

A man and a woman are shown in a room with wood-paneled walls. The man, with dark hair and a mustache, is shirtless and wearing a black leather jacket. He is leaning against a dark ledge, looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The woman, with long blonde hair, is seen from the back, wearing a light-colored plaid dress and a pearl necklace. She is also leaning against the same ledge, looking towards the man. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, creating a dramatic and intimate atmosphere.

CHAPTER 2

THE MCALLISTER
METHOD

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The McAllister Method 2

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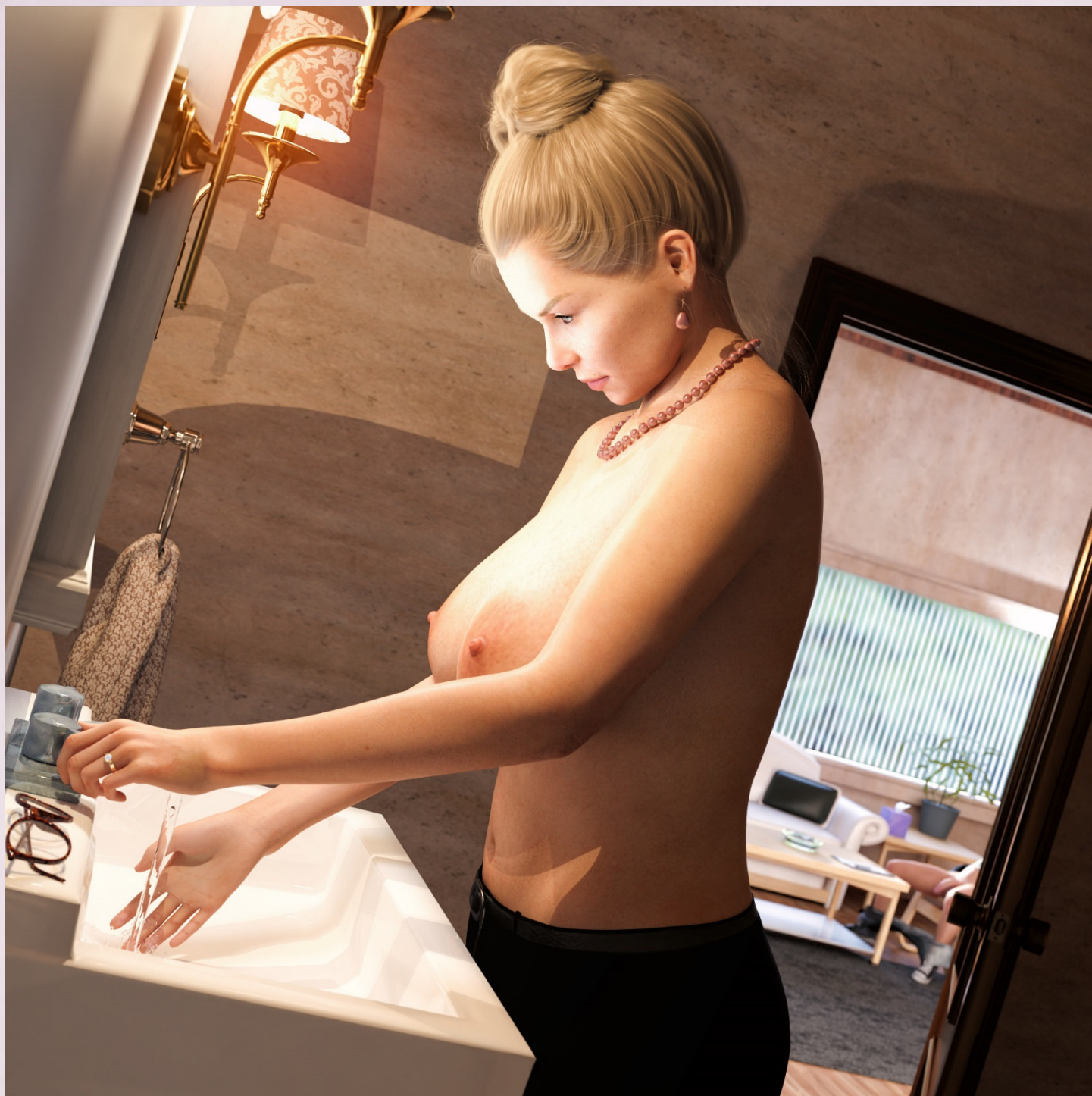
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October 15, 1987: First individual session with Justin Kaplan continued.

