

life is (not) war

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/66592756) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/66592756>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Heathers: The Musical - Murphy & O'Keefe
Relationship:	Jason "J. D." Dean/Veronica Sawyer
Characters:	Jason "J. D." Dean , Veronica Sawyer
Additional Tags:	Drabble , Character Study , Out of Character , Angst , Plot Twists , Bombs , Weapons
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-06-15 Words: 618 Chapters: 1/1

life is (not) war

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

What if Veronica decided to blow herself up instead last minute?

Notes

hiii before reading keep in mind i made this up in two hours and that ive NEVER wrote heathers. But I hope yall enjoy!!

JD groaned, just barely letting out a sound as he held the bomb that he meant to blow up the school with, though of course Veronica just had to ruin his beautiful, beautiful plans. The sound of the bomb beeping set fear in the girls eyes.

„Step back, Veronica..”

He uttered, his grip on the weapon tightening. Even though Veronica was supposed to talk him out of blowing the school up, she just made the matters worse.

„...Stop it, JD. Please.”

She swallowed thickly. There was a feeling in her throat, that awful tighten. JD glanced back at the girl in blue, though he wish he didn't. He didn't want her to think of him as less when she looked into these teary eyes. But at this point, did that matter at all?

„You step back... Drop the weapon.” Veronica added, determined. Almost as if she had hope.

„Why would I?” JD cut her off.

„...You deserve to live. Everyone does... Except for me.”

„Wow, bullshit.”

Silence filled the underground room. Veronica crouched down, and she couldn't believe it herself, but she lightly hugged JD, making him drop the bomb to the side. It fell out of his arms actually. But that didn't matter, he had his priorities, and his priorities were Veronica.

And he hugged the girl back. He didn't quite realise the moment when tears started to roll down on his cheeks, more falling with every blink of his.

Veronica put a hand on his cheek, lifting his pathetic face up to look at her.

„They convinced you life is war, JD.”

The bomb continued to beep.

„...It's not. It's beautiful.” She added.

He just knew he fucked up.

The opportunity to blow himself up was golden, after all no normal teenager blows themselves up. They all jump off bridges, or overdose, how boring and utterly pathetic. At least that's what the maniac thought.

„I wish you'd just quit this and come with me—”

„You'll leave me, Veronica and you know it! If you don't want me then I have nothing to live for—” JD interrupted,

Veronica didn't know what to say, yet again. And here she thought she was making progress... To be honest she wasn't the best at helping suicidal people which was ironic because she did it all the time. JD pushed Veronica aside as he wiped away his tears, grabbing the explosive into his lap again.

„Just stand back, Veronica. Please... Not much time left.”

JD's sleeve was all wet with his tears. He couldn't just keep wiping them away.

„And uh...”

„Hope you miss me.”

...

„Wish you'd kiss me,”

...

„...Then you'd know I worship you.”

„No, no! Fuck no, JD! Stop with this meaningless bullshit!”

JD felt weak, so weak that he was barely holding the bomb.

Veronica snapped. For the first time at JD. She pounced at him, all so suddenly. She tried to grab the heavy weapon away from him. She at least tried.

Time was running out, and she couldn't just watch JD out of all people blow himself up in front of her.

And so, Veronica used his moment of weakness horribly. She snatched away the heavy bomb, just barely. The girl in blue stood up, and she limped over with the explosive to the door.

She looked back at JD, forcing a smile he'll probably remember forever through her tears.

Veronica started to choke something out through her tears, slowly closing the door.

„...I'd trade my life for your's,”

„Ve—Veronica what are you—” JD was too weak to even crawl over, still laying on the floor from when she pounced at him.

„Veronica!” JD yelled out with desperation.

A gut wrenching explosion interrupted his sentence.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!