Lesson In Respect | 2019 Rewrite

by MeanGreenThing

Summary

Davey hadn't really expected to have a run in with the Delancey's on his way home. But there he was, backed into a corner. He knew he wouldn't fare well against two boys who were both bigger and stronger than him. But he had to try. And well, it had seemed like a good idea at the time.

Notes

I've decided to rewrite a fic once every year to see how much I've improved, I decided to go with the first fanfic I ever posted on Ao3, enjoy (/o^o)/

See the end of the work for more notes
The Meeting

The brothers had no clue why someone like Mr Pulitzer would even want to speak with them. But it must’ve been important if he was calling them to his own office.

The office was just as fancy as they had always imagine it to be. The chairs looked more like thrones, the one behind the desk bigger than the others. All of them were lined with red, plush fabric that looked almost like velvet, and the arms and legs were made of wood that’s glossiness showed it was recently polished. The walls were a deep red, like the chairs, and there was a faint golden pattern lining them. The room had clearly cost a lot, and it showed.

Sitting in the biggest chair behind the desk was Mr Pulitzer himself, and he was smiling at the brothers politely. He stood and held out his hands to them. The brothers each took a hand and shook it, returning the polite smile.

“Boys, pleasure to finally meet you two” Mr Pulitzer said. The boys nodded “pleasure’s all ours, Sir” Morris replied. Mr Pulitzer’s smile grew, if only slightly “do you know why I’ve asked you here today?”

The boys looked at each other “Um, no sir” Morris said. Mr Pulitzer sat back down and opened one of the many drawers in his desk. He pulled out at least 80 dollars “40 Dollars each. For one favor, that I think you will have no problem doing for me.” He stated. The boys looked at each other, they seemed to come to a mutual agreement.

One favor for 40 dollars each seemed like a deal too good to be true. “What is this ‘favor’ exactly?” Oscar asked. Mr Pulitzer regarded the boys for a moment before speaking again, as if he was second guessing whether or not they were really fit for the job “I need you to beat up Davey Jacobs” he said.

The boys were taken aback for a moment, obviously they would take the deal, but they had never pegged Mr Pulitzer as a violent man. He was rude, and manipulative, sure. But not violent.

“Why’d you want that?” Oscar asked. Mr Pulitzer sighed and rubbed his temples, clearly his patience was wearing thin. He stood again, his chair scraping against the floor “Because, boys. Think about it. Kelley isn’t the brains of the operation, Jacobs is. If the brain is out commission, the rest of the body won’t function properly.” he said.

The boys glanced at each other, having another silent debate. After a moment, they both shrugged and gave a nod to Mr Pulitzer “Alright, we’ll do it.”
The Delancey Devils

Chapter Summary

Normally, the sight would’ve made Davey smile. Despite being a large crowded city, Manhattan was pretty at night. Especially when you’re by yourself on an empty road.

But that night was different. Davey felt unsettled, though he couldn’t really explain why. Something just felt… off. Normally, the empty street would be nice and calming for Davey. But the moment he stepped out of the theatre, he felt a chill.

Chapter Notes

I honestly thought The Delancey Devils was the funniest thing when i first wrote this story, and you know what? I still do. So i kept it as a chapter title.

Davey sighed as he stepped out if the theater. Les had insisted he stay behind to talk with Jack and tell him all about Sally. At first, Davey didn’t want to let Les stay behind, but Jack promised to get him home on time for bed, so he gave in.

The street stretched out in front of him, the sun was going down and the street lamps were beginning to flicker on. The cool chill of New York’s nights sent a small chill down Davey’s spine. He could see stars beginning to appear in the sky as he walked. Normally, the sight would’ve made Davey smile. Despite being a large crowded city, Manhattan was pretty at night. Especially when you’re by yourself on an empty road.

But that night was different. Davey felt unsettled, though he couldn’t really explain why. Something just felt… off. Normally, the empty street would be nice and calming for Davey. But the moment he stepped out of the theatre, he felt a chill.

He chose to ignore the feeling, and continued down the street. The sound of his shoes against the pavement echoed eerily through the empty street. The small breeze of wind blowing his hair into his face, much to his displeasure.

He was a little less than halfway home when he heard someone whispering his name from an alley just off the sidewalk, a few feet in front of him. Davey, deciding not to be an idiot, kept walking.

