



Summary: Since her Mom walked out on them, Jared has been losing control of his bratty, promiscuous daughter, Y/N. When she fails her senior year and can't graduate high school, Jared's best friend, Jensen, offers Y/N a place at his private all girls boarding school, promising her father he'll discipline her and improve her grades. But Y/N doesn't go down without a fight, and Jensen's methods of getting Y/N's grades up take an interesting turn.

Pairing: Principal!Jensen x Bratty Student!Reader || With scenes of... JDM x Reader // JJ Julius Son x Reader // Reader x Other

Series Warnings/Tags: Age gap (Reader will be 18/19, Jensen will be 43), inappropriate relationship, teasing, flirting, seduction, daddy kink, spanking, caning, smut, role playing, taboo relationship

A/Ns: The aim of this game is to overload you with smut, pull you back from the edge with a healthy dollop of angst, drop in some taboo and teacher kink, and finish you off with a nice helping of the visual of Jensen Ackles in a suit, putting a bratty school girl in her place... enjoy...

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter One

Chapter Tags: angst, mentions of affair, drinking, inappropriate relationship, age gap, blowjob, mentions of abandonment

Chapter WC: 1940

A/Ns: Here we goooooo! I'm SO excited for this series! I don't plan on this being all that dark, mainly angsty and smutty!! Enjoy!

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

You walk into the living room, only to find it full of guests, people mingling and chatting above the music that's playing. It's too warm for this many people to be crowded into your home. You smile politely at guests as you pass them but try to make yourself look busy, so no one stops you to strike up any kind of conversation. Your eyes glance over the crowd, looking for your father's face but only seeing strangers, or people you vaguely recognise. This party is so stupid, anyway. The music is dull, the people just want to sip champagne and talk about business and mortgages. Jesus, why are you even here?

"Alright, sweetheart?"

You turn around at the familiar voice and smile. "Jensen, hey."

"Haven't seen you properly in a couple of years now, I barely recognised you."

You watch his eyes scan over you and feel yourself flush a little under the attention.

"That's what happens when you grow up," you smirk.

Jensen chuckles, nodding his head. "Well, got a hug for your favourite uncle?"

He holds out his arms invitingly and you roll your eyes, stepping forward and embracing him for a moment.

"Have you seen my dad?" you ask, pulling away.

"Not in a while, sorry," he sighs.

You force a smile and excuse yourself, slipping back into the crowd to go looking for him. You only want to tell him you're leaving, that a friend from school had given you an invite to a better party, so you were ditching this one. He probably wouldn't notice if you left, anyway. You step out into the garden and huff, opening your purse and looking down at your cigarettes inside. You glance around once more for your father before creeping around the side of the house, to a part the party hasn't spilled out into, setting your eyes on the summer house down the path. You head towards it and grab your cigarettes, putting one in your mouth and rummaging for your

lighter. Your father will probably kill you if he catches you smoking *again*, so you keep glancing around nervously every so often.

You're about to reach for the door handle when you hear it. The voice is very unmistakably Clarissa's, and it's coming from inside. You step up to the window, careful to stay hidden and then peek inside, finding Clarissa in there with a guy. Not just any guy. *Fuck*. Your unlit cigarette falls from between your lips to the ground as your brain absorbs what it's seeing. Your father's hands reach out for her waist, pulling her into him and he holds her close.

"I'm sorry, this is your birthday, you should be celebrating," she snuffles, pressing her forehead into your father's chest.

"Hey, don't apologise, sweetheart," he soothes, stroking her hair and kissing the top of her head.

"I'm here whenever you need me, okay?" Clarissa nods against him and then snuffles, looking up at him as he brushes the hair over her shoulder and they start leaning in closer to one another.

You step away from the window, not wanting to see what happens next, and quickly make your way back towards the house, your hands shaking. You can't tell if you feel the anger or the betrayal more keenly, but either way, there are a lot of negative emotions building up inside you, and alcohol is going to make them better.

"Whoa, careful, sweetheart," Jensen warns, reaching out to grip your arm as you bump into him.

"Everything okay?" he checks, frowning in the direction you've just come from.

"Yeah, yeah, totally fine," you lie, forcing a smile, hoping he won't press you about it further. You can't even begin to find the words to tell him what you've just witnessed.

"I know when you're lying," Jensen tells you, skeptically, "c'mon, baby girl, can't lie to your Uncle Jensen."

"Stop calling yourself that, I haven't even seen you in like two years, you don't know anything about me anymore." Jensen seems a little taken aback by your tone. "I'm sorry," you mumble, pushing past him.

You let yourself into the dining room, which had been off limits for the party, but it's where your father keeps the good alcohol. Heading over to the cabinet in the corner of the room you find his best whiskey at the very back and take it out, uncorking it and taking several sips. You wipe your mouth on the back of your hand and sigh heavily, taking the bottle over to the table and sitting down. How could he *do that*? God, you hate him most of the time – usually for stopping you from going to a party, or for trying to punish you for whatever reason – but right now, you *truly hate him*. You drink more whiskey and throw your head back, staring up at the ceiling, waiting for it to kick in. You rummage in your bag for a cigarette and light it, not caring that the room will

smell of smoke, or that your father will kill you for it. You grab some ornamental bowl your parents had for their wedding, intent on using it for a makeshift ashtray, and flick the cork of the whiskey away, fully intending on finishing the bottle, anyway.

The dining room door opens, and you look up to see a guy you recognise from earlier; the one that sang a few songs with his guitar for some entertainment.

“Oh, I’m looking for the bathroom,” he explains. “You’re urm... Jared’s daughter, right?” he checks.

You force a smile and nod your head. “Yeah, Y/N,” you offer.

“JJ,” he replies.

“I enjoyed your music earlier, you’ve got a good voice,” you compliment.

“Thanks,” he smiles, playing with the handle of the door. JJ is attractive, it was the first thing you’d noticed during his performance earlier. You know he and your father have been getting close recently, and you smirk softly as your plan for revenge comes to mind.

“Wanna help me finish this bottle?” you ask, nodding to the whiskey. “Got some spare cigarettes too, if you want one.” JJ glances back towards the party and then steps fully into the room, closing the door behind him.

“Sure, that’s not really my scene, anyway.”

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“Fuck, you know we probably shouldn’t be doing this,” JJ breathes, his hands gripping your waist tighter, regardless of what he’s saying.

“Why not? I’m eighteen,” you remind him, smirking against his lips, running your fingernails through the back of his hair.

“Shit, I know, but you’re my friend’s daughter,” he laughs slightly. You grind your ass down into his lap harder, feeling him getting more and more aroused beneath you.

“Then I guess I’m like some forbidden fruit...” you purr, biting down softly on his bottom lip.

“Sure you don’t want a taste?”

JJ grunts, lifting you out of his lap and laying you down on the table, running his hands down to the hem of your dress and pushing it up your legs. You moan the second his fingers find the lace crotch of your panties, rubbing in little circles over your clit through the wet fabric.

“Fuck, please, JJ?” you beg sweetly, looking down your body at him.

He steps back, pulling his belt apart and tearing into his jeans to get his erection free. He’s thicker than he’d felt, a little longer too, and you bite your lip hard. “Shit.” You can’t help yourself from sliding off of the table, down onto your knees and landing at his feet, eager to suck him down and taste him. You giggle around him when he gasps for breath and tips his head back, his fingers knotting in your hair and tugging it hard, and you feel the spit start to collect at the corners of your mouth.

You stand up after a moment or two, reaching under your dress to push your panties down your legs and step out of them, kicking them to one side. JJ’s staring at you, his chest heaving and his eyes darkening.

“Are you gonna fuck me or are you just gonna stand there and think about it?” you tempt.

JJ scoffs at your words, stepping closer to you, reaching out for your waist, but the dining room door opens and disturbs you.

“What the fuck is going on in here?!” Your father roars.

“Oh fuck.” JJ instantly rushes to put himself away and you bite back a giggle.

“Oops.” You think your Dad might let JJ leave the room, because his angry glare is on you, and he hasn’t even acknowledged your company, but before JJ can make any moves, Jared grabs him and punches him in the face.

“Dad, what the fuck?!” you gasp, moving to check that JJ’s okay.

“Get the fuck away from him,” Jared growls, gripping the collar of JJ’s shirt and pulling him backwards. “Touch my daughter again, and I’ll fucking kill you, now get out of my fucking house.” He shoves JJ towards the door, and then his attention is back on you.

You can see that some people have gathered behind your father, and Jensen has a front row seat to the drama. Jared also glances around, realising you’re too public right now for this kind of argument, so he grabs your arm and drags you through the party, towards the stairs.

“Get the fuck off me, Dad,” you grunt, trying to pull yourself free.

“No, this is the final fucking straw, Y/N,” Jared tells you, continuing to drag you towards your bedroom, which happens to be the furthest room from the staircase. He slams your door shut behind him and shoves you into the room. “What the fuck is wrong with you?!” he growls as soon as you’re alone.

“Me?!” you choke out, hardly able to believe he could act so righteous after what you’d witnessed.

“Yes, you! JJ is my fucking friend! And you were... God, I don’t even want to think about what you were doing with him. He’s at least ten years older than you!” You frown, shrugging, not really understanding the big deal.

“I’ve fucked older,” you retort, wanting to get a rise out of him, hurt him the way he’s hurt you.

Jared clenches his jaw, but he doesn’t take the bait.

“I’ve had enough of your behaviour, Y/N,” he warns. “First you don’t graduate highschool, now you’re fucking men that are so much older than you... my fucking *friends*.” You cross your arms over your chest defiantly. “If your mother was here—”

“Well she’s fucking not, is she?” you shout back. “And anyway, this is all so fucking rich coming from you,” you scoff. “You wanna talk about your friends? What about the fact that you’re fucking your best friend’s wife?” Jared’s eyes widen, his mouth falling slack. “When are you gonna tell Jensen about that, hm? Maybe I should...”

“Y/N, listen, it’s more complicated than you think, okay? It’s not like that...”

“It is. I saw you two together in the summer house. What the fuck, Dad? How could you do that to Jensen?”

“There’s things you don’t know,” Jared warns you.

“How could you do that to *Mom*?” you ask next, swallowing hard.

Jared takes a deep breath and looks down at his feet.

“Baby girl, listen to me,” he urges, stepping closer, but you step back. “Your Mom left us four years ago now. She just went; no note, no explanation – nothing. The only time I’ve known she’s even alive in four years was when divorce papers showed up on the doormat. I have to move on sometime.”

“But she might come back,” you choke out. “Then what?”

“I know you want that, baby girl, I know you do. But it’s not going to happen, I’m sorry. And I’m sorry about what you saw between me and Aunt Clarissa—”

“Fine, move on, Dad, whatever. But not with her, please.”

“It’s complicated right now, and as soon as it’s not I’ll tell you more, okay? Just please don’t tell Uncle Jensen. Baby girl, please, you don’t know the full story yet.”

“I don’t need to, Dad. There’s no excuse. Now please just get out, I want to be alone.”

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Two

Chapter Tags: angst, drinking, mentions of smut, mentions of cheating, fluff, kissing

Chapter WC: 2128

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

You feel like you’ve been locked away for hours, sitting on your window ledge next to the open window, blowing smoke out of it. Not that you particularly care right now if your Dad catches you, anyway. The guy has no authority to discipline you about right and wrong when he’s doing what he’s doing. The secret alcohol you’d had stashed away in your bottom drawer is just an empty bottle now, and as you look out of the window and down into the garden, watching the lights start to brighten up the dark space, you start to realise you’re seeing fewer and fewer people. You flick the end of your cigarette down into the garden and sigh, pushing yourself off the ledge. Making your way over to your bedroom door you open it slowly, creeping across the landing to the top of the stairs. You can’t hear music anymore, and you can’t hear a buzz from any guests, either.

Taking a deep breath, you bravely start to descend the stairs, and find the living room is now empty, and the only noise is coming from the terrace. The french doors are wide open, and when you glance across the room through them, you can make out your father and Jensen sitting together at the table, beers in hand.

“I don’t know, man, I feel like I’m losing control,” Jared sighs. “It’s always been tough, I mean, we had her so young, but since Cait left...” he stops, shaking his head, picking at the label on his bottle. “I know she’s struggling, but I just don’t know how to help her anymore.”

“You’re too easy on her, dude,” Jensen tells him. “I know she’s been through a lot, but you have too. She needs a parent right now, but it’s like you’re just trying to be a friend.”

“I just can’t... I can’t do that tough love shit, I feel like it’ll push her away, and I can’t lose her too.”

“Jar, listen to me, I know I don’t have any kids of my own, but I do know a lot about teenagers,” Jensen reminds him, sitting forward. “She’ll thank you for it in the long run.”

You can’t help but wonder if Jensen would be so supportive of his best friend if he knew what you know about Jared and Clarissa. The very reminder only makes you angry.

“I’ve got an idea.” Your attention is taken away from your father and his betrayal, and it’s drawn to Jensen. “Send her to my school.”

Jared sighs heavily and shakes his head. “Dude, ever since you became Principal I’ve tried to get Y/N to agree to go,” he confesses. “You know what she’s like, she’s got friends at her school, she doesn’t wanna move away.”

“Jared, she failed her senior year, she hasn’t graduated high school like the rest of her friends. They’re all moving on, going away to college, and Y/N is gonna be stuck here, going back to that school, where everyone is gonna know she’s been held back.”

“Maybe so,” Jared agrees, “but c’mon, I take my eyes off her for five minutes and she’s fucking my friends, do you really think her moving across state to some boarding school is a good idea?”

“Yes,” Jensen replies simply. “We have girls like Y/N come to us all the time. We have one of the highest grade averages in the state, we have a good disciplinary protocol—”

“Fuck me, you really are a principal,” Jared scoffs, making Jensen laugh.

“Think about it, Jar, it’s a good idea. Y/N is a smart girl, she could pass high school a straight A student if she put her mind to it. And she won’t be completely alone, I live on the grounds, I can keep an eye on her. Hell, I’ll personally take on all responsibility for her discipline and grades, make sure she benefits from it. And the best part... there’s no boys there to distract her...”

Jared laughs, nodding, “that is definitely a bonus.”

You turn away, reaching for a bottle of wine on the counter as you pass by before returning to your room. How could your father sit there and talk to Jensen about sending you away like that? Just the thought of him shipping you off to straighten you out, like it’s some kind of concentration camp? You take a swig of the wine, not really liking the taste, and start to pace your bedroom

floor. But you can't help but realise that Jensen *is* right about some things. Returning to school where everyone knows you didn't graduate is going to be humiliating. A lot of the kids from your year that also flunked did summer school, but you'd blown that off for parties and boys. You didn't *want* to go back to school, but you did want to go to college and escape this shitty place, and you could do that sooner if you went to Jensen's stupid boarding school.

There's a soft knock on your door and your grip on your bottle of wine tightens, almost defensively, as you half expect your father to walk in and yank it from your grasp.

"Hey, Y/N?" Jensen's voice seeps through the wood and you take a breath, walking over to the door and opening it slowly. "Hey," he smiles as soon as you reveal him. "Can I come in?"

You step to one side and let him in, closing the door behind him. Jensen glances around your bedroom.

"What do you want?" you ask, downing more wine.

"Are you sure you should be drinking that?" he asks, raising an eyebrow. You instantly jump to the defensive, taking another swig as if to make a point.

"You're not my father," you remind him. Jensen doesn't argue with that, and he digs his hands into his pockets and continues looking around your room. "What do you want?" you ask again.

"How would you feel about maybe going to—"

"No," you reply shortly. While you'd come to the conclusion that going to Jensen's stupid boarding school could be fun, the idea of agreeing to what your father wants is worse. "I heard you and Dad talking."

"Then you heard why I think it could be good for you."

You purse your lips defiantly, crossing your arms over your chest. "I'm not going to some stupid lesbian boarding school."

Jensen frowns slightly and then laughs. "It's not a lesbian boarding school," he insists.

"It's an all girls school, everyone knows that everyone's lesbian at those."

Jensen laughs again, shaking his head. "It's no different to a regular school."

"It sounds boring," you retort.

"Well, I hate to break it to you, sweetheart, but school's not exactly meant to be fun."

You stay quiet, swigging some more wine before putting it down on the side.

"I don't want to go," you repeat, walking over to the window.

"You don't think that time away from your father might do you both some good?" he asks curiously.

Your eyes glance towards the summer house and you remember your father inside with Clarissa and feel anger flood your veins again. You don't even want to look at either of them. You know Jensen's right, going away would be good for you, but you still don't give in.

"Has time away from Clarissa done you both some good?" you accuse. Jensen seems taken aback by your question, and then clears his throat.

"We're not talking about my marriage right now."

"We should be," you can't help but mumble.

"Why's that?"

You ignore the question, as much as you want to hurt your father and tell Jensen everything you saw, you can't bring yourself to hurt Jensen in the process. You might've lost touch with him over the years he's been living across state for work, but you're still fond of him, and it's not his fault his wife is a slut and sleeping with his best friend. Clarissa had stayed here when Jensen moved, coming over to help out whenever she could. You'd never really liked her being around so much, even before you learned the truth about her and your father. She and Jensen didn't ever have children of their own, and it always felt like she was trying to replace your mom and turn you into the daughter she never had.

Now you're even more annoyed at her, because she really *is* trying to replace your Mom.

"If I go to your stupid school," you ask, changing the subject. "Are there *at least* hot teachers?"

"Well, I'm there," Jensen attempts to joke and you can't help but giggle, shaking your head.

"That's gross, *Uncle* Jensen," you retort playfully.

Jensen laughs, licking his lips and shrugging. "I think it's time you focused on something other than boys, yeah?"

You sigh heavily, not agreeing with him, but willing to accept defeat for now.

"Fine, I'll go," you relent. "But if I turn into a lesbian, Grandma and Grandpa might kill you."

Jensen laughs heartily, nodding his head in agreement. "Yeah, I think they would." He looks around your room again and then clears his throat. "Oh by the way... that smell..." he arches his eyebrows, and you feel your cheeks heat up at the mention of the smoke that's still lingering in the air. "None of that at my school, we take discipline seriously."

"Ooh, kinky," you can't help but joke, the wine helping to loosen your tongue a little. Jensen shakes his head, clearly trying not to laugh. "I have kinda missed you," you find yourself confessing.

"Well maybe if you came to some of the family gatherings and didn't lock yourself in your room or go to house parties, you might've spent some time with your favourite uncle," Jensen teases.

You roll your eyes, shaking your head. "You're not my favourite uncle," you lie, smirking.

Jensen feigns insult, and then smiles, pulling you into him. "Missed you too."

He hugs you, kissing the top of your head and you smile slightly against his chest. You want to tell him, you want to make him realise what his wife is doing behind his back. Jensen doesn't deserve that. He's always been there for you and your father, and you just don't understand how Jared could even do something like that to someone who's done so much for him.

The thought only makes you hug Jensen tighter.

"Hey, everything okay?" Jensen checks, hugging back.

"You have no idea," you whisper, tipping your head back to look at his face.

"About what? Talk to me. You know you can tell me anything, right, baby girl?"

But you can't tell him, because you'll break his heart, and what do you even achieve from that? Sure, your father and Clarissa will hurt too, but then you'll probably lose Jensen, and you'll be stuck with them. You reach up and grip the back of Jensen's neck, taking in all his features. He's not changed much in the few years you've lost touch, except there's little strands of grey in his stubble, and the creases around his eyes are a little deeper. His freckles are more prominent from the warm summer you're having, too. He is pretty attractive, even though you know you're not meant to really think that about him. You bite your bottom lip briefly and then find yourself rolling up onto your tiptoes, leaning closer and pressing your lips to his.

They're soft and warm, and you'd never really thought about kissing Jensen or what it might be like before, but it feels like you briefly imagined it would. It's over barely a second later, because Jensen is pulling back, stepping away from you completely, and as you look at him, you realise what you've done. And it's not that you're opposed to sleeping with an older guy, or your father's friends – fuck knows you're not – but none of them have been *Jensen*.

“Oh fuck,” you gasp, reahcing up to hold your hand over your mouth.

“That’s not... Y/N, why would you...” Jensen goes speechless. Your drunk mind is sobering up a little now, and you’re feeling a little less vulnerable, your walls starting to build up high once more.

“Oh get over it, it was only a kiss,” you scoff, shrugging it off like it wasn’t a big deal. It doesn’t *have to be* a big deal, right? Right. But Jensen is still speechless. “I’m sorry, okay? I’m drunk and you were talking about all that sappy shit... just get out.”

Jensen opens his mouth, but then shuts it again, and he obliges as you watch him go. Fuck, you hope you haven’t crossed a line with Jensen that you can’t take back.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Three

Chapter Tags: angst, mentions of cheating, mentions of abandonment, hints of fertility issues, teasing

Chapter WC: 2215

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Six Weeks Later

Today couldn’t have come soon enough as you finish zipping up your final case, looking around your room that’s now a little more bare. You walk over to the photo of you and your parents on your tenth birthday, picking it up and staring at it for a long moment, smiling softly to yourself. You’re beaming at the camera, holding your birthday cake proudly in your hands, your father on your left side, also smiling wide, and your mother on the right. She’s smiling, but it’s only been in the last few years that you’ve noticed that her smile never reached her eyes, and as you stare at them, you realise how *empty* they look. Is that why she left? Was she that unhappy here with you? You place the photo back down and sigh. You can’t help but wonder how long your dad has been sneaking around with Clarissa. What if they’ve been doing it for years and your Mom found out and left?

There's a knock at the door and you see your father poke his head around it. You're quick to move away from the photo, and head back over to your suitcase, playing with the zip to keep yourself busy.

"Hey, so Uncle Jensen is here," he tells you softly.

"Kay," you reply quietly, not wanting to look at him.

"Can we not do this today, sweetheart? I'm not gonna see you until Christmas."

Good, you find yourself thinking. Trying to avoid your father and Clarissa for the last six weeks had been difficult, but you'd managed it. You'd spent your time with your friends. There had been a lot of parties to go to as people had one last hurrah before leaving for college. You were vague about your plans, because you didn't want people to know you were going to some fancy all girls school just to retake senior year. Luckily, most of your friends have never cared enough to ask you too many questions, and you're fairly sure you'll lose touch with most, if not all of them, after a few months. Your friends had changed when you started to, and you'd drifted apart from the friends you had through middle school, finding new friends in high school that shared your enthusiasm for boys and partying, only they knew when to stop, and you know that that's never really been your forte.

"Can I ask you something, Dad?" you speak up, moving to sit yourself down beside the case.

"Sure," Jared agrees. He steps up to the case and puts it down on the floor, giving him the space to sit beside you.

You stiffen a little at his close proximity, and shift yourself over slightly, looking down at your skirt. "Are you the reason Mom left?"

Jared stammers on a reply for a moment, and you finally look at him. "I mean... probably, but... you know that I don't know for sure," he explains.

"Do you think she found out about you and Clarissa?" you ask abrasively.

Jared sighs and clears his throat. "Sweetheart, me and your Aunt Clarissa..."

"Did she know?" you ask again.

Jared reaches up and pinches the bridge of his nose. "No, because there was nothing going on between me and your Aunt, and there still isn't."

You scoff, shaking your head, "of course not. That's why I saw you two so close in the summer house? That's why you begged me not to tell Uncle Jensen, right?"

“Baby girl, it’s—”

“Complicated, right,” you finish for him. “Doesn’t seem that complicated to me.”

“I know you’re not going to believe me, but it’s the truth, and there’s things you don’t know—”

“Like what, Dad?” you press, “What don’t I know? Just tell me.”

The idea that you don’t have the full story has haunted you for weeks. Does Jared know something about your mother’s disappearance that he’s not telling you about? What could he possibly know that you don’t that would make what he’s doing okay?

“It’s not that simple, it’s not my place.”

“It sure seems like your place, Clarissa has made all of our business her place, like she’s trying to replace Mom or something, is that what you want? Do you want her to replace Mom?” You stand up, getting angry.

“Clarissa is family,” your father reminds you.

“So is Jensen, and what you’re doing isn’t how you treat *family*.” Jared purses his lips, and you grab your case. “I don’t even want to look at you. No wonder Mom left you.”

You tug your case hard, dragging it out of your bedroom and towards the stairs.

“Y/N, wait,” Jared calls after you.

You regret what you’ve said, he’s still your father after all, and you know he’s hurting too, but you can’t back down now. You stop at the top of the stairs, unable to get your case down because of the weight, anyway, and let your Dad catch up with you.

“Let’s not let that be our goodbye.” You lick your lips, fresh tears in your eyes and look away, feeling him pull you into him and hold you tightly. “You’re the most important person in my life. There’s nothing I love more than you, you know that, right?”

You hug back, relenting ever so slightly, and Jared kisses the top of your head. “Time apart will be good,” you sniffle against his chest.

“Yeah, I think you’re right,” he agrees, stroking your hair softly. “But if you need me, I’ll be there in a heartbeat, okay?” You nod.

“Uncle Jensen will look after me,” you remind him.

“Yeah, I know.”

"I won't tell him, but you need to. He deserves to know." Jared sighs heavily, and then kisses your head again.

"I know, baby girl."

You close your eyes and hug him harder, and while you're still angry, and you're still upset, and not all is forgiven yet, you're sure that's gonna take a long time, so you at least pretend for a moment that it is.

Jensen is leaning against the hood of his car when you and Jared get your cases outside, and you can barely look him in the eye as he helps your father load the trunk with your things. Understandably, you've been avoiding each other since you tried to kiss him, so a three hour drive with him alone is going to be interesting to say the least. You're going to be arriving a week earlier than school starts, due to Jensen needing to put in prep work for the school reopening, but you figured it was a good opportunity for you to unpack and settle into your room, get out and explore the area before the boring part starts.

Plus, according to Jensen, you need to buy a uniform. What kind of school has a uniform anymore? You crinkle your nose at the very thought. You'd requested a single room, but Jared had been the one to break the news to you that your wish hadn't been granted. Your roommate's name is apparently Holly, and the worst part is she's the teacher's pet that *monitors* the rest of her classmates and their dorms when teachers aren't around. That means no smoking on the window ledge, and no sneaking boys or alcohol into the room. You never have shied away from a challenge, though.

You reluctantly give your Dad one last hug goodbye, your walls well and truly rebuilding themselves since your moment of weakness at the top of the stairs, and you head towards the passenger side of Jensen's SUV.

"Look after her, please?" Jared asks Jensen as they approach each other for a hug.

"Of course, man," Jensen smiles, slapping Jared's back.

You slump into the car and slam your door shut, angry that Jared could act so *normal* around Jensen like that. You quickly realise that Clarissa isn't here, which is strange. She's almost always around, she might as well live with you. You would've assumed she'd come to see her husband off, considering she won't be seeing him for the next sixteen weeks, but maybe her guilty conscience is finally catching up with her.

As the men part, Jensen approaches the car and climbs in.

“Where’s Clarissa?” you can’t help but probe.

“I said goodbye to her at home,” Jensen replies simply, starting the car.

You purse your lips, watching as your Dad stands by the door and starts to wave you off. Jensen turns the car around on the drive, and you glance back at your Dad as he watches you leave. Time apart from him is definitely a good idea, and as you drive out of the gates, you sigh a breath of relief to be leaving.

The first hour of the car journey is painfully quiet, and Jensen attempts to drown out the awkward silence with music. He insists on playing his older stuff, and thanks to your Dad’s taste in music constantly being rammed down your throat your whole life, you find yourself tapping your foot and mouthing along to the lyrics occasionally when you know Jensen isn’t looking.

“Are you hungry?” Jensen asks, “there’s a diner about two miles from here, we can stop if you want.”

“Sure,” you agree, looking out the window.

Jensen pulls into the diner once you get there, and the two of you walk inside and get seated at a booth. It’s a little awkward sitting opposite Jensen like this, forced to look at him, so you focus on your menu until the waitress returns to take your order.

“And for you, Dad?” she asks, turning to Jensen once she’s taken your order. Jensen seems a little thrown off for a second, and then makes his order and the woman slips away, blissfully ignorant to her mess up.

“You okay there, *Dad*?” you tease, smirking at him. “Oh sorry, do you prefer *Daddy*?”

“Okay, that’s enough,” Jensen warns. “I’m too young to be your Dad.”

“You’re not too young to be my *Daddy*,” you continue to taunt.

“I said that’s enough,” he warns, and although his tone is firm, he’s still got a small smirk on his face. You giggle and sit back in your place.

“Anyway, you’re four years older than my *actual* father,” you remind him.

“So? I’m still too young,” he insists. “Your Dad was only two years older than you when he got your Mom pregnant, that’s too young.”

“Wow, now you sound like Grandma,” you tease. “I don’t think it’s too young, maybe I should get pregnant.” You shrug nonchalantly and play with your knife and fork, waiting a moment before looking up at Jensen’s face.

“I think I speak for both me and your father when I say, we’ll kill him, and then you.”

You laugh at his reaction. “I’m joking. You and Clarissa had the right idea. I don’t think I want kids.” You frown slightly, “did you and Clarissa... want kids?”

It’s Jensen’s turn to play with his knife and fork as he sighs heavily. “Yeah, at one point.” He sits up straighter, grabbing his mug of coffee. “But everything happens for a reason, and I don’t think we were meant to be parents.”

He takes a swig of his coffee. You can’t deny that them not having children does make what Clarissa and your father are doing easier – less messy – at least for Jensen.

“We tried for a while, and then your Mom...” Jensen trails off, glancing guiltily at you. He clears his throat. “Anyway, with Clarissa helping you guys out, and then me getting this job... it just wasn’t meant to be.”

Jensen doesn’t say any more on the matter, and you want to ask so many more questions, like why Jensen even decided to take the job in the first place, why Clarissa didn’t move with him, if he has any idea what she’s doing with your father, but then food arrives, and it forces the conversation to an end.

It’s quiet as you both eat, and eventually you take a gulp of soda to wash down your food and clear your throat.

“I’m sorry I tried to kiss you,” you blurt out.

“Let’s just not talk about it,” Jensen offers.

“I just don’t want it to be awkward between us,” you admit, feeling your cheeks heat up.

“It won’t be if we pretend it never happened.” You nod, knowing he’s right. You drop it, and take a deep breath.

“Okay, well, thanks for dinner, *Daddy*, you can get the bill,” you smirk, pushing out of the booth, watching Jensen roll his eyes to himself.

You leave the diner and rummage in your purse for your cigarettes, lighting one and inhaling deeply. Jensen steps out after a few moments, and he instantly frowns disapprovingly at what you’re doing.

“I said you weren’t allowed to do that.”

“We’re not at school, you’re not my Principal yet,” you remind him. “Besides, I’m eighteen, I can do what I want.” You smile sarcastically at him and take another drag.

“You know your father hates you smoking.”

“I don’t see him around here,” you shrug. “And I know I called you Daddy in there, but you’re not him, either.”

“No, but I am responsible for you while you’re away, so put the cigarette out so we can hit the road.”

Jensen walks away, heading to his truck and you roll your eyes, throwing the remainder of your smoke onto the floor.

“Yes, Daddy,” you mock, following on behind him.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Four

Chapter Tags: angst, teasing, flirting, seduction, underage drinking, playing innocent,

Chapter WC: 2007

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

The school seems nice enough, but it’s also fairly *stuck up*. Everything is pristine and perfect, and all the photos you’ve seen lining the hallways of various teams show girls in perfect uniforms. There are trophy cases *everywhere*, with awards from all manner of different championships from basketball to Mathletes. It’s very prestigious, and you can’t help but feel completely out of place. There happens to be a wall in reception full of photos of all the staff, and you eagerly scan it for any hint of some attractive teachers. Jensen is the most attractive out of all of them, even if he is your uncle, but some of the other male teachers aren’t *too bad*. You’ll take what you can get if there aren’t any boys here.

“There you are, did you get lost at all?” Jensen asks, rounding the corner to find you.

“Not really, pretty straight forward,” you smile slightly. “This place is far too fancy for me.”

Jensen looks around and shrugs. “It’s a good school, I’m lucky to work here.”

“So what, are all the girls here like major geeks?” you ask, pointing to one of the many trophy cabinets.

Jensen glances back over his shoulder and chuckles.

“You don’t have to be a geek to want to do well, Y/N,” Jensen tells you. “A lot of the girls here want to move on and go to a good college and get good careers. And we encourage them to do the things that inspire them. For some girls, that’s sports and for others it’s math and science, or drama.” You roll your eyes, it all sounds so *boring*. “What about you? What are you good at?”

You stare at Jensen for a long moment, genuinely considering his question.

“Fucking,” you shrug, crossing your arms over your chest.

Jensen doesn’t look impressed. “Those inappropriate comments are gonna stop,” he informs you.

“What? You asked what I’m good at.”

“And you said having sex,” Jensen reminds you, like he’s waiting for you to see the issue.

“Because I am. Never had any complaints,” you smirk. “Maybe I should be a pornstar.”

“Okay, what did you want to be when you were younger?” Jensen tries again, ignoring your comment.

You’re not sure why he’s being so damn insistent, but it’s a little irritating. Why does he have to care so much? You huff, and look down to your feet.

“I don’t know, a writer?”

“A writer, so like books and things?” Jensen asks, like he’s genuinely excited you’ve given him a real answer.

“Yeah, I guess,” you reply, unenthusiastically.

“Great. We have creative writing groups you can join, and your English teacher is one of the best in the state.”

“Cool,” you mumble, not really sure you want to join a group and do *more* work. “I did cheerleading in my old school,” you add, remembering the tiny uniforms you got to wear.

“We have a squad here too, I’ll find out when try-outs are if you want?”

“Sure,” you sigh, knowing you’re not actually good enough to get in through talent.

You only got on the last team because you were friends with the head cheerleader, and had slept with half the football team. You can’t exactly do that in this school. You turn back to the wall.

“Hey, Mr Baxter is cute, is he one of my teachers?” Jensen sighs heavily behind you, and you smirk to yourself.

“Y/N, this is only going to work if you meet me halfway here. You’re here for one last chance. Not many people get to redo their senior year, especially not in a school like this. Don’t waste it.”

The only reason you came to this stupid school was for the excuse to live away from home for a bit, have some space from your father. You figured it was as close as you were getting to experiencing college life like all your other friends are starting to do. You can’t exactly tell Jensen that graduating isn’t your motive for being here, though, or he’ll kick you out. And you suppose you do want a chance at graduating, if only to get everyone off your back. Maybe Jensen’s right, you should make the most of this opportunity.

“Yeah, you’re right,” you agree, hating saying the words. “I’ll try.”

Jensen smiles wide. “That’s all I wanted to hear. Right, should we go get your uniform?”

“Are you serious? That’s disgusting,” you tell him, crinkling your nose.

Jensen continues to hold the skirt in front of him. Navy with mustard tartan stripes. The length looks like two of your normal skirts put together, and you can’t remove the look of horror from your face.

“This is the uniform,” Jensen informs you. “This with a white shirt, mustard tie, and black shoes.”

“Black? Oh my god... is it too late to go home?”

Jensen laughs softly, “It’s not that bad.”

“Jensen, it’s literally the most disgusting thing I’ve ever seen. You’re the principal, can’t you like... do something about that? This is basically child abuse.”

Jensen pushes the skirt against you. “Try it on.”

You reluctantly oblige, and after a little tweaking, you’re able to make the uniform look *okay*. You step out of the changing rooms to show him, and instantly he frowns.

“How is your skirt so short?” he asks.

“Because I rolled the waistband over and basically pulled it up to under my fucking boobs. It wasn’t even showing my knees.”

“That’s the way it’s supposed to be,” he huffs.

“Gross, this isn’t the nineteen hundreds, knees aren’t slutty.”

“Well that’s too short,” Jensen tells you adamantly. “And why do you have so many buttons on your shirt undone?”

“Are you slut shaming me?”

“When did I call you a slut? I’m just telling you that the way you’re wearing that uniform isn’t appropriate.”

“Why are you even looking at my chest, anyway?”

“I’m not—”

“Obviously you were. Why would you think this is inappropriate? Bit weird of you to notice, isn’t it?”

Jensen’s cheeks instantly darken and he clears his throat.

“Alright, let’s get out of here,” he grumbles, turning around.

You smirk triumphantly, and head back into the changing rooms.

