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<The Therapist>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for Four wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

My hands were clammy, I rubbed them together, a tick showing my nervousness.

Run. Leave.

I was fighting the urge to listen to the voice.

I tightly gripped my hands and clenched my leg muscles, as if trying to make sure they couldn't move to lift me to my feet to enact the order my brain was telling me.

I knew deep down, I was here for a reason.

My life had been great, or I thought it had. Things felt good, running smoothly, scraping by bill to bill, the luxuries I had been afforded by my parents when I was a child were falling away with rising costs, wages were not following.

The friends I had were not very present in my life like they used to be in college, the job I had in retail was demanding more and more with what little

resources we had, I'd say it was impossible. The threat of losing my job was dangling over me daily because the store I worked in was hardly profitable.

Life was getting on top of me; it had been for a long time. The daily grind had become a never-ending cycle of stress that was weighing heavier on me by the day.

Yet I carried on.

And on.

The loneliness, the real feeling of not being able to be myself, to live as I wanted to be. It was getting to me.

Always wear your mask...

The phrase echoed in my mind almost daily. A constant reminder to fit in, to be normal, to suppress what I was inside.

I don't even know who I am under the masks I wear...

"Mr Hughes?" A comforting voice called me from the doorway.

The very thought that I had already paid so much money just to even be here, half of the money I had put aside for that new PC I had been saving up for was gone and I was left staring at the woman in the doorway.

She was older than me, at a guess she had at least 10 years on me, her face was soft and smiley, she looked sort of like a schoolteacher who taught six-year-olds.

Kind and friendly.

She wore a dress; it was quite smart but had that edge of something more casual.

Probably intentionally selected this morning to help lower the guard on her clients...

A tiny bit chubby and thanks to the loose fit on the dress, she looked relatively curveless.

That helps...

Her blonde hair was in a ponytail, two long strands hung down either side of her face and she smiled at me. “Mr Hughes?” She asked again.

I lifted my gaze to meet hers and I couldn’t move; I looked at her and a tear rolled down my face.

“It’s okay Jason... Can I call you Jason?” There was no hesitation for her to walk to me on the chair, and she squatted down to my level.

She was close, so close that it only made me erupt into more tears.

Run. Leave.

The voice called to me again. I knew I was here for a reason; I looked at the kind woman through tears and nodded weakly.

“It’s okay. Why don’t you come with me, we can chat.”

I didn’t respond, I felt her hand on my forearm, she gave a reassuring tap before standing up, looking down at me, holding my head in my hands.

“Need help up?” She beamed, reaching out her hand.

You’re fine. Get out of here.

I took it, instinctively and I was quickly on my feet, standing above her by a few inches. Despite not even saying another word, I felt safe following her, the voice in my head wasn’t quite so taken by this woman’s aura but I

followed her swishing ponytail into her room.

The first thing I noticed was a scent in the air, it was so strange, I had never smelt anything like that in my entire life. It was floral, spicy and there was a hint of something else. Truly unique, I looked over to the side table that had a box that was puffing out some mist.

“Smells nice, doesn’t it?” She chirped, seeing the confused look on my face.

“I’ve... Never smelled anything like it...”

“Well, in my spare time I like to make scents, a passion and hobby of mine.”

The look of joy on her face was almost contagious but every time my mouth tried to form a smile since last week, it was like I was back on that road again.

Quick, get out.

My body tensed and lowered my head. She was clearly good at her job because it felt like she noticed.

“Tea?”

I looked up, a bit stunned. I had never had therapy, or never like this, it was strange, but in a good way. I felt confused more than anything, but I didn’t even realise that my anxiety wasn’t quite as loud as normal.

“Sure...” I wasn’t sure how to refuse.

“Dr Mary Stevens, I didn’t introduce myself.” She chuckled softly. “Sorry, you’d think that would be where I started. Please, take a seat.”

I sat down and looked around the room, it looked like a fancy library from a movie set I had seen before, something oddly extravagant, much more so than the waiting room that I had just been sitting in, it looked like going through the door I had entered a completely different building.

It was well lived in, the décor screamed old English manor house or something. There were a lot of books, a computer tucked away in the corner on a desk but otherwise there were two sofas and a mahogany coffee table in the middle of the room.

