

My Dad and Me

## Parent-Teacher Conference

Out of the corner of my eye, I watched as my father squirmed uncomfortably beside me, as we waited for the teacher to finish up a conference with another parent. He continuously fidgeted with his hands as well as looking back and forth down the hallway. He was like a squirrel that was looking out for a fox or some other type of predator. For such a large man, it was awkward watching him fidget so much.

God, he was such a little bitch.

My father is the lead foreman of the most widely used construction company in the tristate area. So you would think he had nerves of steel to match his muscular, manly body. He sort of looked like the man on the front of the Brawny Paper towels; thick beard, wide-set shoulders, large barrel chest, and huge arms from being a laborer his entire life. Going into a more supervisory role hadn't caused him to lose his build, in fact it added more bulk over his already large build.

"You need to stop moving," I commented at my father as I looked up from my phone.

"I can't Kyle, it's not sitting right," he groaned as he adjusted himself in the seat again.

"Oh, let me see what I can do about that," I said as I looked back at my phone. I clicked an app on my phone called Control, and a black screen popped up with multiple different scroll bars each labeled something different. I pressed my hand against the scroll bar labeled length and brought it from a three to a seven.

"Oh fuck," my father moaned grasped onto the sides of his chair. "I didn't mean for you to make it bigger," he whined as he attempted to ease the pressure in his asshole that was just enhanced.

"Well, don't complain next time and I won't have to do anything," I said as I locked my phone.

"I wasn't complaining. I was just..," he began to say. I unlocked my phone, with the quickness only a millennial would have, and brought the length up another level from seven to eight.

"Ugh," he moaned as he bit down on his mouth trying to not moan loudly within my school hallway.

"Got anything else you would like to say?" I asked as my finger hovered around the vibration scroll bar.

"No Sir," he said as he looked down at the growing wet spot on the front of his pants.

“Good boy,” I said as I closed the application out. Even in public, I was still in charge. Nothing turned me on more than watching my dad squirm in public because of a massive toy that I shoved into his ass before leaving home. I looked at my father, dressed in a simple button-down shirt and slacks. To the outside world he looked like a real man’s man. A guy that could drink a beer, fuck a woman, and reload a gun all at the same time. And people would be 100% right to think all that, and most was still true... most.

But just under that layer of clothing he was a completely different man. Most would think he was a boxers kind of guy, maybe even boxers brief but actually he only wore thongs. A personal preference of my own. Sometimes a jockstrap if I was feeling a daddy jock fantasy, but usually I loved the way a thong look as it buried itself between his burly cheeks. And it also gave me the opportunity to pull out the backside with my teeth and get a fresh taste of that musk that was usually buried between a real man’s cheeks. And nothing went better with a thong than a tightly caged cock.

Just staring at him made it hard to believe he loved being a submissive bitch. When I found out it was quiet the surprise, but I didn’t want to look a gift horse in the mouth.

I looked at the clock on the wall. We had already been sitting here for over thirty minutes, and I knew that the meeting would last at least fifteen minutes. This was eating up my entire Saturday. My eyes drifted back to my father as I watched him finally settle into a comfortable position. Maybe I could make this conference a little more interesting. I looked back at my phone as I concocted a truly wicked plan.

“Very wicked,” I whispered to myself as the door to the classroom opened up beside me. A chubby boy around my age exited the classroom followed by a greying older gentleman.

“Thank you for coming in on your day off Mr. Peterson, glad we could talk about Jeff and his future beyond this classroom,” an unknown voice thanked.

“No, thank you Mr. Wright, it was a very informative meeting. I look forward to seeing Jeffrey’s grades increasing over the coming weeks,” Mr. Peterson said as he grabbed onto his chubby son’s shoulder. “Come along Jeffrey,” he ordered as they both walked towards the exit.

“Kyle? Mr. Jackson? You are both welcome to come in now,” Mr. Wright announced.

“Come along pops,” I said as we both stood up from our respective chairs. I motioned for my father to go in before me. When he passed in front of me I pushed my fingers into the back of his trousers, pushing the plug in deeper into his hungry hole. I could feel the toy easily sink into his well-used hole. And he grabbed onto the door frame to stability.

