

Hiking in the Wilderness (Hard Vore)

The sunset over the valley cast a truly amazing view. Everywhere it touched the scarlet light soaked the land in a rich orange glow, creating a sharp contrast to the deep shadows that gathered at the base of each hill. The beauty still took Martin's breath away, but he had felt better able to appreciate it before breaking his right ankle.

After lying in the narrow gulley long enough to confirm that no rescue was coming, the human had dragged himself out and struggled back to his feet, doing everything possible to keep his weight entirely on his good leg but still feeling his eyes water at even the slightest movement. From there, he had started the long trek downhill to the road where his car was parked.

Unfortunately, that had been two hours ago and he had yet to make any significant progress. Each time he felt that he was getting closer he would find himself faced with some new obstacle. Slopes that he had scrambled up with little difficulty this morning now proved insurmountable and he suspected that the distance he had already been forced to backtrack outweighed any progress he had so far made.

His ankle throbbed as he clambered down another shallow slope, only to find that it dropped off into a steep descent halfway down. It was ridiculous. From here he could see the path he wanted to reach and, had his leg been better, he could have scrambled down to it in less than half an hour. As it was, he would have to climb back up the way he had come, then take a different and even longer route in the hopes of finding a safe way down. Still supporting himself on the branch he had taken as a crutch, he gave a weary sigh then began the slow climb back up the hill.

As he reached the top again, Martin looked back and saw that the shadows beneath each hill were now stretching out across the grasslands and felt that the air around him was getting cooler. He shuddered and pulled his jacket a little tighter. Much as he hated to admit it, he was now certain that he would not be getting back to his car before dusk and that the best option at this point was for him to search for some kind of shelter. The evening so far had been pleasantly warm but, this high up, nightfall came with strong winds that could quickly strip the heat from an unprepared traveler.

By the time he reached the crest of the next hill, those winds had already started to pick up and Martin was shivering within his jacket. He was starting to lose hope when he noticed an indent in the hill a short distance ahead of him. The dwindling light made it hard to make out, but it looked like the entrance to a cave. With no better options, Martin diverted his course a little and headed towards it. At least he would be out of the wind.

As he drew closer, he could see that it was a cave but also that, in front of the entrance, there was a small ring of stones that resembled a campfire. He supposed that it was not that strange. He knew there was a colony of rabbit people who lived in this area and eschewed the advantages of civilization in preference of a simpler life style. They usually lived in tunnels that they built themselves but he saw no reason why they wouldn't take advantage of a natural cavern if they found one.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" Martin called out, but got no answer. He didn't know much about the local rabbit colonies but, from the rabbits he knew in the city, it wouldn't surprise him to discover that they were a little timid of outsiders. Still, once they realized he was no threat he was hopeful that they would be willing to give him shelter, at least until morning came.

"Hello?" he called again. "I need help."

"Yes. I suppose you do." The voice was silky and feminine but with an undercurrent of absolute self-confidence. More importantly, it didn't come from the direction of the cave but instead from somewhere behind him, alarmingly close behind him.

Martin wheeled around and found himself face to face with a large cougar. She had been standing only a few feet from him yet he had not heard the slightest sound of her approach. For all he knew she could have been following that close for hours without revealing herself. "I ... how ... how long have you been there?" he stammered. It was perhaps not the most pressing question on his mind but it was the first that he found the words to voice.

"Not long," she answered. "I saw you approaching my home and came to investigate. I would have announced myself sooner, but it never hurts to be cautious of strangers, particularly in a place like this."

"No, I guess not." Martin agreed. "But I promise I'm not here to cause any trouble. I just need a place to stay until dawn."

She stared back at him, her hard green eyes unreadable as she seemed to consider it. Finally, she gave a hint of a nod. "I'm Lesani. Follow me." she demanded, then set off towards the cave.

