



**Summary:** It's been over seven years since she finally graduated high-school, and when Y/N finds herself back under the ruling of Principal Ackles, she remembers why she couldn't resist him in the first place.

**Pairing:** Principal!Jensen x Teacher!Reader || Teacher!Reader x Drew (OMC)

**Series Warnings/Tags:** Age gap (Reader is 25/26, Jensen is 50), inappropriate relationship, teasing, flirting, daddy kink, smut, role playing, taboo relationship, cheating, major angst, some fluff

**A/Ns:** They're back...

**Hashtags:** senior, sequel, jensen x reader, jensen ackles, age gap, cheating, smut, angst, fluff, inappropriate relationship, daddy kink, reader x other, jared padalecki, au, spn rpf, rpf, jensen ackles smut, teacher kink, negans-lucille-tblr

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**SENIOR**  
WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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Chapter One

**Chapter Tags:** angst, minor cheating, kissing, lying, mentions of Teacher/student sex

**Chapter WC:** 1695

**A/Ns:** Let's do this!!

Senior: WTDTY Masterlist

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### ***Your POV***

"We're going around in circles," Jensen huffs, holding his head.

You're too angry to even look at him right now, so you turn around. You're not sure if you're more angry at him or yourself, but either way the confusion begins to build inside you as you think over everything Jensen has just said. If he hadn't been sending you away, then why did he apply for you to go to Williams? It's one of the best liberal arts colleges in the country, and you remember telling him you wanted to be a writer one day, so is that really the only reason? You'd always assumed he was getting rid of you, but now he's telling you that was wrong, that he wanted to build a life with you – make it work long distance.

"So you wanted me?" you finally ask, choking on tears as you turn back around to look at him. You just need to be sure you're understanding him right.

"I still do," Jensen admits, his Adam's apple bobbing noticeably as he swallows.

You can't believe what you're hearing, wanting to deny he's telling the truth. You reach up, clutching your forehead as a tension headache starts to build.

"Jensen, you're a little too late for that. I'm getting married..." you trail off, the reality of your situation really sinking in for the first time since Drew asked you. "*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."

The words swim around your brain, but you try to remain focused, telling yourself that you can't fall back into this trap with Jensen.

"I *am* happy with him," you nod, clenching your jaw, reminding yourself of the fact.

"Alright," Jensen agrees.

You hate how much it hurts you to hear him accept it so easily, and you realise how much of you was hoping he'd fight it more; tell you he doesn't care you're getting married, that *he* could make you happy. But that's all over now, it has to be because you're engaged to a great guy who loves you and cares for you, and your father loves him – hell, everyone loves him – and you'd let so many people down if you just went running back to Jensen the first time you've seen him in nearly eight years.

You don't realise you're crying until Jensen steps forward and brushes a tear away with his thumb, before saying: "Don't cry, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said anything." He sighs, tracing his finger along your jawline, sending sparks through your body. "I'll go, I don't want to upset you even more."

Instinct more than conscious decision finds Jensen's shirt balled in your fist, stopping him in his tracks, and then your lips are pressed to his, knocking the air out of your lungs as you kiss him. You never thought you'd feel this again, and you'd forgotten how he sets your whole skin alight like no one else can. Jensen pulls you closer, which only makes your body relax more against him, his tongue dancing alongside yours like you'd never stopped kissing this way.

You reach up to hold the side of his neck, needing more – needing *everything* – and just as you're about to drop your hand to his shirt to start unbuttoning it, Drew's voice cuts through your fantasy and stops you in your tracks. Only, you didn't imagine it, he's *actually* calling for you. *Fuck, what are you doing?!* You tear yourself away from Jensen and flee the room without looking back, afraid you might not be able to leave if you look at him again.

Shutting the office door behind you, you reach up and rub at the skin around your lips, inspecting your fingers for any stray lipstick. You don't see any, luckily, and Drew rounds the corner into view as you drop your hand and force a smile.

"There you are, where did you disappear to?"

"Oh I was just taking a look at old photos in Dad's office, is everything okay?" you check, your voice a little shakier than you'd like.

Drew doesn't seem to notice though as he kisses your forehead and wraps his arm around you. "I was just wondering if you wanted to go up to bed."

"Yeah, a good night's sleep sounds good, it's been quite the day," you laugh humorlessly, subtly removing yourself from under his arm.

"Yeah, you can say that again, *fiancée*," he smirks, nudging you softly.

You force another laugh, nodding your head. "I'm gonna get a nightcap, I'll meet you up there."

"Okay, I'll warm the bed for you," he winks.

You watch Drew climb the stairs, your smile fading, and head towards the kitchen, finding your father's good whiskey in one of the cupboards. You don't even bother with a glass, uncorking it and taking a few swigs before wiping your mouth on the back of your hand and taking a few deep breaths.

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Back in your bedroom, Drew leans back against the headboard, shirtless as he watches you get ready for bed, folding your clothes to put them back in the case.

"I think we should go tomorrow," you tell him, "we can get an earlier flight."

"Why? I was gonna play golf with your Dad tomorrow," he tells you.

"Golf? In winter?" you ask, feigning interest.

"Yeah, it's mild enough this year, and it'll be months before a course is open back home. I think he was gonna invite Jensen so we could get to know each other a little better too," Drew explains.

Just the idea of Drew getting to know Jensen makes you feel sick. You've never told anyone about your relationship with Jensen, not even Drew. In fact, Drew doesn't know about *any* of the previous notches on your bedpost. Despite it being two years into your degree, you'd still been feeling bruised when you met Drew. There had been several rebounds between him and Jensen, of course, but when Drew became your new lecturer, and he kept you behind one time to commend you on your latest paper, the reminder of Jensen praising you – *rewarding* you – for your good grades was too painful. You set your heart on seducing your new lecturer that day, and your old ways of playing innocent worked on him.

It didn't take you long to realise that Drew wasn't a one time kind of guy, and you couldn't deny you liked the attention, especially when it took your mind off of Jensen. So you went along with it until you were suddenly a couple going steady, and you couldn't exactly tell him that you actually *weren't* a virgin, that he *isn't* your 'one and only'. The longer it goes on, the more the lie grows. You're too far in to come clean now. You've made your Dad promise to keep your past to himself, telling him you want to start a clean slate, leave that behind you – and you *do*. That includes Jensen.

"We barely see him, you don't need to get to know him," you insist, focusing on the shirt in your hands as you fold it as meticulously as you can.

"Well, that's gonna change if he's your new boss."

"I'm not taking that job," you tell him adamantly, putting the shirt away now it's as compacted as possible.

"What? Baby, why not?" Drew scoffs.

"Because, Drew, it's the other side of the country, and we're getting married now, I have a wedding to plan and we have a home and a life," you stress, getting worked up just thinking about it all.

"Baby, relax," Drew laughs softly, crawling out of the covers to kneel in front of you. He holds your face in his hands. "We can plan a wedding when you get back, it won't be forever, just until you find something in New York."

"No, Drew," you argue, shaking your head, pulling yourself out of his hold.

"C'mon, you've been looking for work since you graduated, jobs like that rarely come up mid year, we can make it work long distance until summer," he insists. "It at least gets you the experience you need."

You know he's not going to let it go, and you're too tired to continue arguing about it tonight, so you huff. "If I say I'll think about it, will you drop it?"

"Yeah," he agrees, lifting your face to his. "Now get into bed," he smirks.

When you don't comply straight away, he leans down and kisses you, to let you know *why* you should get into bed, but all you can think about is the kiss you'd just shared with Jensen in your father's study, and you pull back abruptly.

"What's wrong?" he checks.

"Nothing," you answer immediately, afraid it's obvious on your face, or that he's suddenly gained the ability to read minds and he can tell what you're thinking about. "It's just... this is my childhood bedroom, and my Dad is only down the hall, it's a little weird," you lie.

Drew laughs softly, kissing the tip of your nose. "I love how reserved you are sometimes," he cooes almost condescendingly. "You know, most teenagers would've had a lot of sex in their bedroom with their parents home," he tells you, climbing back under the covers. "But not you."

"Yeah, not me," you force a smile, pulling your side of the covers back and climbing under.

"You're so sweet, and you're all mine," he sighs happily, pulling you to lay on his chest.

You rest your head there for a moment, staring out ahead of you, and then lift yourself up to kiss him softly.

“Night, Drew, Merry Christmas.”

You turn onto your side, your back facing him, and stare towards the photos of you and your family on your dresser. The photo of you and Jensen at your graduation sits there in its frame after your Dad had insisted you add it to your collection, and you bite back tears as you will yourself to fall asleep, and resist the urge to return to the man you left in your father’s study.

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### Chapter Two

**Chapter Tags:** jealousy, angst, mentions of cheating, slight manipulation

**Chapter WC:** 1845

Senior: WTDTY Masterlist

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### *Jensen’s POV*

Jensen can’t help but yawn as he trudges through the house in pursuit of coffee. He didn’t sleep a wink, too busy replaying the kiss with Y/N in Jared’s office over and over again in his mind, and then remembering back to everything they used to have together. And then he’d think of–

“Drew,” he exhales, walking into the kitchen to see his replacement standing at the counter, laying a glass of orange juice on a tray. Jensen notes a single rose in a vase also on the tray and puts two and two together. “What’re you doing up so early?”

Jensen feigns interest to be polite, even though he couldn’t give a flying fuck what Drew is up to or why, not unless Y/N is concerned. He walks over to the coffee pot.

“There’s plenty in there, just put it on,” Drew tells him. “I’m making Y/N breakfast in bed, and as we’re out today, figured I’d need to wake up early enough to spend some time with her before we go.”

“Right,” Jensen grumbles, remembering the golf day Jared had insisted Jensen join them on.

He grabs a mug and pours a decent amount, taking a sip of the burning black liquid. He’s pleasantly surprised by the taste, and looks up to see Drew smirking at him.

“Good stuff, huh? Brought it from home, me and Y/N don’t drink anything else now.”

Jensen forces a smile, and doesn’t care that it’s probably blatantly sarcastic. He’s too tired to pretend to like this guy right now. He walks over to the table set further into the kitchen and sits himself down, yawning once more. His eyes are burning, he’s so tired, but he knows he’s not going to sleep while he’s still under the same roof as Y/N. He could make his excuses to go home early, but the masochist in him doesn’t want to leave Y/N again so soon.

It would be silent between them if there weren’t pancakes and bacon sizzling in the pan on the stove, and that suits Jensen just fine, until the kitchen door opens. Jensen’s head whips around to see who it is, secretly hopeful it’ll be Y/N, but it’s Jared, so he returns to staring down at his mug.

“Morning boys,” Jared announces, already heading over to the coffee pot himself. Drew chirps a good morning in Jared’s direction and Jensen bites his tongue so he doesn’t mock him. “Ready to get your asses handed to you on the course today?”

“Don’t get too cocky, you know what happened last time,” Drew chuckles, making Jared laugh. Great, now Jensen might be jealous of Drew’s relationship with *Jared* too.

Jensen rolls his eyes to himself because he knows neither of them will notice.

“It’s alright, I’ll at least whoop Stack’s ass,” Jared speaks a little louder.

“Ha,” Jensen scoffs, trying his best to sound upbeat. “We’ll see.”

“Breakfast in bed again?” Jared asks next. “That’s the third time this week, dude, you’re making me look bad, Clarissa’s still annoyed after you did it the first time and I didn’t.”

“Make her some too then, dude,” Drew laughs softly. “There’s enough batter there.”

“You spoil her,” Jared tells him, an appreciation in his tone that Jensen can pick up on from years of knowing Jared so well.

“Well, she deserves it,” Drew replies. Jensen’s nose crinkles at Drew’s words and he mocks him in his head. Overcompensating, that’s what he’s doing. What is he hiding? “Alright, I’ll be ready in two hours.”

“Sounds good, dude,” Jared agrees, and Jensen doesn’t acknowledge Drew as he leaves the room with the tray in hand.

It’s not long before Jared is taking a seat at the kitchen table, directly opposite Jensen, so there’s no escaping his gaze.

“You don’t like him do you?” Jared accuses, before sipping some coffee.

“What?” Jensen scoffs, brushing it off. “I’ve got nothing against the kid.”

“Clearly you do,” Jared presses, raising an eyebrow.

“I don’t even know him,” Jensen argues. “I’m just tired, man, I didn’t sleep well.”

Jensen can tell that Jared doesn’t buy it, but luckily he doesn’t really press any further, either. It’s not like Jensen can tell his best friend that the reason he’s so jealous of Jared’s soon-to-be son-in-law is because he’s in love with his daughter. Jensen’s fairly sure he can *never* have that conversation with Jared, which is exactly why he never tried to win Y/N back. Their relationship was doomed from the start, and it wasn’t ever meant to grow into anything. It wasn’t even meant to happen in the first place. So Jensen should be happy that she’s found someone else, someone she can be with so freely and openly, someone who treats her well and has impressed Jared. Someone that isn’t him. But he can’t help it, he’s selfish and he wants her, and the thought of never being with her again is too much to even think about.

“He’s a good guy, Jen,” Jared protests softly. “Really, he is. He makes her happy, he’s always spoiling her, making her laugh, he’s supportive and loving.”

Jensen can’t help but scoff. “No one’s that perfect, I’m sure they have their fights.”

“I don’t think they do,” Jared argues.

“Well, she’s not gonna tell you, is she?”

“We’ve gotten pretty close over the last few years, I think she would. I mean, I’m sure they have their moments like every couple, but nothing she can’t handle.”

“There’s gotta be something wrong with him,” Jensen insists.

Jared laughs, which throws Jensen off guard for a moment. “You’re worse than me. Protective uncle much?” he smirks. “She’s my baby girl, Jen, if there was anything to hate about this guy, I’d hate it.”



Jensen wants to roll his eyes but he refrains, instead drinking another slug of coffee. So Drew has fooled Jared too? Jensen's right, no one is that perfect, and he's intent on finding out exactly what Drew is hiding.

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"I'll be right back," Jared tells them, heading towards the bathroom.

Jensen glances at Drew and sighs, taking a seat on the bench as he waits. Drew is quick to join him, giving him a friendly smile as he sits alongside him.

"Do you play much golf?" he asks, making conversation.

"I'm too busy most of the time," Jensen explains briefly. He realises this is a perfect opportunity to probe Drew a little. After all, it's not often they're alone without Jared around, and Drew's more likely to let his guard down around someone who, as far as he's concerned, isn't all that close to Y/N. "What about you?" he asks, keeping the conversation alive.

"Yeah, maybe a couple times a month. The courses are nicer here, though," he tells him, playing with his glove.

Jensen watches him for a moment, and then he scans the lobby, noticing a blonde girl standing at reception in her golfing gear. A smirk flitters over his lips as he considers a little test. "Fuck, dude, that's my favourite part about the game," Jensen tells him, his voice a little lower, as he leans in a little closer to Drew. He subtly nods his head in the blonde's direction. Drew's eyes land on her and he laughs slightly and then looks away. "Those little skirt things they wear," Jensen pushes further. But Drew continues to stay quiet. "You don't think so?"

"I don't really look," Drew offers, focusing intently on his glove again.

"Oh c'mon, you're a man, of course you do, you'd be stupid not to," Jensen scoffs, looking back over at her.

"Well, I've got a fiancée," Drew protests.

"Sure, but looking isn't cheating. You can window shop," Jensen presses harder. "Hell, sometimes you can even try things on for the fun of it, don't mean you're gonna buy anything."

Drew glances around the lobby, specifically at the door to the restrooms and then laughs slightly. "Yeah, I suppose so," he nods, smirking slightly.

Jensen flashes him a wink, even though he wants to punch the prick in the face. It barely took him any time at all, and he'd already found that guy's weak spot. Of course, Drew's not going to

let his *best friend* Jared know that he likes to cheat on his baby girl. But Jensen's got him, and now he's convinced that Y/N deserves better. And why can't that *better* be him?

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Jensen's been keeping a close eye on Drew most of the game, wondering what the hell Y/N even sees in him. Or Jared for that matter. It just makes him more and more jealous everytime Jared claps his hand on Drew's shoulder or calls him "dude" or "man" the way he calls Jensen that. Why is everyone so in love with this guy who's clearly faking his way to the top? Asshole. Jensen realises he's caught Drew's eye and huffs slightly to himself, watching Drew approach him.

"I just wanna thank you again for offering Y/N a job at your school," Drew tells him as Jared steps up to the tee.

"Well, it makes sense, I need a temporary English teacher, she needs a job," Jensen shrugs. "Plus, it gets her out of your hair for a bit," he winks, talking quieter so Jared doesn't hear. Drew glances nervously at their company and then laughs awkwardly, nodding his head.

"So how come you need one mid-year?"

"Emma is going on maternity leave, and she decided to take the rest of the year off. I said she could come back next September."

Drew nods his understanding. "Well the opportunity is perfect for Y/N. Obviously a permanent job in Texas isn't ideal, with our lives being in New York, but with a temp position, she can get the experience until schools back home are hiring again."

"Right," Jensen agrees, nodding. He already knows Emma won't want to come back, and Y/N's job could easily become permanent, but maybe if either of them knew that, Drew wouldn't see it as such a good opportunity for them. *Them*, like he should get a say in what Y/N does with her life. Maybe he's controlling, too. "Well, the offer is there if she wants it, she seemed reluctant though. Does she realise what a good opportunity it is?"

"Yeah, she's just hesitant about leaving me for so long, I think," Drew explains. Jensen tries to not show any disdain on his face, and he's saved by Jared approaching.

"Who wouldn't be," Jared jokes, wrapping his arm over Drew's shoulders. "Want me to have a word? I can convince her to take it."

"After everything she's been through, she deserves this shot," Jensen reminds them. Not that he apparently needs to sell the job to either of them. Of course Jared is going to want his daughter closer to home for as long as he can get her, and Drew is probably looking forward to living like

a bachelor again for a while. “After she failed high school, we didn’t think she’d even go to college, let alone graduate,” Jensen’s talking to Jared now. “You should remind her how far she’s come from that girl that you sent to my school.”

Jared glances nervously at Drew and then clears his throat. “Don’t need to convince me, Stack, I’ll talk to her. We’ll get her to take the job.”

Jensen smiles, genuinely for once, and nods his head. “Good, it’s the right thing for everyone.”

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### Chapter Three

**Chapter Tags:** angst, guilt, anxiety

**Chapter WC:** 1788

Senior: WTDY Masterlist

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### ***Your POV***

You’ve been feeling anxious all day. Not that you think that Jensen’s going to tell Drew about your history, or about the kiss you shared the day before in your father’s study; Jensen telling Drew any of those things wouldn’t be good for either of you, and not because of Drew but because of your father. So you know it’s irrational to worry about that, but you can’t help it. What if Jensen doesn’t even say anything but Drew figures it out somehow, anyway? You barely slept all night just replaying the kiss in your mind, feeling the guilt swimming around in your stomach.

You regret kissing Jensen again. But the worst part? You don’t regret it for the reasons you should – cheating on Drew, once again lying to your father, breaking your own promise to yourself that you’d never let Jensen back in – those are all the reasons you *should* regret it. But instead, the only reason you actually do, is because you worked so hard to forget him. To forget how he tasted, how it felt to be held by him – *kissed* by him. It took you *years* to get over him, to forget enough to move on. But yesterday – that kiss – it brought it all flooding back. And you miss him, god help you, but you do. You miss everything about him, and that makes your heart ache. Everything just feels so wrong now, like this isn’t where you’re meant to be.

You'd been so proud of your life and what you'd achieved after everything you've been through, and Jensen turned that upside down with one kiss. Because it's all a lie, everything feels like a fraud without him.

"Fuck you, Jensen," you grunt under your breath to yourself, sighing heavily as you drop a shirt into your suitcase and take a deep breath.

You turn and look at the photos on your dresser, reaching for the one of you and Jensen at your graduation, and take a deep breath. To you, it's so completely obvious how heartbroken the two of you are, how much pain is behind your smiles, but luckily your father and Clarissa have never picked up on that. You find yourself smiling at the photo, though, remembering being that close to him, remembering that cologne he used to wear because he knew you loved it. Sometimes you try to remember if there were ever any bad parts to your relationship, but your mind can't land on a single one. Is that because there weren't any, or because you've chosen to forget them? Have you just forgotten why you needed to forget him?

You place the photo back and hear the front door opening and closing, the boys talking among themselves as they get in, and you take another deep breath and wipe your eyes, making sure no tears have fallen and ruined your makeup. You return to packing, hearing your bedroom door opening, and you don't have to look over your shoulder to know it's Drew.

"Hey, good day at golf?" you ask, surprisingly chirpy given your mood.

"Yeah," Drew replies a little flatly.

"Who won?" you ask, trying to tell your paranoia to calm down. There's nothing wrong, everything went fine. Drew doesn't know anything.

"Jensen," Drew answers. He doesn't sit on the bed like you assumed he would, and you finally turn around to look at him, forcing a smile.

"Is that why you're grumpy?" you try to tease.

"Why didn't you ever tell me?" he asks, frowning.

Maybe you're wrong, maybe nothing is fine. Maybe he knows everything.

You swallow hard, frowning back, shaking your head. "About what?"

"Jensen told me, like, as if he thought I knew, and I should've known," Drew carries on.

"Known what, baby?" you ask, laughing awkwardly, even though inside your heart is about to stop beating.

“You failed highschool,” he reminds you.

You can't deny the relief that washes over you, because for a second you truly believed that Jensen had told Drew about your history together.

“Oh, well, you knew I was a year older than most of my classmates,” you brush off, shrugging.

“But you told me you took a gap year, so why did you lie?” he presses, clearly upset.

You turn back to the case, focusing on refolding a shirt that was a little crumpled, and you take a deep breath. “I guess I was embarrassed that I failed,” you offer, shrugging. It's quiet, which makes you uncomfortable, but apparently the inquisition isn't over yet.

“How did you fail? We both know how smart you are, you were top of my class,” he reminds you.

“Maybe because I was fucking my professor,” you try to joke. But Drew doesn't even smile so you know the deflection hasn't worked.

You find yourself at a crossroads. Either you come clean about almost everything, tell him about your history with all the boys and parties and insistence to disappoint your father, how Drew isn't your first and how you have this awful gut feeling he won't be your last, either. Or, you give him what he wants to hear. A half truth that saves you both a lot of pain right now. And you need easy, there's too much swimming around in your head for anything else.

“You know my Mom left when I was fourteen,” you remind him, moving to sit on the bed. “I just... lost myself for a long time, didn't wanna try, didn't want to do anything. Failing highschool was the wake up call I needed.”

Drew sits beside you slowly, sighing heavily as he reaches across to take your hand. “You could've just told me that from the start,” he tells you, squeezing softly.

“I know, but I wanted to impress you, and I didn't want you thinking I was some fucked up failure with serious Mommy issues.”

“I would've never thought that. You're amazing, and everything you went through... this just makes me love you more. You realised your worth, you realised you were better than that and you worked on yourself, you built yourself up stronger, you made yourself pass highschool, decided to go to college, you did all that despite what you've been through, and if your Mom ever finds out what she's missing out on, she's going to hate herself for it.”

You swallow hard, not wanting to correct him. You did none of that for yourself, and you probably never would've. That was all Jensen. Jensen made you do better, he made you want

to pass, he pushed you into college, and a big part of you has always resented him for that, but after hearing Drew talk about it like that, you realise that this entire time Jensen had only ever wanted what was best for you, and you wouldn't be here if it wasn't for him. And how are you repaying him? Breaking his heart, moving on with someone else? You're a bitch.

"I don't deserve any of this," you confess, tears in your eyes.

"You do, baby, you do," he rushes to reassure you.

Drew doesn't deserve this, either. This man is so patient and kind; he's so loving and supportive. He doesn't deserve a fiancée that cheats on him the second she's alone with her ex-boyfriend, and you promise yourself that you'll do better. You'll be what Drew deserves. You made a commitment to him, and how you feel about Jensen doesn't matter anymore. You can't let Drew down, not after everything he's done for you.

"Is that why you won't take the job? Because you feel like you don't deserve it?"

You close your eyes, taking a deep breath. Of course he's going to bring that up.

"Maybe," you finally offer, too emotional to think of any other valid excuse that isn't the truth.

"Take the job, baby, you deserve this, and it's gonna be great for you. After everything you've been through, don't let all that hard work turning your life around go to waste," he implores.

You think about it for a moment, knowing he's right. You need a job, and it is a *great* opportunity. Temporary to get you the experience, and while it's not in New York, it's close to home. You can control yourself around Jensen – you *will* control yourself around him. In fact, you barely have to see him. Staff meetings, maybe a couple of run-ins in the school hall. You can manage that.

"Okay," you agree, nodding. "I'll take the job."

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"It's gonna be pretty great having you closer," your father beams, making you smile.

"I'm still a three hour drive away, Dad," you remind him softly.

"Yeah, but it's better than a three hour minimum flight," he reminds you. "So I guess you're not going back to New York? You'll stick around until Jensen leaves? Catch a ride with him?"

"Sounds sensible," Drew agrees.

"Oh, I don't know," you shake your head. "I mean, all my stuff is still in New York."

“That’s okay, I’ve got time, I can go home, pack some stuff and bring it to you. You can make do with what you’ve brought for this trip for a week, right?”

“I mean—” you start.

“Where are you gonna stay?” Drew suddenly asks.

“Oh, I’ll get an apartment, but I’ll stay at a hotel until I find one,” you explain, already having thought that bit through.

“What? You don’t need to pay out for a hotel,” your father scoffs. As if on cue, Jensen enters the room, and your Dad looks over at him. “Y/N can stay with you, right, Jen? Until she finds an apartment.”

“Yeah man, of course, I’ve got a spare room. I mean, you’re welcome to move in, you don’t have to get an apartment at all,” Jensen offers, flashing you a wide grin. What the hell is he playing at? Why would he want his ex-girlfriend to move in with him? Maybe he’s just playing the part in front of your father so no one gets suspicious.

“There we go,” Jared smiles.

“I want my own space,” you insist.

“Alright, so get an apartment, but until then, you’ve got Jensen’s spare room,” your dad tells you.

“There’s only like ten days until the semester starts, and you’re gonna have lesson plans to read up on, and you’ll need to sort out your new classroom, you’re gonna be busy enough,” Drew reminds you.

“Of course,” you nod, starting to feel a little overwhelmed. There’s so much to think about, living with your ex-boyfriend cannot be added to that list.

“Hey,” Drew calls calmly, reaching for your hand. “It’s okay, baby, this is exciting stress, right?”

You glance at Jensen, seeing him smiling warmly at you.

“Right, of course,” you agree, looking back at Drew. “It’s gonna be fun.”

