica's troubled mind slowly found some much needed peace.

After a brief walk, Veronica simply sat down on a particularly soft-looking mound of sand and stared out over the water. As she sat there, Veronica contemplated certain things from her past before Lily had dragged her back in time without any say so.

Did I push him away? Veronica pondered, recalling Logan's words to the guidance counsellor. Did I really? But he had to have known that what happened before her wasn't me pushing him away.
That was just a desperate need for solitude...I thought he understood that when he didn't argue or insist on talking about it all the time...

Veronica was so deeply buried in her mind and its sorrows that she didn't notice when a shadow fell over her. She did, however, notice the deep and barely restrained voice that spoke in a very threatening tone behind her.

"My, oh my, what's a filthy rich boy like you doing in my friend's car? You've already learned what happens to you when you touch that car, Boyo."

Remembering how Weevil had punched Logan so long ago for bashing in her headlight, Veronica sighed and looked up at said male, who had walked around her to stand in front of her with a truly menacing aura emanating from every pore of his body.

Veronica felt utterly exhausted all of a sudden, wanting nothing more than to just crawl into her own bed and sleep the day away. Instead, she put on a small tired smirk that made her look completely like Logan usually did at his most obnoxious.

"Trust me on this one Weev," she stated quietly, "I know for a fact that Veronica won't mind me using her car. So...be a good boy and just leave me alone."

Weevil's expression didn't soften. In fact, it looked like he put on the mask he wore as the leader of the PCH'ers, a guy that was completely without mercy for his enemies and then, after one short and nasty smirk of his own, he catapulted into movement and attacked!

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

So some may worry now, but even though things seem to stay the same they also change a bit hehe. Also, for those interested there was a little more backstory this time so yay ( wait a few more chapters and most will be revealed).

Also, I don't like Duncan if anyone had any doubt hehe.

Hope you enjoyed it!
Discoveries and Wedding Memories

Chapter Summary

Veronica and Weevil have a rather bloody chat. Things happen when Logan intervenes...

Chapter Notes

Yay for boredom. Have another chapter, my lovelies :D
Your kind comments are a great motivation and I love you all so much that not even the morphine I'm practically living on these days can hold up against you :D

Discoveries and Wedding Memories

It took several sniggers and odd looks from his fellow students, before Logan managed to stop standing immobile, gaping after his mother’s hurried departure. With a start, Logan finally returned to normal, only to realize that his body (well, Veronica’s body, but you knew that already) was trying to tell him something important.

It took a few moments before Logan managed to identify the throbbing-like sensation in his gut as something that very much resembled dread. It grew stronger by the second.

"Don’t you think your attentions should be guided towards something or someone else right now...?"

Lynn’s warning echoed on repeat inside of him and Logan had to resist slapping himself to stop focusing on the dire question. Instead he tried to think of places where his wayward wife would’ve gone to.

Remembering that Veronica had taken the Le Baron, Logan began scanning the rapidly emptying parking lot for his own once very beloved X-Terra. Since its size made it damn near impossible to miss for long, he located it within seconds.

Not long after, Logan had opened the car door and subsequently swallowed a curse at Veronica’s lacking sense of security, which was something he’d tried to educate her on for years to no avail. Sure it made things easier for him in that particular point in time, but he could just as easily have been some car-thief, couldn’t he?

Sighing, and knowing he’d never manage to instill any kind of caution when it came to cars into his soon to be ex-wife, Logan simply threw Veronica’s schoolbag into the backseat and located the spare key that he always hid under the never used ashtray.

A few seconds later, Logan sat in the driver’s seat and loudly cursed out something he’d never done before; Veronica’s lovely legs, or rather the lack of them. The lack of length in her tiny body made it really difficult to reach the pedals without some time-consuming fiddling of the car seat.
“Well,” Logan muttered irritably as he finally adjusted the seat into a comfortable place, “I’ll just remember to wear heels next time I have to drive this car.”

As soon as the words left his lips, Logan had no energy left in him strong enough to repress a body-jolting shudder. *I can’t believe heels was my first solution*, he despaired silently and started the car, *this trip needs to end soon before it changes me irreversibly and I try out to be on RuPaul’s drag race when I get home…*

“Okay, *focus*, Echolls” Logan told himself and looked into his sideway mirror to stare at Veronica’s reflection. “Now, where would you go if you were angry? Where *did* you used to go when I pissed you off, Sugarpuss?”

Like a stroke of lightning, it hit Logan all of the sudden and without further ado, he gunned the engine of the yellow car obnoxiously and drove off with squealing tires just like Veronica had earlier.

So eager was the former Echolls male that he didn’t notice any of the looks of wonder he received from Logan’s so called friends and general mix of enemies and admirers at the sight of Veronica Mars unceremoniously driving off in Logan’s very precious vehicle.

00000

SLAM!

Weevil’s fist collided with Veronica’s nose brutally and as she fell back into the warm sand, she grunted in pain and shock. She would never get used to all the pain physical fighting brought with it.

As blood began all but pouring out of her injured nose, Veronica left all sense of dignity and pride behind and groaned pathetically. *I’m sure Logan’s gonna kill me, if I end up ruining his looks from all of this violence…This day just keeps getting better and better, doesn’t it?*

Before Veronica got a chance to regain an inch of her composure or even begin consider some kind of plan to stop the fight from escalating, Weevil grabbed on to the back of her shirt roughly and dragged her to her feet. Next thing she knew, the former gang leader had pummeled his hand into her gut and caused her to fall to her knees gracelessly, gasping for air that just didn’t want to come.

Once again, Veronica spared a bitter thought for her lack of training in anything combat oriented, all she’d ever used was her trusty taser and that was now stuffed inside her schoolbag, or well, technically it was now Logan’s but it still meant she didn’t have it on her to stop fights like she used to have.

*I have to fight back*, the thought crossed Veronica’s mind as she narrowly avoided another hard hit to the face. *I have to somehow tap into Logan’s strength like I did when I fought with Duncan…but Weevil is so much more adept at this whole thing than Duncan ever was despite his anger.*

“Huh, guess it ain’t as much fun for you when it’s the other way around.” Weevil taunted with a sneer on his face that momentarily confused Veronica. Then she suddenly understood what was happening and didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at the irony of it all.

*The well-meaning moron thinks Logan abused me, she thought, he’s protecting my honor. It’s sweet but really annoying!* 

The realization barely took more than a few seconds, but it was enough for Veronica’s remaining luck to run out and she didn’t get a chance to react before the smaller boy’s muscled arms reached
her once more and continued to rain pain down upon her with several new punches in her stomach region, heedless of the wheezing groans they birthed.

It was as she half-kneed on the sand with one of Weevil’s hands grasping her firmly in place for more hits that Veronica’s fragile grasp on her anger slipped away. The unfairness of it all hit her like a sledgehammer, making Weevil’s punishment feel like mere love-taps. Rage like she’d seldom experienced seemed to radiate out from every pore of her and without really knowing how, Veronica let the instincts of Logan’s more trained body take hold of her completely.

Utilizing Logan’s superior upper-body strength, Veronica heaved herself back up to her feet after capturing Weevil’s attacking fist in her hands. Without thinking about how, Veronica quickly twisted said hand around and somehow managed to throw the Latino over her shoulder. He landed hard on the ground, his breath leaving him in a loud whoosh and briefly paralyzing him. Veronica took advantage of his immobility and ruthlessly kicked Weevil in the side a couple of times.

*Damn that feels good,* Veronica decided, panting loudly and still barely able to breathe after the abuse her torso had received. *I kinda get why Logan used to love this kind of thing…*

Obviously, Weevil was no stranger to fighting through pain. He proved it when Veronica’s brief pause to catch her breath, gave him enough time to shake off her blows and jump back to his feet. He spat out a mouthful of sand, eyed her angrily before wordlessly attacking again as if he’d never gone down in the first place.

Evidently, her retaliation had sparked a new level of fury in him, because before she really understood how, Weevil’s hands were on her throat, squeezing hard enough for Veronica to see black spots. The still running blood from her injured nose dripped down on Weevil’s wrists and for some odd reason, Veronica sort of felt apologetic for bleeding on him.

The lack of oxygen started to get to her, and Veronica’s hands slipped down to her sides with no power left in them, dangling uselessly. *Is this truly how it’s gonna end?* She thought half-unconscious already. *Where’s my meddling Guardian Angel when I actually need her?*

Lily didn’t appear or respond to Veronica’s vague plea, but someone else did. Someone that she deep down in the darkest pit of her soul knew would always manage to help when she truly needed it.

A sound that was so very familiar to Veronica’s barely conscious mind reached her ears and in the next moment, Weevil grunted and gasped in pain. His grip loosened immediately, sparing her from the same pain reaching her from prolonged contact, and this time he was the one on his knees panting.

Without Weevil holding her abused body up, Veronica fell down right next to the downed Latino with a moan when the impact of the ground jarred her aches.

Veronica didn’t spare her pain much more thought, looking up at Logan. He was standing behind Weevil, looking paler than ever and the look in his eyes made it clear to anyone looking that he was *pissed.* Logan looked almost feral as he looked down at her, a hint of worry managing to find its way to his eyes as well.

Trying with all her might to diffuse a bad situation from getting worse, Veronica smiled. All her earlier anger and frustration toward her husband set aside for now, replaced with an ocean’s worth of gratitude.

“Took…you…long…enough,” Veronica croaked through her abused throat before closing her eyes
for a much needed moment of rest.

00000

Logan stood frozen with the taser he’d taken out of Veronica’s schoolbag, where he’d stored it as per her orders ever since returning to the past. He was focusing intently on his breathing, trying with everything in him to control his temper enough so he didn’t end up committing murder.

Seeing Weevil fight wasn’t something he’d not seen before. Hell, Logan thought, I’ve participated in enough fights with the guy to know most of his moves by now. The two of them had even managed to get in an altercation or two during his marriage to Veronica, but this time it was a completely different matter entirely.

This time Weevil was actually beating on the one he thought he was protecting. That just wasn’t on in Logan’s world. Problems or not, nearly divorced or not, nobody hit Veronica when Logan was around to stop it.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing, Paco?”

Logan's fervently missed his old voice and its growling capabilities. Veronica’s feminine voice just didn’t have the same range and promise of severe agony. Then his anger turned to dawning fear and shock when Weevil staggered to his feet and looked at him with a look of someone whose entire worldview had just shifted on its axel.

The shock turned fully into confused fear when Weevil looked between the still downed Veronica and him and asked with a disbelieving tone etched into his voice, “Logan?”

Weevil’s entire being seemed utterly confused and at his questioning word, both Logan and Veronica froze. Time flew by unnoticed as their eyes doubled in size due to apprehensive fear and to be honest, Weevil’s weren’t too far behind, though his had more to do with incredulity than fear.

“Okay, one of you need to be calling some fine ass doctors so they can either lock you two up for being way to close to one another or so they can put me in a nice little padded cell, preferably in a straightjacket.” Weevil said.

The olive-skinned teen sounded so confrontational that for a moment, Veronica wanted to continue their fight by kicking him solidly in the crotch.

Fortunately for Weevil, Logan’s attention was split between him and Veronica so he spotted the mounting danger and stepped in front of her to calm her down. Unknowingly, his actions only further convinced the younger male that his unbelievable suspicions weren’t that unbelievable when it came down to it.

Even though he’d never verbally admit it, Weevil had watched Veronica and Logan a lot over the last year or so, mostly since he’d gotten to know the fiery blonde during the ‘Flag Pole Incident.’ Because of said watching, he knew a lot more about the two people and their movements than he’d ever even realized consciously.

The whole protecting each other without thinking so is so...them, Weevil thought, letting logic slowly pry open his eyes to something he never would have thought possible. Okay, he still had some instincts that tried convincing him to flee as quickly as he could from the crazy people.

The awkward silence stretched on, growing more and more tense by each passing second. Finally, Weevil decided to take the plunge into the unknown in search of some confirmation.
“So,” he began, eyeing the odd couple closely for any sign of lying, “little head-tilting V is actually somehow transformed into Richie ‘my-money-buys-me-get-out-of-jail-cards’ Rich.”

As soon as Weevil finished his sentence, something horrible occurred to him and he looked down at Logan Echolls’ form sitting heavily on the sand with guilt brimming in his dark eyes before he added hoarsely, “that means that I’ve just delivered a beat down to one of the only friends I’ve got left in this town…”

Seeing the purely Echolls smirk on Veronica’s face was another metaphorical nail in the coffin that was Weevil’s diminishing skepticism. It actually made his skin crawl a little and he shifted his gaze back down to his transformed friend and reached down a hand to help her up.

Weevil felt almost desperate to lighten the mood a little and push aside the ever-growing sense of guilt he felt from all but choking Veronica till unconsciousness. Or more, a tiny, brutally honest part of him added evilly.

“You know,” he tried to joke halfheartedly; “this whole thing shouldn’t have been such a big shock to me anyways. I mean, I totally whooped your ass there, V.”

For one split second, Weevil was afraid his joke fell completely flat, but then Veronica put on an exaggerated offended expression and lifted a hand in a threatening motion. Then she stated with one of her old signature mock-threats, “Oh, I oughta…” and Weevil could breathe freely again.

With a little more effort than he would’ve liked, Weevil forced out a laugh filled with mild derision. Then all three of them walked over to their cars where Weevil’s rusty heap of junk stood out even besides Veronica’s old car.

Weevil sighed and leaned up against the side of his car. When he spoke again, his voice was calmer than his chaotic mess of a mind would’ve thought possible.

“Tell me ‘bout the future. Do I end up marrying Tyra Banks, ‘cause I saw her once when she passed by me and the gang way back and I’m telling ya; that hottie wanted a piece of me.”

Despite the twinges of pain and her swollen nose, Veronica couldn’t help but smile. She swallowed the lump of dread she’d developed when Weevil against all odds somehow put the pieces together. Even the future part, Veronica realized with a hint of awe, how he managed that I have no idea. Also I can’t believe he’d take everything so well. I guess I’ve underestimated him yet again…

Apparently, Logan hadn’t been able to hide his surprise at Weevil’s question about the future because the Latino simply snorted and explained that nothing short of time travel could explain why they kept looking at their surroundings in school like they hadn’t seen anything like it in years.

Simple answer, but effective, Veronica decided and then, seeing the expectant gleam in Weevil’s dark eyes, she quickly skated through her life, giving the barest of cliff notes until she reached the part about landing smack down in the middle of Oz – so to speak, at least.

Having all but finished her quick explanation, Veronica straightened up from her leaned over position next to her friend only to grunt in pain when her sore stomach and ribs made their presence known once again. Weevil flinched at the sight of her pain, but Veronica shrugged like she’d already forgotten who’d given her the injuries. Logan hovered silently beside her, ready to support her if it became necessary and she sent him a small, but genuine smile of thanks before adding on a few things to tell Weevil.
“…and you even attended my wedding with Logan and--”

"Wait, what?"

Weevil’s eyes darted toward the real Logan, who still hadn’t really spoken since unknowingly revealing the truth about their situation, and then quickly back to her.

"You married Captain Jack Ass? Oh, V. say it ain’t so. Tell me that I at least stood up in the church calling for the help of God to stop such an unholy union or something?"

"Hey!" Logan protested, looking offended, but Veronica only laughed and thus added to Weevil’s confusion. Then he broke into an almost proud grin when she replied.

"Yeah, you kind of did, but you were so drunk at the time that after a little calming slash threatening chat with Dick, right in the middle of my vows by the way, you behaved for the rest of the ceremony, and," Veronica hurried on before Weevil could interrupt with any more questions, "if I may say so, you ended up having a grand ole time."

“Oh yeah, you enjoyed yourself immensely.” Logan finally spoke and then Weevil watched with utter bemusement as Veronica all but threw her hands over Logan’s mouth as if to keep him from speaking any more.

What Weevil didn’t know, and never would if it were down to Veronica, was that she stopped Logan from revealing just how Dick, her dad, Wallace and Weevil had ended up serenading the swan shaped ice sculpture next to them during Logan and hers first dance as a married couple.

The memory was one that the duo had spent many a night near sobbing with laughter over – even years after the wedding.

Weevil eyed them closely for a short while, but then it seemed like he realized that the smug knowing look in Logan’s eyes was a sure sign that it really wasn’t that great an idea to know too much about ones future after all and he let Veronica continue on with her story without further interruptions.

Veronica spent a few minutes silently debating how much to tell her friend about Lily, knowing that he’d once been one of her many paramours. Ultimately she skipped using any names and vaguely said that it was some sort of overbearing guardian angels that had sent them back in time to reconcile and that was the end of a very unbelievable but true tale.

Feeling a fresh wave of confusion rush over him at the end of the story, Weevil looked between the time traveling couple with raised brows. “Reconcile? Why? I mean you seem to get along sort of well… I mean like you always do or did? Argh that’s gonna drive me nuts to keep track of.”

It didn’t take long for Weevil to understand that he’d somehow managed to ask something wrong and his questioning brow furrowed with cautious curiosity as he quietly took in the effect his question had on them.

Logan tensed and avoided his gaze by looking out over the water and Veronica abruptly looked down at the sand, while fidgeting a little with the seashell necklace around her neck. None of their avoidance tactics hid the shadows in their face.

A lot of people wrongly assumed that Weevil was stupid and nothing more than a mindless brute, when in fact he’d always been extremely talented in picking up things most people didn’t notice. That’s one of the reasons he’d started believing the crazy story he’d been told and it was definitely the reason why he didn’t need to ask anything further to know two very important things.
One being that it was pretty clear to the former biker that Veronica had skipped a lot of the details about their future lives and second being that, standing next to him was two broken people, who desperately needed to fix their relationship and reunite as those mysterious kidnapping guardian angels wanted.

Weevil sighed when neither Logan nor Veronica seemed willing to talk anymore. Then, ignoring completely that not half an hour earlier he’d wanted to get them committed for being crazy, Weevil decided to lighten the mood.

“So,” he grinned, obnoxiously rubbing his hands together, “you guys don’t happen to remember the lottery numbers for this week? ‘Cause I seriously need a new set of wheels.”

His ploy worked a little; at least it distracted the former couple from their dark thoughts for a while as they momentarily united to glare at him, practically brimming with annoyance.

“What? Like you wouldn’t ask the same in my shoes?”

0000

TBC…
Trances and Mood Swings

Chapter Summary

Veronica thinks about the past and reacts like she always does

Chapter Notes

WARNING WARNING THIS CHAPTER GIVES A LOT OF ANSWERS AND IS SUBSEQUENTLY EXTREMELY SAD AND FULL OF ANGST DURING VERONICA'S PART...

Don't hate me...sigh....

Enjoy

Trances and Mood Swings

It was early morning and Veronica was busy doing one of her most hated chores as Logan’s body’s temporary owner. She’d even take toilet-time and showering over this hell.

“So, I have to know why I am starting to feel like a truly invisible dead girl. I mean, my bestest friend in all the land continuously, and with no hint of care whatsoever, keep disregarding my very wisdomy advice.”

Lily’s voice, full of faked levity coupled with a piercing stare of doom, caused Veronica to freeze in the middle of her much hated shaving time. It was one of her new life’s biggest mysteries to find out why she completely and utterly sucked at shaving Logan’s face considering she’d been shaving a whole lot more than a mere face in her own body since she entered puberty. Nowadays shaving more often than not, was as serious to her as doing battle and often just as bloody.

Seeing and recognizing the honest hurt anger beneath her friend’s faked nonchalant expression, Veronica laid down her shaver and met Lily’s eyes through the mirror.

“Maybe,” she began a little timidly, not really awake enough to put on a show consisting of her usual delightful banter and snarky commentary, “it keeps happening because said best friend didn’t really have a choice. Maybe said best friend’s dead best friend’s ex Latin lover is much smarter than anyone ever gave him credit for, especially the dead best friend of this particularly transformed and time traveling friend…”

Lily's glare turned to bewilderment before it was overtaken by the signature spark of mischief in those beautiful lively eyes, unable to hide her reluctant amusement.

"Can I get that one more time and in slow motion, please?"

Veronica smiled with satisfaction when Lily finished her request by bursting out laughing. It was
at times like this where the old and cherished memories of their time together burned the brightest in her mind.

The cheerful atmosphere lasted a few minutes, but then Lily seemingly remembered what she was there for and regained her seriousness. She straightened up and put her hands at her hips and turned rather demanding next. “Stop using that brilliant mind of yours to confuse me, Ronnie and pay attention! It’s no secret that under normal circumstances I’d adore this ‘screw-the-authority-and-its-non-fun-orders-by-doing-the-complete-opposite’ thing that you’ve got going for you, but I’m warning you. You need to stop it right now!

Before Veronica could even draw in breath to object, Lily continued on. She still sounded completely serious and unlike her living self. “You aren’t back to make new memories by altering the timeline so much or involving any of my lovely Lovahs. No, in case I need to make it even more obvious for you, you need to start dealing with the old memories first. Especially the ones that helped ruin the closeness you shared with Logan. Let’s be real for a sec here; it wasn’t just because of what you saw that your relationship broke like it did. Capische?”

Veronica hated the mere mention of that time and could already feel her viciously repressed memories trying to emerge to be dealt with. Shaking with frustration and not a little bit of fear, Veronica grabbed the razor and continued on shakily with her shave, only to curse in pain when the blade cut into her cheek and caused a thin line of blood to emerge.

Growing more and more annoyed and seeing Lily as the perfect target for said negative emotion since she’d awakened it, Veronica threw the bloodied razor into the sink with a curse and turned to face the dead teenager head on.

“I’ve had just about enough of you, Little Miss Slutty Kane. In case it’s escaped your notice and I need to make it exceedingly obvious for you; I don’t want to deal with my memories. They’re buried nice and deep for a damned good reason. Why the hell can’t you just get that? Like I’ve said before, just forget this stupid idea and leave me alone, please! And if not, then at least make yourself useful and help me with this mess. I’m massacring Logan’s face I don't think he'll be too happy when he gets it back. I’ll not be held responsible for him turning into Freddy Krueger 2.0 there’s already enough crappy sequels...Capische?”

Having delivered her diatribe, Veronica stood panting and waited. Lily stood immobile for a long while as if processing the whole thing slowly, and then she suddenly stuck out her tongue in a vast display of maturity before simply vanishing into thin air without another word.

The whole thing left Veronica feeling uncomfortably flummoxed and she turned to slowly finish her interrupted shave. Not for the first time since being back in the past, Veronica studied Logan’s face.

Aside from the slight bruising around the eyes from the facial punch Weevil had bestowed upon her and finger shaped bruises on her neck, Logan looked like the teenager she’d fallen in love with so long ago in her own timeline.

Where did it all go wrong? Veronica thought, tenderly tracing her reflection in the mirror with her free hand. Unable to fully control herself after the emotional blow-up with Lily, Veronica watched ‘Logan’s’ face tear up.

The sight of tears in Logan’s eyes suddenly reminded Veronica of the last times she’d seem her husband cry. She immediately tried burying the memories back into the deepest part of her mind where she’d hidden them away so successfully for so long, but Lily’s brief mention of them, however vague they were, seemed to have given them the power to resist her attempts and before
she was ready (she’d never be ready) some of those hated memories were able to escape her iron will and it was like she was back in the thick of it once again.

Veronica loved how his gorgeous hazel eyes simply lit up with pure joy after her admission.

"Really, aw Honey, I can’t tell you what it means to me. That you’re gonna have my child – our child, I’m…"

Veronica chuckled at the delighted yet gobsmacked look on her husband’s beamingly teary face. After a quick kiss to his smiling lips, she put her index finger on his lips with a matching smile and whispered just as happily, “This babbling side of you? I like it, just not when I’m more interested in getting a kiss for all my troubles.”

Logan laughed and pulled her into a smoldering kiss that lasted for several minutes before he reluctantly pulled away and gently grabbed her chin. His tears of joy was slowly drying on his cheeks as he looked down into her eyes with a lingering hint of worry, “So all this tiredness and getting sick all the time was just because of our little gift? I didn’t know it could happen so fast.”

Veronica smiled and kissed her husband’s nose tenderly before yawning and stating assuredly, “Firstly, I’m not sure, but I’ve been told it only takes one time and secondly, I honestly don’t care how sick I get as long as I get to birth a healthy child...with my brains and your beauty.”

Logan laughed.

...

Logan’s happy face turned into a paler-looking version of the man she loved. His eyes were widened and he looked like all the world’s burdens were suddenly thrust upon his shoulders. His gaze was wholly fixated on the small plump male doctor, who’d just delivered a fatal blow to the little would-be family.

"Say that again, please?"

Veronica stared at the two men incapable of coming to terms with her newfound knowledge. She barely registered the doctor solemnly repeating his earlier statement. She was completely numb.

"Mr. and Mrs. Echolls, I can understand and sympathize with how you must be feeling”, the doctor said in a professional tone, but his eyes showed his honest compassion, “but I assure you that I'm not ruining your hopes and dreams on a mere whim. We have to face the fact. The fact being that your baby is no longer alive and you, Mrs. Echolls… Veronica has to deliver the child before it ends up killing you from the inside.”

Hearing the possible dire consequences, Logan quickly looked down at her. Tears filling his grief-stricken eyes, and Veronica looked down to avoid all those emotions. She could barely breathe through her own and seeing how openly he showed his crushed heart only made it harder. As she looked down in avoidance, Veronica’s dry eyes landed on her big belly; the one that hadn’t moved in a week and now she could no longer lie to herself, she knew why.

Despite the truth staring her straight in the face, Veronica wasn’t ready to fully face the reality. She looked up again, knowing full well that her stubbornness showed clearly in her face.

"I won’t do it!"

...
“Ronica, you have to see him. Don’t walk away from this hospital without seeing your firstborn child. Please…”

Veronica looked at her quietly begging husband with tears silently running down his gaunt face and then her father, who’d just returned from their first and only meeting with her…the child.

“No,” Veronica whispered softly, turning her face to the side to avoid facing their pain. She was still too caught up in her own overwhelming grief to care about theirs.

…

Veronica sat by the kitchen counter in her home sipping from a cup of newly made coffee. She was waiting for Logan to come down the stairs and say goodbye before going to another meeting that he needed for something or other.

As soon as he came into the kitchen their eyes locked, and Logan sent her a small smile that was a weak substitute of his old ones. He walked over to her and gently kissed the top of her head and whispered his usual goodbyes and then turned to leave.

Veronica followed him with her empty eyes showing no emotion even while her heart kept screaming out for him to not leave her alone one more day. She didn’t want to be alone anymore, couldn’t stand the eerie silence.

As though he’d heard her unspoken plea Logan turned as he opened the front door. There was a tiny glimpse of hope in his eyes. “Do you want me to stay home with you today, Bobcat?”

Veronica sighed and although her very soul was ready to scream an affirmative, her mouth forced out a denial. “No thanks. I'm just gonna drink this and then I'm off to bed. Have a nice day.”

Logan copied her sigh; nodded and left without further hesitation, but not before Veronica caught a glimpse of the hopeless tears that filled his tired eyes.

Veronica closed the door behind him and exhaled loudly, almost like a sob kept trying to escape her tight throat. Abandoning her now cold coffee, she walked upstairs to their bedroom and lay down on the bed with a jaw-breaking yawn. Right before she managed to fall asleep Veronica wondered, when she'd stop being so tired and why her emotional pain kept making her so psychically ill…

…

The doctor's eyes haunted Veronica as she pulled up in front of her home.

“Why did I go back there?” she asked herself as she turned off the engine. “He's always giving me bad news…”

Her conversation with the doctor had once again changed Veronica's life and it was because she was so caught up in her own thoughts that she almost walked right by the car. Then the California sun broke free of one of its rare cloudy followers and sent a ray of light down on a silver Mercedes as if eager to make her notice it. The flash from the car hit Veronica right in the eye.

“What the…?” she muttered and for once in over three months her old curiosity got the better of her and she walked over to examine the mysterious and unfamiliar vehicle. Briefly she entertained the idea that Logan had bought it for her, but she knew that he hated that brand of car, it reminded him too much of his father for some reason.
A glance at the license plate forced Veronica out of her dead-woman–walking–state of mind because to her surprise, she recognized it.

"Gotz mine," Veronica nearly hissed the words and turned toward the house again. "What's Madison freaking Sinclair doing in my house?"

Without hesitation Veronica walked over the front lawn and fighting down the urge to run inside and chokehold the tall wanna-be blonde, she gently opened the front door and entered.

... "Veronica! Please!"

Logan cried out the plea and unable to ignore him any longer, Veronica slowly turned toward him. Bitterness, hurt and hatred were warring intensely within her.

"What? I said everything I had to say last night, remember?"

Logan's dark eyes looked even more broken than the night he'd returned from his goodbye visit with their son, but Veronica ignored it. It was only made easier when she realized that he'd clearly been visiting some places that served alcohol as well.

"Don't even, Logan, just don't. I can't even look at you right now without feeling sick to my stomach."

Logan stood frozen for a while after her spiteful words, but then he sighed and locked eyes with her. His face showed his hopelessness even as his eyes shone brightly with fresh tears.

"Why can't you ever give me a break, Veronica? You're not the only one hurting, you know."

Veronica teared up, but blinked ferociously until they disappeared without falling and showing her weakness. Her voice was cold as ice when she replied. “Being with you was a mistake. Just go out and get drunk or laid, I don’t care anymore. Go and enjoy your life. As of this moment, I’m no longer going to be part of it.”

Then, slowly but without hesitation and not showing any of the pure agony it caused her, Veronica took off her wedding ring in one fluent movement. A second later, she’d placed it gently on the kitchen counter and left without another word.

She ignored her husband’s hoarse cries behind her and pretended she didn’t wish that he was telling the truth.

“Nothing happened, Veronica!”

... A knocking sound broke through Veronica’s trance and the shock of it jolted her so much that she stumbled back from the mirror, tripped gracelessly over the plush bathroom carpet and somehow managed to fall down into the fortunately empty bathtub behind her that was practically the size of Texas.

"Yo Dude, aren't you a bit old to be playing hide and seek? Or have you been sampling from the moonshine and not invited me? If so, I gotta say I’m very disappointed."

Veronica awkwardly stretched out her limbs and looked up at the grinning Dick, who was trying to
look stern and sad at the same time. Next to him stood his constant silent shadow, Cassidy, but surprisingly that wasn’t the end of her surprise visitors. Standing slightly behind Cassidy’s other side was a girl that Veronica had missed almost as much as Wallace; Mac.

Feeling every bit of the hurt that Weevil had gifted her with, Veronica had trouble getting out of the tub. Evidently, her struggle was a bit too transparent because Cassidy suddenly reached down his hand to pull her out and Veronica reluctantly took it, trying not to look like she’d rather shake hands with the Devil.

"Thanks," she murmured when she was back on her feet before turning her head to look down at a cautiously amused-looking Mac.

*I never knew she visited Logan.* Veronica thought and pretended not to see how Dick rolled his eyes at Cassidy's helpful act. For once though, the blond apparently decided to skip his teasing remarks and instead focused on ‘introducing’ his brother’s new – and first – girlfriend to his ‘best bud.

"So my weird ass friend; this little nerdy-looking hottie is the Beafsters newest bed pal," the oldest Cassablancas stated mockingly before turning to Mac with a friendly smile that practically oozed fakeness and said in a slightly louder tone, as if the girl was mentally challenged, “Little Miss Nerdy-Looking Hottie; this right here is my dearest buddy through thick and thin. Oh, yeah, I forgot to mention, he’s rich like Beav, so feel free to hook up with him instead of my dork ass brother. It’ll make more sense actually."

Cassidy flinched and the hurt look he sent Dick at his mocking antics once again reminded Veronica of why she'd always had such ambivalent feelings regarding the teenaged murderer. She truly *hated* him for what he’d done to those innocent people he’d killed so ruthlessly, for what he’d put her through by raping her and practically trying to pin a murder on her, *but*…at the same time, the boy had suffered through being molested in silence while living with Dick’s increasing Dickness. It was hard to not at least sympathize with him in moments like these.

Mac, however, took all the insults in her usual unmoved stride and held out her hand to the infamous ‘Logan’ and put on a faked smile of politeness herself. “Pleased to meet you, Logan, for the millionth time considering I’ve known all of you since we were kids…but you know, still ever so pleased.”

Veronica smirked a little, and couldn’t help but feel a little lighter after her unexpected trip down memory lane. It was exceedingly reassuring to see Dick’s face fall at Mac’s lack of reaction and quick retort.

*Some things just never seem to change with those two;* Veronica thought fondly as she quickly finished her shave and put on some fresh clothes. Ten minutes later the trio left the Grande for school.

As they drove to school and got out together, Veronica did her best to play her part as the somewhat cheerful Logan Echolls, but while Dick and Mac bantered and Cassidy shyly chimed in to support his girlfriend, Veronica found her mind persistently dwelling on her past.

It was as if her repressed memories simply refused to be shoved away again now that they’d finally broken free and Veronica was not prepared in the least to handle them. She briefly worried over trying to act normal, especially when she ran into Logan. Something told her that she wasn’t ready to play the part of her usual self right now…

*How do I do this?* She wondered a bit nervously as she followed Dick and the new couple down
Unlike his troubled wife, Logan was feeling quite pleased that morning.

First of all, he’d woken up and discovered that his hated period had finally ended its cycle once again. He’d yet again sent up a prayer of thanks to the man upstairs, promising to never even think of women as the weaker sex ever again. To make the morning even better, Backup seemed like he’d slowly begun accepting him being in Veronica’s space seeing as he’d only briefly bared his impressive teeth at Logan when he exited her room. Lastly, Keith had already left for the Sheriff’s department and had left a nice breakfast waiting for him at the kitchen counter.

For once, life was pretty decent. Logan whistled a jaunty tune as he locked up the apartment behind him and quickly into the Le Baron without cursing its looks even once.

It didn’t take too long being at school before his mood soured a bit.

"No Gia, I'm not interested in having a study group today. Please just back off and leave me alone."

The skinny brunette had somehow cornered him by the lockers. She looked just as determined and clueless as Logan remembered.

The girl practically pouted at his response to her request. "But why not? Daddy wants me to bond some more with people and I feel the most closest to you."

Logan closed his eyes for a second, and mutely cursed out whomever it was that said blondes were stupid because they’d obviously never met someone like Gia…”

The brunette continued on with a look that more or less screamed that she was willing to beg to get her way. "Veronica,” she explained with that ridiculous pout still firmly in place, “you’ve always been super friendly to me and I just wanted to return the favor. I mean, I see how you struggle for that scholarship the Kane’s have. Come on. Let’s be study buddies."

Sighing heavily and knowing that Veronica would probably kill him if he ruined her chances. He conveniently forgot that Veronica didn’t originally win the Kane Scholarship in the original timeline because that was something he’d always thought was utter bullshit.

"Fine,” he exclaimed tiredly, “ok. Let’s meet up later and figure out the details."

Gia lit up like a bunch of fireworks at his capitulation, hugged his stiff form and left just as quickly as she’d arrived. She left Logan leaning up against the yellow lockers feeling utterly exhausted from just a few minutes in her presence. He closed his eyes and tried recapturing his earlier good mood.

"Big bad Echolls manipulated by a chick,” a familiar voice announced from right next to him, “I guess I shouldn't be too surprised. I mean, V. does that stuff to you all the time, it’s like you’re conditioned to give into females or some shit like that.”

Logan opened his eyes and turned his head to the side to look at Weevil, who’d planted himself by his side.

“Don’t you have some detention you’re late for or something?”
Unlike he’d normally react to such a comment, Weevil merely smiled and handed him a small piece of folded paper. “Whatever, Dog, I just wanted to give you my number in case you and V. need some help.” For one short moment, Weevil looked a little lost, but then he seemed to shake it off and added ruefully, “S not like I've got my boys to occupy my time anymore.”

Logan didn’t get a chance to reply before the former PCH leader quickly disappeared into the growing crowd of students mindlessly making their way to the first classes of the day.

As he looked in the direction Weevil had vanished into, Logan spotted Veronica walking his way next to Dick, Beaver and surprisingly enough, Mac.

Logan lifted a hand to greet Veronica. “Morning, Logan,” he called out. To his surprise and mounting confusion, Veronica barely looked his way before picking up her pace to walk right by him.

The reaction she gave was more than confounding since he’d thought they’d parted ways pretty amiably the night before. Then as Veronica walked by him, Logan noticed the expression briefly showing on her face.

The glimpse of sadness and pain that he managed to catch before she’d passed him reminded Logan of their shared past and the last of his good mood plummeted to the ground. It certainly didn’t help his mood when he heard Dick’s mock-exasperated question to Veronica just before they turned a corner and disappeared from sight.

“Geez, Echolls. What did the skinny blonde do to you this time? Kill Bambi’s mom or something?”

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

Well, now you know why Veronica is screwed up and why Logan is more screwed up than usual.

Back when I first wrote this story I needed to make the reason for their split be more complicated (and sad, oh so sad) and not too cliche. At the time a lot of writers used the adultery rute and I always priced myself on being original...albeit evil (so, so evil). Also, at the time I went through some personal stuff from Hell and dealt with it in a rather unortodox manner, I guess.

As for the backstory, we'll see Logan's view of the birth next time and then most will have been revealed...Most---(It never just one secret with these two, now is it?).

Thanks for keeping with me and I hope I haven't scared you off now.
Chapter Summary

It's Logan's turn to remember the sad past, Wallace drops by to "cheer" him up and Keith gets a mysterious phonecall and rushes out the door...

Chapter Notes

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER I GOT A GIFT!!!! I didn't even ask for it, so that means that beautifully talented AlinaSorakina did the whole thing on her own and I'm beyond grateful. She made a banner that I'm linking to (if I can figure it out ) and it is absolutely perfect. Please go check it out and give her some much deserved kudos, I'm in awe!!!!

As for the chapter, sadness ahead coupled with a dash of humor... Please enjoy!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unforeseen Duties and Unexpected Jailbirds

It was quiet, but Logan didn’t care or even really notice as he sat in Veronica’s room deep in his thoughts. Logan couldn’t really tell just how long he’d been sitting in his current position, resting on the unmade bed comfortably. After a quick glance, he realized it must have been a while seeing as the sun had begun to set and sent an orange-red glow through the window.

A soft knock on the door interrupted Logan’s long-time musings and he looked over as the door opened and revealed Keith’s carefully teasing face.

"Hey Honey…Not to freak you out or anything but I’m afraid the world’s ending. Why you ask with that beautifully expressive face of yours? Well, there’s been an untouched and homemade lasagna in the oven for over an hour now and it’s practically gone cold…So, should I call 911 or what?"

Feeling a little too tired to act like Veronica’s father no doubt expected him to, Logan only managed to give the joking man a half-hearted smile before he turned away again, his fingers fiddling with the edge of the pillow in his lap.

Keith sighed and eyed his supposed daughter closely before kneeling down in front of Logan with a now completely serious look in his eyes. His voice was so soft and caring that the transformed younger man almost wanted to reveal his latest burdens and possibly get some insight to the woman he’d married.
"Veronica, you would tell me if something was wrong, right? I'll always be here for you and I want you to know that whatever it is that's bothering you, I'll be there every step of the way to lend an ear or even a hand. I need you to never doubt that, okay?"

Logan's heart gave an extra painful thump at the sound and feeling of untainted love coming from the older man in front of him and didn't quite know how to respond in the face of it. “Yeah, sure thing.”

He hurried to continue on when he noticed that the worry in Keith’s eyes began to turn into wary suspicion. “Dad, look; I'm fine I swear. It's honestly just all the pressure of studying that's gotten on my nerves for the time being. The competition for the scholarship and all that…"

Guilt flashed through Keith’s eyes and Logan suddenly wanted to kick himself. He knew from Veronica just how it bordered his father-in-law that he didn’t have the money to send her to her preferred college. Logan vaguely remembered how Veronica once told him how her own drunk of a mother had stolen her much needed college-fund and with it the last shot she’d had at an Ivy League college without being in debt for decades over. The Kane scholarship would mean the fulfilment of the Mars’ family’s dreams and he’d just used the damned thing as an excuse not to talk closely with Keith and so, Logan wanted to kick himself.

The only good thing that Logan’s foot-in-mouth comment served was, that Keith’s suspicion turned to weary understanding and he got back up with a heavy sigh. Without another word, he bent forward and placed a gentle kiss on Logan’s forehead and then he walked back out. Logan watched him leave in shamefaced silence.

There was no use denying it, especially not to himself, but Keith Mars had grown to be a strong influence in his old adult life and it was in moments like these that Logan couldn’t quite stop himself from feeling downright jealous of Veronica’s luck in having at least one loving parent to her name.

His mind wouldn’t let him stay jealous for too long before he’d snap out of it as old bitterness and not quite healed hurt would replay the last face to face meeting he'd had with Keith before being thrown into the past by his meddling mother.

It’d been on the same day that Wallace Fennel had in no uncertain terms stated how they all thought Logan should leave and never look back.

Logan closed his eyes, trying not to let the memories from that particular day overwhelm him, but like so many other (and even harder) memories from his past, it seemed like it was almost impossible to suppress them. For some reason it seemed like they had returned tenfold over the last couple of weeks.

“Stop avoiding the truth,” Logan whispered tiredly into the now darkened bedroom, “at least when I’m alone I should be able to say it…”

In reality, Logan knew exactly why his mind had begun to resist his evading tactics when it came to dealing with the horror and grief of his past. It was due to one specific person. Veronica.

Sighing and all but groaning with exasperation, Logan threw himself down on the bed fully, throwing the pillow in his lap down on the floor in a fit of pique. As he lay there, Logan mentally reviewed the last few weeks of dealing with his troublesome wife.

Or, Logan admitted mutely, lack of dealing with my troublesome wife is more accurate when I think about it.
The whole thing to have been started that day weeks earlier where Veronica had completely ignored him and pretended as if he was just a part of the school’s furniture or something. Ever since then, she’d continued pretending like he basically didn’t exist and only proved differently by leaving note-filled sheets of paper in ‘his’ locker at random times that revolved around a current care or something along those lines.

Apparently even while ignoring him, Veronica didn’t want to risk angering their ghostly loved ones by stirring the timeline completely into mush.

No matter how hard Logan tried, he simply couldn’t seem to corner her and force out some kind of valid explanation for her behavior. She didn’t even reply via texts any longer and it baffled him.

After that first day of dodging him, the students of Neptune High suddenly seemed to always surround her. It made it pretty damn clear to Logan that she just didn’t want to be alone with him anymore. At first he’d been confused and a little hurt, but slowly said emotions began turning sour and bitter because he just didn’t understand her reasoning one bit.

Remembering Veronica’s pained expression, Logan silently amended. Okay, maybe I do understand her a little, but I thought we were getting past some of that…she even smiled at me before she left to drive Weevil home after his junk of a car didn’t want to start.

Eventually, Logan grew too tired to fight off the persistent recollections that had been growing stronger as each day passed without being distracted by Veronica or any of their usually so busy schedules. He fondly allowed himself to relive every step of her treasured pregnancy and their shared joy up until the day where Fate seemed to remember they existed and needed to be screwed over once again. Giving himself over, Logan fell into one of his darkest and saddest memories, unable to evade it anymore.

