

CHAPTER 1



THE MCALLISTER METHOD

FICTION

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The McAllister Method 1

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October 12, 1987: First session with the Kaplans.

“First, I want to welcome you all and let you know that this is a safe space.” Martha smiled at her newest clients. “You can share your feelings here without judgement.”

“Ummm ... thank you, Dr. McAllister.” Ronald glanced at his son who was slumped in an armchair, arms folded over his chest. “Sit up Justin. We’re paying a lot of money to get you the help you need. I need you to stop being a petulant boy. You’re eighteen for goodness sake.”

“Tough.” Justin didn’t move.

“Now, sweetie. Please sit up.” Sandra reached her hand over to her son, but he brushed her away. She gave the therapist a frigid, tight smile. “This is the sort of behavior that we’ve been dealing with, Doctor.”



“I see.” Martha made some notes, smiled warmly at Sandra, and turned her attention to Justin. “I hear you’re making a ruckus at home. I’m going to guide you into a more constructive framework with your parents and the world around you. What do you think about that?”



“Fucking heinous.” Justin shrugged.



“Good gosh, Justin. Show some respect.” Ronald stared daggers at his son.

“You can’t talk to the doctor like that.” Sandra’s cheeks turned crimson.

Justin smirked at his parent’s reaction. He raised his eyebrows. He glanced at Martha. “Respectfully, I think you can fucking bite me, Doctor McAllister.”

“You can call me Martha.” Martha’s smile didn’t wane. She turned to Ronald and Sandra, adjusting her glasses. “No need to fret. I’ve seen this before and have achieved excellent results with my methods.”

“That’s why we’re here. Sandra’s sister can’t stop singing your praises.” Ronald took a deep breath. They were in good hands. It would all be okay. “So, how do we start?”



“Excuse me, Dr. Mc ... I mean, Martha.” Sandra raised her hand. “There’s also the drugs. I caught him with drugs. And I explained what the First Lady recommends, but I think he’s still using ... *bad stuff*.”

“Just say no!” Justin barked a laugh.

“Yes, well, that’s rather common in these situations.” Martha jotted in her notebook. “We’ll take care of that as well.”

“I’d like to see you try.” Justin glared at the psychologist.

“Well, good. You will see me try.” Martha nodded to Justin and turned her attention back to his parents. “Now, where were we ...? Right, starting. I’m going to want you to each come in weekly for individual sessions at first.” She raised a finger

when Ronald tried to interject. He quieted. “Early individual sessions are at the core of what I’ve developed. As things progress, we can do some joint sessions as well.”

“That’ll be expensive,” Ronald grumbled.

“I have a sliding scale if your family is having money issues.” Martha smiled brightly.

“No ... no ... this is fine.” Ronald looked away from the woman, his cheeks turning red.

“At the start, I’m going to ask all three of you to abstain from confrontations at home. Bring your feelings into these sessions.” She made another note. “There will be changes in your home in the coming weeks. I’d like you to talk about those events with me. Until you have better communication tools, you must refrain from pushing one another at home.”

“Easier said than done.” Ronald shook his head but didn’t look at Martha.

“True.” Martha cleared her throat. “But soon, it will be easier done than said.”

For the rest of the session, the Kaplans learned how to be non-confrontational at home.

October 15, 1987: First individual session with Justin Kaplan.

“Is it possible that much of your anger is misplaced?” Martha hadn’t gotten much more than insults and one-word answers from Justin through the first twenty minutes of their session. But she wasn’t worried. She had an ace up her sleeve. “You are a man now, but the authority figures in your life expect you to act like a boy. So, you do.”

“Whatever.” Justin shrugged and grunted.

“Where does your parents’ authority derive from? Do you know?” She arched her eyebrow.

“They have all the money and stuff.” Justin shrugged.

“It’s not a one-way street, Justin.” Martha jotted some notes in her book and set it down. “You perceive their power, and you grant it to them. You see their age.” She put a hand on her chest. “I’m in my forties for example, so when you see me, you might expect me to treat you like a boy.” She smiled. “Many older adults require you to address them by a title: Mr., Mrs., Ms., Dr., Principal, etc. This creates space between you. It reinforces the expectation that you are not yet an adult. This expectation conflicts with the facts. You’re eighteen. You’re a man.”

Justin didn’t shrug this time. He gazed at her with interest.



“You see their clothes.” Martha gestured to her professional outfit. “Their hair, their cars, their accumulated stuff.” She expansively waved her hand at her office. “And you think they must be right to treat you the way they do. You can’t help but believe what they tell you. You give them your power. But it’s all a mirage. We’re all just people with our own fears and needs. This is true of your mother. It’s true of me. We need only give each other mutual respect. We must learn to share our power.”

Justin shook his head and slouched in the chair. Boredom returned to his face. “Whatever.”

“I’ll show you how easy it is to rip off the façade. I am just a woman, Justin.” Martha stood and removed her blazer. “I have only the power you give me. If you choose, we can have a more equal relationship. We can share the power in this room.” She slowly removed her blouse.

