

We'll Build The World Again

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We'll Build The World Again

by [Slushieguts](#)

Summary

Eighteen years after he disappeared, Jason Dean comes back to Sherwood, Ohio for one reason: to clean up his father's mess and leave.

Running into Veronica Sawyer was never part of the plan.

She's no longer the girl he fell in love with, and he's far from the boy she remembers—but the connection between them hasn't faded. One lunch turns into something deeper, something dangerous, as old feelings ignite all over again.

But with a past stained in blood and regret, JD and Veronica must decide if what they have now is worth risking everything all over again.

Jason Dean never expected to return to Sherwood, Ohio. It was a dark part of his past where he'd taken the lives of three of his classmates in what, at the time, he thought was in the name of love—but what really was his own selfish whims. JD had done a lot of thinking since Sherwood. Almost two decades of that did it to a man. JD was never close with his father; as soon as the bomb went off, he didn't look back. JD had already wrought enough destruction on Veronica Sawyer's life, so after he woke up in the hospital, he left Sherwood for good and didn't look back, riding off on his motorcycle.

JD ended up in New York, where he built a name for himself. He went to trade school, became a mechanic, and settled into a small two-bedroom just outside the city. He got a dog, a car, even tried for a bit to date. No one was the same as her. No matter how much he tried, no one would ever compare to the love he shared with Veronica. JD may have even changed his name to something boring—Jake Smith. Something unassuming, so it wouldn't tie him to his past. There was something he could never change: the image of Veronica burned into his skull. JD remembered her smile, the way her face would light up when he said something to make her laugh. He also remembered her face screwed up in agony as he held her at gunpoint down in the boiler room.

JD shook his head. It did nothing to think about any of this now. He'd just be in Sherwood long enough to clean out his dead dad's house, then he'd be on his way. He wasn't going to talk to anyone. No one in Sherwood would even know he was there. It would be an in-and-out kind of deal, something he'd forget about in a month or two.

JD rode his bike down to Sherwood. For old times' sake, he took off his helmet as he pulled up to the small 7/11 that he frequented as a teenager. JD wore a helmet now—that was another thing that had changed about him. He didn't risk his life anymore when he rode. JD filled his bike up. He stopped in the store to get a blue raspberry slushie on his way, for old times' sake.

JD sipped on his slushie. He leaned against his bike casually as he finished the last of it. JD threw it in the trash can beside him. He was about to get back on the bike when a familiar voice stopped him.

"Holy shit, is that Jason Dean?" a high-pitched, shrill voice shouted.

JD looked over, alarmed. It may have been eighteen years, but he'd recognize Heather McNamara anywhere. She still had the same bright blonde hair. She was dressed in a grey suit jacket, white button-up shirt, and a black mini skirt. Her makeup was just as perfect as in high school, and she finished off her look with yellow high heels. JD stared at her for a long moment, trying to get his brain to work. He opened his mouth, then closed it again, thinking of something to say.

"Uh, no, I mean—" JD fumbled.

"I would know that face anywhere. I wonder what Veronica would think about you being back in town. It's been ten, fifteen years?" McNamara asked. With each word she spoke, JD

felt his chest tighten. When she said her name, JD felt his heart thunk against his chest. Just the mere mention of her name, and he was already getting weak.

“It’s been eighteen years,” JD responded. He leveled Heather with a serious look, one that had her tilting her head to the side like a confused puppy. “Look, Heather, I’m just here on some business. Veronica doesn’t need to know I’m here, got it?”

“Why not? I’m sure she’d love the company. With her divorce going on and stuff...” Heather cut herself off.

“Her what? She was married?” JD asked. He wanted to know. It was a dangerous path he was going down. JD should speed off, forget the whole interaction had happened, yet curiosity ate at him. What had Veronica been up to these past eighteen years?

“Yeah, she married this lawyer guy. He was a total dick. I’ve never seen her so depressed. They got a divorce about a month ago. I don’t think she’s over him, but if you ask me, it’s about time she move on.” Heather shook her head. Her friend had really bad taste in men.

“I see. Well, anyways, Heather, it was nice catching up, but I’ve got to go.” JD waved at her before hopping on his bike. Heather wished him well, and a few seconds later he was on the highway. The conversation still burned in his mind, but he forced himself to forget about it. Thinking about the past wouldn’t do him any good.