"Come on Mrs. Echolls – push!"

Logan stood by his wife’s side and had one of her small sweaty hands firmly captured in his own larger one. His eyes were fixated on Veronica and the excruciating pain she was now forced to go through to live.

Using his free hand and ignoring the tremors in it, Logan gently wiped Veronica’s clammy forehead with a cool washcloth. Her tightly closed eyes shot up as though his touch brought her back from the hell she was in…just for a heartbreaking short second.

"Logan…please…"

Tears ran eagerly down her flushed cheeks and even if he hadn’t been able to feel them and taste the salt on his lips, Logan knew that his own tears ran freely too.

Gut-wrenching agony had its devastatingly cruel death grip on his insides and they kept twisting them around, making him want to pray for release. If he had any more prayers to spare or if he still believed that it would help even a little.

It had now been hours since they’d set the birth in motion and still, it wasn’t over. Logan had prayed for its end since before the first contraction and no longer believed that any one was listening. If anyone was, they were not willing to help and that realization would’ve broken his heart if it wasn’t already shattered into a million pieces.

The doctor’s pleading voice was sounding more and more desperate as it cut through the noise
from the delivery.

"Mrs. Echolls – Veronica – you have to push before it hurts you too much."

Veronica flinched with pain, but didn't make a sound. Her mouth was closed shut with tears and sweat pouring over it, her screams had stopped long ago leaving behind eerie silence on her part.

Logan bent over Veronica's small, trembling frame and put his head in the nook between her head and collarbone. His mouth was closely by her ear as he pleaded, almost choking with restrained sobs, “Sweetie, you have to do this… I can't stand the thought of losing you too…Please.”

Somehow the raw emotion in his voice that at long last reached Veronica. She cried as she turned her head a fraction to look up at him, her eyes shattered as their souls.

"If I just hold on a little longer, Logan; it'll all be a nightmare, I'm sure of it." Pain suddenly erupted in her small body in a fresh wave, which caused her to convulse in renewed agony and when she spoke again, the exhausted whisper that came from her scared Logan beyond anything he'd ever experienced.

“I can't do this Logan. Please help me, make it all go away... Wake me up and tell me it's all gonna be okay, please wake me up, Logan...”

The pleading cut straight through Logan's own pain and multiplied it by a thousand and made him willing to promise anything to make his usually so strong wife keep on fighting.

"I will Bobcat,” he swore on repeat in Veronica’s ear, “I will. Everything’ll work out, I swear.”

Eventually, something happened and it was over.

Veronica fell back fully on the bed, wounded in her very core and unable to stomach even one more moment of hurt, she let her mind shut down.

Unlike his wife, Logan couldn't tear his eyes away from the small figure, which was being gently wrapped in a pale blue sheet by a solemn-looking nurse in the growing silence.

In fact the hush had a sorrow to it that forced Logan to not deny the truth more than a second. He forced himself to recognize the small bundle in the nurse’s arms.

"My son. It was a boy…” Logan stated, barely audible in the respectful quietness.

The doctor tore his examining eyes away from the still utterly motionless Veronica for a moment and nodded softly to the nurse, who walked the few steps over to the crushed father.

"Here," the middle-aged woman’s voice barely registered in Logan's mind, but he did hold out his arms none the same and an instinct older than time steered his movements. Within seconds his child, his son, was in his surprisingly steady arms.

The still body shocked Logan back from his few moments of numbness and before he could help it, he fell to his knees with a scream caught in his throat, never to be exclaimed.

"Wake up, Logan," the father kept demanding to himself until the doctor saw no choice but to administer a sedative to calm him down long enough to remove Veronica's and Logan's stillborn son from the now shaky grip...

It was another unexpected knock on the door that helped Logan escape his darkest memory and he
almost felt a wave of gratitude at whoever it was on the other side. He sat up just as the door opened to reveal Wallace’s smiling face.

"Hey V, how’s everything going on this fine night?"

With more effort than he’d have liked, Logan shook the remainders of his sadness away and back to the deepest pit of his mind and then he got to his feet wearing a fake smile, ready to play at being Veronica for a little bit.

"Everything’s very fine and dandy as always my good sir. What's up?"

Wallace’s dark skin darkened another few shades as he sat down in the chair by Veronica’s cluttered desk. "Would you believe me if I said I was out taking a merry constitutional?"

Logan smiled. He didn’t even need one ounce of Veronica’s deduction abilities to know that his ‘best’ friend was a horrible liar. He shook his head with over-the-top disappointment to nonverbally portray just how sucky he found Wallace’s cover-story.

Wallace grinned a little sheepishly, put a hand through his hair and caved immediately. "Well, your dad called and told me to get my butt over here and use some of my skills as your number one friend to cheer you up a little."

The grin turned into uncomfortable-sounding chuckle when Logan, who leaned back against the headboard of Veronica's bed, reacted to that revelation.

"And still you couldn't come up with a better excuse? I thought being friends with yours truly had taught you a thing or two. Good thing at least, that Jackie isn’t the jealous type anymore seeing as you can’t seem to stay away."

Awkward at the mention of Jackie, Wallace simply shrugged and, eager to change the subject, he pushed a few keys on the laptop standing in front of him. A few seconds later, soft music poured out into the room.

There was a long silence where the two of them just listened to the music, not entirely knowing what to do next before Wallace seemed to get some idea.

“So,” Veronica’s friend said, looking a tad eagerly toward the still slightly opened door, “your old man mentioned something about lasagna and he may or may not have promised your services in making a few of your delicious Snickerdoodles to get me to come over.”

Logan had no doubt his expression looked like an idiots as his eyes widened comically, “What are you even talking about?"

Wallace looked a bit confused by that question and stood up, turning off the music as he went. "As my best friend it shouldn’t have escaped your notice that it’s been quite a while since I've received my trusty welcome box in my locker, right? I've been cutting you some slack since I'm sure you've been somewhat preoccupied lately what with an obnoxious ex, a boyfriend who’s gone AWOL and the whole scholarship race, but damn Girlie, me want some cookies!"

Logan tried to laugh off the whole conversation, half-hoping that it was all some weird inside joke that Veronica had forgotten to mention before she started treating him like a leper. Unfortunately, the transformed male had never been that great at lying to himself and so already knew the truth. Especially since Veronica had continued baking for her sweet-toothed best friend up until their child's death. After that the petite blonde didn’t do much of anything anymore.
Logan sighed as the image of a gaunt-looking Veronica staring unseeingly out of their bedroom window day in and day out flashed to life behind his eyes. Trying to distract his mind from that picture, Logan led the way out of Veronica’s room and into the combined living room and kitchen of the small Mars apartment.

The distraction worked like a charm as soon as he noticed that Keith stood by the landline looking unusually serious. The older man placed the phone on the small coffee table next to the couch; evidently he’d just ended a call.

Despite himself, Logan felt the stirrings of curiosity in his belly. “Hey, K—Dad, what’s up?”

Keith looked down at Logan and blinked the seriousness away. When he smiled it almost looked real, but the Logan was a master at spotting faked smiles. After all, his early childhood had pretty much depended on knowing when his father’s smiles were genuine or not.

"Nothing Hon," Keith replied and then made a big show out of looking at the watch on his wrist. “Look, I know it’s late, but I’ve got to skedaddle for a couple of hours. Boring work stuff you don’t need to worry yourself with just yet. Are you two going to be alright with everything?”

Logan and Wallace nodded in bemused tandem and watched the former sheriff leave in a surprisingly amount of hurry.

Feeling more than a little suspicious, Logan was about try and get a hold of Veronica despite her continuous evasion tactics in regards to him, but before he even got the chance to try and figure out if Keith’s weird behavior had happened during their first lives, Wallace practically shoved him into the small open kitchen.

Moments later, the basketball player had more or less jumped into the fridge and cabinets to pull out ingredients for those damned cookies.

Well, I guess it’s a normal thing to have Keith leave like this considering his job and all. It’s probably some bail jumper that has nothing to do with Veronica or me, Logan thought with an inwardly shrug before he decided to try and concentrate fully on his upcoming baking task.

It would take everything he had since baking was a thing that Veronica, after years of marriage, had given up teaching him…

0000

Keith was feeling deeply conflicted as he drove toward his unscheduled appointment. The night was as dark as his mood when he pulled into the parking lot and quickly made his way to the building he’d once loved.

It was merely a matter of speaking quietly with the right people and then Keith was granted access inside without any fuss. It was only made easier by the fact that their idiotic boss was out on patrol with a camera team documenting his work and more than likely wouldn’t return anymore that night.

Finally and still almost too soon, Keith arrived at his destination. Inwardly, he kept hoping with an edge of desperation that his very intelligent daughter didn’t find out about his errand.

A shadow moved in the darkness behind the steel bars of the small cell. Slowly a tall form emerged and then it stepped fully into the light only to reveal itself to be the bloodied form of the ever so scandalous Logan Echolls.
Keith couldn’t stop a heavy sigh from escaping him when the kid opened his mouth to speak.

"What took you so long?"

00000

TBC…

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the comments that are the reason I'm continuing to write for this in the midst of my bedrest and the kudos that makes it more interesting for new readers to check out (at least I always check out the stories with the most kudos first, what about you?).

AlinaSorakina's masterpiece: http://archiveofourown.org/works/11284701
Blowing Off Steam and Snickerdutteles

Chapter Summary

Logan tries to bake with unforeseen complications happening as a result and Veronica has a nice little chat with her dad...

Chapter Notes

So, bad news, I think.
I'm about to spend a lot of time on therapy for my hand, meaning I may be too tired to write that much in the upcoming weeks. I'll try, but I don't know how I'll react to the unavoidable pain and such...Seriously, got my cast off this friday and started crying at the doctor's office at the sight of te wounds underneath coupled with the nerve damage. It's horrendous especially since it's my left hand and I'm a proud lefty that draws a lot...sigh. Wish me luck.
As for the chapter here, I just hope you'll enjoy it and the next ones despite the drama :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blowing Off Steam and Snickerdutteles

Looking at the thoroughly unimpressed look her beloved father was giving her, Veronica honestly didn’t know what had come over her to talk to him like she’d just done.

As she eyed her dad through the bars and inwardly cringed in shame at him seeing her like this Veronica pondered whether or not her being in Logan’s body made her turn into him more and more mentally as well.

The idea caused a small shudder to rush through her very being. Yikes, Veronica thought, that’s definitely another thing to put on the con list next time I chat with Lily and she wants me to realize how great this whole experience is…

After a long while wherein Keith hadn’t replied to her sarcastic – and rather rude – greeting, he stepped closer and looked over her injuries. Veronica already knew what his keen eyes would see. Her bottom lip was split down the middle and judging from the pounding pain in her right eye, it was probably turning darker by the minute. A quick glance down at her aching hands found them to be bruised and swollen across the knuckles as well.

A pretty sight, she was not.

"Haven't you gotten yourself checked out yet?"

Silently relishing in the brief show of concern she’d missed so much, Veronica put on Logan’s persona as much as she was able under those circumstances. She smirked like she knew Logan would have, ignoring the twinge of hurt from her injured lip. Her reply was riddled with faked
“What, with Lamb running things in the Sheriff’s Department? I think not, but that’s okay, I’m used to it by now. Besides,” Veronica crossed her arms and tried to look smug despite knowing she had nothing to feel that way about, “you should see the other guys...”

Mimicking her stance, Keith crossed his arms as well. Surprisingly, he actually tilted his head in a way that vividly reminded Veronica of her own signature move and for one excruciating moment, the transformed female wanted nothing more than to jump into her dad’s arms and cry.

Yet, the fact that she was currently taller than her larger than life dad brought home the reality of her situation like nothing else seldom had and she didn’t quite know what to say.

It was as if Keith was perfectly at ease in the growing tension that the silence brought forth. Veronica had to force herself to not look away from his burning gaze.

I’m beginning to see just why the men in my life always acted like good little boy scouts whenever they were around my dad, Veronica thought ruefully. Note to self, stop teasing Logan about his behavior around my lovable, yet obviously tough as nails father...

At last the tension was too high for Veronica to ignore any longer; she’d always lost any kind of game of patience against her dad and wasn’t too harsh on herself for caving.

“So…not that I don’t enjoy our little chats, but are you gonna get me outta here anytime soon?” she asked, using Logan’s cocky attitude to the best of her abilities.

Keith’s answering smile was one that made the tiny hair in the back of Veronica’s neck stand up. She watched with a growing sense of doom as he began shaking his head slowly from side to side.

“Young Mr. Echolls; troublesome, oh let’s say friend of the fruit of my loins…where would the fun be in that?”

Veronica swallowed down the crushed remainder of her hope and blinked. Then she blinked a couple times more as the silence drew out for the second time.

Fortunately, she didn’t have to think of a way to respond to that lovely little statement, because finally it seemed like Keith Mars’ patience was beginning to run out.

“Logan, just for once in your life; trust the authority in front you and tell me exactly what happened. No embellishments or lies or saying someone else started it. I won’t lift a finger to help you until I know all the facts.”

It was a long minute of Veronica staring blankly at her father before she muttered something that vaguely sounded like, “I knew, I didn’t get that stubbornness from Mom.”

“What?” Keith looked puzzled, but let it go when Veronica shook her head and gestured in a placating manner with her bruised hands.

“Nothing, I’m just babbling. More tired than I realized, I guess.”

Looking like he had to force himself to return to the matter at hand. Keith stepped closer to the bars to look seriously up at the younger ‘male’ in front of him. “Logan,” he stated, “I’m sorry that I’m about to sound like any old cheesy lawman out there, but I’m warning you.”

The look that Keith had in his eyes while stating his warning, sent a fresh shiver down Veronica’s
spine. She closed her eyes briefly while taking a deep breath. That made her to emit a quiet whimper of pain when the movement caused a burning sensation to erupt from her no doubt bruised ribs.

Keith stood his ground, expertly concealing his growing concern for the injured ‘boy’. He knew he needed answers to be able to help before anything else.

Veronica battled through the aches of her abused body and gingerly sat down on the small cot at the end of the cool brick wall and ultimately decided to tell as much of the truth as she figured Lily would allow her to reveal.

"I…err…” she began haltingly, “…sort of…err…got into a fight with the Cassablancas brothers at school today."

00000

"Yo, Veronica; sorry to be the one to burst your bubble, Girl, but that dough doesn't usually require a chainsaw for it to be cut into tiny delicious cookies…"

It was only due to a lot of recent practice that Logan only swore heavily inwardly while Veronica's best friend – and a royal pain in the ass, if you asked him! – leaned in over his shoulder and looked down at the tough clay-looking dough that Logan was deeply intertwined with at that moment.

Wallace shot a look that was part amusement and part concern down at his little ‘female’ BFF. "What's up with you lately anyway?" He eventually asked as he somewhat eagerly put a finger into the weird looking dough and carefully licked it, convinced that the look of it was a fluke and that the taste would be as yummy as it always had been before.

Logan found himself torn between fear, dread, enjoyment and a small pinch of honest offence when Wallace, after one little tiny taste-test, quickly made a face of unadulterated revulsion and hurried over to the fridge where he proceeded to empty out half a bottle of orange juice. The offence Logan felt grew a little when he realized that the dark-skinned teenager kept repeating, “Foul, foul, oh-so-very-foul, yuck!”

Unable to keep quiet, Logan practically threw the sorry excuse of dough into the sink. “Look, Buddy,” he hissed angrily as Wallace kept making gagging sounds whenever his eyes fell on the so called cookie-dough. “Nobody forced you to eat my…err… Snickerdutteles or whatever the hell it is they're called in the first place!”

Suddenly, two things happened in a very short period of time.

Firstly, Lynn’s voice echoed more or less like a shrill scream inside Logan’s already aching head, “Mistake, Son; very very big mistake! Look out!"

Then, before Logan could even begin to process the warning, he saw how Wallace jumped toward him with his arms reached out as if to grab him. Logan tried with all his might to avoid the much larger male, but since the kitchen was a complete mess after his not-so-successful baking adventure Logan had barely taken a step backwards before he unceremoniously slipped in some spilled flour on the floor and tumbled gracelessly to the floor.

Within not even a full second, Logan found himself pinned to the dirt tiles on the floor with Wallace Fennel half-way on top of him with his huge hands around his neck. Logan was feeling a little dazed and confused about the quick turn of events, but that quickly turned into trepidation when Veronica’s best friend sneered threateningly in his ear, “Who the hell are you? And what
have you done with my friend?"

00000

While Logan was busy being attacked by Wallace, Veronica was feeling a little glad to be safely behind bars for the first time ever after her confession.

Her dad’s voice was raised with furious disbelief. “You did what?”

At first Veronica had foolishly hoped that the shocked gasp he’d emitted at her reveal had been the end of his reaction, but seeing as his shout of disbelieving anger had the potential to break a sound-barrier or two, she was woefully naïve after not having spent as much time with him lately as she’d used to do.

*It doesn’t exactly help my nerves that his eyes are piercing right through me with judgement,* Veronica thought, a little despondently.

"Look," the time traveler tried to explain as her eyes kept begging her dad for some much needed understanding, "things have gotten blown way out of proportion, all right? Lamb's impeccable sense for the dramatics has made everything a lot worse than they needed to be for what was basically a schoolyard brawl. I guess Lamb really missed my sparkling wit and good looks…”

Sadly, Veronica’s rather feeble attempt at a joke didn’t seem to cheer up her father. He simply looked at her.

“That’s weird, Veronica thought, matching Keith’s thousand yard stare as best she could under the less than ideal circumstances, *he kinda looks like he’s disappointed in me…well, Logan that is, but I didn’t even know he had any expectations of Logan?*

The older Mars looked like it took a lot of effort for him to swallow down some not so parental words when Veronica didn’t keep on explaining what had happened to land her in a cell. He sighed heavily and leaned forward a bit to rest his weary head against the cold bars.


Veronica fought down her discomfort at seeing her dad so tired and started debating with herself how to tell him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth…

"*You better not reveal any more secrets Missy, or I’ll whoop your blonde transfigured ass!*"

Lily's voice rang crystal clear inside her mind and Veronica caught a glimpse of the deceased Kane standing unnoticed a little behind Keith. She was making over the top throat-cutting movements and throwing glaring daggers with her eyes in unvoiced warning.

Realizing that she couldn’t do entirely as her dad demanded, Veronica sighed and thought back on what had happened prior to her not so joyful incarceration and, more importantly, how much of it she was going to be able to share.

*Several hours earlier at Neptune High School, Veronica had been walking down the halls feeling extremely agitated.*

*The younger Mars was very preoccupied by trying figure out her next steps and remembering what had happened the first time she’d lived through high school.*
It has to happen soon, Veronica thought, a little more desperate with each passing day, I can’t wait much longer! Any day now, Lucky will start going bananas and end up dead and Woody freaking Goodman will be blown to smithereens without a chance of jail. And that man deserves going to prison as a known child-molester! Oh yeah, and little murderous Cassidy has to be dealt with too!

Deep in her dark thoughts, and completely ignoring the part of her that longed for her almost ex-husband’s counsel, Veronica suddenly bumped into the very one that her mind kept going back to.

Cassidy Cassablancas almost flew into the bright yellow lockers at the impact with her larger body.

"Ouch," he muttered, bending down to collect his dropped books. Veronica sighed and helped him while desperately trying not to grab the murderer and pull him into her "office" to force a full confession out of him.

"Thanks Logan…and sorry for the bumping."

The soft spoken sentence and apology for something that hadn’t even been his fault in the first place, woke Veronica from her thought process and before she even knew what had happened she stepped in front of the younger Cassablancas, blocking his path.

It may only have been a couple of seconds, but Veronica felt like she kept staring at his confused and slightly worried-looking face for a small eternity. Before she even consciously knew what she was about to do, Veronica opened her mouth and started something she really shouldn’t have.

“So,” she asked, a dry tone in her voice that was more or less saturated with barely hidden animosity, “been to any drug-filled parties lately. Beaver?”

Cassidy’s brown eyes widened a fraction more, but it didn’t take more than a few seconds for his brilliant mind to work through her meaning, and then his face turned into an expressionless mask.

“Why do you ask?”

The complete lack of emotion in him, coupled with an innocently raised brow managed to ignite the dormant anger that was ever present deep within Veronica, anger at him for raping her, giving her chlamydia and then having the sheer gall to almost frame her for the murder of ‘Curly’ Moran.

What do you think you’re doing? Lily’s voice asked, a tad worriedly inside her mind, but for once Veronica easily ignored the Kane girl and she simply continued with a voice that dripped of enough faked innocence to match his.

"I just wondered if you still needed Dick’s help providing the unconscious ladies or is this Mac doing it for ya? I didn’t think she’d be your type being awake and all…”

Cassidy narrowed his eyes in brimming anger and Veronica felt like an ass. Her mind was busy arguing with herself.

Not nice!

He’s a criminal – a murderer, who cares? Her vengeful side pointed out carelessly.

Mac’s your friend, Doofus! Veronica’s conscience stated angrily.

Not Logan’s friend!
Veronica behave yourself!

I have to stop his rampage! The desperation that had been a constant in Veronica’s mind since the beginning made it easy to argue her points.

Not yet, you don’t! You know you’re not ready! A voice sounding suspiciously like Lily butted in and Veronica rediscovered a smidge of her control.

But… she didn’t manage to finish her last objection before a mixture between Lily’s voice and her own interrupted.

Listen to yourself, when you’re talking!

Before Veronica could fully commit to either of her decisions (or Lily’s for that matter), Cassidy’s temper got the better of him and out of nowhere he swung at her and just like that, Veronica felt the almost familiar by this point, pain in her nose, where his fist landed.

The pain jumpstarted her almost extinguished anger back into full bloom and for the first time Veronica loved being in Logan’s body. She simply grabbed a firm hold of the smaller boy and slammed him roughly against the lockers. Then she shook him viciously, not caring that his head hit the lockers brutally, busy as she was pouring all her old animosity into her shakes.

No wonder Logan loves a good brawl, Veronica thought with an uncharacteristic viciousness.

Sadly, for Veronica’s catharsis, two strong arms suddenly flung themselves around her waist and pulled her roughly off the now bleeding Cassidy.

Feeling cheated out of her long awaited vengeance, Veronica pushed free of the arms holding her tightly. The owner of said limbs turned out to be Dick and she had feeling things were about to escalate beyond even her control.

"Dude," Dick warned, "don't mess with my baby-brother, okay? I really don't care if you can kick my ass till next Sunday, you don't get to hurt my family."

The words were spoken calmly, but Veronica knew Dick. She knew the deep seated loyalty running through every vein in his muscular body and still she couldn’t keep her damned mouth from pouring more gasoline on the metaphorical fire.

"He started it, and I think I need to finish it…"

The implied threat made Dick see red and without another word, he jumped at her and for the next five minutes, Neptune Highs student population witnessed who they thought was the King of Neptune High fight fiercely against his second in command until some security finally showed up with some frazzled-looking teachers to escort them to the lovely Sheriff’s Department.

"Logan!"

Veronica snapped out of her recollection of the event that landed her in her newest mess and met Keith’s burning glare.

"Are you ever gonna tell me or are we just gonna stand here all night? I have a little girl to get home to, remember?"

Veronica sighed, unable to keep the bitter twist to her lips from forming. Oh, yeah, I remember, Daddio, she thought coolly.
Finally deciding that her father wouldn't be able or even willing to understand that she attacked the Cassablancas kids due to some ‘old’ issues, Veronica settled on the easiest lie she could think of.

"Look, it’s not a good reason I have for acting like I did. I had a meeting with …err, Daddy Dearest earlier today and I guess that I needed to let out some steam and as we now know, it didn't go too well."

Keith crossed his arms again, his brow furrowed with suspicion. “Is that it? You call me late at night and ask me to drop everything to come help you out while not telling Veronica, I might add and for what? A petty, childish scrap?”

Veronica flinched inside at the incredulous way her dad looked at her, like he couldn’t believe how stupid she’d behaved.

"Geez Da...Daddy Mars,” she played off her shame by acting every bit as obnoxious as she knew Logan would’ve given the same situation, “it almost sounds stupid when you say it like that. Like I said, it was blown way out of proportion.”

Keith couldn't help it, a small, very small movement began around his mouth and developed into the tiniest of smiles. For some unknown reason, in that moment the Echolls heir reminded him thoroughly of his daughter and nothing made Keith Mars softer than his only child.

"Fine,” the former Sheriff capitulated tiredly, “come on, I'll get you out of here and Dick too. Sacks told me that he's in the other cell down the hall.”

Veronica let out a huge breath she didn't even know she'd been holding and leaned back to wait for her dad to get her out of her lovely holding cell so she could forget the mess she'd made that day. She was so grateful that she barely felt any jealousy over the fact that the younger Cassablancas once again had escaped any repercussions of his actions…barely, anyway.

00000

TBC…

Chapter End Notes

FYI, I have just started posting one of my other VM stories, called Undercover and I'll love it if you'd check it out. It's finished and I'm gonna update daily!

Also, I love you for your kind comments and well wishes. Thanks for sharing this story with me :D

Until Next Time!
BFF Gone Wild and Endings...

Chapter Summary

Wallace explodes, Veronica freaks and Logan gives up...

Chapter Notes

Sad news my little darlings! Due to pain in my hand and overall suckiness, I haven't written at all in two days, meaning that I've caught up to myself...that also means that unless my pain and general mood completely catapults me into action, I won't be able to update tomorrow for RGD's...I hope I'm wrong but I felt like you needed to be warned.

With my "new" story Undercover, for those of you willing to read that, it doesn't matter as I have that all ready for posting already and will stick with daily updates (hopefully those of you not reading it already will change your minds and go do so while you wait for me to update this little story.)

A huge apology for any waits, but as you have all stated so often (and kindly!) I need to focus on my healing first, writing second.

I'll still try though 'cause I hate to wait as a reader myself on unfinished stories :D

Enjoy and sorry for the novel length note :S

See the end of the chapter for more notes

BFF Gone Wild and Endings...

As weird as it was, it was the dirty flour and other bits of nastiness that Logan’s mind first found itself preoccupied with. A small part of him cringed at the feel of dropped ingredients and other dirt-related stuff that he could feel weaving itself fully – and unwantedly – into his no doubt by now very messy hair.

What the Hell am I even doing thinking about this right now? Logan chastised himself and tried focusing on his real predicament instead. I’m grossed out by an icky floor? Dammit, I’m such a girl...

The thought had barely run through the troubled ‘girl’s’ mind before Wallace’s strong fingers removed themselves from Logan’s throat and settled on his shoulders instead, pinning him deeper into the floor with a bit more pressure.

There was a brief moment of tension-filled awkwardness before Wallace put on an uncharacteristically dark expression and practically growled, “I don’t like to repeat myself, but I’m gonna need to one more time since you’re apparently not only a dimwitted weirdo, but one that’s hard of hearing too. Who are you and more importantly what are you, Freakazoid?”

Feeling more than a little out of his depth, Logan briefly shot his eyes and mutely called out for his mother’s help. Unfortunately, it seemed like Lynn Echolls was currently other ways entertained in that moment since all that his silent begging resulted in was Wallace’s hissing a threat into his ear.
“Open your damn eyes and look at me when I’m talking to you or I swear I’ll open them for you!”

Logan had to force out an annoyingly persistent sense of upcoming doom out of his mind while ignoring the tiny voice in his head telling him to keep his mouth shut (for once said voice sounded more like his wife than his dead mom.) Then he did as ordered and opened his eyes.

Naturally, Logan couldn’t ever just follow orders without adding some kind of sarcastic commentary that could possibly get him into even more trouble.

“Wallace Fennel, my ever-so-brutal bestie, did I ever occur to you that attacking Keith Mars’ only child in said man’s own apartment without any kind of assistance wouldn’t be the best thought out plan of action you could take?”

Blinking a little stupidly, Wallace didn’t answer. It was pretty obvious that he hadn’t really expected any kind of reply from his captive – let alone a snarky one.

The silence went on for a few more moments, growing tenser by every passing second of quietness. Then, the black best friend of Veronica Mars snapped out of his momentary stupor and fell back into the BFF role that he secretly loved so much.

“Look, Missy. I’m never gonna pretend that I’m the smartest guy in the world, but I do know that you’re sure as hell ain’t my best friend. Now, normally, I’m a pretty average guy minding my own business, but sure as I’ve got a sweet tooth, something’s tingling my Spidey sense here and I’m not gonna stop till I get to the bottom of what’s going on!”

Listening to, and witnessing, the complete determination in Wallace’s entire being made Logan speechless for a long moment. He spent that time being the one to blink stupidly for a bit until he too regained his senses.

“Well, well, well,” Logan said mockingly, trying not to let show how impressed he was by the other male’s loyalty, “give the man with the frizzy black hair an observation prize. Fine, I’ll tell you what you need to know if you just let go of me.”

Nothing happened immediately, and Logan battled himself briefly, not really knowing whether or not his mischievousness should win over his growing annoyance. Sighing, he let his humor win out in the end.

“FYI, Buddy, I don’t particularly enjoy being trapped like this…Unless it’s during a sexual event of some kind then I’m down for pretty much anything, but,” Logan smirked his special half-grin, completely unaware or uncaring at least, that the facial movement gave Wallace the creeps, “…I need you to understand that this body belongs to me and me alone. Now, move.”

The image of Wallace panting on top of his wife popped into Logan’s mind during his speaking and aside from ruining his mood entirely, some of his old jealousy returned to him and made him able to use his much smaller body to push the other guy off in a startling move.

Wallace was caught completely off guard seeing as he too had suddenly been assaulted with very unwanted mental pictures of some deeply, very oh-so-very wrong interactions with his best friend slash sister from another mister. Urgh!

“Hey!” was all the basketball played had time to say before the Veronica Look-Alike stood before him with a foot firmly planted on an unquestionable male part of him that Wallace kinda treasured to be honest.

The look on Wallace’s face was utterly priceless…at least to a smirking Logan.
He looks like I just confessed to being the Unabomber and the Boston Strangler all mixed up into one homicidal package. Logan thought smugly, Man, I kinda wish Veronica was here to see this payback to her wittle-ickle precious Wallace.

Pushing his mental superiority aside, Logan put on a half-glare on his face and couldn’t help but return the favor so to speak to Veronica’s friend.

“Chill or lose a marble…”

It was a little funny to watch as Wallace completely froze from one second to the next. He looked as though Logan had just told him that a big fat tarantula was making its way into his precious afro.

The humor died a quick death when Logan recalled his earlier promise to tell all. He sighed heavily and eyed the downed teen in front of him for a moment before he spoke again. “I’m actually pretty damn positive that you won’t believe a word of what I’m about to tell you, Boy Wonder, but I’m a man of my word these days…or, well, pretty much anyway.”

Wallace started to frown as if preparing to interrupt and since Logan in essence remained an Echolls and thus had a mean streak a mile wide, he responded by putting a bit more pressure into where his foot was placed. The heightened threat to his mini-me caused Wallace to look almost constipated, but it served Logan’s purpose. The other male practically turned into a living statue.

"No interruptions, my good sir," Logan stated needlessly in an over the top polite tone.

He waited a couple of seconds before he was satisfied enough with Wallace’s obedience and, deciding to reward his good behavior, Logan continued as if he’d never almost been interrupted in the first place.

"Like I said, I keep my promises. As you so kindly told me before brutishly tackling me to the ground; you’re right, I’m not Veronica Mars.” Logan held up a hand in warning, “Now before you go all Mulder and Scully on me, I feel I need to say that I’m not an alien destined to destroy Earth and/or falling in love with a certain dark-skinned basketball player and thereby endangering the whole universe and my unvoiced mission…"

Logan paused and took a deep breath, trying to think up a way to tell his rather unbelievable story so it didn’t wind up with him in a freaking straightjacket being spoon fed gruel every Sunday.

Lynn’s voice rang through his head with a cautionary warning that he wholly decided to pretend he didn’t hear. *Logan, you need to be careful. Wallace isn’t supposed to know and the repercussions could end up more far-reaching than you’d even begin to imagine…*

In the end, Logan decided that honesty really was the best move to make and with one last deep breath, he started talking.

“T’im Logan Echolls from the future trapped in Veronica’s tiny body. My decades long dead mother sent me back from the future to fix my crumbling marriage with the before mentioned blonde for some bizarro reason. She seems to care quite a lot about my love life for a dead person, if you ask me. Well, to be fair, at first it was kinda nice having someone care about my marriage as my wife certainly didn’t. The woman in question isn’t fighting for control inside this body, in fact she’s got her own and that kinda brings me to my next point—”

Suddenly, Backup the pit bull, who had lay forgotten at Veronica’s bedroom door and showed not even one tiny inkling of care for the body of his mistress being attacked, jumped up and interrupted
Logan's babbling explanation. He all but ran through the apartment and started barking excitedly at the front door and moments later, his behavior was explained when the white painted door was slammed open and revealed the person the K9 loved most in the world.

Without more than a brief pause to pet the joyful animal, Veronica stepped in, looking every bit as annoyed as Logan Echolls used to do whenever he'd been put through the ringer. As soon as her eyes took in the sight in front of her, she stopped dead in the doorway.

Logan was still standing in a half-way to battle position, looking slightly flushed with a very strategically placed foot on her best friend’s private area. Said best friend looked totally dumbstruck, looking between the two of them with a growing look of dawning realization and awed fear...

Oh no, he didn’t!

Lily's shrill shriek of pure fury rang through Veronica’s already like a drill and the intelligent former teenaged private investigator didn’t have to spend all that much of her supreme observational skills before she caught on to what was going on.

"You told him?!!" Veronica practically mirrored Lily’s mental shriek, “Oh, you stupid son of a—”

_Psycho? Serial adulterer? Murderer? Sex-addict? Come on Veronica, there's like a million perfect insults to choose from here, don't end it there!_

Lily's voice sounded inside Veronica again, brimming with an infuriated need to scold, but for once the transformed woman barely heard her as her attention was suddenly grabbed by something more important. She sniffed the air and narrowed her eyes suspiciously only to announce roughly that something was burning!

Wallace watched with his mouth wide open in shock as his best friend’s on and off again boyfriend jumped into action. In one smooth move, the supposed boy pulled on an oven mitt, opened the stove and without any hesitation whatsoever dove straight into the stinking smoke and came back out bearing a large plate of what appeared to be several small lumps of coal.

Privately, Wallace deemed the charred lumps to be an improvement to their previous state seeing as his mouth was still begging to be scrubbed from that one little taste he’d taken before everything went to hell in a handbasket.

With an uttered curse, the ‘cookies’ were dumped into the sink and the whole thing sort of managed to make everything seem more real to Wallace.

Logan Echolls was a lot of things (jackass, emotional, psycho, loyal, violent, in love with Veronica Mars, rich...oh yeah and _violent_, ) but elegant in a kitchen setting was not exactly the word he'd use about the psychotic jackass, as Veronica had so aptly (fondly) named him.

From his rather uncomfortable place on the kitchen floor Wallace looked up at the body of who he’d previously thought to be Veronica. Then his eyes turned to the very out of character body of Logan and back again until it yet again landed on the tall form standing frozen by the smoking stove and Wallace managed to stutter out one word.

"Mar…Marshmallow?"

Before anything else happened, Backup finally lost his patience over being more or less ignored by his favorite human and the dog disrupted the surreal moment by literally jumping into his true owner's arms for attention.
Fifteen minutes later or so, Wallace was sitting in his favorite chair in the Mars home; the zebra-striped armchair of pure comfortableness. By his feet a much put out-looking dog lay planted. The teenager barely noticed the woeful expression on the pit bull; too busy watching the two time travelers in front of him like he was watching a tennis match.

Logan – no, Veronica, Wallace inwardly corrected himself stood toweringly over the real Logan with one hand gesturing wildly and the other firmly planted at her hipbone as if to keep herself from committing an act of violence during their newest shouting match.

In comparison to Veronica, Logan stood casually leaned back against the still messy counter with his arms crossed and his mouth closed tight as if he knew opening it would result in a lot more noise than the neighbors would allow at that time of night.

“Don’t just stand there looking all superior like I’m the crazy one here, Logan!” Veronica yelled, looking ready to tear her hair out. “I can’t believe you told him even after we agreed not to tell anymore people! It’s dangerous, remember?”

Wallace lifted a hand to ask who else knew, but his question was answered before he got a chance to utter a single syllable.

Looking like he’d finally had enough of Veronica’s condemning him, Logan straightened out and finally opened his mouth. Unlike Veronica his voice was calm and quiet, a sure sign to anyone that knew him that he was beyond angry.

"Weevil knowing the truth was your idea if memory serves. Why is it that when I tell someone the end of the world is nigh? No, don’t answer that, my dear Veronica. We both know that you can do no wrong and I’m the perpetual screw-up. But,” Logan’s voice turned almost deadly in its quiet fury and Wallace suddenly wanted to hide like a child, “Just to be clear; we wouldn't even be in this fucking mess if you'd just stopped acting like an ass and had told me what was bothering you weeks ago! You started ignoring me, Veronica and honestly I’m not even that surprised 'cause you always do that, it’s like your fucking signature move. Shutting me out on a whim without ever listening to me and then when the shit inevitably hits the fan, let’s go blame Logan! I've said it before Honey-pie; I'm sick and tired of being held responsible for everything that goes wrong in your life!"

Wallace watched in pure amazement as Veronica couldn't seem to deliver one of her usual catty responses in the face of Logan’s wrath. It was also pretty damned obvious that they were no longer talking just about him finding out the truth.

The look in Logan's face clearly stated that he too was hurting in more ways than one and Veronica's eyes darkened with some unnamed pain that brought a pang of worried sympathy to Wallace’s chest.

Then Logan sighed deeply as if he was just over the entire argument. He ran a hand through his hair in a way that Veronica never did, which actually helped convince Wallace even more that he wasn't going crazy and then he watched on as Logan finished his point quietly.

“Do whatever you want, Veronica. To be honest with you, I don't feel like playing this game anymore. I'm done.” Looking like the words psychically pained him; Logan added seriously, “When we manage to finally go back home, I’ll make sure that you'll get your wish. I'll sign the divorce papers so...enjoy that victory at least; it can keep you warm at night whenever the world seems too dark for you or whatever. You can finally be free from the pain in your ass that is me.”
Having finished with his points, Logan slowly walked closer to Veronica’s frozen form and stood up on the tip of his toes where he then gave Veronica a quick peck on the cheek before he left the Mars residence without a second glance at Wallace, who didn’t doubt that he looked wholly gobsmacked at the byplay he’d just seen.

For a long while after Logan’s departure, Veronica didn't move and the look in her face proved to Wallace that although she didn't want to admit it, probably not even to herself, Logan truly was the love of her life.

Wallace stood up slowly and walked the few steps over to her and even though he had to fight off the uncomfortable notion of lending comfort to a guy that looked like Logan Echolls, Wallace didn’t really hesitate for a second. Within moments, he’d embraced his best friend in a comforting hug.

His voice oozed sincerity and soothing empathy when he whispered in Veronica’s ear, “Tell me everything Marshmallow, I'm here for you…”

0o0o0

TBC…

Chapter End Notes

Trust me, I know what I’m doing!! :D
Thanks for the lovely comments and confirming kudos :D
Until Next Time!
Wallace a.k.a. Mr. Know-It-All

Chapter Summary

Veronica spills it all and Wallace hunts down Logan to get justice for his friend because her side of the story is the only one that counts...right?

Chapter Notes

Yay, finished a new chapter. Took me ages and I just kept on adding on to it, so it's one of the longer ones. And let me tell ya, the way it's shaping up, the next one will be the same.

Anyway, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wallace a.k.a. Mr. Know-it-all

It felt like an hour had passed but realistically, it couldn’t have been more than a couple of minutes.

Wallace sighed heavily as the originally so soothing silence slowly turned awkward. Finally, he decided to release Veronica from his arms. For now his instinctive desire to push away the male form from his personnel space was ignored, so he could concentrate on the distraught female in front of him.

No matter how freaking weird seeing Veronica’s expressions on the boy he’d kinda vehemently disliked ever since he’d watched him bash her car and threaten her with that creepy-ass smile on his face was…

"Look V," Wallace managed to shake off any uncomfortableness and concentrate on the broken-looking Veronica instead. He put on an exaggerated smile and over the top accent before adding seriously, “You’ve got some ‘splaining to do and I’ve got some best friend duties to uphold so let’s go to the beach or something to talk everything through, okay?""  

For one long moment, Veronica just looked at him and it was the look in her eyes more than anything that made it so easy for Wallace to wholly accept the craziness that he’d found himself in. He didn’t even really notice that the eyes staring so intently at him wasn’t the usually blue-grey ones.

Finally, Veronica spoke, blinking and breaking the intense stare simultaneously. “I’d like that. Even though it’s really too late to enjoy much of anything and more than anything there’s a chance that the 09’ers are partying at the beach too…Oh, well, it still sounds better than staying here.”

Having apparently decided on their path, Veronica quickly bent down and petted her beloved pit bull farewell and then, without another word, she straightened up and led the way out of the apartment and into the yellow monstrosity that Wallace on more than one occasion had heard
Logan call a trusty sidekick.

Seeing his friend take the leading position as always managed to push the worried frown on Wallace’s face into a small smile. “You can take the Veronica outta the girl, but you can’t take Veronica outta Veronica,” he whispered as he quickly jumped into the passenger’s seat and got comfortable for the upcoming ride to the beach.

“Did you say something?”

Veronica turned her head and looked at him, but Wallace just shook his head and ten seconds later the two friends were off. They spent the short car-ride in comfortable silence and it didn’t take long at that time of night to reach their chosen destination. Five minutes later, Veronica pulled into the parking lot next to the beach.

Wallace ignored the frustrated sigh that Veronica emitted at the sight of several cars that, judging from the music and other noises, belonged to their schoolmates. He tried to act cool (well, cooler than usually, Wallace amended with false cockiness) as soon as he realized that some of Logan Echolls’ so-called friends looked a bit puzzled by his presence.

It was common knowledge that bad boy Logan Echolls didn't associate with the goody two shoes jock Wallace Fennell. It wasn’t because he was unpopular per say, but the "Flagpole guy" insisted on maintaining his friendship with Neptune's Persona non grata, Veronica Mars and that made it impossible for them to fully accept him into their rank so to speak.

Wallace wasn’t the only one noticing the looks and Veronica acted with an ease that came from a lot of experience. She sent some of Logan’s patented death glares their way and the glares only grew more frightening to witness when some of Veronica’s own feelings shined through. Soon after nobody was watching the duo anymore and they made their way down to the more quiet part of the beach without any disturbances whatsoever.

The whole thing made the dark-skinned teenager a little uneasy and he chuckled uncomfortably, not sure how to act as the two of them made their way to a secluded spot with benches strategically placed.

