The Hiker

By Fogticus

Published on Lush Stories on 26 Apr 2011

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/voyeur/the-hiker.aspx

After skinny dipping the lone camper steps out of the shallow stream at her campsite. The midday sun is hot and, being so far from civilization here deep in the woods, she sees no harm in lying naked upon her open sleeping bag and letting the warms rays of the sun dry her off. She lies there staring up at the swaying branches of the towering trees above her and listens to the sounds of nature. The soft fluttering of the leaves, the gentle chirping of unseen birds, the steady hiss of a nearby waterfall, the mesmerizing gurgle of the flowing stream.... Soon sleep overcomes her.

The snapping of branches and the unmistakable trampling of feet wake her. She glances about searching for the source of the disturbance. Suddenly she sees a hiker emerge from the thick woods and stop at a clearing not far from her camp. Quickly she covers her bare breasts with her arms and then realizes that she is well hidden from the hiker's view by the dense foliage around her. Silently she watches him as he unstraps his backpack and leans it against a withered tree stump. Her eyes follow him as he walks to the edge of the brook, bends over, splashes water on his face and cupping his hands drinks from the stream. She notices his small tight round butt and smiles. *"Hmm, he's cute,"* she thinks.

He returns to his backpack and one at a time puts his feet on the stump, unlaces his boots, and pulls them off. Standing barefoot, he grabs hold of the bottom of his sweat soaked tee shirt and pulls it up and over his head. He tosses it on top of his pack. Eyes wide, the camper stares at the intruder's bare chest -- a deep healthy tan, glistening with sweat -- muscularly square pecs -- a tuft of dark hair sprouts between them and tapers to a thin line that runs down from the center of his chest across his flat abs and disappears into the waist of his snug jeans. When next the hiker unbuckles his belt, she shifts her weight and leans forward to get a better look. She watches intently as he unbuttons his pants and draws the zipper down. He slides his jeans down and steps out of them. Standing there in his tight white jockeys, he haphazardly folds his pants and lays them on the pack. The camper fixes her eyes on the bulge in his briefs and when he hooks his thumbs into the elastic of his jockeys she feels an excited flutter in her stomach. He bends forward and tugs his underwear downward and lifts each leg out of them. She sighs at the sight of his thick flaccid cock dangling from its dark nest of curly pubic hair. Suddenly she feels warmth between her legs and unconsciously puts her hand there and begins to finger her clit.

The hiker takes something from his backpack and walks toward the stream. His penis bounces with each step. She rubs herself faster and feels the moisture oozing from her slit as she stares at the naked hiker stepping into the stream. She moves closer to the edge of the water to keep him in site. She watches the muscles in his tight ass flex as he wades toward the waterfall. There he climbs onto the rocks under the falls. A steady curtain of water cascades down onto him. He begins to rub his chest and armpits with what looks like a bar of soap. *Yes, it is a bar of soap.* As he showers, the camper eagerly watches and plays with herself. She watches him washing his body. Her eyes are riveted on his cock as he lifts it with one hand and lathers his balls with the other. She presses her clit harder and faster and quickly climaxes. With the roar of the falls the hiker cannot hear her uncontrolled moans.

Unaware of his secret admirer, he lays his soap on a nearby rock and rinses his body. Stepping down off the ledge of stones he reaches back for his soap. It slips through his fingers and rapidly floats away from him downstream. Immediately he trudges through the knee-deep stream after it. The camper watches the bar quickly floating in her direction. It stops right there in front of her - snagged between some reeds. Her heart begins to race -- pounding in her chest. No sooner does she reach for the edge of her sleeping bag and pull it up to cover herself that the stranger is standing there in the water only a few feet away. Even before he is able to retrieve his soap he sees her.

"Hello there. I thought that I was all alone here," he smiles unabashedly and makes no attempt to conceal his nakedness.

"I was... I was just... uh... uh," she stammers nervously, visibly embarrassed.

The hiker smiles and steps out of the stream. Water drips from his body and runs down his legs in small rivulets. Tiny silvery beads of water cling to his pubic hair. His loose cock sways as he moves closer to her. Kneeling down next to her he takes her hand, lifts it to his face and kisses it. He smiles knowingly, holding her hand to his nose.

"What have you been doing here, little girl?" he asks with feigned concern. Then one by one he takes each of her fingers into his mouth and sucks on them. She tries to stifle a moan and drops the end of the sleeping bag revealing her bare body.

He lowers her hand, now wet with his saliva, and puts it between her legs as if to say "It's okay, you can do it." Then, when he cups his hands around her breasts and fondles them, she follows his prompt and starts to masturbate once more. Squeezing her breasts gently. Twirling her quickly hardening nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. She locks her eyes on his cock and watches it come to life. Slowly at first it begins to swell. Bouncing in small jerks as it lifts upward. Becoming longer. Thicker. Harder. Its tan wrinkled skin unfolds and lightens in color as it stretches. Rising up.

Blue veins bulging along its length. The pinkish knob of its tip engorged. Fully hard. The long stiff shaft points at her face like a medieval lance as he continues to caress her breasts.

She reaches out and touches his cock. It feels warm. Its skin velvety soft, yet bone hard underneath. "Hmmm," he hums at her touch then lowers his head to one of her breasts and takes her hard nipple between his lips. Gently nibbling on it at first. Then circling her areola with the tip of his tongue. Sucking on it now. Pulling it into his mouth. Sucking hard on it as if trying to draw milk from it. Flicking the tip of his tongue rapidly across the firm surface of her nub. Then sucking it again. She squirms beneath him and drives her fingers wildly in her slippery wetness below.

Pulling his mouth from her tit, he climbs over her spread legs and kneels between them. He lowers his hips down onto her. The head of his hard shank finds her wet hole immediately. She grabs hold of his ass cheeks and pulls him down onto and into her. He penetrates. His shaft slides easily into her lubricated opening. Pushing it in slowly. Pushing it in deeper. Deeper. Up and in. In all the way. Then pulling it out. Not all the way -- but almost. Then plunging it back in. In and out. In and out. He pumps his thick meat. Slamming his hard body into hers. She cums violently. Screaming aloud and holding him tight -- her legs locked around him. He holds back until he feels her orgasm begin to ebb and then lets his go. Shooting his thick hot cum deep inside her. His pumping thrusts gradually slow to a stop. He kisses her mouth and rolls off of her.....