“Yeah, it is,” Jensen agrees, flashing you a wink.

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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## Chapter Four

**Chapter Tags:** angst, flirting, teasing, groping, slut shaming, mentions of casual sex, major angst

**Chapter WC:** 1600

Senior: WTDY Masterlist

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### ***Jensen's POV***

Jensen has missed this. He smiles softly to himself, hardly able to believe that he's got this back, and then he turns his head once more to look at her, just to check she's not opened the door on the highway to duck and roll out of the car. But she's still there, sitting in the passenger seat, her hands in her lap as she stares out the window. He can't stop his mind from wandering back to other car journeys they used to take.

At first, his mind goes all the way back to the trip they took eight years ago, driving home for Christmas, Y/N wearing that slutty version of her uniform, teasing him with stockings and a low buttoned blouse. Jensen can still remember how hard he squeezed that steering wheel, trying his best not to react. Now he only regrets all the time he wasted fighting his feelings. He should've kissed Y/N back the second her lips pressed against his that first time at Jared's birthday party.

He finds himself smirking a little as his mind wanders to a different car ride, one a little deeper into their relationship, once Jensen had given in completely, resigned to the undeniable chemistry and gravitational pull. It had been a long week, and they were driving to get pizza, and if Jensen closes his eyes he can still hear her voice coming from the passenger seat.

*"You know, I think I'm hungry for something else," she purrs, her hand reaching across into his lap. Jensen nearly swerves into the next lane, but he straightens up, laughing slightly at her. "What d'you think?" she prompts.*

*"I think you should put those hands back in your own lap if you wanna make it to the pizza place alive," Jensen protests, smirking.*



*“You’ve never been jerked off in the car before?” she asks, blinking over at him.*

*Jensen scoffs, his cock starting to harden in his jeans at the very thought. “Not while driving,” he admits. “You can’t keep your hands to yourself for five minutes, can you?”*

*“Do you want me to?” she smirks, biting her bottom lip. “Anyways, now you know how it feels.”*

*“I’m not this bad,” Jensen argues, her hand finding his half hard erection and starting to rub. He grunts softly under his breath, which doesn’t go unnoticed by Y/N, who giggles. He’s hardly about to stop her though, not now.*

*“You’re always touching me, trying to feel my little pussy,” she tells him coyly. She twists her body back to face forwards, her hand still very much groping him through his jeans, and then starts to spread her legs, that pathetic excuse for a school skirt riding up to reveal her black lacy panties.*

*“You wore panties today,” Jensen notes, trying to keep his voice casual. Y/N just giggles, rubbing over the front of them.*

*“Shouldn’t have bothered, they’re so wet.” Her hand leaves his crotch, and her fingers wrap around his wrist, guiding his hand between her legs. “See?”*

*“Why did you tell him?”*

Jensen’s snap back to reality is harsh as he looks across at Y/N and sees her blinking at him. She hasn’t changed an awful lot from the girl that used to share his bed; her hair is a little different, her body more mature now, which only makes her even more attractive in Jensen’s opinion. The biggest change is her clothes. Long gone are the days of short skirts and tight dresses, now it’s jeans and blouses, or baggy t-shirts. It’s more respectful – sexier, even. It leaves something to Jensen’s imagination, which has been lovingly running wild the last few days.

*“Jensen,” she prompts, making him realise he’s not replied yet.*

*“Tell who what?” he asks, trying to catch up. Y/N purses her lips, like Jensen’s supposed to know what he’s done so wrong besides sending her away to college for the chance of a good future.*

*“Drew. Why did you tell him I failed highschool?”*

Jensen frowns for a moment, his eyes glancing between her and the road a few times. *“He didn’t know?”*

*“No! Of course he didn’t know!” she raises her voice.*

“You say that like it’s obvious you would lie to him about it. I mean, yeah there are some things I assumed you’ve left out, but failing high school wasn’t one of them,” Jensen defends.

“Well, it was,” she huffs, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Why?” Jensen finds himself asking. He’s met with silence for a moment, so he looks across at her. She takes a deep breath and swallows hard, looking down at her lap.

“Because I’m ashamed about that whole part of my life,” she confesses. “I didn’t want him to know, okay? It’s none of your business.”

Jensen licks his lips, fighting the urge to argue with her. She’s right, of course; what she chooses to tell or not tell her fiancé isn’t his business.

“So what else haven’t you told him?” Jensen pries, because apparently he just can’t help himself. Even though he’d decided seconds before that this isn’t his place, his mouth has tried to push him in.

“You, obviously,” she confesses quietly. Jensen had never been completely certain that she hadn’t told Drew. If they were getting married, Jensen had to assume they were close, told each other everything, and maybe that had included him. But Drew hadn’t treated Jensen in a way that suggested he knew, so Jensen figures him not knowing makes sense. He can’t help but feel a little relieved about the confirmation, though. One more person knowing about their relationship is one step closer to Jared ever finding out, and given how close Drew and Jared apparently are now, there’s no guarantee Drew wouldn’t end up blabbing. “And the rest of the guys,” Y/N adds, even more quietly, breaking Jensen’s train of thought.

“All of them?” Jensen frowns. Y/N doesn’t reply, but that’s an answer in itself. “Did you play your innocent virgin card on him?”

“I don’t want to talk about that with you,” she tells him shortly, turning her head to look out the window.

“Why not?”

“Why not? Because you’re my fucking ex, Jensen. And a week ago you kissed me—”

“You kissed me,” Jensen interrupts, correcting her. She did kiss him, he remembers it crystal clear because he hasn’t stopped thinking about it. *She* kissed him, which means she still has feelings for him, even if she wants to pretend she doesn’t. But she can’t pretend forever, and now that she’ll be living with him, that wall is going to crumble pretty quickly; Jensen’s sure of it.

“It doesn’t matter,” she protests. “My relationship with Drew isn’t your business.”

Jensen tells himself to let it lie. And he does for a couple of minutes. But he can't help thinking about it. If Y/N hasn't told Drew about *any* of the guys before him, he must not really know *her*. And not that Jensen would ever shame or judge her for the amount of guys she slept with back then, but they did happen, and it was a big part of her life for a while. It makes her who she is. Has she really played the part of this sweet, naive girl their entire relationship? Surely she's exhausted by now. She's never had to pretend with Jensen, he knows it all, there's no nasty secrets – at least, he can't imagine there are – he's been there for all of it. He's stuck by her, he's *loved her* anyway.

“So Drew is marrying a fictional person,” Jensen finds himself saying aloud.

“Excuse me?” Y/N presses, glaring.

“Well, if he doesn't know about all that stuff, then he doesn't really know *you*, does he?”

“Wow,” Y/N scoffs. “You know, Jensen, I'm more than just the men I slept with. Drew sees the side of me that no one else does.”

“He sees one side of you, he doesn't see all of you. Are you sure you wanna marry a man like that? Keep playing this role for the rest of your life?”

“I'm not playing anything, Jensen. So what, I left out a few details about my past. It doesn't matter, it's history, I can't change it and it's over.”

“But you also shouldn't be ashamed of it,” Jensen tells her sincerely.

“I'm not ashamed of it,” she argues. Jensen looks over at her and she glares. “I'm not.”

“Then tell him the truth, if he's as great as you say he is then he won't care if he's your first of your thousandth.”

“No, I don't need to tell him, I know he wouldn't care. That's not the point. Drew sees *me*, he sees all my potential, and he sees the stuff that no one else does, because when people know about my past all they see is a slut. And I'm more than that.”

“You think I don't see past all that? You don't think I know your potential? Why do you think I pushed you to graduate? Why do you think I pushed you to go to college? I've always seen you as more than a slut, Y/N. Quite frankly, I'm insulted that you put Drew on some pedestal for doing what I've always done.”

Y/N stays quiet for a long moment, and Jensen almost regrets what he's said, because he doesn't want to push her away before they've even gotten to school. But, he can't sit there and hear her talk about how *amazing* Drew is for not just being like every other guy that fucked her

and left, not when Jensen never went anywhere. Not when he was the first person to try to make her believe in herself – the first person to try to fix her. Drew doesn't get the credit for that.

"I'm hungry, there's a diner just up the road," he says more quietly this time.

"Sure," she agrees just as quietly, and Jensen sighs, worried he's already fucked everything up.

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### Chapter Five

**Chapter Tags:** angst, taboo relationship, teasing, flirting, kissing, sex implied, mentions of sex

**Chapter WC:** 2649

[Senior: WTDY Masterlist](#)

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### ***Your POV***

When you arrived the night before, Jensen had told you to make yourself at home, so that's exactly what you do when you get up. You head downstairs, making your way to the kitchen to find not much has changed. Jensen still keeps the coffee above the machine, he still keeps his mugs in the cupboard next to it, and he still keeps sugar and creamer in canisters to the side. As you open the cupboard door you come face to face with a navy mug, flowers printed on the side with "Love" in calligraphy scrawled across it. A smile automatically pulls at your lips as you stare at it. You remember buying that mug to keep at Jensen's place because it was prettier than his other ones. You'd tried to not make a big deal out of it, telling him that his other mugs were gross and you needed something nicer, but you can't forget how good it made you feel to keep something of *yours* at his place.

You reach for it, inspecting it a little closer. He kept it. After all this time he still has it. You put it back in its place, your eyes falling on the mug beside it, one with "Best Uncle Ever" printed on it. You can't help but laugh at the memory of when you bought it, just to annoy him.

*You're careful as you climb the stairs with the tray in hand, watching both mugs of coffee balanced on top, making sure neither spills. You kick the bedroom door open, the room considerably darker than the rest of the house, and place the tray down on the dresser, moving to the window to open the curtains and let some light in. Jensen groans at the sudden sunshine and buries his face deeper into his pillow. You can't help but laugh, heading back over to the dresser to retrieve the coffees off of the tray. You're careful as you climb onto the bed, back into your side, placing your mug down on your night stand, and Jensen finally relents, rolling onto his back and sitting up, his eyes still squinted.*

*"What time is it?" he groans, his voice deeper and more gritty than normal.*

*"Almost ten," you tell him, handing him his coffee.*

*"Thanks," he replies, taking the mug and then taking a sip. He stops, pulling the mug away and holding it in front of him. "What's this?"*

*"Just a little something," you shrug nonchalantly, biting back the giggle.*

*"Best uncle ever?" he presses, looking over at you and cocking an eyebrow. "Oh you think you're funny, huh, sweetheart?"*

*"I'm hilarious, **Uncle Jensen,**" you tease, biting your bottom lip. "Hey, at least it doesn't say Dad."*

*Jensen scoffs, placing the mug down on his nightstand and then rubs his eyes.*

*"You never call me Uncle Jensen unless you're teasing me," he challenges, making you chuckle even more. "Anyway, given how we spent the night last night, I think we should drop the Uncle now."*

*"Why? You're the best uncle in the world," you continue to taunt. You move to straddle his lap, bringing your mouth into the crook of his neck, dragging your tongue up it. "My favourite uncle, actually," you purr against his ear.*

*You start to grind your ass down into his crotch, making him hum softly.*

*"If you don't like your gift I can take it back," you tell him, starting to bite softly on his neck.*

*"I can think of a better gift for my birthday," he replies, pushing you until you're falling flat on your back. He quickly leans over you, making you giggle.*

*"Whatever you want, birthday boy."*

The coffee machine beeps, snapping you out of your reverie as you push the uncle mug out of the way and reach for one of his generic mugs. You pour yourself a coffee and instantly take a sip of the hot liquid, closing your eyes as you take deep breaths, telling yourself to stop thinking about the past. It doesn't help that nothing has changed in the time you've been away. Everything is just like it was when you'd spent every possible moment here – everything except the most obvious change. You're painfully reminded of that very change when the band of your engagement ring clinks softly against your mug.

Jensen comes down the stairs at that thought, his hair a little messy from bed, sweatpants low on his hips and a plain white henley thrown on. You used to love that look on him. You find yourself staring for a second and clear your throat, turning your back on him as you next search for something to eat for breakfast.

"Morning," Jensen calls out, heading towards the coffee machine himself. You step out of his way, heading for the fridge. "Sleep okay?"

"Fine, thanks," you reply, trying to keep things civil and polite. If you're going to be living with the man for a couple of weeks, you should probably try to get along with him.

"How's the bed in that spare room?" he asks, leaning against the counter and looking right at you.

You avoid eye contact, setting down the milk on the counter as you open a cupboard in pursuit of some cereal. "It's fine," you tell him.

"Is it as good as mine?" he asks next. You look at him, hardly able to believe he's bringing up the elephant in the room this early on in your strange living arrangement. His eyes are slightly squinted, his brow slightly furrowed, like he's genuinely waiting for a reply.

"I– I don't remember," you lie, pouring some cereal into the bowl, focusing intently on watching the ceramic fill up with Lucky Charms. Why is he even asking that kind of question? Just to remind you of the way things used to be? You don't need him to do that, this entire place is doing that on its own.

"Oh, okay. Because I was thinking of replacing the mattress in there with one like mine."

"Oh, right," you nod, thankful there had been an actual reason for his question besides teasing you.

You shovel cereal into your mouth as an excuse to not have to talk, and things are thankfully quiet between you while you eat. But after a short while you can't stand the silence. It feels so unnatural for things to be this awkward and tense between the two of you.

“Why did you invite me to live with you?” you find yourself asking, playing with the few remaining marshmallows that have gone soggy in the puddle of milk at the bottom of your bowl.

“You needed somewhere to stay, and I’m right here on the school grounds,” Jensen shrugs, like it’s not any more complicated than that. And it shouldn’t be, except for the fact that he’s your ex-boyfriend. And not just any ex. He’s *the one that got away*, as they say.

“I would’ve been fine in a hotel,” you argue. You move to put your dishes in the sink, rinsing them out. “This is just weird,” you admit.

“It doesn’t have to be.”

When you turn around you notice he’s using his uncle mug, and it makes your heart hurt.

“It’s not like I *want* it to be,” you defend. “There’s just too many memories here.”

“All good ones I hope?” he asks, smirking. But the smirk fades when you don’t laugh at his joke and he clears his throat and nods. “I get it, I think about it too. Haven’t stopped, actually, but you being here definitely makes it harder.”

Jensen’s confession is too much to think about right now, so you put your dishes on the drainer and dry your hands.

“I’m gonna take a shower, maybe you can show me my classroom when I’m done?”

“Sure,” Jensen nods. “Do you remember how to use the shower?”

“Yeah,” you reply, “I took plenty here before.”

“Yeah, you did,” he nods in agreement, a tiny smirk twitching over his lips.

“Alright, I’ll be back soon.” You turn and leave before one of you can drag the other even further down memory lane.

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“Isn’t this Mrs. Mason’s classroom?” you ask as Jensen opens the door.

“It was,” he nods, “but she retired four years ago. Emma took her place, but she’s gone on maternity leave. Due any day now,” he tells you, stepping to one side to let you in. The classroom is fairly nice, decorated well, colours on the walls, posters of english poems and quotes from classic books. Emma had nice taste, and you feel like you can fit right in without needing to change anything.

“You’ll get your own work laptop, and we’ll set you up with an email address for anything work related. Emma has written up all the lesson plans until the end of the year, so I’ll get those loaded onto the laptop for you, and I’ll introduce you to the rest of the staff on the first day of semester,” Jensen continues as you walk through the desks to the front, admiring the board and turning to look back at the classroom, imagining a full class of girls sitting and staring at you.

You suddenly feel pretty nervous and clear your throat. You’d done work experience in schools before, of course, but you’d never led your own classes alone like this.

“Most of them will probably remember me, I should imagine I left a lasting impression... not a good one,” you confess, feeling your cheeks heat up, trying to push your nerves to the back of your mind.

Jensen laughs softly, nodding his head. “Well, there’s also the ones that never taught you, so maybe they’ll like you at least.”

You know he’s joking, but you can’t help worrying if he’s actually right. All your old teachers will probably dislike you, at least. While you got your act together eventually, the slutty uniform stuck with you until the bitter end. That gave the teachers a lot of grief, and some never forgave you for your bitchy behaviour before you turned yourself around.

“I’ve got a lot of apologies to write,” you chuckle slightly.

You reach down and run your fingers along the teacher’s desk, feeling how smooth it is, and then look up and smile slightly at Jensen, before heading back towards him.

“Jeff’s still here, y’know,” he tells you casually. You stop walking as quickly, frowning slightly as you approach him.

“Coach Jeff?” you ask, feigning ignorance because you know *exactly* which Jeff he’s talking about – the Jeff you fucked – you just don’t really know why Jensen’s bringing him up like this. “Okay? Why are you telling me?”

“You know why,” Jensen replies, making your stomach knot a little tighter.

You don’t want to *assume* that he knows what happened between you. You used to think Jeff told him, he did tell you he was going to hand himself over, but then he never lost his job, so you had assumed that Jensen never found out. And Jensen never brought it up, not even when you got intimate. And why wouldn’t he have said something if he knew? You’re sure he would’ve loved a reason to discipline you.

“Nope,” you lie, shaking your head, stopping a couple of desks down from him.



“That night you snuck out, came back covered in hickies?” he prompts, raising an eyebrow. You swallow hard, realising he really does know. Has he only recently found out, or has he known this entire time?

“How did you find out?” you ask quietly.

“Jeff told me, came to me the day he realised you were a student,” Jensen confesses.

“Really?” You frown, “you never said anything.”

Jensen shrugs, moving to lean his ass on top of one of the desks. “You did it for attention, didn’t you? Figured if I didn’t give you what you wanted, maybe you’d stop doing it.”

“And Jeff kept his job?” you ask next, not wanting to acknowledge the truth in Jensen’s words.

“I knew it wasn’t his fault, he did the right thing coming to me, I could tell he didn’t like the fact you were a student, so I let it slide. He’s a great guy, he just made a stupid mistake.”

“Yeah,” you agree quietly, nodding. You always did like Jeff, not only did he treat you well that night, but now you’ve matured, you appreciate why he wanted to create so much space between you, why he might’ve wanted to tell Jensen. He’s a good guy, and the fact he was willing to own up to his mistakes and even lose his job over it proves that. “That was all on me, it wouldn’t have been fair on him to lose his job.”

“Right,” Jensen agrees, nodding. “I knew what you were like, especially when you set your eyes on someone,” he adds, smirking a little deeper.

You feel your cheeks heat up even more and take a deep breath. “Well, that was a long time ago, a different version of me.” You play with your fingers, twisting them softly. “I’m just surprised you never said anything.”

“I guess I didn’t want you to know I was jealous,” Jensen admits, making you look at him. He seems so unashamed about the confession, and you suppose it’s no longer a secret that he was into you, so that makes sense. “You liked all these other older men, fucked them... but it couldn’t be me. And you trying to fuck me only made that worse.”

“I was pretty relentless,” you agree, laughing ever so slightly, mainly out of embarrassment.

“It worked,” he reminds you.

The room falls quiet, because you don’t know how to reply to that. The memory is bittersweet, and you can’t catch yourself thinking about it, not after Christmas, and the memories his place has been bringing up. You can’t let yourself get caught up in Jensen again. You were broken for *years* after things ended. That can never happen again. And now you have Drew.

Jensen stands up, heading back towards the door, and you're grateful to be leaving. Maybe you can make some excuse to get a few hours alone, because all this time with Jensen is starting to really mess with your head. Jensen lingers in the doorway, and as you squeeze past him he closes the door behind you both.

"So, now you know that I know about Jeff, there's always something I've wanted to know," Jensen speaks up. You look at him, waiting for him to elaborate. He locks the door and then holds the key up in front of you. As you go to reach for it, he pulls back. "Was he better than me?"

"What?" you choke out, shocked by his blunt question.

"Did he... make you feel as good as I used to?"

Your eyes widen, your heartbeat increasing just thinking about it. You never thought Jensen would be this forward, and it's really thrown you off centre. You consider your answer, even though you're fairly sure you're not going to actually give it to him. Of course, you had a great time with Jeff that night, you still remember it pretty well, but the sex with Jensen was different – it was the best you've ever felt. Not even Drew... You can't tell him that though, not when it shouldn't be true.

"Relax, I'm teasing you," Jensen laughs it off, handing you the key. "Are you hungry? I might grab a pizza for lunch, been craving one since we drove back."

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### Chapter Six

**Chapter Tags:** angst, asshole!Jensen, sexual tension, mentions of casual sex, mentions of fingering, mentions of cunnilingus

**Chapter WC:** 1965

Senior: WTDTY Masterlist

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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## ***Jensen's POV***

Jensen groans as he blinks his eyes open, maybe the whiskey bottle he decided to polish off last night wasn't such a good idea, after all. He might still be a little drunk. But he needed to do something to get his mind off of all the memories that keep creeping in.

He's always thought about Y/N, he's always looked at certain places in his house and seen her standing there, or heard her voice down the hallways, but having her *here* is making it so much worse. And it's not that he doesn't want to remember, or he doesn't want her here at all. It's that the memories are getting too painful, only reminding him what he's lost. And every time he looks at her now, and he sees a woman even more mature than she was before, he's reminded that so much has changed. And she's not *his* anymore and maybe never will be again.

Not unless he wins her back, and he's not going to do that by playing nice.

Jensen's not a bad guy, but he's better than that cheating fiancé Y/N has found herself with. And the poor girl doesn't even know it. Jensen could tell her his suspicions, but he hasn't really got any proof yet, and he might just look like the jealous ex making up lies to win her back. He has to do that without dropping Drew *completely* in it. He has to hope Y/N will pick him eventually.

As he rolls onto his back, he stares up at the ceiling, realising he can hear the shower running down the hall. He can't stop his mind from wandering, imagining her in the shower, naked and wet. And Jensen doesn't even really need to imagine it, he's got plenty of memories of her standing under the warm spray of water, her hair wet and falling down her back, a teasing smirk on her face as she tries to entice him in to join her.

*"C'mon, Daddy, I'm all wet, need your help with the hard to reach places."*

Not that Jensen ever needed any convincing to join her, but he did like to stand on the sidelines sometimes, observe her for a moment or two, his cock growing uncomfortably hard between his legs, even though they probably hadn't relieved themselves too long ago. Relief never lasted long with Y/N. He thought those days were behind him. He thought he'd gotten too old to have the kind of sex drive a teenage boy would be proud of, but there was something about Y/N that always made him feel young, like it was all new to him. Like she was the only girl in the world he'd ever touched and tasted, and he wanted to take as much as he could.

Jensen would slip under the water with her eventually, pressing her against the cold tiles, kissing her breathless, and even if he couldn't fuck her again, he wouldn't be able to resist his hand pushing between her legs, his fingers seeking out her abused hole, or dropping to his

knees on the shower floor, kissing her better if she was sore. Jensen had never been that insatiable with anyone else before, and he doesn't think he ever will again.

There's been the odd temporary fix in the time they've been apart. A couple one night stands after a few too many drinks and a fling that lasted barely a month. He did get a friend out of it. Ada is fun and flirty and likes a good time, and reminds him very much of Y/N in many ways. Except, Y/N if she never grew out of her slutty phase. Ada is *very* open about her sexuality, not ever being ashamed of liking men and sex. Jensen likes that. He likes how carefree she is. They'd both agreed that their hooking up was a one time thing, but they got on as friends, so exchanged numbers and now they occasionally meet up for a drink or food.

Ada was Jensen's first time after Y/N, and he thinks that probably tainted it somehow. There had been a lot of drinking to forget, and a lot of mixed feelings when he was finally able to get it up enough to fuck her. But he stayed in his head the entire time, and he couldn't blame Ada for not wanting to relive that. Maybe in some ways, she reminds him *too* much of Y/N, and that can hurt more often than it heals. But it never hurts to have a friend now and then, someone to help you forget or just to keep you company. Ada was that for Jensen, and still is sometimes.

The shower turns off, which brings Jensen back to the present, and he gets out of bed, heading towards the doorway so he can use the bathroom after Y/N. She opens the door, revealing she's only in a towel, and jumps, reaching up to cling to it when she sees him standing there.

"Hey, I didn't realise you were up," she tells him, clearly a little embarrassed. "I'd have gotten dressed first."

Jensen smirks softly, his mind – which is still slightly intoxicated – unhelpfully wondering what she looks like underneath the towel. He can't imagine she looks much different from before.

"It's okay," he smiles, "nothing I haven't seen before."

Y/N takes a deep breath, pursing her lips slightly. "But it isn't yours to see anymore," she reminds him.

"Right," he nods slowly, biting his bottom lip. "It's *Drew's*," he mocks, scoffing. Y/N steps to one side to move around him, but she can't get past unless Jensen moves to the side. "You know you never answered my question," he reminds her, refusing to budge.

"What question?" she asks, holding her towel closed.

"About Jeff," he reminds her, squinting slightly. He might've told her he was joking yesterday, but it's a question he's always wanted to know the answer to. "Did he make you feel as good as I did?" She shakes her head, not in answer as such, but more like disbelief. "What about Drew? Does that *good guy* know how to fuck? Or does he just *make love to you*?"

“Are you drunk?” she accuses.

Jensen shrugs nonchalantly, “just enough to speak my mind.”

“Oh my god, we’re not talking about this,” she insists, trying to push past him.

“So I’ll take that as a no,” Jensen tells her, turning around to continue facing her.

“Is it really that important to you, Jensen? That you were the best fuck of my life?”

She seems angry, which wasn’t Jensen’s intention. He was hoping that reminding her that he used to make her feel good would change her mind. And maybe part of it is pride, because at one time he was her favourite, and the thought that he isn’t anymore just makes this whole thing worse. If he can’t even get to the top of that list, then she’s never going to come back to him. He *really* needs Drew to be bad at the sex stuff to even stand any chance. Y/N might be pretending to be this new person, but deep down she’s still the girl he fell in love with, and she’s been denying that part of herself for too long. Something’s gotta break eventually.

“Even if you were, it doesn’t matter anymore, because it’s never going to happen again,” she continues. “I am engaged to a man that’s... amazing and kind and... doesn’t push me away when he feels things.”

“I didn’t push you away,” Jensen insists once again.

“You may as well have,” she counters. “Drew loves me, and he’s a good guy and I—” she stops, choking on the tears that fill her eyes. “I can’t do this to him.”

“Do *what?*” Jensen pushes, stepping closer. Her back presses against the wall as Jensen leans over her, reaching up to push the wet hair out of her face.

Y/N closes her eyes and takes a shaky breath in. “Don’t, Jensen,” she whispers. He wants to kiss her so badly, but she’s just explicitly told him not to. At least, he thinks that’s what she was saying.

Jensen relents, leaning his forehead against hers and taking a deep breath in. He closes his eyes too, just soaking in the feeling of being this close to her.

