

# The Hike

by **Wrestlr**

Disclaimer: There's sex, hypnosis, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, go elsewhere.

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I was surprised as shit when the professor--I call him Doc, even though he's only about ten years older than me--asked me if I wanted to join him and a couple of his other students for a camping trip to celebrate the end of the semester. I mean, I knew he liked me, and we'd been having weekly meetings almost since the semester began, meetings that started out as discussions of the psychology course material but quickly became friendlier and more personal than just the usual professor/student meetings, but I hadn't really expected anything to last past the end of the semester. The nine-day-long camping trip, from Saturday through Sunday the following week, in the isolated timberland, he said, was going to be our personal celebration of the end of the term, one last blow-out before we all scattered to our homes and summer jobs.

So here I was. In addition to the Doc and me, there was Todd, who I knew from my class, and Kirk, who was from one of the Doc's other classes.

I'd been thinking about sex with guys for the first time a lot that semester, which kind of made me feel weird at first but seemed to get more natural as the semester went by. Doc and Todd figured pretty heavy in those thoughts.

Todd I knew from class, though I didn't know him that well. He had a good body--he worked out and it showed. He was a senior and would be graduating in another term. I found him very attractive. Wavy black hair framed a face with nice features and piercing hazel eyes. He had a fine ass and a good-sized lump in the crotch of his shorts that probably meant a big dick. He caught me checking him out once, and I looked away in a hurry because I didn't want him to get the idea that I was queer or anything.

Kirk I didn't know personally. He's a big football jock, quarterback, intense on the field and popular around campus. Everyone knew him at least by reputation. Of course, just because I didn't know him didn't mean I didn't look, and Kirk looked pretty damn fine to me. He was certainly handsome, and all the athletics had given him a great body, which he was displaying in a plain tee-shirt, a pair of camouflage shorts, and hiking boots. He was 21 or 22, I'd say. He's got dishwater blond hair, cropped short on the sides and longer on top, and dishwater blue eyes. His jaw-line is strong, chiseled features, a little cleft to his chin. He had a hairy

chest, from what I could see at the low neckline of his tee-shirt, and a smear of hair across his belly that I glimpsed when he tugged his shirt up to scratch his tight abs once. A terrific build, thanks to all that football training, a tightly curved ass and good-sized basket in those camouflage shorts, just the kind of muscle boy I like to look at. Looking at him kept my motor running and my cock part-hard the whole time, not that I think he ever noticed. I figured I'd have to sneak away from camp later to jack off before I'd be able to sleep.

\* \* \*

We all piled into the Doc's sport utility vehicle and cruised several hours out of the city, a long way out into the middle of nowhere. He finally pulled off onto a dirt road, bounced us around on that rough road for another hour, then pulled up to a little spot off the road where he said it would be safe to leave his vehicle. From there, we pulled on our backpacks and set off on foot. Doc showed us where we were on the map-not much around except forest for a hell of a lot of miles in any direction. In all his years of coming here, Doc said, he'd never run into anyone else out in these woods, and looking at the map I could see why.

So there we were, tromping uphill along this narrow, rocky trail through the forest. Sometimes it was wide enough for us to walk two abreast, and other times we had to go single-file. We finally broke out of the forest onto this grassy area where the going was smoother, less clogged with undergrowth. There were clumps of trees here and there, but mostly we were out where the sun could beat down on us like a mother. It was just the end of the spring semester, but already the sun was blazing like it was August. We'd be out in the open for a while, Doc said, before we'd hit the woods again.

Doc was talking about the area and what it meant to his people-he was part Native American-and the kinds of trees, plants, and wild game. You could tell he loved this area.

Todd asked him if it was always this hot up in these mountains, and the Doc said no but that he liked the heat, liked the way it made him feel relaxed. His voice settled into this low, soft monotone, like it did sometimes during our private conversations. I liked to listen to his voice; I liked how his voice made me feel relaxed and quiet. Maybe I didn't always remember what we'd talked about afterward, with the way his words kind of slipped away from me after a while when I just listened to him, but I always felt really great after our conversations, and I always remembered I'd really liked talking with the Doc. Now, with his voice all soft and soothing, with the hiking turned into a kind of monotonous rhythm of walking--right-left-right-left-right-left-as I lugged my heavy backpack, I knew it was okay to let go, let all my stress from the term go, let the sun come in through my skin and help my tense muscles relax. I kept listening to his voice. Pretty soon I felt myself start to zone out mentally, and that felt really okay too.

