

Temporary...right?

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Temporary...right?

by [Dear_Arii](#)

Summary

After Veronica's mum finds out about JD and throws her out, Veronica ends up with nowhere to go. JD finds her and takes her in—only for them to discover his dad has abandoned him too. With no support and no real plan, they end up in a cheap motel, forced to rely entirely on each other.

From there, the story follows them trying to survive: financially, emotionally, and morally. They clash over JD's more dangerous instincts while Veronica starts setting boundaries instead of going along with everything. At the same time, they share small, intimate moments—late-night conversations, quiet comfort, teaching each other things, pretending to be normal for a few hours.

Nights are the hardest. They hold each other through nightmares and panic, but the comfort never fully fixes anything—it just makes the emptiness slightly easier to bear.

Eventually, instead of everything exploding, they hit a turning point: Veronica refuses to stay if JD keeps spiralling. That forces him to confront himself—not perfectly, but enough to stop going further.

They end up moving into a small, imperfect place together, building something fragile and real. It's not healthy, not stable, and not at all fixed... but it's chosen

Notes

Finally posting this first chapter after a many number of debates with myself , a TikTok story post about it and other things... I love Heathers and when you put everything that's wrong with jd and Veronica aside, they're so so cute and I feel like that ending was cut short, so I am writing an ending that all the sweet and soft jeronica yearners wish for :) enjoy!

Chapter 1: Temporary

Veronica freezes in the doorway, her mother's voice cutting through the house like glass.

"Don't." Her mom turns from the kitchen counter, something crumpled in her hand-papers, notes, something found. Her face isn't just angry. It's worse. It's afraid. "Do not stand there and lie to me, Veronica."

Veronica's stomach drops.

"Firstly I'm not. Secondly what is that?"

"You tell me." She holds it up, JD's handwriting, unmistakable, sharp and slanted. Fragments. Names. Enough to look wrong, even out of context.

Her pulse spikes. "You went through my stuff?"

"I am your mother," she snaps. "And I just found out my daughter is running around with a boy who writes things like this-who people are saying is dangerous-"

"They're exaggerating"

"Are they?" Her voice rises. "Because from what I'm seeing, you are mixed up in something that could ruin your life."

Veronica shakes her head, backing up a step. "You don't know him."

"And you do?" Her mom laughs, sharp and disbelieving. "Since when? A few weeks? Months? That's all it takes for you to decide he's worth throwing everything away?"

"I'm not throwing anything away!"

"You are if you keep defending this." She gestures with the paper, hand shaking now. "This isn't normal, Veronica. This isn't safe."

"He's not-he's not like that," Veronica insists, even as her voice starts to crack. "You don't see him when it's just us-"

"That's exactly what scares me!"

The words land hard.

Silence drops between them, heavy and suffocating.

"You're not seeing him anymore," her mom says finally, quieter but firmer. "That's it. It stops now."

Veronica stares at her.

“No.”

It comes out before she can stop it.

Her mom’s expression hardens. “Excuse me?”

“I said no.” Her hands curl into fists at her sides, heart pounding. “You don’t get to just decide that.”

“I absolutely do-”

“I care about him!”

“And I care about you!” her mom fires back, voice breaking now. “Which is why I’m trying to stop you from getting hurt!”

“I’m not going to-”

“You already are!” She steps forward, lowering her voice like she’s trying to keep control of it. “Look at you. You’re defending someone you barely know over your own family.”

“That’s not fair!”

“Then prove me wrong. End it.”

Veronica shakes her head immediately. “No.”

Another silence.

This one feels different.

Colder.

“Then you can’t stay here.”

The words don’t register at first.

“...What?”

“If you’re going to keep seeing him...if you’re going to choose that delinquent” her mom’s voice trembles, but she doesn’t take it back, “-then you can’t stay in this house.”

Veronica’s breath catches.

“You don’t mean that.”

“Try me.”

They stare at each other.

Waiting.

Neither of them backs down.

—

The door slams harder than she meant it to.