You’d been pleasantly surprised with your dorm room when you first dropped your bags off. It’s fairly large, two queen sized beds either end of the room with dressers and desks between the two of them. There’s an ensuite bathroom, too, with everything you could need inside. You can

only imagine that parents pay a lot of money to send their kids somewhere like this, and then you wonder if your father is paying for your stay, or if Jensen has given you a free ride. Your father's more than good for it. You've never really understood the investment stuff he does, but it's always given you the best of everything, with a large home and plenty of family vacations.

Your mind drifts to your mother, and if she still lives the same type of comfortable life, or if she struggles to get by wherever she is. She didn't work when you were younger, mainly because your father made enough to support the whole family, but once you gotten a little older she started working as a PA for some big hot shot company. From then on she was barely home. Work kept her busy and absent. You lost your Mom well before she walked out. At least it always felt that way.

You'd never had any real career ambitions. When you were younger you thought about being a teacher like Jensen and Clarissa. Sometimes during summer break, Clarissa would take you into the high school she worked in, and would show you around. When you were only in middle school, everything seemed so big and scary, but you also couldn't wait to be old enough to go. Clarissa worked in a different high school to the one you attended, which you became grateful for eventually, because you saw enough of her at home, and the last thing you needed was a teacher that knew your father in your school, reporting back to him on everything you were up to. You laugh slightly when you consider that Jensen will probably do that now. While you'd told him you'd try, and a part of you does want to do well this time around, the part of you that wants to piss off your father always wins.

You finish unpacking, hanging up a little black dress in your closet, and you run your fingers down the lace material, biting your bottom lip as you get an idea. Jensen's home is situated at the entrance of the school grounds, and he'd suggested you stay in his spare room until school started, so you wouldn't be alone in the dorms. But, you'd insisted you were old enough to be alone, and he'd dropped the subject. As long as you can sneak past his house without him noticing you, there's nothing stopping you from exploring the town a little more. You don't know how far up her own ass your roommate is going to be, especially if she's a dorm monitor or whatever Jensen called her, so sneaking out might get tricky once school starts. You glance at your alarm to see it's coming up to eight, and pull the dress from the hanger, deciding it's about time to make the most of your new found freedom.

Your fake ID works as good as it's done the last few nights, and you thank the barman who hands you your drink. If you push your boobs up a little and make sure your hair and makeup is done well, then sometimes you don't even need it. You sip your drink and let your eyes scan the bar, looking out for any attractive guys, and then your attention is drawn to a guy further down the bar. He looks like he's maybe late forties or early fifties, easily older than your father and

Jensen, but he's *very* attractive. Salt and pepper stubble, hazel eyes. He catches you staring, and you look away and down at your drink, twirling your hair around your finger as you wait to see if he'll approach you. Except he doesn't, even though he keeps glancing in your direction. You clear your throat, knowing exactly what you need to do, and glance around the bar and back to your drink.

You do this a couple more times before grabbing your glass and slowly heading towards him.

"Hey, this is really weird, but urm... I think that guy over there is checking me out, and I'm here alone, and I just feel a little... uncomfortable. Would you mind if I sat with you?" Your voice is sweet and delicate, and you're biting your lip '*anxiously*', hoping he falls for the damsel in distress act. You know guys like him, you know exactly what they want, and you love acting the part.

"Of course, sweetheart, take a seat," he smiles, glancing around the bar himself. You bite back the triumphant smirk as you take the stool next to him. "What're you doing in a place like this alone, little darling?" he asks.

"Well, I've just moved into the area, so I'm a little out of my depth."

His hazel eyes scan over you and you bask in the attention for a moment, playing with your bottom lip between your teeth, trying to seem *accidentally* seductive.

"Well, I'm new too, so I'm grateful for the company," he smiles, taking a swig of beer.

"Well, maybe we could figure out the area together sometime," you offer, smirking softly.

"You wanna hang out with an old man like me?" he scoffs, smirking back. You shrug a shoulder nonchalantly and giggle. "Age is only a number, right..."

"Jeff," he offers.

"Hey Jeff, I'm Y/N."

"So, what brings you here?" he asks next, turning in his stool to face you front on.

"Oh urm, thought it was time for a clean slate. What about you?"

"New job, messy divorce," he explains briefly.

You bite your bottom lip softly, reaching out to grip his arm.

“I’m sorry to hear that. I don’t know what a break up is like, but I imagine it sucks.” You stroke his arm softly, smiling sympathetically.

“It is what it is, doll,” he shrugs. You slip your hand away. “So you’ve never had a break up?” he presses.

“I’ve kinda... never had a boyfriend,” you lie, shrugging softly, feigning embarrassment. “It’s stupid really, I had this idea of finding true love in high school and it didn’t happen, and now I’m some lame twenty one year old with no idea about guys.”

“Pretty girl like you, I find that hard to believe,” he tells you skeptically.

You shrug again, taking another sip of drink. “Guess I just need someone to show me what I’ve been missing,” you purr, biting your bottom lip a little more seductively this time, feeling heat pool in your core at the way Jeff suddenly starts looking at you.

“Guess you do, baby girl.”

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Five

Chapter Tags: smut, flirting, teasing, seduction, role playing (kinda), daddy kink, “first time” vibes, handjob, blowjob, fingering, cunnilingus, p in v, marking

Chapter WC: 2244

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

“Oh shit, I think I’m a little drunk,” you giggle, putting an extra slur in your voice. You laugh even harder when Jeff catches you in his arms on your less than graceful descent from the bar stool. You grip onto his shoulders and look up at him through your lashes, letting your giggle die slowly. “I urm, shouldn’t really go home alone like this.”

“No, I don’t think you should,” Jeff agrees.

“You know, you’re pretty handsome.” You clap your hand over your mouth like you’ve confessed something you shouldn’t have, and watch Jeff’s cheeks turn a deeper shade of pink.

“And I’m also old enough to be your father, sweetheart,” he reminds you with a chuckle.

“Well, you know what they say about older men... all that experience,” you smirk, reaching up to play with the open collar of his overshirt. “And little old me hasn’t got any. I need a man like you to show me how it’s done.”

Jeff scoffs softly, looking around the bar.

“C’mon, I’ll get you a cab,” he offers, taking your hand and leading you out of the bar.

You pretend to shiver, prompting him to give you his jacket, and smile warmly at him when he wraps you in it.

“Thanks,” you whisper, reaching up on your tiptoes to kiss his cheek.

His beard scratches your lips, and the slight burn it leaves behind on your skin only turns you on. You’ve never truly understood your attraction to older men, but Jeff is really scratching that itch right now.

“You know... when I finally lose my virginity and find a guy to show me all the ropes, I hope it’s a guy like you, then I’d be a *very* lucky girl.” Jeff chuckles, looking away almost bashfully. You bite your lip, smirking as you keep your arms wrapped around his neck. “I mean... if you’re interested?” you prompt. Jeff isn’t quite like other men, usually by now they’re jumping at the chance to show you all the things you’re *missing out on*, wanting to *take care of you*. They don’t normally need this much persuasion.

“You’re pretty drunk, darlin’, I don’t think you’d be thinking these things if you were sober.”

You’re far more sober than you’re making yourself out to be, which frustrates you, because it means you’ve been playing it *too* drunk. Usually, men prefer that. You sigh softly, thinking on your feet.

“Okay, I’ve got a confession,” you admit. “There wasn’t a guy checking me out earlier, I just wanted to sit with you, because I thought you were really hot.”

Jeff’s eyebrows raise, and he smirks slightly. “Oh really?”

“Yeah, and honestly? I was kinda hoping that tonight would be the night. I mean, I shaved, I painted my nails, put a pretty dress on... and I know we’ve only just met, but I really want it to be you.”

Jeff smirks, shaking his head in disbelief as he glances around you. You wait patiently, until he finally says: “We should get a cab.”

You moan at the feeling of Jeff's beard scratching down the delicate skin of your neck, your hands reaching up to grip at his shirt and push it down over his shoulders. Jeff shrugs it off and you quickly reach for the hem of your dress, pulling it up your body and dropping it to the floor.

"You're eager for someone who hasn't done this before," he notes, smirking against your skin.

"You're really turning me on, I can't wait to feel you inside me," you pant, dragging your nails softly down his back. "Will it hurt?" you ask, prompting him to look up at you.

"No, I'll take it easy, promise, darling," he smiles.

"Okay," you nod, kissing him again. "But I think I'll be able to take it," you whisper against his lips.

You sit up completely, rolling you both over and straddling his waist, grinding yourself down into the growing bulge behind his jeans. Jeff rocks his hips up into you, making you whimper and writhe.

"I'm so wet for you, Daddy," you whine, leaning down to run your lips across his neck.

"Daddy, huh?" He chuckles, cutting himself short with a gasp.

You reach between the two of you, undoing the buttons on his jeans and pushing your hand inside.

"Fuck, Daddy, you're so big."

You only get wetter at the thought of him being inside you, but you feign nervousness anyway, jerking him softly, and not giving it your best.

"Am I doing it right?" you ask, "can you show me?"

Jeff smirks softly, gently encouraging you to sit beside him. He pushes his jeans down, letting his cock lay free on his stomach. He's long, with a decent thickness, and your mouth waters. You want to bend down and take him in your mouth, but a *virgin* wouldn't be that eager to suck cock, and that's your role tonight. Jeff guides your hand towards his length and wraps your fingers around it softly, encouraging you to move your hand up and down.

"Like this, baby," he hums.

“That feels good?” You check. Jeff nods, throwing his head back into the pillow and closing his eyes. “Can I... try using my mouth?” you ask timidly.

This prompts Jeff to look back at you, smirking. “Like I’m gonna fucking say no,” he laughs.

You smirk in response and shuffle your hips further back, lowering your face towards his body.

You look up at him through your lashes, seeing that his eyes are a little darker than before. He’s starting to lose himself in this now, the more you’re pleasing him, and soon you’ll be able to drop the innocent act and beg him to ruin you like you’ve been desperate for since you first laid eyes on him. Fuck, you’d even let this guy take your number, let him make you his late night booty call while you’re stuck in this town for school, and he hasn’t even fucked you yet. You just know he’s going to be good from the way he grips your hair – the way he’s kissed you. You smile softly as you stick your tongue out and begin to lick up his length, slowly wrapping your lips around his tip. You suckle for a moment or two, and then let go.

“Is this right?” you check, tapping his head softly against your lips as you wait for his response.

“You wouldn’t think you’re new to this, baby girl,” he gasps.

You smirk harder, sucking him down again, getting a little more confident as time goes on.

Jeff either doesn’t care that you’re showing your experience, or he must think you’re a born natural, because he’s not questioning it, tugging on your hair, bucking his hips up into the back of your throat to make you gag. If it really *had been* your first time, you probably would’ve felt overwhelmed, but you can’t help grinding your wet, neglected pussy into the mattress beneath you at the very fact he’s just so *dominant*. Jeff must notice, because he smirks as he glances at your ass and then chuckles.

“C’mere,” he grunts, pulling himself out from under you, throwing you down onto the bed.

You squeal, and he grabs your legs and spreads them, licking his lips as he stares at the wet crotch of your panties. He reaches up for them, delicately dancing his fingers along the material before hooking his fingers behind the seam and pulling them to one side.

“That’s a wet pussy, sweetheart. Is it all f’me?” He smirks as he looks up at your face.

“I told you, I’ve wanted you all night,” you hum.

Jeff lets his fingers glide through your slick, and you begin bucking your hips against his touch, desperate for more, eager to tempt him to skip the foreplay and head straight for the main event. But apparently, Jeff’s a patient guy, because he teases your cunt with his fingers for a few minutes, pressing one inside you, only to drag it out slowly and tease a second in. He fingers you meticulously, like he’s searching for every sweet spot inside you. Your legs are shaking on

either side of him, whimpers bleeding from your lips as the torture continues to get more and more gruelling.

“Please, Jeff, please fuck me,” you beg sweetly.

“Let me just have one little taste,” he hums, licking his lips and lowering his mouth to your centre.

You gasp for air, throwing your head back as his tongue glides through your folds, circling your clit and then lapping at your leaking entrance. Your fingers start to tangle in the slightly longer hair on the top of his head and you moan, biting your bottom lip as you try to ride his face.

“C’mon Daddy, fuck me,” you tempt.

Jeff sits back, licking his lips, and then leans over to open the drawer of his nightstand. He takes out a gold wrapper and tears into the packaging with his teeth, taking out the condom and starting to roll it down his length.

“So wet for you, Daddy,” you tease, reaching down to touch yourself as you wait for him, and Jeff smirks.

“Sure you’re ready? I don’t want you to be uncomfortable,” he tells you sincerely.

“I can handle it,” you reassure him, biting your bottom lip.

Jeff scoffs, but guides himself towards your entrance anyway, pressing against your opening. He takes it slow, like he’s afraid he might hurt you, but your cunt sucks him in like it was made for him, and he groans softly once he’s all the way in.

“Fuck darlin’, look at you taking me like a big girl,” he teases. “Didn’t think you’d manage me so easily.”

“Just because I haven’t fucked any real men before, doesn’t mean I haven’t had plenty of practise,” you lie, rolling your hips. “You’re about the same size as my favourite toy.”

“And how hard do you fuck this tight little pussy with that toy of yours?” He prompts, keeping himself still.

“So hard, Daddy,” you whine, “makes me cum so quick.”

Jeff throbs inside you at your words, and he shifts himself slightly, gripping the backs of your thighs before he starts to thrust. It’s soft and gentle at first, and he keeps a careful eye on your face.

“Harder Daddy, I can take it,” you promise. Jeff grunts, starting to snap his hips a little more purposefully, making you moan. “Fuck yes, Daddy, just like that, more please.”

It doesn't take Jeff long to start fucking you mercilessly. You think the fact that you're moaning and begging for more is helping him let go. Your nails are leaving red tracks down his back as he fucks you into the mattress and your pussy leaks around his cock, making the bed sheets wet beneath you. It's been a while since a guy has fucked you this well, and you're *definitely* letting him call you in a few days' time. You roll over, straddling his waist, and you start to ride him, reaching up to grope your own chest, taking what you want from him as you get closer and closer to your release. Jeff grips your hips, digging his blunt fingernails into your skin. He doesn't stay away for long, sitting up to hold your chest against his. Jeff begins biting at your neck, sucking at the skin and rolling his tongue over it.

“I'm gonna cum on your cock,” you gasp, resting your forehead on his shoulder as you feel your legs shake and you start to come undone.

Jeff holds you, moaning loudly as he thrusts his hips up and then stills.

You're both still breathing heavily as you come down from your highs, and Jeff kisses your bruised neck softly.

“Fuck, I hope you don't have some fancy job or somethin',” he chuckles gently.

“Why?” you press.

“I marked you up pretty good, sorry, doll.”

His eyes dance over your neck, making you giggle. You love marks, and you know it's going to wind Jensen up, which is already a bonus.

“It's fine, I'll just get you back,” you tell him quickly, biting into his throat.

He tries to stop you, but you suck and nibble at the skin as he laughs. You pull back, admiring the deep red bruise and smirk triumphantly.

“Fuck, my new boss is gonna hate that,” he complains.

“We're not even even,” you scoff, climbing out of his lap.

You reach down for your underwear and start to get dressed.

“You don't have to rush off, darlin',” he tells you genuinely.

"It's fine, I've gotta go, but I had a great time," you tell him, glancing over your shoulder and smiling.

"Good." He watches you dress for a moment and sighs. "You really don't have to go, I mean, I know that was your first time and if you wanna..." You bite your lip, unable to stop smirking. "What?"

"Nothing, it's just not how I imagined a guy being after a one night stand," you shrug.

"Well I'm not most guys." You pull your dress on and giggle.

"You're definitely not," you agree, leaning over to kiss him.

"At least take my number?" he asks.

You reach for your purse and pull your cell out, handing it to him. He types it in and hands it back.

"Thanks," you smile. "I mean, for everything."

You kiss him one last time and then see yourself out, for once hoping you'll see the guy again.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Six

Chapter Tags: angst, mentions of abandonment, slight inappropriate feelings

Chapter WC: 1984

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen's POV

Jensen sighs as he grabs the bottle of whiskey and pours himself another measure. The last night of summer before work starts again is always a little nerve-wracking, because you never know what a school year is going to throw at you. But this year, he's even more anxious for school to start, knowing he's going to have his work cut out for him with Y/N. He'd promised Jared he'd look after her, straighten her out and get her to graduate, and while he knows he's

achieved that before for other parents who have shipped their daughters to his school for the same attitude makeover, there's just a little more pressure with Y/N. He has a personal interest in her actually doing well. He wants her to leave school with options for her future. He wants her to be able to do whatever she wants with her life; whatever she wants besides her mission to sleep with half the male population, at least. Jensen rolls his eyes at the very thought and knocks back his shot of whiskey, licking his lips.

Caitlyn leaving had been hard on everyone, but more so on Y/N than anyone else. Jared and Cait always kept their failing marriage a secret from Y/N, and even around the rest of their family they faked it as much as possible. They were so young when they got together, and Cait was only a year older than Y/N is now when she got pregnant. Jared had tried to do the right thing by marrying her, sticking by her so they could raise their baby as a real family, but by the time Jensen came onto the scene they were already struggling to keep the smiles on their faces, and he and Jared grew close enough for Jared to come clean about how he felt they were falling out of love. Jared tried his best, fought hard to keep his family together, but it was Cait that didn't want to match those efforts.

Jared hadn't expected their marriage to last forever, but he also hadn't expected to wake up one day to find her gone; her side of the closet cleared out and no trace of her left behind – like she never even existed. Jensen remembers Jared breaking down, weeping in his arms for weeks after she left, never for his own sake, but for Y/N's. Clarissa had tried her best to pick up the pieces and be there for Y/N in the way Cait no longer was, but Y/N was fourteen and old enough to understand that her Mom left willingly; that her Mom decided to leave their family with no explanation and never come back. Of course she was going to act out after that. She's always been a bit of a wild child, getting into petty trouble and earning herself groundings, even when Cait was around. Y/N had always been interested in boys, much to Jared's dismay, so her lashing out this way really shouldn't have been a surprise to anyone.

And dare Jensen admit it, Y/N is gorgeous, so he's not surprised that guys look her way. The way she flirts and teases only keeps them around. She's been playing her father since she could talk, she knows exactly how to get what she wants out of men, so any guy she sets her eyes on hardly stands a chance. Jensen purses his lips and pours another measure as he remembers the way she'd acted at the diner on their journey here, teasing and flirting with him like he was just any other guy. Then he thinks further back to Jared's birthday party, and the way she'd kissed him. Jensen had been on just the wrong side of tipsy, making his reflexes a little too slow. If he were sober, he'd have never even let it get close to that, let alone let her lips press against his, even for the brief second they did. He can only hope that she isn't getting the wrong idea in her head. The last thing Jensen needs is to be her next target.

Jensen clears his throat and tries to shift his mind onto other things, like the final jobs he needs to make sure are done around the school before teachers and students begin arriving the next day. But his mind barely focuses before he's thinking about Y/N again, wondering if she's okay in the dorms, all by herself. He'd be naive to think she's not up to something she shouldn't be, but he can only hope that once school starts and she gets a roommate, things will settle down.

He'd purposefully put her with Holly Kimble, because she's a straight A student, last year's class president, and no doubt this year's too. She'll be a good influence on Y/N, at least, Jensen hopes so, and not that Y/N becomes a bad influence on Holly.

Jensen's cell buzzes in his pocket, and he digs in to pull it out, taking his glass into the living room to settle on the couch. It's late, but Jared had always been a night owl like Jensen.

Jared: How are things going there? Is Y/N settled?

Jensen: All good, dude, the other students start arriving tomorrow, I'm sure she'll make friends soon enough. I'll let you know how her first day goes.

Jensen looks up from his cell as a flash of light flickers through the blinds of his living room. He frowns, getting off the couch and heading to the front door, flicking the outside lights on. As he steps outside, he sees Y/N with her phone in her hand, using the flashlight to illuminate her way up the walkway towards the dorms. She's carrying her heels, stumbling a little in her tiny black dress, clearly blissfully unaware she's been caught, despite the lights now shining down on her. Jensen squares his shoulders back as he clears his throat pointedly.

"Excuse me, young lady, where have you been?"

He watches as Y/N slowly spins around to face him with a sheepish expression on her face. Her dress is so short it barely leaves anything to the imagination, and as Jensen drags his eyes up from her legs to her face, he can see her makeup is a little bit of a mess, black smudges staining under her eyes, and faint red lipstick stains on her chin.

"Oh, hey Uncle Jen," she giggles, biting her lip. "Sorry, M'jus'..." she drunkenly points aimlessly behind her, and Jensen purses his lips, getting a little irritated.

He glances down at the watch on his wrist and sighs.

"It's nearly one in the morning, where have you been?" he asks again.

Y/N bites into her smirk, clearing her throat and reaching up to play with her hair.

"Just out... wanted to have some fun before school starts and I've gotta be all serious again."

She pouts her lips dramatically, frowning like she's trying to be serious, and Jensen rolls his eyes, seeing through her act straight away.

"I know you're not that drunk, and even if you were, it wouldn't stop me from punishing you." She instantly relaxes her face a little, crossing her arms over her chest, pushing her breasts up

in her low cut dress and sighing. "Get inside," Jensen insists, and Y/N hesitates for a second, but then moves past him to step inside, and he takes a deep breath before following behind her.

"I'm sorry, okay?" she huffs, a tone of sass still in her voice. "I just went for a quiet drink, it's no big deal."

"Quiet, hm?" Jensen glares, his eyes landing on her neck as she attempts to brush her hair further forward to hide it. He clenches his jaw as he steps closer to her, reaching up to push her hair away. "This doesn't look that quiet to me."

He lets his eyes wander over the several fresh love bites adorning her throat.

"Jesus, didn't realise you were such a prude," she scoffs, stepping back, covering them over with her hair again.

"I told you this wasn't going to happen. You can't sneak out and do what you want here, there are rules, and there's a curfew."

"Relax, school hasn't started yet," Y/N replies, rolling her eyes.

Jensen scoffs, getting more and more annoyed. How hasn't Jared put her over his knee and spanked the brat out of her by now? How does he just let her get away with this?

"I can't just relax, Y/N! I promised your father I'd look after you, and if you're God knows where doing God knows what with God knows who, then how am I supposed to do that?! How old even was that guy? Hm? What if he was dangerous, what if he'd tried to hurt you and I couldn't be there to protect you?"

"He didn't do anything I didn't want him to, I'm not a child, Jensen, I can look after myself!"

"Can you?" Jensen challenges, "because from where I'm sitting you're not looking after yourself at all. You're letting random men touch you, use you like that... you don't care about your grades or your future, you don't care about your father, or anyone else for that matter. Seems to me like you care more about getting guys off than you do about yourself."

Y/N stares at him for a moment and then laughs softly, shaking her head.

"You're being dramatic, it's only sex," she insists. "If anything, you just sound jealous."

Jensen stops for a second, swallowing hard as he considers her words, but then he realises how *ridiculous* it would be if he was *jealous*. Jealous of who? Her, because she's going out and doing what she wants? No responsibilities, nobody to answer to. Or jealous of the men that she's spending time with? Either option is stupid.

“Y/N, sweetheart,” he sighs, trying to lower his tone, “I care about you. Your father cares about you... Aunt Clarissa... we all care about you.” She rolls her eyes, looking down at her feet. “We just want what’s best for you.”

“Whatever,” she mumbles. “Can I go back to my dorm now?”

“No, I think you should stay the night,” he insists.

Y/N raises her eyebrows, that cocky grin back on her lips. “Hm, seems a little hypocritical. Guess you are jealous after all.”

“That’s obviously not what I mean,” he tells her, exasperated. “I have a spare room.”

She seems to ignore him, closing the distance between them. “Sure? Because there’s still some room on my neck.”

“Top of the stairs, first left.” She rolls up onto her tiptoes, and Jensen’s whole body tenses when he feels her lips press to his cheek.

“Your loss. Night, Uncle Jensen,” she whispers, pulling away as she starts to climb the stairs.

God help him, but Jensen finds his eyes landing on the way her dress has ridden up to show even more of her ass, and the flash of her lace panties underneath, as she climbs the stairs. *Fuck*. He can’t deny that Y/N isn’t a little girl anymore. In the last two years he’s only seen her grow up in photos, hardly able to believe that she’s the same girl he met when she was five, who insisted he played princesses with her and demanded he dance with her as the prince. He’d had this job for three years now, which had kept him away from home most of the time, and Y/N growing older, wanting more independence, had meant her skipping events for the sake of her friends or boys. He barely recognises the woman she’s become, even more beautiful, and self assured, and *stubborn*. He turns sharply and heads back into the living room, finding and finishing his whiskey, and hoping to God he’ll survive this school year.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Seven

Chapter Tags: angst, teasing, mentions of age gap, mentions of handjob, bitchiness

Chapter WC: 1982

Your POV

The bed in Jensen's spare room is surprisingly comfortable, and the only reason you climb out of it is because Jensen raps on the door several times and demands that you do so. Apparently, he's punishing you for your disobedience, because he's got this stern look on his face when you finally get downstairs and he commands you to sit at the breakfast bar. He doesn't say anything as he slides cereal in front of you and then grabs his own bowl, leaning against the counter as he stands in front of you and eats.

"You know, brooding suits you, is this your principal face?" you tease, stirring the cereal around the milk in your bowl.

"Eat, we've got stuff to do before everyone starts arriving."

You bite your bottom lip, giggling softly to yourself at how moody he is. Jensen's never had to *punish* you before, and your father has done this whole 'disappointed' moping act before now, too. It looks better on Jensen, though.

"Hang on, we've got stuff to do?" you press, frowning slightly.

"You think I'm letting you out of my sight today? After the shit you pulled last night?"

You shrug nonchalantly, smirking softly. "I'm eighteen, y'know? I'm legally allowed to have sex. You telling me that you didn't have sex at my age?"

"That's not the point," Jensen argues. "You're under my supervision and I told you not to leave the school premises."

"Relax," you scoff, pushing down off your stool. "I'm a big girl, I don't need any supervision," you insist.

Jensen stops you from leaving, stepping in front of you. He glares and then reaches up, his fingers brushing along your neck as he lifts your hair. The sensation sends tingles down your spine, but his words send you crashing back to reality.

"We're going to your dorm first so you can change and cover those up before people arrive," he explains, dropping your hair and turning on his heels to head towards the front door.

You reach up to ghost your own fingers over your skin, but the sensation isn't anywhere near as electrifying as Jensen's touch. You drop your hand instantly, clearing your throat and heading towards the front door to follow him.

Jensen has you doing stupid admin things like pinning flyers to walls for extra curricular activities and try out times, but at least it's helping you to learn your way around the building a little better. Slowly, more and more staff are filtering into the school, preparing their classrooms for the year ahead, and setting up the welcome stands for the students to find their accommodation for the year. You find Jensen in his office and lean in the doorway, watching him approach his printer as it prints something out.

"So are you gonna tell people who I am or are you gonna save us both that embarrassment?" you smirk, crossing your arms over your chest.

"Now why would that be embarrassing for me?" he asks, picking up the sheet off the printer.

"Have you met me?" you scoff.

"Yes, and you're going to turn over a new leaf, get your head down and get good grades, remember?" he presses, pursing his lips slightly.

"Right, yeah," you mumble, biting your bottom lip.

Jensen glances at you briefly and then away again.

"Why would I be an embarrassment to you?" He asks, focusing on slicing the paper he'd just printed out.

"C'mon, I don't want people knowing I know the Principal, they'll think you're giving me special treatment and I'll look like a teacher's pet."

Jensen scoffs at your comment and shakes his head, "if there's one thing you're not getting from me, it's special treatment," he informs you seriously. "I'm going to be treating you just like any other student here."

"Good," you agree, smirking slightly. "I'm looking forward to all our detentions together." Jensen opens his mouth as if to comment, and you laugh. "Relax," you tell him for the millionth time, rolling your eyes. "Anything else you want me to do? While I'm still your slave?"

Jensen laughs softly, walking over to you and handing you the thing he'd just printed out. You look down, coming face to face with familiar hazel eyes and that salt and pepper beard. Is he testing you? Seeing if you'll come clean about this? How does he even know him? You look under the photograph and see *Coach Jeff. D. Morgan - Head of Sports*.

"What's this?" you try to ask casually, already getting flashes of the night before flooding into your mind.

The marks on your neck seem to throb in response, too, and you squeeze your thighs together for a moment, remembering the way he made them burn.

"He's our new Head of Sports, I want you to replace the old photo on the staff wall."

You continue to stare at the photo, and then suddenly realise that he's very quickly about to discover that you're not actually over twenty one. Well... this is going to be interesting. You like the guy, so you don't exactly want him to lose his job for what he's done, but you also don't see any reason for Jensen to find out unless one of you says something. And why would he tell Jensen that he's fucked a student?

"Everything okay?" Jensen checks.

You force a smile and nod, leaving his office in pursuit of the staff wall. You pin up the photograph and note how handsome he looks, though he definitely looked better last night in his casual wear, as opposed to the gym clothes he's wearing in the headshot. Part of you wants to be found out, because part of you has always relished in your father knowing you're up to no good, though you've never really understood *why*.

Jensen meets you by the wall, telling you that he's going to take you to meet your new roommate, Holly. You grumble most of the way, because it's pretty embarrassing having the principal of the school show you to your room and introduce you to your peers, but Jensen insists. Holly is already unpacking when you get to your dorm, and as she turns around you notice her bright copper hair in bunches, dark freckles dusting her cheeks. Her green eyes are hidden behind thick black-rimmed glasses.

"Principal Ackles," she smiles politely, "how was your summer?"

"It was good, thank you, Holly. I hope yours was too?"

"Science camp was pretty great," she nods.

You have to stop yourself from scoffing at the fact this girl opted to go to *science camp*, and stifle your smirk when Jensen turns to look at you.

“Holly, this is Y/N, she’s going to be your roommate this year.”

“You unpacked pretty quick,” she tells you, “eager beaver, huh?”

You force a laugh for Jensen’s sake mainly, hoping if he thinks you’re getting along he might leave.

“As you’ve probably realised, Y/N is new here, and I want her to feel at home, so I’m trusting you to be her guide for the next few months, show her around and keep an eye on her.”

“Of course, Principal Ackles,” Holly agrees eagerly.

“Alright, well if you girls need anything, you know where I am,” Jensen smiles. He turns to face you. “Behave,” he whispers, before leaving you alone.

You take a deep breath and turn back to Holly, forcing a smile.

“So, how come you transferred for senior year?” Holly asks, making conversation as she returns to unpacking her things.

“Thought it would be fun to live away from home,” you shrug, making light of the situation. You don’t really want Holly to know you’re retaking the year, or that you’re here because of Jensen.

“What do you guys do for fun around here?” you ask, crashing down on your bed.

“The library is open pretty late,” Holly offers, shrugging softly as she puts clothes away.

“Oh, for porn, right?” you ask.

“No, I meant for studying,” Holly replies awkwardly. “The school internet has those safety blocks on.”

Of course. You roll your eyes to yourself and wonder if you’ll have enough data on your cell, instead.

“What else?” you press, sighing.

“There’s sports matches,” Holly offers next.

“I mean like... stuff that isn’t school,” you huff. The idea seems a little alien to Holly at first and she flounders over a reply.

“I don’t know, I go home on the weekends. This year I’ll probably spend time with my boyfriend.”

“Boyfriend,” you perk up, sitting up straighter. “Tell me about him.”

Holly instantly beams, sitting on her bed. "His name is Ben and he's almost, so he's like a year older than me, but we met this summer, and he's really sweet," she gushes.

"Yeah okay but like, what does he look like? Is he hot?"

Holly bites her lip and pulls her phone out of her pocket, turning the screen on to show you a photo of the two of them together. He's everything you expected Holly's boyfriend to look like. Glasses, slightly longer blonde hair, and he's wearing a shirt and tie in the photo, and Holly is wearing a dress. Still, he's far too young for you.

"Cute," you lie, "so, how far have you gotten?"

"Oh, urm..." Holly pockets her phone again and starts fussing with her clothes once more. "I don't think we should talk about that."

You chuckle to yourself, shaking your head. Great, so your roommate is a prude too, not that you can say you're surprised. You relax back on your bed and stare up at the ceiling, wondering if Holly is a heavy enough sleeper for you to sneak out tonight.

Holly stays up late reading, apparently, and by the time she'd turned off the light you were too tired to actually go anywhere. She was an early riser too, despite the fact it's a Sunday and there's nothing to get up for. Breakfast is served in the main hall from eight until ten on weekends, and after taking turns in the shower, Holly is eager to get down to the hall to eat.

"You're far too cheerful to be up this early," you grumble, clutching your towel to your naked body.

"When we go down to breakfast, I'll introduce you to some of the other girls."

"Great, can't wait," you mutter.

"What did you do in your old school?"

"I was a cheerleader," you tell her. You hear Holly scoff and pay her no mind. Glancing back over your shoulder you smirk slightly. "I'm assuming you don't mix with the cheerleaders."

“Actually, we don’t really work the way other schools do,” she tells you, crossing her arms over her chest.

“You don’t?” you ask, arching your eyebrow.

“I’m the head cheerleader,” she informs you.

This gets your attention as you turn around to face her. “You? Science camp girl?”

Holly shrugs, crossing her arms over her chest. “You only get on the team with good grades.” You purse your lips in frustration, but before you can reply, Holly gasps. “Holy shit, what happened to your neck?”

You reach up to touch the still tender bruises on your neck. You’d noticed they looked more red than the day before in the mirror this morning.

“Oh sweetheart, I don’t think you’d be able to handle that story,” you scoff, shaking your head. “You wouldn’t believe where I got them.”

You smirk as you remember Jeff and turn around to pick out some clothes.

“Try me,” Holly challenges.

“C’mon, you wouldn’t give me any juicy gossip on Ben but you expect me to dish the dirt on this?”

Holly bites her bottom lip and sighs. “I gave him a handjob before leaving for school,” she confesses. “But that’s all we’ve done so far. I want us to wait, you know?” she blushes.

You giggle at her innocence and nod. “I guess, if that’s your style, sure,” you agree.

“I’m assuming you don’t make your boyfriend wait for anything,” she replies, a little haughtily which makes you laugh.

“Oh honey, I haven’t had a boyfriend since I was fourteen,” you scoff. “And the guy that gave me these was older than my Dad. I think that’s all you need to know.”

You turn your back on Holly’s shocked expression, giggling to yourself. Maybe having Holly as your roommate will be fun, after all.

Chapter Eight

Chapter Tags: angst, teasing, mentions of minor coercion, guilt, teacher/student relationship suggested, smut mentioned

Chapter WC: 2302

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

You smirk as you play with the button on your shirt, debating leaving it open to reveal just a little more cleavage, or whether a flash of pink lace on your first day is actually a good idea. You notice Holly glancing your way through the mirror, and chuckle softly.

“Everything okay there, Holls?” you ask brightly.

“You’ll probably get into trouble for wearing your skirt that short,” she points out.

You turn sideways into the mirror. “Why? It’s covering my ass,” you point out.

“It’s meant to hit our knees.”

You glance at her uniform, barely seeing any skin on show. Her navy socks are pulled up to her knees, and her skirt pretty much covers the rest.

“Yeah, but that looks gross,” you tell her honestly.

You decide on doing the button up, and ignore the look of disdain on Holly’s face regardless of your attempt to meet her halfway.

“It wouldn’t hurt to show a little skin, y’know?” You tell her, heading over to your phone as it buzzes on your bed.

“For who?” she asks, scoffing. “I mean... unless you’re into girls, no offence if you are, I didn’t mean like—”

“Not girls,” you interrupt, “but I’ve seen the photos of the teachers, there’s a couple of hot ones to impress.”

Holly only looks even more mortified, which makes you laugh as you look down at your phone. Your laughter fades when you read the screen.

Dad: Good luck on your first day, sweetheart. I hope you enjoy the classes and make friends. Call me later and tell me all about it. Love you x

You roll your eyes at your screen and throw your phone back down on your bed. The last thing you want is your father reminding you he exists. You'd been trying to forget all about him and how he's no doubt shackled up with Clarissa, living some happy domestic life now you're not home. You draw in a deep breath, reaching up to undo the button again.

"C'mon, I'm hungry," you complain, heading for the door.

Jensen seems more nervous than you do. He approaches you in the dining hall at breakfast, and despite the daggers you shoot at him, he asks if you'll talk with him outside the hall. Holly had made you sit with her and her friends, and while none of them seemed like your kind of people, they are the cheerleading squad, and if you know anything about the way cliques work, cheerleaders are the clique to be in if you wanna be equal parts of loved and hated.

