

You Were Meant To Be Mine

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You Were Meant To Be Mine

by [Slushieguts](#)

Summary

JD breaks into Veronica's room, determined to pull her back into his plan—and into him. When she tries to escape by faking her death, the noose breaks, and JD realizes she's still alive. JD decides to reenact his revenge by making her pay so he rapes her.

Veronica heard the slide of her window; she knew he was there before he'd even said a word. The window slammed shut with a soft bang; she heard the sound of his boots on her carpet. Veronica felt her heart racing in her chest; she pressed her back against the door of her closet like her weight would somehow be able to keep him out. The suddenness of JD speaking shocked her out of her frozen stupor.

"Knock knock! Coming in through the window—dreadful etiquette, I know." JD yells; she can hear his footsteps closer now, right outside the closet. It makes her blood run cold.

"Get out of my house." Veronica shouts back, desperate to get him to go away, but she knows he won't.

"Hiding in the closet? Aw, come on, unlock the door." JD says it's almost mocking in its tone. When the doorknob rattles, Veronica flinches, shooting away from the wall like she was burned. Veronica waits for several long, agonizing moments as the door rattles some more before it finally suddenly stops. She doesn't get to let out a relieved breath.

"I'll scream! My parents will call the police!" Veronica threatens, yet they both know she won't actually; she can't risk them knowing about all she and JD had done. Not the murders. Not the three kids they'd murdered in cold blood.

"All is forgiven, baby! Come on out and get dressed; you're my date for the pep rally tonight!" JD announces cheerfully.

"What? Why?"

"Our classmates thought they were signing a petition. You've got to come out here and see what they really signed!" JD pulls out a note from the inner pocket of his trench coat; he holds it up like it's a sacred scripture. "You chucked me out like I was trash, Veronica; for that, you should be dead. But, but, but then it hit me like a flash: What if our high school went away instead?"

Veronica clamps a hand over her mouth in shock. She knew that JD had gone over the edge, but she'd never anticipated he'd go this far. "Those assholes are the key; they are keeping you away from me. They all messed up your mind, but Veronica, I can set you free." JD continues his monologue getting increasingly more deluded as he speaks. JD pulls down on the collar of his shirt, a bad nervous habit he's had since he was a kid.

"You left me, and I fell apart. I punched a wall and cried. Bam! Bam! Bam!" JD tells Veronica, who flinches as she hears JD punching the wall. JD's knuckles bleed, yet he pays it no mind as he paces her room in agitated circles. Veronica didn't get it; he was trying to save her from everyone. Even after she left him, she should be thanking him.

"Then I found you changed my heart. You set loose all that truthful shit inside." JD rambles. Veronica had shown him that love was worth it; he'd never felt so cared for by someone. He needed her; he couldn't do this alone. "And so I built a bomb! Tonight our school is Vietnam.

Let's guarantee they never see their senior prom." JD shrugs at the word "bomb" like it's a casual day and he isn't thinking about blowing up a whole high school.

"So when the high school gym goes boom with everyone inside. Pew pew pew." JD mimics the sound of a gun going off. He aims his gun around the room, wildly aiming at nothing in particular. "In the rubble of their tomb. We'll plant this note explaining that they died." JD pulls the letter back out of his pocket, and he begins to read.

"We the students of Westerburg High will die. Our burnt bodies may finally get through to you. Your society churns out slaves and blanks. No thanks. Signed by the students of Westerburg High. Goodbye!" JD tucks the note back inside his trench coat and pulls out his gun instead. "I was meant to be yours. We were meant to be one. I can't make it alone. Finish what we've begun. You were meant to be mine. I am all that you need. You carved open my heart; you can't just leave me to bleed."

"Veronica, open the door, please," JD begs. He's right outside the door now; she can hear him, and his shadow presses in beneath the door. "Can we not fight anymore? Veronica, sure you're scared. I've been there. I can set you free. Veronica, don't make me come in there; I'm going to count to three! One! Two! Fuck it!"

Veronica stands on the step stool; she tugs on the fake noose that she'd built. She needs JD to think she's dead so that she can stop him. Veronica wraps the noose around her neck, she kicks the stool out from under her, and for a dizzying moment she feels it tighten. She reaches for her throat expecting the feeling of it choking the life out of her; instead, she hangs limp, yet she can still breathe. She hears JD shove his full weight against the door. It takes a few tries, but it finally gives way, unseating his weight with a sickening crack.

Veronica forces her entire body to go limp; she breathes as shallowly as she can, her head slumps, and she lets herself swing in the air, acting like she's truly dead. She hears JD's footsteps; she doesn't even dare chance looking up. She hears JD as he slumps to the ground in front of her. She hears sobbing; he must believe she's dead. She cheers herself on in her head.