Veronica doesn't even remember packing—just grabbing whatever she could, shoving it into a bag with shaking hands while her mom stood in the hallway, not stopping her.

Not stopping her.

Now she's outside, sitting on the doorstep, the cold seeping through her clothes, her bag slumped beside her like proof that this is real.

Her chest feels hollow.

The fight replays in her head, every word louder now that there's nothing else to drown it out.

Then you can't stay here.

Her throat tightens.

A sob slips out before she can catch it.

Then another.

She folds in on herself, arms wrapping around her middle like she can hold herself together, but it doesn't work. The tears come faster, heavier, everything she held back inside finally spilling over.

"I didn't—" she chokes, to no one. "I didn't think she'd actually.."

Headlights sweep across the street.

She doesn't look up at first.

Not until the car door slams.

"Veronica?"

Her head snaps up.

JD is standing there, breath slightly uneven like he ran the last stretch, eyes scanning her quickly-taking in the bag, the tears, the way she's shaking.

"What happened?"

That's all it takes.

She breaks again, a sob ripping out of her as she pushes herself up, nearly stumbling into him.

“She-she kicked me out” Her words are barely coherent, tangled in crying. “She found stuff and she she thinks you’re—”

He catches her before she can fall apart completely, hands steady on her arms.

“Hey hey-slow down.” His voice is softer than she’s ever heard it. “I’ve got you. Just breathe.”

“I don’t have anywhere to go,” she manages, clutching onto his jacket. “I didn’t think-”

“You’re coming with me,” he says immediately. No hesitation. “Okay? You’re not staying out here.”

She nods because there’s nothing else to do.

—

His house is dark when they get there.

Too dark.

JD frowns slightly as he unlocks the door, pushing it open.

“Dad?” he calls out, casual at first. “I’m back.”

Nothing.

He flips on the light.

The place feels... wrong.

Empty in a way that isn’t normal.

Veronica notices it too, wiping at her face as she steps inside. “Is he?”

JD doesn’t answer right away.

He’s staring at the kitchen counter.

There’s an envelope sitting there. His name on it.

Something in his expression shifts -tightens-as he walks over, picking it up.

“JD?” Veronica says quietly.

He opens it.

Reads.

And for a second, he just... stands there.

Still.

“What is it?” she asks, a little more urgently now.

He lets out a short, humorless breath.

“He’s gone.”

Her stomach drops. “What do you mean, gone?”

“Transferred. New job. Didn’t think it was worth ‘dragging me along this time.’” His voice is flat, but there’s something under it...something sharp. “Left a note instead.”

Veronica stares at him.

“You’re joking.”

He shakes his head once.

Silence fills the room.

It’s almost laughable, in a horrible kind of way.

She got thrown out.

He got left.

All in the same night.

JD crumples the note slightly in his hand, then tosses it back onto the counter like it doesn’t matter.

But it does.

She can see it in the way his shoulders are too tense, the way he’s not looking at her.

“Hey,” she says softly.

He doesn’t respond.

So she steps closer, reaching for his hand.

This time, he doesn’t pull away.

“We’ll figure it out,” she says, even though her voice is still shaky. “Okay? We just... need somewhere to stay tonight.”

He exhales slowly, then nods once.

“Yeah,” he mutters. “Yeah. I know a place.”

—
The motel sign flickers outside, buzzing faintly in the dark.

The room is small. Too small. Smells faintly of detergent and something older underneath.

But it's a door that locks.

It's a place to sit.

To breathe.

Veronica sets her bag down by the bed, suddenly exhausted in a way that feels bone-deep. JD closes the door behind them, leaning against it for a second like he needs the support.

Neither of them speaks right away.

There's too much.

Finally, Veronica crosses the room, stopping just in front of him.

"Hey."

He looks up.

And just like that, the walls he was holding up crack.

Not completely—but enough.

She doesn't say anything else.

She just wraps her arms around him.

And after a second—

he holds on just as tightly.

That night, neither of them sleeps properly.

