

Timidly, Tim raised his hand at mid-air after Ms. Push lightly asked about the effects of psychotherapy developments in the past decades, defending that Freud was right about sex. Sex is a powerful force that drives humanity to achieve the impossible. 'That's not very accurate, Ms. Push. Along with myself, I know many people that aren't affected about sex in any way and still achieve great things.' -said Tim staring at the blackboard (his only defect was that he couldn't handle humans). Then, a small but dense silence filled the room as the prelude of a catastrophe.

'You've got the answer yourself, young boy' -Ms. Push was looking for his eyes, but he kept avoiding her- 'the things you had achieved could be good, but not great, as you said. See, a painter cannot express their full creativity, and therefore, express the full message without feeling like your stomach is eating itself as desperation because his stupid owner (you) made a risky move with that girl named Sunflower that only created an unbearably painful distance. So now you cannot even taste her sweet tits, touch her cold thighs, speak inside her tongue about how beautiful that moment is; or just fuck her brains out. So yeah, even in the dimmest themes, that sentiment, pure and animal, cannot be avoided' -whilst hearing what could be a slap on his face, Tim was looking down, daunted but not defeated, he raised and said 'you think you know me? I decide not to have any lusty desires for the sake of artistic purity. In fact, I'm proud to be 22 and still be a virgin. Suck that Freudian shit, bitch'.

Everyone in the classroom stared at Ms. Push (as her surname implies) because she never lost an argument in her 5-year residency as a Psychology 101 professor at Dimsdale University. Every soul in that room was expecting some kind of rough and thoughtful argument between her and the president of Youth Jehovah's Witnesses of such campus. But as soon as she was going to tell him to behave, the clock rang at the end of the class.

'Everyone remember that next week there's due to a 5-page essay about the little argument we had in the last 4 minutes. Your opinion is as free as the laws of this country can allow, but stick to the facts. As for you young boy, fucking respect my individuality. The dean told me that I could bring some help for my side projects. At 8 pm come to my office or I will take necessary consequences.' -she bent a little to pick up her papers- class dismissed'

Tim stayed in the room for a bit, looking. Just looking her notes on the blackboard 'SEX IS THE POWER FORCE THAT DRIVES HUMANITY' he just couldn't believe such a primal instinct was the driving force of humans. He always got blurred with it. He despises it. His still face looked angrily towards the image of the professor: the desk, the blackboard, and inevitably but carelessly, to her figure. Her butt showed off like a streamlined peach, wrapped up tight with celofan. She glanced at him, saw that poor kid tranced by his scared immaturity and exit the room.

That evening at 8 pm he had to show up. He was afraid of the unexpected. Ms. Push was known for being authoritative over academic matters, so she might act vengeful (within academic laws) on him.

He heard that she was running an NGO for people in extreme cases of economic dysfunction while facing cancer treatments. She helps them to overcome the struggles of quimio and radiotherapy and body parts... removal. So this might happen to give him a lesson or two about the subject discussed in class.

At sharp 8pm he was knocking her door. He suit up and groomed to look as fresh and confident as he could be. 'Hello, Tim. Come inside... you look a bit disturbed... but don't worry dear, your mind will be in peace after finishing with this article' -she said whilst looking at him. She was wearing a tight blue jean, white

converse shoes, a white blouse, light makeup, furled hair and a pair of sleek metal glasses. He noted a slight smell of some kind of L'Occitane perfume, just like his mother. "That's weird" -he thought- "just think about work and everything will pass by quickly". When he tried to sit, he almost slipped for a second, his eyesight was stuck in hers. She smiled and handled the work for that evening. 'THE REMOVAL OF TESTICLES IN ART: ITS IMPACT'. He blushed out of rage, he knew what was going on, but he took a chill pill and said 'explain me'.

Ms. Push stood up, her blouse was opened, her thorax was exposed. Although not revealing even the colour of her brasier, he could note her light tan, probably given on the beach sometime last weekend. He could feel his pupils pop out, he forcibly closed his eyes. 'Tim, sex is essential to art. Undeniable. I've seen your works, they are not great, just good.' -she snapped her fingers. Her posture revealed her relaxed approach towards life, but she dealt with life with passion and allure to give herself to be understood. He closed his eyes as escaping from evil thoughts.