“I miss you,” he breathes, surprised to hear his own thoughts spoken out loud.

Y/N tilts her head back just slightly, enough that their noses brush, and then her lips ghost over his, it feels more like breath than skin, but it’s a sensation against Jensen’s lips he didn’t realise he’d missed as much as he has. But then it’s gone, and she is too. Jensen senses her slide out from under him, and then hears her bedroom door close. His hand clenches into a fist, and he takes another deep breath.

So close, yet so far.

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Jensen raises his fist, but stops before it can make contact with the door. Sighing heavily he drops it back to his side and slumps against the doorframe, leaning in a little closer to see if he can hear anything, but there's nothing to hear. It's been over twenty four hours since their moment in the hallway, and she hasn't left her room since. Not to eat or drink or use the bathroom. Jensen's understandably concerned, but given why she locked herself in her bedroom in the first place, he's not sure he's her favourite person right now, and he doesn't want to upset her further.

The more he thinks about it, and about his comments and behaviour since they reunited, he realises what an ass he's been. Who the fuck asks their ex about their sex life like some insecure kid? Why should it even matter if Drew is *better* than him? Jensen still doesn't like the kid, not after what he'd said at golf, but if Y/N is truly happy with him then maybe Jensen needs to accept that. After all, he just wants her to be happy; truly happy, and if that's not with him, then so be it. It's the whole reason he sent her away to college in the first place. This has never been about him. It's always been about her, and it always will be. He can't ever be selfish with his love for her. And making all these comments, trying to push her into doing something she clearly doesn't want to do, is the most selfish thing he could do.

Jensen steps back, staring at the door for a moment longer before relenting and heading downstairs to the kitchen. He promises himself that if by tomorrow she hasn't come out, he'll knock, and he'll talk to her and apologise. But for now he'll give her just a little more space. He heads over to the coffee machine and turns it on, rubbing his forehead when it feels like the start of a migraine is gonna hit him. He roots through one of the kitchen drawers for some Advil and swallows two dry, hoping it'll help quickly.

A knock at his door steals his attention away from the pain, and he frowns slightly, noticing that it's getting close to the evening. School still doesn't start for another two days, but students are slowly starting to come back now, so maybe it's one of the boarding staff. Jensen straightens his henley, heading to the door and clearing his throat. He puts on a fake smile as he opens it, the smile faltering and then fading altogether when he sees Drew standing there, beaming at him.

"Hey Jensen, is my beautiful fiancée here?"

## Chapter Seven

**Chapter Tags:** angst, heartache, jealousy, anxiety, guilt, mentions of cheating, mentions of sex

**Chapter WC:** 2180

[Senior: WTDTY Masterlist](#)

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### ***Your POV***

The sight of Jensen standing in the hallway makes you jump, reaching up to clutch your towel just in case it decides to come loose.

“Hey, I didn’t realise you were up,” you tell him, feeling your cheeks heat up. “I’d have gotten dressed first.”

“It’s okay,” he smiles far too easily, almost cockily, which makes you feel like this isn’t going to go well. “Nothing I haven’t seen before.”

You try to bite your tongue, ignore the comment, tell your legs to keep moving past him and into the safety of your bedroom, but you can’t help the words that leave your lips as a reminder to both of you.

“But it isn’t yours to see anymore.”

The point seems to wound Jensen just a little, but then a tiny smirk appears on his lips, curling around his teeth as he bites down on his bottom one. “Right,” he nods slowly, “It’s *Drew’s*.”

His tone is mocking, and you don’t have the energy for this. You’re already stressed enough with work and everything else going on, Jensen being jealous isn’t something you can add to that list. You take a deep breath, deciding to move around him, but realising there’s not enough room to get past without having to brush yourself up against him, and he looks like he’s staying put.

“You know you never answered my question,” he speaks up, not moving a muscle.

“What question?” you huff, starting to get frustrated. Your grip on your towel tightens, especially as Jensen’s eyes start to wander just a little. There’s a look in his eyes you can’t quite pinpoint.

It goes beyond mischief or desire, there's something else tainting it all, something glazing over the greens, frosting them slightly.

"About Jeff," he reminds you, squinting slightly. The very mention of Jeff makes you feel guilty, and you automatically clench your jaw. "Did he make you feel as good as I did?" he repeats needlessly; you remember exactly what question he's referring to now.

You'd thought you'd gotten away with it yesterday, but Jensen clearly won't let it lie until you tell him. And you could lie, just to hurt his feelings a little, to knock him down a peg or two, but something tells you he's wounded enough; this is him lashing out, scared and hurt. You hate that you've made him this way. But still, the fact that he's even asking this right now... you shake your head, unable to believe he'd act this way, even if he is suffering. Clearly, he's decided to play dirty.

"What about Drew? Does that *good guy* know how to fuck? Or does he just *make love to you*?"

That's when it hits you. The tone in his voice, the very slight slur, and the fact he's close enough you can just about smell the remnants of alcohol on his breath.

"Are you drunk?" you accuse, hoping to God that's the only reason he's being this insufferable.

Jensen shrugs nonchalantly. "Just enough to speak my mind."

"Oh my god, we're not talking about this," you scoff, trying to push past him. This isn't a conversation you ever want to have with the ex boyfriend you're still not completely over, but when he's drunk? You at least manage to get the other side of him, closer to your bedroom door, but then Jensen speaks up again, stopping you in your tracks and forcing you to face him once more.

"So I'll take that as a no."

"Is it really that important to you, Jensen?" you spit out, stepping up to him, starting to get more and more frustrated by the way he's acting. "That you were the best fuck of my life?"

Jensen swallows, staring wide eyed at you, clearly starting to realise he's made a mistake. Good, you want to see him squirm, he's gotta learn to take what he's handing out. And you're absolutely not giving him the satisfaction of the truth right now, because he doesn't deserve that.

"Even if you were, it doesn't matter anymore, because it's never going to happen again. I am engaged to a man that's... amazing and kind and... doesn't push me away when he feels things."

"I didn't push you away," Jensen insists once again.



“You may as well have,” you argue, not really seeing the difference anymore, especially not with red tainting your vision. “Drew loves me, and he’s a good guy and I—” You stop your sentence short, afraid of the next words that want to fall out of your mouth. *I can’t still be in love with you, it’s not fair on him.* Tears press at the backs of your eyes and you will yourself not to cry. Not in front of him, not now. You want to tell him he’s right, that Drew will never make you feel the way he can, but that’s not fair on anyone, not when you don’t have any intentions of leaving your fiancé for the man that broke your heart. You can’t give Jensen another opportunity to do that again.

“I can’t do this to him,” you conclude, hoping that reminding yourself out loud will somehow help.

“Do *what?*” Jensen pushes, stepping closer. You find yourself stepping backwards, trying to keep the space between you, but your back hits the wall, and Jensen ends up towering over you, his hand reaching up to push some hair out of your face.

You take a shaky breath in, closing your eyes. Fuck him and fuck your resolve for being so damn weak. If he tries to kiss you now, you know you won’t be able to stop him. Your heart is thudding in your chest, knots pulling at your stomach over and over again.

“Don’t, Jensen,” you whisper, *begging* him to not pull you over that line again. By some miracle Jensen relents, leaning his forehead against yours and taking a deep, audible breath in.

“I miss you,” he confesses on an exhale.

Now every beat of your heart just aches, like you can feel the pain oozing from him. But at least he’s not being that insufferable cocky asshole right now, you suppose. You prefer this, real and raw and honest, even if it does hurt more. Maybe it’s good for it to hurt, to remind you why you can never go back.

You can’t help yourself lifting your face, just enough that your nose brushes against his, and you can feel his breath hit your lips. *Fuck*, what it would take right now to kiss him. You slide yourself out from under him before you can do something really fucking stupid, fleeing to the safety of your bedroom where you close the door and lean back against it. Your hand wraps over your mouth as you let out a silent sob, and you wonder if any of this is the right decision. Nothing even makes sense anymore.

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Every time Jensen stands at your door you flinch. You can sense him, even though he doesn’t knock. He stands there for minutes at a time, casting a shadow under the door, and sometimes you can hear him breathing, but you’re too afraid to move from the centre of your bed, too afraid to face him. What if you can’t control yourself this time? What if you kiss him, and you don’t stop

kissing him and you remember that you never wanted to in the first place. What if you leave *everything* behind for him?

You'd thought that you'd have run out of tears by now, and while your eyes are red and sore, they still leak silent tears from time to time as you scroll mindlessly through real estate ads for any kind of place to stay that isn't under Jensen's roof. Living with him at all was a stupid idea you should've never been talked into. It's too late now, you're about to start your first ever official teaching job, finding a place to live can't be added to your pile of anxieties. But worrying you're going to cheat on your thoughtful, selfless, innocent fiancé also isn't something you want on that pile. So it's a catch 22, really.

You've been waiting for the sure sounds of Jensen sleeping to slip out and use the kitchen or bathroom, knowing you won't have to worry about being around him that way, but you know you can't live like this for long. When you start work you're going to be seeing him a lot more, so something has to change; you have to change. You have to be stronger than this.

A knock on your bedroom door makes you jump out of your skin. Jensen's clearly plucked up the courage today, and the thought of having to open that door and look at him makes you feel nauseous. But if you don't do it today, you'll have to do it on Monday at least, on the first day of the semester. That's only two days away, now. And the morning of your first day of your first job isn't the day to be tackling facing Jensen again. So you begrudgingly decide that you'll answer the door, sliding yourself off of the bed and checking you don't look like you've been crying *too* much before taking a deep breath and opening the door.

"Hey beautiful." The image of Drew smiling at you instantly fills you with both dread and relief. Relief that it isn't Jensen, but dread that Drew is *here*, and what if he figures something out while he's here? "Hey, you okay?" he instantly asks, crossing the threshold, dragging a suitcase behind him, before shutting your door.

"What?" you ask, still a little bewildered. "Yeah, I'm just stressed about Monday," you lie. Drew drops the case and wraps his arms around you, kissing your forehead. "What are you doing here?"

"Bringing you some more of your stuff. Clothes and toiletries, things like that. I hope I got the right things, I kinda just went for stuff you wear a lot and stuff I think you look good in."

"Thanks," you tell him softly, offering him a weak smile.

"Plus, I wanted to surprise my girl, spend some time with her before her exciting new job starts," he beams, sitting himself down on the bed. You force a bigger smile and nod. "This is nice," he notes, looking around.

"It's a little suffocating," you confess. "Me and Jensen don't really get along living together, so I'm trying to find a place."

“Oh, well, makes sense I suppose,” he nods.

You play with your fingers in front of you, twisting them anxiously. Drew being here is all a little too much, and guilt is starting to consume you.

“Hey,” he prompts, standing up again. “You’re really stressed about this job, huh? You’re gonna hit it outta the park, baby,” he insists. “And I’m staying until Monday, so I’ll be here for your first day.”

“You are?” you ask, not sure if that makes you feel better or worse. At least you won’t have to face Jensen alone until then.

“Of course,” he nods, taking your hands in his to stop you from nearly breaking your fingers. “Relax, baby,” he soothes, reaching up to stroke your hair. “I’m here.”

You take a deep breath, trying to forget about the job and Jensen for a few moments. It is good that Drew is here. He loves you and he’s shown up to support you, and who wouldn’t want that from their partner? You’re lucky to have him, and you’ve just lost sight of that recently because you’ve been so caught up in the past and Jensen. You couldn’t ever imagine Drew hurting you the way Jensen did, and that should be enough of a reason for you to always pick him, right?

“I’m so lucky to have you,” you tell him softly, squeezing his hands. You reach up on your tiptoes, kissing his lips and smile slightly when he kisses back. It’s when you deepen the kiss that Drew chuckles, pulling back slightly. “What?” you prompt, frowning slightly.

“Jensen’s downstairs,” he reminds you.

“So?” you shrug, smirking slightly at the very idea that Jensen might overhear you. Maybe he needs to hear it, so he realises you’ve moved on.

“So when did you become such a rebel?” he teases, smirking back.

“Jensen isn’t my dad, it’s different,” you argue, shrugging. “Besides, you came all this way, it would be rude not to thank you for it... *plus*, I really do need some stress relief right now,” you tell him seductively, walking him back towards the bed, now intent on getting what you want. Maybe you just need to reconnect with Drew, remember why you wanted him in the first place. Drew sits down, and you straddle his lap, pushing your hair back over your shoulder.

“Oh I think I like this side of you,” he chortles, biting his bottom lip.

“You haven’t seen anything yet, baby.”

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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## Chapter Eight

**Chapter Tags:** angst, jealousy, regret, remorse, nerves

**Chapter WC:** 1775

Senior: WTDY Masterlist

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### ***Jensen's POV***

Jensen pours himself another drink and turns the stereo up several more notches, but it's no use. He'd never realised that the spare bed could squeak that much, or that the walls in this house are not soundproof. God, he *wishes* they were. He can't help but feel his stomach twist with jealousy, his jaw clenching every time he hears her. Once upon a time he made her make those noises. That just doesn't seem fair.

He shoots the whiskey back and instantly pours another. He could go up there, tell them to keep the noise down. It is his house, after all. But he realises he would just be that jealous asshole ex, and it would be obvious the real reason he's cockblocking them. And he's hardly in Y/N's good books right now, anyway. Not that he can blame her for that one. He really has been a total douche. He swigs back the next measure of whiskey and places his glass down, shutting off the music and heading towards the door, before grabbing his coat and leaving the house.

He sets off up the path towards the school, hoping to clear his head a little, digging his hands in his pockets to keep the chill of the night at bay. His head drops and he watches his feet as he walks, thinking about everything that's transpired over the last few days. What caused Y/N to lock herself in her bedroom for two days, and then Drew turning up on his doorstep earlier that night.

He might not like the guy, but he has to give credit where credit is due; turning up to surprise Y/N was a sweet touch. Jensen only clenches his jaw once more, hating that he's actually starting to warm to the guy. This guy near enough admitted to Jensen being unfaithful less than two weeks ago. But then again, Jensen realises he was an ass to even *test* him in the first place, and besides, there's no proof. The dude wouldn't even check that girl out, and Jensen had been so hellbent on finding something wrong with Jared's *perfect future son in law*, maybe

he'd read too much into it. When the bitter truth is, Drew is probably just a great guy – better than Jensen ever will be, and Y/N deserves someone like him way more than she'll ever deserve Jensen.

After all, Jensen pushed her to go to college for a reason; because it was the right thing for her. It was the thing that he thought would make her the happiest in the long run, regardless of his own selfish wants and needs. He has to do the same thing again, doesn't he? Otherwise all that was for nothing.

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Jensen crinkles his nose but tries to hide it behind his mug as he watches Y/N lean in to kiss Drew *yet again*. She giggles as she pulls back and then slides down off the barstool, offering him a top up of his coffee. At least she's left her room now, though Jensen is fairly certain that's only because Drew is around. She's not looked at him once since he came downstairs.

"You should show me your new classroom," Drew says, "I'd love to see it."

"I do have to take a few bits up there to get ready for tomorrow," Y/N agrees, kissing the side of his head as she rounds him to sit back down, two fresh mugs of coffee in her hands.

"Great, if there's anything else you need then I'm here, I'm not flying back until tomorrow, if that's okay with Jensen," Drew explains, looking over at him.

"Fine," Jensen manages to convincingly say, tipping his mug slightly. It's not fine, but he can't say that, really.

"Great," Drew smiles. He kisses Y/N softly and then gets up. "I'm gonna shower."

Y/N glances towards Jensen for the first time that morning and then clears her throat. "I will join you."

"Babe," Drew whispers, his eyes darting towards Jensen a little embarrassed.

"He doesn't care," Y/N protests bluntly. Jensen gets the message loud and clear; *she* doesn't care.

"I've got work to do," Jensen excuses, dumping the rest of his coffee down the sink and deciding to head up to his office in the school early. He's definitely not sticking around for that shower.

He listens to them both climb the stairs and leans on the counter, hanging his head between his shoulders as he huffs out a breath. This being happy for Y/N crap is harder than he thought. In fact, it just downright sucks.

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Jensen manages to avoid Y/N and his replacement for most of the day. He busies himself with paperwork and making sure things are in order for the start of the semester. He takes a little longer than usual, wanting to stay clear of his own house for as long as possible. Hopefully if he gets back late enough he can insist on an early night and go straight to bed. Y/N will see through it, probably, but Drew at least will buy it. The last thing Jensen needs is that guy telling Y/N or Jared that he was rude or hostile towards him. That's a conversation he'd rather not have with either of them.

It's coming up to five in the evening when he hears movement outside his office door, and then there's a knock on it and he smiles at the familiar face that pokes her head around it.

"Michaela," he grins.

"Hey you," she beams, letting herself in. "Happy New Year."

"And you," Jensen smiles, standing up to greet her with a hug. "How were your holidays?" He digs his hands into his pockets and perches himself on the edge of his desk.

"Busy, but everyone had a great time," she nods, "which reminds me. Ollie and Daisy loved their presents and told me to thank Uncle Jensen," she smirks softly. "You didn't have to, but thank you."

"No problem," Jensen insists, smiling. "How's Harry?"

"He's fine, he's looking after the kids while I sort a few things out for tomorrow."

"Y'know you could've sorted those out tomorrow, made the most of your last few hours of break," Jensen smirks.

"Are you kidding me? I need a break from them now," she scoffs. "I won't be long, promise."

"Good, I don't want you still out there by the time I leave."

"No, Sir," she jokes, saluting.

Jensen laughs at her response, and then licks his lips. "Michaela?" he calls back, making her stop in the doorway. "Just wanted to give you a heads up, do you remember Y/N Padalecki?"

At the mention of her name, Michaela's smile drops ever so slightly. "How could I forget her?" she tries to joke.

“Well, she’s our new English teacher. Temp for now,” Jensen tells her. “I know she gave you a hard time when she was a student here, but a lot has changed in eight years, and hopefully you two will make amends,” he explains.

“A lot has changed,” she nods in agreement. “I’m sure we’ll be just fine. Thanks for the heads up.” She smiles genuinely at him and then leaves, and Jensen stares at the door for a moment, remembering just how jealous Y/N used to be of Michaela, back when she had a crush on Jensen.

Not long after Y/N left for college, Michaela met Harry and they got married within a year, and Jensen’s fairly sure Michaela hasn’t thought twice about him in that way since. Sometimes he misses the attention, but most of the time he’s just relieved that he gets to have a more relaxed relationship with her now. He prefers it this way, and he gets along well with Harry and loves seeing their kids when they visit every now and then. He’s happy for her, happy she found what she was looking for.

Jensen sits back at his desk and glances towards the door before reaching down into the bottom drawer, finding the whiskey bottle and empty glass. He brings both to the tabletop and pours himself a small measure, replacing the lid to the bottle when his eyes fall on the photo frame in the open drawer. He bends down to retrieve it, smiling softly at the photo of him and Y/N from back when they were together. Nothing too coupley or obvious, because she posted it online, but they look happy; and they were. How did he fuck it up so spectacularly? He blindly sips his drink and then puts the photo back in the drawer, pushing it closed with his foot before pouring a second measure, just enough to numb the pain a little more.

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The air is a little on the colder side as Jensen stands at the bottom of the school drive first thing Monday morning, waiting to begin the first day of the semester. Y/N finally peels herself away from Drew and wipes the tears from her cheeks, she and Jensen head silently up the path to the school.

“You’re gonna be amazing,” Jensen reassures her. Y/N doesn’t reply at first so he takes a deep breath. “Listen, Y/N, for what it’s worth, the last few days—”

“Not now Jensen, please,” she pleads quietly.

Jensen swallows and nods his head, understanding. “Of course.” He waits a few moments before adding, “I didn’t just offer you the job because your father told me to, I wouldn’t put my girls’ educations at risk like that. I offered you the job because I know you’ll do great.”

“Thanks, Jensen,” Y/N replies, and she seems genuine this time.

“I’ll introduce you to the rest of the staff in the morning meeting, and I’m sure you’ll do great. I’ll be there all day if you need me.”

Y/N stops, so Jensen stops with her, turning around to finally face her as she digs her hands in her coat pockets and looks around them.

“Do you really think I can do this?” she checks.

“Sweetheart,” Jensen smiles warmly, “I think you can do anything. If only you could see yourself the way we do.”

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### Chapter Nine

**Chapter Tags:** nerves, anxiety, fluff, hints of pervertedness, suggestions of inappropriate thoughts towards underage girls, mentions of smut, v. mild sexual assault (like super mild, ldk if it is SA I’m just being safe)

**Chapter WC:** 2304

[Senior: WTDY Masterlist](#)

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### *Your POV*

“And finally,” Jensen’s voice carries across the staff room as the knots tighten in your stomach. “I got news this morning that Emma had a beautiful baby girl named Faith, both of them are doing fine. We will be getting together a gift hamper to send to her in congratulations, if you’d like to donate towards it or add something to the card, just go and see Michaela. But more importantly, Emma is being temporarily replaced by a new face: Y/N Padalecki.” There’s light applause around the room as you force a nervous smile and raise your hand to wave at the group. “Y/N graduated from Williams with honors,” he almost boasts, which only makes your cheeks flame up hotter. “I’m sure some of you may recognise her from her time here as a student. A lot has changed in eight years, and I’m sure you’ll make her feel very welcome.”



Jensen initiates another round of applause and you mouth a thank you at people around the room, before heading towards the coffee machine to busy yourself. Only ten minutes left before you're going to head to your classroom to set up.

"Hey." You jump a little when you turn around and see Jensen standing quite close to you. "You're gonna be great," he reassures you, reaching out to squeeze the top of your arm softly. "I can make some free time this morning if you want me to observe some of your first classes?"

"Are you kidding?" you scoff slightly, "that would make it worse."

Jensen laughs softly, nodding his head in agreement. "Understood. Well I'm here if you need me."

He squeezes your arm one last time and then slips away, and you catch Jeff's eye as he starts to head towards the door. You offer him a weak smile, but he looks away and leaves, which only makes you feel worse. But you can't be worried about Jeff or Jensen or anyone or anything else from your past right now, you've got a class to teach.

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"Don't forget to think about what you want to bring with you next lesson," you remind them, "have a great evening."

As the busy chatter between the girls sparks up you take a deep breath, glancing towards the back of the room and catching Jensen's eye. You turn around and focus on cleaning the board, and by the time you're done, the girls are gone and it's just you and Jensen.

"I thought I told you not to *observe me*," you smirk softly, focusing on tidying your desk. You're feeling a lot more relaxed now that your first day is over. Each class got easier to teach, especially because the girls seemed to like you, and one even approached you and told you as much, which was exactly the kind of confidence boost you needed for the day.

"Well, I had to be sure my instincts were right. I didn't interview or vet you the way I usually would a new teacher, had to be sure you were actually teaching them English and not how to shorten their skirts."

You roll your eyes at his joke and don't comment, knowing he's got every right to check in on you. You're just glad he waited until final period to do it.

"Plus," he adds, prompting you to glance up at him, "I haven't seen you since this morning. Was hoping to catch you at lunch," he notes.

You bite your bottom lip softly, now focused on putting all your pens back in the pot neatly. Your mind wanders to the very reason you stayed in your classroom all day; Jeff.

“It’s been a busy day,” you excuse, shrugging him off. “Barely had a moment to myself.”

Jensen stays quiet for a moment, and you steal a glance at his face to see if he’s bought your lie, but his lips are pursed slightly and there’s a small frown on his face that tells you he doesn’t believe you.

“Don’t isolate yourself, Y/N,” he warns you gently. “You’re never going to make them realise how much you’ve grown if you never let them get to know the new you.”

You nod your head, pretending that’s the reason you’re avoiding the staff room like the plague. But the way Jeff blanked you this morning is the only thing truly weighing on your mind. You don’t really care what people think of you. You’re hardly going to be here very long, and you’re here to work, not make friends. But every time you think about Jeff you just feel a heavy sense of guilt. You were a different person back then, granted, but Jeff doesn’t know that, and you honestly don’t blame him for hating you for the rest of your life. Now you’ve matured you can see how reckless and stupid you used to be. Lying to men about more than just your age was a dangerous game to play – one that got you into more trouble than you’d care to admit. Trouble you’re *still in* with Drew.

“It’s been a big day,” you remind him. “I’ll try to be better tomorrow.”

“Hey,” Jensen calls out softly, stepping a little closer. “I just want you to like it here, I don’t want you to shut yourself away, that’s all. You’re doing amazing, I already know that I made the right call hiring you, sweetheart.”

You smile slightly at his words, happy to have your boss’s approval, especially after feeling like your first day has gone so well. Maybe Jensen’s right, maybe you are cut out for this, after all.

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“Have a good weekend, girls,” you call out, smiling as they start to gather their things and head out of your classroom.

You sigh happily as you slump down in your office chair and glance around to check the classroom is empty before pulling out the top drawer of your desk and retrieving your cell. You shoot Drew a quick message to let him know that your first week has been a success, and look up from your screen when you hear someone clearing their throat in your doorway.

You smile at the teacher who pokes his head around your door and invites himself in.

“Mr. Green, hi,” you welcome.

“Y/N, it’s David now,” he reminds you with a wide grin.

“Of course, David, what’s up?” you prompt.

Mr. Green had been your math teacher, and he was one of the few that didn’t write you up to Jensen for your uniform or bad attitude. You’d always gotten the feeling that he was one of the teachers that was desperate to be liked by his students.

“It’s Friday, and every Friday most of us teachers head to the bar on the corner of fifth for a few drinks, y’know, to welcome the weekend in. Wanted to see if you were up for it?”

“Oh, I’m not sure,” you excuse, the idea of sitting in a bar – one of the ones that you used to pick up older men with fake ID in – surrounded by your old school teachers, doesn’t really seem all that inviting, even if you do want a drink and some time that isn’t in your classroom or ex boyfriend’s house. “I’m swamped with grading.”

“You can spare an hour,” he insists. “You don’t want to burn yourself into the ground, believe me. All work and no play,” he chuckles, shaking his head disapprovingly. “C’mon, it’ll be fun.”

You sigh heavily, thinking about going back to Jensen’s where it’s still tense between you. Your relationship in school hasn’t been so strained, you think you have a different environment to thank for that. In school, Jensen is your boss and things can be amicable. But at home, you’re reminded of your past and everything painful that comes with that. At home he’s not your boss, he’s the ex you’re still in love with no matter how much you try to deny it.

“You know what?” you blurt out, “I’ll come.” You force a smile, deciding that sitting among a group of your old teachers, Jeff included, is the lesser of two evils right now.

“Great, we’ll have fun,” David smirks, flashing you a wink. “See you there.”

