

The Space Between

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The Space Between

by [PetraPan](#)

Summary

While his father is on a hunt in the small town of Pontiac, Illinois Dean is stuck in yet another podunk high school, the only redeemable features being the party going on that night and Jimmy Novak. Dragging his reclusive friend to the party with him garners more enjoyable results than Dean could have hoped for, and the boys learn just how vast the space between them really is, and how small they wish it was.

Notes

Special thanks goes to my mother for editing this for me, even the gay parts. What a trooper.

Title is from from a song by the Dave Matthews Band, of the same title. The lyrics were surprisingly apt.

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

“Psst,” Dean hisses quietly over his shoulder. “What’s the answer to number twelve?” The teacher lifts his head and narrows his eyes in Dean’s direction.

Jimmy Novak shifts in his seat behind Dean so he can’t be seen as easily. “The Mayflower,” he murmurs.

“Fuck you,” Dean says good naturedly, perhaps a little louder than is appropriate during a test.

“Mr. Winchester!”

“This is a hard test, Mr. Whitman,” Dean complains and Jimmy ducks his head to hide his grin while other students snicker.

“May I remind you, this is not a group exam,” Mr. Whitman says, tone heavy with warning.

“You may,” Dean replies easily and Jimmy’s mouth drops open at the quip. *You got balls, Winchester*, he thinks.

“Not another word,” the teacher threatens with a reddening face, and Dean salutes mockingly before lowering his eyes to his paper.

Jimmy coughs lightly, sees Dean’s shoulders tense with alertness. “The Great Compromise,” he whispers, this answer actually suitable to the test they are taking, and hears the scratch of Dean’s pen. Dean rests his left elbow on the corner of Jimmy’s desk in silent thanks.

When the bell rings and Mr. Whitman collects their tests, giving Dean a glare as he walks down the rows, Jimmy sighs in relief. Already pushing the monotony of History out of his mind he shoves his pen into his bag and slings it over his shoulder. Dean is waiting for him at the door, hands shoved into his pockets. He looks like what everyone says he is in hushed tones of disdain and reverence: A troublemaker. Jimmy tucks the picture of Dean’s smirking mouth, his combat boots, his leather jacket clad shoulders, his quick-as-a-wink fingers away in the back of his mind as they fall into step to their lockers.

“I think I’m his favorite student,” Dean muses, leaning against the obnoxious orange metal of his locker as Jimmy works the combination to open his own. Dean’s nose wrinkles slightly as he watches Jimmy replace his U.S. History textbook with a thick pre-calculus one and shove it unceremoniously into his back pack.

Jimmy snorts. “I think you’re full of shit.”

A girl a couple of feet down slams her locker shut and Jimmy turns to the sound. She has a pinched look on her face, disappointed, like she expected better of Jimmy. He stares at her, unapologetic, until she shifts her gaze to Dean and glares at him before spinning and stalking off, nose in the air and an air of importance trailing behind.

Jimmy whistles softly. “Second glare of the day and it’s not even nine. You’re on a roll, Dean.” He shuts his locker and leans next to his friend.

Dean bumps Jimmy with his shoulder. "Might even break my record."

Jimmy rolls his eyes and smiles. "That'll be the day."

They still have a few minutes before their next class according to Jimmy's watch so they don't move to leave just yet. Dean bumps him again. "You going to that party tonight? I know you were invited."

"Amelia's?" Jimmy shrugs. "Wasn't really planning on it."

"Why not?" Dean shifts to rest his shoulder against the metal instead of his back.

"Not really my thing."

Dean makes a scoffing sound. "Well, you're gonna go tonight."

Jimmy looks at Dean's eager face for a moment before turning away and bluntly saying, "No."

"Yes."

"Why?" Jimmy asked, irked by Dean's insistence.

"Besides the obvious fact that it won't be any fun if you aren't there to make fun of others with me?"

"Because I obviously cater to your enjoyment." Jimmy sneered.

