

Parent Teacher Conference

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

“Thank you. Feel free to email me if you have any further questions. Have a good evening!”

A soft sigh - equal parts frustration and exhaustion - escaped my lips as I watched the latest set of parents disappear out of the classroom, their poorly-behaved son in tow. It was yet another parent-teacher conference night, meaning it would be one of the longest working days in my year. I had the unfortunate luck of being the only History teacher at my school to have a class in each year group, meaning that while my colleagues were already at home with a glass of wine in hand, I was still at the school with another two hours of meetings ahead of me.

The past few years had seen an increasing number of parents showing up for these conferences, but this year seemed particularly bad. As a result of having such large classes (the largest I'd ever taught), the kids had always tended to get along, and so there hadn't been many incidents between them. In fact, by the end of last term, I could usually count on only one or two fights breaking out per week, which really wasn't too bad given how large our classes were. This year, however, things had changed dramatically. We were now at the halfway point of the Autumn Term, and almost every day had seen at least three separate altercations break out between students. On top of that, the whole class was beginning to act more like a bunch of jokers than actual scholars, making it very difficult to keep control of the room. I was at my wit's end!

Of course, none of this should have come as a surprise considering these were teenagers I was dealing with, but it still frustrated me to see the learning of genuinely nice kids get negatively affected by the actions of a handful of troublemakers. Unfortunately, I knew from experience that these kinds of problems weren't going to go away overnight, and so I had to chip away at the issues and try to make fixes where I could. One opportunity for such fixes was the annual parent-teacher conference night and it just so happened that the year group that had been invited in after hours was the most troublesome of all my classes. The most recent parents I'd met with had been appalled to hear that their son had set a new detention record and had of course gone out of their way to suggest that I must be at fault rather than their darling son. That was irritating but hardly surprising - I'd hear it a few more times before the night was out.

Luckily the next appointment seemed like it would be a positive one, as I could see from my list that I was about to be meeting with the father of one of the better behaved members of the class. Louis Reed was the politest thirteen year old I'd ever

encountered and his grade average was well above that of his peers. I was actually excited at the possibility of having something nice to say in one of these meetings for once!

"Mr Dyer." The voice pulled me back into the present and I turned towards the door to find Louis' father standing there, catching me by surprise with his relatively youthful looks compared to some of the other parents I had met that night. He couldn't have been much older than eighteen when he'd become a father if his features gave anything away. The other man's sharp angular features, beautifully clear skin and carefully styled thick black hair caused my heart to beat a little faster. It wasn't unusual for me to note how attractive some of the parents of my students could be but this latest arrival was on a whole other level!

"Hello, Mr Reed," I replied, smiling warmly. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you. Please come in."

I stepped aside and gestured for him to enter, noticing that he'd closed the door behind himself. It seemed Louis wouldn't be joining us, which was rather unusual given most of the meetings featured the student and at least one parent. Given just how good looking Mr Reed was though, I wasn't exactly complaining about being alone in a classroom with him. As soon as he was inside, I moved over to the desk and picked up a folder full of notes that I'd prepared earlier that afternoon.



"Please, call me Mark," the other man introduced himself, "Apologies that I've come alone, Louis has tennis practice on Thursday evenings and with his tournament coming up this weekend, I didn't feel it was fair to make him miss it." A tennis tournament? Truth be told, I'd had no idea that Louis played the sport, let alone at a high level. The news came as a delight though - good for him!

"So, Louis has been doing very well this year," I began once we were both seated, trying to sound confident and professional despite the butterflies that were starting to flutter around in my stomach. I could barely maintain contact with his icy blue eyes for several seconds at a time before being compelled to look away, using the notes on my desk as a shield. Upon clearing my throat, I continued: "He's a fine student who is always eager to help others and shows great respect towards both his classmates

and teachers alike. I'm sure you are very proud of him."

"Very much so," Mr Reed replied, nodding his head confidently. "His mother and I raised him to be polite and respectful and we're extremely proud of what he's accomplished." I was quick to note that Mark had referred to "Louis' mother" and not "my wife" and there was also no ring on his finger, although I knew it was silly to put any stock in that. Even if he did happen to be separated from her and have even the slightest attraction to other men it wasn't as if this gorgeous man would ever fall in love with a teacher that was well past his prime!

I made a point of taking a look through the paperwork in front of me, using the time to calm my nerves. "The school is really pleased with Louis' progress," I went on, "and I think you'll agree that he is a credit to your family."

"Yes, I am very proud of him," Mark replied, "but I also understand that he still has room for improvement."

"Of course," I said, "every teenager does. But I can assure you that as long as he keeps working as he is, Louis will be making steady improvements until the end of the year."