“Mmmm,” he moaned, pushing his ass into my waiting hand. God, he was like putty in my hands. I could feel the thick base in between his robust ass cheeks. He was insatiable. I pushed him forward into the classroom with my fingers.

“Come along my big pig,” I teased as I pulled my hand back from his ass and walked into the classroom in front of him while he followed awkwardly behind me. I saw Mr. Wright sitting behind his large wooden desk. He had the air of fake authority about him. It wasn’t unusual for a man of short stature like my teacher to pretend to be dominant especially when he had the home turf. He thought he was the boss in the room, but little did he know there was another alpha right under his nose. I wondered if I could break him like I broke my father?

“Hello, my name is Matthew Wright, you both can have a seat right there,” he motioned to two empty seats in the classroom’s front. Perfect right in front of him.

“Hello nice to meet you, Mr. Wright I’m Kyle’s father John. I’m glad we could get together and have a talk about Kyle,” my father said as he extended his hand out to the teacher. As he leaned over the desk the outline of the butt plug showed through his thin trousers which sent thrills through my body. Let the fun begin. My father and the teacher shook hands. I could tell both were attempting to squeeze the others hand tighter, but ended in a stalemate with both of them dropping their respective hands.

Now Mr. Wright was not an intimidating person in form. He was shorter than most; maybe 5’8 and that was me being generous. He kept his short curly hair cut short to the scalp, the same with his facial hair. His body was toned and muscled, proof of his dedication to the gym. Most days he wore a polo and jeans and today was no different. When you first look at him, he appears to be a friendly man. One you would think he would be the student’s favorite teacher. But in all actuality he was an asshole. He was the biggest prick that had ever set foot in this school, and everyone agreed.

I sat down in a chair to the left of the teacher while my father took the chair in the front of him; I slipped my phone out of my pocket and sat it beside my outer thigh out of view of the teacher. He was an asshole, but he at least was an oblivious asshole.

“Yes I am glad we could meet as well,” Mr. Wright said as he shuffled through a stack of files on his desk; withdrawing the folder with my name listed on the side. “I wanted to go over some of the failures your son has had this past year, and where I think the best place would be for him after graduation,” he said dryly opening up the folder.

“Failures what do you mean failures?” My father asked as he shifted slightly in his chair, getting the plug to sit comfortably in his ass to not to interrupt the meeting. I unlocked my phone ,opened the

Control app, and looked at all the options that I had; length, width, vibration, knobs, intensity, and my favorite electrostatic shock. I thought I would start slow first. I didn't want him to cum too quickly. I pressed onto the scroll bar next to width and brought it from four to six and clicked save. "Kyle has well over a three point oooooo," he moaned as the butt plug's width increased and began to press against his prostate. From our long hours of practice I knew six was the magic number for width to press firmly against his prostate. Mr. Wright coughed pointedly at my fathers moan of pleasure.

"Yes, he is above a three point o, but he is still behind the curve of the class. He is lazy, and is condescending during class time," Mr. Wright said as he pulled out a list of "infractions" as he liked to call them. They were nothing that could actually get me into trouble with the school, or the principle but they were incidents that Mr. Wright found annoying or disrespectful.

"May I see the papers?" My father asked as he attempted to reach for the paper without getting out of his chair, but it was too far and Mr. Wright was not moving. My father stood up from his seat and walked over to Mr. Wright's extended hand and took the papers. He walked as if something large was wedged up his ass, which in fact something was. The large toy was now making an even larger imprint on his trousers. Anyone who would look at his behind would instantly be able to tell that there was something back there, but I doubted that anyone would be able to guess that it was a butt plug nearly the size of a man's fist. As he took the papers from Mr. Wright, I tapped onto the Electrostatic shock button bringing it from zero to a five. "Thank youuuu MY LORD!" He shouted as he slammed his two large hands onto the teacher's desk as the shock ran through his body, subconsciously pushing out his immense ass for me. Fuck he was one piece of work.

