

and sometimes we still laugh

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75049436) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75049436>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	Heathers: The Musical - Murphy & O'Keefe , Heathers (1988)
Relationship:	Jason "J. D." Dean/Veronica Sawyer
Characters:	Jason "J. D." Dean , Veronica Sawyer , Pauline Fleming
Additional Tags:	Jason "J. D." Dean Needs a Hug , Jason "J. D." Dean Loves Veronica Sawyer , Veronica Sawyer Needs a Hug , Fluff , Kind Of , relatively happy ending , Jason "J. D." Dean Lives , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , JD needs therapy , Jason "J.D." Dean GETS his hug , How Do I Tag , Title from a TV Girl Song , Help , Angst with a Happy Ending , non-toxic jdronica for once
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-01 Words: 797 Chapters: 1/1

and sometimes we still laugh

by [violetvoids94](#)

Summary

When Veronica opens her eyes again, she sees him and asks herself:

Why is he still in one piece?

OR

JD's ok. Mostly.

Notes

this has probably been done, like, a million times before but I don't care.

enjoy <3

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

“Say hi to God.”

Veronica turned away, quietly bracing herself for the ear-splitting boom she was about to hear. She prepared for the shake of the ground, for the smell of burning flesh. Instead, she experienced none of those things. She faced JD again, who had walked not too far out into the football field. She could see where tears had once fallen down his face, creating clean streaks through blood and dirt. She met his eyes, which was weird. Why was he still in one piece?

While her ankle was still hurt, she staggered towards him. He wasn't looking at her. His eyes were glued to the bomb strapped to his chest. The timer had gone off, but it hadn't exploded. He took it off, eyeing it before throwing it on the ground aggressively.

“Stupid,” JD muttered to himself. “STUPID!”

“JD—”

“It didn't work,” his voice was somewhat devoid of emotion. It was quiet before the storm. “It was fucking defective! The bomb, i-it didn't work! How the fuck does this even happen?! Shit, I can't even die the right way-”

He was about to continue, but Veronica had completely wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into a tight hug. JD just stood there in shock, not sure how to process the moment. He just was frozen as Veronica held him. She was the only thing even holding him together. And that was when the tears came again. He really wished he weren't crying in front of her, not again.

“Veronica, I...”

She let go, looking up at him. “You don't have to say anything if you don't want to, okay? What matters is you're alive.”

Barely.

JD resisted the sarcastic comment forming on his tongue. He couldn't be mean to her, not really. Her wide brown eyes stared at him with both gratitude and sadness. She really meant what she said. She really did want him alive, and that was surprising to him for some reason. He really did scare her, and pondered what would have happened if the bomb went off like it was supposed to. He would've died, and what would Veronica have had to go through? He felt a whole lot worse. It was his turn to hug her, and he felt her smile into his shoulder. They just stood there, as if letting go would kill the other.

“Hey!” a voice called from the front of the school, not too far from them. “Veronica! And is that... Jason Dean?”

Both of them turned to look at the same time, finally releasing each other. It was Ms. Fleming, making her way to escort them inside.

“What are you doing out here? You’re missing the pep rally!”

Veronica almost laughed at the fact that her concern was the pep rally, not the fact that both her and JD were covered in blood and grime.

“Right, uh, sorry!” Veronica called back. She was about to walk back alone, but she turned to JD, who did not want to go to the pep rally, and it showed in his face. She walked to the woman, with JD’s reluctant hand in hers. “Um, Ms. Fleming, I think I need to go to the hospital. I must’ve injured my ankle or something.” And JD had a bullet hole in him.

She just really needed to get JD somewhere safe.

Ms. Fleming only looked slightly skeptical, but rolled her eyes. “Alright, go get where you’re going.”

Veronica gave her a small nod, and walked with JD, and really pushing it, she slung her arm over JD’s shoulders to help her walk. Though she could tell he was happy with the extra proximity to her.

Once they were split into separate hospital rooms and her ankle was bandaged up, she asked if she could visit JD’s room. Luckily, they said yes, but only because he had been asking for her. She leaned on the hospital bed, and he looked a little worse for wear, but tried to conceal his hurt.

“They treating you okay?” he asked.

“Yeah.” She could tell he was trying to avoid his own pain. “Are you okay?”

He shrugged, which seemed to hurt a little. “They took the bullet out. But doing a lot better now that you’re here.”

She reached her hand for his, to give it an encouraging squeeze, as if that would be enough.

“Of course,” she whispered, “I’m here.” She allowed herself a small smile. “Just, uh, maybe next time, don’t try to blow up the school, you absolute dick.”

JD laughed humorlessly. “About that. I am sorry. Actually. I don’t know what I was thinking.”

“You’re an idiot,” she laughed.

“You don’t mind it.”

“You’re right.”

They somehow read each other’s minds, and Veronica leaned down to kiss him.

End Notes

In my mind, JD survived and def went to the hospital and got therapy and not living with his dad anymore but still dating Veronica and he's not a psycho and they're not toxic... yeah, I'm fine.

kudos and comments greatly appreciated, and thanks for reading!!!

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