That plan didn’t really work out, as the moment he reached the alleyway, with the intent of walking swiftly past it, someone grabbed his arm roughly and pulled him in. Davey lost his footing awkwardly and tripped, falling to the ground.

It took Davey a moment to reorient himself with his surroundings. Once the shock of the sudden fall passed, he scanned his surroundings. He was in the alley way now, there was water soaking the back of his shirt, so the ground was still wet from the night of rain before. And there were two boys his age standing over him.
One of the boys crouched down and Davey realized with a start, that the boys were the Delancey brothers. He narrowed his eyes at them “what are you two-” he didn’t have time to finish his sentence. The moment he started speaking, he got a swift punch to face.

His cheek stung and he could taste blood in his mouth, he must’ve bitten his tongue due to the force of the punch. He felt a sudden pressure on his legs and looked up, seeing one of the brothers, he couldn’t tell which, getting ready to punch him again.

He barely had time to raise his arms in defence before he was being punched again. Each blow seemed to hurt more. And eventually, the punching stopped ‘are they done?’ he thought to himself, he figured no, they wouldn’t stop there. But he tried to stand anyways.

He had been correct in assuming they weren’t done. The moment Davey started to get up, he felt a pain in his side from what he assumed was a kick, and then he was on the ground again, groaning in pain.

Davey really couldn’t remember what happened after that, it was a blur of kicking and punching, and general pain, and a useless attempt the fight back that only ended it more hitting.

Then something akin to a miracle happened. He heard a voice shouting from the end of the alleyway “hey! What d’ya think you’re doin!” the voice was familiar, though, in his pain-induced haze, Davey couldn’t quite recognize it.

The Delanceys ran away, leaving Davey lying on the soaked pavement, curled up with his hands over his head to protect himself.

He heard footsteps coming toward him, one of them seeming to drag slightly. He flinched at the sudden pain in his shoulder as someone turned him over.

“Davey? Hey, you still wit’ us?” the familiar voice spoke again, and when Davey inspected the face above him, he recognized it. Specs, kneeling beside him, concern written on his face.

Davey heard other voices mumbling behind Specs, and noticed several other Newsies, including crutchie, standing over him. Specs frowned and started to try and pick up Davey “someone help me get ‘im up” he said.

And then there was another voice, one that Davey recognized immediately “what the hell is goin’ on here?”

Chapter End Notes

o o f, I suck at actions scenes in case you couldn't tell, anyways, I'm actually gonna try and update this story regularly.
Gentle

Chapter Summary

Jack gets Davey back home to his parents and gets him patched up. The next morning, the boys have a little talk.

Chapter Notes

No proofreading, we die like men.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The first thing that Jack noticed about the scene in front of him was Davey. His mind went blank at the sight of his friend, lying in Specs arms, completely limp.

He could hear Les’s faint gasp as the two of them ran forward to help “what ’appened?” he asked, taking Davey from Specs and holding him close. Les kneeled beside him and put his hands on either side of his brother’s face “Davey?” he said softly, his voice wavering. Poor kid, Jack thought, he shouldn’t have to see his brother like this. “are you awake?” he asked.

Specs frowned at Les “I don’ think he’s awake, Kid” he said, before turning to Jack and shaking his head “I have no idea what happened. But, my best guess would be the Delancey brothers. We saw ’em running running away, the cowards…” he said. Jack looked down and inspected the damage to Davey’s face.

It was bad, had it not been for Davey’s clothes, Jack probably wouldn’t have recognized him. His nose was bleeding profusely, most likely broken. One eye was swollen and bruised, his lip was split in several places, and there were bruises all over.

Jack cautiously lifted Davey’s shirt to check for bruises elsewhere. And was not surprised when he found the side of Davey’s torso to be bruised, and in just as bad shape as his face.

Jack looked to the others and stood carefully, picking up Davey with a little difficulty and trying carefully not to hurt him “we need to get him home. There aren’t any doctors open this late.

It took them awhile to get back the Jacobs’ house. But eventually they did. The moment they opened the door, Davey’s mom greeted them with a small gasp and a concerned look. She got Davey’s father to take them inside and set Davey on the couch while she went to get a cloth and some bandages to get him patched up until the morning.

