



# A GOOD TEACHER

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## Parent-Teacher Conference

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Written by NymphWriter  
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*A young teacher meets a student's father for an erotic and strange night.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/parentteacher-conference.aspx>

How it all started I've always hated the stress and drama of parent/teacher conferences. It was one of the few times I'd really "dress up" so I can make a good impression on the parents. This was especially true with the first formal meeting as I figured if I look good, then they would take the news of their child's academic difficulties a little better. Therefore, I put up with a pantsuit or a blouse and nice skirt with stockings and garter belts. The only plus to all of this was we would go on a minimum day schedule. At least the shorter days meant I wasn't standing in my high heels for an entire day. In an effort to finish more quickly, I had several conferences scheduled back to back for the first three days, allowing me to have a chance to go home early for a couple of days. I also hated staying late on Fridays, especially when I'd decided to wear a skirt and heels, but I had two different parents who had begged and promised to come if I would stay. So, I figured I'd get some grading done, and do some extra planning while I waited. My first appointment showed up early while I was finishing my grade-book work. The parents walked in and asked if it was okay if they were early. I was so thrilled at the prospect that I might get to go home early that I went through the report card rather quickly. I did explain the student's strengths and weaknesses and answered all of the mother's questions, even making suggestions for things the family could do at home. The parents left happy with the report and I continued with my work. As I waited for the second parent, I sat at my desk listening to my iPod and planned my next month's lessons. I had finished my grade-book and I was hoping to get ahead of my lesson plans so I could have an occasional afternoon to myself. It was then I realized I needed to

change my wall and add the stack of new student work that I had gathered this week and sorted. I sighed, stood up, took the stack of papers from my desk, grabbed my stapler, and my small ladder. I kept the ladder by the window with the emergency grate so even my shortest student could open it if an emergency were to occur. I hooked my iPod into the waistband of my skirt, put my ear buds into my ears, stood on the ladder, and removed the old work with my staple remover. Once the old work was down, I began stapling the new work where the old work once hung. I was standing on the top step reaching to put an assignment on the wall when suddenly I felt a hand on my back. I yelped and jumped nearly falling off the ladder, dropping my stapler and some papers. Standing there, a tall, dark haired man looked at me, smiled and mouthed something that looked like, "Sorry." He was quite handsome, dressed so impeccably in a dark suit and tie. His black hair seemed a bit mussed, but his light brown eyes were piercing, reminding me of creamy caramel, and I was quite embarrassed. I took the ear buds out of my ears and smiled back at him. "Are you Mr. Stone?" I asked. "Yes. Are you Ms. Perry?" he said in a deep, sexy voice as he bent over, picked up the fallen papers and my stapler, and handed them back to me. "Thanks... and yes... I am," I replied as I smiled and blushed. I checked the time and realized he was late and I had lost track of time. I pulled my iPod out of my waistband and began to wrap my headphones around it. "Did you have trouble finding my room?" "No, but I got caught in traffic. I'm sorry to make you to wait so long for me." "Oh it was no big deal. I had some work I needed to do anyway. Would you please sit down," I said as I motioned to an empty chair near my desk where I had the parents sit to either brag on their kids or break the bad news to them. He reached his hand up to help me, I smiled, took it and I stepped down. Now I could easily tell just how tall he was, at least six-foot, and I caught myself staring into his eyes for a bit longer than I should have. Once I snapped myself out of my momentary daze, I escorted him to my desk, and pulled out the report card for his son. He sat down as I did and said, "I'm really sorry for startling you. I thought you heard me walk in." "It's my fault. I knew you were coming. I guess I had the volume to loud," yet, even as I said that I was sure the volume wasn't up that high. "Well, your door was open." It was like he was trying to justify his entry to me. Of course he was right, I had left my door open so the parents would know I was available and in the room. This wasn't that unusual for me to do so, especially if I was expecting someone, or had a student in the room after school so no one would think I was being a bad teacher. These days, you can't be too careful, and I don't need someone accusing me of inappropriate touching. Moreover, some parents were quick to sue over anything, real or not. Quickly, I switched into my teacher mode and went over his son's report card, an overall good report card for this time in the school year and the meeting went rather well. When I asked him if he had any questions for me, he looked at me as if he had a question, but then said, "No." We shook hands to part, and I grabbed my things and followed Mr. Stone out to the parking lot. I decided that after my long day and my meeting with Mr. Stone, I was in no mood to cook, and was way over due for a nice dinner. Of course, on my budget, a 'nice dinner' looked a lot like a local family restaurant that e-mailed me coupons often, so I could eat for under fifteen bucks with tip. As I loaded my things in my car, Mr. Stone walked up and asked, "I hope I didn't get you in trouble with your husband?" I smiled and said, "No, you didn't. I'm not married." "Boyfriend?" he asked. I smiled and said, "No