“You know,” he observed with mock indifference, “it’s not exactly helping you to keep me convinced of this whole crazy story being true when you act so much like Logan, who, if I’m not mistaken you at one times used to introduce as an obligatory psychotic jackass…”

Veronica walked a bit slower at those words and cast a hesitant look over at him that made Wallace exceedingly curious. He felt his earlier frown make a comeback and gently reached out to grab hold of the muscular bicep that now belonged to his formally so petite friend in an effort to stop her.

“Okay Mars, what’s going on? What did I say?”

Veronica looked out over the moon and star covered ocean and sighed. It was clear that she wasn’t quite sure of what to say to him and that lying or obfuscating anything like she was so damned good at normally, wouldn’t work on him either.

Eventually she looked him in the eyes and the determination in hers once again cemented the whole thing as being nothing but near unbelievable truth. Mentally he promised to comfort his achy brain with some Rocky Road ice-cream once he went home for the night, but then he completely refocused as soon as Veronica opened her mouth to finally speak.
“…Well,” she explained quietly as they reached the benches and she sat down without looking at him, “I just remembered a time long from now, where you said those words, that’s about it.”

Feeling a fresh wave of pure unadulterated curiosity, a need to know absolutely everything nearly overwhelms Wallace as he crosses his arms and arches an eyebrow in silent inquiry. Sadly for the dark-skinned teenager, he can actually spot the very moment where Veronica’s well-known iron will kicks in and she firmly decides not to elaborate further on the subject.

It’s really annoying to be honest.

With a sigh, Wallace let his friend have her small victory. Instead of pushing, he slowly walked over to the old bench she was sitting on and sat down next to her. In the back of his mind, Wallace realized with a vague sense of relief that their seating arrangement was hidden away from the partying crowd in the near distance and the chances of them being disturbed were practically null.

It took a little while before Wallace understood that his time traveling friend wasn’t about to just blurt out everything and finally, his patience was used up and he all but pleaded with her to open up.

"V, come on girl, don't build up your walls again. At least wait until I'm included in your misery and can help you out a little…” Wallace spotted the ghost of a smile that crossed his friend’s face and, with an inwardly sense of accomplishment, continued softly. “Please tell me everything…I already know a lot of how you got here from Logan, but I want to know why you got here. Let me in, Veronica. You don’t have to do this all alone, okay?"

Let me in, Veronica

It was like the words pierced through her stomach, like a knife slicing open her insides with dulled edges and unmeasurable spikes of agony. A memory wedged in the deepest parts of her crawled its way to the forefront of her mind with determination seldom seen.

Logan talking to her answering machine after she once again hung up on him, begging her to pick up and talk about everything. A plea she denied as always – even when she needed him the most…

“Let me in, Veronica!”

"I wanna help you…"

Wallace's friendly voice reached Veronica's darkened thoughts and she reopened her eyes, not even aware that she’d closed them in the first place.

Tired and so done with everything, Veronica drew in breath to talk, half-hoping that Lily would somehow emerge and force her to stop and go to bed. She was just so tired…

"Why am I here? Good question, something about reliving the glory days to see that Logan and I are meant for each other. I don't even really know…"

Tears slowly burned her eyes as they filled up and Veronica was too emotionally spent to even wipe them away. She just looked out over the darkened sea, focusing on the bright moon’s light upon the glistening water. "He cheated on me, Wallace and,” Veronica exhaled a puff of air as if releasing a mountain of stress she’d unknowing carried since returning to the past, "…it was just the last straw in a long, very long line of straws…"

Wallace edged closer and put his arm around her and Veronica smiled inwardly for a moment, as she caught a glimpse of his struggle to forget that he wasn't hugging a fellow male on his
concerned face. It really was quite fun to see the instinctive reluctance her friend had over being too touchy-feely with a guy, she decided wearily.

"Look my little private pep squad, my pony loving Miss-Know-It-All, just fill me in and I swear I'll do the best I can to help you through this. It's what I always do, remember?"

As if Veronica’s earlier wish had finally been heard, Lily’s form suddenly materialized in front of the two friends, and Veronica immediately knew that her initial wish to be ordered to stop talking had been a fool’s wish; she wanted – needed – to talk to someone, who wasn’t in the same boat or in Lily’s case dead.

Veronica had barely begun to tense up, readying for a fight before she relaxed at Lily’s words that were uttered in a much calmer tone then during their last face to face encounter.

"Let your friend help you Ronica. Tell him what you could never say to Logan. Don’t worry I'll take the fall. Being Celeste's scandalous daughter at least taught me to take the blame so don't sweat it Babe."

Veronica watched, filled with a never-ending sense of gratitude as Lily then simply blew an over the top air kiss and disappeared as suddenly as she'd arrived.

Wallace saw Veronica stare at something in front of them that he couldn’t begin to fathom what was until he suddenly remembered how Logan had said something about his dead mother and the infamous Lily Kane he’d never met. A chill ran down his spine as he rightly figured that the two meddling ghosts or whatever they were routinely decided to pop down to check on their charges now and then.

It makes sense, he thought with a shudder, but damn it if the whole thing doesn’t creep me the hell out…

It was Veronica’s genuinely relieved smile that drew him out of his uncomfortable state of mind even as she stared straight into his undoubtedly freaked out eyes.

"I want you to promise me, that no matter what, you'll act with the calm dignity that I've come to rely on over the years.” She started with a serious tone and adding sternly when he simply shrugged innocently, “I mean it, Wallace. No matter what or else I won’t be bribed into telling you if your NBA dreams will come true…”

Wallace shook his head ruefully, leaning back on the bench and mentally preparing himself for a long story. "Same old quid pro quo Mars, eh? Fine no matter what you tell me, this brothar ain’t running off to deliver some justice, 'aight?"

Veronica rolled her eyes when he tried talking Ghetto before she took in a deep breath and started telling him absolutely everything.

It was like bleeding an infected wound dry from pus as she talked and so big was the sweet relief that Veronica didn’t notice the growing storm in her friend’s face.

00000

About an hour after Veronica finished her story, Wallace finally managed to track down his target sitting in the eerie ruined grounds of his former and so recently destroyed home.

"YOU!"
The possessed form of Veronica Mars turned around and took one look at his thunderous expression and snorted. "So," Logan slurred, “judging by the fire in your eyes, I'm gonna go out on a limb here and say that Veronica told you her side of the story."

Wallace put his hands into the pockets of his jeans to stop himself from strangling his best friend’s future husband. "I only need her side," he then practically growled and saw with dawning realization as Logan turned his back to him and gripped a bottle of whiskey of all things. It was pretty obvious from the amount left in the bottle that he'd been drinking it ever since leaving the Mars' apartment.

Logan snorted, took a big gulp of whiskey, swallowed and grimaced briefly before he put on an air of nonchalance that fooled absolutely no one. “Look Wally, I for one am ever so pleased that our darling Ronnie has rallied yet another one of her trusted knights around her to help throw her accusations at me, but right now I’ve just decided to divorce my wife and I’m very much not in the mood to swap insults. So I’d take it as a personal favor if you’d just vamoose Veronica’s not so white knight…”

Logan used his empty hand to wave in the direction behind Wallace, silently urging him to leave. “If you’re worried about this whole drinking thing being found out, don’t. Daddy Mars called earlier and told me that after he’d dropped off Dick and Beaver, he got a lead on some bail-jumper he’d been chasing and won’t be back till tomorrow…or well,” Logan smirked, “today if you wanna get technical…Anyway back to the point I was so cleverly making. I’m in a mood, so go away. Please and thank you.”

To his later embarrassment, Wallace actually sputters with undignified anger at the clear dismissal. “Look, Echolls,” he more or less sneers, “I’m not exactly in a great mood myself, so cut the shit and tell me how the hell you could sleep with the Devil's foster child Madison Sinclair? Especially since she and you apparently ruined your college relationship by you screwing her the first time or whatever. Even in this time, that girl torments Veronica every chance she gets!"

Logan snorted violently and since he had consumed more alcohol in the last hour then in the last several months combined, he tumbled over and landed in the grass on the still scorched lawn of his former house.

"...Devil's foster child," he hiccupped out while chuckling as well, “you're actually quite funny, did you know that?"

Wallace sighed and sat down in front of the drunken ‘teenager’ and ran a hand through his hair feeling exhausted. He didn’t respond, knowing that nothing he said would penetrate the alcoholic haze of amusement that the other male was experiencing in that moment.

After a few minutes, Logan's almost hysterical alcohol-induced laugh died down into small snorts and Wallace decided to broach the subject again, albeit with a lot more control over his temper. “Did you sleep with her to get a reaction out of Veronica or what? When I talked to her, she couldn't answer me and well, I want to know." Logan groaned softly and bemoaned the way he could feel his buzz wearing off at Wallace’s persistence. When it became obvious that the dark-skinned boy wasn’t going to leave him the hell alone till he got some answers, Logan decided to tell the truth.

“If you simply must know every little detail, even though it really doesn’t concern you at all; I didn't sleep with Madison…the second time around at least.” Logan scoffed bitterly and continued, “But good luck convincing Veronica of that. I never could and believe you me, I tried."
Wallace felt a headache forming persistently between his eyes and he desperately wanted some Aspirin when he rubbed his temples gently. “So,” he said tiredly, “according to V, she comes home one day, opens the front door and hears voices. Then she enters your bedroom and finds a half-naked Sinclair on your bed and you coming out from the bathroom only wearing a towel… Yeah, nothing happened, alright.”

Logan tried to give his usual sarcastic chuckle, but it ended in a not so dignified burp. To try and find the best way to convince Wallace, he then closed his eyes used his entire drunken mind’s capacity to remember that fateful day that had truly spelled the end of his marriage.

After a few minutes of heavy silence, Logan finally opened his mouth and narrated as the scene played out in front of his eyes, "I got home early from work that day. I wanted to be there for Veronica, she hadn't been doing great the last couple of months and was so worn out all the time. I decided to force her to open up to me again 'cause I couldn't function properly without my wife. One the way home I see Madison by the side of the road with a flat tire and somehow, don't even ask me how, I wind up fixing the car right there and she invited herself along for coffee and I told her to help herself and went into the shower to clean up. A couple of minutes later, I hear her wandering around the bedroom and we talk. I made sure the door was closed the whole time. Then I hear this odd disbelieving sound and I grabbed a towel and hurried out of the bathroom. Lo’ and behold, in front of me is Madison wearing as you gently put it not so much and in the doorway I meet Veronica's eyes and I know right then and there, that no matter what I said or did would ever convince her that I didn't do a damned thing…”

Logan ended his tale and forced his bad memory back into the box labelled: **Life screwing over the Echolls kid**, and looked up at Wallace. He felt completely sober after his trip down memory lane and briefly debated whether or not he should re-start his attempt at getting completely sloshed. Ultimately, the Echolls’ heir didn’t feel like finishing his self-appointed quest and carefully placed the half-empty bottle next to him without taking another sip.

It took a long moment of quietness that basically screamed tension where Wallace and Logan stared at each other until suddenly, the jock nodded as though he just decided on something crucial and stated something that more or less tore Logan’s world on its head in one quick swoop.

"Okay, I believe you."

Logan could feel his eyes widen almost impossibly, but was unable to control it. He straightened up unable to keep his slouched position in the face of that announcement. "That's it? You believe me just after hearing that?"

Wallace repeated his nod and kept his face completely clear of the thought that crossed his mind. Yeah Man, even why she didn't have to energy left to fight for your marriage anymore.

When he spoke out loud, Wallace made sure to keep his voice level and a little humorous, "Yep, the no longer petite woman told me a bunch of things. That actually reminds me…” Wallace broke
out into a teasing grin, “Did it hurt when I kicked you out of the house or…err… will it hurt? Aww man, you get my drift, right?”

Immediately Logan’s face darkened and Wallace knew he’d said something wrong and ruined their tentative truce.

"Whoa, err, I’m sorry. Look, I just wanted to lighten the mood a little. I guess my mom’s right that my humor leaves much to be desired."

Logan gave a pained smile and bent down to grab his whiskey bottle. For one short second, Wallace worried that he’d completely destroyed any hope of getting the transformed man to go home and sleep, but then he watched with no small amount of relief as Logan unceremoniously tipped the bottle on its head and emptied it out onto the dried grass.

"Don’t sweat it,” Logan said without looking at him, “those sort of past memories have a way of kicking me in the butt when I least expect it. Also, to answer your question, yeah it kind a hurt…”

Especially since we’d actually managed to become decent friends, Logan thought out to the staring teenager by his side, you and I were the ones to paint the baby’s room and we shared a lot of laughs over Veronica’s absurd cravings…but I’m never gonna tell you that ever. Those days will never come again after all.

Fortunately for Logan and his overall lack of desire to talk anymore, Wallace turned toward his mom’s car, looking extremely eager to go home and sleep after this very very long night and didn’t notice that Logan got caught up in his memories.

Ready for the night to be over, Wallace grinned and got into the car with a small wave. “Good,” he shouted across the ruined driveway, “’cause I know that I’m a lover and not a fighter, but it’s good to know I can kick it when it’s needed. See ya in school, Veronica.”

Logan didn’t really notice Wallace taking off; he was trapped in his mind and was already back at his home, back at that night where he’d given up on his marriage the first time.

Logan almost fell out of his car in his drunken state, sparing a bitterly thankful thought to whoever made sure he hadn’t crashed on the way to his destination before he literally crawled up to his front door and grabbed the handle only to find it locked.

“What the hell? Ronnie, open the door, we gotta talk this through!”

So drunk was he that the thought of going back to his car and grabbing his house keys never even crossed his mind. Instead, all Logan could focus on was the lack of response and rage filled him in an instant. Within seconds, Logan was pounding on the door like a maniac and yelling things he wished to God he hadn’t.

Suddenly, the door was slammed open and revealed Wallace and Keith standing in the doorway. Both of them looked in the mood for murder.

Logan leaned back casually against the porch railing with only one graceless stumble. His smile was nothing but sarcasm.

"Hey…what’s uuuuuup?” he greeted mockingly,” my wife’s trusted family. So glad to see you’re still here to interfere when you’re not wanted. Now get the fuck out of my house before I call the police and press charges…”

The words were barely out of his mouth before Wallace jumped at him, only to be held back by
Keith, who in return looked odd. It took a while before Logan recognized the emotion on his father-in-law's face – disappointment.

All of that disappointment and feelings of letting yet another person down manages to do what Logan once swore it never would again. It caused his temper to flare up to seldom experienced degrees and without really knowing how, he morphed into a younger version of Aaron Echolls.

"Yeah good thinking there, Papa Mars; hold back the Laddie. With Sheriff Van Lowe running things you know he's the one whose gonna go to jail not me...you see, I'm rich."

Keith sighed and the look in his eyes made Logan cringe in shame the next morning when he remembered even as he tried to wash the congealed blood off his face and as such made the pains fresh again.

"Walk away, Logan and come back when you're able to walk in a straight line."

Logan merely chuckled evilly and pointed at his house, "One way or another I'm sleeping in my own bed tonight, now move!"

Keith’s sigh was heartfelt and he looked beyond weary. Logan didn’t get a chance to react because in the next moment, the older Mars let go of Wallace.

The black man in return overran the drunken mess, who was standing in front of him. Logan wasn’t able to land one single punch at his wife's best friend in his current state and Wallace took full advantage of that.


"Wallace, stop!"

Logan’s opened his already swollen eyes and saw Veronica standing on the porch being held back by her father. Her expression was a picture of despair, worry and anger that ran through his drunken mind like a bolt of lightning.

Warm blood poured down his face and when Logan opened his mouth to speak the sharp pain transformed into a wave of nausea which abruptly caused him to roll over and empty his liquid-filled stomach onto the grass.

Emptied out, Logan rolled onto his back and as the blood continued to pour from his injuries, his eyes was completely fixed on Veronica. He didn’t care how pathetic it made him when he swore that he’d never give up on them.

And right before he passed out right there on the front lawn of his own house, while the sound of distant sirens came closer, Logan watched his only remaining family return to the house without a second glance his way...

A honk tore Logan out of yet another nightmarish memory and he whirled around only to meet Wallace's much friendlier face as he rolled down a window in the car to talk to him.

"Yo, Dude, I kinda remembered that you walked all the way here and it’s like way too late for you to walk back to the Mars’ place...so, want a ride?"

Logan smirked and shook the memory of the older Wallace beating the shit out of him out of his mind and got into the car, he hadn’t been feeling all that eager to make the long walk once again.
Especially since this time, he’d have been making it completely sober.

After a few minutes of companionable driving, Logan smirked even bigger and turned to Wallace. The other male looked questioning at him before turning his attention back on the road. “

By the way, you're gonna bake your own damn cookies from now on, seeing as you now know the truth, friend."

Wallace's howl of unfairness caused an aloof Mandy, who was out walking her beloved Chester to grip her taser and hold it out in front of her, while hissing in a threatening tone, "Don't come near us, we're armed!"

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it and will be patient for the next one that I've only written like 500 words for... Thanks for commenting! Love you all!
They Want Us To Do What Now

Chapter Summary

V has a couple of straining conversations and L just feels down in the dump...then the duo learns something they didn't expect...

Chapter Notes

Argh, the chapter from Hell is beaten! I just couldn't get it to flow right. Originally the chappie was all over the place and it was clear that I focused more on the plot than the flow of the chapter and the development. I think I've added four pages to the original one and then I just couldn't get it the way I wanted. Sorry for the wait and I sincerely hope it makes sense to you and that you enjoy it, 'cause I ain't redoing it a third time ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They Want Us To Do What Now

For the first time in either of her lives, Veronica was truly eager to reach Neptune High. It was as if something in her screamed for its normalness, almost like it was a safe haven for her troubled mind.

_Damn_, Veronica snorted at her own thoughts as she finally drove into the high school’s crowded parking lot, _if that's not a sign of the apocalypse, I don't know what is_...

As usual as soon as she got out of Logan’s car, the other students eyed her suspiciously or with longing awe depending on who was doing the watching, but it really didn't bother Veronica any more.

"The things I've gotten used to," Veronica muttered ironically to herself and just continued on her path to the school.

"Hey, Dude, wait up!"

Veronica spun around to see Dick approach. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed how the people around them stiffened like rabbits caught in the glare of a car’s headlight. They too clearly remembered the last time the two 09’ers had been around each other. Since it hadn't been that long ago coupled with them being escorted from the school grounds to the Sheriff’s department, Veronica wasn’t particularly impressed at their memory.

Instead, Veronica ignored the stares and unconsciously tensed up in preparation for the worst.

_What now? I'm so not ready to deal with more drama right now_…She thought and noticed that Cassidy was nowhere to be seen, probably too scared of the big bad ‘Logan’. Veronica took a ferocious pleasure in that possibility.
Watching silently as the blond friend of her soon to be ex-husband jogged over to her, Veronica swallowed a weary sigh and put on Logan’s ‘I’m-so-damn-above-you-it’s-not-even-funny expression and crossed her arms.

“Do you need anything?”

Dick finally caught up with the young ‘man’ he considered his best friend and used his goofy smile as a defense mechanism. "Look, Echolls, class is about to start and I'm not exactly looking forward to ruling the day without my pal...so...you know."

Veronica narrowed her eyes and eyed the blond male closely. A big black eye dominated the tanned face and a cut on his cheek was only the evidence of their disagreement. For once, she was utterly stumped, it hadn’t even been a full day since they’d pounded each other to the ground and now he wanted to act like nothing had happened?

*If I live to a hundred, I'll still never understand guys,* Veronica thought succinctly.

Shaking off her mild confusion, Veronica eyed Dick suspiciously. "I...didn't you like curse me out for kicking Beav's ass?"

Dick actually blushed crimson and rubbed his neck in a sheepish manner and after a few moments he eventually answered, looking both contrite and determined. "I did, Man, and I stand by it. I mean, attacking a friend’s family isn’t cool, but, well, you're my best friend, Dude so let's forget this gay as hell moment ever happened and go to class.” Dick’s smile widened as he added, “or we could go surf, wouldn't mind that even if you still suck majorly."

Veronica couldn't help it she smirked. Dick could be so charming when he actually put some effort into it.

Then the usual happened.

Lily's mocking voice rang inside her head caustically, “Oh yeah, like wearing tights, straddling a board isn't gay? Also charming or not, let’s not forget who locked creepy Beaver the Rapist in the room with you that night at Shelley's party? I'm just saying...”

Veronica flinched and her earlier enjoyment was immediately doused as if she’d gotten a bucket of ice-water over her head. Within her next breath, Veronica could more or less feel every tiny - and not so tiny – flare of anger that she had harbored for so long for not only Cassidy but Dick as well come roaring back to life.

Her voice was cool when she eventually managed to gain control of her vocal chords. "You know, I'd like that..." She watched in detachment as Dick lit up, only to freeze in horrified realization at Veronica's next words, "but you gotta understand why I don't feel sorry about kicking Cassidy's ass – or yours for that matter. Remember that time you decided to ‘deflower’ him at Shelley's party? Remember just who it was that you locked him up with and how she changed after that night? So although you're my friend, Dick I will never regret hurting your brother...got it?"

The pure ice and loathing in his friend’s voice caused shivers of discomfort to run down Dick’s spine even as the memories of that night rushed through him. Within moments, two things were suddenly very clear to him.

Beaver wasn't as innocent as he’d always thought and, although he hated to admit, Veronica Mars might just have a perfect reason for hating both of the Cassablancas brothers...

Veronica walked away without anymore interruptions.
There were moments where Logan had a brief flare of enjoyment from being stuck in Veronica’s tiny body. Most of the students milling around were either too scared of her to approach and the rest kinda hated her guts and made it very easy to remain unnoticed and invisible when it was necessary.

In that moment, it was pretty nice to be unnoticed for once as Logan found himself standing half-way hidden in the shadows and watched his soon to be ex-wife and his friend talk intensely with one another.

_It seems serious…_ Logan thought, feeling a wave of curiosity mixed with a little bit of worry overcome him and he straightened up to edge closer and try to eavesdrop, but then he remembered.

_No, Logan_, he told himself firmly. _Don’t do this again; don’t fall into your usual husband mode. She wanted you gone and you damn well stay that way. Now turn around and walk away._

Logan cursed when he could barely overcome his vivid reluctance to not butt in on his wi…on Veronica’s business. Too annoyed at his mixed emotions on the matter, he quickly swung around to leave, only to bump right into Wallace.

"Hey, watch it!" Logan sneered and bent down to pick up his dropped chemistry book with another curse on his lip.

"Likewise, little Logan, I—"

"Don’t say that! Are you out of your mind?" Logan ordered frantically, looking around to see if anyone noticed Wallace's peculiar name for ‘Veronica Mars’.

Wallace chuckled and clapped Logan on the back and unceremoniously sending the time traveler right smack into the yellow lockers with a bang.

_Damn_, Logan mentally cursed, his mood growing worse with each passing second, _the moron just doesn’t know how strong he is_. Sending a heartfelt glare at the taller male, he rubbed his throbbing nose, which had hit the lockers the hardest in an obvious manner.

Wallace was still chuckling and smiling from ear to ear, obviously either not noticing or caring about Logan’s pain. The transformed male’s mood grew sourer and he had to bite back a scathing retort that would undoubtedly have gotten him in major trouble with the real Veronica if she ever found out.

Instead, Logan settled for narrowing his eyes threateningly while he forced his limbs into a careless stance that screamed just how insignificant he found the basketball player. “Look,” Logan spat, talking as if Wallace’s I.Q. was well below average, “I know you’re probably not able to grasp this whole secrecy concept, so I’ll spell it out for you. You need to stop laughing at me and oh yeah, try to remember not to reveal the whole extremely secret knowledge you’ve so recently required. It _really_ defies the whole need-to-stay-hidden-for-one’s-own-good-thing, you got that?”

To Logan's great annoyance the black boy simply smiled. His good humor was explained when he merely looked around them with raised eyebrows and exaggeratedly widened eyes that made the teasing twinkle in them very obvious.

"Look around you L,” the teen ordered good-naturedly as he waved his arms around, “it ain’t exactly like people are deliberately listening in on _our_ conversation…”
Unconsciously doing as Wallace had demanded, Logan scanned his surroundings more closely, but still he felt no hint of calm enter his system. Feeling a bit more annoyed at his paranoia, Logan turned back to face Wallace with a scowl firmly etched on his face.

"Last thing I need is to have more people find out the truth since those who do aren’t particular friends of mine. And," Logan lifted a finger to get his point across more thoroughly, "I don't want people to come up to me and beg for news about their future selves, got it?"

At that last statement Wallace's chuckle turned into a downright laugh and Logan crossed his arms, waiting impatiently for it to end, while shooting daggers out of his eyes and wishing he’d never gotten out of bed that morning.

"What's so fucking funny Fennel?"

Wallace grabbed a corner of his shirt and gently wiped his eyes with it before he completely without care or worry leaned into Logan's personnel space. His whisper in Logan’s ear had more than a hint of mockery in it and never before had Logan wanted to punch him so badly.

"You are Veronica Mars, Girlygirl. Whether you like it or not and I love V, really I do, let's not beat around the bush here; people don't wanna know what she talks about between classes. Either they don’t notice her or they’re too damned scared of becoming her latest target."

Next thing Logan knew, Wallace was edging closer into his personal space and before he could really control it, he’d begun backing away. To his great shame, he felt a bit cowed by the larger man and his insides screamed with embarrassment even as he fervently prayed that Veronica would never find out about it.

Fortunately, it seemed as if the dark-skinned jock didn’t register Logan’s awkwardness. He simply kept leaning forward to say quietly teasingly, “Face it, Veronica – they're just not that into you.”

Then, having delivered his teasing statement, Wallace straightened up started chuckling merrily once more at the look on Logan's face. Before the Echolls former male could spit out any kind of reply, Wallace turned and left for his next class, whistling as though he didn't have a care in the world the whole time.

_He probably doesn’t_, Logan decided bitterly, ignoring the slight pinch of jealousy the concept of having no worries brought him before he then hurried along to the same class as Wallace when the bell rang.

00000

The teacher, whose name Veronica had long since forgotten and didn’t foresee ever remembering again was droning on and on and looking like she wanted to be there just as much as the students did.

Meaning, not at all.

Sighing heavily, Veronica knew that the lesson wouldn’t be enough to keep her attention away from what she’d been scribbling absentmindedly since the class began. Instead, she looked wistfully out of the window to her right. She momentarily chose to ignore the piece of paper lying innocently in front of her. At least, until Weevil leaned over from his place next to her and snuck a peek.

"Pros and cons of being the Devil’s evil spawn?" he read in a whisper, jolting Veronica’s attention back to the present. Within moments, she’d torn the self-made list away from the former gang-
leader’s prying eyes.

“Keep those big, dark eyes to yourself,” she ordered in aggravated hiss that didn’t deter her friend in the least.

Instead of moving back fully into his seat, Weevil merely smirked and whispered so quietly that no one but Veronica would be able to hear it. “So, you do like my big dark eyes. Now I have something to put in my diary tonight.”

Weevil wiggled his brows suggestively, looking absurdly ridiculous. Before Veronica could shake off her annoyance, she watched with growing amusement as Weevil suddenly seemed to grasp just how stupid he was acting and then snorted with derision and embarrassment.

“You do realize, that if anyone was watching us just now, they’d have seen the big bad Weevil Navarro making googly eyes at Logan Echolls, right

The look on her friend’s face was beyond priceless and Veronica was just about to say something incredibly sassy to counter the look of stupefied horror on Weevil’s face as he tried to come up with a decent comeback when the door to the classroom burst open and Logan stormed in. He looked a little flushed and Veronica wondered what he’d been up to seeing as he wasn’t exactly the easiest person to fluster. If anybody I’d know, she thought wryly and watched with hidden interest as he ignored the teacher’s lame attempt at scolding him for his tardiness and sat down next to an extremely bored-looking Jackie and began copying notes from the blackboard.

It was as she was more or less covertly observing him that Veronica realized that she no longer felt completely grossed out by looking at herself. That’s so weird that I never thought it’d happen… She thought and with a small shudder, Veronica tried to concentrate on the teacher, whose expression once again looked just as bored as her students.

It wasn’t really a successful endeavor seeing as it didn’t even take more than a couple of minutes before Veronica realized that her gaze had drifted toward an unnoticing Logan once more. As she unobtrusively watched him, she couldn’t help but relive his last words spoken to her during their last encounter.

"I give up…"

Feeling an unexpected surge of mixed emotions rush over her, Veronica briefly closed her eyes and tried to force them back. The familiar feeling of pain that pounded in her chest area made it all the much harder and all she wanted was to leave the classroom for some air. No, she amended honestly; I want to leave Logan’s presence above anything else right now.

Veronica exhaled deeply, barely managing to swallow down a pathetic groan while resisting the urge to smack her head down on the table, preferably knocking herself unconscious in the process. Why are his words even haunting me like this? Why is it hurting me so much? I was the one that continuously pushed for a divorce… Veronica thought despondently, eyeing the droning teacher for a second before returning her attention to her scribbled list in front of her.

Only, a second later, Veronica’s full attention turned back to the front of the class when, suddenly, Lily’s unmistakable form emerged out of thin air and she watched her dead friend place herself on the teacher’s desk. In the process the Kane girl crossed her legs in an attempt to reveal as much skin
as humanly possible.

You're such an eternal exhibitionist… Veronica teased internally, knowing from experience that Lily would hear her.

A moment later, it was proven correct by Lily’s short-lived frown before she suddenly pointed a finger accusingly at Veronica. “Do you want me to tell you what's going on inside you or should I just leave and concentrate on someone friendlier?”

Veronica discreetly shook her head and Lily immediately brightened up and jumped off the table, making sure to show as much skin as possible in the process. Veronica sometimes wondered if the girl realized that no one but her could see her.

Before she could say something to that affect, Lily reached her and leaned up against her small table, saying, “Well, your usual nastiness aside, I do know why you are hurting so much right now and being the fabulous person that I am, I'm gonna tell you why exactly. Are you ready?”

Veronica raised a brow and tilted her head a fraction, making it pretty damn clear she’d love nothing more than to utter a loud, “Duh,”.

Lily scoffed and rolled her eyes before breaking into a lecturing tone of voice. “You, my bestest friend in the whole wide world are suffering from a slowly breaking heart.”

"..."

"Don't look at me like I'm crazy Ronnie Bunny. You're hurting and not only is it plain for anyone looking to see, but it's also your own damned fault!"

Veronica bristled at that statement and glared angrily at Lily, who simply continued her rant, "Don't you dare act all superior to me, Mars. I may be blonde, but I'm the farthest thing from dumb. I know a lot more than you give me credit for! First off,” Lily hurried on, completely ignoring the fact that Veronica looked exceptionally eager to interrupt, "the years you spent married to Logan has been the happiest in your life and we both know that deep down – really deep down – you always thought he'd be there if you asked him to, waiting forever for you to be ready to come to terms with your feelings…But not anymore. You love him, but you never trusted him and that is the saddest thing in all this mess because I’m pretty sure that were the roles reversed, Logan would trust you with his life."

Unable to stomach Lily’s words for even a second longer, Veronica threw caution to the wind and spat a retort under her breath, "That’s not true; you don't know what you're talking about."

Lily shook her head sadly, looking a little too much like she wanted to pity Veronica for it to do anything other than frustrate the transformed female. “Off course I do,” Lily proclaimed softly and added seriously, “Even now you don't trust him with everything. I know it'll break your heart to do so, but I think the proof’s in the pudding so to speak because I know you and you'll rather stay like this then reveal your secret."

"He won’t understand." Veronica muttered but then she noticed and subsequently ignored how Weevil and Dick threw curious glances her way. To keep things private, Veronica then changed it so that her responses to the murdered Kane was made mentally.

Like I said, he won’t understand Lil. Remember this if you can do that without denting your firm belief in Logan's infallibility. While I was going through all that pain and fear, he was out there screwing around and partying like we never even left high school in the first place!
Veronica barely managed to finish speaking before Lily all but jumped off the table and halfway flew towards her. She only stopped when she was right in front of Veronica. The Kane girl looked almost crazy in her abrupt rage, a few of her golden locks fell out of her usually so impeccable ponytail in her haste.

"Listen to me, Veronica Mars! Logan only started screwing around after your little BFF number two kicked his drunken ass and everyone’s actions made it pretty impossible for the guy to have even one shred of hope left. Logan didn’t touch anyone or start inhaling booze like air before that and although you know that I hate to repeat myself, I’m willing to point yet again that Logan wouldn’t have left in the first place if you just showed him you trusted him – just once!"

Veronica looked up and locked eyes with her somewhat misguided guardian angel and thought tiredly even as she felt all her temper slowly disappear into a sad nothingness that left her drained above all else. It really doesn’t matter anymore, Lily. He doesn’t need to know and when we go back...or forward whatever, we’ll divorce and live happily ever after, okay?

There were people in the world who could look beautiful no matter how madly they sobbed or raged. Lily Kane, neither as a living person nor as a dead one, had that ability. In fact, Lily looked almost ugly in her explosive rage as she planted her head nearly fully in Veronica’s.

“Look here, Missy!” the ghost practically snarled, “I love you, God knows I do, but contrary to whatever idea you’ve got planted inside that mind of yours, you do not in fact know everything! I mean, if Lynn and I hadn’t interfered, how long do you think Logan could’ve carried on binge drinking and partying every night before his body would be forced to give up? I’ll tell you that I know exactly how he’s gonna die and when if you two don't begin to fix some of those idiotic mistakes of the past!"

Veronica could practically feel the blood drain from her face as a half-forgotten memory of Logan telling her something to that affect during one of their phone calls shortly after their arrival in the past.

"...Mom told me something weird about not living a year if we didn't solve some issues ASAP...” A hoarse chuckle sounded before Logan added obnoxiously, “So guess you've got a win win situation on your hands, right?"

I thought he was joking, Veronica thought with a suddenly wildly beating heart, he sounded so over the top obnoxious as he always do when he’s making fun of me that I was sure he was messing with me and trying to score sympathy points for our quest. I instantly shot him down and he hasn’t mentioned it since...oh my God...

You’re lying… she sent the statement to Lily, not even noticing how much the idea of Logan dying affected her visibly.

Veronica knew it was a stupid thing to say and she also knew Lily was telling the truth, but still, she wanted, needed the whole thing to be a massive, cruel lie.

"My life just gets better and better doesn't it?" She whispered into thin air and Lily shrugged, already looking utterly calm again. She definitely didn’t look like she’d delivered an almost mortal blow to Veronica’s inner peace of mind.

Desperate to find a plan, to do something, the ever take-charge part of Veronica made her look down at the list in front of her. Her mind began spit out several ideas and plans and she completely ignored Lily, who, for once looked like she wasn’t going anywhere.
After a couple of minutes of fervent thinking, Veronica looked back up and after a quick glance for any listening ears decided to continue using their mental connection to communicate. *Lils, I have a question and I need you to answer me honestly, okay?*

Lily nodded and leaned back against an unnoticing Weevil’s table. She clearly wanted to signify a willingness to give Veronica some much needed space.

*If...I mean; when we go back, Logan and I, will we be able to remember this experience?*

Lily looked out of the window and Veronica could have sworn she saw Lynn Echolls outside the window for a nanosecond, but then forgot about it completely when Lily turned and answered her previous question.

"Maybe...I really don't know." She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms a little defensively at Veronica’s blank stare before she added apologetically, “It’s not like we do this whole thing on a regular basis, you know. Why do you ask anyhow?"

Veronica smiled determinedly and although she vaguely noticed the odd looks she received from Weevil and Dick, she firmly ignored them. Her full attention was on her dead friend.

Because, Lily, I swear on the life of all that is holy to me I won’t let Logan kill himself no matter how bad things get between us. With that said, Veronica paused for emphasis before finishing in a much firmer internal tone; we are going to go home as soon as possible. I will not spend another school year in Neptune, especially not as Logan Echolls and I know he feels the same way.

Instead of looking properly cowed by Veronica’s renewed determination, Lily did something the former female did not expect. Lily burst into a viciously victorious smile.

"You really wanna go home, right?” she asked with a smug undertone that made Veronica a bit apprehensive even as her friend continued, “and it’s no secret that I wanna help you, but there’s really only one way it's feasible..."

Veronica nodded, pushing away her growing trepidation and leaned forward to hear what that was all about.

00000

Logan was too caught up in his own increasingly dark thoughts to pay much attention to what was going on in class, let alone with Veronica. He was reluctantly passing notes with Wallace, who kept trying to get him to confront Veronica as soon as possible, because "there's things she needs to tell you, all right!"

Ultimately though, it didn’t matter how consumed in his bad mood he was, Logan couldn’t overlook what happened next. No one in the class could.

The whole class startled in abrupt surprise as ‘Logan Echolls’ suddenly jumped up from his seat and literally knocked the table over and turned to leave the classroom. All the while he was cursing, finishing off with, “Not in a million years, you pathetic excuse for a real blonde! Oh don’t act like it’s not true, I’ve seen you dye it!"

Then to everyone's surprise, especially Logan's, Veronica stomped toward him and proceeded to unapologetically pull him out of his chair and practically drag him out of the room. Left behind were some seriously shell-shocked students and one very confused teacher.

Out in the hall, Logan wiggled his way out of Veronica's death grip and pushed her a few feet
away with a sneer firmly etched on his face. “What the <i>hell</i> is the matter with you?” he growled.

Veronica looked like she was coming down with something, she was pale and flushed at the same time and her eyes were sparkling with what he easily recognized as pure fury. Despite himself, Logan couldn’t help but feel a little concerned, but before he got a chance to ask further questions, Veronica answered his earlier query.

"What's wrong? I'll <i>tell</i> you what's wrong, my darling hubby!"

Logan flinched at the old nickname and with an ease that came from a lot of practice, he ignored the hurt that hit him at the hateful tone of voice. Once again he didn't get a chance to speak or even react before Veronica continued ruthlessly.

"I finally managed to discover how we could get back to the future. Sorry about the movie reference, but you know what I mean!"

Logan crossed his arms to hide his growing excitement and hope at the prospect of finally ending their unusual experience. “So?” he asked, putting in as much sarcasm as he could just to annoy his almost foaming-at-the-mouth wife. “What's the hold up, Sweet Cakes? I thought you were just <i>dying</i> to get back?"

Veronica laughed a cold hard laugh that made a shiver run down Logan’s back. It didn’t help the eerie feeling subside when she smirked nastily and momentarily looked exactly like he used to. It was seriously creeping the former inhabitant of said body out.

Finally, Veronica finished laughing to answer the question. She sounded like she was eager to both mock him and warn him equally and the whole thing made no sense to Logan. “The hold up, Logan is...,” Veronica said, pausing briefly to take in a deep breath as if fortifying herself to continue, “that Lily and your mommy dearest won’t let us vacate these premises without a little <i>physical</i> interaction."

Logan arched an eyebrow in confusion, not getting what she was saying and Veronica sighed annoyed and elaborated, “They want us to make love, have sex, do the nasty, bump uglies and only <i>then</i> can we go back home and continue our happy little separate lives."  

Logan blinked and he blinked again and then, at long last spoke in a voice, which sounded even more feminine then when Veronica had used those vocal chords.

"They want us to do <i>what</i> now?"

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

Well, yeah, so that happened...lol.  
Also the next chapter will not be nearly as long, in fact I'm almost halfway through it already and it focuses on my beloved Keith...also, Weevil ;)

Thanks for the support and patience, I love you :D
Until Next Time
Worries and Interrogation

Chapter Summary

Keith Mars tries to solve his newest riddle..

Chapter Notes

Well, seeing as only a couple (whom I adore!) commented the last chapter I can surmise that you're getting sick of the story, it's getting boring or it's just not captivating enough and...well, this chapter probably won't help with that. Those of you lurking, I hope you're enjoying despite the sudden radio silence :D

Those who's commented, you know I'm in awe of your continued support!

ENJOY

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Worries and Interrogation

The small office was nearly red, bathed as it was in the afternoon sunlight streaming in through the slightly tinted windows. There was a lot of clutter and a lot of various papers lying on the desk that stood front and center in the room that was otherwise filled with several file-cabinets and other assorted office knick-knacks that no one could be without.

Despite the messy atmosphere, the owner of the space didn’t seem to notice anything. He was sitting in his comfortable and worn desk-chair with a pensive look on his weary face.

Keith Mars was not a particularly happy camper to be honest. Over a period of time he'd felt something odd was going in his daughter’s life, but unlike himself whatever it was it was something that he was unable to grasp completely. The whole thing confused and worried him and that were two emotions that he didn’t like feeling.

Sighing loudly, Keith leaned forward in his seat and planted his arms on his chaotic desk. He reached out and grabbed hold of the one thing that had pride position on the table; a picture of Veronica, who was and would always be his pride and joy.

Keith snorted suddenly, unable to stop from muttering, “Well, pride and joy, when she's not out there in the world giving me grey hairs.”

The loving father absolutely ignored the little teasing inner voice that sounded an awful like a snarky version of his kid when it informed him that having hair was a necessity for growing grey ones.
The former sheriff of Neptune eyed the framed picture carefully. It showed Veronica sitting in the communal area in their apartment complex with an adoring Back-up at her feet. She was tilting her head and smiling teasingly up at him as if she was challenging him to do something he knew he really wasn’t supposed to do.

The father sighed tiredly and gently caressed the picture with his right thumb. *That right there is one of my main problems Honey, he thought to Veronica’s image, you never seem to smile at me like that anymore. What’s going on with you?*

"You’re looking awfully serious there, Sheriff? Never a good sign, ya know."

Keith almost fell out of his chair when the voice sounded from the doorway. He barely managed to stop himself from reaching into his desk-drawer for his gun. It was only when he belatedly recognized Eli ‘Weevil’ Navarro standing rather cautiously in the door to the office that he stopped.

Trying to cover up his embarrassment over being caught looking anything other than competent, Keith reset the picture on his desk before meeting the former gang leader’s gaze.

“Well, well, well,” he said, “If it ain’t my favorite juvenile delinquent stopping by so unexpectedly. So, what can I do for you, Eli?"

Weevil chuckled. It seemed that some things just never changed when it came to the relationship he shared with the former lawman and he was actually happy about that. *Even if he is still the only one other than Nana that calls me Eli…*

"Actually, Sheriff.” Weevil said out loud and continued on with their ritual by calling Veronica’s dad Sheriff, I was kinda looking for V. She promised me some help with a little problem of mine and now I can’t find her and she ain’t picking up her phone."

Suddenly inspiration struck Keith like a lightning bolt and he jumped up from his seat while gesturing for Weevil to take a seat and subsequently ignoring the slightly fearful glance the teenager sent his way as he did as ordered.

The older man acted like he couldn’t see the apprehension nor hear the slightly manic tone in his own voice when he spoke next. “Well since you haven’t quite manage to locate that busy daughter of mine; please sit down and let’s talk. You know, man to man.”

Weevil sighed inwardly, too scared, no too *respectful*, to do it visibly. *I’ve definitely got a bad feeling about this whole thing,* he thought warily, crossing his arms in his usual manner to appear as uncooperative as possible.