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You tug on your pencil skirt, sipping your G&T tentatively as your eyes cast around the bar over the teachers you’re supposed to join, but you spot Jeff sitting at one of the tables in that area, and suddenly you’re not so confident in your decision. You take a deep breath and turn on your heels, about to head to another part of the bar before someone notices you, but you end up walking into David.

“Shit, sorry,” you laugh apologetically, thankful you didn’t spill your drink on him.

“We’re over there,” David points to the area.

“Oh, right,” you force another laugh, clearing your throat.

“C’mon, you can sit with me.”

You allow David to lead you over to the tables, and you politely say hi to anyone who welcomes you, sitting next to David and feeling like a fish out of water as everyone settles back into the conversations you’d disturbed. You continue to sip your drink, thankful to have some excuse to not talk, but David doesn’t take long to lean in and start up a conversation.

“Y’know, I still remember you in my class,” he notes. “Not a student I’ll forget in a hurry.”

You laugh awkwardly and nod, “Well, that was a long time ago now. I’ve matured.”

“I can see that,” David smirks, which makes you slightly uncomfortable. “I must admit, I’m a little disappointed that you don’t wear those short skirts anymore now that I can fully appreciate it.”

You’re too shocked by his words to reply, wondering if he’s just joking or if he’s actually being serious. The silence stretches between you for a moment, before he speaks up again.

“So, what made you wanna be a teacher?” he presses.

“Oh, my fiancé is a professor at Williams, it gave me the drive to wanna do that too. Help other kids realise their potential,” you lie.

Truthfully, that was all Jensen. You wanted to give kids what Jensen gave you; a reason and belief in yourself to do better. But bringing up Drew was a great way to remind this guy you’re not interested – if he is hitting on you, at least – plus you’re never going to *actually* admit out loud that Jensen is the only reason you’re even where you are now. That reminder is a little too painful at the moment.

“I wanna help kids grow up the way Drew helped me.”

“You really have grown up,” David agrees, nodding softly, a smirk forming on his lips. While David never said or did anything inappropriate with you when you were a student, the way he’s looking at you now makes you uncomfortable. *Especially* when he puts his hand on your thigh.

“I’m gonna mingle,” you excuse as you stand up almost immediately, more instinctively than consciously, and grab your drink, your eyes glancing at Jeff when you realise you’ve caught his attention.

Despite your history with the man, you find yourself gravitating towards him; the only guy that you really trust at all to not be a pervert.

“Hey, can I sit with you?” you ask him nervously. Jeff squints his eyes at you like he’s trying to work out if you’re being serious. “David was a little inappropriate,” you find yourself confessing.

“You think I’m dumb?” Jeff finally asks. You swallow hard, frowning at his question. “That worked once, sweetheart, won’t work a second time.”

You can’t believe how stupid you’ve been to use that line *twice* on the poor man, remembering faking being creeped out by a guy so you could sit with Jeff the night the two of you hooked up.

“I’m sorry,” you fluster, deciding it’s best you just go home now.

“Sit down, kid,” Jeff calls out, shuffling further along the bench.

You give him a tight lipped appreciative smile and slide yourself into the booth keeping yourself a respectable distance away.

“Didn’t think I’d ever see you here as a fuckin’ teacher,” Jeff tells you, grabbing his scotch and taking a swig.

“Me neither,” you admit. “But people change.”

Jeff just nods, and it falls quiet between you. You glance over at David who is still watching you and swallow hard.

“I’m sorry, Jeff,” you blurt out. “For what I did back then. I have no excuse, and there’s nothing I can say to make any of it better, but I am sorry. I was a kid and I was stupid, I didn’t realise just how fucked up that situation was.”

“You were hurting,” Jeff comments, spinning his glass on the table top.

“I guess I was,” you agree, nodding.

“It takes two to fuckin’ tango, sweetheart,” Jeff sighs. “I should’ve noticed you didn’t quite look twenty one. At least you were over eighteen,” he adds.

“Yeah, you got lucky,” you admit, feeling your cheeks heat up.

“I got real fuckin’ lucky thanks to Jensen knowing your history. The virgin thing was a nice touch,” he comments, sarcasm dripping off his tongue.

“I’m so sorry,” you groan, embarrassment flooding your veins.

“Let’s just forget it, yeah?” he asks, lifting his drink. “It happened, we can’t undo it, and nothing truly terrible came from it. So here’s to a fresh start.”

You clink your glass with his and take a sip, smiling appreciatively at him.

“So, why don’t you tell me how you ended up becoming a freaking teacher,” Jeff prompts, getting a little more comfortable in his seat.

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### Chapter Ten

**Chapter Tags:** angst, fluff, flirting, teasing, jealousy

**Chapter WC:** 2481

[Senior: WTDY Masterlist](#)

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### *Jensen’s POV*

Jensen glances up from his coffee, watching Y/N heading into the kitchen, dressed far less formally than he’s been used to seeing her this week. He tries to not stare for too long at the way her breasts fill her tank top, and takes another hit of caffeine.

“Morning,” he tentatively calls out.

Y/N glances over her shoulder, smiling politely at him and then opening the fridge.

“Morning,” she replies softly, reaching for a pot of yoghurt.

Jensen licks his lips and desperately searches for something to fill the quiet, hating how awkward it is between them.

“Congratulations on your first week,” he tells her, mentally cursing himself for saying something so lame. She thanks him as she rummages for a spoon in the cutlery drawer, and Jensen once again searches for something else to say; something better. “I’m assuming you went to the staff drinks last night.”

“Yeah,” she nods, reaching for a mug to pour herself some coffee.

“How was it?”

“Fine. Not really my scene, I guess,” she shrugs.

“I don’t really go. I want them to relax, not worry that their boss is around,” Jensen forces an awkward laugh, and Y/N nods in understanding.

“That’s thoughtful,” she tells him, finally looking at him. “I urm... I made up with Jeff, so you don’t have to worry about any hostility or anything,” she explains softly.

“That’s great,” Jensen smiles, nodding.

Jensen lets the awkward silence grow between them for a few moments, looking down at his mug and twisting it on the countertop.

“Speaking of making up,” he begins. “I’m really sorry for the way I’ve been acting. All that crap before school started... I have no excuse, it wasn’t acceptable. I don’t want to make this hard for either of us, and I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable around me.” This prompts Y/N to look up at him, her eyes wide and soft. “I just want things to go back to how they were—”

“Jensen,” she warns, sighing heavily, and Jensen realises what she thinks he means, so he shakes his head.

“No, not then, before that.”

“There’s no going back to anything, Jensen,” she argues. “There’s no coming back from where we went.”

Jensen sighs, defeated, nodding his head. “Maybe you’re right. But whether we like it or not, we’re stuck with each other, and not just in this house while you work here, but for life. We’re always gonna be in each other’s lives, Y/N,” he reminds her earnestly. “So maybe we can learn to keep things in the past and move forward. Just be... friends.”

Y/N chews her bottom lip thoughtfully, playing with her own mug on the countertop.

“Yeah, I think I’d like that,” she agrees, nodding her head. “A fresh start... as friends.”

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**ONE MONTH LATER**

Jensen swallows hard as Y/N enters the kitchen in a tight fitted blouse tucked into an equally tight fitted pencil skirt clutching paperwork.

“Mornin’,” she chirps, smiling at him. “Pour me a mug, will you?” she nods to the coffee in Jensen’s hand and he smirks, turning around to carry out his instructions.

“Manage to finish your grading?” he asks casually, pouring her a decent amount and making it just the way she likes it.

“Barely, but at least it’s done. You know my freshmen all did pretty well on their quiz,” she boasts as she sets the papers down.

Jensen smiles as he hands her her coffee and she quietly thanks him, blowing over the top before taking a sip.

“Not surprised; you’re a great teacher,” he praises.

“I don’t get all the credit, they’re good girls,” she tells him, smiling over the brim of her mug. She takes a quick sip and then continues. “Ooh, that reminds me, who do I need to talk to about starting a book club?” she wonders.

“Me, I guess,” Jensen replies, leaning back against the counter, unable to stop the smile getting bigger on his face, happy to see her so involved and excited about her job.

“Great, can I start a book club?” she asks, blinking at him.

“Hm, not sure about that,” he teases. “I mean, encouraging the girls to read? Giving them extra credit? Seems a bit risky to me, might have angry parents on the phone.”

Y/N rolls her eyes dramatically, reaching forward to shove him playfully. “You’re such a tease,” she complains.

“You love it,” he tells her fondly.

“Shut up,” she complains, unable to hide her smirk.

“A book club is a great idea, just make sure you always pick books that are approved by the board,” he reminds her.

“Already got a list,” she tells him, reaching for a piece of paper.

“I’m impressed,” he nods, chuckling.

“Alright, stop teasing me,” she warns playfully.



“No no, I am,” he laughs.

She scrunches her nose up in mock disgust and then gathers the papers together. “I’ve got some flyers to make if I wanna start a club,” she excuses, pushing the paperwork into her work bag.

Jensen watches her for a moment, and then clears his throat.

“Hey, sweetheart?” he calls, prompting her to stop and look at him, pushing the strap of her bag onto her shoulder. “I wanted to talk to you about the position, actually,” he says carefully, stepping forward so he’s standing directly on the other side of the bar to her.

“What about it?” she prompts, blinking innocently.

“Well, I’ve been checking your class grades, keeping my ears open for what the girls are saying...”

“Oh fuck, is it bad?” she asks, her eyes now wide and fearful.

Jensen waits a beat, just to wind her up, and then he smirks to give away the truth. “No, it’s all good.” His words prompt her to let out a heavy breath. “Great, even,” he corrects himself. “The girls love you, the grades are great... you were born for this, Y/N,” he reassures her.

“Wow,” she gasps, unable to stop the smile spreading across her lips.

“Which leads me onto my next point,” he tells her, biting his lip a little anxiously. “The job is yours if you want it.”

Y/N frowns for a moment, licking her lips. “Isn’t it... already mine?” she asks carefully.

“I mean full time, permanently. Come September you could come back,” he explains. “Emma wants to focus on being a mom now, so there’s an opening, and I wanted to give you first refusal.”

Y/N’s eyes widen as she opens her mouth and then immediately shuts it again. “Wow,” she finally whispers out. “Urm... wow.” Jensen gives her a moment for the information to sink in. “I don’t know... I mean...”

“And you should take some time to think about it. You don’t have to give me your answer right now.”

“I live in New York, *Drew* lives in New York,” she tells him.

"I know, but wouldn't Drew move here?" he asks. Y/N shakes her head immediately, but then seems to stop herself. "It's just an offer, Y/N. I wanted you to have the first refusal, that's all," he tells her.

As much as he'd love for Y/N to take the job, to be around all the time, part of what has made this relationship between them so much better the last month has been his reluctant acceptance of the fact that she has a life that doesn't really involve him anymore, and that life includes her relationship with Drew. Ultimately, Jensen just wants Y/N to be happy, and she's seemed it recently.

"Just promise me you'll think about it seriously?" he asks.

"Yeah, I will," she nods, "thanks, Jensen."

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"Thank *fuck* it's Friday, that's all I'm saying."

Jensen laughs as he watches Ada kick back on his couch, resting her feet on his coffee table. He hands her her large glass of wine as he sits beside her with his scotch, before taking a sip.

"Long week?" he prompts.

"Honestly, if I have to explain to one more idiot how to turn a computer off and on again I might actually hang myself with the telephone chord," she jokes, taking a large mouthful of wine.

"Anyway, enough about me. What've you been up to?"

"The usual," Jensen shrugs.

"How are things with you and Y/N now? You said they were awkward for a while," she remembers.

"We're fine, just took some getting used to," Jensen explains, realising he's not really lying.

"Why was it even awkward in the first place? Isn't she your best friend's kid?"

"I don't know, she's grown up and probably felt weird living with me," Jensen lies, shrugging.

Ada purses her lips and then takes another sip of wine. "Alright, I'm gonna need something juicier than that, I gave up sex for this," she complains, getting more comfortable in her seat.

Jensen scoffs, shaking his head. "There's nothing juicier than that," he lies.

“Alright,” Ada nods, though Jensen can tell from her tone that she doesn’t believe him.

“Ada, c’mon, she’s Jared’s daughter,” he defends. “That would be... *really* inappropriate.”

“I’ve done worse,” she shrugs, making Jensen laugh. “Well if you’re not going to spill the tea then I will,” she explains, getting even more comfortable.

Jensen smirks as she starts retelling the story of her latest hook up, going into great detail in some places, excitedly telling him how the guy made use of his belt to tie her to the headboard, and how she was marked so hard that she couldn’t sit down properly for three whole days. Jensen wonders sometimes how he even came to bond with someone like Ada, but he supposes he doesn’t really have anyone else around here except the odd teacher in the school that doesn’t feel too threatened by the fact he’s the boss.

“So I took his number, anyway,” she concludes.

“You *never* call them back,” Jensen scoffs, shaking his head.

Ada’s feet – which have somehow ended up in Jensen’s lap – shove against the inside of his thigh as she gasps in mock insult.

“Excuse me? I called you back.”

“Yeah, out of pity to see if I needed a friend,” he reminds her.

“And you did and here I am,” she smirks, rubbing her foot along his leg affectionately. “I like doing my part for charity.”

Jensen laughs, reaching across to tickle her, making her scream out, and when he pulls back, he realises that they’re no longer alone.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t realise that...” Y/N bites her bottom lip and stares at Ada for a long moment before clearing her throat. “I can go back out if you two want privacy,” she tells them, pointing over her shoulder at the front door.

“It’s fine,” Jensen insists. Y/N continues to stare at Ada for a long moment and then forces a smile.

“He hasn’t even introduced me, I’m Ada,” Ada rushes to her feet to hold out her hand. Y/N takes it politely. “You must be Y/N?” she checks.

“Yeah,” Y/N nods. “I’m actually beat, I’m gonna head to bed. Have a good night.”

She leaves, darting for the stairs before anyone can say anything else, and as Ada turns around to face Jensen her eyes widen and she just *stares at him* until they hear the sound of Y/N's bedroom door closing.

"Oh my *fucking God*, Jensen," Ada gasps. "That's her, isn't it?"

"Y/N?" he checks, frowning slightly.

"No... that's... *the ex*," she whispers, like Y/N might hear.

Jensen's heart stops in his chest for a moment. Is it really that obvious? And what gave it away? The way he still looks at her like a wounded puppy? Fuck, what if Ada isn't the only one to pick up on it? Though, Ada does know more than anyone else when it comes to Y/N, Jensen just always left out some pretty major details. Like her name, and the fact she was only eighteen, and a *student*... and his best friend's daughter. You know, the stuff that makes him look like the absolute creep he is.

"What?" Jensen scoffs, trying to laugh her off.

"C'mon," Ada presses sternly. "I'm not fucking dumb, dude. That's her."

Jensen stumbles on his words; words he's not even sure are really there, because his brain is frantically scrambling for *something*.

"Jensen, what the hell? Tell me everything," she implores, sitting back down beside him.

"There's nothing to tell," he insists.

"Your ex girlfriend – the one that broke your freaking heart harder than your ex wife mind you – is living with you, and she's... fucking *stunning* by the way."

"It's not like that," Jensen shakes his head.

"Don't insult me, Jensen," Ada scoffs.

"So what if she is the ex?" he asks, dejectedly.

"So she's still in love with you, did you see the look on her face when she saw me? And I *know* you still love her."

"Listen, Ada, it was really fucked up that it even happened in the first place," he argues, reaching for his scotch, in need of something to drink.

"But it happened, Jensen. And it was real, and clearly it's not over."

“It has to be, she’s my best friend’s fuckin’ daughter,” he reminds her painfully.

Ada takes a deep breath and stares at him for a moment. “The heart wants what it wants, Jensen. You’re both adults, who the fuck cares what other people think?”

“She’s happy, Ada,” he tells her sadly. “She’s got a guy and she’s—”

“Not without you, Jensen, that much I could tell from spending ten seconds with the girl. I deal with enough stupid people in work, if I have to bash your heads together to make you realise you’re still in love with each other, I will,” Ada threatens.

Jensen scoffs sadly, shaking his head, not wanting to believe it. He’d been doing so well convincing himself Y/N is happy with Drew now, Ada debunking that train of thought isn’t going to help anything. But at least he can always trust her to tell it how she sees it. Even if she is seeing things wrong.

“Well, at least this was worth giving up sex for,” she smirks, taking a swig of wine.

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### Chapter Eleven

**Chapter Tags:** angst, mentions of jealousy, more angst

**Chapter WC:** 1724

[Senior: WTDY Masterlist](#)

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### **Your POV**

“Shit,” you curse, glancing up at the clock above the photocopier. It’s ten to eight, and that means Michaela is going to come in any moment now. But the damn machine isn’t working properly, and it’s not printing anything no matter how many buttons you press.

You nervously glance at the clock one last time and decide to give up, opening the copier and retrieving the poster you'd put together for the book club. You're focused on putting it away in your bag without crumpling it as you turn on your heels and start leaving the room to head towards your classroom, but you're stopped abruptly when you bump into something – *someone* – Michaela.

"Shit, sorry," you apologise, avoiding eye contact as soon as you realise it's her.

"It's okay," she tells you.

Things are incredibly awkward between the two of you for several seconds, and it only cements the reason you've avoided her since you started working here. You treated her so badly when you were a student, thanks to your immaturity and jealousy, and you're not even sure you've got an excuse other than the truth, and you can't tell her that. Besides, she probably doesn't even want to make amends, you wouldn't blame her if she doesn't.

"You're in early," she comments, clearly making some conversation as she heads over to her desk and puts her purse down beside it.

You realise you've left it too long to just leave and pretend you're busy, and now she's trying to make conversation, it would be rude to just walk out. Then she'd only hate you even more.

"I was trying to do some photocopying," you tell her. "I'm starting a new club."

"Let me see," she prompts, holding out her hand. It takes you a second to register what she's asking, but then you hand over the flyer. "How many copies?"

"I was thinking about twenty? I want to put them around the school."

"I can get that done for you by lunch," Michaela confirms, nodding. "Jensen's got a slow day."

"Thanks," you smile slightly, biting your bottom lip anxiously.

"No worries," she nods, putting it down on her desk as she takes a seat.

You turn to leave, heading towards the door, but then your legs just stop working and you know it's now or never.

"Listen, Miss Cranley," you begin.

"It's Mrs. Reed now," she corrects you. "But you're staff, so Michaela is fine."

"Right, of course," you nod, swallowing hard. "I just wanted to apologise for the way I used to treat you. There's no excuse, really, but I was a kid and... I guess I was just... lashing out."

Michaela smiles sadly for a moment and then gets up out of her chair, rounding it to perch herself on the edge of her desk in front of you.

"I get it. Jensen was your uncle, he was married to your aunt and you just wanted to protect your family," she offers.

While it's not the truth, you're happy Michaela has handed you a reasonable alibi and you nod, forcing a slight laugh. "Yeah, guess it's obvious looking back."

"Jensen had confided in me a few times about his marriage being on the rocks, and I knew they barely saw each other. I loved him, and I still do, I wanted what was best for him. But that wasn't me, and I get that now," Michaela explains. "I guess I was also a little immature, I just got caught up in infatuation."

"I don't really blame you," you find yourself confessing. "I mean... you know, Jensen's a great guy."

She nods in agreement and smiles softly. "He is. But I guess I should thank you. You did make me realise some things. This school is like its own world sometimes, you forget the outside." You laugh softly, not able to agree with her more. "You gave me a reality check. And in turn, that helped me move on and find my own guy. And now I have a beautiful family."

Michaela reaches for a frame and hands it to you; a photo of her with a man and two children; a boy and girl. You instantly smile at the happy image.

"Your family is beautiful, congratulations," you compliment. She too stares fondly at it for a moment when you hand it back, and then puts it back in its place.

"It all worked out, Y/N," she tells you. "So I guess we should put the past behind us, and move forward."

"I'd like that a lot," you nod, smiling.

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The last of the girls are barely out of the door for lunch when you reach for your cell and find Drew's number. You stare at it for a few moments, taking a deep breath. Your mind hasn't really been on work all morning. You'd tried busying yourself all weekend with starting the book club since Jensen's approval on Friday, but now that the first book has been picked and the flyers are about to be printed, there's nothing else to do for that, which means you have no real

excuse to not think about the *other thing* Jensen said on Friday. The thing you've not even told your fiancé about yet.

In the brief moments you have let your mind wander to it, you've been torn. While you love this job and you love the girls, and you have always loved living in Texas, your life now is in New York. Your *partner* is in New York. Unless Drew agrees to move to Texas, you could never keep this job full time. And a long distance marriage isn't good for anyone; Jensen can attest to that much and he didn't even leave the state. And you like New York. You like where you live and you like the friends you've made for yourself out there. Sure, you miss home, but who wouldn't when you live so far away from your only family?

You know you're not going to truly be able to make a decision until you talk out loud to someone about it all, and the only right person to talk to is Drew. You check the time and realise if you call quickly you might catch him at the end of his lunch break. The hour time difference isn't much, but it's enough to mess with your schedules sometimes. Finding times that you can talk has been difficult recently, especially as Drew has been getting busier with work. Conversations have mainly been over text or rushed phone calls. You've tried to not let it bother you, and for the most part it doesn't, except you can't help but realise that the longer you spend away from him, the less you think about him. The less you worry about him or miss him. Michaela was right; this school is its own little world, and Drew isn't in it. You'd always thought absence would make the heart grow fonder, but apparently that was only true when it came to Jensen.

Just the thought of Jensen takes you back to Friday night, walking into the house to see him all over that woman; Ada, you think you remember her saying her name was. Either way, it didn't matter who she was or how nice she seemed. All you could think about was the jealousy that almost consumed you. You'd told yourself it was the few drinks in your system making you sensitive. You'd even told yourself that maybe you weren't jealous of the fact that Jensen was with another woman, but just that you missed Drew *so much* seeing two people together was why you were so envious. But none of that had been any good, because you know the bitter truth is that you're jealous of her. She gets to be with him, she gets the attention you used to crave from him.

Jensen has been doing so well backing off, and while it had been far too much to begin with – all that attention and flirting – now you find yourself missing it. Either you're a masochist or something is really wrong with your head. You're meant to miss Drew, you're meant to be over Jensen. But neither of those things are true, no matter how much you try to pretend they are.

You snap yourself out of your reverie, looking back down at your phone to see you have less than five minutes before Drew will be off of lunch. Drew is your person, the man you're marrying, he should be the only person you're thinking about. Maybe reconnecting for a few minutes over the phone will help that.

"Hey baby, I'm about to head to class, can this wait?" Drew answers instantly.



“I just have some news,” you find yourself admitting, needing to get it off your chest.

“Okay,” he replies. “What’s up?”

You take a deep breath, reminding yourself he hasn’t got all day and lick your lips. “Jensen’s offered me a permanent position.”

The line is silent for a moment or two, and that only makes you nervous. But then Drew cheers, which completely throws you off. Maybe he likes you living away from him.

“That’s incredible, baby, I knew you could do it,” he beams.

You instantly smile, laughing softly. “Yeah, it’s pretty great,” you agree. “I just don’t know what to do now,” you admit.

“What do you mean?” Drew suddenly asks flatly.

“Well, I mean—”

“You can’t take it, our lives are in New York. This was meant to be temporary.”

“Right, yeah,” you agree, dejectedly. The idea of asking him to move with Texas seems ridiculous now, so you bite your tongue.

“Anyway, I’ve gotta go, I’ll talk to you later.”

“Sure, we need to plan Spring Break.”

“What? Oh, yeah, later.”

“Okay, love you,” you call out, realising that he’s gone. You drop your phone to your desk and chew your bottom lip, staring at the now black screen. You know Drew is right, this job was meant to be temporary, your life is in New York. *He* is in New York. But the thought of that decision being ripped from you only makes you realise one thing; you want to move back to Texas for good.

## Chapter Twelve

**Chapter Tags:** smut, handjob, making out, grinding, cheating, angst

**Chapter WC:** 1820

Senior: WTDTY Masterlist

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### *Jensen's POV*

#### *Three Weeks Later*

As Jensen blinks his eyes open he realises there's someone else in his bedroom, a shadow standing over his bed. He squints his eyes and then rubs them to be sure he's not imagining things, but sure enough, Y/N is standing there at the foot of his bed, still dressed in an oversized shirt from bed.

"Hey, sweetheart," he croaks out, starting to sit up slightly, "everything okay?"

Y/N doesn't answer at first, she just stands there, playing with the hem of her shirt, exposing a little more of the tops of her thighs and chewing on her bottom lip.

"It's just been so long, Jensen," she finally confesses, sighing.

"Since what?" he asks, his tired brain struggling to keep up with what's happening.

Y/N finally moves from her spot, rounding the side of the bed so she's standing directly over him. She doesn't say anything as she reaches down and peels the covers back, exposing more and more of Jensen's body – only a tight pair of boxer shorts covering his decency – and then she drops the comforter at his feet, and reaches up for the buttons of her shirt. Jensen watches speechless, his mouth dry and his brain still not fully comprehending what's happening. Y/N's eyes lock with his, her fingers slowly unbuttoning her shirt, exposing more and more skin as she goes, and then she shrugs the material over her shoulders, dropping it to the floor to reveal nothing but a small pair of cotton panties clinging onto her hips.

Jensen swallows hard as she climbs onto the bed, throwing her one leg over his waist and sitting down on his crotch.

“What’re you doing?” he whispers out, afraid of not only the answer but snapping her out of whatever reverie she’s in.

“It’s been so long, Jensen,” she repeats with a soft whine, leaning herself down over him, her breasts brushing along his chest, her lips starting to ghost over his own. “I haven’t been touched in so long, I’m going crazy.”

Her hand reaches for his, guiding it towards her chest, and she encourages him to grope her breast, squeezing his hand for him.

“Sweetheart,” Jensen chokes out, his heart rate starting to pick up, his cock starting to harden slightly in his boxers when she brushes her lips over his and grinds her ass down into his crotch. “We shouldn’t,” he swallows, hating his own admission. He’d love nothing more than to pretend that this is okay – he wants this more than anything else – but it’s *not* okay, and he doesn’t want to make things worse between them. They’ve finally been mending their relationship, one that accommodates her new partner and life.

“Don’t you miss me?” she whispers, starting to pepper kisses along his jaw and down his neck. “Don’t you miss this?”

“You know I do,” Jensen chokes out, now groping her chest of his own accord, rolling his hips up to meet her own and create more friction.

“I want you Jensen, can’t stop thinking about the way you used to make me feel,” she whines, rolling her hips down harder still.