"Jensen, what the fuck?" you hiss quietly as soon as you're outside the hall, watching a few more girls pass to head to breakfast.

"I just wanted to check that you're okay. You've got your schedule? You know where your first class is?" he fusses.

"Honestly, you're worse than Dad," you complain, crossing your arms over your chest.

Jensen scoffs, licking his lips and looking around. "Sue me for caring about you."

"I'm fine, but I won't be if you start pulling me out of breakfast for little *chats*. People are gonna think I'm some teacher's pet or something. It's so humiliating."

"Alright, I get it, I'm sorry. I won't do it again." He laughs softly. "But you'll come to me if you need anything, won't you?"

"Yes!" You grunt frustrated, looking around to make sure people aren't noticing you just standing talking to the Principal. "People are gonna start talking, can you, like, tell me off or something, give me some bad girl credits?" you smirk.

"Well I wasn't going to say anything, but your skirt is too short," he points out. You smirk, sticking your tongue into the corner of your lips. "And there are too many buttons undone on your shirt."

“You just keep noticing that, huh? Why are you looking?”

“I’m serious, do them up.” You can’t help but notice that the stern look on his face is kinda attractive.

Even so, you don’t really want to listen to him, but you relent and do up two buttons, forcing a smile.

“Better?” you sass.

Jensen briefly glances at your chest and then clears his throat. “It’ll do.”

He turns on his heel and leaves at that, and you bite your lip watching him go as you reach up and pop the buttons open once more. He’s an idiot if he thinks it’s gonna be that easy.

At least the gym uniform is a little more your thing. The skirt is as short as you’d made your skirt, and the polo shirt might not unbutton as low as your regular shirt does, but it’s still fairly flattering on you. You’re a little anxious to see Jeff’s reaction when he finally recognises you. While you do feel guilty to be exposing your little secret about being younger than you’d told him, you know you’re at least *legal*, which has to count for something, right? Plus, what girl hasn’t fantasised about having some steamy affair with a teacher? And one as hot as Jeff who can get you off as well as he can? You can already see the steamy rendezvous in the sports hall closet, and the after school detentions that end in some *hands on discipline*. You rub your thighs together at the very thought, and realise all the girls are leaving the locker room in pursuit of the sports field. You hang back, and step out onto the field after everyone else, seeing him in his gym uniform at the front of the class. He looks even better than you remember, despite the gym clothes.

He’s let his beard grow a little since you last saw him a couple of days ago, and you wonder if that’s because of the mark you’d left behind. Yours are still red and angry, even though Holly had talked you into covering them with foundation so they were at least a little less offensive.

“Okay girls, as you’re probably aware Coach Ludley retired this summer, so you’re stuck with me now. My name is Coach Morgan, but on the field you can call me Coach Jeff. We’re going to be doing some basic fitness tests today so I can assess your abilities and get to know y’all a little better, so let’s start with some warm ups. I want three laps of the field starting now.”

The other girls slowly start to move. You keep your head down as you follow the crowd, and just as you’re about to pass him, Jeff reaches out and grabs your wrist, stopping you in your tracks.

As soon as he's gotten your attention, he drops your hand, glancing around you nervously.

"Hey," you smile timidly, a little more nervous than you'd thought you'd be at the confrontation.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he whispers out.

"Three laps of the field, apparently," you try to joke, noticing his love bite, just under the extra growth of beard, which only makes you smirk at the reminder.

"Y/N," he warns lowly.

"You remember my name," you smile.

"Of course I fuckin' do... we—" he stops himself abruptly and looks around, seeing the rest of the class are too far away to hear anything now. "Please don't fuckin' tell me you're a real student."

You swallow hard and take a deep breath. "Listen, it's not as bad as it looks." Jeff instantly clenches his jaw, turning away slightly. "I'm not really a senior... Well, I am, but this is my second time as a senior. I am legal."

"That kinda doesn't really matter right now. You're my student. Fuck..." Jeff reaches up and rubs a hand over his mouth. "I've been on this job for three hours and I've already fucked a student."

"You didn't know... and I didn't know you were gonna be my teacher," you defend.

"You were in a bar! I'm guessing that was a fake ID?"

"Yeah..." you reply guiltily, "but I mean... I am eighteen," you repeat. "It's not the worst thing, right? We can just... keep it a secret, no one has to know."

"I could lose my job over this... hell, I deserve to lose my job." Jeff suddenly stops speaking and you realise some of the faster runners are getting close again now.

"Let's talk about this later," you offer.

"No, I don't think we should spend any more time alone together. Just do your laps."

You lick your lips and sigh, silently complying as you start to jog around the field, joining the crowd as it passes you.

You keep your eye on Jeff as he paces the space, and you feel a little guilty that you've put him in such a moral dilemma. But it's not like you knew at the time either. Though, part of you wonders if you'd have still pursued him even if you did know who he was. Maybe you would have pursued him *harder*, which is the most fucked up part. When you think about it for too long,

you feel worse. You did still lie to the man, let him believe you were twenty one. You might be *legal* for the sex part, but not for the drinking part, and maybe he wouldn't have done anything with you had you been truthful about your age. Especially as he's a teacher that coaches eighteen year olds. And then you wonder how many other guys that you've lied to about your age would have slept with you if you'd have been honest. You don't want to think about it, because you don't want to think about the possible rejection. That's what you hate the most; being rejected. Being made to feel like you're not *good enough*.

"You were strangely quiet in Math," Holly notes after the second period.

You shrug your shoulders, playing with the hem of your skirt.

"It's class, you're not supposed to talk, thought a nerd like you would know that."

Holly seems to brush off the bitchiness in your tone, luckily, because you regret your words as soon as you've said them. Honestly, you haven't been able to stop thinking about Jeff and how he'd avoided even looking at you since your little chat. And not only are you feeling like you're suddenly just not good enough for him anymore, but you're also still feeling incredibly guilty.

"I've got Biology next, what about you?" Holly asks, changing the subject.

"Spanish," you reply flatly.

You glance up to see Jeff turning the corner down the end of the hall, but as soon as he notices you he turns around and heads the other way. Without thinking, you pick up the pace to follow him.

"Y/N? Your class is that way!" Holly calls after you.

You ignore her, seeing Jeff head back into his office and take a deep breath. The bell rings and the halls start to clear, so you head towards his office and knock.

"Come in," he calls out. You sheepishly open the door and peer around it. "Y/N," he splutters out. "Bell went, you should be in class." You bravely step into the office and close the door behind you. "What are you doing? We can't be alone in here together."

"Relax, you've been alone with other students in your office," you huff, rolling your eyes.

"Not students I've had sex with when I thought they were twenty one."

You bite your bottom lip nervously and nod your head. "I'm sorry, I really am. I didn't know who you were, I didn't know you'd be here. I didn't think I'd see you again."

"That doesn't matter, Y/N, you can't lie to men about your age like that, not when there's sex involved, do you know how dangerous that is? How much trouble you could get them... *yourself* in?"

"We had a good night though, right?" You ask, feebly trying to make things better. But you instantly know it's the wrong thing to have said by the look on his face. "C'mon, Jeff, we did. I bet you didn't regret it for a second, not until you saw me in Gym this morning," you insist.

"That's not the point."

You roll your eyes, feeling yourself getting annoyed that he's brushing you off like this. You've never been one of those needy girls that expects the guy to call her back, but you'd had a good time with Jeff, and it kinda stings that he's not acknowledging that now.

"I have to tell the Principal."

"What?" you shoot out. "You'll lose your job."

"I know. I don't fucking want to, but it's the right thing to do. If I keep teaching you knowing what we've done... I made a mistake and I've gotta own up to it, because that's what adults do."

"I've already apologised for lying to you, Jeff. I'm sorry, okay? I just wanted to have some fun, and we did, and it's not the end of the world. It's not like I'm some kid."

"You're my student, Y/N. You might as well be a kid."

Jeff stands up and walks around you, leaving you open mouthed as he walks out of his office. You are certainly *not* a kid, and you're going to prove that to him, remind him that he didn't seem to think so on Friday night. You're too wounded to go to Spanish, so you sulk in Jeff's office for what feels like hours, even though the end of class buzzer hasn't sounded out yet. You're admiring the baseball bat on a shelf when the school's loud speaker crackles to life.

"Y/N Padalecki, please report to the Principal's office." You sigh, staring at the black speaker in the top corner of the room. "Y/N Padalecki to Principal Ackles' office immediately, thank you."

And so it begins.

Chapter Nine

Chapter Tags: angst, mentions of cheating, mentions of inappropriate relationship, inappropriate thoughts, Teacher/student relationship

Chapter WC: 2828

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen's POV

Jensen's surprisingly nervous about Y/N's first day. He wants her to do well and like it, of course, but he is also a little apprehensive about how much she's going to act out. Already he's had to punish her for sneaking out at night to God knows where to spend time with some stranger – no doubt a man much older than her, if her track record is anything to go by. Y/N has never been shy about what she gets up to, she likes to wave it in Jared's face. While Jared can recognise it's just a big flashing *I need help* sign, Jensen's not sure that Y/N can recognise that for herself. And Jared, as hard as he tries, just can't really fix her in the way she needs. He can't bring her mother back or say anything that'll make Y/N realise that it was never her fault. They've all tried so hard to keep Y/N's memories of her Mom good ones, despite everything. Jared will probably never tell Y/N about Cait cheating on him with her boss, about the fights they had, or Jared's determination to make things work for their daughter's sake. Jensen's not even sure that Y/N knows that her mother was on antidepressants for most of her daughter's life.

He wants this school to be the place that Y/N finds herself a little, matures and decides to put herself first, for once. She puts on such a front of being selfish and bratty but deep down, looking after herself, doing what's truly best for herself is bottom of that girl's list. Jensen just needs a way to make her *want* to do better. He needs to get through to her in a way that she'll understand. But right now, all she seems to understand is that sex gets her attention – the wrong kind of attention, but attention none the less, and that's clearly what she's craving. Any time Jensen tries to give her *actual* normal attention, she just pushes him away, or calls him embarrassing. The only time she seems to *want* his attention is if she thinks she's teasing him, getting the type of attention from him she always looks for from guys.

Jensen can't resist checking in on her at breakfast, worried that she might not know where to go or which class she's got first. He's pleased to find her sitting with Holly and some of Holly's friends. While there aren't really any 'bad cliques' the way there usually are in public schools,

and no group of girls will ever be as bad as her friends from her last school, Jensen is hoping that her and Holly bond, because Holly could be a great influence on Y/N, if she lets her be. Jensen just hopes it doesn't go the opposite direction; Holly's future is too bright for Y/N to be ruining that right now. He ignores the way she silently curses him for daring to approach her and asks her to step outside the hall with him. He tells himself this isn't special treatment, that he'd do the same for other transfer students, and he has done similar for new students in the past, too. Well, maybe not personally, but he's always ensured that the vice principal looks after them. He's only doing this himself because... so it's a little special treatment, but this is the only time. That's what he promises himself, anyway.

"Jensen, what the fuck?"

Jensen remains undeterred by Y/N's annoyance, finding it a little cute that she's so embarrassed to be seen talking to him.

"I just wanted to check that you're okay. You've got your schedule? You know where your first class is?" He has a million more questions, but he decides not to bombard her with them.

"Honestly, you're worse than Dad," she sulks.

Jensen scoffs, licking his lips and looking around. He's already had a text from Jared this morning, so he wouldn't be surprised if she had too. "Sue me for caring about you."

"I'm fine, but I won't be if you start pulling me out of breakfast for little *chats*. People are gonna think I'm some teacher's pet or something. It's so humiliating."

Jensen smirks at the way her cheeks darken and laughs softly. "Alright, I get it, I'm sorry. I won't do it again. But you'll come to me if you need anything, won't you?"

"Yes!" Jensen doesn't care about the other students that are passing, even though Y/N clearly does. "People are gonna start talking, can you, like, tell me off or something, give me some bad girl credits?"

Jensen wants to roll his eyes at her sass, but he stops himself. Glancing over her uniform, remembering how she'd tried to wear it at the store, he can see she's made little effort to stick to the dress code, and it's only the first day.

"Well I wasn't going to say anything, but your skirt is too short," he points out. He ignores the way her tongue starts to stick out, almost seductively, and continues. "And there are too many buttons undone on your shirt."

"You just keep noticing that, huh? Why are you looking?"

Jensen's thoughts about Y/N's tongue vanish, and he swallows, keeping himself in *Principal* mode and not *Uncle Jensen* mode. "I'm serious, do them up."

"Better?" Jensen briefly glances at her chest, noticing an extra two buttons done up. Her cleavage is still visible but at least that pink lacy bra isn't on show now. She really has become a woman.

Jensen clears his throat and replies, "It'll do." before turning on his heel and leaving.

He heads back towards his office, seeing Michaela has come in. She smiles brightly at him as soon as she sees him.

"Morning Jensen, looking very dapper today," she compliments, "how was your summer?"

"The usual, how was yours?" he asks, digging his hands into his pockets and standing in front of her desk.

"Spent it in New York with my family, so it was good."

"Have you changed your hair?" he frowns, realising it's lighter than he remembers it being. Instinctively, she reaches up to touch it, playing with one of the soft curls.

"Oh, yeah, my goddaughter convinced me to get highlights when we went to the salon, I'm not sure about it," she blushes.

"I think it looks great, it really suits you," Jensen smiles warmly. She only blushes harder and clears her throat.

"Thanks, I guess I'll keep it."

"You should." They smile at each other for a moment and then Jensen clears his throat. "Right, let's kickstart this school year."

Jensen spends most of his morning worrying about Y/N, but he hasn't heard anything from the vice principal, Keith, and Jensen had specifically told Keith that morning to report anything to do with Y/N back to him. He resists the urge to turn up at her classes to *check in*, knowing that she won't be happy about that, and he did promise he wouldn't be overbearing. So instead, he tries to focus on actual work, playfully flirting with Michaela any time she comes in with paperwork for him. Michaela's attractive, but it's never truly been like that between them. Even if it wasn't for Clarissa, Jensen's not sure he could ever have a real relationship with someone he works so

closely with. He sees Michaela more than he sees anyone else, and if things between them ever got weird or complicated, it would be messy. Still, the playful flirting and banter is harmless enough, and it helps pass the day.

It's third period, and things seem to be going well. Jensen hasn't had any phone calls from Keith yet, and that's gotta be a good thing. Jensen loads up Y/N's schedule one more time just to check where she should be next, and tells himself that by next week, the novelty will have worn off, and he'll stop thinking about her as much. He never anticipated being this obsessed with Y/N and her wellbeing. He obviously cares about her doing well, but there's also more pressure than he anticipated to get her to do well. He promised his best friend that take care of her, and he wants to ensure he doesn't break that promise. He always knew from what Jarerd had told him that Y/N was hard work, but he'd never expected her to be *this* hard. And Jensen doesn't like where his mind wanders to when he thinks about how to punish her. It's not exactly appropriate to put a young adult over your knee to spank her, as much as Jensen's palm itches whenever she smirks at him.

The lines are blurry with Y/N. He'd never dream of disciplining another student that way, but there's a familiarity with Y/N he doesn't have with other girls. He's known her since she was five. Maybe that makes it worse, maybe that makes *him* worse. Jensen's not sure what it makes him, but he knows it's not right, and it's not something he should think about. He never used to, he'd never even considered Y/N in that way once, but the couple of years apart, the time it took for her to go from a child to a woman, have left Jensen's mind spinning, and coupled with everything else going on in his life right now, he's not sure he really knows what feelings he's got for who or why anymore. But what he *does* know is that he shouldn't think about it any longer than he already has. He should push it to the back of his mind and forget all about it.

A knock at his door pulls him out of his thoughts, thankfully, and he calls them in to see it's Jeff, his new Head of Sports.

"Jeff, hey, how are you settling in?" Jensen asks, leaning back in his chair.

"Yeah urm... this isn't good," he replies sheepishly. Jensen frowns slightly, gesturing to the empty chair on the other side of his desk. Jeff gets the hint and takes a deep breath and takes the seat before saying: "I think I need to hand in my resignation."

"What? Why? You only just got here! This school isn't that bad is it?" Jensen laughs, slightly confused.

"No, the school is great and this job opportunity is amazing but..." Jeff stops and bites his bottom lip for a second and then clears his throat. "There's really no easy way to say this, so..."

Jensen frowns, wondering what's gotten Jeff so worked up. Even in his job interview, Jeff was fun and relaxed, full of smiles and cracking jokes.

"I've slept with a student," he confesses, looking down at the desk. "Not... I didn't realise she was a student," he flusters as he goes on. But the information is still seeping into Jensen's brain.

"She urm... she was in a bar, and she had an ID for alcohol and..." Jeff swallows, and Jensen notices that just under the extra growth of his beard, Jeff's got a dark red mark on his throat, just like...

"Fuck." The understanding hits Jensen harder than he'd realised, because he practically shouts the word and Jeff stops, looking up at him with wide eyes. "No, not you..." Jensen rushes to reassure him. "I mean, it's not a great situation," he adds.

"That's probably an understatement, I've had sex with one of our students," Jeff reiterates. "I mean, she's telling me she's eighteen—"

"She is," Jensen confirms, hoping to put Jeff's mind at ease a little more.

"How do you know who I'm talking about?" he asks, frowning.

Jensen takes a deep breath and reaches up to pinch the bridge of his nose.

"Y/N Padalecki, right?" he checks, hoping to *God* that Jeff isn't talking about another student using fake ID to go to bars and meet much older men. Though, part of him, he realises, is kind of hoping it's not her. It feels like jealousy swelling in his chest, but then Jensen realises that being jealous like Y/N keeps teasing him about, is not an appropriate response to this sort of thing.

"Yeah, how did you guess?"

"She does this... this is..." Jensen stops and sighs heavily. "You're not the first, and if she gets her way, you won't be the last."

"She's caused this kind of trouble before?" Jeff pries.

"Not in school, but... I know Y/N a little more... intimately than the other girls here."

"You do?" Jeff asks skeptically.

"I know the family," Jensen explains carefully. "Listen, Jeff, you don't have to hand in your notice. You did the right thing coming to me and telling me, and I can tell that it was a genuine mistake, so this can stay between us. I'll have words with Y/N."

“Are you sure? Listen, Jensen, if you need to fire me...”

“No, it’s fine, Jeff, really,” Jensen insists.

Not only does he not want the headache of finding a new Head of Sports at the beginning of a school year, but he knows Y/N well enough to know that Jeff didn’t stand a chance against her. Jensen knows she uses fake ID to get herself into places, he knows she probably lies about her age to the men she’s sleeping with. “If she was underage then we’d have a more serious problem, but she’s not. She’s retaking her senior year here.”

“Okay,” Jeff reluctantly agrees.

“If you’d prefer me to move Y/N into a different class, maybe have her coached by Pat instead this year, I can do that.”

“No, I’ll be fine,” Jeff insists. “As long as she knows that it was something we won’t be repeating, I’ll handle myself.”

Jensen doesn’t imagine Y/N being the kind of girl to develop feelings or a crush on someone like Jeff. He was clearly a good time she’d had, and Jensen’s sure she’d have had no plans of reliving those. At least, Jensen *hopes* so. That niggle of jealousy is back, and he clears his throat to abruptly dislodge the taste of it.

“Alright, then I think that’s all we need to discuss. Thank you for telling me, Jeff.”

“Of course,” Jeff nods, smiling nervously. “And urm... if it does become an issue, please tell me.”

“Sure,” Jensen agrees, mindlessly, because he can’t see that becoming the case.

Jeff gives him one last anxious smile, and Jensen hears the phone ringing.

“I’ll leave you to it,” Jeff explains, getting up.

As he leaves, Michaela pops her head around the door.

“It’s Keith for you.” Instantly, Jensen sighs, knowing it must be about Y/N. They were doing so well, but she couldn’t even last half a day.

He picks up the phone frustrated, pressing the flashing button.

“Hey Keith,” he sighs, already exasperated.

“Hey Jensen, Y/N Padalecki? She hasn’t turned up to Spanish. It’s been half an hour now.”

“Okay, thanks Keith.” Jensen hangs up and rubs his forehead. “Michaela?” He calls, seeing her come into view. “Put out an announcement for Y/N Padalecki to come to my office immediately.”

She nods her understanding and disappears again. As his receptionist’s voice sounds out across the school, Jensen glances at his cell to see Jared’s asked for a status report. He licks his lips, and considers what’s just happened. She’s fucked her teacher *already*. Jeff’s over ten years older than both of them. The thought of her with Jeff only makes him angry, and then he thinks about *why* he’s angry, and fuck – it’s that jealousy again. Why does he keep feeling that? He thinks back over the conversation with Jeff, remembering keeping the details of who Y/N is to him vague, not wanting teachers to think he’s gonna give her special treatment, or that they have to, either.

Intimate. Why did he say that? Fuck, now Jeff probably thinks that something’s happened between them. Jeff probably thinks that Jensen’s fallen victim to her too. He hasn’t – yet. Fuck, no, not at all, and he won’t. He groans, rubbing his head as it starts to spin and opens his top drawer of his desk to retrieve some aspirin for the headache he’s sure to get real soon. He picks up his cell and replies to Jared.

Jensen: Everything’s good, dude.

“Mr. Ackles? Y/N is outside,” Michaela tells him, opening his door slightly.

Jensen nods, taking a deep breath, and as she opens his door wider he can see Y/N standing with her arms crossed over her chest, those two buttons on her blouse undone again and her skirt far too short. Fuck, this isn’t what he needs right now. Michaela smiles politely at her, gesturing at the open door way.

“Principal Ackles will see you now.”

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Ten

Chapter Tags: angst, bitchiness, bratty!reader, attention seeking, teasing, flirting, inappropriate joking, reprimanding, non-sexual spanking, physical punishment, shame, humiliation

Chapter WC: 2415

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Miss Cranley, Jensen's receptionist, tries too hard. You notice that when you see the way the woman is dressed, her hair all loosely curled, her make up all done pretty, her lipstick not even slightly smudged or faded. You can only assume she touches it up on a regular basis. You stand with your arms crossed over your chest as you observe her, smoothing down her dress and twisting a curl around her finger before heading to Jensen's door. *She likes him*. You instantly smirk, trying hard not to laugh at the very idea. You've been in enough situations where you've been trying to impress a guy to know what making an effort for male attention looks like, and this woman is screaming just that. You wonder if Jensen knows it, if he's ever picked up on the way she acts and dresses to impress him. Maybe they flirt, maybe she's even kissed him while drunk at some staff Christmas party. Not that you could ever see Jensen cheating on Clarissa. But maybe he does; this school feels like its own world, and with his wife living three hours away at home, and him spending the majority of his year here, maybe he is scratching that itch elsewhere.

You don't get the chance for your mind to wander much further than that, because she opens the door to Jensen's office.

"Principal Ackles will see you now."

You stop yourself from rolling your eyes at how formal this all is, and flash her a fake smile as you pass her, entering his office. She smiles sweetly in his direction and then closes the door, leaving you both alone.

"She dresses a little snooty for a receptionist," you comment once she's gone.

When you finally lay eyes on Jensen, he doesn't look amused. His jaw is clenched and his eyes are slightly squinted as he glares at you.

"Sorry, maybe you like it," you tease, smirking. You sit yourself down in the big arm chair opposite Jensen, but almost as soon as your ass hits the leather, Jensen speaks up.

"I didn't invite you to sit down."

You purse your lips, seeing that he's being serious, and sigh, pushing yourself back up to your feet. You immediately cross your arms over your chest again, waiting for him to start yelling at you for Jeff.

"Your classes aren't optional, Y/N," Jensen informs you. "You can't just pick and choose which ones you attend and which ones you skip."

You roll your eyes and scoff, looking down at your feet. "I had slightly more pressing matters to attend to than learning Spanish," you tell him matter of factly.

"No, you didn't. Your education should be your priority here. It's certainly mine."

"I'm sorry, okay?" you huff, wanting him to get to the Jeff part already.

"Well, saying sorry isn't good enough, so I'm giving you detention."

"Detention?" you repeat, frowning. "Dude, I skipped one class."

"I haven't decided how many detentions yet, so you might want to watch your attitude."

You draw a deep breath, getting a little irritated that he's being so *strict*. He's talking to you like he doesn't even know you.

"Uncle Jensen, c'mon," you try.

"No, it's Principal Ackles," he corrects you. Before you can open your mouth to argue he continues. "We both agreed on no special treatment. During school hours I'm your principal."

"Okay, fine, whatever. How much detention do I get?" you huff.

"One week with good behaviour, but there's room for more if you want to push me." You bite your tongue, pursing your lips again before nodding. "You'll report back to my office every lunch break once you've eaten, and every day after school finishes."

"Yes, *Sir*," you reply, saluting mockingly.

"I'm being serious, Y/N," he warns you.

"I know, I can tell."

"Well maybe you need to start taking this seriously, too." You don't reply, and Jensen sighs.

"Okay, you've got History next. I don't want another call today telling me you're not where you're supposed to be. I'll see you at lunch."

"That's it?" you press, frowning slightly. You'd been waiting for the long lecture about how you'd fucked your gym teacher, about how *irresponsible* you'd been. At the very least, you'd been expecting him to *mention it*.

"Yes, unless there's something you need to tell me?"

You wonder if this is some kind of test, like he wants you to come clean, but why the fuck would you do that if you can get away with it? Maybe Jeff hasn't told him, in which case, no one has to get into trouble here. Win win, if you think about it.

"No," you reply, shrugging nonchalantly. "Only that your receptionist has the hots for you, in case you didn't know."

"You're dismissed," Jensen sighs.

You giggle softly to yourself, shaking your head. "See you after lunch, Uncle Jensen."

You laze back in the chair, crossing your arms over your chest. Miss Cranley, whose first name you've discovered is Michaela, is wearing another tight fitting dress today, and she's been fussing with her hair in her little compact mirror, snapping it closed as soon as someone even walks past the office door, like she's waiting on the edge of her seat for Jensen. You smirk to yourself at how desperate she seems to get his attention. She should just ask him out, already. You'd give her some tips on flirting, because you quite like the idea of Jensen getting one up on his wife while she's sleeping with your Dad, but a big part of you doesn't want him to be giving some other woman his attention. You've quite enjoyed being the only thing he's been worrying about recently.

In the few weeks you've been at school now, you've been to Jensen's office practically every single day. Your week-long detention turned into three weeks, and in the three days you *didn't* have detention, today you've broken your steak and you've managed to get yourself sent to his office for *inappropriate uniform*. This entire school is just made up of prudes, and your Uncle Jensen might be the most prudish of them all.

"He's married, y'know?" you eventually say, grabbing Michaela's attention.

"Excuse me?"

"Jensen's married," you reiterate. "Unless you like the idea of being the other woman. I mean, I don't judge."

Michaela blushes violently and clears her throat, putting her compact mirror back in her bag. You scoff to yourself and shake your head, Jensen walking in at exactly the right time.

"Oh Mr... urm, Mr. Ackles, Y/N Padalecki, Mr. Carter sent her here for inappropriate uniform," she needlessly explains, a little flustered no doubt from your previous comment.

Jensen doesn't look impressed to be seeing you sitting outside his office and sighs, licking his lips.

"Give me two minutes," he grunts, heading into his office.

You purse your lips and glance across at Michaela again, who is focusing on her computer screen more intently than you've ever seen before. You almost feel sorry for her, because she clearly likes Jensen, and it's kinda cute that she's putting so much effort in to get him to notice her, but the idea of Jensen noticing any girl that isn't you just doesn't sit right. You've always craved male attention, albeit usually in the form of lust, but still, Jensen worrying about you, having to spend so much time keeping his eye on you, it's still sort of scratching that itch. And what if he starts noticing Michaela back, and just forgets all about you? No, you can't have that.

Michaela's phone rings and she answers it quietly. You already know the drill, rising to your feet as she says: "Principal Ackles will see you now." It's the same every time. You head to the door and walk in, seeing him standing at his desk.

"I can see why you're here," he tells you, unimpressed.

You glance down at your open shirt and tweak it just to cover up a little.

"I can't help that I'm a woman with breasts, Jensen," you tell him bluntly.

"Every other woman here is capable of covering up," he replies flatly.

"Yeah, try telling that to your lap dog out there." Jensen glares at you, and you roll your eyes.

"Why was Mr. Carter even looking, anyway? That's what I wanna know."

"It's hard to miss, Y/N," Jensen sighs, exasperated. "C'mon. You know the drill."

You smirk, biting your bottom lip.

"Do you want me bent over the desk, or would you rather me over your knee?" you ask, trying to keep your growing smirk at bay.

"Excuse me?" he asks, confused.

"For my spankings. Do you want me to bend over the desk or are you going to put me over your knee?"

"That's not funny," Jensen insists, still clearly very unimpressed.

"I was watching a video recently where she got sent to the Principal's office, and he spanked her, so I thought maybe you'd wanna try that for punishment," you shrug.

“Y/N, even if I wasn’t your Principal right now, given who I also am to you, it’s inappropriate to even joke about things like that.”

You relish in making Jensen squirm, especially when it comes to anything sex related. The last few weeks he’s been even more uptight about it all than usual. One single comment or remark from you about anything sexual is usually met with him shutting you down immediately. You know it’s wrong, but you kind of want to push his buttons, see if he’d ever actually take the bait. You sigh dramatically, sitting down at the desk in the back of his office, slowly crossing one leg over the other, your skirt lifting a reasonable amount to flash what’s underneath it. Jensen makes a point of looking away, clearing his throat as he starts sorting through paperwork on his desk.

“I’m assuming you’ve got homework, get it done.”

You open a book on the desk and take out a pencil, staring down at your math homework that you just don’t want to do right now.

“You know, it’s kinda hot when you’re all broody and commanding like that,” you tease. “I like a man in charge.”

“Y/N,” he warns. “Don’t make me…”

“Make you what?” you ask, genuinely curious what he might do to you.

He could kick you out of school, but you hadn’t particularly wanted to retake your senior year, anyway. And he could tell your Dad, but when has that ever truly been a threat? What could he *possibly* do? You’re having way too much fun to stop, and you’re way too curious to see just how far you can push him.

It seems that Jensen doesn’t know either, because he clenches his jaw and huffs to himself. You smirk triumphantly, chewing on the end of your pencil as you watch him come to the realisation that there’s really not much that he could threaten you with.

“You don’t want to test me today, sweetheart,” he warns, annoyance thick in his tone.

You just stare him down, sucking on the end of your pencil, waiting for him to snap. Jensen’s a fairly composed guy, so you’re not truly expecting it. The thrill of winning this stand off will still be just as satisfying as watching him lose control would’ve been.

“Stand up,” Jensen suddenly barks.

His tone is rougher, darker than you've ever heard it before. You get to your feet, mainly shocked by the way he's acting, and as soon as you do he charges over to you, pulling your desk away from the wall.

"Bend over it."

"What?" you ask, confused.

Jensen doesn't wait for you to comply, and he doesn't give you an explanation, instead he grabs your arm and forces you to bend over the desk onto your front.

"You want a spanking, I'll fucking give you a spanking," he grunts, "maybe then you'll stop being such a brat."

His words are still filtering through the confusion as you feel him lift your skirt to expose your ass and the lacy panties underneath. When you'd jokingly brought up spanking, you'd done it to get a rise out of him, you'd never thought that he'd *actually* spank you. Real spanking is for little kids, and sexy spanking shouldn't be for you and your Uncle Jensen. You think maybe he won't actually go through with it, maybe he's just trying to scare you, shock you into submitting and agreeing to behave, but the first hard smack of his hand against your ass cheek shatters that illusion pretty quickly.

"Jensen," you squeal, trying to get up. Jensen pins your front down onto the desk to stop you moving, striking you again. "That actually hurts," you tell him, feeling your cheeks heat up.

"Good, that's the fuckin' point," he growls, striking you again. "We're not doing this for fun, Y/N."

He doesn't stop, like he's taking out his frustrations on your ass, spank after spank, and your mind seems to freeze, tears almost filling your eyes but not quite. And you're not even sure if it would be from pain or upset, anyway. This isn't anything like those stupid pornos, this is real and brutal... and you think you're getting aroused. Fuck. You manage to shove yourself upwards, your skirt falling back down into place to cover your throbbing skin, and you step away from Jensen. He seems just as shocked as you are as you stare at him for a long moment.

"Go back to your dorm," he manages to whisper.

You lick your lips, bending down for your school bag and leave, fleeing out of the empty reception area and towards the dorms, noticing all the hallways are quiet and deserted now school is over for the day.

You get inside your room, just about registering Holly sitting on her bed with books open in front of her.

"Detention again?" she asks, unimpressed.

“Fuck off,” you grunt, pushing your way into the bathroom and locking the door behind you.

Your ass stings as you lean back on it, and your heart is thudding in your chest. Jensen put his hands on you... lifted your skirt and spanked you. He reprimanded you like you were some naughty child. There was meant to be nothing sexual about it, nothing perverse or exciting like the pornos make it out to seem. Yet the worst part about that? The crotch of your panties is soaked.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Tags: spanking, caning, fingering, p in v, angst, shame, guilt, inappropriate relationship, inappropriate feelings/thoughts, teasing, flirting

Chapter WC: 2975

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen's POV

“You know the drill,” Jensen tells her as soon as she steps through his office door.

She smirks ever so softly and closes it behind her, turning the lock with a soft click, and then slowly makes her way over to the desk now in the centre of his room. Y/N takes a deep breath and then slowly – *teasingly* – bends over it, reaching back to inch her skirt up her legs and over her ass. Her panties are silk today from what Jensen can see from where he's standing, and they're a delicate white colour. Her ass swallows them, big and full and round, and there are traces from her last detention left behind, which makes Jensen's cock twitch. He licks his lips slowly and then starts to take his time approaching her, letting the tension build between them.

Reaching down, he palms gently over her soft skin to begin with, warming up the muscle, getting it prepared for the pain it's about to endure. Y/N murmurs ever so softly under her breath, readjusting her position slightly as she glances back over her shoulder towards him, her cheek pressed down into the wooden desk.

“Twenty today,” he informs her.

“Yes, Principal Ackles,” she replies obediently. She’s still gripping the hem of her skirt, keeping it bunched at her waist, and Jensen gives her ass a light spank to test the waters, making her flinch slightly and grip her skirt tighter.

“One,” she counts.

“We haven’t started,” he tells her, his voice gruff. Y/N licks her lips and swallows hard, taking another deep breath.

When Jensen withdraws his hand this time, he strikes it much harder against her skin, watching it instantly start to darken from the impact. Y/N whimpers and then composes herself, once again counting to one. Jensen pulls back and delivers a second crack of skin on skin to the opposite cheek, letting it heat up to match the first. He waits for her to count two before striking her a third time. Y/N starts to squirm, rubbing her thighs together, biting her bottom lip, and the sight has Jensen’s cock swelling quicker than before.

“You know, it’s not a very good punishment if you enjoy this so much, baby girl,” he hums, letting his fingertips dance along her heated skin, towards the damp patch in the crotch of her panties.

“You enjoy it too,” she sasses back, reaching out for his leg, rubbing her hand up to the noticeable bulge behind his slacks.

Jensen steps back before she can touch it, though, tutting and shaking his head disapprovingly. “Now, sweetheart, Daddy didn’t say you could touch.”

Y/N snaps her hand away, and Jensen steps back even further, heading over to his desk to retrieve the cane. He smacks the palm of his own hand, watching Y/N flinch at the sound of the bamboo cracking against his skin and smirks, biting his bottom lip as his cock throbs in its confines. He brings the tip of the cane between her legs, using it to rub over her bundle of nerves through the silk, and watches as she desperately squirms and bucks her hips against the stick.

“Please, Daddy, please, fuck me.” Jensen reaches down for the lump in his slacks, palming over it slowly as he watches her slowly losing her mind.

“I’m not done with your punishment,” he reminds her, striking the entire width of her backside with the cane.

She screams out, but it chokes into a moan, tears filling her eyes.

“*Please*,” she sobs, “please fuck me.” Jensen grunts, using his free hand to tear her panties clean off, getting into his slacks as quickly as possible to free his aching cock.

He bends at the knee, rubbing the weeping tip of his cock through her dripping cunt, and then brings the cane to her face, forcing the bamboo between her teeth. He holds either end, forcing her to arch her back, and then in one hard thrust, he's deep inside her.