"Um, Martin ... Martin Walker." the human stated as he limped after her. Her ears twitched, indicating that she had heard him but she gave no reply. Still, he felt a little better now that they both knew each other's names. Now that he was not so intimidated by the large feline, he was able to take in a little of her appearance. She had a powerful build and her dusky yellow fur rippled with the muscles beneath as she walked, yet each movement felt deliberate and controlled. Her long tail hung down, curling upwards at the end so that it did not quite brush the grass. A loincloth made out of some heavy fabric was tied around her waist, although that was the only item of clothing she wore. Martin blushed a little as he realized that she had been bare-chested the whole time they had been talking and he had been too preoccupied to notice.

Perhaps this unplanned extension to his hiking trip would not turn out so bad. His ankle still throbbed painfully and he was eager to get back to civilization and get it looked at by a professional but, if he was going to be stuck out here, he could think of worse ways to spend the night than as the guest of an attractive feline.

A hollow clok noise interrupted that chain of thought and he briefly glanced down to see that he had placed his walking stick on some kind of pale rock. He almost ignored it in favor of paying more attention to his partially clothed companion, but something about it caught his attention. No rock should make a sound like that from being hit with a stick. Wincing at the pain in his leg, Martin bent down and inspected the pale object.

A second later he reeled back in disgust. "L ... Lesani?" he called out. "I think there's a rabbit's skull over here."

"Hmm?" The cougar had just about reached her front door and turned to glance towards her lagging guest. "I know, I eat them and I don't often get guests so I rarely bother to clean up the leftovers."

"No, not a feral." Martin answered. "An actual person's skull." The lump of bone did look a little like that of its smaller counterpart but it was far too big to have belonged to any feral rabbit. He could possibly have mistaken it for a deer skull but there were a few subtle differences such as the large skull case and forward pointing eyes that convinced him it must have once belonged to an anthro.

"I know." Lesani repeated. "I eat them. Are you coming over or what?"

Martin stood back up, barely noticing the pain in his ankle this time. "You eat them?" he repeated, utterly unable to hide the disgust in his voice. "Like actual living people?"

"I eat ferals too." Lesani shrugged. "Meat is meat when you're hungry. Although the anthros are larger and bigger helpings are always preferable."

"But ... it doesn't bother you ... killing someone just because you're hungry?"

His question prompted a little chuckle from the big cat. "I'm guessing you've never gone hungry, have you?" she asked.

"I ... of course I have," he shot back. "and I certainly wouldn't kill someone just for a meal."

She rolled her eyes at him. "I don't mean hungry as in haven't eaten since breakfast and would like something soon." she told him. "I mean really hungry, not sure when or where your next meal will come from, or whether you will even survive long enough to get another."

Martin stared down at his feet and the sad chunk of bone lying in the mud between them. "Well, no ..." he answered. "... but ..."

"Then it's no surprise that you don't understand these things the way I do, or the rabbits, for that matter."

Martin stared at her. "The rabbits understand?" he repeated. "You mean they don't mind what you are doing?" He had always thought that those who chose to live in the wilderness, cut off from all the conveniences of modern life, were a little strange but he hadn't realized that they took things quite so far.

"Of course they mind." Lesani answered. "They scream and kick and cry and do everything they can to escape me. What I meant when I said they understand is simply that they recognize that I am a large carnivore and that they are merely weak prey. I've never yet met a rabbit that didn't know exactly what I would do to them if they got too close. That's what they understand and you do not."

Martin froze, a sick feeling welling up in his stomach. "I ... I'm not prey." he stated. "I'm a lot larger than any rabbit and definitely not something you would want to hunt."

Lesani smiled. "Bigger helpings are always better." she reminded him. "Besides, you're injured. If there's one other thing that both me and the rabbits understand it's what happens to those that can't take care of themselves. Now, are you going to come over here or do I have to drag you?" she stepped forward.

Martin stepped back. It was an involuntary reaction to seeing the predator advance but it was also a terrible mistake. For one thing, his right foot was still not capable of supporting his weight and he staggered then almost fell as he instinctively tried to stand on it. More importantly, however, was the signal it sent to Lesani. Stepping away was taken as a sign that he was trying to escape and the cougar broke into a run towards her intended meal.