“Well, then. Time is almost all up. Please put your pants back on. I’ll get cleaned up and discuss next steps.” Martha walked to the adjoining bathroom, stepped in, and left the door open. She ran water in the sink, waiting for it to get up to temperature. “Do you feel that we’re sharing power better, Justin?”



“Um ... I ... uh.” Justin’s mind spun.

“That’s good. I do, too.” She washed her face vigorously, turned off the water, and toweled off. “We’ll get to share power again next week. But you’ll need to prove to yourself that you’re a man and not a boy. You’re eighteen and it’s time you came into your power.”

“Uh ... what does that mean?” Justin pulled up his underwear and pants.

“It means that when you feel angry, you channel it away from your parents.” Martha reapplied her makeup in the mirror. “I don’t doubt you will feel provoked by them. When that happens, rather than using bad words or yelling, I suggest that you march right to your room, lock the door, and masturbate. You may think of me while you do if that excites you.”

“My door doesn’t lock,” Justin said.

“Well, simply close your door then. Then, you can tug in privacy.”

“Um ... I’ve never had an adult ... talk about jerking it before.” Justin fiddled with his hands.

“We’re all adults here.” Martha came out of the bathroom and put her top back on. “And you don’t have to worry about anything you say in this office. It’s all confidential. And if you want to continue with me, you’ll have to promise to keep it confidential on your end, too. Can you do that?”

“Yes.” He nodded.

“Okay, time’s up. Channel your anger. Show me the man you can be.” She stuck out her hand.

“Um ... okay ... doc.” Justin awkwardly shook her hand.

“See you next week.” She guided him to the door. His mother was sitting in the waiting room reading a magazine.

“See you next week, doc.” Justin waved goodbye.

“How did it go, Dr. McAllister?” Sandra stood quickly, a nervous quiver on her lips.



“As I was explaining to Justin, our sessions are confidential. I would never speak about what happens in my office. Not even to his parents.” Martha smiled. “I’ll see you in a few days, Sandra.” Martha closed the door and waited for her next client.

October 19, 1987: First individual session with Sandra Kaplan.

"I'm not sure how you did it, Dr. McAllister, but Justin has been much better behaved. He only exploded once at his father in the last few days. I see him getting riled up, and then he runs to his room. It's a miracle."

"That's a good start." Martha nodded and took some notes. "Don't be surprised if you see some regression the farther we are away from his session. We're just building a foundation right now."

"Yes, I understand." Sandra nodded. She crossed her legs, trying to get comfortable on the sofa. "I still smell his drugs, though."



"Do you suspect anything other than marijuana?" Martha said.

"No ... I ... I think it's just that. And maybe alcohol with his friends." Sandra chewed on her lip.

"That's normal. We'll circle back to the drugs in later sessions. Don't you worry, we'll make your son a model member of your family. As I explained when you first came in, the root of the trouble is cognitive dissonance." Martha tapped her lip with her pen. "Justin is a man. But he is seen as a boy. He acts as a boy in response, and that reinforces the fallacy. It's a tautology."

“Oh, of course.” Sandra clasped her hands on her knee. She studied her wedding ring rather than make eye contact with the doctor. “But how do I treat him as a man, when he acts ... like a delinquent?”

“You’ll have to learn to share power with him. You’ll have to coax his manhood out of him by treating him as an adult.” Martha got up and crossed over to the sofa. She sat next to Sandra and put her hands on the other woman’s hands. “Close your eyes. Visualize a man. Your perfect man. The perfect embodiment of masculinity. The yang to your yin. Do you see him?”