At some point, Veronica wakes up to JD sitting up in bed, breathing too fast, hands clenched in the sheets like he's fighting something invisible.

"JD?" she whispers.

He doesn't answer right away.

Then, quieter: "It's fine."

It is very clearly not fine.

She shifts closer, slowly, like approaching something skittish. “Hey. You’re here. Look at me.”

It takes a moment.

But his eyes find hers.

And something in his expression loosens, just slightly.

“Breathe,” she says gently.

He tries.

Fails.

Tries again.

She reaches for his hand anyway. Doesn’t ask first this time.

“I’ve got you,” she murmurs. “Just...stay here with me.”

Eventually, his breathing evens out.

Not fixed.

Just steadier.

He doesn’t let go of her hand for a long time after that.

—

The next morning is weirdly normal.

JD makes coffee in a kettle that takes too long to boil. It tastes terrible.

Veronica still drinks it.

“You’re not supposed to stir it like that,” he says, watching her.

She frowns. “It’s coffee. How complicated can it be?”

He looks mildly offended. “Very.”

That’s the first time she laughs since everything fell apart.

It surprises both of them.

—

A few days later, they steal a bit of normality back from the chaos.

Not in a big way.

In small ones.

JD shows her how to pick locks.

Not for anything dangerous, just because he insists it's "useful knowledge."

"It's not illegal if you're just learning," he says, gently wiggling the hairpin in their room's keyhole

"That is not how law works," Veronica replies.

He ignores her and keeps going anyway.

She learns faster than she wants to admit.

"See?" he says, slightly smug when she finally gets it. "You're a natural."

"I hate that you're right."

"Lies," he smiles. "You love it."

She really does... but him and his ego don't have to know that.

Chapter 2: Now what?

Chapter Notes

This is set sometime between the end of dead gay son and seventeen... ram and Kurt genuinely where gay together and they killed themselves in my version (jd and Veronica had nothing to do with it)

Anyways, posting this chapter because I have free will and I need to clear out my notes app... 😭

The car engine ticks as it cools.

Veronica doesn't move to get out.

Neither does JD.

For a moment, they just sit there in the parking lot, Westerburg looming ahead of them like nothing's changed—like it's just another morning and not... this.

JD has a newspaper spread across the steering wheel, another folded in his lap. There are circles and underlines in pen—messy, impatient.

“‘Basement studio, affordable,’” he reads flatly. “Which definitely means ‘barely legal and probably damp.’”

Veronica leans closer, scanning the page. “We can't be picky.”

“I can absolutely be picky about mould.”

“You grew up moving every five minutes, I think you'll survive a dodgy carpet.”

He glances at her. “Low blow.”

She shrugs, but there's a small flicker of a smile.

Then it fades as she looks back at the listings.

Rooms for rent. Short-term lets. Numbers they can't afford. Places that require references they don't have.

None of it feels real.

None of it feels like something they can actually do.

“This one?” she says, pointing. “Shared flat, cheap.”

JD leans in, reading over her shoulder. “Requires deposit, proof of income, and—oh look—‘no couples.’”

Veronica huffs. “Great.”

“I mean we could pretended to be platonic,” he says lightly.

She elbows him, but it’s weak.

A beat passes.

Then—

A car door slams nearby.

Voices.

Too close.

JD reacts first, folding the newspaper in one quick motion, shoving it down between the seats. Veronica grabs the other one, crumpling it slightly as she stuffs it into her bag.

“Act normal,” he mutters.

“I am normal.”

“You’re staring at the dashboard like it insulted you.”

She forces herself to look up just as someone approaches.

Heather Duke.

Of course it is.

She stops a few feet from the car, sunglasses perched on her head, expression already halfway to judgment.

“Well,” Heather Duke says, tilting her head slightly. “This is... cosy.”

Veronica rolls her window down, hoping her face doesn’t give anything away. “Morning.”

JD leans back in his seat like he’s been there all day. “Duke.”

Her eyes flick between them, sharp and assessing.