"Excellent," the other man replied, offering up a smile that showed off his perfectly pristine white teeth. "I want to ensure that Louis gets the best possible grades and prepares him for college down the line, so it's reassuring to hear that the teacher feels comfortable that he'll improve."

"Absolutely," I replied, hoping it was clear to him that I wasn't going to suddenly fail him out of spite or because of some stupid rule. No, I didn't do that even to the students who drove me up the wall and had my hair thinning since my early twenties. "There's every chance that Louis could do even better than expected, although I won't be able to give you an accurate prediction based on his current performance. However, whatever happens, I guarantee that the school will be more than happy to help him achieve everything he wants to."

The man nodded his head in agreement. "Well, if that's all?" he asked, already beginning to rise from the chair. My heart sank slightly as I realized that my time with the gorgeous man was quickly coming to a close. I'd barely had the time to admire how his black shirt hugged the slender but firm torso, or how the buttons he'd left undone revealed the cleavage line between the pecs underneath. Still, perhaps it was best that he leave quickly before I said something stupid and accidentally revealed by blossoming crush on him.

"That's all," I confirmed, gesturing towards the door. "Do feel free to call or email me anytime if you have any questions about Louis' education at the school."

"Thank you again, Mr Dyer," Louis' father replied. He reached his hand out over the desk and just like with numerous parents earlier in the night, I returned the gesture and clasped our palms together. Right as our hands made contact though, there was a loud rumble of thunder high above us and every single light in the school switched off in an instant. For a brief moment we were plunged into total darkness and a shiver ran right through my body, all the way from head to toe. Then, when the lights slowly flickered on seconds later, I was greeted by the shock of a lifetime: I was now standing on the visitor's side of the desk, clasping hands with and looking into the face of an exact duplicate of myself. I might as well have been parked in front of a mirror!

"What the hell?!" my duplicate exclaimed, pulling his hand back as fast as he possibly could. His face twisted in expression that was somewhere between confusion, alarm and terror. From an outsider's perspective I was immediately struck by just how plain my own appearance was; I felt like I was truly seeing myself for the first time. While I'd never been overly crippled by self-image issues, I was well aware of the fact that I wasn't the best looking guy my town had ever seen and that was one of the reasons I hadn't had a partner of either gender in almost five years. Considering I was pushing forty and my weight had slowly crept up over the past decade, I had my doubts that I was going to ever find someone to settle down with. "Why do you look like me?!"

The latest question from my duplicate snapped me out of my momentary haze. "I think you'll find--" I started, only to break off at the unfamiliar voice leaving my mouth. No, not unfamiliar, just not the one I was used to hearing when I spoke. It was a voice I'd been listening to minutes earlier though - *Mark Reed's* voice! With my suspicions rising, I forced my gaze away from the man standing behind the teacher's desk and glanced down at myself. Sure enough, I was wearing that tight-fitting black shirt that Mr Reed had been wearing upon his arrival and the torso it was stretched over was lean and muscular, like that of a runner or swimmer, rather than my own bloated physique. Was I... in the body of my student's father?

"This is absurd!" the man exclaimed in a high-pitched panicked tone. There were even tears springing into his eyes! "How can this be happening?! It-- it must be a nightmare! What in God's name is going on here?!" As I watched his meltdown begin though, a thousand opportunities began to rush to the forefront of my mind, each more devious and enticing than the last. I had long wished for some sort of escape from the monotonous life I had become trapped in - I'd wished to be rich, to have a hot body, to have a family I could love and be loved by. It seemed like I would never get any of those things but now, in Mark Reed's body, I had all of them...

"Calm yourself, sir," I told him, stepping around the desk and slapping my hands down on his shoulders. He winced in response to the contact and a smirk settled onto my face as I looked down at him. "I know how teachers can be terribly overworked. You must be

at your breaking point, Mr Dyer," I explained, adopting a tone of concern despite the excitement that was rushing through my veins at that very moment. Was I really going to do this - steal another man's identity right in front of him? Even as I thought about it, I knew that it was exactly what I was going to do. Mark Reed had everything I'd ever wanted, so why shouldn't I? This was clearly some form of divine intervention. I was meant to have his body, otherwise why else would we have switched bodies?

"No, no, I'm not Mr Dyer," the other man protested in a voice that was little more than a hysterical shriek, "I'm Mark Reed! That's *my* body! You can't do this to me!" His shoulders shook with each new outburst and I found myself wanting to laugh. I wondered if my new body could still muster up a giggle. I suspected that it probably could. The idea of being able to make a fool of Mark Reed and have him know it was intoxicatingly fun.

