The Hiker

The crisp, fall mountain air had made it a superb day for hiking. Even though he had been hiking most of the day his step was light as dusk gathered. He knew there were several cabins nearby that often held vacationers who wanted to get far away, so far that there was no road only a well blazed hiking trail. The cabins were miles apart often with steep gullies between them.

He had visited three today. Each held a family in which there had been not only a big male, a guy looking to prove himself, but several teenage boys as well. That wasn’t what he was looking for.

No one had seen him. He knew the woods far too well and moved too quietly reconnoitering each cabin using the army ranger training that had served him well in the past.

He wasn’t about to give up his quest, however, and approached the fourth cabin with high hopes. On the porch sat three women, or what looked to be a mom, and two older teenagers. They were talking and drinking something. There were a couple bags of snacks about.

Watching and moving quietly around the cabin he could see no signs of anyone else. An hour passed, and mom stood abruptly saying, “I’m hungry. How about we create some kind of dinner?” With enthusiastic assent from the two girls, the three disappeared into the cabin.

This was pretty much wilderness out here. There was no electricity. Running water was a pump on the kitchen sink. There was an outhouse in the back. No phones and no cell reception. It’s a great place just to get away from it all. It was a great place for his purposes, too.

Lanterns flared in the kitchen throwing a steady light. He watched through a window albeit at a distance while dinner was prepared and eaten. It seemed like everyone was having a great time. Dishes were cleared and washed and they seemed to settle in for an evening of cards or idle chatter. Still no men or boys showed up. It looked as though he’d found what he’d been looking for.

He walked around front and approached the cabin until he was about 50 feet from the door making as much noise as possible.

“Hello in the cabin. It’s not a bear, just a lost hiker,” he called out. “Is anyone home?”

The door opened a sliver. “Didn’t mean to scare you, but I got off my trail a couple of hours ago and was just fortunate to see lights in the cabin here.”

“Well, you certainly didn’t scare us, but we were surprised to hear someone out here in the middle of the woods.”

“That’s good. I just really got good and lost. Can you tell me which trail will take me back to civilization or where there’s a clearing close by where I can bed down for the night? Sometimes these trails can be treacherous in the dark.”

He hadn’t moved from the spot, forcing communication to be at elevated decibels to be understood.

Mom continued the talking. “The trail is around back, but I don’t know where there’s a place level enough to spend the night and there are plenty of bears that might find a napping hiker fair game. Have you eaten?”

“No. I have grub that I can eat without a fire or, if I can find a place for a fire, I can heat some of what I have.”

“Why don’t you come in? We have plenty to share.”

“OK if you don’t mind. It’s kind of iffy letting a stranger into your cabin. Do you want to check with your husband?”

“Now you’re sounding like a real male. This is just a girls camping trip. We left the boys at home. So, mind you, if you come in, you’ll have to put up with girl stuff and if you get too male, we’ll just have to through you out!” It came out as a serious statement, but with humor in her voice. She must be a real pistol of a wife he thought.

“All right. Just don’t hurt me if you need to throw me out.” It was the best rejoinder he could think of, but it sure sounded weak.

He moved toward the door which she opened fully letting him pass.

The cabin did smell of girls, but it also smelled of a grand dinner. He had watched them make a pot of stew with dumplings. They heated a plate up for the hiker and he ate. It’s rare that he got to eat on these adventures. Usually he just found the type of vacationing group he was looking for, had his fun and left. He might take a minute or two to eat afterward, but he’d never been fed first.

“I’m Faye,” said the mom. “This is Tina and Beth.” She indicated the older one as Tina and the younger as Beth.

“I’m Jim,” the hiker said. “Jim Sanders. Pleased to meet you. You are great cooks!” At that the three of them actually curtsied with a joint “Thank you”. It was really cute.

They turned the lanterns low to save fuel. They talked for awhile with the women asking the hiker questions about himself and the hiker asking about them in return. For the hiker, however, it was beginning to drag. He wanted to sample their wares, but wanted the time to be just right so no one struggled too much.

Each was dressed in hiking clothes which revealed little about their bodies. He knew that each had a pussy and that was his main goal, but he also liked the view of a nubile naked female. Big tits, small tits or something in between, he liked them all and he was getting antsy to get his hands on their naked bodies.

