

Beautiful Infernos

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Beautiful Infernos

by [Lilac The Book Lover](#)

Summary

The moonlight shines on the crown of Veronica's head, painting it as a silvery halo while a steely yet unfocused gaze wanders to his own. Her hair is messy and her cheeks are flushed, and there's a sort of reckless determination hanging off of her that J.D.'s never seen before. Something's happened.

"What are you doing in my room?" he asks, his eyes narrowed and his stance cautious as he hurries to his feet. His limbs are still slightly lethargic as he stands, but full awareness comes back to him in a rush as she takes a step closer.

"Sh." It's a long, hissing sound. The sort of noise a bomb makes before setting off, that a stick of TNT fizzles with before the inevitable explosion hits.

J.D. can't help but find himself enraptured by it.

OR: J.D.'s thoughts the night Veronica broke into his house- and on all that ensued as a result.

Notes

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

J.D. is in the midst of another nightmare when she arrives.

It's the same one as always, overwhelming flashes of *danger-wave-noise* hitting him in rapid succession as he struggles to breathe in through choking lungs. His hair is singed as he makes for the building his mom is in, the building that's quickly and unavoidably crumbling to the ground, but his dad hauls him away before he can get close. Tears sting his eyes and panic claws at a throat that won't stop coughing, his sobs raking through his entire being as his mom's soft, content, *relieved* smile burns itself into his memory. He can't breathe.

And then he wakes up.

He thinks it's the bed rocking that does it. His room is usually silent, and he sees no reason for someone to visit, so when a sudden pressure dips at the end of his bed, he awakes with a start. J.D. blinks wildly and blearily at the source, squinting as his shadowed eyes adjust to the darkness.

"Woah-" he exclaims before he can stop himself, recoiling until the figure's face comes into focus. "*Veronica?*"

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"What are you doing in my room?" he asks, his eyes narrowed and his stance cautious as he hurries to his feet. His limbs are still slightly lethargic as he stands, but full awareness comes back to him in a rush as she takes a step closer.

"*Sh.*" It's a long, hissing sound. The sort of noise a bomb makes before setting off, that a stick of TNT fizzles with before the inevitable explosion, and he can't help but find himself enraptured by it. J.D. hides his shudder, face suddenly flushing as he hopes Veronica hasn't born witness to his nightmare.

Her stance is a little tilted, but her feet are firm as she stares him down. Those dark eyes glint with promise, and J.D. is inexplicably reminded of the way his own do the same when he contemplates just *blowing it all up*. Veronica seems ready to throw everything away- or like she already has. She speaks again, too soon for him to ask why she's here again.

"Sorry, but I really had to wake you," Veronica says, not sounding particularly apologetic. J.D. doesn't find that he minds, drinking in the small smirk that's spreading across her face. Her next words are seemingly nonchalant.

"See, I decided I must ride you 'til I break you," she announces, and he *freezes*. The words stick in his brain even as she barrels past, her continued explanation slipping through his fingers like a melted slushie as he reboots the mush of his brain. He's certain his face looks like he's just been smacked.

J.D. raises a hand in protest, about to ask for her to *slow down* and to *say that again please* and to *stop for a moment* and to *sit down*, but she cuts him off, grabbing his wrist. Her hands are soft but her grip is tight- tighter, he's sure, than she intends it to be. She orders him to shut his mouth, and he forces it closed with a click, wide-eyed and compliant as she grins in his face. It's wild and confident and unafraid. J.D. doesn't know how to tell her to pause and think for a moment. He doesn't know if he even wants to.

"Come on!" She shouts, and suddenly her blazer's undone. It hangs open, and he steps closer as though in a daze, unable to resist placing his hands on her hips. She's warm, and the shirt seems slightly stuck to her body. A cool breeze blows through the thrown-open window, and J.D. knows neither of them are going to bother closing it.

He wonders how she got here, how she even knew where to go. Her smile warms at his touch, something appraising written across her face, and J.D. knows he's made the right choice. Maybe it's not right, maybe he should wait until morning, maybe he should find out *why* she's acting like this and if her suspicions of her being drunk are correct. Instead, he gently lifts his hands to the top of her arms, awed beyond belief that she wants *him*.

"Get on all fours," Veronica orders, wrenching his shoulders down. He stumbles slightly as he's sent to his knees, but he quickly fumbles to righten himself, looking up at her with wide eyes.

She needs this. It's in the storm that swirls within her hazy pupils, the tension she holds like a curse, the growl in her voice even as a grim grin stays plastered on her face. She *needs* this- needs the distraction and the freedom and the *control*, and J.D.- he can *help*. A new sort of fire floods his beings as she tilts his chin up, pale fingers firmly gripping his face.

She tells him to kiss her, and it's not a request. Her palms are red-hot where they cup his cheeks; it's a deadly game he's playing, letting himself melt into the affection. Nobody's touched him like this before. Nobody's wanted to touch him at *all* for what feels like an eternity. Veronica's hold sends sparks down his spine, a rush of electric excitement that sets his every nerve aflame.

Something shifts in her gaze as it lifts from his lips and onto his own astounded stare. There's something softer there, something reassuring, and J.D. clings to the sight like it's a lifeline. She descends onto her own knees before him, the bed rocking again beneath them even as her hands stay unfaltering atop his skin.

"You know," she breathes, some of that tension releasing from her as she leaves a feather-light trail across his chest. It's a far cry from the earlier push-and-pull of earlier, and J.D. loves it just the same, a bone-deep craving for more rising within him. It's the whisper of the wind against the clogging omnipotence of smoke; it's promises and safety and a cooling balm to his burns. "You're beautiful."