"Yes, I can," I assured him in a calm, soothing voice that was completely unlike the one I normally employed. "And I *will*." I leaned down so my face was a few inches from his and let my eyes run across his features, taking in every detail. My eyes rested upon his lips and they parted slightly, as if he was trying to say something but couldn't quite manage it. I was already feeling a similar reaction building inside me and felt my cock twitch in anticipation. "You see, I've always dreamed of having a beautiful wife and children," I said, leaning in close until my lips were brushing against his ear. "I've always wanted to be able to provide for them and give them the life they deserve. And now, thanks to you, I can." I paused to make sure he was paying attention before continuing, "This is an opportunity that simply cannot be passed up." A shiver ran through me and I knew that I was turning on the charm.

Mark Reed stared at me, his eyes wide and fearful. I could almost hear his brain working overtime, trying desperately to find a way out of this situation. "What are you saying?" he asked in a trembling voice. "That you're gonna take my body and leave me in the lurch? Leave me to be my own son's teacher?!"

A smile crept across my face and I reached up to cup my hand over his cheek, stroking it softly with my thumb. "That's exactly what I'm saying, darling," I replied, enjoying the flirtatious tone that seemed to come naturally with Mark's rich baritone. "I hope you know your history or teaching's going to be a real bitch. Oh, and there's teacher inspections by the principal next week. You better not end up getting fired or there really will be no switching back." Sure, I didn't know what had caused our bodies to swap and was as clueless as the other man was about how to switch us back but I was more than happy to play confident and pull the wool over his eyes. With a cocky grin I straightened up and turned away from him, leaving him standing there, staring after me.

Of course, he wasn't willing to accept defeat so easily and attempted to rush forward, likely intending to tackle me to the ground and force me into submission. The more limber body I was currently occupying allowed me to move faster than him though and I was able to quickly bury my first in his pudgy gut, winding him and causing him to double over. "Now, now, that's not very nice," I scolded, "What would Louis think if I told him his favorite teacher tried to attack me?" A twisted laugh accompanied this suggestion; I knew that I could easily turn a son against his own father and inflict even more torment that way. The tormenting was something I was very rapidly beginning to enjoy - a new kink manifesting before my stolen eyes.

With my head held high, I made my way towards the door and stopped just short. Turning around I saw the new Mr Dyer behind me, fear and panic evident in his expression, which was a sharp contrast to the smirk I was currently wearing. The humiliating fate that I would be leaving the other man to endure prompted my cock to begin to swell in my pants and I was eager to get the opportunity to explore the manhood I was now working with. Even if Louis' mother wasn't waiting for me at home, I was certain that it wouldn't take long for me to find a woman interested in hooking up with the studly Mark Reed.

"Don't worry, sweetie," I said, my new voice dripping with mockery. "Everything's going to be fine." Reaching down, I grabbed hold of my dick through the fabric of my pants and gave it a firm tug. It throbbed in response to the gentle touch and I couldn't help but chuckle. "You'll get used to it soon enough." I winked and opened the door. "Now, I'm off to go collect my son from tennis. Thanks for the chat, Mr Dyer! Enjoy the rest of your appointments!" With that, I closed the door behind me and walked out of my former place of employment for the very last time, striding confidently into a much better life.

"What's up, Louis?" I asked my new son later that week, "What's the sour face for?" We were in the front of my sleek Porsche, navigating the traffic away from the school and back to his mother's house on the city's outskirts. It was a route I'd very quickly grown used to, although the boy in the passenger seat was typically a little more talkative than he was at that moment in time. Those talks had helped me fill in a number of blanks in relation to my new life, including the story that Mark and Louis' mother had split shortly after she fell pregnant. They had remained amicable and shared custody of their son, with Louis staying at his mother's two weeks of the month and then with his father for the following two weeks. This just happened to be the changeover day, giving me the opportunity to finally meet the woman I would be raising Louis with from then on.

"You know Mr Dyer, my History teacher?" the young boy replied finally, his tone full of distress. "He's not been in for the past few days. People keep saying he had some sort of mental breakdown and he's in a padded cell somewhere." Although my initial instinct was to smirk, relishing in how thoroughly I had assured the other man's downfall, I hid that for the benefit of my son. He had tears in his eyes after all and I knew from firsthand experience just how much he liked Mr Dyer's lessons.

"I'm sorry to hear that, son," I lied, reaching over and ruffling the teenage boy's hair in a manner that my own father used to do for me. "I'm sure he'll get better soon. Everybody says that teaching's a really stressful job."

After a brief moment of silent reflection, Louis spoke again: "Did you ever want to be a teacher?"

This time I couldn't stop the laughter from bursting out. "No, son. There's about a million things I'd want to be rather than a teacher." A rich dad with a busy dating life, for example. Every night this week I had been out at the bars meeting chicks that I'd matched with on Tinder, having my way with them and then sending them on their way in the morning. "Besides, I don't think there's any beating the life I have right now. I wouldn't trade that - or you - for the world..."