"Oh my god! No Veronica." JD cries brokenly; she feels her heart ache. Despite all he'd done, some part of her does feel bad for him, yet she forces herself to be strong. "Please don't leave me alone. You were all I could trust. I can't do this alone. Still, I will if I must!" JD stands up, tears streaming down his face; he's about to leave and go through his plan by himself when a loud thud stops him in his tracks. JD has his back turned to the seemingly dead Veronica.

Veronica lies on the floor of her closet; the noose had fallen from the ceiling. She feels the air leave her lungs as she's slammed onto the ground. A broken involuntary cry of pain leaves her throat before she can stop it. Science follows behind her; she hears the shift of JD's boots. It's slow and measured.

"...Veronica?"

Veronica closes her eyes; she wills herself to stop moving. She stops breathing for a long moment, hoping that he'd somehow not notice. There's a long pause, then quiet, breathless

laughter. "You're alive."

The way he says it isn't relief; it's part anger and part hurt, a dangerous combination. Veronica can feel him standing over her; it presses in worse than the noose ever had. Veronica doesn't have to look to know that his eyes are boring into her; she can feel it on the back of her skull.

"You were really going to leave me like that?" "JD," asks his voice, cracking something sharp and unstable creeping in. "Just—what? Play dead? Make me think you—" JD cuts himself off. He laughs quietly, though she doesn't think he's amused in the slightest.

When Veronica opens her eyes, he's staring down at her, a mix of anger, relief, and hurt appearing in his eyes. His grip on the gun remains loose at his side, but it tightens when he moves.

"JD..." Her voice comes out shaky, barely steady. "I-I didn't—"

JD suddenly punches the wall; it makes her jump. His already bloodied knuckles smear on the wall, leaving a red smear of blood. "You faked it." JD growls. He steps closer to her, and she tries to crawl backwards, yet his boot stomps down on her back, pinning her in place. Veronica feels pain shoot up her spine; he presses down harder until she cries out.

"You faked leaving me."

"JD, listen to me—"

"No." He shakes his head fast and erratically. "No, no, no, you don't get to do that. You don't get to scare me like that and then talk your way out of it."

His voice drops dangerously soft.

"I thought you were gone."

Something flickers across his face—real fear, raw and unfiltered—before he smothers it like water to a flame. "You said you couldn't be with me," he continues. He tilts his head to the side, watching her like some science project. "But you also can't let me go, can you?"

Veronica swallows hard. "JD I—"

"Then what is it?" He presses down harder on her with his boot. The gun lifts slightly; not aiming at her, he twirls it in his hand threateningly. "Because from where I'm standing, it seems like you would rather die than be with me."

"But not enough to actually do."

Veronica forces herself to hold his gaze. "I had to find a way to stop myself."

"Stop me?"

“Yes.” Her voice steadied just a fraction. “JD, you can’t do this. You can’t blow up the school those kids don’t deserve—”

“They took you away from me,” He cuts in immediately.

“No, they didn’t,” she fires back, sharper now. “You did that. You and everything you’ve done.”

Those words hit; she sees how he steps back. Veronica lets out a relieved sigh as his weight finally settles off her. JD moves backward like she physically slapped him. His jaw tightens for a long moment; neither of them speaks or moves. He laughs, but this time it’s more tired than manic.

“Wow,” He mutters; he shakes his head like he’s disappointed. “You’re really going there.”

“I’m choosing to do what’s right.”

“You had your chance to be mine,” he says almost gently now. “I almost forgive you.”

Veronica’s stomach drops.

“And you threw it away.”

JD raises the gun; he points it square at her right between her eyes. Veronica’s pulse pounds in her ears; she feels sick, almost like she could throw up.

“Get up.”

JD’s voice is as cold as steel; it sends a shiver down her spine. Veronica hesitates for a long moment. “I said get up, Veronica.” JD repeats this time with much more venom in his voice. Slowly, shakily, she pushes herself to her feet. JD watches her; any softness that used to be in his eyes was gone.

“Good,” he says quietly. “Now strip.”

“W-what?” Veronica asked confused; she almost didn’t think she heard what he’d said.

“You heard me strip.”

“JD, you can’t seriously want me to—”

The gun is aimed at her again, and she hears the safety click off. Veronica panics; she freezes. JD moves closer until they’re nearly standing chest to chest. He presses the gun against her heart; she can feel it hammering against her ribs. “Strip unless you truly want to be dead.”

Veronica blinks open her eyes again; she is still shocked at his words. She shakily forces herself to reach for her blazer; she shrugs it off one shoulder. The glint of the metal of the gun is enough to sober her. JD watches with rapt attention as she shrugs off the other sleeve of the blazer; it drops onto the floor, and next she begins to unbutton her dress shirt. “JD, you know I don’t want this.” Veronica pleads like that would somehow change his mind.