Beth slowly stood and whispered something in her mom’s ear. He mom looked surprised and a bit concerned, then turned toward the hiker directly. “You said you are a consulting research physician,” she began.

Well, yes, he mused, that’s part of the cover story. I’m a physician, I tell my victims. I’m so smart and experienced that physicians all over the country come to me with their problem diagnoses. I help them out. I’ve saved many a life when a local physician was at a loss for a diagnosis.

“Yes,” he said, dragging the “s” out as though puzzled.

“Well,” she began, “Beth has been having pains that no one can explain. Blood tests are negative as are all the other types of tests, but no one can tell us what’s causing the pains and I’m worried. She was just telling me that they are coming on again. Is there any way you could look at her and see what you think.”

“It’s the least I can do in return for this great hospitality.” He tried to sound magnanimous. “Come over here, Beth and let me look at you.”

Instead of coming to him she hopped up on the island in the kitchen and lay on her back. “I think this will be the easiest,” she said raising her head to look at him.

“Ok,” he said, puzzled. He went to her and stood where her legs hung over the island.

With no hesitation she unhitched her belt and jeans; she raised her butt and pushed the jeans down. “Pull them all the way off, will you?” she asked now wearing only her panties printed with hearts and things like “he loves me” and other drivel.

“It hurts up inside me and around here.”

My god, he thought, she was really pointing to her pussy and indicating the area around her pussy and belly. He couldn’t believe she really wanted him to probe around her sweet honey pot. His head began to spin. He even felt a bit light-headed. Had anyone looked they would have seen that he was also sporting a very unprofessional erection.

“Let’s take a look.” His voice quavered just a bit and an observant person could see his hands shake a little as he reached for the elastic waistband. The fabric was pulled tight showing her slit. His fingers found the waistband and her waist. The feel of her smooth skin made his light-headedness worse. He began to be afraid he would come in his pants. He let his fingers engulf her butt cheeks as he began to tug slowly on her panties. The tip of his tongue showed briefly in anticipation.

She raised her butt and he felt its nakedness as he slowly pulled her panties downward. Her pussy came into view. He began to wonder if he’d make it through this without fainting or coming in his pants. Her pussy had a full complement of hair, no shaven pussy here. He’d always liked them unshaven. He liked them tight, too. Sometimes they’d be too tight and he’d had to endure a lot of screaming as he pushed his way in. On occasion he’d felt it necessary to knock them around them a bit so they’d be quiet.

As he leaned forward to pull the panties all the way off, his nose came almost in contact with her pussy with its sultry smell of sex. He wanted to stop and lick her, then rip the remainder of her clothes off and rape her, but he still wasn’t in full control of this situation. It was going too easy, but his lust was in control of him even as he wasn’t in control of them. Things were moving almost too fast.

Without another word, he dropped her panties and turned to investigating her pussy. He inserted his index fingers and pulled her open. “Does this hurt?” he asked tentatively.

“Stand up, take a step back. Make the wrong move and I’ll blow your pecker off you son-of-a-bitch.” It was Faye and she surely meant what she said.

He felt two pokes one in his back just above his butt and another all the way down and almost under his butt. It felt like the muzzles of two guns, undoubtedly pistols. He did as Faye commanded. He became aware of Tina standing to his left. She was holding a long, wicked looking knife in her hands. “It’s a machete she confirmed grimly. Just give me an excuse and I’ll hack you to pieces after mom blows your pecker off.”

He started to raise his hands. “Put your hands behind your back,” Faye said using a voice that didn’t allow for no. He followed her orders. As he did Beth hopped off the island and, produced a pair of handcuffs which she fastened around his hands. Faye’s guns never moved, nor did Tina’s machete.

Something scraped behind him and bumped his ankles. “That’s a ladder. Step up onto the first rung.” Faye again.

He did. Beth had climbed up the ladder first and as he got situated on the first rung he felt a cable drop around his neck. Most of the slack was pulled out, but it wasn’t tight enough to restrict his breathing.

“That’s a noose around your neck. It’s attached to a ring in the ceiling. If you step off the ladder, you’ll strangle yourself ---- while we watch. Do you understand?” The last was said like a drill instructor in the movies.

He tried to nod, but found that, though the cable had some slack, it wasn’t that loose and the cable bit into his skin. He abandoned the nod and just said, yes.

