

Sweet Frozen Rush

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Sweet Frozen Rush

by [Slushieguts](#)

Summary

Veronica sits outside a 7/11 on the one year anniversary of JD's death and thinks about all she lost.

Veronica walked into the 7/11 for the first time in a year, old memories threatening to drag her down. She had come here specifically because it would be too painful; she already thought about him every day. She didn't need more reminders in the convenience store aisles or by the swirling slushie machine in the back. It was the first year since he'd died on the exact day she kept track of, even when she didn't want to.

She was doing this as a homage to him, not because she especially wanted a slushie. It was freezing cold out in the middle of December—why couldn't he kill himself in a warmer month, she thought darkly to herself. Veronica hadn't had a slushie in a year either; the pain was still constant. It ached just as much as the day she lost him. Part of her hated him. He had convinced her to be an accomplice in three gruesome murders, yet another part of her wished desperately for him back—just for one more kiss, one more shared moment. She never did get to give him a proper goodbye. That was what bothered her the most.

Veronica heard the bell chime, signaling to the poor underpaid cashier that JD used to bother at odd ends of the night that she was there. It was early in the morning, the sky still dark, and she was the only one crazy enough to want a slushie at three a.m. Veronica walked to the back of the store, ignoring all the snack aisles, though her eyes did land briefly on the Corn Nuts—another memory trying to drag her down—before she pressed on.

Grabbing one of the plastic cups, she stared at the swirling sugary contents of the slushie machine, debating which flavor she wanted. Finally deciding that two was good, she grabbed two cups, filling one with cherry—her favorite—and the other with blue raspberry, his favorite. She put lids on both of them and put straws in the colored slush before making her way over to the register.

The cashier raised an eyebrow at the two slushies in the middle of cold December at three a.m., but mercifully didn't say anything. He just rang her up and sent her on her way. Veronica was well dressed for the weather, yet she still shook as she sat down on the curb of the 7/11. She took her first sip of her cherry slushie, humming as the artificial taste of cherries settled onto her tongue.

She set the other beside her. Lifting her cup, she tapped it lightly against the other one—a toast to a boy who'd long since been dead. "I miss you, JD," Veronica said, more to herself, knowing that he was no longer alive, yet voicing her thoughts made her feel a little less alone.

Veronica began to drink hers as fast as she could, hoping it'd numb the pain and freeze her brain like he always did. When she felt a sharp pain in her head, she groaned, grinning. It hurt just as much as it had the first time she'd tried it. She never understood why he liked doing it so much. Veronica left the other slushie untouched. Her fingertips were cold from holding the frozen beverage, yet she stayed out there anyway, her mind playing memories of their time spent together over and over like a movie stuck on rewind.

She sat on that curb, the other slushie melting beside her, until the sun began to rise above the horizon. She watched as it came up. She drank the last remains of her red cherry slushie. She stared at the blue liquid beside her; it would forever remain undrank because he wouldn't be

here to drink slushies with her anymore. Veronica sighed as she stood up, making her way over to the small trash can that sat outside the 7/11. She threw both cups away.

As Veronica made her way back home, her hands stuffed deep in her pockets, she closed her eyes for a second. She imagined him just as he'd forever be: seventeen, with unruly black hair, green eyes that shone with mischief and a little malice, freckles dotting his handsome face, and that crooked smile that made her heart melt. As she lay down in her bed to get a few more hours of sleep before she went to her college classes, she felt tears slipping down her cheeks. She'd forever miss him. Every year, she sat on that 7/11 curb, remembering what she'd lost.

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