"Obviously." Jimmy gives Dean a look and Dean smiles, this side of shy. "Rebecca told me to make sure you went," he admits.

Again, Jimmy rolls his eyes.

"C'mon, please? It's one party. You'll have fun, I promise!"

Jimmy sighs, runs a hand through his combed hair and Dean knows he's got him. He very carefully does not think about the way Jimmy looks with his hair disheveled.

"I don't have anything appropriate."

"I'll take care of that."

"You want me to come over to your place after school?" Jimmy asks and Dean shakes his head a little too quickly.

"Nah, my dad and little brother will be home and I don't want them to bug us." Jimmy knows it's a lie. He can tell in the stiffness of Dean's neck, in the immediately defensive way he crosses his arms over his chest, but he doesn't mention it. He never does. Jimmy's not sure why Dean feels the need to lie to him, but it must be for a good reason.

Dean relaxes considerably when Jimmy simply nods in acceptance.

“I’ll bring something to you. We can take your car?” Dean asks.

“Yeah, okay.”

“Awesome.” Jimmy can’t *not* smile at the excitement on Dean’s face.

“Dean!” A pretty girl walks up to them, startling Jimmy a little. She gives him a polite smile before returning her attention to Dean. She adjusts the strap on her back pack when she asks, “Walk me to class?” Her smile is brilliant, straight white teeth glowing with invitation and Jimmy resists the urge to make gagging noises. The bell rings and echoes through the hall. People begin to scramble towards their classes.

Dean shoves away from the lockers and slings his arm over her shoulder. “Sure Rebecca. See you later, Jimmy!” Dean throws behind him as he walks away.

“Sure,” Jimmy replies blandly. Dean stops and turns to see Jimmy walking away, oblivious to the irritated line of Rebecca’s mouth. “Hey!” He calls out and Jimmy pauses, staring at Dean’s shining green eyes.

“Be excited!”

Jimmy shakes his head but smiles as they go their separate ways.

When they finally make it, lateness due to Jimmy’s unwillingness to cooperate, his constant whining, and one very long lecture from Jimmy’s father on the importance of keeping God’s awareness in mind tonight (a conversation which, frankly, creeped the fuck out of Dean), the party is in full swing. The house is packed with people drinking, dancing, lingering against walls, and making out on the stairs. Some are students they know from school, some they’ve never seen before.

Dean grins and drags Jimmy towards the kitchen by his sleeve. “Let’s get you something to drink,” he says with a saucy wink and Jimmy swallows down whatever that feeling was that rose in his throat.

He’s fascinating to watch, Jimmy thinks. Exuding self-confidence, Dean says hello to pretty much everyone by name as he maneuvers Jimmy skillfully through the crowd. He’s totally in his element.

Rebecca stops them before they make it to their destination. She plasters herself to Dean so forcefully that Dean has to let go of Jimmy to steady her. She sloppily presses her lips to his. “Dance with me,” She breathes at him, liquid in her red plastic cup sloshing dangerously.

“Later,” Dean promises emptily as he peels her off of him, hand reaching out for Jimmy once more, this time not taking his sleeve but curling fingers around Jimmy’s wrist. Jimmy bites his lip to keep from laughing at her offended expression.

Jimmy's skin is warm under his fingers Dean notices when they make it to the kitchen, and immediately distracts himself from that line of thinking by releasing Jimmy to get him a beer.

Delighted by the keg he finds, Dean grabs a couple cups and fills them both to the top. He offers one to Jimmy. "To your first party!" He has to shout over the music.

Jimmy takes it from Dean's hand, fingertips brushing innocently in the transfer. "Careful, Dean," he calls. "Someone may think you're a bad influence."

"Wouldn't want to prove them wrong." Dean's grin is mischievous when he bumps their cups together in a toast.

They drink, and Jimmy chokes on the flavor. Dean laughs at the shocked disgust on his face.

"This is revolting!" He yells over the din.

