

Project: SEAL Trance, Part 1

by **Wrestlr** and **VA23456**

[M/M, MC, hypno]

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Reunion

Even though Doc was a civilian, I stood up and saluted him crisply when he walked over to the table. It was a combination of my military training and the respect I had for Doc. It sort of just kicked in automatically.

As soon as he was close enough, I reached out for his hand saying, "Fuck, man, it's sure good to see you again!"

See, I'd known Doc since I was in college, when I was just another jock on the football team. Doc had come in and helped us with some visualization techniques; he helped us get our mental games in gear, and our win record that year was really impressive as a result. We came out of nowhere as the team to beat, thanks to Doc. I owed him a lot.

Anyway, I hadn't seen him since I graduated, when I went right into the Navy. I had started college as a shy guy--almost afraid of my own shadow. Don't get me wrong, I was good at ball, and I got to be one of the best, thanks to Doc. I was just your typical Frosh.

Thanks to my prowess in sports and Doc's visualization techniques, I lost that shyness and gained confidence in my abilities. So much so that I set some pretty high goals, one of which was to become the best of the best, a Navy SEAL.

It took some time, but anything worthwhile is worth time and effort. The training out in Coronado is a bitch, let me tell you. They work you like a dog and beat you down 'til all that remains is the shell of what you were. Then they fill you up with the teamwork and self-reliance needed to make it out in the shit.

The best part was when the training got to be really tough, my visualization training would kick in and I would become very focused. Guys on the team had noticed it--hell, even the instructor SEALs noticed it. After I told them about the visualization techniques I was using, they started calling me the Viz Kid. I think they were jealous in a way. No matter what they threw at me, I handled it. Hell, I conquered it! I finished top in my class.

So I got my pick of SEAL teams. I of course picked SEAL TEAM 8, "Eight Ball." They had a great reputation and Norfolk, Virginia is close to home. So I was psyched when the detailers told me I got my first choice.

Now here he was, smiling back at me and saying how glad he was to hear from me when I called. I had heard the Doc was now in the Norfolk area and just knew he would want to hear from me. Okay, that and I wanted to brag to him at how well I had done for myself. Doc always wanted us to push ourselves to be as much as we could be.

I told him to have a seat, and we both sat down. He was saying something about how military life obvious agreed with me, and I agreed since I was in the best shape of my life. I was twenty-four, and I did look damn good, especially in uniform.

I couldn't get over how Doc looked just the same as the last time I'd seen him. He was taking good care of himself, staying in shape. His jacket was the same one he liked to wear back then, and I was wondering if he still kept that oversized watch in that velvet pouch in his pocket. His hair was the same. Even his eyes, crystal-blue with these little gold flecks like spokes in them--eyes that if I just looked a little deeper into them almost seemed like they might start to turn like wheels.

Normally, sitting in a restaurant you can hear the clatter of plates and people chatting at the table near you. Thing is, the more I noticed Doc's eyes, the less I picked up on those distractions. It was as if I was back on the football team and in Doc's visualization sessions. Full concentration on him.

I could barely make out what he was saying to me. His words just drifted by my consciousness, just catching a glimpse of it, like a sign that goes by the window as you ride on a train. Doc was talking about the good ol' days. At least that was what I could pick out of the words as they slipped by my dulling mind.

"Remember how good it felt? When I hypnotized you? You were able to focus and just relax and let go. Remember?"

"... yeah ..." It was a real effort an answer. My voice felt so quiet and distant.

"You were such a very good subject. That Navy training has made you even better. I don't even need my watch anymore with you, Chris. You're already feeling that way again. So pleasant and so relaxed. The same way you felt in school when you let me hypnotize you. You're letting me hypnotize you again now, aren't you?"

"... yeah ..."

"Because it feels so good. You like feeling this relaxed, this deeply relaxed, don't you? Just let your thoughts

drift back to the old days, Chris. Just listening to my voice helps you go back to that pleasantly relaxed feeling you felt back then, doesn't it, Chris? The feeling you got when you were hypnotized. The feeling you're getting again now. So relaxed. Body so heavy. So relaxed. Getting so hard to think clearly. Like you're drifting off to sleep, drifting back into that pleasant state of hypnosis."

After that, it all felt so dreamlike. Doc paying the bill, walking me to my car, and then driving back to my place. I just knew I needed to get home. I would feel so much more relaxed at home. It was important to be relaxed.

I seem to remember sitting in my bedroom, so relaxed, and talking about the guys on the SEAL team with me: Justin, Kyle, Cole, and Josh. The voice in my head wanted to know all about them. Justin was the tallest, leanest in group, but lots of muscle. Kyle was short and blond like me, but had a much larger build; he was all muscle, everyone in the gym stared at him when he worked out. Cole was the surfer boy in the group; nice bod, lean, not big, not small, and always tan. Josh, well, Josh was the only one with black hair. His green eyes set it off well, and he too was the lean-muscled type. He was the innocent one of the group--reminded me a lot of myself when I was a freshman in college, actually.

I woke up the next morning, remembering a great dinner with Doc and a promise to see him again soon. That's when the idea popped in my head--I could make my new SEAL team even better than we were now by sharing Doc's visualization techniques with them. The guys on the team had heard about my Viz Kid reputation and wanted to know more. I was sure I could convince them it was a great idea. We would kick ass! I only hoped Doc was cool with this. I hadn't even asked him yet, and here I was recruiting my team without his okay. Something just told me he would do it. After all, he loved me.

The Team

I couldn't wait to tell the guys about my idea. It was as if I knew just what to say. "Guy," I told them later when I met up with them, "what would you say if I told you I had a way to turn us into the best fucking team of SEALS ever?"

Kyle laughed and said, "Whaddya mean? We're already the best team around," and the guys all agreed.

"No, I mean make us really the best. We can take it to the next level."

Kyle gave me a look. "Keep talking, Chris."

"When I was in college, I was this shy guy with a football scholarship. I was good enough to get on the team but I was nothing special, know what I mean? There was this guy on the faculty and he came in and taught us some exercises that really helped us get our mental games in order. I know it helped me come out of my shell and helped me concentrate on football. We kicked ass every season."

Cole and Josh looked interested. Justin looked uncertain; he asked me, "You're talking about those visualization exercises of yours?"

"Yeah."

Kyle shrugged, "So? Are you wanting to teach them to us? That what you're saying?"

"Kind of. See, last night I ran into the guy on the faculty who taught them to me. He's here in town. I'm sure

he'd be willing to teach you guys too. Think about it--it's the perfect solution."

Kyle turned away. He had started having a serious attitude problem lately, and I knew what was coming. He said dismissively, "No, thanks. Not interested."

"Huh? Kyle? Weren't you listening? That's just the kind of concentration problem I'm talking about. These exercises can help. Trust me--they worked for me back in college and they still do. All we need is for my friend Doc to teach you guys how to do them too, and then you can do them on your own."

Kyle gave me a hard look. He sounded a little angry. "There's nothing wrong with my concentration, Chris." See, Kyle has been thinking he should be in charge, not me--I could always see it in his eyes. Kyle was ambitious. I'm a Lieutenant, Junior Grade--LT, they call it--and he thought he should be at least my rank by now. Lately his attitude had bordered on insubordination. Still, he was part of my team.

"Kyle, yes, there is. I'm not placing blame--we're a team and it's all our problem. And anyway, if we're all using these exercises, we'll all be working our peak out there. We'll be the best fucking team of SEALS this place has ever seen."

"Chris, we're already the best. Everyone knows it."

"But we could be a lot better. If all it took was calling yourself the best, every-fucking-body would be the best. This could be our edge. We gotta be so in synch, it's like we're inside each other's heads. It's worked for me since college."

"Earth to Chris. Earth to Chris. This is not college football. This is not a game played by a bunch of college boys. It's a whole different world out there."

"That's exactly what I mean, Kyle. But you know these exercises have worked for me out there. Sure, I learned them in college, but they work everywhere. I'm proof of that. They can help us get past the concentration problems we've been having."

"Yeah, well, all I can say is, good for you, Viz Kid" Kyle said. He wouldn't look me in the eye. "But I'm not the one with the concentration issues, and I'm just not interested. Right, guys?"

Justin agreed. Cole looked unsure of himself but he agreed too. I was pretty disappointed, and I guess it showed because the guys looked vaguely embarrassed and kept looking away.

Only Josh was looking at me. Like I said earlier, he reminded me a lot of myself when I was a shy freshman. He didn't say anything, but I could tell he was considering my idea. All I could hope was that he was considering what I'd said. This was somehow really important to me.

Josh came up to me later, when the others were somewhere else. "What you were talking about earlier ..."

"The visualization?"

"Yeah. Were you serious? Do you really think it can help?"

"Buddy, I know it can. Look what it's done for me."

"Well ..." Like I said, he's really shy. "I--I think I'd like to learn them too. If you think they would work for me?"

I tried hard not to grin. "Hell, yeah, they'll work for you!" I told Josh to come over to my apartment that night at 20:00 hours, and he agreed.

Now all I had to do was see if Doc was free tonight and willing. I found a phone and some privacy. What was his number? Somehow, I knew just what to dial. I guess he told me last night at dinner?

Anyway, Doc seemed really pleased to hear from me. He kept saying how glad he was that I called. His voice, so low and smooth, was going off like a purr in my ear. Yeah, Doc said he was willing to help Josh learn to relax, just like he'd helped me learn, just like I was relaxing now. Yeah, he was right--I was starting to feel more relaxed just listening to him, letting all the stress of the day slip away.

I snapped out of it all of a sudden. Nothing but the dial tone on the phone, so I hung up. Guess I'd been daydreaming? I remembered Doc saying he was willing to help and he'd meet us at my apartment.

Team Therapy

And Doc showed up just like he promised. In fact, he was half an hour early. I had just gotten home and changed into some civvies when he knocked. I shook his hand with a grin and invited him in.

"Hope you don't mind if I came by a little early," he said as we had a seat in my living room. "I thought it might be best if we talked a little about Josh in detail before he gets here." He was looking me right in the eye, an even stare, and I was looking right back. "Details--anything specific you can think of about him and what motivates him--will help me select the best strategy for teaching him these exercises." You know I want what's best for your team, don't you."

"Yes, and I really apprec--"

"*Shhhh*. Just relax and think about Josh. It's so easy for you to relax, just the way I taught you, and so easy for you to tell me all about Josh as you start relax more and more. That's it." I was feeling that familiar feeling steal over me, and I didn't fight it. I wanted it--it was for the best, so Doc could help Josh. "That's it. So deeply relaxed. Now, tell me all about Josh,"

I felt so incredibly relaxed and focused at the same time. I heard my voice from somewhere far away, describing Josh, what he was like, his style, what made him tick, everything Doc asked about.

"That's good," Doc said. "Now, we have a little while left before Josh gets here. I know you're so tired, so tired and sleepy. Why don't you close your eyes for a while and sleep?" And I did.

Josh's knock woke me. Well, not woke me exactly. I opened my eyes, and I looked around, but I still felt really relaxed. I got up. Opened the door. Welcomed Josh inside. Introduced him to Doc. I had a seat off to the side while Doc took over.

Doc was sitting on the couch, adjacent to Josh in the chair. Josh looked a little nervous. Doc made small talk, getting to know him. I could tell Doc was studying Josh's reactions and body language as he asked Josh where he was from, why he joined the military, what he liked about being a SEAL. Josh seemed to loosen up after a little while. See, Doc has this way of establishing a rapport with you and putting you right at ease.

Doc said, "Josh, do you have a good imagination?"

"I think so, yeah."

"If you're ready, I'd like to try to walk you through a visualization exercise. Do you think you'd like to try it?"

Josh looked over at me, I must have looked pretty comfortable with the whole thing. I felt so dreamy, yet my eyes seemed to stare at Josh and let him know everything was all right, 'cause when he looked at me he seemed to make up his mind to give the stuff a try.

Josh said, "Sure, I guess so."

"Don't worry. It's a very easy one. Just to show you what it's like. Okay?"

Seeing me smile again, Josh seemed to relax even more.

"Okay."

Doc said, "For now, put your hands on your thighs, just like this." He demonstrated, and Josh copied him. "Now, I want you to look out here at my hand. In a moment, I'm going to ask you to picture a scene in your imagination. Visualize it and see it in front of your eyes. As you do, I'm going to bring my hand up in front of your eyes, like this." Doc had the index and middle fingers of his right hand pointed like a V, and he held them just above Josh's eyebrows. "As you tell me about the scene, I'll pass my hand down in front of your eyes. What I want you to do is keep your eyes fixed on my fingers. I may give you some instructions, but I don't want you to interrupt your description. It's okay to follow my instructions, but I don't want you to stop describing the scene you've pictured. Think you can do all that?"

"Sure. I guess so."

"Ready to give it a try?"

"Sure."

"Josh, just sit and relax. This is an easy way to test your imagination in a few ways. I'll describe what I want you to visualize and, while you're looking at my fingers and visualizing it, I'll ask you a few questions about what you see. Okay?"

"Yes."

"Josh, you can drive a car, can't you?"

"Sure."

Doc held his hand up again, the fingers in that V. "Fix your eyes on my fingers." Josh did, looking up to see Doc's angled fingertips. "Now imagine you're in the driver's seat of your car. You're driving somewhere. You know just what the inside of your car looks like, the dashboard. I want you to imagine you're looking at the speedometer. When you see it very clearly, just nod your head."

Josh nodded solemnly.

"Where is the speedometer? In the center of the controls, or to your right or your left?"

"The middle."

"Is it circular, semi-circular, horizontal, or vertical?"

"Circular."

Doc drew his hand down slowly, a finger moving down in front of each eye. Josh's eyes followed Doc's fingers. "Now I'm passing my hand down in front of your eyes, and as I do, let your eyelids close." Josh closed his eyes. "All right, what color is the needle on the speedometer, the one that indicates the speed."

"Red."

"Can you see all of it clearly in your imagination?"

"Yes."

"Now your eyes are down. I want you to relax every tiny muscle and nerve in and around your eyelids. Can you feel them relaxing?"

"Yes."

"That's very good. Now, open your eyes."

Josh's eyelids opened but they kept slipping, blinking.

"Good. Now, let's test your imagination in another way. We learned a couple of things about your imagination right then. This time when you close your eyelids down, imagine you're at the beach." Doc returned his fingers to their original position at Josh's forehead. He drew them down again, and Josh's fluttering eyes followed them. "Close your eyes."

Josh's eyelids closed.

"I want you to imagine that you're at the beach. When you see the scene clearly in your imagination, nod your head."

After a moment, Josh nodded.

"Fine. Now, look around you at this place and tell me what you see. Do you see the waves?"

"Yes."