I could just see me ripping open his pants and diving face first into his cheeks and tongue fucking his hole until he begged for my dick.

"Mr. Jackson are you okay?" Mr. Wright asked, his tone showing no actual care of my father's well-being.

"Ugh, um, fuck, yes I am fine. I . . .um. . .have a bad knee that acts up sometime," my father lied. Turned around, looking at me as he walked to his seat, his eyes pleading for me to stop. But that just made me want to continue on even more. The wet spot on the front of his trousers becoming even more apparent, as was mine. I knew I could get him to cum, but how long would it take would be the real question.

"Yes, of course... your knee," Mr. Wright said as he looked at my father as he took his seat. I wondered if he could see the toy pressed firmly into his asshole. My father gingerly sat back into his chair, biting down on his lip as his cheeks made contact with the seat and pushed the toy further up

into his asshole. I could see the pleasure run across my dad's face as the toy was lodged further up his ass. God it was so hot humiliating him. I looked down at my dick and saw how it bulged out of my pants. I could see my father's groin and saw the small, effeminate bulge on his pants that was now fully soaked with his pre, and chuckled at the sight. Even when his dick was free, it was nowhere my size which further proved my point of him not being a true man like myself. My father attempted to focus at the papers in front of him, reading through the many "infractions" that have occurred thus far into the school year.

"Mr. Wright, if I may speak candidly all these appear to be suggestive. There are no actual rules I see being broken. This one says being disrespectful, this one says laughed inappropriately, and this one just says asking too many questions. Now I don't know how any of these could actually affect my son's ability to go to a good college," my father said as he closed the folder back. Wow, looks like dad has been growing a backbone recently. Time to whittle that down a little. I nonchalantly looked down at my phone beside my thigh and decided to give him some vibrations as a thank you for having my back. I tapped the section and increased the vibrations up to six. I knew that would push him over the edge quickly. "And to be honest, Mr. Wrrrrrrright. Mmmmmm. Holy shit. Mmmmmmm," he groaned, not even able to get out a whole sentence.

"Mr. Jackson, I do not know what game you are playing at, but I do not allow that type of language in my classroom. I can now see where your son gets his mouth from," Mr. Wright said as he stood up from his desk attempting to assert his authority over the room.

"His mouth? Fuck. Yes, his sweet tight mouth. God it's so fucking sweet. His lips so soft," he groaned, closing his eyes as he clenched and unclench his asshole. Why don't we turn this up a little more, I taped the same section bringing it from six all the way to the maximum ten.

"MR. JACKSON! I WILL NOT ASK YOU AGAIN," Mr. Wright said as he slammed his hands on his desk, emphasizing his anger at the situation. I laughed in my chair at the situation that was unfurling before me. "Do you think something is funny Kyle? I can see the problem here now. Your father is just as weak as you are. You were obviously not punished enough. And for the love of all that is holy what is that incessant buzzing noise," He said as he looked around the room, anger filling his eyes as he searched for the source of the noise. He would have to do a much more invasive search if he was going to find the source.

"Ugh yes, punish me. Fuck yes, Kyle. Thank you. Please punish me," my father moaned as he began to thrust his caged dick against the desk and bounce up and down in his chair. Fucking himself on the toy.

“I think someone is punished enough in this room, and it is not me Mr. Wright,” I said smugly as I brought up my phone from my side and tapped on the electrostatic shock section tapping the maximum button. “Is that right dad?”

“Oh god, yes Kyle! Yes, that’s me! Please punish me! Thank you, Kyle! Thank you sir! Fuck SIR!!!! He hollered as the electricity flowed through his asshole and into the rest of his body, pushing him over the edge of of orgasm. I watched as his body began to twitch and thrust as his caged cock let out an obnoxious amount of cum into his pants. “Oh KYYYYYYYLEEEEEEEEE.” The wet spot on his pants expanded and began to leak down one of his pant legs as his large balls unloaded.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?” Mr. Wright demanded as my father came. I tapped a few buttons on the app bringing down the size of the butt plug, the vibrations, and ending the shocks.