"I know!"

"It tastes like piss!"

"I know!" Dean is still grinning at him and Jimmy takes another drink just to make sure that—yeah, it tastes like piss. He makes another face and Dean laughs again, a full throaty sound, head thrown back with elation. Jimmy can't help but laugh along. Dean's joy is infectious.

They stand against a wall, commenting on other people, the level of beer in their cups slowly sinking. Jimmy lifts the rim of his cup to his lips as Dean points out a short, slender boy, jerking his arms around in a strange attempt at dancing. Jimmy snickers and tilts his cup back but nothing slides into his mouth. He takes it away and examines it curiously. He could've sworn it was still half-full at the very least.

Tired of shouting, Dean leans a little closer and asks, "Empty?"

"I didn't think I was, but," Jimmy turns his cup upside down in explanation, gravity proving his point as a lone drop of beer falls.

"Me too. Want another?"

"Yeah." He hands his cup over to Dean.

"Stay here," Dean tells him, which Jimmy thinks is kind of silly. Where else would he go?

He feels slightly dizzy and is grateful to the wall for steadying him, but it doesn't take long for Dean to return with more drinks.

"Here," Dean says as he hands him a cup and returns to his previous position, shoulder-to-shoulder with Jimmy.

Jimmy takes a drink—funny, he can't really taste it anymore—and nudges Dean. "Rebecca has been giving you the look of death for, like, the past five minutes," he says, gesturing subtly at her.

Dean shrugs, uncaring, but gives Jimmy a smile. He leans close to Jimmy's ear and says, "She's just mad that I ditched her tonight for you." Jimmy doesn't think that Dean notices the way he swayed forward a little too much and his lips barely grazed the soft shell of Jimmy's ear. He pretty sure that Rebecca notices, though, judging by the way she shoves violently away from her seat and into the kitchen.

Jimmy can't really find it in him to care. His ears feel like they are ringing and he keeps a tight grip on his cup. He brings it to his mouth to take a large gulp. Okay, maybe a few large gulps, because when Jimmy takes the beer away from his lips it's almost half gone.

"Thirsty?" Dean teases.

"Nah," Jimmy says and stares intently at Dean while he takes another mouthful.

Dean wonders if Jimmy sees the drop of his gaze to watch Jimmy's Adam's apple move. He suddenly feels like he needs to get away and is about to make an excuse of going to the kitchen to get himself something to drink. He even moves a hand to gesture his intentions, but feels a weight and looks down confusedly into his beer. He tries to cover up his blunder by drinking some but Jimmy is smiling at him, fondly amused. Dean drinks a little more.

Jimmy suddenly draws Dean's attention to the flailing boy from earlier, shuffling backwards and his arms are all over the place in his imitation of dance. There is a girl on the couch who looks like she's carefully trying to get up, focus completely on holding onto her beer, and the boy is moving towards her.

Dean excitedly slaps at Jimmy's arm and they both watch in morbid fascination to see what happens next.

When she is finally standing and looks mostly steady, she turns to leave the living room at the exact moment the dancing boy spins and an errant arm knocks the cup out of her hand. Whatever liquid was left in her drink is now all over the obnoxiously kissing couple that had been seated beside her. They jump up yelling, and the girl turns to yells at the awkward, abashed boy. Dean and Jimmy double over, giggling and leaning heavily into each other.

When they can finally breathe again, Dean asks, "Do you want some more beer?" Jimmy looks into his cup. There isn't much left but it no longer has appeal. He shakes his head.

"What should I do with it?" Jimmy asks and Dean takes the cup from him, combines what was left with his own beer and offers it to the first guy who passes. He takes it with a nod of thanks and Dean grins at Jimmy.

The song changes to a crowd favorite. It must be, because someone turns it up a considerable amount and Dean's face twists to a wince at the volume. He is no stranger to blaring music, but this is just ridiculous, he thinks.