"Describe them for me."

"They're ... coming in ... Breaking on the ... shore ..."

"That's very good. Now, open your eyes."

Josh's eyelids opened but not all the way.

"Could you see all in your imagination as clearly as a mental picture? That shows you have a good imagination, because you had to create the scenes in the picture. Now, we'll go to the other extreme and find out how well you can imagine a simple, single object. This time when you close your eyelids, imagine that you're looking at a full moon."

Doc held his fingers up to Josh's forehead. He drew them down again and said. "Close your eyes. Now, relax the tiny muscles and nerves around your eyes again. When you know that you've relaxed them so much that they wouldn't work even if you wanted them to, test them. You'll see that you've relaxed them completely. Now, relax them so much that they wouldn't work even if you wanted them to. Now test them."

Josh's eyes did not reopen.

"All right, that's fine, Josh. Stop trying, and just relax and let yourself go deeper now. Josh, I want you to imagine that you are looking out your bedroom window. It's night time, and you're looking up at a full moon. To help you to see the full moon, I want you to now to roll your eyeballs back up, with your eyelids remaining closed. Roll your eyeballs back up in your head as if you could see the full moon right up here." Doc touched the middle of Josh's forehead lightly. "Roll your eyeballs way back up in your head and, as you do, your eyelids lock tightly closed, and the more you try to open them, the tighter they are locking closed, and if you try now to open your eyelids, you find they're locking tighter and tighter. Stop trying. Just relax and sleep. Let a good and pleasant feeling now come over your body. Let every muscle and nerve in your body goes limp and loose. Breathe easily and deeply and send a wave of deep relaxation from the top of your head to the top of your toes. That will double your present level of relaxation. That's good. You've relaxed your body, and you've relaxed your mind. You've gone into a much deeper state of hypnosis."

Doc slid a little closer to Josh. "Josh, can you recall a time when you were totally motivated?"

"... yes ..."

"Can you recall a specific time?"

"... yes ..."

"As you go back to that time now, tell me, what was the very first thing that caused you to be totally motivated?"

"... team ..."

"What was the very first thing that caused you to be totally motivated?"

"... pride ..."

"After you felt that, what was the very next thing that happened as you were totally motivated? Did you picture something in your mind, or say something to yourself?"

"... yes ..."

"What happens when you're totally motivated? Are you the best?"

"... yes ..."

"Good, Josh. Just relax now. I'm going to help you go back to that totally motivated place when you need to. I'm going to help you be the best."

Doc looked around at me. He said, "Chris, this may take some time, and you seem to be very tired. Why don't you let yourself relax and go back into that deep, peaceful hypnotic sleep you were enjoying so much earlier? Yes, you can already feel yourself relaxing back into a deep, hypnotic sleep."

I felt it coming over me, like a slow, dark tide. As my eyes began to close, a short flash of concern for Josh hit me, but it was quickly washed away by my growing need to rest, and I slept.

Josh

To say I was a little nervous was an understatement. I mean, here I was the youngest member of the team going over to my LT j.g.'s apartment for a visualization session. Hell, I wasn't even sure what visualization was. What I did know was that one of my buds that went through Coronado with my LT said he was amazing. They never broke him. Viz Kid, as he was called, became a legend in the time that he spent there. If this visualization was the reason, I wanted in.

See, I'm a good SEAL, part of the team, but the other guy--Justin, Kyle, and Cole--were so much more outgoing and self-assured. The LT was even more so; when we hit the field, he was like a machine. Even the guys were jealous. Yah, I guess I look up to the LT--but then, *who wouldn't?*

I must have stood at that door for a good ten minutes. I was so anxious, I got there a little early. I could hear them talking in there, but the pounding of my heart was too loud to hear over. Okay, I'm a SEAL but, hell, this was different than anything they taught back in SanDOG. "Okay, Josh, just bang on the door and get this thing going," I ordered myself. The LT answered the door. He had that funny look on his face, like he gets when we're out in the field. He must have been working on something pretty intense.

LT made the introductions, "Hey, Josh--come on in. Doc beat you over here. Doc, this is one of the guys on my team, Josh Schwartz. Josh, this is Doc."

I shook his hand. Strong handshake--good sign of a strong personality. The Doc had that air of self-confidence about him. Most SEALs you meet have it, but Doc had a way of making you feel relaxed with it, where as most of us SEALs use it to intimidate you.

LT just sat in the chair with a small smile on his face, like he was daydreaming. At the time, he just looked like he was very comfortable with the Doc. Still, it was the only time I had ever seen him not take the role as a leader. I guess the Doc could tell I was a bit nervous. He never mentioned the visualization stuff, at first. We just shot the shit about this and that. Some of the usual: why did you want to be a SEAL, and was the training hard? The usual stuff. Some of it got a bit more personal about my goals and personal history, but LT seemed to trust him and the more we talked the more comfortable I felt around him.

After a while, Doc brought up the visualization thing. It was so non-threatening at this point, I nearly missed the question.

Doc said, "Josh, do you have a good imagination?"

Sorta caught me off-guard. I came up with some lame response like, "I think so, yeah."

"If you're ready, I'd like to try to walk you through a visualization exercise. Do you think you'd like to try it?"

Again, another lame, "I guess so," and he started to show me where to put my hands and stuff. After a while, I started to really relax. You know that sinking feeling in your chest and body when you're drifting off to sleep in front of the TV? That is exactly what I felt like--part of me wanting to wake up for some silly reason, and the other part falling away fast. After that, I started to dream.

I dreamt of the time I was trying out for my school's gymnastics team. I remember failing as a freshman to get on the team. That summer was the most intense summer of my life. All I did was eat, sleep, and dream motivation for getting on that team! I was so focused at my trials the next year, all I can really remember is the rings. Not the crowd, the coach, or my folks--nothing. All I remember are those rings and my body flying around like I was permanently connected to them.

I love dreams like this. It was like I am there all over again! That's when I heard this voice inside telling me that this feeling of motivation and concentration will stay with me even after the dream fades. That it will be replaced with a new image.

When I opened my eyes--why I'm not sure--they just did--I could see the LT sitting there. Asleep from what I could tell. "That's it, Josh ..." Doc's voice? "See Chris over there. Sleeping so restfully. He is the symbol of all that motivates you. He is such a perfect example of what a SEAL should be, isn't he?"

It all came together in that instant. The LT was the way I could become a kick-ass SEAL. I was good enough to pass the initial tests, but the LT was the reason I was going to kick it into high speed. He was the reason my concentration was so strong. The voice in my head kept telling me how concentrated I became when I saw the LT. Sometimes the voice sounded like the Doc, but mostly, it was my voice. Well, I think it was.

LT started to wake up, but he still looked out of it. His body had that relaxed look to it. His eyes seemed distant, yet to me that seemed to be the concentration that I wanted. Doc was talking to the LT. Seems the LT had not had sex in some time. He was horny. Doc had an amazing ability to pick up on the very thing that was going through your mind. Sure enough, the LT did have that look of lust I've seen on many a sailor when they get into their first liberty port. Hell, he must have had a big cock 'cause you could see it growing in the shorts he had on. At first I looked away from it, but then that voice came back, telling me to keep looking, telling me it was okay to look. The LT was my motivation, and I should follow his lead here just like in the field. His concentration was *my* concentration.

"Team ... (relax) ... motivation ... (relax) ... LT ... (relax)"--these words kept flashing in front of my eyes even though I was staring at the LT. Doc was telling him it was okay to reach in and get his cock out. At first, that made me feel uneasy, but those words flashed again, and the Doc's voice was telling us to relax and enjoy the feeling, and that soon resolved my concerns. I felt safe. I found myself mirroring the LT. I wanted to be just like him, another Viz Kid. My hand reaching into my pants and pulling my cock out just like my LT was doing. Soon I had his rhythm down. We were so into each other, I forgot that anyone was with us until the Doc mentioned how hot the LT's body was. How anyone looking at it couldn't help but be impressed.

Doc was talking about how hot it was where we were. He was right--I was boiling in this place. Clothes seemed so stifling. 'Course, the LT always knew how to handle things. He started to strip off his clothes: first his shirt, then his shorts, and socks. It was amazing how he affected me. I found myself naked along with the LT. My hands had mirrored Chris'. So there we stood, facing each other. I felt like I was looking at a mirror, seeing the reflection of the man that I *wanted to be*. Both our hands jerking our engorged cocks. It felt so good. So relaxing to just drift in this state and jerk my cock. I was so horny; I hadn't gotten laid in a long time.

Doc's voice returned to me. That smooth quiet purr in my ear. I couldn't make out the words exactly--I was too concentrated on that body I wanted. Following its every move. The more I watched, the more Doc whispered in my ear. I found myself looking at the LT's cock. Doc was talking about how a man's power is centered in his cock. That throughout the centuries, man's power came from his cock and what it produced.

That small voice returned to the one that sounded like mine, telling me, "Man's cock is the source of his power, his energy, what makes him motivated. The source of his motivation." At first, it didn't make sense to me. I had noticed cocks before, but I always tried not to, other than real quickly to see who I was bigger than. I never wanted to deal with why I kept wanting to look. But the more I heard the voice, the more I realized the truth in the words. Cocks *were* the source of power. The LT's motivation came from his cock. That must be where the Viz Kid got it.

Somehow, the voice walked me over to the LT. It was like floating on air. Suddenly, I was in front of the LT. He was telling me how badly his cock needed help. Doc was talking about how it was okay to help out a friend. He was right. Even more so, that cock had the answer I was looking for. It was *the* source of the LT's power of concentration. I just knew it. Something inside me told me so.

I was so motivated to be like the LT, I sank to my knees and took his hard meat into my mouth. I was new at sucking cock, but the small voice guided me along, telling me what to do and how to do it, until I could hear the LT moan in pleasure. I was in heaven. I was pleasing my LT, helping out a member of the team, *and* going to get that power of concentration I so desperately needed to be a great SEAL. Just like my LT.

Pretty soon, my hand pumping on my own cock and my mouth engulfing the LT's, we both started to moan and feel that electric buzz you get when you're close to cumming. Somehow we had both come to the climax at the same time. As if on cue. We both blew our loads at the same time. The LT screamed out, his cum splattering in my mouth and my own load blowing over the LT's leg. We were so connected, if I didn't know better I would have thought I blew a load in my own mouth.

I have to admit, after I cum I'm like any other guy. I get sleepy and just want to crash. As I drifted off to sleep, I could hear Doc telling us how it was okay to sleep. It was important to get lots of sleep if we were to be great SEALS.

My eyes flew open at the sound of the buzzer on my nightstand. *Whoa!*--how the heck did I get here? I scratched my head as I walked to the bathroom. I was at home but couldn't remember how I had gotten there. I could remember going over the LT's house meeting the Doc, talking about the visualization techniques, and that's it. All that other stuff--that had to be a dream.

As I showered, images would flash in my head whenever I closed my eyes and let the hot water relax me. Nothing ever formed though. Every time I tried to concentrate on the images, the words "team--motivation--LT" would pop into my head, and I would lose what I was trying to recall.

By the time I was in my uniform and out the door, I couldn't even recall what I dreamed about. What I did notice is how the colors of the day seemed ... sharper, somehow. Like I was really seeing things the way I should for the first time.

Cole

You should have seen them out there. We hit the field, and I was thinking, *Damn!*

Okay, Chris was good, really good--always has been. The real change was Josh. Before, he'd always been good enough out there. He pulled his own weight but he was nothing special. Over the last week, though, something was happening. We hit the field, and he was right up with Chris. Always right on the mark. Chris would make a move, and Josh would be right there, always backing him up. It was like watching two parts of the same soldier. Like they knew exactly where the other was, what he was doing, and what he was going to

do next. They even had that same incredibly focused look on their faces, the one Chris always gets, the one that says they're aware of everything around them and nothing can distract them from doing what needs to be done. They swept through like a machine. They were fucking on it--on, on, on! It was textbook. Even Kyle was impressed--not that he would admit it.

So afterward, I cornered Josh and asked him what was going on out there. He seemed to be thinking of something else and didn't seem to hear me for a second, then he kind of shook his head like he was snapping out of a daydream. I thought to myself, *Hmm, just like Chris, sometimes.*

That probably should have been my first clue. I mean, Josh is a nice guy, but there's always been something about him that made me wonder, you know? And he was always puppy-dogging the LT. But something going on between Josh and the LT? Nah--Chris was too straight-arrow for that.

Anyway, so I asked Josh what was going on out there. Josh asked me if I remembered last week when Chris was talking about his visualization stuff. I said yeah, because I remembered how Kyle pretty much blew Chris off, and I remembered thinking, *oh shit*, because you just don't do that to your LT. I remembered I felt kind of embarrassed by the whole thing, and that's why I was glad they let it drop pretty quickly.

Josh told me he had gone to Chris and said he wanted to learn, and Chris and this Doc friend of his had been teaching Josh those visualization techniques over the last week. He said it was about the team, about motivation, and about the LT, which I didn't really understand. He said it really helped his focus and motivation out there. If that was the cause, I couldn't argue with the results. I was thinking, *Hmm ... wonder if it would work for me too.*

So I went looking for Chris and told him I wanted in on this.

Josh

When Cole said he wanted to learn the techniques, I could tell right away how happy Chris was. See, he really wanted to do what was best for the team, and it was kind of eating at him that no one else wanted to try the exercises--especially the way Kyle just sort of dismissed the whole thing like it was bullshit. Obviously it wasn't bullshit--it worked for Viz Kid and now it was working for me. Yeah, just call me Viz Kid Mark II.

So I went over to Chris' place, same as I had every night for the last week. "Oh, hey," he said when he answered the door, "I was just changing clothes." Which explained why he was in his uniform pants with no shirt on. I was still in my uniform because I'd come directly over and hadn't taken time out to go back to my place to change.

I followed him back to his bedroom and we made small talk while he finished changing. He turned his back modestly to me and dropped his pants and underwear. I couldn't help but look. His naked ass fascinated me. The LT was a good-looking man, and he had a great body, a great ass. I caught myself wondering what his ass would feel like if I just reached out and squeezed it. Hard like a cantaloupe, or soft like a woman's butt? I'd shut thoughts like that out of my head for so long, and I noticed I was beginning to feel more comfortable with them. I mean, who wouldn't want to touch an ass like that?

The LT pulled on a pair of gray gym shorts and a tee-shirt. I didn't see anything much--meaning I didn't see his cock--but my own cock was stirring, and I kept hearing this little voice in the back of my head telling me that was all right. Sounded like my voice.