boyfriend either.” “An attractive woman like you is single?” he asked and smiled again. “It happens, I guess I’m just too picky for my own good,” I explained. “Heading home alone then?” he asked. “Actually, I’m going to get something to eat, I’m not in the mood to cook tonight.” As I closed my trunk he asked, “Where are you going?” “I’m not sure yet. I know I don’t want fast food so I figured I’d drive around until I found something nice and cheap.” “May I join you then?” he asked. I must admit, I was more than a little surprised. Here was this handsome father asking me if he could join me for dinner. It did worry me that this did seem a bit inappropriate to go on a date with this man, but I rationalized that it was only dinner. However, I didn’t want an unpleasant surprise, like his wife showing up and wanting to kick my ass. Thus, I asked the question I didn’t want to ask. “Well, Mr. Stone, isn’t your wife waiting for you at home?” He lowered his head and sighed, “My wife and I are separated.” He shrugged his shoulders and continued. “And it’s Oliver, please. So how about it, I mean, it’s just dinner?” I giggled and said, “Oliver... Stone? As in the director?” “Yeah,” he said with a sheepish smile. “However, I’m younger and not nearly as rich.” “I’m sure you get that a lot.” “Not as often as you’d think. So, how about that dinner?” I smiled and said, “Oh, okay, and please, call me Alexis. Do you have any suggestions of a nice quiet kid-free place we can go?” He smiled big and his brown eyes lit up. “Alexis, what a beautiful name. Why don’t we drop your car off at your house and I’ll take you to a nice quiet place that I almost never see kids at.” This made me a bit nervous, as I wasn’t comfortable with parents knowing where I lived, even such a handsome young father as Oliver. “I don’t know,” I hesitated. “I mean, how do I know you’re not some stalker or a serial killer?” He looked down at me and smiled. “I guess you have a valid point, Alexis. How about this, you park your car at my hotel and then I’ll drive us to dinner.” “Hotel?” I asked. “Yeah,” he said blushing. “I’m only in town for the night and I’m in the middle of a job transfer and promotion so I haven’t been able to secure an apartment, thus I’ve been living in hotel rooms. I’m hoping that once the dust settles I can either work on saving my marriage, or ending it. Either way, I want to do what’s best for my... um... son.” His long pause before the word son gave me some concern. It was like he was trying to remember the gender of his child. I knew this was silly as he was probably just tired and hungry, his proposal seemed reasonable, and at least he wouldn’t know where I lived. “Okay, let’s go,” I said. I followed him to one of the nicest hotels in town, parked my car, and let him take me to a nice, secluded, romantic restaurant I had never seen before. This wasn’t that big of a surprise as I couldn’t afford places like this, and I never really date men of this caliber, so why would I even know they exist. When we arrived, I was concerned because I couldn’t afford such a nice place, but when I tried to protest, he assured me that dinner was on him to make up for his tardiness and for me not to worry. I blushed from my embarrassment as we walked in together. The place seemed empty at first, then I realized that the way the booths were set, you couldn’t see anyone unless they walked right in front of your table. Several of the tables were hidden behind heavy red curtains as I saw a waiter emerge from behind one. We were escorted to a nice table, lit by candles, sat down and began to read the menus. Everything looked good, and the prices weren’t too outrageous to my relief, so I knew I didn’t have to worry about what I ordered. I won’t lie, was more than a little surprised. A restaurant this nice and you could still get a steak for a fair price. The waiter arrived and Oliver ordered a bottle of white wine. We

