### Hold On, Hold On

**Summary**

Just when Veronica needs her most, Lilly's ghost reappears to give her a push in the right direction. Companion piece to the fic "Star Witness."

**Notes**

My headcanon is that Lilly is always with Veronica. This little piece of "behind the scenes" from a pivotal point in the movie gives another glimpse into Veronica's relationship with Lilly's ghost.

Also thanks to the best beta ever, Irma66 for her help.

See the end of the work for more notes.

She appeared in the corner of Veronica’s eye, sitting in the waiting room just a few chairs down from Logan at the hospital. Lilly. Quietly waiting, watching, letting Veronica know she was there. Every once in a while, she would stand and sweep past Logan – her hand reaching out to brush her ex-lover’s hair. He never flinched and Veronica knew then that Lilly was just here for her. When the doctor broke the news that her dad was alive, but barely, she felt Lilly’s embrace around her back as she cried into Logan’s chest. And as she walked the long path to Logan’s car, she took comfort that Logan stayed at her side while Lilly held her hand on the other.
Now, as she half-slept in Logan’s car – slipping in and out of traffic while the wind blew across her face – she had time to speak to her quietly, knowing her best friend was always close by.

*I can’t live without him, Lilly. Not my dad…*

*Don’t worry, Veronica. We’ll take care of you.*

The car stops and doors open and shut. Arms slip around her, but she doesn’t move as Logan’s breath passes across her face – sandalwood and sea. The smell of lost memories. The metallic click of the seatbelt releasing causes her body to involuntarily collapse towards him.

“I’ve got you, Veronica.” He whispers near her ear

Reaching under her, Logan lifts her out of the warm seat and the midnight prickles, causing her body to flinch, instinct pulling her into a tight ball next to his body.

“You’ll be warm in a second.”

Movement. The car door slams. The jingle of keys in hand. They must be hers – found in her purse – or in her pocket. She can’t remember. The trip from the hospital to home is a blur.

*Just be still, Veronica. He’ll take care of you.*

Lilly’s voice again. Usually she sees her when she needs her, but tonight she is blind, eyes shut tight to the reality that when they open, her father may be gone. So instead, she fakes sleep, allowing Logan to struggle for the door as she stays curled in his arms, unmoving, continuing conversation with her ghosts.

*I don’t need him to take care of me.*

*You do, Veronica. Trust me.*

*He doesn’t want to – he’s just doing this because of what happened to my dad. I left him. Why*
should he care?

He loves you, no matter what happened in the past. And I love you so much I keep returning from the dead for you. So for once in your goddamn life, Veronica, just let us help you.

The front door opens and shuts and the movement continues and she knows by the smell of the cheese and marinara that she is home. Dad was cooking for her. For them. Before it all went to hell.

Logan’s step catches the creak in the hardwood just before her room and his breath hitches, his body twisting with her as they move through the doorway into the room. There’s a pause and her heart leaps out of rhythm, pounding deep in her chest.

Open your eyes, Veronica. Let him know...

No, Lilly. I can’t. Not like this.

A slight falling and she braces as he guides her body onto the bed and she lands perfectly, gracefully onto her pillow. She should expect no less of a landing from a pilot and she exhales softly, shifting onto her side. There’s a hush as he moves – her senses trying to detect where he is in the room. The sound of the shades drawing, then nothing. When he touches her foot, her body tenses, trying not to show that she is still awake as he slides her boot gently off her foot, placing it quietly on the floor. Lilly’s voice rumbles in her brain and she tries to silence her as best she can.

You’re a fool, Vee! He’s undressing you for god’s sake! Open your eyes and kiss him – now’s your chance.

No, Lilly. This isn’t how it should be. Just stop. Please, just stop.

The blanket falls over her and she can’t help the small sigh of contentment that slips from her lips. Logan’s breathing fills the silence in the room and for the briefest of moments Veronica considers Lilly’s words. But then footsteps and the door closing stops her thoughts. His stride continues through the house, disappearing into silence. He is gone. Veronica’s chest grows heavy at the thought that she is alone again. Well, almost alone.

One eye opening, Veronica glances towards the foot of the sofa bed to see Lilly in her pep squad
uniform scowling back at her.

“Shoulda done it.”

“Lilly!” She hisses at the apparition, sitting up quickly in the darkness. “My dad may die. I just broke up with Piz. Logan may be going to prison…”

“All the more reason.” Brushing back her hair, Lilly crosses her arms over her blood-soaked shirt and rolls her eyes. “God, didn’t my death teach you anything?”

Swinging her legs off the side of the bed, she stands, tossing her cardigan onto a chair. This wasn’t the first time she conversed with Lilly in her bedroom, and it obviously wasn’t going to be the last. Unbuckling her belt, she strips off her pants, dropping them to the ground before pulling her shirt over her head.

“Your death taught me many things, Lilly. A lot of them I could have lived without knowing.” Unclasping her bra, she slides the beige cotton off her arms, dropping it onto the pile.

“Yeah, well, it obviously never taught you the most important lesson.” Lilly sighs in exasperation.

Wandering over to her suitcase, Veronica reaches in and fishes to the bottom, grasping her favorite t-shirt and pulling it to the top. Turning back towards the apparition, she tosses the shirt over her head, letting it slide gently down her body.

“And what lesson is that?”

“Life is too short.” Lilly arches her eyebrow at her friend, a smirk crossing her pink lips. “Grab your chance now or lose it forever.”

A direct hit. All the air rushes from her lungs and she closes her eyes, taking a second to regroup. God, even in death Lilly still knew how to state the truth, as beautifully ugly as it could be.

“I mean, come on, Veronica…” Standing, Lilly sways towards her, floating through the moonlight in the room. “You’re standing there – in a t-shirt that I know you bought for the Piz-man because it
reminded you of one that Logan used to wear – trying to tell me that you shouldn’t go after him?
Nuh, uh, friend. I know the truth. Remember, I’m always in your head.”

Veronica’s lips drop open but no sound comes out. That was what happened when you spoke to
ghosts – often no actual words were needed.

The sound of glasses clinking out in the hallway makes Veronica’s head whip towards the door, her
eyes wide in shock.

“Logan.”

Licking her lips, Lilly grins. “He’s still here.”

“The dishes.” Veronica blinks at the door in shock. “He must be putting away the food in the
kitchen.”

“Well then, all hope isn’t quite lost.” Clapping her hands with glee, Lilly’s eyes sparkled back at
hers. “Go out there and get him.”

Scoffing, she folds her arms over her chest and shakes her head. “Get him? How am I supposed to
get him? What do I say? What do I do?”

Something pushes her towards the door and Veronica stumbles forward, grasping the knob to steady
herself. Pausing, she presses her forehead to the wood, gathering her courage.

“You can do this, Veronica. This is your second chance. Think of me. Think of yourself. Think of
all the time you spent wondering what it would have been like if you had stayed and worked things
out. Think of Logan and your heart and forget everything else. Now’s your chance.”

Veronica’s breath shakes as she inhales through gritted teeth, readying herself to open the door.
Feeling Lilly’s hand cover hers, she nods, and together, they turn the knob, unsure of what they
would find.

Stepping into the darkness of the house, Veronica spies him at the front door, his broad shoulders
hunched as he reaches to turn the knob. Panic rises, vibrating through her as she watches her second chance about to disappear.

“Wait!” she calls out to him. “Don’t go.”

End Notes

The title of this piece "Hold On, Hold On" is from a song by Neko Case.

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