“Nothing that concerns you, Mr. Wright, but if we have nothing else to talk about, I think this meeting is over. Have a good rest of your weekend, Mr. Wright. I will see you on Monday. Come along Dad,” I ordered as I stood up from my chair and walked out of the classroom.

“Yes sir,” my father moaned as he pulled himself out of his chair. I soaked the entire front half of his pants through with cum.

“We aren’t done here!” Mr. Wright argued. I turned around and looked him square in the eyes.

“No, we are finished,” I said coldly, dropping my careless demeanor and allowing my true alpha side to radiate from within. Mr. Wright stood there looking at me, expecting me to backdown. But there I stood, unwavering as my father walked towards me. His face showing the humiliation and the pleasure he had just endured. Mr. Wright looked at me and sat back in his chair and looked down at the folders covering the area. That was your first mistake, Mr. Wright. “Have a good day, Mr. Wright. This was very. . . .informative,” I said suggestively as I pulled the door shut behind me and my shamed father.

## Happy Birthday to Him

“Happy birthday!” My father said as he opened to the door to the master bedroom in our house. I rubbed my eyes as I watched my father carry in a full tray of food for me. His hip swayed from side to side as I had trained him, moving his overly plump cheeks back and forth in an eerily hypnotic motion. His lower body was clothed in only a small lacy pink thong. I could see his locked cock bounce with every step, already leaking. I felt my already hard cock jolt at the sight of my MSU alone father in such a famine outfit. My favorite part, even though I couldn’t see it, was the small pink bow that was partially hidden between his newly hairless cheeks. I pulled my body up against the large headboard. My morning wood bulged underneath the comforter.

“Thank you,” I said groggily as I stared at the time. It was a little after ten, so I wouldn’t punish him for me waking up. I scratched my crotch and pulled the fork and knife into hand and stared at the massive amounts of food made by my father. The smells were intoxicating and the taste I knew would match.

Since becoming the man of the house; I didn’t just take over the master bedroom, but I also took control of all the bank accounts, the cars, and my father’s life. I made changes, not just to our life together but to him, wanting him to be a better housewife. His old suits and clothes were all thrown out, replaced with sexier more revealing clothes. His was forced into cooking classes, as his usual meatloaf and spaghetti was not cutting my pallet. And I made sure at every moment that I was able too, I reminded him who was in charge. And today was no different.

I pulled the blanket underneath the tray and kicked it to the side. My cock bounced free and pointed up towards the ceiling. I could see the way my father looked at my hard cock. He couldn’t help himself. I had trained him to be my bitch, but there were still those moments when he didn’t jump as fast as I wanted but those times grew less and less.

“Do I need to show you how to suck my cock? Or are you just going to stand there and look at it?” I asked as I cut myself a large chunk of pancake. He shook his head no and dropped to the side of my bed and extended his neck until his lips were pressed against the tip of my cock. I didn’t want for him to prepare, and just shoved it into his throat. I felt him jolt back in surprise but my free hand held his face down as my cock lodged itself deep into his mouth. “No,” I said, mid-bite. I felt him try to breathe as my



cock widened his throat. He coughed and try to pull away, but I knew he would be fine. I held him in place until I felt the struggles stop and I removed my hand.

He pulled off my dick slowly working my cock until he reached that tip and swirled his tongue around the tip, taking whatever precum my cock had stored up over the night. He continued to blow me with little attention from me; I ate my breakfast, gave the occasional grunt whenever he hit a sensitive area, and checked my phone. I ate slowly, enjoying my birthday blowjob as well as the food. Both were above average, and I wanted to experience both. And when my food was finished I leaned back into the headboard and pushed my cock into his throat a few rough times as my balls grew tight. He could feel that his job was coming to an end and braced himself as I pumped my cock in and out of his throat as if it were a true pussy.

“Fuck.” I took both sides of his head and held his lips against the base of my cock as his throat worked my cock, milking it for every ounce of cum from my balls. And when it was empty he dabbed the sides of his lips and licked the excess and stood up.