Keith waited for the teen to make him as comfortable as he could before he walked in front of the boy and leaned his hip against the desk, trying with a varying degree to look completely relaxed.

"So,” the private investigator began slowly, plastering a smile on his face that even he knew was looking more fake than anything. "Mr. Navarro…So, how's things been treating you and the general student population at Neptune High lately? I mean, I’m a little out of touch since I never make any unexpected locker searches anymore. Haha…”

This time Weevil sighed physically and copied the older man’s so called calm by leaning way back in his chair.

1. *got her mojo from her dad that's for sure,* the Latino thought and added with a bit of humor lacing his thoughts, *although she does pull of the head-tilt a bit better than her old man.*
Eventually, Weevil decided to just answer using every bit of the evading tactics that dealing with the little blonde herself had taught him during the numerous interrogations she’d put him through.

"Well," he began with a fixed smile that practically screamed innocence, “it's always sunny in California and it ain’t that much different in Neptune High. School is school, you know. Rich people still think their shit…err, that it don't stink and the poor still feel greatly misunderstood and swears to rule the world by the end of their 25th birthday. Poor youth of America, right?"

Weevil felt a chill shiver down his spine as Keith simply crossed his arms and smiled excruciatingly slow down at him.

It was at moments like these that the former criminal rather enjoyed not having Keith as a sheriff anymore. He really wasn’t the easiest to pull one over on. A minute, which felt a whole lot longer to Weevil, passed by in complete silence before the elder Mars finally cleared his throat to speak.

"Look Eli, let’s be honest here. I'm not as subtle as the fruit of my loins, it’s one of my great flaws, but it is what it is and I’ve learned to deal with the disappointment. So…” Keith pushed away from the desk and leaned in over the still sitting Weevil before continuing in a much more serious tone of voice,"…What's going on with Veronica?"

Weevil felt like a deer caught in the headlights of a very big truck and couldn't stop his skin from paling drastically.

"Err…V's doing just fine, Sheriff. At least as far as I know…"

Weevil mentally patted his own shoulder. Good boy Weev, don't lie to the determined and very protective Dad – just tell the half-truth that Barbie taught you...

Keith was a brilliant private investigator and over the years as an officer of the law, he'd developed a very strong BS detector and something about the dark-eyed teen rattled his keen senses. The boy was practically giving off a visible scent of fear, fear of being caught lying.

The former sheriff wasn’t too worried, hell; the man even amused himself briefly at the thought of Weevil only being scared of being caught, he was not scared because he was lying in the first place. Fortunately, Keith was secure in his own abilities and although he did admire the teenager’s bravery and unexpected sense of loyalty, he knew that he wasn’t going to be outsmarted no matter how much Weevil tried.

Only one person could hope to catch him unawares and Weevil may be a teenager like her, but that was pretty much where their similarities ended.

“Look,” Keith said, inwardly enjoying the hint of nerves that the younger male couldn’t quite hide, “I’m an easygoing guy, Eli and I know I’ve been busy these past few weeks, trying to help your classmate, Jackie’s dad and so on, but contrary to popular beliefs here in our beloved Neptune, I’m not stupid. I know something’s up with my little girl and something tells me that you might know a little bit about that.”

Weevil cursed his uncharacteristic sounding voice when it squeaked as if completely out of his control. "Different?"

The teenager swallowed a lump of dread and tried to force out all the bravado he knew he had somewhere deep – deep down inside him:

"Sheriff,” he tried reasoning, “It's our senior year and what with the bus crash, her cases and the whole Duncan thing V's got a lot on her mind these days. I'm sure that's all there is wrong with
your daughter, Dog…err, Sir."

Keith briefly admired the other male's ability to sound sincere under pressure before irritation set in.

"Mr. Navarro something is off with my daughter. She hardly smiles at me anymore, she acts like I am something seldom seen in public, she’s unusually awkward around me and…” Keith lifted a finger to emphasize his final point, "last night she only ate three portions of my lasagna and refused dessert, because and I quote here, so brace yourself, ‘she was full’. That’s a sentence I've never ever heard uttered from that girl's mouth!"

Weevil cursed inadvertently, only just managing to keep the words from escaping his lips and immediately swore to make Logan ("that stupid ass rich boy") pay for his bad acting skills. He was the reason Weevil was being more or less tortured right now.

"Maybe she really was full, Sheriff." Weevil tried when the P.I. kept staring harshly down at him, still leaned forward to look at him from extremely close by.

Keith arched a disbelieving eyebrow at the admittedly feeble excuse seeing as both of them knew just how much food the petite Veronica managed to scarf down on a daily basis. Weevil avoided his gaze, feeling like a complete newbie at the whole interrogation scene and not enjoying it one bit.

"I know that Veronica has her secrets, Eli and I respect that, I do," Keith said and straightened up to go back to his seat behind the desk before finishing seriously, "but I also know my child and she's not herself right now."

Weevil almost didn’t manage to repress the smirk that wanted to escape at that completely true statement, but he hid his original intention with a fake yawn that oozed of his usual provocativeness…or at least it was as challenging as he dared be in front of the dangerous man, who'd taught Veronica Mars all her tricks.

Keith watched his daughter's friend stand slowly and then carefully meet his eyes. Another minute of tense silence passed by before Weevil opened his mouth again.

"Sheriff…Mr. Mars,” he said with a hint of soothing in it that did nothing to calm the worried father, “I won’t pretend to know all about Veronica, but I do know this much; when she's ready, when it really matters, she'll come to you like she always does. Okay?"

Keith’s sigh was that of pure defeat. He knew that no matter how much he pushed, begged or even threatened, he wouldn't be getting another word from the younger man.

Putting aside any residual feelings of dismay, Keith nodded determinedly. "Sorry I kept you from your own search, Eli" he then said in such a respectful tone that had Veronica been there, she might have just taken a picture to immortalize the unfamiliar event.

Keith watched Weevil nod at him with mirrored respect before he turned and left without another word. It took a few deep breaths before his mood settled from fearful overprotectiveness and back into his by now normal mix of loving concern.

After a few minutes, Keith’s eyes went back to Veronica's picture and before he even realized he was doing it, the frame was back in his hands again.

"Please come to me soon, Honey,” he whispered softly as he caressed his daughter’s smiling face, “I’m turning into a nervous wreck here…"
Suddenly, the phone rang and Keith shook of his personal concerns so he could do what he did best and that was without a doubt the ability to concentrate on other people's problems and hopefully fix them in the process. At least those people couldn't hide things from him, at least not for long anyway.

"Mars Investigations. Keith Mars speaking…"

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will probably take a day or two (maybe three) I've got a lot of hospital visits with doctors etc. tomorrow and the next few days so probably too tired to write once I'm back home, but we'll see, miracles to happen.

Until Next Time my Lovelies!
Drunkenness And An Untold Secret

Chapter Summary

There be drinking, awkward sex and a blurted out secret here.

Chapter Notes

Gotta be honest - I loathe this chapter by now. The original one is a mess wherein I apparently focused more on lame humor than anything else and now years later that won't no longer cut it.
That said, I hope you'll like it at least - we're moving into the homestretch and well, I'm finding the more I reread the old version just how big a task I have set myself...sigh.
Anyway try to enjoy despite my personal reservations...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Drunkenness And An Untold Secret

Lynne Echolls and Lily Kane stood immobile in the doorway to the grand suite at the Grande hotel where Veronica now lived. Their expressions were a twin set of pure sheepishness as they slowly took in the rather unbelievable sight in front of them.

No sound was made or heard as the two deceased women just tried taking everything in.

Finally, the dead Lynne turned her head to glare down at the shorter and equally as dead girl beside her. Lily felt the glare and sighed, unable to look away from what had captured her attention so thoroughly.

"Okay, okay, Mrs. Echolls," she said quietly, ignoring the need to clench her teeth in frustration, "I think it’s obvious, but I need to point out that I did not think this would be the outcome of my little ultimatum…"

When no reply came, the blonde forced her bravery forth and dared to gaze up at the taller woman. She immediately wished she hadn’t when her eyes locked on Lynne’s sneering visage.

"That’s completely right, Lily; you didn’t think!” Lynne seemed to lose the ability to form further coherent sentences as she angrily continued, “What…how did your sick little mind….Well, didn’t you realize that those two in there are the most stubborn…I mean, didn’t you just…?”

Lily pouted and wished, not for the first time that her partner in crime was male so said pout would actually be able to work as an anger detergent. With another sigh, Lily settled on simply avoiding the older woman’s spluttering scolding while her eyes slowly drifted back to the room and the people in it as though it was completely impossible to keep her eyes off of them for too long.

“Well, to be fair,” Lily whispered after another silent moment of disbelief-filled gawking, “I really
really didn’t think they’d go this far…”

Without another word, the eldest Kane sibling gestured to the massive room in front of them. Usually, the suite that Logan lived in…well, Veronica to be more exact, was immaculate. Flush with elegance and it pretty much screamed money.

Now, it more or less looked like it had been hit by a tornado that had dropped about ten people down to party hard.

In the middle of all that unusual mess was a woman trapped in a man’s body, who was bent awkwardly into a fetal position with a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniel’s gently cradled in her arms against her naked masculine chest.

But…that wasn’t the worst of it.

Lily barely managed to resist the sudden urge to giggle with shock and incomprehension. Her expression turned vaguely thoughtful a moment later. “I didn’t think it was quite possible to lie in the fetal position upside down.

The statement once again caused the two women to look over at the inhabitants of the suite. Veronica Mars was currently twisted into the before-mentioned position with her head firmly planted down on the soft carpet on the floor and her butt leaned up against the big reddish couch.

Lynne at that point in time, apparently began to see some humor in all of it, because she gave a sound, which vaguely reminded Lily of a blend between chuckle and a snort before she mutely pointed at her transformed son’s form.

Logan Echolls was usually the epiphany of cool…well, not in that precise moment – and let's just skip over the fact, that he was currently in his wife's teenaged body, shall we?

At that particular moment, the former male was laying on the glass coffee-table evidently using an empty bottle of Vodka as a pillow. To make matters worse, there was an unbelievable amount of drool dripping from his mouth on to the table and from there down on to the carpeted floor.

There was another heavy moment of silence before Lynne finally relinquished the remainder of her anger to laugh wholeheartedly when Lily eagerly pointed at the funniest part of it all.

Logan Echolls, a man who’d always taken pride in his own masculinity and nurtured it was currently wearing a black bra and a pink thong and not much else.

Lily and Lynne looked at each other when their laughter finally died back down. Lynne wiped away a few tears of honest mirth. “Well,” she said more calmly, “let’s wake them up and let them deal with what happened without any more of your genius contributions, okay?”

Sighing for what felt like the nth time, Lily sent an annoyed glare up at the taller woman, who’d apparently hadn’t quite forgiven Lily for going rogue. Naturally, she quickly stopped glaring when Lynne’s returning stare turned practically demonic in its evilness.

“Fine, fine,” Lily groaned, “but I’m just putting it out there that it won’t go down peacefully. I mean, Veronica never told anyone from their time except her hot dad and now…well, Logan finding out like he did isn’t exactly prime conditions for their trust to develop and—”

Rudely, at least if one asked the Kane girl, Lynne unceremoniously grabbed hold of her shoulder and to stop her from talking. Then she snapped her fingers loudly in the direction of the two seemingly comatose people in the suite.
Just before Lynne and Lily disappeared in a silent gust of wind, Lynne merely stated that she had to have hopes that they’d act their age for once and that nothing would ever be accomplished if they weren’t left alone to talk…

00000

Logan moaned and then moaned when that sound nearly killed him and almost moaned a third time before he recognized the symptoms.

*I’m hungover…damn, that’s not a feeling I’ve missed.*

Taking a deep breath, Logan slowly began to sit up without opening his eyes all the while. A plop suddenly sounded and he felt something fall off of his moist cheek and down onto something with a loud reverberating clang that made the former male wince in both physical and mental agony.

A sound that mostly sounded like a growl erupted from somewhere nearby as though to complain about the abrupt noise escalation and Logan finally decided to brave the light to open one eye a crack, trying to seek out its origin.

At the unexpected sight before him, Logan hurriedly opened the other eye, no longer caring about the stabbing pain from the windows. He just really needed to check and make sure he wasn’t in the middle of some kind of weird delirium.

"What the…?" he muttered hoarsely, futilely trying to get his brain to compute what his eyes were seeing.

Veronica looked like she’d tumbled from the couch during the night and normally the first thing Logan would have done was burst out laughing, but somehow he felt as though he’d forgotten something important.

Something really important.

*What the hell happened last night?* The pained man thought with rising desperation while rubbing his hair. A few seconds later, Logan looked down and realized he wasn’t exactly dressed to impress himself and jumped off the table, which he had no idea why he had been sleeping on in the first place in the search for some much needed clothes.

It took a little while, but eventually, Logan discovered the jeans he’d found to be a favorite of Veronica’s (and him after their body swap, but he’d never admit it). He barely managed to pull them on before a sudden wave of nausea washed over him and he had to sit down.

“Aargh.”

The pained exclamation came from the equally hungover Veronica and even in the midst of his own mental battle to not throw up; Logan couldn’t deny that felt a twisted sense of justice. *At least I’m not the only one suffering for once.*

Veronica sat up gingerly, looking extremely uncomfortable as her long limbs were put into a more normal position. After a few very painful-sounding cracks, she very carefully turned her head around to look for him.

There was a look of worry on her face that confounded Logan even as he continued waiting silently for her to finally spot him down on the floor where he was only just winning the battle over his own hangover’s symptoms.
When Veronica’s look of worry didn’t falter, Logan sighed heavily. He mentally sent out a query to his mother, half-hoping she’d pop by to give him some very much needed answers. *What the hell happened last night?*

Veronica turned her head an inch further toward him and finally located him. In the next moment, their eyes locked and then in a flash, Logan remembered exactly what had happened to land them in their current situation.

*Veronica had somehow forced him to agree to meet up in the Grande with a prepared mind and what not.*

*Not even five minutes after his arrival Veronica had planted him in the couch and told him they were going to have sex so they could return to their normal lives and live happily ever after.*

*End of story.*

*They'd argued back and forward before Veronica disappeared into the room that had so briefly belonged to Duncan before she re-emerged with enough booze to kill an elephant in her arms.*

*Twice.*

“Let’s drink enough so we can have sex and then hopefully not remember anything about it when it’s over.”

Logan eyed the alcohol and wanted to quip something about underaged drinking and possible performance issues, but didn’t get the chance before Veronica practically ordered him to follow her into the living room area of the suite.

*That’s when things got interesting.*

A couple of hours later, Veronica and Logan sat on the floor with alcohol spread out all around them and a deck of cards in front of them.

"Your turn to pick a card," Veronica slobbered drunkenly and pointed at him. Logan squinted in an attempt to see which of the two decks before him was the real one and plunged.

"Ha, Ace of Spades!" He announced his findings in triumph.

Veronica grumbled and looked down at her bare feet and over at her discarded sweatshirt.

Logan smirked without mercy while pointing at her t-shirt, “I got the high card and you have to loose a clothing item. Them’s the rules, Mars. Now go on or be forever labeled a chicken.”

Scowling, Veronica finally removed her t-shirt and sat bare-chested in front of him. “You’ll be next,” she threatened and drew a card from the rather ruffled-looking pile between them.

Fifteen minutes later, the drunken couple decided they were not only drunk enough, but also naked enough for mature relations.

*S-E-X*

Veronica took a big gulp of whiskey and made a face at the taste before braving the awkwardness to ask a question that was pretty essential.

"So…how are we gonna do this without vomiting? 'Cause I gotta tell you, I'm not gonna perform cunnilingus on you a.k.a. my own body..."
The image the statement formed in Logan’s mind was abnormally funny and he snorted a laugh before emptying the last of the Vodka in his current bottle and wiped his mouth to speak.

“Good point, Sugarpuss and while we’re on the subject, don’t expect me to suck you like a lollipop, ‘cause that’s just gross.”

The look of disgust on Logan sent Veronica into a very unmanly set of giggles. “This has got to be the weirdest conversation ever.”

Logan nodded in agreement and, not knowing what else to say then tried to take another chug from his already emptied bottle.

Unceremoniously, Veronica hit it out of his hands before he even got the chance to mourn the lack of alcohol.

"Let's just do it the normal way,” she exclaimed decisively, “I mean, we’ve been married a long time so the sex thing shouldn't be too foreign, especially for you…”

Logan frowned at the not so hidden jibe and shakily got to his feet. “Look here Missy,” he tried to growl, ignoring that it sounded more like a slurred groan than anything else, “I’m not going into the whole Madison thing again. Nothing happened and I won’t say it again, so just get naked and let’s finish this and get the hell out of here.”

Veronica nodded after a long while, looking as if she wanted nothing more but to remind him of the countless bimbos he’d slept with during their separation, but fortunately for Logan’s repressed guilt she didn’t bring it up.

The nodding however did seem to make her even dizzier and before he could do much of anything, she fell forward in a complete show of gracelessness.

It took the very drunk transformed woman a lot of difficult finagling, but she eventually managed to get back up where she then closed her eyes and pouted her lips exaggeratedly.

Logan stood there for a long minute in utter silence before he dumbly asked a very important question. "Whatcha doing, Veronica?"

Frowning, Veronica opened one eye. She unpuckered her lips to respond with an air of annoyance as if he truly was a moron for not getting with the program.

“I’m waiting for the kissing to start so we can get this morbid show on the road. D’uh.”

“Oh,” Logan said slowly, “that makes sense.” In the next second, he leaned forward and crashed his lips toward her, but in his intoxicated state, he somehow forgot that Veronica’s original body was much shorter than his own and as such, ended up slamming his forehead into Veronica’s male chin.

"Aw, damn, darnit, doodly!"

Veronica exploded with laughter, pointing mockingly at him while gently rubbing the chin with her other hand. "Who died and made you Ned Flanders all of the sudden?"

Logan tried to use one of his good-for-nothing father’s Death Glares, but it didn't seem to work as Veronica simple walked over and grabbed his head and kissed him. Not even two seconds later, did the duo pull apart and, in a rare show of cooperation, both start wiping their mouths frantically.
After a while of their frantic behavior, Logan raised a hand and spoke. “If I may make a suggestion? Let’s forget about the kissing part, since that’s just disturbing in so many ways and just get on with the humping of each other…”

Veronica happily agreed and pulled off her pants and gestured for him to do the same.

“Who’s gonna be on top?” The question left Logan’s mouth without knowing just how much of a debate it would cause. It took another thirty minutes of intense discussion for them to decide and Veronica to finish their argument with a whoop of victory.

"Lay down pretty girl," she smirked nastily, not showing one ounce of tenderness and Logan literally fell down on the couch unable to move as a hint of fear started sending shivers down his spine.

Not one to ever let fear stop him from making bad decisions, Logan fumbled with his underwear; a garishly pink thong he’d only worn to mock Veronica for owning in the first place.

Out of the corner of his eye, and completely ignoring the flaming cheeks he knew he was sporting, Logan noticed how curiously Veronica was eyeing his every movement.

“That is so weird,” she proclaimed and then turned her attention to her own new appendage. A moment later, she was holding her soon-to-be ex-husband’s former length in her hand and added weakly, “and this is so so much weirder.”

“Tell me about it,” Logan agreed, trying to make even a little bit of his mind enjoy his oncoming experience and not succeeding one bit.

Ten minutes went by with a very detailed conversation on just how odd it was that it was weird, since they’d seen it all before and finally Veronica simply placed herself on top of him and spread his legs, only to hesitate.

"Come on, Bobcat, get it over with…it can’t be that hard…hehe, I’m funny!” Logan gasped out a laugh, only to stop abruptly when Veronica merely glared down at him like he truly was the stupidest person on the planet.

“It’s not exactly easy being on this end. Believe it or not, I don’t find it easy to get the equipment into a full working condition, you know…” Veronica looked down and Logan followed her eyes to see that Veronica was in fact anything but ready to begin penetrating him.

“Oh,” he muttered uncomfortably, feeling odd. His body wasn’t responding to Veronica’s and it was a fact that had probably never happened and as such, Logan hadn’t expected it despite their unusual circumstances.

“Well,” Logan continued, trying to act as if the whole thing wasn’t creeping him out, “just, you know, make it hard and let’s get on with the show. You know what to do and let’s be honest here for a second, it’s not like you haven’t had a lot of opportunities to test your new merchandise since our arrival, right?”

Veronica looked completely affronted and momentarily seemed to forget her performance troubles as she stared down at him. “No, I haven’t been touching myself and ‘testing the merchandise’, Logan!” Her look of offence slowly morphed into horror. “Did you? I mean, did you…? It’s my body, Logan!”
Logan rolled his eyes, ignoring the dizziness that came with the movement. “For your information, I haven’t gotten off since coming back here. My mom’s real anal about respecting your body or something like that.”

Veronica looked vaguely ill and Logan briefly worried she’d throw up on him before it seemed like she regained control of herself. “Don’t talk about your mother right now, okay?”

The two time travelers looked at each other for a second, before simultaneously shuddering in revulsion.

A moment later, Veronica got back to business. She began touching herself, trying to get an erection and ever so slowly it seemed to work. It wasn’t made any easier by Logan’s continuous snickering beneath her.

“Stop laughing,” she ordered harshly, you should be doing the same thing. Take if from someone, who knows, intercourse isn’t exactly pleasurable when the so called woman isn't properly prepared so if you don’t mind…?”

Logan snorted and almost fell off the sofa in the process. "Look Ronnie, I know it's not completely true as of this moment, but,” he grinned drunkenly, “not only am I drunk as hell and as such pretty numb, but, I'm a guy at heart and we don't whimper and wail due to a little bit of pain, so get on with it and let's go home.”

Slowly the still very intoxicated female nodded and then they did get on with it. In the back of her mind, she sent up thanks for teenage stamina, knowing from experience that it would’ve been a lot more difficult to get hard if she’d been in Logan’s future body, even with all his experience of sleeping around while drunk.

"Holy Cow, watch what you're doing, you…” Logan all but screamed as soon as Veronica finished inching her way inside.

"Ups, did it hurt? You're gonna whimper now?” Veronica asked and looked closely at him, ignoring the tiny part of her that hated what they were doing. She hated the pained grimace Logan couldn’t quite hold back.

Logan looked over at the coffee table and reached out for a half of bottle of unconsumed alcohol left forgotten during their earlier debate. Without a word, he gulped down another few pain numbing drops and then gestured for her to continue.

Eager to get it all over with, Veronica began to cautiously thrust. The whole experience wasn’t enjoyable. It was too strange a feeling to be buried inside the moist tightness that she’d only ever felt through her own fingers. The new sensations were sending mixed signals to her brain and while her body seemed to enjoy the physical aspect of intercourse, Veronica’s mind was screaming for it to be over soon.

Fortunately, seeing as she hadn’t done it before and was currently drunk as well, her stamina was nowhere near what Logan’s usually was and she felt the very peculiar sensation of an oncoming orgasm within a few minutes.

Logan lay immobile beneath her, watching her every move. It seemed as if he could read her just as well as he could in her old body, because suddenly, he simply ordered her to finish already.

Veronica immediately pulled out with an almost incoherent hiss. “It’s happening. Oh my God, ew ew…oh…”
Ten minutes later found Veronica sitting on the couch dressed in her pants again. She was in the middle of a deep and mute conversation with her nearly empty whiskey bottle. Logan was sitting on top of the class table with his own, still bottle. Unlike Veronica, he wasn’t silent. He was repeating over and over how he would never touch a woman again because sex was bad for the poor things, so very bad.

After a while they couldn’t ignore the other anymore and finally looked at each other. The tension skyrocketed as their memories instantly began replaying their newest bout of sex, blocking out all the other times in their lives where it had been anything but bad.

“So,” Logan asked tiredly, not as drunk anymore as he’d hoped to be after the whole ordeal. “When are we gonna go home, my sweet and gentle lover?”

Veronica snorted, leaning back into the pillows of the couch. Her reply was an audible representation of exhaustion that bordered on despair. “I don’t know, Logan…I don’t know a lot of things to be honest.”

Seeing his wife look so despondent hit a raw nerve inside Logan and he fought back a yawn even as he lay down on the glass table fully. He didn’t care that he was barely dressed, too tired and admittedly too sore to move much.

“Well,” he tried cheering up the gloomy former female even as he closed his eyes to rest, “I bet you’re looking forward to going home and start reliving your happy not-with-Logan-life again. You probably had the time of your freaking life without me back in the future, right?”

Logan heard Veronica laugh a spine chillingly cynical laugh and tried opening his heavy eyelids unsuccessfully when she replied in a bitter tone.

“Oh yeah, I was super happy. My child died, my husband screwed around and I went through breast cancer all by my lonesome. Now that was fun times, let me tell you…”

Already more or less unconscious, Logan did manage to lift his head a fraction of an inch before the remaining alcohol in his system finally knocked him out completely.

"Huh?"

Veronica blinked and broke their locked eye contact. Logan shook his head to clear the memory from it and instantly wished he hadn’t moved as a fresh round of nausea returned with a vengeance. He must have looked extremely ill because next thing he knew, Veronica had grabbed the turned over fruit bowl that had somehow ended up on the floor during their escapades and handed it to Logan.

Logan barely managed to take it out of her hands before he violently emptied his stomach into it.

A few moments later, unable to force anything else out of his system, Logan looked up with agony etched on every part of his face. Unable to do anything coherent, he merely repeated what he’d asked the previous night.

"Huh?"

Chapter End Notes
The last secret is finally out - how many guessed it? Also, damn it, awkward bad sex is even harder to write for me then good sex, who'd have thunk it, eh?

Thanks for reading!
Dealing With The Next Day

Chapter Summary

Logan tries to talk about what he learned and Veronica acts like she does best. Also someone else is about to be let in on the whole secret...

Chapter Notes

Welcome back to my frustrating story :) I'm glad I didn't scare anyone off with the awkward sex of the last chappie:) In fact people seemed to like it and that brings me a lot of relief. This chapter is not funny. LoVe is their very frustrating selves and I just ask for a little more patience as the final pieces slowly gets revealed and put into the unfinished puzzle. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dealing With The Next Day

The silence was near oppressive in the aftermath of Logan’s soft and confused exclamation. He’d managed to set aside the disgusting bowl in his hands to refocus on the near-frozen statue that was his wife.

“So…?” he finally started, knowing it’d most likely dissolve into another one of their ‘you-didn’t-trust-me-even-though-you-should-and-I-acted-out conversations.

After another long moment, Veronica eventually straightened up a bit, putting a slightly shaky hand through her hair and ruffling it even more in the process. “So…” was all she said while avoiding Logan’s gaze and subsequently making the former male want to strangle her for dragging things out.

Of course, he’d never actually lay a hand on her, he may act like his dearest sire from time to time, but he would never strike a woman. “So,” he settled on repeating before adding caustically, “don’t you think there’s a few things you need to fill me in on?”

Instead of answering immediately, Veronica stood up and walked over to the mini-fridge in the corner and returned to the couch with two bottles of ice water. As she sat down, she handed one over to Logan, who merely nodded mutely in thanks, still waiting for some much needed answers.

"Well," Veronica began after taking a sip of water herself, "it's actually not a long story, Echolls. You were there…I felt crushed because of…you know why…him and as time went on I noticed I was getting more and more tired and I shrugged it off, blaming it on my depression just turning a little more physical on me. Then one day I took a shower and noticed a lump in my breast. I scheduled a doctor’s appointment to make sure it wasn't some lingering complication from the pregnancy or whatever."
Logan shifted in his seat and looked out the window. The topic of their dead child still made both of them extremely uncomfortable and devastated. In fact, Logan realized that this was actually the closest any of them had ever gotten to voluntarily mentioning him.

Clearing his throat, and trying to swallow down the lump in it, Logan tried acting as if the mention of his only child didn’t make him want to burst into tears. "And then what?"

Veronica gifted him with such a cynical smile that Logan didn’t have to guess hard at what she’d say.

“Then, my dear,” Veronica explained, “I came home one day to find the one person in the world I hate almost as much as your father in my bed, barely dressed while my husband is standing there in nothing but a towel.”

It cost Logan a lot of effort not to sigh loudly.

I knew she’d come back to that, he thought bitterly even as he ignored the growing guilt in his gut. He wasn’t stupid, he knew that he should never have invited Madison of all people into their home that day, but his mind had been filled with worry and sadness over his wife’s continuous depression that only seemed to get worse with each passing day.

He also knew that he could apologize until he turned blue in the face – had in fact done just that until he’d been beaten to a pulp and abandoned on his own front lawn like unwanted trash – but it would never be enough for his untrusting wife.

Deciding to not even try another unacknowledged apology, Logan focused on once again pointing out the obvious, a weary tone in his voice that even he could hear had nothing to do with the torture that was his current hangover.

"Look, Veronica, I’m tired of this and not really keen on rehashing things yet again. I mean, you’re the one keeping secrets from me and somehow I’m still the bad guy. You’re such an unbelievable hypocrite.”

Veronica laughed, but the sound wasn't cheerful at all, in fact it caused chills to run down Logan's spine.

It took a little while, but eventually, the scary-sounding laughter ended. When she spoke again, Veronica’s tone was nothing short of sarcastically weary and Logan hadn’t even known that combination was possible.

“I know I’ve said this before, Logan, but this is who and how I am. My formative years have been spent chasing after lying sons of bitches and whether you like it or not, the fact is that you did sleep with her before and—”

Now genuinely fed up with everything, Logan catapulted to his feet in anger. Of course, he immediately regretted the rash movement when the room started spinning and his sore body made itself known. He spent a few long seconds battling the nausea before glaring down at the still sitting Veronica.

In the back of his mind, a rather unkind part of him pointed out just how irritatingly self-righteous she looked. The look on her face stated that she felt fully in the right, yet again and something simply snapped inside of him.

“Fine, Ronnie, be that way,” he acquiesced softly, “I wrongly assumed that you forgave me for that incident a long time ago. I mean how else could you ever have married me in the first place? I
naively thought that you wouldn’t keep using that fact against me every time things didn’t go your way and…” Logan’s grin was anything but joyful when he continued, “Come on, let’s be real here for a second. You’re not the only one who’s had to put up with a lot of crap.”

Seemingly incensed by his statement, Veronica jumped to her feet angrily. “Right,” she sneered, “‘cause going on stakeouts in the middle of the night is so much worse than screwing some bimbo that’s probably the biggest bitch in the known universe!”

“Please,” Logan scoffed in frustration, feeling like tearing out his hair, “like that’s the thing that I couldn’t put up with in our relationship? I’m talking about trust and sharing and openness, Veronica. I’m talking about letting me in and not crucifying me whenever I do something you don’t like. I know I’ve screwed up, don’t you think I know that? I wish to God, I’d never met Madison that day, I do, but I wasn’t thinking straight. I was mourning, and going out of my mind with worry about you and…” Logan sighed, before finishing tiredly, “but judging from that look on your face, you don’t believe me no matter what, ‘cause Logan Echolls is always the bad guy, it’s never gonna change, right?”

There was a long moment of heavy silence before Logan spoke again, this time sounding tired and pissed off at the same time.

“I honestly don’t know how you do it, Veronica. Must be hard to always be the one who’s right. I mean, it’s no picnic always being wrong, you know and now I find out that in the midst of all this blame you’ve got for me, you hid the fact that you went through cancer from me…Seriously, Veronica, I’m tired of all your secrets. I don’t know if I even want to figure us out anymore.”

Veronica’s voice was a picture of cruelty when she tensely replied to his longwinded comment. “Really? Keeping secrets from you is all it takes? I wish I’d figured that out years ago so I could’ve avoided getting pregnant in the first place!”

Time froze. As if he was standing someplace far away and watching in slow-motion, Logan watched as Veronica gasped and slammed her hands in front of her mouth, looking down at him with widened eyes full of shock and regret.

Logan felt cold. In the end, he merely forced his lips to smile coolly while grabbing Veronica’s small jacket from the edge of the chair he’d thrown it on during their drinking game the night before.

“Well,” he proclaimed with no emotions whatsoever, “I’ve never been able to resist great lines like that and it’d be a shame to see it pas by unacknowledged…so, I’ll see you whenever. Goodbye.”

Having delivered his farewell, Logan turned to leave, but he’d barely reached for the door handle when Veronica tried to speak.

“Logan…I’m…”

The transformed man turned his head a fraction toward his former partner, unable to meet her shame-filled gaze. “Don’t Veronica. Right now, I need to be the one to leave for once. I can’t be around you right now.”

Then Logan opened the door and exited the room without a second glance at the now silently crying Veronica Mars.

00000

When will I learn to control my big fat mouth? Veronica cursed herself dejectedly, wiping her still
leaking eyes after a long time spent sitting and feeling sorry for herself.

The memory of Logan’s look of hurt betrayal, an expression he hadn’t been able to hide entirely before she saw it, hit her in the solar plexus and suddenly eager to just escape the now hated suite, Veronica finished getting dressed in a hurry.

She ignored the tiny stab of guilt she felt about leaving the rooms such a mess for the maids of the hotel, and all but ran out of the suite as if the Devil himself was on her heels.

Of course, if Veronica had known she’d go from bad to worse, she may have stayed behind to clean the place up herself.

Barely five seconds after, she exploded through the entrance to the Grande Hotel; Veronica managed to bump straight into Dick and Cassidy.

It was only due to some twist of luck that Veronica managed to not run them into the ground.

Dick plastered on a wide grin when he recognized his best bud and completely ignored the elephant stomping around them with a humongous ‘awkward’ sign in its trunk. Their last conversation seemed to have been repressed by the blond teenager as only he could and for one tiny moment, Veronica envied that ability something fierce.

“Hey Dude, you look like shit. What’s up with that? Also, why wasn’t I invited, ‘cause it seems like whatever you’ve been up to was awesome!”

At first Veronica wanted to snarl something unpleasant, not the least bit interested in keeping up Logan’s friendship with the oldest Cassablancas sibling. Then, in a flash, she spotted the glimpse of pure hope that shone through his blue eyes coupled with regret and Veronica just couldn’t do it.

Besides, a nastily honest part of her pointed out, you’ve said enough stupid things today already, haven’t you?

Listening to her rarely acknowledged conscience, Veronica forced out a chuckle at Dick’s unconventional greeting.

“Trust me, Dick; you wouldn’t have liked what I did last night. So, change of subject. I know why I’m not in school, but why aren’t you? I thought your quest to take over the world one hot chick at a time was still ongoing. If you’ve already given up, I’ve got to say that I’m disappointed.”

Dick laughed out loud and slapped Cassidy on the shoulder, when he too gave a little shy smile at the antics that utterly pretended nothing had happened between the three of them at all.

“Dude, that’s right you don’t know! I was sent home to think about how many wrong things I've done to the school’s property and a long, yet interesting story short…the prom's been cancelled.”

An icy feeling stabbed Veronica's already hurting heart and she swallowed away the memory of a drunken Logan declaring their love to be epic even as she kept up Logan’s signature smirk. “Well, well, well, what is gonna happen now then?”

Cassidy cleared his throat, scratching the back of his head sheepishly for a moment before slowly meeting Veronica’s gaze. It would seem that his mask of pure awkward and shy teenaged boy was firmly reestablished.

“Maybe,” he began quietly, “uhm, maybe you guys can come to my prom next year.”
"No, we really can’t, Veronica thought, barely holding back a sneer, ‘cause hopefully I’ll be home by then and you will more than likely have taken a swan dive off the very building we’re standing in front of…"

Dick laughed and clapped his brother’s back with enough strength to make the smaller male tilt forward inelegantly before catching his balance.

"Wow, little bro you're so cute to offer, but I don't feel up to jamming with kids, so no thanks."

Veronica sighed, knowing that if she wanted to play things are close to her real life as possible and not change more than Lily and Lynne wanted, she’d have to bite the metaphorical bullet and suggest the Alterna-Prom. *Damn, I really hoped I wouldn’t have been here long enough to relive that night…*

Finally, unable to postpone the inevitable any longer, Veronica copied Cassidy by clearing her throat before suggesting with faked nonchalance, “I have a big ass space upstairs, so why don’t you have an alternative prom up there and invite the Seniors?”

It was like watching a lightbulb lighting up from within Dick’s ice-blue eyes and Veronica had to swallow back a smug smile, already knowing that for now, the blond surfer would take care of the rest.

0o0o0

Fifteen minutes found Veronica sitting outside of Mars Investigations. She’d ditched the Cassablancas brothers as quickly as she could and all but flown to the one place she always associated with finding answers.

As she sat in Logan’s car, she was consumed with trying to figure out what her next moves were going to be. “Okay, Mars,” she muttered as she fiddled with the radio, “you have to push away the whole Logan drama for a moment and focus on other, more important, stuff like Cassidy killing Woody and Echolls Senior’s possible freedom and…”

Veronica stopped her murmurs as her eyes kept returning to the old building wherein she knew her father was. After having seen him the night in the jail and just being around him, the longing to be near him was almost tangible and she had a very hard time fighting it. The very notion of going inside and just falling into her dad’s arms and hope that somehow he’d make things better was a hard one to shake even after all the troubles they’d had over the years.

"Hey Mars."

And just like that all her heartbreak evaporated and a flood of rage rushed into her as she turned to the dead Lily. “Don’t even talk to me right now. If you weren’t already dead, I’d kill you myself!”

Lily looked unusually somber, and there was even a hint of remorse in her eyes, but Veronica was too pissed to see it. A sudden flash of the pained grimaces that Logan hadn’t been able to hide during their sexual encounter was enough to push anything but her anger at the deceased blonde out of her head.

“Your a lying liar, who lies and I swear I’ll get you back for this.”

What happened next wasn’t mature or dignified in any way, shape or form. The two childhood friends embarked on a screaming match of blame and accusations that didn’t stop until they were interrupted by Logan’s cellphone ringing shrilly.
Logan slammed the Le Baron’s car-door with all his strength, which sadly was nowhere near as much as he had in his own body. It wasn’t the first time he’d lamented the loss and he had more than a feeling that it wouldn’t be the last.

*What the hell am I even doing here?* He thought angrily and eyed the open entrance to Neptune High. After fleeing, no, leaving, Veronica’s presence, Logan had driven aimlessly around, realizing within minutes that he truly had nowhere to go to vent.

He’d never been more aware of his lonely existence and that above all kept his anger simmering as he’d made his way to the school. The school day was already well underway and that was a small mercy that Logan hadn’t even realized that he needed. It meant that there weren’t all that many people witnessing his prissy expression as he stormed down the hallways.

Suddenly, Logan bumped into a hard body and was pushed backwards onto his butt violently by the harsh impact.

“Watch out, you idiot, don’t you have eyes?” Logan cursed, knowing full well and caring not one iota, that it was his own fault for not paying the least bit attention to his surroundings.

A tanned hand came into his line of vision, held out to him without a word to help him back on his feet. Logan sighed more or less silently as he looked up and recognized the owner of the helping hand.

"Hi, Weevil. Sorry 'bout that. This isn’t one of my greatest days.”

Weevil grinned at him and discreetly looked over his shoulder to see if they were alone, before replying. "Never thought I'd live long enough to hear the infamous Logan Echolls; the quintessential white a-hole over all a-holes apologizing to me of all people.” Weevil’s eyes narrowed with mock concern, “Are you sure you didn't lose anything other than your body during your transformation?”

Logan smiled despite his sour mood and walked over to Veronica’s nearby locker to find his books for the only class he’d managed not to skip out on that day. “When I find that out conclusively, I’ll let you know, I promise.”

Weevil returned the smile before he turned serious.” Actually, fun times aside, I'm looking for Barbie. Have you seen her around?”

It took a lot more effort than Logan would ever admit, not even to himself, to hide any hint of the sudden rush of memories that went through him of the previous night and the following early morning. He praised his new body for not even flinching as it so dearly wanted and answered the waiting Latino as casually as he could manage.

“’Nope, not since this morning. Why?”

Weevil shrugged and rubbed his stubs before he spoke and in doing so revealed the sincere and softer side of him that hardly anyone but his family and Veronica ever got to see. “I gotta warn her that the Sheriff, I mean, her old man, is lurking about and asking pointed questions. Amongst other things, he kinda seems to wanna find out why his ‘daughter’ is acting a bit strange,” Weevil chuckled and elaborated that statement even as he used air quotes around the word ‘daughter’„ well, stranger than usual that is.”

Logan swore loudly and slammed the locker that he’d never closed shut with a resounding bang.
"Damn it! Can this fucking day get any worse?"

The two former enemies were of course then interrupted by a very annoyed-looking Mac and Logan almost wished he hadn’t asked.

Sighing wearily, he turned fully to face his soon to be ex-wife’s only female friend. “What’s up with you?”

Mac shrugged and when she replied, her tone was devoid of the obvious anger and frustration she was feeling. "The beloved 09'er crowd once again screwed over the rest of us and got the prom cancelled," There was a brief pause before the emotions made a visible comeback, and Mac nearly stomped her foot in anger, “…And it sucks so much! I was planning on inviting Cassidy!”

Logan had to close his eyes for a moment when the memory of him declaring his love to Veronica in his drunken state flew into him. He’d forgotten said memory for a long while until one day during their college years; he’d suddenly remembered it and found Veronica to profusely apologize for forgetting and well… the whole Kendall being in his rooms the next day had answered a lot of unasked question of why his wife didn’t fully trust him back then. Fortunately, they’d worked past that.

Or, Logan thought sadly, hearing Veronica’s cruel words echo inside of his mind, at least I thought we had until everything else happened and proved that she’s never truly trusted or forgiven me…

"Hey L…V, are you all right?"

Weevil’s tone was honestly concerned, and with a start, Logan reopened his eyes and quickly scanned Mac to see if she’d noticed the small slip of the tongue, but evidently, the brunette was too overwhelmed by her self-pity and he exhaled a loud sigh of relief.

Logan tried to focus on what was currently going on, shaking off the hated memories as quickly as he could. “Yeah, I’m fine,” he said and turned the subject back to the cancelled prom. “So, what now? Is there gonna be someone that hosts some kind of private prom?”

Mac and Weevil laughed in unison and the former’s tone was full of sarcasm when she replied, “Oh yeah, we’re making the needed arrangements as we speak.”

Logan raised a brow in confusion and Mac rolled her eyes before continuing exasperatedly, “Come on, Veronica, you know as well as I do that those private proms that’s bound to happen are going to be for the 09’ers – not us.”

The computer hacker sighed deeply, looking very put upon and Logan watched in slight amusement as Weevil, who he was pretty sure had never talked to the girl before, placed an arm over her shoulders. When he spoke his voice was practically saturated with fake comfort.

“Aw little Genius Girl, you can always rent a motel room for the geek and you and host your own private prom, if ya know what I’m saying.”

Mac pushed Weevil off of her and laughed at the former gang leader, who looked absolutely ridiculous as he wiggled his eyebrows suggestively at her.