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JD spent two days sorting through his father’s things. His dad was a hoarder when it came to explosives, so he had to throw away a lot of old charges. The rest was junk—Playboy magazines, old beer cans, and unpaid bills. Bud had died unexpectedly in his home at the age of seventy, leaving behind nothing worthwhile and a son who didn’t shed a tear when he heard the news. Bud was never a father to JD. The only reason he came to clear out his house was because no one else would. Nobody cared about Big Bud Dean.

JD wiped his brow with the back of his hand. He was out in the yard of his old home with the last trash bag of stuff he’d thrown away. JD craved something cold—maybe a six-pack and a slushie. JD got on his bike, going to the same 7/11 as yesterday. He parked his bike out front before going into the store.

JD went to the cooler section. He grabbed a six-pack of beer before making his way to the slushie machine. JD grabbed a plastic cup, filling it to the top. He put a lid on it and then a straw. JD sipped the slushie as he approached the register. He paid before leaving the store.

JD stopped walking. Someone was looking at his bike. That wasn’t unusual—his bike was older; it was the same one he’d had since high school. He’d had people admire it before; he took good care of it. The person admiring his bike was a woman. She was smaller in stature, probably around 5’4. She had brown hair down to her shoulders. She was wearing a blue tank top since the weather was hot and a black skirt. That wasn’t enough to set him off, but when she turned around, he felt his heart skip a beat.

Veronica Sawyer stared at him face to face. It had been eighteen years, yet he'd recognize that face anywhere. He'd spent so long picturing her in his head that it could be a hundred years since he'd seen her, and he'd still be able to pick her out of a crowd. Veronica blinked. She rubbed her eyes, looked away, and then looked back again, almost like she too couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"JD?" Veronica asked, almost like she didn't believe what she was seeing.

"Yeah, it's me, Veronica," JD confirmed. Part of him wanted to bolt, leave his bike, and never look back. Another part of him wanted to get closer, to see her again after so long.

"You died." She pointed at him accusingly.

"You saw the bomb go off. You never saw a body," JD retorted.

"I can't believe it's you. I thought you—"

"Yeah, died. I know. I didn't exactly give you a going-away present. Surprise, I'm alive." JD held his arms out in front of him as he gestured to himself.

Veronica walked closer. She examined his face, taking in his aged appearance. JD had grown taller after high school—he got a final growth spurt after he left. He now stood at around 6'1. He had stubble now that dotted his face. His hair was shorter, but he still combed it to the side. He'd traded in the trench coat for a leather jacket. He still wore the same flannels, ripped black jeans, and combat boots—that hadn't changed.

"You're really here," Veronica said in disbelief.

JD nodded. He took another hesitant step forward, like she'd flee if he got too close. "Yeah. Dad died. Came to clean up his shit," JD said deadpan.

"Oh, that's horrible."

"Not really. He was a piece of shit. I hope he rots in hell where he belongs," JD growled.

The aggression made Veronica pause. She stared at him wide-eyed. JD, realizing his mistake, tried to calm her down. Given their past, he couldn't blame her for being scared.

"Hey, it's okay. I won't hurt you. I've changed," JD promised. He held his hands out placatingly in front of him, like one would a wild animal. "You have to believe me."

Veronica softened. She slowly brought her hand up to his face. JD pulled back—this could be dangerous, reconnecting with her. Still, against his better judgment, he pressed his cheek into her hand. "I missed you," JD admitted honestly.

"I missed you too."

"You know, I have this afternoon free if you want to grab lunch." Veronica offered. Her hand was cool against his face; he leaned into it.

JD should say no. He should hop on his bike and forget he ever saw her, yet he doesn't want to, and he has a feeling that she doesn't either. "Okay, I'm free. I'm done going through Dad's stuff," JD agreed.

"I walked. I live not far from here. Mind if I ride with you?" Veronica asked.

"Yeah, of course."

JD got on his bike first. Veronica got on after him. JD put the helmet on her—it was more important that she was safe in the event of an accident than him.

"I remember this bike. I can't believe you still have it." Veronica ran her hand along the seat. She remembered riding it when she was in high school with him. Veronica wrapped her hands around his waist and held on tight.

JD pulled out onto the highway. He drove them to a small diner with Veronica's instructions. It had been a while since he'd been in Sherwood. Other than the 7/11, he didn't know his way around town. JD pulled into the parking lot. After finding their spot, JD helped her off the motorcycle. JD grabbed her hand; hers was small in his. Their height difference became that much more apparent.