“You two carpooling now?” she asks, tone light but edged.

“You don’t notice much do you,” JD replies.

“Excuse me?”

“We drive in together all the time duke” he says tiredly “d’you have a brain tumour for breakfast or something that made you forget that”

“Jay leave her alone” says Veronica worriedly, laying a hand on JD’s shoulder. “Heather go away will you”

Heather Duke’s gaze lingers -calm but with an edge of ‘you’ll pay for this’ underneath.

Yet she smiles—thin, controlled.

“Well. Don’t be late,” she says, stepping back slightly. “Wouldn’t want to fall behind.”

“As if that’s ever been a concern,” JD mutters.

She ignores him, already turning away, attention shifting to something—or someone—more interesting.

Veronica waits until she’s out of earshot before letting out the breath she was holding.

“That was close. Also what the hell were you thinking?”

JD reaches down, pulling the newspaper back out and smoothing it like nothing happened. “I just gave her taste of her own medicine, even quoted her and everything.”

“You don’t help yourself jay”

“Ronnie my dear, I saved us from the glaring suspicion of heather duke... you should be thanking me”

“She suspects everything,” Veronica says. “That’s her whole personality.”

“Still.”

He taps the page again, but the focus is gone now.

The moment’s broken.

Reality creeps back in.

Veronica glances toward the school.

Then back at him.

“We should go in.”

JD nods once, folding the paper properly this time.

“Yeah.”

Neither of them moves immediately.

Then, almost at the same time, they open their doors and step out into the morning like it's just another day.

Like they didn't just hide the fact that they don't have a place to live.

Like everything is fine.

—

The hallway feels too normal.

That's what gets Veronica.

Not the noise, not the crowds, not even the whispers—it's the fact that everything is carrying on exactly like it always has. Lockers slamming, people laughing too loud, someone arguing about homework like it's the end of the world.

Like nothing almost broke.

Like they didn't.

She walks in beside JD anyway.

Like it's fine.

Like she didn't wake up in a tiny apartment with a broken window and his arm half-thrown over her waist because there isn't enough space not to share.

No one knows.

That thought sits quietly in her chest as they move through the corridor.

"Try not to look like you've seen the void," JD mutters under his breath.

She bumps his shoulder lightly. "I always look like this."

"Tragic."

She almost smiles.

Almost.

—

First period is a blur.

Second too.

Teachers talk, students pretend to listen, notes get passed. The same rhythm as always—but Veronica can't quite slot back into it properly. It feels like she's watching it happen from a step outside her own body.

She catches JD's eye once across the room.

Just for a second.

It's enough.

You still here?

Yeah. You?

Barely.

—

By lunch, the noise is unbearable.

The cafeteria hums with too many voices layered on top of each other. Trays clatter, chairs scrape, laughter spikes and drops like it's rehearsed.

Veronica grabs a seat out of habit more than anything.

JD drops into the chair beside her, stretching his legs out like he owns the place.

For a second, it almost feels normal.

Then—

“Veronica!”

Her head snaps up.

Heather McNamara is weaving through the tables toward her, all bright energy and nervous edges.

Veronica's chest tightens slightly.

Right.

This part of her life still exists too.

“Hey,” Veronica says, trying to match her tone.

Heather M slides into the seat across from them, glancing briefly at JD before focusing back on Veronica.

“You've been, like, impossible to find,” she says, lowering her voice just enough to feel conspiratorial. “Are you okay? Everyone's been freaking out and—” She cuts herself off, then adds softer, “I was worried.”

That lands harder than Veronica expects.

“I’m okay,” she says, and it’s not exactly a lie. “Just... stuff.”

Heather nods quickly, like she doesn’t want to push. “Yeah. Stuff. Totally.”

There’s a small, awkward pause.

Then she brightens again, a little too fast.

“Oh! There’s a party tonight. At Remington’s. You should come.”

Veronica blinks. “Already?”

“People cope weirdly,” she says with a small shrug. “And also they just... like parties.”