Jensen's eyes shoot open, landing on his alarm clock as it sounds out. He looks around the room to find himself in bed, alone, and his heart starts to slowly return to its normal rate as he realises it was only a dream. Fuck, he's gotta stop dreaming about Y/N like that. He rolls onto his back and stares up at the ceiling, reaching up to rub his face to try and help wake himself up. But it doesn't matter how much he rubs, the image of Y/N bent over that desk with her ass on display won't budge. What's worse, is the image isn't even of the white silky panties she'd had on in the dream, or even any of the other panties she's worn in all the other dreams he's been having. Oh no, the image he can't scrub out of his mind is the real one. The one from the time he *actually* bent her over her desk and spanked her. *Fuck*. Jensen pinches the bridge of his nose, feeling his cock is still semi hard in his boxers.

The nightmares are making him sleep restlessly, meaning he's getting more and more tired as time goes on; he's barely had a decent night's sleep in the eight weeks since that afternoon. He's still haunted by the memory of his resolve breaking so damn easily, enough to want to strike her like that. He just needed her to take him seriously, he needed her to *stop*. He'd never planned on actually making her bend over the desk, and then he'd never planned on actually hitting her – and he'd certainly never planned on feeling the way he felt about it in that moment. The first strike had been satisfying, a little dose of relief from a lot of built up frustration, and then the second strike had been satisfying too, but in a way Jensen couldn't put his finger on at first. It was the third that brought clarity. It was the third that made him realise that it was arousing him.

He let it get the better of him for a moment or two, forgetting who she is, forgetting who *he* is, forgetting everything else except the slow thrum of arousal making its way around his body. It wasn't until she pushed up and looked at him that the reality of it all kicked in, hitting him straight in the gut. For a split second he saw the little girl he met at five years old, and he felt a twist of guilt in his stomach, because he shouldn't have let it get that far and he certainly shouldn't have enjoyed it. And then he saw the woman she'd become, and hated himself for every inappropriate thought and feeling that was trying to force its way into his brain. But it was the way she looked at him that haunted him the most. Pure shock and confusion, shame, even. *He'd* made her feel that way.

Jensen clearly had a problem, and he'd made sure to distance himself from her since. The only silver lining to the entire situation was the fact that for several weeks she'd been actually keeping her head down. He'd heard no complaints about her uniform or skipping class, or even her making inappropriate comments to teachers. Her grades aren't perfect, or even close to

what Jensen knows she's capable of, but at least she hadn't been causing trouble, either. That was until about a week ago. Jensen should've known it wasn't going to last forever. First she'd skipped Math, then Jensen got a complaint from Mr. Gardener about her uniform. He's been trying to turn a blind eye, not trusting himself to spend any amount of time alone with her again. While it's not exactly *great* that she's skipping classes and wearing her uniform inappropriately, she's also not really putting herself or anyone else in danger, so it's not the end of the world that he pretends to forget to discipline her. At least, that's what he keeps telling himself. He's just lucky she hasn't told her Dad – or anyone else for that matter. It doesn't matter that Jensen knows her personally, he'd be fired in a heartbeat for spanking a student. If anything, his relation to her probably only makes it worse.

Jensen huffs as he rolls onto his side and gets up. His cock is finally starting to soften, thanks to where his mind has wandered to since his dream, and he stands up, heading into the bathroom, at least grateful that it's the final day of school before Christmas break. He's almost made it a whole semester; Y/N has almost survived a whole semester. The only thing tainting that fact is that it means now he's got to go home and pretend everything is fine and normal. And he's going to have to lie to Jared about how Y/N has been getting on. At least telling him that she's been settling in and keeping her head down the last several weeks won't be a total lie, even if he can never say why. He just prays Y/N doesn't say anything, either. She's always loved waving these things in her father's face, but she has to recognise that this is different. Jensen can only pray.

First period hasn't even begun when Michaela knocks on Jensen's door unexpectedly.

"Everything okay?" he checks, not really looking up from his laptop.

"Holly Kimble has asked to speak with you," she tells him quietly.

Jensen looks past her out into the reception area to see Holly fussing with the end of her plait, looking nervous about something. Jensen frowns, wondering what issue Holly could possibly have, and then he gets a gut feeling it's probably about Y/N. What if it's about what *he did* with Y/N?

"Send her in," he commands softly. Michaela smiles and nods in understanding.

"Principal Ackles will see you now," she tells Holly.

Jensen closes his laptop as Holly enters the office and closes the door behind her. This makes him slightly nervous, but he keeps the smile on his face.

“Holly, to what do I owe this pleasure?” He links his fingers in his lap, telling himself that her roommate is probably the last person Y/N has told about what happened.

“It’s about Y/N,” she tells him timidly. “I know that you’re like... related to her or something,” she blushes.

“What about Y/N?” Jensen presses, now more concerned for Y/N’s wellbeing than saving face. Holly chews her bottom lip, starting to play with her fingers in front of her, which makes Jensen increasingly nervous. “It’s okay, Holly, you can tell me.”

“Y/N wasn’t in our room last night. I woke up to go to the bathroom around two and she wasn’t there, but I was tired, so I didn’t really think anything of it, I just went back to bed, and then she woke me up at four this morning, getting in. She was drunk, and she started talking about this man she’d urm... spent her evening with. Now she’s passed out in bed.”

Jensen stays quiet for a long moment, realising that not only is Y/N no longer keeping her head down, but she’s even worse than she was before the spanking. As far as he’s aware, she hadn’t snuck out of the school grounds since the night she slept with Jeff. What is she thinking?

“I’m really sorry, Principal Ackles. As the head of the dorm, I should’ve notified you sooner, or at least informed someone when I noticed her missing at two.”

“It’s fine, Holly,” Jensen reassures her softly, not wanting her to panic. “You’ve done the right thing by coming to me. Thank you for letting me know.”

Holly seems a little less flustered and offers him a weak smile before nodding her head and leaving his office. Jensen stares at the closed door for a moment and wonders if it’s too early for the whiskey in his bottom drawer, courtesy of Michaela as a Christmas gift last year. It’s not even nine am, so he decides it probably is and huffs.

If Y/N is starting to sneak out in the middle of the night again, meeting older men like before, Jensen knows he can’t turn a blind eye to that. She’s putting herself in danger, and that’s something he simply cannot have. Anything could happen to her while she’s out there, and if he doesn’t know where she is, he can’t do anything to help her. Jensen would hate himself if anything bad happened to her under his supervision, and never mind himself, Jared would *kill him*. He takes a deep breath, knowing he’s gotta do something about this, and that means confronting Y/N. Spending more than two minutes alone with her; something he hasn’t done since he bent her over her desk and spanked her ass raw. This should be interesting.

Y/N finally emerges from her dorm just after lunch, and apparently she’s attended her remaining two lessons a little hungover ‘*barely wearing a uniform*’ according to Angela Meek, her biology

teacher. Jensen texts her to let her know that she needs to pack a bag and he wants her to come to his office after school. She replies with a simple *Yes sir*, which makes Jensen roll his eyes at his screen. Apparently her attitude is back in full swing, too. Jensen spends the remainder of his afternoon busying himself, tying up all the loose ends before finishing for Christmas and handing over to Keith to hold the fort while he's gone, making sure all the girls leave safely by tomorrow evening.

Not that Jensen's eager to get home, but he is eager to get on the road tonight, when traffic will be lighter before the weekend rush of everyone else travelling home for the holiday season. So his bags are packed and already in his trunk, and he's hoping Y/N won't take too long to pack a couple of things to take home with her. He's assuming she'll have most things she needs at home already. By two, he's feeling anxious about seeing Y/N again. Not only is he going to be stuck in a car with her for three hours after not really spending *any* time with her since he'd touched her so inappropriately, but he's going to have to have a conversation with her about how she chose to spend her night. And he's going to have to have that conversation without sounding jealous.

Because he's not jealous. That's ridiculous. Yes, he got aroused by spanking her, but maybe he just likes spanking. He's never really had a partner who's been into it, so he's never really explored it before. It wasn't because it was Y/N. And he might keep dreaming about her, about spanking and fucking her, but that's just his guilty conscience mocking him, wanting him to feel disgusting and perverted and even more ashamed of himself. And he's only angry that she had snuck out because she'd put herself in danger, and definitely not because the thought of her fucking some guy that isn't him makes him jealous. He's just getting his wires crossed because of those stupid nightmares.

"Hey, I'm going now," Michaela's voice breaks through his inner turmoil, and Jensen forces a smile.

"Of course, have a wonderful Christmas, Michaela," he tells her.

"Thanks," she smiles softly. She steps up to him and hands him a small box, before leaning forward and kissing his cheek gently. "Merry Christmas, Jensen," she whispers into his ear.

Jensen ashamedly relishes in the attention for a second, it's always nice to feel desired, and Michaela does that a lot, even if he never will reciprocate it. He does feel bad sometimes for that fact. Someone clears their throat behind Michaela and she pulls back abruptly, blushing hard before clearing her throat and turning and leaving, pushing past Y/N without saying a word.

"Y/N," Jensen clears his throat, looking down at the box Michaela gave him and putting it in his top drawer. "Come in."

She just stares at him with a small smirk on her face for a moment, crossing her arms over her chest. Eventually, she pushes off the doorframe and heads inside.

“I’m assuming you heard?” she asks, almost cockily.

Jensen watches as she walks over to the desk she used to frequently sit at and pulls it further into the room, much like Jensen had done *that* afternoon.

“What are you doing?” Jensen asks, swallowing hard at the very reminder of what he’d done to her on that desk.

“Preparing for my punishment.”

“Is that why you did it?” he finds himself asking. “You wanted me to punish you?”

She bites her bottom lip, turning around and leaning back on the desk, all long bare legs in her tiny skirt that Jensen’s only just noticing isn’t even the school uniform colours; it’s black.

“So what if I did?”

Jensen’s a little confused to say the least, she’d avoided him as much as he’d avoided her after what had happened, she’d even stayed out of trouble, so why is she *looking for more* now?

“That’s not going to happen again, it was a mistake,” he insists.

He doesn’t like the cocky grin that spreads over her lips as she pushes off of the desk and stalks towards him.

“I’m sure there’s more buttons I can press, Uncle Jensen, we’ll see how long it lasts.”

She reaches for his tie and straightens it, before leaving his office, and Jensen swallows hard. Now he’s just gotta survive three hours in a car with her, and something’s telling him that’s not gonna be easy.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Tags: teasing, flirting, mentions of one night stand, mentions of spanking, mentions of cheating, inappropriate thoughts/relationship

Chapter WC: 2946

Your POV

Waking up that morning isn't easy. Your makeup is a mess down your face, and your mouth is dry – your head pounding from the low sun beaming through the window.

"Fuck," you mutter to yourself, blinking your eyes open a little wider.

It's eerily quiet. Holly definitely isn't in the room, but neither does any other girl seem to be in the entire building. You can often hear them chatting or walking down the halls in the morning to head to breakfast, but you don't at the moment. You can hear faint voices coming from outside though, and when you squint at your alarm clock, you see it's almost midday.

"Fuck," you repeat, laying back heavily on the bed.

Well, at least you're definitely going to get Jensen's attention now. Just the idea makes you smirk.

You roll out of bed and decide to take a quick shower before facing anyone. Turning up almost five hours late for school after being out all night will probably be enough reason for Jensen to call you to his office, you don't need to add looking hungover and smelling of sex to the list. Your ass smarts slightly as you finally climb out of bed, and you remember back to the night before, and the broad blue eyed Canadian that you'd managed to seduce. He seemed to like it rough, which suited you just fine, it just meant your usual *innocent* approach didn't really work on him. You had soon adapted to what would, enough to convince him to take you home. The first time he spanked your ass it was more of a passing moment, but the reminder of Jensen bending you over the desk and striking you in a similar manner had you begging the guy to spank you again and again, until your skin was burning from the impact.

It had felt good – good enough to get you almost to the edge of a climax, but you couldn't help realising it didn't feel as good as when Jensen had done it. And it was only when you thought about Jensen that it made you moan and beg for more. And thinking about it, it's only been when thinking about Jensen since that day that you've been able to get yourself off at all. You'd been avoiding the truth for weeks, because you *can't* like Jensen. You don't really *like* guys. You find attractive strangers and fuck them, but you don't do feelings or boyfriends or anything more than a one night stand. Yet, for some reason, you just *keep* thinking about him. You keep thinking about his hands on your skin and the way that made you feel. After the initial shock and humiliation, it just left behind a burning desire for more.

You've wondered if it's because fucking Jensen of all people would be the ultimate payoff for what your father has done – and is doing – with Clarissa. Or maybe it's just the fact that you

can't have him, out of everyone you can have. But all it comes back to is one thing; whatever the reason, you want your Uncle Jensen in a way that you *really* shouldn't. Once you'd gotten over the shame in admitting that to yourself, you'd thought about it logically. Jensen had been the one to spank *you*, meaning maybe he's also had this inner turmoil. His marriage is clearly failing, even if he doesn't realise it, and maybe he's interested in you too, even if he doesn't realise that yet, either. And now you've got your heart set on what you want, it's going to take a lot to change your mind.

The problem has been that Jensen is avoiding you. At first that had suited you fine thanks to all the conflicting things you felt about the man and what he'd done to you, but after a while you'd started to miss the attention. After you'd stopped kidding yourself about what you want and how you el, you'd decided you needed to get Jensen's eyes back on y,u, and only you. You smirk at the text on your phone from Jensen that tells you to pack a bag as you'll be leaving for home after school. You're yet to discover if the sneaking out has gotten a rise out of him. You hadn't really thought this through, because you were going to be spending time with Jensen this evening, anyway, but at least you'll hopefully be able to observe his feelings on the matter more closely during the three hour journey. You've got no doubt Holly has told him about your absence, given you were less than quiet or graceful when you face planteon n your bed at four this morning.

Jensen's text doesn't give away anything about you being in trouble, though, so it's a waiting game throughout the remaining two lessons of the day. You wear your uniform in all the wrong ways just for good measure, even though that hasn't been working the last week or so, and neither has skipping class. Jensen's stubborn, but you're more so, and he'll realise that eventually.

You make it to the end of classes and head towards Jensen's office, excited to be spending more than two minutes alone with him. Since that day, even the times you've been in his office, he's left the door open so Michaela can see in if she wants to. All that tells you is he doesn't trust himself, and that means there are cracks starting to show. And cracks mean there's gonna be a break very soon.

When you arrive at Jensen's door, you notice him and Michaela standing very close, and she appears to be handing him something and kissing his cheek. At first, jealousy washes over you, and you wonder if maybe you've been wrong about them, maybe there is something more going on between them than just some one-sided girl crush. The thought makes you a little angry. If he's going to cheat on his wife with some slut, then he could at least make that slut *you*. If he knows about Clarissa and your father – which you've always assumed he doesn't – then getting revenge with someone like you would be better than some receptionist Clarissa's probably never even met before.

You clear your throat when it seems like Michaela isn't going to peel herself off of him, and as soon as she notices you she blushes and clears her own throat before fleeing the room. You can't help but feel amused at her efforts, especially when you realise that Jensen seems slightly on guard about the whole thing.

"Y/N," Jensen clears his throat, looking down at the box Michaela gave him and putting it in his top drawer. "Come in."

You observe him for a moment longer, before making your way inside. You need to remind him that it's *you* he should be focusing on, not some desperate receptionist that isn't anywhere near his league.

"I'm assuming you heard?" you ask, watching him closely for his knee jerk reaction.

There isn't one, though; apparently Jensen's poker face is a good one. An even better idea comes to mind as you walk over to the desk that Jensen usually makes you sit at, and you pull it away from the wall to the centre of the space in his office.

"What are you doing?" you hear Jensen ask behind you.

"Preparing for my punishment." You don't look back at his reaction this time, biting down on your smirk to try to keep it at bay.

"Is that why you did it?" You're surprised to hear him ask. "You wanted me to punish you?"

Yes. You turn around to face him, leaning your ass back on the desk, ignoring the way it smarts.

"So what if I did?" You watch his face closely. Watch how it twists into a frown for a brief second and then relaxes again, a look of guilt and shame flashing over his features.

"That's not going to happen again, it was a mistake," he insists. You aren't deterred, knowing that it'll be easy enough to get him to cave. He never would've done it in the first place if he didn't want to, deep down, and as soon as he gives in to his taboo desires the way you have, the sooner you can get everything you want from him.

"I'm sure there's more buttons I can press, Uncle Jensen, we'll see how long it lasts." You straighten his tie, relishing in the way his breathing quickens slightly at your close proximity, and then head out of his office, making your way back to your dorm to grab the small bag you'd packed for your trip home.

You've been driving for less than half an hour, but already the silence between you is killing you. You click your tongue and reach for the radio, turning it on. But only seconds later, Jensen uses the controls on his steering wheel to turn it off again.

"Dude, the silence is uncomfortable," you complain.

"Alright, then let's talk about your behaviour," Jensen replies plainly. You turn your head to look at him and smirk, crossing your arms over your chest.

"Okay," you nod, accepting the challenge.

"Y/N, you know you can't sneak out like that. The inappropriate uniform and skipping class is one thing, but leaving the school grounds in the middle of the night, when no one knows where you are, is dangerous and you could get seriously hurt, or get into trouble I can't help you out of."

You roll your eyes and look out the window again.

"At least it got your attention," you mutter quietly.

"So, you wanted my attention? You've *always* got my attention," he replies, and you purse your lips not realising he'd hear that. *Fuck*. You force a smirk to your lips and look back at him.

"Not since you spanked me. You've been avoiding me," you tell him bluntly. Jensen seems uncomfortable that you're bringing up the elephant in the room so early into the journey, and you relish in watching him squirm for a second.

"Like I said, that was a mistake, and I'm sorry that I did that."

"Don't be sorry, you helped me figure out some stuff," you tell him honestly. Jensen doesn't invite you to expand on your statement. No doubt he can hazard a good guess at what you're talking about, anyway.

Given that it's late December, the air is bitter, and you'd wrapped up in a thick winter coat before you headed off on the journey home. The heating blasting around the car and coming through the seats has done its job now, though, and you're finally getting warm. You reach for the buttons of your coat, starting to undo them as you shimmy out of it.

"Jesus, it's warm," you complain, throwing your coat into the backseat of the car. As you turn yourself back to face front, you notice Jensen's eyes on you.

"What the hell are you wearing?" he grunts. You bite your bottom lip, glancing down at the new addition to your 'uniform'.

"I tried to improve that god awful uniform your school insists on," you sass.

"Black skirts aren't the uniform, and *those* certainly aren't part of it," he tells you, briefly glancing at the offending item. You giggle, admiring the way the lace tops of your stockings have come on display thanks to your skirt riding up.

"You kept complaining I didn't wear enough clothes," you shrug, nonchalantly.

"Those aren't appropriate for school," he informs you, keeping his eyes on the road.

"I didn't wear them to school, I put them on just for you," you tease. Jensen huffs, slumping back in his chair. "If you don't like them, I'll take them off." Jensen still doesn't reply, so you kick your shoes off into the footwell and lift one leg onto the dash, slowly rolling the stocking down your leg to reveal more and more skin as you go. You notice Jensen glance across at you, the car swerving slightly as he does so. You pretend you haven't noticed and continue to remove the stocking, moving on to the next leg.

"What are you doing?" He finally asks, exasperated.

"Taking off the stockings as you seem to hate them so much," you reply simply. "Unless... you like them *too much*?" you smirk, biting your bottom lip. You just about hear him mutter *fuck* under his breath and giggle. Your legs are bare now, and you wiggle in your seat a little to try to get comfortable again. The heat had been welcoming on your sore ass to begin with, but now it's aggravating the abused skin.

"Now what are you doing?" he sighs.

"My ass is sore," you complain. Jensen opens his mouth, as if he's going to ask why, but then snaps it shut again when he uses his better judgement. You decide to tell him anyway. "You might not want to spank me, but my new *friend* was happy to oblige. Turns out I like it." The car almost comes to a stop, but Jensen keeps driving after the slightly abrupt brake.

"You know who I am to you, Y/N, this kind of teasing has to stop," he finally says.

"It's not *that* wrong," you offer, biting your bottom lip. "It could be worse. Anyway, I'm a big girl, I can decide for myself what trouble I want to get into." Jensen's jaw tightens, which only makes him look hotter, but he doesn't reply. "I'm gonna take a nap 'cause I had a long night, wake me when we get there."

You lay the seat back a little so you're more comfortable and close your eyes most of the way, only just peeking through your lashes as you watch him driving. Jensen reaches up and scrubs a hand over his face, sighing to himself and drumming his thumb on the steering wheel like he's agitated. It takes a few moments, and you think maybe he won't take the bait, but eventually you notice him glancing over at you, his eyes raking over your body. The first time he clears his

throat and looks away, once again reaching up to nervously rub his mouth, and then his eyes land on you again, and he starts bouncing his leg, readjusting himself in his seat. It's the third time that he looks the longest, glancing between your body and the road to stop you from crashing, and the *fuck* that he breathes out might be the most validating thing you've ever heard him say.

You enjoy watching Jensen stealing glances and battling with himself far too much to break the ruse of 'sleeping' until you're almost home. Even when you 'wake up' Jensen is quiet, but his eyes stay fixed on the road the rest of the journey, and it's not until you're pulling into your driveway that he even acknowledges you. You're about to climb out of the car when you feel Jensen's hand on your thigh, stopping you from moving.

"Y/N?" He calls out. You stop, moving back into your position, leaning into his touch a little more. To your dismay, Jensen slips his hand away from your leg and clears his throat. "I've been telling your Dad you're doing well, so just... don't say anything to prove I'm lying." You reach across and grip his own thigh, squeezing it and feeling him tense under your touch.

"Your secret is safe with me, Uncle Jensen." You wink and then pull back, slipping out of the car. You can see your grandparent's car parked on the drive too and sigh, unrolling the waistband of your skirt to make it a little longer and reaching to button up your shirt to a more respectable height.

"Ready for this?" Jensen huffs, also looking at the car.

"No, when are we ever ready for Grandma?" you roll your eyes. Jensen smirks, scoffing, and you realise that this is the first *normal* conversation you've had with your uncle in a while. You don't even manage to open the door before she's stepping out to greet you.

"Y/N, you're going to catch a death of cold if you stay outside dressed like that!" She scolds.

"Hey Gran," you reply unenthusiastically. Jensen smirks to himself and heads to the trunk of his car, getting out your bags. "What are you even wearing?"

"My uniform," you tell her.

"Uniform? You've graduated." You glance at Jensen for back up, and he smiles easily at her.

"Like a work uniform, she's gotta look smart, it's a prestigious school." He lies easily, giving your Gran a cocky grin that she just soaks up, like always. Your Gran has always loved Jensen.

"Well, come in both of you, you're letting all the heat out." She fusses and ushers you both inside, and you notice all the Christmas decorations adorning the place. Your father isn't anywhere to be seen yet, and the next person you're greeted by is Clarissa. Instantly you only

feel worse, dreading Christmas even more as you remember that she's going to be here for it, too.

"Hey, you two," she beams, stepping forward to kiss Jensen's cheek the way Michaela had done only a few hours before. "You're just in time for dinner. Mom, where's Dad?" she turns to your Gran.

"Probably dozing again. Y/N, go and find your Grandfather," she orders. You force a smile and nod your head in compliance, watching your Grandmother start to usher Jensen towards the dining room.

"Such a shame your sister couldn't join us again this year," she sighs to your aunt.

And so it begins, you can't help but think. This might be the most interesting one yet.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Tags: teasing, flirting, angst, mentions of abandonment, mentions of cheating, mentions of divorce, inappropriate feelings/relationship, kissing

Chapter WC: 2841

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen's POV

The couple of days before Christmas are slow and awkward. Keeping up any kind of appearance for Clarissa's parents is always tough, but this year there's just so much going on that Jensen can't keep up with himself. It's Christmas Eve, and Jensen finds himself alone with Jared, sitting in the study by the open fire with a whiskey each.

"I don't know how you still put up with them," Jensen scoffs, sipping some more whiskey. Jared laughs softly, shaking his head.

"They're Y/N's family – still your family too, dude."

“Yeah, but all the lies man, it’s not healthy,” Jensen notes.

“You know what they’re like, they’ve been like that since we met them,” Jared shrugs. “At least we only have to see them once a year.”

“Thank fuck for that, too,” Jensen laughs, holding up his glass before taking a swig.

“So how is my daughter?” Jared asks. Jensen almost chokes on his drink when he misinterprets the question to begin with. “Her grades are that bad, huh?”

Jensen laughs in overcompensation, and shakes his head. “They’re getting better, I think they’ll be better again next semester,” he blags. Jared smiles, though, meaning he’s bought the white lie.

“Good, I’m glad this is working out for her.”

Jensen nods in agreement, and then desperately searches for something to change the subject.

“Ah fuck,” he blurts out upon the realisation.

“What?”

“I haven’t gotten gifts this year. The semester was stressful, I just totally spaced.”

Jared purses his lips slightly, “well, it’s only really Clarissa you need to get one for, and I can help you out there.” He gets up, and Jensen watches as he heads over to his desk, opening a drawer and handing Jensen a velvet box similar in size and shape to the one Michaela gave him earlier that he hasn’t opened yet.

Jensen opens the box to reveal a necklace with a bird pendant on it.

“She has a necklace,” Jensen reminds Jared. Jared awkwardly bites his bottom lip, shrugging slightly, and then sighs heavily when he sits back down.

“She wants to take it off, dude,” he tells him carefully. “But she said she feels naked without something, so I thought I could replace it.” Jensen looks at Jared for a long moment and then considers his words. He pulls himself together and nods, clearing his throat.

“No... yeah, that’s a good idea. A thoughtful gift,” Jensen stumbles out. “What’s the bird about?”

“Just an inside joke,” Jared shrugs one shoulder. Jensen’s not sure how he feels about his wife having an inside joke with her brother-in-law – his best friend – but he’s not really in any place to judge about that. Not when he spent most of his car ride here the other day staring at Y/N and trying to keep control of his very inappropriate urges.

“Thanks man, you’ve saved my ass,” Jensen forces a smile, snapping the box shut. He finishes his drink and stands up. “Guess I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Night Jen,” Jared smiles warmly.

“Yeah, night, brother.”

“Thank you, Jensen,” Clarissa smiles softly, kissing his cheek, and then her eyes glance over to Jared and land on him, and he gives her a warm smile that Jensen doesn’t miss. He doesn’t say anything, though, and watches her take the necklace out of the box.

“Oh Clarissa, you can’t take that necklace off, you’ve worn it since your wedding day,” her mom fusses.

“It’s getting old, I bought it as a replacement,” Jensen insists. May lets it go, luckily, and Jensen helps her remove the chain he got her on their wedding day, and she sets it down into the box.

“Actually, I’m gonna get another drink. Jar can you help her?” Jensen prompts, clearing his throat.

“Yeah, I can do that for you,” Jared tells her softly, moving over to her to help her put the necklace on.

Jensen gets up quickly and heads towards the kitchen, finding the whiskey bottle and pouring himself a healthy measure, swallowing it in one.

“Sweet gift,” Y/N speaks up as she enters the room. Jensen glances over at her and then away again.

“Thanks,” he mumbles, pouring another drink.

“Do I get something?”

Jensen licks his lips of whiskey and clears his throat, glancing behind him briefly.

“I urm... I had a lot on my mind this year, so I only got your Aunt something, sorry.” He can feel her close behind him, closing his eyes and telling himself to ignore her and the inappropriate thoughts that are arising.

“It’s okay, you can make it up to me.”

Jensen turns around to find her practically pressed up against him, looking up at him through her lashes.

“We should go back out there,” he whispers, flustered. She bites her lip but then nods her head.

Everyone is moving into the dining room for dinner by the time Jensen’s finished his third glass of whiskey, and he sits himself next to his wife, forcing a smile in her direction when she looks at him. Y/N is opposite him, with Jared to her left. May is one head of the table, and Frank the other, just like it has been the last few years. Conversations had been a little awkward with a whole lot of lying so far. Y/N had handled the ruse about her being at Jensen’s school for a ‘work placement’ very well, talking enthusiastically about how it’s helping her decide if she wants to become a teacher or not. Her grandparents soak up every single word, and Jensen’s almost impressed by how easily she’s able to lie. They’d managed to avoid the harder subjects of conversation for the most part, but like clockwork, they’re barely finished with the main course when May can’t help herself, bringing up Y/N’s future once more.

“Don’t go making your parents’ mistake. Your mother was only a year older than you are now when she got pregnant with you. There wasn’t even a ring on her finger.” Jensen can’t help but look at Jared and see the embarrassed, guilty expression on his face as he stares down at his plate. Jensen knows that Jared will admit getting Cait pregnant so young wasn’t his finest hour, but May brings it up a lot, like she’s never forgiven him for ‘doing that’ to her youngest daughter. While May seems to *love* Jensen, she only ever seems to *tolerate* her other son-in-law. “I’m just saying, make better choices.”

“Careful, Gran, it sounds like you didn’t want me,” Y/N jokes, passive aggressively, grabbing her glass of wine and taking a gulp.

“Oh don’t be silly, of course we wanted you. We love being grandparents, it’s only a pity we didn’t have more. Such a shame you never had any brothers or sisters... or cousins.” May’s attention turns towards him and Clarissa now, and he takes a deep breath, knowing exactly what’s coming. It’s the same every year. “You know, Clarissa, you’ve got a couple of years left in you.”

“Mom,” Clarissa warns, and Jensen knows she’s as sick as he is about the conversation. It’s been the same since they got married twelve years ago.

“I’m just saying”— May is always *just saying*, Jensen’s noticed —“it’s a pity, that’s all. All my friends have multiple grandkids. You know, Mary? She’s got thirteen now.”

“You barely see your only grandchild, when would you have time for more?” Jared speaks up. Jensen tries his best to hold back the smirk at Jared’s comment, and May looks taken aback.

Before she can answer, Jared stands up, grabbing his plate and making a loud scene of gathering everyone else's too. "Who wants dessert?" he asks.

Jared doesn't wait for a reply, and he leaves the room abruptly. Jensen's about to stand up and check on him, but May speaks up again which holds him back.

"Starting to understand why Caity left," she mumbles to herself. Jensen's quick to look at Y/N to see if she heard, but Y/N is too busy swigging on more wine.

"Mom? How are Jenny and Gabe?" Clarissa asks, desperately trying to change the subject.

"Oh, you don't know? They've... you know... *divorced*." She says the word like it's dirty, which only irritates Jensen more. "You know, we think he cheated on her." Clarissa glances nervously at Jensen and then away, and he grabs his own drink, deciding Y/N has the right idea.

"Well then, it sounds like she did the right thing."

"And embarrass your poor Aunt Maggie like that? Such a shame people don't work on their marriages anymore. Jenny should've tried harder."

Jensen can tell Clarissa is getting more and more tense by the second.

"If something isn't working then you shouldn't force it," she insists.

"Marriage is for life, as you know, sweetheart. We at least still have one daughter making us proud."

Jensen places a hand on Clarissa's briefly and whispers at her to let it go, but she ignores him.

"You know what, Mom? It's comments like these that probably made Caitlyn think she had to run away in the first place." The room falls silent at the mention of Y/N's mother, and Jensen's a little grateful Jared isn't in the room. "I'm gonna help Jared."

As his wife leaves, Jensen's attention turns completely to Y/N, watching her quietly for any sign that she's upset or uncomfortable, but she's good at hiding both those feelings, as Jensen's learned over the years. She offers him a weak smile all the same. It's the same every Christmas, so maybe she's finally used to it. Cait had always been good at diffusing situations that Clarissa usually aggravated when trying to correct their mother.

"I'm not all that hungry for dessert, shall we take a walk, May?" Frank speaks up, climbing to his feet. She agrees, and Jensen knows he's not the only one relieved to see them letting themselves out into the yard through the french doors.

Jensen lets the silence grow for a moment, before looking at Y/N once more and speaking up. "Are you okay?"

"Why wouldn't I be? Bit of drama at Christmas, I feel like we're in a movie." Her smile is fake, even Jensen can tell that, and he wonders if she's drunk too much wine to keep the mask on perfectly by now. No one seems to have noticed how often she's refilled her glass except him, but he's not going to mention it. He's not her principal right now, and he also can't blame her, he definitely needs another whiskey. Jared comes back into the room and seems shocked that it's emptier than he left it. Clarissa must not have followed him into the kitchen like she'd said she was going to.

Y/N serves herself a slice of cake on a plate and gets up.

"I'm going to my room, Merry Christmas." She leaves before Jared can protest, and before Jensen can speak up, he notices Clarissa over his shoulder, nodding her head towards the door to the study.

"I'll be right back, dude," he excuses.

"Sure," Jared huffs, slumping back in his chair. Jensen claps Jared's shoulder as he passes and follows his wife into the empty study.

"Hey, what's up?" he asks, digging his hands into his pockets. Clarissa doesn't waste any time walking over to the desk and picking up a brown envelope. She sighs as she looks at it and then hands it over.

"Merry Christmas, Jensen," she tells him softly. He slowly reaches for it, frowning slightly.

"Is this—"

"Yeah," she interrupts. "I've already signed them, it's your turn." Jensen reaches into the open envelope and pulls the papers out, glancing over them.

"Are you sure?" he checks, feeling his mouth go a little dry. He's wanted this for a long time, but now it's here, it doesn't quite feel the way he thought it would.

"Yeah, it's time," she nods.

"And this has nothing to do with what your Mom said at dinner?" he checks.

"I can't just whip up papers like this in twenty minutes on Christmas Day, Jensen. I've thought about this a lot. You said to let you know when I'm ready, and I'm ready now." Jensen nods his understanding.

“Okay, great.” He forces a smile and moves closer to the desk, grabbing a pen and finding the spot he needs to sign his name. As soon as it’s signed he stands up straight again, smiling at Clarissa once more.

“That’s it,” she tells him, sighing what seems to be a breath of relief. “Congrats to us.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Jensen nods, licking his lips. She clears her throat and heads over to the drinks tray in the corner of the study, pouring them both a measure of whiskey each. She hands one to Jensen and clinks her glass against it.

“Merry Christmas, Jensen, here’s to the next chapter of our lives.”

Jensen’s *at least* tipsy by the time he gets upstairs, but he thinks he’s finally ready to go to bed. Luckily, May and Frank are sleeping in the guest house, so no one has been subject to any more of May’s sly comments since they retired there a couple of hours before. Clarissa had also decided to call it a night early, and Jared was close behind. Jensen stops outside his bedroom door when he hears voices in Jared’s room.

At first he thinks it might be the TV, but then he hears what is unmistakably Clarissa’s laugh. He listens even harder, the drone of Jared’s voice sounds out, even though Jensen can’t make out what he’s saying, and then Clarissa giggles again. Jensen had had his suspicions for months. The necklace with their *inside joke* only made him more suspicious, and now this... While he knows he’s no saint, and he’s had a while to come to terms with the *idea* of Jared and Clarissa being close in that way, this only turns that *idea* into fact.

Jensen decides he isn’t drunk enough to sleep after all, and turns on his heels to head back downstairs. He finds himself in the kitchen, pouring more whiskey and swallowing it down in as few gulps as he can manage. Taking the bottle with him, he decides the study might be more private, so he heads there, only to find Y/N looking over the family photos Jared has on the shelving unit in the corner of the room.

“Oh, hey,” she tells him softly, and for once she’s not looking at him with mischief in her eyes. He almost misses that look. He could do with feeling desired right about now.

“Hey,” he replies as smoothly as he can muster. He notices that she’s wearing a short red dress and heels, a purse dangling over her shoulder. “Are you really gonna sneak out tonight?” She glances down her own body and shrugs, smirking softly. “Who are you gonna find to fuck on Christmas night?” His question is more crude than it probably would’ve been if he were sober, but he doesn’t really care anymore.

“There’s always someone who wants to fuck me, Jensen, that’s the best part,” she replies cockily. Jensen scoffs, shaking his head. “Anyway, you should be more concerned about your own sex life tonight. Shouldn’t you and Clarissa be making up for lost time?” she wrinkles her nose at her own words and Jensen scoffs once more, kinda glad to have the Y/N he knows and loves back.

“We haven’t had sex in years,” he finds himself confessing. Y/N turns around to face him, a little shocked by his statement and steps closer to him. She bites her bottom lip.

“Is that why you’re so uptight?” she teases. “You know sex is a *great* form of stress relief, you should try it sometime.”