“What ... um ... what are you doing?” Justin squirmed in his seat. The crazy doctor lady was reaching behind her back and unclasping her bra. His jaw dropped, and his eyes went very wide when her boobs came into view. He had only seen a few sets of tits in his life: a couple girlfriends and a Playboy he’d borrowed from a friend. He’d thought that breasts were some great secret sparingly shared by the opposite sex, but this woman was so casual about it. Her boobs were nice. He couldn’t deny it.



They were better than nice. His dick strained his pants.

Martha stood with her hands on her hips, proudly sticking her chest out. She wore only her skirt, hose, and heels. "I don't look so much like an authority figure now, do I?"

Justin shook his head.

"Who has the power now?" She took a couple steps toward him and posed, a big smile on her face.



“Um ... you do.” Justin couldn’t take his eyes off her tits. The way they moved when *she moved* twisted up his insides in knots.

Martha laughed. “I get it. You haven’t seen many breasts before. Your teenage brain is saying ‘must touch, must touch’, but your rational mind is saying this doctor would never let me touch her tits.” She walked over to him, swaying her hips, took his hands, and pulled him to his feet. He stood in front of her, gaping at her boobs. “I’m sharing something special with you, Justin. I’m showing you that we are all just people, and that we can share power.” She waited, but he did nothing more than stand in front of her, breathing through his mouth. “Go on then, touch them. We’re sharing power.”

“Um ... really?” Justin finally looked into her eyes. She seemed sincere, but he had a hard time trusting the situation. “What’s the catch?”

“Oh, goodness me. This part isn’t usually so difficult. Teenagers are supposed to say, ‘Look ... booby, me grabby-grabby.’” Martha’s gentle laugh tinkled around the quiet office. “But you really are a tough nut to crack. The good news is that you haven’t insulted me ...” She looked at her watch. “... for at least ten minutes.”

Justin blinked his eyes. It was true. He hadn’t even used any bad words. “Is this ...? I mean ... it’s got to be a joke.”

“This is no joke, Justin.” Martha, still holding his hands, placed them on her breasts. “Is that a smile I see? That’s your first smile in this office.”



“Whoa.” He tried to replace the smile with a scowl but found that he couldn’t do it. Gently, he hefted her boobs and squeezed.

“Not so rough, Justin.” She winced. “That’s better. Have you had girlfriends? Are you in a relationship now?”

“Bitches,” was his only answer.

“Okay, that is a common misunderstanding with angry young men. You can bet we’ll work on that throughout our sessions.” They were silent for a while as he enjoyed the feel of her tits. Martha kept her eye on the clock. They didn’t have much more time, and she had more ground to cover before the end of their session.

“You’re pretty, Dr. McAllister.”

“Call me Martha, please.” She removed his hands from her boobs and sat him back in his chair. “Now we’re going to do a trust-building exercise.” She dropped to her knees on the floor and began unzipping his pants. “For this process to go smoothly, you need do nothing more than enjoy yourself.” She pulled his pants down to his ankles. “Do you think you can trust me, Justin?”

“Um ...” He stared with wide eyes as she pulled his underwear down his legs and his dick flopped out into the open. “Maybe ... yeah.”

“That’s good to hear.” Martha smiled up at him. She placed her head next to his penis. “My, I can see that an inferiority complex isn’t something we need to worry about. It’s longer than my face.” She giggled, spit into her hands, and took hold of his cock. “When I do this, do you feel any more anger toward me?”

“No ... Dr. ... Martha.” Justin shook his head, staring with disbelief.

“Do you see that I’m just a woman ... a person ... who you can share ... power ... with?” She kissed the head of his penis with dainty precision as she talked.



“Uh ... huh ...” He nodded. He wasn’t sure though. It seemed like she had him in the palm of her hand. Was this really sharing power? He quickly decided it was. He decided that he was going to agree with just about *anything* she said at the moment.

“You’re angry at a system ... that treats you ... like a boy.” Martha wrapped her breasts around his penis. “But look at your cock, Justin. Just look at it. You’re clearly a man.” She pumped his penis with her breasts. “And if you behave like a man, the people around you will start treating you as one. I’ll teach you how to behave like a man. And I’ll teach your parents how to accept what you’ve become. Does that sound good to you?”



Justin nodded his head. He was in heaven.

“I’m afraid our hour is almost up. Let’s finish you off.” She dropped her mouth onto his penis and sucked him in. It took her a moment to adjust to his size. Not many clients sported an extra-large model. Her husband certainly *did not*. But she was always pleased when one came into the office. “Mmmmmmmpppphhhhhh,” she said, bobbing her mouth and pumping the base with her hands.



“Oh ... Doc ... I ... ugggghhhhhh ... Doc ... I ... aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh.” Justin’s whole body shook as he emptied his load into her eager mouth. She gulped his stuff down like it was no problem.



When she was done, she released his dick and smiled up at him. He stared in blissful amazement. There was no trace of cum. She'd gobbled it all down. He was going to enjoy therapy a whole lot more than he'd expected.