"Hey, I've got some shorts and a tee-shirt, if you want to get out of that uniform," the LT said, and I said okay. We were about the same size, so they'd fit. I said sure and he handed me a pair of gym shorts nearly like his and a tee-shirt. I turned my back and stripped down. Normally, I guess I would have kept my underwear on, but the LT had stripped all the way, and I wanted to do it just like he did. I knew he was looking at me--I practically felt his eyes on me, evaluating me, and I hoped he liked what he saw. Being naked and knowing I was being watched made my cock start to rise, so I got those shorts on pronto. The tee-shirt too. Yeah, they fit just fine. I felt good getting out of my uniform but ... somehow, I felt especially good in the LT's clothes. It was like I was connected to him, carrying some part of him and his motivation close to me. I liked that feeling.

The LT offered me a beer, and we sat around shooting the shit. We heard these footsteps outside and I knew it was Doc--I recognized the purposeful way he walked. I felt myself starting to relax and let go of the stress of the day just knowing Doc was nearly here.

We both stood up and the LT opened the door, and Doc came on in. I liked the way his eyes bored into mine when he grinned and said hello and shook my hand. The more I looked into his eyes, the more some part of me started slipping, and I was willing to let it go.

Doc told us to sit down, and we did. I liked listening to Doc's voice--it helped me relax. The LT and I talked about our day, how well things had gone out on the field. Doc said to me, "Josh, tell me your motivation key words. Say them out loud."

I said, "Team, motivation, LT," and I felt a little light-headed, like I was easing back into that highly focused state Doc always helped me reach.

Doc said, "That's fine. Take a deep breath. Now I'm going to help you relax. Say them again."

"Team, motivation, LT."

When I said, "LT," Doc reached out and touched the middle of my forehead and said, "Relax now," and everything fell away as I dropped back into that state where my body was limp and relaxed but my mind was incredibly concentrated on Doc.

Doc helped the LT relax too, just like me, and then he spent some time helping us reinforce our techniques. He asked the LT to tell him all about Cole, and the LT started talking. He sounded kind of distracted and quiet, but he told Doc everything about him. Doc nodded and said, "Thanks, Chris. I'll use that information to help make Cole a better SEAL. You know I want what's best for your team."

That's when Cole knocked on the door. Doc said to us, "Just act normally--the same way you would if you were wide awake. So easy to act and speak normally. Chris, why don't you let him in?"

Cole must have gone by his place to change out of his uniform 'cause he was in khaki shorts and a white wife-beater tee-shirt. We introduced him to the Doc. It felt like I was moving underwater or in slow motion, and Cole looked at the LT and me funny a time or two, but he didn't say anything.

Doc told Cole to have a seat on the couch and Doc took the chair next to him. The LT and me, we sat down opposite Cole, but Cole wasn't paying much attention to us except occasionally. See, Doc had this strong, commanding presence that made you want to pay attention to him--it was just natural.

Cole

So I'm sitting there and the guy named Doc is asking me a lot of questions. Yeah, I did well in school, and math was my best subject, but I always liked surfing a lot more. Yeah, my cousin taught me how to surf when I was 12, and I love it. Yeah, I've always liked the ocean, and I always knew I'd be doing something related to it. Yeah, since I love the ocean, going into the Navy seemed like a natural choice--plus I thought it would give me a chance to see the world. Yeah, I love being a SEAL, more than anything I've ever done in my life, except surfing.

Doc said a lot of competitive surfers used visualization techniques and he was sure I'd find ways to apply them to all sorts of different areas in my life, not just SEAL stuff. When he mentioned the surfing angle, I got to admit I was hooked.

Doc said I was pretty analytical and always thinking in the field. I guess that's a pretty accurate assessment. Sometimes, though, I can get to thinking too much and I can't always filter out what's vital from what's secondary. Concentration--I guess that was my issue. He also said he thought I liked things to be ordered and everything in its place, and he was right there too. Maybe that's why I have some trouble filtering shit out in the chaos when we're in the field.

He asked if I was ready to start, and I said sure. I mean, I was getting a little antsy just sitting and talking to him. It was like he was interviewing me or something, and Chris and Josh weren't saying much of anything.

Doc demonstrated how he wanted me to sit--up straight with my hands resting on my thighs. He told me to close my eyes too. Okay--that was easy. Doc said he wanted me to think about some particular moments in my past--things like how it felt the first time I got out on a surf board by myself, how I felt when I passed my SEAL training in SanDOG, how I felt after a really good exercise in the field, things that gave me a real sense of accomplishment--and he said he wanted me to "anchor" those feelings so I could go back to them when he asked me to in a few minutes.

Doc said he wanted to try a relaxation exercise, and I said sure. He had me start with tensing my toes, holding it, then relaxing them. Then my calves, thighs, and so on until we'd done my whole body. I guess I did feel more relaxed after it, but Doc didn't stop.

"All right," he said. "That's fine, Cole. I want you to close your eyes. Just relax. I'm going to raise your hand by grasping your right thumb in my fingers, like this." I had my eyes closed, like he said, but I felt him take hold of my thumb. "As I lift your hand, just let it hang limply in my fingers." He lifted my hand by my thumb and gave it a little shake, like a rag. "That's it--let it hang limply. That's good. When I drop it," he said, "let it drop like a rag, a limp, wet rag. When your hand touches your body, I want you to send a wave of relaxation from the top of your head all the way down to the tips of your toes. That will double your present level of relaxation." That seemed kind of weird to me, but okay--I was willing to go along. Then he did the same thing with my other hand.

Doc told me, "Now that your body is relaxed, Cole, I'm going to show you how to relax your mind. Listen very carefully. When I touch your forehead, I want you to begin counting backward from 100 down to 1, like this: 100, 99, 98, and so on. I think you'll find that after counting just a few numbers, you'll find those numbers disappearing. You'll find your mind has become so relaxed that you'll just let the numbers slip out of your mind. Don't worry if that happens. Just try to keep counting as long as you can. Think you can do that?"

I nodded. This seemed pretty easy.

Doc said, "All right, Cole, get ready now. Three, two, one."

Doc tapped me on my forehead, and I began counting. "100, 99, 98 ..."

Doc said, "Good. Slow them down."

"97 ... 96 ..."

After each number, Doc would say, "That's good," or "Fine." When I went past "90," Doc said, "That's it. Start relaxing them out of your mind."

I kept counting, but I was starting to have trouble remembering which number came next. Doc kept saying, "Let them relax out of your mind now," or "Let them fade away completely." I think I skipped some numbers or repeated some, but I tried to keep counting as long as I could.

Finally, I couldn't seem to think of what number came next. Doc said, "You did fine, Cole. You've relaxed your body, you've relaxed your mind, and you've gone into a deep state of hypnosis. Just let yourself sleep now." And after that, everything just faded out for a while.

Josh

Doc said something to me, and I opened my eyes. At some point, I had closed them. Now Doc was calling to me. I opened my eyes, but my head felt all sluggish. I knew I was still in that highly focused visualization state.

I looked over at Cole. He was slouched on the couch, his head back. He seemed to be asleep. He must have been having a sexy dream, 'cause he had a lump in the front of his shorts.

That voice was speaking in the back of my head, the one that started off sounding like Doc but turned into *my* voice. I looked at that lump, and I understood. Cole was a pretty motivated guy--almost as motivated as the LT. I could take some motivation from Cole too and be twice as motivated.

I climbed out of my chair and knelt between Cole's spread legs. He wouldn't mind. He'd want what was best for the team--he'd want me to be motivated. I opened the fly of his khaki shorts. He would want this. He would want to share his motivation with me.

I pushed aside the flaps of his shorts and his underwear. His cock was hard--long, sleek, tapering to an uncut tip. The source of his power. The source of his motivation. He was ready to share it with me. I bent over his cock. His shorts kept me from getting more than the first three or four inches in my mouth but that was enough. Cole groaned and stirred a little in his sleep. He would want this. He *did* want it. He was about to share his motivation with me.

That's when his rod exploded in my mouth, and I took it all into me. I felt connected to him too, and I felt his motivation feeding into me.

When I had taken all he had to share, I looked up at Doc. Doc said something--I don't remember what, because he didn't say it to me.

I felt the LT's hand on my ass, and I understood. He was going to feed me more motivation now but in a new way, a more effective way. I had anchors my hands on the couch, one on each side of Cole's hips. The LT

pulled my shorts--*his* shorts--down off my hips and I stepped out of them. I spread my legs to give him access. His tongue slid into my ass crack, licking at my hole, probing it, helping it relax. Yes, all I had to do was relax.

This was going to hurt at first. That was okay. I'd be even more motivated after this. That little voice in my head was helping me relax, telling me the LT was doing this because it was for the good of the team. I was a SEAL; I could take it.

It did hurt too. When the LT started pushing his dick into my ass, it hurt like hell. That voice in my head kept talking me through it, helping me relax, relax more, helping me take it. His cock was the source of his power, and I wanted to take it. Pretty soon, something happened, and the pain became something else. I began to feel these little jolts of pleasure up inside. I knew that was the LT motivating me, giving me more of his motivation than before. Pretty soon, the pain is something different, some buzz of pleasure running throughout my body. My cock was hard, and I started jacking it too, and that helped me feel even better.

The LT started groaning. My ass was siphoning the motivation right out of him. My voice in my head said it was okay to cum, and my balls started boiling. The LT slammed his cock into me one last time, setting on a final burst of ecstasy inside me as he fed me his load, his motivation. I'm going over the brink too, and shooting my spunk onto Cole's leg and shorts.

Yeah. I could feel it inside me. The LT pulled his softening cock out of me, and I was already missing the feel of it in me. Doc said something about how tired we must be after all that effort, how good it would feel to sleep after such a great orgasm, and my eyes began to close.

Kyle

Yes, I've got an attitude. You can't be a good SEAL without one, if you ask me, and I'm one of the best. In my own humble opinion, that is. I know the other guys think it's a problem, but it's not. They're just jealous. They think I'm immature, but I'm not. One of these days, I'm going to fucking show them--you just watch.

Yes, I've heard all about Chris and how his damn visualization shit got him through training. Top-ranked too. Yeah, yeah, I think everybody in the whole fucking *world* has heard about Chris and his visualization shit. Sure, he's good, but I'm just so damn sick of hearing how hot shit he is.

See, I'm good too. It's just no one has noticed yet. I should be at least his rank and pay grade by now, but the bureaucrats in the administration have been keeping me down. Maybe it's because Chris was some kind of football star in college, but he's gotten a lot of breaks I haven't. If *I* had gotten those breaks, I'd be right up there where he is too--or even higher by now. I'm not in this for a damn job the way some guys are--I'm career, and I'm going straight to the fucking top.

When Chris offered to teach his exercises to us, I was like, *Fuck that!* Yeah, I could have said okay and tried them out. Maybe they would have helped me a little. But see, I was already damn good, and I didn't think a bunch of "picture yourself as a winner" shit would do me a bit of good. I knew Chris was kinda pissed when I blew him off, but hey, sometimes the truth hurts, you know?

I knew Josh started trying those visualization exercises. I mean, Josh is always puppy-dogging the LT like he's in love with him or something, and who could miss how his expression spaced-out sometimes in the field, just like Chris' did. Okay, I admit--it did seem to help him. Josh was an okay SEAL before but nothing special. He was kind of our weak link sometimes. After he started using that visualization shit, Josh got to be

pretty good. Okay, I admit I was pretty impressed sometimes.

Then a week or so later, Cole starts turning all spacey-looking too. Chris, Josh, and Cole were zooming through the field exercises like they couldn't make a mistake. Justin and me, we just looked at each other and thought, *Daaaaamn!*

So I thought to myself, *I want what they got*. See, I wasn't about to admit it, but I was jealous. If they got that good that fast, I was gonna be left behind. Plus, maybe this once it wouldn't hurt to brown-nose with the LT. I thought, who knows--it might pay off later.

So I told Chris I wanted to try his exercises, and he sets up this meeting at his apartment with this guy called Doc, the one who taught the exercises to him.

It's just Chris, Doc, and me, but Chris is pretty much out of the picture. He's stilling off over there and not saying much. He looks like he's daydreaming or something, and I'm starting to think this is such a fucking waste of time.

Doc was saying all this stuff about me. He called it "feedback" but it was really a bunch of stuff he thought he knew about me from how I answered his questions. He was telling me he sensed some resistance, and he was saying if I have any reservations I should tell him about them. I kind of blew him off by saying I was just a little nervous. That's not true, though. I'm a SEAL--some guy named "Doc" just can't make me nervous. What I was, was angry--I mean, I go through all this trouble to brown-nose with the LT, and he was sitting over there not even paying any fucking attention! Shit, I was thinking this was a *huge* waste of time.

Doc had been kind of subtly copying my mannerisms and the way I talk. I knew what he was doing. He was trying to set up a rapport. Trying to make me subconsciously trust him and pay attention to him. Well, the change from how he was when I first met him to how he was acting then was too fucking big--I catch on quick to shit like that, and I sure as hell caught on to him. Trust him? Like him? Nope--it was just *not* gonna happen.

So he was trying to walk me through this relaxation exercise, and I was trying to be cooperative--I really was. He started telling me how relaxed I was feeling and how he knew how much I like being in control. He was saying sometimes it feels good to give up control and turn it over to someone else, just like doing what my superiors tell me to.

He was telling me I'm relaxing, letting go, giving up control, and something in the back of my head said, *hang on--this just ain't right*. It was hard for me to think--I guess what he was doing was working, kind of--but I sat up.

"*Shhhh*," he said, all soothing. "Just sit back and relax."

I made my mouth work but it was so hard to talk. "You're trying ... to hypnotize ... me ..."

"That's right, Kyle. You're already in a very light state of hypnosis, and I'd like to help you go deeper. Don't fight it, Kyle. You were doing so well. Doesn't it feel good to let go and relax?"

I shook my head to clear it, which seemed to help some. "No," I managed to say. "This is total bullshit."

Yeah, I was snapping out of it all right but I still felt kind of light-headed. I stood up. Doc stood up too, trying to make me sit back down.

"It's okay, Kyle. It's for the good of the team. You want what's best for the team, don't you? I know you do."

I said something like, "Stop, dammit. Leave me alone." See, I was pretty much awake by then and mad as hell, and he couldn't hold me. The LT? He wasn't saying or doing a thing, and I pretty much knew why.

I reached for the door. He tried to stop me from opening it, but I pushed him away. "Keep your head tricks to yourself, you bastard, and leave me alone."

I slammed the door behind me, and I never looked back.

[Continue to the next part?](#)

Project: SEAL Trance, Part 2

by **Wrestlr** and **VA23456**

[M/M, MC, hypno]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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Project: SEAL Trance, Part 2

Chris

Kyle was always the troublemaker on the team. He was so self-assured, it went beyond confidence. He got to the point that he wouldn't take debriefs of our fieldwork and never thought he could improve--or that he made mistakes. He was a problem, and I knew I was going to have to deal with him. I really thought the visualization would help him. It was typical that he fought it.

