**A Class Act...**

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Ugh, Biology, man. It promises so much yet delivers so little.  
  
'Come and learn about the human body, and let us take some time to discuss sex, and maybe watch some videos.'  
  
Disappointment, all the way. I remember sitting in high school biology watching the same videos of toads humping that I'm sure everybody does, or looking at the same projected images of hairy women taken in the 1970s that are still supposed to teach us about the human body. I was annoyed when I got to college to find out they use exactly the same videos.  
  
Fail, big time. If I had my way, things would be different. Radically different. Of course I had a radical teacher during my first semester at college, I trusted his methods implicitly and I was more than happy to follow his lead in all classroom situations. Take this one time when I spent a day as a teaching assist for him at a different college to get extra credit...  
  
There was only one class that day so it looked like an easy job to boost my grade. I turned up looking all teachery and smart in my subtle green business suit and black four inch heels at 8 a.m. on the button, and spent five boring hours loading slides of hairy 70's dudes and chicks and humping toads into a projector. There was to be a slide show, a talk on gender difference, climaxing with a close-up camera view of a live toad's testicles. Reading the itinerary I was bored right away, and for the good of the students I protested to the Professor immediately.  
  
"Professor Adams, I must say that there has to be a more engaging way to teach biology than to project images of toads boning onto a white board. Also, the close-up of the poor toad's penay must contravene a number of animal dignity laws in the local and national area."  
  
Professor Adams huffed a short laugh and fixed me a look with his blue eyes. He was a handsome, bearded man of medium height with a good body and soft hands, and was highly regarded among the females on campus for his humpability, but those eyes did something to me when he fixed them onto me in just the right way. I'm sure you know what I mean. He smiled and shook his head.  
  
"This is the way we do it Jenna. It may not be perfect but it's what we do. How would you have us teach this stuff?"  
  
He fixed me with those eyes.  
  
"Well I don't know." I said, "But some more radical means than this. I didn't learn anything from these lessons."  
  
There was a brief, flirtatious look in his eye. "Well how did you learn?"  
  
I held my nerve under his piercing eyes and calmed the butterflies in my stomach. "Practical experience."  
  
He smiled and winked and motioned towards the door, so I grabbed a box of slides and headed out in front of him.  
  
The classroom was just like every classroom you have ever seen. It was stark white with florescent lighting and blue chairs all facing the front of the room where a row of tables stood, brown wooden tops help up by gray metal legs. Jesus God, even the tables were boring. I loaded the slides into the projector in the center of the room and took my seat along the side as the students filtered slowly in. I was pretty nervous I have to admit, I smiled at some of them and they smiled back. Guys, girls, pretty much everybody looked bored already.  
  
When everybody was seated, The Professor stood up to address them.  
  
"Class. Welcome to biology. Today we will be augmenting our understanding of the human body and sexuality, but we shall begin by discussing physical differences made by your genetic make up. We will be aided in this by my assistant, Jenna."  
  
He motioned towards me and the class turned, I smiled and looked around at the sea of unfamiliar faces staring at me, some were smiling but most were apathetic. He clicked the projector button to reveal the first picture of a hairy naked woman and the class groaned in unison.  
  
"Oh come on guys," he said, "It's not that bad. At least you have pictures, I had to learn with cartoons." He paused then reiterated his point. "Cartoons! It ruined the Saturday morning funnies for me forever."  
  
A smattering of laughter rippled around the class, my smile caught his eye and he motioned to me.  
  
"Jenna, come here for a minute sweetie."  
  
I went to the front of the class and stood next to him. The sea of faces looked vast and real and I felt exposed and the butterflies in my stomach started fluttering again. Professor Adams placed his hand on the small of my back and pushed me forward a little so I was just in front of him.  
  
"Okay, genetics. Look at Jenna here. How do you think that Jenna's genetics have shaped her?"  
  
He paused and looked around the class, there was no response.  
  
"Okay, well looking at her we can say that her genes have been very kind." I smiled, he continued. "They gave her that graceful nose and gorgeous smile, those dark chocolate brown eyes, and her brown hair – if that indeed is the natural color I mean..."  
  
A chuckle rippled through the class again and I looked around at him, those eyes were twinkling.  
  
"Why Professor, whatever do you mean?" I asked coyly and fluttered my eyelashes at him. The class laughed. I felt 30-odd pairs of eyes looking at me and a cold shiver worked its way up my spine. The Professor continued.  
  
"Hair, eyes, skin color, bone structure, body shape. Everything is down to genetics, and in this case..." he motioned to me, "...I think we can give genetics a round of applause for a job well done."  
  
