

I don't believe you

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I don't believe you

by [Larilori](#)

Summary

The bomb in the boiler room didn't go off and J.D. is held responsible for his actions. While Veronica has to do community service, J.D. finds himself in prison. But instead of regretting his actions, he sees them as justified. After all, he only did it for his beloved Veronika, so her letter couldn't be anything but fake. The real Veronica would never let him down.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The woman in the white coat looked at J.D. expectantly. It had been several weeks since the incident in the boiler room at Westerberg High School and he had hardly said a word about it. Unmoved, the black-haired boy turned the letter over in his hand. He didn't need to read the name of its sender to know who it was from. He could recognize Veronica's handwriting among thousands.

"Why do you think Veronica wrote this, Jason?"

He looked at the doctor for a moment before shaking his head and answering, "Shouldn't you know that, Ms. Therapist?"

His therapist sighed. "Jason, we talked about this. We both want you to get better soon. And for that, you have to work with me."

J.D. huffed amused. His gaze fell on the scar on his right middle finger, "I guess it's not as easy as sewing a finger on, is it?"

His voice reeked of sarcasm and his dark eyes glared at the therapist, who held firm against his gaze. "You may have a point," she folded up a few sheets of paper on her lap. "Unlike you, Veronica wants to talk about it. She even wanted to talk to you in person."

J.D. involuntarily straightened up.

She was here? To see me?

"Unfortunately, we couldn't allow that," said the therapist factually. "And since we still don't know whether we can allow visitors from outside your family, we suggested that she could write you a letter."

Even though he hadn't intended to read the letter at first, he decided to do so.

J.D. I've had a lot of time to think.

What we did, no, what you got me into, is simply unforgivable.

I don't think I'll ever be able to live normally again.

You know, I should hate you...

and I do, you bitch!

You're no longer part of my life and I can finally see clearly again what's really important and all the crazy shit you talked me into.

It is what it is.

I don't give a fuck about you anymore.

If you ever get out of this place, stay away from me.

I don't ever want to have anything to do with you again.

Get out of my life!

Get out of your life?

J.D. took a sharp breath.

The thought of Veronica was all he had left. The fact that she was still there and could make things better, still gave him hope. The fact that his bomb had malfunctioned was proof that Veronica was his destiny.

His father didn't care that his son had killed and wanted to blow up his school. He didn't even care where he was now. He hadn't even been to visit since J.D. had been here.

His hands started to shake. He had done everything for Veronica.

Heather Chandler...

Kurt and Ram...

Anyone who had made her cry, who had caused her pain, he had gotten rid of them for her. His own problems were secondary - she was all that mattered to him.

But unlike all the girls at Westerberg, Veronica didn't just think of herself. She wanted him to feel better. She wasn't as fake as everyone else when he talked about his mother's ~~sui~~icide accident. Even after everything that had happened with Heather and the two bastards, she wanted to put it all behind them. To live normally with him as a couple. To be normal seventeen-year-olds, so that everything would get better.

But it didn't.

She had left him and he wanted to blow up the school...

Wake up already! You need help!

You don't have the right to decide who lives and who doesn't!

Even if you twist everything in your sick head so that it makes sense to you, it's not true.

Finally accept help, damn it!

Not all adults are bad, they can help you.

J.D...

At some point, you'll be alone with this mindset.

And no one is there anymore.

And then you really will be as abandoned as you always thought you were

I don't need you.

Not in my life and not in my thoughts anymore.

Think of this as my final letter to you.

Goodbye

~~Your~~ Veronica Sawyer

"I don't believe you. I don't believe a single word you say!" J.D. snapped through clenched teeth and crumpled up the piece of paper in his hand.

She's still under their influence. Those fucking assholes forced her to write that. They've

brainwashed her.

“That's the only option.”

“What's the only option?” his therapist asked.

J.D. looked up. Had she been talking to him the whole time?

She was behind it

It was so clear, she knew Veronica was his weak spot.

“Oh, look at that,” he said with a smug grin.

“Our time is already up. We shouldn't keep the boys waiting. I'm sure you've got to pick up the next convict, oh, I mean next patient, of course.”

Just you wait, he thought grinning, Me and Veronica are meant to be together. My survival is proof of that, this letter is a trick. Don't worry Veronica. I will save you from them. And that fucking therapist is the first on my list.

The therapist noticed the piercing look J.D. gave her. If that was even possible, his eyes grew even darker. Sighing, she made another note. She wasn't going to make any progress again today.

“Alright, your next session is in two days. You'll be brought back and picked up by Officer Trevor and Officer Murphy. At least try to think about this session.”

J.D. slowly stood up and dropped the crumpled letter at the doctor's feet. The door opened and two guards led J.D. out of the room.

The doctor looked after the boy thoughtfully. She felt sorry for him.

“Everyone wants to get away from you, it seems.”

The girl, Veronica Sawyer, had been her last idea to possibly get through to the boy. But when the girl saw Jason, she couldn't talk to him, it was just too much for the traumatized girl.

It had been a stupid idea to begin with. She put her notes in Jason's file with the rest of them.

“As sorry as I am about it. No one is here for you. Jason Dean seems to really only have himself left.”

End Notes

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