After Davey was patched up and resting in his room, the other Newsies, with the exception of Jack, left and headed back to the lodging house. Mrs Jacobs let Jack stay by Davey’s side so he wouldn’t be alone when he woke up. Les slept on the couch, he tended to kick in his sleep, and Mrs Jacobs didn’t want him to kick Davey when he was already hurt.
Davey was very confused the next morning when he woke. He had a splitting headache and his head was sore. He barely remembered what had happened the previous night, it was a blur to him. All he remembered was the Delanceys standing over him, a punch to the face, and then things got fuzzy from there.

He looked around the small room. Les must’ve been downstairs, because he wasn’t in bed. He sat up slowly and glanced at the doorway, startling at the sight of Jack standing in the doorway holding a small bowl of what appeared to be oatmeal.

Jack smiled at him and walked over, setting the bowl down. He sat in the chair next to Davey and gave him a smiled that made his heart flutter “you feelin’ any better?” he asked softly.

Davey smiled softly “yeah, but my head is killing me. And i feel dizzy…” he said. Jack nodded at him “that makes sense. You was in pretty rough shape when we found ya’” he said.

Davey nodded “yeah… I don’t really remember what happened” he said softly. Jack moved from his spot in the chair to sit next to Davey on the bed “I was really worried we might’a lost you” he said, grabbing Davey’s hand gently “and… it got me thinking.”

Davey blushed at the sudden contact and looked up at the boy “thinking?” he asked, cursing the way his voice cracked. Jack smiled “yeah… thinkin’ how if we hadn’t gotten you back ‘ere, what might’a happened. And what would’a happened if the others hadn’t been taking that path home last night. I might’ve never gotten to tell you…”

Davey tilted his head “tell me what?” he encouraged, his heart was beating wildly in his chest. He had no clue what Jack was going to tell him. He couldn’t fathom any sort of reason why Jack’s face was so close to his.

but he couldn’t complain, he had liked Jack for quite some time, it had definitely taken him a while to figure out what the weird feeling in his chest that only appeared around Jack wsa, but when it did click, it had only brought him stress. He knew Jack was into girls, and even if he was into boys, he had no idea why Jack would be interested in him of all people.

Davey was having a silent conversation with himself in his mind. It was mostly panic, and wondering why Jack was so close, and why he looking at him like that. And he could onl be left to wonder what Jack was doing. That is, until Jack leaned in, and pressed a kiss against Davey’s lips.

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Jack had felt connected to Davey the moment he walked into Newsies Square with his little brother in tow. It took him awhile to figure out why he had been having the strange urge to kiss Davey senseless every time he looked at him. He had always been so certain he was straight. He could tell now, sitting on Davey’s bed, and leaning closer to him, that he was anything but straight.

The moment his lips touched Davey’s, his mind nearly went blank. He had kissed plenty of girls before, but it was different with Davey. It felt genuine. And the fluttering in his chest, whether it was from nerves, or from joy, had never been there before.

Kissing Davey was so unlike anyone Jack had ever kissed before. All those other times it had been rough, and hasty, and over so quickly. But with him… It was soft, and pleasant, and slow. The arm that reached around Davey’s waist to pull him closer was gentle and sweet. And he could tell Davey was enjoying it just much as he was.

Davey kissed back fervently, closing his eyes. Jack could feel his arms wrapping around his neck.
and gentle fingers tangling into his hair. They stayed like that for a while before Jack pulled away and smiled at him

“Oh… okay...” Davey breathed, there was a bright blush spreading on his face, and he looked speechless. Jack chuckled softly “I think ya can figure out for yourself what I wanted to tell ya” he said, he could feel Davey’s breath on his lips, they hadn’t parted all that much, and their foreheads were pressed together.

Davey nodded “yeah…” he said “um... me, too. I really like you, too.” he added quickly. Jack chuckled softly and kissed him again, this time the kiss was quicker, and when they pulled away, they both started giggling.

Jack had never giggled after kissing someone, but Davey made him feel so happy and loved, and so wanted. And it made his head spin, it made him smile so brightly that he could light up an entire room. Davey made him completely, and utterly soft. Davey finally stopped giggling and leaned against Jack, he hugged him and the two of them laid down. And in that moment, Jack didn’t think he’d ever felt more at peace

Chapter End Notes

Wow that was gay. Anyways, here it is!!! the last chapter!!! woo hoo!!
and apparently my computer doesn't think Davey is a real word. Just a fun fact, i guess.
even though it's not rly fun. Or a fact.

End Notes

that was pretty short, sorry bout that! Anyways, here it is, the first chapter of the rewrite!
Can't wait to get working on the next chapters!

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