

CHAPTER 6

THE MCALLISTER METHOD



FICTION

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The McAllister Method 6

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November 20, 1987: The Kaplan house.

Finally, Sandra had the house to herself. Her husband was at work, and her son was at his new job: mowing neighbors' lawns. Sandra was locked in her bedroom. The door *was* locked. She didn't want Justin coming home and peeping again. She was worried about another occurrence, even if he had surprised her with a sincere apology.

Sandra was naked, on her back, and her lips were curved in a blissful smile. Between her legs, her little buddy vibrated with everlasting vigor. She pumped it inside a few times and then used it to massage her clitoris, just as Martha had instructed.



On the topic of her doctor's instructions, Sandra remembered about her son. She was supposed to imagine him as the Rugged Towel Man. *After this orgasm ... I'll try it.* She continued to think of the real Rugged Towel Man, shirtless, chopping wood to build a cabin for her in the forest. Her eyes rolled back, and she stifled a yell. Her climax was upon her.

Once she was on the other side of her orgasm, she turned off the vibration, got onto her hands and knees, and reached back to insert the dildo into her vagina. She knew that this was how the Rugged Towel Man of her fantasies would take her. Like she was to become his property. She shivered.



“Okay, Sandra, you can do this,” she whispered. She pumped the dildo. It was a bit awkward reaching back in that position, but she had to admit it felt good. Closing her eyes, Sandra imagined her rugged man chopping wood. Slowly, she changed the man to look like her son. A flood of confusing and anxious feelings surged through her. But despite the discomfort, she continued to pump her vagina and imagine her son chopping wood. “Ooohhhh ... build me ... cabin ... please.” Sandra shuddered.

A thought occurred to her. She could make him all the way naked, imagining what his flaccid penis would look like, flopping with his chopping movements. A more forceful shiver moved through her, but she kept Justin’s pants on. That would be going too far. Remembering Martha’s words, she affirmed to herself, “Justin is a grown man. He’s a man. A strong ... healthy man ... who could make cabins if he wanted ... he could ... make ... oh ... my!”

A tsunami of euphoria was suddenly upon her. The resulting orgasm was the biggest yet. Afterward, she lay on her bed panting, staring blankly at the ceiling. “Gosh ... I really do ... feel better ... now,” she said to herself.

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November 23, 1987: Sixth individual session with Sandra Kaplan.

"He'd just apologized, and it was wonderful, but then his ... thing was hard when he hugged me. It confused me. Should I have been mad?" Sandra sat in Martha's office, facing the woman. They had both already removed their tops, but their bras and bottoms were still firmly in place.



"I can't tell you how to feel, but we can explore why you weren't angry." Martha leaned forward, her elbow on her thigh. This position exposed lots of milky white cleavage to her patient. "I'd say this incident showcases good instincts as a parent. You were angry at Justin for peeping, at least in part because it's something he intentionally did. Even in a moment of weakness, it's behavior he can control. But his penis ... Men, particularly eighteen-year-olds, have less control over when they have erections." She gave Sandra a reassuring smile. "Do you see what I mean?"

"But he still chose to hug me." Sandra frowned. She realized she was staring at Martha's breasts, so she blushed and looked away. *I wish we could put our tops back on.* She took a deep breath and worked to corral her train of thought. "So, by hugging me with it hard, was he trusting me not to take it the wrong way?"

"That's very possible." Martha leaned back and jotted something in her notebook. "Think of it this way, if Justin was able to show you his vulnerability like that and make a leap of faith that you wouldn't misinterpret his erection, I'd say we're making progress. This is how teammates behave, don't you think?"

“Yes ... yes ... I think so. If he hugs me with a woody, it’s because he trusts and loves me.” A quick, shy smile lit up Sandra’s face.

“That’s exactly right.” Martha nodded and glanced at the clock. “Before we run out of time, tell me about your masturbation.”

“Well ... um ...” Sandra nervously twisted her wedding ring round and round her finger. “It was a rough week with Justin peeping ... as we discussed. So, I didn’t really find that much time. But I did do it on Friday. And it was ... good.”



“Did you see Justin in your mind’s eye?” Martha adjusted her glasses and nodded encouragement.

“I did,” Sandra squeaked. “First ... I saw the Rugged Towel Man shirtless, chopping wood. Then ... I turned him into Justin. He was glistening with sweat, building a cabin for me.”

“Now that your boy has grown into a man, it is no longer a one-way street. It used to be that you provided for him, not the other way around. Now, he can be giving with you, too.” Martha’s eyes sparkled. “I would like to incorporate this into your fantasies.”

Sandra gulped. “How?”



“When I fantasize about my son, I often focus on his large, virile penis. I find his entry into adulthood so stimulating. Not to mention that young men have such strength and stamina. It’s a ripe field for the fantasies of a modern woman. And Justin, as your son, is yours. He’s *your* young man. That’s very special.” Martha checked the clock and picked up her sweater.

“Oh ... gosh ...” Sandra was shocked to find that her doctor’s words had made her wet. Her panties were suddenly uncomfortable. “My ... man?”

“We’re just about out of time, Sandra. Will you work on those fantasies

for me? I think you’ll find you’ll feel much closer to him, and he will sense the closeness. It’ll be good for both of you.” Martha carefully put on her sweater.

“Yes, okay, Doctor.” Sandra agreed without thinking about what sort of fantasies she was committing to. She slowly put her own sweater on. “I’ll try.”