Doc said not to worry about Kyle. Doc knew from my account of him that, though Kyle had a big ego, he also knew that the team had to come first. He would try and solve things with me first. I guess Doc was right. When he put it in those terms, I really lost any concern I had about Kyle.

It was Friday afternoon when Kyle stormed out. After he left, Doc talked to me for a while and then made a few calls from my apartment. When I woke up later that night--I didn't remember going to sleep, but that didn't matter--I was bored out of my fucking mind. I tried playing a computer game, a secret vice of mine, but I just found myself getting more and more frustrated with my piece-of-crap system.

Then the idea of getting a whole new set-up hit me. Since I was wide awake, I could spend the rest of the night shopping at the local computer stores, if I needed to.

Turns out I didn't have to. I got to the computer store around 10:30 and I knew just what I wanted. By midnight I had the new system back at my apartment and all put together. I had a new Pentium II computer:

super-fast and loaded with bells and whistles, the kind with 1,000 MHz, flat screen, four digital web cameras--for some reason, one didn't seem like enough, so I got four--and all the software and books I needed to help me run it. It was the system of a lifetime. Once I got it running and had my online access set up, I realized how late it was and how tired I was, and I started to get that tingling feeling I got when I was really tired. I drifted off to sleep with that voice in my head telling me I was a "good boy."

Cole

When I got to the LT's place early Saturday morning, Josh was already there. Chris--that's what the LT wanted us to call him when it was just us and no one else was around--led me to his bedroom where he had the sweetest computer set-up I'd ever seen. It was just amazing! He must have bought every top-of-the-line system component he could get. I didn't pretend to understand why he had web cameras all over his apartment: two in his bedroom, one in his living room, and even one in his kitchen. I guess he was gonna video his life. Oh, yeah, that would be exciting--*not!*

We were goofing around on the computer when the Doc walked into the bedroom. I guess he had keys 'cause we didn't hear him knock. He said hello and then our special words, and I felt myself falling into that quiet restful place. I loved the feeling as it swept over me, like a bathtub filling up with warm water around you, relaxing your body as the water moves up to your neck--only this feeling moved up over my head. It left me feeling relaxed, and my head just a little bit cloudy.

"That's it. Relax, boys. Let that feeling flow over you," I heard Doc saying. He turned to Chris and started asking him if the web site was ready. I heard Chris say, "yessir," with that far-off voice we all had when this sleepy mood came over us. It felt so good.

I remember Doc sitting by the computer as Chris told him how to find the web site. It was called SEALTOYS.COM. The name seemed to worry me at first--but the more I tried to concentrate on why, the feeling and thoughts just drifted away. When I refocused on Doc, he was telling Chris what a good boy he was and how he was very happy with the web page. What web page, I thought.

Doc was talking about how we needed some video clips for the clients to see. I wasn't sure what he was talking about, but the LT seemed to understand. He walked over to his bed and took off his khaki shorts and "Eightball" tee-shirt. He stretched out on his bed and started jerking off like he didn't care if we were there or not. Funny, but it didn't seem to bother me either. We all just sat there watching the LT pleasure himself.

Josh had that puppy-dog look he always gets when the LT is around. Me? I was too busy looking at the LT's big cock and hard pecs pumping up and down. He had such a hot body. I wanted a body like that too. Doc said I could have one like that with the help of his visualization. He was right, of course. I could see the difference in the gym already. I felt bigger, stronger, more cut. It was awesome.

As I stared at the body that I wanted to have for myself, I heard Josh start mumbling words: "Team ... (relax) ... motivation ... (relax) ... LT ... (relax) ..." As he said them, I started to see them flash in my sight. Even as I watched the LT play with his eight inches of meat, I could see the words flash in front of me as Josh said them. The more I saw them, the more focused and turned-on I got.

I could hear Doc tell me it was okay if I wanted to help out my LT. It would help make us a better team. Team ... LT ... ? Yeah, it's what's best for the team, I thought. I found myself walking toward the LT. He looked over at me and smiled while he worked on his cock. It was as if he knew what I wanted. Yeah, I guess he did

know--we both wanted what was best for the team.

LT just took his hands off his cock and balls. He laid back and put his hands behind his head. Just laying back, letting me take care of everything. I knew just what I needed to do, for the team, for the LT.

His cock felt so good in my hands. Natural. Like my hands had been molded just for him. I had always enjoyed jerking myself off, but doing it for the LT seemed *so* much better. It sent shivers through my body just to touch his cock and stroke it for him.

I could hear Doc behind me, saying, "Good boy, Cole. Help out your LT--it's for the good of the team. The team has to come first, Cole."

I had been playing with the LT's tool for a little while when I felt my clothes coming off. My shirt, my running pants, and then my boxer-briefs all came off in a flash. It wasn't until I felt someone sucking on my hard cock that I realized it must have been Josh. Josh loved to suck cock. He was really good at it too. I had no idea Josh was into cock. It didn't matter though. I knew he was doing it to take care of a teammate. It was okay if he was doing it for the team.

With Josh on my cock and the LT moaning, I felt myself being drawn to the eight inches of hot cock in front of me. Yeah, what Josh was doing--it was the right idea, and I needed to do the same for the LT. When it passed my lips, I felt sorta strange, like some part of me didn't agree with what was going on. I pushed those thoughts away, though. Those thoughts were pretty selfish--I had to help the team. The team came first, always, and the LT was our leader--he *was* the team. He needed me to help him out.

I lost all track of time. It felt so good having my cock in Josh's mouth and the LT's in mine. It all felt so natural to me. Funny, but before I met the Doc, I'd have sworn there was something wrong with sucking a guy's cock. I had been so blind.

I felt sorta bad when Josh stopped sucking me, like when you're having a great dream and the alarm clock jolts you out of it. I wanted my cock back in Josh's mouth. Doc was explaining how it would be better if Josh was sucking the LT's cock, though, and I guess he was right. 'Cause when Josh got between me and the LT, I was left with Josh's hot ass in front of me.

Funny--I'd never noticed what a hot butt Josh had. Just like the rest of his body, it was lean but all muscle. Two globes of smooth, hard muscle with a prize in between. I couldn't help myself. I mean, I am a guy right? Guys like to fuck, and there Josh is offering up his ass to me while he sucks our LT's cock.

My hands were on auto-pilot. Where the lube and condoms came from, I'm not sure. I didn't really care at the time. I just used them. Josh reacted just like Doc said he would. He loved the feeling of my fingers lubing up his tight ass. I have to admit, it was not a turn on for me at first. But Doc explained it for me. Josh was part of the team too. Josh liked to get fucked. Nothing wrong with that, right? I mean, the LT liked his cock sucked, I liked jerking off the LT, and Josh liked to get fucked. There was nothing wrong with helping Josh get what he needed. It was all for the team. It would make us a closer, stronger team.

God, Josh's ass was so *tight!* Tighter than any woman. Tightest hole I'd ever fucked. He loved it too! Just like Doc said he would. We were on the same rhythm too. Josh's head would bob up and down on the LT's cock, his ass pushing back against my cock as he came up and then down as I pushed into him. It never felt this good with a chick. Half the girls I fucked just lay there. Chicks were such lame lays. Josh really knew how to take care of my cock.

I could see Doc off to the side. Watching us perform. He would type on the computer every now and then. He would give us instructions, make Josh suck faster or me fuck deeper. I never thought about what he was doing with the computer. I never thought about the Web cameras the LT had in the bedroom. I just kept focusing on how tight Josh's ass was and how much better our team was gonna be. I kept thinking, if only Kyle and Justin were here, it would be perfect.

I remember seeing the LT toss his head back as he came. Josh seemed to sense it and clamped his lips around Chris's cock. He was sucking all the cum out of that cock. It was like it was his life's blood or something. Yeah, Josh loved cum. Well, seeing all that, I couldn't hold back anymore. I pulled out of Josh's ass (damn, he was tight) and blew my load all over his ass and back. I had my hand on Josh's cock and took care of him too. He must have been close anyway--the minute I touched his piece, he blew all over the LT's leg and sheets.

We all just collapsed on the bed. I listened to Doc tell us how tired we were. Yeah, he was right--I was fucking tired all of a sudden. He asked us to turn our heads to the side so he could take a still for the Web home page. I didn't understand what he meant, but I did it and drifted off to a restful sleep. I loved this team!

Chris

Like most Saturday mornings, I mostly pattered around my apartment, cleaning up, doing laundry--the mundane things in life that still have to get done. I logged on to the server and uploaded the new video clips and pictures to that Web site Doc had me set up. I checked the online member enrollment system to make sure it was still working, and it was--I do good work. The credit card payments all went to Doc, into a special account he set up, and then he gave Josh, Cole, and me our cuts. I checked on the email too, and it was looking good. There was some for me but I didn't look at it right then--figured I'd read mine later when Doc was there, like usual. I did notice Josh seemed to be getting a lot more email than I was, but I wasn't jealous.

I had just finished when my pager went off. I had the thing clipped to the waistband of my shorts. It was set to vibrate, and when it went off like a mule kick, I felt the vibration spreading out from my hip all through my body: a warm, relaxing wave that sent me dropping back into that visualization state I knew so well. I knew just what I needed to do. I picked up the phone and called Doc on his private number.

He was waiting for my call and picked up on the first ring. He told me where to go, who to ask for. He told me what I was expected to do, for how much. I knew the drill; I'd done this before.

So I got dressed. Fatigues. I put on the tags that said my name was "Corporal Johnson." Not my real name--not my real rank. This was for my protection. "Corporal" was kind of like "corporeal," meaning "body." "Johnson" meaning "dick." A fake identity I could put on, that let me do anything, so it wasn't really me doing those things. They just wanted my body, after all, so my head could just sit back and enjoy the show. Doc told me so.

Justin

On the one hand, they were both good SEALs. On the other hand, they were drawing a line right down the middle of the team, which went against everything we'd been trained to believe in. Chris on one side, Kyle on the other. I don't know what happened between them, but all of a sudden Kyle was--well, he was treating Chris like the enemy, and that just wasn't right. Chris was our commanding officer, after all, our leader.

I didn't know why, but I knew I was letting the stress get to me. I needed a break.

I can't just go looking for sex. Not the kind I want, anyway. See, I've been to a gay bar. I'm a good-looking man, all lean muscle on me too, so I never had much trouble. But the guys I meet there--mostly they all want something more, like a relationship. They always try to hang on to me. Plus, there was always the danger of being seen at a queer bar. See, I'm a SEAL--I can't be a homo, or they'll throw me out. I'm not gay--I just like sex with men sometimes. This really kinky chick I used to date introduced me to it when she had us do a three-way with this other guy who was into me. I liked it but just as a way to get off. That's why whenever I give in to that itch, it has to be just about sex and just for that one night.

A friend of mine--one of my few gay friends because he's cool--suggested I try this escort service. At first I was all about, *no way!* But finally I gave the service a call. Sure I had to pay for it, but it was about the same price as getting into a bar and buying drinks. Plus it didn't take nearly as long, and it was a sure thing. That first time, I got a hotel room, which I would have done anyway, and I called the service and told them what I wanted. An hour later he came to my hotel room--gave me a great massage, got me off really well too. Then he left. Just what the doctor ordered. See, he didn't care who or what I was. Maybe he thought I was a visiting businessman or something. He didn't care as long as he got paid.

So when my friend told me about these two new escort services in town, I figured I'd give one a try. He said they were new outfits, kind of small, but both were class operations. He said one of them had a Web site too, but since I don't have a computer I couldn't check it out. Both services specialized in "real men," he said, meaning military types. That was their gimmick--their men were supposed to be real soldiers. I figured it was a great gimmick, so I figured I'd give one a try. I have to admit, part of the reason I joined the military was because I liked the bodies all that training produces.

So one Saturday afternoon, I'd had about enough after a week of listening to Kyle bitch about Chris and Chris ignoring Kyle--man, when Chris went into that focused visualizing mode, it was like nothing Kyle said registered. I know Kyle was pushing at him, wanting to make Chris blow up, but Chris ignored it, which just meant Kyle kept on and nothing got resolved, and I ended up stressed over the whole ugly mess.

So I gave the new service a call. The guy who answered has a really seductive voice. Perfect for phone sex, and I started to ask if he was into it, but I wanted more than just phone sex right then. He asked me some of the usual questions: what was I into, what was I looking to do, was I looking for top or bottom action, that sort of stuff, and I told him. Maybe someone blond. About so tall. Nice-looking. Built, hung, the usual. Sure, it could have been Chris I was describing, but it could have also been a hundred other guys. The man on the phone said he had the perfect guy for me and would have him at my hotel room inside of an hour. Even gave the guy a military rank, which I thought was a nice touch.

I took a shower, put my boxers back on, and stretched out on the hotel room bed to watch some tube while I waited. Let me tell you, there's *nothing* worth watching on TV on Saturday afternoons.

About fucking time, I thought to myself when I heard him knock. "It's open," I yelled.

I heard the door open. The room was dark except for one small lamp on the dresser. I've found it's better that way sometimes, y'know? I was sprawled out face down on the bed so he could see my ass. I looked over my shoulder. I saw his legs come into the circle of light the lamp threw on the floor. Doc Martins--okay, not military issue, but close enough. Camouflage pants--so far, so good. No real bulge in the crotch, but some guys are like that. Olive drab tee shirt, decent chest, dog tags. Points for authenticity.

Dark brown hair. A lot of it. Shoulder-length. Looked like it hadn't seen shampoo or a comb in a while, either. Not authentic. Then finally his face. Well, he was young. Too young. I'm sure he was legal age--no agency

would have touched him if he weren't--but he sure didn't look it. Had a face like twenty miles of rough road too. Maybe some guys liked 'em young, and maybe for them young was enough, but I wanted a man who knew how to use his tool and, while I planned to fantasize my way through it, I had no intention of giving up my ass to some kid who was that ugly. Yuck. I'm a SEAL--I may like getting fucked once in a while, but I have my pride.

So I'm on my feet telling him thanks but no thanks, and I give him some cash to keep him happy, and I hustle him out the door and out of my life. Whew. Fortunately he didn't make a big deal out of it. I guess, looking like that, he was used to it.