She smirks cockily at him. *This*. This is what Jensen needs right now. The teasing, the validation, the push and pull between what his body wants and what’s right.

“Maybe I should,” he agrees. She reaches up and plays with the collar of his open shirt, smoothing it out a little. “Hey, you want your gift now?” he finds himself asking, not truly thinking it through. And even if he did stop to think about it, he’s too far gone for his drunk mind to remind him that this is a bad idea, anyway.

“I’d love it,” she encourages, looking up at him through her lashes. Jensen reaches up and grips the back of her neck, pulling her forward and kissing her. He stops for a second, assessing how that’s made him feel. There are bolts of arousal coursing through his veins, a heat already burning in the base of his stomach, and he wants to kiss her again.

“Yeah, that works for me,” he confirms.

“Me too,” she agrees, kissing him back this time.

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Tags: smut, kissing, oral sex (M&F rec), fem masturbation, slut shaming in a kinky way, degradation, minor roleplay, minor daddy kink, p in v, protected sex, orgasms, bad come down from orgasm, angst, regret, feeling used/unwanted

Chapter WC: 2679

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Your POV

“Yeah that works for me,” Jensen breathes out against your lips. The pulse of arousal thrumming through your veins shoots straight to your core, and you find yourself craving his lips again.

“Me too,” you agree.

It's different to when you kissed him in your bedroom at your father's birthday party. There's more between you now. You kiss *him* this time, desperate to feel his tongue in your mouth, taste him on your lips. He tastes like whiskey, which is something you're familiar with thanks to your taste in older men. Jensen grips your waist and holds you tight against him, spinning you around and lifting you to sit on you on the edge of the desk. You wrap your legs around his waist, forcing your dress to ride further up your body.

“Guess you've found someone to fuck,” he smirks, running his hand up your bare thigh, sending waves of electricity coursing through you.

“Always do,” you sass back, biting your bottom lip.

“Being a slut is nothing to be proud of, sweetheart,” he tsks.

Your walls clench around nothing at his words, and you find yourself desperately dragging your mouth and teeth along his throat, his stubble scratching at your lips.

“I'm not a slut, Daddy,” you whine softly, slipping so easily into your favourite role. “I don't really know what I'm doing, you'll have to show me.” Jensen scoffs, stepping back and instantly reaching up to wrap his hand around your throat. You give him wide doe-like eyes, biting your swollen bottom lip as you try to play the part.

“You forget, baby girl, I know you. You can't play innocent with me, little whore.” He squeezes just a little tighter, restricting your blood flow and beginning to make your head fuzzy. Mixed with all the wine you drank at dinner, and the fact that you're finally getting what you want from him, you feel like you're almost floating away. “Bet that mouth is good, huh? After all that practice,” he growls, rubbing the pad of his thumb roughly over your lips. You nod, realising that playing dumb isn't what he wants. He wants nasty, he wants slutty; he wants you exactly as you truly are.

“Show me.” Jensen uses his grip on your throat to force you down off of the desk and to your knees at his feet.

You gasp for air when he lets go, reaching up to tear into his jeans. You can already see the impressive bulge behind the denim before he's even released it, and your cunt aches for him. He pulls himself out, thick and leaking in his hand as he offers it to you, and you instinctively open your mouth wide and stick out your tongue, tasting the salty precum as he taps it against the wet muscle. You hum, and then slowly close your mouth around his tip, sucking softly as you look up at him through your lashes.

"Jesus," he grunts, biting his bottom lip, his face pulling into what looks like a frown. "I've wanted to see what else you can do with that bratty mouth of yours for a long time." You smirk, hollowing your cheeks as you begin to suck him down, getting him deeper and deeper. It's not often you get to *show off* for a guy, not when you're usually holding back, pretending you don't know what you're doing.

You relish in being able to let go, act like you truly want to, sucking him hard, bobbing your head, desperate to please him. You take him practically all the way, holding him right at the back of your throat despite the way it makes you gag.

"Look at you, baby. I knew you'd be desperate to please me, but this is summin' else," he hums, pushing his fingers through your hair and holding your head steady, before starting to thrust his hips back and forth. Spit dribbles from your bottom lip, and you melt into his touch. Not many guys are brave enough to be this rough with you, and it only turns you on more. You cough when he finally pulls back and grants you air, and you reach up to dry your lips.

"Keep 'em wet for me, honey, I'm not done with you."

You drop your hand, leaving your lips practically dripping with spit, puffy and swollen. Jensen steps back and strips his shirt off, and the view from your knees, watching him strip so aggressively, is making you squirm, desperately rubbing your thighs together for some friction.

"You wanna touch yourself while I fuck that mouth?" he asks, "course you do, little slut." He smirks, clearly not even needing your answer. He bends at the knee, gripping the hem of your dress and ripping it up your body and over your head in one swift motion. You're left in only your panties, but Jensen is quick to pry your thighs further apart and then pull the lacy material to one side, exposing you to him. He brings his fingers to his lips and spits on them, before reaching between your legs once more, rubbing in circles over your clit. You instantly start to moan, bucking yourself against his touch, reaching out to grab his arm and keep it there, afraid he's going to pull away. "Look at you, so desperate for me," he coos mockingly.

You don't even care. You don't care how pathetic you look – you *are* pathetic. You've never wanted to fuck someone so badly in your entire life. Jensen stands back to full height.

"Touch yourself," he commands. You're quick to do as you're told as he feeds his cock back into your mouth. "Look at that, you can be a good girl and follow orders, maybe this is how I should reward your good behaviour from now on?" You nod around his cock, trying your best to suck

him down as good as you'd done previously, even though the pleasure you're now giving yourself is extremely distracting. Your fingers are sliding around so easily, you're not sure you've ever been this wet before.

Jensen steps back and reaches down to lift you to your feet, sitting you back on the desktop once more. He pulls your ass to the edge and smirks down at you, reaching up to rub his thumb over your used lips. You can't help yourself from sucking on the tip, looking him right in the eyes as you do.

"So nasty," he murmurs, shaking his head. He drops his hand, and you watch as he reaches for the hem of your panties, encouraging them down your legs. He hooks them over one ankle, leaving them dangling from the other, and then starts to tease your nipples, rolling his thumb over the hardened pebbles, pinching softly. His green eyes pierce into yours. "I wonder if you taste like a whore, too." You watch him disappear out of your line of sight, and feel his hot breath on your core seconds later.

Tipping your head back you moan at the very thought of his mouth on you, licking and nibbling and teasing your centre. Not many men go down on you, and something tells you that the filthy mouth you've only just discovered Jensen has is gonna be *good* at it. You'd never even imagined Jensen would dirty talk so well, leaving you squirming and dripping from his words alone. It's not until you look down at him that he starts to lick, his tongue lapping up to your clit, little flicks with the tip over your bundle of nerves and then down to your entrance, as he pushes the warm, wet muscle inside. Your eyes roll and you tip your head back once more, reaching down to run your fingers through his hair, starting to grind your hips against his face, feeling his stubble graze against the delicate skin on your ass.

"Fuck," you gasp out, biting your bottom lip hard, already feeling close to an orgasm as he licks and sucks and nibbles at all the right times. But you don't want to cum if it's not on his cock. "Fuck me, fuck me, please fuck me," you start begging, scraping your nails through the nape of his hair.

Jensen pulls back, standing up abruptly to kiss you, the taste of you still thick on his tongue and lips.

"There's a rubber in my purse," you tell him, biting your bottom lip. "I'm on the pill, but just in case."

Jensen smirks, chuckling softly under his breath, "maybe you're not a dumb slut after all."

"Not dumb, just a slut," you confirm with a smirk, playfully nipping his bottom lip.

He laughs as he pulls back and rounds the desk to collect your purse from where it fell to the floor. He rummages inside and finds your small bullet vibrator first, cocking an eyebrow.

“They can’t always get me off alone,” you shrug, biting your bottom lip. Jensen scoffs, dropping it back into your purse.

“I don’t need that,” he tells you confidently, his hand retreating from your purse with a condom in it.

“You’d be surprised how many guys say the same thing,” you tease, watching him tear into the packaging with his teeth, before rolling the rubber down his length.

Jensen looks back at you with eyes several shades darker.

“I know exactly how to fuck little sluts like you,” he growls, tugging you further to the edge of the desk, making you squeal. “And anyway,” he smirks, reaching up to grip either side of your chin, forcing you to look at him, “I don’t give a shit about getting you off, you’re here for my pleasure, got that?” The thought of Jensen *using you* only makes you quiver, and he takes advantage of the way your pussy starts to flutter to push into you. “Fuck, baby girl,” he grunts, “how does any guy think you’re a sweet little virgin?” You smirk, regaining your composure as he holds himself still inside you for a moment.

“I can be *very* persuasive,” you purr, seeing that he doesn’t believe you. You bite your bottom lip and once again slip back into the role you so naturally take on for men just like Jensen; even though you know you’ll never be able to find better than him. You watch Jensen’s eyes narrowing just a little as yours widen.

“Ouch,” you whimper, reaching out to grip his waist. “You’re so big, Daddy, I don’t think you fit,” you tell him softly, biting your bottom lip. Jensen smirks, pulling back and slamming into you. You squeal out, digging your nails into his skin. “Daddy, fuck... does it stop hurting soon?” You subtly roll your hips down into him. “Be careful, I haven’t done this before,” you mewl, clenching around him to make yourself tighter. Jensen grunts, throbbing inside you as he holds himself deep. “Okay, I think I’m ready for you to start fucking me,” you tell him innocently, reaching down to softly rub your clit. He starts fucking you as per your request and you moan softly and sweetly, throwing your head back. “Fuck, that feels good now, I didn’t think it felt this good, do you like my tight little virgin pussy, Daddy?”

“Jesus fuck,” Jensen moans, shaking his head. “You’re something else, sweetheart.”

You break character to giggle, rolling your hips down into him as you wrap your arm around his neck and help him fuck you. Jensen doesn’t take it easy once you’ve dropped the act, fucking you so hard the desk starts to budge along the floor, the sound of skin slapping on skin is filling the room, and you just hope that it’s not so loud that your father will hear it all the way upstairs. But the house is large enough, you can’t imagine he’d hear it. Jensen doesn’t seem to care, anyway.

While you had been acting, Jensen's cock is much thicker than you're used to, and each time he thrusts harder, your walls smart at the way you're stretching around him.

"See, sweetheart, you take it like a whore too," he smirks, leaning down to start biting your neck. You moan, meeting his thrusts, feeling an orgasm start to build deep in your stomach. "Told ya you wouldn't need that toy. Thought you fucked men, not boys?"

You're too close to your release to reply, your eyes rolling back. You almost want to sass back, try and knock him down a peg or two, but honestly? He deserves to be this cocky. Clarissa has really been missing out, not knowing how good she had it all this time. Why wouldn't she want to fuck this man at every given opportunity?

"Shit, Jensen," you cry out, your climax hitting you hard, your legs shaking around him as you cum. Jensen holds himself still, gasping for air.

"Fuck, that feels good baby, feel so good cumming on my cock like that."

Your head is spinning, your mouth slack, and no noise is coming out even though internally you're screaming his name. Jensen wraps your arms around his neck once more and lifts you off the desk, carrying you over to one of the armchairs. He sits himself down, his cock still buried inside you as you sit in his lap.

You start to bounce, leaning down to kiss him each time you drop your hips, and Jensen grips your waist and helps your movements, bucking his hips up to meet you in the middle.

"I want you to cum again," he whispers breathlessly against your mouth. "Think you can do that, baby?" You nod, even though you're growing tired and your first orgasm is still fizzling in the base of your stomach. "Course you can, little slut like you," he smirks, making you moan. "You like when I remind you what a whore you are, don't you?" You nod again, feeling yourself dancing along that edge for a second time. "Because you are one, look at you, bouncing up and down on my cock, letting me use this perfect little body of yours." Your moan is choked as you get closer and closer. "No wonder so many men fuck you, bet they can see you're up for it from a mile away. I could be anyone, couldn't I, baby? Anyone with a cock to fill you with."

"No, Jensen, I want you," you tell him honestly. "Only you." You kiss him, desperate to feel validated, to feel like you mean something to him. You need to mean *something* to him.

Jensen pulls back, fucking up into you harder, and you're right there once more, and from the way he's fucking you, you think he might be close too.

"Gonna cum, baby?" he prompts. You only have the sanity to nod. You scrape your nails down his chest as you fall over the edge, feeling him deep inside you. "Now don't go getting attached, sweetheart, I just wanted to get my dick wet because I'm celebrating."

Your head is still foggy from your climax as his words sink in and he starts moaning. But as soon as you realise what he's said, the fall from your high is heavy and fast. He's barely finished cumming when you pull off of him, getting up. He's used you, out of every other guy you've ever slept with, you never thought Jensen would be the one to do something like that. You're normally accustomed to being used; you expect it from strangers, but not from him.

You turn around and start scrambling to find your dress and panties, feeling tears pressing at the backs of your eyes.

"Hey, you okay?" Jensen checks, sitting up straighter.

You ignore him, not sure you can even look at him without breaking down completely. You manage to get your clothes back on and grab your purse, ignoring Jensen as he calls your name again, and flee to your room where you know it's safe to break down.

Christmas is always hard thanks to your dysfunctional family, but this one might be the worst one yet.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Tags: drinking, hungover!Jensen, regret, remorse, mentions of smut, mentions of cheating, mentions of divorce, heart to heart, confession

Chapter WC: 2257

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen's POV

When Jensen blinks his eyes open, the low winter sun piercing through the window slices through his head and causes it to throb, and when he finally gathers his bearings he finds himself slumped in one of the armchairs in the study. He winces as he sits up, his back aching from the awkward position he'd fallen asleep in, and his neck is stiff. Jensen reaches up to rub at the muscles around his shoulders, glancing around to see the empty whiskey bottle on the table before him and groaning. When his eyes flicker to the desk he shudders, feeling a heavy weight sitting in the base of his stomach. His mind wanders back to the same place it had been

in when he finished the bottle in front of him the night before. *What the fuck happened last night?* And it isn't that Jensen can't find any answers – the problem is that he's found too many.

He can blame the whiskey he drank throughout dinner all he likes, but the fact of the matter is that he'd wanted to fuck Y/N. The alcohol only helped him relax enough to follow through with it. Maybe he shouldn't have done it, maybe he shouldn't have given in, but he did, and he can't take that back now. A shameful part of him doesn't want to. It's fucked up, and he shouldn't *want* her like that, but there's no point denying that he does. Ever since she kissed him in her bedroom at Jared's party, something shifted; something felt like it had clicked, somehow. He'd tried to ignore it – hell, he was in denial for a *long time* – but it was near impossible when she flirted the way she did, and teased him relentlessly. Jensen is only human, after all. And he'd been upset. Clarissa in Jared's room after midnight can only really mean one thing, and that one thing doesn't sit well with Jensen, even if it is hypocritical of him.

But Jensen knows making excuses isn't going to get him anywhere when there's nothing he can do about it now, anyway. That's not what made him reach for the bottle over and over again. The reminder of the way Y/N had climbed off of him, scrambling to leave the room as quickly as she could, makes Jensen wish that he had more whiskey to drink, and he pinches the bridge of his nose and takes a deep breath.

That is the thing that he can't land on an answer for. There's probably a hundred reasons that girl fled. Jensen knows that she puts on a front when it comes to guys. She uses sex as a distraction, a way to feel loved and wanted, and Jensen used that – used her – to his advantage, and now he feels like the worst human being on the planet. But she'd wanted it, he keeps reminding himself of that before he can sink too deep. She'd begged him, she'd kissed back, she'd done everything of her own free will, right up until the end.

So what was it? Regret?

She's fucked men his age and older, she's fucked *plenty of them*. So it's not like Jensen made her do something she hasn't done before. Did she suddenly remember who he was and freak out? Jensen hadn't forgotten that part, which probably makes him an even worse human. His drunk brain had just decided he didn't care anymore. They hadn't done anything illegal, they hadn't done anything *really wrong*. It could've been *so much worse*. But maybe Y/N doesn't realise that? Or maybe she just changed her mind; that's allowed to happen, he supposes.

Jensen sighs and slumps back in the chair, his back and neck aching when he returns to the position that put him in pain in the first place. Whatever the reason Y/N was upset, she's most probably not going to want to talk to him about it now, even if he tries. Maybe it's best if he gives her some space. Maybe they both need that. Maybe it's best he forgets it ever happened, because it can't happen again – that's one thing Jensen's sure of.

"Good night?" Jensen snaps his head around to the door to see Jared standing in it. "Were you gonna tell me about that, or try to hide it?" Jared asks, stepping further into the room.

For a second Jensen thinks that Jared knows. But he can't, right? Jensen quickly glances around the room. After Y/N fled he'd been sure to put the desk back into place, tidy up the desktop and get dressed, discarding the used condom and the wrapper in the trash outside. So unless Y/N has told him – which is unlikely – then he probably doesn't *know*. *Fuck*, but what if Jared ever *does* find out?

Jensen knew from the moment he met Jared that they had some kind of connection; a bond that the sisters used to think was a little weird for two men to have. But they didn't complain. Once upon a time, Clarissa and Cait were close, and so hanging out as a foursome wasn't weird to anyone. They were one big happy family. Even with everything that's happened since then, Cait leaving, Jensen moving out of town for work... divorces – no matter what, Jensen knows he'll always see Jared as a brother. And maybe Jared's fucking Clarissa behind his back, but that didn't give Jensen the right to fuck his best friend's *little girl*.

Jared finally reaches down and picks up the empty bottle of whiskey. "This one's my favourite, you know?" He goes on, waving the empty bottle slightly. "Expensive too."

Jensen lets out a breath of relief and forces a slight laugh. "I'll replace it, dude, sorry."

Jared offers him a sympathetic smile and slowly sits down in the armchair opposite him, but Jensen can barely look his best friend in the eye after what he knows he's done in this very chair with Y/N.

"It was a pretty rough day for you yesterday, huh?" Jared asks, sighing. Jensen doesn't reply, once again wishing the bottle wasn't empty. "I wanted to say I'm sorry. I should've been there for you more."

"Forget it, man, you've got nothing to be sorry for," Jensen insists. Jared's apology only makes him feel *more* guilty.

"Yeah, I do. You're my best friend, Jen, and yesterday must've sucked. I should've been there for you."

"Honestly, Jared, it's fine," Jensen insists once more, climbing to his feet. He slowly makes his way over to the cabinet he'd found Y/N standing in front of the night before. "I'd rather you be there for Clarissa," he adds, reaching out to pick up a photo of the five of them from a summer when Y/N was still young.

"I'm sorry," Jared apologises once more, making Jensen even more agitated. Will he stop saying that, already?

"Jesus, Jar, it's fine," Jensen forces a laugh, putting the photo back.

“You probably won’t say that when you hear what I wanna tell you,” Jared replies awkwardly.

Jensen takes a deep breath, pulling his eyes away from a photo of Y/N at her prom last year. He turns around and smiles at Jared, who’s stood up now to join him. Jensen claps his hand on Jared’s shoulder, “then don’t tell me.”

But before Jensen can leave the room, Jared’s speaking up again.

“Dude, please,” he begs softly. Jensen licks his lips and sighs, turning back around slowly. “Listen, we didn’t mean for it to happen, okay?” he starts, his voice sincere. “First Cait left and then you... and I’m the only one that knows, dude, so she had no one else, and I guess we both just leaned on each other, and over time those lines got blurry.”

“Listen, Jar, we might’ve only officially got divorced yesterday, but we’ve been separated for almost three years now. It’s okay, really.” If anyone should be grovelling it should be Jensen, and if Jared ever finds out what’s happened in this very room between him and Y/N, he definitely wouldn’t be caring about Jensen’s feelings for a single second.

“It doesn’t feel okay. I mean... I care deeply for her, I really do, but I need to know you’re okay with that, because right now it just feels like some seedy affair.”

“What do you want from me, Jared? You’re fucking my ex wife, I’m not exactly gonna pat you on the back and ask if you wanna compare notes. This is the best I can offer you.”

Jared takes a deep breath, biting his bottom lip thoughtfully for a moment before nodding his head slightly. “Okay.” There’s silence between them, and then Jared adds: “We’re not... nothing like that has happened yet.” He blushes, looking down to his feet. “Like I said, it’s felt seedy, and we wanted to wait until the divorce was finalised, and anyway, the rest of the family doesn’t know yet, obviously, and... we love you. Clarissa still loves you because you’re our family. We wanna know you’re going to be okay.”

“I’m gonna be fine, dude,” Jensen lies, forcing a smile. “I’m single now, I can do what I want. And so can Clarissa.” Jensen knows Jared isn’t buying it, but Jared nods anyway and Jensen forces another smile. “And right now, I want to shower.”

He turns and leaves before Jared can say anything else. He did mean it when he told Jared it’s okay, because it is. Jared is a great guy and while Jensen’s marriage didn’t work out, he still cares deeply for Clarissa, he still wants what’s best for her, and he couldn’t ask for better than Jared. Jared is a better man than he’ll ever be. Jared would never do what he’s done. If anyone should be feeling seedy it’s Jensen, and he can only hope the hot shower he’s about to take washes at least *some* of the shame away, or he might end up spilling some truths of his own, and something tells him Jared won’t be returning that same level of understanding.

Jensen and Y/N have managed to stay out of each other's way for the remainder of their Christmas break, but today is the day they're stuck in a car for three hours alone together, and as they haven't spoken since she ran out of the study crying, Jensen's really not looking forward to it. He packs the car and watches quietly as May fusses over Y/N and asks her a hundred questions about what she's packed and what she'll be eating over the next few days without the school canteen open, and then she fusses over whether the school canteen can be used by staff or not. Y/N promises that she'll eat well, and eventually Jared is able to step in and save her. Jensen's slow to close the trunk, hoping that the less time he spends lingering around the rest of them, the less suspicious it'll look that he isn't having some soppy goodbye with his 'wife'. But Clarissa is the one that approaches him, smiling softly and crossing her arms over her chest.

"So, I think I'm gonna tell Mom and Dad before they leave," she tells him.

"Really? You don't want me there for that?" he asks, frowning slightly.

She shakes her head slowly. "I think it's something I need to do alone."

"Are you sure you want to do it at all? We don't have to see them again until next Christmas."

Clarissa looks back over her shoulder at them and sighs, biting her bottom lip thoughtfully.

"Caity walked out on this family because she was too afraid to admit that she wasn't perfect. I'm not going to let that happen to me. Things don't always go the way we want them to, and that's okay. Life is full of surprises, and everything happens for a reason. I don't regret marrying you, Jensen, not for a second, but we made the right call ending it when we did. We were never built for forever."

"Yeah, you're right," Jensen nods, smiling genuinely for once. "You really believe in fate?" he asks, his eyes falling on Y/N as she endures a hug from her father. "You really think that everything happens for a reason?"

Clarissa smiles, before reaching up on her tiptoes to kiss Jensen's cheek. "Thank you Jensen, I had a great time as your wife."

"Make sure Jared looks after you, if he doesn't I'll kick his ass."

She giggles, looking away slightly embarrassed. "Look after his daughter, or I'm pretty sure he'll kick your ass harder."

Jensen's smile fades a little, and he nods. She reaches out and squeezes his arm, before stepping away, and making her way back to the rest of the family.

Y/N finally peels herself away from her father, and she offers Jensen a flirty smile as she heads towards the car, which confuses the hell out of him. He waves to everyone as he climbs into the car, and Y/N climbs into the passenger side. He doesn't say anything as he starts the engine, but the smirk on Y/N's face makes him a little uneasy. It's like nothing ever happened at Christmas, like she's just going to go back to her teasing, flirty ways. Jensen can't even be sure if that's a good or bad thing right now, so he doesn't think about it at all.

"Can I pick the music this time?" she asks, already reaching for the radio.

"Sure," Jensen replies carefully, starting to drive away. Y/N bites her bottom lip, searching for a radio station that's playing some kind of pop song and then sits back.

"Oh, by the way, my Dad is fucking your wife."

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Tags: angst, mentions of cheating, mentions of divorce, taboo relationship, standard teenage pressures to have sex, mentions of fem masturbation, mentions of being used for sex, rejection, flirting, teasing

Chapter WC: 3338

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

"What makes you say that?" Jensen asks, glancing across at you.

You purse your lips, trying to keep your smirk at bay, though he doesn't seem as hurt by the revelation as you were hoping. Not that you want to seriously *hurt* him, but you want to at least upset him a little after the way he'd treated you on Christmas Day. You're used to guys using you like that – hell, most of the time not only do you expect it, but you kinda like it that way – and you'd thought that that wouldn't change with Jensen, but it did. A bigger part of you than you cared to admit thought it would be different with him, that he wasn't just doing it to get off, though maybe he was. Maybe you just caught him a few whiskeys too deep and he gave in because he just wanted to get his dick wet, and he didn't actually want *you*, you were just the closest thing available.

Over the rest of the Christmas break the sting hurt less and less, and now you're able to ignore it for the most part. You can't take back what the two of you did in your father's study, and if you know Jensen even a little, you know that he's probably beating himself up for giving into you. He told you that night not to get attached, not that you had any plans to anyway. While it would've been fun to fuck around with him some more thanks to the thrill of getting caught, plus he was *very good* at what he does, you're not one for repeats, anyway. Still, at least now you've got leverage over him; he can't ever lecture you again if he wants you to keep quiet about what you've done.

"Oh c'mon," you scoff, "are you blind? The way they were looking at each other all weekend? Plus I caught them together in the summer house at Dad's birthday party."

You kick back triumphantly, getting more comfortable in the passenger seat, and you watch as Jensen grips the steering wheel tighter and takes a deep breath.

"I mean, it's hardly like you're innocent anyway," you add, smirking at him.

Jensen swallows hard and clears his throat. "Listen, Y/N, we should probably talk about... well, everything."

"There's no need, I don't normally talk to the guys I fuck after it's done," you insist, looking out the window.

"Well I'm not just some guy you've fucked, am I?"

"We've fucked, you're just some guy," you offer, not looking at him.

"Okay, well, that aside, there's some other things we should probably talk about."

You huff, turning your head back in his direction without actually looking at him, and Jensen takes another deep breath.

"Me and your Aunt Clarissa are... separated."

"Separated?" You frown, finally looking at his face to see if he's being serious.

"Well, divorced now actually, as of Christmas Day." You glance at his hand on the steering wheel to see he's not wearing his wedding ring, and you wonder when he took it off.

"Sounds like a great Christmas present," you scoff.

"It was, actually. We've been separated for a while now, not long after I moved. We'd been staying married for your Grandparents' sake, but now the divorce is final, Clarissa is telling them today. It's been a long time coming."

You consider everything Jensen is telling you, picking at the hem of your skirt.

"Sorry, I guess," you finally offer quietly.

You wonder if that's what your Dad was always talking about when he said that there were things you didn't know. Maybe that's why he feels justified in sleeping with your Aunt, his own ex-wife's sister, his *best friend's* ex-wife. It's all a mess, you recognise, but still, how could he do that to your Mom? To Jensen? But then you think about the fact that you've slept with Jensen, and how could you do that to literally everyone else?

"And I know about her and your father, he came to me at Christmas and told me."

You look back at him again and frown once more. Is that why he fucked you? Some weird revenge? Was he pissed off that they were fucking and wanted to get back at them? Did he use you in that way too?

"Right." You don't offer anything else, picking at your skirt again, wishing your Mom had just never left in the first place because then none of this would be the mess that it is.

"Y/N, if you wanna talk about why you were upset after we—"

"No," you interrupt.

"Okay," Jensen sighs, "do you want to talk about anything else? Your father, Clarissa... your mother?"

"What's there to even say about my mother? She's not here, she probably saw the way Dad looked at her sister and left."

"Actually, no, that's not what happened," Jensen explains softly. "It's not my place to talk about these things, but I do want you to understand that your father tried to make it work, he fought hard to keep his family together, your Mom was the one that left." You don't reply to him, and after a moment he adds, "I'm always here if you need to talk about this stuff, Y/N."

"No offense, Jensen, but I don't really wanna talk to you at all," you snap, turning your body away to look out the window again.

Luckily, the rest of the journey is silent.

Apparently you're not the only one that's had a shit Christmas, because Holly isn't her usual bubbly self when you get back to your dorm and find her unpacking from the holiday. You'd been hoping to take some of your frustrations out by teasing her, but the way she dejectedly says hey and shoves her clothes into her drawers unceremoniously tells you something's wrong. You debate asking her about it, because you don't really need anyone else's bullshit on top of your own right now. You're not even mad at her for telling Jensen you'd snuck out of the school before Christmas – you'd *wanted* her to tell Jensen – but she doesn't have to know that.

Eventually, Holly's the one to break the silence, slumping down on her bed with a heavy sigh before blurting out, "How do you be a slut?"

You look over your shoulder at her and then turn around completely to face her.

"Me personally, or just in general?" you check. But Holly just shrugs, looking down at her fingers in her lap. "Why?"

"My boyfriend broke up with me, said I was a prude," she grumbles, her cheeks flaming red.

"He got sick of the handjobs, huh? Shocker," you scoff. Holly's green eyes shoot up at you, glaring in your direction. You roll your own and sigh, "sorry. Listen, Holls, men only want one thing from you, that's just a fact of life. They pretend they care and they want what's best for you, and they pretend that they're gonna be different, but they're fucking not. They just wanna get their dick wet." You can hear the bitter tone in your own voice, but you don't even care. "So that's why I beat them at their own game. They wanna use me, then I'll use them."

"How do you do it? I just felt so guilty even thinking about having sex with him, and he was my boyfriend! I told him we could but I changed my mind, and then he just called me a tease and broke up with me. I don't wanna be a tease, I just... I'm nervous it won't feel good or it'll hurt."

"Well, you know when you get yourself off? It feels like that but better," you explain, shrugging.

Holly frowns slightly, licking her lips, "yeah, urm, so I've never... you know..."

"Wait, you've never cum?"

"I've never even touched myself," she mumbles, so quiet you barely hear her.

The information takes a second to process in your head, but when it does you can't help but blurt out a *what?* Holly's face is almost as red as her hair at this point.

“Okay, no, that’s... *never*?” you check. Holly shakes her head. “Okay, well the first rule of being a slut is getting yourself off, I mean... even if you don’t hit the big O, you should still be having fun, you know, making yourself feel good.”

“No, I can’t, that’s just... no, I can’t,” Holly repeats.

“Oh c’mon, Holls, if you can’t touch yourself, you’re never gonna get laid. Listen, it’s easy, just put your hand down there, figure out what feels good and just do that for a while until... poof.”

“Right now? You’re in the room!”

“Well obviously not in front of me. Why don’t I go and get us something to eat from the canteen, and you can work some stuff out, and then when I get back we’ll move onto lesson two, okay?”

You listen carefully for any noise on the other side of the door, but you’re met with silence, so you knock rather than just bursting in. You’d given Holly plenty of time – nearly an hour, actually – so you can’t imagine she’d still be *busy*. You don’t hear any protests as to why you *can’t* go in, so you slowly edge the door open, seeing Holly is sitting cross legged on her bed.

You instantly cock your head to the side and huff. “Girl, don’t ask for my advice if you’re not gonna take it.”

“I did,” she mumbles, embarrassed. “Twice actually.”

“Oh.” You’d half expected her to not go through with it, so the confirmation that she did is a surprise.

“I was worried you’d come back.” Holly is clearly feeling awkward about the situation, so you don’t press her any harder, throwing her a wrapped up burrito. “So urm, you said there’s a second lesson?” she asks, slowly unwrapping her food.

“You’re ready?” you check, sitting down on your bed.

“I mean, if you say that sex is... *better* than... *that*, then yeah.” She clears her throat, not looking at you, and you giggle.

“Alright, well next lesson is dressing the part, so I guess this calls for a makeover.” You smirk as you get off your bed and head towards your wardrobe. “You still have that ex of yours on Insta?”

“Yeah, why?” she asks softly.

“Because he’s gonna lose his shit when he sees you in this,” you tell her, holding up a tiny black dress.

“Why would I wear that, we’re not going anywhere,” Holly scoffs.

“Urm, yeah we are, where else are we gonna find guys to fuck in a girls only school?” You throw the dress onto her bed. “C’mon, I’ll make sure you have the best time. Live a little, we’ll show him what a *prude* you are.”

“Okay, the guy in the red shirt is kinda cute,” you point out quietly, only subtly glancing in his direction. Holly hasn’t quite perfected the art of subtly yet, because she turns her head and looks directly at him.

“He’s gotta be older than my Dad,” she complains, crinkling her nose.

“Ooh, even better,” you giggle, sipping your drink. “Holls, if you want a guy that’s gonna show you a good time, your best bet is one that’s older... more experienced.”

“That’s just *too* old, can’t we find one that’s around our age?”

“News flash, sweetie, no one is around our age here, we aren’t supposed to be in here,” you whisper. You’d managed to flash your fake ID and enough cleavage to make the bar man let you and Holly stay, even though Holly didn’t have any ID of her own.

You sigh, getting bored of pointing out guys for Holly to turn down, and realise you’ve gotten the attention of a man two tables away.

“Well, if you’re not gonna try and get lucky tonight, I still am,” you smirk, flashing the guy another sweet smile. This encourages him over, and you smirk triumphantly to yourself as he approaches.

“You okay here, ladies? You look a little lost.”

“Oh, it’s my best friend’s twenty-first birthday, and this is our first time in a place like this,” you explain softly, twirling your hair around your finger.

“Well that just means you’ve never had a guy buy you a drink, so allow me.” He waves down the barman and orders you both a refill, but Holly only looks more and more uncomfortable.

“Hey, Y/N? I think we should go now,” she tells you, tugging on your arm.

"Y/N, that's a pretty name," the guy speaks up.

"Thanks," you reply, turning your back on Holly, and then you notice her out of the corner of your eye as she heads towards the bathroom. "I didn't catch yours..."

"Mike."

"Mike..." you repeat, biting your bottom lip.

You and Mike talk for several minutes as you keep your eye on the bathroom door that Holly disappeared through. You kinda wish you hadn't brought her, you should've known she wasn't going to be quite so easy to palm off.

"Your friend has been a while, everything okay?" Mike checks when he notices you glancing to the door yet again.

"Oh, yeah, she'll be fine," you insist. "Sorry about her, by the way," you apologise. "She's a bit of a buzz kill, I just wanted to have a good time tonight."

Mike smirks softly and chuckles under his breath. "You've come to the right guy for a good time."

"I have, have I?" you press, sliding a little closer to him.

"Yeah, I could show you and your friend a *great* time if you let me." You finally see Holly coming out of the bathroom, and she seems a little nervous, but overall, she's fine.

"Both of us?" you press, raising your eyebrows as Holly rejoins your side. "Hear that, Hollis? He wants to show both of us a good time. I don't think you could manage both of us."

"I do like a challenge," Mike smirks. "I'm sure I could handle it."

"I'll give you something to handle."

You hear his voice before you see him, and when Jensen comes into view his fist flies into the guy's face. Holly jumps next to you, and after only one punch, Jensen relents, grabbing the top of your arm to pull you away.

"Don't let either of these girls in again, they're underage," he tells the barman.

"Thanks, Jensen," you mutter sarcastically.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" he hisses, starting to drag you out of the place, Holly willingly following you both.

“Oh, now you care about me,” you scoff. Jensen glances across at Holly and then sets his face hard, not replying to you.

Jensen doesn't talk for the rest of the journey back to school, and he sends Holly back to your dorm and tells her he's going to talk to her first thing Monday morning before class. You cross your arms over your chest when you realise he's not letting you go with her, and Jensen waits until she's out of ear shot to glare at you.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” he asks you again. “Not only do you insist on putting yourself in danger, but now you're dragging Holly into this? Do you know how hard that girl works? How high her grades are? Something like this could ruin her chance of Harvard, you know that?”

You roll your eyes, looking down at your feet.

“I didn't force her to come with me,” you insist. “But I'm sorry that I've *ruined* Holly. I guess everything I touch just turns to shit, right? Because I'm such an *awful* person.”

“That's not what I said, Y/N,” he insists through gritted teeth.

“Why do you even fucking care, Jensen?” you scoff. “You got what you wanted from me, so just leave me alone.”

Jensen glances around you both, and then grabs your arm, dragging you in the direction of his house. He doesn't reply until you're safely inside, and he's locking his front door behind him. He sighs heavily before he turns around to face you.

“I care about you, Y/N,” he insists, his tone less aggressive. You scoff and roll your eyes, hardly believing him after the way he treated you at Christmas. “You don't believe me... Why?”