"You wanna get some air?" Jimmy asks, leaning forward so Dean can hear him better. At Dean's nod he pushes himself away from the wall and works his way to the front door.

He almost has his hand on the knob when a voice calls out to him and he stops abruptly. Dean bumps into his back and Jimmy stumbles a little but Dean catches him by the elbow.

“Jimmy! Hi!” Amelia smiles at him and Jimmy blinks at her. He’d nearly forgotten it was her party.

“Hey, Amelia.”

Her face falls a little when she glances from Jimmy to the door. “You’re not leaving so soon are you?”

“What? No!” Jimmy shakes his head. “No.”

Amelia brightens and she reaches up to twirl a blonde curl around her finger. “So, are you having fun?”

“Yeah,” Jimmy smiles placidly at her. “We were just going to get some air.” He reaches for the doorknob again and her twirling fingers falter.

“Oh, okay.” She bites her lip. “Come find me later?” Her eyes are hopeful.

“Yeah, sure,” Jimmy says as he opens the door. His voice is dismissive but she doesn’t pick up on it.

“Great!” She breathes out and heads toward the living room, leaving him with a flashing smile thrown over her shoulder.

Dean shuts the door behind them and grins at Jimmy. “I think she’s into you, man,” he says as they sit on the couple of steps that lead down from the porch to the sidewalk. They are alone. Everyone else is inside with the music, now just a dull vibration due to the heavy, closed front door. They are pressed close together—lining up shoulder to hip to knee—and neither one moves to create more distance even though there is plenty of room. “I mean, she didn’t even look at me.” Dean pouts playfully but Jimmy just shrugs. Amelia doesn’t mean anything to him.

Dean shoves at him lightly with his shoulder and Jimmy looks over to see Dean wiggling his eyebrows suggestively. “She’s pretty isn’t she?” Dean asks and Jimmy huffs a laugh.

“Yeah, I guess.”

“You guess?”

“I don’t know,” Jimmy shrugs again but it’s a jerky movement, more irritated. Still, Dean presses.

“You aren’t interested in her?”

“Not really.”

“Not really,” Dean repeats, disbelieving.

“I’m not interested in Amelia.” Jimmy is acutely aware of the heat of Dean’s body pressed firmly into his side, the weight of his fingers around Jimmy’s wrist from earlier, the chapped lips against his ear as Rebecca watched. He swallows the saliva that pools in his mouth, ignores the sweat on his palms.

“Why not? She’s hot and she likes you.” Dean sounds a little exasperated and he swivels toward Jimmy to look better at his face.

Jimmy knows he’s a little drunk. Enough to feel kind of floaty in his head, enough to let himself want and not worry about consequences, but not nearly enough to not be held responsible for his actions the next day. He wonders if he’d be able to pass this off as being too drunk. It seems like a fabulous idea in his head, regardless, so he does it. He just rolls his eyes at Dean and leans in, ducking his head just a little to get at Dean’s mouth.

It’s not much of a kiss, really. It’s not long enough to get a feel for what Dean tastes like behind the sourness of beer, more a couple seconds of firm pressure than anything else.

When he pulls away, Dean’s face is adorable. There’s no other word for it. He looks a little stunned, blush high on his freckled cheeks when Jimmy says slowly, enunciating as if to a child, “I’m. Not. Interested. In. Amelia.”

It doesn’t take Dean more than a second to catch on but his expression doesn’t change. He doesn’t say anything, he simply dives back into Jimmy’s mouth.

Crazy, Jimmy thinks, that Dean’s lips feel so much softer when against his own. He brings his hands up to cup Dean’s jaw, opens his lips to bite at Dean’s and a piece of him breaks away when Dean whines into his mouth. Instantly, it seems the tone has changed. One of Jimmy’s hands slides around the back of Dean’s head and buries his fingers in the short strands of Dean’s hair. He holds Dean in place as he tilts his head, sucks Dean’s bottom lip into his mouth. He sighs out Dean’s name, just air against his face, really, but it makes Dean moan thirstily.

