Bad Medicine

by organgrinder

Summary

Veronica Sawyer was going to save him. Not in the sense where he would become a better person, no, he didn’t care for that. He meant saved where he wouldn’t be alone anymore. Saved where she would become some type of bad medicine, helping him in all the ways one shouldn’t.

Notes

i’m not sure what this is. it's 3:30am right now and i woke up randomly about an hour ago just to write this for no reason whatsoever. this isn't the continuation to Bad Guy/Bastard in love i was talking about, but that's almost done + i have another heathers fic i’m doing.

anyway, have fun. i’m gonna go back to sleep.

See the end of the work for more notes

There’s an ache in his scalp from how hard she’s pulling on his hair, how desperately she’s tugging at it. One hand in his hair, other hand on the back of his neck, holding him closely as they desperately worked against each other.

It’s uncomfortable to say the least, but It’s worth it. He’ll gladly take the pain any day if it meant he got to watch her grind down against his thigh, desperately rutting for some type of friction. He’s open to help her, and he gladly does by moving his thigh somewhat along with her, moving her hips with one hand while the under rests under her shirt, cupping her breast.

She’s panting, moaning into his mouth. Her skirt has long since been hitched up, panties torn and thrown off to the side. Under the skirt, she’s completely bare, left to pleasure herself freely like
there was no tomorrow.

Her nails dig into his skin briefly, her mouth opening a little bit farther than before and he knows she’s found a good spot, a good angle. Her movements become more aggressive, more desperate. She’s finding her high within him.

J.D allows himself to think for a moment as he watches her expressions. He never thought he’d be here. Sure, he had an inkling of who exactly Veronica Sawyer was when he first saw her in the cafeteria, but he never imagined it would be this. He didn’t think she’d be this driven, so close to the edge of breaking. She was going to be easy to pull, and he was ecstatic about it. Never in all his teenage years did he think he’d really get to do this, never thought he’d find his partner, but he did. He found exactly what he was looking for.

It goes deeper than that, for sure. It’s not all just about who gets to fire his gun. He feels something with her. Actually feels something. It’s something that tugs at his heartstrings, sending a rush of exuberance coursing through him. It’s something that warms up the seemingly empty cavity in his heart, bringing him back to life. It’s something that makes him feel free.

He’s trying to figure out what it is as she goes in for another kiss, this time ending with him mouthing along her jaw, nipping at the skin gently when she tilts her head back, welcoming him. Breathlessly, she whispers a curse and he smiles against her skin. He likes knowing what he’s doing is working. He loves knowing that he’s the only one that had ever been where he was, and if he had any power over it, he’d be the only one ever. Veronica was his, and anybody that would ever think otherwise would be a dead man walking.

Before he can stop himself, he’s speaking.

“You’re mine.” Is all he says at first. As he does, he jerks his thigh, and Veronica whines quietly. She’s biting her lip, trying to keep all the noises in. He doesn’t like it, but he cuts her some slack. It was her first time; he wasn’t going to push her farther than she was comfortable.

That doesn’t mean he won’t tell her the truth, although. He waits till she’s looking at him again, peering at him through hooded, glazed over eyes till he speaks again. “Just mine, okay? Nobody else’s. I don’t share.” He tells her the last part seriously. He’d never share her, never let her leave. It would be a cold day in hell when he let her leave him.

He doesn’t think she’s really listening or taking him seriously, but she gives him a flimsy nod, too busy trying to get herself off to care about his feelings at the moment. It’s a slight sting, but nothing serious. Her rubbing herself against him is enough for forgiveness.

Mindlessly, he takes his hand out from under her shirt and brings it up to her lips. She blinks at him in confusion for a moment when he gently thumbs at her bottom lip. Her motions falter, but only for a second before recognition dawns in her eyes and she gently takes his thumb between her lips. More adoration blooms inside of him when she kisses at the skin. He’s in love with her, he knows that much. He’s in love with every part of her, always, but he’s really coming to appreciate this. It’s more than just sex at that moment. It’s more than her fucking herself against his thigh. This is something big. This is something that’s going to help him.

Veronica Sawyer was going to save him. Not in the sense where he would become a better person, no, he didn’t care for that. He meant saved where he wouldn’t be alone anymore. Saved where she would become some type of bad medicine, helping him in all the ways one shouldn’t. They’d be together forever, lovers held together by empty guns and fired bullets. He wouldn’t have to change the world alone anymore.
She was going to save the both of them. He would take her into his world, show her great things. He had a lot to teach her, and he knew that. God, there was so much to teach her, but he could get to it. He wasn’t worried. She was smart, unlike the others he had to remove. She was a goddess compared to Heather Chandler, who was going to get a bullet for breakfast in the morning.

He just had to work with what he had, which wouldn’t be an issue. He was already Clyde, he just needed to make her his Bonnie and then they’d be on their way.

Her hips begin to stutter, and he smirks lightly. He wants her to come soon, partially because he wants to get himself off. Maybe she would do it for him, he wasn’t sure, but it didn’t matter. He was hard, and if he had the option he’d take her right there and then. She wasn’t ready for that, although, even when she bites down on his finger, her hips jerking as she rides her orgasm.

He sees his future when he looks at her, and it’s bright. It’s hopeful. His future has gone back to tangling her fingers in his hair, gently kissing him. He can feel the smile she’s fighting back as they do, and with an untamed smile of his own, he slips his hand down between her thighs.

End Notes

edit: i forgot to mention this but bad guy actually has a playlist! they’re songs that remind me of the fics.

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/64ZnEO3VBuWBfSOZERhQ3O?si=2Q7-e6UsTNys7cslRqww

(also, personal music can be found in my 'blood and bones' playlist if you're interested)

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