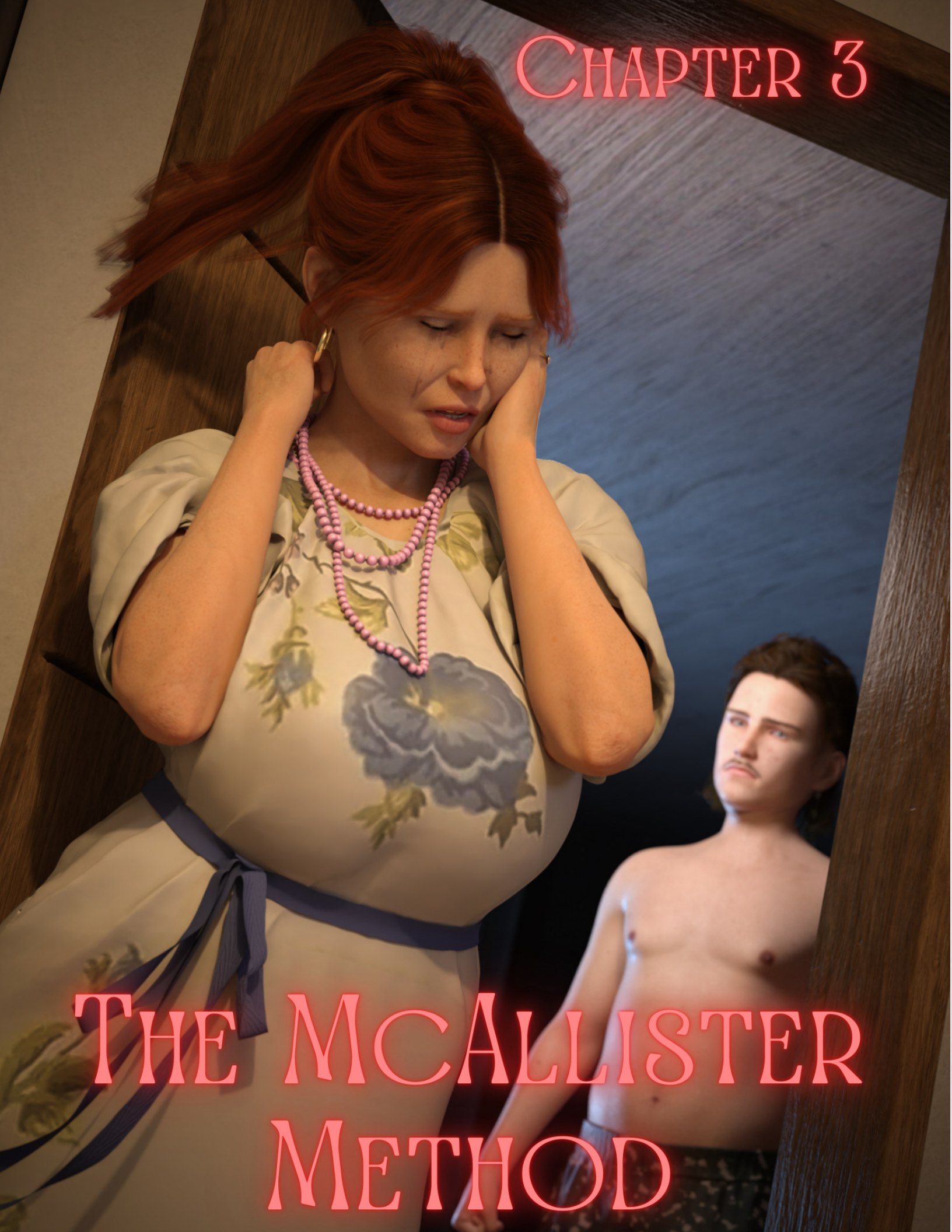


CHAPTER 3

THE MCALLISTER METHOD



FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The McAllister Method 3

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October 25, 1987: the Kaplan house.

Justin listened to his parents shout in the living room. He stood in the kitchen, holding a glass of water in his trembling hand. From what he could hear, his father had lost a bunch of money on the stock market at the beginning of the week, and his broker had only told him about it today.



“My parents are such phonies,” Justin whispered to himself as they argued about what the losses would mean to their future.

Ronald was adamant that everything would be fine. Sandra wanted him to sell his golf membership and his DeLorean. Ronald said that if they cut back on anything, Sandra should stop buying art from the gallery downtown.

Justin almost threw his glass against the wall. He might have done that without Dr. McAllister’s help. But he was a team with her now, and she’d be disappointed. He carefully put the glass down on the counter, and thought about how he needed to rechannel his anger. He raced upstairs, pulled out a Playboy, ran to the bathroom, and masturbated. He tried very hard not to think about his parents’ fight as it continued below him.

October 30, 1987: the Kaplan house.

Jacking helped Justin calm down, but his home life had really been on edge ever since the fight the week before. Justin tried his best to pour his anger into spanking the monkey as much as he could, but he was starting to get desensitized to it. And his magazines were only so good after experiencing Dr. McAllister. He had had another session with her the day before, on the 29th, and it had been sublime. That crazy woman had blown him again, and then let him fondle her tits for the rest of the session. That had helped him blast off a ton of steam. At least for the moment.