JD led the way into the diner, Veronica following behind him. The diner was small, the kind you'd find in a small town. The walls were wood, the floor was black-and-white tile, and the booths were made out of a similar wood as the walls. They waited to be seated. Once the waiter saw them, he seated them in a booth by the window.

JD busied himself with the menu for a while. They talked about different options and what sounded good. After getting their drinks and ordering their food, Veronica was the first to speak. "So how has life been these last eighteen years?" she asked.

JD laughed. She knew just how many years it had been—the same as him. Could it be that she thought of him just as much as he did her? JD forced those thoughts out of his head. He was just remeeting someone from his past, like he had with McNamara. It would be brief, and then he'd be back on the road to New York. Except you didn't take McNamara to lunch, and you're not still in love with her, his brain screamed at him.

JD played with the straw in his cup for a minute nervously before he answered. "Well, I went to school, became a mechanic. I have a lovely collection of books I've collected over the years. I have a few project bikes I'm working on. I have a dog—his name is Buddy—and, uh, well, my life is kind of boring. After leaving Sherwood, I left for New York and didn't look back. I didn't want to hurt anyone around here anymore."

Veronica's eyes met his. Unspoken words were exchanged between them. So we couldn't hurt anyone anymore.

"So what have you been up to? Heard you were married," JD asked. He was dropping a bomb by asking that question, but he had always loved chaos, and he was burning to know. He had to know.

Veronica looked away, almost seemingly ashamed or embarrassed. “Yeah, Lenny was, to put it simply, an asshole. I tried to get married, move on—it didn’t work. He was always at work. He wanted me to be the typical housewife. I couldn’t do it... I can’t have kids, especially not with him.” Veronica shook her head sadly.

Before JD could think about what he was doing, his hand grabbed hers across the table. They had held hands briefly when he helped her off his motorcycle, but this was different. Veronica’s brown eyes stared into his green ones. He swore, for the first time in eighteen years, he felt alive. JD just wasn’t existing because he didn’t have the nerve to kill himself—he was actually breathing. He could see clearly. The entire world made sense—

Just as quickly as the touch had come, Veronica pulled her hand back like she’d been burned. It made his heart ache. All he wanted to do was reach across the table, get rid of the small amount of distance between them. But is that what Veronica wanted?

“You never were one for the mundane,” JD whispered.

“You’re right,” Veronica replied. She smiled at him, and it made his heart do weird things. “I divorced Lenny. I’m trying to sort my life out. I know it’s funny, thinking that me—who thought she knew where she was going when she was seventeen—now knows nothing. I wanted to go to Harvard, travel the world, get married to someone I love, and have a few kids, but none of that happened.”

“It’s never too late to start something new.”

Veronica opened her mouth to say something, then closed it, repeating this a few times. She almost acted like she wanted to get up and leave, but something stopped her. “Who would I marry when I’m this old? I’m pretty much washed up—an old hag by most people’s standards. I work at the library, for Christ’s sake. I’m sure I’m probably ninety percent infertile. I’m a mess—”

Veronica was cut off by JD. He slammed the table hard enough that it startled her. Veronica stared at him wide-eyed, almost like she expected him to pull a gun on her.

“Veronica, you are far from an old hag. You’re not even forty, and anybody would be lucky to have you,” JD said sternly.

Veronica softened at his words. Something changed between them after JD’s outburst. Her shoulders, which had been tense ever since they had come to the diner, dropped, and a small smile eased onto her face. “You really think so?” Veronica asked softly.

“Of course I do. You’re Veronica Sawyer, for Christ’s sake.”

JD’s answer was vague, yet it seemed to do something to her, because the next thing JD knew, Veronica was grabbing his hand again—and this time, she didn’t pull away. JD felt the heat of her hand. He squeezed it tightly, showing her that he was there.

“That’s part of the problem,” she whispered.

JD frowned slightly. “What’s that mean?”

“That I still lo—”

Veronica cut herself off. She didn’t pull away, yet she refused to meet his eyes.

“You still what?” JD pressed. He wanted to know what she was about to say. If it was what he thought she was going to say, it could change the very dynamic between them.

“Forget it,” Veronica snapped.

JD wanted to press—he had to know—but he let it go for now. He had her with him, and for now, that was enough. Their food arriving interrupted the tension. Both of them ate in silence. It wasn’t uncomfortable like JD thought it would be; instead, it was spent in relative ease.