Then I called the other service. The guy who answered sounded a little like the guy from the first service but even sexier. Yeah, his voice was really low and smooth and sexy, like silky jazz rubbing across my ear. I wondered if there was some rule that said all services had to have guys who gave great voice answering their phones. Anyway, he asked me a lot of the same questions. I knew what I wanted so I had the answers down: I wanted a handsome man, hung, top action, a little rough but no kink. He told me the same thing--he had just the man for me and he'd have him there within an hour. Just one more thing, I told him--and I was thinking about the longhaired kid I just threw out--the guy has to look authentic, you know? The man on the phone assured me he would be. Yeah, well, I was willing to wait until I saw the guy before I passed judgment. I was horny, I was tired of this shit, and I'd already made up my mind that, if this guy was at all decent, he was in there.

About twenty minutes later, someone knocked on my door. That was quick, I thought as I used the remote to turn off the tube.

He came in, and he walked to the dresser and his hand closed around the money I'd left sitting there. "Half now; half when you're through," I said. I know the service always said to pay them up front, but I'd had a guy once take the money and walk right out without giving me what I was paying for. Been there--learned that lesson. Most of them never complained about half and half.

The way the light was, from the bed I could only see him from the chest down. Nice body. Nice bugles, everywhere that counted. Trim and muscular--this dude took care of himself. Then he took a step closer into the light, and I got a good look at his face.

Holy shit--it was Chris, my :LT!

I hopped off the bed immediately. This must be part of some MP sting! Christ, how was I going to explain being in my boxers in a hotel and waiting for a hustler? I babbled out something like, "It's not what it looks like, sir! I can explain!"

Oh, shit! That's when I saw his eyes. They had that look he always gets in the field. This wasn't Chris I was talking to--it was Viz Kid, and he was out to kick some ass. *My* ass!

He didn't give me any warning--he just moved, swept my feet right out from under me, and dropped me on the bed. All the ways they taught us to drop an opponent in his tracks at SanDOG, and I never saw this one coming. Chris shoved me over on my stomach. I tried to push off the bed, but he jabbed at a nerve center, and my whole right arm went numb, and I fell back on my face.

Chris was on the bed, between my legs. I had the absurd thought that he was going to spank me and that I deserved it for being a bad boy, but that was stupid--I was an adult, for God's sake, a SEAL. But I knew enough not to fight back. In Viz Kid mode, he'd kick my ass and not even think twice about it. Yeah, I guess I

was kind of afraid of him when he got like that.

He grabbed my ass--well, not my ass, exactly, but the seat of my boxer shorts, and he tugged in both directions, and the center seam tore open right down the middle. Down the fucking middle! I wasn't about to move, not with him in his ass-kicking mode and with my right arm still useless. I didn't have a clue what he was going to do.

Then it hit me--Chris was hustling? Nah!

He parted my ass-cheeks, and I felt his tongue slide into my crevice. I froze--I didn't know what to expect. None of the other guys had ever done that to me. I was glad I thought to take a shower a little while ago!

When his tongue first ran over my hole, I thought, *that tickles!* It made me squirm until he slammed his hand firmly into the small of my back, letting me know who was in charge. When his tongue started flicking around and across my butt hole, I thought it felt ... kind of interesting. I wasn't sure about it but I thought I kind of liked it. Not that *I'd* ever do it to someone--I figured Chris was just doing it because of the money. I was starting to get into it, and my dick was hard, pressed between the mattress and me. When Chris's tongue started pushing its way into my hole, I thought, *oh, this is just too weird!* But I didn't make a move to stop him.

Pretty soon he's got a spit-wet finger up there too, loosening me up, then he gets the lube off the nightstand and starts slicking me up. I heard him going at his belt and pants zipper. I probably should have been thinking this was like a fantasy come true, getting fucked by my C.O., but all I could think about was this guy held my career--my whole future as a SEAL--in the palm of his hand, and I was scared shitless about that.

I heard him tear open a condom, then he dropped the wrapper on the bed about two inches from my nose. I felt him getting ready and positioning himself at my hole. I'd been fucked enough to know what to do--push back like I was taking a shit and let him in. Damn!--when he started sliding it in, and in, and in, it felt like he must have been hung big--not incredibly thick, thank God, but long. Every time I thought he *must* have been close to all the way in, he pushed in another half-inch.

Chris fucked me just the way I'd told the guy on the phone that I wanted to get fucked: a little on the rough side. He hovered over me, holding my arms down my anchoring his hands on the backs of my triceps and putting his weight on them. At first it hurt, and I bit into the pillow to keep from yelling. After a while, the way he was slamming into my ass through the gaping hole in my boxers sent jolts from my prostate all through my body. Man, Chris sure knew how to fuck! His strokes would mash my cock between my hips and the mattress, and pretty soon I was about to cum, and cum good too! Man, I was seeing stars! When my balls started dumping their load, it was like the floodgates opened up inside me, and I came like crazy.

Chris fucked me until my balls were dry. I don't know if he came or not--right then, I was too spent to move. Or care, really. He pulled out and pulled off his condom. He dropped it in the trash basket beside the bed.

I managed to turn my head. He was dressed again. I saw him pick up my wallet. "Please, Chris," I moaned as he took some money out--the rest of his pay, or more, I didn't care--"please don't tell nobody, okay?" He acted like he didn't even hear me. Man, I hated to sound weak--because a SEAL is never weak--but I was scared as hell. "Please, Chris, don't tell. Please?"

He dropped my wallet and walked out. When the door snapped shut, I figured that was the end of my career.

Kyle

"Where the fuck is Justin," I muttered as I waited in his apartment. I liked hanging out in Justin's apartment. It was right on the best beach in town, known as "Chick's Beach." All the locals hung out there. There were good bars, and the beach was not crowded with tourists. Justin could afford this place because of his rich mom and dad.

Typical rich kid, I thought. Shit-hot pad, and he's never around. I got him to give me a key in case I hooked up with some local chick. My place is this little dump on the west side of the "amphib" base. I liked Justin's place--it impressed the chicks more.

Justin was a fucking idiot. Here it was, Saturday night, and the loser was nowhere to be seen. Typical moron. I hung out with him, though, all the time--mostly because the others were just not my types, too secure. I preferred Justin, who was a bit more reliant on other people. Justin was easily manipulated; sure, he was a SEAL and a good one, he just wasn't the "I am *In Charge*" type. That was me.

So I helped myself to a beer, just kicked back, and made myself comfortable. I couldn't get what happened yesterday out of my head. The fucking *nerve* of that Doc guy, thinking he could control me with mind tricks--what a *creep!* I guess what got me more was, half the team could have fallen for it. Couldn't they see it coming? Well, *I* sure did. Let go of control? *Bullshit.*

Then it hit me. If Chris, Cole, and Josh could fall for it, maybe I could cash in on it. It would be perfect if I could find out what made them fall and to my advantage--I could take over the whole team and be in charge, just like I was supposed to be, if fuckers like Chris didn't keep holding me back. With Mr. "Viz Kid" Chris under my control, the team would go the way I wanted it to. Then we'd really see some improvement, not some stupid visualization tricks that Chris and that Doc guy used. That would be shit-fine.

That's when I hear keys jingling at the door, and I figured it was Justin. But all that happened was the keys kept jingling. And jingling. Finally, I got up and opened the damn door myself.

Justin almost toppled on top of me. The fumes of his drunkfest instantly slammed into me--the smell alone almost got me buzzed. I just stepped back and let Justin fall on the floor.

There was no excuse for this sorry-ass behavior. Man, Chris was really letting standard slip on this team. I demanded, "*Fuck*, Justin! What the fuck happened to you?"

Justin just looked up and started to laugh--the kind of laugh that means he's tied one on just because life has pushed him a little too far. "Oh ... hey, Kyle," Justin said. "What'cha doing here? Figured you'd be out hunting down some snatch." He broke out in that miserable laugh again, yelling "Kyle, the great white snatch hunter!" between giggles.

I sighed. Okay--something was up. Justin liked to get drunk like all the rest of us SEALs, but he knew his limits and he never got this bad off before. Something was up.

I pulled Justin up, plopped him on the couch, and closed the door. I gave him my "I'm in control" attitude, both barrels. "Okay, what the fuck is going on, Justin? Out with it. No more fucking around--tell me, or I'll kick the shit out of your measly SEAL *ass.*"

Justin just looked up without actually looking me in the eye. "Nothing, man. Nothing. I just got too much

booze in me."

I can't stand that "I'm so pitiful" tone--makes my stomach turn. So I said, "Listen, fuckwad, you don't tell me what's wrong, then I gotta go tell the LT *something* is bothering you. Is that what you want?"

Justin gave me a look of pure terror. Yeah, that cut through his drunk all right. His head snapped right up. Lemme tell you, that gave me a feeling of real power.

Justin started babbling shit like, "No, Kyle, don't tell the LT *anything*! Please, Kyle!" He tried to stand up but could barely manage to sit up straight, much less stand. All he did was slide off the couch onto the floor. "Please, Kyle, if you're my bud, don't tell the LT anything--I don't want him involved in my stupid-ass mistakes. Not any more than he already is." Yeah, Justin was really out of it. The booze having the usual effect: a little goes in, and a whole lot of truth comes out.

I just looked down at him with contempt. SEALS do *not* beg like that. If Justin had seen me face, he would have known the smart thing was to shut up and go to sleep, but I guess he thought I was in buddy-mode, because he kept talking nonsense like he expected me to support him. I thought, okay, let's play it his way. So I spat out, "Okay, buddy. Tell me what happened. We are buds to the end, teammates. No matter what the problem is, I'll help you."

Justin never looked up. It all came tumbling out of him. "I ... ummm ... I did something so stupid. I hired a fucking escort tonight. I was so horny and wanted just some no-strings sex for the night. I don't know why I did it--I just did it. I've done it before, but this time it got all fucked up. All fucked up." Justin was practically sobbing, which only made me feel more disgusted. I'm no dummy, though--I could tell by the way he just sat there on the floor by my his feet, blabbing away the whole story, that if I interrupted he might snap out of his drunken stupor, and I wouldn't hear the whole dirty story.

He told me the whole thing. When He let it slips that the escort was Chris, I just about freaked on the inside. Was this for fucking *real*? Yeah, I could *use* this.

I'm really good at keeping a poker face. I just smiled and knelt down and rubbed Justin's head, telling him, "Relax, Justin. Your buddy Kyle will fix the whole thing."

"Thanks, Kyle ..." he mumbled quietly, already starting to pass out.

I couldn't stop smiling as I got my jacket and walked out, leaving poor "woe is me" Justin half-passed-out on the floor, mumbling how sorry he was that he was a cocksucker.

Co-Ownership

Kyle had been at my apartment for about an hour. We had been having this forced, oh-so-friendly chat about his team. Yes, three of the five of them were working with me on visualization--I always corrected him when he said they were under my control, though that was true. Yes, Kyle already knew quite a bit about it. He knew about the escort service, and he also knew about the web page. Kyle thought he had it all worked out. He wanted an arrangement. In return for Kyle keeping quiet and not going to his superiors with what he knew, he wanted me to let him "own" the team--his words--during the day at work and when they were out on operations. And me? Well, I could have them at night when they were at home station.

Kyle was just as cool as a proverbial cucumber. He wanted me to see him as a real player. Yeah, well, I can

play it cool too. Kyle was no different from the coaches I had used in the past. He was willing to betray the trust of his teammates to get what he wanted more than anything--the only difference was, in his case what he wanted was not sex, but power. So just to see what would happen, I agreed to give Kyle exactly what he wanted. He would get control of Chris and control of the team. I would simply input the suggestion that, at work, Kyle was the center of the operation and that Chris should follow Kyle's every suggestion as if it were right out of the SEAL operations guide.

Kyle's smile really widened when I agreed. Amateurs!--they never realize how obvious their buttons are.

"I want one more thing, Doc," Kyle said in this voice thick with lust. "I want the LT to call me 'sir' when no one else is around but the team. Make sure the team thinks it's natural and not strange at all. Since I'm the leader and all."

Okay. Time for me to play the conspirator. I chuckled. "Kyle, you don't really understand the power of hypnosis. If I tell Chris you're the one in charge, the one with the real power, he will naturally call you 'sir.' That's part of his nature." Kyle returned my smile but I sensed he was trying to read past mine. *That's all right, you amateur*, I thought, *I've already got you pegged*.

I knew he was thinking he was going to get control of the team by day, then take me out of the picture so nothing would stand between him and "his" team. Poor Kyle. He had opened up his mind to me and let me know what drives him. That's a very dangerous thing to give to a man who uses another's mind as a playground. A very dangerous thing indeed." I didn't say anything about this to him, of course--through it all, I just kept smiling right back at him as if I were happy with the "arrangement."

Kyle got up. His way of saying our little chat was concluded.

"So, when will you do it?" He couldn't hide the anticipation in his voice.

"Oh," I said off-handedly, "probably this weekend. I need to lay a little groundwork first, and I can't break the routine, you understand--it could throw off the hypnotic effect." That was bullshit, of course, since I could do it any time I wanted, but I had a little planning to do before we played out this little "conspiracy" pact. "Not to worry," I purred. "It will all be taken care of by next Monday morning."

Kyle's next words were just what I expected. He said, "I want to be there when you do it. I want to hear exactly what you tell them."

"Of course, Kyle," I said. "I wouldn't have it any other way." I even managed to fake this little tone of fearful respect in my voice when I said it.

[Continue to the next part?](#)

Project: SEAL Trance, Part 3

by Wrestlr and VA23456

[M/M, MC, hypno]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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Project: SEAL Trance, Part 3

Control

"So, where's the rest of the team?" I whispered to Doc when Chris excused himself to hit the bathroom.

"That part's easy, Kyle," Doc said. "Since we have the most work to do with Chris taking orders from you, I thought we should work with him privately first."

"Good thinking, Doc," I said, grinning.

The plan had been that Doc was going to do some preparation during the week and then we'd get together on Saturday so I could watch him program Chris and the others to let me be in charge. That's why I was sort of surprised when Doc called me Thursday and told me to meet him at Chris' apartment that evening after I got off duty. The official reason I was to give Chris for wanting to come over was, I wanted another try at learning those visualization techniques. But who cared about that shit? I was getting what I wanted, and I was going to get it early. Woo-hoo!

The rest of the day, I was flying high. Chris busted my ass all over the place, riding me like his own personal mule. He had me running so late I even had to go directly over to his place after work--didn't have a chance to stop by my place to change out of my uniform. I put up with his shit the whole day, grinning to myself and thinking, *Just you wait, Chris, ol' buddy--you're about to get yours.*

I probably should have begged off because, the way Chris had run me ragged all day, I was exhausted and irritable when I got to his place. Hell, I was two steps away from a headache. I just wanted to relax, have a beer, and veg out in front of the tube; and if it weren't for the fact that I *deserved* to be in charge of the team as soon as possible, I would have postponed it until Saturday like Doc and I originally planned.

