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<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Three

The session was playing in my head over and over; I felt this crazy sense of worry and dread that I had even said what I had.

At least it was better than being horribly depressed...

A macabre joke was oddly uplifting to me right now.

Why on earth would she need to ask those questions...

A lingering thought that didn't leave me all week, thankfully I had taken some time off work after the incident and the next session rapidly arrived. I was sitting in the waiting room again, the bland looking area felt somehow more bland than normal.

Maybe because I know what's behind that door.

I relived last week's session again, for what felt like the millionth time. The warm aura that came off Mary was filling me with excitement.

Is it right to feel this way before a therapy session?

I didn't know, and quite honestly, with how shit I have felt for the last year, I wasn't about to ruin something that felt pretty good right now.

The door handle turned and I quickly jolted upright and stared at the door, eagerly awaiting Mary to come through.

"Jason, you ready?" Her voice cut through the bland silence of the waiting room.

Mary was wearing a similarly formal dress that looked quite professional but there was an element of comfort here, it looked a bit loose and flowy again but the first thing I noticed was that she dyed her hair.

Ginger...

Her hair was in the same ponytail as before, two strands highlighting her face, but now her hair was a coppery orange, it was quite striking and it certainly did garner my attention. I hadn't been lying about saying that I liked red heads, it wasn't as powerful of an attraction as many other things, but it wasn't nothing.

"Oh, yeah, I fancied a change." Mary said, making a comment on her hair, clearly my face was basically an open book to her.

"It looks good."

"Thank you Jason." She smiled, somehow it felt even more powerful than before.

Maybe it's the hair...

I tried to dispel the thought, I thought about last week though and the total change in how I was walking into the room was starting to become clear

to me as I practically skipped into the room and took a seat on the sofa, the strange smell in the air was still there, it smelled slightly different than before, but wholly unique.

I guess she ran out of the last batch...

I relaxed back into the comfy sofa and watched Mary bring over a cup of tea again and place it on the table between us.

“Same as last time, hope that’s okay?” She said,

I nodded. “Thank you.”

“So, how have you been? We went through a lot in our first session.”

“I feel... Okay... I’ve been thinking about the session a lot...”

“Hopefully all good things?” Mary smiled.

“Well... Yeah... I think... Just... I’ve never been that open.” I said, feeling a bit dumb.

“I suppose that’s what therapy is, right? If you can be open with me, I can then help you.”

I nodded.

That makes sense.

“So how has your emotional state been this past week? If you were to rate it? Compare it to the previous week before you came to me.” She laughed.

“That makes it sound like I’m asking for feedback, no. no. This is all for you Honey.” Her laugh was light, cute and made me beam.

“Well... I guess this past week has been a lot better than... The week before...” I had realised at that moment I had not even divulged the details of

that previous week to her. I felt tense all of a sudden.

“We don’t need to get into details, just a quick sense check is all, don’t worry Jason.” Mary’s voice soothed me.

My brain let the very dark thoughts quickly vanish, my brain felt foggy, I felt lucid.

I must be tired... Tea...

I picked up the cup and took a big drink from the warm drink, it went down quick and the warmth alone was enough to perk me up, but the flavour was something else. I let it sink into my belly, and I looked at the liquid slightly confused.

“Sorry, I thought it was the same as last week?”

“Oh, I thought it was?” She leaned over and picked up my cup and sniffed it. “Oh dear, sorry, quite right, that isn’t the same. I’ll pour you another.”

“No, that’s okay, it’s really quite nice, just a bit strange because I didn’t expect it.”

Mary smiled, “Well I’ll write that one down for you next time.”

It really was quite nice, much like the aroma in the air, it was fruity, familiar tastes but there was just something extra in there that I couldn’t quite place. It was quite morish, I took another sip and looked intently at Mary, ready for what was going to come out of her mouth next.

“So last time we talked about some stuff that stuck with you, could you elaborate?”

I gulped, feeling my cheeks start to turn red.

“Well... The... Whole *big boobs thing*...”

Mary shifted in her seat and looked at me with a fire in her eyes I had never seen from anyone before.

“I’ve... I don’t...”

“It’s okay Jason.” Mary said, shifting in her seat, I couldn’t help but think there was something different about her now.

Why does she look different?

“I’ve never admitted those things to anyone...”

“Your admiration for big boobs?” Mary said with a serious look on her face.

“Y-yeah...” I trailed off, realising that I was once again entering that conversation and I wasn’t wholly ready for it.

“We all, all of us, have things we like.” Mary smiled back, trying to reassure me and her body language was certainly helping but it was just a big barrier for me, or it felt like one.

“Yeah...” I went to catch my voice to continue but I froze because Mary moved.

The small movement she took, I saw a glimpse of something, something that only I would notice, only I would be hyper fixated on.

Her dress...

The loose and flowing material was airy and light, I had no real gauge of Mary’s body, but she was quite fidgety today and the movements were having

an unintentional side effect. The fabric was starting to get bunched under her, against the sofa, it was pulling the fabric tighter over her body and for the first time I saw.

Her chest...

She wasn't busty, not like my previous Ex's but I was still taken back by the fact she had boobs at all, until this moment she was just a kind and smiley woman, but in that brief, fraction of a second, she changed.

Fuck...

I swallowed my tongue and tried to make it not obvious that I was staring, but with Mary's professional training it was unlikely she didn't notice.

Maybe I'm seeing things...

I tried to reason with myself. I tried not to stare; I tried not to fixate. I looked again, a quick glance and it was hard to see, the dress was loose again because she shifted once more.

Nothing there...

"And look, I know it's a lot, but you've got nothing to worry about..." Her words were kind and soft, but I was still struggling to keep my cool. "And what about... That *other thing*? Do you want to talk about it?"

What other thing?

I knew exactly what she meant, the voice in my head was a thinly veiled attempt to lie to myself.

Mary smirked at me, clearly knowing that I was trying to avoid the question. "Jason..." She said playfully.

“Yeah... Well... That is... That’s something I certainly have never even implied I liked...”

“No friends, no girlfriends, online buddies? Anything like that?” She pried; she was good at that.

I shook my head. “Never, nobody, I’ve never even written it down or anything.”

“That is a heck of a burden, don’t you think?” She mused.

I never thought of it like that...

Sitting there I pondered, what was the actual weight of this, harbouring this secret, holding it in, never telling a soul.

I’ve never considered it like that...

“I... Suppose...” I stammered, looking at her with a thousand-yard stare. “But... I can’t just... Tell anyone that...”

“Well, no, of course not.” Mary tempered me. “But having the conversation, even with me, I think that will help ease a burden that you have on yourself, one that you might not even fully understand yourself.” Mary sat up and moved, and I caught another fleeting glimpse of her breasts.

Fuck...

I was stunned again, this time the view was much more clear, despite me zoning out, there was a clear movement that happened like an aftershock of movement, a jiggle spread across her chest and I got to see the smallest glimpse of her chest.

It moved beneath her dress, and I saw how the fabric became the

limiting factor for the movement, suddenly I saw over the half a second I was looking, her breast beneath move and stretch the fabric with the weight of it.

“Something wrong Jason?”

“No! Not at all!” I said more defensively than I intended.

“Good. Let’s continue.”

Nothing wrong at all...

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