Martin yelped and staggered away to the best of his ability, but it was a hopelessly futile gesture. He would not have been able to outrun the feline had he been uninjured, on flat ground, in broad

daylight. As it was, every possible factor seemed against him. Lesani knew the terrain around her cave and could have run across it blindfold. Martin managed a dozen steps, which was a commendable achievement in its own right, before misplacing his walking stick and tumbling into a heap on the grass.

Looking up, he saw Lesani's body silhouetted against the sky. "Well sweetie, that wasn't the most thrilling chase I've ever had," she chided him. "but you're clearly new to this so I'll cut you some slack and call it a good effort." She knelt down beside him and slowly licked her lips. "Now, let's get you ready to eat." she gloated.

Martin wriggled and protested but she simply bent down and pressed her muzzle to his throat. As her lips parted, Martin expected to feel the razor sharp canines sliding through his neck at any moment. Instead, she simply bit down on the collar of his jacket, then jerked her head savagely back.

The sound of ripping fabric could be heard halfway down the valley and Martin gasped in shock at the sudden motion. "Please?" he begged. "You don't have to do this."

"I know." she answered between spitting out pieces of shredded cloth. "If you'd undress yourself then you could make this much easier for both of us, but it may surprise you to know that you are not the first city dweller to find your way up here and I've never yet had one willing to cooperate. Care to be the first?"

"No!" Martin swore. "You can't do this. Let me go."

"Suit yourself." She swung a leg over his body so that she was straddling him, then started rolling his T-shirt over his head. "but it's not going to make any difference in the long run."

Martin kicked and wriggled but he was rapidly discovering just how much stronger than him the cougar woman was. Trying to hold her back was impossible, even with both hands he could not overpower one of hers. Changing tactic, he wriggled and tried to bite her arms but she was evidently well practiced in handling her prey. The disinterested expression on her face as she dodged his attempts and quickly pulled the shirt up and over his head suggested that he wasn't even managing to inconvenience her much.

As his shirt came away, the cougar inspected the human's bare chest and eagerly licked her lips before turning around to work on his jeans. Martin blushed for a moment as her butt was repositioned onto his chest and he realized that she wasn't wearing anything beneath her loincloth. Moments later he came to his senses and remembered that his life was in very immanent danger. "Please?" he begged. "I know you are hungry but I can bring you more food if you like. In the city we have lots to eat, all of it coming from ferals that don't talk. I could make sure you never go hungry again."

She paused in the process of cutting through his jeans with her claws. "If I wanted to live like a city dweller I'd have moved to the city." she answered. "I know my way of life has its drawbacks and can be very hard at times, but it is the one I have chosen. I don't come to your home and explain the virtues of living out here, do I?" With a final slash, she connected the tears she had put in his jeans and Martin felt them fall into shreds around him.

"But you wouldn't have to change anything else." he pleaded. "You could go on living however you wanted and I'd make sure that fresh meat was delivered to your home every day."

"You're missing the point but, even if you weren't, how could I trust you to do as you say? If anything, it seems more likely that you'd go home warning everyone to stay away from my territory and I'd end up with even less food than before." She pulled his left shoe from his foot, taking his sock along with it, then inspected his right. "That is a nasty break, isn't it? Well, fortunately for you it won't be bothering you much longer."

"I swear, if you let me go I wouldn't tell anyone about you." Martin babbled. "I'd make sure the meat was delivered every day and never do anything else to bother you."

"Ignoring the fact that I still don't want that," the cougar sighed. "you can swear or promise anything you like, cornered prey often does. Unless you have some way of proving your intention to do as you say you will, then I see no reason to believe one word of it." She tugged his remaining shoe off and Martin's cry of pain interrupted whatever else he had been planning to say.

Finally, she climbed back off him and started tugging at his boxers. "You city dwellers really do come over wrapped." she complained. "Most of my catches wouldn't be wearing much more than this, if anything at all."

Martin made a token protest as he tried to keep his last article of clothing and the protector of what little dignity he had left but there wasn't much fight left in him. The last few minutes had made it painfully clear that, if Lesani wanted something, he would not be able to stop her.

Once he was completely naked, the large cat inspected her dinner from head to toe. "Not bad." She gloated. "You are kind of cute, you know, and definitely very appetizing." Grabbing him by one arm, she stood up then, in a single motion, lifted him and threw him over one shoulder.