“Just fuck off, Jensen,” you sigh, tired.

“No, tell me why. Why do you suddenly have this idea that I don't care about you, hm? Is it because of Christmas? Because every other guy that fucks you just leaves and doesn't care? You know I'm not just some other guy, Y/N.”

“You're not *different*, you fucked me and then wanted to leave just like all the other guys.” Jensen frowns and shakes his head. “If you were some guy in a bar, you wouldn't have called me, hell, you probably wouldn't have even taken my number at all.”

“Why would you say that? And I'm not *just some guy* from a bar,” he reminds you.

“Exactly! You’re not, you’re my fucking *Uncle*... or you were, I don’t know what the fuck you are anymore,” you confess. “But you’re stuck with me one way or another, and I’m sorry I can’t just fuck off out of your life.”

“I don’t *want* you to fuck off out of my life,” Jensen huffs, stepping closer. “Sweetheart, when Holly called me and told me where you were, I dropped *everything* to come and get you, I was worried about you... the thought of you with some guy—”

“Oh, so you *are* jealous. I don’t... I just don’t *get you*,” you grunt, frustrated, reaching up to hold your head. “What do you want from me? You told me you didn’t want me, so I’m leaving you alone. I mean, what more do you want?”

“What?” Jensen stops, frowning and licking his lips. “When have I ever said that?”

“You said—”

“I never said that!” Jensen interrupts straight away.

“You did! When we were fucking you told me not to get attached, you said you just wanted to get your dick wet.”

Jensen seems to suddenly relax a little. “Y/N,” he scoffs, “I didn’t mean that... shit, I thought you knew I was just... I was dirty talking,” he explains. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. I never meant it. Is that why you got so upset?”

You slowly let the information sink in. There had been a lot of dirty talk that night, and most of it you’d realised was just that, but that line had struck a nerve, clearly, and you’d taken it to heart. After all, why *would* Jensen want you to get attached? You both knew it wasn’t exactly something that could happen again, and at the time you’d thought you were okay with that, after all, you barely fuck a guy more than once, anyway. But it had hurt differently with Jensen.

“Did you really believe that I meant that?” Jensen asks softly, stepping closer to you, reaching up to cup the side of your face.

“Yeah,” you whisper, a little embarrassed. “It doesn’t matter, anyway, you were right. And it can’t happen again, right?”

Jensen doesn’t answer, which prompts you to lick your lips and look up at him. He’s staring at you, his thumb softly brushing back and forth on your cheek.

“Yeah, right,” he agrees, clearing his throat and nodding. “But, so long as you know that it wasn’t like that... it was more than just some meaningless one night stand for me.”

“Okay,” you whisper, looking back down at your feet. You’re not used to a guy thinking of your time together as anything more than sex, and you wonder just what it *did* mean to Jensen if it was *more*.

“Cause I wanna do it again,” he admits, making you look back up at him once more.

“Okay,” you whisper again, and then you feel Jensen’s lips on yours.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Tags: angst, slight fluff, taboo relationship, mentions of abandonment issues, protected sex, guilt, shame

Chapter WC: 2471

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen’s POV

“You did! When we were fucking you told me not to get attached, you said you just wanted to get your dick wet.”

Suddenly, the confusion and frustration Jensen had been feeling about the entire situation is gone, replaced by a slight amusement. He’d been so worried he’d said or done something that made Y/N truly think that he didn’t want anything to do with her anymore, but the clarification makes him sigh softly, unable to stop himself from smiling a little.

“Y/N, I didn’t mean that... shit, I thought you knew I was just... I was dirty talking,” he explains. It had been so obvious to him that that was all it was, he didn’t even consider that it could’ve upset her. *Of course* he didn’t mean it, but now he’s realising that maybe that wasn’t so obvious to her, and why would it be? Every other guy she’s ever fucked probably would’ve meant it, because Y/N usually has a thing for assholes. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. I never meant it. Is that why you got so upset?”

Y/N doesn’t answer, and he can see that she’s trying to work it all out. He hates that she’d even consider that he could feel that way about her. He never wants Y/N to feel like she’s unwanted

because of him, she's already had far too many people in her life make her feel that way. And Jensen wants her, more than he definitely should.

"Did you really believe that I meant that?" he asks softly, stepping closer to her, reaching up to cup the side of her face. Her skin is soft, and warm too, no doubt thanks to the anger, and maybe now the embarrassment of being wrong.

"Yeah," he hears her whisper. "It doesn't matter, anyway, you were right. And it can't happen again, right?"

He can't take his eyes off her, can't stop feeling her skin under his thumb as he strokes it back and forth softly and lovingly. He knows he really fucking shouldn't, but he still wants her – wants *more*. And yeah, he's pretty pissed off that he had to go and drag her out of that bar where some guy older than him was trying it on with her, but that's mainly the jealousy talking and he can't even deny it. Not since Christmas Day. He's been kidding himself even thinking he doesn't want it to happen again. But it *can't* happen again, no matter how badly he wishes that weren't true.

"Yeah, right," he agrees, clearing his throat and nodding, reminding himself she's right. "But, so long as you know that it wasn't like that... it was more than just some meaningless one night stand for me." He needs her to know that, at least.

"Okay," she replies quietly, looking down at her feet.

"Cause I wanna do it again," he finds himself blurting out, unable to help himself. He'd thought for a split second telling her that he wants to do it again would make her realise how different he really is to all those other guys, that it's not the same for him, that it meant more. But now it's out there, he realises the *real* reason he confessed was really only in some kind of fucked up hope that Y/N would do what she does best and seduce him again, give him some excuse – albeit a weak one – as to why he can give in one more time.

"Okay," she agrees, and that's all Jensen needs anyway, because he barely had any resolve left in him.

It takes him barely a second to kiss her, tasting the cranberry juice on her tongue from the drinks she's probably had at the bar. He kisses her deeper, gripping her face harder and pulling her closer and she reciprocates with soft murmurs against his lips, smoothing her hands up his chest.

"Are you sure?" she asks when she breaks the kiss, breathing heavily against his mouth. Jensen frowns, tangling her hair in his fingers to hold it out of her face. "Are you sure you want me?"

Jensen smiles softly – almost sadly – wishing there was some way other than fucking her he could prove it, because he wants her to realise he really does care about her, beyond the sex and beyond how good she physically makes him feel. But that’s the only thing she understands, even if he wishes it wasn’t. So maybe that’s how he has to get through to her.

“Are you?” he checks. “You have to want me too.”

“I want you,” she confirms, biting her bottom lip, smirking softly. “But you never answered me.” Her eyes are glinting with mischief again, and Jensen chuckles softly, reaching for her wrist as he grabs it gently, guiding her hand towards his crotch. He presses it against the bulge forming in his jeans.

“Does that answer your question?” he asks, feeling her fingers flex around it. Jensen swallows down the soft moan, feeling her touch get a little harder, a little more purposeful.

“Feels like you want me to me,” she smirks up at him, biting her bottom lip once more, letting it spring back to place. Jensen smirks smugly, before leaning down and kissing her again, grabbing the backs of her thighs and lifting her into his arms. She squeals delicately, wrapping her arms around his neck as he carries them up the stairs towards his bedroom.

This is wrong, *so wrong*. He shouldn’t be doing this *again... especially* on school grounds. School starts back in less than forty eight hours, and yet here he is, carrying Y/N – one of his *students* – into his bedroom, his tongue practically down her throat. But she’s more than just his student, and maybe that makes it worse, but it also makes him want it *harder*.

Jensen drops her to the bed almost carelessly, ripping his t-shirt over his head. “Take it off,” he commands, referring to her dress.

Y/N settles on her knees in the centre of the bed and reaches for the hem, pulling it over her head and throwing it down onto his bedroom floor. She smirks at him, leaning forward on her hands and crawling towards the foot of the bed. Her ass looks so good from this angle, wiggling back and forth behind her as she approaches him with a devilish smirk.

“You know...” she purrs, reaching for his thigh, dragging her fingernails up to the bulge that’s grown twice the size since she last paid it any attention. “I haven’t stopped thinking about your cock... about how good it made me feel.” She tucks her ass under her so she’s kneeling once more and reaches for his belt, unbuckling it and then unbuttoning his jeans. Jensen watches her, his cock throbbing in its confines. “Have you been thinking about my pussy? About how wet you made it?” She looks up through her lashes at him, reaching inside his pants and curling her fingers around his length. Pulling it out, she starts to slowly jerk her hand up and down it. “Or maybe you’ve been thinking about this mouth,” she adds, licking her lips and leaning forward to place a soft kiss to the leaking tip.

"I've been thinking about a lot of things, sweetheart," Jensen hums, combing her hair back with his fingers. "Mainly about how good that pussy tasted."

"Oh, you think so?" she asks, licking softly along his length, keeping eye contact the entire time.

Jensen grips her hair harder and manages to push her onto her back, pulling her legs out from underneath her and spreading them, swatting her pussy through her panties playfully. Y/N squeals, biting her bottom lip as she looks down her body at him, and Jensen wastes no time pulling her panties down her legs and throwing them somewhere behind him. She's glistening, her slick coating her skin like a taunt, and he's got no willpower left to resist. He licks his lips and leans forward, licking through her folds, tasting her on his tongue once again. He'd had every intention of teasing the fuck out of her, making her beg and plead and squirm, but he can't help himself. She tastes too damn good, and he can't get enough.

His tongue sets into overdrive, swirling and lapping at every inch of her, suckling her clit into his mouth, letting the tip of his tongue rub across the bundle of nerves meticulously over and over again until she's screaming out and gripping the top of his hair, pulling it hard. He hums against her pussy, feeling his cock throb, begging for attention. He pulls back, licking his swollen lips and tasting her on them.

"In the nightstand," Jensen nods at the one he means, and when Y/N comes to from her moment of delusion she twists and opens the drawer, finding what Jensen wanted her to. She unwraps the unopened box of condoms and pulls one out.

"Wait, have you really not been with anyone since Clarissa?" she asks as Jensen works on removing the rest of his clothes. The reminder of his now-ex wife throws him only a little, but he's too far gone to turn back now.

"What makes you say that?" he asks, kicking his jeans away.

"The box wasn't even opened."

Jensen shrugs casually, climbing onto the bed and taking a condom from her almost pointedly, tearing into the packaging with his teeth.

"We're not all sluts like you, baby girl," he smirks. Y/N scoffs, biting her bottom lip and rolling her eyes.

"If I wasn't such a slut, you wouldn't be about to get your dick wet," she counters. Jensen chuckles, rolling the rubber down his length.

"I don't know, guess I could find another pussy to sink my cock into," he replies, winking at her to remind her he's teasing. "But then again, not one as good as yours."

He doesn't give her a warning as he slips himself inside her, making her mouth fall slack and any chance she had of replying seems to be gone now, replaced with breathless gasps and moans as he starts to fuck her. She feels as tight and perfect as he remembers, and Y/N might be right – it had been a while for him before Christmas – but that doesn't take away from the fact that she is the best thing he's ever felt. He grabs her waist and steadies himself, starting to fuck her harder and faster, watching her tits bounce in the pink bra she's still wearing. He reaches up to pull them free from the material, her nipples starting to harden immediately, and she's looks so fucking gorgeous as her eyes glass over with arousal, and she tries to wordlessly tell him that she's going to cum.

"Already?" he teases. "Baby girl, you make this too easy for me, I don't even have to try."

She falls flat on her back, arching it off the mattress and pushing her breasts towards him, so he leans down and sucks one of her nipples into his mouth, feeling her clench harder around him. He's already close himself, there's been so much tension between them that Christmas Day only began to release. Jensen's pretty sure that they could fuck a hundred more times and whatever weird and taboo chemistry is between them wouldn't fizzle out.

It hadn't always felt this way between them, not before Jared's party, and Jensen's not entirely sure what did change, but whatever it was doesn't even matter now, because they're here, and here is fucked up at best, but he doesn't even want to think about all the reasons why they *shouldn't* do this. He only wants to think about the one reason they *should*; because they both deserve something good, even if it is just temporary bliss.

Y/N brings him over the edge with her, as Jensen realises he'd been so in his head he'd not been holding himself back. His whole body shakes as she spasms around him, milking him.

"Fuck, Jensen," she pants, panting as she stares up at the ceiling. "How do you *do* that?"

"What?" he smirks, carefully observing how gorgeous she looks glowing from an orgasm, all strung out beneath him.

"*That*," she smirks, rolling her hips.

He pulls out of her slowly and rolls beside her, sitting up as he starts to remove the condom.

"You don't have to use those, y'know? I'm on the pill," she reminds him.

Jensen glances back over his shoulder at her and smirks softly. "Don't know where you've been," he jokes.

Y/N gasps, feigning insult, which makes Jensen laugh. "I'm clean," she insists. Jensen cocks an eyebrow and she sets her face a little more seriously. "I'm serious, I get tested and they always use something. I might be a slut, but I'm not stupid."

Jensen doesn't know why Y/N would lie to him, so he believes her, tossing the condom into the trash.

"So next time, we don't have to use one if you don't want to," she tells him, sitting up.

"Next time, huh?" he presses, his stomach both knotting and flipping excitedly at the very prospect.

Once again, his post nut clarity leaves him conflicted. He wants Y/N, and he never wants her to think he would use her again, but he also knows that that *shouldn't* happen again. It *can't*. If anyone found out what he's just done on school property, with one of his own students, he'd lose his job, hell, he might even go to jail for it. And that's not even considering what would happen to him if Jared or Clarissa found out about them. Still, even despite all of that, he doesn't want to stop this – he *can't* stop this. And he certainly can't just cut her off after promising her he's not like the other guys. He doesn't want to be another thing in her life that leaves. He wants to be something she can rely on.

"Well if you're that hell bent on me not leaving school grounds this semester, I've gotta get my vitamin D from somewhere," she teases, sliding off the bed. Jensen chuckles at her choice of words. "Just don't go getting attached, yeah? I just want a good time."

She flashes him a wink as she heads towards his en suite, and Jensen rolls his eyes, glad she's making light of that comment now, though. He reaches down for his jeans and pulls them back on, standing up to rebutton them. If fucking Y/N is the only way that she's gonna keep him close, Jensen guesses the thinly veiled excuse is good enough.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Tags: teasing, flirting, inappropriate relationship, talk of bribing

Chapter WC: 1950

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Your POV

“Y/N Padalecki? Principal Ackles would like to see you in his office at the end of class.”

You can't help but bite your lip at your teacher's comment, feeling the excitement building. You haven't really seen him at all since Monday. He gave the school a *welcome back* talk at assembly that Monday morning, but the rest of the week he'd been scarce. You'd tried wearing your uniform a little sluttier again, just to see if that would steal his attention, but even the teachers hadn't seemed to notice. What they *had* noticed was the fact that you'd failed most of your tests before Christmas. That seems to be their priority, and you wonder if that will be Jensen's too. At least it's a Friday, which means you have the weekend coming up, and hopefully Jensen will be less busy with work and will actually be able to give you some more attention.

The last time you were alone together, things hadn't been awkward, even after sex. Not like the first time, at least. He didn't seem like he was pushing you away or ignoring you, and he didn't seem to regret it either; if anything he had kept looking over at you and smirking softly, like he was only thinking about doing it all again. You certainly have been.

You've never fucked a guy like Jensen. Sure, the bad guys who clearly only wanna get off can be fun, but not many guys have ever seemed to care about making you feel good in return. Jeff had been one, but given the fact that he barely looks at you, you know that a repeat of your night together is the last thing on his mind. Besides, as fun as your night with Jeff was, there's just something about Jensen that you're more attracted to. Something you've never found in another guy, you just can't put your finger on what yet.

As soon as the bell rings you head towards Jensen's office, smiling at Michaela who seems a little intimidated by your presence. You take a seat before she can tell you to, knowing the drill by now, and cross one leg over the other as you wait. After a moment, Michaela clears her throat delicately and heads to Jensen's door, knocking softly and sticking her head in to let him know that you're here. You watch as she takes her place back behind her desk, and after a moment or two, her phone rings and she answers it.

“Principal Ackles will see you now,” she tells you quietly.

You stand, making your way to the door, and you open it to see Jensen sitting behind his desk. You close the door behind you and smile sweetly.

“Hey.”

“Take a seat,” he commands, nodding to the armchair in front of him.

You glance behind you and smooth the back of your skirt against your thighs as you sit, crossing your legs once more, only this time much more slowly, to give Jensen a chance of noticing your panties as you do so. Jensen's face remains stoic, which you think is even hotter, and you keep a gentle smirk on your lips as you wait for him to talk.

“We need to do something about your grades,” is all he says.

There’s a glint in his eyes – at least, you think there might be – and you purse your lips as you consider his words.

“I wonder if there’s something I could do about that?” you ask teasingly. “If there’s some way I could convince you to up my grades,” you add.

Jensen scoffs at your very implication and narrows his eyes a little. “Or you could just work harder,” he counters, “get the grades I know you’re capable of by studying and getting your head down.”

“I’ll get my head down if you want me to.”

“Put the work in like all your classmates,” he goes on, like he can’t hear you.

“You know how much work I can put in,” you continue.

“Not that work.”

Jensen cocks an eyebrow like he’s not in a playful mood, and you roll your eyes.

“Sounds boring,” you sigh, crossing your arms over your chest. “What do I get out of it?”

“An education, graduation, a decent job with a decent pay.”

“I’m just gonna live off Daddy’s money until I marry a rich guy, I won’t need a job then,” you insist.

Jensen’s eyes darken and his jaw clenches, and you smirk at the look that can only be described as pure jealousy flashing over his face. But you don’t back down, you just wait until he sighs. He glances towards his office door and then reaches for his phone.

“Hey, you can go, thanks for today.”

He puts the phone down and he waits a minute or two, letting the silence grow between you as the butterflies start to dance in your stomach. If he’s sending Michaela home, does that mean that he’s about to say – *or do* – something he doesn’t want her to hear?

The sound of Michaela’s heels on the floor outside fade, and Jensen looks back at you, linking his fingers in front of him as he sighs again.

“I guess me and you need to find a way that satisfies us both to improve your grades,” Jensen suggests, his voice a little more gritty than before. It sends a pulse straight to your core, and you clench your thighs together for a moment, before swallowing hard.

“I think I know a few ways,” you smirk, uncrossing your legs and rising to your feet. You slowly approach him, rounding his desk. “See I watched some videos recently, and this girl knew exactly how to make her teacher give her an A.”

Jensen turns in his chair to face you, looking up at you with a slightly amused expression.

“I can’t be bribed, baby girl,” he chuckles softly. “But you can.”

You scoff at his insinuation, almost a little insulted he’d think that he could *bribe you* to do anything you don’t want to do. “My Dad has been trying that for years and it’s never worked.”

“Your father has never offered you what I’m about to.”

Jensen slowly sits forward, reaching out for the hem of your skirt. Goosebumps rise over every inch of your body in anticipation, but he only tugs the material a little further down your legs.

“I know what you want, I know what you like...” he reminds you with a low voice, “and I like to reward good behaviour and good grades.”

“I’m a little old for sticker charts, don’t you think?” you try to sass, but it comes out breathily, exposing how very little composure you’ve actually got left.

You’ve gotten pretty good at *acting* flustered and nervous and speechless around men, but Jensen is one of the very few who can *actually* make you like this for real. He’s one of the few men that makes your heartbeat pound in your chest, that makes your mouth dry and your legs weak. What the hell is he doing to you?

“Oh, I know you’re a big girl now,” he agrees, his fingers moving from the hem of your skirt, seeking out your thigh underneath it. “And big girls get big girl rewards.” His fingers trail lightly up your thigh, stopping just before he can touch between your legs, despite your automatic reaction of widening your stance. “What d’you say?”

You let out a shaky breath, feeling his touch *right there*, but not close enough, and you swallow hard, knowing you’re not going to sound even a little composed anymore. *Fuck him.*

“I say the prize better be worth it if I’m gonna be working that hard.”

Instantly Jensen smirks, his fingertips brushing over the front of your panties, that are no doubt soaked thanks to him. It’s only one stroke, and it’s *barely there*, but it still makes you whimper pathetically. *Fuck.*

“You know it is.”

“O-okay,” you agree desperately, nodding your head.

Jensen drops his hand, smiling triumphantly.

“Great, pass your re-tests, and you can come back and see me again.”

“Wait... Jensen, I... you...”

You’re speechless, your mind spinning that he’s not following through with this. When has a guy ever touched you and *not* wanted more?! You’re *desperate*, rubbing your thighs together noticeably just for some relief from the teasing, but Jensen certainly doesn’t look like he’s ready to jump back into action and rescue you at all.

“Okay, that’s all, you’re dismissed.”

“Can I see you this weekend?” you find yourself asking. You don’t even care that you sound needy and desperate.

“Have you got homework?” he checks. You swallow and nod your head. “If you finish that, then I guess you can visit me.” He flashes you a smile and then turns back to his computer, beginning to type up an email. “Have a good weekend, Y/N.”

You’re still a mess when you arrive back at your dorm, having missed dinner in the hall. You’re on edge, anxious to get a moment alone so that you can fix the problem Jensen’s created, but Holly is sitting at her desk, doing the homework you no doubt need to be doing too. She looks up at you and smiles softly.

“You’re back late, Principal Ackles went hard on you, huh?” she giggles.

“I wish,” you mutter to yourself, thinking about how much more satisfied you’d be right now if Jensen *had* gotten hard and needed to do something about it. Holly frowns a little at your comment, so you quickly try to shift the focus. “How was your first ever week of detention?”

“It was fine, it gave me time to work on one of my extra credit projects,” she tells you, shrugging softly.

You scoff, shaking your head. Why are you even surprised?

“I’m sorry, I guess, that I dragged you into that.”

“Hey, it’s fine, I asked for it. I mean... I still wanna learn how to be a slut,” she smirks softly, a deep pink staining her cheeks. “Just maybe, for guys my own age.”

“That’s fair, I guess.” You slump down on your bed and remember what Jensen had said about good grades and good behaviour leading to rewards. “So urm, what if we trade? You help me with my homework and tests and stuff, and I help you with boys?”

Holly looks over at you and considers it. “I guess... So does that mean you’re gonna try and actually graduate?”

“Yeah, guess I should, I don’t wanna retake senior year *again*,” you roll your eyes.

“Again?” Holly presses, frowning slightly.

You’d forgotten that she didn’t know this was a retake for you, and you sigh. “Yeah, I was held back, not a big deal.”

“So is that why Principal Ackles seems to give you special treatment?”

“Special treatment?” You choke, wondering if she somehow *knows*.

“Yeah, like personally introducing you to me, calling you into his office all the time, holding you back the other night when he took us home...”

“Oh,” you clear your throat, shaking your head. “Urm, thing is, Jensen... I mean, Principal Ackles, is actually a family friend... like an uncle,” you explain awkwardly, trying to be vague on the complicated details.

“Oh, *that* makes a lot of sense,” Holly giggles, shaking her head. “I thought there was something really weird going on between you, especially because of the way you are with older guys... I mean, no offence. But then, I knew Principal Ackles wouldn’t do something like that,” she starts to ramble.

You laugh extra hard to overcompensate, shaking your head. “Ew gross, no, I could never want to fuck Jensen,” you lie, the throb between your thighs just thinking about it proving otherwise.

Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Tags: teasing, flirting, touch/sex denial, punishment, spanking, fem masturbation, daddy kink, major bratty!reader

Chapter WC: 1967

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen's POV

"I'm a little old for sticker charts, don't you think?" Y/N quips, even though her breath is uneven and her skin is getting heated. She's trying so hard to remain unfazed, but Jensen can see right through that act.

"Oh, I know you're a big girl now," he agrees, unable to stop himself from touching her skin, reminding himself just what a *big girl* she's become. "And big girls get big girl rewards." He stops himself before he can touch her where she wants it most, knowing he needs to play this game for it to work. "What d'you say?"

"I say the prize better be worth it if I'm gonna be working that hard."

Jensen admires her stubbornness to continue being such a little brat, and teases over the front of her panties, feeling that they're wet and ruined, just for him. His cock is already stirring to life at the thought of what he could do to her over this very desk he's sitting alongside.

"You know it is."

Jensen remains semi hard for most of the evening from just thinking about how wet he'd made Y/N in his office, but he had meant what he said when he told her she only got a reward if she performed well with her work. Jensen figures if sex is the only way to get through to her, then this is the solution, and really, it's a win win for everyone. Y/N gets the grades she's capable of, meaning she can graduate and go to college, while also getting the attention she clearly craves from him, and Jensen not only gets the comfort of knowing that he's helping her do well, but he's getting some *perks* too.

He hasn't even managed to change out of his suit from work yet, only having removed his tie and undone some buttons on his shirt, when there's a knock at his door. Jensen puts down the bottle of whiskey and sighs, slowly making his way over to the door. He's only half surprised to see Y/N standing there, biting her bottom lip and twirling some hair around her finger. Much like Jensen, she's in a far more relaxed version of her uniform: no tie, barely any buttons done up, and her skirt is as short as always – maybe shorter, if that's possible. Jensen can't deny she's every highschool boy's wet dream.

"Hey," she purrs with a cheeky grin.

"Hey," Jensen replies carefully, looking beyond her for any sign that someone can see her outside, so he steps to one side and invites her in quickly. "So I'm going to assume you turning up on my doorstep means you've finished all your homework?" Jensen asks sceptically, closing the door behind him.

She turns around, clasping her hands behind her back and biting her lip again.

"Mhm," she mumbles out. "And now I'm ready for my reward."

Jensen holds out his hand, and she frowns at it for a second, before stepping closer, taking it in her own and then slowly guiding it towards her waist.

"No," he protests, pulling back. "Hand it over."

"Hand *what* over?"

"Your homework, let me see that you've done it."

Y/N bites her bottom lip harder, looking around a little guiltily. "Well, it's back at my dorm room, didn't think you'd want to see it. I can show you tomorrow?" she tries, batting her eyelashes at him, reaching out to play with the buttons on his shirt.

"Nice try," Jensen scoffs, looking down and watching her. "No proof, no reward."

"But, *Daddy*," she pouts dramatically, looking up through her lashes at him. "I want your cock so badly." Her hand starts to trail down his stomach, towards his crotch, and Jensen is quick to catch her wrist and stop her in her tracks.

"You really think that little trick is gonna work on me, baby girl?" he chortles.

"What *trick*?" she prompts, smirking ever so slightly.

"Calling me Daddy..."

Y/N smirks harder, biting her bottom lip again, letting it spring back into place as she uses the hand Jensen's not holding to walk her fingers up his chest. "It seemed to get you going before... *Daddy.*"

Jensen laughs humorlessly, reaching up to wrap his hand lightly around her throat. "Know what I think, honey?" She doesn't reply, so Jensen continues. "I think that *you think* that I'm stupid. That you can lie to me and say you've done your homework so I'll reward you..."

"Now why would I do that, Daddy?" she asks sweetly. "I'm your good girl."

"Oh you're anything but a good girl, you're a nasty little slut."

Y/N audibly groans at Jensen's words, squirming in her place. "Please, I'll do it tomorrow I promise. Please give me *something.*"

"You want something, baby girl?" Jensen cooes, bringing his mouth closer to hers. She nods eagerly, trying to press her lips to his. "Alright, I'll give you something."

He grabs her arm, dragging her over to the couch and sitting on it, pulling her over his lap onto her stomach.

Y/N whimpers as he lays her down over him. "What are you doing?"

"Giving you something," he replies casually, throwing her skirt up to reveal her ass underneath. It's hugged by soft pink silk that Jensen carelessly pushes deeper into the cleft between her cheeks, to expose more skin to him. "A lesson on why lying is bad."

He lifts his hand and strikes her left cheek once, making her jump in surprise with the impact. She whimpers once more, the skin darkening slightly under the strike. He remembers back to when he spanked her in his office, but this time it's so much better. This time they've crossed that line and he's not going back. This time, he doesn't have to hold back. He strikes her again, on her right cheek, earning a more strangled moan than before.

He continues to spank her as the crotch of her panties darkens in colour thanks to her arousal, and her skin starts getting hot. She cries out with each slap, squirming over his lap, but not once does she ask him to stop. In fact, after a few moments, she starts begging him for *more.*

"Fuck, please, please touch me, I'm so desperate, Jensen, *please,*" she practically sobs.

"You know the rules, sweetheart. I don't touch, I don't play, you don't get *anything* from me, unless I'm rewarding you. Shoulda done your homework, then you could've had my cock buried inside you by now."

"I *promise* I'll do it tomorrow," she implores.

“Then tomorrow you can have my cock.”

Jensen grabs her arm once more and pulls her up, encouraging her to sit down beside him, and she winces a little as she does so, her eyes glossy with tears.

“I’m sorry,” she sniffles. When Jensen doesn’t answer she sits back against the arm of the couch, spreading her legs to keep her silky panties on display, the crotch still noticeably several shades darker. “Please touch me, Daddy, I’m so wet.”

She reaches for his hand but Jensen resists, so she gives up that endeavour and instead touches herself, her small hand rubbing back and forth along her panties, moaning sweetly to herself. Jensen watches quietly, his cock hardening in his slacks at the sight. If the spanking and the squirming hadn’t already gotten him half hard, he might’ve been able to keep his arousal concealed. Her eyes drop to the sizable bulge and she bites her bottom lip, moaning under her breath.

“You’re so hard, Daddy, let me help you.”

“Tomorrow, when you’ve finished your homework,” Jensen insists, even though he wishes he’d never made that stupid rule in the first place, and this is only day one. *Fuck* he’s gonna kill both of them.

Y/N snaps her legs shut at his comment and huffs, climbing off the couch.

“Fine,” she relents, “I’m sure some other guy will fuck me.”

Jensen sees through the empty threat, smirking at her attempt, and she crosses her arms over her chest as soon as she realises it hasn’t worked.

“Pllleeeeeaaassee,” she whines, stomping her foot like a toddler.

Jensen still doesn’t relent, but he does lick his lips and speak up. “How’s that ass, baby? Need lotion?” he checks.

She frowns at him. “No, I need cock.”

Jensen laughs softly and gets to his feet, seeing the glint of hope in her eyes as he approaches her, but he keeps walking, heading back towards the counter where he left his whiskey. He pours himself a measure and takes a swig, licking his lips.

“You can stay the night if you’d like, if Holly won’t ask too many questions.”

“She knows that we know each other outside of school now,” Y/N explains, “but anyway, what’s the point if you’re not gonna fuck me?”

Jensen turns around, leaning back on the counter and smirks. “If that’s how you feel,” he shrugs.

Y/N purses her lips and glares at him. “And you’re not going to change your mind?” she checks. Jensen simply shakes his head. She sighs dramatically and pouts. “Fine, then I guess I’m going.”

Jensen can tell she’s taking her sweet time heading to the door, like she’s hoping he’ll change his mind, and as much as it pains him to watch her walk out – his cock still wishing he’d change his mind too – the view is quite something, when he can still just about make out a handprint on her upper thigh every time her skirt swishes with the sway of her hips.

Jensen blinks his eyes open, squinting at the alarm clock to see it’s nearly three A.M. He doesn’t exactly remember falling asleep, but he does remember he was still painfully hard as he finally started drifting, but luckily, it’s relented now, because his boxers are on the looser side once more. A second set of raps on the front door reminds him why he woke in the first place, and he quickly scrambles out of bed and forgoes any extra clothes, wondering what the urgency is.

He’s quick to descend the stairs, flicking on the hallway light which only forces him to close his eyes until they’ve adjusted, and then he unlocks the door and opens it, peering through bleary vision to see Y/N. She’s still in the uniform she’d been wearing last time she showed up on his doorstep like this.

“Y/N? What’s wrong?” he asks immediately. Y/N shoves several sheets of paper against his chest, and when he reaches up for them, he looks down to see words his tired brain can’t quite comprehend yet. “What’s this?”

“My homework,” she tells him simply. “It’s all there, check it if you want.” Jensen’s brain takes a moment or two to catch up. “Will you fuck me now?”

“It’s three in the morning,” he reminds her, watching her face screw up into a glare.

“I’m not used to having to beg, Jensen, *please*,” she huffs.

Jensen smirks softly, quite liking the fact that he’s got her begging for a change, enjoying the power he’s got over her. His cock is enjoying it too, because it’s finally awake once more.

“It’s all here?” Jensen presses, shaking the papers in his grasp a little.

“Every single question.”

He drops them to the floor, reaching for Y/N and dragging her over the threshold, slamming his door shut behind her and pushing her up against the wall beside it. She breathes heavily, licking her lips and staring at him, waiting for him to make his move, and Jensen relishes in the way she’s waiting with bated breath for him.

“So you *can* be a good girl,” he whispers, bringing his mouth close to her ear, dragging his teeth along her jaw softly just to tease. “And good girls get rewards from their daddies.”

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Twenty

Chapter Tags: smut, p in v, fabric in mouth, oral sex, semi-public sex, risky sex, orgasms, degradation/humiliation, daddy kink

Chapter WC: 2243

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

THREE MONTHS LATER

Your POV

Y/N: Well this weekend was fun ;)

Jensen: That’s what you get for being a good girl

You smirk at your cell as you make your way back to your dorm, already feeling a little pent up again even though you've only just left Jensen's, but knowing it's a Sunday night and there's another full week of school ahead, means that you're not going to get that itch scratched until at least Friday night. Jensen laid down a *no sex at or during school* rule pretty early on in your arrangement, and so far, he's not gone back on that. So that leaves you with weekends, and the occasional evening that you don't have homework or some test to study for so that you can spare time to sneak down to see him. Luckily, Holly doesn't seem to question you spending so much time with the Principal, especially not after you gave her some sob story about feeling homesick sometimes and that Jensen helps you feel better because he reminds you of home. Though, Holly has been caring less and less about that stuff recently anyway.

Y/N: And what do I get if I pass my Math exam on Tuesday?

Jensen: Guess you'll have to pass and find out

You blindly push the key into the door handle to your room and unlock it, opening it and looking up when you hear movement.

"Oh fuck," Holly giggles, scrambling for bedsheets.

You raise your eyebrows for a moment, noticing her hair is a mess and she's definitely naked.

"Did I interrupt *special time*?" you chuckle, turning around when you hear the bathroom door open behind you. You watch as some tall blonde dude steps out, dressed, but his hair is tousled and he's turning a slightly darker shade of pink in his face. "Oh, *hi*."

"Urm, Y/N, this is a friend," Holly explains weakly, clearing her throat.

"I'll call you," he whispers to her, leaning down to kiss her.

"Yeah, sure," she whispers back.

Holly reaches up to tame her hair again as the blonde leaves, and you can't keep the smirk off of your face.

"A friend, huh? And where did you meet this *friend*?" you pry, crossing your arms over your chest.

"Just *out*," she struggles, pulling the bedsheets up higher. "Do you mind urm... turning around?"

You laugh, "it's fine, I'm about to take a shower. But can you stop being a slut for five minutes and help me figure out this biology work once I'm out? We have a test on Wednesday and I really need to pass it."

“Well done, Miss Padalecki.”

You look down at the paper and bite your bottom lip, unable to hide the smile trying to force its way over your mouth. You'd never thought you'd be this happy to see a B on a test before. There seems to be a pattern with Jensen's rewards; the better you do, the better he *rewards you*. And a B is the highest grade you've gotten yet in Math. You quickly load the camera on your cell and snap a photo of the grade, sending it to Jensen with an angel emoji.

You watch your screen for several minutes, and then a reply flashes up and you immediately bite your bottom lip and read it.

Jensen: Good girl, come to my office after school. Now stop texting in class or you won't get your reward

You feel stupidly good about yourself at the validation, and no matter how hard you try, you can't focus on anything but Jensen's reward for the rest of the school day.

You clench your thighs together tighter, feeling your pussy practically dripping as you sit and wait uncomfortably. You keep looking at Michaela, and every time she notices you staring she clears her throat awkwardly and looks away. But you're not here to terrorise her today, you're over that. Jensen's fucking you now, and as far as you know he's never even fucked her once. The only reason you keep staring at her is because you're waiting for those magic words, the ones that mean this teasing, agonising wait is over. Jensen no doubt knows what he's doing – he loves making you desperate.

Her phone rings on her desk, and your heartbeat starts to quicken. You almost want to jump to your feet and head in there before she lets you, but part of the thrill – you've come to realise – is hearing those words. It's almost like foreplay.

“Principal Ackles will see you now.”