“I’m leaving for the airport tomorrow. Do you want to come back to Dad’s old place? For old times’ sake?” JD offered. He expected her to say no—she should—yet Veronica Sawyer hadn’t made a sound decision all night, and she wasn’t going to start now.

“I’d love to.”

JD couldn’t help it as he grinned ear to ear. “Alright, let’s go then.”

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The ride to JD’s dad’s old place wasn’t far—just a few miles off the interstate. As soon as they pulled up to the old house, Veronica laughed. She hadn’t been here ever since she and JD broke up.

“It looks the same,” Veronica said, amazed.

“Looks like a crackhead lives here? Exactly.” JD looked at the chipped paint on the house, the overgrown weeds, the fence that was rusted and hanging off the hinges. Yeah, it was a real fixer-upper. Thanks, Dad.

JD moved to the door. He unlocked it—not like he cared if anyone broke in and stole anything, but he might as well be responsible, lest he get squatters he couldn’t kick out. JD led Veronica inside. He flipped the lights, and the house was almost barren, save for the old couch in the corner and the TV stand and television with a bunch of old VHS tapes nearby. JD had cleared most of Bud’s life away. It hadn’t been much except garbage. The man left behind nothing worthwhile.

“This place looks exactly out of the eighties. It’s almost nostalgic,” Veronica commented as she looked around the house.

“Tell me about it. Dad never was one for newer stuff. My bedroom’s even the same. The shitbag never touched my room after I left, surprisingly. I don’t even know if he was aware I was alive. I told no one—not even him. He probably didn’t care. No one did.” JD began to lead her up the stairs. She followed behind him.

“I did.”

Veronica’s words made him pause in front of his old room. His hand stilled on the doorknob.

“What?”

“Believe it or not, I mourned you, JD. I really thought you died. I had no proof otherwise.” Veronica’s words were solemn; her expression told him everything. She really had mourned him.

“There’s nothing I can say to apologize, so I won’t. Just know I never meant to hurt you.” JD reached a hand out. She didn’t flinch away when he grabbed her cheek, which was a good sign. JD smiled softly. “Can you ever forgive me?”

Veronica didn’t answer right away. JD thought he’d pushed too far for a moment, that he’d said something wrong. Her eyes searched his face—now scared, not angry, just trying to understand. Understand the new man in front of her.

“I don’t know,” she answered honestly.

It wasn’t the answer JD wanted, but it was the truth, and he should feel thankful for that. “Yeah, that makes sense. All the stuff I did...” He gave a small, humorless laugh. “I don’t exactly have a great track record when it comes to making choices.”

“You really don’t,” Veronica replied. She laughed, and soon he was laughing too. Her smile faltered suddenly. “You hurt a lot of people. I’ve spent eighteen years trying to make sense of that. They’re all still dead, and we’re left standing here. It isn’t really fair, but that’s how it worked out in the end.”

“I was messed up,” JD admitted. It had taken him a long time to contend with his actions. JD wasn’t going to blame it all on his upbringing, but he didn’t understand the power he held in his hands as a mere teenager. Right and wrong were black and white to him. Veronica and he were gods, and everyone else was dust. “I thought if I could rid the world of the ugly parts, that I would make it better. Fix things. Turns out, I was the ugly parts.”

Veronica’s expression softened, just a fraction.

“You were also just a kid,” she said. “A messed-up, broken, dangerous kid—but still a kid.”

“It doesn’t make it right.”

“No,” she agreed. “It doesn’t.”

The silence that fell between them was tense and thick, but it wasn’t uncomfortable. Veronica stepped closer to him until their chests were almost touching. JD’s fingers twitched at his sides. He wanted to reach out and hold her, tell her that he’d changed, that he wasn’t the same person—but would it do any good?

“I don’t know if I can forgive who you were,” she said carefully. “But...” Her hand found his again, tentative, like she was testing something fragile. “I think I want to get to know who

you are now.”

JD blinked, caught off guard.

“It’s more than I probably deserve.”

“Probably,” she said, a smile tugging at her lips. “But as you said, I’m known for loving a little chaos.”

“That’s my girl.” JD grinned just as wide as her.

The claiming remark made them both pause. Instead of correcting him, she only patted his chest. “So, are you going to show me your room, or just have another emotional crisis in the middle of the hallway?” she asked teasingly.