Jensen snaps. He only has so much resolve and that was very little right now, anyway. He wraps his arms around her tightly and rolls them over, leaning over her and kissing her passionately. Y/N whimpers and instantly kisses back, her hands desperately roaming his skin, like she’s reintroducing herself to places she’s not been for a long time. She looks up into his eyes, her own soft and wide, her lips a little swollen from their kiss and her hands smooth up to his face, holding it softly.

“I’ve missed you,” she confesses.

Jensen kisses her again, his hands travelling down to her panties, pushing them down her legs, and her own play with the elasticated waistband of his boxers. Her body has changed in the years they’ve been apart, but Jensen still feels like he knows it better than anyone else. Her hand pushes under the material of his boxers, seeking out his length, and then her fingers wrap around it and begin to tug softly. Jensen moans, bucking his hips to a rhythm that feels good, and then begrudgingly pulls back out of her reach, pulling her panties over her ankles so he can throw them to the floor.

He's quick to return to her, her legs now open and wrapping around his waist as she pulls him closer by her hold. She once more returns her hand to his boxers, shoving them down to his thighs, her hand wrapping around his free cock, tugging harder than before.

"I need you, Jensen, need you so bad," she whines, rocking her hips up, her wet pussy starting to rub along his length, and then she guides it to her opening, blinking her eyes up at him. "Please?"

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Jensen blinks his eyes open. The sun now a little higher in the sky as it peeks through the curtains, and he instantly sits up, looking around for Y/N. It's then that he realises his own hand is pushed into his boxers.

"Fuck," he mutters, his mind casting back to the slightly blurry edges, the skips in time that didn't make sense. He knows he should feel relieved it was only a dream, but God help him, he wishes it wasn't.

He begrudgingly pulls his hand out of his boxers and rubs his face to wake himself up. The last thing he needs is more wet dreams about his ex-girlfriend. He throws his feet over the side of the bed and yawns, remembering Y/N standing right there, stripping off her shirt and climbing onto him. Jensen gets up before he can dwell on the dream, reaching for a pair of sweats to pull on so he can head to the bathroom and take a shower.

By the time he gets downstairs, Y/N is already dressed, sitting at the breakfast bar and staring at her phone like it's wounded her.

"Everything okay, sweetheart?" Jensen checks, pushing away the images that are still replaying in his mind. He grabs a mug and some coffee, and turns around to see that she hasn't even acknowledged his presence. "Hey, Y/N," he calls a little louder, slapping his hand on the bar in front of her.

"Sorry, Jen. Was a mile away," she excuses, reaching for her mug and taking a sip of coffee.

"What's up?" he checks, leaning on the breakfast bar directly opposite her.

"Nothing, just... had a weird dream and my mind is... it doesn't matter," she concludes, shaking her head.

Jensen frowns for a moment, the idea flitting through his brain for a split second that maybe it *wasn't* a dream after all.

"Not dreaming about me, are you?" he tries to joke.

Y/N glances up at him and scoffs, shaking her head. "It's stupid," she insists. "It was about Drew, I went home for Spring Break and he was... with this girl I've never seen before. Another one of his students, I think."

"Oh," Jensen nods, letting the information sink in.

"I know it's just a stupid dream, but now I'm just feeling a little paranoid," she admits, playing with her cell. "Especially because we've barely talked for weeks now."

Jensen can't help but think back to the golf trip, where he'd *tested* Drew. And while Jensen has since decided it was unfair of him to test Drew like that, and Drew's response wasn't exactly *concerning*, it also wasn't entirely reassuring either.

"Well, do you think he's capable of something like that?" Jensen asks carefully.

Instantly, Y/N's eyes squint. "No, absolutely not," she scoffs.

"Okay," Jensen replies, holding his hands up in defence. "Then you've got nothing to worry about, it was just a dream. Probably just your mind relishing in your paranoia."

Y/N nods for a moment, biting her bottom lip, and then she looks back up at him. "What if you're wrong? What if we're *both* wrong?" Jensen doesn't really know what to say to that, so he just swallows hard. "I told him about the job... and maybe I've pushed him away, I don't know. He was hard to reach before that. He has been for months."

Jensen chooses his words carefully, not wanting to seem like the jealous ex and make her paranoia even worse – because he truly *hopes* Drew isn't cheating on her – but he also doesn't want to tell her everything is fine when clearly it isn't.

"You know him better than I do," he reminds her. "And I don't want to make this worse for you, but if he wanted to he could... very easily. I really hope he isn't, but maybe just think about it."

Y/N shakes her head, swallowing hard, tears glistening in her eyes. "He's not cheating, Jensen, he wouldn't," she insists.

"Okay," Jensen relents, nodding his head. "So if he's not cheating... what's going on?"

"Who knows," she scoffs, shaking her head. "I text him and I get short answers, I call him and he's too busy to talk. I don't even know what's happening for spring break yet. Is he coming here? Am I meant to go back to New York?"

Jensen stays quiet, wishing he could give her any kind of answers, but he can't. Eventually, he thinks of something to ask her, hoping he can help her figure out what's going on.

“How did he react when you told him about the job?”

Y/N laughs sadly at the memory, tears now trickling down her cheeks. Jensen has to really resist the urge to wipe them away. “He basically said he was happy for me, but that I can’t take it.”

“That isn’t his decision to make,” Jensen argues.

“Of course it is, Jensen, he’s my partner. We’re a team. I can’t move back to Texas for good without him.” Jensen bites his tongue, not wanting to say everything swirling around his brain. “You didn’t even leave the state and look how it worked out for you and Clarissa,” she adds.

Jensen sighs heavily, shaking his head. “Me and Clarissa weren’t on the best of terms when I got this job, it’s partially *why* I took it,” he explains.

“Well me and Drew are hardly the happiest couple in the world right now either,” she counters. “I know you don’t want to hear it, Jensen, but I do love him, and I want this to work, and I’d do anything for him, including turning down this job.”

Jensen laughs sadly, shaking his head, not really able to comprehend that she’d give up something like this for some guy. The fact Drew has put her in this position at all doesn’t sit well with Jensen.

“Maybe you should just ask yourself if he’d say the same thing for you.”

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### Chapter Thirteen

**Chapter Tags:** angst, mentions of cheating, fluff, flirting, teasing, more angst

**Chapter WC:** 1970

[Senior: WTDY Masterlist](#)

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

## **Your POV**

You keep staring at your cell, moving it back and forth on the desktop, willing the screen to illuminate with your fiancé's name returning one of your many missed calls. You know that Williams would have broken up for Spring Break the day before, and he won't have been working all day, so there's really no excuse for him to be missing your calls; not unless he's doing it on purpose.

Luckily for you, with it being the last week of semester, no one has really wanted to work, and you've not wanted to teach. Instead, you'd encouraged the girls to read their favourite book and write an essay on one of the characters. It was easy for all of you, and no one complained. That meant you had plenty of time to sit at your own desk and pretend to read while either hiding your phone and texting Drew, or just staring blankly at the book, thinking about why he's being so distant.

If it wasn't for your stupid dream where you'd caught Drew with one of his students, you would've never even considered him cheating on you. Of course, Jensen had to put that seed of doubt in your head, though. You know he's trying to look out for you, but you're not sure how much of his concern is just jealousy.

Still, you've not been able to stop your mind from wandering. After all, Drew was the one that pushed you to move back to Texas, to take this job. He was the one that was happy to wave you off. Did he only do that for the freedom? So he could go back to his single life, hitting on any student that seems up for it? You'd like to think you're an exception, that he hasn't been with any other students besides you, but you're not entirely sure that's true – you've always been too afraid to ask.

Besides, even if there were others, you'd been the first he'd wanted to live with, you'd been the first he asked to marry him. So that counts for something, right? But what if you moving back here has made him realise he prefers it when you're not around? Except, if that was true, then why would he tell you you can't take the job full time? If he wanted the best of both worlds – a fiancée *and* the single life – surely he'd be happy for you to take the job? Give him the space and time he would need to cheat on you.

And then there's him avoiding you. Is that just because he's upset that you'd even consider making this permanent? But he was distant before that. So maybe it goes beyond the job. Your mind spins every time you think about it, unable to land on a reasonable explanation or anything that eases your mind. And inevitably, you end up thinking about Jensen and what he'd had to say about the entire thing.

*"Maybe you should just ask yourself if he'd say the same thing for you."*

Is Drew really being selfish telling you you can't take this job? Or are you being selfish even considering it? Your lives are in New York, and suddenly you've sprung it on him that you're considering moving back to Texas. But the more and more you think about it, the more and more you want to stay. You love your home state, you love being so close to your family, and you love your job. Why can't Drew just realise that? Why do you have to be the one making the sacrifice?

But then it's not fair to expect him to make the sacrifice either. He had a life in New York well before you came along. He has a great job that he loves, decent pay, he has his family and an apartment he's decided to share with you. You chose that life. You chose New York when you agreed to be with him for the rest of your life, and now suddenly you're turning the tables, and surely that isn't fair, either?

"Y/N."

You look up from your cell sitting on top of the essays you're meant to be grading, seeing Jeff enter your classroom.

"There you are, everything okay?" he asks. It takes you a moment to realise why he's here. It's a Friday, which means staff drinks.

"I need a drink more than you could know," you force a laugh, grabbing your cell and dropping it into your purse, before getting out of your chair. You decide you can come back for the papers in the morning. Jensen won't mind letting you in, and it's not like you currently have any plans or places to be for spring break.

"Tough semester?" Jeff prompts, watching you approach him.

"That's a conversation to have after a few G&Ts," you joke, leaving your classroom with him hot on your heels.

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"Okay, what the fuck is going on?" Jeff grunts as he sits himself back down beside you, fresh drinks in his grasp.

You tear your eyes away from your still silent cell phone and huff a breath. "Drew isn't answering my calls," you explain.

"Is everything okay between you?" Jeff asks, taking a sip of his drink.



"I don't know," you answer honestly. "He's been hard to get hold of for months now, and then Jensen offered me my job full time," you start to explain.

"About time," Jeff interrupts. "You were born to do it."

"I'm not taking it," you tell him sadly. "My life is with Drew in New York."

Jeff opens his mouth, but then stops himself from speaking, shutting it again and taking another sip of his drink. You decide more alcohol is definitely a good idea, so you take a large mouthful of your own drink.

"So he was off before the job offer?" he asks, clearly thinking it through.

"Yep, too busy to talk, missing my calls. I swear I'm not one of those clingy girlfriends, but I feel like I've become one. I just can't pin him down. I don't even know what's happening for the next two weeks," you tell him, exasperated. "I think I'm overthinking it, I'm probably just being paranoid. I had this stupid dream that he cheated on me."

"Do you think he could?" Jeff asks, frowning slightly.

"No," you laugh him off, shaking your head. "No, not Drew. Drew is amazing, he's... he'd never do that."

"Alright, sweetheart, who are you convincing? Me or you?"

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By the time you stumble through the front door, you're fairly drunk. Your heart to heart with Jeff had resulted in burying your phone at the bottom of your purse, forgetting all about your idiot fiancé and welcoming drink after drink as Jeff pledged to give you a good enough evening that New York wouldn't even cross your mind.

And it had worked... right up until you got home and saw Jensen sitting on the couch. That was the moment you'd been slapped in the face with the reality of knowing that it didn't matter how good he looked in his sweatpants and henley, you couldn't have him; because like it or not, Drew and New York do still exist.

"Good night?" Jensen asks, clearly a little amused by the less than straight line you walk to get to the couch. You plop yourself down next to him, seeing an almost empty bottle of scotch on the table.

"Celebrating by yourself?" you ask, referring to the bottle. Jensen chuckles softly, and now you're closer to him, you can tell that he's hardly sober, either.

"I'm used to being alone," he reminds you, a sad smile on his lips.

"You deserve someone," you find yourself saying.

"No I don't," he counters. "I had someone and I fucked it up. That's what I do."

You don't want to think about that right now, you just want to forget for a while. Spring break was your favourite holiday when you were a teen. All the parties and drinking and boys. You hate that you've spent all month dreading it this time around.

"That's too depressing for Spring break, c'mon we should dance," you encourage, getting up and reaching for the stereo remote. You turn the music on, cranking the volume up so it's fairly loud and start dancing, throwing your arms above your head.

Jensen watches and laughs for a moment, until you gesture for him to join you. He finishes his drink and gets up to his feet, joining you on your makeshift dance floor. You take his hand, spinning yourself under his arm and then feel yourself step closer, your body pressing against his. You laugh together as you dance against one another to some eighties song you vaguely recognise thanks to your father.

"*This* is how you celebrate Spring break," you tell him, biting your bottom lip. Jensen's eyes don't leave your face, a smirk curling across his lips. You're flattered by the attention, not realising how much you've missed him looking at you in that way. "We should just do this for the next two weeks," you suggest.

The music dies when the song ends, and silence consumes you for a moment. You glance back over your shoulder, wondering why it's stopped.

"Must be the end of the cassette," he explains.

"Cassette?" you giggle. "Wow, I forgot how old you are."

Jensen scoffs, wrapping his arms around you tighter, holding you closer to him. You're close enough now that the tips of your noses are touching, your breath ghosting over his lips. The silence only makes it more intense, so you pull away, intent on playing some more music.

You're sorting through records and cassettes looking for something you can dance to when Jensen speaks up behind you.

"So you're staying here all holiday?"

"Looks like," you tell him with a sigh. "Can't get hold of my fiancé, so..." You smile slightly when you find a Bon Jovi cassette and put it in the player.

“Still?” Jensen pries.

“He’s just busy,” you insist, shaking your head. “It’s probably nothing.”

“Too busy for his own fiancée?” Jensen asks, skeptically.

“Don’t say it like that,” you argue, turning around to glare at him.

“Like what?” Jensen asks, shrugging.

“Like he’s some asshole that doesn’t deserve me or something.”

“He doesn’t fucking deserve you,” Jensen scoffs. “The guy has been avoiding your phone calls for weeks, refuses to let you take a job that would make you happy, is probably cheating on you and you *still* put him on some fucking pedestal.” You laugh bitterly, shaking your head, telling yourself it’s not like that at all. “And yet, I got you into college, tried to give you the best life possible, wanted what was best for you... what I thought would make you happy, and I’m the worst human ever.”

“It’s not like that, Jensen,” you insist, shaking your head. “Not everything is about you. Drew is a great guy, he’s... he’s amazing, he loves me—”

“/ love you!” Jensen shouts, pointing at himself.

The room falls silent, your mouth falling open but no words are coming to your mind right now.

“*Fuck*, Y/N, I still love you,” he repeats. “And it’s killing me. It’s killing me that you want him over me.”

You take a deep, shuddering breath in, willing the tears that have flooded your vision not to fall. You step forward, tentatively at first, but once you’ve broken the spell, the rest of the steps come easier to you than breathing, until you’re right in front of him, your arms wrapping around his neck and your lips on his.

“I want you,” you whisper, “I’ve always wanted you,” you confirm, kissing him again.

## Chapter Fourteen

**Chapter Tags:** angst, jealousy, confessions, cheating, kissing, more angst, p in v, daddy kink, slight degradation, fluff, more angst

**Chapter WC:** 2740

[Senior: WTDY Masterlist](#)

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### ***Jensen's POV***

"It's not like that, Jensen," Y/N shakes her head. "Not everything is about you. Drew is a great guy, he's... he's amazing, he loves me—"

"I love you!" Jensen can't help but shout out, sick of holding it in any longer. Y/N stops, the whole room falling silent, as she opens her mouth, but nothing comes out. "*Fuck*, Y/N, I still love you," he repeats, just in case she needs to hear it again. He's done it now, he's broken the seal, and he can't stop everything from pouring out. Everything he should've said in Jared's office at Christmas. "And it's killing me. It's killing me that you want him over me."

Jensen doesn't register that Y/N has even moved until she's right in front of him, her arms wrapping around his neck and her mouth pressing against his.

"I want you," she whispers against his lips, "I've always wanted you."

Jensen can't stop himself from kissing her deeper, desperate to feel her pressed against him, desperate to taste her on his tongue again. Luckily, Y/N is clearly just as eager, pushing her lips harder against his, sliding her tongue into his mouth as Jensen reciprocates. He reaches up and holds her face, tilting her head back so he can suck and nibble on her neck, making her moan softly.

"You've got me," he manages to coherently breathe out as his mouth ghosts over her ear. She pushes her face back into his, kissing him hard again, and Jensen grunts under his breath, reaching down to grab her thighs, lifting her into his arms. She wraps her legs around his waist, her arms still tight around his neck as he continues to kiss her, guiding her towards the couch. His hands settle on her ass, palming at the flesh there, making her moan into the kiss, until he throws her down onto the couch, towering over her.

Before he can climb over her and claim her lips with his once again – he could never get enough of that – he stops. His chest is heaving just as much as her own as she stares up at him, wide eyed, her hair a little wild from the way he’s thrown her down. Her skirt has pushed up to her waist thanks to Jensen lifting her, so her black lace panties are exposed. His eyes linger on them for a brief moment, but the words that come out of his mouth shock the both of them.

“We shouldn’t be doing this.”

Y/N slowly closes her legs and sits up. And while every fibre of Jensen’s being is screaming at him for what he’s just done, he knows he can’t unsay it. It’s out there now, lingering between the two of them, and she definitely heard it, too. Slowly, Y/N rises to her feet and comes to stand in front of him.

“You don’t want me?” she asks quietly, her eyes wide and glazed over.

“I do. More than anything,” Jensen rushes to reassure her. “But... I care about you too much to do something you might regret.”

Y/N laughs sadly, her bottom lip trembling as she bites it and nods, stepping back. She silently moves around him, and he listens to each footstep on the stairs as she gets further and further away from him. He doesn’t let out the breath he’d been holding until he hears her bedroom door close behind her, snapping him out of his reverie. He reaches down to retrieve the remaining dregs of his scotch and drinks straight from the bottle.

“Fuck,” he grunts, throwing the now empty bottle against the closest wall, listening to it smash into a thousand pieces as he once again grunts “fuck” even louder.

He’s angry. Angry at himself for stopping it, for being the voice of reason when he’s been dying for that for so long. But he’s more angry at the entire situation, that he *had* to stop it. That he *had* to be a good person. It’s not fair.

He takes a deep breath and turns around, deciding he might feel better in the morning. After a full night’s sleep, when he’s not half cut on scotch and the adrenaline and arousal has drained from his system, he’ll thank himself for what he just did. And Y/N will thank him too; and that’s the most important thing. But as soon as he closes his bedroom door behind him, he only feels more angry. *Why* did he stop it? He could’ve still been kissing her right now, his hand between her legs, about to connect with her in a way he’s craved for over eight years. In a way he’s never connected with anyone else.

He strips his shirt, throwing it in the general vicinity of his wash basket, and then pushes his pants down his legs, kicking them away in frustration. He’s left in his boxers, pacing the empty floor of his bedroom, his fingers mindlessly pushing through his hair, his heart and mind racing a hundred miles an hour. He stops, staring at his bedroom door, so much of him wanting to storm across the hallway and into her room, tell her that he was wrong that they *can* do this; because

it's the only thing that's ever truly felt right to him. But he turns away before he can do it, instead storming as far away from his door as he can get. He tells himself to not even look at the door, don't even entertain the idea. He's doing this for her, he's doing this because it's the right thing for *her*.

A knock on his door has him turning on his heels instantly, staring at it wide eyed. The thought flashes through his brain in barely a second; he can't answer it. But it's redundant, because the door opens anyway, and Y/N stands there, her make up starting to make a mess down her face, her clothes dishevelled but still on. She steps over the threshold and slowly closes the door behind her, trapping them in the room together, not taking her eyes off of him.

"What are you doing?" Jensen asks, fear in his voice, afraid that he's not going to be able to control himself.

Y/N doesn't reply, she just steps closer; closer and closer until she's right there in front of him. Jensen takes a deep breath, swallowing hard, watching her carefully as she looks up at him, tears still glazing over her eyes. She opens her mouth, her lips trembling slightly, and then she licks them.

"I don't care if I'll regret it, Jensen," she admits, her voice trembling. "I need you."

*Need. Not want... need.*

Jensen grabs her face, kissing her harder than he did downstairs, and Y/N whimpers against his lips, falling against him, her fingertips tracing over his skin. He can worry about the rest later, right now Y/N needs him, and he needs her – and that's all that should matter, anyway. He can sense her undoing the buttons on her blouse, shrugging it down her arms and to the floor. She's eager to rid herself of her skirt next, stepping out of it clumsily, careful to not break their kiss. Jensen feels her hands press against his chest, pushing him backwards until he's falling back onto the bed, looking up at her standing over him, only in her underwear.

"Fuck, baby girl," he gasps, biting his swollen bottom lip as she reaches behind her and unclasps her bra, throwing it down and moving onto her panties.

She steps out of those next as Jensen rushes to push his boxers down his legs so he's also naked, his cock fully hard between his legs, jutting out in front of him. She bites her bottom lip as she climbs onto his lap, kissing him passionately again, running her fingernails through the back of his hair. She keeps her hips raised, creating space between her body and his, and Jensen smooths his hands up the outsides of her thighs, over the swell of her hips, grabbing at her waist.

"I've missed you so fuckin' much," he tells her sincerely, and he's not just talking about the feeling of her soft skin against his palms, or the way she kisses him, or how hard she makes his cock. He's talking about the way she makes his heart skip beats, the way she scrambles his

brain because he's too consumed by her; he misses the feeling of being this close to her – physically but also emotionally.

"I've missed you too," she confesses quietly, pressing her forehead against his as she slowly lowers herself down, rubbing her wet pussy along his length.

He's not inside her yet, but honestly? Jensen's not sure he even minds if he doesn't end up inside her at all. He grabs her hips and helps her movement, grunting softly against her lips.

"Fuck, baby girl," he whimpers, his fingers digging into her flesh harder. "Daddy's missed that pussy."

"Fuck," Y/N instantly reacts, gasping for air.

When she pulls back to look at him there's a new hunger in her eyes he hadn't been expecting, and she slides off of his lap and to her knees between his legs. Her hand wraps around the base of his cock as she guides the tip towards her lips, opening her mouth slowly, sticking out her tongue to swirl it around the soft spongy tip. Jensen throbs in her grasp, his mouth falling open in a silent moan. It's like he's said some kind of magic word, like he's unlocked that side of her she's kept hidden all this time.

"There she is," he coos, reaching down to hold the side of her face. She leans her head into his touch, smiling softly.

"Missed you, Daddy," she whimpers, before softly suckling on the tip of his cock.

"Jesus," Jensen groans, biting down hard on his bottom lip. She takes him a little deeper, her eyes staying fixed on his face until she's gagging on his length. But she doesn't let up, even when Jensen tugs on her hair. "You're taking it all, hm?" he asks, impressed.

She nods, eagerly sucking his cock, bobbing her head up and down, like she's trying to suck the life out of him. If Jensen hadn't already been so desperate for her, he would be now. He's throbbing between her lips, bucking his hips up hard and fast, and she's taking it all, eager to please him. When she eventually pulls back, her lips and chin are glistening with spit, her eyes now watery for an entirely different reason, and his cock is dripping.

"I've missed being a slut," she confesses, a tiny smirk playing on her lips as she reaches up to dry them with her fingertips.

Jensen reaches up himself, rubbing her chin dry, but she leans down, taking his thumb between her lips instead.

"You really have, huh?" he asks, slightly amused. He wants to ask if she's this slutty for Drew, but he knows better than to rock that boat right now, plus he can pretty much guarantee the

answer is no. “Why don’t you show Daddy how much?” he prompts, leaning back on his elbows. Y/N bites her bottom lip as she climbs to her feet, straddling his waist once more. Jensen watches her, loving the view he’s gotten himself; seeing her pussy hovering over his cock, her whole body on full display for him. He watches her rub her fingers between her legs. “Wet enough for Daddy’s cock, baby girl?” he checks.

She giggles softly as she reaches for one of his hands, guiding it towards her pussy. She rubs his fingers through her slick, looking down at him through her lashes. “You tell me.”

“Feels pretty needy to me,” he comments, unable to resist curling his fingers inside her slightly. She moans, wriggling herself down onto his digits, sending them deeper. Jensen pulls away teasingly, instead gripping the base of his cock, rubbing the very tip of it through her slick. “Definitely ready for Daddy’s cock.”

Her mouth falls slack, her hands laying flat on his chest as he lines himself up and then grabs her waist, slowly pushing her down onto his shaft. How Jensen had forgotten he doesn’t know, but it feels so much better than he’d ever remembered; tighter, warmer, just perfect. She doesn’t bounce to begin with, just sits there with his cock buried to the hilt inside her, throbbing every time her walls clench around him. He’s patient – far more patient than he thought he ever could be – and waits for her to eventually start rotating her hips slowly, testing the waters carefully.

“I forgot how big you are, really stretches me open,” she gasps, slowly lifting her hips only to drop them again.

“You’re fucking tight,” he counters, dragging his blunt nails down her thighs.

“Fuck,” she lets out breathily, leaning down to kiss him. “I’ve missed you so much, Daddy.”

Jensen rolls them over, sending her onto her back, bringing her legs to wrap around his waist. He holds them there, fucking into her a little faster than she’d tried fucking him, which makes her scream out, starting to claw at her own chest, her back arching off of the bed.

Jensen lets go of one of her legs to grope her chest, rolling her nipple through his thumb and forefinger, making it harden. He watches in awe as she starts moaning, breathlessly calling his name, her eyes rolling as she tightens around his cock, and he takes in every second of the orgasm he’s managed to coax out of her, her chest heaving, her skin heating up.

“Good girl,” he praises, leaning back down over her, kissing her sweetly.

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Y/N giggles as Jensen lazily kisses her nose, holding her tight against him.



“Fuck I’ve missed this,” he sighs, unable to help himself kissing her cheek.

“Hm,” Y/N hums, snuggling into him tighter, resting her head against his chest. “That was pretty good,” she agrees.

“Not just that,” he argues softly, tracing his fingers up and down her bare back. “All of it.” She stays quiet, so Jensen continues. “Being that close to you, holding you. I miss so much more than the sex.”

“Hm,” she hums again, and when Jensen bends his head so he can see her face, he notices her eyes are closed, and he smiles to himself noticing the way her breathing has deepened, the way it always used to once she’d fallen asleep.

“I love you, baby girl,” he whispers, kissing her hair before closing his eyes himself.

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Jensen disturbs suddenly, peering around his room and seeing a little light seeping through the curtains. His head is pounding and his mouth is dry as he sits up and sees that it’s a little after seven, which is far too early to be awake on a day that he’s not got anywhere to be or anyone to see.

