

# CHAPTER 4



# THE MCALLISTER METHOD

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## The McAllister Method 4

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November 7, 1987: the Kaplan house.

“Hmmm ... hmmm ... hhhmmmm.” Sandra hummed to herself as she dusted the living room. Five minutes ago, she had finished a session with the vibrator in her bathroom, and she was still buzzing from the orgasms. *Doctor McAllister’s methods might be unusual, but I do have a better outlook on life.* The last few days, she hadn’t been fighting all that much with her husband over their stock losses. They still had their home and family. Life was good.

It was a quiet Saturday afternoon. Ronald was at the club, and Justin had left in a hurry, saying he had work to do, whatever that meant. Sandra smiled at the thought of her lazy son working.

The phone rang. There was a bounce to her step as Sandra glided over to answer it. She picked up the receiver. “Hello, Kaplan residence.”



She was surprised when Martha McAllister was on the other end of the line. Five minutes later, Sandra found herself agreeing to something even odder and more surprising than the vibrator. "Okay, Dr. McAllister. Yes, thank you. Have a good weekend. You, too. Goodbye." Sandra's hand was shaking when she hung up the phone. She was going to have to borrow her son's Polaroid camera.



In a daze, she went back to dusting. She stopped at the front window and stared across the street in shock. Her shirtless son was glistening with sweat as he mowed the neighbor's lawn. "Gosh." She gawped at the sight in amazement. She had been trying to get her son to do odd jobs for years, and here he was working, without even telling her about it.

The more she stared at him, the more something tugged at her mind. Finally, it hit her. Her son wasn't as scrawny as he used to be. He wasn't full of bulging muscles like the Rugged Towel Man. But he did have a pleasing definition to his body.

Sandra put down her duster and decided to head to the bathroom. It wouldn't hurt if she had another go with the vibrator.

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November 9, 1987: fourth individual session with Sandra Kaplan.

“Good, that’s wonderful to hear.” Martha sat with a notepad in her lap. “And you achieved orgasm all seven times you used the pleasuring device?”

“I ... um ...” Sandra’s cheeks turned crimson. She flickered a nervous smile. “Yes, doctor.”



“And you say that you’ve felt a sense of calm ever since you started?” Martha gave her a warm, understanding smile. “Especially immediately following climax?”

“Um ... yes ... I was just thinking the other day, Ronald and I stopped fighting about the stock losses. I don’t need to go art shopping every week. There are other things that make me happy.”

“Like Justin?” Martha raised an inquisitive eyebrow.

“Um ... yes, he’s been behaving well. He started mowing lawns on the weekend. I was ... impressed that he put himself out there.” Sandra cocked her head expectantly, hoping that Martha would tell her why he was working.

“Wonderful.” Martha put down her notepad, picked up an envelope off the coffee table, and joined Sandra on the sofa. Sitting side by side, she looked into the housewife’s eyes from inches away. “Did you bring the pictures?”

The heat on Sandra’s cheeks deepened. “Yes,” she squeaked. Reaching into her purse, she pulled out the five Polaroids she’d taken. “Here.” She handed them to Martha.

“Very nicely done.” Martha looked through the photos, carefully examining each one. Sandra had even taken one of her backside. “Now, tell me, how do you feel seeing your body?”



"Oh ... I wish I wasn't so fat. My hips are too wide. And ... well ... look at how my bust hangs." Sandra studied Martha's face and frowned. "I'm being too negative, aren't I?"

"I hear that you have some judgement about your body." Martha made a show of studying the photos some more. "Would it surprise you to learn that I think you're beautiful?"

"You're just saying that." Martha felt butterflies in her stomach. This smart, successful woman thought she was beautiful.

"You know, I'm quite fond of my physique, and I think we have very similar body types." Martha handed Sandra the envelope from the coffee table.



"What's this?" Sandra took the envelope and opened it. "Oh ... oh ... gosh!" Sandra was looking at a series of photos of her therapist wearing nothing but a necklace and earrings. Unlike Sandra's photos, Martha was posing in what looked like a bedroom. The series looked almost professional. "Did your husband take these?"

"Something like that." Martha watched Sandra closely as her patient perused the photos. "You see, our busts hang in a similar way. We have wide hips and well-rounded bottoms. I think we're both beautiful examples of motherhood. Don't you?"

"I ... guess ..." Sandra allowed the doctor to lead her through a discussion of their bodies. They talked

about how hard women were on themselves, and how easy men were to please when it came to the female form. By the time the session was over, Sandra was buzzing with approbation and renewed self-esteem. The good vibes were so strong, she didn't even think twice when Martha asked if she could share Sandra's photos with an associate. "Yes, doctor. If you think it will help."

"I'm sure it will help." Martha made her promise to continue with her vibrator therapy at home and then showed her to the door.

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November 12, 1987: fifth individual session with Justin Kaplan.

"Holy shit!" Justin stared at the Polaroids in his hands. He was only vaguely aware that the doctor was watching him closely. "She ... took these herself. Why?" Justin couldn't fathom that his prim mother had used his Polaroid camera for this ... and then given the photos to her shrink.

"That's private information about your mother's sessions." Martha sat with her hands clasped in her lap. "I wouldn't break patient confidentiality."