The brief flare of good humor that had managed to develop inside Logan was snuffed out a moment later, when Beaver of all people walked up to them with a pleased look on his face. Logan let Mac take the flyer he handed around, not interested in showing an inch of interest in the rapist’s dealings.
“Logan Echolls is hosting an Alterna-Prom,” he announced cheerfully. “It’s gonna be a blast. Hopefully I’ll see you guys there.” Beaver’s expression turned bashful as he turned to his girlfriend, “well, that is if a certain someone ends up inviting me.”

Mac immediately blushed crimson at the teasing and pulled him over to a private corner to no doubt commence with the inviting.

Logan barely noticed; his attention glued to the flyer that Mac had so unceremoniously placed in his hands. The longer he looked, the more sure he became of an idea brewing in his head. A moment later, he looked back up at a silently watching Weevil.

"I gotta go, there's a few things I need to do."

Without giving the other male a chance to say anything, Logan all but ran to his car and completely ignored that he was supposed to go to class. It didn’t matter; all that mattered was reaching Mars Investigations as soon as possible.

It took nearly twenty minutes before Logan screeched to a stop right in front of the building that housed his father-in-law’s office. He didn’t notice his own car sitting idle by on the parking spot on the other side of the road. He was out of the car and running inside and barely remembered to turn the engine off before doing so. His mind was consumed with the plan to reveal the evidence that Veronica discovered once upon a time, hard proof be damned.

Keith needed to know so he could put a stop to the horror that was Cassidy and Woody combined, he’d believe his daughter if she spoke the words, Logan was counting on it. He ignored the voice in his head that sounded suspiciously like his older self that bitterly pointed out that he was an idiot for trying. Nothing good ever came from him trying to help, after all.

Logan told himself to shut up and finally burst through the doors to the Mars Investigation office. When he saw Veronica’s dad, Logan stopped dead.

Keith Mars was standing over by Veronica’s old desk, looking completely devastated with the phone clutched in his white knuckled grip. Logan’s heart started racing, irrational fears of something horrible happening to Veronica flashing through him. Even though they were fighting, Logan wouldn’t be able to survive if something had happened to her. He was sure of that.

"What's wrong?" He croaked, swallowing down a lump of pure dread.

Keith recoiled violently at Logan’s question. It was apparent that he hadn’t even noticed his arrival.

“Oh, Honey,” the older man’s tone was filled with frustrated heartbreak that made the hairs in the back of Logan’s neck stand on end, “I just got a call from Cliff…Aaron Echolls is going to get a chance of walking free despite everything. We’re going to court tomorrow to try and contest it.”

It was as if the words reached Logan from far away even as he could practically feel the blood in his veins freeze up. Before he allowed the panic to fully overtake him, Logan pulled out Veronica’s cell phone and called her, pretending not to see the puzzled look her father was giving him at his actions.

The phone rang enough times for Logan to worry that it’d go to voicemail, but then Veronica picked up. Her tone was distracted, harsh as if she was in the middle of something that she needed all her focus on and she sounded nothing like the crying person he’d left behind at the Grande earlier.
"What?"

"Aaron's gonna walk." Was all Logan said and judging from the gasp he heard, his words turned Veronica’s attention back fully on him.

"Where are you now?"

Logan looked up at Keith's confused face and realized something very important before he answered Veronica’s question. "I'm with your father and…"

Somehow, just like she always did in these types of situations that had nothing to do with their personal relationship, Veronica read his mind and completed his sentence.

"…We have to tell him, I know. I'll be right in."

Feeling exhausted from all the emotions he’d been forced to go through that day, Logan ended the call with a small groan. He didn’t acknowledge the former sheriff as he leaned up against the wall by the door and crossed his arms, patiently waiting.

Keith straightened up, set down the phone and crossed his own arms to stare intensely at him. When he spoke, his tone was a bit rough and full of wary determination, as if he knew that whatever happened next was going to change the world as he knew it.

"Tell me what's going on…Now, Veronica."

The door to the office was gently opened before Logan even got a chance to pretend he couldn’t understand Keith’s demand and the two males turned in tandem to watch Veronica enter carefully.

"What are you doing here, Logan?" Keith asked tiredly and pointed at the real Logan with a serious look in his eyes, “Me and my daughter were just about to have a private conversation, so please come back later."

Logan watched mutely, feeling like he was watching a train wreck happening right before his eyes. He watched as Veronica utterly ignored her own dad’s order, only to walk over to him and hastily embrace him. He watched as Keith stiffened up in pure shock at the hug and dropped his jaw with growing understanding when Veronica tilted her head in a very familiar movement and informed him succinctly, “Dad, there’s some things that Logan and I need to tell you…”

0o0o0

TBC…

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for the continued support, I'm thrilled you're keeping with me. I can't say when the next update is though, I'm trying to write a little every day, so maybe only a few days or maybe even a week, I don't know. My schedule with rehab etc. is busy and exhausting sadly. I'll try, 'cause your comments and well wishes is a great motivator! Have a great time till we 'meet' again :D
Truce And Telling Of A Blonde

Chapter Summary

LoVe come to an agreement, Lily realizes she kinda needs to think things through more and Keith deals with his newfound knowledge...

Chapter Notes

Hiya,

Got an unexpected couple of hours free today...okay, lie, I'm lying in bed more or less wiped from yesterday's battle with my physical rehab from the accident. BUT! that means I had time to feel guilty and finally finished this chapter. I know it's not that full of action but it features some things that needed to happen for the plot to move forward...and well...I hope you enjoy it despite my own reservations.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Truce, And Telling Off A Blonde

How do I even begin to categorize this clusterfuck of a day? Veronica thought, worrying her bottom lip. A moment later, she had to bite said lip a little harder to keep from breaking into a small grin when Logan suddenly sat down in front of her on the pavement where she’d taken refuge after they’d finished talking with her dad. The hair she’d once called hers that he sported looked a lot more ruffled then she could recall it ever having been before.

She managed the stifle her laugh, albeit not very well from the look of annoyance she received for her troubles.

Instead of risking another fight, Veronica put her attention back on what she’d had it on before Logan’s arrival.

Papa Mars’ reaction to the truth hadn’t exactly been smooth. He didn’t quite grasp the body switching part at first, proving it by yanking viciously on the hairs on Logan’s head as though he was in the middle of a Scooby Doo cartoon and desperately trying to see who was underneath his daughter’s face.

Sighing wearily, Veronica looked back at Logan, who still looked like he’d been half-way electrocuted. “So, Echolls,” she asked, “how do you think that vent?”

Logan simply blinked at her before he turned his attention back on the sidewalk without answering her. Clearly, he was still upset over their last conversation and Veronica had to admit she owed him an apology but it had never been one of her strongest suits.

Well, I need to try something, we’re gonna need to stick together if we’re ever gonna go home...

Suddenly, her phone chimed with a text and Veronica barely managed to swallow a dissatisfied
groan when she read Dick’s commentary on what he’d been up to in terms of the Alterna-Prom.

“Yay, Dick’s planning strikes again,” she mumbled and showed Logan the text wherein Dick proudly proclaimed that everyone was welcome to the Alterna-Prom.

Logan’s scowl was a bit of a surprise and she didn’t really know what to say when he demanded sourly, “Tell me again, why Dick decided to make this stupid thing just as open as the last one, it really was a bit crowded? I’m sure you’re somehow to blame.”

Veronica arched an eyebrow, not appreciating the blame one bit, but unable to stop herself from rising to the bait so to speak. “Oh, what’s the matter, Echolls? Afraid it's gonna cramp your style this time around? All them babes and what not…”

Logan’s deadpan reply nearly made Veronica wish she was currently drinking something so she could make a spit take.

“No my dear, I just felt like it’d be nice to make Dick’s night without too many witnesses around.”

A horrifyingly realistic picture of Dick lying on top of her grunting and proclaiming his own awesomeness flash through Veronica’s mind and she is momentarily trapped between a gag and a roaring urge to punch something…no, she turns fully to Logan, someone!

"Don't you even dare think about it!" Veronica hissed viciously even as some latent part of her knew that Logan wouldn’t do that to her no matter how angry he was at her.

Logan chuckled and avoided her threateningly raised fist. “Relax; one awful sexual experience is enough for me, Bobcat.”

As soon as the old endearment left his lips, Logan stiffened for a second, before he resumed his oh-so-productive-stare at the pavement.

Veronica almost didn’t manage to suppress her wince. The nickname he’d uttered was a loved one to her and he’d used it mostly whenever they’d been so ridiculously happy that it was hard to think about these days.

A quick memory rushed through her of just one of those times; it had been the one from the day before the birth of their stillborn son. He’d comforted her growing worry as she’d finished making the doctor’s appointment to make sure everything was alright. “Don’t worry, Bobcat,” he’d whispered softly in her ear, “faith owes us one, it’s gonna be fine. I love you.”

With a great deal of effort and an almost unacknowledged sense of pure longing, Veronica shook off the memory and spoke through the rising awkwardness.

“Look, Logan,” she started with a faked sense of calm, “I know we have a lot to talk about – especially after what happened at the Grande…about what I told you and what was said and…well, right now, we’ve got bigger things to worry about, right? Wanna talk about all of it once everything is over and done with?”

Logan finally lifted his head and to Veronica’s relief there was a tiny smile on his lips. “I am great at ignoring things…” was his soft-spoken comment and Veronica couldn’t stop her own smile even if someone paid her to do so.

To the former blonde, the relief was almost palpable and she leaned forward, eager to get things rolling. “Okay, so first off there’s the whole Cassidy deal. How are we gonna fix that without ruining too much of the future? I mean, can we just get him to admit it, set him up with some of my
special voodoo stuff and then throw him in jail?"

Logan was about to answer her, when suddenly and yet not so surprisingly both Lily and Lynne appeared out of nowhere.

“Now! No, no, and no! Come on, you guys, how many freaking times do I have to—”

Lily's lecturing tantrum was interrupted by the more mature, but equally as angry Lynne, who brusquely pushed the younger female back a few steps before rounding on her son and his wife.

“What Lily is so charmingly trying to say is that you two are absolutely ridiculous and that we'd very much appreciate it if you started realizing that the things we tell you are real and that we are here to get you two back together without ruining the past timeline in the process. Grow the hell up and get with the program!”

Logan shot a look at Veronica that carried such a look of familiar mischief that the transformed blonde immediately caught on to his unspoken plan. She turned and looked casually up at her deceased mother in law; unknowingly her eyes glinted teasingly when she helpfully opened her mouth to make her point.

"Well, ain’t that the point ‘Mom’? We're not grown-ups anymore and besides…”Veronica looked over at Logan, who effortlessly continued her sentence as though they'd rehearsed beforehand.

"...besides the last thing you,” he pointed up at the now pouting Lily, "told us didn't exactly work out as promised, now did it? I remember something about having mature relations would get us home…and we did that didn't we, Sugarpuss?"

Veronica played along again and nodded eagerly. She may or may not have used the closest thing to a baby voice her male throat could produce when she replied. "Yeeehesss, we did…and it wasn’t pretty,” she added, frowning in mock horror.

Logan chuckled and added his own two cents, "Yeah, or very mature, when I think about it."

Veronica choked back the laughter bubbling up inside her and crossed her arms while pouting her lips to match Lily's. “But no matter how not satisfying,” Logan interrupted briefly with a "Hey!" and Veronica hurried on with a sheepish smile, “Sorry, but it really wasn’t and there’s no point in lying about it between any of us.” Logan nodded and Veronica continued her interrupted point with a serious tone in her voice, “As I was saying; no matter how not satisfying it was, it was technically an intercourse and one which you, my little fake Blondie, promised would lead us to the promised land, or in this case back to the future…”

Once again, Logan chuckled and Veronica swallowed down a smile of her own when he finished their little speech with an insincerely, “No pun intended, of course.”

Lily gave up her defensive pouting at the glimpses of pure steel in her two best friends’ eyes. She licked her lips nervously and looked up at the taller Lynne, who currently looked like she was on the verge of breaking something. Judging from the glares she kept sending Lily, it would seem like the Echolls matriarch would prefer that something to be very heavy and ultimately something heavy that she could somehow drop on Lily’s own perfectly styled head.

The deceased Kane knew she needed to do a lot of damage control and changed her defensiveness to cuteness with a flourish and a charmingly innocent smile. “I may have altered the truth a teensy bit, but come on, wasn’t it just a neat experience? I mean, how many people –besides weirdoes of
clearly neither time traveler seemed to be able to find any humor or excitement in her words and Lily swallowed a lump of fear. The duo really had a way of seeming utterly dangerous sometimes and she needed to fix this stat. Trying a different path, Lily went to her knees in front of them with what she hoped was a truly beseeching look on her face.

“Argh, come on, you guys. I really truly thought it would work and make you fall in love again…” The Kane girl then did something very stupid; she tried to blame the disaster on the former couple. “Besides who’d have thought you would get drunk and get into a conversation about past mistakes like it was episode 5069 of a soap opera. That mess is entirely on you two.”

Before violence could break out between the two females, Lynne stepped in front of Veronica and Logan’s path with raised hands. “Okay,” she stated authoritatively at Lily, “once again you didn’t stop to think about what you said so leave before I can’t stop Veronica from killing you again.”

Lily glanced over Lynne’s shoulder and noticed Veronica’s clenched fist and Logan was holding a rather ominous-looking pebble and looking like he was seriously thinking about using it. Lily was dead and a blonde, but she really wasn’t stupid and with a silent pop, she disappeared.

There was a long heavy silence before Lynne moved again. With a deep breath, she turned back to the ‘children’ eager to talk some sense into them, but the look in their eyes actually made her sweat a little and she was dead and thus she decided to choose her battles.

"I'll be back later to check on you, behave now."

About two seconds later, she disappeared as quickly as Lily had before her and left another rather awkward silence that Veronica eventually broke after she finished sighing heavily.

“Okay, so let’s pretend that didn’t just happen as well and go back to figuring out how to save Cassidy’s life so he’ll go to jail for his crimes this time.” Veronica waited a beat and added with a small smile, “also, they’re gone now, you can let go of the pebble…”

For a long second, it seemed as if Logan had no idea what she meant until she gently grasped the stone in his hand and placed it on the ground beside them. Then he looked up at her with a smile, trying to push everything aside that wasn’t about their newest self-appointed case.

“Mrs. Ech—Miss Mars, I simply couldn't agree more."

00000

Keith Mars was sitting in the nearest bar from his office and he was eagerly doing something he very rarely did. He was drinking like the mother of his only child was probably still out somewhere doing.

Keith groaned rather pathetically before he drained yet another beer. What the hell is going on in the world today? He thought exasperatedly. I feel like I blinked and then came to an alternate dimension or something…

Signaling the bartender for another beer, Keith blinked slowly as one thought in particular kept repeating itself inside his mind.

Veronica is Logan and Logan is Veronica.
The distraught father was torn out of his thoughts by a familiar voice with a small jolt. “Sheriff, fancy meeting you here. I kinda hoped my mad finding skills would’ve failed me a bit so we could get into some heavy drinking, but then again, it does seem like you’ve got that part covered so that’s a shame.”

“It’d also be mad illegal,” another familiar voice said and finally, Keith turned on his stool and, ignoring the dizziness that movement brought him, he watched quietly as Weevil and Wallace came closer and sat down next to him. He didn’t like the worry in their eyes, but it all clicked when he noticed the cautiousness they both practically oozed as well.

“So,” the drunk, but still nowhere near unintelligent man said tiredly, “you knew this whole time and Veronica called so you could check up on me.”

The boys flinched and looked guiltily at each other. If he hadn’t been busy draining another beer and contemplating switching to something stronger, Keith would’ve found their antics funny. Probably.

"Knew what exactly, Mr. Mars?" Wallace asked cautiously, fidgeting his long frame on the barstool, while Weevil put on the worst-looking innocent face the former lawman had ever witnessed.

"I don't go around insulting your intelligence, boys. Please don't insult mine, okay?"

Weevil shrugged, leaned over Wallace’s side to look seriously at Keith. “What did they tell you, Sheriff?”

Keith shook his head and gestured to the bartender for another beer. The bartender delivered it with a cautious look at the obvious-looking teens before leaving. After a pull of the beer, Keith finally answered the question.

"They told me this afternoon. They showed up and spun their tale and I’ll admit that at first I didn't believe them, but Logan…Well, Veronica simply knew too much and I had to realize the truth. Besides both of them took serious steps to stop me from calling the cops…and I don’t think Lamb would’ve acted any better. Hell, the man would’ve probably sent us all to an institution and made a documentary about it or something."

Weevil and Wallace, who both knew firsthand how dumb their current sheriff really was coupled with his obvious love for publicity laughed.

Allowing the younger men to laugh for a bit, Keith simply reached for his beer, only to silently allow Wallace to reach over and steal his beer while Weevil gestured the bartender for some coffee to help sober him up.

Keith waited a few minutes before he continued on talking about the subject that filled his entire mind at the moment. “Honestly, I completely freaked out. Didn’t you guys? I mean, don’t get me wrong, I love my girl, but…there’s just something about hugging the form of Logan Echolls and kissing him goodnight on the forehead that doesn’t seem right to me.” Keith’s lips twitched as he added ruefully, “it doesn’t exactly make it easier that I’d have to stand on my toes to do it.”

“Look,” Weevil said, looking for all the world like he wanted nothing more than to watch said event take place, “bad imagery aside; why don’t you tell us what they told you about why they’re here in the first place?”

Keith nodded in mute thanks to the bartender, who’d just put down a massive coffee cup in front of
him. After one careful sip, he finally looked over at the teenagers by his side. “They didn’t really tell me all that much. I think I may have derailed that conversation a little with my not believing at first, but I think I got the gist of it. I mean, they’re married and need some stuff to happen. Most importantly, they told me about what Goodman and Cassidy and the whole thing just makes me sick, ’cause I can’t do anything about it since I have not proof of anything beyond my daughter’s word. Why? What did they tell you two?”

Wallace rubbed his neck, looking a little shamefaced. “I didn’t react all that well firstly either so I didn’t really get around to ask Logan a bunch of personal questions, but V told me everything, and I’m sorry you guys, but she’s my best friend and I promised not to say anything.”

Weevil scowled at the black male, it didn’t seem like he liked not knowing everything. Wallace merely looked at him, clearly not willing to break a promise. “Fine, Dog,” Weevil eventually capitulated, “V’s my friend too so I get it, but, and I hate to admit this, but Logan ain’t all that bad and if their future means that they’re meant to be, well so be it. I say we let them do their thing and hopefully we’ll be able to help them get back somehow.”

Keith frowned a little confusedly, he had no idea what Weevil meant about his daughter being meant for someone like Logan, but in the end, he just took another sip of the scorching coffee in an attempt to sober up.

Wallace didn’t do or say anything else. He was too caught up in the feeling of guilt churning in his gut. From what he’d witnessed and been told, he knew that the two time travelers might just end up in this time indefinitely. And I can’t do anything to make those idiots realize the love they so clearly have for each other without help, he thought miserably, and I can’t get help without breaking my promise…I wish I was old enough to empty that damned beer I just took from Mr. Mars…

Some time passed where the three males sat in a more or less comfortable silence. Finally, Keith could feel his buzz drizzle away into nothingness and in that moment, he felt himself make a decision. He turned to face Veronica’s friends with a bittersweet smile on his lips. “In the end, it’s really quite easy to figure out. I love my little girl, no matter what shape or size…or gender,” he added with a small grin, “so, I’m gonna do as she asked and trust her to fix things. I’m just gonna have to make sure that she’ll know that the next time she needs me, I’ll come running. That’s what a parent does after all…They stay.”

Weevil nodded and Wallace basically started beaming with relief, knowing that Veronica’s dad was on board for anything. Keith saluted them with his coffee cup and ordered them a soda each so they could spend the rest of the late afternoon relaxing in each other’s company and talk about this whole messed up situation with someone that truly understood.

The bartender scoffed as they settled in and just hoped the trio would leave soon so he wouldn’t be known as the new teen hangout spot in town. He had a kid to send to college after all.

00000

TBC…
like any concerned parent would albeit with a lot more drinking, I think.
Also...things are gonna move forward soon, so I hope you'll keep reading even though things seem horrible right now:
Thanks for the continued support!
Until Next Time...whenever that may be...
Graduation and Preparations

Chapter Summary

A trial, a not innocent man enjoys freedom, graduation, hug and plans take off...

Chapter Notes

Okay, I admit I suddenly don't know what came first: in the show, the alterna prom, the trial or graduation. So if the way I've written it is wrong then please ignore it and comfort yourselves with the fact that it is an AU ;) That said, I hope you'll enjoy it even if it's mostly a chapter to set up the remaining plotlines,..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Graduation and Preparations

There was murmurs and rustling from the numerous people in the packed setting of Neptune’s biggest courtroom. Near the front sat two people, who both had a vested interest in the outcome of the trial taking place.

“I can’t believe we have to go through this crap again,” Logan turned sideways to whisper to the male form sitting next to him.

Veronica sighed deeply, looking down at him. She eyed the clothes he wore with a mixture of amusement and distaste, having revealed earlier that his chosen attire was one that her mother had gifted her for her fifteenth birthday and that Veronica soon after had buried in the back of her closet with fervor.

“Yeah, you and me both, Buddy,” she replied quietly. A moment later, she shrugged and added with a look of someone trying hard to find the silver lining in a bowl of tar. “At least this time the whole chlamydia thing can’t be used against us. I mean, we made sure that was public knowledge from the get go.”

A truly sickened look flashed across Logan’s borrowed face even as he crossed his arms and leaned back in his seat faux casually. “That’s a good point. Did I ever thank you for the heads up you forgot to give me about that little tidbit of knowledge? Being in your body is bad enough, but being publically known as damaged goods isn’t exactly something I enjoy.”

“Oh boohoo,” Veronica smiled and followed suit as the crowd all got to their feet when the judge arrived, “At least you didn’t have to have that conversation with Dad. I think that was more than nice of me actually.”

Logan gently nudged her for her sass even as they sat back down. “Honestly, I really think I’d have loved to have that conversation with your Dad. Maybe it would've brightened things up a bit. He's in a weird place right now. He walks around looking at me like I'm made of glass and looks at me
every time he thinks I'm not looking. To make things worse he keeps trying to probe me for knowledge of the future. I miss the good old days where he looked at me from the sight of a rifle every time I snuggled with you too much in public."

Veronica laughed, but quickly muffled the sound as a cough when some of the people around them turned to either glare at her for her behavior or look at her with pitying eyes as if ‘Logan Echolls’ laughing at his dad’s murder trial was sign of him having lost his mind.

Logan sent them a glare of his own and continued to expand on his supposed longing for the good old days, “Yep, those were the days. All innocent and horrifying-like, what with the murders and murderers to solve and find, coupled with a new babe every other week. I gotta tell you, reliving Neptune High just isn’t the same without the constant threat of a prison-sentence…”

Veronica smirked at his antics and Logan felt an almost forgotten warmth blossom in his chest. It’d been a long time since she’d found him funny and it was nice to just ignore their personal issues and have a little fun again.

Said fun was pushed to the side when the first witness took to the stand and the trial to acquit Aaron Echolls truly began.

Logan hated every minute of it.

It wasn’t made any easier by the fact that he had to sit quietly watching how his father used every skill in his arsenal to appear unthreatening and remorseful. It made a fresh wave of hate wash over the son to see his long-dead father put on a way too convincing act of the wrongly accused man. It was sickening and he wanted nothing more to just go up to the table where he sat and knock his teeth out.

And it doesn't exactly help that I really thought he'd be locked up for good this time, Logan thought with pure frustration brimming in his veins. Nope, my usual luck followed me here and I'm doomed to have my dad out on the streets again soon and all because some idiot fell for his innocent act...

Logan ran a hand through his hair with one hand and pinched the bridge of his nose with the other as he moodily pondered the news that Keith had given him and Veronica just a few days prior.

Apparently, a very loyal and equally very crazy fan of Aaron's had somehow managed to break into the evidence locker of the Sheriff’s Department where she’d proceeded to steal the infamous tapes of Aaron’s devious exploits and destroy them. She had been caught just a little too late, claiming the entire time that she’d been doing the Lord’s work destroying the tapes; they were the Devil’s work, according to the deeply troubled woman.

Shaking off the reignited urge to go find the woman and smack her silly for being so damned stupid, Logan distracted himself from his rising anger by looking over at Veronica. She was following the proceedings as intently as if she hadn’t been present at the first one.

Fortunately for Logan’s fragile peace of mind, Veronica and he had already made plans if (when, Logan’s realistic side insisted sourly) his father was released as a free man. They were going to orchestrate some kind of meeting where Aaron would end up confessing everything to ‘Logan’ who conveniently would be taping the whole thing.

Of course there’s still the chance of him getting his head blown to pieces by Duncan’s henchman, Logan tried to cheer himself up, Maybe Lily and Mom’s talk of Faith and predestined happenings will somehow make that happen and I for one won’t meddle in that outcome one bit. He deserves to rot in Hell if he won’t get to do so in a stinky cell for the rest of his miserable life...
Out of the corner of his eye, Logan watched silently as a still very concentrated-looking Veronica all but seethed at the preposterous proof of Neptune’s judicial system. *I just have to make sure that he doesn’t get a chance to hurt Veronica this time around,* Logan decided with a newfound sense of determination.

00000

It didn’t take the jury long to come to a decision and as such, Aaron Echolls was released back into the world and the entire town of Neptune acted as though he was somehow part of the Second Coming.

The never failing hypocrisy of Neptune’s residents made Veronica want to throw up.

*Okay, now that’s enough wallowing about that, I’ve got a plan to get started,* Veronica reprimanded herself and grabbed her lunch tray before heading over to the part of the quad where Mac and Cassidy usually sat canoodling during their lunchbreaks.

Finally, she reached her destination and she took one deep preparing breath to get ready to begin Logan and hers aptly named plan ‘To-Bring-Cassidy-To-Justice-This-Time-Around-And-Not-Take-The-Chicken’s-Way-Out.’

*Okay, maybe it’s not that aptly named now that I think about it,* Veronica mentally cringed at the name. *That’ll teach me to put Logan in charge of naming things.*

“Hey, uh, Logan. If you’re looking for Veronica, she hasn’t been by.”

Mac looked up at her with confused eyes and per usual Cassidy was looking away. Obviously he still wasn’t entirely over their little physical encounter.

“Erm.” Veronica eventually said eloquently when she realized that she’d been staring down at Cassidy for a bit too long for it to be acceptable. “That’s okay, thanks. Although to be honest that’s not why I came over.”

Cassidy looked at Mac, who seemingly understood his silent question and she took charge, “Okay then, what’s up?”

Veronica smiled and took great pains to make it seem almost apologetic before she spoke again. “I kinda wanted to make amends for my stupid behavior back when…well, you know,” she shrugged with mock embarrassment in Cassidy’s general direction. “Anyway, to put this whole mess behind us, I’d like to ask if you’ll join me for Alterna-Prom?”

For the first time since joining the couple, Veronica watched in momentary confusion as Cassidy whipped his head up to stare at her with widened eyes that flashed with fear. It was only when Mac replied; looking like she had to work hard not to laugh that she understood why he reacted so vividly.

“Oh really? So how do you think it’s gonna play out? I mean, I’ve already asked Cassidy here to be my date and I’m not that keen on trading him for you. Or,” Mac’s smile was full of good-mannered teasing, “maybe you’re thinking that me and Cass will walk on both sides of you and then we’ll walk in like a happy little trio? Well, sorry to burst your perverted little bubble, but I’ve chosen my date and neither of us are all that keen on sharing, right Cass?”

Cassidy smiled his little shy smile and shook his head without saying anything. Veronica politely pretended not to notice the stark relief of a jealous boyfriend that flashed across his face.
Instead of saying anything about it, Veronica merely smiled brightly and clapped him on the back of his shoulder in an attempt to act like a man. Of course, she immediately regretted it and mentally cursed her male strength that she still hadn’t quite gotten the hang of when Cassidy all but flew down to the ground at the unexpected impact.

"Whoops, sorry about that.” Deciding to act casual and not show off any of her internal embarrassment, Veronica bent down and helped the sprawled out youth back to his feet.

“Anyway,” she pointedly didn’t mention the incident and turned the subject back to her original point, ‘I just wanted to invite the both of you to join. I mean, everyone’s gonna be there so I’ll expect you two there to have fun so don’t be late.

Mac smiled happily and Veronica returned the gesture before she quickly turned to go and join Dick at their usual lunch table. She hurried so much that she completely missed the look of true honest joy that erupted on Cassidy’s slim face.

The look wasn’t missed by his girlfriend and she eyed him with a soft, yet puzzled expression on her face. He smiled with a quiet pleasure that was echoed sincerely by Mac when he explained the reason for his happiness.

"I can't believe they included me for once.”

Mac’s response was to kiss his nose tip tenderly and then ruin the moment by stealing his apple with a soft laugh and the couple was soon lost in their own little world again.

00000

There was no doubt about it; Aaron Echolls was a lucky man. Admittedly, if only by himself, he may not be the most innocent man on the planet, but at least he was finally free again.

As he stood admiring the sun on his skin from the giant glass entrance to the Neptune Grande Hotel, Aaron found his attention to the pleasure of freedom waver when a beautiful-looking brunette walked by him with a flirtatious look in her eyes. Another, and rather neglected, pleasure took over and he allowed his eyes to follow the woman’s steps to the reception desk.

Maybe it’s time I branch out from the blonde ones, Aaron thought with a self-satisfied smirk on his handsome face. One should never be afraid to try new things after all...

Suddenly, all thoughts of the enthralling female disappeared from the actor’s mind as, while he turned to look in her direction, his sight on something far more important.

Logan.

Aaron stopped moving immediately as he took in the sight of his only legally claimed son. He hadn’t seen more than a few glimpses of him during the trial, but Aaron could still vividly recall their last face to face meeting. The day that Logan had visited him in the prison there’d been a look of pure hate in those hazel eyes so like his own that he’d actually felt intimidated.

Another person moved close by Logan, and Aaron’s eyes followed the movement. Ah, he thought with a fresh wave of dislike nearly overwhelming him, and there’s that little meddlesome bitch he keeps running around after.

Aaron’s attention was glued to one Veronica Mars, who stood next to his boy, leaning up against the wall as they waited for the elevator to be available. His eyes narrowed as he looked closer at the two teenagers, unconsciously stepping a little further to the side to hide his presence a bit
behind the large plant nearby.

*There’s something different about them,* the actor thought and took in every detail he could think of. *For starters, Logan’s body language isn’t the same as before. He’s too busy looking around and working on that laptop.*

Aaron’s inner monologue paused for a second in wonderment as he watched the near impossible speed in which Logan touched the keys, *when the hell did he get so good at that crap? When I told him to answer some of my fan mail via my mail, he took forever compared to that.*

Deciding not to waste more time on his son, for the time being, Aaron’s eyes darted over to the Mars girl, who was staring up at Logan with something indescribable etched in her face. A moment later, it seemed as if she realized that she was in fact staring and looked away abruptly.

Only to then catch Aaron’s gaze in the next second.

To the murderer’s pure enjoyment, the girl flinched noticeably and he could barely stop himself from tipping his imaginary hat to her in a silent mockery. He watched her nudge Logan in the ribs and say something he couldn’t quite hear from the current distance.

Logan immediately closed the laptop and handed it over to the Mars girl. He then turned and *looked* at Aaron.

Unbelievably, Aaron found himself having to repress a small flinch of his own at the look. If he’d thought that the Mars’ girl’s hate filled glance was something to admire, then the look in his son’s eyes was pure poison, just waiting to rush through his veins and suffocate him to death.

The staring didn’t last for too long because a moment later, a quiet ‘bing’ from the arriving elevator sounded and Aaron watched in silence as Logan merely took the Mars girl’s arm and dragged her inside without acknowledging his father.

The newfound sense of independence that Logan was showing didn’t sit well with his surviving parent. He made a mental note to not only make sure to reteach his son some much needed respect, but to also catch the annoying girl alone sometime in the near future so she’d know her influence was no longer needed.

*Also,* Aaron grinned at the thought, *it’ll be nice to catch up, won’t it?*

00000

The tension inside the elevator was near electric, but neither broke it. It was only after they exited the small space and Veronica unlocked the door to Logan’s suite that she spoke.

“Urgh,” she exclaimed loudly, slamming the door angrily behind them, “did you see him standing there looking all smug and innocent? He makes me sick!”

Logan’s answer was succinct and to the point as he sat down on the comfy couch and turned on the TV and leaned back, trying to get comfortable, “Yep.”

The relaxed state of her husband managed to distract Veronica a little from her roaring rage and she spun around and pointed an accusing finger at his seated form. “What do you even think you’re doing, Logan?”

Logan looked from the huge TV to her and then back again. His reply was calm, but carried a lilt of questioning in it as well. “I’m watching the game?”
Veronica drew in a deep breath, readying herself to tell him how they had a lot more pressing things to focus on, but before she could finish, a familiar sight of two dead people interrupted her.

“You must certainly are not, young man,” Lynne stated, barely even finished materializing in the living room area. She was emitting a strong sense of near tangible disproval in Logan’s direction.

Veronica looked over at her dead mother-in-law, feeling a little odd to be in such agreement with a woman whom she’d seldom spoken too in the days before Lily’s death. With a surprising amount of effort, the former blonde shook off her disquiet and crossed her arm, turning her attention back on Logan. All the while she vehemently pretended that her murdered best friend didn’t exist.

“As much as I hate to admit it,” Veronica announced, “I’ll have to agree with the dead one.”

Looking a little hassled, Logan reluctantly got back up. He copied Veronica’s stance and crossed his arms as well.

"Okay then, but why is it, that you're agreeing with my mom? Frankly it’s a little creepy."

For one brief moment, Veronica and Lynne’s eyes met and in them there was an ancient female understanding of the fact that men simply didn’t have a clue when it came to some things and it was a woman’s burden to bear.

Forcing herself to look back at Logan and trying to remain calm, Veronica answered as nicely as her temper would allow under the circumstances, still rather shaken up after their almost meet and greet with Echolls Sr.

"Come on, isn’t it obvious? These very rooms are gonna be full of people tomorrow night and we need to get prepared for that. After that we’re gonna discuss whether or not you’re wearing my little black dress like I did the last time we held this stupid party."

Logan made a disgusted face before looking like something horrible dawned to him. “Oh crap,” he cursed, “you’re gonna make sure I get some version of an extreme makeover for this one night, aren’t you? Payback for all those times I’ve teased you about the whole getting ready for things thing…”

Veronica nodded cheerfully, all signs of her earlier anger expertly hidden away. She took out her phone to start calling some people to prepare for the next night before pointing out coolly that it would probably be for the best.

“After all,” Veronica finished sweetly, still not looking back at Lily, “we do have to relive things as closely as possible so the big Destiny part of this lovely adventure doesn’t get pissed. Isn’t that right, Lils?”

Looking uncharacteristically dejected at being so thoroughly ignored, Lily nodded without speaking. She didn’t feel like risking another argument. Lynne’s hand on her shoulder squeezed comfortingly for a second and she bit back a ridiculously high urge to cry and focused on the amusing expression on her old boyfriend’s new face.

Logan's now panic filled eyes darted from one woman to another and it was clear as day that the man really, really wanted to avoid makeover time and everything associated with it.

“Well, let’s get started,” Lynne said, clapping her hands together and shooing everyone into action. They had a lot to do after all.

00000
The sun was scorching and Veronica felt uncomfortable in her gown. She was making her way through the throngs of people to her assigned seat with a scowl on her face that made the gathering step aside to avoid getting in her way. She adjusted her cap and wished she could just throw the damn thing away. It’s not like I’ve got anyone here to celebrate with me. Logan’s only surviving family members are narcissistic idiots that won’t think to show up and celebrate him…

Before Veronica could feel more than a quick pinch of sympathy for her husband’s lonely existence, a familiar voice disrupted her thoughts.

"Psst! Veronica, over here."

Veronica stopped immediately when the voice registered as belonging to her dad. She turned around and saw him standing next to Logan not too far away. Keith clapped Logan on the shoulder and said something before he made his way over to her.

Keith smiled a little sadly up at her but turned it into his usual comforting smile when Veronica spoke. “Hey Daddio. Not exactly the graduation day you’d been expecting, huh?”

"I don’t care if you look like the Michelin man,” Keith said firmly and stepped a little closer so as not to be overheard, “all I’ve ever wanted was for you to graduate and go on to be brilliant and happy.”

Veronica smiled, unable to hide the hint of relief his words brought her. “I know that, Dad. Thanks for supporting me no matter what.”

Keith came even closer at her words, but stopped abruptly when Veronica quickly looked around with an almost fearful look in her eyes. “Don’t, Dad. People are gonna stare a little too much if you wind up hugging your daughter’s former boyfriend on his graduation day. He almost went to jail, remember?”

Veronica hated to see the look of disappointment that flashed across her dad’s face. It was made worse by the fact that she desperately longed for his comforting embrace. Almost nothing in the world felt as good as being in her dad’s loving arms.

She very determinedly didn’t think about another set of arms that had always brought her comfort. It was made easier when, to her shock and fervent joy, Keith simply shrugged off her warning and put his arms around her.

“Let them stare,” he said, “it’s not like it’ll be the first time I’ve ever been under scrutiny in this town. Besides,” he continued and squeezed her tightly, “if a father can’t hug his only child on the day she graduates from high school then when can he? I don’t even care how weird it feels that you’re taller than me…Now hug me back before someone thinks I’m harassing you, daughter of mine.”

Grinning widely and extremely unlike her new body’s original owner, Veronica returned the hug fiercely. In between fits of laughter, she only let go when Keith groaned out a murmured complaint about her new strength.

A while later, the trio had made their way to the packed gym for the ceremony and both Logan an Veronica watched with smug smiles as Sheriff Lamb entered the building to arrest Weevil and then had to leave when the Latino had solid evidence, provided by Veronica that forced the PR hungry lawman to leave without his chosen prey.

Neither Lily nor Lynne had said anything about disrupting the timeline when that idea had been
planted. Clearly they had learned to pick their battles.

And yes a few people did stare a bit when the former sheriff of Neptune jumped up and cheered like a wild man when Logan Echolls’ name was called to receive his diploma.

00000

A little while later, Logan was waiting somewhat patiently for Keith and Veronica to finish their quiet talk so he could go back to the Mars’ apartment and get dressed for the stupid party. He wasn’t looking forward to that part, but he couldn’t deny an eagerness to start phase two of the brilliant plan ‘To-Bring-Cassidy-To-Justice-This-Time-Around-And-Not-Take-The-Chicken’s-Way-Out’.

"Gotta love the name," Logan muttered to no one and straightened up when he noticed Veronica drawing closer.

“Did you say something?”

Remembering Veronica’s reaction to the name of their plan, Logan quickly shook his head in denial. “Nope.” He ignored the unconvinced glance she sent him and asked if she was ready for the rest of the plan to begin.

Veronica turned her head in the direction where Logan knew that Mac was. He followed suit and watched as she laughed at something Cassidy said while pretending to be thoroughly embarrassed by her family’s fervent picture taking mission going on around them.

A long pause went by before Veronica turned her focus back on Logan and slowly answered his question. “I have be, right? I mean,” she added with a hint of conflict in her voice that he couldn’t do much about, “he deserves it…He needs to be put to justice, right?”

Licking his lips a little awkwardly in the face of her doubts, Logan ignored the similar feelings in his own chest and nodded with faux confidence that didn’t hide the dubiousness in his tone.

"Yeah, you’re right…?"

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

So, once again, I want to thank you all for keeping interested in my weird (not so) little tale of whackiness.
The next chapter will be a few days, but I'm working hard inbetweenbouts of doctor visits and physical therapy, so there's still that.
Until Next Time !!!
Makeovers and Failed Plans

Chapter Summary

Logan gets help from Lily and Veronica decides to confront Cassidy...

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait but you wouldn't believe how much this chapter didn't want to cooperate. Now I think I've managed to wrangle it into some sort of submission and will post before I second guess myself too much. Thanks for your continued support, it means the world to me!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Makeovers and Failed Plans

There was an echoing silence that seemed to scream out its mockery so soundly it was like someone was standing on the other side of the bedroom door, just waiting to make fun of him. 

Oh yeah, Logan thought sourly, that’d be my wife…

He took a deep breath and yelled out what he truly felt was very pertinent at that moment, ignoring the flush in his cheeks that spoke of his obvious – and growing – embarrassment.

"I swear, Veronica that if you’re even thinking about laughing, I’ll hurt you so badly that not even Papa Mars can recognize you!"

Logan waited a beat but then relaxed when no answer to his threat came forth. He turned his attention back on his borrowed reflection. He was currently standing in his old bedroom at the suite in the Grande Hotel, eyeing himself with the same amount of scrutiny some might use to solve some kind of unsolvable puzzle.

The former male had to be honest, if only to himself; he looked very nice. Logan was wearing a familiar-looking black dress that he’d bought without Veronica knowing.

And for such a lame ass reason, Logan mentally scolded his sentimental side. He’d only wound up buying the stupid dress because it shared an almost eerie similarity to another pretty black dress that Veronica had worn at the original Alterna-Prom.

She looked so damn beautiful that seeing myself like this is messing with my mind, Logan thought, battling old memories of a younger Veronica, who hadn’t entirely given up on them. No, don’t think about that now, Logan urged his mind roughly, there’s too much other stuff to do to focus on the wreck that is my marriage…

Before Logan’s mood could deteriorate further downwards at the mere thought of the way his relationship with Veronica was in shambles, she knocked on the bedroom door and finally
responded to his earlier comment.

“I don’t know what you’re thinking about in there, Logan,” she said uncharacteristically cheery, “I’m not the kind of person to laugh at myself you know and that’s technically what I’d be doing if I in fact did laugh at you so…man up and get out here!”

Logan didn’t get a chance to react before the door slammed open hard enough to bounce back a little from the impact against the wall. He tried not to gawp as Veronica confidently marched into the bedroom with a familiar head tilt that kinda made him want to laugh out loud.

“What’s going on?”

“Also,” she continued as if she hadn’t just opened a locked door and burst inside uninvited, “I wouldn’t even dare say anything untoward about your outfit tonight of all nights. I’m pretty sure that with your vanity you’d just storm out and refuse to participate in the whole thing if even one little giggle managed to escape my lips. Tell me I’m wrong…oh.”

Veronica stopped dead in her tracks and Logan could almost feel his confidence soar as her expression transformed from smug superiority to a gobsmacked mess that clearly stated that he had surprised her.

Finally, after a long moment of silence, Veronica seemed to regain her composure. She instantly tried to play down her earlier behavior by crossing her arms and plastering on a familiar-looking smirk.

"Gotta say, Logan,” she announced with a hint of rare sincerity beneath the teasing, “You’re not looking quite as butch as I thought you’d do tonight."

Logan smiled his half smile without replying, choosing instead to turn and look into the mirror again. A part of him still couldn’t quite believe that the one whose reflection was staring back at him was supposed to be him of all people.

For one thing, the former male was actually wearing expertly executed makeup and his hair was twisted into something fancy that he’d never in a million years have been able to do, even with his new experience of being a female.