As he lays back down, he groans, his eyes automatically closing again, but then he thinks about Y/N, and then falling asleep with her head on his chest, after...

Jensen sits upright, turning his head to see that his bed is empty. He considers for a split second that it was another one of those dreams, but he’s naked, and he remembers it all so vividly. No blurry lines, no weird skips in time, nothing that doesn’t add up. He remembers the dancing and the kissing and the walking away, and the knock at his door. He remembers *everything*.

He gets up, scrambling to find the boxers he’d discarded at the foot of his bed, and pulls them on hurriedly as he leaves his room to track down Y/N. More than anything, he just wants to make sure she’s okay. But her bedroom door is open and there’s no one inside. The case that she’d kept under the bed is gone, as are a lot of her things from around the room. His heart is thudding in his chest as he stands alone in her bedroom, wondering if this time she’s left for good.

## Chapter Fifteen

**Chapter Tags:** major angst, mentions of cheating, guilt, paranoia, mentions of sex, slut shaming, more angst

**Chapter WC:** 3055

[Senior: WTDY Masterlist](#)

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### *Your POV*

You let yourself out of the stall, heading towards the mirror as you wipe under your eyes and check that your makeup hasn't run too much and it's not too obvious you've been crying. A woman exits the stall next to you, flashing you a sympathetic smile before washing her hands and leaving the restrooms quickly. You swallow hard, telling yourself to just forget about it. Don't think about it. Don't think about what you did or how that's made you feel. Don't think about Jensen or— Instantly you choke on another sob, taking a deep breath and forcing yourself to once again suck it up. You're doing the right thing now, and that's all that matters. You can't undo what you've done, but you can make sure it doesn't happen again.

You reach for a hand towel from the dispenser and dry your face, feeling the skin under your eyes is tender and sore, thanks to the fact you've been crying nonstop for several hours now. You'd fallen asleep at first, content and happy in your little bubble where it was just you and Jensen like old times. But after only a short nap, you'd awoken a lot more sober than you'd been before, and instantly realised what you'd done.

Your head had been so loud, thinking about your conversation with Jeff, about him questioning Drew's loyalty to you, only feeding your paranoia more. But that was no excuse for what you did. It might be possible that Drew *is* cheating, but that didn't give you the right to cheat on him too. And with *Jensen* of all people. You wonder for a brief moment if it would make things better or worse – if Drew knew that Jensen was once the love of your life, the one that got away. Would he find comfort in the fact that it was an impossibly hard situation for you to be in, that you found yourself needing the stability that Jensen used to bring you even if it was only temporary? Or would it hurt him more? That the sex wasn't meaningless, that it wasn't just some stupid mistake with a stranger.

You dry heave, wondering if this time you'll actually throw up like your body has been threatening to for hours now. But the nausea settles just a little again and you manage to control yourself. You take some more deep breaths, considering being able to face the world beyond the restroom once again, but before you can will yourself to move, your cell rings in your pocket. You pull it out to see Jensen's name, and instantly the nausea is back. You press ignore, too afraid to hear his voice, but immediately he calls again. It takes three times for you to relent.

"Jensen, please," you beg him, holding back fresh tears.

"I just need to know you're okay," he tells you desperately.

"Of course I'm not okay," you choke out. "Jensen, we had sex, and Drew..." you trail off, seeing a woman walking in. "He doesn't deserve this." Jensen doesn't say anything, but you don't need him to. "How could we do this to him?"

"I'm sorry," Jensen finally offers.

The worst part is, you know that Jensen doesn't really have anything to apologise for. He'd tried to stop it, he'd made you walk away. Only he didn't realise he was sending you to your bedroom to stew, to pace the floor and consider what you were walking away from. In that moment you didn't have the strength to fight it anymore. You didn't want to fight it. You wanted Jensen, you wanted everything he could give you – used to give you – and not just the sex, but the emotional support too. You'd just wanted to feel wanted and loved, and no one had ever made you feel like that more than Jensen, despite how things ended between you.

"I wish there was something I could do to change it," he adds, snapping you out of your thoughts.

"It's my fault," you confess, but it only makes you feel worse; admitting it out loud.

"It's not, sweetheart," he insists. He always wants to see the best in you, and sometimes you can't stand that. You don't deserve it. "Just come home, we can talk about it."

"I can't," you swallow. "I'm waiting to board a plane." You're met with silence, and you can't help but feel like you've let him down. Maybe Jensen thought that last night wasn't just a one off. "Jensen, I've gotta see him," you remind him. "I've gotta... it was a mistake," you try to tell him, your thoughts too scrambled to have a real conversation about it right now.

"I know," he replies, to your surprise. "You should see him," he agrees.

"I should?" you check, half expecting him to talk you out of the airport and back to his place.

"He's your fiancé, and if you want him to keep being your fiancé, you need to work things out."

“He’s not going to be anything once he knows what we’ve done.”

“Then don’t tell him.”

You don’t know how to reply for a moment. Of course the idea of not telling Drew had crossed your mind, but you know the right thing to do would be to come clean now, before he finds out some other way. You still haven’t decided if a whole truth or half truth is best. You don’t want anyone to know about Jensen, because until now you’ve gotten away with no one finding out about your past. But is a half truth just as bad as a lie? If you don’t tell Drew everything, then maybe he’ll never understand.

“Jensen... I don’t think I can keep this a secret.”

“You kept us a secret,” he reminds you.

“That was different,” you argue. “I was keeping the secret to keep you.”

“I don’t see a difference.”

You realise that technically there shouldn’t be one, and you can’t exactly tell Jensen that it being *him* made you fight harder.

“Y/N, we don’t have to tell him anything. He won’t ever find out from me. If it was truly just some big mistake, if you never want that to happen again, then there’s no reason to ruin what you have with Drew over it.”

You consider his words, the line going quiet as you do so, but before you can reply, an announcement calls your flight number, telling you to start boarding.

“I’ve got to go,” you tell him, swallowing hard.

“Be safe.”

You hang up, staring down at the photo of you and Drew as your lock screen and take a deep breath. Maybe Jensen’s right. If last night was a mistake, then hurting Drew over it seems pointless. The only thing that matters is that it’ll never happen again.

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It’s a little after midday when you arrive at your apartment complex. You’d managed to do something decent with your makeup on the plane, sucking up your tears and pushing them down, faking it enough for other passengers that you think maybe you’re ready to fake it for your fiancé too. You take one last deep breath, plastering a fake smile on your face, and push your

key into the lock, opening the door, focusing on the little ounce of excitement that you've got at the idea of finally being *home* and surrounded by all your things. But as you swing the door open, the place is practically empty. There's a few pieces of bigger furniture, but all the artwork that lined the walls, all the bits and pieces that littered the surfaces to make your home *home* are gone.

You look around, frowning as you close the door behind you.

"Drew?" you call out tentatively, but there's no reply, and given how empty the place seems to be, you figure you'd hear him home if he was.

At first you consider that there's been a break in, but the things that remain look far too neat for that. That's when your paranoia kicks in: he already knows about what you and Jensen did. He's left you.

You rush through to the bedroom, but your bed is no longer in there, and none of your clothes are hanging in the closet that's wide open. Now you're just even more confused. You reach for your cell, deciding to call Drew and put yourself out of your own misery. Maybe he can explain what's going on.

"Hey, I can't talk right now," Drew tells you, slightly out of breath.

"Why?" you press immediately, images of him with some other woman flooding your brain.

"I'm a little busy, can I call you back in like twenty minutes?"

"Doing what?" you ask, accusingly.

"I'm just working out at home."

"In our apartment?" you press, looking around it.

"Where else is home?" he laughs awkwardly.

"Well I don't see you here."

You're met with silence for a long moment, and then Drew finally chokes out a "What?"

"I came back, Drew, you're not here and neither is any of our stuff. What the fuck is going on?"

"Fuck," is all Drew replies with. You don't say anything else, curious to see what he scrambles to come up with to explain all of this, and knowing the pressure of silence will make him talk. "Wait there, I'll come and get you, and I'll explain everything."

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You've barely been able to look at Drew as he drives you to wherever it is you're going. It's silent and awkward between you, and needless to say it's not the reunion you'd envisaged you two having after months apart. What you've done with Jensen is far back in your mind now, which is only focused on figuring out what the hell is going on.

Drew finally pulls up onto a drive of a large family house – manicured lawn and a large front door, a porch sweeping across the entire front.

“This wasn't how I wanted you to find out,” Drew admits when he cuts the engine.

“Find out what?” you prompt, frustrated, scared that this is something terrible.

Drew gets out of the car and after a moment and some deep breaths, you reluctantly follow him. You slam the door closed to highlight that you're upset, and look at him pointedly, waiting for him to explain what's happening.

“Welcome home,” he tells you weakly, vaguely gesturing to the house.

“What?” you press, frowning.

“Just after Christmas, I found this place on the market, and I figured it was the perfect home to start our family in. So I bought it and I've been doing it up and I was waiting for it to be finished. I was going to fly out to Texas in a few days and bring you back here to surprise you.”

The flood of information takes a moment to kick in. At first you're just extremely relieved that he's not cheating on you or living some secret double life. It explains why he's been so busy and distant. Drew is terrible at keeping secrets from you. But then in the next second, anger floods your veins.

“You picked our first family home without me?” you ask him.

Drew glances around, and then laughs awkwardly. “Let's not give our new neighbours a show before we've even moved in. Let me show you inside.”

You reluctantly allow him to lead the way, even though the more you think about it, the more pissed off you're getting.

“Is this why you were so against me accepting the job?” you find yourself asking, not even taking in the large hallway or living room that could fit three of your living rooms from the apartment inside.

“Well, this and our lives are here in New York, I don’t want to live in Texas.”

The confession hurts more than you thought it would, and only confirms to you that you *do* want to move back there permanently. The idea of it *never* being an option is too much to even think about. Drew shows you around the rest of the house, ending in the large master bedroom with a walk-in closet and en suite, but you can’t find anything to like about the place when you’re this upset.

“I thought you’d be happier than this,” he admits.

You scoff, hardly able to believe that this outcome hadn’t even crossed his mind.

“Drew, you picked and bought our first house without talking to me about it. We’ve never even discussed what we want out of a home or where we’d want to settle down... I don’t... how could you think this was a good idea?”

You don’t want to seem ungrateful when he’s clearly put a lot of work into the place, but this is nothing like you’d wanted. You’d always imagined looking around homes together, arguing over how many bedrooms you might need. It’s not something you thought you’d even need or want for a few years, yet.

“What about the wedding and... how could you keep something this big from me?”

Drew looks insulted that you’re not happy and thanking him, but you’re too upset to be tactful about it.

“Wow, you wanna talk about keeping something big from someone?” he asks. You frown, wondering what he’s talking about, and he reaches under the bed and pulls out the box of keepsakes you’ve always had. The box is private, and Drew knows that, but he opens it and reaches inside for the little black notepad you know only too well.

“I found your little slut diary,” he tells you, waving it in front of you. You take a deep breath, biting your bottom lip anxiously. “I wasn’t going to bring it up or even tell you I found it, but since we’re talking about keeping secrets...” You swallow hard as he opens it. “Justin... three out of five stars. *The sex was average but one extra star for eating me out.*”

You close your eyes, ashamed by it. You should’ve burned the damn thing. You were still a teenager when you made that stupid book. It was just a bit of fun – a joke between you and your friends to begin with, but you found yourself rating and reviewing every guy you slept with for over a year, until you matured a little more and realised how embarrassing doing something like that was.

“Liam... two out of five stars. *Small dick, didn't know how to finger me either, more like stuffing a turkey.*” Drew continues. “Ben... five out of five stars. Oh, this is a good one. *First ever orgasm, he had to change his sheets.*”

“Drew,” you demand, “stop.”

“I could go on and on, I mean, I stopped counting at forty. But there were more.”

“I was a kid,” you argue, shaking your head, your cheeks burning. “It was stupid, I shouldn't have done it.”

“You don't get it, do you?” he scoffs. “You told me I was your *first.*”

How you could forget that Drew didn't know your past like Jensen does makes you feel even more ashamed.

“You painted yourself as some innocent saint that didn't fuck around or whore herself out. I thought I was number one... what number even am I?”

You don't reply until you realise he's actually waiting for one. “I don't know,” you confess.

Drew laughs bitterly, shaking his head. “Were you ever gonna tell me? Or were you going to just let me marry a slut?”

“Drew, that's not fair. I was a kid and I was going through some shit...” you argue.

“I don't fucking care, Y/N, you lied to me about it. That's what hurts.”

“I'm sorry. When I met you, I was trying to be a new person, I didn't want to be that girl anymore. I didn't expect us to end up where we are, and the lie became too big.”

Drew considers your words, throwing the book down on the bed and then sitting on it. You stand there awkwardly, not sure what you want your brain to focus on first. There's just too much happening right now.

“I want to move past this, and I want us to live together in this house and be happy for the rest of our lives. But we can't do that if we're not honest with each other,” Drew explains calmly. “So this is your last chance, Y/N. Is there anything else you're keeping from me?”

You stare at him, Jensen instantly flooding through your brain. And you want to scream at him – yes, *so much*. You want to tell him about how you fell in love with the man that had been married to your aunt most of your life; your father's best friend, the man you've been living with for the last four months. You want to tell him that being with Jensen was the most alive you've ever felt, but it fell apart and now you're here, and you don't want to look back, you want to



move forward. You want to come clean about the night before, about the big mistake you've made and how it's only made you realise one thing. But that one thing is the only thing that blurts out of your mouth.

"I want to move back to Austin for good."

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### Chapter Sixteen

**Chapter Tags:** angst, cheating, love confession, smut, p in v, blowjob, dirty talking, daddy kink, degradation, creampie, fluff, slut shaming

**Chapter WC:** 2149

Senior: WTDY Masterlist

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### *Jensen's POV*

Jensen's about to call it a night, give up on the bottle of scotch he's too nervous to make much of a dent in and just go to bed. Y/N is in New York, and she clearly needs some space right now. He can't keep bombarding her, even though he just wants to make sure she's okay. She'd sounded pretty upset on the phone. And while Jensen was under no illusion that they'd have a happy ending waiting for them after one drunken night of a very big mistake, he hadn't quite predicted this either. Jensen might've started it, but Y/N was the one to finish it. Though, he can appreciate that maybe that makes it worse. She can't put the blame on him, she can't pretend that he talked her into it. But Jensen knows that if making him out to be the bad guy would make her feel a little better about the whole thing, he'd happily take the brunt of it all. He hates the thought of her blaming herself for all this, for carrying that burden on her own. He should've stopped them a second time. He should've known that she would have regretted it.

He takes one last swig of scotch and places it down, swallowing down the nausea with the alcohol, and as he goes to stand up, the front door opens and Y/N trudges through it. Her eyes are red and bloodshot and she just stares at him for a long moment, no words leaving her mouth. He hadn't expected her back so soon, and given the state she's in, he knows this is a bad thing. He instantly stands and closes the space between them, feeling her fall against him

as he wraps his arms around her. He strokes her hair softly for a moment, letting her cry into his chest, and then eventually he quietly speaks up.

“You told him,” he guesses, but he’s surprised to feel Y/N shake her head against him. She doesn’t offer him another explanation though, so Jensen sighs. “Okay, you need a drink.”

He guides them both over to the couch and back to the scotch he’d been nursing, unscrewing the cap and handing her the bottle straight. She takes it, swigging some down and then licking her lips.

“You don’t have to talk if you don’t want to. But if you do, I’m here to listen,” he offers.

They sit in silence for a moment as Y/N drinks the scotch straight from the bottle, but eventually she looks at him, her eyes red and puffy.

“So much happened.”

Jensen frowns softly, not liking where this is heading already, not sure what he can do to fix any of it, but he’s impatient to hear the story so he can figure it out.

“He’s not cheating,” she tells him, laughing sadly. “He... he bought us a house.” Jensen’s confused for a second, because he’s not sure how that warrants so much upset, though he can see how it could seem controlling. “It’s beautiful, too,” she admits. “Four bedrooms, a big garden, perfect for kids.”

Jensen just listens, and he assumes he’s hearing her think it all out loud too, because she hasn’t had that chance yet.

“It should’ve been perfect. But... it wasn’t,” she shakes her head. “All I could think about was that it wasn’t right. It wasn’t... it just wasn’t right,” she struggles. “At first I thought it was because I didn’t help pick it, y’know? He made this big decision without me... we’re meant to be a team. And then I thought about how he made the job decision for me too...” She licks her lips. “He loves me and he’s a good guy... but...” she stops and shakes her head.

She goes quiet for a moment, like she’s thinking it through, so Jensen’s patient, watching her closely.

“I thought maybe... maybe if I took this job and we lived here... that would be enough...” she goes on. “So I told him the truth, that I wanna move to Austin, that I don’t want to settle down in New York. I made him choose.” She looks up at him, tears now trickling down her cheeks. “He couldn’t... he had to think about it, and that was my answer.”

“Sweetheart, if he doesn’t want to follow you to the ends of the earth he doesn’t deserve you,” Jensen tries to tell her.

“You didn’t follow me,” she replies almost flatly.

“And I’ll never forgive myself for it,” he confesses. “Because now I’d go anywhere with you.”

Y/N looks at him, smiling ever so slightly for a second, and then she takes another swig of scotch and clears her throat.

“It doesn’t matter, anyway,” she admits, putting the bottle down. “It’s over. And that’s not even what’s upset me so much. The entire flight home I thought about it all, about why none of this felt right, and I realised what had really bothered me...” she admits.

“What?” he prompts, eager to know the answer so he can help her in some small way.

“None of it felt right because he wasn’t you.”

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“Jesus christ, baby girl,” Jensen grunts, his fingertips digging harder into her hip as she rocks back to send him deeper. “Shit, careful,” he warns, biting his bottom lip hard. Y/N giggles, clearly feeling mischievous because she looks back over her shoulder with a smug grin and only wiggles her ass harder against him. Jensen feels his cock throbbing and pulls back, taking a deep breath.

“What’s wrong, Daddy?” she teases, blinking at him innocently.

Jensen scoffs, breathlessly, shaking his head. “I have not missed you being this bratty,” he lies, slowly sliding back inside her tight, warm hole.

“Don’t lie,” she chides, frowning playfully. “You’ve missed it just as much as me.”

“Yeah, right,” Jensen replies sarcastically.

He laughs slightly when she glares and pulls away from him, turning around so she’s facing him and crossing her arms over her chest defiantly.

“Fine, if you didn’t miss me, I guess I’ll just head back to my own bedroom.”

She’s about to get off of the bed when Jensen’s fingers twist through her hair and tug her face back towards him.

“I don’t think so, I’m not done with you,” he warns, making her gasp for air. “Something tells me you haven’t been fucked like a whore in a long time.”

A smirk creeps over Y/N's lips as she looks up at him, and then she bites her bottom lip. "I guess not, unless you count the last two days we've spent in this room."

"Oh, sweetheart," Jensen coos, dragging her face a little closer to his cock, so the tip is brushing over her lips. "You know exactly what I'm talking about."

She opens her mouth and softly sucks on the tip, keeping eye contact with him the entire time, and then pulls back.

"He never fucked me as good as you can, that what you wanna hear?"

Jensen scoffs, and while it isn't exactly what he was angling for, he'll take the compliment. "Then why don't you show me how much you've missed me," he tempts.

Y/N once again opens her mouth, and Jensen thrusts his cock inside, right to the back of her throat, making her gag. He doesn't relent, fucking her throat over and over as she chokes and splutters but eagerly sucks whenever she can. The change in sensation and position keeps Jensen on his toes enough that the orgasm that was building in the base of his stomach is now only fizzling. He watches spit collect in the corners of her mouth, watches it dribble down her chin, and when he thinks he's ready to cum again, he pulls out, tugging her legs out from under her so she's falling flat on her back.

Y/N squeals and spreads her legs, clearly excited for him to slide inside her once again, and Jensen wastes no time doing just that. He leans over her, throwing one leg over his shoulder, and lines himself up, thrusting to the hilt in one fluid movement. Y/N cries out, her nails dragging down his back as he fucks into her relentlessly, hard and fast from the offset.

"Fuck, you feel so good," he grunts. "I'm never giving this up again, sweetheart," he chuckles.

"Please don't," she begs, rotating her hips down to meet his thrusts. She sits up slightly, bringing her mouth close to his, her lips brushing over his own, her breath hot and sticky on them. "Don't ever leave me again."

"I won't baby girl, you're mine," he reminds her, his tone a lot less abrasive than before.

She kisses him as if to seal the deal, and Jensen feels his cock throb, that orgasm once again building inside him.

"Cum for me, Jensen," she pleads sweetly, like she knows him all too well – she probably does.

"Cum with me?" he asks, reaching down to rub little circles into her clit. She nods breathlessly as Jensen feels her clench around him, harder and harder which only coaxes his own orgasm to the surface.

When he finally pulls out of her, she gasps for air and throws her head back into the pillow, and Jensen crashes down beside her, pulling her in tight to his side. She snuggles against him which makes him smile, and he kisses her forehead gently.

It's quiet between them for a few moments, which Jensen doesn't mind, but eventually she speaks up.

"Do you think I'm a slut?" she asks.

"No, baby girl, you know all that is dirty talking," he reassures her, kissing her head again.

"I know but... the amount of guys I've been with... that makes me a slut, right?"

Jensen frowns slightly, pushing her away just enough that he can see her face. "Why would you ask that? You know I don't care how many guys you've slept with."

"Drew found out about the others... not you specifically, but... Just that he wasn't my first," she explains slowly. "He called me a slut."

Jensen feels anger flood his veins. "Well we already know that man is an asshole," he grunts. Y/N giggles softly, clearly content with Jensen's response. "How did he find out?" he wonders.

Y/N takes a deep breath and sits up slightly.

"Please don't judge me," she begs.

"Baby girl, when have I ever judged you?" She stares at him for a long moment and then nods her head.

"When he was moving all our stuff into the new place he found a box I've always kept under the bed. In that box was a... book," she explains carefully. "Me and my friends used to joke about how funny it would be if we could leave a review on the guys we've slept with, like you know... Amazon or something." He can tell she's getting more and more embarrassed as her explanation goes on, and he finally realises what she might be trying to tell him. "It was childish and embarrassing, and I stopped doing it after a little while. But Drew found it, read some of the... reviews, and I guess got jealous that he wasn't my only one."

Jensen wonders for a moment what he could say to make her feel better about it. He realises there's not much, because the damage was already done when Drew slut shamed her in the first place.

"I couldn't even tell him what number he was," she confesses.

“That doesn’t matter,” Jensen insists. “That’s in the past, the only thing that man should’ve concerned himself with was being your last.” Y/N bites her bottom lip thoughtfully then nods her head. “Anyway, his loss is my gain,” Jensen adds with a gentle smirk. “I’m so happy you’re back. I thought I’d lost you forever.”

Y/N leans down and kisses him gently. “I don’t think you ever truly did. I’ve always been yours,” she admits.

They kiss slowly and lazily for a few moments, and eventually Y/N pulls back and once again rests her head on his chest.

“So,” Jensen speaks up. “This review book... am I in it?” he asks, nonchalantly.

“You were about two years too late,” she laughs.

“Damn, I wanted to know what mine said,” he jokes.

“Hm, let’s see,” she starts, resting her head on her elbow. “Four out of five stars. Mind blowing sex, intense orgasms, but I’ve had to deduct a star because his age is showing... his stamina isn’t what it used to be.”

She smirks as she finishes quoting, and Jensen scoffs. “Excuse me, but how many times have I gotten you off since you got home?” he asks in disbelief.

“Not enough,” she teases, a glint in her eye.

“Oh right, that’s it,” Jensen laughs, pushing her flat onto her back and climbing over her.

Y/N instantly laughs hard, “what’re you doing, Jensen?”

“Earning that fifth star, I’m not having some other guy out do me.”

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### Chapter Seventeen

**Chapter Tags:** teasing, flirting, fluff, slight angst, mentions of break up, paranoia

**Chapter WC:** 2039

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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## ONE MONTH LATER

### *Your POV*

"I have nothing to wear," you complain, sorting through the clothes in your closet.

The majority of them are work clothes, smart dresses or skirts and formal blouses. You've had very few casual clothes the whole time you've been at Jensen's. It hadn't bothered you too much until now. You work so much that you practically live in those clothes anyway, and by the time you get home, you just want to climb into some sweats and an oversized shirt. But times like these make you realise you really need to go shopping. Or – worse – message your ex and ask for your things back. Shopping seems much more preferable considering you've not talked to Drew since you left New York. You'd only regretted giving him the ultimatum for a split second, but the moment you saw him struggle to choose, you knew it was over. After all, how can you spend the rest of your life with someone who clearly wants that life in a completely different state to you?

"That doesn't sound like a problem to me." You roll your eyes, feeling hands ghost over your hips, pulling your body back tight against his, his breath hot on the side of your neck. "You look pretty good in nothing."

"Jensen," you complain, turning around in his arms. You wrap your own around his neck and look him in the eye. "Seriously, I've got nothing to wear for Dad's this weekend."

"You look good like this," he teases, his hands settling on your ass, just under the hem of the shirt you're wearing.

"Because wearing nothing but *your* shirt to my father's place is not going to raise any awkward questions," you sass, sarcastically.

"No, but it might raise something," he smirks, leaning in to kiss you.

You turn your face, laughing at him, and his lips catch your cheek instead. "Behave yourself." You relent and kiss his lips, shaking your head in disapproval. "Still trying to earn that fifth star, I see," you smirk.

"I didn't think it would take this long. It's been over a month," he complains.

“I can’t just award you a fifth star, then you’ll get complacent,” you tease, flashing him a wink before turning back to your closet and the issue at hand.

“Oh, I see how it is,” Jensen scoffs. He pulls away and you glance back to watch him sit down on the bed. You giggle, but don’t reply, reaching for the only pair of jeans you have here, and trying to find a top that isn’t too smart or too scruffy. “Well, I can still earn boyfriend stars,” he speaks up again. “Get dressed and I’ll take you shopping before we have to go.”

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Driving to a mall a couple towns over is a wise call on Jensen’s part, because at least no one will know or recognise you here. You’re not quite brave enough to hold hands as you walk around, but Jensen does steal the odd kiss after he’s checked that the coast is clear. As the day goes on you get a little more comfortable being in public with him, old habits coming back like they never left. You never could be with Jensen so openly, even if you were in a sea of strangers. There has always been that niggler in the back of your mind that if you’re even remotely public, the word could get back to your father, and that’s the last thing you want or need right now.

“I’m starving,” you announce, feeling your stomach grumbling.

“Alright, let’s eat. But before then... are you sure you don’t need any new underwear?” Jensen smirks as you approach a lingerie shop.

