

CHAPTER 5

THE MCALLISTER METHOD



FICTION

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The McAllister Method 5

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November 16, 1987: Fifth individual session with Sandra Kaplan.

“We can come back to that smell, of course. I know it disturbs you. Now, it may surprise you to find that my concerns there are a bit different from yours.” Martha untucked her sweater from the waist of her skirt.

“I’m not sure I understand...” Sandra frowned.

“We’re about the same age. We’re both mothers. Were you this worried about pot in the ‘60s?” Martha lifted her sweater.

“Well, no ... but the first lady says ...” Sandra’s eyes grew round as saucers as she watched Martha undress. *Why is my therapist taking off her sweater?* She tried and failed not to look at all the milky skin that came into view.

“Let’s put that aside for now. When Justin’s room smells like he’s been smoking marijuana, is that usually when he’s picking fights with you and Ronald?” Martha shrugged out of her sweater, folded it, and placed it next to her. She wore only a modest bra underneath.

“No ...” Sandra dropped her voice to a whisper. “Why are you ... not wearing your sweater?” She worked very hard not to stare at the doctor’s décolletage.

“Justin is probably doing these things because his friends are. He’s also had limited access to coping mechanisms until recently, and he’s far from the first person to use marijuana to calm down.” Martha adjusted herself, making sure her breasts jiggled a little. “Justin needs some space, so I think marijuana is going to be part of not worrying about what happens in his room when the door is closed. And, to set your mind at ease, I can promise without violating his confidence that I’ll monitor things and ensure he has the proper tools to cope responsibly.”



“So ... I let him smoke?” Sandra’s shoulders hurt from tension. She had no idea what was going on with this session.

“Yes.” Martha nodded. “Now, you asked about the sweater. This is a technique I like to use with some clients to help break down the barriers by removing an actual physical barrier. Please take off your blouse, and we’ll continue the session in our bras.”

“Doctor ... I ...” Sandra’s mouth dropped.

“Go on. We’ve already seen each other naked after all.” Martha glanced at the clock. “I still want to talk about how your weekly masturbation went.”



Sandra put her hands on the hem of her blouse but hesitated for almost a minute. Finally, with trembling fingers, she lifted the blouse over her head. “There ... I did it.” She was happy that she didn’t see judgement in Martha’s eyes as the other woman gazed at Sandra’s boring bra. “So ... um ... I continued to masturbate ... with the device you gave me and ... it went well.” Sandra’s already rosy cheeks turned crimson.

Martha talked a little about Sandra’s technique, offering some pointers and some new things to try. They discussed how much better Sandra felt about

everything after a solid orgasm. “I know we discussed you fantasizing about men from your books and that towel man.”

“The Rugged Paper Towel Man.” Sandra’s eyes got a little dreamy thinking about the handsome lumberjack. “So much flannel.”

“Right. And do you ever think about Justin while you masturbate?” Martha smiled pleasantly.

“No!” Sandra put her hand to her mouth in shock. “Gosh ... no!”

“It would be okay if you did. It’s only natural. I’ve fantasized about my son. Many mothers do it.” Martha shrugged. “We don’t fantasize about what we already have, or even necessarily what we need. Fantasy can serve a lot of purposes, with or without a sexual component. Remember how I had you picture Justin as the ... um ... Rugged Towel Man?”

Sandra nodded slowly. “I never thought ...”

“Close your eyes. Good. Now, get that image in your head. Justin as your ideal man.” Martha’s smile broadened as she saw Sandra’s face relax. “Great. Now, take an internal Polaroid of that mental image. Save it for the next time you masturbate. I think it will open some new ground for you. Can you try that?”

Sandra nodded. She pictured Justin in flannel. *It’s my imagination. I could have him take his clothes off.* An image of the rugged version of her son naked flashed before her eyes. She flinched and blinked the vision away. “Okay, doctor,” she squeaked.

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November 18, 1987: The Kaplan house.

Justin sat in his room. One of his hands held his mother's Polaroids, the other spanked the monkey. These pictures were changing him. He was seeing his mother in a whole new light. He was now deferential and polite to her, similar to how he'd treated the hotties that had ignored him in high school. What was worse was he could hear her shower running through the wall. *She's naked right now.* So close. He stood up, pulled up his shorts, and tucked his dick under the waistband. He straightened his t-shirt, shook his arms to stay loose, and put his mother's pictures in a safe place.

Quietly, Justin snuck out into the hall. What would she look like in the shower? Did she really have those amazing, hanging tits the way they appeared in the pictures? The door to his mother's bedroom was unlocked. He stepped inside. By the time he found that the master suite bathroom was also unlocked, Justin's pulse was thundering in his ears. Would he really spy on his mother? Was he wrong to do it? Did he need it? He wished Martha was there so he could ask her. He frowned. He thought she'd probably tell him not to.

Thankfully, the door didn't squeak as he slowly opened it. There was mercifully little fog on the glass of the shower door. His mother was bent over, shaving her legs. She was facing away from him. Her ass was wonderfully round. The shape of it twisted Justin's guts into knots. He stared with wide eyes. He could just see her side boob jiggling as she ran the razor over her tantalizingly slim legs. Justin lost himself in the moment.

Sandra was humming to herself. She was thinking that when Justin went out, she'd try that new masturbation technique the doctor had recommended.