Other than masturbating, Justin had followed Martha McAllister's advice about lifting weights. That seemed to be helping, too. He'd moved his father's old weight set from the garage to his bedroom. He'd been lifting every day, especially when his parents were driving him up the wall.

The moon was rising outside Justin's open bedroom window. He was blaring his favorite cassette, lifting weights, and trying not to think about his parents, who were fighting about money again downstairs.

Suddenly, his door opened and his mother stood there frowning at him.

"Justin! Justin! Can you turn that down? I can't hear myself think." Sandra put her hands on her hips. This was about as angry as she could get. She barely noticed that her son was sweaty and shirtless, curling some dumbbells.



"Fuck, Mom." Justin put the weights down and turned toward her. "Maybe it would be better if you couldn't hear yourself think," he shouted.

“Turn down the music or you’re grounded!” Sandra’s face turned red.

“You can’t just barge in here ...” Justin turned, grabbed his tape deck, and threw it out the window. It went quiet the second the power cord was ripped out of the wall. A second later, it made a horrible crashing sound down below. “I suppose we can’t buy another one since Dad lost all our money.” Justin, full of rage, turned toward his mother.

“Oh ... Justin ...” Sandra burst into tears and ran down the hall.

Justin stalked across the room and slammed the door to his bedroom.



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November 2, 1987: Third individual session with Sandra Kaplan.

"You mentioned last time that you have had a difficult time at home lately." Martha leaned forward in her seat and gave her client her utmost attention.

"Oh, my gosh, doctor. There's been so much." Sandra hadn't shared about the money situation at her second session. But she was feeling more comfortable now ... and also more at her wit's end. She launched into a long explanation of their family's stock losses, how Ronald didn't seem worried, and how Justin had destroyed his tape deck. When she was done, Sandra felt like her shoulders were up around her ears. She was so tense.

"I see. Well, I'll have a discussion about the tape deck with Justin. I wonder about your boundaries with Justin. Do you often go into his room without knocking?" Martha said.

"His music was so loud, I ..." Sandra saw Martha frowning at her. "You're right. I do go into his room without knocking. I don't want him to have time to put the drugs away or hide ... whatever else he's hiding."

They discussed the fact that he was eighteen now, and entitled to a man's privacy. Sandra had a hard time believing that someone that threw their tape deck out the window deserved a man's anything. They went back and forth for a while.

Eventually, Martha changed the subject. "What other things are you worried about him hiding?"



“One day when I was cleaning his room, I found dirty magazines!” Sandra widened her eyes and put her hand to her mouth to show the good doctor how scandalized she had been.

“Oh, masturbation is a healthy exercise. I already encouraged him to touch himself when he’s feeling overwhelmed.” Martha smiled. “And other than the musical defenestration, he’s been behaving much better, yes?”

“You what?” Sandra’s eyes went even wider.

“Healthy sex is essential to a healthy life. And touching oneself is as natural as can be.” Martha got up and walked over to her desk. “How has your sex life been, Sandra?”

“Sometimes I wonder if Ronald remembers I’m a woman.” Sandra frowned. She studied Martha. The woman was smart, accomplished, and confident. *Have I been wrong about masturbation?* She was inclined to give Martha the benefit of the doubt.

“And how often do you masturbate?” Martha leaned against her desk.

Sandra barked out a laugh.

“This isn’t a trivial matter.” Martha opened her desk drawer and pulled out a box. Carefully, she opened the box and removed a new vibrator. “This is for you to take home.”

“Do you just have those in your desk?” Sandra couldn’t believe what she was seeing.

“Of course, Sandra. It’s no more strange than your dentist giving you a new toothbrush at the end of a cleaning. Mental health is about proper maintenance with the right tools.” Martha walked over and held out the vibrator to Sandra. “Go on, take it. I want you to use it at least three times before the next session, and then report back to me how masturbation changes your mood.”

“I ... um ...” Not knowing what else to do, Sandra took the vibrator and put it in her purse. She was in a daze for the rest of her session.



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November 3, 1987: the Kaplan house.

It was the middle of the day. Her men were off at work and school, and Sandra was in her bathroom, sitting on the toilet lid. She only wore her bra. Her new vibrator was buzzing between her legs, and she had the silliest expression on her face. "Oooooohhhhhh ... I'd forgotten ... how good ... this can feel."



Sandra closed her eyes and imagined the Rugged Paper Towel Man. He was so burly and strong. "Yes ... Mr. Rugged ... tell me what to do. Your flannel is so ... uuugghhhh ... soft. Be strong ... but gentle and ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!" She nearly hit her head when her body convulsed in the first orgasm she'd had in years.

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November 5, 1987: fourth individual session with Justin Kaplan.

“Are you going to give me another blowjob, doc?” Justin was so excited, he rubbed his hands together. The session had just started, and he was still standing up. “I can’t believe my mom is waiting right outside. That’s so trippy, you know?”