Of course, Logan thought with a small smile, I would have looked like crap if it hadn’t been for Lily’s interference.

Lily’s arrival had been as unannounced as ever, but Logan had been too relieved to see her when she’d popped in while he’d been lying in the massive tub in the bathroom and desperately trying to figure out how to look even a fraction as beautiful as Veronica had done that night so many years ago to him.

Logan had been in the middle of cursing the unfairness of…well, everything when Lily’s voice had sounded from right next to him and damn near scared him half to death.

"Jeez Echolls, who’d have known you’d be such a cry-baby?"

Logan had jumped out of the hot water, desperately reaching for one of the soft towels and had instead slipped on the expensively tiled and very water-soaked floor. It had ultimately resulted in him landing inelegantly on the floor with his head in Lily’s lap.

Lily being Lily had reacted just like he’d expected her to. She’d burst into a carnal smile and practically purred at him, “Well hello again, Lovah. Didn’t think I’d be seeing you near my lap anytime soon, but I can’t say I hate the experience.”
Lily’s voice was just as teasing and taunting while dripping with innuendos as Logan remembered, but he was way older than the last time he’d been anywhere near his dead ex-girlfriend’s lap and as such needed to regain at least some of his dignity.

Without saying anything to Lily’s suggestively wiggling eyebrows, Logan merely extracted himself from her person and wrapped the nearest towel around him and covered up the body he still deep down didn’t want anyone but him to even look at.

His attempt at dignity didn’t seem to cool the deceased Kane’s behavior in the least. Instead, she started laughing hard and so loud that, for a brief moment, Logan had worried that the noise would attract Veronica’s attention from the living room. He shushed Lily loudly, hoping she’d get her merriment out of her system before Veronica came in and discovered what was going on.

She’d already seen him at less than his best enough times as it was and Logan wasn’t eager to practically hand deliver another incident to her.

“What are you even doing here anyway?” Logan hissed with annoyance, “Veronica’s still angry at you, you know.”

That statement sobered the Kane girl up immediately and Logan felt a sharp stab of guilt at being responsible for the sad expression on her face. When she replied, her voice was weary and there was a tired shine to her very being that didn’t suit her in Logan’s opinion.

"Yeah I know, Logan and to be honest, I hate it…"

Lily sighed deeply and momentarily, Logan’s attention was caught by the expanding bosom that was practically right in his line of sight. Despite evidence to the contrary, he was still very much a man and the view was one he had more than one fond memory of after all.

"Those aren’t my eyes, Lovah," Lily pointed out with a self-satisfied smirk. She looked entirely too pleased by his appreciation of the female gender before she continued seriously, “I hate Ronica being mad at me like this. I only wanted to help, you know. I just hope that my services tonight will help bridge the gap between us a little.”

Hearing Lily’s words, Logan stopped his half-hearted attempt at toweling his hair with a just grabbed towel from the rack next to him and he couldn’t even begin to stop the annoyance from reaching his voice when he next spoke.

“For fuck’s sake, Lils; don’t you ever learn? You’ve proved time and time again that the whole fixing people thing isn’t one of your strong sides.”

Lily simply shrugged the critique off and got to her feet fully with an air of elegance that Logan secretly envied her for. "I don’t need your little comments, Logan; especially not when I’m here to help you."

Logan arched a brow and tried not to seem too tentative at that announcement. “Help me with what exactly?”

Lily laughed her pearly laugh, bringing back a lot of best forgotten memories of childhood mischief if one asked Logan. He watched with dawning horror as she snapped her fingers, and instantly she was holding a set of tweezers in her slim fingers. Before he could do anything but swallow a lump of pure dread, Lily had unceremoniously pushed him down on the toilet seat and started eyeing him with a rather too determined glimpse in her eyes that Logan had hoped never to see again after the whole sex fiasco.
It didn’t make his foreboding any better when she broke into a beautiful smile and at long last answered his question. "Me?" she asked coyly and finished fiercely, unhindered by Logan’s show of pure fear, “I’m gonna make you look fabulous, Baby.”

It didn’t take a genius to spot the way Logan’s face turned white as snow, clearly not liking the sound of his former girlfriend’s proclamation. He really really didn’t like it when her words turned into two hours of feminine torture, wherein he found himself plucked, waxed, dressed and styled within an inch of his life.

It was beyond horrible.

Fortunately, after the torture session (which said event would forever be branded as in Logan’s fragile mind) Lily only spent a few minutes vehemently admiring her job and throwing a few offers of the sexual kind in just for old time’s sake. After Logan had decidedly turned down her offers, Lily vanished as spontaneously as she’d arrived with a jaunty wave and a giggle.

"Yuhuu, Logan?"

Veronica's curious voice tore Logan out of his reminiscing and he looked over at her and in doing so, he finally realized that she too had gone the extra mile to make herself look good.

"Wow, Ronnie,” Logan smirked with as much honesty as he could muster under the circumstances, “you're actually making that body's former owner rather proud right now."

Veronica smiled and shrugged it off with a shake of her head, but Logan caught the satisfied gleam in her eyes that she couldn’t quite hide.

She was wearing a black tux with a red tie and the hair was neatly styled looking as though she'd never had any troubles adjusting to being a man.

For one short minute, Logan envied her fiercely

It was that envy that he decided to blame on what he muttered bitterly next, “you didn’t have to wax your entire body to conform to male gender-expectations…”

Veronica broke into a soft laugh that he immediately wanted to never end, it’d been so long since he’d actually made her laugh like that and…No, he thought, don’t go down that road now…

“I bet you’ll never call women the weaker sex ever again, will you?” Veronica smiled, her eyes uncharacteristically gentle in her teasing and Logan couldn’t make his mouth work for a long moment.

A part of him wanted to point out that he’d never actually called her or any woman weak, having grown up around such strong females that it’d been beyond hypocritical of him to do so.

In the end, he merely shrugged, unable to voice anything. His eyes were somehow locked on Veronica’s in a way he’d not experienced since…well, since before their lives went to crap basically and he didn’t want to break the spell that seemed to have captured her as well for some reason.

The way Veronica’s eyes burned into his was reminiscent of times long gone by and for once there wasn’t an inch of loathing, hurt or betrayal in them. Instead, it was all soft humor and genuine contentedness over their shared laugh. Something broken felt as if it’d just discovered a small bit of glue and Logan hardly dared breathe as their bodies – seemingly without their command – slowly came closer and closer to one another.
Suddenly, the crackling tension that had woven the estranged couple into an almost impossible to penetrate bubble, burst when the entrance door to the suite slammed open and Dick’s voice echoed loudly throughout the massive space.

"Yo, Yo, Yo; don't worry my peeps! The party can finally start! The main man has arrived; Party Pig and all!"

00000

Hours later, Veronica was sitting in an armchair that she’d dragged into the corner in an effort to keep a careful eye on Cassidy and Mac through the massive crowd of people dancing and laughing to the booming music.

Well, she thought self-deprecatingly, I’m trying to watch them at least but I just can’t seem to stop looking at him…

The one she was thinking about was, of course, Logan. At that moment in time, he was standing with Wallace and Jackie and apparently was having a very animatedly and friendly chat that seemed very out of character for him.

It’s not so weird that I can’t seem to stop looking at him, Veronica justified to herself, that moment we shared earlier left me all confused and…No, don’t think about that right now. Focus on the plan!

It took a lot more strength than Veronica would ever willingly admit, but finally she managed to turn her attention back on Cassidy.

For about ten minutes, before she realized that she’d used her peripheral vision to count the amount of times that Logan smiled at Jackie.

"What am I doing?" she finally muttered exasperatedly and got up to grab a beer, momentarily giving up all pretenses of sticking to the plan.

As she drew nearer to the table where all beverages had been placed along with an almost unbelievable amount of various salty snacks, Veronica noticed that Dick was already flat out drunk. He was moving around without any of his usual grace, clearly inebriated and doing his utmost to charm his surrounding classmates, not realizing that he was doing nothing but make a massive fool of himself.

To Veronica’s innate surprise, she found herself actually glaring viciously at some girls standing by the table as well. The girls were sniggering mockingly and saying something about what a loser Dick was with so much distain that it could peel paint.

Both girls stopped abruptly when they registered the scorching glare from who they thought was Dick’s best friend. A moment later, they’d both disappeared into the mass of dancing people nearby, not noticing the look of shock that overtook Veronica as she watched them leave.

Oh my God, Veronica despaired even as she reached out and steadied Dick’s flailing body, I can’t believe I kinda like him now…This must be what going mad feels like.

Dick grinned stupidly and offered her his half-empty beer bottle as if he wanted to salute her realization. Veronica almost gave in to the temptation to lose herself in a drunken haze, but ultimately knew it’d be too cowardly a way to handle things.

Instead, she helped Dick into a more comfortable position in a nearby empty armchair and watched
for a brief while as the blond cradled his beer and seemed to succumb to his own inebriated state and fall asleep.

Satisfied with knowing Dick wouldn’t get into any trouble, Veronica returned to her earlier position to watch over Cassidy and Mac. She managed about an hour wherein she almost didn’t look at Logan, but then she caved to the realization that the whole thing was boring and not going anywhere.

She watched with a curious mix of bitterness and envy as Cassidy blushed crimson when Mac leaned closer to him and gently kissed the tip of his nose.

*I can’t believe that child raped me…* Veronica thought, not for the first time and with a quiet huff, she drained her beer. As she set down the bottle, it was like something from deep within her finally snapped, and in that moment, Veronica decided that the plan could go screw itself. She was done.

Before any semblance of calm or logic about the idiotic notion to finally go confront her rapist could stop her, Veronica got to her feet and walked over to the innocent-looking couple, who were completely engrossed in one another.

“Hiya, Cass,” Veronica greeted, while she gestured over at Dick’s unmoving form in the armchair she’d abandoned him in, “mind if I borrow you for a sec? Dickie’s an embarrassment to us all and I’d like your help to get him into Duncan’s old room to sleep it off.”

Cassidy reluctantly tore his happy gaze away from an equally content-looking Mac to smile up at her with such a friendly look about him that Veronica felt a small pinch of guilt, which she ruthlessly shut down.

“Sure Man, let’s go.”

Veronica nodded to Mac and followed Dick’s younger brother, who had already begun wrestling a deeply sleeping Dick up from his chair. It was rather obvious that it wasn’t the first time Cassidy had wrangled his drunken brother and Veronica once again wondered what could’ve become of the otherwise kindhearted male if he hadn’t turned to murder and rape to cope with his issues.

*Stop wondering, Veronica ordered her softer side,* she’s too far gone for us to let him slip through our fingers again. *It’s necessary so stop hesitating!*

A few seconds later, they were all three in the bedroom and while Cassidy was occupied with removing his brother’s shoes Veronica quietly locked the door and turned to watch silently.

"So…” She began after a while of quiet observation.

The courage that had bubbled up through her system, more than likely aided by the alcohol in her system seemed to dwindle as soon as the lock clicked into place and Veronica didn’t quite know how to continue on.

Cassidy looked up at her as her voice registered in the more silent room and smiled softly, without a care. "What's up, Logan?"

It was that seemingly complete innocence in his face that finally managed to reignite Veronica’s earlier fire of anger. "Well," she said through gritted teeth, trying to inject as much command in her voice as possible, "I need to know *everything.*"

Cassidy frowned, his eyes narrowing a fraction with barely hidden suspicion at the odd lilt of her voice. “Everything about what exactly?”
"Well, all about the Woody Goodman thing, the bus explosion you are responsible for among other things, but that's not really important to me right now, I'll get that later. No," Veronica’s tone turned harsh and she didn’t have to look in a mirror to know that she was currently wearing a look on her face that Logan only used when things were extremely dangerous, “I want to know why you raped Veronica Mars."

Cassidy Cassablancas actually looked like he had died of shock right then and there. His tanned skin looked sickly pale and his entire body was frozen in its earlier relaxed pose, making it look like he’d been trapped from one second to the next.

"Wh-what …I don't know what you're on right now Logan, but come on…did you watch one to many of your dad’s action movies?" Cassidy tried to laugh it off, but it failed miserably and they both knew it.

Cassidy flinched when Veronica’s only response was to cross her arms and lean against the door. They both ignored the knocking that suddenly started up behind her.

Logan’s voice revealed who the interrupter was, and Veronica easily recognized the tone of warning in it. “Logan? What’s taking you and Beaver so long? Mac’s getting bored out here, looking all neglected…”

A flash of the purest agony flew through Cassidy's eyes and for the first time ever Veronica truly understood that Mac wasn't just some convenient cover for him. He really cared about her brunette friend and that notion made something twist uncomfortably in her gut.

The knocking on the door turned to pounding and Veronica knew she had to give some kind of answer to her no doubt worried husband to justify her straying from their plan.

“We’ll be right out, Veronica,” she yelled, not looking away from the young murderer in front of her for a second. “Dick just puked all over and I don't think he would want anyone but me and Cass to see that.”

The doorknob moved and even over all the noise from the party Veronica could easily hear Logan’s muffled curses when he realized that the door was locked.

Cassidy seemed to grasp that fact at the same time as Logan and it was like he’d been held up by invisible strings and then find out that they were suddenly cut, leaving him to almost fall down to the floor in an undignified slump.

"Oh God," he whimpered in what truly looked like the purest despair. The teenager looked as though he wanted nothing more than too curl up in a ball and never leave the room again, but he didn't move from his slumped over position on the carpeted floor.

He was trapped and he didn’t have to meet Veronica’s burning eyes for that fact to seep deeply into his very being. After a long while, Cassidy finally regained some sort of strength and he slowly lifted up his head to lock eyes with a silently staring Veronica.

Dick lay forgotten on the bed, but neither of the other two occupants spared him a glance, too caught up in their own little miserable world.

"Ho…," Cassidy cleared his throat of the stutter and hesitation to try again, “How did you know?”

Despite herself, Veronica couldn’t stop her lips from twisting into a fair rendition of an honest smile. Briefly, she wished that Cassidy had been as drunk as his brother, because it’d probably be easier for him to believe her incredible tale if he’d been intoxicated.
Looking closer at the incredibly focused boy, Veronica belatedly amended inwardly that alcohol wouldn’t be needed. Something told her that the youngest Cassablancas would believe her every word.

Ignoring the little inner voice that for once didn't sound like Lily, but oddly enough Logan, that told her to shut up and keep to the plan, Veronica sighed and walked over to sit down in front of her once upon a time rapist.

There was a long beat of silence wherein Veronica took a deep breath and finally announced gently.

"I know Cassidy because I was there every step of the way…”

00000

Even in the crowded mess that was the bustling Alterna-Prom, Logan quickly noticed how Veronica had enlisted Beaver’s help in removing a sleeping and drooling Dick from the main room. Additionally, it didn’t take him long to realize that something wasn’t quite right after that.

Especially when the closed door to Duncan’s old room wasn’t reopened after a few minutes.

It was only because of the loud music that no one heard the vehement cursing that spewed from Logan’s mouth when he understood that Veronica had gone completely off script.

What the fuck's she doing now? Logan wondered with dawning worry and annoyance. Then he froze when his eyes landed on the otherwise unnoticed arrival in the room.

Lily was standing in front of the closed door. It was the saddened look on her face that managed to increase Logan’s worry. Lily rarely let her emotions show so clearly.

Just as she turned sideways to look at him, Logan heard her voice in his mind as if she was standing right next to him. She's following her own mind now and I'm not gonna interfere this time. I've already messed up so bad. Hopefully this time, Veronica will get an end she can actually learn to live with…

Logan all but ran to the closed wooden door after Lily vanished quietly without another word. It took everything in him, but he managed to speak somewhat normally as he knocked on the door, saying something unimportant about Mac feeling abandoned.

Veronica reply would’ve seemed legitimate to someone that didn’t know her as well as Logan did. He recognized the tone in her voice that spoke of blowing through any and all preconceived notions and it was clear that his temperamental wife was in the middle of breaking all the rules she’d so insisted on following up until that point.

Knowing that he wouldn’t be able to do much of anything without causing a major scene, Logan turned away from the door to go distract Mac from looking too hard for her boyfriend. “Please let everything work out okay,” he prayed to a deity he barely believed in even after all of his mother’s and Lily’s comments to the contrary.

As the transformed male made his way through the dancing people, Logan decided that he wasn’t even that surprised by Veronica’s actions. After all, he thought, fifteen or so years of unchecked hatred had to explode eventually...

Hopefully this time Veronica will get an end she can actually learn to live with…
Lily’s hopeful remark before she’d vanished crept into Logan’s weary mind and it was that hope that managed to keep him from breaking down the door as he desperately tried to act nonchalant and carefree in front of an increasingly dejected-looking Mac.

But, no matter how hopeful Logan was, every so often his eyes would still wander back to the door that remained so conclusively closed.

00000

TBC…

Chapter End Notes

Will be super busy this upcoming week with doctor's appointments and rehab and can't say when the next update will be, but I hope to be hit with some burst of energy so I can crank it out sooner rather than later, but we'll see...
Have a great weekend and as always thanks for the support!
Until Next Time!
What's Meant To Be Is Meant To Be, Part 1

Chapter Summary

Cassidy and Veronica have a long overdue talk and things ultimately doesn't go as planned...

Chapter Notes

Gotta admit that I'm fairly nervous about this chapter's reception. I mean, it's a talky one for one thing, but well, not everyone feels the same way I do about Cassidy and as such maybe won't agree with my portrayal of him, but I truly think he's not entirely evil...
Anyway, enjoy and don't skin me emotionally, 'cause it does end in a cliffie ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

What's Meant To Be Is Meant To Be, Part 1

The dulled sound of bass-filled music filtered through the closed door, but aside from that, there was no sound.

Cassidy was staring at a tired-looking Veronica as if she'd just told him that the moon was in fact made out of cheese and that it had quite a tangy flavor that produced rainbow sprinkles when one burped.

Or something along those lines.

Veronica was no longer sitting in front of him, she'd gotten to her feet midway through her retelling of the crazy story that was her current circumstances and Cassidy was just staring at her as she paced back and forth, finally finishing her tale.

The look on the younger boy’s face was one that spoke of the utmost shock mixed in with a growing sense of resignation at the same time.

*It's like he knows he's got nowhere else to go,* Veronica thought with the now familiar mix of joyful revenge and deep sympathy for the troubled kid.

Before she could succumb to the cloying feelings in her chest or even say anything out loud about the conflict she was going through, Cassidy sighed heavily. With one long glance over at his sleeping brother, he then turned back and met Veronica’s gaze head on, looking resigned and like he was finally ready to talk.

His next words confirmed it and Veronica didn’t know whether to smile or cry just a little bit.

"What do you want to know first, Lo— I mean Veronica?"

Unable to stand being too close to him for some reason she didn’t want to analyze, Veronica
grabbed the only chair in the room from the small desk nearby and dragged it a little closer. A moment later, she’d sat herself down and crossed her arms in a subconscious attempt of protecting herself.

She waited a beat, trying to figure out just how to word her questions. In the end, Veronica merely sighed before opening her mouth to speak slowly, “Well, I guess I kinda want to know why you didn’t tell anyone about the whole Goodman thing? I mean, why not just let the others use your name and go public with their knowledge and all of your shared experiences to prevent it from happening to someone else? You didn’t have to go all evil mastermind on them and kill so many innocent people.” Veronica blinked and added ever so quietly that Cassidy almost couldn’t hear her.

“There were only two people on that bus that you had any problems with…Meg was pregnant and…there were a lot more than two people on that bus…”

Cassidy blinked, looking as if her words cut him deeply. He swallowed a lump of something that Veronica hoped to God was regret. She needed it to be regret.

“I didn’t think that’d be your first question,” Cassidy said quietly, even as he shrugged off the chilling glare his perceived casual demeanor warranted. Then he continued on and tried to justify his murderous actions.

"It's completely stupid. I know that, but…” Cassidy sighed and ran a hand through his messy dark locks and not caring that it only made them messier.

Veronica hated that part of her that couldn’t quite stop thinking that he looked a little adorable and innocent, but she quickly buried the unwanted feelings when the youngest Cassablancas sibling continued his tale.

"I'm a dork, Veronica and a weak one at that. At least that's what people think of me. The one thing I've got going for me is Dick. Although he treats me like a retard most of the time, he still protects me. I guess you saw that when we fought earlier this year."

Veronica nodded in silent agreement as the memory travelled through her mind. Dick had been truly focused as soon as any hint of violence turned his brother’s way. She leaned back in the chair without interrupting, eager to hear more of a story she’d waited too long for as it was.

"So…” Cassidy sighed again, "Anyway…I guess that what I'm trying to say is that I got used to people belittling me over the years and sort of accepted it, but I never liked it. No one likes being seen as a loser.” He cast another look at Veronica, and not voicing anything about how she would know all about that before he continued on wearily, “So to combat that reputation a little, I began playing in the little league. I thought maybe it would give me some sort of cool factor or whatever. Woody was the one person, who really saw me, you know. He talked to me, encouraged me to go after what I wanted and I loved him. Looking back at it, I think I replaced my dad with Woody. Then one day he asked me to stay after practice, which wasn't that unusual, he did that quite a lot actually, so…”

Veronica sighed and sat on her hands to stop herself from actually comforting her rapist. But for a caring person, such as Veronica was deep down, it was really hard not to react to the raw pain that radiated from the broken boy in front of her.

After a couple of tension-filled minutes, it dawned on Veronica why Cassidy was looking like he was trying to convince himself to walk on burning coals. She bit her lip to stop a curse from escaping her.
"You don't have to go into details about the whole abuse thing. I doubt it’s all that important in the long run and I for one don’t need to know every little detail." Veronica stated when she could control her voice a little better.

Cassidy broke into a small relieved smile that he honestly didn’t deserve in Veronica’s opinion even if she was the one granting him clemency of the whole thing in the first place. He hurried on with his story before she could do anything other than draw in breath to scold him or something she didn’t quite know.

"Well, it happened more and more and I was too young to really understand that Woody was a bad man. I mean, I didn't like it at all, all the whispered threats and stuff during the "sessions," but then when it was over, he turned back into my father figure, so I was confused. After a while I got bigger and became a teenager, which I guess was a turnoff for him, so he let me go. He abandoned me for someone else. I didn't understand why I wanted to be around him still, he was a perverted asshole, but I loved him like a son and felt lost afterwards."

Cassidy moved over to the bed and leaned up against it with a small sigh. “I buried everything deep down and went on with my life. Then one day, Marcos and…” he cast an almost sheepish glance Veronica’s way before adding softly, “well, I guess that part you already know. They wanted to get the dirty little secret out in the open and I didn’t want that. I was a big enough freak as it was already. Once people found out that I let a man do those things to me…”

Veronica saw a full body shudder erupt in Cassidy and his eyes were burning with some kind of intent that she felt a little cowed by if she had to be honest. “Remember how people acted around Dick once his little indiscretion with the not-so-female hooker came out. It didn't even matter to them that err…someone sent her to him. Imagine what they'd have done to me if they learned the truth."

Cassidy closed his eyes in pain at the thought and Veronica shook her head in disbelief.

"So let me get this straight.” Her voice was harsher than she wanted it to be, yet she didn’t try and apologize for it in her rising anger, “you didn't want people to know that some horrible guy sexually abused you as a child, so your response was to kill off the people who desperately needed closure after their own abuse and in the process you killed an entire buss full of innocent school kids."

Veronica snapped her fingers mockingly and had to struggle so the smirk on her borrowed face didn’t turn into a snarl. “Damn! Why didn't I think of that, when all of you turned your backs on me last year?"

Cassidy just stared at her for a long second, unknowingly sending shivers down Veronica’s spine when his small sad-looking smile ended and he stated softly, “well, that’s easy. You’re not crazy enough.”

It took a moment before Veronica could even begin to process that particular statement. She took a couple of deep breaths to try and calm down a little before she continued on with her interrogation.

"Well, I guess that answers that question.” She deadpanned. “Now please answer me this, ’cause this one really bugs me – even more then you putting your dick places where it didn't belong.”

Veronica’s baser side reveled a little in the minute flinch her crass wording brought forth in the teenager. She was so deeply focused on Cassidy that she didn’t notice the lack of snores coming from Dick’s direction, too eager for an answer to a question she’d wanted for years. “Where does Mac fit in in all of this? If you just wanted to hurt her, then—"
Cassidy straightened up as soon as Mac’s name was mentioned. His earlier so downtrodden expression turned genuinely upset, almost furious when he interrupted Veronica.

"Don't even say that! It's not like that with her. I care about Mac a lot… I love her. I would never hurt her!"

For the first time since…well, probably since she’d burst through a certain hotel room’s door and spotted a heartsick and confused Mac sitting with a sheet clutched around her naked body, Veronica felt like she could breathe a little freer.

For the first time, she was truly and absolutely sure about Cassidy’s feelings for her best female friend. Now I finally know why he settled for humiliating her by stealing her clothes and not murdering her in cold blood…

Realizing that her continued silence was only aggravating the offended-looking Cassidy, Veronica held up her hands in a placating manner.

“Relax, no need to go ballistic on me, Cassidy. I needed to know. Whenever I do go back, I’ll be able to answer one of Mac’s long awaited questions.”

“Fine,” Cassidy nodded, settling back down as if he hadn’t just nearly exploded with anger and once again looking about as threatening as a baby duckling. It was eerie for the time traveler to watch and her uncomfortableness only increased when he added, ever so sensibly, “She deserves to know that through everything I did, I never wanted her to suffer. I love her…Do you anymore questions, Veronica?”

Veronica swallowed down her wariness and crossed her arms defensively, knowing that she needed to broach one more subject for her peace of mind.

"I need to know about the rape, Cassidy.” She mentally congratulated herself for not sounding as nervous as she felt. “Why did you do it? Why me? I never did anything to you.”

The younger Cassablancas sighed deeply and Veronica watched with a mixture of bitterness, hate and empathy as his eyes teared up. After a little while, he finally looked up at her and started talking. “I know that given what I've done to you, you think of me as perverted and stupid and—"

Not in the least bit interested in listening to his self-deprecations Veronica interrupted with as level a tone as she could manage under the circumstances where her heart was in her throat. “Of course I do think less than stellar thing about you, but I’d prefer it if you'd skip over the name-calling parts. Trust me, there aren't any names you can come up with I haven't already used a gazillion times."

Cassidy rubbed his eye to wipe away the tears and nodded before he finally began his story, “You probably know all about that evening, so I'll just jump to the part where I was locked in the room with you passed out on the bed. I've never been able to get aroused with anybody after the whole Little League thing, but that night I was so angry at everybody for their teasing and you too, but I think that was more a way for me to get the deed done then any actual resentment, 'cause like you said; you’d never done anything to me.”

There was a short pause wherein the two of them just stared silently at each other. Eventually, Veronica’s patience ran out and she gestured for Cassidy to continue on, which he did with another deep exhale. “I'd had enough and I thought that I'd do it just to shock Dick and make him shut up about me, ya know? Then as I was…err, doing it, I suddenly got this glimpse of you opening your eyes and calmly asking me, what the hell I thought I was doing and I panicked and fled as fast as I could do up my pants. I bumped into someone and puked all over her shoes.”
Veronica swallowed again, trying to control the erratic pounding of her heart. It was harder than
she’d ever imagined just standing there, listening to her rapists story. Her insides were twisting in
her gut uncomfortably and for one brief moment, she wanted nothing more but to call in Logan and
hide in his arms. It didn’t even matter that his embrace would be different given his new form, she
was absolutely certain that Logan’s hug would calm her down. It had always done so in the past
after all.

Cassidy’s voice brought her out of her moment of missing her spouse and she refocused as he
finished his tale.

“The rest of that month I walked around practically consumed by panic. So sure that every day
would be the day you’d come running up to me and turning me in to the cops and stuff. In the end, I
just…I watched you and discovered that you truly didn’t remember a thing about it and I started
breathing a little easier. I even started picking on you like Dick and Logan told me I should, just so
I could fit in a bit more.”

Dick suddenly interrupted the two of them by grunting loud enough to drown out the vague echo of
still sounding music from the living room area and moving so close to the edge of the bed, that
Cassidy and Veronica had to get up and move him to safety before continuing their talk. Neither of
them realized that the grunt had a hint of devastated moan in it, both of them too caught up in their
talk to notice anything.

Veronica slowly sat down on the chair again and Cassidy repositioned himself on the bed to keep
his older brother out of trouble even though the older male had seemingly frozen as soon as they’d
touched him and didn’t seem to be moving anymore.

"Tell me," Cassidy suddenly asked, "If I apologized with all of my heart, would you let me go? If I
swore to never even look badly at other people again?"

There was sincerity in his words, and the words practically dripped with something that sounded
like remorse and desperation, but Veronica couldn’t stop a tired chuckle from escaping her as a
response.

“Come on, Cassidy,” she said, achingly gentle in the face of his soft-spoken plea, “you know I
can’t let you do that. For starters, I’m not the only person that you’ve wronged here. People are
dead and their families are devastated. We both know that you deserve to go to prison and maybe
get some much needed counselling as well.”

The smile Cassidy gave her was brimming with self-loathing for one split second before he turned
fully serious again. “I am, you know.” He stated and elaborated while staring intensely at her,
“Sorry, I mean. I’m so sorry for all that I’ve put you through. If I could take it back, I would. I
want you to trust me on that at least. Oh, and I’m sorry for the Chlamydia too, but to be fair that’s
more on Goodman than on me.”

Veronica furrowed her brows at his apology, not particularly enjoying the reminders that the whole
STD thing brought forth as it had been beyond humiliating sitting in that courtroom in her original
timeline and having everyone know about it.

"Yeah that was a real treat. Thanks." Her tone was full of saccharine sarcasm that brought an
honest grin forth on Cassidy’s weary-looking face.

For one short moment, Veronica could actually see the man he could’ve become if he hadn’t
turned down his chosen path of murder and destruction and it was that vision more than anything
that made her say what she did next.
"I'll never forget what happened to me, what you did…” Veronica began slowly and watched as her words caused Cassidy to freeze and make his eyes tear up a bit again. She continued, ignoring the old hateful part of her that screamed that she was being an idiot. “I'll never forget, but Cassidy, if you never get redemption for your crimes, I'll give you peace of mind in my case."

Cassidy's eyes widened with pure disbelief and his mouth opened like a fish as if her words had truly stumped him. "You-you mean…?" he stuttered clumsily.

Veronica waited a beat to see if Lily or Lynne would pop up and interfere or something before she nodded once.

"Like I said, I will never forget what you did to me, but I forgive you although my other self keeps screaming for your untimely death."

The silence stretched on and finally the awkward tension in the room made Veronica’s usual personality pop out. "Darn it, had I known tonight would end up being more like a Corrs song than anything else, I might have chosen a different wording."

Her joke fell flat as Cassidy merely twitched his lips in a dutiful smile, looking completely lost in thought.

Feeling drained by the emotional talking she’d done and the unexpected conclusion to it, Veronica closed her eyes with a tired sigh for one brief moment.

But still, she soon found that said moment was too long because, suddenly, she felt the smaller male lunge at her with an incredible speed. Before she could even reopen her eyes, Veronica was hit hard on the head with something heavy and as she tumbled down to the floor, already halfway to unconsciousness, she heard Cassidy’s parting words as though from a long distance away.

"Thank you for everything Veronica. I just can't go to prison. I'm gonna go set a few things right before it’s too late."

00000

It was easy to be completely ignored in the midst of the party going on and for once, Logan actually felt happy to be in Veronica’s skin as it meant barely anyone noticed him standing more or less immobile near the bedroom door, staring holes in the wood.

Mac had abandoned him earlier when his half-hearted attention wasn’t enough to distract her from her sadness over her boyfriend’s disappearing act. Logan didn’t really care; too busy waiting for any sign that would make him catapult into action.

That was why he knew something was amiss almost immediately after Cassidy suddenly appeared in the door and, after one longing look in Mac’s unknowing direction, simply left without a word.

Veronica!

Logan instinctively knew something was wrong with his wife and quickly barreled through the people standing in his way. Out of the corner of his eye, Logan distractedly noticed Caitlin Ford yelping loudly as she was knocked aside and inelegantly landed on Mandy, who in return squealed like a frightened pig.

It didn’t matter; nothing did, except reaching that now half-opened door and seeing Veronica be okay.
A few seconds later, Logan banged the door fully open, only to freeze horrified at the sight that met him.

Dick was sitting with his head in his hands on the edge of the bed, looking like his entire world had just come crashing down around him, but that wasn’t all that important to Logan. His eyes were drawn to his own body, to Veronica, who was laying head first on the carpeted floor. He could see a small trail of blood running from her eyebrow and down the side of her cheek.

Logan cursed at the sight. At the sound, Dick looked up. His eyes were puffy and tears were running down his face. “He…” he started hoarsely, “I…Cass…”

The blond couldn’t seem to finish a sentence and Logan completely ignored his obvious suffering, too worried about Veronica’s unconsciousness.

"Veronica! Honey, come on, don’t do this to me. Please, Baby." Logan basically threw himself down beside her and hesitantly turned her unmoving form over and halfway into his lap.

The lack of any kind of reaction made Logan see red. He could almost feel how his growing rage was choking out every last bit of reasoning out of him. His eyes were filled with a murderous fury when they landed on the still crying Dick.

"Where is he?"

Dick wiped his eyes and sniffled just long enough for Logan to contemplate violence before finally speaking in a shocked tone, “He attacked her before I could do anything. I’ve been drinking too much and my body wasn’t reacting as fast as it should…Then he…”

Fresh tears interrupted Dick’s tentative calm and he bent over sobbing like nothing Logan had ever seen before, not even that night he’d showed up in college completely broken.

The whole thing made Logan awkward. He’d never been the best in situations with tears. Then something Dick had said, resonated within him and Logan barely swallowed down a fresh set of curses.

‘She’, so apparently Dick now knows the truth too. Logan glanced down at Veronica in his arms, feeling a fresh wave of urgency come over him at the sight of the blood that still trickled slowly down her face. I have to find Cassidy before he does any more damage.

Logan was so deeply entombed inside his own mind that he failed to notice the fluttering of Veronica’s closed eyes, but her muffled moan of pain reached him and he quickly looked down to see her slowly opening her eyes.

The time traveling duo locked eyes and for one short minute, Logan thought he saw long forgotten feelings in Veronica's eyes, but then she blinked and the moment was gone.

"Where is he?" she slurred, trying in vain to sit up. It was clear that whatever had happened had given her something along the lines of a concussion and Logan had to bite back an instinctive need to force her to go to the hospital. He knew that the stubborn female would refuse point blank.

Logan watched quietly as her eyes moved swiftly around the room, cataloging everything in that brilliant mind of hers before they finally landed on Dick’s weeping form on the bed.

“So Dickie, how long were you actually awake and more importantly, what did you hear?” To say that Veronica’s tone oozed ice was not an exaggeration and Logan spared a second to feel relieved that for once said coldness wasn’t directed at him even as he once again had to admire her ability to
"A lot of it," was all Dick said and Veronica nodded before she uncoordinatedly managed to get on her feet.

She leaned a little on Logan, seemingly not even noticing her dependence on him however slight. He wasn’t about to mention anything and risk her trying to insist on being independent too soon.

Dismissing Dick, Veronica fully turned to look down at Logan. The look in her eyes was desperate and oh-so earnest that he knew he was about to have a hard time saying no to her.

“We have to find him,” Veronica said, unknowingly proving him right.

Logan sighed and gently removed himself from Veronica’s hold. Then he pointed down at his attire with a rueful smile dancing on his face. “Well, then if you don’t mind waiting a few minutes, I’ll just change out of this drag costume and join you for a fun game of hunting down the murderous criminal.”

Veronica’s eyes sparkled briefly at his untimely joke before nodding decisively and turning back to look at Dick. Logan hurried over to the corner where he’d thrown his casual clothes in a fit of pique earlier during his makeover time with Lily and pretended not to listen in on the conversation going on behind him.

“…truly sorry that you had to find out like this,” Veronica’s tone was full of earnest regret, “but the truth is out there now and you can’t just bury your head in the sand. Please tell me if you know where he might go?”

Dick didn’t offer up an answer and Logan, even with his back turned, could spot the pure annoyance that was running through Veronica.

"Look Dick, more people could end up dead if you don't help me out here! Cassidy's got problems and I need you to help me get to him in time."

Dick muttered something that Logan couldn't hear and Veronica sighed. Logan finished changing and turned just in time to see her hand over her phone to his best friend.

"Look this is a recording of the whole conversation. Please play it to Mac in private and tell her I'll talk to her as soon as I've found Cassidy. Okay?"

The Casablancas heir nodded, for once silenced and Logan felt his heart go out to his friend. It was never easy to stand by and watch someone you cared about hurting and there was no doubt in Logan’s mind that Dick was hurting, reeling from all he’d learned.

Before Logan could do more than offer a tiny sympathetic smile, Veronica grabbed his hand and unceremoniously dragged him out of the hotel suite, while expertly ignoring the curious stares and whispers following their departure.

It took a few minutes before the duo reached the hotel’s lobby and continued running outside to find Logan’s car.

“Where are we going?” Logan panted, promising himself to do something about Veronica’s fitness level yet never mentioning that he was doing it to her at all. He jumped into the X-Terra and barely managed to put on his seatbelt before Veronica drove off with squealing tires.

“I know where Cassidy went,” was all Veronica said and the look of intense worry and
determination made Logan accept the vague response without questioning it.

Not for the first time since Cassidy had bolted out of the bedroom, looking pale and overwrought, did Logan wonder just what had gone down between them. *I may interrogate Dick later for answers if Veronica won’t tell me,* Logan decided and then put the matter to the back of his mind. There were more important things to worry about after all.

It took a little while; maybe fifteen minutes before Logan began to recognize his surroundings. It’d been years since he’d been there, but he’d driven that route a lot during his time as Woody Goodman’s glorified gopher.

"You think he went to Goodman's house?"

Veronica nodded, looking pleased by his assumption. “Yeah, I think he feels like the only way to avoid going to prison is to confront his abuser and then everything will turn out all right.”

Logan nodded, that did sound crazy enough to be a plan of an admittedly crazy teenager. "So once we get there, then what?" he asked and grabbed a firm hold of the dashboard when Veronica made a truly sharp turn down the last road to their destination.

Veronica pulled up to the house, running over a couple of fancy-looking garden gnomes in the process with no regret whatsoever. She answered his question before she more or less catapulted out of the car.

"I stop whatever he’s planning on doing and hopefully we can go home after that."

Logan nodded, knowing that despite the possibility of violence and mayhem, it really was the soundest plan they had. He quickly followed her, taking a firm hold of her bicep to halt her movement for a second.

"Sounds like a plan to me,” Logan stated and added seriously when Veronica looked like she was about to pull her arm out of his grip, “but I'm coming with you 'cause I’m just as big a part of this mess as you and don’t you even think about trying to stop me, Mars.”

Veronica actually smiled at that fierce declaration and once more making Logan’s heart skip a beat as if something was slowly mending itself between them. He shook it off, too used to disappointments to really dare hope, just in time for Veronica’s reply to truly register in his mind.

"I wouldn't have it any other way, Echolls."

0000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for the continued support, it is what makes me sit down and write and plan when all I really want is sleep and drug myself to avoid the pain from my (thankfully) mending injuries.

Until Next Time (Again, I'll try to write as fast as I can, but being busy with doctors and rehab cramps my style a bit these days...).
Chapter Summary

Angst and drama at the Goodmans residence.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay. Real life issues and illness.
Thank you all for your continued support, it makes it very easy to force one self into writing even when one self is feeling like doodoo...
Enjoy and...please don't hate me...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

What's Meant To Be Is Meant To Be, Part 2

Veronica eyed the Goodmans’ big house. Everything surrounding the building was pristine and looked expensive. It was dark and seemed like its residents were asleep, which made a lot of sense to her given what she knew of all the drama Neptune entailed; it’d be a necessity to get enough sleep to handle it.

Shaking out of her head, Veronica knocked on the door loudly. Nothing happened and she looked down at Logan, who wore a frown that matched the one she could feel growing on her face.

"Think they aren't home?" Logan asked and knocked at the door with as much raw strength as his feminine arms allowed. He looked like he knew his question was stupid, but that he was willing to risk ridicule just to be proven right.

Veronica shrugged, trying to look in through one of the windows next to the front door, but it was in vain.

"I don't know." She answered dubiously, “I guess it could be a possibility, but I just have this feeling, that this is where Cassidy wanted to go. I mean, I think I would have gone here too, if it had been me. I think his repressed feelings bubbled over when we talked and, I guess one’s feelings can’t be suppressed forever."

Logan nodded with an odd look in his eyes as though he understood something that she didn't. Veronica didn’t like that expression, but didn’t get more time to dwell on it before Logan quickly looked over his shoulder, as if scanning for unwanted witnesses.

A moment later, he turned back to face Veronica. He sounded almost tired when he spoke next.

"This may just keep you from realizing that I’ve changed from my wild days, but I have a way to get in…"

Veronica arched an eyebrow and looked on with interest as her husband took out from his messy
blonde hair, what definitely looked like a hairpin and began jiggling it into the locked door. She was trapped between wanting to tease him for his actions and feel a little saddened by his lack of faith in her trust in him.

*Oh don’t even,* Veronica’s more honest side pointed out as she mutely watched her partner in crime do what he could to aid their mission, *you’ve never shown him an ounce of trust and can’t be that surprised that he is finally showing you the same courtesy…*

A few moments later, Veronica was pulled out of her head when she heard the unmistakable click and then watched how Logan opened the door with an almost forgotten display of his gentlemanly manners. Veronica barely managed not to pout childishly, seeing as she herself couldn’t open a door of that caliber that effortlessly or that quickly.

"I so wanna hear how you learned that little useful skill," Veronica began saying, but then they both froze when they heard a muffled scream. “At another time and place naturally,” she added hurriedly as they refocused on their task at hand.

The two of them, using every bit of stealth they’d acquired in their dual lives, walked through the large entrance hall and strained their ears for more sounds on their way forward, but nothing was heard and the silence carried an eeriness that was found disturbing by both of them.

A moment later they reached the living room and Veronica stopped dead in her tracks as her trained detective gaze swept over the large room. Logan wasn’t prepared for her sudden stop and bumped into her and was about to give a snarky remark to release him of a bit of his stress when his eyes took in the room as well.

Several of the pictures on the wall had been ripped down and lay crushed on the soft expensive carpet. A chair was tipped over and most disturbing of all there was a large pool of blood on the small white coffee table in front of the destroyed flat screen TV.

“Better hope we’re not too late,” Logan muttered, gently reaching out to lead the still frozen Veronica further into their search.

“Yeah,” she whispered hoarsely, as they hurried through the rest of the house and moved up the stairs to the second floor, “that’s pretty much all I’m doing right now.”

Finally, another sound led them to their destination. As soon as they entered the room, Logan stepped in front of Veronica unthinkingly in an effort to shield her as he always did. This of course would’ve worked better if Veronica currently wasn’t more than a head taller than him, but from the slight smile on her lips it seemed like she appreciated the gesture none the less and Logan found it oddly worth the brief humiliation to see her happy with him however briefly.