\* \* \*

I kind of snapped out of it a while later. We were still hiking, still heading up into the mountains. The going was steeper now. The sun still blazed down on us, but I felt cooler. The straps of my backpack were digging into my bare skin a little. My shirt was off, though I didn't remember taking it off. I reached back and felt it hanging from the back pocket of my cut-offs, and I felt reassured deep inside: everything was okay. Doc was looking at me, smiling, when I looked over at him. He gave me a wink, and I smiled back. He had his shirt off as well-Todd and Kirk, too. Doc was looking at me steadily. His eyes grabbed mine like an unbreakable grip. I couldn't look away. As he stared, smiling, straight into my eyes, this delicious, floating feeling stole over me. I felt funny inside, relaxed and peaceful, disoriented, passive but kind of horny too, Doc's eyes held mine magnetically, until he had to look away to see where he was going and pulled a step ahead of me as the trail narrowed a little. I had half a hard-on in my cut-offs, just from the feeling I got looking into his eyes. I really didn't know what to make of that.

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Sometime after that--I wasn't aware of when it happened--I zoned out. I only realized it when I snapped to. The half-hard rod I'd been carrying in my shorts all day was still there. It moved around freely, and I realized there was nothing in my shorts except me. I would have sworn I'd put on underwear that morning.

My bladder needed some relief so I called for a pee break. I shrugged off my backpack and flexed my arms and shoulders to get some circulation into the flesh where the straps were digging. I sauntered over to a waist-high bush just off the trail. I unsnapped my shorts, unzipped, shoved them down to my knees. From my knees up, my body was naked to the world and I didn't care. Kirk and Todd joined me, forming a loose half-circle to my right around the bush. They had shed their backpacks too, and now they dropped their shorts. Neither of them had on underwear either.

We all peed on the bush. Doc was talking behind us, but I couldn't catch his words. They just flowed into and out of my head as I pissed. When my stream trickled off and I shook the last drops off, I didn't make any move to pull up my shorts and tuck my cock away. Instead, I stood there checking out Todd and Kirk and their equipment. I gave my cock a few extra strokes, and it started to harden. Felt good, so I stroked it some more.

Todd and Kirk were stroking theirs now, and checking each other and me out too. Kirk had a hairy torso, just like I had imagined, but Todd wasn't quite as smooth as I had thought he would be; Todd's chest had a light sprinkling of hair around the nips and between his pecs. Kirk had a nice, slightly curved rod, a pretty piece of meat that I found myself wanting to suck. That kind of freaked me out because, like I said before, I never thought much about sex with guys before I started hanging out with the Doc that semester. Todd, on the other hand, had one of the biggest cocks I'd ever seen--it looked like something you'd see in the Dildo section of a sex shop: long, thick, perfectly straight, with a helmet-shaped head.

We stood there stroking ourselves and grinning at one another, just three horny guys needing to get off. We didn't pay any attention to Doc murmuring behind us. Todd scrunched his face up, threw his head back and his crotch forward; he gave a short cry as he came in thick, ropey strands on the bush.

Kirk started gasping and grunting. He was staring at his cock, mouth open and body bucking. He sprayed a shower of sperm in droplets over the bush.

Doc said something that sounded almost like my name, and my orgasm hit me like shattering glass. I rode the jagged wave of ecstasy as I sprayed my juice across Todd's and Kirk's on the bush.

As my orgasm faded and my breathing returned to normal, I looked over at Todd and Kirk. They were grinning at me, and I grinned back. Just three guys getting off--no problem. We pulled up our shorts, tucked away our cocks. Kirk clasped me on the shoulder as we turned, grinned at Doc, and headed back to shoulder our packs and resume the hike.