“Beth, see if he’s still got a hard on.”

Beth came back into view. Now she had removed the rest of her clothes to reveal a beautiful and incredibly erotic body. Her breasts were enticing cones jutting from the smooth skin of her chest. Each was crowned with dark red circles. Her hard nipples stood proudly accenting the erotic sight. His cock made it clear how much he wanted his hands on her body, his cock in her pussy.

Without hesitation she stroked him. “Not as hard as it was,” she announced.

“Why don’t you fix that Beth,” her sister asked.

She opened the hiker’s zipper and felt inside, her lovely fingers massaging his cock through his underwear. He closed his eyes and tottered on his perch. She unbuckled his jeans and unbuttoned the top button. She slowly, slid his jeans down. “Careful,” she said in manner that sounded truly solicitous as she helped him pick up first one than the other foot to allow the jeans to be removed.

His jeans lay on the floor now though he certainly couldn’t look down to see without risking choking himself. He stood in his underwear. Beth slid her hand inside the underwear and gripped his cock tightly. She stroked it as she said, “It’s getting harder.”

Turning she moved away and returned quickly with a pair of scissors. Her possible motives frightened him. Terrified might be a better word. What were they planning? Would he leave alive? Would he leave with all his body parts? Would they castrate him or cut off his penis? Sweat broke out in spite of the cool night air in the cabin.

She came straight at him with the scissors aimed at his cock. He jerked and screamed. The cable tightened and cut into his neck. The three of them pushed him back onto the step and the cable’s grip relaxed. “Not yet,” Faye whispered directly in his ear as she stroked his balls from behind.

There was no erection now.

Beth used the scissors to cut off the underwear and he stood with only his shirttail covering his cock. Without command or comment Beth cut the shirt around his waist several inches above his navel. He could feel the cool air around his naked regions. Then she began again stroking and massaging his cock again.

“If you’re really good and stand out nice and straight, I might let you play around inside my pussy. Would you like that?” she cooed speaking directly to his cock. It twitched and hardened. She rubbed her nipples on it. “Do you like that?” He knew she wasn’t talking to him, but to his cock so he said nothing.

A rustle on his left made him turn his head. Tina had set down her machete and was unbuttoning her shirt. What in the devil was going on here?

He watched her slowly unbutton. She paused frequently to rub her breasts while looking him straight in the eye. Beth continued to stroke his cock alternating rhythms driving him closer to coming in her face while Faye drew her nails along his balls.

The buttons were open. Audibly he sucked in his breath. He was near an orgasm. Tina slowly opened the shirt revealing a lacy demi bra. Her nipples showed through the lace. She dropped the shirt and started on the jeans. With the same deliberate movements she unfastened the jeans . As she bent to pull them off she turned presenting her backside. The thong strap was nestled deep in her crack. When the jeans were off, she stood, still with her back to him. Slowly she raised her arms and found the bra clasp. Opening it she shrugged the bra to the floor.

“Oh my god,” shrieked Beth as he shot cum on her face and chest. She didn’t let up working his cock until the cum stopped dribbling from the tip. Even then she continued a slow stroking.

Tina turned to see what had happened to her sister. She was now completely naked. “I’ll take over so you can clean up.” They traded positions and Tina began to slowly stroke the partially erect cock.

Beth took a cloth, wet it and began to slowly clean her body letting soapy water run down her face, across her breasts and dripping from her pussy to the floor. “I need something big here,” she cooed addressing his cock again as she slipped a soapy finger in and out. “Don’t come again until I’m ready for you.”

Faye appeared and continued soaping Beth while Beth’s finger continued the titillation of her pussy. Tina kept up the stoking of his cock, but now she quickened the pace and altered the rhythms. Faye turned Beth slowly until she was facing away from him. She bent her over a stool and began to wash her back. Beth’s finger was active, now in her pussy, now stroking her clit.

Faye ran the soapy water over her ass. Beth reached back and opened her ass to let it be washed. “Would the nice cock like to get in here?” she asked inserting her finger in her ass.

He shot again leaving cum dripping from Tina’s breasts. When she stood, still stroking his cock, he could see drops of cum hanging from her nipples.