'So what does that have to do with me lacking the sex factor?'. She chuckles 'everything. Just let me finish' -she walked slowly through her office while saying this- 'Do you really want to be an artist? A painter, more specifically' 'Yes miss'. 'Well, you don't seem to understand art, at all. Even the catholic and other religious masters expressed their gut feelings with passion, with love, driven by the sex factor'

She approached him closely. He was still sitting. She was sitting on her desk, her arms resting on the desk forming an Isosceles with her back. Her thorax now revealed the birth of her chest. 'Sex represses our creativity' -he said firmly. He stood after his aclaration- 'why is that so hard to get? '

'Your paintings are already repressed, dude' -she responded automatically- 'why you don't have a girlfriend? Or boyfriend, none of my business' -he silenced- 'exactly' -she said.

He was looking beyond her. He could not move. Her bright ginger hair moved gracefully, like wind in autumn, that time of the year when leaves have that last thirst for air, just before dying from its own food.

She put her hand on her chest and removed her glasses with the other one. 'Tim, I know about your godparents. I can keep that secret if you accept my terms onto helping you to be a great painter. I want you to find your inner self, meet him, play with him, destroy him, rebuild him. You understand?' -Tim nodded, couldn't explain why he accepted. But he didn't feel any guilt.

'You're very afraid Tim. I'll be the one to guide you to confront every problem you have. But first, you have to understand that even the religious masters used sex as an impulse to understand men, to understand humans'. -there was a brief silence- 'I can agree with that' -said the young lad.

She proceed to unbutton her blouse 'Its very hot innit. My air conditioner is broken. Sorry about my looks, I'm not very well dressed after 8 pm.' -Some weird feelings were through Tim's mind, he didn't know why but- 'You've never looked so pretty as today, Ms. Push. Can I call you Nicole?' -she nodded, just a cheeky nod along with an unwritten sigh.

'Trust me, lad?' -she stood up and grabbed his shoulder, her legs went over his thigh

And sat as a turning chair. 'Unbutton me, its bloody hot in here' -he could feel her french perfume more intensively, even penetrating. He got rapt by the situation, he just obeyed. Nothing else mattered.

He ripped her blouse violently through the buttons. Her face turned happily lusty. He rapidly approached his lips into hers. She tried to insert her tongue, but he was stronger. A battle begun inside their mouths; that strange but somehow delicious muscle to get around one's body parts, the responsible of tasting elements, it's in his highest forms when it's fighting lovely inside other people's mouth. It brings a message to the body 'THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN' .Then, as a cheeky vengeance, she ripped his clothes off. He didn't have a hard body but was enough to feel anxious to be grabbed and spanked by that innocent soul.

His conscience turned primitive. Everything that kept him trapped, repressed, was gone while he grabbed her breasts and played with her tongue as he was his master.

She stood up, pulled his trousers off, broke his pants and saw it. His penis was hard enough to break a household appliance if used incorrectly. Her reaction was primal, animal, instinctively predatorial. She ate that 7-inch penis like a lollipop, that feeling always remind her when she was eight years old and her mom used to buy her cherry popsicles, only that now she used her tongue instead of her teeth.

His body was already given up, Jehova didn't matter much at this point. His body was so stimulated that he cummed inside her mouth like a firehose. Still with the load dripping inside, she moved to his left ear and whispered 'This shit taste like caviar and white wine. Fuckin' love it' -and she swallowed soundly.

Although his body released a big load, he wasn't ready to finish. So he grabbed her hips, got rid of her bluejeans and penetrate her through her thong. A special tension went up to her asshole, which stimulated both her vaginal and ass nerves. After a few strokes, she just couldn't help her: she squirted so deep and soundly, that she cried because she couldn't bear the intensity.

I mean it, I don't know where Tim got that strength, but it had to be related with his apparently odd godparents