“That checks out,” JD mutters.

Heather gives him a quick, uncertain smile before turning back to Veronica. “It might be good, you know? Just to... not think for a bit?”

Veronica hesitates.

She glances sideways at JD.

He’s already watching her.

That quiet, unspoken thing again.

“Do you want to go?” His eyes question

Veronica exhales slowly.

“Yeah,” she says finally. “Okay.”

Heather’s face lights up. “Really? Good! Eight-ish, don’t be late.”

“No promises,” JD says lightly.

She laughs—relieved—and heads back to her table.

Veronica watches her go.

“She’s trying,” JD says quietly.

“I know.”

“And you?”

Veronica looks down at her hands.

Then back up.

“Also trying,” she admits.

—
The bell rings.

People start moving again, the cafeteria emptying in waves.

Veronica stands, adjusting her bag on her shoulder.

For a second, she sways slightly—just enough that JD notices, his hand brushing briefly against her arm to steady her.

“You good?” he asks.

“Yeah,” she says softly. “Just tired.”

“Aren’t we all.”

They fall into step together, heading back into the hallway.

Same school.

Same people.

Same life.

And not the same at all.

Tonight, there’ll be music, noise, and too many people pretending everything’s fine.

And for a few hours...they will too

Chapter 3: One normal night

Chapter Summary

Basically they go to the Remington party... they get drunk and feelings about their living situation comes out
Jd also catches her off guard w sm but I'm not gonna tell you what bc I want you to read the whole thing
:)

Chapter Notes

enjoy this chapter!
Also tysm to the comments and kudos, it means a lot to a person relatively new to this world of fan fiction- still surprised people actually like my work... 🥹

The house is already loud when they pull up.

Music spills out into the street, bass heavy enough to feel through the pavement. Lights flash through the windows, silhouettes moving—too many people, too much noise, exactly what Veronica expected.

JD cuts the engine but doesn't get out straight away.

“Last chance to bail,” she says, glancing at him.

JD looks at the house, then back at her “You're the one who said we should come.”

“I say a lot of things.”

He huffs a quiet laugh. “Yeah. I've noticed.”

A beat.

Then she reaches for the door handle. “Come on. Let's just... not think for a few hours.”

JD watches her for a second.

Then nods. “Yeah. Okay.”

—

Inside is chaos.

Bodies packed too close together, music too loud to think, the air thick with alcohol and heat. Someone shoves a drink into Veronica's hand before she even knows where to stand.

"Drink," JD says lightly, already taking one himself.

She hesitates for half a second.

Then downs it.

It burns.

Good.

That's the point.

—

Time blurs.

Another drink. Then another.

The noise gets easier to handle, like it's wrapped in cotton. People's faces soften, edges dulling. Someone laughs at something she says—she doesn't even remember what it was.

JD is beside her, then not, then beside her again.

At some point, they end up leaning against a wall in a less crowded corner- quieter, but not quiet.

"You look like you hate it less now," he says.

"I don't hate it," she replies, a little too quickly.

He raises an eyebrow. "Lies."

She nudges him. "Shut up."

But she's smiling.

It doesn't last.

Because the alcohol does what it always does—lowers the barriers just enough for everything underneath to start pushing through.

"You know what I do hate?" she says suddenly.

JD glances at her. "This should be good."

She gestures vaguely. "All of this. Pretending. Like we're just...normal."

“We are normal,” he says, tone light.

“JD.”

“What?”

“You know what I mean.”

He looks away, jaw tightening slightly. “Yeah. I do.”

A pause.

Then, sharper than she intended: “We can’t keep doing this.”

His head snaps back toward her. “Doing what?”

“Living like we don’t actually live anywhere.”

“We do live somewhere,” he says.

“A motel isn’t living,” she shoots back. “It’s waiting.”

“For what?”

“For something better!”

He lets out a short, incredulous laugh. “Right. And when’s that coming, exactly?”

“I don’t know, but we’re not even trying-”

“I am trying,” he cuts in, voice rising slightly. “Just not in the way you want.”

