

abstain

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/22775161) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/22775161>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
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:	Character Study , Angst , Violence , Manipulation , Other characters are mentioned but really it's just JDonica , Everything Hurts , unedited , Canon Compliant , Song Lyrics , Just a few lyrics sprinkled in the dialogue here and there
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-02-17 Words: 1,722 Chapters: 1/1

abstain

by [violescent](#)

Summary

Abstinence was for the weak.

Jason Dean never thought about Miss "Planning Her Future" Veronica Sawyer too much. The two of them first met in the cafeteria, after she smiled sweetly at his coy behavior and dismissive attitude. Then those two meatheads went after him, in an attempt to beat him down but failing miserably. After that, he spotted Veronica out of the corner of his eye, smiling big like she had won the world. Like his victory over Kurt and Ram was hers, too.

It wouldn't have been so bad if that was the case.

But JD wasn't the type of person to make friends, and it didn't help that Veronica was part of the Heathers Hivemind, either. So he discarded those silly thoughts—the disparate wishes of haves and have nots, the desire to reach out his hand and have someone grab it at once—and shrugged it off, retreating to the linoleum haven that is Seven Eleven.

He abstained for no reason other than his own.

He'd seen all sorts of people in Seven Eleven, over the course of his seventeen years, enough to give him a sense of the types of folks that lived there. Las Vegas was colorful: street dancers decked out in all black and neon orange, casino mascots with royal blue feathers sticking out from their collars, athletes with yellow tape wound around their wrists, strippers and hookers with bold red lipstick and cream-colored furs. Las Vegas was bright, vivid, and *alive*. Jason Dean wasn't much for drugs or alcohol, but he imagined that the colors he saw were similar to ecstatic dreams or wine-induced nights. It was quite beautiful.

Boston was muggier, darker, and stormier with seafarers and trendsetters trying to steal their share of morning coffee. Freshly baked pastries and bread bowls from fancy restaurants sat on the countertops, and Jason Dean felt underdressed with his cherry-flavored slush and occasional bagel. At least his trenchcoat was well-received.

California was sunny, from what he remembered, and too fast-paced—Dad was only needed for three weeks and because of that, Jason Dean hadn't even bothered with unpacking. He liked the way that the old Hollywood studio looked like when it blew up, though. He still remembered the sound of glitter raining down on the sidewalk, tiny needlepoints into the ground.

Sherwood, Ohio, was completely different, too. It was a bit like Boston, with woodsy trees and foggy mornings. But when the sky cleared, the sun shone on the lakes and set the bridge aglow, bringing color to an otherwise dusty town. And the Seven Eleven was frequented mostly by other students (much to JD's dismay), although once they left for class, he was thankfully left to his own devices, free to wander the empty aisles at his pleasure.

A car honked. A girl screamed. Jason Dean looked up and met eyes with Veronica Sawyer, who seemed displeased at having to come here at all.

Oh, Veronica. He knew her name when she didn't know his name, but he played along with her, anyway. A tiny grin and a handshake, together with an "I'll end the suspense," was enough to keep her smile sweet and eyes bright. They joked around here and there, but he

overshared, and he knew he did because her eyes went dark and her posture, stiff. He took another hit before diffusing the tension with a "Try it," and silently cheered to himself when it worked.

Her hands were soft against him, in the few seconds it took for her to grab the slushie.

Then she laughed and cursed at the brain freeze ("*Son of a bitch!*" said the most beautiful girl he'd ever met), and it took all the willpower he had to resist laughing.

Heather Chandler, the *real* Red Dawn, pulled her away before they could talk more.

He abstained for no one's sake but his own.

That night, Jason Dean found himself infatuated with one Veronica Sawyer. It was so fucking stupid, he had just met the girl, and now he was already envisioning ways to see her again. School would be easy and inevitable, but he hated her friends (he told her as much, and luckily she felt the same, but she still followed after them like the good lap dog she is) and didn't want to interact with them if he didn't have to.

Also, he was a good fighter, but not invincible. He really shouldn't push his luck against Ram and Kurt, no matter how tempting.

But shit, he never got her number, did he? He could always look it up, but they still didn't have a phonebook, and he dreaded the idea of approaching her first. She thought he was super cool and rad as hell, and while that was mostly true, he'd rather not destroy his pristine image of himself in her mind if he didn't have to.