\* \* \*

We finally reached the area where we were to set up camp in the mid-afternoon, after hours of hiking. I had to admit, it was beautiful place, at the edge of a virgin emerald forest. It made the hours of hiking worth every step. Doc said there was a small lake nearby as well.

We squirmed out of our backpacks. I didn't know about Kirk, but Todd and I hadn't been camping in years. Doc was definitely in charge here. He told Kirk and me to go looking for enough firewood to cook dinner and

get us through the night, with the usual instructions to stick together; he and Todd were going to get to work setting up the two tents while we were gone.

We built up a pile of wood, several armloads, mostly dead branches and small limbs that we snapped to the right length. Not very much large stuff--what we had would burn high and pretty quickly. By the time we were ready to start toting it back to the camp, the sky was growing dark and it was noticeably cooler.

When we brought the first of the wood back to camp, Doc and Todd had the tents up, the fire pit dug, the cooking stuff out and ready. Was it just me, or was Todd's expression kind of dazed or disoriented or something, like he'd just woke up from a deep sleep? Nah--must have been my imagination. Surely Doc wouldn't have let him sleep out here when there was work to be done?

Doc laid the fire and set it to blazing. He barked out instructions to the rest of us, having us assemble the food for cooking. Doc cooked it up quick and efficient, and then we fell on the grub like wolves.

After everything was cleaned up and put away, in that time before bed when we used to tell ghost stories when I went camping as a kid, Doc stoked up the flames with most of the rest of the wood. It caught easily and the flames roared and danced, inviting us to lose our gaze in their depths. We were sitting on the ground, boots and shirts off, in a ring around the fire. Opposite me, Doc was talking to us, in that low, relaxing monotone he used sometimes. He was talking about how he was going to teach us to hunt and live off the land--we were all in this together and, if we couldn't hunt it, catch it, or gather it, we wouldn't eat. I don't know about Todd or Kirk, but I was kind of zoning in and out again, not really paying close attention to what Doc was saying. I kind of roused up a little when Doc handed us each something. He was talking about how our experiences and the things we would learn in the next week would stay with us forever. These pendants were to symbolize that. I took the carved wooden figure on the leather strip that he handed me. Coach had carved them himself, one for each of us and himself. The figure was about two inches tall, a stylized little man standing at attention, naked except for a Native American headdress. A pair of upward grooves from his groin represented his erection. I slipped the leather strip over my head. I felt this satisfied feeling, this feeling of belonging, spread through me as the figuring settled against my chest.

"Gentlemen ..." My attention suddenly snapped to what Doc was saying. One by one, Doc said our names. "Kirk." Doc's voice was a quiet command, and Kirk looked up at him. Doc turned to me and he said my name. I met Doc's gaze and suddenly felt ... transfixed. Felt like his stare drilled straight through my head, pinning my mind like a collector's pin fixes a butterfly to a board. I couldn't look away. I felt lightheaded and weak, but also suddenly horny. Doc's eyes left me, moved to Todd as he spoke his name: "Todd." All my attention was focused on Doc; I couldn't break away. Doc said one more thing: "Strip."

What was going on? Why couldn't I think clearly? My body seemed to move almost on its own. I watched it from a great distance as it stood up and slowly pulled off its shorts and stood naked in the firelight.

Doc seemed to tower over us. "Thank you, gentlemen. Your programming is progressing well." His eyes fascinated me; I couldn't look away. His voice seemed to come from somewhere far, far away, someplace I could barely reach. "But now, it's time for sleep." He looked at Kirk. "Sleep." From the corner of my eyes I could see Kirk's eyes flutter, flutter and slide closed, his head droop forward, as if he had just been overcome with sudden sleep. Doc's eyes drilled into mine again, and I could not turn away. "Sleep." And suddenly I really was sleepy. More exhausted than I had ever been in my life. I couldn't keep my eyes open, hard as I tried. Everything was slipping away. I didn't know what Doc had planned, and I didn't care. I wanted this to happen. My eyes closed, and I sank into a delicious blankness.