“So I was thinking we could go out for the day. Maybe a movie with some friends? My treat?” I chuckled at him saying it was his treat, as if he had access to any of his money.

“I had some other ideas. Barbecue this afternoon with some friends; pool toys, swimsuits, meat. And then probably some gaming with friends. You will be there if needed.” I left my sentence up for interpretation, and on that note my father began to leave. My final words could be sexual, or it could mean that he would be making pizza rolls. I didn’t know yet, but I had been making certain plans for today that were already in effect to guarantee that today was going to be a GREAT day. And the view of my father’s massive, hairless cheeks as they jiggled across my room made my cock already begin to re-inflate. I stroked my cock lazily as I began to rapidly text my friends, telling them to head over to my house and to bring a bathing suit.

The rest of the morning I texted my friends in one large group chat; narrowing down time, food, and activities for the evening. The most intense of the activities I kept to myself, wanting a surprise for them. None of them understood the father son dynamic that occurred in my house, but I could tell that some of them gave my father a weird glance when he would give me his credit card or when they saw him pick me up in some rather obscene outfit. And I thought to myself, maybe tonight was the night I introduced my best buds to the bitch of the house.

Several hours later, after some preparation and sending my father out to the store and some very aggressive jerking off by myself, my friends arrived, and we were all hanging out in the pool while my father grilled the burgers. John, Ralph, and myself lazed around in the pool and chatted about video

games, school, plans for the summer, and girls; to my displeasure. I tried to stay active in the conversation but whenever they talk about some random bitches huge tits or around ass I would look over to my father and knew that his hole was tighter, his tits were bigger, and his blowjobs were better.

“When you gonna get a girl?” Ralph asked as he floated towards me on a raft. They lost me in a daydream, staring at my father from behind as he moved from station to station, making our food. I dressed him in a rather tame pair of swim trunks, but I knew what was underneath. I had laid it out specifically for him and was dying to see him in it. “Hello! Earth to Kyle!” Ralph said as he splashed me with water, breaking me from the daydream.

“What the fuck?!” I shouted at my friend as I splashed him in response, unsure of what he had just said to me.

“Dude, just causes it is your birthday doesn’t mean we are going to be nice to you,” Ralph said as he splashed him once again. “Right, John? John?” Ralph asked as he looked around the pool for our third friend. And then, by surprise attack, John pounced from beneath the water and tipped the floaty that held Ralph, which pushed him into the water with a large splash. Even though I was lost about what was happening, it was still hilarious. I watched from my raft as both John and Ralph wrestled with each other, dunking one another into the water while I went unnoticed. I laughed and smiled as I watched their bodies thrashed around in the pool, while both fought for dominance. Both of their muscles were tensing and flexing. John and Ralph were both very attractive and muscular guys, one the captain of the wrestling team while the other founded and lead the weightlifting club to states this past year.

“Okay guys! Settle down!” My dad said, dropping his voice as he attempted to gain control of the rowdy young men. “Burgers are ready, so come and get them while they’re hot!” Both men dropped whatever playful battle they had dashed for the side of the pool. I lazily moved myself to the side and stepped out of the pool, still staring at my father. I pulled myself from the water and watched as he placed a platter of fresh burners and extras crispy fries onto the picnic. My father began to take a seat at the table but I had a better idea.

“Why don’t you go take a dip?” I said to my father, and he looked at me with a confused look on his face. Why would I be telling him to take a dip, his eyes asked? “You look a little...hot. Why don’t you strip down a little and take a dip?” As his eyes opened more, I saw the realization come to his eyes. His eyes moved to my friends as they began to load up their burgers and then back to mine as I sat down in front of him. “Go take a dip. I know you will enjoy it, I have some ice pops in the freezer....made fresh for you. Why don’t you go get one and come back out?”

My father excused himself from the table and walked into the house while my friends and I began to pile the food onto our respective plates. Several minutes later my father returned to the poolside with an oversized shirt on, his swim shorts were noticeably missing, and a milky popsicle in hand. John and Ralph ate their food, not seeing what was unfolding poolside. I took a bite of the burger as I watched my father remove his shirt and reveal his scandalous speedo/thong.

