

# I'm going to get what I / we want

## What if...

Von Toreen

It was in the middle of the night, when Veronica got a phone call. She woke up, or better said she was half asleep at this point, grabbed the phone and answered with a sloppy sounding: "Yeah?" She held back a yawn and stretched, listening to the voice talking to her. All that Veronica understood was, that it was Heather Duke, that she wanted to talk to her about something important and that she was supposed to meet her at the cemetery.

After hanging up, Veronica let out a deep sigh, taking a quick shower and putting on fresh clothes. They didn't actually look like much. A plain, white oversized shirt that she took from J.D once, black trousers and old shoes. Before leaving, she grabbed her phone once again and sent a message.

When she arrived at the cemetery, it was still pitch black outside, so she held her phone up to give herself some light. Leaning against the gate, Duke was already waiting for her, arms crossed and the cocky, usual look on her face. "Ugh, finally! What did take you so long?"

"Well hello to you too, Heather. Sorry, but after getting a call in the middle of the night, I first had to wake up properly. What the heck do you want? I thought we agreed that we're not friends."

An annoyed huff escaped Heather's throat and she slowly stepped closer, a quiet, almost dangerous little growl coming from her. Suddenly, Veronica got grabbed by her and turned around, pushed against the gate.

"Jesus- **Heather!** What are you doing?!"

The vicious, sudden smile that was painted on Heather's face made Veronica feel uncomfortable and made her shiver.

"What I'm doing? Getting what I want. We're not friends, that's right. I don't want to be friends with you. But I want you."

It was quiet for a moment, then Veronica shook her head quickly: "I can't. I never could. First off, you're just not my type at all. You're a dick, completely. Also, I'm with J.D, you know that."

A bitchy, almost fake sounding chuckle filled the air and Heather put her hand onto Veronica's cheek.

"Oh please. J.D's dead. You know that he is. He is since months, you told us that he blew himself up!"

Veronica's face turned pale for a moment, before a heavy blush hit her cheeks, eyes sparkling like the stars above them. A chuckle escaped her throat, her eyelids lowered a bit and said: "Well, Heather. What if he's not dead? What if-", she ran one finger slowly over her jawline, then pulled back again, ducked and walked around her, standing next to her now-"it was all set up? And what if this is the perfect opportunity, Heather?"

A shot fell.

Heather fell.

Veronica had to burn her favorite shirt, sadly.

Everyone in school thought it was another suicide. The first one in months since J.D's.

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"Duke wants to meet with me. Not really what we planned, but perfect. Cemetery in an hour?"

-Message seen, 12:16am.