So when we were all sitting in Chris' living room again, Doc offered to help Chris demonstrate how learning the techniques would work. Doc said, "Kyle, are you ready to begin?"

Just sitting there with half a beer in me, tired as I was, was making me sleepy. I was still fighting off that headache, but I said, "Sure, Doc," barely managing to suppress my grin.

"Chris, how about you?"

"Uh, you're the boss, Doc."

Not exactly, I thought, *not for long*.

"So, Chris, can you remember a time when you were really motivated to do something?"

"Sure. Lots of times."

"Pick one particular time. Was there ever a situation in which you were exceptionally motivated?"

"Yeah."

"What about you, Kyle? Do you remember a time when you were exceptionally motivated?"

I guess I looked a little surprised for a second, because I hadn't expected him to get me involved in it, but I said, "Yeah."

Doc turned back to Chris. "What did that feel like, Chris? Can you tell me about one time when you felt particularly motivated? What did it feel like to be totally motivated?"

"It felt--"

"Being motivated makes you feel good, right?"

"Yeah."

"Remember how good it felt? Just like those times when I hypnotized you. Being motivated helps you focus, relax, and let go. Remember?"

"Yeah ..."

"What happens to you as you begin to feel motivated?"

"I relax and let go ..."

"That's right. Just like you're doing now. Right, Chris?"

"... right ..." Already Chris' voice was getting quieter, softer, more distant.

"You're such a good subject. It's so easy for you to feel motivated. You're already feeling that way again. So pleasant, so relaxed, so focused. The same way you feel when you let me hypnotize you. Yes. You're letting me hypnotize you again now, aren't you, Chris?"

"... yeah, I am ..."

"Because it helps you feel so good. You like this relaxed feeling, don't you? Just let your thoughts drift, Chris."

I listened to Doc hypnotize Chris, and I couldn't help wondering how it felt. Did it really feel that good, or was Doc just saying that? I did some of the breathing exercises along with Chris--on the sly, without letting Doc see me doing it--and it helped me relax a little, helped keep that headache at bay. No harm in that, huh?

I watched the Doc talk Chris down. The more he worked him, the more fixated I became on the process. I wanted to remember it all. As I listened, running his words over in my head so I wouldn't forget them, I could practically feel the power the Doc had over Chris. The room was full of this strong presence, Doc's presence.

Sometimes Doc screwed up and called Chris "Kyle," like he was talking to me too or something, but when he'd do that I'd just grunt or say yeah, and he'd move on. Mostly, though he seemed pretty focused on Chris, and vice versa, like they'd forgotten I was there. All the better--that way I could concentrate on learning the "talk" so I could use it later on.

"Just listening to my voice helps you feel so pleasantly relaxed, doesn't it, Chris?" Doc was saying.

"Listening to my voice helps you bring back that feeling you get whenever you're hypnotized. The feeling you're getting again now. So relaxed. Body so relaxed and so heavy. Getting so very hard to think clearly. Drifting back into that pleasant state of hypnosis. Like you're drifting off to sleep. Sleep now, Chris. Close your eyes and sleep."

When Chris' eyes closed and his head dropped forward, I leaned in more, almost not believing my eyes. Actually seeing it happen in front of me reinforced my interest in learning the "talk." I had to make sure I had it all down exactly.

"Is this where you tell him I'm in charge?" I whispered.

"Not yet," Doc said. "First, I need to work on reinforcing some of his previous suggestions, including some of the--er--escort suggestions. Then I'll give him the new suggestions. Be patient, Kyle. He'll soon be all yours. It might go faster if you'd be willing to help out, though."

"Huh? How?"

"Part of his escort training is in massage and that always works best if he's giving one when I feed him the suggestions. Sort of like a visual aid. You see my point, don't you?"

It kinda made sense to me, and I wanted Chris under my control. So I agreed, hiding my impatience. "I guess so."

"Why don't you take off your shirt and stretch out on the carpet there so he can massage you. You probably need it, after the way you said he was running you this afternoon."

"I dunno ..."

"Come on--it'll make you feel great. Think of it as the first of a lot of perks to come."

"Well ... okay. Sure." So I pulled off my uniform shirt and tee-shirt and stretched out on Chris' nice, thick carpeting, on my stomach. Yeah, a massage would feel good. I was in charge now, so I deserved some perks.

Chris straddled my hips, and his hands began to knead my shoulder muscles. Felt pretty good, and I've always loved getting my back rubbed. I sighed and felt myself settle down into the thick carpet.

"Feel good, Kyle?" Doc asked.

"Mmm-hmm," I said.

"That's it, Chris. It makes you feel good to make someone else feel good." Doc started talking Chris through the process of massaging my back, always telling him how much massaging each muscle group helped him relax and sink deeper into hypnosis.

Every now and then, Doc would ask me if it felt good, if it was helping me relax, and I'd always mumble something to let him know that, yeah, it sure did.

"Have you noticed what he's doing, Kyle?" Doc asked as Chris worked down my lats. "His hands are slowing down, aren't they? Like your breathing. Relaxing. Slowing down. He's making deep, long strokes. Just like you're taking deep, long breaths. So relaxing."

"I guess so--"

Doc cut me off. "*Shhh* ... Don't say anything. Just listen. Concentrate on Chris' hands and how good they feel. Each stroke confirming your power over him, each stroke allowing you to relax in the security of being his superior."

Like I said, I was dog-tired, with a beer on my empty stomach, and Chris was pretty good at what he was doing. Doc was yammering, sure, but I just shut him out.

I guess I started to doze off. Chris rolled me over, which made me wake back up a little. Chris started massaging my shoulders and pecs--nobody had ever done that to me before, but it felt really nice. He was straddling me, and his ass resting lightly over my crotch made me start getting hard. Maybe that should have embarrassed the shit out of me, but it didn't, exactly--I mean, I still had my pants on.

What was Doc talking about? Something about numbers. I'm pretty good with numbers, and I could practically see them in my head when he said them: 84, 83, 82 ... He was telling me how the countdown would lead to the SEAL's final fall, his total loss of power. Giving it all away. He was slowing down a little with each one, saying things between the count about how hard it was getting to remember the number that came next. I tried to raise my head up and look at him. Why was it so hard to move? Why were my eyelids so heavy and hard to open?

I managed, "Y'r trying ... t' hyp'tize ... me ..."

"That's right, Kyle," Doc said. "You're already in a light state of hypnosis, and it's so easy to just let go and relax and go even deeper. Let's resume the count, okay? 81, feel yourself relaxing back ... 80, eyelids so heavy, starting to shut again ... 79 ...so tired and enjoying that feeling as you sink deeper ..."

I was exhausted. I could see the numbers in my head as he counted them down, and my eyes closed, and my

head sank back down on the carpet. Doc kept counting. I kept getting hung up--losing track of what number came next, like he said I would, and that was all right. It didn't bother me.

It was that dreamy feeling you get when you're dozing off, nearly asleep. I felt Chris' hands move down my stomach. Doc kept counting, giving me these easy instructions, giving some to Chris too, and I just let it all happen. It felt like my mind was tilting back and sliding down, down into some dark hole in the back of my head. Chris' hands worked at my belt, then the crotch of my uniform pants, opening them. Opening my boxers too. Something warm and moist and smooth on the head of my erection, when the flaps of my boxers were folded away. An even better feeling washed over me, and I sank the rest of the way down into sleep.

I sat up. At first I didn't remember where I was. Oh, yeah--Chris' apartment. Doc was sitting over there still, reading a magazine. My pants were still fastened--had I just dreamed that part?

"Well," Doc said, not even looking up as I reached for and struggled into my tee-shirt. "Welcome back to the land of the living. Enjoy your nap?"

"Hypnotizing me wasn't part of our deal," I snapped as I pulled on my uniform shirt too. "Where's Chris?"

"He went out on a call," Doc said, smiling. "Got to keep the business running, you know. Don't worry--he never remembers much about these ... business dealings."

When he said that, I thought about having all that power over Chris and the team. The minute the word "Power" crossed my mind, I began to see these numbers flash by--84, 83, 82 ...--and I started feeling a little dizzy.

Doc looked up, smiled, and returned to his magazine. "Relax, Kyle," he said as my eyes began to close and my world faded to darkness. "Sleep now, and don't worry about a thing. You're going to get exactly what you've wanted all along."

Entertainers

I was a little worried about Kyle. I mean, he was out like a light when the Doc woke me up. Kyle lay sprawled out on the floor, his uniform pants down around his ankles, boxers ripped to shreds around his waist. It looked like he had cum gallons--there was cum all over his abs and pecs.

"Chris, you have an appointment with the team soon. Remember, the team has volunteered to help out that kid's soccer team?" Doc reminded me.

"Oh, shit! I nearly forgot, Doc. I'll grab my stuff and get the team out there." I don't know how I could have forgotten about the soccer team. Seems the Doc had signed me and the rest of the team up to do his nephew's victory party. They had won the Regionals and were having a party downtown. Still, I was worried about Kyle. "Is he going to be okay?" I asked the Doc, pointing at Kyle. Sure, he was a shit and all, but he was still my teammate and that made him my concern.

Doc just smiled at me. "Don't worry, Chris. Kyle needs my help, and I need some time alone with him to make sure we have a breakthrough. Just like you did when I helped you back in college."

With that, I let go of all my concern. Doc would take care of everything. I started thinking instead about the soccer team party. Doc said that the kids, especially his nephew Danny, were SEAL-wannabes and would be

psyched if we showed up. Just to hang for a while and act like good role models.

Josh, Cole, and Justin were all waiting for me downstairs. They were in the Explorer all dressed up in SEAL gear, which I had put on before leaving my apartment. When I left Doc was talking to Kyle as he slept on my floor. I felt much better that the Doc was gonna take care of Kyle. He was just what Kyle needed. Doc was so good with guys who had problems; he had helped me when I needed it, and now he was going to help Kyle get better too!

"Okay, guys, lets bolt. We don't want to be late and be bad role models," I said, half-jokingly. If we were gonna do this big bro/li'l bro routine, we had better show up on time at least. I reached into my pocket and got out the cassette Doc had given me. He had taped the directions to the party for us so I could drive and follow his instructions.

At first, the tape just got me on the highway, out of town. Doc said that once I got on the highway, it would be about ten minutes. Nothing but road ahead, so my mind wandered. I could hear Doc's voice on the tape. He wasn't giving me directions to the house but talking about the party. Pretty soon he mentioned my special word and I started to become very focused on the road. As I drove by the road signs, Doc was talking about performances, and how much I--we--loved them. He was telling me about my "act" and how I could visualize it before I had to do it in person. Driving was a perfect time to visualize such things, so monotonous and easy to let the mind wander while the other part of the brain kept the car on the road. I just drifted along in my thoughts about performing.

The tape was perfect. I found my way in no time. In fact, time seemed to fly by while I drove. The guys must have been beat from the last workout I had given them, 'cause they were all racked out when I pulled up to the house.

The place was impressive--not too big, not too small. It had a long driveway behind a gate, and then went up to the house ending in a circle drive. The house was a pretty good size. If I had to guess, I would say Doc's uncle was clearing a good chunk of money to afford this nice place. It wasn't a mansion, but it was pretty damn nice.

The door opened almost before I rang the bell. At the door stood a kid about 19 years old, brown hair, dark eyes, and from what I could tell definitely an athlete. He had that lean, muscle bod most good soccer players have. He started grinning the minute he saw us. It was a funny grin, not the innocent smile of a kid, but more the same leer I used to see on the SEAL instructors out at Coronado. Like we were pieces of meat or something.

"*Dudes!* You finally made it. The guys have been here for about an hour, bugging the shit out of me about when the entertainment would arrive." He turning around and led us into the house. "Oh, I'm Danny, by the way," he said, tossing his words as an afterthought over his shoulder.

Something seemed weird here. My senses were tingling; something just didn't fit.

"Did he say, the '*entertainment*'?" Josh asked from behind me.

"Ummm, yeh, he sure did." Justin said. "What did he mean by that, Chris?"

I could tell that the guys had also sensed something strange.

"So," I said to Danny, "are you Doc's nephew?"

"I don't know anybody named 'Doc,'" he said without turning around.

We walked to the back of the house. There were a bunch of college guys sitting around what looked like a game room. Not an ordinary game room, though. It was loaded: pool table, wide screen TV, full-up stereo system, every grown-up toy imaginable. The stereo was playing some dance music, and some of the guys were showing off their moves to each other. All the couches and chairs were sorta placed in a square, leaving a large open area in the middle of them. What was that for?

"Guys, our SEAL friends have arrived. We can start as soon as everyone is ready." Danny broadcast the news of our arrival like he was just announcing dinner was served. It was strange.

Turning toward us, Danny smiled and asked if we liked the Backstreet Boys.

I was surprised by the question, so I just shrugged. The Backstreet Boys? What did that matter? "Well, um, sure," I stammered. "If you guys want to listen to that, it's cool with us."

Instantly, the Backstreet Boys came on over the speakers--up-tempo and *loud*, too-- and the Danny's friends started clapping to the beat. Danny never took his eyes off us. He walked up to me and waived the rest of the guys over to him. With one simple word--the word "Perform"--he explained the deal with us.

The moment he said that, the whole world became crystal clear in my head. It let me just take a mental step back and concentrate on the job I was there to do. Like my body was on auto-pilot or something. Damn, I just love this job. I love performing. I guess it's the exhibitionist in me. Ever since I can remember, I've gotten off on showing off my body and letting dudes see all of me, and these dudes were more than *ready* for a show. They were hootin' and hollerin' as me and my boys started to strut our stuff on their makeshift dance floor.

We have some real athletic moves. It was my idea to do the military role thing. See, I knew dudes loved military guys, and four mil studs stripping and dancing in front of horny dudes was exactly the scene Danny was paying for. When you drop the kind of serious dough for a strip show he was paying us, you expect to get your money's worth. I was going to make sure Danny never regretted spending the money. Who knows--maybe he and his friends would become regular customers.

It felt so right. The more we danced, the more I wanted to take my clothes off. Like I said, I have an exhibitionist streak, and times like this when the world gets all clear and focused like this, it just naturally comes out. Josh seemed to be feeling the same way; he wasted no time finding Danny in the crowd and dancing in his lap, began to pull off his desert camo top. Under his top, he had a ripped brown tee-shirt which showed off parts of his pecs, hard nipples, and of course that six-pack he was so proud of. Danny seemed to be having a ball!

"Fuck, yah, SEAL-boy! Strip for me," Danny screamed out. "Show me that hard body you gonna be giving up to me. This one is *mine*, bros!" Danny declared. His friends all seemed to be cool with that 'cause they all just laughed and applauded.