“Yes, I see him.” Sandra’s face relaxed, a sweet smile spread across her lips.



"Is he your husband?"

"I ... uh ... um ..." Sandra wanted to be honest.

"Don't worry, Sandra. When I do these visualization exercises with wives, the man rarely looks like their husbands. That's not to take anything away from Ronald. He's a fine husband in many ways. We're just looking at what's missing in your life." There was gentle amusement in Martha's voice. "Now, tell me what the differences are between your perfect man and your son."



"Well ... my dream man has a ... beard." Sandra blushed. This was so private.

"Like I told your son, this is a safe place. Whatever you share here will not leave my office." Martha squeezed Sandra's hands.

"Okay ... he wears ... plaid, flannel shirts. He's got muscles from ... um ... building things ... like log cabins. He's handsome. Not too tall." Sandra bit her bottom lip as she thought. "He's got a nice haircut and an easy smile. Is that enough?"

"What is his personality?" Martha removed her hands from Sandra's and took notes.

"He's calm but ... um ... very assertive with me. He compliments my beauty constantly. He does little things around the house without my asking." Sandra opened her eyes. "How is this helping, Dr. McAllister?"

"Close your eyes." Martha went back to her chair and sat. "This will be quick, I

promise. Close your eyes and picture him again. Got him?" She waited for Sandra to nod and continued.

"Now keep everything about your man the same, but put your son's face on him. Can you picture Justin as your man? Beard, flannel, compliments, and all."

Sandra nodded slowly. Her forehead furrowed with worry.

"How do you feel about that image?"

"Oh ... I ... my tummy feels funny." Sandra put a hand to her belly and opened her eyes.

"I know it's a bit disorientating, but we're going to turn Justin into your perfect man." Martha laughed.

"Maybe not with the beard and the flannel. But close enough. I see that look of disbelief. Don't you worry! I've done it before. He'll be closer to your perfect man than your husband by the time we're finished with your sessions."

“Um ... I don't ...” Sandra was so confused.

“Now, this week. I want you to verbally encourage your son. Whenever he behaves like your perfect man, tell him how much you like it,” Martha said. “Let him know it makes you happy to see him as a man. Can you do that?”

“Yes, I think so.” Sandra gave the doctor a puzzled smile.

October 21, 1987: First individual session with Ronald Kaplan.

“So ... avoidance. That's it? You want me to avoid getting into arguments with them. Basically, I have to leave my wife and son alone?” Ronald's face was red. “It's my house. My rules!”

“Yes, I understand it's your house, Ronald.” Martha smiled sweetly. “I have other strategies for your wife and son. But for fathers, I find the best thing to do is to remove yourself from the situation as much as possible, give my methods time to work, then you'll find a happy family at home. I'm only asking for you to give them space for the duration of my work. It should take mere months.”

“You promise me you'll get Justin under control?” Ronald raised his eyebrows in challenge.

“If he isn't a changed man, you can have your money back.” Martha leaned forward. She had unbuttoned the top of her blouse for this client. She found that a little cleavage went a long way with middle-aged men. “Do you like golf? You could spend more time on the course. Eat out with friends. Really, all I'm asking is for you to enjoy life outside the house while we mold Justin into a fine, young man.”

“Yes ... I like golf.” He nodded. “I must admit, he's already behaving better.” He leaned back and put a cigar in his mouth. He chewed it thoughtfully. “Do I need to come in for sessions every week? Seems, if I'm not the problem, and I'm keeping out of the way, I shouldn't have to pay for *my* therapy.”



“Oh, yes. That’s why I didn’t book any more sessions for you after this one.” Martha bounced a little in her seat and watched his eyes follow her boobs. “You can touch base by phone every month if you like. I’ll include that as a freebie.”



“Hmmmmmm.” Ronald was liking the sound of Dr. McAllister’s method more and more. “Okay. You have a deal. If you really pull this off, I’ll be telling all my friends. You’ll get a ton of business.”



