

Teaching Me The Chemistry Of Love

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What happens when a chemistry student who likes the teacher is alone with him in the laboratory?

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I can remember perfectly that school year, it was always the same. Whenever I saw him, I felt really happy, just to know the fact that he was there, near me. Some of my girl classmates constantly asked me “don’t you like any boy from the group?” and my answer was always negative. It seemed to be weird to know that with 16 years I didn’t like any guy, but for being true, there was one, the only and the best and he...he was my teacher.

Since the very first day I saw him in the classroom, by the first days of the course and introduced himself to the group, I felt that he was exactly the kind of person I wanted for me. He would give us the chemistry classes once a week, in one the laboratories at school.

After some short (and some other that not short) conversations, I felt really attracted to him. For me was certainly handsome, funny and very intelligent. He was one of the youngest teachers at school, but he had some of the most advanced grades at his subject. Sometimes I found myself writing his initials in notebook, books and my school bag or even in the school furniture.

My friends started making jokes about it, because we shared lots of things in common and I think I was the one who he used to talk to the most from the class, so whenever we found him in the hallways and greeted us, they giggled and told me funny things about the situation. Course, I always denied it, but I couldn’t avoid thinking of him all the time.

Sometime later, I got to the conclusion that it didn’t mattered if he was practically 13 years older than me and he was a teacher at my own school, but someday I had to get really close to him...and it happened.

It was a Friday, some weeks before I graduated. I had gotten 18 some weeks before. That day we had to do a very complicated experiment and I had never been that good for this kind of subjects, so it was certainly a whole challenge for me. We had to complete some exercises on the notebook and leaving wasn’t allowed until we had it all finished. Little by little, I saw how the laboratory was emptier

while minutes passed. It was supposed that I could leave at 2:00 PM, but then I noticed it was almost 2:30. And soon I was the only one I was on the laboratory...with him.

-Why are you taking so long? – He asked me while he put all his books and stuff in his case.

-It's difficult indeed! – I complained. And I blushed. I felt I was looking like an idiot for him.

- Do you think you need some help?

-Yeah...I think so

Then, he approached to me and tried to explain me the topic. I felt that I was so close to him, I couldn't stop seeing him. I noticed that the fact of feeling his presence, listening to his voice, feeling his aroma and knowing that we were alone in all the building started to be pretty exciting to me.

Some minutes later he finished his explanation and, for being sincere, I hadn't paid attention at all. There were some seconds of silence. I felt he was looking at me.

-Is that a new hairstyle?

-Sorry?

-Yeah...you have a new hairstyle. It looks really good on you, you look pretty.

-Thanks. – I said smiling.

-By the way, I wanted to ask you something...you don't have a relationship with anybody, right?

-No

-Me neither. I haven't been with anyone for a long time.

I didn't know what to say. A simple "ah" wouldn't be enough, or at least I felt it wouldn't be the best thing to do. I felt that the conversation was getting to other level and I was totally convinced of it when he went on with it:

- It's a shame. I think you're a very special person that deserves to have someone.

-Do you really think so?

-Yeah...you deserve a very good person. For example, I don't think that I'm not really handsome. And well...I wouldn't say it is the best.

-Oh, come on, don't say that! – I didn't imagine that was his opinion over me – I think you're an awesome person too, and don't you say those things, you're cute really. And...well...why do you say it wouldn't be the best?

- Well, you know perfectly the situation and things between...

- Well...yeah...maybe- my hands were tumbling. I was feeling really nervous and more and more excited all the time. – But you can never say...

- So then...do you really consider me a good person?

-Course I do!

-Good enough for a kiss?

I didn't say anything else. I couldn't. When I noticed, there were only a few centimeters between his face and mine. Suddenly, I felt the moment when his lips made contact with his. I took his hand. That kiss was really sweet. I passed my fingers through his dark hair and he touched my cheek slowly and tenderly.

I took away his tie away and unbuttoned his shirt. He also unbuttoned my blouse and passed his hand under my bra to touch my breast. It was delicious, because he was pressing and caressing my nipples were carefully and sensually, whispering lots of romantic things on my ear.

I had a hot sensation in my pussy and I noticed it was getting really wet. That was more than anything I could imagine and I put my hand under my complete socked panties for masturbate. Immediately, my fingers got all wet. I touched my clitoris that was really sensible and big. All of that provoked me to start groaning.

-You like it, eh? – he asked making a pause between that kiss.

-Yes

-What else do you want to do?

This time, I didn't reply with words neither. I just got down and took out his belt and pulled his pants. And yeah, he was completely excited too, judging by the intensity of his erection. I put it in my mouth and started giving him some oral. He touched my hair, like telling me how much he liked it. I had never had sex before and only some "attempts" of boyfriends, but as it seemed, I was looking it really good. I really liked to feel the contact of my hand with his body. I moved up and down my hand over his cock and slowly touched his testicles. I also used my tongue a lot.

-You're going so well...-he said in low voice – I think I'll be cumming in your mouth...

-How's that! So then you won't take the real meal? – I said joking, continuing with the oral.

-If you really want to...just say it.

