

Darkness

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by [Slushieguts](#)

Summary

JD shrugged casually, like none of this mattered to him. It probably didn't. "Don't go growing a conscience on me now. You wanted them dead just as much as I did."

"I did not!" she shouted louder than she meant to.

"You did too. You just don't have the guts to say it. You have the same darkness in you as I do, Ronnie. You're just too scared to admit it." JD smirked like he had heard a funny joke. "At least I'm not scared of what I am."

"I don't want to be like you."

The comment made them both pause. JD's smile vanished almost as quickly as it had appeared. His eyes hardened. He scoffed, looked away, and when he looked back at her, she shivered. Veronica remembered that look. It was the same one he had in his eyes when he fed Heather Chandler drain cleaner, the same one he had when he shot Kurt and Ram and almost shot his dad.

Or

JD and Veronica have a talk about morality at 7/11 late at night.

Everything was overwhelming—the pressure from the police, her parents’ growing concern over her, and her morality being pushed by every action she and JD took. Veronica didn’t know how to get away from everything she was dealing with; it all swirled in her mind, jumbling her thoughts. Veronica was sitting on her bedroom floor, her head buried in her knees. It was all too much. She wanted to cry, but every time she tried, nothing would happen. The guilt, shame, and anger for everything that had happened consumed her.

She could vaguely hear her parents talking downstairs, probably about her strange behavior the last few weeks. Veronica heard a cat screaming from outside; she paid it no mind. Veronica closed her eyes. She wanted to disappear, let the earth swallow her whole until she no longer existed. That wasn’t an option, so instead she was left with her racing thoughts.

Just as her mind was going down a dark path, the sound of her window being opened startled her. Veronica didn’t have to look to know who it was; she already knew. Veronica didn’t bother to move out of her position until she felt a hand on her shoulder. Veronica looked up. Finally, her room was dark with the lights off, but she could still make out his face in the moonlight. JD looked the same as he always had, except for the eye bags under his eyes and the way his usual self-confident smile didn’t quite reach them. He looked like he’d aged considerably in the past few weeks—mentally, not physically. They both had.

“You okay?” he asked.

It really wasn’t something he needed to ask. She hadn’t been okay for a long time. She had a feeling he wasn’t either, but instead of answering, she merely put her hand over his on her shoulder. Veronica should throw him out; she had every right to after what he had done. But it beat struggling with her own thoughts. She didn’t want to be alone right now. No one understood like he did—not her parents, not Martha, not Miss Fleming and her fake sympathy.

“Can we make an ice run?” Veronica asked. She knew he’d say yes; he never denied her.

“Yeah, of course. What’s on your mind?” JD could tell something was bothering her—something she wasn’t saying.

“I’ll tell you when we get to 7/11,” Veronica promised.

JD nodded slowly. He made his way back over to the window. He scaled his way down the ladder, Veronica following suit. Once they reached his motorcycle parked along the curb, he got on and she got behind him. As JD drove off into the night, she held onto him tight as they made the short drive to the 7/11 across town.

Once they got there, JD parked his bike along the curb. He helped her off, and wordlessly they made their way into the 7/11. It was late—a little past ten the last time she’d checked. They’d close in an hour. The 7/11 was empty except for the lone cashier reading a magazine behind the counter. The fluorescent lights buzzed overhead. JD made a beeline toward the slushie machine in the back; she followed.

JD grabbed two plastic cups. He filled one to the top with blue raspberry, the flavor he got every time. JD asked her what flavor she wanted. She said cherry. He filled the second cup with cherry. Taking their slushies to the counter to pay, they then made their way outside. JD sat on the curb by his bike; she followed suit. She often followed him when she didn't know what to do. This time was no exception.

Veronica took a sip of her slushie. She let the artificial taste of cherry settle on her tongue before she spoke. "Do you ever think that people know what we did? I know they don't because we're not in handcuffs, but do you think they ever get the feeling that maybe Kurt, Ram, and Heather didn't commit suicide—that there's more to it?" Veronica spoke softly. She looked around to see if anyone was around to hear, even though it was just him and her in the empty 7/11 parking lot.

"You're just being paranoid," JD responded. He shook his head, his brown hair falling into his eyes. She almost reached up to push it behind his ears, but she stopped herself. She didn't know what to feel about him anymore. "Nobody knows—not even the police."

"We killed people, JD. Do you even remotely feel even a little bad?" Veronica knew she was asking a loaded question, one she didn't know if she wanted the answer to or not. Guilt ate her from the inside out. She couldn't imagine him not feeling the same, yet his actions had suggested anything but remorse.

"I try not to think too hard about it. I mean, we did the world a favor by ridding it of those assholes." JD took a sip of his slushie. He grabbed her hand, except this time it wasn't comforting. "They bullied people, made you feel miserable. Everyone should be thanking us."

Veronica pulled her hand back like she'd been burned. "We decided who deserved to die. That doesn't make us better—that makes us worse than them. We murdered three people in cold blood, JD. I don't know how that doesn't keep you up at night." Veronica blinked back tears. She hadn't been able to cry all day, yet now she was struggling not to. His apathy disgusted her. She was disgusted with herself even for going along with his evil plans.

JD shrugged casually, like none of this mattered to him. It probably didn't. "Don't go growing a conscience on me now. You wanted them dead just as much as I did."

"I did not!" she shouted louder than she meant to.

"You did too. You just don't have the guts to say it. You have the same darkness in you as I do, Ronnie. You're just too scared to admit it." JD smirked like he had heard a funny joke. "At least I'm not scared of what I am."

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“Look, you’re either with me or against me. The choice is yours.” JD was giving her an option, and the worst thing was she didn’t know what she should do. He was the only one who understood her, and yet she wanted nothing more than to be thousands of feet away from him.

Veronica didn’t respond. She didn’t need to. He knew that she always chose him—chose them. Veronica was addicted to the pain. She needed him as much as he needed her. As they got back onto his bike to head back to her house, she held onto him less tightly this time. She had the idea of letting go and letting oncoming traffic run her over, yet she didn’t—but the urge was there. As she made her way back into her room without so much as a goodbye, she knew deep down he was right.

There was as much darkness in her as there was in him.

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