Orgasmic Chemistry

By Sandrine

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A sexy Teacher's Assistant teaches me more than nomenclature

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It started as one of those days where nothing went right. From the moment my alarm clock jarred me awake at 6:00am (damn that broken snooze button), to narrowly missing the train to campus, I knew I should have just skipped classes. Unfortunately, I wasn't given a choice as it was the first day of spring semester. If I was going to be out, I needed a damn good reason. Since I didn't have one, well off to class I went. At about 10am, I battle the wave of academic humanity to attend my Organic Chemistry lab class. It looks like four credits of pure torture according to the course description. As I sit on the painful wooden stool along with the others condemned to this course, I wait for the instructor to arrive. "God, please just get me out of here!" I scream inside my head as I watch the rain pellets tap against the window. "Come to order!" A man scolded. As quickly as a reflex, the students scurried to their seats. Sitting at the instructors' table was a man of about 25 years old. He wore a white lab coat over his blue suit. He watched us intently as an uneasy silence took over the room. "My name is Yun Gao. I am a Professor's Assistant," he announced in his very broken English. To say he was difficult to understand was an understatement and his words were met with exhales and eye-rolls from the class. He outlined the course objectives and the timeline needed for those objectives to be met. Then he added, "I have rules for this class, you must obey. There is serious consequence for not following the rules." I immediately hung on to his every word as he went through the "rules" which were nothing more than showing up for class and successfully completing all the required coursework. I found my heart beating a little faster every time he spoke. The class seemed to end abruptly, or was it my budding lust for him that made the time move faster? Either way, he dismissed the class, but I stayed after to get to know him better-in more ways than one. After the class filtered out, I gave Yun a slight smile. "I'm really looking forward to this course," I said as I approached his table. I was looking for a reason to open up conversation with him. He smiled back. "I like people who are eager to learn," he said as he cleared his computer screen. I had no idea what he was looking at. The web page was in Chinese. "Oh, I am very interested in Organic Chemistry. I always have been," I feigned. "What is your major?" He asked, finally making eye contact with me. His stern features were melting me on contact and I felt a quiver in my legs. "Um, um, it's nursing. My major is nursing," I improvised. In reality I hadn't decided on a major. "That is good," he said with a nod and a smile. "You can take care of me if I get sick," he joked. His wide grin was so sexy, his short black hair and small

almond-shaped eyes were intoxicating. God, I needed him so badly. “I would take very good care of you, I promise,” I smiled as I mentally searched for a way to keep the conversation going. “How long have you been teaching, Mr. Gao?” I asked. My improvisational skills were growing as much as my libido. “Two year,” he declared proudly. “This is my first year here in United States. I teach and work on my English too and you may refer to me as ‘Yun’,” he laughed. “Your English is just fine,” I said. I left out “much like the rest of you.” By this time, I was feeling a bit awkward and out of place in his lab. I knew there will be other times to speak with him. I consoled myself with the thought that three times a week I would be in his class and Organic Chemistry would be my favorite subject. One month later and classes are in full swing. I looked forward to Organic Chemistry, not for the class, but for Yun. He was stern, but fair. He demanded both effort and results. I gave all the effort I could, but I could not grasp Nomenclature (the naming of compounds) to save my life. I told him that I was considering dropping the class, as it was too hard for me to continue. Yun said that would not be acceptable, that he would tutor me privately if need be. I told him I was willing to try. We made an appointment to meet at my off-campus apartment that Friday night at 7pm. Yun said that I must be willing to learn. “Oh, I am willing,” I replied with a grin. I prepared for my first tutoring session with him. Armed with my textbook, notebook, cheat sheets and some sexy perfume by Victoria’s Secret, I was ready to get deep into Organic Chemistry (and lure Yun deep into me). At 6:59pm, Yun arrived at my apartment. I didn’t expect to see him in some very nice tight jeans with a white-button down shirt hanging out of his pants. He brought his laptop and some other papers that I had no interest in seeing. I invited him in and he placed his belongings on the kitchen table. “Shall we get started?” He asked, standing upright, almost at attention. “Yes, of course, but I do my best studying in my bedroom. It is more comfortable there,” I replied. Yun raised an eyebrow. “If that is where you study. Then we will study there. I still expect you to grasp this quickly,” he added. “I promise I will grasp it as quick as I can,” I replied. Trust me when I say I was not referring to Organic Chemistry. “Good, good,” he said as he followed me into the bedroom. I sat on the bed and motioned him to sit next to me. “You don’t have a desk in here,” he observed. “It’s easier to study on the bed. I hope I am not making you uncomfortable,” I said wondering if he was on to me. “I am very comfortable, thank you for your concern,” he replied with a smile. “Still we must remember what we are here for,” he said slightly shaking his finger at me. I bit my lip in mild disappointment, but I wasn’t going to give up. Yun clasped his hands and began to recite a textbook definition of Organic Chemistry when I interrupted him. “May I get you something to drink?” I asked. His words could have stopped on a dime. “Yes, yes,” he nodded. “I’ll be right back,” I replied as I sprung off the bed. I went to the kitchen and poured two large glasses of soda. I placed them on the counter as I removed my shirt and bra and let them fall to the floor. Carefully, I walked back to the bedroom; topless with sodas in hand. Yun glanced over to me as I handed him his drink. He had a stunned smile on his face. He took a sip of soda and placed it on the nightstand. I took my place next to him. “You, you are not wearing a shirt,” he stuttered. “Yes, I forgot to tell you that I study better topless.” I figured it was going to be all or nothing at this point. “OK, good,” he said swallowing hard and trying hard to ignore my hard nipples that were so close to him. “Let us continue. Organic Chemistry is the study of structure which contain carbon…” he said looking

at the ceiling. “Oh fuck carbon. Yun, let’s put the books away,” I whispered to him. “I come here to study with you. I am here to help you learn,” he pretended to protest. “Then teach me everything you know---sexually,” I asked of him. He tried to hide a mischievous grin as he placed the book on the floor and edged his body closer to me. He put his hand on my left breast and pinched the nipple so faintly. “You have good breasts,” he said as he licked my nipple. I became overpowered by the sexual sensation. I knelt on the bed as Yun treated my breasts and nipples to a very slow tease with his tongue. I stroked his hair and pressed his face closer to them as I moaned and tingled with delight. I squeezed his shoulders and gave a slight tug to his shirt. There was no denying that he wanted it as badly as I did. His hands glided down the sides of my body and back up to my breasts. His was breathing harder as he mumbled something I didn’t understand and didn’t care to clarify. He tugged at the waist of my jeans and unbuttoned them. I bit my lip as he took down my pants and panties, barely giving me enough time to pull them off. He was in a sexual frenzy and I was enjoying every living second of it. He put his hands on my shoulders and gently lay me on the bed. I could feel his eyes soak up my naked body. Clumsily, he unzipped his pants, giving me a quick view of his pudgy cock. I reached out for him as he kissed my breasts down to my pussy and up to my breasts again. He was so methodical, that I was captivated by his technique as well as absorbed in my delight. I clenched the sheet as Yun’s lips slowly approached my clit. Spreading my legs apart, he positioned himself to give me pleasure. I felt myself climaxing and needed to slow down. I looked down to see Yun parting my pussy lips. Slowly, he sucked my clit with just enough pressure to keep me on the edge of climax. I moaned and quivered from the sexual aching in my body. He licked my clit slowly before sucking it again. Once more, he was methodical. I arched my back and pressed my pussy into his face, holding his head in place as he pleased me. “You like?” He asked as he looked up between my legs. I could see my wetness on his face. I couldn’t respond to him, only whimper and nod “yes”… (To be continued)