He watched while Faye rinsed and dried Beth. She started on Tina while Beth took over the cock stroking. The skin on his cock began to hurt where it had been rubbed too much, his balls began to ache after the multiple orgasms, his legs were tired from standing and his wrists chapped as he involuntarily jerked with the stroking of his cock.

“You can stop with my cock for a minute,” he said.

“Oh, no, I like it,” was Beth’s retort and the stroking continued.

“Please stop,” he pleaded. The stroking continued.

From somewhere Faye produced a small cylindrical device. She showed it to him. It had wires running from it. Open on one end and closed on the other; about the right size for his cock.

She locked his hard on with a tight cock ring, greased his cock and slid the cylinder over it. It was tight. She had disappeared from view as she performed these tasks, but he could feel each movement. He jumped again as a dildo was rammed up his ass. The naked girls were ready this time and prevented his fall. Suddenly the dildo started full speed as did the tube on his cock.

It took only a minute or so until he spent again. This time it was painful. The vibrating dildo began to pulsate as well. The tube on his cock was being pushed and pulled up and down wearing the skin on his cock. It hurt and yet he came yet again. There was no cum with the climax and the climax was painful. His cock felt like it was being worn off.

Now it was Faye’s turn to torment him with her body. She came into view and stood close enough that he felt her warm breath. She brushed against him as she swayed to a quiet melody she was humming. She dragged her nails across his chest, his nipples. His erection was constant and painful.

The backs of her hands now brushed on his chest as she began to unbutton her shirt. He could just see the top two buttons as they came free. He couldn’t force himself to look away in spite of the discomfort of his erection.

She stepped back just enough that he could see the third and fourth buttons. Their release revealed a hint of lace underneath the shirt. His erection became more painful. The final buttons must have been released because the shirt fell off. She stepped close and rubbed the lacy bra against his chest. She smiled.

The melody and swaying continued. She reached back then turned and he watched as she unfastened the bra. She let it drop and turned back to him moving to a point where he could fully appreciate the eroticism of her full breasts. Her nipples were swollen. He imagined her wet pussy. The pain increased. Another dry orgasm wracked him. His balls hurt.

She rubbed her breasts against him murmuring her gratitude for his reaction to her nakedness.

Again she stepped back. This time to let him watch as she removed her jeans, then her panties. One of the other girls had taken up caressing his balls. Faye showed him how wet her pussy was opening it fully, letting a drop fall. He was going to come again. He didn’t want to come again, there was too much pain.

As the painful orgasm began, the hand holding his balls squeezed hard, released and something hit his balls hard. With a scream he passed out momentarily from the pain. Then he was back, but writhing in pain screaming, screaming.

He didn’t know how long he screamed but as the pain in his balls subsided somewhat he became aware of something happening around his cock. He couldn’t move now. The cylinder holding his cock was now fastened to the island which had been moved forward seemingly for that purpose. The vibrators on his cock and in his ass had been turned off. His weeping was the only sound.

Faye spoke, “Your raping and killing is over. We took a long time to lure you here, but now we have you and you’ll never hurt another woman again.” She smiled while she spoke.

“Ok, Ok,” he sobbed, “I’ll stop. I’ll never hurt anyone again. Oh, god, let me go!”

Then it was quiet. A cord was fitted around his balls. He jerked. He was afraid of the quiet. His eyes sought agreement from one of their faces. There was none.

Someone was tightening the cord around his balls. “Stop, please stop,” he pleaded, but the cord got slowly tighter. “No, no, not that.” Tears had formed again. They dripped off his chin. He stared straight forward as the pain increased. “Please!” It was a scream.

The cord was a tight as it would go. The pain was searing through his abdomen and balls. Soon he was screaming deliriously with the pain. He could no longer feel his cock only the horrible pain in his balls was real.

She continued with a pair of pliers slowly increasing its bite on his balls. When he passed out, she released the pliers and waited. When he came back to consciousness, she began again.

He couldn’t keep count, but finally it didn’t start again when he regained consciousness. Faye, naked Faye, brushed his chest with her breasts. “If we cut them off, it won’t hurt so much. Would you like us to cut your balls off?”

Silence again, only his sobbing. “No, no, I’ll be good. I’ll never do it again!” The words came out mixed with sobs and saliva. It ran down his chin onto his chest.