The class clapped their hands, and some guys whooped. I felt embarrassed and looked to the ground to hide my blushing. The Professor went on.  
  
"Your genes control everything, make you unique, give you all of your distinguishing features. Jenna, do you have any distinguishing features?"  
  
I panicked. "A couple..."  
  
The class laughed at my unwitting double-entendre and somebody wolf-whistled, the Professor laughed this time too, and nodded.   
  
"They certainly are. But yes, even...um...those...are unique. Now, if you wouldn't mind...?"  
  
I stood there, I didn't understand. "Mind what, Professor?"  
  
"I'm sure the class would agree that in order to fully appreciate how unique you are, it would be appropriate and helpful for us to be aware of your...distinguishing features."  
  
I looked at the class, they looked back at me. I felt the butterflies again, but it was a slightly different sensation this time. I looked back at the Professor.  
  
"But I..." I stopped, no words came.  
  
I found myself unbuttoning my jacket with hands I couldn't feel. I looked down as they worked them in order - top one, middle two, bottom one - and as they slipped the jacket off over my shoulders it was as if they belonged to somebody else. Then my blouse was being unfastened in slow motion, as the buttons opened and my blouse became loose around my body, a thin honey-colored strip of skin was revealed, and the class all stared silently. The hands were mine but they were doing the will of the Professor. Soon my blouse came off and I was standing in front of the class – and the Professor – in my black lace bra. I felt cold and exposed as the eyes looked me up and down, and up again to focus on the bra and I became conscious of any any slight transparency it might have in the white lighting, and I wrapped my arms around myself. I turned to Prof. Adams.  
  
"Radical means, remember Jenna?"  
  
I remembered my own words, and they played around my head as I reached around and fumbled with the clasp of my bra. I covered my bare breasts with my arm and the bra slipped to the floor. Adams stepped forward to speak.  
  
"This is much better than those slides, right? As we can see, the human body is unique and beautiful and should be enjoyed as such. Now, genetics control everything from the size and shape of Jenna's breasts to the color of her nipples..."  
  
He broke off and looked around at me. "Jenna, show the students your nipples."  
  
I took shallow breaths as I lowered my arm slowly and the students, male and female, stared at my bare breasts as my pink nipples became erect in the cold air. Professor Adams' talk went on for a while and I stood there the whole time with all of those eyes looking at me. The butterflies fluttered like crazy in my stomach. At the back of the class, one male student squeezed his crotch through his pants, then I noticed a couple more dotted around the room doing the same thing.   
  
"Nipples..." the Professor announced suddenly, "...are little miracles of evolutionary development."  
  
He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a laser pen, then traced the red dot up along my stomach and made small circles around my nipples in turn.  
  
"Not only are they extremely useful little nozzles for attaching the young onto, but they're also exceedingly pleasant to look at and touch, especially perky ones sitting on wonderfully high breasts like these. What size, Jenna?"  
  
I replied automatically now without questioning. "34B."  
  
The dot continued circling my nipple like the tip of a tiny red tongue, then he moved the dot upwards slowly over my shoulders and onto my collar bones where it stopped for a brief minute, Prof. Adams moistening his lips as he looked, before moving my neck and up my chin onto my lips where it stayed.  
  
"The lips, in this case full and soft looking lips, are often said to bear resemblance to...other types of coverings elsewhere on the body. This may be a genetic reflection of specific family characteristics such as skin color and, oddly enough the shape and length of our tongues. Jenna...?"  
  
I opened my mouth and poked my tongue out. I had often fantasized about having my mouth open and my tongue out when in the company of Professor Adams, but I have to say I didn't imagine it would be like this. Maybe in his office after class, or in his study at home after I slipped in through an unlocked window and surprised him by laying naked on his desk for him to find. I probably had hundreds of similar fantasies.  
  
Suddenly the Professor's voice shook me back.  
  
"Jenna will now walk around the classroom so we can all have a good, close look at her wonderful breasts."  
  
I took a breath and walked along the first row of students as the Professor spoke in more detail about breasts and nipples and evolution. The students leaned closer to me and examined my nipples as I passed. A braver male student reached out and touched my right nipple with his index finger, I took a short breath and he half-smiled an unnecessary apology at me. At the back of the third row the guy who I saw touching himself continued to do so but turned red when I made eye-contact with him. Three chairs up from the front of the final row sat an amazing redheaded girl with lots of wild bright hair and dark eyes that looked almost black until you got closer. She had pale skin and faint freckles and her lips pulled back into a delicious smile as I stopped at her desk. She maintained eye contact the whole time and rubbed her top and bottom lips together in such a way as to send more butterflies through my stomach. She touched my knee lightly through my thin black stockings.  
  