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November 25, 1987: The Kaplan house.

Thinking about his last session, Justin tried to get used to asking his mother for things. He knew it was important that he respected her when she said no. His doctor had made that clear right before giving him a blowjob, so he didn't want to let her down.

"Mom, can we have steak for dinner?" Justin asked.

"Not tonight, honey," Sandra said.

Later, "Can I have a ride to the mall?" He tried.

"How about tomorrow, Justin? I have to go that way with the dry cleaning." Sandra was surprised when he accepted her terms.

Justin asked all sorts of questions throughout the course of the week. Sometimes he pressed her when she said no, but he was always respectful. He kept reminding himself that they were a team.

Eventually, Justin worked himself up to the big question. His mother was sitting in the living room, watching a soap and knitting. He walked in and sat on the arm of an armchair, watching her knit for a while.

"Was there something you needed, Justin?" Sandra didn't look away from the TV.

"Well ... um ..."
Justin was wearing shorts and a tank top. He had been lifting weights, just like the doctor had asked. So, he was proud of his biceps. They weren't huge or anything, but his arms were toned now. He crossed his arms to show them off. "Mom ... I was wondering ..."



"Yes?" Sandra glanced at him. He was looking more fit. He was nothing like the Rugged Towel Man, but he was definitely growing into himself.

“Mom ... could I ... um ... I mean ... when you take a shower ...?” Justin was having a hard time getting the words out. His mother really felt like one of the hotties that had brushed him off in high school. Those girls had tied his tongue in the exact same way.

“Shower?” She put down her knitting and frowned. “What are you talking about?”

“When you take a shower next time, can I watch?” Justin saw his mother’s eyes widen in shock. Her forehead furrowed with doubt. His heart thundered in his chest. “I mean, not in the shower with you. Just hanging out in the bathroom.”



“Justin ... I ...” Sandra thought over what she discussed with Martha last session. “Justin, thank you for trusting me with this question. I know you’re curious about women’s bodies. But I’m your mother. You need to go out and meet some ladies your own age. You’re a handsome young man, I’m sure they’d be happy to show you their bodies.”

“So, that’s a no?” Justin was so relieved that she wasn’t angry, he forgot to be embarrassed by the rejection.

Sandra nodded.

“I respect your decision, Mom.” Justin stood, the erection in his shorts evident. “But I really think watching you would be best for me. You’re beautiful and –”

“The answer is no, Justin. I’m your mother.” Sandra picked up her knitting and turned back to the TV. “Thank you for coming to me with this question. And don’t worry about your woody.” She worked very hard not to look at the tent in his shorts. “I understand that you’re eighteen and can’t control your penis ... um ... your erections ... I mean.”

“Right ... okay.” Justin didn’t know what to make of that. It was weird. *Whatever.* “I’m going to my room to lift. See you, Mom.” He actually went upstairs to pull the Polaroids from their hiding spot. If he couldn’t watch her in the shower, he could at least see her naked.

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November 26, 1987: Seventh individual session with Justin Kaplan.

"If you appear more mature, adults will treat you with maturity. I'm not asking you to shave your mustache or get a haircut. I'm not asking you to wear slacks or polo shirts." Martha took a long inhale from her marijuana cigarette and handed it to Justin. She held her breath for a few beats and let it out. "But those are cosmetic things you can do to get better reactions. You should always ask yourself what you want out of a particular interaction. If you desire to vex and push away people like your parents, then you're on the right course. If you want to have them say yes more often, and treat you as an adult, then you might consider a change."

Justin inhaled while the doctor was speaking. He let the smoke out when she was finished. "Damn, Doc. That's deep. But I'm not a tool like that. I doubt she'd let me watch her if I was some preppy jerk, anyway."

"It's about looking the part, Justin. You're not giving in to anyone by putting on a disguise, are you? You're simply changing their expectations." Martha smiled. "On the subject of the question itself, I'm glad you asked her. Even if she said no, I think you both handled it well. Now, I'd like you to ask me the same question."

"What?" Justin didn't understand. But when she nodded encouragement, he tried, "Can I watch you shower, Doctor McAllister?"

"Why, yes, Justin. We still have about twenty minutes, so come along." She got up and headed to the bathroom. Once inside, she invited Justin to lean on the sink. She turned on the shower and undressed in a businesslike way, carefully putting her clothes on hangers. She stepped into the shower, shut the door, and started washing her body. "Please feel free to touch yourself, Justin. You can even pretend I'm your mother."

"Oh ... okay ..." Justin lowered his pants, stared at the naked woman, and pumped his cock with both hands. "It's okay ... that I want to do this with my mom?"



Martha's laugh was soft and reassuring. "It's the most natural thing for a man of your age to think about these things. Especially, when you have a mother as beautiful as yours, inside and out. And it brings you closer together."

“Shit ... she is ... beautiful.” Justin masturbated in silence for a while. When the shower glass fogged, it helped with his fantasies. It was easier to pretend that his mother was in the shower instead of the waiting room. Eventually, his hips started to buck.



“I can tell from your noises that you’re close. Please finish in the sink so it’s easy to clean.” Martha listened to the heavy grunts of his climax. When he was done, she turned off the shower, and stepped out. “You look very happy, Justin.” She wrapped herself in a towel. “I have high hopes for your family. We’re making progress.”