In response Tina showed him the pliers then rubbed them against his balls. “No! Please!” he screamed.

“Do you want us to cut them off?” Faye asked again.

“Oh, god. Help me,” he couldn’t stop screaming now.

Tina attached the pliers and began slowly to close them.

“Help me,” he screamed as the pliers kept closing on his balls.

“Do you want us to cut your balls off?” Faye asked yet again as Tina squeezed the pliers hard.

“Oh god, cut them off. Make it stop.” The scream was a shriek, but the pliers released. The cord was removed. The pain was intense as the blood flowed back into his balls. They hadn’t cut his balls off.

“Oh thank you, thank you,” he gushed. Faye smiled. Tina scratched his chest.

“What about your cock?” Faye wanted to know.

“Please, just let me go. I won’t do it again.”

“What about your cock?” Faye asked again. “Would you like us to cut it off?”

He was confused. He had said they could cut off his balls and the pain had stopped. They hadn’t cut off his balls. He looked frightened at Faye. He didn’t know what the right answer was. “If I say yes, will you let me go?”

“This isn’t a negotiation,” Faye said still smiling. They had secured his cock to the table by removing the cylinder and replacing it with a metal sleeve which had tabs that were bolted to the island. It had holes bored into it as though for ventilation. The head of his cock stuck out beyond the mesh. Faye held a bottle of alcohol which she showed him. She showed him a pin as well. She poured a bit of alcohol through the holes onto the raw skin of his cock. It burned, and he gasped but it was bearable.

She rubbed the head, then he felt her open the slit. She rubbed something in and the pain seared down the length of his cock. He screamed and jerked. The island rattled and danced. Blood from the abrasions along his cock dripped to the floor. The pain would not stop.

She pricked his cock again and again with the pin through the holes in the sleeve rubbed more ointment in as though the pain could be any worse.

“Would like us to cut off your cock?” she asked again.

“Yes, yes. Make the pain stop.” He was screaming, shrieking, jerking as though he wanted to pull his cock off himself.

“OK,” she said pouring something soothing on his cock. The pain began to subside, but now the damage he had done was causing its own pain.

“Oh god, oh god,” he wailed over and over.

When he had quieted somewhat and the only noises from him were sobs, Faye said, “How do you want us to cut off your balls and cock? We have to decide that before we proceed.

Terror struck him dumb. They were really going through with it. “What?” he managed.

“Here’s what we have,” Faye said holding up the machete as she named it, then a serrated knife, the cord, some other knives and a rusty hatchet.

“We also need to know which you want cut off first. We’ll cut it off, then cauterize it so you don’t bleed to death before we do the other one. So which is it to be. Take your time. We have lots of time, but Tina will be using the pliers on your balls and I’ll be putting more of this goo on our cock while you’re thinking.”

He felt the pliers first. “No, stop. Cut my balls off first.” He heard himself say it, but he couldn’t believe he’d actually said it.

“Ok, balls first, then the cock. What do you want us to cut off your balls with? I’d suggest one of the knives. None are very sharp, but that’s life.”

“The knife, the sharpest one.” He was slobbering and crying in sheer terror now. Some of the salt from his tears stung as it fell onto his cock. The words ran together, they stuck together. How could he be saying this?

“And what do you want us to cut off your cock with,” Faye asked in an even tone.

“The same knife?” Why was it a question? He didn’t know. Maybe there was something better.

“There it is, then. Balls first with the sharpest knife and then the cock with the same knife. We’ll do it when you are feeling a bit better.”

She produced a bottle of wine, opened it slowly, poured for the girls and for herself. They all drank while they watched him. His fear was a strong, metallic odor exuding from his pores.

Every spring a crew makes the circuit of each cabin cleaning and repairing for the upcoming season. It was reported that the crew that was assigned this cabin found a ghastly sight. Scattered around the cabin were human bones picked clean by animals. The kitchen island had been moved to a point almost directly under a hook on which hung a cable with a noose fashioned in it. A ladder stood there as well and there was evidence of a large amount of blood on the floor.

Fastened to the edge of the island was a strange device looking something like a cylinder with holes in it about four inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

No one reported the hiker missing. The DNA results from the bones and the blood in the cabin turned up no matches.

And, no one reported any assaults on campers that year, or the next or the next.