“Yeah, because your way means pretending it’s fine!”

“At least I’m not falling apart over it in the middle of a party,” he snaps.

That hits.

Hard.

Veronica goes still.

“Wow,” she says quietly. “Okay.”

JD exhales sharply, like he already regrets it—but doesn’t take it back.

“Veronica-”

“No, it’s fine,” she cuts in, shaking her head. “You’re right. I should just shut up and pretend everything’s great, right?”

“That’s not what I said”

“It’s what you meant.”

The space between them feels too small now. Too tight.

“I need air,” she mutters, already pushing off the wall.

“Veronica-”

But she’s gone.

—

Outside is colder.

Quieter.

The music is still there, but distant now—muffled, like it belongs to a different world.

Veronica walks a few steps away from the house, arms wrapped around herself, trying to steady her breathing.

It’s fine.

It’s just...too fucking much.

“Hey.”

She flinches slightly, turning.

A guy she vaguely recognises is leaning against the wall nearby, drink in hand, looking her up and down like he’s already decided something.

“You okay?” he asks, tone suggestive rather than concerned.

“I’m fine,” she says quickly. “Just needed air.”

“Yeah?” He steps closer anyway. “You looked kinda upset.”

“I said I’m fine.”

He doesn’t back off.

“Come on,” he says, smirking slightly. “You don’t have to stand out here alone.”

“I’m not-”

“Hey.”

JD’s voice cuts in, sharp.

The guy turns.

JD is standing a few feet away, expression flat but dangerous in a way that doesn't need to be loud.

"She said she's fine," he says.

The guy hesitates.

Something in JD's posture-calm, controlled, wrong- makes the decision for him.

"Yeah, alright," he mutters, backing off. "Didn't mean anything."

He disappears back inside.
Silence settles between them

Veronica exhales slowly, tension draining out of her shoulders.

"Thanks," she says, quieter now.

JD doesn't respond straight away.

He's still watching the door like he's making sure the guy doesn't come back.
Then he looks at her, and something in his expression shifts.
The anger's gone.
What's left is... different.

"I'm sorry," he says.

It's not defensive. Not sharp.
Just... honest.

Veronica blinks slightly. "For what?"

"For-" He gestures vaguely. "Inside. What I said."

She shrugs, looking away. "You weren't wrong."

"I was."

A pause.
Then, softer, like it costs him something:

"I'm just-" He stops, running a hand through his hair. "I'm trying to make it sound like it's not a big deal. The motel. Everything."

Veronica looks back at him.

"Because if it is," he continues, voice quieter now, "then I don't know what we're doing."

That lands.
Harder than the argument did.

“I’m scared,” he admits finally, the words rough, unfamiliar. “Like actually scared.scared goddam shitless. And I don’t do that.”

Veronica’s chest tightens.

JD lets out a shaky breath, almost laughing at himself. “This is not my best look.”

She shakes her head slightly. “No. It’s... different.”

He glances at her, something softer in his eyes now.

“Hey,” he says, stepping a little closer. “Honey”

The word stops her.

Completely.

He’s never called her that.

Not like this.
Not soft.
Not real.

“...what?” she says, a little thrown.

He notices.

Of course he does.

A flicker of something crosses his face, almost like he didn’t mean to say it out loud.
But he doesn’t take it back.

“I’ve got you,” he says instead, quieter now. “Even if everything else is... whatever this is.”

Veronica swallows.
The hollow feeling doesn’t disappear.
The situation doesn’t fix itself.
They’re still stuck.
Still unsure.

Still-
everything.

But for a second, standing there in the cold with him...it feels a little less like she’s about to fall apart alone.

“...okay,” she says softly.

JD nods once.

Neither of them moves right away.

Then, after a moment, he nudges her lightly. “You wanna go back in?”

Veronica looks at the house.

Then back at him.

“...give me a minute.”

“Yeah,” he says. “Take your time.”

And this time

he stays.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!