Martha gave her client a patient smile. “Please have a seat, Justin.” Martha sat in her chair and picked up her notepad.

“What? Did I do something wrong?” Justin sat heavily on the sofa and eyed her with suspicion. “I haven’t had any blowups after the tape deck thing. You said that ‘powerlessness’ makes me lash out, and I’ve been feeling powerful ... since we’ve been doing stuff.” He frowned. “Are you making a power play? Are you using sex against me?”



“I don’t owe you sex, Justin. Nobody does. We’re a team, remember?” Martha smiled brightly. “We have to respect when our teammates want different things than we do. We have to work collaboratively with them. Right now, I want to talk. Is that okay with you?”

“It’s weird how you keep asking me if I want to do things. You can just do what you want.” Justin crossed his arms.

“Be wary of anyone who thinks they can do whatever they want to you.” Martha made a note.

“My parents think that.” Justin sighed.

“I’m working on that from their end. But you can’t control them. You can only control yourself. It’s like a tennis game. You have to play on your side. You can’t go to the other side of the court to hit the ball.” Martha nodded. “Let’s talk about your masturbation and weightlifting. How has your rechanneling been going?” She led the conversation for a while. Eventually, she asked Justin to stand and undress to the waist so she could inspect his muscle development.

“What do you think, doc?” Justin flexed for her.



“I think we’re already seeing that you’re more toned.” Martha stood and ran her hands over his upper body. “Nice, I can tell you’ve been putting in the work. Keep at it.” She let her fingers linger on his chest. “May I ask if you’re a virgin, Justin?”



Justin’s cheeks heated. He hated that the question embarrassed him. If his buddies had asked him, he would have lied. But for some reason, he found himself telling her the truth. “I dated this one girl. We had sex once. It was bogus. She was on top, she came after a few minutes, and then she said she was done. I didn’t even finish. Two days later the bitch broke up with me. Which was fine, I didn’t like her.” He clenched his fists.

“You haven’t called a woman a ‘bitch’ since our second session. You must be very angry with this girl.” Martha unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants, and slid her hand under his underwear. She squeezed his penis. She wasn’t surprised to find him soft. They were having difficult discussions. Gently, she played with the head, feeling him slowly harden in her hand. “Tell me more.”

Justin went on for a while about how stupid the girl had been for dumping him.

When there was a pause, Martha pulled down his pants and underwear. She stroked him freely with her left hand while standing right in front of him. "What did she look like?"



"Red hair, freckles, with a dumb, pretty face." Justin was starting to feel so good that he was having trouble holding onto his anger.

"So, she looks like your mother?" Martha watched him closely.

"What? No." Justin shook his head and snorted an over-the-top laugh.

"I see." Martha released his penis and sat back down.

Justin stood there with his stiffy, waiting. Eventually, he couldn't take it anymore. "So, are you going to finish me off or not?"

"If you're not going to be honest with me, then I can't finish you." Martha shrugged.

"What ... I ... I ..." Justin's jaw dropped. "This is a powerplay."

"I don't play games, Justin. We're either working together or we're not." Martha pressed her lips together.

"I ... I ... well ..." Justin put his hands on his hips. "Yes, she looked a little like my mom. But that doesn't mean anything."

"Great, we'll circle back to that later." Martha let down her hair, dropped off the chair, and knee-walked over to him. Time was running short on the session, so she gave him her most encouraging oral sex. He exploded in her mouth in no time.

"Aaaahhhhhh ... doc ... doc ... shit ..." Justin cupped her head with his hand. But he wasn't forceful. He tried to be respectful. He loved how her hair framed her face when she let it down. He looked down at her lovely, distorted mouth as he blew his load.



Martha swallowed it all, pulled her lips off his penis, and went back to her seat. A little dribble of sperm ran down her chin. "I want you to do me a favor. The next time you masturbate, I want you to imagine your mother. This will help with the rechanneling."

"Whhaaaa?" Justin leaned his butt on her desk. His eyes were slow and dazed. He felt like he'd just hit a fat blunt. "My mom?" Slowly, he narrowed his eyes. "Are you serious?"

"I have seen many eighteen-year-old boys in this office, Justin. In situations like yours, I find that it really helps the young man to center himself." Martha nodded.

She seems so sure of herself. Thanks to the blowjob, Justin was in a mood to agree. Even if the request was weird as hell. "Okay, I'll try."

"Great. Also, I would like you to replace your tape deck. When you have a new one, show your mother that you took care of it."

"I don't have any money." Justin shook his head, slowly pulling up his pants.

"Mow some lawns. It will be worth it, trust me." Martha got up and went to the bathroom. "When you show her the new deck, tell her you did it because you knew she was worried about money."

"Doc?" Justin watched her wash her face. "I want to do what you asked. You know, about jacking it. But I can't really picture my mom in a sexy way. She's my mom. And ... I don't even know what she looks like naked."

Martha towed off her face. "As for the first part, all I ask you to do is try. For the second part, I'll help you with that next session."

Justin didn't know what she meant but he found himself trusting this lunatic doctor.