“Behave yourself. The last thing we need is to be spotted in a store like that together,” you scoff.

“No one knows us here,” he insists, stepping closer to you. “In fact, I’d very happily kiss you right here right now,” he goes on.

“As tempting as that sounds, we shouldn’t risk it,” you tell him, even though your faces are intimately close and it would probably make no difference if you were kissing or not, this kind of position easily gives away just how *close* the two of you are. Jensen squints his eyes at you for a moment. “What?” you ask curiously.

“Eight years ago you’d have had your tongue down my throat by now,” he notes casually.

“I grew up, Jensen,” you remind him, stepping back and starting to walk away. You glance back to see his eyes have dropped to your ass and giggle.

“Yeah, you have,” he agrees, walking a little quicker to catch you up.



You laugh at his comment, rounding the corner as you come face to face with someone familiar.

“Casey.” You force a smile to your lips, already feeling extremely awkward. This is the first time you’ve encountered a student off of school grounds.

“Miss Padalecki,” she replies. “Oh, Mr. Ackles,” she adds when Jensen joins your side.

“Hey Casey,” Jensen replies, clearly feeling just as awkward. “What’re you doing so far away from school?”

“I have family here, I’m staying at my Uncle’s for Memorial Day weekend,” she explains briefly.

“Sounds lovely, we are also having a barbeque... with family... Jen– Mr. Ackles is family,” you rush to explain awkwardly.

“Well, more a family friend,” Jensen interrupts.

“Right,” you agree, even though now you’re just completely confused as to why he’d correct you like that. Surely just letting Casey believe that you’re family is easier and makes this entire situation look far less suspicious.

“Well, have a good weekend, Casey,” Jensen smiles politely, pressing his hand to your back to prompt you to keep walking.

You’re noticeably flustered as you walk away, continually glancing back to see Casey’s reaction to seeing the two of you.

“Relax, we’re just two adults in a mall,” Jensen laughs softly. “Not like she caught me on top of you.”

“She may as well have,” you tell him nervously.

Jensen smiles fondly at you, and then gestures that you should enter the restaurant you’re passing. You’re not hungry anymore, but you could do with a drink. You and Jensen are shown to a booth and handed menus, and Jensen isn’t shy about sitting next to you rather than opposite you.

You stare at the menu for several seconds, but you can’t focus on the words, your encounter with Casey playing over and over in your mind.

“Why did you correct me?” you ask him, putting your menu down. Jensen frowns ever so slightly, so you jog his memory. “With Casey. We could’ve just let her believe you’re family because... *you are*, but you told her you’re a family friend. That makes it more suspicious,” you explain.

Jensen nods in understanding and then drops his hand under the table, reaching for yours as he links your fingers together.

“I figured the fewer people who think that we’re *family*, the better,” he says, squeezing your hand.

“Why?” you press, confused.

“Because, sweetheart, one day, I think I want the world to know about us.”

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You smile as you watch Jensen and Clarissa chatting, laughing about something. You’re not close enough to hear the conversation, but they seem to be enjoying themselves. Jensen takes a sip of his beer and nods enthusiastically at whatever Clarissa is saying. Your smile fades slightly as you watch them, your feet kicking mindlessly back and forth in the water as you sit on the edge of the pool. You can’t help but keep thinking about what Jensen had said the day before, that one day he wants the world to know about you. At first the admission had been so exciting, the idea of never having to hide your love away again, the thought of being with him publicly. But the longer you’ve had to think about it, the more you’ve started thinking about the reality of that.

There are so many elements of your relationship with Jensen that people could have an issue with. And the one thing that usually bothers people the most – the large age gap – is pretty low down on the list of reasons why you two shouldn’t be together. There’s also the fact that he’s your boss, and that he was once your *principal*. And *then* there’s the fact that not only is he your father’s best friend, but he was once your uncle. He was once married to a woman that you share flesh and blood with. And if you come out, if you tell people about the two of you, then that means telling Clarissa, and your grandparents, and worse of all; your father.

But if you don’t come out, if you never tell anyone about this, then is this really a relationship that can last? How long can you keep this secret? You’ll never be able to get married or have children – if Jensen even *wants* that with you – and you’ll never be able to share something that means more to you than anything else with the people you’re closest to. It was one of the reasons you settled with Drew, because you could do all of that stuff without being judged for it. What if you and Jensen coming out tears your entire family apart?

“Hey, baby girl.”

You turn your head to see your father sitting down beside you, dipping his own feet into the pool. You watch him notice Jensen and Clarissa and a small smile spreads over his lips.

“I think they get along better now than they did when they were married,” you comment, laughing softly, trying to push all your heavy thoughts to the back of your mind.

“I think you’re right,” Jared nods in agreement.

“How are the wedding plans coming?” you ask, hoping to make a nicer conversation than the one you’re secretly having in your mind with him. You’ve had this silent conversation a hundred times before, where you’ve told him about Jensen. He reacts differently every single time, but no time has ever ended well.

“I think we’re pretty much set,” he tells you. “I think Clarissa has your dress upstairs, actually.”

“Great, I’ll try it on sometime this weekend,” you smile.

“Talking of weddings...” he prompts, and you sigh, already knowing where he’s going with this. “How are you holding up, sweetheart?”

You can hear the sincerity in your father’s voice, and you smile softly. “I’m fine, Dad, really,” you tell him honestly.

Jared frowns at you for a moment, like he doesn’t believe you. “Hey, baby girl,” he sighs, reaching out to take your hand. “It’s okay to be upset about it. I mean, you were gonna marry him, you loved him.”

“I’m not sure I did, Dad,” you confess. “I mean, Drew loved a version of me that didn’t exist. As soon as he found out about the real me he didn’t want me. Part of who I am is my family. You and Clarissa and Jensen and... Austin, this is all part of me. But he didn’t want any of that. I didn’t want to live my life only being the one side of me that he loved. I want to be all sides of me.”

A smile breaks out over Jared’s lips and he wraps his arms around you, pulling you in closer. “You’re right, kid,” he agrees.

“I’m sorry that you lost your new best friend,” you offer, smirking softly.

“Yeah, I didn’t really like him anyway,” Jared lies, making you laugh. “You’ll find someone that loves you for all of you. You deserve that.” You look over at Jensen, catching his eye as he smiles softly and then turns his attention back to Clarissa.

“Yeah, I hope so,” you agree with your dad, knowing that Jensen is that guy for you. If only you could tell your dad that.

“Hey, sweetheart,” he prompts, pushing you back and looking you in the eye. “All I want... all I’ve *ever wanted* is for you to be happy,” he tells you sincerely.

He hugs you again, and once more your eyes land on Jensen, and you wonder just how true that might be.

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### Chapter Eighteen

**Chapter Tags:** flirting, teasing, spanking, dry humping, heart to heart, angst

**Chapter WC:** 2061

[Senior: WTDY Masterlist](#)

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### ***Jensen's POV***

As Jensen steps into Y/N's classroom he finds her sitting at her desk, staring down at her phone with a concerned look on her face. She looks up when she notices him, and drops her phone to her desk, sighing heavily.

“What're you up to?” he asks casually, standing in the doorway, pushing his hands into the pockets of his slacks.

Y/N sighs, shrugging. “Thought maybe I was feeling brave enough to ask Drew for my stuff back. Dad offered to go and get it for me.”

Jensen nods his understanding, stepping further into the room and pushing her door closed. He's pleasantly surprised to find the key in the door, and turns it to activate the lock.

“What are *you* up to?” Y/N returns the question, hesitation in her voice.

Jensen once again digs his hands into his pockets and starts to walk closer to her, casually.

"I happen to know that you have a free period right now, and I happened to be between tasks. And I also happen to know that you left for work this morning in a very tight skirt, and I haven't been able to stop thinking about that."

He smirks as he stands directly in front of her desk.

Y/N laughs softly, her eyes glancing to her locked classroom door and she bites her bottom lip.

"It's just a skirt, Jensen," she counters, sitting back casually in her chair, a glint in her eye. Jensen's eyes unashamedly drop to her cleavage, the way her blouse just about flashes it, and he smirks harder, his cock slowly starting to harden in his slacks.

"Then you don't mind me doing a random uniform check," he asks.

"Uniform?" she scoffs. "I'm not your student anymore."

But Jensen remains quiet, cocking an eyebrow at her challengingly. Y/N can barely wipe the smirk off of her face as she slowly rises to her feet, pushing down that tight fitted skirt to cover a little more leg. She grabs her phone and then begins pointing it at him, before rounding the desk and standing in front of him.

"What are you doing?" he asks, his eyes landing on her phone.

"Just making sure this uniform inspection is going to be above board," she teases. "Do I pass your test, Sir?"

Jensen isn't shy about letting his eyes rake up and down her body several times, no doubt giving away how eager he is to rip those very clothes off of her.

"Hm," he ponders, "that blouse has one too many buttons undone. I seem to remember that being an issue when you were a student."

Y/N reaches up, but instead of doing a button up, she pops another one open. "And I seem to remember you loving that," she purrs seductively, playing with the neckline of her shirt to flash more of her bra.

"That skirt is a better length than the ones you used to wear, but it's a little tight, doesn't leave much to the imagination." Jensen steps forward and reaches for her cell, turning the camera around to aim at her instead. His eyes leave the screen and land back on hers. "Bend over, I want to make sure that the students won't get an eye full."

Y/N smirks, licking her lips, but slowly turns around, bending herself over her desk seductively, her ass now on full display for him. Her skirt is long enough that he can't see a flash of panties, but he's sure he can remedy that. He steps even closer, pointing the camera down and starting

to push her skirt up her legs, over the round apples of her ass. He spansks her once, watching the flesh jiggle with the impact, the skin turning a darker shade.

“Ow,” she complains, wiggling her ass back all the same.

“I seem to remember you used to like that punishment,” he hums, letting his hands smooth over her soft skin, palming at her ass.

“And just what have I done to be punished for?” she sasses.

“Oh I’m sure I can think of something,” Jensen chortles, pushing his crotch against her ass. “Making me hard at work is one.”

Y/N grinds her ass back against his cock, making Jensen moan softly, and he stops the recording before things get too explicit, putting her phone down on her desk and making use of his now free hand to rub his fingers over the damp crotch of her panties. Y/N moans, bucking her hips back to meet his touch, pressing the side of her face down onto the desktop.

“Maybe I should fuck you over this desk, let you teach your next class with my cum dripping down your thighs.”

“Fuck,” Y/N whimpers, bucking her hips harder, and Jensen chuckles at how needy she’s growing. But then her phone starts to ring, and Jensen looks to see Drew’s name on the screen.

She grunts, frustrated, and instantly presses reject. Jensen returns to what he was doing, and Y/N starts moaning again, but Drew calls once more, and she only gets more frustrated, standing up, which pushes Jensen away slightly.

“Sorry,” she sighs, once again rejecting the call.

The moment is well and truly gone now, and they both know it. She turns around to face him and looks up at him apologetically.

“Hey, it’s okay,” he reassures her, reaching up to stroke his fingers down the side of her face. “Probably not a good idea, anyway,” he relents. “We can finish this later.” He flashes her a wink and then leans forward to kiss her lips softly. “Block his number,” Jensen jokes, making her laugh slightly.

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### ***One Week Later***

“Nervous?” Jensen asks, placing a large scotch down in front of Jared.

He sits on the chair next to him, looking around the fancy hotel bar a little.

“Just a bit,” Jared admits, nodding his head. “The last time either of us did this, it didn’t end well,” he reminds him.

Jensen nods his understanding, taking a sip of his own scotch.

“Well, the last time wasn’t the right time,” Jensen argues. “This place is nice, much nicer than where we got married.”

Jared also looks around and nods his head. “Yeah, it’s great,” he agrees.

The conversation seems a little forced and stilted for a second, which makes Jensen uncomfortable, because it’s never been like that with Jared before. But he supposes there are two very big elephants in the room right now, suffocating them. Jared however, only knows about the one.

“I’m happy for you, dude,” Jensen tells him, staring the lesser of the two evils straight in the eye.

“You are?” Jared almost chokes, clearly surprised.

“C’mon, man,” Jensen laughs softly, shrugging. “It’s been eight years, you two are happy, anyone can see that. I wouldn’t be a good friend if I wasn’t happy for the two of you.”

Jared nods softly, forcing a slight smile, and then he drinks more. “That means a lot, Jen,” he confesses, choking up a little.

“C’mon dude, suck it up, save it for tomorrow,” Jensen laughs, slapping Jared’s arm in a sort of manly affectionate way.

He takes another sip of his drink, glad that they got that out of the way. He really is happy for them. Clarissa was never the one for him, and it should’ve always been obvious, but now Jensen often wonders if everything worked out this way for a reason; so that he and Y/N could end up together. It’s unconventional, and it’s probably not something he should be proud of, but the bottom line is Y/N *is* the one for him, he’s absolutely certain of it. He’d be a hypocrite to get jealous or disapprove of Jared and Clarissa’s relationship. How could he ever expect Jared to accept how he feels for Y/N if he can’t even handle Jared’s far more conventional relationship?

“You and Clarissa are some of the best people I know. You deserve this... you deserve each other. I know you’ll never hurt her, I know she’s safe and happy with you. That’s all I want... for both of you,” Jensen adds, more sincerely.

It doesn't help Jared's tears as he tries to keep them in, silently reaching over and gripping Jensen's shoulder in appreciation. Jensen gets the message loud and clear, not needing Jared to say anything else.

It's quiet between them for a moment, and then Jared clears his throat.

"So, how's your love life?" he asks. Jensen nearly chokes on his drink. "That bad, huh?" he laughs.

Jensen finally swallows and then plays with his glass. "There might be someone," he replies carefully. "Well, no... there *is* someone." Clearly the scotch is making him feel brave, because he shouldn't be saying any of this.

"There is?" Jared asks, curiously. "What's she like? She is a *she* right?" he checks.

"Yeah, dude," Jensen laughs slightly. "She's incredible," he answers honestly. "And I think she's the one."

Jared instantly beams, which makes Jensen's cheeks heat up.

"Jay, that's amazing, I'm so happy for you. Why am I only just hearing about her?"

"It's complicated," Jensen explains awkwardly. "There are... complications," he struggles, not knowing how else he can say it without just coming clean.

"Well, whatever they are, I'm sure you'll work through them, if the relationship is worth it."

"It is," Jensen nods, smiling slightly. "I'm happy and she's happy."

"Then I'm happy, dude," Jared insists, grabbing the back of Jensen's neck. "Look at us, two failed marriages and finally finding happiness again. We did it, Stack, and we did it side by side."

"Yeah, I think we did," Jensen nods, hoping Jared still thinks the same thing when it's finally time to come clean.

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Jensen straightens his bow tie, checking himself over in the mirror. While he truly is happy for Jared and Clarissa, there are still a few nerves in the base of his stomach about the day ahead. No matter how okay with it he is, he assumes that it'll always be a little difficult watching your ex wife marry your best friend. Jensen can't help but think back to their wedding day, how he'd thought it was for forever. He remembers the necklace he put around her neck that she didn't take off until the divorce. He thinks about Jared and Caitlyn sitting in the front row, Y/N between



them. He thinks about May and Frank welcoming him to the family and immediately discussing grandchildren. He laughs slightly at that memory, shaking his head. Some things haven't changed.

His smile drops slightly as he remembers Y/N stressing about the alibi she was going to have to give them as to why Drew wouldn't be here, because she's too afraid to tell them that she called off their engagement just yet. This family might be the most dysfunctional family he's ever met, but he's part of it. He could've gotten out, and he'd wanted that for a long time. But he'd take a thousand more dysfunctions if it means he gets to stay with Y/N.

There's a knock at his hotel door, and he assumes it's Jared, probably flapping about his bowtie or something about his speech, and Jensen reaches into his inner jacket pocket for his flask, ready to offer the poor guy a quick swig. But as he opens the door he's faced with Y/N, staring at him wide eyed. He quickly steps to one side to let her in before anyone notices her, and once the door is closed again he's able to take in just how beautiful she looks. Her dress is floor length, a deep navy colour, and her hair has been done up and her makeup is flawless.

"Fuck, baby girl you look stunning," he finds himself saying, breathing out deeply.

"Thanks," she replies quickly, glancing down at her own body before looking back at him. "I think we have a problem," she adds, the fear back in her eyes.

"What? Why?" he presses, starting to panic just as much as her.

"Drew's here."

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

### Chapter Nineteen

**Chapter Tags:** angst, more angst, confrontation, lies, secrets, mentions of cheating, threats

**Chapter WC:** 2314

[Senior: WTDTY Masterlist](#)

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

**Your POV**

Your heart is racing as you wait for Jensen's brain to catch up with what you've just told him.

"Really? Why?" he finally asks.

You shrug, genuinely as confused as he is. "I don't fuckin' know," you panic. "I mean, he was invited when we were together, but I thought that it was obvious that the invite was rescinded when we broke up."

"Well, did he say anything to you?" Jensen frowns.

"I've hardly been chatty with him, Jensen," you grunt, frustrated. Not necessarily at him, but he's the only one you can really let some steam off on right now. "He's been trying to call me all week, since that day in my classroom," you admit. "I've rejected him every time."

"Look, just try to ignore him, pretend he isn't here."

"I can't! My grandparents still think we're engaged! There goes my fuckin' alibi!" You hold both hands over your face, only getting more and more stressed. So stressed you could cry, but you can't ruin your makeup.

"Fuck," Jensen groans, clearly realising your dilemma. "That bastard."

"You think he's done this on purpose? To fuck with me? Why, because I gave him the ultimatum?" you ask, now feeling paranoid. If he *is* trying to fuck with you because he knows you'll have to play the happy couple all day to save face, then that means you're in for a shitty day. There's no guarantee that he won't do something else to fuck with you too.

"Let's hope not. He was close to your Dad, maybe he just feels entitled to be here? I don't know baby, I don't know what goes on in his stupid head," Jensen grunts, clearly just as annoyed as you are. "But I'm here, okay? I'll be around all day, whenever you need me." Jensen reaches up and holds your face in his hands and you nod your head, offering him a nervous but appreciative smile.

There's a knock at Jensen's hotel door which breaks you apart quickly, and you check yourself over in the mirror as he goes to get it.

"Hey, I'm just pacing my room a nervous wreck." You hear your father's voice and turn around to see him walking in. "Oh, hey baby girl. Wow, you look beautiful," he gushes upon seeing you.

Your cheeks heat up and you smile at him. "Thanks, Daddy." You step up to him, feeling him kiss your cheek, and then step back, "looking very handsome yourself."

“Thanks,” he laughs nervously. “What are you doing in here?”

You look at Jensen who clearly doesn’t have an alibi on the tip of his tongue so you jump into action. “Oh, I thought you’d be in here. I urm... I wanted to check on you.”

“Just a little nervous but I’ll be fine,” he insists, smoothing down his suit jacket. “What’s up?” he asks, concern on his face. You should’ve known you couldn’t hide your anxiety from your father. “Are you having second thoughts? About me and Clarissa, I mean,” he asks.

“No, no Daddy, not at all,” you insist, shaking your head. “Drew’s here,” you admit.

Jared instantly frowns, looking at Jensen as if for confirmation. “Want me to kick him out?”

“No, he’s probably already seen Gran, and the last thing we need is her ruining your big day with drama,” you sigh.

“I don’t care, if him being here is going to make you uncomfortable, then whether your Grandmother likes it or not I’ll kick him out,” your father insists. “It’s not her wedding, I don’t care if she paid for Clarissa’s dress.”

You can’t help but laugh slightly at his words, shaking your head softly.

“This is your big day, me and Drew can be amicable for a few hours,” you relent.

“I’ll keep my eye on him,” Jared tells you.

“Don’t worry about him, I’ll keep an eye,” Jensen offers.

Jared nods at him and then looks back at you. “You should probably go and find Clarissa,” he tells you softly. You nod and smile, kissing his cheek as you pass him to leave.

“See you out there,” you tell them both. “Good luck, Dad, you deserve this.”

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“I now pronounce you husband and wife, you may now kiss the bride.”

Everyone cheers and applauds as your father kisses Clarissa, and as the celebrations die down a little, you feel a hand reach for and grab yours. You’re about to tug it away, but your grandmother sitting just a little further down the row stops you in your tracks, and you reluctantly hold onto Drew’s hand, feeling your stomach knot in a thousand different ways at the feeling.

You don't know how it ever felt right, because this couldn't feel any more unnatural, forced and just *wrong*. Nothing like when Jensen holds your hand.

You're given a bit of relief when you're finally able to get up and follow the bride and groom back up the aisle as part of the wedding party, and as your father and Clarissa are whisked off by the photographer, you feel a hand on your arm. You're tense and it makes you flinch, but as you turn to look, it's Jensen.

"Everything okay, sweetheart?" he asks, keeping his touch light and *friendly*, for the benefit of your company.

"Fine," you force a smile, glancing back towards the guests and seeing Drew sitting there, swigging from a flask. "Just a few more hours to get through," you remind yourself out loud. Jensen squeezes your arm and offers you a sad smile, but you're interrupted.

"Hands off my girl," Drew barks, almost tugging you away forcefully.

"You better calm down," Jensen warns him quietly, stepping closer to him. "I could have you kicked out of here in seconds."

Drew stares him down and then scoffs, "I need a fuckin' drink. Which way is the bar?"

As Drew leaves, you groan softly. "Kill me now."

"I'd much rather kill him," Jensen comments quietly, making you smile just a little.

---

Given that Drew isn't supposed to be here, his place has been set on a different table to you and the rest of the wedding party – *thankfully*. You can't help but wonder if your father had something to do with that. Still, it doesn't stop him from keeping his eye on you from across the room, glaring at you periodically. You try to ignore him, thankful to be sitting next to Jensen, and every now and then Jensen's hand reaches under the table and lovingly squeezes your thigh in reassurance that he's there, which you're incredibly grateful for.

The speeches are sweet and loving – even your grandfather's – and there's barely a dry eye in the house by the end of them all. Conversation flows pretty easily around the table with the other bridesmaids and groomsmen, but every now and then you glance over your shoulder to see Drew giving you some sort of look of disdain. You can tell from where you're sitting that he's drunk, and you're not surprised considering how often you've seen him refill his wine glass or drink from the flask in his suit jacket. Why is he here? To torture himself? To make you feel guilty for *what you've done to him*?

You find your grandmother sitting at your table at one point of the meal, once the dessert has been served and people are mingling a little more, and of course the first question out of her mouth is to ask why Drew isn't sitting next to you.

"He wasn't supposed to come," you tell her flatly. "He had work, but he was able to change his plans last minute. I guess they couldn't fit him on this table," you shrug. You're not really in the mood to fake it for your grandmother, and as you take a large sip of wine, you only wish you'd had more by now.

"What's going on between you two? You've seemed tense all day. Not wedding jitters is it? Have you even set a date yet? You're not getting any younger, Y/N."

"Hey, May," Jensen calls from the other side of you. "That's a beautiful pin, did you wear that to my wedding?"

You shoot Jensen a grateful smile and quietly excuse yourself, deciding to head to the bathroom where you can freak out a little more outwardly for a few moments. You have your eyes set on the bathroom door as soon as you round the corner down the hallway, but someone grabs your wrist and stops you from getting there. When you turn around you see Drew, and you instantly glare, tugging your wrist free.

"What the fuck do you think you're playing at?" you hiss, happy you finally have a second alone with him to give him a piece of your mind. You're so done faking it with him right now.

"Me?" he scoffs, blinking at you.

"Yes, *you*. Why are you even here? We broke up! No one wants you here, but here you are – punishing me – for what? Deciding to put myself first for once?"

"Oh that's right, you loved putting yourself first, didn't you? Whatever Y/N wants she gets, just a spoiled little brat with mommy issues."

"*Excuse me?*" you choke out in disbelief. "Why are you treating me like this, Drew? You're the one that chose a fucking city over me!"

"Get over yourself. Like I'd leave my career and my family behind for you," Drew laughs humorlessly.

"You're just proving my point. You're an asshole and I deserve better than you," you tell him adamantly, turning on your heels to walk away.

"Oh, you mean like Jensen?" he calls out, stopping you in your tracks.

"Jensen?" you question, trying to seem confused by the very accusation.

“Yeah, I know. Quite frankly I’m surprised the rest of your family haven’t figured it out. The way you two look at each other, it’s fuckin’ disgusting.”

You glance around, making sure you’re still alone, but the risk is still too high, so you glance towards some double doors that you know lead to the room the ceremony had been held in. You drag Drew into it, where it’s a little more private, and cross your arms over your chest.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” you insist. “There’s nothing going on between me and Jensen.”

“Wow, you lie so easily, no wonder I fell for your bullshit,” Drew laughs bitterly.

He reaches into his pocket, producing his cell, and then after a few seconds, he shows you the screen, the video Jensen had taken on your cell in your classroom that day is playing out.

“How did you get that?” you ask quietly, your heart stopping and wedging in your throat.

“God bless the Cloud,” he tells you sarcastically.

“Drew, delete it,” you demand quietly. “Please just delete it, it’s not... it’s not what it looks like.”

“Oh it’s *exactly* what it looks like,” he scoffs, stopping the video and pushing his phone back into his pocket. You shake your head, refusing to believe this is even happening right now. Drew has no reason to not show your father, and then this is all over.

“Okay, listen, I can explain,” you tell him as calmly as possible.

“Explain what? How you were fucking him behind my back that entire time? I bet you two were laughing about how fucking stupid I was, how I had no idea that you were being one big slut in Austin while I waited around for you in New York. I mean, the jokes on me, right? Because I even encouraged you to take the fucking job and move in with him. Was all that an act? Hm? Were you always going to take the job? Did you ask him for it? Suck his dick for the position?”

“Drew,” you try to interrupt. “It wasn’t like that.”

“Wasn’t it? I already know you’re a fuckin’ slut. You’ve got so many notches in your bedpost you don’t even know what number I am...”

“Stop,” you plead, tears flooding your vision. “I swear to you, it wasn’t like that,” you insist. “I didn’t mean... I didn’t mean to cheat on you.”

“So you *did* cheat?!” he shouts, making you jump.

The doors burst open, which only scares you more, but as soon as you see Jensen storming into the room, you relax just a little.

“Back the fuck off of her,” he warns in a deep growl.

“There he is,” Drew laughs, unfazed by Jensen’s threatening tone. “Have you been enjoying my whore?”

Jensen grabs the scruff of Drew’s shirt and pushes him up against the wall.

“Call her a whore one more time and you’ll be eating through a straw. Now get the fuck out of my best friend’s wedding before you’re being carried out on a stretcher.”