You stand up immediately and walk over to his door, not even bothering to knock as you let yourself in and close it tight behind you so Michaela can't hear or see anything. Not that anything ever happens in this room anymore, but there's still the blind, naive hope inside you that thinks maybe this time he'll crack.

“Hi,” you smile sweetly, moving to sit in the armchair opposite him, placing your bag beside you.

“A B in Math?” he questions, a small smirk on his lips.

“Yeah, are you proud of me?” you ask, biting your bottom lip.

“Very,” he confirms, “are you proud of yourself?”

“Sure,” you shrug.

Jensen spins in his chair, reaching for keys out of his pocket and unlocking one of his desk drawers.

“I’ve been waiting to give you this, for a time you’ve really impressed me,” he explains, pulling out a gift bag. You recognise the colours and logo to be from the lingerie store in town. Jensen rounds his desk, perching himself on the edge of it right in front of you. Slowly he hands over the gift bag and smirks. “Put that away somewhere safe, the only other person that’s allowed to see it is me.”

You take the bag from him and open it, peering inside to see deep red lace. You reach inside to touch, feeling how soft it is against your fingertips, and as you lift it out, Jensen glances to the door and pushes your hand back down into the bag to stop you. You smirk slightly.

“Thank you, Daddy,” you tell him quietly, indulging his paranoia.

“You can thank me this weekend.”

You watch as Jensen gets up and returns to his chair, and you bite your lip, deciding to push the boundaries a little. Clearing your throat, you place the gift bag down on the floor by your chair.

“It’s very kind of you to buy me new underwear, considering you ruin all my panties.”

Jensen’s cheeks turn a deeper shade of pink and he scoffs. “That right, baby girl?”

“You don’t believe me?” You press, sliding yourself a little further down the chair. You bring your feet up to the desktop and then slowly start to open your legs. “They get so wet that now I just don’t bother wearing any.”

Jensen immediately looks away, but only seconds later his green eyes are back between your legs, taking in the sight of your pussy no doubt shining with the slick he’s caused.

“Baby girl,” he warns quietly, clearing his throat and reaching up to rub a hand over his face. “Put that away.”

"*That?* Oh, you mean my wet little pussy? But you love it so much, Daddy." Jensen readjusts himself in his chair as you slowly reach between your legs and start to let your fingers play with your clit. "Can you see how wet I am just from thinking about you all day?" You bring your fingers to your mouth and suck them clean. "Tastes good too, but you already know that, don't you, Daddy?"

Jensen reaches for the phone on his desk and picks it up.

"Hey, you can go for the day... no no, I'm fine now. See you tomorrow."

His eyes don't leave your pussy as he talks, and when he hangs up you continue to play with yourself, rubbing in small circles, only making yourself so much worse. The fading of Michaela's heels as she leaves the office finds Jensen visibly relaxing a little more. He glances to the door and then back at you, lifting his hand as he flicks his fingers towards him.

"C'mere."

You smirk triumphantly, pulling your hand away and jumping to your feet, eager to round his desk and join him on the other side. You can see now that he's painfully hard in his slacks, and he tears into them and pulls his cock out of the fly.

"On your knees," he grunts. "Wanna put that slutty mouth to good use."

You lick your lips, not minding the command one bit as you lower to your knees and eagerly take his throbbing length in your grasp, licking from root to tip and then closing your mouth over it, starting to suck the precum away.

"Atta girl," he hums, his hand engulfing the back of your head. "Suck Daddy's cock, good girl."

After a few moments your eyes are watering and your chin is a sappy mess. You're trying so hard to please him, hoping it'll prompt him to give in and fuck you like you so desperately need him to, and eventually he pulls you up to your feet and throws you over his desk. You feel him remove your tie from around your neck. You feel the fabric starting to push into your mouth, muffling the moan that bleeds from it at his heavy handedness. You quickly glance over your shoulder just in time to see Jensen dropping to his knees, his large hands pulling your ass cheeks apart and then his tongue is inside you, thrusting as deep as it can get. You scream out, luckily not loud enough that anyone hears thanks to the tie, and start gripping the edge of the desk for dear life.

Jensen hums as he eats you out, fucking you with his tongue before swirling it around your bundle of nerves and sucking it between his teeth. You buck your hips back against his mouth, desperate for more, and Jensen chuckles against your heat.

“Look at you,” he mocks. “Maybe I shouldn’t give you my cock. Going around school without any panties on like a little slut? You should get detention.” You whine around the tie, bucking your hips once more to tempt him. Jensen chuckles at the attempt, standing up and spanking your ass softly. “Lucky for you, Daddy loves this pussy too damn much to resist it.” Your eyes almost roll into the back of your head when you feel the thick swell of his tip rubbing through your folds, nudging and teasing your clit. “Tell you what, baby girl, you can have Daddy’s cock inside you if you beg nicely.”

“Pl-s, Da-ee, pl-s,” you try to get out around your gag.

“What was that, sweetheart? Can’t understand you.”

You grunt, clenching your jaw. You try to tell him *it’s not fair*, but that doesn’t come out even a little distinguishable. You reach for the tie and pull it loose, dropping the wet fabric to the desk.

“Please, Daddy, fuck me,” you finally beg coherently.

Jensen chuckles, his hand pressing the side of your face down against the desk. “See, you are a clever girl.”

He slides inside, stretching your insides beautifully, and thanks to the way his mouth had been relentlessly teasing you just moments before, you’re already close to an orgasm. You try to tell him, but once more your words aren’t coherent, only this time it’s not because of a gag. Jensen seems to notice though, because he chuckles and rolls his hips in the way he knows gets you closer, fucking you slow but hard, making your whole body shake.

“Reach back, spread those holes f’me, let me see you cum.” You instantly reach behind you, spreading your ass like he’s instructed, whimpering at the way that simple act makes it feel *better*. “Creamin’ all over my cock like a slut,” he growls, reaching around your body to toy your clit, which gets you *right there*. “Such a good girl, aren’t you, baby? Such a good little whore for your Daddy.”

Everything stops; your breathing, your brain – the whole world, it feels – everything but the orgasm that’s now coursing through every inch of you, making your legs shake and your eyes roll.

“That’s it, fuck, you wanna see how good that pussy looks cumming around my cock,” he chuckles. He pulls out, sitting back in his chair, pulling you into his lap, sending his cock the whole way inside once more. He’s holding you tight to his chest, fucking up into you mercilessly now, until his phone starts ringing. “Fuck.”

Jensen stops fucking you, and you’re expecting him to pull out, freak out and tell you to go back to your dorm, tell you he can’t ever fuck you in his office again. But instead, his large hand

wraps over your mouth, silencing you completely, and he clears his throat, calmly reaching for the phone.

“Principal Ackles,” he answers, his voice surprisingly steady. “Yes, I heard she did well in Math, I knew she had it in her... I agree, she’s really making good progress. Thanks for letting me know.” Jensen rolls his hips up, and you instantly reach up, digging your nails into his arm in a desperate attempt to release some of your pent up arousal other than screaming. Jensen pays it no mind, his cock now deep and still, but throbbing inside you. “Don’t worry Keith, I’ll think of something to encourage her to keep it up.”

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Twenty One

Chapter Tags: flirting, teasing, fluff, jensen being adorable

Chapter WC: 2220

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen’s POV

“Have a good weekend, Jensen.”

Jensen looks up and smiles at Michaela as she sticks her head around his door.

“You too, sweetheart,” he replies with a gentle nod.

He instantly sees the excitement on her face at his moniker and internally scolds himself for it. He’d always naturally called women *sweetheart* or something similar thanks to his southern upbringing, but he’d been making a conscious effort not to use it around Michaela once he realised she had feelings for him. He’s never wanted to fan that fire, but even more so now that he’s spending time with Y/N. He doesn’t really know how to define what he has with Y/N, but he knows it’s more than sex – for him at least. And he knows it *shouldn’t* be more, but he can’t help how he feels about her. Truthfully, it reminds him of when he first met Clarissa, only... *more*, something different he can’t put his finger on.

But Jensen knows that however he defines his relationship with Y/N, it's not built to last. It can't. He can't imagine ever telling Jared about them, or Clarissa and the rest of the family for that matter. He knows how bad it'll look for him, despite her reputation. Hell, it's not even *legal* right now given she's his freaking student. It's a pretty big mess that Jensen can't even begin to think about cleaning up. So he buries it deep in his brain, under sexual attraction and desire and a passion he's been craving to feel again for *years*.

Jensen realises that Michaela is still smiling softly at him and he scrambles for something to say to remind her that he's not interested, hoping to quash that hope before it grows too much, but he can't think of anything, so he just tells her that he'll see her Monday and watches her leave. Jensen chews his bottom lip nervously for a moment or two and then his mind drifts back to Y/N like it always does. He's always looked forward to the weekend break, but since things took a turn between them, Jensen's looked forward to them all the more. As fun as the sex is, though, it seems to be all they do, and for once, he really just wants to spend time with her where neither of them are naked and he doesn't have his dick inside her. How Y/N will take to that suggestion, Jensen doesn't know, but he's going to at least suggest it.

As usual for a Friday, Y/N doesn't take too long to find herself at his office door. She's already removed her tie, but as school is over Jensen can't reprimand her for that, in fact, he reaches up and loosens his own for some relief.

"Happy Friday," she smirks, leaning against the doorframe.

"Hey you," Jensen replies softly, reaching across to tidy away some paperwork. "I'm still busy for a couple'a hours, so how about you come to my place later?" he suggests.

"Or..." she starts, a mischievous grin on her face as she approaches the armchair. Jensen can't help but think about the way she sat on it a few days before, no panties and dripping wet. He'd always promised himself they'd never fuck here and certainly not when school is still open, but he couldn't resist that day – he can barely resist her at all now he knows what he's missing. "I can sit here and distract you."

Jensen sets her a playful glare. "No, I'm serious. I need to finish a few things. Come to mine around eight. We can have a movie night."

Y/N arches her brow and licks her lips. "Oh you mean like Netflix and chill?"

"Yeah, I've got Netflix," Jensen nods. "I can order pizza."

Y/N smirks and gets up out of the armchair, much to Jensen's relief.

"Perfect, I'm looking forward to it, Daddy," she purrs, winking as she leaves. Jensen frowns softly to himself but decides to let it go, now more focused than ever on finishing his work on time, so he can spend some quality time with Y/N.

Jensen's only just finished changing into sweatpants and a plain Henley when there's a knock on his door. He smirks to himself at how eager Y/N always is, even if she'll never admit it. He runs his fingers through his hair and answers the door with a smile on his face, seeing she's no longer in her uniform. She's now in yoga pants and a cropped top that's slipping down her shoulder.

"Hey," she smirks, slipping inside and under his arm as he holds the door open.

Jensen can't resist turning around and letting his eyes drop to her ass. The pants are fitted enough that he knew it would be a good view, and he wasn't wrong. But, that's not why he invited her over tonight.

"I'm pretty hungry, are you?" she asks, turning around to face him again, trapping her bottom lip between her teeth. Jensen tries his best to not let his mind wander.

"I've ordered pizza, unless you want something else?" he asks, moving past her to grab his cell from the counter in the kitchen and check the status of his delivery.

Y/N follows on behind him. "I don't mind, Daddy."

Jensen smirks and rolls his eyes to himself at her insistence on calling him Daddy. He knows she only does it to tease him, and if there's one thing he knows about Y/N Padalecki, it's that she's the biggest tease he's ever met.

He sees the pizzas are out for delivery and sets about pouring them both a whiskey after Y/N insists she'll drink it all. In fairness to Y/N, she doesn't flinch or wrinkle her nose when she takes the first sip, and Jensen assumes she's drunk the stuff before; anything of Jared's she could get her hands on, no doubt.

"Your finals are starting soon," Jensen reminds her, walking them over to the couch. "All your teachers think you'll graduate this time," he continues, sitting down. Y/N rolls her eyes, sitting opposite him on the couch. "Thought about what you're gonna do next?"

Jensen's genuinely curious, and they don't get much opportunity to have real conversations like this. He wants her to do well in life, he wants her to want *more* for herself than what she's got now. She's joked in the past about marrying a rich guy and living off his money, but she's come a long way in the last few months, and Jensen's hoping it's something she's seriously considered.

"Urgh, c'mon, can we not talk about school tonight?" she groans, tipping her head back.

Jensen chooses to ignore her protests. "What about college?"

"If I move away for college then how am I gonna keep fucking and annoying you?" she smirks, licking her bottom lip seductively.

"That's the point, I'm trying to get rid of you," he teases back playfully.

A knock at the door, which Jensen presumes is the pizza, cuts the conversation short, and he sighs, getting up to answer it. He's hoping that at least planting the seed about college will get her thinking about going, but he's not holding his breath.

Jensen flicks through his suggested movies and shows on Netflix, surprised Y/N isn't piping up and telling him exactly what she wants to watch. She's got a strong enough opinion on everything else in her life, and Jensen figured the movie they watch tonight wouldn't be an exception. But she just lazes back, nursing her second whiskey as she places her feet in his lap. Jensen finds a fairly standard comedy and looks over at her for any indication that she might want to watch it or not, but she's just scrolling through her phone, wiggling her foot back and forth mindlessly in his lap.

"If you're just going to have your head in your phone all night there's no point in you being here," he teases.

She glances up from the screen and smirks softly, instantly dropping it into her lap.

"You sound like Dad, just pick one already," she complains.

Jensen notices as her top slides further down her arm that there's a flash of deep red lace, and he instantly recognises it as the same colour as the set he bought her. He hasn't had the chance to see her in it yet, as they haven't had any time alone since Tuesday when he gave it to her, and just the thought of seeing her in it – even only in his mind – gets him a little flustered, so he tries to distract himself with Netflix once more.

"Well, what type of movie do you feel like?" He asks, starting to scroll through again.

"Oooh, we should watch porn together, that would be hot," she tells him excitedly, purposefully rubbing her foot in his lap.

Jensen scoffs, "pretty sure Netflix don't do porn."

He ignores the way she rolls her eyes, determined to not let her turn this night into just sex as usual, and decides to pick something himself. He settles on a light hearted comedy and reaches down to rub her foot as the movie starts up. Y/N relaxes back a little more reaching up to play with the hem of her top lazily as she looks at the TV and they fall quiet.

They've barely gotten ten minutes into the movie when Y/N starts huffing softly, wiggling in her place, her foot starting to rub over Jensen's cock as if she's doing it on purpose – who is Jensen kidding? Of course it's on purpose. He chooses to ignore it, keeping his eyes on the screen until he sees in his peripheral vision that she's reaching between her legs. She hums softly under her breath, and Jensen feels her eyes on the side of his face.

"What are you doing?" He asks, not taking his eyes off of the screen and giving her the attention she's clearly searching for. "Are you even watching this?"

"No, why would I?" She scoffs, shifting further down the couch and now very obviously rubbing her foot over his cock.

"Because we're having a movie night," he reminds her, grabbing her foot and lifting it out of his lap.

"No, you invited me over for Netflix and chill," she reminds him.

"Yeah, Netflix" –he refers to the TV– "and chill." He vaguely gestures to them on the couch and Y/N's eyes widen for a moment before she starts laughing. "What's so funny?"

"Oh, dude," she scoffs, shaking her head. "That is not what Netflix and chill means. You're so old sometimes."

"Hey," Jensen warns glaring softly.

She sits up, leaning closer to him. "Don't worry, old is hot."

She kisses him, and Jensen finds himself kissing back. He likes kissing Y/N, and kissing doesn't have to turn sexual, he reminds himself. But Y/N doesn't seem to have gotten the same memo, because her tongue licks along his bottom lip and she pushes her hand into the open neckline of his Henley.

"Wait, what *does* Netflix and chill mean?" He asks curiously, pulling back when she tries to deepen the kiss.

"Why don't I show you?" She giggled, leaning forward to kiss him.

Jensen's got a fairly good idea what it means now and huffs. *Of course* he's led her on on the one night he wanted it to *not* be about sex.

“Not tonight, sweetheart,” he protests softly, careful with letting her down.

“Why not? It’s nothing we haven’t done a lot of before, and we do it *very well*.”

Jensen laughs slightly sitting up straighter. “I know, baby girl, but that’s not what tonight was supposed to be about.”

Y/N purses her lips for a second and sighs, standing up. Jensen thinks she might be leaving now she knows she’s not getting what she always wants from him. Jensen would feel used, but he sees through it easily enough. That girl will never admit she wants more even though Jensen’s fairly sure she does.

He stares at her for a moment, waiting for her to have a go at him for leading her on or wasting her time, at the very least huff and leave. But instead, he watches as she grabs the hem of her top and pulls it over her head. That deep red lace he’d bought her hugs her body perfectly. Jensen had had to guess her size, but apparently he got that *very right*. He swallows hard, watching as she pushes her yoga pants down her legs and kicks them away.

“Are you telling me that I wore this for nothing?” She asks, her hands landing on her hips.

Jensen’s speechless, his cock already hardening in his sweatpants at the very sight of her. He swallows hard, licking his lips and preparing to speak, but he’s fairly sure he’s forgotten what the English language is.

“Because if I did, I’ll take it off,” she adds, playing with one of the bra straps.

“Yeah,” Jensen finally hears his own voice, breathy and broken, “you’re not taking that off any time soon.”

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Twenty Two

Chapter Tags: smut, overstimulation, orgasms, daddy kink, fluff, teasing, romance (ish), angst, mentions of abandonment

Chapter WC: 2064

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Your POV

“C’mon, sweetheart, you’ve got one left in you,” Jensen grunts, his fingers rubbing around your bundle of nerves.

Your teeth impale your bottom lip, a choked moan struggling its way out of your throat.

“Daddy, no,” you whine, feeling completely overstimulated.

“C’mon, baby,” he cooes, “Daddy wants to feel it one last time.” Your whole body tenses, your legs aching as you hold yourself over him. Luckily, his second hand is placed firmly under your ass, keeping you elevated just enough that he can piston up into you. “Last chance for a coupl’a weeks,” he reminds you, which is enough to encourage you to let go one more time.

Jensen moans just as deeply as you do at the feeling of you clenching hard around his cock, gripping onto him like a vice. Your throat is sore, you’re breathing so heavily; your lungs burning and heavy in your chest. Jensen slowly drops your body, sending himself deeper inside, and your eyes roll at the sensation. He holds you close against his sweaty chest and kisses your throat.

“You’re perfect, baby,” he hums happily.

You smile at the praise and feel as he rises to his feet, keeping you close to him as he carries you into the bathroom. His cock naturally slips out once he begins to soften, and with one hand Jensen skillfully turns the shower on and waits for the water to heat up enough. He steps under it with you in his arms, and the warm water cascades down both of you. It’s a welcomed feeling, and you nuzzle against his neck a little.

“Think your legs work now?” he asks with a smug grin. You roll your eyes at his cocky tone and whimper slightly as he lets you back down to your feet. “Good girl,” he praises, smoothing down your wet hair.

He kisses you lazily, pushing you up against the shower wall, and you try to deepen the kiss.

“There’s no chance you’re getting another round right now,” Jensen scoffs against your mouth. “The downside to an older man, sweetheart; a whole weekend of sex is enough to kill me.”

You giggle, biting your bottom lip. “It’s fine, I’d say the itch is pretty well scratched now. Plus, I’m a little sore, might be hard for me to sit down for a three hour exam tomorrow.”

You smirk at the way Jensen starts glaring softly at your words, but then he relaxes and smirks back.

“You shouldn’t have done so well on that mock I made you sit. I did promise you an orgasm for every right answer.” He kisses you again. “You know, you would’ve graded an A?”

“Remind me again what my prize is for every A I get?” you ask, biting your bottom lip.

“That’s a surprise,” he winks, reaching up to push some hair out of your eyes. “You thought any more about college?”

You sigh, pushing off the shower wall and stepping out, reaching for the towel on the heated rack and wrapping it around you.

“Not that again,” you try to quip, brushing it off.

Truthfully, you don’t like the idea of moving away for college. You don’t mind living away from home, but Jensen’s *here*, and you’re having fun with him, so why should that have to end? You never even expected to graduate this year. It’s only thanks to Jensen’s stupid *reward scheme* and your deal with Holly for her to tutor you in all the boring stuff so you can teach her all the fun stuff that you’ve even gotten this far. Honestly? You’re just shocked – and albeit a little proud – that you’re graduating at all. But college? That seems like a lot more work and a lot less fun without Jensen. What would you even do at college? Most people go to experience parties and boys, but you’ve done all that, and it all seems a little... tedious. Jensen’s got his life together, he’s got a job and a home and you kind of like the idea of slotting into that. Not that it’s anything emotional or serious; it’s purely sex, of course.

“Baby, wait,” Jensen calls softly, grabbing your arm to stop you walking out of the bathroom. He lets go when he’s confident you’re not going to leave, and grabs his own towel, wrapping it around his waist. “Listen, I’m so proud of you,” he begins, reaching up to hold your face in his hands. “Do you realise how much of a big deal it is that you’re graduating? This time last year, you were a different person, and now look at you. You could do anything, why not college?”

“I don’t know, Jensen, I don’t want to,” you mumble, not really wanting to tell him about your reservations of leaving him behind. “I’d never get in.”

“Yes, you would,” he insists. You roll your eyes and take a deep breath. “Alright, I’ll drop it,” he agrees, like he can read your mind. “You should get dried and head back to your dorm, big day tomorrow.”

You nod, smiling gently as he kisses the tip of your nose, letting you go. You turn, and Jensen playfully taps your ass, making you giggle as you step back into his bedroom. You find your clothes dotted around his room and gather them onto the bed, glancing over your shoulder to

see Jensen stepping into the room, water droplets still trickling from his hair down his chest and stomach as he, too, searches for clothes to dress in.

“Are you sure that we can’t meet up during finals? They’re gonna be very stressful and I’m gonna need *a lot* of relief,” you smirk.

Jensen rolls his eyes, kissing your shoulder as he passes you. “I think I’ve distracted you enough this weekend.”

You sigh at his stubbornness and begin drying yourself off and dressing slowly.

“A whole week without sex?” you pout dramatically.

Jensen laughs heartily, “Sweetheart, there will be plenty of times in your life you’ll need to wait longer than that.”

“Not if I’ve got anything to say about it.” Jensen laughs again. “I hope you don’t think I’m eventually gonna *calm down*, because this is me and you’re just gonna have to get used to it.”

Jensen smirks harder, pulling sweatpants on and stepping up to you. “I guess I can try to do that.” He kisses your lips once more and then heads back towards the bathroom. “Go back to your dorm, I’m serious. You need an early night.”

“Yes, Daddy,” you tease.

You didn’t think you’d be so nervous, but it’s only six in the morning and you’re already wide awake, staring up at the ceiling and overthinking your English final that starts in four hours. Last year, you turned up hungover, and without any studying or preparation under your belt, you’d failed epically. But you didn’t care then. You do now. Stupid Jensen had gotten into your head about doing well and being proud of you, and you suddenly felt this pressure to please him. Dare you admit it, you want to make your father proud too. Something about Jensen’s validation has been making you crave it more, and not just from him but from other people in your life.

You used to get a rise out of annoying people – particularly your father – because it was the kind of attention you thought you needed. Attention that lasted longer than you doing something *good*. Plus, it was fun partying and finding guys to hook up with. But since Jensen had been *rewarding you*, telling you how much he cared about you doing well and how proud he was, it had started messing with your head, and now you want to please him. Just the thought makes you crinkle your nose.

You check your phone, waiting for the inevitable text from your father to wish you luck. He never misses these kinds of things, and no doubt he'll be the cringy parent at graduation cheering for you the loudest as close to the front as he can get. It's just *embarrassing*. You roll onto your side and sit up, seeing that Holly is still asleep on the other side of the room. At least once finals are over you don't have to study anymore, or do work or homework, and you can enjoy summer, hanging out with Jensen and not having to worry about people questioning why you spend time with the principal. Jensen hasn't spent summer at home in years, and now that you know about him and Clarissa, it makes a lot of sense. You wonder if he'll stay here this summer too, and if he'll let you stay with him. You don't really want to go back to living with your father at home.

You slide the drawer open on your nightstand, reaching inside for the picture frame you packed after Christmas. You glance over to Holly's bed and check she's still asleep, before pulling the photo into your lap and smiling softly as you look down at it. It's probably the last photo you have of you with your Mom and Dad where your Mom looks happy. Though nowadays, you question if she was ever truly happy. She wasn't happy enough to stay, that much you do know. You'd always been a little rebellious as a kid, but you were never *awful*. Still, you can't help but wonder if that's what drove her away. Would she come back if she knew you were about to get your life together and graduate high school? Maybe if your grades are high enough she'll want you. Maybe if you track her down and invite her to your graduation she'll come, and she'll cheer as loud as your Dad, maybe louder, but you won't mind because she'll be *back*.

You blink tears away and put the photo back in your drawer, face down, sliding it closed again. You can't think about that right now, or you'll never concertante enough to graduate high school.

Somehow, you've managed to make it through finals week without having a breakdown. You know it's pointless worrying about your results now that the exams are over. Maybe you'll fail again, and if you do you'll just have to stay another year, but that really wouldn't be an awful thing to have to do, you suppose. Except a bigger part of you than you care to admit is desperate to have done well, so you can prove to your mother why she should love you. And if she doesn't want to love you, then it'll only prove that you can do things without her.

You hadn't dared to bring your mother up to Jared, who had called every night this week to ask about your exams and how you think you did. You've asked him a million times before if he knows where your mother went, but he's never given up her location before. You like to think he would've told you by now if he did know. You can't help but wonder about your grandparents, though. Your grandmother has never asked *where* your mother had gone, just *why*. You can't imagine a proud woman like your grandmother would want much to do with someone who could 'bring shame upon the family', but you'd have thought she'd at least want to know where her daughter was; she's still her mother, after all.

Following your hunch, and one very uncomfortable conversation, your grandmother reluctantly gives you an address. You'd had to make up some excuse as to why you wanted to know, given that she doesn't know you failed high school the first time, and you'd tried to not think about how long she'd known your mother's whereabouts without telling you. You could hardly be surprised, though.

Only, now that you have the information, you're not sure you know what to do with it. She left for a reason, and maybe that reason was you. Could you really handle her rejecting you a second time? You look down at your own writing and then scrunch the paper up, throwing it away. You swallow down tears, snapped out of your thoughts by a text coming through on your cell.

Jensen: Finals are over, why don't you come get your reward?

She might not want you, but there's someone who does. You smirk at your cell as you type out your reply.

Y/N: Be right there, daddy

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Twenty Three

Chapter Tags: fluff, angst, guilt

Chapter WC: 1881

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Jensen's POV

Jensen can't keep the smile off of his face as he looks down at the paper. His eyes scan over the words once more, just to check he read them right, and he did. This is what Y/N has needed all this time. She just needed someone who believed in her, who made her believe in herself, and maybe his methods were a little... unconventional, but they worked, and now she's got the whole world at her feet. She could do anything, and Jensen's not sure she even realises that.

Jensen: Come to my office ASAP

Y/N: Am I in trouble? You know technically school's out now, right?

Jensen smirks at his phone and replies, telling her to do as she's told, and her usual *yes daddy* reply makes him chuckle, as always. She's right, school is technically finished now her finals are over, but like a lot of the girls here, Y/N is sticking around until graduation. Honestly, Jensen's not even sure if she'll go home after that. He's been afraid to bring it up, and she hasn't mentioned anything, either. He knows that her staying here with him will look a little suspicious to Jared. Over the years he'd struggled to find excuses to stay and not spend summer back in Austin with the rest of the family, but at least now that their divorce is finalised, Jensen doesn't feel so guilty not going home to Clarissa. Still, that doesn't give Y/N any excuse to stay, as much as Jensen likes the thought of her doing that.

Y/N knocks on his door. She's wearing jeans and a tight shirt, smiling sweetly at him as she enters.

"Close the door," he orders. She raises her eyebrows, turning around and doing as he says, and then tentatively approaches the armchair in front of him.

"Why do I feel like this is bad?" she asks, biting her bottom lip nervously. Jensen picks up the letter from his desk, standing up and rounding his desk to sit on the edge of it in front of her.

"Know what this is?" he asks. She eyes the paper and shakes her head. "Your results."

"But I thought we didn't get them until next week?" she frowns.

"You don't, but I'm the principal, I can pull strings."

"Okay, so I failed? Well, I'll just do the year again, you don't mind me bugging you for one more year, do you?" she smirks, licking her bottom lip.

"Actually, I would mind," he tells her. "There's no need to redo your senior year for a third time when you've passed every class with high grades."

Y/N frowns, and then bolts up to her feet, ripping the paper from his grasp. She reads it and then throws her arms around his neck, hugging him tightly.

"I graduated?" she checks, pulling back to read the paper again.

"You fuckin' aced it, baby," Jensen laughs. She squeals, throwing herself against him once more and kissing him hard. "I'm so proud of you."

"Thank you, thank you," she starts to chant, kissing him again and then hugging him once more. "Oh my god... I graduated."

She pulls back completely and reads the paper several times, grinning broadly. Jensen laughs softly, loving seeing her this happy. He takes in the look on her face as she keeps reading the paper as if it's lying to her.

"I got like three As," she tells him, and Jensen nods. "Fuck, Dad is gonna fucking freak out."

Jensen laughs again, nodding. "We should celebrate," he tells her, dragging her closer again.

"I forgot about that... even better," she smirks. "So what's my reward for three whole A's?"

Jensen scans her face for a moment and licks his lips. "I'm gonna take you out for dinner."

"That sounds... romantic," she tells him tentatively, frowning a little. Jensen shrugs a shoulder.

"Is there a problem with that?"

"Are you going to invite me in for coffee at the end of the night?" she teases.

Jensen scoffs, he should've known she'd make it about sex again. "I guess you'll have to wait and see."

"Alright, I guess, but you're paying the whole bill."

"Great, so tonight?"

"I guess I'll go and get ready. I'll call Dad too, tell him the good news." She kisses him softly and then steps back, and Jensen smiles as he watches her leave.

Jensen takes a deep breath, smoothing down his tie and checking himself over. His cell buzzing on the dresser pulls him away from his own reflection, and he sees Jared's name on the screen. He had figured it wouldn't be long before he heard from him.

"Hey."

"Dude, Y/N told me. That's incredible man," Jared gushes down the other end.

"Yeah, it's pretty impressive. We knew she could do it."

"I knew she was capable, but for her to actually get the grades? I don't know what you've done to my little girl while she's been with you at that school, but it fuckin' worked."

Jensen feels a twist of guilt in his stomach, and he laughs uneasily for a moment. He's always tried to not think about Y/N as who she really is. This school is like its own bubble, its own world away from real life. Here he can forget that Y/N is his best friend's daughter, that she's so much younger than him. The only taboo he's had to get over here is the fact that she's technically a student. But hearing Jared's voice, hearing him call her 'his little girl'... it's all hitting home for Jensen, giving him the reality check he's probably needed for a while now. But it doesn't take away from the fact that he's now undeniably in love with her – which is probably the worst part.

"Told you I'd get her to graduate," Jensen finally replies, refocusing on getting ready.

"Honestly, wasn't sure I believed you. I can't wait to see her at graduation, man, I'm so proud."

"Yeah, me too, dude."

"Now we've just gotta convince her to go to college," Jared laughs.

"Yeah, I'm working on that one," he smiles, tapping the inside pocket of his suit jacket to make sure what he'd put in there earlier is still in there. "Listen, I've gotta go, but I'll text you with the graduation details, reserve you a good seat."

"Thanks dude, for everything, honestly, you've changed her life and I can't thank you enough."

Jensen feels another twist of guilt as he hangs up the phone, taking a deep breath as he straightens out his suit jacket. The doorbell sounds out which tells him he hasn't got any more time to battle with himself over this right now.

The restaurant is several miles out of town; a conscious decision made by Jensen so that they won't be recognised by any other teachers or anyone else that might realise who they are. Though, almost the entire school now knows that Y/N and Jensen have a relationship outside of school, and a celebratory end of school meal isn't a *huge* deal. However, the restaurant *is* on the classy romantic side, and pretty much every patron there is a couple or business partners. He'd wanted something grand for the occasion, and seeing Y/N dressed up so beautifully, with far less leg on show than usual, really makes her seem so grown up. And she *is* grown up. She's a woman with her whole life ahead of her.

"I know I keep saying it, sweetheart, but I am so proud of you. You really can do anything you want now," Jensen reminds her as they wait for dessert.

Y/N clears her throat, clearly flattered by the validation and sips her wine. "And what if I just wanna keep bugging you?"

Jensen laughs softly. "As much as I'd love that, maybe we should talk about what's next?"

He watches her face carefully, knowing she's always shot him down when talking about the future before. But now things are a little different. Now she *knows* she's definitely graduating, and she *knows* she's capable of doing well. Maybe now she'll actually consider getting something out of her life.

"I've never been a career person, Jensen, I don't know what to tell you. I guess I'll just settle," she shrugs. "Find a simple job, that's enough for me."

Jensen purses his lips. "Baby girl, you're nineteen," he reminds her. "You don't need to think about settling down right now."

"I've never thought about these things, I have no idea what I wanna do."

"Well if you go to college, you'll have a place to figure that out," he defends.

Y/N scoffs, clearly getting irritated by Jensen's persistence. "You keep bringing up college like you're desperate to get rid of me."

Jensen swallows, not wanting it to seem that way, because it's not. He'd let her stay with him forever if it wasn't selfish. But he did college, and he got himself a great job he loves now, and he wants the same for Y/N, too.

"No, that's not it," Jensen insists. "I just think... your Mom and Dad were so young when they had you, and I want better than that for you."

Y/N clears her throat, twisting her wine glass on the tabletop, staring at it intently.

"Since you brought it up," Y/N starts, not looking at him. "I have something to tell you, and I need you to promise you won't tell Dad yet."

Jensen's suddenly nervous, because she looks worried; maybe even a little scared.

"Are you pregnant?" he asks immediately, the only thing that comes to mind at first, given he'd brought up her parents having her young.

"No," she frowns. Jensen lets out a deep breath of relief, feeling like his heart had stopped without him realising it. "Okay, don't look so happy about that," she scowls.

"C'mon, sweetheart," he defends softly.

She smiles ever so slightly, telling him she's not really that mad about it. "It's not that," she confirms again. "I urm... I tracked her down." Before Jensen can ask who, she adds: "Mom."

She finally looks up at him, and Jensen frowns, wondering where this is going. She licks her lips and looks away once more.

“I know she left, and probably because of me...” before Jensen can cut in to correct her, she carries on. “But I just feel like there was no closure there, you know? I want her to see how well I’m doing, want her to realise what she walked out on.”

Jensen feels a heaviness in his heart at the upset on her face. She’d never been good at hiding how much her Mom leaving had fucked with her, but Jensen had never thought she’d want to track her down.

“I guess what I’m asking is if you’ll come with me. I don’t have anyone else I trust, and I just want—”

“Of course, baby girl, of course I’ll be there. I’ll always be there,” Jensen interrupts immediately, nodding his head. Y/N offers him a weak, appreciative smile, and Jensen takes a deep breath, deciding the secret in his pocket can wait just a little longer.

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Twenty Four

Chapter Tags: heavy angst, fluff, abandonment, mentions of affair, feelings of being unwanted

Chapter WC: 3170

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Your POV

“Hey, baby?” Jensen speaks up, reaching across to grip your thigh. You stop and look over at him, swallowing nervously. “You don’t have to do this if you’re not ready.”

“I’m ready,” you insist, not sure if you’re trying to convince yourself of Jensen more.

“Listen, sweetheart, there are things that we haven’t told you about your mother, and I just think—”

“She can tell me herself,” you interrupt, stubbornly. Jensen takes a deep breath and then nods silently. “I need to know, Jensen. And I need *her* to know.”

You can’t even bring yourself to say the words to Jensen, how are you going to say them to your mother? What if you get there and freeze? What if you can’t speak at all? What if she doesn’t even recognise you? You can’t bear the thought of that. But you’ve had so many questions in your head for years, and this is the first time you might actually get some answers. It’s starting to sink in now – that this is real, that this is really happening, that you might finally get some closure – and if you’re lucky, *a mother*.

You duck your head a little lower to take in the full expanse of the house across the street. It’s tall and fairly grand; a little smaller than your home, but still just as impressive. The front lawn is kept perfectly, like every blade of grass has been trimmed by hand with scissors, and the door is a dark, glossy brown with a large silver knocker in the centre. There’s a car parked on the drive; some fancy BMW with a personalised licence plate.