Dressed down to pajama pants and a black shirt, tonight's agenda consisted of: finishing his latest novel, glancing at his homework, passing out when his eyes strained colors and his tongue went dry. Then the next morning would come and he'd see about getting some lime-flavored slush in his system before his dad woke up.

His window flew open, and he jumped to his feet at once. He knew that having a first-floor bedroom was risky, but maybe he should have kept the switchblade under his pillow, instead of throwing it into his dresser drawer. He could still go after it, but he had to think about how to deter any potential burglars, and how he'd hide the body from his dad once everything was done, until—

"Veronica?" he asked aloud. "What are you doing in my room?"

"Shhhhhhhhh," she drawled. Her hand movements were erratic, and the lighting in his room was dim but still bright enough to show her face—bleary-eyed, flushed, hair mussed about her frame.

She had that party with the Heathers tonight, right? There were all sorts of things in her bloodstream right now, toppling her balance and screwing her mind. He wanted to tell her as much, but she stumbled in his direction, cutting his thoughts short with her oh-so eloquent words. "I'm sorry, but I really had to wake you."

"I wasn't sleeping—"

"See, I decided I must ride you 'til I break you."

And it was stuff like that which made it really hard to think about anything else. Veronica was cute, and unlike the Heathers, she had a mind of her own. She was funny, intelligent, and witty where it counted. It was a pleasant surprise seeing her at the Seven Eleven, and their conversation—had it not been for Jason Dean's awful habit of oversharing—was pretty good, as well. Up until now, everything was innocuous and convenient.

There was no denying the heat that filled the air now, a tension so full that it could be cut with a knife, bled out until dry. But if there was bleeding to be had, it would be done so at Veronica's discretion, because her nails were sharp and her mouth was desperate to mark his skin, and he let her. He let her, because after a quiet admission—after a passionate kiss that left them both wanting—he whispered "Are you sure?" and she nodded so fervently, as if lucid. God, she was sober enough, right? How else would she walk all the way to his house (*How'd you find my address?*) and climb into his window, unless she was the most functional drunk in the history of drunkenness?

Then her mouth was on him again, her weight settled into his lap, and he was reminded of a crucial fact: the Heathers' skirts were as short as the school would allow them, but even then, they weren't nearly long enough.

Not long enough, he thought as his hands trailed up her thighs. He bit back a laugh as she shoved him, destroying the last barrier between them as their passion melted into one diving sweep.

He didn't abstain for once.

Veronica was mad at him, but he knew he was right.

He'd kill Chandler, Kurt, and Ram all over again if he could. They made her cry, and that was reason enough for them to die.

It was so simple, really.

Abstinence was for the weak.

He took her lips between his, and kissed until their anger bled.

She pulled back, and stared him down with eyes so bright they hurt to look at.

Then she left him, and he choked back a scream.

It was their tradition to go through bedroom windows. Doors were overrated, and JD thought she'd get a kick of it—Veronica had done the same with him all those nights ago, where she

undid his resistance to her with one long-lashed look.

Yet she locked herself into the closet, and none of JD's words could reach her. So he banged on the door, cried his heart out, and to no avail, as he crashed through the closet and—

Ah, fuck. Fuck, fuck, *fuck!* Why did this always happen to him? Why did everyone he ever loved disappear on him? Was he so awful that there was no other way out than suicide? Was he so terrible for wanting them to stay in his life?

"I can't do this alone," he murmured to a hanging corpse. He had half a mind of abandoning his plans, forgetting his ambitions, but Veronica's sacrifice was a reminder to him: a sign that he had to keep going, forge ahead when all others would rather give up. He had to do this to her—for her. He had to.

"Still, I will if I must."

As JD limped to the football field, he couldn't help but wonder if he was wrong this whole time, and he should've held back when he had the chance. If he should've abstained while the jury was still out.

Then he sang Veronica one last verse goodbye, a farewell to their love that was never God in the first place. If there was a God, they weren't found in their twisted relationship, or the twisted love that came of it.

"Say hi to God."

The world went white before he could say "Sure."

"You never lose by loving. You always lose by holding back."

— Barbara De Angelis

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