While Danny was announcing his choice, the rest of us moved in on some of his friends and started to do lap dances for them as well. I went over to the cute blond who had been eyeing me up since we started. His hands flew to my crotch without a moment's hesitation. That was fine by me. That was the second thing I loved, having a dude's hands all over me. I've always known my place, and I love letting dudes have my body for their enjoyment. It just feels *so right*, you know?

The blond boy's eyes bulged as I ripped my tee-shirt to shreds above him. He took in my ripped pecs and my

abs glistening with sweat. His hand ran over my pecs and abs, and he let out this primal moan that would put anyone in the mood for some hard *fucking*. This boy was starved for man-sex. I could tell.

I reached down to my camo button fly and released my cock for him. Blondy grabbed this cute, innocent-looking guy next to him who was also staring at my cock and pushed his face into my eight inches of stiff meat. The kid looked scared, but Blondy wasn't taking *no* for an answer. "Suck it, Bobby," Blondy yelled with a giggle. "It's your first cock, but ya gotta start sometime."

"Bobby" was getting into it and started to suck me off--doing pretty good for a first-timer. Blondy moved in behind me and finished the job by pulling my camo pants off my body. All I had to do was lift my legs one at a time for him. To be honest, I was so into watching Bobby suck his first cock, I almost didn't notice until I was totally naked and Blondy was rubbin' his hard cock up my crack.

When I looked over my shoulder to see if Blondy wanted to shove his hot tongue down my throat, I saw Justin and Cole were up on the pool table, tossing the remains of their "uniforms" out into the crowd of half-naked, horny guys. Justin reached down to his field bag, opened it up, and dumped it on the pool table at his feet. Hundreds of condoms came flying out. Every kind of condom known to man was in there--jumbo, ribbed, lubricated, multicolor--hell, there were even camouflage condoms! There were also small plastic vials of lube. There was enough lube and latex there to handle an orgy of three hundred!

Once Justin and Cole were naked, the boys couldn't keep their hands off them. Pulling on their ankles and calves brought Justin and Cole down to their hands and knees, face to face. They wasted no time taking advantage of the situation by sucking on each other's tongues. A couple of Danny's friends climbed on the table and started to prep Justin's and Cole's assholes with lube.

That was when my blond boy yanked my head further around so he could look into my eyes as his tongue stretched down my throat. I was in heaven.

"You got a hot body, SEAL-boy," Blondy hissed in my ear. "I'm gonna fuck your hard body. A boy like you must love getting his ass fucked--don't you, SEAL-boy?"

My answer came out like it was preprogrammed--I didn't even think about it. "Fuck, yes sir!" I shouted over the music as Bobby sucked me off and Blondy fingered my ass. "I love getting my ass plowed, *Sir!*" I was totally lost in the moment. Everything felt so right, with Bobby sucking my cock and Blondy getting ready to fuck me. Hell, even the thought of Cole and Justin getting gang-banged by the ten boys around the pool table seemed right. Any time I had any hint of worry or concern for my boys, that word would pop into my head: "Perform."

Just as Blondy was getting my ass ready, that kid Danny came over. "Hold it," Danny said. "I told you that one is mine. You and Bobby can suck him and stuff, but you don't get his hole--that's *mine!*" The look on Blondy's face said it all. He was disappointed, but he wasn't going to cross Danny. Danny was obviously the leader of this team.

Danny moved me over to the couch set up by the entertainment center. He bent me down over the back of the couch so that I was facing the TV. Something on the screen caught my eye. Some amateur porn movie? No--somewhere there was a video camera recording Danny bending me over the couch. As I looked into the TV, I was looking almost directly into the camera as well.

"That's right, SEAL-boy. Danny plans on having a keepsake of this fuck. If you think I'm gonna pay this kind of money for a piece of ass, even four of them, and not have anything to remember it by, you're crazy."

Danny had a bit of malice in his voice. He was *not* someone to fuck with.

As I looked into the TV, I started to fade out of reality for a bit. When I came back Danny had his thick cock halfway up my fuck hole. Damn, he fit so well inside me. Given a choice, I would never let him take it out. He was perfect. Damn, if he didn't know how to use it too. He fucked like a pro!

"That's it, SEAL-boy. Take my cock like a champ, you whore!" Danny seemed to really enjoy my ass. He was pounding on me like no one else ever had. Every time he slammed into me, he forced my cock deeper into Bobby's mouth, making Bobby moan because of the way my cock jumped down his throat. Still, I gotta give the boy credit--he never stopped sucking me. Go, Bobby, go!

After fucking me for about ten minutes, Danny wanted to see the rest of the show. Without pulling out of me, he guided me over to the pool table and bent me over it, driving my face in the middle of Justin and Cole's.

All three of us were getting fucked, and I never felt better! Danny's cock pounding away inside my ass. Justin and Cole were all glassy-eyed from getting fucked so many times. It was funny too; they never said a word except for the occasional "Fuck me harder, *Sir!*" Sometimes I could have sworn I heard Cole whispering over and over again: "perform, perform, perform." It was intense.

I could tell Danny was getting close. He was moaning louder as he assaulted my ass faster. Soon, he was pulling out of my ass, and I felt his hot juice spray all over my ass and back. I never felt more complete in my whole life. I loved this job--almost as much as I loved being a SEAL.

"Now you get to fuck him, Bobby," Danny said. And sure enough, it wasn't twenty seconds before I had a new cock inside me and that completed feeling was returning to me again. Cole and Justin were trading out fuck-partners as well. I could see the cum from their last fucks running down their backs and ass-cheeks. Both of them had smiles on their faces.

Eventually, we were all in a mound of flesh on the pool table. Somebody produced a video camera--or maybe he had had it going all along--and videotaped Cole, Justin, and me sucking each other in a daisy chain, all twenty guys rooting us on. Finally, Danny came over and gave us the release we needed when he said, "You can cum now, SEAL-boys!" With just those words, we all blew our loads into each others' mouths, letting only small amounts dribble over our lips. That's when the soccer team gave us this huge standing ovation.

"Thanks, guys," Danny said as he saw us to the door. "The whole team really appreciated you coming over. Maybe you can come by again after we win the Nationals." He gave me a wicked grin and a wink.

I shook my head clear as I came out of my daze. "Sure thing, Danny. We'd be happy to help out any way we can. Good luck at the Nationals." Damn, what a lame thing to say, but I'd been daydreaming when the kid was talking to me, thinking that all that fucking I remembered *couldn't* have really happened, could it?

With that, Danny smiled and closed the door.

I turned toward the guys. "Let's get out of here. I'm beat, and I could sure use a nap." The only responses I got were tired moans of agreement. When I got back home, the place was empty, and I crawled into bed. Boy, was I tired! I guess talking with kids and playing their games can take a lot out of you.

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Project: SEAL Trance, Part 4

by **Wrestlr** and **VA23456**

[M/M, MC, hypno]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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Project: SEAL Trance, Part 4

The Test

Friday, I had to try it. Yeah, like I said, Doc told me it wasn't supposed to really kick in until Monday, but after last night, I wanted to see if it was working. I figured Doc was shitting me, and I wanted to know for sure. Hell, it couldn't hurt if I helped push things along too.

I figured if Doc could do it, so could I. I mean, I'd been there and listened to every word he said when he put Chris under. Seemed like it was pretty damn easy, know what I'm saying?

So at lunchtime, when Chris went off to the head, I followed him. Made it look casual, like I had to take a piss too.

No one there but the two of us, which was perfect. He nodded to me when I walked up to the urinal next to his. When we both finished and zipped up, I said, "Hey, Chris, thanks for introducing me to Doc. He's really helped me with my motivation."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I can tell the difference already." I was laying it on thick, all right. "Feels real good out there, being motivated, right?"

"Sure does--"

"Yeah, I know you know what I'm talkin' about there. You're pretty motivated out there yourself. It's like second nature to you--I can tell. Am I right?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Don't be so shy, Chris. You know you're motivated out there. It feels pretty good, don't it?"

"Uh huh--"

"Remember how it feels? When you get motivated, you just focus and relax and let go of all those distractions. Just like Doc showed ya, right?"

"Right--"

"Just like all those times with Doc. In fact, you're starting to feel it now. Just like it always happens with Doc. Right? I know how much you like it when that real motivated feeling comes on. Right?"

"Right ..."

Was he starting to get a little glassy-eyed? Cool! This was going to be easier than I thought. Who needed Doc?

"Chris, what happens when you start feeling all motivated like this? Like you're starting to feel now?"

He said it just like he did last night when Doc asked him. "I relax and let go ..."

"Yeah, you sure do. You're doing it now, aren't you? Relaxing and letting go. Right?"

"... right ..."

Man, was that ever a rush! I started thinking of the possibilities of having that kind of power over Chris and the team, and the word "Power" flashed across my thoughts. I caught myself feeling kind of ... funny, kind of dizzy, sort of, with these numbers counting down in the back of my head--100, 99, 98 ...--and I had to really shake my head to snap out of it. That Doc must've done something to me. That's okay--he'd get his soon enough.

But right now, I had Chris right where I wanted him. "You're so motivated, Chris. It's so easy for you. So easy to let yourself just relax and focus. Feels good, doesn't it, Chris?"

"... yeah ..."

"Just keep letting yourself relax, just like you've been trained to. Just let your thoughts drift off, Chris. Getting so hard to think. Just let yourself drift back into that relaxed feeling--"

That's when the restroom door flew open and Josh walked in. Fuck! That was all it took--Chris blinked and shook his head a little, and I knew I'd lost him. Chris smacked my shoulder and said, "Well, I gotta get back out there, Kyle," and he reached for the door and walked right on out of there.

Fuck! I nearly had him! I *would've* had him if it wasn't for this little bastard Josh, who's always puppy-dogging the LT. Fucking bastard made me blow my shot at being large and in charge!

Wait a minute, I thought to myself. *Kyle, old son, maybe you got the next best thing right in front of you.* 'Cause I knew Chris had introduced Josh to that Doc guy too--and if I got as far as I did with Chris, I'd surely get a lot farther with Josh. Maybe, just maybe, I could find some way to use Josh to get at Chris.

Josh was at the urinal taking a leak. I pretended to wash my hands while he shook it off, tucked it, and zipped.

"How's it going," I said when he walked over to the sinks. I was acting all nonchalant.

"Pretty good," he said, rinsing his hands.

"Say, you been working with that guy Doc a while now, right?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Josh said as he reached for a paper towel.

"Sure seems to be working for you. I started meeting with him for the first time last night."

Josh perked up a little when I said that. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. So what's it like for you? What d you think about to get all motivated out there? Like Viz Kid?"

"I dunno. Nothing special, I guess. I just keep repeating these motivational key words Doc taught me, and it just sorta happens, I guess."

"Key words? What are they?"

"They're--well, they're kind of private."

"Hey, Josh, it's me--Kyle--your teammate. I just want to see if they're the same as what the ones Doc and me use. It's not like I'm gonna tell anyone."

"Well ... okay, I guess. They're 'team, motivation, and LT.'"

I thought, *LT?--what the fuck is that about?* But what I said was, "Really? Those are the same as mine."

Josh gave me a big grin. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," I said, but I was thinking, *Ain't this just a fuckin' Kodak moment.* Innocent little Joshy didn't have a clue I was looking for a way to play him like a guitar. "Same as mine. Team, motivation, and LT."

Josh kept grinning that shit-eating grin of his. "Team, motivation, LT," he said. Almost like a chant or something.

"Oh, yeah," I said, copying his cadence. "Team, motivation, LT."

"Team, motivation, LT," he said again.

"Team, motivation, LT," we said together.

Josh's eyes were getting a little unfocused.

"Team, motivation, LT," we said together again.

His voice was getting softer. Whatever these key words did, they were sure doing it to him quick.

"Team, motivation, LT," he said again.

"That's it, Josh." I said. "Just relax. Focus. Say the words again."

"Team, motivation, LT."

"Feel it? Feel yourself getting all motivated? Just like when Doc's helping you get all relaxed and motivated."

"Team, motivation, LT," he said again, slower.

"What happens when you're all motivated like this, Josh? What happens when you keep saying the key words to yourself like that?"

"Team ... motivation ... LT," he mumbled, looking kind of dazed.

"Let it happen, Josh. Just relax and let yourself drift back into that relaxed, motivated place where Doc takes you."

"Team ... motivation ... LT..." His eyelids were fluttering and he looked practically half-asleep already. Doc sure made it easy for me.

"That's right, Josh--you're doing great. Say the words again. Let yourself go back into that real relaxed, motivated place inside."

"Team ... motivation ... LT ..." Josh whispered.

"Get yourself all motivated, Josh. That's right."

That's when he did the freakiest thing I ever seen. He looked down. I'm thinking, *What's he looking at?* Then he gets down on his knees in front of me. What the fuck, right? He keeps chanting, "... team ... motivation ... LT..." like it really means something. He's kneeling in front of me, staring right at my crotch, and I'm thinking, *Just what the holy fuck is goin' on here?*

That's when Josh reaches out. Reaches for my crotch. I'm like, *No fuckin' way!*, and I take a step back, but he sidles up in front of me. He's reaching up, tugging at my belt. I'm thinking this is totally fucked up--someone could walk in on us any second!

Josh is pawing at my uniform pants, at the fasten and the zipper. I'm backed up against the wall. I want to make him stop, but I'm also fascinated somehow by the power I suddenly seem to have over him. He's tugging my pants down a little, my boxers too, and my cock is already hard. He's reaching for my rod, and somehow I can't seem to make a move stop him.

Josh's mouth was zeroing in on my wood, his tongue reaching out for the tip like a heat-seeker. Yeah, somehow I'd stumbled on a way to get a lot of power over Josh. I was thinking I could use this to my advantage. That's when the word "Power" seemed to flash in front of my eyes. *What the ...*, I thought, and these numbers seemed to start ticking off in the back of my head: *100, 99, 98*, and so on. Josh was swallowing my rock-hard cock and there was nothing I could do to stop him. Something about those numbers marching along--*90, 89, 88* ...--something about them kept me distracted and I couldn't concentrate. This dizzy feeling was spreading through me, and I couldn't seem to think of anything except the numbers

marching on. *81, 80, 79 ...*

I felt great. Just standing there grooving on the feeling of how relaxed I felt, letting myself drift as those numbers kept counting down. I was barely aware of Josh blowing me--my whole body felt so great, that was just one more feeling to me.

I guess it didn't take long, but it sure seemed like time kind of stood still while I got lost underneath everything. Josh was really working on my dick. I felt all relaxed and nice, inside and out. Kind of distant from everything like it was all a dream or something.