placed our orders, then toasted to a nice dinner and a good report card. The wine was sweet, crisp, and a bit fruity. I was sure it was expensive as my experience with wine was rather limited, and never this good. When the waiter brought our dinners, he dropped our curtains so we were isolated in our own little secluded room. We enjoyed a wonderful dinner and an even better conversation. He told me about his work as a fashion buyer, his recent promotion to Marketing Manager for a designer I had never heard of, but then, if it wasn't a name I saw at the local Target or Wal-Mart, then I probably didn't know who they were. He also explained that he was to leave early in the morning for an important meeting in Europe and would be gone for a few weeks. When I asked how his son felt about his being gone for so long, he looked at me confused for a moment, then said, "Well, isn't that what Skype is for?" I blushed and said, "Do you use Skype a lot with your son?" "Not as often as I should," he said sadly. I smiled and squeezed his hand. "Don't be angry with yourself. I know many students whose parent is away in the military and if it wasn't for the Internet, they'd never see or talk to their mom or dad. I know it's not the same thing for you, but know that you're doing the best you can, considering your situation." After a bottle and a half of wine, I was feeling more relaxed and comfortable. Oliver was a wonderful man, so funny and warm, and such a doting father. I was letting my mind wander and started thinking that I really wanted to kiss him, when suddenly he kissed me. It was a kiss filled with shock and enjoyment. He forced his tongue into my mouth and they danced together for a moment when he suddenly pulled away. He blushed and said, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have been so forward, but I've wanted to do since the first time I saw you." I smiled and said, "There is nothing for you to be sorry for," and kissed him again. The second kiss was even better than the first kiss. I was glad we were hidden because I would have been more than a little embarrassed to be seen kissing in public like this. He put his arms around me and pulled me in close. There was a small part of me that wanted to resist, as if something was telling me that this was wrong, but I pushed that thought aside and wrapped my arms around him. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a slut, but it had been a long time since a man had kissed me like this. I felt his hands rub my back, my arms, and my legs. I felt so glad I wore a skirt instead of a pantsuit. I continued to kiss him, his lips, across his cheek, nibble his earlobe, and rub his back as I felt myself melt. One of his hands moved to my breasts as he kissed down my neck. I gasped as I felt his fingertips brush my right nipple. He began to unbuttoned my blouse, and soon was running his hand over my bra. I pulled back and breathlessly protested, "We'll get caught." He smiled a wicked 'I've-got-a-secret' smile and said, "No we won't. Trust me." 'Trust me,' his words echoed in my head. How could I trust him when I don't even know this man. He kissed me again as he slid his hands into my bra and began massaging my breast. He kissed down my jaw and I leaned back as he kissed down my neck. I gasped when his lips touched my nipple through my bra sliding his hand out and holding my breast so his mouth could kiss the exposed flesh my bra wasn't covering. I began breathing harder and laid my head back on the seat back, my mind racing about how wrong this all was, but how good it all felt. I didn't want him to stop, but he did. He kissed up my neck, and began kissing my lips again. Then I felt his hands slide down my sides, to my legs. He began to rub my thighs, and then I felt him slide his hands up my thighs, under my skirt to my thong panties. When he touched me over my panties, I gasped to keep from moaning. "Shhhh,"