"Okay, thank you Jenna, come back to the front please."  
  
I made my way to the front and the Professor watched me carefully as I walked past him and stood in the same spot I had before.  
  
"Your skirt now please."  
  
An odd feeling bubbled up from my stomach, it was almost like shame, only I'm not ashamed of my body by any means. Fairly proud of it in fact, I eat well and work out regularly and I was on the school gymnastics team until my breasts grew and made my lines look funny, but even though I don't practice any more I still keep in shape. Also I take care of my skin too, not too much sun, not too many cosmetics, and I moisturize religiously, morning and night, so my skin is soft and smooth to touch. As I was thinking this, I felt my skirt slip down around my ankles. Those darn automated hands again. I looked down at my body – my bare breasts with their erect pink nipples, my stomach and the outline of my still toned abs leading down to the matching black panties from the twin set I wore especially for today. At least my underwear matched, I would have died from embarrassment if they were odd. Below that I had thin black stockings on and the cute black shoes with four-inch heels.  
  
"I believe-" said the professor, "-that we are about to get an answer to our earlier question regarding the natural color of Miss Jenna's hair, is that right Jenna?"  
  
It wasn't. What he didn't know and what I was about to reveal didn't really answer his question at all. I mean, for the record my hair really is naturally dark brown due to some long-diluted Spanish heritage, but as I hooked my thumbs onto the sides of my panties and bent forwards, I felt a genuine twinge of excitement instead of the fluttering butterflies from before, and as I stood up in front of the class and in front of Prof. Adams in just my stockings and shoes, I felt a warm tingling sensation replace the cold as I revealed my completely waxed pubic area.  
  
The class murmered, Prof. Adams smiled at the floor, and the student at the back of the room took three or four deep gasps and then exhaled a long sigh.  
  
"Did I pick the right teaching assist or what, class?" the Professor asked, and the students clapped once again.  
  
"Now, we have a special treat for you all. We're going to use this special camera to get a close up look at some toad genitals!"  
  
The class groaned as the Professor waved the special pen-camera around with a grin on his face.  
  
"Or we could have Jenna hop up onto this table and we could take a good look at her."  
  
The class cheered, I gasped in horror as I looked up at the screen displaying the view of my distant naked body through the camera. What was I doing? I was basically naked and people were looking at me. My stockinged legs carried me across the room without me even having to try to move them. My pussy felt slippery as I walked along the row of tables as the students watched me from a few feet away, and as I got to the table the Prof. stopped me and had me lean forwards over the table a little way.  
  
"I'd like everybody to take a good look at Jenna's body shape. See how her hips gently taper to her waist, then lead upwards to those shapely shoulders, and how her spinal groove leads the eye back down her soft skin to her firm and quite lovely bottom."  
  
He trailed a finger ever so gently down my spine, starting between my shoulder blades underneath my hair, leading down to the small of my back where it stopped and trailed across my ass cheek. I whimpered a little as a tingle followed his finger and smiled a secret smile away from the class.  
  
"Okay" he said and tapped the table.  
  
I turned and hopped up onto the table and leaned back onto my arms.  
  
"Open..." the Professor said as he tapped my knee with the slim, pen-camera, and I opened my legs. He pointed the camera onto my leg at first, and the black fibres of woven fabric were reproduced in intense detail on the screen mounted on the wall beside us. He looked into my eyes and a flicker of a smile touched his lips, then he lowered his gaze and moved the focus of the camera along the stockings, then onto the skin of my leg, leading up to my inside thigh at the very top of my leg, and I held my breath as the camera moved in close up to my pussy and I gasped as it appeared in huge detail on the big screen. It felt strange to look up at it. It was smooth and tidy, and pleasant looking even if I did say so myself. I tensed my pelvic floor involutarily and it moved on the screen.  
  
"Good Jenna, do it again please."  
  
I did it again.   
  
"One more time..."  
  
And again.   
  
"Please carry on..."  
  
And again. And kept doing it until a droplet of juice ran out and rolled into my ass crack and I stopped in horror.  
  
"I'm sorry Professor, I-"  
  
He cut me off. "-Don't be. Keep going."  
  