In and among everything else I was feeling, I felt Josh tug at my balls. He kept burying his face in my pubes, sucking my cock all the way down into his throat, like he really wanted to suck something out of me. My balls buzzed and I felt this ... warmth spread out through me. Like the most peaceful kind of orgasm you can imagine. When I came, my load just seemed to flow into Josh's mouth, and I felt his mouth massage my meat as he swallowed it all.

Josh didn't really pull off of me--it was more like my cock went soft and finally dropped out of his mouth. I felt myself starting to snap out of it. I blinked and shook my head to clear away the foggy feeling, and I felt like I was waking up from a nap.

That's when it hit me. What the *hell* had just happened here? Doc musta done something to me last night--I was straight and there was no way in hell I'd let some dude blow me if I was in my right mind, even if it was one of my SEAL teammates. *Especially* if it was one of my teammates. I skirted out from between Josh and the wall and pulled up my pants. Josh, still kneeling, had his pants open, his cock still quietly in his hand, blobs of cum on the restroom tile in front of him. He still had that dazed look on his face. Doc must have really done a number on his head.

Man, that fag shit makes me *sick*! Maybe I did get some kind of power over Josh, but I didn't want it if it meant me doing fag shit too. That shit was okay for the other guys--I knew all about Doc's little "escort" business--but I didn't want to be part of it myself. I just wanted to be in charge of the team, which I deserved.

I felt my mouth curl up in this disgusted expression as I stared at Josh. He seemed to be starting to snap out of it too, but slower than me. Guess I had the stronger will.

Someone could have walked in at any moment. I figured the teamwork thing to do would be to block the door shut while Josh snapped the rest of the way out of it--but y'wanna know what I did? I couldn't stand to be in that restroom another second. I just pulled open the door and walked out. Let Josh fend for himself.

I had no clue what I was going to do about this shit, but I knew it wouldn't take me long to come up with a plan. Doc was gonna regret the day he pulled that shit on me--and my team too.

[Continue to the next part?](#)

Project: SEAL Trance, Part 5

by **Wrestlr** and **VA23456**

[M/M, MC, hypno]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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Project: SEAL Trance, Part 5

Confrontation

Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*

The more I thought about it, the more pissed-off I got! No way was Doc gonna make me do any more of that fag shit. All I wanted was control of the team, and nothing else. Let him have his fun with the others off-duty, but I'm a SEAL through and through. I was going to lay the law down, and if Doc didn't like it, well, tough shit.

So I'm standing there outside his place with the big manila envelope tucked under my arm, and I'm banging on his door. Yeah, I'm mad as hell, and I'm gonna give him an earful!

Doc opened the door. "Kyle. I wasn't expecting you. Come in--come in."

So I walked in. I had my chest pumped up and this strut in my step, letting him know I was large and in charge. I was The Man, and he was going to listen to me.

Cole and Justin were slouched on either side of the couch. Slumped down, legs spread, arms and heads laying limp. Still in uniform. Large lumps showing in their crotches.

Okay, so I knew what I was interrupting, and it made me feel sick. But at least I knew I didn't have to worry about them for a while.

I spun to face Doc. "Look, man. I know what you're up to. I know what you're doing, and it's--"

He interrupted, "It's what, Kyle? You're getting exactly what you want."

"No, I fucking am not--"

"Yes, you are. Maybe not the *way* you thought you wanted it, but it's exactly what--"

"Listen up, civvie," I snarled. "This ends. Now. You back off this shit with me, or I'm going to blow your little games wide open."

He didn't seem worried. "Think about what you're saying, Kyle. How will exposing me get you what you want? Seems like just the opposite would happen. A lot of bad things will happen to a lot of people, and you don't want to be one of them, do you?"

The nerve of this civilian bastard! I stammered, "Are you--are you *threatening* me?"

"No, Kyle. Settle down. Think: calm. Think: peace. I'd never threaten you. But I think your behavior is becoming a liability. Your teammates here"--he gestured at Cole and Justin--"are starting to think your behavior is disruptive, that you aren't committed to the team. You're letting these behavior issues stand in your way. Maybe it's time for us to help you work past them."

"There's nothing wrong with *my* 'behavior issues,' you fuck. It's you, making us do all this sick faggot shit."

"Kyle, I can't make you do anything you don't want to. All I do is open doors and let you walk through them."

"Well, we'll see who gets shown the door, buckaroo." I waved the envelope. "I got proof, and I'm going straight to the top brass. I got enough photos of Chris getting fucked by other men off that Web site of yours to have him court-martialed. *Don't ask, don't tell*, my ass! Once Chris is history, I'll be put in command of the team--without you and without any of your mind-games. How do you like that, fucker? I'm going straight to the commander, and your buddy Chris is going to be in a world of trouble."

"No, Kyle, you're not going anywhere until you calm down a little--"

I got right in his face and poked his chest. "Fuck. You."

"Kyle, you need to calm down and listen to me."

"I'm done listening." I whirled toward the door. Doc grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back. The *nerve* of that bastard! If he touched me again, I was gonna deck him! I was gonna pop him one right in the--

Doc barked, "Team, atten-*SHUN!*"

Years of training kicked in. My body snapped to attention--head up, back erect, arms and legs stiff. The manila envelope fell out from under my arm, but I couldn't move to retrieve it. Beside me, Cole and Justin had sprung to their feet too.

"Very good," Doc stated. "SEALs, count yourselves down on my mark. Begin."

"100!" we all barked back in unison. "99!--"

What the fuck was I doing? I was letting him get to me! I had to fight this. "No," I said, trying to shake my head to clear it. "It's not going to happen."

Beside me, Cole and Justin continued to count out the numbers. I could practically see the numbers hovering in the air around us.

Doc wasn't letting up. "What's not going to happen, sailor? You will stand at atten-*SHUN*, until I tell you otherwise. *Clear?*"

My body snapped back into the stance. "Sir, yes, sir!"

"Now fall back into the countdown, sailor."

No--wait--this was all wrong. He was getting at me again. I had to fight this. Had to fight the urge to resume the count.

But if I was fighting it, why was it so hard to move? Why were my eyelids getting so heavy and hard to keep open?

"Don't ..." I mumbled. "You ... Stop ... trying ... t' hypno ... 'tize ... me ..."

Doc's voice purred near my ear. "I already have, sailor. If you expect to be hypnotized, then nothing in the world will stop you from being hypnotized. Deep down, I think maybe you want to be hypnotized, don't you? Give in. Give it up. Relax. Let the team help you. Focus on the numbers. Visualize them. Count them out loud. Count them on your way down into a peaceful state of deep hypnosis. Count them."

Beside me, Cole and Justin chanted, "81, 80, 79, 78 ..."

"Fighting is such a waste of time," Doc said. "A waste of energy. You'll only tire yourself out. Yes. So tired already. So tired. Yes. No strength left to fight with. Focus on the countdown. The numbers lead your down. So incredibly tired. Only just enough strength to join the team in counting. Join the countdown."

My voice came quietly from so far away. "65 ..."

Had to stop. Had to make myself stop. So tired, though. So hard to stop. Too hard.

"64 ... 63 ...62 ..."

"Good. Just keep counting. Focus on the numbers. Focus on the team."

What was going on? So hard to concentrate. Doc was saying something, something about how the countdown would lead me down, so tired, no strength left to fight. Fighting it just made me weaker, drew me down deeper. So tired. Resistance fading. So easy to give up the fighting. So easy to just focus and relax and let all the fighting fall away. The numbers were slowing down a little. Getting so hard to remember which number came next. So hard. Yes, so hard.

Doc's voice and face swam into my head. "So deeply relaxed, Kyle. Good--just like you've been trained. You're already in a light state of hypnosis, and it's so easy, so very easy, to just let go and sink even deeper. So hard to resist. So easy to follow orders. You know you want to follow orders, don't you?"

"Yes ... sir..."

"Good. Now, I know you want to be part of the team. Being a SEAL is very important to you, and you haven't been a very good team member lately, have you? No, you haven't. But we can fix that, make you a better SEAL. Is that what you want?"

"... Y'sir ..."

"Good. Now, I want you to visualize all those worries and fears and doubts--all those things that stand in your way--as being made of water. Imagine them flowing like water. Visualize them ebbing and flowing like water. Now, water can be drained away, can't it?"

"... uh ... huh ..."

"Exactly. In fact, sometimes all that water and liquid has to be drained off so that other things can be built in their place, *better* things. Am I right?"

"... right ... sir ..."

"So I want you to imagine those feelings as liquid inside you, just waiting to be drained away, taken away, so we can start to build you into someone better. Someone you know yourself to be, deep down inside. Would that be okay?"

"... y' ... sir ..."

"Justin, would you help us? Your teammate Kyle is going to need some assistance here, and I know you're going to enjoy it, since it will help you bond even more tightly as a team. Justin, get down on your knees. Right here in front of Kyle. Good, perfect. In a moment, I'm going to tell you to begin, and you'll know what to do."

I felt something tug at the front of my shirt. Buttons opening. So far away I barely registered it.

"Kyle. I want you to focus. Focus on that liquid inside you. It's time to start draining it away isn't it? Yes. Past time, really."

Something at the front of my pants. Belt and fly being opened.

"All that liquid inside you. Justin here is going to help with that. Aren't you, Justin? It's what teammates do for one another, and Justin wants to help you return to the team. All that liquid, just needing to be drained out. That would help you relax finally into the deepest depths possible, and then we can start building something better in its place. Let's get to work draining you of that liquid."

I felt something. Something warm and moist. On my cock. It responded by stiffening.

"Yes, that's it, Kyle. That's good, Justin. Just like that."

Moist. Sliding up and down on my shaft. Flicking across the head.

"Justin here is going to suck all that liquid out of you, Kyle. All that resistance. The fighting. The troublemaking. He's going to help you drain it all away. That's what you want, isn't it? To be rid of all that and just be part of the team again, right?"

All I could do was moan. It felt good, like what I wanted, but something wasn't quite right.

"Right," Doc said. "He's doing a good job, isn't he? He's sucking at the liquid, and you can feel it starting to flow. Starting to flow toward where his mouth is so he can suck it out of you, so he can help drain it away. So deeply relaxing, isn't it? Just let it all go. Let it all flow to where Justin can suck it out."

Justin ... sucking me ...

That wasn't right. I didn't want to be sucked by a guy. I didn't want--

I tried to take a step back, but my uniform pants were down around my ankles, and I stumbled. I would have fallen but I fell heavily into a chair behind me. I wasn't fully awake but I was starting to snap out of it.

"Kyle, Kyle, Kyle. I'm disappointed. I thought you wanted to be a SEAL, but the SEALs have no place for people who aren't part of the team. I don't think this is working. We're going to have to try another tactic."

I was starting to move my arms and legs again.

"Cole," Doc said. "Would you count the team down again? Justin, would you continue what you were doing, please?"

Beside us, Cole still stood at attention. "100!" he called out in his sleepy voice.

Justin was settling over me, head bending down into my crotch again. I was partly awake but not awake enough to fight him off. Or the count. "100," my voice echoed.

Justin's mouth enveloped my cock. It felt so good.

"99," Cole and I chanted.

Too woozy to fight it off again. So good to just relax and let everything flow.

"98 ..."

Getting sucked. Getting sucked in. Felt so damn good.

"97 ..."

So tired. So sleepy. Not worth the fight. Let it flow.

"96 ..."

I felt myself sinking. Doc told me to imagine I was on the beach, beside the ocean, relaxing in the warm sunshine. He told me to look out there and see the ocean, the waves rolling in, and I couldn't help myself--I saw it--*dammit*--the beach, the ocean, the sunny blue sky, the whole thing. He told me to look over there and see this sand castle, this really neat sand castle someone had built. He told me to put my fears into the sand castle. He told me to put all my resistance into the sand castle, all my fighting and my attitude and my ambition and my ego, everything. And he told me to watch the waves come closer to the sand castle, and start licking at it. Told me to watch the waves start to erode the castle, parts of it starting to dissolve and fall. Pretty soon the waves were washing over it. Nothing left. No sign of it. The ocean had taken it.

He told me to imagine the waves licking at my feet as I lay there. Imagine them washing up over me, covering my body slowly, inch by inch. No fear. Just liquid washing over me. He told me to imagine myself

under the waves, sinking into the ocean, sinking into the depths.

Getting ready to dissolve myself and join the ocean, just like that sand castle had, Doc told me, and I felt it happening. All my resistance, all my ego, all my "me"-ness, dissolving into the ocean and flowing into the depths. Sinking into that deep state of relaxation Doc was talking about. My balls tingling. My body tingling. Everything relaxing. Going black. Sinking into the depths. My balls churning. Sinking deeper. No fear. My cum rising like a little wave, flowing into Justin's mouth. Me cumming. Everything going black as I sank finally into those sweet depths.

Aftermath

I heard they drummed Kyle out of the service in pretty much record time.

Seems he stormed into the commander's office unannounced. Started waving around this envelope he said showed a gay sex ring operating right under the commander's nose. Naturally, the commander was pretty pissed off about the way Kyle burst in, plus all these allegations.

I heard Kyle acted really shocked when the commander pulled out all those pictures and they showed *Kyle himself* being fucked up the butt by two guys and sucking them off.

Kyle tried to deny it was him. Tried to claim it was someone else. But that was his face, all right. In close up. Sucking cock. Smiling. Covered with cum. Doing things I never knew two men could do together. I saw a couple of the photos during his court martial. Pretty hardcore stuff!

A physical exam proved that Kyle had been fucked up the ass pretty recently too. His "it wasn't me" defense kind of collapsed after that.

The other two guys in the photos--their faces never showed in the pictures, so no one could identify them. The top brass investigated, but Kyle claimed he didn't remember anything about it or know who they were, so the issue was dropped. Case closed. Everything hushed up. History.

Kyle, though, was history too. Good riddance. He was a good SEAL on his own, but he was never a team player. I need guys in the field that I can depend on, guys who will watch out for each other. Kyle wasn't *that* good.

The rest of us--well, we were in shock for a while but we got over it. With Kyle gone, it was just a matter of selecting his replacement. Doc handpicked this one. The request went smoothly, and the orders were issued in no time.

This gorgeous dark-haired man approaches my desk. Nice face, nice body, nice bulge in his pants. His uniform is immaculate--sure sign of a good sailor.

"Sir!" he barks, saluting. "Corporal Mike Johnson reporting for duty, sir!"

I salute back. "Call me Viz Kid, Corporal." I stand and offer my hand, and we shake. "We're all glad to have you aboard SEAL TEAM 8. You come highly recommended. I'm sure you'll fit right in." I lead him to the door to the next office, where his real training is about to begin. "Before I introduce you to the rest of the team," I say, as I open this new door, "I want to introduce you to someone who's responsible for making me the sailor I am today. Corporal Johnson, this is Doc."

End?