

CHAPTER 7

THE MCALLISTER METHOD



FICTION

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The McAllister Method 7

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November 30, 1987: Seventh individual session with Sandra Kaplan.

“Did you have a nice Thanksgiving?” Martha sat in her bra and panties, smiling at her patient.

“Yes, it was wonderful. We had family over. And everyone loved my turkey.” Sandra still wore her jeans and socks, but her breasts were only covered by a bra. She was getting used to this part of her therapy. She went on at length about how her husband and son had actually gotten along on Thanksgiving, and Justin had helped her in the kitchen.



“I’m glad to hear he’s being helpful. On that note, since you’re a team now, it might be best if you stopped telling him to do things and started asking him.” Martha reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. “And you can be respectful when he declines a request. He’s being respectful with you, right?” She removed her bra and placed it next to her chair. She studied Sandra’s expression as the woman gazed at her breasts.

“Yes ... he keeps asking me to shower for him. But I say no, of course. He takes rejection well.” Sandra’s voice squeaked. “Why are you topless, Doctor McAllister?”

“We have nothing to hide from one another, Sandra. Please remove your bra when you’re ready.” Martha smiled. “When you say Justin takes rejection well, he is respectful?”

“Yes.” Sandra didn’t move to unclasp her bra. She sat nervously, fiddling with her wedding ring. “He’s respectful. But he keeps asking me, again and again.”

“Your son desires you. As we’ve discussed, this is a healthy thing for an eighteen-year-old. And it’s natural for a mother to be flattered. It’s even natural for mothers to indulge their sons a little when the son is being good.” Martha’s breasts shook as she jotted a note down.

“Do you ... indulge your son?” Sandra stared with wide eyes. She was in awe of this woman. The good doctor knew so much more about this world than Sandra did.

“Of course. It’s only natural.” Martha shrugged. “As far as his asking to see you over and over, you can continue to turn him down. That’s your decision. But I hope you appreciate the love that is at the heart of his request. His love for you and your beautiful body. He loves you inside and out.”

“Oh ... I don’t have a beautiful ...” Sandra blushed. “I’ll start making requests.” She pressed her lips together, and furrowed her brow in thought. “But if I ask Justin to do things, and he keeps asking to see me shower, won’t he expect me to say yes?”

“Being able to ask each other things doesn’t constitute an exchange of favors, so it’s important that neither of you confuse that. If you say yes to his requests, you shouldn’t feel it’s because you owe him. You’re both free to ask things, and you’re both free to decline.”

“But you think I should say yes?” Sandra was so confused.

“It’s just a hypothetical, Sandra. It could apply to anything, just like you can say no if he asks you to buy him a car. We’re just using the shower example because it’s come up. Now, it’s also okay to trade favors. People do that all the time. But if that’s the case, it should be clear to both parties, so expectations are appropriate.”



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December 3, 1987: Seventh individual session with Justin Kaplan.

"My mom asked ... ugh ... me if I could help her with this list of things that need fixing around the house." Justin sat naked on the sofa. His shrink, also naked, was sitting next to him, her hand pumping his turgid cock. His whole body vibrated with pleasure. "My dad usually pays ... uuuggggghhhh ... someone for that ... but I know my parents ... have been having money problems ... like we talked about. I told Mom no ... but I felt bad ... about it. I just don't know ... how to do that stuff."



"There are books about that sort of thing at the library." Martha slowed down her pumping hand and lowered it down his shaft, avoiding his cockhead. She didn't want him to erupt yet. "You could start with something simple. I'll bet your mom would appreciate you even trying."

"I ... ugh ... don't think I've ever wanted to go read a ... book before, doc. You're a genius." Justin grinned at her. He wanted to lean over and kiss her, but he could tell that was off limits.

"Or maybe I've just read a lot of books about what motivates people, including young men like yourself." Martha could see his kiss-me-pucker forming. She ignored it.

"And you're cool enough ... to light up ... and you have a shower ... in your office."

"Those help sometimes, too." Martha laughed. "Have you been looking at your mother's Polaroids while touching yourself?"

"Yeah ... doc ..." Justin was getting so used to asking for what he wanted that he let the next words just slip out. "Could you ... ugh ... maybe ... play with my balls?"

"Sure, Justin." Martha did as he asked, reached a hand down to his hairy, ripe sacks as her other hand continued working his cock. "Would you like her to pose like that in person while you touched yourself?"



“Oh ... God ... yes ... but she won't ... even let me ... watch her shower.” Justin's hips bucked. The idea of his mother posing for him in his room while he masturbated was too much. He was going to explode.

“I've set you both on a path, Justin, where you will get to share that with her. And so much more. Just ...” She leaned over and kissed his cockhead, precum staining her lips. “... be sure to continue to be respectful and kind with her. She wants someone who will provide for her. Do what she asks when you can and be giving. It will all work out.” She leaned further and sucked his penis into her mouth.