His face was inches from mine and as I leaned back against the wall he leaned in a little more, keeping close but not touching me. He was looking down at my pussy as I reached in with my hand and pulled my lips open a little, letting more juice run out onto the table. He stared at it with his blue eyes and I touched the juice and used it to moisten my entire pussy as I traced around my pink slit with my fingers. Prof. Adams rubbed his obvious erection against the table, but didn't touch me even though he was only inches away. I looked past him at the class full of students and they were all looking up at my dripping wet pussy on the screen. I noticed several bulging erections among the guys, and a lot of lip-sucking and pokey nipples among the girls. One girl – the redhead with wild bright hair and dark eyes had her legs open, and the view of her white panties at the top of her creamy thighs sent a tingle up my legs and through my stomach. I whispered quietly to Prof. Adams.  
  
"The redhead...can I?"  
  
"No." he said, "Absolutely not."  
  
I whimpered and pushed a finger inside myself. I was soft and my juice was warm on my hands. I pulled my lips open with my left and slid two fingers inside myself with the right, while rubbing my clitoris with my thumb. It felt amazing and I made eye contact with the redhead. She still had her legs open and I noticed her hand had slipped inside her panties and was making rapid shapes in the white cotton. She looked right back at me and occasionally glanced up at the screen and licked her pouting pink lips. A guy to her right was kneading his crotch with his hand as he looked over at her and then back up at the screen.  
  
I leaned in a little and let a little bit of spit hang down and fall onto my clit. It looked incredible in close-up on the big screen and I massaged it in with my fingers before doing it again. I reached over and grabbed a thick marker pen from the other desk, sucked it and used the end of it to rub my clit with.  
  
"This is your cock." I told the Professor, and he smiled and watched.  
  
I moved the marker pen in small, tight circles around my clit and then pushed it inside myself, a little at first but then deeper until it was as far inside as I could get it. I looked the redhead in the eye and she looked back at me with her juicy lips open slightly and her hand pumping away in her panties. I caught glimpses of her bright red pussy as her panties moved, and I thought of her red hair hanging in my face as our pussies were pressed together and our juices were shared. I imagined her spitting into my mouth and me pushing it onto my lips with my tongue and then her licking it off in one long, slow stroke, then opening my mouth and her spitting it back in again. I took a handful of my warm juice and licked it, spreading it all over my lips and chin, and as I looked at the redhead she licked her lips and let a trail of spit run down her chin.  
  
Professor Adams stood back and made an announcement.  
  
"Each row, one at a time from the far side of the room, make your way down for a closer look. No touching."  
  
The first row came down and filed past slowly, each person - male or female – stopping briefly to take a good close look at my pussy or my rigid nipples as I laid back on the desk. Then they returned to their seats and the next row came down and repeated the viewing, some getting close, some staying back a little. One guy rubbed his finger through the pool of my juice on the table and thoughtfully sucked his finger on the way back to his back row seat. Finally the last row came forward – the row with the redhead. The Professor held her arm and whispered something into her ear, at which she nodded, then allowed her to take her place in the line. They filed past, again some touching the juice, some just looking as I masturbated in front of them.  
  
Finally the redhead was in front of me. We maintained eye contact for a few seconds until she lifted her skirt and opened her legs a little revealing a darker, moist patch in her white panties. She pulled the wet patch aside to reveal a shock of bright red hair and the juiciest, pinkest pussy I have ever seen, then she reached in and slid two fingers into me as I gasped. She pushed them slowly all the way inside and massaged my slippery clit with her thumb as I gripped her hand with my legs. She took a handful of juice from my pussy and mixed it with her own before sucking her fingers, leaning forward and spitting it into my mouth and all over my lips.

I reached out a hand and pushed her hair back from her face and stroked my thumb across her gorgeous pink lips. She took my thumb into her mouth and sucked the juice from it, softly massaging the end with her tongue, then one by one she sucked them all in turn, finishing with my index and middle fingers together. I began to orgasm. I dropped the pen and used the fingers still wet from her mouth to stroke my firm clit and pull my lips apart as the redhead kneeled in front of me and opened her mouth. I felt our combined juices running down my face onto my neck and around my earlobes, and I gasped as the climax started to come. I rubbed harder and faster and as I started to orgasm I pulled my pussy open and squirted a stream of my hot juice all over her face, making her gorgeous red hair stick to her pale, freckled skin. As the second wave came I grabbed her hair and pushed her lips against my pussy and filled her mouth again as she pushed open my pussy with her soft lips.  
  
When I finished she leaned over and our lips touched, then as they parted she let a load of warm juice run into my mouth. The class applauded and gave a standing ovation. I laughed and kissed the redhead, who told me her name was Trudy before filling my mouth with her soft tongue.  
  
Professor Adams stood in front of his class and shushed them, and they stopped the noise.  
  
"Now..." He looked around the room. "Any questions on the subject of sexuality?"