

In Veronica's Room

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/74349366) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/74349366>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	Heathers: The Musical - Murphy & O'Keefe , Heathers (1988) , Heathers (TV)
Relationships:	Jason "J. D." Dean/Veronica Sawyer , Jason "J. D." Dean & Veronica Sawyer
Characters:	Veronica Sawyer , Jason "J. D." Dean
Additional Tags:	Murder , Jason "J. D." Dean Being an Asshole , Past Jason "J. D." Dean/Veronica Sawyer , Veronica Sawyer Needs a Hug , Angst , graphic murder
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of JDronica Oneshots
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-17 Words: 1,495 Chapters: 1/1

In Veronica's Room

by [Slushieguts](#)

Summary

What if JD saw that Veronica's fake suicide was real? What if he decides to kill her because if he can't have her no one can.

Notes

Warning this story contains graphic details of murder you have been warned.

Veronica was angry, no she was livid with him. JD had lied to her not only that, but he had used her to get away with his sick schemes. He had used her forgery abilities to make all his murders look like suicides. Who was she kidding? She was just as guilty as him even if she hadn't gone in with the intent to kill Heather, Kurt, and Ram. She believed every lie that spilled from his lips like it were God himself telling her the holy scripture in which she was to enact.

In a way, he was a God to her; he was larger than life, and she listened without question to whatever he said, like a devoted follower. "God I'm so fucking stupid!" Veronica yelled as she chucked her pillow across her room. It landed against the wall. She didn't even get any satisfaction as nothing broke. Veronica hid her face in her hands refusing to let the tears that threatened to fall from going down her cheeks.

Veronica grit her teeth hard enough that she could feel pain shoot through her mouth yet she ignored it. "Stupid stupid stupid." She repeated to herself over and over again like a twisted mantra. She felt stupid she had been naive buying it all his schemes without even a question of hesitation. Veronica had just woken up from a nightmare where JD had tried to kill Heather Duke. She shivered she could still imagine the madness in his eyes as he waved around the large kitchen knife and the way that he monologued about suicides like it was casual and not literal death.

Veronica shot out of bed and went over to her desk pulling out her diary she hastily threw on her monocle so she could see she always had a bad eye. She began to write her words scrawling across the page faster than her mind could comprehend. She wrote all her spiraling thoughts down on the paper. It did little to comfort her yet she had to get them out of her head.

Dear Diary, last entry. No one can stop JD, not the F.B.I., the C.I.A., or the P.T.A. He once told me that the extreme always makes an impression. Well, now it's my turn. Let's see how the bitch reacts to a suicide that he didn't perform himself.

Veronica leaned back in her chair, sweat dripping from her brow. She was scared even if she had to do this her heart raced against her chest. Veronica got her plan ready taking the sheets off her bed she hung them from the rafters getting on top of her bed she tied it around her waist making it look like it was around her neck so hopefully JD would believe that she had hung herself. Veronica slumped, going limp to sell her act. She had seen the distant gleam of headlights outside her window. He was here. She felt a shiver race down her spine yet she forced herself to stay perfectly still.

Veronica heard shuffling outside her window. There was the sound of his boots on metal he must be sneaking in through her window. She had to force herself to stifle the gasp that wanted to escape her lips as he entered through her window just as planned. As JD came into her room he paused for a minute in front of her, shocked.

"I can't believe you actually did it," he muttered to himself in disbelief. "I was teasing. I loved you." JD ranted he began to pace around her room. She could hear his boots stomping across her old floorboards.

'I loved you.' Veronica felt ice shoot through her heart. If he was no longer blinded by love like before, what would he do if he hated her? The question haunted her and she continued to listen to his rant trying to figure out what his plan was.

"Sure I climbed up here to kill you, but first I was going to try and win you back. With my amazing petition." JD slapped the gun against his palm and motioned it towards her before throwing it on the bed. "It's a shame you can't see what our fellow students really signed," JD said smugly. Veronica heard the sound of shuffling paper. It must be the petition he was talking about.

JD flicked open his pocket knife and ran it over the top printed line on the page the text gave way revealing another one underneath it revealing its true purpose. "All right, listen. We the students of Westerburg High will die today. Our burning bodies will be the ultimate protest to a society that degrades us. Fuck you all." JD slapped his paper with amusement; his plan was foolproof in his eyes.

"It's not very subtle but neither is blowing up a whole school now is it? Talk about suicide pacts huh? When our school blows up tomorrow it's going to be the kind of thing to infect a generation! I mean it's going to be a Woodstock for the 80s!" JD paced around her room again and he paused to stick a cigarette in his mouth. His voice was suddenly sad as she spoke. "Damn it, Veronica. We could have toasted marshmallows together."

For a heartbeat the room was dead silent then Veronica heard the sound of his boots approaching her. He was close. Too close she could smell his shampoo a mix of a woody scent and the scent of cigarettes that always followed him. She forced her limbs to stay limp fighting the instinct to look down at him. Her pulse throbbed in her ears louder than the creak of his boots on the floorboards.

Then JD spoke again low, his voice soft and almost gentle. "But maybe you don't deserve me doing all of this for you. You don't deserve the perfect world I was dreaming of Ronnie not after you betrayed me and then went and killed yourself."

His finger brushed her cheeks and she almost flinched. "You know Veronica... Hanging doesn't suit you."

JD's hand moved slowly down her cheek to her neck he squeezed lightly it took everything in her not to move to try and twist out of his grip. "Choking on the other hand does. Drop the act baby I know you're faking." His hand was warm and steady enclosed around her throat.

Veronica's lungs seized and she opened her eyes. Her brown ones staring into his green ones with shock and sadness. JD chuckled slowly. It sent a shiver down her spine. He opened his switchblade and she felt panic for a brief moment before he hacked at the bedsheets holding her up. She yelped as she was suddenly dropped from the air onto her bed. She tried to scramble away from him yet he grabbed her, easily tugging her to the end of the bed. After that he slammed her against the wall.

Veronica tried to open her mouth to scream but a forceful grip on her throat made her only let out a pathetic choking noise. "You shouldn't have left me Veronica. You were my partner and

you chunked me away like I was trash. Now it's time to pay for your sins." JD's voice was eerily calm he wasn't sad or angry just terrifyingly certain. That she had to die.

Black spots nipped at the corners of her vision. She tried to shove him off yet her efforts were useless her strength was quickly weakening as she was close to blacking out. "You could have ruled the world with me Veronica instead you chose treason. Goodbye, darling for all it was worth I did love you." JD smiled she thought she saw tears running down his cheeks but it could be her own watery eyes playing tricks on her.

JD pressed a kiss to her forehead to was too tender for a scene like this. Veronica let out a choked gasp and his warm rough hands grabbed her head. She didn't even get to scream as her head was twisted violently to the right. JD heard the sickening sound of bones snapping her and letting her go. He watched as he slumped against the floor he wiped harshly at the tears coming from his eyes.

"Goodbye, Veronica if I can't have you no one can," JD said as he strode out the window with the intent to finish his plan he didn't bother to spare her another glance. He had a mission to fulfill. There were always casualties in war for the mission of purification; he wished that she were standing by his side as he watched the school explode in bright colors of orange, yellow, and red later that day but it was what it was. As JD slunk off into the distance he was leaving behind Westerburg a pile of rubble like it deserved to be.

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