

Trench Coat Thief

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Trench Coat Thief

by [Slushieguts](#)

Summary

Veronica steals JD's trench coat during one of the worst snow storms during the winter season. JD goes over to her house to take it back they have a heart to heart and he ends up with one of her sweaters.

Notes

I wrote this instead of writing on my other fanfics but heyyyy. I needed a break from all the seriousness so I thought I'd write something dumb and fluffy so here you go.

It was the middle of winter for Sherwood, Ohio. As typical Ohio weather, there was a mountain of snow in the middle of December. It was brutally cold, the kind of winters that made you shut up in the house for several days and made driving the roads precarious. JD was pretty immune to the cold; he would wear T-shirts in the middle of winter while other people froze. It helped that his handy trench coat was lined on the inside with wool; it kept him plenty warm on its own.

There was an issue: it had gone missing the last few days, and he had no idea where it was. JD wore the thing religiously; he barely took it off except to sleep and on the rare occasion that he didn't want it on. It was his shield against the world, and it made him look cool in his eyes, so it was a win-win. JD had gone three days without it. It was the longest he'd been without it since he had picked it up at the thrift shop in Louisiana three years prior.

JD felt like he was missing an essential part of himself without the black trench coat draped over his frame. It didn't help that his self-harm scars were visible for anyone to see. He started wearing a jean jacket; it wasn't nearly as cool as his trench coat, yet until he could deal with it he would have to make do. The last time he remembered he had it was at Veronica's house. They'd done what typical teenagers did when alone; he'd taken it off and...

JD's eyes narrowed. He specifically remembered that he had forgotten it in his rush to leave since the snowstorm was coming in fast. JD had to get home; otherwise he'd risk being snowed in three days with her parents. He wasn't scared to be her boyfriend, but he wasn't quite ready to meet her parents yet. So he'd snuck out her window like he always did, disappearing into the night.

JD made plans to go get it the next time he was able to. Judging by the looks of it, the snow was starting to melt a little. He should be able to walk to her house; it would be slow, yet he really wanted his trench coat back. With his plan in mind, he started his trek towards Veronica's house. Her parents would be at work, and on Christmas vacation JD would be able to stop by for a while and spend some time with her before he went home.

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Veronica hummed softly to the song on the radio. They were playing Christmas carols. She flipped the page of the spy novel she'd borrowed from her dad; the plot was getting interesting, the detective was on to the criminal. Veronica tugged the black trench coat around herself. It was freezing outside; she was grateful that her boyfriend had left his trench coat. It was so warm and still smelled like him. Cigarette smoke and warm cinnamon filled her senses as she smelled his comforting scent for the millionth time.

She let out a content sigh. She was enjoying her time away from the hell that was school, catching up on all the books she wanted to read and relaxing. A knock on the door startled her. She slowly got up—who could be visiting in this snowstorm? Veronica opened the door. She smiled as she saw JD on the other end; his hair was a mess from the wind and his cheeks were flushed from the cold. That wasn't what captured her interest. The jean jacket he was wearing made her raise an eyebrow; it looked strange on him. She was used to him with his trench coat.

“Nice to see where my trench coat went,” JD said smugly. He looked her up and down; it was too big for her, almost drowning her in the black fabric. Veronica felt her face flush in embarrassment. He only chuckled, pushing past her into the house. He sat down heavily on the couch.

Veronica sat beside him; her hand found his instantly. He leaned his head against her shoulder, a grin on his face. “I wondered where it went. Been looking for it three days, babe.” JD looked at her pointedly.

“You left it here, babe.” Veronica shot back smugly and pressed a kiss to his cheek. JD grumbled, yet he grabbed her chin. Veronica’s eyes widened as he planted a kiss on her lips. JD chuckled at her flustered expression.

“I didn’t leave it here,” JD corrected with a crooked grin. “You kidnapped it. There’s a difference.”

Veronica rolled her eyes, cheeks warm. “Kidnapped? I think it willingly defected. It likes me, you know.”