The thought of it put a little extra joy in the tune she hummed. She finished shaving and turned around. *I might even try the fantasy she suggested. Just to see what it was like. I'm not really ...* Suddenly, she spotted a peeping tom through the glass of the shower door. Justin was staring at her through the partially open bathroom door. What was worse, he was rubbing his thing through his shorts. Mother stared at son in horror.



Son stared at mother in hunger. He was so caught up in getting a full frontal of her tits, he didn't even notice that he'd been caught.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!" Sandra screamed. "Justin! What on Earth are you doing?!?"



Justin turned and ran back to his room. He was mortified. He didn't know how he'd ever live this one down. Quickly, anger set in. It was her fault after all. He prepared to rage at her when she confronted him. But she didn't come. In fact, he barely saw her the rest of the day.

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November 19, 1987: Sixth individual session with Justin Kaplan.

“I see your father brought you to the session today. Any trouble with your mother at home?” Martha sat with her legs crossed, smiling at Justin.

“No ... Dad just wanted to wait in that waiting room ... for an hour. He likes the art.” Justin’s jaw muscles bunched as he clenched his teeth.

“Justin, we’re a team. And teammates need to be honest with one another.” Martha sat back and adjusted her glasses. “Your mother called and left a recording on my answering machine yesterday. She told me that she caught you spying on her in the bathroom.”



“It’s your fault! You gave me those pictures! You’re trying to turn me into a pervert or something.” Justin’s face turned red. “Thanks a lot, doc. Thanks for taking my normal, ugly mom out of the palm of my hand and turning her into another hottie that will never get with me!”

“Okay ... I can see we’ve hit a pressure point.” Martha held up her hands in a placating gesture, stood, and crossed over to the sofa. She sat next to Justin, pulling down his pants and underwear. “Now, let’s continue our conversation while I do this.” She gently stroked his penis with one hand. “Does that take some of the edge off?”

Justin was still tense, but he was feeling better. “Yeah.” He sighed. “I’m sorry I said those things, doc. I was frustrated. Women don’t treat me fairly.”

“It’s not about how women treat you. It’s about how *you* interact with *them*.” Martha’s fingers played with his glans. She wanted to get a nice buzz going for him.

“Can we smoke some weed?” He liked the thought of lighting up while his dad waited just outside the office.

“Maybe another day. I think we need clear heads for this discussion.” Martha leaned over and kissed his cheek. “I’m going to draw a parallel here. Just like we’re working on getting your parents to respect the boundaries of your room, you must respect your mother’s space. You must understand that women want permission before making themselves vulnerable. The same as you would. The trick is to build trust and seek permission. If you really want to see a woman showering, I have a bathroom attached to the office.”

“Wait ... you have ... um ... really?” Justin realized his muscles had relaxed. He melted into the sofa cushions. He looked down at the doctor’s pale, dainty hand working his dick.



“I might say no, but you can feel free to ask just about any question while you’re here.” She leaned over and kissed his penis but didn’t take it into her mouth.

“Yeah, but it’s not like I can ask my mother to see her in the shower.” Justin closed his eyes, bathing in the pleasure of his doctor’s hand.

“You don’t know that.” Marth kissed his penis again. “You’re assuming her reaction is based on the possible consequence. And we do that all the time as humans. But this is part of the reason your family agreed to avoid conflict at home as much as possible and to bring your concerns here. If your mother is upset by something, she’ll bring it to me to discuss in the proper context. If I felt we needed a group session, I’d schedule one, but we’re still a bit early in the process for that.”

“Okay ... but it’s too late to ask her ... uuuuggghhhh ... I already did it.” Justin was getting close to cumming. “What do I do ... now?”

“You’ll have to build your trust with her again. I’m going to teach you how to make a proper apology. But first, I’m going to let you pump one out.” She lowered her mouth to Justin’s penis. Soon, she was bobbing her head at a pretty good pace. A few minutes later she was rewarded with his hot, salty semen. She drank it all down as any good doctor would.

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November 19, 1987: The Kaplan house.

“And so, for all those reasons, I’m deeply sorry, Mom.” Justin stood in front of his mother in the kitchen. He was almost done with his apology. Whatever the doctor had done to him, it was working. He saw the woman in front of him not just as his mother and not just as a hottie who he’d never get with. He saw her as a person. A person who needed respect. Of course, that didn’t mean that she wasn’t hot. His hidden erection testified to that fact. “I broke your trust. I promise never to do it again.”



“Thank you, Justin. That was very thoughtful and sincere. I accept your apology.” Sandra gave him a nervous smile. She hadn’t gotten a proper apology out of him in years. “That was very unexpected.” It was dark outside the windows. The sound of the TV came in from the living room where her husband was unwinding after work.

“Well, I did something stupid. I won’t invade your space again.” Justin turned to go.

“Can I have a hug, big guy?” Sandra opened her arms. She watched him tentatively come over. She grasped him and held him tight. The hug didn’t last as long as she had planned. His hard thing poked against her, making her tummy feel strange. She quickly pushed him away. “Right ... okay ... I expect you’re going to go listen to your tape deck. I’m going to put together a late dinner for all of us.” She pressed her lips together and nodded. “I feel good about us, Justin. I know teenagers sometimes get confused. What’s important is that you apologized, and you love me.”



“I do love you, Mom.” Justin nodded and retreated from the kitchen.

“I love you, too,” she called after him. Her mind was swimming from the last couple days. Maybe tomorrow things would be settled enough for her to finally try those masturbation techniques. She hoped so. It would be a great aid for calming her turbulent mental state. With her belly still doing cartwheels, Sandra went about making dinner.