he whispered. "We may not be seen but we can be heard." He kissed me hard as he touched me under my skirt. Inside I was screaming, 'TAKE ME! BEND ME OVER THE TABLE AND FUCK ME!' Instead, I just breathed hard and kissed him harder. I felt him slide my panties to the side and his fingers near my lips and my clitoris. I could feel my wetness. I could feel him touching me, making my body both melt and come alive. I knew I had to touch him. I reached down and unbuckled his belt. My fingers were fumbling as he continued to touch me. I got the belt free, unbuttoned his pants, unzipped them, and reached inside. I took his penis in my hand. It filled my palm like nothing I'd ever felt before. Let me tell you, his man was huge. I reached inside and began stroking the thick, hard shaft. I heard him gasp softly and I knew I had the same effect on him he was having on me. A small part of me wanted to bend over and kiss his shaft, but the arm that was closest to me was wrapped tightly around my waist while he was kissing me so that I couldn't move. I'm not sure how long I enjoyed touching his penis, but I knew when he was ready for something more. He released my waist, moved his arm up, grabbed a fist full of my hair, and brought my mouth to his. The lust in his eyes was like nothing I'd ever seen. He removed his hand from my skirt to retrieve a condom from his pants pocket and tore it open with his teeth. He slipped the condom out, released my hair and rolled it on his firm, erect penis. Suddenly, his arm snaked around my waist again. He pulled me onto his lap so quickly, I didn't know what hit me, and slid deep inside me, in the little restaurant, in our little booth, my back against his chest, and his hand covered my mouth. He whispered in my ear, "You can't make a noise or they'll know what we're doing and I'll have to leave you sooner than I want." I nodded in compliance, more stunned than scared, and savored the feeling of him deep inside me. He slid his hand down to the top of my throat, holding my head up while he lifted me up and down with his other arm wrapped tight around my waist, and I knew it wouldn't be long before my climax would strike, even though I tried so hard to resist. He must have felt my resistance, because he began to thrust his huge erection deeper inside of me. Then he whispered in my ear, "I'm so close." I nodded back as he still had his hand on my throat; it was what he apparently wanted to know because he sped up and soon I could feel myself ready to explode. He moved his hand back to my mouth, holding it tighter than before, and with one last thrust, I moaned into his hand and felt my body tighten, explode, and relax. I thought I was going to pass out, as I just couldn't seem to get enough air into my lungs when he removed his hand from my mouth and started kissing my neck, just below my earlobe. When I had my bearings, I slid off his lap, grabbed my wine, and finished my glass in one greedy gulp. He smiled and sipped his wine, then said, "I'm sorry." "For what?" I asked confused. "I'm not usually like this," he assured me. "Well, for the record, I'm not like this either," I said. "I don't know what came over me. You're just so easy to talk to, and so beautiful that-" he suddenly stopped and took another drink from his wine, finishing his class and refilling both of our glasses, finishing the bottle. "I guess we chose to live in the moment," I whispered with a smile. "You know you're the first parent I've ever... um... done something like this with. I hope this doesn't mean you're taking your son out of my class." "Oh no," he said. "I would never do that. Any child would be lucky to have you as a teacher." "If you're referring to my clothes, I only dress like this for conferences," I explained. "Usually I'm more 'casually' dressed." "No," he said. "It's not your clothes. It's you. I can see that you really care. When I walked into your