He turned the knob and pushed the door open. “Welcome to a time capsule of an emotionally angst-y teenage boy from the ’80s,” JD joked. He gestured with his hands to the room like it was some grand display instead of his teenage bedroom.

Veronica stepped in before him. She gasped—it really hadn’t changed at all, except everything was covered in dust. Everything was straight out of her memories: the band posters peeling off the walls, the flannel shirts in the closet, the guitar leaned against the wall, down to the blue bedding that still sat on the bed. Veronica ran a hand along the wall reverently, almost like she was touching something sacred. JD was less impressed by his teenage angst hideout; still, it brought a wave of nostalgia over him.

Veronica plopped down on his bed. It squeaked under her weight—the springs were probably dusty. “Remember the first time I saw this room?” Veronica asked. She looked over at the window, a blush covering her cheeks.

“Of course I do. You came through my window, and we…” JD started. He looked away, his own embarrassment flooding him.

“Veronica,” JD said suddenly.

“Yes?”

“Can I kiss you?”

JD expected her to jump up and leave or smack him—anything. Instead, she leaned closer. JD acted on instinct. He pressed his lips to hers in a tentative kiss. At first, it started off innocent, just a brief touch of lips, but soon she was pressing back against him desperately, like he’d disappear if she let go for even a moment. Veronica was in his lap the next second, and he clutched onto her tightly.

JD pulled away for just a moment. He took in a harsh breath and pushed her back as she tried for his lips again. “Veronica, slow down,” JD gasped.

Veronica pulled back. She stared at him, confused. She looked like a kicked puppy. “It’s not that I don’t want you, Veronica. It’s just been a long time. How about we take this slow?” JD

asked. He gripped her hips tightly.

“Okay, sorry. I’m just reacting on emotion,” Veronica apologized. She looked away, afraid.

“Hey, don’t feel ashamed. I want you too.” JD grabbed her chin and made her look at him. Veronica softened. She pressed her lips to his again, this time in a much softer kiss.

JD kissed her back. He put a hand on her thigh slowly. Veronica moaned into his mouth; it sent heat shooting straight between his legs. JD slowly pushed her back on the bed. Neither of them cared that the bed smelled like mothballs. Veronica’s thighs wrapped around his waist. JD knew that she could feel his arousal.

JD pressed a kiss over Veronica’s pulse point; he could feel her pulse racing. He moved lower to her collarbone, where he bit down lightly, leaving his mark. JD shoved his hand under her shirt. He felt her shiver as his hands explored her skin. They hadn’t done anything like this for eighteen years, yet JD still seemed to have every part of her memorized, like he’d committed it to memory.

JD traced familiar skin. It was like exploring something new and old at the same time. JD pulled on the hem of Veronica’s shirt, questioning. When she nodded, he pulled it over her head. JD’s eyes darkened once he saw her bare torso. They were so dark that black nearly swallowed the green. JD let out a shaky breath. He couldn’t believe that he was allowed to see this. He shouldn’t be—not after everything he’d put her through—yet here they were, almost two decades later, in his high school bed, Veronica under him.

“So beautiful,” JD whispered. Veronica turned a pretty shade of red at his words. She swatted at his chest playfully.

“Come on, let’s make this fair. I want to see what eighteen years have done to you.” Veronica stared back at him with the same hunger in her eyes. It made his breath hitch.

JD didn’t need to be told twice. A second later, he was pulling his black shirt off. Veronica took in his form. JD had filled out since high school—his once athletic build, wiry but slightly muscular, was now hard planes and a strong build. JD raised an eyebrow when she didn’t say anything. Instead, she ran her hands down his chest until she stopped above his navel.

“Do you work out?” Veronica laughed. It was a dumb question, but JD had definitely grown up since the last time she’d seen him. She had too, but she still looked mostly the same—just older. And JD, well... he was pretty much a new man. The growth spurt, the muscles, the beard—it made him look like a completely different person.

“I do, a few times a week. That plus being a mechanic does help,” JD confirmed.

“I like how you’ve changed.”

JD wondered what she meant—physically or emotionally. He wasn’t sure, yet he liked either. “You’ve changed too,” JD commented. She wasn’t the same girl he’d fallen in love with, but he thought he could fall even harder in love with the woman lying before him now.

“Enough talking. Let’s just enjoy the moment, yeah?” Veronica asked.

JD agreed. He reached for her bra; she let him. It took a minute of fumbling, but soon he had it off. JD hesitated. He raised his hand, only to drop it again. Veronica grabbed his hand without hesitation and placed it on one of her breasts. JD swallowed harshly. Slowly, he relaxed.