JD laughed. “Oh, so it’s alive now, is it?”

“Yes, and it chose me, not you, so deal with it.” Veronica said playfully as she shoved him. JD shoved her back, and soon they were wrestling, trying to see who was stronger. He won easily, of course—he always managed to overpower her quickly. JD had her pinned down; he used the opportunity to steal more kisses. When she called him a cheater, he told her that he was an opportunistic man.

“You know, it’s stupid,” he muttered, staring at the coat that still hung off her frame. “But I’ve had that thing for years. I feel kind of lost without it, like a piece of me is missing. It was cheap and it fit, so I bought it. I dunno—it stuck. It hides my scars, my chest, and just makes me feel more like me, you know?” JD hated how vulnerable he sounded, yet he shook off the feeling. He could be honest with her.

Veronica didn’t interrupt him; she just let him talk, thumb tracing soothing circles on his knuckles. He had let her go, and now they were sitting side by side on the couch. “It’s not stupid,” she corrected, brown eyes finding his green ones. The soft look in her eyes made him melt. “It’s armor for you. Makes you feel safe. That’s a good thing.”

“I know it’s just a crappy thrift-store find, but... everything feels louder, sharper, more painful without it,” JD explained.

Veronica nodded in understanding. When she started to take it off to return it to him, he stopped her. “Wait. I want you to keep it. I feel lost without it but...” JD hesitated, not sure how to voice his feelings. “It looks good on you, and besides—seeing you in it makes me feel safer. Like it’s where it should be, protecting the person I love the most in the world.”

Veronica flushed again, speechless for a beat. “You know you can have it back if you want it. It’s your coat.”

JD stopped her with a hand on her wrist. “No,” he said softly. “Keep it for now. I like seeing you in it. Clearly I’m not the only one who enjoys it.”

Her breath caught. “Are you sure?”

He smirked, though the sincerity didn’t leave his eyes. “Positive, my little trench-coat thief.”

She laughed, scooting closer until their legs touched. “Well, if you’re going to freeze in that pathetic jean jacket, I might as well make sure you don’t get frostbite.” She nudged him playfully. “Want one of my sweaters?”

JD made a face like she’d offered him poison. “Pastel? Veronica, I have a reputation to uphold.”

“You will get cold,” she countered.

He snorted. “Fine, but if anyone sees me in a pastel baby-blue sweater with stars on it, I’m toast, and I’m blaming you.”

She grinned mischievously. “Oh, I definitely have one with stars on it.”

JD groaned, instantly regretting his decision.

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JD stared at the baby-blue sweater in his hands like it was a confusing math equation and not a sweater. It did, in fact, not have stars on it—just plain. He didn’t know if that made it any better or not. Slowly, he pulled it over his head. As he stared at himself in the mirror, he had complicated feelings. It was slightly loose on him—it was one of her baggier ones, which he liked. She knew how he liked his clothes. JD felt insecure for a second as he thought about the fact it was a woman’s sweater, then he relaxed. It was one of hers; he could live with it.

He looked up at her, something unguarded and vulnerable flickering in his eyes. “Feels… nice,” JD muttered. “Like you’re a part of me.”

Veronica stepped closer. “Comfortable?”

JD swallowed, gaze shifting away for a second. “Safe,” he admitted under his breath. “Damn it, Veronica, you’re gonna make me soft.”

She slipped her hands around his waist, drawing him into her warmth. “You already are,” she whispered.

JD didn’t argue. He just leaned into her, letting himself rest there, wrapped in the softness of her sweater, the scent of her shampoo—lavender and vanilla—and the quiet safety that she gave him without him ever having to ask.

Wrapped in her sweater and with Veronica still holding him, he felt the safest he had in days. JD let his forehead rest against hers. He closed his eyes, savoring the moment. The storm outside had finally quieted, and so had the one inside of him. He was totally at ease. When he

opened his eyes, Veronica smiled at him, steady and sure—JD, feeling a kind of safety he had never known before, decided that he didn't mind being soft for her.

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