“Are you sure this is the right one?” you check, looking down at your phone to check you’d entered the correct address.

“Number 865?” Jensen checks, glancing at your phone too, and then back up at the house. You can see those numbers scrolled into the side of the mailbox by the front gate. “Yeah, looks like.”

You take a deep breath, biting your bottom lip and nodding your head. Your hands are sweaty, and your heart is beating so hard it hurts, making your throat tight and your mouth dry. Maybe this is a bad idea, after all.

“Baby girl,” Jensen calls softly again, reaching across for your hand. “Do you want me to come with you?”

You take another deep breath, trying to calm your thoughts. You want Jensen there more than anything, you always feel safer when he’s around, and you wouldn’t have even gotten this far without him. There’s a lot you wouldn’t have done without Jensen. But this is something you know you need to do alone, as much as you don’t want to.

“I need to do this alone,” you whisper, suddenly worried he’ll be offended by that. But Jensen just smiles softly, reaching for the back of your neck and bringing you closer to him, pressing his lips against your forehead for a long moment.

“Then I’ll be right here,” he reassures you.

You nod and offer him a nervous smile, before pulling back and opening the car door. By some miracle you’re able to walk yourself to the gate, and then up the path to the front door. This is the last time you can ever think about all the different possibilities of how this is going to go,

because you're about to find out *exactly* how it's going to go. You bravely lift your fist and knock on the door, waiting anxiously on shuffling feet. A dog barks, and you hear a woman's voice calling for Socks to be quiet, your breath hitching in your throat as you remember that voice from your childhood. You're about to turn around, change your mind and insist Jensen take you home, but then the door opens, and she's there.

"I'm sorry, it's a mad house here," she laughs, not looking up from holding the large golden retriever by the collar to stop him jumping on you. When she finally does glance up, her face drops a little and she straightens up. "Y/N?"

"Hey, Mom."

The words taste funny in your mouth, and you dig your hands into the pockets of your jeans as you nervously wait for her reaction.

"How did you find me?" she asks, frowning slightly. "Urm, come in, this dog is stronger than me." She laughs awkwardly and yanks the dog to one side to allow you the room. You step inside anxiously, feeling nausea swimming around your stomach.

You glance back to watch her closing the door and letting the dog go, and he jumps up at you straight away.

"Socks!" she huffs, pulling him back.

"Socks is an interesting name," you find yourself saying, trying your best to seem calm and collected.

"Yeah, my son named him," she laughs a little, and then she stops, panic in her eyes. The words are like a punch in the gut for you, winding you and leaving you breathless. "Why don't we go and sit down?" she suggests, guiding you further down the hallway towards a living room.

You follow in a daze, finding a room full of children's toys. There's a baby in a highchair at the dining table, babbling away to themselves. Your eyes take in the photos on the walls and you see your mother with strangers, a man you vaguely recognise, and then a young boy that looks about three, and the baby you can see at the dining table right now. You try for a moment to place the man, staring into his empty blue eyes in the photo, and then you finally remember seeing him at some Christmas party your parents threw the year before she left. He was in the kitchen with your mother when you walked in, and she awkwardly introduced you to him as her boss.

"This was a mistake," you find yourself blurting out.

"Y/N?" your mother presses.

"I came to invite you to my graduation, I wanted... I wanted you to... *fuck*." You swallow hard, the words not coming out right.

"Oh, Y/N, I'd love to, but I'm so busy with the kids and..." she struggles.

"Yeah, I can see that. I should go." You turn around and head towards the front door, each step only making you more and more angry. You turn around, seeing your mother wide eyed and speechless in the living room doorway. "Do you ever think about me, Mom? Or Dad? Do you ever think about the family you abandoned? Or are you too busy with *the kids* and your new life for that, too?" Your mother opens her mouth but then closes it again. "Whatever, I can't believe I wasted so much time missing you."

You throw the door open and run out of it, down the garden path and back towards Jensen's car. You climb in immediately, and Jensen opens his mouth, but doesn't say anything.

"Just drive, take me away from here, please," you plead.

You've been driving for twenty minutes in silence, but you're still so angry and hurt. Except now, the anger is settling just enough that you're able to cry. Tears silently start running down your cheeks, and you try your best to hide them from Jensen, looking out the window and watching things pass you by.

"Hey, sweetheart?" Jensen asks softly, almost tentatively. "I'm sorry. You don't have to talk about it until you're ready... or at all, but I'm here."

"There's nothing to talk about. She doesn't miss me, she's forgotten all about me." You reach up and brush a tear away, sniffing hard.

"I'm sure that isn't true," he tries.

"It *is* fucking true," you grit out, angry again.

"Your mom was your age when she got pregnant with you, you know that. You know it was never a planned thing, but she and your Dad wanted you, and they tried to make it work. What you don't know is that your Mom struggled a *lot* when you were born. According to your Dad she was put on antidepressants when you were only six weeks old." You feel his hand on your thigh and he squeezes gently. "Maybe it was too much too soon for her, maybe she was just never cut out to be a mom or a family woman," he offers.

You scoff at the very idea, the family portrait that you saw hanging in her living room still burned into your mind.

"If that's true then why does she have a whole new family? Two boys," you reply flatly. Jensen's fingers flex around your thigh a little tighter, and you turn your head to look at him. "She's remarried and she has two kids with some other man. She just started again, Jensen, like me and Dad don't even exist. She was never the problem, clearly that's always been *me*."

Jensen's hand slips away, and he reaches up and rubs it over his mouth, before gripping the steering wheel so hard his knuckles start turning white.

"Fucking bitch," he mutters bitterly under his breath. "No, Y/N, listen to me," he says a lot more firmly. "I won't have you do what your father did, okay? I won't let you blame yourself the way he did. This is all on *her*. These are all *her* problems. You and your father never did anything wrong." Jensen's ranting now, more to himself than you, and he's pissed. You've never seen Jensen this pissed off before. "Fuck, she's the one that cheated, she's the one that left!"

"She cheated?" you find yourself asking, frowning at him. "With her boss, right?" you guess.

"Yeah," Jensen confirms nodding. He seems to calm down a little, a blush staining his cheeks. "I'm sorry, your father never wanted you to know that."

"Why?"

Jensen sighs, licking his lips. "Because your mom might be a fucking bitch, but she's still your mom, and I guess your dad wanted you to have a better memory of her than that. He tried to make it work with her even after he found out, for your sake, but your mom just wasn't interested."

"So she cheated on him, and he still forgave her, still tried to make it work, and even after she left us, he still let me believe she wasn't all that bad?" You're confused as to why he'd do something like that, why didn't he tell you how much of a bitch she was any of the times that you blamed him, or made him feel like the bad guy for '*making her*' leave?

"That's just the way your father is, Y/N. He's always wanted what's best for you, always put you first. If keeping the fact that your mother is the bad guy from you did that, then so be it."

"I always blamed him," you choke out, fresh tears in your eyes.

"He doesn't blame you for that," Jensen reassures you, reaching across for your thigh again.

"I need to see him, can you take me home?"

"Of course."

“Dad?” Your voice echoes around the house, and you hear movement upstairs, moving towards the stairs, and then you see your father start to descend them.

“Hey you,” he laughs slightly, frowning. “What are you doing here? I thought I wasn’t gonna see you until graduation?”

As soon as he finishes coming down the stairs and he’s on flat ground, you run up to him, wrapping your arms around him and hugging him tightly. He hesitates for a second and then holds you back, smoothing down your hair and kissing the top of your head.

“I was just packing actually, was gonna head up tomorrow so I’m there in plenty of time.” His voice echoes around his chest as you bury your face in it, and you let the tears fall. “Is everything okay?” he checks. You hear Jensen behind you, closing the door. “What happened?” he asks Jensen.

“I’m sorry, Dad,” you sob, holding him tighter. “I’m sorry I blamed you, it was never your fault. Mom was never your fault. You were always the best, I’m sorry.” He hesitates for a second as he strokes your hair, and then kisses your head again.

“Oh, sweetheart,” he sighs, “it’s okay. What brought this on?”

“It doesn’t matter,” you insist. He spent so long protecting you from your mother, you don’t want him to know you shattered the illusion for yourself. You pull back. “I guess I’m just growing up and realising some things for myself.” Jared smiles softly, reaching up and wiping the tears from your cheeks. “Thank you, Dad, for being my dad *and* my mom. I’m sorry I’ve been such an awful daughter.”

Jared holds your face in his hands and laughs softly, shaking his head. “You’ve always been the best daughter... My favourite one, actually,” he smirks. You roll your eyes and laugh, shaking your head, and Jared pulls you closer kissing your forehead. “I love you, sweetheart, and I am so proud of you. I cannot wait to see you graduate.”

“Is Clarissa coming?” you find yourself asking, glancing back to see Jensen’s not around anymore, he must’ve made himself at home elsewhere to give you and your father a moment alone.

“I didn’t think you’d want her there,” your dad confesses, biting his bottom lip anxiously.

“She should come. Bet not everyone thought I’d make it to graduation, so she needs to take advantage of the rare moment I get to prove you all wrong.”

Jared smiles warmly, nodding and kissing your forehead again. "She'd love to be there, she's proud of you, too."

With less than twenty four hours until you see your father again, the goodbye isn't quite so long or emotional, though you do get a little teary and hug him for several moments before you leave, which he seems very pleased about. The journey back to school is mostly quiet. There's so much to digest, and while you're not crying anymore, you're still hurting from the day's revelations. Still, there is a sense of serenity and calm now that you've made up with your dad, and you have a new quiet appreciation for him and everything he's done. You don't even hate the idea of him with Clarissa anymore. In fact, the thought of your mom finding out that your dad is now fucking her sister kinda makes you smile. Jensen hasn't seemed fazed at all by their relationship, and if he has been, he's been good at hiding it.

You glance over at him and smile softly to yourself. There's so much you need to thank him for, but you'll never find the words, and while it was supposed to be just sex between the two of you, there's no point denying that deep down, for you it's always felt like more. But you can't be sure that that's the case for Jensen. He's given you so many mixed signals, and you don't wanna seem weak or needy and ask him, so you keep your mouth shut.

"Can we just hang out tonight?" you find yourself asking.

"Netflix and chill?" he jokes, smirking over at you.

"I was thinking more just the Netflix bit."

Jensen seems surprised but then nods his head. "Sure, I'd like that." He lets the quiet grow for a moment, and then clears his throat. "Is there anything you want to talk about? From today or... anything else?"

"I think I'm pretty tired of thinking about my mom," you confess, crossing your arms over your chest. "I just wanted to prove to her that I can do well without her, that I could make her proud."

"You don't need her approval, sweetheart, there are plenty of people in your life that are proud of you, and they are the only ones that matter."

You nod, smiling slightly at him. You know he's right, even if it doesn't feel like it right now.

"So much of my life I spent worrying about her and finding her, and making her want me, and I've never thought about what I want for myself."

Jensen licks his lips and clears his throat, "Listen, I know I keep harping on about it, but what about college?"

You roll your eyes playfully, but for once you don't dismiss it. It *is* an option, but the idea of Jensen wanting you to go so badly only cements the idea that this thing between you isn't anything more than sex for him, and maybe it never will be.

"I missed the deadlines, so I won't get in," you argue.

"What if you didn't? What if you already got into the best liberal arts college in the country?"

You laugh at the very idea, shaking your head at him. You never thought you'd even get into college, let alone a good one.

"Yeah, right."

Jensen leans across, opening the glovebox in front of you and reaching for a letter, handing it over to you tentatively. You frown at him, seeing it's addressed to you, but it's been opened.

"I wanted to keep your options open," he explains carefully, almost nervously. "And I knew you were never gonna apply yourself, and I was worried you'd have regretted that."

You take the letter out and open it up to see it's from Williams College. Your eyes scan over the words, seeing the word *accepted* and your heart stops. You got in somewhere. You glance up to the address under the college header, seeing Massachusetts printed there.

"This is the other side of the country," you tell him, swallowing hard.

You don't even know what to think about that, your eyes scanning over the letter again. You're happy – proud even – that you got in, but you're also feeling more and more pushed out by Jensen. He doesn't want you *so much* that he wants you to move to the other side of the country.

"Maybe it's the fresh start you need," Jensen offers, clearly oblivious to your inner turmoil. "Just think about it, yeah?"

You nod, a little speechless, trying to get your head around what this means and *could* mean for you and Jensen. But who are you kidding about there ever being anything more between you two than sex? There can't be, especially given who he is to you.

You're quiet the rest of the journey home, and when you pull up outside Jensen's house, you climb out of the car, still clutching the letter in your hand. You silently start making your way to the path that leads towards the dorms, but Jensen calls out your name and stops you.

“Thought you wanted to Netflix?” he asks, gesturing to his house. You swallow, not really sure you want to *just hang out* with the guy that doesn’t really want you.

“I’m pretty tired, actually,” you lie.

“Oh right, okay sure,” he nods.

You were stupid to think it would ever be any more between the two of you, anyway. And there’s nothing wrong with just sex, there never has been before. “I mean…” you bite your bottom lip, “I guess I could stay if you just wanna do the chill part?”

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Chapter Twenty Five

Chapter Tags: mentions of casual sex, major angst

Chapter WC: 1920

SENIOR

PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Your POV

Stepping out of the bathroom you purse your lips, holding your arms out.

“Okay, be honest with me, do I look stupid?” you check, looking down your body at yourself.

Holly chuckles slightly, shaking her head. “I think it suits you,” she shrugs.

“Talking of suiting people, that dress you’re wearing is *hot*,” you smirk, noticing how much shorter it is than the skirts and dresses she was wearing at the start of the school year.

Holly tugs on the hem a little and clears her throat. “Is it a little too slutty for a Valedictorian?”

“Absolutely not,” you scoff, smirking slightly. Holly chuckles, reaching down to grab her robe and shrug it on. “How did you still manage to get the highest grades in the year *and* slut it up so much the last few months?”

"I wasn't *that* much of a slut," Holly laughs, feigning insult. "Anyway, I learned the slutty stuff from the best."

"You're welcome, by the way," you tease. Holly giggles and you clear your throat. "But urm... seriously Holls, thank you. I don't think I could've graduated without your help."

"Of course you *could* have, but you wouldn't have, because you don't believe in yourself enough." You watch Holly playing with her hat in her hands for a moment. "I guess you needed to buckle down and I needed to loosen up. We helped each other."

"I guess we did," you agree. "And now you're giving me a run for my money. M.I.T isn't gonna know what's hit them."

"Oh c'mon, I wasn't that bad," Holly scoffs, her cheeks turning red.

"You slept with more guys than me this year," you laugh.

"Oh, no I didn't," she protests.

"Yeah, you definitely did. I got myself a fuck buddy, you got yourself a football team by the sounds of it."

Holly's mouth falls open and she laughs in disbelief. "Wait, when did you get a fuck buddy? Who?"

"Oh urm... just some guy... no one important," you shrug, turning around to zip up your luggage.

"Important enough to keep you going back. Thought one of the rules was to use them so they can't use us?" Holly teases.

"Well, it was just convenient. I guess we used each other, no big deal," you brush it off, unable to stop yourself thinking about that stupid college acceptance letter you've read a hundred times. Things had been strained with Jensen all week since he'd given it to you.

"Doesn't seem like it isn't a big deal. Do you like him?" she pries.

"It wasn't like that for him," you insist, getting frustrated that your luggage won't zip completely closed.

"But it was for you, right?"

You huff, turning around to glower at her. "Holls, leave it. It doesn't matter anymore, he doesn't want me. I'm not sticking around here, anyway."

Holly purses her lips but nods her head, turning around to finish packing her own things. “Well, I guess you just need to make him jealous. You know, make him want you now he can’t have you anymore.”

“Yeah, I think you’re right,” you agree, biting your bottom lip.

The school is buzzing with students and their parents, all making their way to the sports field where graduation is set to start in under an hour. You move against the stream of people, heading towards the school building rather than away from it. The school itself is quiet; barely anyone is around, and your heels click on the floor beneath you as you head towards Jensen’s office. The noise disappears when you step onto the carpet in the reception area outside Jensen’s room, and you see the door has been left ajar. You glance through the gap, seeing Jensen’s back, and then realise that he’s not alone – directly in front of him stands Michaela, and as Jensen steps back, it becomes obvious that they’d been kissing.

A heavy knot twists in your stomach, a sickness and jealousy you’d never thought you’d feel washes over you, but it only cements your decision in your mind. You’re doing the right thing – Jensen will never want you in that way, it’s always just been some fun to him. And that’s *fine*, you convince yourself. Michaela notices you and clears her throat, pushing past Jensen and leaving the room quickly, and Jensen looks back over his shoulder, reaching up to rub the pink remnants of Michaela’s lipstick from his mouth as he clears his throat.

“Y/N, listen,” Jensen starts to panic, and you step inside his office, closing his door behind you so you’re both alone. “She kissed me, I’m sorry, I–”

“You don’t need an excuse, Jensen, you’re a single man, you can do what you want.” Jensen frowns slightly, like he’s confused by your words. Maybe he expected you to be far more upset than you’re letting on. He should know by now you can be a great actress. “I actually came to talk to you about something,” you tell him, before he can reply. Jensen stays quiet, so you lick your lips and blurt it out. “I’m gonna go.”

“Where?” he asks, frowning deeper.

“To Massachusetts,” you remind him, “college.”

Jensen’s mouth opens, his eyes widening and then he takes a deep breath and forces a laugh. “Well, that’s great news.”

The fact that Jensen thinks that you moving to the East Coast for four years is *great news* further confirms his feelings, and while it's yet another punch in the gut, it only reaffirms over and over again that you're making the right call.

"Yeah, so I guess you and Michaela can fuck over your desk whenever you want now. I know how much you love that."

"Y/N, sweetheart," Jensen sighs, shaking his head. "It's not like that between us, it never will be. It's not like that with *anyone el-*"

"It's fine, Jensen," you shrug, feeling anything but fine. "We had fun, right? But I'm graduating, and moving away, and... that's that. Hey, maybe I'll find some cute college professor who can reward me for my good grades the way you did." The joke is a low blow, you know that, but it's the only thing stopping you from wanting to cry.

Jensen swallows hard, his face twisting back into that same frown it was moments before.

"Okay, well if that's what you want," he nods.

"It's the right thing to do," you nod, convincing yourself too.

"Yeah, it is," he agrees. "So what do you think you'll do when you get there?"

"Besides try and fuck all the hot professors?" you smirk, but Jensen clearly doesn't find it funny. "I guess I'll figure that out when I get there." Jensen just nods, looking down at his feet. "But I did wanna say thanks," you confess, feeling your cheeks heat up. "Because you're one of the only reasons I'm graduating."

"You don't have to thank me, sweetheart, you've done a lot for me too, in ways you'll never know."

"I am pretty good at blowjobs," you nod. Jensen rolls his eyes, a small smirk on his lips. "So urm, I should probably go and join the others, I think Dad's been sitting there waiting for like an hour now," you laugh softly.

"Yeah, I should probably show my face too, considering I'm the principal," he agrees.

You turn to leave, feeling Jensen's hand wrap around your wrist softly, stopping you from going anywhere. He pulls you into him, pressing his lips to yours, reaching up to cup the side of your face, and you kiss back, not sure you'll ever feel his lips on yours again. You swear there's more passion and urgency than ever before, but you're also aware that that's no doubt just a lot of wishful thinking.

"I'm gonna miss you," he breathes out when he breaks the kiss.

You take a deep, shaky breath, feeling tears press at the backs of your eyes and turn to leave his office one last time, unable to look him in the eye.

“I thought it was my job to get teary at graduation,” is the first thing your father says when he sees you approaching him and Clarissa.

You reach up quickly and try to wipe the tears away. You hadn’t realised it was so obvious you’d been crying. “Well, I guess it’s just more emotional than I thought,” you lie.

He stands from his seat and pulls you into him, hugging you tightly.

“Won’t lie, I’m gonna be a mess,” he admits, making you laugh softly. “I’m just so proud of you and I’ve missed you so much, I can’t wait to have you home!”

“Urm, yeah about that...” you cringe, pulling back out of his embrace. “So urm... I might not be home for long.”

“Why?” he asks immediately, turning his face to Clarissa and frowning, before looking back at you.

“Well, I kinda got into college... in Massachusetts.”

Your father looks speechless, his mouth hanging wide open, his eyes wide. “I didn’t... I didn’t think you wanted to go to college?” he chokes out.

You shrug, “it’s a good one.” There’s silence, so you add, “you’re not upset are you?”

“Upset? No, God no, sweetheart, I’m just shocked,” he laughs, pulling you into him again. You can feel in the way his chest jolts that he’s starting to cry, and you roll your eyes. “I’m so proud of you.”

“Dad,” you whine, trying to pull away to no avail.

“It started,” Clarissa pipes up laughing. “Me and your Dad had a bet. I said before it began, he said when your name is called. So I think I win,” she boasts.

You laugh softly, finally getting out of your father’s grasp. Your laughter fades as Jensen approaches, and he smiles awkwardly at you before greeting Clarissa and your father.

“Let me take a photo,” he insists, holding his hand out for Jared’s phone. You stand alongside your father, trying to not look at Jensen for too long, noticing Clarissa stood beside him, smiling softly.

“You too,” you tell her, extending your free arm. She almost beams as she steps up to your other side, and you smile for the camera.

Jensen’s eyes lock with yours over the cell phone, and he eventually drops it, telling you he thinks he’s got at least one good one. Your father starts looking through them, showing Clarissa, and then Jared looks up at you and Jensen with a wide grin.

“One of you two now, c’mon,” he insists.

You and Jensen glance nervously at each other, “Dad, c’mon, you know I hate photos,” you try to insist.

“All of those selfies you post online beg to differ,” Jared scoffs, holding his phone up.

You huff, and Jensen reluctantly sidles up to you, wrapping his arm around your waist but holding it much higher than he normally would. You force a smile for the camera, unable to stop yourself from taking in the cologne he always wears; the one he knows you love. Your father snaps the photo and then looks back down at his phone, showing Clarissa the results, and you turn to Jensen and smile awkwardly again.

“I’ve only ever wanted you to be happy, Y/N,” Jensen whispers, smiling softly. “I hope Massachusetts does that for you.” You nod, tears in your eyes again, and he kisses your forehead before stepping away, tapping Jared’s shoulder as he passes, and you watch him go, wondering if you’ll ever be happy without him.

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

Epilogue

Chapter Tags: major angst, fluff, more angst, minor cheating

Chapter WC: 2669

SENIOR
PRINCIPAL ACKLES WILL SEE YOU NOW...

SEVEN YEARS, SIX MONTHS LATER

Jensen's POV

Jensen takes a deep breath as he sits in the driver's seat of his car. He'd cut the engine ten minutes ago when he'd arrived, but he's still sitting there anxiously, twisting the leather coating on his steering wheel and bouncing his leg nervously. He should never have let Jared talk him into this, but Jared can be persuasive, and he seemed insistent this year more than most that Jensen spend Christmas with the rest of the family. Since May and Frank had found out about his divorce from Clarissa, Jensen had been able to avoid all the family occasions without causing too much suspicion. People always assume that he's just taken himself out of the family. He and Clarissa are divorced now, and while Jared might still be his best friend, it would be weird for an ex to be at family events. It's different with Jared because of Y/N, and now he and Clarissa are *officially* together, too. Truthfully, Clarissa has never been the reason for Jensen staying away. Y/N has. Jensen and Clarissa ended on good terms, and he was happy enough to pretend to still be married to her for years before the divorce was finalised and became public knowledge; that part he's always been able to deal with.

But Jensen's not seen Y/N since her high school graduation, which was over seven years ago now, and he's not sure he wants to. He'd made an effort to stay out of her life, and for the most part he's been getting away with blaming work or the divorce for his absence, but that only works for so long on Jared. Jared knows that he and Clarissa are still friendly, and he knows that Jensen does get time off and he's not got any other commitments keeping him away. Luckily, with Y/N in Massachusetts for the last seven years, she's barely been around either, usually only making the trip home for Christmas and summer vacation. Jensen had used May and Frank as the excuse every year, and usually that works, but Jared had been extra stubborn this year, insisting it was a Christmas Jensen didn't want to miss. Jensen is fairly sure he'll disagree with that by the end of the night.

His eyes land on the BMW parked on the drive in front of him, and he lets the anger sit in the base of his stomach for a moment. A lot has changed in seven years, and it's all change Jensen's been trying to avoid for quite some time now. Still, maybe he can pass off his pensive attitude as jealousy towards Jared and Clarissa and their recent engagement. At least Jensen can rest knowing that Jared hasn't invited him to witness that. While he's happily divorced,

witnessing his best friend asking his ex-wife to marry him isn't exactly high on Jensen's list of things he wants to experience.

He sighs and reaches for the bottle of wine in the passenger seat, resisting the urge to open it and down the whole thing before he knocks on the door, then slides out of the car, heading towards the house.

"There you are," Jared beams, opening the door seconds after Jensen knocks. "Thought you'd never leave that car."

Jensen feels himself blush that he's been caught out. "Yeah, I was on a call."

Jared takes the bottle of wine and smirks, like he knows Jensen's lying – which he most definitely does – and leads him through the house.

"You're just in time for gift giving."

Jensen feels himself get more and more anxious as Jared leads him into the living room, like Jensen doesn't know the place like the back of his hand, but he does prefer this to entering the room by himself and having all eyes on him.

"Look who made it," Jared announces, and everyone looks directly at Jensen.

He makes a point of not even looking in Y/N's direction – or anyone's for that matter – and clears his throat.

"Hey, been a while," he replies nervously. Clarissa is first to greet him with a hug, and then May and Frank are on their feet to ask him how he's been. Jensen is only half relieved that Y/N doesn't make the effort to greet him in the same familiar fashion as everyone else.

"Hey, we haven't met yet, I'm Drew."

Jensen forces himself to look the guy in the eye. He's heard a lot about *Drew*, but he's never met the guy. He seems nice enough, probably around ten years younger than him, dark brown eyes and messy dirty blonde hair. Jensen realises Drew is holding out his hand, and he shakes it.

"Nice to finally meet you," Jensen replies, trying his best to sound happy about the fact. "Heard a lot about you."

"Same, dude."

"I need a drink, Jar," Jensen insists, turning to his best friend.

“Dude, you should give him some of that whiskey I got you,” Drew tells Jared.

“Oh, Jen, you’ll love it,” Jared agrees. “Drew outdid himself, it’s fucking incredible.” Clarissa makes a disapproving noise and Jared clears his throat. “*Freaking* incredible,” he corrects, blushing slightly as he glances over at May and Frank.

Jensen forces a smile, not liking the way Drew and Jared chuckle together like two teenage girls. Jared had told Jensen he was close to Drew, but Jensen hadn’t been expecting *this*. Jensen’s always been Jared’s best friend, ever since they met, and while Jensen’s distanced himself a lot in the last several years, he’d thought that that wouldn’t make a difference to their relationship, but clearly it has.

“C’mon, I’ll show you the bottle,” Jared encourages, leading Jensen to his study.

Drew follows too, Jensen notices, and once they’re inside, Jensen’s eyes fall on Jared’s desk. It’s still the same one from eight years ago, the one that he and Y/N–

“This is the one,” Jared speaks up, thrusting the bottle into Jensen’s hands and snapping Jensen out of his thoughts.

“Looks good,” Jensen replies half-heartedly, but Jared doesn’t notice, grabbing three glasses and pouring a healthy amount of the brown liquid into them.

“So urm, can I let him in on the secret?” Jared asks, glancing at Drew.

“I guess, I mean it won’t be a secret very soon,” Drew smirks, taking his drink.

Jensen takes his, noticing the look the two men are sharing and only feeling more jealous.

“You tell him, it’s your news,” Jared encourages.

“Okay, so urm…” Drew clears his throat, looking down at his glass. Jensen takes a sip of the whiskey and notes how smooth it is, realising it’s much better than any of the crap he normally drinks. “I’m gonna be asking Y/N to marry me today.”

The fancy whiskey is out of Jensen’s mouth again in seconds.

“Yeah, that was my reaction when he asked my permission last month,” Jared laughs heartily. “But Drew is family, and I couldn’t ask for better for my little girl, so of course, I said yes.” Jared claps a hand on Drew’s shoulder and shakes him slightly. “And she will too, dude, stop being so nervous about it.”

“I hope so,” Drew breathes out heavily.

“Congrats, man,” Jensen splutters out, still choking on whiskey.

He forces a smile even though he just wants to be sick, and in seconds he feels everything he’s ever felt for Y/N come flooding back, everything he’d tried so hard to shut out for seven years. Over time he’d convinced himself that his feelings had faded and eventually died, but now he realises he just got very good at ignoring them. *Fuck*, Y/N is about to marry another man. But what can he do? He has to tell her, right? Right.

“C’mon, it’s showtime,” Jared encourages. Drew nods, downing his drink, and Jared turns to Jensen.

“Yeah, give me a couple minutes, I’ll be in in a sec. Good luck.”

Jensen watches them leave, his fake smile falling off of his face as soon as they’re gone. Well now what? He can’t exactly barge into that room and tell her how he feels in the two minutes before Drew asks her, can he? Anyway, what’s he supposed to say? Y/N is happy now according to Jared, and if seven years apart has proven anything to Jensen it’s that she never wanted more from him. She never came back to him or even peered around that door. She shut and locked it, and who is he to try and break it down now? It would be selfish of him. He sighs heavily, pouring another whiskey, hoping if he takes his sweet time he’ll miss the whole proposal.

Jensen misses the entire thing, luckily. He reemerges just in time for Jared to finally have stopped crying, and Clarissa to open a scarf from her parents. Jensen can only assume from the new sparkling diamond on Y/N’s left hand that she said yes. They avoid even looking at each other for the rest of the gift exchange, and Jensen opts to sit away from Y/N and her new fiancé at the dinner table.

“It’s such a shame you spent all that time getting your qualifications and you don’t even have a job yet,” May fusses.

“It’s not an issue, May, I earn enough to support the both of us until Y/N finds something.”

Jensen rolls his eyes to himself, reaching for his wine. *Of course Drew earns enough.*

“Yeah, but still, I do want a job, Drew,” Y/N laughs awkwardly. “I didn’t do seven years in college to become an English teacher just to be a stay at home wife.”

“There’s nothing wrong with stay at home wives... and *mothers*,” May smirks.

“Well, people nowadays want experience, and I don’t have that yet. It’s a catch twenty two,” Y/N tells her grandmother, clearly keeping the focus away from children.

“I must say, it is a little unconventional how you two met. I mean, your college professor, Y/N,” May tuts, shaking her head.

“It wasn’t anything illegal, Gran,” Y/N insists. “And it all worked out, so that doesn’t matter.”

“Exactly,” Clarissa pipes up, sticking up for Y/N.

“We did things the right way,” Drew adds.

Jensen rolls his eyes again, *of course they did*.

“Hey, I just thought,” Jared speaks up. “Why don’t you get a job at Jensen’s school? He told me last month he’s looking for an English teacher. I mean, I know it’s not in Massachusetts, but it’s something, even just for a year, just to give you experience.”

Jensen opens his mouth to protest, but Y/N beats him to it.

“Oh, no, Dad, I mean, we’ve got a wedding to plan now...”

“We can wait another year, baby, if it’ll get you the experience you need.” *Of course he’s supportive.*

“Drew, it’s like a four hour flight away,” Y/N laughs awkwardly.

“So? We can make it work for a year.”

Y/N’s eyes fall on Jensen, wide and pleading, and Jensen realises it’s the first time she’s looked at him all day. Fuck he misses her so much, he loves her even more, he can’t even deny it.

“I mean, yeah, if you want it, it’s yours. You’ll always have a place at the school,” Jensen finds himself saying. He knows he *shouldn’t* be encouraging it, but he can’t help himself.

“There, then it’s settled, you’ve got a job and a fiancé all in one day, how lucky are you?” Drew chuckles, kissing her cheek.

Y/N forces a smile that Jensen can see through. “Yeah, so lucky.”

“Why would you do that?” Y/N hisses from behind Jensen, forcing him to turn around from staring at Jared’s desk.

“What?”

“Give me a fuckin’ job at your school! You’ve avoided me for seven years and now you want me to freaking work with you every day?!”

“I didn’t just avoid you, you avoided me too,” Jensen reminds her.

Y/N huffs, turning around and closing the door shut so they’re in private.

“You have to take it back, tell them the position got filled,” she insists.

“I can’t do that, Y/N, c’mon, just let me help you out, you need a job and I need an English teacher. Maybe this is fate somehow.”

“Fate?” Y/N seethes. “Fuck, Jensen, this... no... I have a life in Massachusetts now.”

“With Drew?”

“Right, with Drew,” she nods. “Oh, don’t look so bitter about it!”

“Why would I be bitter?” Jensen asks, scoffing.

“I don’t know Jensen, you tell me. You’re the one that shipped me off to that college in the first place, trying to get rid of me.”

“I was never getting rid of you, I was trying to give you the best possible chance at a good life.”

“I would’ve had a good life with you,” she argues.

“Oh, c’mon, if you’d have stayed we’d have just carried on fucking and you’d have wanted nothing else for yourself, you didn’t want that, and I didn’t want it for you either.”

“I *did* want that, Jensen! God, all I wanted was you!” Jensen frowns at her confession, letting it sink in. “It was never just sex for me, not in the end, it was more and I wanted to stay with you.”

“No,” Jensen insists, shaking his head. “You’re the one that only wanted sex, I wanted more, I tried to give you more. Every time I tried to make it something else you just turned it sexual, that was on you!”

“I was a kid, Jensen, I thought that’s what you wanted... what every guy wanted. You handed me that college letter and you told me to go,” she reminds him.

“I wanted you to leave the state, not me.”

Y/N swallows hard, standing back for a moment and frowning. “No, you... you sent me away after you used me, just like every other guy, even after you promised me you weren’t like them.”

“I’m *not* and I didn’t. I wanted us to still be together, Y/N, we could’ve made it work just like you and Drew are *apparently* gonna do. You’re the one that said on graduation day that you were leaving, going to fuck other guys. What else am I supposed to do with that?”

“Because I thought you were breaking up with me!”

“We’re going around in circles,” Jensen huffs, holding his head.

Y/N turns her back on him, her hands placed firmly on her hips as her shoulders rise and fall rapidly.

“So you wanted me?” she finally asks, turning back around with tears in her eyes.

“I still do,” Jensen finds himself confessing, swallowing hard.

Y/N scoffs, reaching up to press her hand against her forehead, her engagement ring sparkling in the light. “Jensen, you’re a little too late for that. I’m getting married... *fuck, I’m getting married.*”

“I know,” Jensen chokes out. “And that fucking kills me, because I love you, and I have for eight years. But I meant what I said when you graduated. I want you to be happy, and if that’s with Drew, then... I’ll be happy for you.”

“I *am* happy with him,” Y/N nods excessively, clenching her jaw.

“Alright,” Jensen agrees.

Y/N locks eyes with him, frowning as tears start to trickle down her cheeks, and Jensen steps forward, reaching up to wipe them away softly.

“Don’t cry, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything,” he sighs, tracing his finger along her jawline. “I’ll go, I don’t want to upset you even more.”

But before Jensen can leave, Y/N reaches out and grips the front of his shirt, stopping him in his tracks. Before Jensen can ask what’s wrong, he feels Y/N’s lips on his, and his eyes flutter closed. He wants to rejoice, smile into the kiss and relax against her touch, but he can’t, because he can’t help but feel like this kiss means goodbye somehow. He cherishes it anyway, pulling her closer and deepening the kiss, taking what he can get while he can. He’d never

realised how much he'd missed the taste of her lips, the feel of them against his own; never realised how much his body had craved her touch until now.

This is bad – *so bad*, because this doesn't end well, he knows it doesn't. Especially when Y/N reaches up to hold the side of his neck and he feels the cool smooth band of her engagement ring press against his skin in a stark contrast to the way he's flushed. She's not his anymore – maybe she never was. And when her fiancé's voice calls out her name further down the hall and Y/N rips herself out of Jensen's hold, he's painfully reminded of that fact, left to do nothing but stare at her back as she flees the office. Jensen reaches up to rub his fingers over his mouth, almost mindlessly trying to remove the traces of her lipstick, his lips still tingling. He finally peels his eyes off of the door she just left from and turns around, his eyes falling on the desk, and all he can think about is the first time, and how he might never get that back again.

THE END