I had yet to see his body, specifically his ass in the baby blue thong. My mouth watered at the sight of his ample cheeks with the thong buried deep within his cheeks crevice. He looked at me and gave a soft, yet self-conscious smile as he crept into the water and laid on the same raft with his ass turned into the air. And I leaned back, took a bite of the burger, and watched my father float into the water.

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*I was happy that the water was cool, and the sun was hot as I pushed myself into the center of the pool. My ass could already feel the heat beating down on it, in its exposed position. I took the waist of my new bathing suit and pulled it up, which tucked the backside deeper into my thong. I could feel it press against my gaping hole and made my caged cock jolt. Just the pressure of the thong against my hole was enough to make my cock leak and my knees weak. I looked towards my son and his friends and saw him staring at me evilly and his two friends staring at my shocked at seeing me in such a state. My son motioned to his mouth, and I looked at the dripping icicle in my hand. I pushed the frozen treat into my mouth, and recoiled slightly at the intense coldness as it invaded my mouth. I crunched down on the desert and broke a piece into my mouth.*

*"Mmm," I said as felt it begin to dissolve in my mouth. I waited for a fruity flavor to arrive, but it just tasted salty. I couldn't quite place the salty flavor but as it continued to dissolve it also took on more of a creamy consistency. I looked to my son and saw his eyes glance downward. And underneath the table, I saw him lewdly grab ahold of his dick and wag it at me. The taste of fate popsicle, my son's motion, and the creamy consistency, I knew exactly what was in it.*

*My initial reaction was to spit the melting popsicle from my mouth, but the lewdness made my cock throb and my common sense grow hazy. I could feel some of the treat drip down the corner of my mouth and my hand flew to lips and wiped it clean and push it into my mouth. My son's smile grew wider as he watched his cum hungry father gobble down his melting load. A different persona seemed to creep among my surface as I tried to stay the stoic father that the outside world knew me as, but the taste was too much for my to fight. I locked eyes with my son once more and pushed the popsicle further into my*

*throat, practically deep-throating the frozen treat and repeated the motion like I was sucking his cock. His eyes narrowed, as did his friends seeing their best friend's father become this sexual object.*

*"Mmm," I moaned as I spread my legs allowing a better sight of the thong that was nestled between my cheeks. I allowed the float to move around the pull as I continued to worship the cum-sicle that my son had made for me. The taste was reminded me of all the nights I spent with my pups wrapped around his cock and the mornings where I would wake him up with a blowjob. I could feel my cock beg for release from its iron prison as it pressed against the plastic floaty. I could feel all three of their eyes on my strategically placed body, enjoying the view of my ass as I continued to spread my legs further until they were both in the water. My cheeks were now fully spread apart and I knew they could see the backside of the speedo as well as my sweaty hole as it attempted to swallow the back.*

*"So good!" I moaned, my voice several octaves higher and sensual. I clench my cheeks and released, slowing grinding my groin into the pool toy. Just knowing that they were watching me made me want to cum. I had long forgotten the popsicle and felt it melt in my mouth and over the rest of my face as I continued to rub against the floaty. I gripped the sides and made a more aggressive attempt at finding relief. My moans and groans were very loud and very noticeable. I haven't been allowed to cum for what seemed like weeks, and just this slight amount of pressure was enough to make me feel like it was close. All I needed was just a few...more....thrusts.*

*"Dad!" My son shouted, breaking me from my sexually fueled craze. "Why don't you go inside and go set up the Xbox in the downstairs? We are almost done eating." I held my body in the same position, wondering if the feeling of me cumming was worth the punishment that I would endure at a later. I begrudgingly moved myself from the water over to the edge of the pool and pulled myself from the floating. Kyle's friend's eyes grew wide when they saw the now translucent front of speedo and the precum that was now dripping from my pouch.*

*"I will be inside," I said falling back into my fatherly persona, even as my cock, its cage, and melted load dripped on my face.*

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