"But showing me is okay?" Justin glanced at his smiling doctor.

"As long as you don't have context for it, that's right." Martha stood and started to remove her top. "I did ask her if I could share them with an associate, and she said yes. But you shouldn't let her know you have them quite yet."

"I get to keep these!" Justin was torn between looking at the live boobs being revealed right in front of him, and looking at his mother's boobs in the photos.

"It's important that you can picture your mother adequately when you masturbate. These will help." Martha was topless now.

"I can't believe Mom is in the waiting room reading a magazine or something, and I'm looking at her tits. This is crazy." Justin was grinning ear-to-ear. "And then, your tits are right there, too." He glanced up at the doctor as she seated herself and leaned forward, her nipples dangling just above her legs. He raised an eyebrow. "Can I touch them?"

"Not yet, Justin. Tell me about your mowing work." She smiled brightly.



Justin told her about his neighborhood hustle.

When the story was done, Martha applauded, making her boobs jiggle and dance. "I'm very impressed. You're entering the working world. That's a great way to build confidence."

Justin scowled. "Pfff, this is just mowing lawns. Who's gonna hire me in the real working world, Doc? You know what my mom says. My friends and I are all loser stoners."

Martha stood, walked over to her desk, and opened a drawer. "Recreational drug use doesn't prevent someone from holding a career or being a respected member of society. It doesn't have to be your whole identity. Here, I'll prove it." She took a carefully rolled marijuana cigarette, put it in her mouth, and lit it with a lighter from the drawer. She inhaled deeply, held it in, and gave him a strained smile.



“Holy ... shit.” Justin was just about on the verge of falling in love with his shrink. It hadn’t been that long ago that he’d thought all women were bitches. But he could admit that she was proving him wrong. “Can I ...?” He held out his hand.

Still holding her breath, Martha sashayed over to Justin and gave him the joint.

“My dad’s paying for this shit.” With a wicked grin, Justin took a long hit.

Martha slowly exhaled. She undressed down to her panties. “You have been doing good work with our sessions so far, Justin.” Martha put down her hair, turned her back to him, and placed her hands on her desk. “We’ve built up a positive feedback loop between sexual release for you and de-escalating the negativity in your household. I want to take that to the next phase. Please undress.” She stuck her butt out toward him.



Justin exhaled and quickly took his clothes off. Trying to be respectful, he folded them and stacked them on the sofa.

“Have you noticed that I have a similar body to your mother?” She looked over her shoulder at him.

Justin picked up the photo showing his mother’s backside. He held the Polaroid up so that it was next to his doctor’s ass in his line of sight. They did have similar curves. Their wonderfully hanging side boob even matched. “I hadn’t thought about it, but yeah.”

“Well, we’re not going to do any penetration. But I want you to get behind me, use my thighs to relieve yourself, and imagine I’m your mother.”

Justin frowned. “That would be like ...”

“I think I’ve earned some trust, Justin. Please do this for me.” She lowered her panties and wiggled her butt to entice him.

“Okay.” He took one last look at the pictures to commit his mother’s body to memory, then got behind the doctor and placed his stiff penis between her thighs. Awkwardly at first, he moved his hips. The one time he’d had sex, the girl had been on top of him. He didn’t have any experience with pumping.

“That’s good. You can relax, Justin. I’m here for you.” Martha looked down at the desk. She relished exuberant but inexperienced patients. It was her duty to guide them in so many ways. “Please, feel free to take hold of my hips with a firm grip. Yes ... not that tight ... yes ... perfect. Now, move with a steady rhythm ... one ... two ... one ... two ... one ... two ... one ... two ...”

Five minutes later, Justin's confidence was building. He looked down at the doctor's rippling ass. He wasn't sure he'd ever seen such a compelling sight. He glanced at the door, thinking about his prim mother waiting on the other side. He looked back at Martha and imagined she was his prim mother.



"Your mother loves you, Justin. She would do anything for you. She wants you to be happy." Martha could tell he was getting close. "When you're inside her, you're enveloping yourself in her love."

"Ugghhhhhh ... oh ... shit ..." Justin's thrusting became more violent.

"Go ahead and finish. Your mother loves you," Martha said.

"Aaaaahhhhhhhh." Justin threw his head back and came, splashing her thighs and the side of her desk.

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November 12, 1987: the Kaplan home.

"Mom, can you come up here?" Justin stood proudly next to the tape deck he'd bought himself.

A few moments later, Sandra entered her son's room. "What is it, Justin?" She saw his beautiful smile and noticed the new electronic equipment. "Oh ... you replaced it."

"I've been working, Mom. I mowed a bunch of lawns for this." He beamed with pride. "And I promise not to play it too loud."

"Oh, Justin." Sandra stepped over to him and gave him a big hug. "You're such a good boy."



“Um ... thanks ... Mom.” The moment was a bit awkward because he wasn’t used to bear hugs. Also, perhaps, his sudden boner made things uncomfortable. He prayed she didn’t notice.

“Right ... okay.” Sandra quickly released him and stood back. “I’m proud of you. I’ll let you listen to your music now.” She quickly turned and left.

Justin watched her go, staring at her rolling butt under her dress. How had he never noticed her ass before? It was out of sight.