“I don’t care that you hurt me. Now it’s time for me to hurt you.” JD replies coldly.

Veronica undoes one button and then two; when she's on the third, she looks at him to see if he's still watching her. JD's pupils are blown; he's clearly enjoying this, the power he has over her. She can barely see the green in them. JD lowers the gun slowly; he doesn't put it away, just keeps it in his hand at his side, a constant present threat if she tries to resist him. Veronica gets to the last button; it takes her letting go of all her self-control as she lets the button-up shirt fall to the floor next to her discarded blazer.

JD's breath hitched; he reached out almost like he was going to touch her before he pulled his hand back like he'd been burned. An idea pops into Veronica's head; it's dangerous and it could get her in more trouble than she was in, yet it might just work. If Veronica can get the upper hand, she might just be able to turn this around.

Veronica grabs his hand, the one he pulled back, and presses it against her chest. His hand splays out; he's touching her almost like he can't imagine she's real, like she'd disappear at any moment. She feels the way his breath stutters—how his hand trembles. “You don’t want to hurt me,” she whispers, forcing her voice into something tender, something that sounds like the Veronica he remembers. His pupils dilate further; he swallows harshly. She leans in close enough that her lips brush his ear. “You want me to want you.”

JD's grip on the gun slackens just for a second, but it's enough. Veronica drives her knee up hard into his crotch; the gun clatters onto the ground. It skids across the floor towards the door of the closet. JD bends over; he lets out a pained gasp. JD snarls; he grabs a fistful of Veronica's hair and wrenches her head back painfully. Veronica pivots; she drives her elbow hard into his ribs. He lets her go; he staggers, coughing, as she lunges for the gun.

Veronica's fingers graze the cold metal of the gun JD slams into her from behind, sending them both tumbling to the ground. JD pins her wrists to the floor; he straddles her easily, his breath ragged against her neck. “Still fighting,” he pants almost admiringly. “Always fucking fighting me.”

Veronica bucks beneath him, teeth bared, ready to bite any skin she can get ahold of. JD's weight is solid against her; he's like a brick house, and she's being crushed. The gun lies forgotten in the chaos; all she can feel now is anger and fear. It pools in her stomach like a twisted cocktail. JD's hand brushes the lace edge of her bra. “You know,” he murmurs. “You never let me touch you like this before.”

“Fuck you.” Veronica spits; it's all she can do in her situation.

“Gladly.”

JD reaches behind her; she tries to struggle, yet she can do nothing as his hand finds the clasp of her bra. JD undoes it, and a second later he's tossing it somewhere in her room to find later. JD's hand meets her chest; this time it's cold against her bare skin, and it sends a shiver down her spine. JD always ran cold; he'd often cuddle up to her during long nights when he couldn't sleep, leeching off her warmth until he fell asleep. The tender memory wars with who she's seeing now, the monster hiding her down; they both blur in her mind until she can't tell them apart.

JD palms her chest, his collapsed fingers rough against her sensitive skin. The smell of gunpowder, cigarette smoke, whiskey, and the cologne she'd brought him for his birthday makes her head spin. Normally she found the smell comforting, but now it makes her want to throw up. "You like this." JD says she doesn't know if it's to convince her or him yet; either way, he moves on to touch the other side of her chest.

JD stares down at her with clear desire in his eyes; she doesn't think he was going to stop with a little touching. JD grabs her jaw and forces her to look at him. "Tell me how much you hate me." JD demands; he grips her jaw hard enough that she feels pain shoot through her. Veronica gasps; he takes the opportunity to press her lips to his. JD's lips are chapped; he bites her bottom lip, drawing blood. He groans, licking the red from her lips before he pushes his tongue into her mouth.

Veronica can taste the iron tang of her own blood on his tongue along with the taste of cinnamon whiskey he must have been drinking before he came to see her. Veronica thinks about biting his tongue off to get revenge, yet she doesn't get a chance as a second later he's pulling back and his lips start to attack her neck. JD presses kisses along the column of her throat before he's sucking on her pulse point; she can feel her pulse hammering against her throat. JD bites down harshly; she cries out, yet he doesn't stop.

Once JD reaches her collarbone, he pulls away. He grins down at her. She doesn't recognize this person; she longs for the boy who held her in his arms and told her he loved her. This is not that boy; the face of her worst nightmares stares down at her. "Tell me you hate me," JD commands again.

"I h-hate you." Veronica stutters out.

"Good girl." JD praises his voice; it is deep and has a growl to it that she hates, making her thighs ache. Despite everything she felt for him now—loathing, hatred—her body still knows him.

JD seemed to pick up on it as he smirked down at her with a knowing look in his eyes. "You like that Ronnie?" JD asks smugly. Veronica opens her mouth to deny it; she closes it, knowing arguing won't do any good. To prove his point, JD reaches under her skirt; his fingers touch her underwear, and they both know she's wet. "Already wet for me."

