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<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Five

The therapy sessions were having an effect on me, I felt free almost, there was something just so uplifting about having spoken this secret into the world, albeit a paid confession almost.

Mary...

Mary kept coming back to my mind, the serene feeling of sitting in her office, the warmth of the tea soothing my soul and I could just sit there and be in her company.

She is beautiful.

My thoughts drifted to her blouse more than once in the week I was away from her. I tried to stop but it was proving difficult. I found myself more happily looking online at breast expansion content, I wasn't unhappy with my viewing of that fetish before but there was now a conscious extra layer of enjoyment in the searching and consumption of that porn that I hadn't had before.

Almost as if guilt was removed from it, like the weight of the burden being removed allowed me access to this additional level of satisfaction from it all. Even if this therapy crap gave me nothing more, this was at least enough to make it worth it.

The loneliness, the stress, everything was still there, none of that had changed, as Mary had joked about during our first session. If these were concerns, why hadn't I visited a life coach. The difference is revealing one secret, removing that mask, allowing one person on the planet to see it.

The results were incredible. A few weeks ago, I was in a dark place, trying to stop myself from running from the waiting room, yet here I was skipping almost to the waiting room early.

Patiently I waited for the door to swing open and there she was, Mary.

I stood up and rushed to the door, so quick that I didn't even really notice that Mary hadn't even taken a step backwards yet, instead she stood firm and tall. I was shocked to see her face almost eyelevel with my own. I was average size for a man, but Mary had always been quite a bit shorter so seeing her now easily five inches taller took me by surprise.

I didn't expect it to hit me like it did, I felt a shiver run down my spine and I felt warm all of a sudden.

The confusion must've been on my face because she looked at me with a smile.

"Heels." She said as a matter of fact.

I couldn't help but look down and I wish I could've seen them to say

something, but my eyes never made it past her bust. The posture of her had changed thanks to the heels she claimed to have on. Heels did two things. One; it made butt stick out. Two; Her chest was pushed forward because of the change in her centre of gravity.

I was experiencing first hand the second point. Her blouse was strained; I could see how the fabric was pulling towards the apex of her mounds. I wasn't sure if it was because of the way she was sticking her chest out a bit more than normal or whether my fantasy fuelled thoughts were becoming reality.

I wish I could've said that I stopped looking but Mary just turned around and started to walk into the room, the aroma from what she was burning filled my nostrils, not that I was paying much attention to that, I was watching her butt sway side to side.

Did she have a butt?

A dumb question but a shock nonetheless, when Mary turned around she had a much more plump and full rear than I was expecting.

Fuck...

I watched her clack her heels against the hard floor, each step felt like it sent a jolt down my body. I followed and before I could sit down, Mary's body stood in my way, her chest very much pushed towards me, a cup and saucer in her hands.

"Tea?"

I took it, my motor functions on auto-drive. I brought the cup to my lips

and gave a sniff and the aroma was again strange, different but very pleasant.

“Did I make the wrong tea again?” Mary gasped.

I didn’t really care; I didn’t come here for the tea.

I’m starting to wonder if I come here for myself at this point...

My eyes lingered on Mary’s body as she moved back to her side of the table. “Well, I hope the tea is nice...” She said, looking for an answer.

I hadn’t yet taken a sip, I was too fixated on watching her move, my eyes trying to take in her newly presented figure thanks to her posture.

“Oh!” I sipped loudly from the cup before lowering myself onto the sofa. I placed my cup onto the table as I swirled the delicious liquid around my mouth. “Definitely good, something herby in there?” My ability to speak had been restored once she sat down, the height thing had stopped messing with me, so I was more capable of handling thought to converse with her.

“Well, I am not going to divulge my secret recipe.” She teased. “So, how have you been this week?”

The question moved me right along and I was all too happy to do so. I wanted to tell her how happy I had felt, how good things felt but then I quickly realised the details that would involve a lot of focus and time spent on my wanking habits.

Maybe I should think before I speak...

Mary was good at understanding, I felt that and I felt the safe space she had created between us.