“Best friend,” Drew scoffs, shaking his head. “You’ll be the one on the stretcher when Jared finds out what you’ve been doing with his *baby girl*.”

Jensen lets him go, punching him in the side of the face. “Get out.”

Drew holds his face, looking over at you as you watch on silently with tears trickling down your cheeks. He scoffs and then leaves the room, but you don’t feel any more relaxed. What if he walks right up to your father and tells him everything? Shows him the proof?

“Hey hey hey,” Jensen soothes, stepping up to you and holding your face. “Are you okay?”

“He’s got the video, Jensen, we’re fucking screwed,” you confess, hot tears finally spilling down your cheeks. “What do we do?”

Jensen clenches his jaw and then takes a deep breath. “We get there before him,” he tells you, pressing his forehead against yours. “We tell them everything.”

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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### Chapter Twenty

**Chapter Tags:** angst, fluff, smut, p in v, more angst, lots more angst, minor violence, more angst

**Chapter WC:** 2520

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# SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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## ***Jensen's POV***

Jensen frowns, sitting up in the darkness when there's a knock at his hotel door. He glances at the alarm clock to see it's almost four in the morning, not that he's been able to sleep at all. The knocking gets louder – more urgent – and his heart wedges in his throat when he considers who it could be. Jared's found out. He's found out and he's about to bust down that door and beat the shit outta Jensen. Jensen figures he probably deserves it.

While he's never regretted loving Y/N, he does still feel like a pretty shitty best friend right now. He's been constantly replaying the conversation with Jared in his head from two nights ago, when they'd talked about being happy and how Jared was happy for him to have found someone to love. Jensen truly had given Jared and Clarissa his blessing because he meant it, and not just in the hopes that Jared would return the favour; but Jensen is *really hoping* that Jared returning the sentiment will be a happy bonus.

He figures there's no point delaying the confrontation, so he climbs out of bed and heads towards the door, opening it expecting to see a very angry Jared, only to be greeted by a very fearful Y/N instead.

"I can't sleep," she sighs, clearly exasperated.

Jensen offers her a sympathetic smile and steps to one side, letting her in, and she hugs herself as she steps over the threshold. He locks the door behind them and turns around to face her.

"It's going to be okay, baby," he reassures her, reaching out to stroke her arm.

"I keep thinking about it... about how we should tell them. I thought maybe we could write a speech. But what if I forget my lines and it sounds... scripted and insincere. So then I thought we'll just tell them naturally, but what if all the words come out wrong and we say the wrong thing and it gets worse and—"

"Hey hey hey," Jensen interrupts her softly, reaching up to grab her face. "You're overthinking it."

"You think so? You think it'll be okay?" she asks, wide eyed.

"Sweetheart, I can't promise they're going to congratulate us and hug us by the end of it, but the most important thing right now is that we tell them the truth."



“Are you sure it’s worth it? All that drama and heartache?” she asks, swallowing hard.

“You tell me,” he demands softly, leaning forward and kissing her. “Y/N, if we don’t come clean and Drew tells them, it’ll be so much worse. And if even if we called this off and they still found out? All this would’ve been for nothing. And I don’t know about you, but I’m not ready to lose you again.”

Y/N nods in his hold and sniffles. “You’re right,” she agrees. “It’ll be worth it.”

She kisses him again, a little more passionately than before, which throws Jensen off for a moment, and then she reaches up, smoothing her hand down his chest softly.

“Just help me take my mind off of it,” she whispers against his lips.

Jensen smirks slightly, pulling her in closer as he pushes his tongue into her mouth. She whimpers ever so quietly into his mouth, following him as he blindly leads them over to his bed. He sits down, Y/N eagerly following him, straddling his waist, and Jensen tangles his fingers in her hair, feeling her grind her ass down into his crotch. He can feel that she’s not wearing underwear under the oversized t-shirt she’s worn to bed, and it’s confirmed when he reaches for the hem and pulls it off of her to reveal her naked body underneath.

Jensen leans forward, wrapping his lips around her nipple, sucking it into his mouth before biting on it softly, and Y/N arches her back into him, reaching down between them and peeling his boxers back to free his cock. Instantly her hand wraps around the base and she guides him towards her wet entrance, teasing her clit with the tip for a moment first. Both of them moan in unison at the sensation, until Y/N lifts her hips and lowers herself down onto him, enveloping his entire length with heat. Jensen’s hands grip her hips hard, helping her movements, her bottom lip getting caught between his teeth as he growls, and Y/N whines, wrapping her hands around the back of his neck and lifting and dropping herself hard and fast.

“Yeah, it’s worth it,” she pants, kissing him breathless again, and Jensen couldn’t agree more.

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“Hey, relax baby girl, deep breaths,” Jensen soothes, reaching across to squeeze her hand as they descend in the elevator. Y/N can barely stand still, shaking her legs, taking short and shallow breaths, biting on the skin around her fingernails. “It’s gonna be okay in the end, I promise,” he reassures her.

She looks at him, tears already glazing over her eyes, but she stills her shaky bottom lip and nods her head silently. Jensen squeezes her hand one last time and then lets go as the elevator doors ping open, both making their way to the restaurant.

“There’s a table for Padalecki,” Jensen tells the hostess, offering her a polite smile.

She nods and leads the way through the restaurant, other patrons having some amazing looking breakfasts, but Jensen isn’t hungry, and he’s fairly sure Y/N won’t be either. When they get there, Jared and Clarissa are already seated, and Jared looks surprised to see Jensen, especially when Jensen notices the table is only set for three. The hostess is quick to set up the final place for Jensen, and he pulls out Y/N’s chair and encourages her to sit down in it, knowing she’ll need all the help she can get right now. She looks like she’s seen a ghost, and as Jensen sits next to her, he can’t help but notice she’s pressed her leg against his under the table.

“Didn’t expect you to come,” Jared tells him, smiling.

“Y/N invited me, I hope that’s okay,” Jensen smiles back, fussing with his knife and fork.

“Yeah, of course,” Jared agrees, Clarissa nodding silently. “It’s just a goodbye breakfast before we go on honeymoon,” he explains.

Jensen and Y/N are offered coffee, which they both silently accept, and the silence grows around the table for a moment as everyone starts looking at the menu.

“Beautiful day, yesterday,” Jensen comments, trying to keep the conversation light.

“Thank you,” Clarissa replies, “we had a great day.”

Jensen bites his bottom lip, wondering when the best time would be to bring the conversation up and *how* to bring the conversation up, and he guesses that Y/N isn’t going to start it, so that’ll fall on him. He takes a large swig of coffee, wishing it was something *much* stronger, and clears his throat.

“How are you feeling, baby girl? After Drew made his appearance?” Jared asks, looking over at his daughter, concerned.

“It was a little overwhelming,” she admits, her voice shaky.

“Are you okay? Do you want us to postpone the honeymoon?” Jared asks immediately.

“No, Dad, it’s not... it’s not Drew, there’s something else,” she flusters, looking down at the table in front of her. Jared frowns slightly, his eyes flickering to Jensen for a moment.

The silence grows around the table once again, Jared becoming more and more noticeably concerned, and then he looks back at Jensen.

“Is that why you’re here? Do you know what’s wrong?” he prompts.

Jensen looks over at Y/N licking his lips, judging her reaction. She looks at him pleadingly, and he knows this next bit is on him so he takes a deep breath and clears his throat.

“So, urm,” he starts, and he feels all eyes land on him. “The thing is, me and Y/N have been living together and... well, we’ve been getting closer.” He stops, because he realises it’s coming out all wrong. They’d agreed they were going to come *completely* clean, which includes telling them about eight years ago, and the way Jensen’s trying to get it out does not sound like this started eight years ago, and now *he’s* getting flustered.

“I love your daughter, Jared,” Jensen confesses, swallowing hard. He finally looks at his best friend to see his brow furrowed slightly and then a slight smile curls over his lips.

“Alright, I know that,” he laughs, looking at her.

“No, I mean...” Jensen sighs, reaching for Y/N’s hand and dropping them to the table top. “I love your daughter.”

Jared’s eyes fall to their hands and stay there for a few moments, and then he looks up, between the two of them.

“And I love him,” Y/N finally adds.

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### **Your POV**

The silence is unbearable, you feel so sick you might actually throw up on this very expensive tablecloth. But it’s out there now and neither of you can take back what you’ve said.

“Is this a joke?” your father finally asks, laughing humorlessly. “Fuck, that was so convincing.” He sits back in his chair, but when Jensen only squeezes your hand tighter, Jared seems to start realising that this is anything but a joke. “Wait,” he speaks up, sitting forward again. “Are you serious?”

“Jared, listen, we obviously didn’t plan for this to happen, but—”

“Y/N,” Jared interrupts Jensen, looking straight at you.

“Jensen’s right, Dad,” you tell him, choking on tears. “We didn’t plan it, but it happened.”

Clarissa remains quiet, just looking between the two of you, and then Jared laughs humorlessly once again.

“You don’t love each other, this is just some rebound from Drew, right?” he asks, desperately. You shake your head, disagreeing with him, wanting to tell him that Drew was the real rebound, but you can’t find the words. “You haven’t been broken up from Drew long enough to know that you’re in love with someone new,” Jared argues next.

“We broke up *because* I’m in love with Jensen.” Jared’s mouth falls open but words don’t come out, and his jaw clenches a little harder. “We tried to ignore it, but we couldn’t.”

“Jared, please. We’re both happy with each other, and we know this is hard to take in right now, but we’re hoping one day you’ll be happy for us too,” Jensen explains softly.

Jared laughs harder, shaking his head. “Are you fucking kidding me? You’re fucking my daughter and you want me to be *happy for you*? I don’t... I don’t even know what to say. Jensen, I never thought you could put stupid thoughts into her head like this, I trusted you with her, man. And Y/N... I would’ve expected this from you in high school, but now? You don’t love him, sweetheart, okay? You haven’t been together long enough to *love him*. Plus, is everyone just forgetting he’s your fucking *uncle*?”

“I have never legally been her uncle since we started this,” Jensen argues.

“Since you started this? What the fuck does that mean?” Jared grunts.

“I’ve been in love with him since I started going to his school,” you confess, needing your father to take you seriously. “When we broke up so I could go to college, I was heartbroken, and I met Drew and thought I could move on, but I couldn’t, and being with Jensen again only proved that. I love him and I’m sorry that that hurts you, but I can’t help how I feel.”

“Is she fucking joking?” Jared asks Jensen, glaring at him. “You mean when you told me to trust you and send my daughter to your fucking school you were *grooming* her?”

“Jared,” Clarissa speaks up, reaching across to grab his arm. Jared snatches his arm back, clearly not interested in whatever his new wife has to say.

“Jared, you know me, you know I’d never do something like that...” Jensen defends.

“Do I? I never thought you’d fuck my daughter but here we are.” Jared’s voice is getting louder and louder, enough that nearby tables are stopping their conversations to listen to yours instead, and you just want the ground to swallow you up.

“Listen, I know it’s not what you want, but you know what? You marrying my ex wife wasn’t what I wanted either,” Jensen explains.

“Oh so this is some kind of revenge?” Jared lashes out. “I fuck your wife so you fuck my daughter?”

“No, that’s not what I’m saying,” Jensen argues back. “My point is that while I wasn’t exactly thrilled about it, I accepted it because you’re happy and she’s happy, and so I’m happy for you. Me and Y/N are just asking for the same.”

“Don’t you dare compare me and Clarissa to you and my daughter,” Jared growls, pointing at Jensen. “She’s a kid, *my kid*.”

“She’s an adult capable of making her own decisions, and she always has been for as long as I’ve been with her,” Jensen insists.

Jared scoffs and shakes his head, standing up. The sight of him about to leave only hurts you even more, but you can’t find any words that might make him stay. You could tell him that you’d never see Jensen again, but the idea of that somehow hurts more.

“I can’t even fucking look at you,” Jared spits out. As he starts to walk away, Jensen stands up, holding his hand out to stop Jared in his tracks.

“Jar, c’mon don’t leave it like this,” Jensen pleads.

But instead of a reply, your father punches Jensen in the mouth, sending him stumbling backwards. You instantly stand up, your instincts are to approach Jensen and check he’s okay, but you feel Clarissa reach out and grab your arm softly.

“Don’t ever speak to me again…” Jared warns Jensen, and then he looks at you. “You deserve better.”

Clarissa squeezes your arm gently before she lets go and follows Jared out of the restaurant, and once they’re gone you approach Jensen, checking he’s okay. His nose is bloody, but it’s nothing too serious. You grab a napkin and hold it to his nose, feeling your hands shaking with adrenaline and nerves.

“You should follow him,” Jensen argues, groaning slightly in pain.

“I’m not leaving you,” you insist, pressing the napkin there harder.

“Maybe you should. I don’t want to get in the way of you two,” Jensen sighs.

“You promised me that this would work out eventually,” you remind him, pulling the napkin away to see the bleeding has stopped. “And I believe you,” you tell him, reaching up to press your hand to the side of his face. “So I’m not leaving you, Jensen. I choose you.” Jensen smiles

slightly, and then you kiss him, feeling the way the hairs stand up on the back of your neck, and you know you're happy with your decision.

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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Epilogue

**Chapter Tags:** nerves, anxiety, fall out, making up, heart to heart, reconciling, angst, gross stuff like fluff and romance

**Chapter WC:** 2947

[Senior: WTD TY Masterlist](#)

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## SENIOR

WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU

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**EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER**

***Jensen's POV***

Jensen takes a deep breath, rubbing his sweaty palms into the thighs of his slacks, feeling his heart thudding in his chest. He looks himself in the eye through the reflection of the mirror and clears his throat, making sure his tie is straight and his hair is in all the right places. Reaching down for the faucet, he starts to run the cold water, wetting his fingers to splash a little on his face. His legs start to jiggle nervously as he tries to shake it off and compose himself once more.

Last time this happened, things didn't end well. Is he really sure he's ready to do it all over again? It's been a long time now, granted, and this time it feels better – more natural – but naturally the doubts are still swimming around in his head. Things are different now, he keeps reminding himself. He's ready for this, and it seems like the right time. He just hopes everyone else is ready, too. That's when his mind drifts to Jared, and how he thought things would work out differently than this. Jensen's not sure he's ever been this long without his best friend since they met over twenty years ago. It seems so strange to him that Jared would let it go on so long.

While Jensen appreciates that the guy has every right to hold a grudge, Jensen had thought – *hoped* – it wouldn't have lasted this long. Especially for Y/N's sake.

But then that's not entirely Jared's fault anymore, Jensen realises. At first it was Jared's call, missing phone calls, avoiding the two of them. Y/N would get through to Clarissa who would always say the same thing; *he just needs more time*. But as much as Jensen loves the girl, Y/N is stubborn, and eventually, she started to push back. She was the reason that she and Jared didn't reconnect. And Jensen can only assume that like father, like daughter, it became a vicious circle that Jensen and Clarissa found themselves caught going around in.

Jensen has always felt uncomfortable with being the reason Y/N hasn't been speaking to her father. With her mother well and truly out of the picture, it's not like she's had an abundance of family to turn to. But she's seemed content in the last year and a half with Jensen, and only Jensen. He supposes that's a good sign for them as a couple, but he can't help hoping that things will change, that she and Jared will reconcile one day, even if Jared never extends his forgiveness to Jensen.

With his thoughts a little more jumbled, Jensen tries to focus on what's right in front of him, only able to worry about the here and now, and not whatever might happen after tonight. He straightens his suit jacket, tugging on the sleeves, and hears a soft knock at the bathroom door.

"Everything okay in there, baby?" Y/N calls in softly.

"Yeah, I'll be right out," he calls back. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah, ready when you are," she confirms.

Jensen lets himself out of the bathroom. Y/N is nowhere to be found so he heads downstairs, seeing her standing at the breakfast bar, nursing a glass of wine. He instantly smiles when he sees her in the new dress she'd bought for the evening.

"Wow, baby girl you look stunning," he gushes, unable to take his eyes off of her, his nerves settling just a little at the sight of her.

"You too," she chuckles softly. "So, are we ready for this?" She grabs her purse, clutching it against her stomach. "I mean... as ready as we're gonna be," she laughs.

"Yeah, I'm ready," Jensen nods. "But there is one thing I need to come clean about first."

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Jensen offers Y/N his hand as he helps her out of the car, and when her eyes take in the scenery of the city before them, she laughs softly, shaking her head. She's more carefree than she started the evening, so that's something at least.

"I'd have worn different shoes if I knew we'd end up here. And I wouldn't have bothered buying such an expensive dress. I can't believe you lied to me, you know how much I stressed about that party," she glares playfully.

Jensen chuckles softly, shrugging. "C'mon, when have I ever thrown a faculty party in November?" he scoffs.

"Well I thought it was some kind of peace offering now our relationship is public," she defends.

"I don't need a peace offering, I'm the boss. I can date who I want," he argues, watching her step closer.

"There's a lot of whispers, y'know? The people who knew me when I was a student have a lot of questions about us."

"I'm sure they do, but we can let them wonder," he tells her softly, smirking before kissing her gently.

"So why didn't you stop me spending so much money on this outfit if you knew we were just coming here?" she wonders, turning her head to look at their breathtaking view.

"Because you looked too good in it to let you walk away from it," he argues. Y/N shakes her head, clearly flattered by his words and clears her throat.

"Not that I don't appreciate the romance of this whole thing... but what are we doing here?" she prompts.

Jensen's starting to become a little more anxious again now as he plays with his suit jacket and steps back.

"Well," he begins, reaching for the inside pocket. "We do have a dinner reservation after this, but there's something I wanted to do first," he explains, feeling his cheeks heat up.

"Okay," Y/N laughs slightly, clearly confused.

Jensen clears his throat, pulling out the box from his pocket and getting down onto one knee. He opens the box and watches as Y/N's eyes widen and her hand comes to her mouth to cover it.



“Y/N Padalecki, from the first time you kissed me something shifted, and I just knew things would never be the same again. I know we’ve always been unconventional, and there will always be people who don’t understand or accept us, but that doesn’t matter to me. All that matters to me is I never have to feel the pain of losing you again. I told you I wasn’t going to let you go this time, and I meant it. So, why not make it official?” he asks. “Will you marry me?”

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### ***Your POV***

“Well? Will you?” Jensen prompts.

You realise you still haven’t responded. Your throat has closed up, tears spilling down your cheeks, and your heart is racing a million miles an hour. Both excitement and dread fills your veins as you stare at the diamond ring nestled in velvet, seeing the way the city lights catch in it and make it sparkle.

“I don’t know,” you find yourself saying.

Instantly, Jensen looks a little deflated, dropping his hand and taking the ring with him.

“What do you mean you don’t know?” he asks, swallowing hard.

“No no, God, no Jensen,” you rush to reassure him, “I don’t mean... well, I mean...” you take a deep breath, struggling to calm your mind so you can give him a clear explanation. “I love you *so much*,” you confirm, swallowing. “I want to be with you for the rest of my life. But Jensen, I’ve never envisaged my wedding without my Dad there,” you admit, feeling a different type of tears start to fill your eyes. “I can’t... I won’t be able to marry you without his blessing.”

Jensen looks even more deflated now, but he swallows hard and nods his head.

“I understand,” he confirms, getting up to stand at full height again.

“Jensen, I’m sorry...” you shake your head, feeling heartbroken that it didn’t go how he wanted it to. But you have to be honest with him. Your honesty with each other is the biggest reason this entire relationship works so well.

“Don’t be sorry,” he insists, “I do understand,” he nods.

“So maybe I should go home...” you tell him, biting your bottom lip anxiously at the very idea. “And invite my father to our wedding.”

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You wait nervously on the doorstep, glancing back towards your car. You knew you'd regret insisting on doing this alone, but you know that showing up with Jensen by your side isn't going to help anything. Maybe you can get through to your father on your own. Your heart stops when the door opens, but before you can freak out too much, you see Clarissa and feel yourself getting swept up in a hug.

"I've missed you," she sighs, hugging you tighter. You smile slightly, hugging her back.

"Missed you too," you reply as she lets go.

"C'mon, he's inside," she explains, stepping to one side. "I haven't told him."

The thought of your father not expecting you only makes you more nervous, and you know it could go one of two ways. Either the shock of you turning up will anger him, or catch him off guard enough that maybe he'll hear you out this time. Your childhood home hasn't changed a bit since you last visited, and you wonder if he's kept your bedroom the same, or if he'd eradicated all traces of you out of pain. But before you can think about that for too long, you find yourself standing in the doorway to the kitchen, seeing your father pouring boiling water into a mug.

"Hey Dad," you call out bravely. Jared turns around, almost dropping the kettle when he sees you before quickly placing the hot object back on the stove.

"Y/N," he chokes out, his eyes widening.

"Been a while," you comment, trying to sound casual while feeling anything but. "You haven't changed," you notice. Jared remains silent, just staring at you, and so you bravely step a little further into the room. "I thought it was time we made up," you explain nervously, playing with your fingers in front of you.

"Tea?" he finally asks, pointing at his mug.

"I'm fine," you insist, just wanting to get this over with already.

Jared clears his throat as he grabs his drink and heads over to the dining table. You take a seat opposite him, playing with your fingers on the table top and letting the uncomfortable silence build.

"You've changed your hair a little," he notices. You instinctively reach up to touch it and offer him a weak smile, nodding in confirmation. "I like it."

"Thanks," you reply quietly.

"I should've come to see you sooner," he says next, surprising you. "I've just been busy with work, y'know?"

You know it's a lie but you pretend to buy it at first, wanting to remain as civil as possible. But then you realise that this doesn't work unless you're both completely honest with each other.

"Are you sure it's not because of Jensen?" you ask bluntly.

Jared scoffs, looking down at his tea and playing with the string for the tea bag. "What do you want me to say, Y/N?" he asks exasperatedly.

"That you're happy for me? That you're happy that I've found the person I want to spend the rest of my life with? That I'm your daughter and you'll love and support me no matter what..." Jared shakes his head, looking away. "Dad, please. I know it's not what you might've wanted for me, but Jensen is my person. You know better than anyone that we can't help who we fall in love with."

"Me falling in love with Clarissa is nothing like Jensen," Jared insists stubbornly.

"I'm not saying it is, Dad, but you still fell for someone you knew you shouldn't have. Do you think me and Jensen just didn't care? That we just fell into bed together on the first day? No, we fought this, we tried to ignore it and do the right thing. Jensen especially tried to stay away the first time. You know what I was like as a teenager, so you can't blame him for that. And then when I got the job, we both tried so hard... of course I didn't want to cheat on Drew. Drew was a great guy and he loved me, and I knew he didn't deserve me being in love with someone else. I didn't ask for any of this. But I love him Dad, with every fiber of my being. He makes me happy, he makes me feel like the most important person on this planet. You should want that for me."

Jared stays quiet for a moment, considering your words.

"Of course I want that for you, sweetheart," he relents, sighing. "But you've got to understand how hard this is."

"I know, Dad, I know..." you nod, agreeing. "You have been the best Dad I could've asked for. You never left me like Mom did, you tried your best. Hell, you even let me think my Mom wasn't a total bitch so that I wouldn't hate her for leaving. You've done so much for me, and I know I don't deserve to ask for more, but this is the last thing I'll ever ask of you. *Please*, try and accept my relationship with Jensen, because we want to spend the rest of our lives together. Hell, we wanna get married..." you confess. "But I can't do that without you. Please don't make me pick between the man I love and my family. *Please*."

"You want to marry him?" your father asks, looking you directly in the eyes.

“Yeah, I do,” you admit honestly. “He asked me and I wanted to say yes, but I can’t until you accept us.”

Jared takes a deep breath, his jaw clenched, and he plays with his mug again. “Well, he better ask my permission,” he finally says. “No daughter of mine is getting married without my say so.”

“Are you going to say yes?” you press, skeptical.

Jared licks his lips and shrugs. “Why don’t you tell your boyfriend to ask me and we’ll see.”

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## **SIX MONTHS LATER**

“Fuck, I’m so nervous,” you admit, feeling your hands shaking. You catch Clarissa’s eye through the mirror and see her smiling sympathetically.

“I remember that feeling,” she nods, reaching up to hold your arms. She squeezes them comfortingly and then lets go, returning to fussing with your hair.

“Are you okay?” you check, frowning slightly. “I mean, with everything. I was so concerned about Dad I never stopped to think about how you feel about all this.”

Clarissa offers you an appreciative smile and you turn around to face her properly.

“I know from experience that the man you’re about to marry is one of the kindest, most loving men you’ll ever meet,” she starts to explain, reaching up to fuss with your hair piece. “And things didn’t work out between us for a reason. I was always meant to be with your Dad, and I guess you were always meant to be with Jensen. I know his intentions are pure, and that’s all that we can ask for.”

You smile slightly at her blessing. “Thanks, Clarissa, for everything. Not just with Jensen and my Dad, but... you’ve always been like a Mom to me, and I’ve never thanked you enough for that.”

Clarissa chokes back tears, shaking her head and turning her face away. She wraps her arms around you and hugs you, then pulls back and laughs slightly, reaching for a tissue to dab her eyes dry. “You’ve got me going already,” she complains. “Your father hasn’t even seen you yet, there’ll be more tears than I’m sure.”

You laugh softly, nodding your head in agreement. You can’t help but feel like there’s going to be a lot more tears throughout the day.

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“Are you sure this is what you want?” You turn to look at your father completely, looking up into his eyes. “Because if you’re having second thoughts then the car is just outside, I can get you in there and we can just go,” he offers.

You laugh, shaking your head. “As much as I’m sure you’d love that, he’s the only one for me, Dad.”

Jared takes a deep breath and nods his head. “Alright,” he agrees, reaching up and cupping the side of your face. “Alright, baby girl. If you’re happy, then I’m happy.”

He lets go when the music starts, and you once again turn to face the front, hooking your arm into his. Nerves are making every inch of you clammy, your heart thudding so hard it hurts, sickness pressing at the base of your throat. But as the doors open and you’re greeted by the room full of people, your eyes only search for and find Jensen, and he instantly beams, not taking his eyes off of you as your father walks you closer and closer. Each step gets easier as you walk towards Jensen, and when you reach the end of the aisle, you turn to your father, giving him your full attention for a moment. There are already tears in his eyes as he leans down to kiss your cheek.

“Love you, baby girl,” he whispers, before taking your hand and offering it to Jensen. “Look after her,” he warns.

Jensen takes your hand, squeezing it lovingly.

“Always,” he agrees, and as your father slips away and sits down, suddenly the whole world is swallowed, and it’s just you and Jensen, standing there, staring at each other and the lifetime ahead of you.

**THE END**