Best parent/teacher conference ever

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A parent teacher conference has a fun twist

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It's Wednesday afternoon at work and I get a text from you.

"Hey honey, don't forget tonight is the parent/teacher conference and fundraiser, so try to get home on time."

I get home a little late from the office, but am in time to go to the school function and head upstairs to change clothes quickly. I see you getting out of the closet and you're wearing a snug, low cut sweater that shows off your ample chest and see you're wearing a new necklace that is very shiny and hangs very low in your cleavage.

"Wow, honey, you sure look nice," I comment and you blush. Then I start to laugh and add, "Oh, I know why you're looking so sassy tonight?"

"What? What do you mean?"

I can't hide my smile and slight smirk and say "I almost forgot it was teacher conference night, and whose wife has the hots for the teacher Mr. Burns. I'm trying to think the last I saw you in a skirt and heels for a PTA meeting." I see you blush a little as you know you've made enough comments to your female friends, that I must have heard a few. I giggle as I playfully pinch your ass, "Maybe we should do a little role play some night where I'm Mr. Burns and our son is failing and you'll do anything to get him a passing grade so he can get a scholarship."

We both laugh at the idea and head over to the school. We get to his classroom and see we're the only one on his schedule for the night as the one after us cancelled. We sit down and then we both get a text at the same time.

"Sorry I'm running really late, we can reschedule or if you want to wait, I'll text you when I'm closer. Maybe you can enjoy the fundraiser while you wait. Sorry, Mr. Burns."

You shrug and grab your bag and start to head out but as I get up, I go over to his desk and sit down and say “Kendra, thanks for meeting with me.”

You’re not sure what is happening but then I add, “Well, you know we’ve been talking about the trouble your child is having in class. I know you want him to get good grades or else his scholarship will be lost but I’m not sure what we should do. I’m just not sure as a parent you’re committed enough to the situation.”

Suddenly, you smile seeing I’m playing a little game and playfully add “Thank you Mr. Burns, I’ve tried so much, he’s just not getting it, I’m not sure what to do. We really need this scholarship,” as you playfully bat your eyes and lean over showing your cleavage.

“Let me show you,” as I stand up and move to the desk and pull out some paper and lay it on the table. “Look at this, but he’s not getting it,” as you look over at the papers and feel me come up behind you and start to grind against your ass as you are on the desk. You feel me pushing against you, my erection growing as I say “This assignment isn’t very difficult, there are things that are hard in the world, but not this one,” I playfully add.

After a minute, I feel you reach back and start to rub my erection. “See, that’s the kind of initiative your son should be taking. Find a problem, and solve it.” As I grind against your hand, you see purse teetering on the edge of the desk and then it falls over. You bend over to get it and by the time you scoop it, you see me standing on the edge of the desk, my crotch is inches from your face and my erection is pointing out.

I look down and say “Let’s see if mom has more initiative than her son,” as I lean my hips in a little closer to your face and you reach up and pull down my zipper and start to take my cock into your mouth. My hands go to the back of your head as you kiss and lick softly and look up.

As we make eye contact, I add “That’s good initiative,” as I slowly start to fuck your mouth with my cock. Going slowly in and out as your hands hold the shaft. It’s not forceful, but my hands hold your head in place, letting you know what I expect. You pull back to the head and start to lick and suck the tip, turning me on more and then start to get more into it.

As you can tell, I’m close to climaxing, you pull away and look up with your beautiful eyes and say “Does this get the grade we need?” as you think you’re in control of the situation.

My hand keeps stroking my cock as you try and negotiate as I say “Well, that might help me forget the unexcused absences, but…” and then you feel a stream of come hit you on your chest and start to dribble down between your tits and on your necklace. I smile down and see you completely caught

off guard by me doing that.

You start to protest and ask “What the hell was that?” as you’re standing up.

Suddenly you hear “You don’t talk to your teacher like that” in a very strong tone, something you normally don’t hear. “This is my classroom and I’m an old school teacher. Show respect or else!”

You try to play the bad ass with “Or else what?”

You feel me push you down over the desk and then feel a swift smack against your ass through your dress with my hand. “That’s what!” I command and I smack your other cheek with my hand. My hand rubs your ass over the skirt and I continue to lean against you, rubbing against your ass and thighs. I lift your skirt a little and moan “Mmm, cute pink panties, very sexy.”

I reach in the drawer and pull out a ruler and playfully start to spank your ass cheeks with it. Not enough to hurt a lot but really starts to sting. I say “I’ve always wanted to be an art teacher, I wonder if I can get the color of your panties to match the color of your reddening flesh” as I keep spanking you. I know you were enough that you’re both turned on and shocked that I’m doing this to you.

After a few minutes I stop and you feel me rubbing my erection against your pussy through your panties from behind. Putting enough pressure on the panties that you can feel it. I can feel the wetness start to seep through your panties and I ask “How badly do you want that scholarship?”

You are turned on and moan “Anything, I’ll do anything.”

I rub your ass and say “I figured, I’ve always seen the way you came into the class to volunteer, always smiling at me, always showing me your big breasts.” You feel your panties slide over and then feel me enter you from behind. I start fucking you pretty hard and pretty fast. You put your in front of you to hold on to the edge of the desk as I start to go faster and faster. You see things falling off the desk and it starting to move under the weight.

I pick up the pace and go faster and faster and then you feel me spurt my climax deep inside your pussy. I push deeper and let your contraction suck all of the come from my dick into your pussy. I pull out and slide your panties over and let your skirt drop back down.

The out of nowhere, our phones vibrate and we both see “I’ll be there in 5 minutes, Mr. Burns.”

We frantically get back into parent mode and start to fix the desk, pick everything up and get it all back in place. We’re barely done when Mr. Burns comes in and sits shakes our hands and sits down

and starts to go over the review. As he starts, we see him look at the desk and start to rearrange stuff as we noticed we got virtually nothing back in the same spot.

As you sit there, you can feel the come starting to drip out from your pussy into your panties and you give the wickedest of looks. After a few minutes, he says “Oh,” and then reaches down and grabs a Kleenex and says “It looks like you have something on your sweater.”

As you hear that, it suddenly hits you that I just came on your chest and never cleaned it up. You slowly look down and see the wet spot Mr. Burns was referring to and you blot it dry. As you do, you see down your sweater and see a sticky mess I left you. We finish the review and head out.

As soon as we get out of ear shot, you slap my arm and say “Damn you, that was so nasty, leaving me there like that in front of Mr. Burns.”

I laugh and smile and say “Well, you didn’t seem to mind when it was happening.”

You grab my arm and pull me into the bathroom and lean back against the sink and start to push my shoulders, guiding me to my knees. “What are you doing?” I ask.

“Well, I can’t go to the fundraiser dripping down my leg, and since you made me messy, it’s my turn.”

“Come on baby, it was fun.”

You smile and say “This is fun, too. Do it or I’ll spend 8 times what I normally do,” as you push me down. You know I don’t like you spending that kind of money, but you know I also get turned on when you take a little more control.

You put on leg over my shoulder and pull me in and slide your panties to a side and say “Clean out your mess,” as you feel my tongue start to probe. You are so turned on and your pussy wetness mixes with my come as I lick. It doesn’t take long until I finish and you let me start up.

I start to go the sink to wash up and you laugh “No, no. I am going messy and so will you.”

You pull me out of the bathroom and as soon as we turn the corner, we sit the PTA president and she gives you a big hug and kiss on the cheek and surprises me by doing the same thing. As she runs to the event, you whisper, “I wonder if she felt your erection poking her or could smell the come on your face.” You smile and say, “Should be a fun fundraiser” as we leave.