

They'll Die Because We Say They Must

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They'll Die Because We Say They Must

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Summary

J.D. chases Kurt through the cemetery.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The barrel of his Luger was cold.

J.D. ran his long fingers over the instrument of his will, thoughtful, almost reverent. He caressed the receiver, dragged a fingertip along the trigger guard, traced slow circles on the toggle. The extractor sat flush; the chamber wasn't loaded. Not yet.

All firearms were beautiful, and this one especially so. There was something awe-inspiring about such clean, destructive human ingenuity; the power to end a life with nothing more than a finger's twitch.

That was why he had chosen it—divine retribution must be served. Veronica had been driven to tears, and there was a price to be paid for that transgression.

She held her own copy of the instrument, of course. This was their shared endeavor. She was right behind him, already in position, just as he was.

J.D. waited behind the large family monument, back pressed to the stone. A gentle, refreshing breeze swept through the cemetery. The low dawn light cast long shadows from the trees and headstones, illuminating the surroundings with a heavenly golden hue. He took it all in. It would be made all the sweeter soon.

The distant crunch of footsteps on the gravel path finally reached him, snapping him into focus. Kurt and Ram were approaching.

He gripped the knurled knobs of the Luger's toggle, drew it back smoothly, and let the action snap forward. The mechanism fed the first round into the chamber with a quick, satisfying *click*.

Several moments later, Kurt's voice drifted over, slurring her name with lazy, impious wonder. "Hi, Veronica..."

"So do we just like, whip it out or what?" Ram followed, earning a smack to the arm from Kurt.

"Take it slow, Ram," Veronica answered, her voice elevated, flirtatious, and perfect. "Strip for me."

They obeyed, stripping with obnoxious grunts and inept attempts to impress her. J.D. felt his jaw clench.

"What about you?" Kurt finally asked.

"Well, I was hoping you could rip my clothes off me, sport."

J.D.'s grip on the Luger tightened as the two buffoons made imbecilic sounds of glee behind the monument.

"Count of three. One..."

He clicked off the safety.

"Two..."

His finger slid into the trigger guard.

"Three!" he exclaimed, springing up from his hiding spot, raising the Luger with casual precision, and squeezing the trigger. The sharp *CRACK!* pierced the tender air as a thick spray of blood burst from Ram's throat.

Ram froze mid-step—face slack with shock, mouth agape—before collapsing unceremoniously to the ground. His blood pooled and mixed with the morning dew that adorned the grass.

J.D. let out a small, satisfied sigh.

Another shot rang out. Kurt's body did not follow suit. Instead, it lurched forward, arms flailing toward Ram's corpse, still very much alive. "Holy crap!"

Veronica missed.

Kurt's head snapped up. His face twisted into something ugly and horrified. "You killed my best friend!" he yelled, before amazingly putting two and two together, turning on his heel and bolting.

Oh, we can't have that.

J.D. glanced at Veronica and lowered the barrel of her Luger. "Don't move! I'll get him back!" He was already sprinting before the words had fully left his mouth.

The moment his eyes left Veronica, the world narrowed to a pinhole.

Kurt in the distance, already pulling ahead, feet sure on the dew-slick grass.

J.D.'s legs surged beneath him, heavy boots pounding the ground, muscles flooding with borrowed power. "Kurt!"

The shout jolted him. Kurt nearly slammed into a headstone, arms windmilling, before he caught himself. "Why are you doing this?!" he screamed, voice cracking, and darted faster.

Shit.

Heartbeat slamming in his ears. Lungs burning. J.D. forced a steady inhale, blinked hard, and let his vision settle.

He was in charge now.

CRACK!

The bullet slammed into the mausoleum wall just ahead of Kurt. Kurt yelped, hands flying to the top of his head, and veered sharply away from the sound—straight toward the cemetery's far perimeter.

J.D. followed smoothly, matching his trajectory without effort.

"I was just kidding about your girlfriend being a *whore*!" Kurt begged through ragged gasps.

He sure knew what to say, didn't he? As if they had any right to call her a whore. As if they hadn't made her cry. As if they didn't deserve exactly this.

The words poured fresh fuel onto the fire Veronica had lit inside J.D.'s chest. Rage burned through him, fervent and righteous, driving him forward.

Sweat stung his eyes. He swiped the damp hair from his forehead without breaking stride, coat flaring behind him like a banner. Just a little more...

Kurt reached the fence and began scrambling up it, frantic.

Exactly where he wanted him.

J.D. planted his boots, rooted, locked into position. "Off the damn fence!" he roared. "Get off the fence!"

Kurt stopped his climb. He turned his head to look back, tears streaking his face. Pathetic. "I don't understa—"

CRACK!

There we go.

The deep sigh of relief that escaped him at the sight of Kurt's bloodied head smashing onto the fence was nothing short of euphoric.

J.D.'s shoulders loosened, arms dropping to his sides as he took an involuntary half-step back. Kurt's body slid awkwardly down the fence, smearing bright blood across the metal before it crumpled to the ground in front of him.

A clean shot to the temple. Perfect. *Divine*.

He laughed—low, bright, genuinely delighted—the sound slipping out between quick, shallow breaths, twisting his face into a satisfied smile.

The world around him gradually came back into view. The cold breeze struck his face, sharpening everything, and he felt it now more than ever: the fire still burning hot in his veins, the power humming in his hands. The same searing light that had filled him the night Veronica climbed through his window and remade him. Their love was God. Their will was God.

They had so much more to change. So much more to burn to the ground. Heather's death, and now this, was only the beginning.

It was with this clear, beautiful sense of purpose that he wiped the worst of the blood from the fence with his coat sleeve, then bent down and began dragging Kurt's body back toward Veronica.

As he drew closer, he saw her: kneeling over Ram's body, hands covering her face. Her skin was pale as marble. The early morning sun on the horizon cast a shining halo around her hair. His angel. His Veronica.

J.D. offered Kurt's body before her with quiet adoration, arranging it parallel to Ram's. Both corpses rested in the shadow she cast.

The moment she registered him, Veronica's head snapped up. Her eyes were razor-sharp. The excoriating cry that tore from her throat echoed through the entire cemetery:

"What the *fuck* have you *done*?!"

End Notes

You can find me at aureatecorvidarchives.com

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