“Good, actually really much better than I was expecting.”

“How so?” Mary said, jotting things down.

“Well... Just... The burden you lifted off me; it seems to make me not worry or feel the other stuff as much.”

“And the other things, they’ve not changed have they?” Mary leaned forward, carefully paying attention to me.

“No. They’ve not changed at all... Actually...”

“I see.” Mary continued to make some notes, and I didn’t really know what to add.

“How’s your sex life?” The question hit with a bluntness that I wasn’t quite prepared for, I had picked up the tea, and my mouth was full of the stuff when the question landed, I almost spat it out everywhere.

Her face looked apologetic. “Sorry... We’re just talking about certain things, it makes me wonder if that's all...”

I blushed, nodding. “It’s... It’s okay.” I swallowed any pride I had left and answered. “Really poorly.”

“Have you tried dating apps?”

“Not in a long time to be honest. I never really got along with them...”

“I suppose girls can do anything in those profile pictures... Goods not as advertised.” The joke would’ve been way funnier if I wasn’t so stunned by the little shake she gave of her chest, knowing I was looking at her. Her sizable bust shook the strained fabric, and I watched them slow to a stop.

“And I guess they don’t have filters like that website you liked when you were younger.” Her words were unprofessional, but they really opened me up.

“Nor expansion.” I laughed, sending her into a giggle fit of her own.

“No, I don’t suppose they have an app for like minded expansion enthusiasts.” Mary beamed. “It’s great to see you so happy and jolly.” She added, again feeling unprofessional, but it just really warmed my soul.

I didn’t think it appropriate to thank her, I just continued to drink the tea to hide my rosy cheeks.

“Well, I thought to ask, we hadn’t discussed it yet.” She jotted some more down. “So just masturbation then?”

I spit out the tea this time, coughing violently. I took a few seconds to recover myself; I looked at Mary and saw her looking at me with a fairly blank face.

“It’s perfectly natural.” She smiled. “I’d be more concerned if you weren’t.” Laughing again she jotted some stuff down.

There was an awkward silence, and I looked at her with a bashful smile.

“And just want to check, did your browsing habits change since we talked?”

At least that feels like a fair question to be asking...

“No.”

“That’s also a good sign.” She continued to scribble. “So, breast expansion then.” She reiterated, bringing about another round of blushing.

I nodded, thankfully Mary did notice rather than miss it and ask me again to repeat myself. Mary shifted on the sofa, almost purposefully, I noticed that her chest was pushed up and out.

Is she doing this on purpose...

The buttons on the blouse were tight, straining now. I didn't think that it was that obvious, but Mary let out a little giggle.

"I think maybe we are at time." She placed her finger in front of her chest and pointed up.

I was blushing profusely. "I'm so sorry..."

"No. It's okay Jason." She reassured me, her voice was far more soothing than I was expecting.

"I just... I didn't mean..."

"It's very much okay." Mary said and stood up, she made her way to my sofa, standing tall above me thanks to her heels, she peered over her breasts, from this angle it was clear that they had grown since our first session.

That isn't possible...

I felt the excitement brewing in my pants, I was brazenly staring at them now, the way her top was projecting so abruptly out from her flat stomach to her boobs.

They must be D's or bigger...

"Do you need a hand?" She said, looking down at me with an outstretched hand.

I took her palm and she pulled me up to my feet, there was too much force and I bumped into her.

"Sorr-" I tried to disengage but she almost fell from the collision, so I quickly wrapped my arms around her to stop her from falling over too.

We stood, in an embrace, her boobs pressed against my chest, I felt them squish against me. I felt her warm breath on my face and I almost moaned as she looked at my face.

“My hero.” She cooed.

“Sorry... I... Next week!”

I rushed out of the office, not even turning around once to see Mary standing there, to know what her reaction was.

I can't ruin this... She's helping... I...

I thought again to the warm swells against my chest.

She's growing...

I thought about the next appointment, and I wasn't filled with worry, concern or embarrassment. I just thought of one thing.

How much bigger will she be next week...

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