It’s insane, Dean knows it, but fuck if it’s not the greatest sensation he’s ever felt. Jimmy is wearing Dean’s gray AC/DC shirt and that thought shoots lightning into his stomach. The shirt used to be his father’s so it’s a little long on the both of them. After a bit of prodding earlier, Dean had convinced Jimmy to fold it up a little and tuck it into the back so it would stay tight against his chest. Roll up the sleeves of a dark blue button up shirt Jimmy owned and leave it open, mess up his hair a little and he looked fucking amazing. Dean has his tongue in Jimmy’s mouth and he tastes like cheap beer, but Dean can’t drink enough.

He presses closer, angles himself so Jimmy has to prop up a leg on the porch behind Dean’s hip and Dean’s hand finds its way to Jimmy’s knee. He slowly slides it up Jimmy’s thigh and Dean’s mind goes blank when Jimmy hisses out *fuck* and spreads his legs a little wider in clear invitation. Jimmy’s fingers tighten in Dean’s hair, crushing their mouths together and Dean moans urgently against Jimmy’s lips.

Dean’s nerves are going haywire but he presses his palm hard against the bulge in Jimmy’s jeans. Jimmy’s mouth opens on a gasp and he runs his warm tongue against the swell of Dean’s lower lip, breathing out, “God, yeah,” eyes open and staring. Dean rubs slowly,

tentative in ignorance, green eyes locked onto Jimmy's otherworldly blue and reveling in the way they cloud over.

"Dean," Jimmy whispers as they share breath, the space between them almost nonexistent.

Dean's never wanted anything so much in his life, so of *course* this is when the loud bark of Dean's name sends him reeling back, ripping himself away from Jimmy in terror.

Christ, Jimmy thinks Dean looks like he's been *shot*. Fear is plain on his face. His hands are clammy and he can't look away from Jimmy's dark blue eyes. The only thing in Dean's mind is a litany of *shitshitshit*.

His father is here.

"Time to go." John Winchester's voice is sharp in Dean's ears even from across the yard. Hopping up, he pats his pockets out of habit—keys, wallet, knife—even though he knows he left nothing in the house. He does a little jog to the car across the yard and pauses with his hand on the door. He looks back at Jimmy, knows as soon as he does that it was a mistake.

Jimmy is standing now, concerned look on his face, hand on the short railing. He has one foot down on a lower step as if he made to follow Dean and, *God*, Dean wants nothing more than to run back to him and bury his fingers in Jimmy's hair, kiss him silly. Thanks to the porch light he can see that Jimmy's lips are spit-slick and swollen from Dean's teeth. He resists the urge to touch the burning of his own mouth.

"See you at school?" Jimmy calls out, one last bit of hope.

"Get in the car, Dean." John's voice is short, gruff.

"Yeah," Dean chokes out the word between his teeth and knows that Jimmy knows it's a lie. He opens the door to the Impala, bows his head to get inside. The car peels away before the door is even shut.

His brother is asleep in the backseat and when John speaks it sounds much louder than it is. "Don't ever let me see you do anything like that ever again." The words are sternly cold but they burn Dean and he flinches, repeating the phrase in his head as he turns away to watch Jimmy shrink in the side mirror. *Don't ever let me see you do that again. Don't ever let me see. Don't ever. Don't. Ever.*

Dean's heart does a weird clench in his chest he dare not name, and when he can't see Jimmy or the house anymore he says, very quietly, "Yes, sir."

End Notes

I have a tentative idea for a continuation of this AU, so as such the Title, Summary, Rating, and Relationships are subject to change. But it's unlikely that I will continue this story unless people actually want to read it... because the idea is only partial, it would be pointless to post this with the intent to continue and then have nothing to post because I can't think of anything haha. ~~i'm so lame help~~ Let me know if you guys liked this and if you'd be interested in seeing more!

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