“That’s very kind of you, Ronald.” Martha stood and put out her hand for a shake. It was the end of the session.

October 22, 1987: Second individual session with Justin Kaplan.

"I really ... was good this week." Justin stood in Martha's office. His lower half was naked, and he was watching Martha pump his dick with her tits. He had taken off his shirt when she'd asked, but he refused to remove his trusty jacket.



"I heard about two incidents from your parents, so we still have some work to do. You yelled at your father?" Martha still wore her skirt as she crouched in front of him.

"He can just be ... such a dick. It would be rad if he just ... fucking disappeared." Justin was starting to get worked up, but the titjob helped calm him down.

“He won’t be at home as often going forward. That’s part of my method.” Martha gave him a wink.

“Really?” Justin didn’t know what was more unbelievable. That this gorgeous doctor was getting him off on a weekly basis, or that she’d gotten his dad out of the house. “Damn ... you’re amazing.”

“I am.” Martha nodded and studied his physique. “I’m going to ask you to start lifting weights at home. I’d like you to spend a half-hour on it every other day. Build some muscle. Okay?”



“Yeah, I can do that. I already pound the iron some.” Justin had no idea what that had to do with anything, but he wouldn’t mind putting on some muscle.

“Can you grow a beard?” She narrowed her eyes as she scanned his cheeks.

Justin blushed when he shook his head. "Just the mustache. The beard's scraggly."

"That's okay." Martha nodded. "Are you ready to cum?"

"Uh ... not yet." Justin shook his head again.

"That's fine. We have some more time." Martha dropped her boobs and pumped him with both hands. She spit on his cock for lubrication. "I want you to continue to channel your anger when it comes up. I have another piece of homework for the week. Can you do something else for me?"



"It's trippy ... how you ask me for things. My parents ... just tell me." Justin shrugged.

"We're sharing power, remember. Everything we do is as a team." Martha sped up her hands. "I want you to do one chore around the house a day. Do something that isn't your normal chore. Don't even tell your mother unless she asks about it. This is an important task. Can you do it?"

"Uggghhhh ... yeah ... doc." Justin's pleasure surged. She was good with her hands. "I'm gonna ... cum ... doc."

“That’s good. Cum like a man for me. Fill up my mouth like a man.” Martha suctioned his penis with her lips. She drank his cum with big gulps. When he was done, she released him. “I have one other favor.” She stood, giving him a view of her boobs.

“Holy ... shit ... you’re fucking ... nuts.” He sat down heavily on the sofa, his dick slowly deflating.

“I’d like you to get a haircut. Trim it nice and neat.” Martha walked to the bathroom, turned the sink on, and looked over at him.

“Nah ... no can do. This is my do.” Justin stumbled to the sofa, fell face forward, and nearly melted into the cushions. His limbs were loose, and his body hummed.



"We're a team, Justin." Martha washed her face. "I'm helping you with your penis. I'm helping you at home. I need you to be receptive to my requests. I think you'll be shocked how different things go with a few superficial changes."

"Nah ... my friends will blow a fuse." Justin shook his head again. There was silence as Martha finished washing and drying. She stood quietly in the bathroom doorway, still topless, and said nothing. The silence stretched out between them. "I just can't ... okay?" Justin slowly stood and went over to his clothes. "A team, huh?" He slowly dressed.

"Okay, we'll table that for now." She nodded. "You stick with me and things will get better and better." She waggled her eyebrows. "But you have to stick with me. For this week, we'll be adding weights and chores. Are we agreed?"

Justin shrugged and nodded. When she came over and stuck out her hand, he shook it. He was shocked when her lips pressed against his. Her tongue explored his mouth. He couldn't believe his dumb luck. This lady was out of her mind. When the kiss ended, he wobbled on his feet as he watched her put her bra and blouse back on. He supposed a few chores were a small price to pay. He didn't even have to cut his hair. Maybe they really were a team.