“Okay ... doc ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Justin lifted his butt off the sofa and blasted into her mouth.



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December 4, 1987: The Kaplan house.

Sandra looked up from her knitting and sighed. "The answer is still no, Justin." They were in the living room, and he stood nearby with such an earnest expression on his face. His tank top exposed his toned arms. She had to admit he had really stuck to his exercises. His shorts were tented with his erection. She was happy that he trusted her with it enough not to be embarrassed. The doctor had made it clear this was a special gift. "Could you tell me why you want to see me in the shower?"



"You're beautiful, Mom. I already told you." Justin grinned at her. She had rejected this request so often, it no longer stung. "I think you're the most beautiful woman in the whole world."

"Oh, gosh ..." Sandra blushed. "That's not true." *It's not true, is it? He doesn't really think that. Ronald hardly has any interest in me anymore.* Sandra cleared her throat. "Well, how would you like it if I asked to watch you working out?"

Justin's grin expanded. "I ... would actually like that. I'd like that a lot. Do you want to?"

"No, Justin." Sandra sighed louder than the first time. "How's your work on the deck coming along?"

"It's challenging. But I got some books from the library. Can I have some money for more nails?" Justin could see the shower wasn't happening. Not today at least. He was okay with it. He had her Polaroids as a solid substitute for the real thing.

"What did you do with the money I gave you last time?" She put her knitting things down, got up, and went over to her purse. She pulled out some cash for him.



"I bought lumber with it, remember? But we don't have enough nails, so ..." Justin walked over, took the money from her hand, and gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek. Even if his mom had turned into a hottie that would never get with him, his confidence with her had never been higher. He owed it all to Doctor McAllister. "I'll be at the hardware store and then in the backyard. See you, Mom."

"Bye, sweetie." She watched him go, very impressed. He was a changed man. And she owed it all to Doctor McAllister.

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December 9, 1987: The Kaplan house.

The sun was getting low, dipping into the trees on the west of their backyard. Justin was covered in sweat, sawdust, and dirt. He had a big smile on his face. "I know it isn't huge or anything, but what do you think?"

"Oh ... my ... gosh ... Justin! You did this?" Sandra was overjoyed. She beamed with pride. "Can I walk on it?"



“Yeah ... that’s what it’s for, I guess.” Justin ran his hands through his sweaty mullet. “You like it?”

“I’m so impressed. I love it!” Sandra did a little dance on the deck, listening to her feet clonk on the wood.

Justin’s eyes lit up as he watched her breasts bounce under her blouse.

“It’s so sturdy! You’re such a man now, Justin! I can’t believe you built this. Your father is going to be so impressed.” Sandra danced all over the deck, testing each board with her feet. The idea that he had built this for her, that he had produced something for her, moved something deep inside her. She found she had butterflies in her belly. “Just wait until your father gets home, he’ll be too impressed.”



"I'm just glad you like it." Justin's dick engorged watching her body shake as she moved. It was time for his daily rejection. "Hey, Mom, can I watch you shower?"

"Yes, sweetie. If that will make you happy." The words were out of Sandra's mouth before she knew what she was saying. She stopped dancing and turned toward him, hand on her mouth, eyes wide.

"You mean it?" Justin's pulse was suddenly thundering in his ears. His cock was harder than it had ever been. It took all his willpower not to grab it through his shorts.

"I ... um ... yes. Yes, Justin. You can watch me shower. But we have to do it right now. Your father will be home in about an hour." She walked toward him with trembling knees, took his hand, and led him inside. "Also, don't do anything weird while I'm in the shower. Only watch, okay?" She could plainly see from his shorts that he was hard. She knew teenage boys touched themselves. She thought that's what he'd been doing the time he'd peeped on her. She couldn't bear the idea of his touching himself while watching her. That made her belly tumble in a less positive way. She looked over her shoulder as she led him upstairs.



“Yeah, Mom. Of course.” Justin was going to respect the shit out of his mom. Doctor McAllister was going to be as proud of him with this shower as his mom was about the deck. “Thank you for doing this.”

“You’re welcome.” She led him through her bedroom to her bathroom. Finally, she let go of his sweaty hand and slowly undressed, aware of his intense eyes on her. Her belly fluttered in a good way again. She couldn’t help but imagine doing this for the Rugged Towel Man. And when she pictured her fantasy man, she saw her son in flannel. Her blouse and pants off, she reached behind and unclasped her bra. “I really appreciate how you’ve changed, sweetie. I hope I don’t disappoint you.” She removed her bra, worried about his reaction. But as her breasts wobbled out into the open, she saw a look of pure joy on his face that hadn’t been there since he was a kid. He was practically glowing with happiness.

“I’m ... not ... disappointed.” Justin was having trouble stringing words together. His mind was shutting down. He watched her shimmy her panties down her perfect, pale legs, turn on the water, and wait for the shower to get warm with her back to him. He decided that even with everything that had happened with Doctor McAllister, this was the best day of his life.