-Whenever you want it, I'm here you see. – I pushed him a little away from me and pulled down my jeans and panties. I sat over the little desk that was in a corner and opened my legs, letting him to see my wide open pussy. I started fingering myself, rubbing my clit and sinking my fingers in my vagina. I reached a marker, one of those he used to write in the blackboard and used it too. He was with his pants down and started stroking his cock while watching me. It was great, because I was stimulating me with masturbation and vice versa.

-OK, so then, now it is my turn – he said and started licking my tights and then my pussy. My groaning became harder and the juices couldn't stop going out from my vagina. When it was really wet, he lightly blown over my pussy. He constantly put his finger deep inside my vagina, in and out quickly, not without stopping stimulating my clit with his tongue.

- Is getting so creamy here, eh? - He said – That's great. Is so tasty...

He was also occasionally biting my labia lightly and carefully. I felt I was about to cum.

-Yeah, you do it so well...keep it, keep it.

He kept playing with his fingers and my vagina. When his fingers were deep inside, I felt a warmer sensation and I felt some strong contractions in my pussy. I moaned and screamed louder. He pulled out his fingers. When he did that, I squirted all over the desk.

-God, that has been my first orgasm with a man! – I said. He smiled, but seconds later he seemed to be a little blushed.

-I see you like it, luv, but try to be discreet. – he said – what if there's someone out there?

I knew there wouldn't be anyone, but I also knew the situation. What made it more special for me was that he was my teacher, I was the student...we can say that wasn't allowed..."prohibition" a word that sometimes can be really turning on for sex.

-OK, don't worry...I'll be, I promise.

He gave me other of his sweetest smiles and other kiss. He kissed not only my lips, but also my neck and my shoulders.

-Well...what if we try the main meal now, as you said

I giggled. I pulled him close to me and kissed him.

-Yeah...so then, there it goes. I'm ready. – I said looking into his brown eyes.

I recharged myself more into the desk and lied down. I opened my legs wider and he approached to me. I closed my eyes and felt when he penetrated me. My breathing became faster. He put his hands on my hips and started moving. He had a big cock as I told you, and his erection made it look even bigger and delicious for my hungry pussy. He was going faster and it was feeling great, but suddenly I felt a little pain. I was moaning had but the pain was clearly noticeable in that sea of pleasure.

-Hey, are you OK? Did I hurt you?

-No...I think it's normal.

-Yeah...you were a virgin...

I said yes with the head. For a moment he looked kinda worried. He looked at other side.

-Don't worry; you haven't done anything really bad.

-No, all of this is wrong...I can't be doing this, I can't believe it...

-Hey, we both started this, right? I can tell you that I like you a lot and I really want you...and after seeing this...I think I can say I love you...- I felt I was blushing, but at the same time I felt kinda peaceful. Finally, I've said it and to the correct person.

-I must say the same. In a beginning I didn't know what to think...I had never felt this towards a

student...

What else could I do than giving him a hug and a kiss? We had expressed ourselves and gotten a conclusion. And also, we had started something and had to finish it.

-So then, what's next? – I told him

-Do you want to continue?

-Sure!

And again, he penetrated me and continued. Now it was something else, something stronger what I felt while we were there. After that short talk, I couldn't call it "having sex" anymore, now the most appropriate words would be "making love".

We both were enjoying it indeed, groaning harder all the time. It was just both of us, nothing else mattered. I rubbed my clit while he was moving in and out my vagina. I put my feet on his shoulders so it could be deeper.

-Yeah...fuck my pussy...harder...come on...-I whispered, saying those things and pronouncing his name constantly.

-Your pussy is so beautiful...- he said, pressing my breast and then my belly. It was really exciting to him between my legs and having a good sight of it all. Suddenly, he went faster and faster, rubbing also my g spot. I was cumming for the second time, and held his hand tightly and my muscles were shaking to the wonderful sensation of the orgasm. Seconds later my orgasm finished, he quickly pulled out his cock out and rubbed it over my pussy. He cum all over it and now it was dripping all over that zone of my body and then to the desk. He was groaning hard when he was spreading it and then, as his cum was slowly going out and when it finished, he was sighing lightly. It was exhausting, but the greatest experience in my life.

-Gosh, now you can believe it? – I said whispering in his ear.

-Yeah...I guess I can.

We were staring at each other for a moment and then stood up. We got dressed and cleaned "our mess".

-Wow! Three and a half!

-I'm late! – I said. – But well, I can tell that I was “punished” by the teacher. I winked and smiled.

-This is going to be our secret, is it OK? – He said caressing my hair.

-Course. I'm leaving now. See you next week then.

-Take care. And...- he stopped there.

-What?

-I just wanted to say...uh...I love you

I smiled, took my bag and walked out the laboratory. The following and last weeks of that school period were great. He talked a little bit more to me and as he had a music band, he also invited me to see them sometimes. When I graduated, I didn't see him for a few months, but after a couple of months, I received a message on my cell phone, asking me if I wanted to go out with him. I didn't say no, and took the chance. We lasted a couple of years. I could never forget that Friday at the laboratory, and I think I will never do so, now that I can introduce him to others by saying he's my teacher...but in the life subject...because now, several years later, I can call him “my husband”.