JD grabs her skirt and underwear with one hand; he yanks it down in one motion. Veronica yelps; she automatically tenses her hands to try to cover herself, yet JD still has them pinned with his other hand. Veronica struggles against him, yet he keeps her pinned easily. JD tosses the rest of her clothes aside; he lets her arms go, yet he presses down on her with the rest of his weight. His chest is against hers.

Veronica freezes when she hears the clink of his belt buckle. "I'm going to make you regret ever leaving me." JD snarls; he shoves her legs apart forcefully with his knee and crawls between them. JD pulls his jeans down to his ankles. Veronica doesn't dare look, but she can hear the slide of denim as he kicks them fully off. Veronica feels something hot pressed against her core, and her panic spikes.

Veronica smacks his chest and shoves, yet he doesn't budge an inch. JD begins to press into her, yet no matter how much she fails, it doesn't dissuade him; it only seems to entice him further. JD presses into her, and Veronica feels a hot white pain shoot through her. Veronica feels tears fall down her cheeks; she can't believe that this is happening to her. JD used to love her, and now he's violating her.

JD presses all the way in. Mercifully, he doesn't move for a moment. Veronica can feel him panting against her neck; she feels sick. "Fuck so tight," JD groans. JD sees the tears running down her cheeks; he merely laughs. "Oh, Veronica, you look so good like this. Ruined and mine." JD wipes her tears away, yet the tender action doesn't do anything to soothe her.

JD pulls out, and Veronica thinks naively for a second that he's finally giving up, then he thrusts back in. Veronica chokes on a silent scream. JD begins to slam into her over and over again; the air leaves her lungs, and she feels like she can't breathe. Veronica rakes her nails down his back; JD just moans as he thrusts into her again and again.

Veronica can't do anything but take it as JD continues to push her past her limits. At some point she lets her mind slip; the agony turns into a black nothingness. She imagines she's anywhere else, hanging out with Martha watching movies, going back to school shopping with her mom, and she thinks back to the good days when she and JD were actually in love before the murders.

Veronica tries to stay in her fantasy world, yet JD seems to notice as a sharp slap to her face makes her head reel. Her head is forced to the right; her cheek stings. She brings her hand up, shocked by the sudden violence. "Pay attention to me. You deserve this, you bitch." JD hisses venomously.

Veronica begins to think that she does deserve this. She'd left JD, hurting him, and now he was making her hurt the same way. Veronica clutches onto him desperately; she buries her head in his chest and lets loose a sob. "Shhh, it's okay, Ronnie. Let it out. You're taking your punishment so well." JD coos; he presses a kiss to her head.

Veronica leans into his contact, soaking in the affection like a sponge after all the pain she had to endure. Veronica doesn't know when yet, but when JD shifts and hits a certain spot inside her, she starts to feel good. Veronica lets out a quiet moan. JD seems to catch on, as suddenly he's hitting that spot again and pulling more broken noises from her.

"You like that Ronnie?" JD asks smugly.

All she can do is weakly nod, yet he still accepts that as an answer. Veronica feels herself falling over the edge embarrassingly fast. It had been a while since they'd done anything due to the stress of the murders. Veronica grips JD's trench coat like a lifeline, like he'd disappear if she let go.

"Say you'll take me back and I'll let you finish." JD promises he presses more kisses to her head, and she hates how she likes it.

Veronica tells herself over and over again that she doesn't want this. Yet her body is taking him, and she feels good. Maybe it was just better to give into it? "I'll take you back, JD,"

Veronica agrees. She feels her self-loathing settle in, yet she doesn't get much time to focus on it as JD grabs her jaw and forces her to look at him. He examines her eyes, searches her face, and seemingly satisfied that she's telling the truth, he presses his lips to hers.

Veronica kisses him back; when he pulls back, he redoubles his efforts to get her over the finish line. "Ah god, JD!" Veronica screams; she worries for a moment that her parents might hear her, yet she doesn't get much time to think about it as she's pushed over the edge a second later. Veronica comes, and JD pushes her through it. He thrusts a few more times before he's spilling into her with a grunt.

JD collapses on top of her; they are both breathing heavily and covered in sweat. "God, I love you. I'm going to put a baby in you, then you can never leave me again." JD says almost like a promise. His hand drifts down to her stomach almost like he can already imagine her with his child. Veronica lets her head thud against the floor; she closes her eyes and just lets herself rest for now.

They rest there for a while, neither of them daring to move. JD lays his head on her chest, listening to her heart; he must be afraid if he gets up, she'll try to leave again. Veronica combs a hair through his hair, absentmindedly letting old habits come back. Veronica doesn't know if she still loves JD or not; her feelings were complicated, yet she had a feeling he was never going to leave her alone again, and she had failed.

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