I didn't really even see the doctor make the tea, but when she put the bone China teacup down and the floral smell of the tea made me think it was some herb tea, it didn't look particularly different to normal tea.

"Thank you Dr Stevens."

"Oh please, Mary is fine." She smiled.

The smile was so disarming that I felt myself almost give a smile back. Something that I couldn't quite believe almost happened and in only a few minutes with this kind woman.

"Have you been to therapy before Jason?" The doctor asked me as she took a seat on the sofa opposite me.

"N-no..."

"And you checked yourself in here... Did anyone ask you to come? Friends, Family?"

My face dropped and tears started to roll down my cheek again. Mary went silent and let me try to recover myself back to a more stable state.

“It’s okay Jason...” Mary finally added after a minute of silence or so. “It feels like you are carrying a heavy burden.”

I nodded.

“You put it there yourself, some self-inflicted weight on your psyche.” She added.

I looked at her confused. “No... I have just got a lot going on.” I quickly came to correct her.

“I see.” She nodded and those beautiful hazel eyes were scanning me like some state-of-the-art security system.

“My job is not great, my friends have pretty much left my life, I am stuck in a rut, and I can’t afford the time or money to do anything fun.” I summarised.

“And that’s why you’re here with me?”

I nodded, feeling confident in my answer.

“Well, forgive me for being a bit blunt. But if those are your problems, why aren’t you seeing a life coach.”

The words themselves would’ve cut me down if it wasn’t for the genuine look of care on her face, the softness of her voice.

“Because... I’m not in a good place...” I started to shake, nervous to admit it out loud, my eyes filled with tears again.

“What happened Jason... Yesterday? Last Week? Last month?”

“Last week.”

Mary moved in her seat, sitting at the edge of it now, her whole-body

language was actively listening to me.

“I... I can’t...” I held back tears.

“It’s okay. We’ll get there.” She sat back in her chair, giving me a moment.

“Sorry.” I added weakly, feeling quite pathetic that I couldn’t even speak the words aloud.

You paid so much to get here... And you can’t even do it... Pathetic...

“No need to apologise. How about something else?” I heard the sound of her pen gliding over the notepad she had beside her. “What do you like in a woman?”

The juxtaposition caught me off guard, giving me mental whiplash, I looked at her with puffy eyes and a confused look.

“Serious question.” She smiled. “I’m pretty good at reading people so I think you’re straight.”

I nodded.

“So... What do you look for in a woman?” The glint in her eye made me think there was more to the question.

Of course there is more, moron, she is a therapist!

“Funny, kind...”

“Jason.” She interrupted me.

“Yeah?”

“Cut the crap.”

Her sudden change in tone took me back.

“What do you look for in a woman, with your eyes?”

“W-with my... Eyes?”

She nodded, that comforting smile returning to her face.

I was quite a sexually frustrated guy, I had been with a few girls over the years but none of them were my version of an ideal woman, not to say they weren't beautiful and that I didn't fall for them, there was just something missing, if I am being totally honest with myself.

I was a big fan of boobs.

The bigger the better...

I would look at porn often, seeking out the biggest boobs from the first time I was looking online at pictures and videos. Weight wasn't really much of an issue, sometimes there were big busty women who were stick thin, sometimes fat chicks with huge boobs, pregnant women, fake tits. As long as there were big boobs, I was there for it.

It didn't take too long before I saw this woman who had made a video where she was roleplaying that her boobs were growing, in real time.

Breast Expansion.

That was the tag, from that fateful moment I knew exactly what I enjoyed. It was such a prolific enjoyment of that particular niche that made me self-describe myself as having a breast expansion fetish.

The idea of a woman's breasts growing, becoming bigger, huge even. It was very arousing to me.

Yet.

I had never, ever, told anyone that before. I was barely even fully truthful to myself about how much it meant to me.

I took a few seconds, trying to think how to talk about it, my face turning red “Ugh... Gosh... This is awkward...” Even just the act of talking about busty women was going to be hard enough.

“You’ve just cried on my sofa, I’d like to think we’re past embarrassment.”

The little chuckle she gave was disarming again. It was like every mannerism she had was meant to make me feel comfortable, trusting of her and at ease.

Here goes...

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