“You can touch me,” Veronica confirmed. JD nodded. He still wasn’t used to the idea that he was allowed anything when it came to her.

JD massaged one before moving to the other. Veronica arched into his touch, so he must be doing something right. JD moved lower. He looked for permission before pulling off her skirt. Now just left in her underwear, Veronica didn’t seem embarrassed, unlike JD, whose heart was racing in his chest.

This was the last thing separating her from being fully laid bare to his gaze. He knew that this was wrong. He never should have given in to his selfish desires. He should have left the second he saw her. JD was selfish—he always took without question. It was all he had ever known. Veronica stripped them off before JD could think too hard about it, and she was reaching for his belt buckle a second later.

JD heard the clink, and he automatically stood up and kicked off his jeans along with his boxers. He didn’t feel insecure—he just felt unworthy of her, of everything she was giving him. JD let out a surprised noise as he was shoved backward onto the bed. JD felt her weight settle on top of him a second later. He stared up at her in confusion.

“You think too much, so I’m taking control,” Veronica explained. She pressed her lips to his. JD stopped thinking about all his doubts. He tangled his hand in her brown hair and tugged on it lightly, which earned him a nip to his lip that sent pleasurable pain sparking throughout his body. JD was left wondering at the gall of this woman as she grabbed his aching erection between his legs and lined it up between her folds.

JD gripped Veronica’s waist tightly, his nails digging into her skin, possibly drawing blood—not that either of them cared. JD had to hold back the sounds that wanted to leave his throat as Veronica sank down on him. She went slow, yet it still felt better than anything JD had ever felt, despite the fact she hadn’t even moved yet. It took considerable self-control and effort for him not to come undone right there. He gripped the sheets under him like a lifeline.

Veronica pulled off of him almost completely before she sank back down in one motion. It had them both moaning. She repeated the action a few times before she got a rhythm going. JD could think of nothing but the feel of her around him. She was so tight, so warm, and what made it even better was that it was his Veronica. The thought that she was his again made his heart race. She wasn’t his—but maybe she could be? It was dangerous thinking, yet JD hadn’t made a good decision all night, so why start now?

“Veronica, would you want to be my girlfriend?” JD asked. He hated how much hope was in his voice. She could shatter him right there, and he’d be grateful that he even got to spend another second in her presence. She was a goddess, and he was the damned. He would worship at her feet like a dog to its master if she gave him even a scrap of attention.

Veronica stilled. She stopped moving, and JD felt himself twitch in disapproval. “Let me think about it. We just started talking again,” Veronica said honestly.

JD nodded. It wasn’t the answer he wanted, yet it wasn’t an outright no either. JD leaned back. He forced himself to enjoy what was happening now and not worry about the future. JD grabbed her hips so hard that it would probably leave bruises in the shape of his fingertips. Veronica gasped, leaning into the pain. He smirked—she always had liked a little pain.

JD flipped their positions suddenly. Veronica stared at him wide-eyed, not having expected him to do that so suddenly.

“You think too much,” JD grinned, shooting her earlier words back at her. Veronica responded by pulling him down for a lazy kiss. He chuckled against her mouth. JD began a rough rhythm that had both of them panting. The mattress screamed in protest under them, yet neither of them cared. There wasn’t anyone around to hear them anyway.

JD hit a spot that had Veronica crying out. Her nails dug into his back, yet JD didn’t care.

“Ah—God, JD—” Veronica cried.

“I’m close,” Veronica warned. JD wasn’t far from the edge himself.

“Come for me,” JD commanded. He reached between them and circled her clit with his thumb. A second later, Veronica was coming, clenching tightly around him. JD, overwhelmed by the sensation, worked Veronica through her orgasm, and with a few more thrusts, he was coming as well. Heat flooded her as he followed after her.

JD collapsed against Veronica. He laid his head down on her chest, panting. They were both covered in sweat and exhausted, yet neither of them bothered to move. JD eventually spoke. He cleared his throat.

“Good?” JD asked.

“Definitely.”

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Later that night, JD and Veronica were sitting on the old couch, an old horror movie that JD had found in the VHS pile playing. Veronica had her head laid in JD’s lap while he played idly with her hair. They were content, and neither of them bothered to think about the future or about what any of this meant. For now, JD was just glad to be around her—and maybe that was enough.

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