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1,074 words.

<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

I took a deep breath and started to pour my guts out to this near enough complete stranger, a paid professional, sure, but still a stranger.

“Taller than your average woman.”

“Good.”

I paused, unsure on why she was commenting but after a brief silence, I continued. “Red heads are nice.”

“Okay. Anything more than that?” She was prying, it was like she knew.

“Curvy... I guess?”

“Come on Jason, I’m not here to judge, I’m here to help.” She smiled that same damn smile and I could feel the walls start to crumble.

“I... Uh... This is hard Mary.” I stammered, clearly flustered. “Is it nearly time or?”

Mary raised her hand calmly and signalled me to stop. The commanding

presence she had was far more intimidating than I had thought possible from the kind woman.

“No. You’ve got time. Plenty.”

I knew I should’ve run...

“Uh... *Chesty* girls...?” The inflection in my tone made Mary laugh.

“Are you asking me?”

“N-no...”

“Well, *busty* is a better word.” She scribbled onto the notepad. “Anything else?”

“N-no... Not really...” My mouth was parched; I took a drink from the teacup.

“How big?”

I almost choked mid swallow, letting a cough out, I was gasping for breath. Mary didn’t seem phased by the question at all.

She **is** a therapist...

“Sorry?”

“How big do you like them?”

“What... Why...”

“I am the one asking the questions here Jason, it just helps me understand, everything that goes on in your head is there for a reason.”

The look in her eyes, the genuine look of kindness made me want to give her every answer in my head, but I was still so nervous and embarrassed.

“Right...”

I sat there awkwardly and Mary looked at me. “Well?”

“Oh... Umm... Big...” I said, breaking eye contact and somehow blushing even more.

“I see.” She scribbled some more, I felt a bit wrong, dirty even for admitting that much. “Big, big or huge?”

Her words made me squirm on my seat, but that smile, it was damn near impossible to resist talking.

Shut up!

“I guess... Bigger the better...” I chuckled nervously.

“Interesting.” I felt like a lab rat that was being observed for a brief moment from her comment. “Okay, I am building a good picture here.”

“You are?” I said aloud, something that I had meant to say in my head.

“Yes.” Mary smiled. “Just one more question.”

I gulped before nodding.

“What is the biggest bra size one of your partners has worn?”

The question was so targeted, so personal, something so obscene to ask in my opinion but yet I just stared at her.

“Jason?”

“36G” I was shocked with how that just slipped out.

“And... Let me guess.” She looked over at me; the smile was bigger than ever. “*Still* not big enough?”

I didn't need to answer, the deer in the headlights look gave it away.

"Thought so." Another few scribbles and then the doctor looked at me with a smile. "I have had plenty of people sit on my sofa saying similar things and a few have said the line *"Bigger is better"* or words to that effect. So, I have another question, the last one, I promise."

I started to shake on the sofa, so much so that I thought I could hear my bones chattering against each other.

"Are you also into breast expansion?"

Breast expansion.

The two words I had never heard uttered in real life, uttered in front of me now by this beautiful smiley blonde. My therapist. I felt a pit in my stomach, I couldn't lie to her, I knew I couldn't, but it was so weird, so niche in my head.

She's going to laugh at you...

She couldn't do that, not with that smile, she was too kind.

Do you think she will understand?

The voice was playing havoc now, I couldn't help but be scared, but she had me, she knew the answer already by my reaction.

No, she has no idea.

"Yes."

Why the fuck did I have to say that?

"Okay." Mary wrote some more stuff down.

I was stunned, shaking, looking across the room at her, feeling hollow,

like I had just pulled my insides out and left them on the table for this woman to inspect.

“Dr...”

“Mary, please.”

“Mary...”

“Yes Jason?”

“I... Don’t understand...” I was trembling.

“Understand what?” She looked up from the paper, with a concerned look.

“Why... Why did I tell you all that? I’ve never told anyone that...”

“I think it’s because you need help, you feel like I can help. And I absolutely can. So, you told me that because you know that you need professional help.” Mary smiled and it was like my doubts were fading away by the second.

“Thank you Mary...”

“You are very welcome Jason.”

I felt my eyes fill up and just before I could erupt into tears, we were both startled by the alarm that went off on her phone.

“And that would be time.”

The suddenness was a bit jarring, I looked around as if I had done something wrong, I was confused.

“It’s okay Jason, if you want to come back again next week, I’d be happy to continue these meetings. That is... If you’re happy to.” Mary looked.

“Yeah...”

“Jason, I also saw that on your application to join this therapy you mentioned about money.”

Here it comes...

I clenched my body and braced for impact.

“Someone in my position, running your own practice, you are afforded certain... Liberties.” She smiled again. “Don’t worry about paying for any more sessions...”

The waterworks were more extreme than last time, I was taken completely by surprise by the generosity, and I didn’t know what to do other than hold my head in my hands and cry.

Mary then stood up and sat beside me and put her hand on my back, she leaned down and said softly.

“Things are going to get better...” She handed me my tea after I coughed a few times from the crying. “You take the time you need here; I’ve got time before the next appointment.”

“You’re so kind...” I said between my blubbing.

“Thank you.” The compliment seemed to brighten her up. She handed me a tissue which I traded her the empty teacup and saucer for.

“Thank you Mary.”

“It’s my pleasure.”

Maybe I was right not to run...

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