J.D.'s mouth drops open as he's struck dumb once again. Because what is he supposed to say to that? He can't deny it and shatter the fragile atmosphere she's created; he doesn't feel like he can deny Veronica anything at the moment. There's nothing he could possibly reply with that compares to the magnitude of that simple statement. Nothing that encompasses how

ethereally wondrous she is as she cradles his face, how it seems impossible that such an incredible person can simply *exist*.

"You say you're numb inside," her thumb strokes across his cheek, and he hasn't felt anything so undeniably tender since- "But I can't agree. So the world's unfair?" She continues, bitter resentment leaking from her voice like blood from an open wound. Her hand moves to the back of his head, his scalp stinging as she pulls his face closer to hers. "Keep it locked out there. In here, it's beautiful."

In some state of dazed reverence, J.D. has to agree. It's nonsensical, and it's profound, and he understands *completely*. Gone are the clothes strewn about on his floor, the clutter atop his drawers, the messy emptiness of another new room. All he can see is Veronica, and she's right. The sight is *beautiful*.

"Let's make this beautiful," Veronica says, and her blazer comes off altogether. She's right about one thing, at least. J.D. certainly doesn't feel numb anymore.

Something equal parts tentative and definite floods his tone as he agrees. "That works for me."

Even before the words have fully left his throat, she pulls him closer, and an inferno lights within him as his lips meet her own. It's too frantic, too hungry, too *passionate* to be called something as simple as a kiss. Her teeth graze his lip, and the unmistakable bitterness of alcohol floods J.D.'s mouth. She presses closer, fingers tangling further in his hair, and even as Veronica closes her eyes J.D. can't tear his gaze away. It's desperation, it's adrenaline, it's unfamiliar, it's fire and blood and a thousand unsaid vows. It's *beautiful*.

He doesn't know how long it lasts, but by the time he realises it's over she's already pushing him onto his back. J.D. takes it without complaint, hands raising above his head as she leaves a trail of kisses down his neck, to his chest. It's like lit matches against his skin in the best way he can imagine, and he does his utmost not to squirm at the intimate, *new* feeling.

She's throwing her head back, and he's asking questions, and it's a blur of colours and sounds and feelings, and she's looking down at him and telling him what to do and it's at that moment that it *clicks*.

J.D. would do anything for Veronica.

It's not so much a realisation as it is dawning understanding, the world suddenly making *sense* again as his chest burns once again. His life may be worthless, but Veronica makes it all worth it. She's proof of all that's good, she's brighter than the lights of a billion fires, and she wants *him*. J.D. would die for her. That should scare him more than it does.

"No sleep tonight for you," she grins, pressing something to his lips. It's a vibrant green bottle; an old can of Mountain Dew that's almost definitely gone flat by now. "Better chug this Mountain Dew."

And he nods, and he does as he's told, because Veronica is his *everything*. She's warm on top of him, phantom sparks left in her wake in every place she's touched, and it's precisely the

sort of heat he's been longing for for *years*. He hears a quiet "okay, okay" fall from his mouth, and it's meeker than he expected. He's pliant beneath her as she does as she wishes, trusting her to take control and relishing the ability to follow her lead.

"Get your ass in gear, make this whole town *disappear*," she cries out next, the last word raw and broken and J.D. would do *anything* for Veronica.

"Okay, okay!" He repeats, and it's more than an act of obedience. It's a *promise*. He'll burn down the world if it's what Veronica wants. He'll do anything to rid it of the *scum* who hurt her, the scum who's hurt them both. He's damaged, perhaps beyond repair, but goddamnit if he won't drag every awful person he can down with him when he falls.

He's like Icarus, challenging something that can't be opposed with the sort of stubborn insistence that only ever ends in death. He knows he was never long for this world, but for Veronica, he'll try. The heat will burn his back and the wax will scorch his skin and the smoke will suffocate his lungs, but he'll endure every inferno in the world if it keeps him with her.

There's sharp, electric, *satisfying* sting across his face, and the area erupts in pain. It brings everything into focus and yet pushes it all away, and his blood pounds in his ears with the frantic drumming of his delighted heart. Some part of him hopes she'll do it again, that she'll send more of that delicious heat across his skin and help it all make sense, but for now he pulls on her hair like she asks and lets his own fingers explore *her* body.

She tells him to love her. J.D. can't imagine anything easier.

The next few hours pass in a perfect whirl of colour and touch, and he doesn't know if he'd call himself *satisfied* by the end of it but he can say with certainty that it was the best night of his life. He lies awake even after she's out cold, curled up beside him as his fingers intertwine with hers. Her hair fans out around her as she sleeps, her smooth expression peaceful and relieved. J.D. still needs a story. He decides it can wait until morning.

For now, he gazes at his everything and tries not to think about how far he'll go for her. He'll have no more nightmares tonight. He listens to her breaths, matching them evenly as she radiates warmth beside him, and allows himself to just... Rest for a moment. Half-asleep and with a heart warmer than ever before, a fleeting thought drifts into his head.

Maybe the world can be beautiful, after all.

End Notes

I was lowkey embarrassed to post this because I've never written anything like it before hdkfhjkd. I hope it didn't read as awkward or forced!! Romance isn't my strong suit, *especially* the more physical side of it (I've never kissed anyone before in my life lol), but this was a very fun practice! I think it turned out alright, and if nothing else, it was a way to get the creative juices flowing & experiment again :D

I hope you enjoyed reading!! I'm not looking for concrit or anything of the like, but I always love hearing readers' thoughts if you have time to leave a comment! JD & Veronica are such interesting characters to me, as are all the Heathers (I have *so many* thoughts on Heather M), and I wouldn't be surprised if I end up writing for this fandom again! :]]

Have a wonderful day/night, and thank you for reading! <33

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