The door they’d just passed turned out to lead into the Goodmans’ master bedroom. On the huge king-sized bed, Veronica spotted Woody’s wife; a woman that she used to get the chills from whenever they shared the same space due to her complete lack of shown emotions.

That was no longer the case, Veronica realized with a brief stab of horrified pity. The dark-haired woman was lying in her nightgown on the bed, a sock stuffed in her mouth to keep her quiet while her hands were tied to the bedpost. The terror was obvious in her flushed face.

Logan nudged her gently in the ribs, and out of the corner of her eye, she saw him nod and point in the direction of the floor. She looked over there and barely managed to conceal the gasp that
wanted to escape her.

On the floor was Gia and her little brother, Rodney. The siblings were tied to each other with massive amounts of duct tape and each had a sock in their mouth like their mother. Gia’s sobbing was clear even through the sock. Rodney sat unmoving and his eyes were locked on something to his left. Veronica followed his eyes and cursed mentally even as she felt Logan stiffen next to her, obviously catching sight of the same thing she had.

Cassidy stood towering over a kneeling Woody Goodman. The former burger joint-owner turned devoted public servant had a still bleeding cut over his right eye and it now became clear to Veronica whose blood it was on the coffee table downstairs.

In one of his trembling hands, Cassidy had a gun and in the other he held a taser. Veronica couldn’t stop herself from flinching as she was suddenly overcome with the memory of just how painful that taser was as she’d experienced on a rooftop so long ago. Logan moved closer to her as though he knew what was going through her mind.

The silence that was only hindered by sobs and ragged breathing was finally broken by Woody’s mild voice begging softly, “Come on, Cassie; you’re a good kid. I know you don’t want to do this…”

Cassidy’s laugh was unhinged; hoarse and manic. He emphasized the point of his unbalanced state by waving the gun in front of the older man’s sluggishly bleeding head.

“Oh, really?” His voice brimmmed with barely repressed emotions that sent shivers down Veronica’s spine, “As a matter of fact there’s nothing more in this world that I want more than to make you suffer. I want you to suffer as much as I’ve suffered. Also, don’t call me Cassie, I’ve got a name and you damn well know it!”

Woody seemed to swallow a lump of fear, before he tried again, this time his voice seemed a bit more demanding, as though Cassidy's outburst had strengthened him somehow. "You can't just barge into my house and put my family through this Cassidy. Come on, this can't be what you really want."

Cassidy's grip on his weapons tightened and even from the doorway Veronica could see his fingers turning white at the tips. The distraught younger man then put his gun right onto Woody's sweating forehead and to Veronica and Logan's horror he then proceeded to put the taser on Mrs. Goodman's thigh and turn it on for a short while.

The woman screamed in agony and the way the sound was muffled by the sock in her mouth somehow made it all the more sad to watch. Veronica felt compelled to act, but one warning look from Logan managed to stall her momentarily.

"Don't tell me what I want!" Cassidy all but screamed in Woody's face, when the man squeaked at the sight of his wife's pain. "Don't worry Woody," his rage seemingly vanishing and transforming into a scarily calm mask that Veronica felt so unnerved by that she almost wanted to turn tail and run. “I'm not gonna kill her, so stop acting like the loyal husband we both know you not in the least.”

As though it was an afterthought, Cassidy then jabbed the still screaming woman with the taser again without even taking his eyes of his old abuser. Apparently the look in his eyes was frightening, because Veronica could see Woody's eyes widen impossibly with a fresh wave of fear.

When Cassidy didn't remove the taser after a few seconds, Veronica's innate moral code forced her
into action and she pushed Logan softly out of her way to enter the terrifying scene in front of her.

Logan’s curse was ignored as was the grabbing hands he tried to reel her back behind him with.

“Cassidy, don’t do this,” she pleaded gently, “come on, let’s just step back and think this through, okay?”

The youngest Cassablancas didn't seem fazed or even surprised by her sudden appearance at all. He just sent an approving look her way before turning his attention back down on his hostage again. When he spoke, his voice was still as calm and even as if they were debating something for the school’s newspaper and not in fact debating a man’s right to live.

"I was wondering when you'd be getting here. I'm glad I didn't hit you too hard. Don't get between me and him, please…He deserves this."

Veronica nodded in agreement, knowing it'd be futile to even try to disagree with that statement. Not that she ever would, the white-faced pedophile was disgusting and Veronica knew she’d probably react along the same lines but…murder wasn’t the answer.

“I totally agree with you, but this isn't the way to get justice for the pain he’s put you through.” Veronica then gestured to the other members of the Goodman family. “I mean, you've attacked innocent people this time.”

Cassidy chuckled and kicked Woody in the stomach to tip him onto his back. When he was sure that the older man wouldn't try anything, he sent Veronica an amused look. He looked genuinely curious when he confronted her with some truths that she hadn't known.

"Do you really think she's innocent?" he pointed with the taser on the now whimpering Mrs. Goodman. She didn't seem to pay attention to their conversation at all. Cassidy continued and his words shook Veronica's core. "Of course you'd think that, with her being the ordinary housewife, but no. I remember one time she walked in on us. I remember looking up at her and begging for her to remove that piece of shit from me, but she simply said, that he had a phone call, so if he wouldn't mind ending his little session for today. I also remember her turning around without a second glance at me and leave. Most of all, I remember her giving me this disgusted look when I walked by her to go home ten minutes later, limping and crying from our little ‘session’ as I was. So, Veronica; still think she's as innocent as she looks?"

Veronica shared a quick look with Logan, who’d unbeknownst to her slowly begun making his way toward the whimpering female on the bed in an attempt to help, but even as he looked at Veronica, he unceremoniously changed agenda and made his way toward the crying Gia and her still frozen baby brother. The latter looked as though he was trapped in another world for all that he seemed to comprehend of the stuff happening around him.

Veronica spared a brief, yet heartfelt, thanks to whomever was listening that Cassidy’s attention didn’t waver from Woody. He acted like the other people in the bedroom were furniture, not worth his notice and Veronica was grateful for that. If nothing else, it assured Logan’s safety and she knew in the deepest pit of her soul that it was what was most important to her in that moment.

Suddenly, Cassidy’s expression turned thoughtful. He glanced over at Veronica. “Come here,” he ordered quietly, but with an edge of seriousness that insured her obedience like nothing else ever could, “reach into my left pocket and take out my phone, and record this next bit of conversation. And don't try anything or I'll kill him before you can even move another muscle to save him, okay?”
Nodding, Veronica did as she was told. *It’s so weird how we think alike;* she thought as she pressed the button on the phone to record, *I did the same thing not one hour ago…*

Veronica was brought back to the harsh reality she was currently living when Cassidy's voice demanded harshly, “I Cassidy Cassablancas, being of sound mind, want you, Woody Goodman to admit to several cases of rape and inappropriate touching of myself and God only knows how many other young boys. Confess!”

The order appeared to utterly shock Woody. As the accusation turned into waiting for compliance, the older man turned his head to look at his children, seeming as if he was appalled by the blunt blame thrown his way. His bloodied face took on a look that practically screamed that he was innocent and had no idea how he could be accused of such misdeeds.

“Don’t listen to him, Sweeties,” Woody soothed, “the poor boy is obviously deranged and doesn’t know what he’s saying.”

While Cassidy had gotten Veronica to record the happenings and Woody pleaded his innocence, Gia had stopped sobbing. Her big dark and red-rimmed eyes were watching every move that her schoolmate were making. She looked from Cassidy to her father’s fallen form and then finally settling back onto Rodney, who still hadn’t moved an inch.

Cassidy seemed to read her mind as easily as he had once read Veronica's on a certain rooftop in another lifetime. His tone was almost friendly when he spoke, almost succeeding in sounding human if it hadn’t been for the slight smile that graced his chapped lips.

"Yeah Gia, you’re starting to see it now, aren’t you? I'm willing to bet that Daddy Dearest here has never laid a hand on *you*, that he's always seemed a lot more interested in his little Sonny Boy… all those late nights in his room, probably getting a story read to him. All those private fishing trips and stuff where you were never invited, 'cause that was father and son time. Tell me I’m wrong.”

It seemed impossible, but Gia’s eyes managed to grow even bigger as they darted between her stuttering father and her now very pale brother. Two big red spots on the boy’s cheeks seemed to be all the answers she needed and Gia closed her eyes briefly as if to pray. A moment later, they reopened and they were now practically scorching them all, showing hatred that even Veronica in her worst moments found hard to match.

"That's right," Cassidy chuckled bitterly, gaining no real enjoyment out of ruining another’s life so spectacularly. He turned to face his own rapist, “I guess it's hard to resist the temptation of a sweet little boy living under your very own roof, isn't it Woody?”

Neptune's self-proclaimed family man didn't reply, but his breathing had turned into something more resembling panicked panting and that looked like it pleased the younger male immensely.

"Tell them what you did to me! Tell them how you broke me!"

All of the sudden, it was as though Cassidy couldn't keep his rage at bay any longer and he began kicking the older man with each word uttered word. "Tell. Them. That. You're. A. fucking. Pervert!"

Veronica saw out of the corner of her eye, that Logan had finally reached the Goodman children and was desperately trying to free them before Cassidy discovered him. Veronica stepped closer and hid them from his sight.

A small part of her didn’t particularly want to intervene, but Veronica was a disciple of Lady
Justice and she needed to make sure Goodman stayed alive long enough to face the consequences of his depraved actions and as such, with one deep fortifying breath, Veronica stepped closer.

"Goodman, you really should come clean. I mean Keith Mars is already hot on your heels; it's only a matter of days before it'll all blow up in your face. Confess and live through the night. Don't make your family see you get killed. He will do it, of that there’s no doubt."

Woody looked like he had come to the same conclusion as Veronica and finally nodded, looking defeated. He took a deep breath and looked into Cassidy's burning eyes. "I did something horrible to you Cassidy and those other boys and I'm so sorry. I know I'm a bad person, I can't help myself...Please don't hurt me!"

For a very long while, Cassidy simply stood staring down at the weeping pedophile on the floor. To Veronica it looked like the teenager hadn't quite registered the words yet. He hadn't even lowered the gun and so, in an attempt to halt any more bloodshed, she stepped even closer.

Pretending not to notice her trembling hands, Veronica held out the phone to get a better sound and tried to sound less judgmental and disgusted than she felt. “So...you admit to having abused Cassidy Casablancas and several other young boys sexually including your own son, Rodney Goodman?”

Woody nodded with quivering lips, but repeated Veronica's words when she asked him too and then he put his head in his hands and cried miserably, snot and blood mixing grossly and completely ignored by the broken man.

Logan, who'd led Rodney and Gia out of the room to safety during Woody's confession returned and placed himself right beside Veronica, who tried to reconnect with the immobile Cassidy “Cass...Let me have your gun, please? Everything is gonna be all right now.” Veronica all but begged, not really liking the deadened look Cassidy was sporting. “We have his confession and everyone will know you weren't born a murderer, but turned into one. In this case you were the innocent one, so please give me the gun before you hurt anyone again..."

Cassidy seemed to awaken at her heartfelt plea and looked over at the two of them with big tears running down his face. "I..." he began with a snuffle and then took a deep breath before continuing with a hoarse voice, that barely concealed the raging emotions overwhelming him. "I finally got him to confess. It's over. He can't hurt me or anyone else again. Do you even know how wonderful that feels?"

Veronica teared up too and nodded. All her past hate for the male wasn't there at the moment and she understood his relief if not his actions. It is going to be all right, she thought, but then Cassidy surprised her yet again and there was something devastating in just knowing what was to come and not being able to do anything to prevent it.

"You'll tell Dick and Mac that I love them, right?"

Logan stepped closer, apparently not reading the situation like Veronica did. He looked at the boy he'd known for years, who'd always been two steps behind him and Dick and wasn't willing to give up on him just yet. "You'll get to tell them yourself, Cassidy. Come on, it's over."

For some inexplicable reason, even knowing in her entire being what was about to happen, Veronica couldn't move a muscle when Cassidy's brown eyes locked on to hers with a look of resignation and despair in them that would forever haunt her.
Cassidy pointed at the phone she was still holding tightly in her hand. “We all know I can never go back. Not after killing all those people in the bus crash and Curly Moran too. I'm sorry that I didn't know how to ask for help or how to be as strong as you always were. I know that I've been forgiven for raping you, Veronica Mars, but I'll never forgive myself…”

There was a momentary wave of tense silence wherein Cassidy sniffled and wiped his eyes of the continuous stream of tears. He sighed tiredly and finished softly, “I hope that’ll do…”

In the blink of an eye, Veronica found herself shouting with desperation when Cassidy suddenly threw the still charged taser at Logan, forcing him to duck out of the way. Then, before Veronica could do anything, Cassidy threw her a small smile and said one last thing before he quickly put his gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. He was dead before his body even landed on the bed, where Mrs. Goodman immediately screamed once and fainted from the entire ordeal.

Veronica didn't notice, Cassidy’s last words ringing on repeat inside her mind even as she moved to embrace a pale-looking Logan.

“How’s that for redemption, Mars?”

0000

TBC…

Chapter End Notes

Okay, truth time.
I hate this chapter, I didn't realize how much until I came to it and had to rewrite it. It was therefore my least changed chapter from the original but I tried to make it flow better and, despite the ending, think it worked.
Now, remember, don't kill the author lest you never want to find out the ending...
Hugsies!
Until Next Time!
Chapter Summary

Kendall shows a certain someone why he prefers blondes...

Chapter Notes

Hi *waves enthusiastically*
This chappie is gonna be short, but to be fair as you’ll see it’s more of a set up chapter for the last bit of the story so please don't hate it. I hope you'll like it and I'll try to pump out the next chapter without much delay, but as always, I can never promise anything conclusive.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Handled by Kendall

The sound of panting was loud, broken by a few chuckles. Rustling and contented sighs. Finally, a female voice stated with a satisfied tone in her voice, “That really was nice and all, but I’ve gotta say I can’t go another round. I don’t want my body to give up on me after all…”

Aaron Echolls looked up from his place on the cozy, albeit rather less clean than a few hours ago, couch in his suite at the Neptune Grand and locked eyes with one very ruffled-looking Kendall Casablancas.

He stared up and down the beautiful brunette’s splendid body, not even trying to hide the lust in his eyes. “Oh yeah, but what a way to go, eh?”

Kendall flipped her long hair over her shoulder with a seductive grin of agreement and bent down to pick up the bra that Aaron had removed quite forcibly some hours earlier.

Adjusting her hickey-covered breast into the bra, Kendall continued putting on her haphazardly thrown clothes. After a few moments of silence, she looked over at the acquitted actor. “So,” she said with a look of cautious confusion, “not that this hasn’t been a fun time, but I have to admit that I was a little surprised to actually hear from you. I mean, when I went to the prison that last time you said you didn’t want me to go through with our plan; something about not wanting to hurt Logan anymore.”

Aaron huffed out a small laugh edged with hints of bitterness that the brunette didn’t quite understand. She watched him get up from the sofa and walk over to the mini bar next to that bed they still hadn’t used. He took out a bottle of beer, seemingly completely uncaring about his nakedness.

After a long pull of the cold beverage, Aaron turned to look at her. “Well, let’s just sat I’d just gotten a little visit from the fruit of my loins at the time and at that point in time I still had doubts about ever getting out of that hellhole, so…” he snorted derisively as if the subject of doubts was...
so beneath his attention and then finished conclusively, “who cares anyway, right? I’m out of there and my little boy can’t do a damned thing without my say so anymore.”

The gleam in Aaron's eyes made Kendall fully understand, that the man might have gotten released from prison a free man, but he sure as hell wasn't an innocent man. She licked her lips and turned back to her feminine seduction skills. And let's be honest here, Kendall praised herself arrogantly, I'm hotter than a trip to Hell so using those abilities are a breeze.

She pouted cutely, running a hand through her hair, “You’re so right. Logan hasn’t been all that willing to spend his money on anyone but himself so I think it’s a great idea that such a big strong man like you are gonna reteach him some manners.”

While Kendall had been putting on her act, Aaron had grabbed a couple of newly bought slacks and finished his beer. When he looked back at her, his face had on a smile, but the expression of intensity in his eyes told her that he was exceedingly serious.

"Well, the kid does need some manners and who better to discipline him than his old loving father?"

Loving my ass, Kendall thought even as she too plastered on an insincere smile and kept up her charade of parental support. “I bet you would be the best ever.”

Aaron came closer and suddenly his eyes lost that almost mocking gleam to be replaced by a new kind of darkness that honestly freaked the gold-digger out.

When he spoke, his voice was soft yet carried some hint of darkness that sent shivers down Kendall’s back. “Speaking of Logan; I heard something about you giving him ‘private lessons’ once upon a time…That's not right, that a woman your age seduces a boy his age and I think you need to keep your clothes on around him, he's very fragile—”

Kendall actually had the audacity to laugh the murderer in his face, uncaringly interrupting him with a slight edge of the darkness she too carried inside her in her tone, “Aha yes, and you're such a great example of propriety yourself?”

Suddenly, as if her words had lit a fire under him, Aaron was right in Kendall's face and his hands were placed on her cheeks, pressing into the delicate skin harshly. His eyes had a crazed look in them and when he spoke, it was more like an evil roar, “How dare you speak to me like that, you whore? I think the world would be a better place without you here; all you stupid women and your laughing and teasing; you're weak and deserve to be punish—argh…!”

Aaron stopped talking immediately when he felt Kendall's manicured hands grip him firmly in the crotch area and squeeze in a way that so didn't resemble anything sexual. In fact it was the exact opposite and he had barely any strength left to push the pain aside long enough for the angry woman’s words to register.

"I think," Kendall’s voice was pure ice as was the look in her dark eyes, “that you need to cool off Mr. Echolls, don't you?"

Aaron didn't respond at first, but a violent (and extremely painful) twist of her hands made him squeak something incomprehensible, and Kendall seemed satisfied for the time being and continued calmly.

"I also think that you need to listen to me. First of all; I'm not a whore and I would appreciate that you didn't go around saying those ugly things about me or women in general. Secondly, take your
hands of my face, before I force you down into the lobby in this position to show everyone just how weak you men can be. Thirdly, ah ah ah, I'm not finished," Kendall quickly added with another vicious twist, when Aaron removed his hands, only to desperately try and push her off of him.

Kendall wore a smile that said butter wouldn’t dare melt in her mouth when she continued, not letting her grip slacken one inch. “Where was I?” she asked mockingly, “oh, right. Thirdly; as much as I hate to admit to this seeing as he hasn’t been all that nice to me lately, I like Logan and I think you should leave the kid alone. Don’t you?”

Aaron nodded fiercely and promised out loud when the deadly brunette demanded that. Satisfied Kendall released the man, but not before delivering a few more not-so-gentle squeezes. In the end, she unceremoniously pushed him to the floor. As soon as her hands were free, she quickly pulled out a gun from her Louis Vuitton bag and pointed it at the now moaning man.

"And one last thing Mr. Echolls." Kendall sounded as deadly, having let go of any and all of her masks to make her last point very clear. “Don't try to retaliate on me, I'm not a teenaged girl and I know the inside of a prison too, so I'm not that easy to scare either. I suggest you get off of that floor, put some ice on your dick and relax and enjoy your freedom."

Kendall's cellphone rang, breaking the tension and she answered. She completely ignored the now crawling man on the floor in front of her even while her gun never strayed from its target.

Aaron's world blacked out for a moment and when he came back to consciousness he heard the tail end of Kendall’s conversation. Vaguely he realized she sounded shocked and a little scared, and that pissed him off all over again. Not even when he'd had her in his grip had she shown an ounce of fear.

"...kidding, right? He wouldn't just...Dick! Put yourself together Boy and call your mom! I can’t do anything helpful anyway...All right then, I'll be right there."

Aaron watched with growing offence as the woman he’d had begging on her hands and knees not one hour earlier completely disregarded him as she quickly finished making herself presentable. She didn’t acknowledge him further, making him feel like he was part of the rug he was half-sprawled across.

A minute later, the door closed softly behind Kendall and Aaron released a muffled scream of fury with his head down in the soft carpet.

"Aaaargh, stupid bitch!" he roared unable to move at first, but finally after nearly a half an hour with a detour to the mini bar, he managed to get himself back into the soft couch where his mind slowly began plotting.

"Can't touch my own kid, can I? My kid? Heh," Aaron chortled frantically and tried not to grip the cold beer bottle he’d taken from the fridge too hard. Instead, he, oh-so-gently, placed it on his aching crotch.

Aaron scoffed after a few minutes where he’d been reliving the events leading up to his current plight. Then he opened his mouth and spoke, as if the very walls of the suite were listening to his crazed ramblings. “I’m not even interested in that boy anyhow, he can wait...That whore didn’t say anything about that Mars girl. Oh, yes, I think it’s about damn time I show that meddling little bitch just how grateful I am for her and her meddlesome ways.”
The malevolent manic laughter that emerged from the suite made a little girl, who was getting her shoelaces tied by her mother just outside the door ask a question with all the innocence of youth.

"Mommy, does Dr. Evil live here?"

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry for the silly ending, but I wanted a tiny bit of humor before we return to the action (and drama).
Thanks for the continued support, you're all amazing and I love you!
Until Next Chapter!
Final Showdown and Unheard Words

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Cassidy's decision gets derailed by a whole new set of problems and Veronica desperately wishes she'd gotten an epiphany sooner...

Chapter Notes

CLIFFHANGER - just warning you!

Anyway, this chapter didn't want to cooperate and I'm sorry if it shows. Ultimately, I am posting it and just hoping for the best. Thanks for stopping by :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Final Showdown and Unheard Words

Veronica and Logan were sitting next to each other on her father's worn couch and looked around the softly lit living room area with saddened eyes and slumped shoulders that spoke of their shared weariness.

It had truly been a long day... and early night, Veronica amended silently as she eyed the darkening sky outside the window nearest the couch.

Keith Mars was standing by the stove, in the middle of cooking something that his daughter had absolutely no appetite for. Judging by the look of the rest of the people in the Mars residence, no one else was hungry either. Veronica knew it didn't really matter to her dad; she knew that above anything else, he was simply cooking so he had something productive to do with his hands that didn’t involve pulling at strings from his clothes or staring at the undoubtedly broken expression on her and everyone else’s face.

Speaking of others, Veronica thought, and ignored the rational part of her that succinctly pointed out that she had in fact not said a word, while looking at the other people in her childhood home.

Wallace was sitting on one of the kitchen stools with a worried look on his face and was fiddling with a basketball. Veronica eyed the ball and knew that it was more than likely her friend’s way of keeping his hands busy. He was looking at her dad’s ministrations and looking like he wanted to join in even if he was beyond sucky at the art of cooking. It was clear that the tension was all but choking him.

Weevil had draped himself onto one of the armchairs and had planted a foot on the sofa table uncaringly of any manners. It said something to Veronica about her dad's true state of mind that he didn't even flinch at that. Weevil's dark all seeing eyes were firmly planted on Keith too as though his movements were the most intriguing thing in the world.
Veronica knew that his intense focus was also a means to an end in avoiding looking at the remaining two people in the room, looking devastated and broken in ways no one would’ve ever wanted for them.

Mac was sitting immobile on the other armchair in the room. She had streams of tears running down her face continuously and they were utterly ignored. In her shaking hands she held a phone, the phone from Veronica's talk with Cassidy. Every now and again her eyes darted up to look at Logan and then Veronica, before returning to stare down at the cell phone. The expression she wore was one Veronica had hoped never to see again.

The last person in the room was Dick Casablancas. He didn't even look alive at that moment. His big sky-blue eyes, which usually didn't lack for any mischievous emotions, were now completely dark and empty in his grief. His lips, which almost never wavered from their goofy grin, were now thin as his jaw clenched tightly together in a vain attempt not to display any of his personal feelings.

The blond’s pale skin coupled with the slight tremors he couldn’t seem to control was a sure sign of failure. One would have to be both blind and deaf to not see that he was completely overwhelmed by his emotions.

Veronica swallowed down a heavy sigh, desperately wishing, not for the first time, that she had a way to make things better for everyone.

It had been three days since Cassidy's suicide and they'd all attended his funeral that very day. Sadly enough, they’d ended up being the only ones present. Not even friends or friends of friends wanted to show up at the funeral for the now known murderer.

Of course we had a lot of company that we didn’t want, Veronica thought, barely managing to hold down a bitter scowl. The so-called journalists with varying degrees of professionalism had hounded them all throughout the service and beyond. The Neptune Grande was overrun with news hungering reporters, who were just dying to know how and if Dick and the rest of them were ‘coping’. As a result all of them had ended up at the Mars residence and were now each trying to cope with losing a family member, a friend, a boyfriend and the whole time traveling tidbit was hanging over them all like a particularly dark cloud.

At least when it came to Mac. She’d been the last to find out the truth and her logic inclined mind just didn’t want to allow her any leeway into believing the whole thing as truth.

Veronica’s lips twitched upwards for a brief moment when the memory of just how Logan had convinced her friend flew into her. While Mac had been ranting and re-listening to the recording wherein Veronica’s wild tale was preserved, Logan had eventually snapped. He’d gotten up and unceremoniously kissed Mac, shoving everything he had into it and dominating her in a way that screamed ‘alpha male’. Once he’d released the brunette, Mac had licked her lips with a rather dumfounded expression on her face before simply saying that she may have been wrong in not believing them and that had been the end of that.

Shaking off the slight humor that had overtaken her, Veronica looked over at Logan. He sat quietly, watching Dick with an almost tangible worry pouring off of him.

The sole surviving Casablancas heir hadn't said a word since they'd met him at the hospital after Cassidy's body had been brought in and he’d been asked to identify the remains.

While Veronica and Logan had done their best to contain things, from stopping a pale-faced brother and broken-hearted girlfriend from buckling under their grief, Woody Goodman had been
taken into custody. After Keith had presented the evidence that was Cassidy’s recording of the man confessing to rapes and emotional abuse against several young boys, the formerly so renowned man had been locked away.

Too bad it wasn’t long enough, Veronica lamented, privately hating Fate for meddling once again. Goodman hadn’t been able to cope with the fallout of his actions and had written a long and exceedingly pathetic apology letter that he’d given to his lawyer. Later that day, the guards making rounds had found the man hanging dead in his cell.

Whooping freaking doo for justice.

Veronica sighed, this time outwardly as her eyes took in the form of herself sitting beside her. She knew that look, had seen it often enough in the mirror over the years. Logan was devastated and tired and close to losing his usual spirit and Veronica wanted nothing more than to close the gap between them.

Ever so slowly, with her heart halfway in her throat, Veronica finally took the first step and reached over to gently take hold of his cold hand where she then intertwined her fingers with his in a silent show of comfort. At least, she hoped he saw it as such and not something idiotically sappy that would end up biting her in the ass.

She needn’t have worried, Veronica realized a moment later when Logan simply froze for a long second before looking down at their interwoven hands. Then he lifted his head look her in the eyes and the burst of pure unhidden emotion that met her gaze did something to the usually so cynic Veronica. It made her believe that maybe, just maybe, not everything was burned to cinders between the two of them.

It was almost impossible for Veronica to break Logan’s gaze, and it took her way too long to actually work up any kind of effort to try. Ultimately, she managed to look away but she kept a firm hold of the hand in hers for some inexplicable reason.

Finally, almost eager to push her own relationship issues a bit on the backburner, Veronica looked over at the hurting people still sitting immobile in their chosen seats. She sighed tiredly.

"Okay, I’m just gonna say it, ‘cause I’m so tired. Can't we just go to bed and act as though this never happened – just for a little while?"

Dick looked up at her as soon as she finished speaking, the look in his eyes immediately made her wish she’d kept her mouth shut. Then he opened his mouth to speak for the first time in days and the cutting tone made her almost long for the tense silence she’d broken.

"Yeah…let's all go to bed and act as though we had nothing to do with my brother blowing his brains out, shall we? Let's play a game of Monopoly to make this day even better. What'd ya say Ronnie? Let's act like all of us don't give a shit…!"

"Hey Man, chill!"

Logan leaned forward and was now staring the shattered Dick in the eyes with a warning shining in his own. Dick didn’t seem to notice or care about that. He merely glanced down at their connected hands and laughed haughtily.

"Well, well, well,” caustic was an understatement for just how acidic Dick sounded in that moment, “glad to see that your little adventure turned out all right for you two. So who gives a shit about the rest of us, huh?"
Veronica let go of Logan’s hand, uncomfortable with the whole situation and reacting like she always did in times like this by letting go and running, but to her immense surprise Logan didn’t seem to want to allow her the usual modes she went through. He promptly grabbed her hand again and turned fully to face Dick. This time it was his tone that was cold as ice.

“I know you’re hurting, Man, so I’m gonna let that one slide.” His voice turned a little softer and genuine when he added, “Go lie down on Veronica’s bed and try to get some rest. I’ll be right in, okay?”

Dick hesitated a moment and glanced at the open door into Veronica’s bedroom, but then he straightened up and got to his feet with a masterly executed look of utter carefreeness on his face that didn’t match the red-rimmed eyes nor the fractured look in them. “I don’t need rest, Dude; I need a fucking party to get this day out of my head. Who’s with me?”

Nobody in the room reacted to his question and Dick shook his head with a parody of his old goofy grin” Suit yourselves that just means there’s more for me. Later losers…”

The front door closed after him with a bang and left the remaining people inside feeling like Dick’s coping mechanisms were definitely not of the good.

They all sat quietly for a while and when the silence had stretched on for a few minutes with Veronica still having no clue how to reboot the conversation, she decided that she wouldn’t open her mouth and chance another emotional explosion.

Then, as Veronica had slowly begun realizing since her trip to the past, Logan dared where she didn’t and broke the awkward stalemate of uncomfortableness.

"Look this suck fest has gotta stop.” Logan sighed, squeezing her hand once before releasing her, “I’m gonna go find Dick before he needs his stomach pumped, but seeing as Neptune is never short of underaged parties I could use some help. So what’d you say we split up and go search for our blond friend before he gets his ass into even more trouble?”

The suggestion all but catapulted Weevil into action. He jumped to his feet and raced to the door. “Beats just hanging around here being all useless,” he agreed, “I’m taking Goodman’s house. Maybe he’ll try getting Gia to follow along on his little grieving spree.”

Wallace nodded and ran after the hastily disappearing shape of Weevil. "I'm with him tonight. Don't think Gia or her mom's gonna appreciate his blunt attempt or lack thereof of manner's. See ya."

Mac still hadn't moved a muscle and Veronica looked over at her dad, who immediately understood her silent plea.

"Mackie's gonna stay put with me, in case Dick shows up here again. I'm too old to be wandering around the town at night like a Slayerette. Mac'll stay here and try to convince me to become a vegetarian, ain't that right Mac?"

The brunette mere nodded mutely, looking like Dick’s abrupt exit had barely registered on her radar as she kept looking at the cell phone in her hand. Veronica felt more useless than ever and looked at Logan with a feeling like for some reason; he’d have all the answers.

Logan stared at her for a long never-ending moment that eclipsed when he shocked Veronica to the core by taking hold of her hand once again and placed the gentlest of kisses on her knuckles. Only after she’ gaped stupidly at him for a few seconds, did he answer here unasked question about what
to do next.

"I think the Grande sounds like a good place to start for us, don't you?"

Veronica agreed with a decisive nod, got up from the couch, kissed her bemused-looking dad’s cheek and headed out the front door in a sort of daze that she tried hiding rather unsuccessfully with a forced look of determination.

00000

Logan laughed briefly as he watched Veronica leave. It was weird how easy it suddenly was for him to read her again, it had been years for him since it’d been so easy and he couldn’t deny that it didn’t thrill him to the core.

As he too got to his feet, Logan looked over at Keith, who was eyeing him seriously by the stove, mixing something delicious smelling food together on a sizzling pan.

"I'm gonna be careful, Sir." Logan announced, "I'm not gonna let anything happen to her, I promise."

Logan smiled as non-sarcastic as he knew how and turned to leave. Just before he reached the door, Keith then shocked his entire worldview into bits when he spoke.

"She's not the only one who needs to be careful Logan."

The tone was gentle and unlike any he’d ever heard his wife’s father use when it came to him and the unexpected surge of feelings it brought him made Logan very uncomfortable, unused to such displays of fatherly concern as he was. In the end he simply nodded and left the apartment without saying anything.

It didn’t take him many moments to walk down to the parking lot, and what he saw when he reached it made his blood run cold.

It was his own body that Logan noticed first, staring with a frantically beating heart when he realized belatedly that Veronica was unconscious. Then he noticed, on the hood of Veronica’s old car no less, the one person in the world that had ever truly managed to scare Logan down into the deepest bit of his soul.

His very own father, Aaron Echolls.

The man in question smiled wickedly, a parody of the smirk Logan used to plaster on his face whenever he felt on top of the world and that more than anything frightened him. Then, Aaron got off the car and stepped into the vague lights that the apartment complex gave off and Logan’s fear-level went through the roof.

Aaron had a gun in his right hand and it took everything in Logan to actually pay attention when his father finally spoke. “Well, hello there, Miss Mars; fancy meeting you here.”

Logan allowed himself the luxury of briefly closing his eyes in a silent prayer. *Please let Veronica get away without getting hurt.* A second later, he opened his eyes and locked gazes with his father for the first time in ages with no one to hide behind. It was not a feeling he particularly enjoyed re-experiencing if he had to be honest with himself.

And as always whenever Logan got scared, he tended to lash out before thinking things through. “What are you even doing here?” he snapped, making his way over to the downed form between
them, “this isn’t your part of the town, I mean; Camelot is that way.” He pointed somewhere behind him and felt something settle a little inside him when he finally stood fully between his murderous father and the woman he loved the most in the world despite everything. He would jump in front of any possible bullets if it saved Veronica from getting even more hurt. No question about it.

Aaron’s eyes flashed briefly with fury at his quip and Logan felt an almost savage satisfaction at the sight, but then he watched warily as his father’s ‘good guy’ mask snapped into place. “Oh,” he said, copying his son’s movements and moved ever so slowly closer to the unmoving Veronica on the ground, “I’d have thought that obvious, Little Girl. Maybe you aren’t as smart as this town thinks you are. Let me give you a hint.”

The actor broke into a wide, slightly crazed-looking smile that sent shivers down Logan’s entire back. “What do you think I enjoy more than banging stupid, slutty teenagers?”

Logan stiffened at the insinuation of Lily and as though she'd heard the insult she and his mother materialized behind Aaron. But neither of them said or did anything and Logan already knew why. This was this timeline's way of trying to fix itself and they couldn't interfere.

"Hey, Sweetie, mind guessing for me here, since I made this little riddle up just for you?"

Aaron’s mockery-filled voice brought Logan back into reality and he once again locked eyes with his dad. Only this time the fear was dwarfed by the growing anger in his gut and Logan momentarily reveled in the new sensation.

“I’m gonna guess that it’s cheating on your wife repeatedly and driving her to suicide?” Logan taunted, ignoring the wide-eyed look of fear his mother sent his way at his words.

Again, it was damn near a revelation to watch the furious sneer that Aaron couldn’t quite contain at his complete and utter lack of respect. Then Logan watched how the anger once again seemed to simply vanish and he couldn’t deny it freaked him out a little even as he realized that his father was actually speaking again.

"No, you little bitch. The thing I enjoy more than screwing tiny blondes is killing them!"

Logan watched the next thing happening as if it took place in slow-motion. Aaron barely finished his sentence before he lifted the gun in his hand and pointed it at him. One quick look down assured Logan’s growing horrified state of mind that Veronica was still out cold. At least she doesn’t get to witness this, he thought just as a gunshot sounded and he felt a bullet burn its way straight into his chest.

Instantly, Logan fell to his knees from the onslaught. It pleased him in a vague sort of way that even though he could feel immense amounts of blood rushing out of the wound and down to the ground, he couldn’t actually feel all that much. He was just so tired all of the sudden, and, using the remaining strength in him, Logan looked up at his father with a mocking smile on his lips.

"Good one Daddio. I’ll be seeing you in Hell. Stay away from Ver…Logan or else I’ll…” Logan couldn't finish his threat, which definitely sucked because it would’ve been a good one, he was sure of that. Things started to blur together and he fell forward the rest of the way and watched gaspingly as his father turned to flee the scene.

A wave of genuine sadness rushed over him as he lay dying on the ground, not two feet away from Veronica. He turned his head in her direction, suddenly desperate to see her just one more time. It didn’t even matter that all he’d be looking at was his own unmoving body. I can't believe I was
kissing Veronica's hand not thirty minutes ago and she let me... and now this...I just can't catch a break, can I?

"Veronica! Wake up God damn it! Lynne do something!"

Veronica heard the familiar voice, but the fierce throbbing in her head made her want to jump right back into unconsciousness. It was the sound of another by now familiar voice that finally prompted her to leave the blissful darkness behind.

“I can’t believe he did that…My little boy…Sshh, Mommy’s here, just keep on breathing.”

Veronica forced her eyelids open when the voice was transformed into heartbreakingly loud sobs that pierced her soul even half-way unconscious as she was. As soon as her brain registered what her eyes was seeing though, Veronica moved quicker than she’d ever done before and in a flash she'd reached the limp body on the ground next to her.

"Logan!" she screamed and gently took his head in her lap. To her shock she saw that her fingers were now covered in blood and she took in the sight of herself bleeding to death after a gunshot wound to the chest as if she was watching something horrific from far away. Sadly, a distant part of her pointed out that she was in shock and the feeling was too familiar for her to deal with properly, too concerned about Logan, about her husband!

Lynne was kneeling on the other side of him sobbing uncontrollably and Veronica's strength in crisis finally decided to make an entrance and came to her rescue.

"Lynne, stop that right now and get my dad. Lily," Veronica caught her dead friend’s traumatized eyes, "follow that piece of shit and somehow, I don't care how, make him pay for this!"

Lily's shocked expression turned determined and she disappeared without another word. Lynne had disappeared too and only she and Logan were left in the eerie silence of the night.

Veronica saw Logan’s eyes flutter and his breathing changed, shallow though it already was. “Logan,” she pleaded, stroking his face and leaving bloody streaks from her bloodied fingers, “don’t leave me, please. Not now, not when we still haven’t talked. We’re…we have to get back, remember? Please don’t leave me…”

Ever so slowly, Logan’s opened his eyes and Veronica couldn’t make her mouth work after that. She watched with intense focus as he struggled for breath and as a result had to cough wetly before he whispered hoarsely, “I need to say this, Ronica…I love you, it's always been you. No one else held a candle...I made mistakes…I swear…I…I need you to trust me…”

Veronica fought back her tears as she heard running footsteps drawing nearer with every second. “Don’t talk, Baby,” she whispered with her forehead touching his, “don’t strain yourself.”

Deciding in the midst of her desperation that she needed to make that resigned look in her husband’s eyes vanish and somehow give him the strength to fight, Veronica

Deciding that she had to make him fight, she placed her hands on his cheeks, waiting for his confused gaze to meet hers. In that very moment it was as if an internal dam within her snapped in two, allowing torrents of her true feelings to overwhelm her with a sudden clarity she’d not had for years and she was beyond desperate not to lose him. “Let’s talk about this when you’re all better, Babe. Just fight to stay with me, I can’t do this without you. I’m so sorry I kept pushing you away and didn’t see the hurt I caused you…Please, fight so we can talk it all out. I need you, Logan.”
Logan’s smile was bittersweet and so achingly gentle that Veronica lost her battle with her tears and wept like she’d seldom done before. It wasn’t made any easier when Logan’s next words reached her.

"Sometimes talking isn't enough, Sugarpuss. I love you, more than you'll ever know…and…is it getting colder?"

Veronica screamed like a banshee when, despite all her pleas, Logan’s eyes closed and didn’t reopen. In the end, it took the combined strength of her shaken dad and Mac to tear her away from him when the paramedics finally came to take him to the nearest hospital.

00000

Keith Mars was tired. His body felt like it weighed a thousand pounds and that was nothing compared with his spirit. He was beyond exhausted, but nothing would ever make him show it. He stood in tense silence right next to his daughter, keeping a vigilant eye on any doctor that appeared with possible answers.

Inwardly, his calm wasn’t even a little bit achieved. He was desperately trying to erase the memory of seeing his little girl’s body lying all but dead on the pavement. Realistically, he knew that said body wasn’t currently in custody of Veronica, but there was no doubt in his mind that the image would still remain burned into him until his dying day.

It doesn’t exactly make any of this mess easier that the injured party is Logan, Keith thought wearily, I didn’t even know he mattered that much to me before I saw him lying there with that little smile before the ambulance came...Damn, I hope he makes it...

He’d just managed to convince a pale-faced Mac to help with the cooking when the door suddenly flew open and a body less voice telling them to go outside. They’d both moved without thinking and Mac had called the ambulance as soon as they’d run into the parking lot and seen the horrible sight of Logan bleeding to death with Veronica practically wailing next to him.

As the uncomfortable memory flashed through him, Keith looked over at his child. She was standing in front of the operating room’s windows and was watching the surgeons fight a losing battle to save Logan. No one had come out and removed them, no one had had time to try and spare them the sight of their frantic work.

Veronica looks like she’s about to die too, like the very possibility of losing him is killing her from the inside, Keith thought as he looked at his shattered daughter. Streaks of blood were still on her face and hands. Her eyes though, were the most frightening thing to the distraught father. They looked even deader and listless than Dick’s had looked ever since he’d been forced to see his brother’s dead body without any real family around to support him.

At the thought of the grieving blond entered his mind, Keith turned his head to look over his shoulder. Dick was currently sitting next to Mac with her head in his lap and him distractedly stroking her hair, looking lost in thought. Apparently, Weevil had been right in where to locate the angry teen and he and Wallace had managed to stop him from doing something he may have regretted at the Goodman residence.

Now, in an uncanny resemblance to the beginning of their night, all of them were once again together and sitting silently as they waited. All of them besides the one they now hoped would live to see another day; a day that needed to start better than the previous one had ended.

Suddenly the small group’s waiting was interrupted by a ground shaking roar that catapulted all of
them to their feet, looking ready for just about anything.

"NO, GET OFF OF ME! DON’T TOUCH ME!"

There was no doubt as to who the voice belonged to and that was one of the main reasons not one of them relaxed even a little when Aaron came barreling down the hall, looking wild and nothing short of crazy.

The most pressing reason for the lack of relaxation though was the gun the actor still carried in his hands, waving around wildly as he tried to escape the hospital’s personnel and guards that were hot on his heels, obviously caught off guard by the wild appearance of the newly freed actor.

Keith recognized the desolate look in the other man’s eyes and decided to step in before anyone else ended up getting hurt. "It's okay, I'll handle this."

Evidently some of the people chasing the oldest Echolls still remembered him from his Sheriff days and, what was more important right now, supported his authority because somehow they all listened to him and disappeared almost as quickly as they’d come.

