

Hopelessly devoted to you

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Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
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Characters:	Veronica Sawyer , Jason "J. D." Dean
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Hopelessly devoted to you

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

obsession

/əb'sɛʃ(ə)n/Submit

noun

the state of being obsessed with someone or something.

"she cared for him with a devotion bordering on obsession"

But when does one cross the line?

Numb.

Veronica Sawyer felt numb.

Her eyes followed as Jason's fingers brushed on her knee and lightly gripped it.

The grasp was soft; delicate, even. It also felt unbearably heavy. She felt that if Jason even gripped it tighter the slightest, her knee cap would crumble into tiny little shards.

His hands, they felt of ice.

Impossibly cold.

Yet she found herself leaning into his touch, resting her head against his chest. She was incredibly aware of her body against his; she could feel him taking breaths, hear it impossibly clearly.

Even above the deafening silence.

It gave her goosebumps.

Her eyes left the ground and slowly focused on the view in front of her.

The fire roared. His smile, although small, stretched across his face.

Yet his hands are still of ice. His eyes, though shining, were incredibly hollow.

Not much light behind those cedar orbs.

He tilted her face up gently with his fingers and pulled her into a kiss.

Lips crashed and her eyes fluttered shut and they fit together like two pieces in a puzzle.

Tongues danced like the glowing ambers.

He tasted of marshmallows and cigarettes and unattainable promises. Like cool mint and liquorice and empty 'I love you's.

"We did it, Veronica."

A small smile crept to her lips.

"We did it."

She felt a hand sling around her shoulder, hyper-aware that they're making contact.

When does one cross the line?

Veronica felt numb.

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