room, I could see your love for your students. The way your walls were decorated. How you were hanging their work with such care. The fact that you stayed late to meet me instead of going out on a Friday night.” “It’s part of the job,” I explained. “No, not all teachers are as dedicated as you are.” “Thanks.” The waiter suddenly appeared and asked if we wanted dessert. I choked on my wine and resisted the urge to laugh. Oliver patted and rubbed my back until I was breathing normally again. I wanted so badly to say that we had already had dessert, but instead I said, “Is it possible to take something to go?” I took home a slice of pie, and Oliver took some cheesecake. We left the restaurant and returned to his hotel. I walked to my car, thinking our night was over, when he took my hand and asked, “Are you up for a walk?” “Sure, let me put my pie away,” I said. I knew a good walk would help me process all that had occurred. The remainder of the evening we walked through the city talking about random subjects until I was exhausted and my feet were killing me. We got back to the hotel and he kissed me good night at my car. I thought he might ask me up but when he didn’t, I smiled and climbed into my car. Then he asked, “Could I see you again?” “Yes,” I said smiling. “That would be nice. When?” “Soon,” he said. We kissed again, I started my car and watched him disappear into the hotel as I drove away. I thought as I drove home that I should have invited him back to my apartment, but part of me knew that was a dangerous idea so I didn’t dwell on it too long. That night I relived our moment of passion in the restaurant and slept in late Saturday. I spent the remainder of the weekend reflecting on my Friday night, and preparing for the following week. Monday morning, I arrived early at the school ready to work when a woman I didn’t know greeted me. “Ms. Perry?” she said. “Yes? May I help you?” I asked. She smiled and said, “I’m Mrs. Catherine Stone.” My heart sank. Here she was, the wife of the man I had just had an illicit, tawdry affair with in a restaurant. I didn’t know if I should confess or apologize. Instead, I squared my shoulders, shook her hand, and said, “Yes, good morning. Would you like to come in?” “Yes, please,” she said. I unlocked my door, flipped on the lights, and escorted her into my classroom. Walking over to my desk, I asked, “I’m sorry, but I’m a bit confused, why are you here?” “I was called out of town Friday at the last minute and I felt guilty about not making our meeting. Didn’t you get my message?” “Message? What message?” I froze in my tracks for a moment, suddenly I felt so used and betrayed. “Who the hell did I meet with and fuck on Friday?” Smiling to hide my humiliation and shame, I said, “Well, would you like me to tell you what I told your husband when he met with me on Friday?” At this point, she looked confused, and asked “My husband?” “Yes,” I said. “Mr. Stone came here about five-ish, I think, and we talked about your son. I remember because he scared me at first because I didn’t hear him come in.” Her face went pale and she sat down in the same chair he was in just a few days ago. She looked up at me and said, “I think you might be mistaken Ms. Perry. My husband is in Spain right now on a training mission. He’s been there for over 3 weeks.” Now I was confused. Whom did I meet with? In a way, my question was answered when I walked over to my desk and found the report card, the message about Mrs. Stone, and a note with a long-stemmed, red rose that read: I’m sorry for the deception. I promise I’ll explain later who I really am. I hope you’ll be willing to meet with me again.—O I wanted to scream. I wanted to cry. I wanted to tell her everything. Instead, I cleared my throat and said, “Oh, you’re right. I had your husband confused with a different father who came by to

talk about his son and was running late. Since I originally had two parents scheduled for Friday, he was a last minute add-on as he had to leave for Europe on Saturday and begged me to meet with him, I squeezed him in. I guess since I only had two parents scheduled, and I met with two parents, I got mixed up. I'm sorry Mrs. Stone. Here's your son's report card." I'm sure I was blushing when we went over the grades. I think she bought my lame excuse, but what else could I say. 'A man who claimed to be your husband showed up, took me to dinner, and rocked my world?' I gave her the same explanation I had given the mystery man about the report card. When it was all over, she shook my hand and said, "I can see your dedication. And your walls are beautifully decorated. May I look at them?" "Um, oh yes, of course," I said. I looked at my walls, and hoped she wouldn't think me too lazy for not finishing up what I started on Friday. That was when I realized that all the papers I had been working on when the fake 'Mr. Stone' arrived were now neatly hanging on my wall, my stapler was back on my desk, in its normal place, and the stepladder was back under the window. I also noticed that a tear in the butcher paper background that I was going to hide with work was removed and replaced with a fresh piece of butcher paper. Now I was really confused, but I chose not to dwell on it. Later that day, I found a note in my school mailbox that said, I hope you don't mind that I fixed your wall and finished hanging the papers. I hope I did it the way you wanted it done. There was no signature, but I already knew who wrote it, the question was, why?

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It's been over two months since that conference, and even though I haven't seen that mystery man again, I know he's around. Every Friday morning, I find a long red rose on my desk with a note that says: I'm sorry for the deception. I promise I'll explain later who I really am. I hope you'll be willing to meet with me again.—O I've thought about going to that restaurant we went to, but I decided that if this mystery man really wants to explain, he will. So, next Thursday, I'm leaving him a note on my desk that says: I've gotten your notes, and I'm willing to talk and listen to your explanation and meet you again. Please, don't make me wait forever.—A If he's serious, he'll find me. If this is a hoax, then I have great memories of a naughty tryst in a restaurant booth. Due to the nature of certain scenes in this "novel" I am not allowed to post the rest on this site. If you want to read the rest, contact me for a link.