

## 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 like he a squirrel that was looking out for a fox. For such a large man it was awkward watching him fidget so much. God he was such a little bitch. He was the foreman of a construction company, so you would think he had nerves of steel. 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.

"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. 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 alleviate the pressure in his asshole.

"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 in the 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 could still be in charge. Nothing turned me on more than watching my dad squirm in public because of a 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 the manliest person that most people would ever see. But just under that layer of clothing he was a completely different man. You would think he was a boxers kind of guy, maybe even a boxers brief but actually he only wore thongs. Sometimes a jockstrap if I was nice. But usually it was a bright neon or black thong that showed off his ass and his caged dick. 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. I 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 an extremely 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 were able to 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 sons 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.

“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. 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 front of the classroom. 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 only turned me on more. Let the fun begin. My father and the teacher shook hands. Each of them were attempting to squeeze the others hand tighter, but ending 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 students favorite teacher. But in all actuality he was an asshole. He was the biggest prick that has 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 to 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 there 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. 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.

"Mr. Jackson are you okay?" Mr. Wright asked, his tone indicating no actual care of my fathers wellbeing.

"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. 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 wonder 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 own dick and saw a wet spot beginning to form. 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 effect 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 its 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 bit 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 a 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. The entire front half of his pants were soaked 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.