When Keith turned his attention back on the murderer, he was enraged to see that Aaron had walked up to stand right next to Veronica, looking in at the ongoing operation. It was only Veronica’s non reaction that stalled the protective instincts going haywire inside Keith, but he did step closer so he could intercept any unexpected movements with brutal efficiency.

Veronica didn't react to her would-be killer; in fact she hadn’t moved a muscle during his loud arrival, riveted as she was by the proceedings in front of her. It was Lily’s subdued, yet satisfied voice in her head that finally brought her a little bit back to the present.

*I materialized in front of him when he got into his car and forced him to understand just what he’d done, I made him see that he’d actually shot his own kid…thought that'd be a good punishment…*

Unable to muster much energy, Veronica could only send out a vague agreement to her friend, silently acquiescing that Aaron indeed needed to be punished for his actions. She looked over at the frozen male by her side and couldn’t stop from asking one important question even as her gut rumbled with furious fires of hatred.

"Are you happy now?"

Aaron flinched as if she’d ripped out his heart with her bare hands. *Good,* she thought viciously just as the man opened his mouth and answered her question with a hoarse tone. Clearly he was close to tears and Veronica was nothing if not pleased with that.

"Happy that I killed my own son?" No, I’m not, I know given our relationship you’ll find that hard to believe, but I love my boy,” he added after the smallest of hesitations, “if I could take it back I would do it in a heartbeat.”

There was a long minute of icy silence that not even the increasingly frantic movements in front of them managed to break. Finally, Veronica spoke, and when she did, her quiet deadened tone made everyone listening feel like their skin was crawling.

“If he dies…you die and it won’t be quick or painless, I can promise you that.”

Aaron didn’t seem scared, his eyes not moving from the bloody sight in front of him. “If he dies,” he said with an air of certainty, “I’ll deserve to die.”
Veronica was about to point out that he already deserved to die an excruciatingly painful death, but their rather morbid conversation was cut short when the very thing neither of them wanted happened and none of them could do anything but stand there and watch helplessly.

Logan flat-lined.

They watched in growing horror as the doctors and nurses did their very best to bring him back. Veronica frozen demeanor completely vanished as she watched the love of her life slip away from her to where she couldn’t follow.

"Bring him back, don't take him away from me," Veronica sobbed, clenching her fist hard enough for her nails to cut through skin and causing her to bleed.

Aaron didn’t cry. He stood immobile as the ringing sound faded in his mind as he watched the consequences of his insane actions. He couldn’t bear to watch it any longer and turned away from his son, from the son that he’d killed, and met Keith’s somber-looking gaze.

"I'm gonna go now,” Aaron could hear his emotionless tone and couldn’t quite understand how none of his guilt and sorrow were shining through even as he continued quietly over Veronica’s increasingly loud sobbing, “I’m gonna make sure they make me pay this time before I end doing something like this again…”

Keith didn’t get a chance to do much of anything before the actor turned and ran with one last look at his son. Deciding to not waste any more time on the other man, Keith went over to his devastated daughter. She was surrounded by her friends, who all looked like they had no idea on how to begin making things better for the almost wailing Veronica.

Before anyone could make the first move to offer comfort, they all heard several gunshots nearby and it didn’t take a genius to know that Aaron’s days of inflicting pain to his surroundings were finally over.

Veronica hardly noticed in her despair. Her eyes were locked on the heart monitor next to Logan’s immobile form. The line was still flat and with every passing second she realized that she’d now never be able to reconcile with her best friend, her lover and once again she bemoaned her own inability to just let go of the past and confront her issues before they became so insurmountable that it’d take losing Logan to understand that she needed to change. She needed to learn how to trust without evidence to back her up.

“Please don’t leave me, Logan,” she whimpered through her gasping sobs, “I never got to say that I do trust you, I trust you with everything I’ve got. I love you too, I’m so sorry…Please.”

Sadly, all Veronica heard in response to her heartfelt plea, was the chilling and undeniable sound from the machines that was telling her that Logan didn't live long enough to hear the words that he’d so desperately craved to hear.

Biibibiib ...!

00000

TBC…
...sorry ;) But we're in the homestretch now. Another chapter before the epilogue if I don't get some new inspiration. We'll see.

BTW, had a discussion with another reader to one of my other stories last night - is this story full of grammar issues? I don't see them because I compare it with the original story that was riddled with them. Anyway, if you spot something horrible, please let me know so I can correct it:

Thanks for kudos'ing, commenting and just overall being awesome :D

Until Next Time
Re-Return To Sender

Chapter Summary

..Yeah, I'm not gonna spoil anything here...

Chapter Notes

So, my lovelies, this is it...I'm very very nervous as to how this will be perceived, I gotta admit. It is the longest chapter yet and the shifting POV's may be confusing, but I've done my best to make it clear as to who it is we're following...Also, I very much hope you'll like it. I don't think I've been so nervous to post a chapter in years. I hope it makes sense...I'll touch upon the last few bits I think needs to be touched in the epilogue coming up in a few days.
Thanks and I truly hope you like this chappie and if you don't, please don't flame me, I'm too damn fragile :D
Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Re-return To Sender

"Biiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiib…!

"No Logan NO!"

Veronica sat up abruptly, the trail end of a heart wrenching scream leaving her throat. Her heart was beating so harshly and so fast that she placed her hands on her soft chest in an attempt to calm it down even if just a little.

Wait, what the hell? A disbelieving thought rang through her whole being even as big fat tears were still pouring uncontrollably out of her eyes. A quick look down at herself revealed what her mind hadn’t quite accepted yet.

There was no escaping that for the first time in about a year; Veronica was indeed looking down on feminine body parts.

Before the once again blonde could even begin to come to terms about her "new" physique, coupled with the jaw-dropping fact that said body parts didn’t look like the ones she’d had after her life altering disease, the door to her room slammed open.

Keith was carrying his trusty bat and wearing a look on his face that screamed that he was more than willing to use it if need be. Backup trailed behind with a growl that told anyone watching that he too was ready to protect his human.

“Are you okay, Honey?” Hurrying over to her side, Keith dropped the wooden weapon on the floor and sat down on the edge of her bed with a look of worry when he spotted the tears that she hadn’t
been able to hide in time.

As Keith sat down, he suddenly felt as if another image of his daughter filtered in and took precedence; an image of Veronica lying on a gurney, covered in blood and the whole thing was a very unwanted reminder of the horrible nightmare her screams had woken him from and he shook it off with some effort and concentrated on his girl.

On his living girl, because no way in hell would he ever allow anything that horrendous to happen to her, Keith decided with an almost desperate feeling too jumbled up with fear to make much sense of.

As the concerned father was almost consumed with worry, he noticed Veronica looking up at him with eyes that definitely proved that he wasn’t the only one feeling out of sorts in that moment and he watched with growing worry as she started laughing. The laughter was such that it made his last few remaining hairs stand on end with something that closely resembled fear.

After a few minutes of silently watching, Keith took Veronica’s trembling form in his equally shaking arms and tried his best to lend her some comfort even as she kept crying out, in between mad-sounding giggles, that she was just fine and dandy; no need to worry.

Keith’s insides twisted with a discombobulating sense of concern and fury. On one hand, he knew that his daughter had just broken up with Logan yet again after he’d done something during their last break that she refused to share and on the other hand, Keith had this near uncontrollable urge to track the boy down. Not to yell or hurt him for the pain he’d obviously caused his little girl, but to go and make sure he was okay, that he was alive…

*The whole thing is so confusing*, Keith thought, pressing a soft kiss on Veronica’s sweaty brow as her laughter finally died down into awkward silence, *I want to hurt him for hurting Veronica, but at the same time, I need to give him a big hug and make damned sure he’s okay…I don’t know why, he hurt my kid, I’m supposed to hate him on principle alone and yet…I think I genuinely care for the boy…what the hell is going on?*

0o0o0

"DUDE!"

Logan sat up with a start and tumbled off of the small sofa he’d been lying on. He narrowly escaped an open pizza box and its half-eaten contents by swinging his head to the side. The abrupt awakening had sent a rush of adrenaline through him and he quickly sat up fully, pushing the smelly mess of half congealed fastfood out of his way before running a hand through his short and surprisingly greasy hair.

*Wait, short hair? What the…?*

Before Logan got a chance to ponder and investigate his newest discovery, and wonder if he was in fact dreaming, he was interrupted by a familiar booming voice; the same in fact that had just so rudely made sure of his less than graceful exit off of the couch.

“Dude, come on, man! There’s nothing sadder than a man with heartaches, especially when he’s as gross as you are now. And you are so very nasty right now. You’re a fucking disgrace to manhood everywhere, in case you were wondering. Also, I kinda need to see you and make sure this weird ass dream I had wasn’t true and you’re not lying dead in there…come on, Logan…”

The last bit was added in a more serious tone that told Logan in no uncertain terms that his best
friend was uncharacteristically serious. It seemed as though the small pause wherein Logan tried to make sense of the fact that he was sitting on the penthouse floor in his old suite in the Grande Hotel was too long because a moment later, the door into his admittedly very messy room was banged open.

The force of which it slammed open and against the wall was enough to send the no doubt very expensive artwork fall down on the carpeted floor with a loud thud.

Logan eyed it fall and topple over before he turned his head to look up at Dick’s surprisingly pale face.

For one long moment, it was as if Dick’s form was taken over by the memory of how he’d looked the last time Logan had seen him. His widened eyes turned into broken ones with tears running down his face, looking like his world had ended.

Blinking the mental image away, and trying to make sense of what was happening, Dick distracted him again by crossing his arms and half-glaring down at him. He looked completely sober, which, given the state of the room, Logan hadn’t really expected.

“Dude, stop staring at me, like I'm whipped cream on an apple-pie and get off of that freaking floor...” the blond male seemed to think hard for a moment and then added quickly with an sense of uncomfortableness in his voice as if he wasn’t really in the mood to banter like usual, “...Loser...”

Feeling an odd sense of relief mixed with dawning fear for some reason, Logan simply snorted at his friend’s antics. Dick looked at him for another while as if seeing him alive was somehow the highlight of his day before he unceremoniously turned and walked back to the living room area.

Logan shook off the weird feelings inside of him and the odd behavior that was so unusual for Dick and looked around the room he was in with a growing frown. It was messy as hell and more than anything looked like the time he’d gone into hibernation after Veronica dumped him after the whole Madison fiasco in his freshman year at Hearst.

The longer he sat immobile and observed his surroundings, the more Logan felt something presser him from the inside, something that very much wanted him to acknowledge something very important. Logan sighed with frustration over his spotty memory and jumped to his feet to follow Dick for some much needed answers.

“Hey, what happened here?” Logan signaled with his hands toward his opened bedroom door.

Dick followed his gesturing hands with his blue eyes with a frown that matched Logan’s for a second. Some indecipherable emotion flashed through his eyes, it was almost as if Dick too was struggling with a faulty memory or something. Ultimately, Dick did what he did best; he pretended nothing was wrong and cocked an eyebrow while pouring as much mockery into his voice as he could manage.

Which, in case no one knew was a lot.

“Well, little miss pines a lot, you’ve actually gone nuts and no way is there any shrink out there in the big wide world who’s gonna disagree with me on that one. You had fun in Aspen and your ball in chain couldn’t handle it and that’s it. You’re just a walking and talking proof of why the Dickster ain’t ever gonna be tied down to a female any time soon, no matter how hot she is.”
Logan blinked and pinched the bridge of his nose for a moment, trying to make Dick’s words turn into any kind of sense. Suddenly, Logan had to swallow down a surprised gasp when several pictures flashed through his pounding head.

A gunshot…Aaron standing in front of him with a gun in his hands. Pain. So much burning pain. Cold. An unconscious form of himself…No, it was Veronica! Strangers crowding around him yelling medical things he couldn’t even begin to understand. And then fear. Fear that he’d never get to tell the one person in the world he cared about, just how much he regretted giving up. Then darkness…

"Dude, you okay? Logan?"

Dick's overly concerned voice reached Logan in the midst of his internal meltdown and he managed to look up, only to realize that somehow he was now sitting in one of the armchairs. Dick was crouching in front of him, grasping his shoulders tightly as if he was trying to ground Logan in the present.

“It was just a weird dream, okay…” Logan heard his friend whisper repeatedly to himself, almost like he was determined to make the words truth and Logan didn’t have the energy to investigate, to see if Dick knew more than he should.

Instead, Logan merely wiped off the cold sweat he could feel dripping from his familiar, and yet so very unfamiliar, forehead and swallowed down a lump of nausea tinted dread.

“Honestly, Dickie,” he replied, voice hoarse and deep like it hadn’t been in so long and it was freaking him out more with each passing minute, “I don’t even know how to answer that…”

00000

Steam was filling the small room, but Veronica didn’t really take its presence in. The only acknowledgment she gave it was reaching out and wiping the damned thing off of the bathroom mirror so she could see her reflection.

Currently, Veronica was standing in front of said mirror. She was wearing nothing but a towel. The water from her just finished shower still glistened on her soft skin.

Veronica didn’t really notice that either; her eyes were glued to her reflection. As if acting on its own, one hand came up to touch her cheek. It happened slowly, almost hesitantly and with good reason.

As soon as she felt her own fingers touch her cheek, Veronica gasped and barely managed to fight back another set of completely useless tears. She couldn’t stop her mind from vividly recalling how the last time she’d caressed this very cheek, it had been spattered with several drops of blood.

“Did that even really happen?” she asked and waited with baited breath for some kind of answer. Preferably from a certain deceased Kane female or the former Echolls Matriarch that had made a habit of showing up randomly in her life.

Nothing happened; no ghostly meddler popped into existence with mysterious answers or anything and Veronica exhaled loudly. She couldn’t quite decide on what she would’ve preferred if she was honest.

And of course, the once again girl thought with the barest sense of confused anger seeping through her numbed self, I’d really like to know why I’m sudden a Freshman again and not lying in my bed as a thirty-something year old woman…
A knock on the door from her very concerned-sounding, and extraordinarily hovering, father forced the confused time traveler to get a grip and dig in to that internal pool of willpower she knew she possessed deep down.

"I'll be right out," Veronica called out to her dad before he could burst in to check on her. Hurriedly she then began getting dressed and if Veronica muttered a few obscenities as she once again had the pleasure of putting on a bra and worse yet – *makeup*, no one had to know but her…and her still hovering parent.

0o0o0

Logan stood in front of his bathroom mirror wearing nothing but a towel. The water from his just finished shower glistened on his tanned skin, and drops from his hair made it abundantly clear that he needed to dry it a bit more thoroughly, but he didn’t care about that in that moment.

No, instead all of his focus was on his reflection wherein his eyes were glued. Ever so slowly he reached up with a hand to grab a hold of his stubbled chin. His attention was momentarily drawn to the hand holding his face, no longer used to such large hands. Then in the next second, Logan realized that the hand in question was the same one he’d put such an achingly tender kiss to just before he’d gone out and gotten shot by his own father.

He released his face as if burned, more eager than ever to find out whether or not everything had been a dream. *It had to have been*, Logan thought, almost frantically, *why else am I a freshman again and not lying in a pool of my own sick and in my thirties?*

"I can't believe this…it was so real…wasn't it?" he whispered the question almost tentatively, holding his breath as he waited. Waited for his dead mother to come along and reassure him that contrary to his own growing belief, he hadn't gone completely crazy.

Silence…

Finally, Logan stopped waiting when it became clear he'd not be granted any of those much needed answers and picked up his razor. For once the once again male didn't find the task of shaving tedious, he was just relieved he wasn't about to shave his legs and armpits as well.

0o0o0

Having finished her shower and successfully managed to convince her dad that she was fine, Veronica had jumped into her car and made her way to Hearst. She was only just barely keeping to the speed limits, filled with an unprecedented need to just lay eyes on Logan.

It didn’t take her long to make the drive and she all but ran toward the cafeteria, knowing from half-forgotten memories that Logan usually spent his lunch time there instead of going out. As she was half-jogging, Veronica was abruptly stopped when she found herself cornered by Piz and an uncharacteristically worried-looking Wallace.

Piz momentarily distracted Veronica from looking more closely at her best friend. He grinned widely, looking so young and innocent that the blonde felt like a cradle robber for having slept with him when they were dating in her other life. “Hiya Veronica,” he greeted. “You look like you
found out they’re running out of lasagna in the cafeteria, but we just ate and there’s still a lot left.”

Veronica didn’t quite know how to react to the young man in front of her, she honestly hadn’t thought of him in years and whenever their relationship crossed her mind, it made her cringe for the way she’d acted so unlike her and she hated how the obviously crushing male felt more for her than she could ever do for him. In the end, she forced an unconvincing smile before she turned her attention back on Wallace, who’d stayed unusually quiet as Piz was trying to charm her.

“You okay, Honey Bear?” The question left her lips even as she could feel her impatience to just leave growing with each passing second.

Wallace eyed her seriously before turning briefly to his roommate, “I kinda need to talk with my girl here. I’ll catch up with you later, aight, Piz?” He didn’t let his friend do anything but nod bemusedly before he’d gently grabbed Veronica’s arm and led her over to an undisturbed corner of the hallway.

“Okay, I might sound like a moron, but I didn’t sleep well tonight and I don’t know…I just needed to see you for some reason.”

Veronica eyed Wallace for a long moment, almost willing to risk bringing down her hopes to find out if he was talking about what she thought he was. Eventually though, Veronica wasn’t willing to take the chance and shrugged nonchalantly. “Coolio, but I’m kinda hungry so now that you’ve laid eyes on me, I need to be heading out before, as Piz mentioned, all the lasagna does in fact vanish.”

Wallace frowned, crossing his arms almost defensively, “Okay and I bet the fact that Logan usually spends this time a day in the cafeteria has nothing to do with your sudden urgency?”

Not knowing how to react, Veronica just stood there immobile. She realized just a beat too late that her non reaction was apparently a clear tell to Wallace, who cursed loudly.

“Dammit Veronica, why do you keep hurting yourself? He’s an asshole, who ruined your heart and that should be the end of that, right?”

Suddenly, Veronica was overcome with anger. Anger at her friend, who’d somehow reverted back to the overly protective one that used to push Piz on her regardless of her less than cooperative ways back in the day and she hated that the developing friendship she’d seen cultivating between Wallace and Logan back in the past (if it even happened!) seemed to be gone once again.

Without thinking, Veronica’s lips twisted into a sneer. “Don’t talk about him like that. You don’t know everything that’s gone one between us. I’m not exactly innocent, you know. It takes two to tango or whatever…” She took a calming breath when her words seemed to shock Wallace into stillness and then she finished with an edge of desperation in her tone that she couldn’t deny, “I just…I need to see him, okay? I know you don’t understand, but there are bigger things at stake here…I wanna make sure that he’s…”

Veronica’s voice trailed off, becoming so soft that Wallace almost didn’t hear her last word and when he did he didn’t quite know how to react.

“…breathing.”

The two friends stood in silence for a short while and finally, Wallace rubbed his face with his calloused hands and sighed tiredly. He felt like he was being torn in two directions. He knew he vividly disliked the boy Veronica seemed to love above all else, he knew they had the potential to ruin one another and that was never okay with him.
On the other hand, Wallace decided with an uncomfortable twist in his gut, in that dream I had last night, Logan was… I think he was my friend and for some reason I can’t shake that…

Feeling like he wanted to cry a little, Wallace shook off his confusing emotions for the time being and concentrated him his little Supafly. “I’m sorry V, I know that you and Logan’s relationship ain’t none of my business, but I just can’t seem to not care for some reason. I’ll step aside, okay? Let the two of you figure out your own damned mess.”

Veronica smiled and the pure joy in her expression reminded the black teenager that it really had been way too long since he’d seen any genuine happiness in his friend and that made it easy to push aside his own conflicting feelings for the time being.

When Veronica asked if she’d seen Logan, Wallace therefore didn’t lie. He merely sighed with a tired smile twitching on his lips as he pointed behind him toward the cafeteria. He watched the tiny detective catapult into movement for a second before turning to locate Piz and tell him that he better try and find someone else to crush on seeing as he had a feeling that she was no longer going to be available. She only had eyes for one man.

Oddly enough, the thought didn’t inspire any anger in him as it usually did. No, Wallace decided with a peculiar sense of relief, it seems like I’ve turned into a fan of them overnight… weird.

00000

In the midst of the midday bustle, Logan walked unnoticed into the main building of his college and sighed deeply.

Despite both having eaten and showered he just didn’t feel like his surroundings were real in that moment. He hadn’t since he’d woken up, back in his own body.

Well, I guess I have to consider the fact I may not have left it in the first place, Logan thought, vaguely noticing how a young brunette eyed him with carnal appreciation. He didn’t acknowledge it, or felt even a hint of satisfaction like he would have before… well, before whatever it was that may or may not have happened to him, Logan settled on and hurried past the girl, who stared after him with unseen disappointment pouring off of her.

The mass of young students around him didn't help him feel the least bit grounded in reality either. Their inane chatter flew all around him and Logan felt suffocated. Suddenly, a firm grip stopped his zombie-like walk and he found himself being dragged into an empty classroom by none other than Mac, an exceedingly furious-looking Mac, Logan silently amended after a closer look.

He didn’t get a chance to speak before Mac laid in to him with fire brimming in her eyes, “Look here, Buddy! You and I’ve always been cool, but right now I want to kick your butt so much. How could you do such a thing to Veronica, huh?”

Logan blinked with confusion, but then remembered that he was somehow back to his college years and that meant the whole Madison debacle was still fresh.

Mac pushed him when he didn’t respond and then irately continued her rant, “Mr. Mars called me earlier and told me to watch out for her. It seems like this time you’ve really messed her up, Logan. According to Mr. Mars she’s been having screaming nightmares and she’s not acting like herself. Don’t just stand there and gawk at me, when I’m telling you that if you hurt her again, I promise I’ll hack you so bad that everyone will think your name’s Esther and you’re lactose intolerant!”

That was odd specific, was Logan’s first thought, but then Mac’s words about Veronica computed
within him and for the first time since he’d woken up, Logan started to think that just maybe going back hadn’t been a crazily detailed dream. Veronica’s acting weird too, he thought with a sense of relief so potent that he’d reached out and pulled Mac into a hug before he registered his own intentions.

The hacker didn’t get a chance to say or do anything else before Logan let her go, sent her a practically beaming grin and ran out the door like the demons of hell were hot on his heels.

Left behind, feeling utterly dumbfounded, was Mac. She stood immobile for a long second before she slowly pulled out her cell phone. She had a brief idea to call Dick and tell him that Logan was acting way stranger than normal, but decided not to do it.

Mac closed her eyes for a moment, letting the memory of her disturbing nightmare from the night before enter her mind. A flash of Dick with tears streaming down his handsome face, his arm across her trembling form as they listened to a recording of Cassidy’s voice.

She’d woken up with a choked sob, and a pounding heart that was full of repressed feelings of grief all over again. As Mac stood with her phone in hand, she finally realized something she hadn’t before she’d sought out Logan to punish him for hurting her friend. For the first time since learning of Cassidy’s actions, Mac knew without a shadow of a doubt that she’d been loved by him and that brought a sense of peace that she didn’t quite think she deserved, but was so grateful for nonetheless.

After a lengthy pause, Mac made a split second decision. She dialed Dick’s number. Not to talk about Logan as she’d originally intended, but to see if maybe the Casablancas heir wanted to talk about their shared loss and if a friendship may end up a result of that, well, Mac would just enjoy not being so alone anymore.

He’s getting rid of that Party Pig though, Mac thought with a wry smile just as Dick picked up.

00000

Feeling irritated at the numerous people that dawdled and just made sure to halt Veronica from her self-appointed goal, she began ignoring the usual rules of politeness and pushed and shoved with the best of them to gain momentum.

So caught up in her task, and nearly blind to the worry gnawing in her heart, Veronica didn’t look where she was going, which meant she, naturally, bumped right into someone and fell flat on her butt with a quiet expletive.

“Yo, Girlie, wanna look where you’re heading, ‘cause I—Oh, hey, V.”

The familiar voice of Weevil brought Veronica somewhat back to the present and she looked up and grasped the tanned hand that was right in front of her. A second later, she’d been pulled back on her feet effortlessly.

As she looked Weevil over, Veronica noticed one key different from what she expected. He wasn’t wearing a janitor’s uniform; instead, he was carrying a book bag and a laptop in his free hand.

Wasn’t he a janitor when I went to Hearst? Veronica pondered, momentarily blindsided with this newest mystery, why does he look like a student?

The blonde was so caught up in her head that Weevil had to reach out and gently clasp her shoulder. “What’s going on in that brilliant mind of yours?” he asked, searching her face with unusual intensity.
Unbeknownst to his friend, Weevil had been meaning to talk to her. He’d had the most godawful nightmare wherein Veronica had been crying and screaming as if her heart was breaking, only it hadn’t been her, not really and well... the Latino just wanted to make sure the girl was okay. *She’s kinda my best friend after all, so I have to make sure she’s all right...* Weevil justified to himself.

It was like his voice reignited something within her, because as soon as he’d made her focus, Veronica looked up at him with impossibly huge imploring eyes. “I’m looking for Logan, have you seen him? It’s important.”

The desperate tone in Veronica’s voice resonated within Weevil and he answered the question before he could think up another derogatory comment about her choice in men. He ignored the tiny part of him that pointed out for some reason that Logan wasn’t that bad and pointed toward the cafeteria.

"He just ran by me a few minutes ago, he was looking a little pale... well, paler than normal anyhow."

Weevil watched with bemusement as Veronica nodded distractedly and muttered her thanks for his help even as she started running toward her destination. She hadn’t even looked at him before she exploded into movement. He shrugged it off as Veronica being weird as usual and waited until she entered the crowded area before he turned to head to his next class.

00000

Veronica would never really remember how fast she ran to go to the cafeteria. She would only ever recall how frozen she felt when her eyes finally rested on Logan’s form and how utterly unable think properly she was.

*There he is. Alive and kicking...* Veronica thought, her heart beating a mile a minute and tried to take comfort in the visual of her hus—of Logan’s breathing body. It was fruitless though, Veronica realized. She knew that there was a big part of her that wouldn’t be able to believe her eyes until she’d actually touched him and felt his warm skin, she knew this about herself and yet despite her desperation to confirm his survival, Veronica simply couldn’t move a muscle.

However improbable the whole thing was, Veronica noticed that Logan seemed to be suffering from the same problem as her. He stood utterly immobile in the center of the room, not even registering the buzzing of the people around him, not even when a few of them bumped into his shoulder in the bustle of movement.

*He’s alive...* Veronica felt like the words was a benediction she’d been waiting forever for.

00000

*There she is... alive and safe...* Logan thought repeatedly. He could feel his skin all but prickle with excitement, but his mind didn’t quite want to believe that it was really her until they'd touched.

*Which begs the question, Logan thought mockingly at himself, why the hell aren’t I moving?*

For one never-ending moment they didn’t move as if invisible chains were holding them back, but then, Veronica did something she’d never really done before and the whole thing floored Logan’s hopeful soul.

She took the first step.

Logan automatically copied her, always willing to follow her and the pattern continued until the
two of them stood close enough to touch. He could feel the warmth from her flushed skin, but
didn’t want to be the first to possibly break the spell that seemed to have taken hold of them.

Again, Veronica broke the stalemate by acting first. Hearing her voice almost made Logan flinch,
it was beyond weird for him to be hearing her again and not being the one using those vocal
chords, but he managed to push aside the brief oddness to focus on her words.

"I'm afraid this is all a dream, Logan. Yet if it is, I don’t particularly want to wake up."

Logan couldn’t stop his smile even if he wanted to when he replied softly, “I know the feeling.”

Then, as if them actually speaking had been an untold signal, they could no longer stand the
distance between them and simultaneously they reached out to cup the other’s cheek.

The feel of Veronica’s warm skin beneath his fingers sent shivers down his spine. He marveled at
the softness even as he enjoyed Veronica’s slim fingers caress his own harder cheek. He didn’t get
to say anything before Veronica exhaled deeply, with a muttered, “oh my God,” and broke down
crying.

Logan reacted instinctively by wrapping her small form into his arms, holding her tightly to him.
His eyes burned with tears of his own that he wasn’t the least bit ashamed to let fall.

He was so genuinely happy to just be holding Veronica in his arms again with no anger or hurt
between them that it took him a little while to realize that she kept whispering, “you’re really
alive,” as if to reassure herself.

Out of the corner of his eye, Logan noticed that people were staring at the crying couple, but
fortunately they all apparently decided to give them as much privacy they could by leaving a small
space free around them. Logan spared a short thought of gratitude before refocusing his entire
being on the blonde in his arms.

There was a table just behind them that was free, and as such, Logan carefully led the trembling
Veronica over to it and sat down before he pulled her into his lap and wrapped his arms around her
again, unable to stand not touching her.

After a few minutes of contended silence, Logan braved the question they both needed to find the
answer to. "Was it all a dream?" his voice was hoarse, full of barely held back feelings.

Veronica shook her head and leaned back a bit to look seriously up at him. “I don’t know, but to be
honest, Logan. I don’t care what was real or not. I thought I lost you and the thought of you not
being in life, being mine was devastating to me.”

Logan didn’t know how to react to the earnest words, wanting nothing more than to make sure she
never felt that way again. The sat in heavy silence for a long while before Veronica spoke again,
unknowingly shocking Logan to his very core when she apologized with such a heartfelt tone that
it left no doubt about her sincerity.

Not knowing quite how to react, Logan kissed Veronica’s temple ever so softly. “What do you
have to be sorry about, Veronica?” he managed to choke out after a pause.

Hearing the sincere confusion in Logan’s tone, Veronica once again leaned back a little to meet his
gaze head on. There was a look in her eyes that he’d never really seen before; a mix between love,
happiness, guilt and unreserved trust. It was something he’d never seen directed at him before in
any of his pasts, presents or futures. It soothed something in Logan that he hadn’t known needed
soothing in the first place.
Seeing his reaction to her expression, Veronica smiled a little bitterly and snuggled back into his firm chest with a sigh. Then she opened her mouth and tried vocalizing the feelings she’d never truly shared with him before.

“It’s a known fact that I’ve never been good with words that didn’t involve a case or a con of some sort, but…I need to say this before we do anything else. I don’t really know if our marriage was a dream or a nightmare, but I swear to you I’ll try never to follow that path. I’ll work on being open and not hide away when things get tough.”

Veronica licked her chapped lips nervously before continuing; even lifting her head to meet his eyes head on to make sure he understood her seriousness. “Being you made me realize how much you’ve suffered people's judgment over the years, never letting it get you down or change you like I did. I respect you more now than I think I’ve ever respected anyone because even in the midst of your own tragedies, you tried so hard to help me and I didn’t…And, oh God, seeing you on that operating table will haunt me forever and…”

Unable to continue for the lump in her throat, Veronica reveled in the way Logan immediately tightened his hold on her, trying to bring her some comfort.

“You’re not the only one that needs to apologize,” Logan whispered into her hair after a moment of peace, “not only did I sleep with other women while we were still married, I acted like my vows meant nothing, but I swear I’ll never touch another woman again. I don’t think I can to be honest. I wish I’d never touched Madison, I think so much could’ve been avoided if I’d just never slept with her…”

Veronica interrupted by cupping his face in her small hands, making sure he grasped her sincerity. “I know you regret not only Madison, but the other women and I appreciate that, I do, but I’m not gonna hold that against you anymore. It doesn’t matter; none of it does as long as we forgive each other and try to never repeat those past mistakes. I believe in you and I’ve forgiven you for all of it a long time ago. I think it was just my mind stopping my heart from acknowledging that…Trust issues are kinda my thing, remember?”

Logan smiled a little at her words, but there was an undeniable shine of deep-rooted relief in his eyes that told Veronica she’d finally managed to say what she meant and it brought her a sense of relieved accomplishment she’d never forget.

“You have no idea how much I’ve wanted your trust, Veronica,” Logan said quietly, “I forgive you too for pushing me away and never really letting me in until now. I love you.” There was a brief pause, as if Logan didn’t quite know if he was allowed to joke before he forced a smirk on his face and added with mock-seriousness that made Veronica smile widely in a way she hadn’t done in a long time.

“Is it too soon to point out that I think I’ll wind up being the perfect boyfriend from now on? I mean, you gotta remember that I’ve suffered menstrual pains, waxing of various painful places and there’s the whole part where I’ve experienced having unwanted, and awful, but necessary sex so that pretty much guarantees, I’ll never bother you if you say you’re too tired to have it with me.”

Logan held his breath after he finished speaking, unsure of whether or not Veronica would join in with a bit of her signature banter. In the end, she surprised him again by gently slapping the back of his head and grinning uncharacteristically wide.

A moment later, she turned serious again, and Logan swallowed down the pure appreciation he felt for the second chance he’d somehow found himself in so he could listen to Veronica’s words.
"I still can't believe we've got this opportunity, but I don't care. I'm just happy that we did. All of this madness has made me realize that nothing or no one will ever be as important to me as you are. I love you and I promise you I’ll hold you close to my heart forever and do my very best to never break the faith and trust we share ever again.”

Veronica gently reached out and wiped away the tears that escaped Logan’s eyes after hearing her words. They stared at each other for a long minute before Veronica felt like all the emotions would choke her where she sat and she copied Logan’s earlier cheerfulness and tilted her head in her signature move. “Now, since we’re done with all this fluffiness I kindly request that we both shut up for now so you can kiss me and we can get on with our new lives together.”

Logan immediately pulled Veronica closer and did the only thing he could do under the circumstances. He saluted with a snappy, “Ma’am, yes Ma’am,” and did as she ordered.

The kiss was so achingly gentle that it made most of the females present, and quite a few of the males as well, sigh with envy. A moment later, all of those sighing then groaned with even more envy when the infamous Logan Echolls unceremoniously got to his feet with his tiny blonde hell raiser firmly ensconced in his arms and walked across the massive room, never breaking their kiss.

00000

TBC...

Chapter End Notes

...*peeks out from behind bed rather nervously*
So...did it make muster? I really hope it did, ’cause damn, I struggled to clean it up from the original and add little bits I never even thought about in the first place...I hope you liked it.
Until Next Time!
p.s. apologize for any grammar issues, I just read it through two times today and wanted to post before I lost my nerves!
Chapter Summary

Two Ghostly Meddlers revel in a job well done...

Chapter Notes

Wow, it's finally over! During this writing process the story has grown with more than 50k words and I've cleaned up things I thought were absolutely horrible in the original tale while still keeping the plot so I'm very happy right now. Phew, it's over. Given that I've suffered a serious injury (or more) in the middle of this writing endevaour, I couldn't have finished without all the support you've shown me and I want to thank you all for being amazingly wonderful people. It meant the world to me seeing that I could affect people with my writing and make them feel good even as I myself struggled to feel aything that wasn't pain and depression. Thank you, you're in my heart.
Now, enjoy the last installment of Reliving The Glory Days!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Gloating Session a.k.a. the Epilogue

The music playing was a soft crooning jazz-song that was nearly impossible to hear over the sounds of joyful people and bustling waiters running to and fro to fulfill their jobs to the best of their abilities.

Several tables stood around, crowded with laughing guests that seemed to be enjoying their meals and drinks immensely. A few tables stood abandoned as those claiming them were out on the massive dancefloor nearby in the center of the room.

One such empty table wasn’t really empty. Lily Kane was sitting on an abandoned chair with Lynn Echolls hovering by her side. Both of them were looking out on the dancefloor with soft smiles on their lips that had a hint of bittersweet sadness in them.

It was understandable; after all both of the deceased guests had had a hand in making sure this event happened again. The event being the Mars-Echolls wedding of course.

Lily shook of her brief sadness and glanced up at Logan’s mom with a beaming grin on her face that may or may not have had more than a hint of smugness in it, “Didn’t I tell you that I could get them back on the right path?” she asked gloatingly, not even trying to hide it at that point.

Lynn sighed, trying to look more annoyed then she felt. She even crossed her arms and sent the younger girl a half-hearted glare that utterly failed to bring down Lily’s mood as she’d figured it would.

“I’m never gonna hear the end of this, am I?”
Lily shook her head, a teasing sparkle dancing in her eyes that made Lynn fight to repress a smile. She’d always liked the spunky Kane girl even back when she played around with her son’s fragile heart, but she’d die…again, before she’d ever admit it out loud.

Lynn instead focused her attention back on her son, who was out on the dancefloor softly swaying with his newly acquired wife with pure happiness and love shining out of his very being. It was echoed in kind in Veronica, whose eyes were locked on her happy husband.

The sight made Lynn feel a mix of happiness and bitterness; she hated that she was unable to share in the joy of her only child on his important day, but she thoroughly loved to see him so in love and content.

Sighing wistfully, trying not to let her sadness grow too much into envy, Lynn looked back down at Lily, whose eyes were glued onto her dancing friends. “I’m just happy we didn’t give up,” Lynn said quietly, letting it be unsaid just how much she felt she owed the stubborn blonde next to her for her ability to never quit.

Lily’s smile at Lynn’s words was so bright it could’ve powered the town for a month. Her tone was brimming with cheerfulness, as if all of their hardships had been mere bumps in the road and nothing to worry about.

“Well, we already knew I’m not one for giving up and I think, despite a few mistakes along the way, it all worked out like a charm so it was all worth it. Don’t you agree?”

Lynne nodded and turned back to look at her son, feasting her eyes on a sight she knew she’d never forget. The ghostly duo watched the bride and groom in satisfied silence for a while before Lynn turned back to Lily and asked with an unsated sense of curiosity shining through her tone.

"When are you going to tell me just how you got them back to this time instead of that day where we first found them as thirty-one year olds?"

The smile on Lily’s lips practically screamed mischievousness and she took the time to look longingly at a passing waiter carrying a tray filled with flutes of bubbling champagne before she replied to the question.

"I have my ways… Okay, okay, stop glaring, I’ll tell you,” Lily laughed when Lynn scoffed with annoyance. “Well, you know how they messed the timeline up? As you very well know that didn’t exactly make the man upstairs all that happy and I wasn’t exactly thrilled by him getting Logan killed off so we wound up making a deal.”

Lynn’s perfectly sculpted brows raised hearing that statement, she gestured impatiently for the big-busted teenager to continue when it didn’t seem like more would be revealed and Lily sighed before following orders.

“Fine, if you must know every little detail. It boiled down to this; if Veronica finally admitted out loud that she trusted Logan and loved him, something she’d never actually done before, and proved it, he’d send them back to this time to see if I was right. To see if Veronica’s change was permanent and if she still trusted him after being put right back smack in the middle of the whole Madison thing. If she kept it up, he’d let them stay here while keeping their memories to make sure they don’t fall back into bad habits. As for their little circle of friends, well…” Lily smirked, “I made sure they too kept all their emotional discoveries and whatnot, made them think it was all a dream. It may not have been entirely legit, but look at where we are and what’s changed and tell me I did something wrong.”
Lynn followed Lily's pointy index finger and found herself looking at a giggling Mac and Dick, who looked like they'd formed a little more than a friendship over the last three years since Logan and Veronica had returned.

Next to them stood an uncomfortable-looking Weevil, dressed in slacks and a nice jacket and tie that made him look utterly respectable. And hot, Lily decided with a nostalgic laced sigh as she eyed her former lover with appreciation.

Lynn hid a smile before she remembered something that had confused her a bit and she decided she might as well find out everything since she doubted there'd be another chance to do so. “So,” Lynn said and waited till Lily looked back at her before continuing, “All of that is all well and good and makes perfect sense to me. What I don’t quite understand is how young Eli’s destiny as a criminal has changed into being a model student with one of the top five highest grade averages at Hearst.”

Surprisingly, Lily looked embarrassed. It wasn’t a look Lynn had ever seen on the young Kane before and she wished she’d had a camera handy to immortalize it. She was so caught up in enjoying the unexpected sight that she almost missed Lily’s murmured reply.

“He didn’t deserve what he got, okay? He’s always been way smarter than anyone but Ronica gave him credit for and…” Lily hesitated and looked unusually serious for a second as she eyed her former beau, “I think if I’d been a little more mature, we could’ve really had something… I owed it to him for being such a—”

Lily trailed off and Lynn almost felt bad for bringing up what was obviously a difficult subject for the blonde, but then Lily shook her head and plastered on her usual cheerful façade and the brunette knew all was back to normal.

“Anyway, can I just say that we should totally go see if we can make some more magic happen before we leave?”

Frowning, Lynn followed Lily’s gaze and realized that it was now set firmly on Veronica’s father, who stood next to Wallace’s mother and chatted amiably.

Lynn rolled her eyes and gently gripped Lily’s chin and turned her head toward the laughing couple on the dancefloor, who’d just separated from a little too passionate kiss by the looks of the indulgent smiles around them.

“I think our quota is filled for this lifetime, Miss Kane.” Suddenly, Lynn recalled Lily’s earlier comments and added with a hint of worry in her tone, “You said something about making a deal, right? What was your end of the deal, should I be worried?”

Lily discreetly wiped a tear from her eye as she kept staring at her two best friends, seemingly overwhelmed by their happiness and then she smiled softly up at the worried-looking Lynn.

“Oh don’t look so glum, it wasn’t that big a deal. I have to suffer a little longer as a spirit before He allows me to be reborn as punishment for the alterations to this timeline, and…” Lily bit her lip and gave the waiting Lynn the impression that this latter part was what was the hardest for the teenager to accept, “I had to promise to never ever help out my friends like that again. He said something rather silly about not needing the extra grey hairs. Anyway, it was worth it and I don’t mind not being reborn as long as this is the end result and hey, being dead ain’t that bad, right?”

Lynn knew Lily’s sacrifice was a lot bigger than she wanted to admit; both of them had yearned to escape their purgatory and rejoin the living as fresh canvases, and having to wait even one lifetime was painful, but Lynn couldn’t agree more with her younger friend’s comment. It had all been
worth it to make sure those two very in love people had their happy ever after.

The ghostly duo shared a bittersweet laugh which for Lynn turned into a genuine one when Lily clasped her hand and got to her feet to leave the party and whispered as if sharing a big secret, “By the by, I’ve never been all that good at keeping my promises so let’s see if we can help Mr. Mars get laid later, okay?”

00000

Logan and Veronica stopped their dance for a second as they both heard the familiar laughter that both of them recognized as being from their two ghostly cupids echo across the massive room. The married couple shared a fond look before looking upwards and simultaneously said what they’d never gotten a chance to do in person.

"Thanks for everything…"

00000

THE END

Chapter End Notes

Now I'll try to turn my attention back on my Marvel fic (I’m very proud of it, so if you are interested in Marvel and like my writing go check it out, it's called Darcy Maria Lewis-Stark and is completed with a sequel that’s not ). I'm more than likely gonna post a few more of my old VM fics here soon, so subscribe to me if you want to check them out and well...we'll see if I can post them without adding stuff to them. I hope not because even if a few of them have terrible dramatic and over the top plots I kinda like them anyhow and finding the time to update them will be near impossible as I brave the idea of working again, so we'll see...

Anyway, thanks again for any and all comments, and kudos. I love to see I am making someone happy.

Until Next Time!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!