Martin stared helplessly down the feline's back as he was carried away. A life spent away from any kind of civilization had built upon the natural strength of her species and she was able to carry him with barely a hint of effort.

Martin wriggled in her grip but he could already tell he would not get free and the slightest touch of her sharp claws on his lower back was enough to make him freeze in place. Abandoning his attempts to break free, he fell back on pleading with the powerful creature, but nothing he said seemed to have any effect on her.

"Ssh." she chided. "Almost over now." Bending down she dumped him back on the grass next to the mouth of her cave then turned and started to fiddle with her fireplace.

Very slowly, Martin tried to get back to his feet. Lesani had her back to him again, but it didn't make the slightest difference. Her sharp ears twitched as he moved. "Just sit still, human." she commanded. "I'm being gentle for now, but I could make this quite unpleasant for you."

Martin slumped back down. It wasn't like he expected to get far even if he could stand up. He had lost the branch he had been using as a crutch when he fell and, without it, he would barely be able to hop. Maybe, if he cooperated, she would give him another chance to talk.

A burst of light came from in front of Lesani as she finally got her fire started. The flames quickly spread through the sticks she had provided and there was suddenly enough light for Martin to make out more than vague outlines. Unfortunately, the main thing the fire revealed was the huge number of skeletons that littered the cougar's doorstep. It was no surprise that he had stepped on one on his way over, there were hundreds of them. Most looked like they had once belonged to rabbits but Martin noticed with a shudder that there were plenty of larger bones in the collection. As she had

said, he was not the first city dweller to find himself on her menu.

The fire also raised an alarming prospect. "You ... you're not going to roast me, are you?" he quavered.

Lesani turned back to him and grinned. "You don't have to worry about that." she promised. "Cooking is just another silly idea you city dwellers came up with. One that takes all the flavor out of the meat. I much prefer my dinner raw and, with that in mind, I'm afraid it's time we got started."

Martin yelped and tried to crawl out of her reach, but she easily grabbed his ankle, his left one thankfully, and dragged him into her lap. Holding the wriggly morsel as though the human's struggles were nothing to her, she raised his head to her lips then gave his cheek a slobbery lick.

Martin flinched as the feline's sandpaper tongue ran over his bare flesh, leaving a trail of sticky drool in its wake. Her hot breath washed over him, the scent making it all too clear that she was both a carnivore and someone who had never heard of the concept of toothpaste.

He struggled to escape, trying to shove her face further from his with his free hand. Unfortunately, she caught hold of his wrist and, letting go of his head, raised his arm to her lips instead. Another long slurp followed, this time her tongue starting just above his shoulder then working its way up to the base of his palm. Martin shivered, the warmth of her tongue quickly turning cold as the trail of drool was exposed to the night air.

As she reached his hand, Lesani playfully guided his fingers between her lips. The human tried to pull himself free but quickly froze as he felt her teeth close around the digits. With a cruel smile, she made it clear that she could easily bite down and cost him his fingers. Trembling, the human offered no resistance as she tasted and gently nibbled at his right hand.

Finally, a low rumble from the cougar's belly brought an end to her game. Opening her jaws, she allowed the prey to pull his hand free, then licked her lips at him. "Martin, right? You really are quite tasty, you know? Now, is there anywhere you'd prefer me to start?"

Thick drool still coated his hand, and Martin stared up at the feline in terror. The cougar's bare breasts shone in the firelight but, just above those, he could see her open mouth, teeth glinting in the crimson light and strands of saliva already trickling down. "Please?" he begged. "I'll do anything you want. I can pay you. I could find someone else. Whatever it takes."

Lesani smiled down at him. "Well, since you haven't expressed a preference, I think I'll start with one of those juicy looking calves." She turned him in her lap, leaving his head and shoulders resting on her thighs as she raised his left leg to her jaws.

"No! Please!" Martin squealed as her jaws opened and those glistening fangs moved closer. "I'll do anything. I just Aah!"

Her teeth sank in, easily severing muscle from bone. Martin screamed and wriggled in her grip but there was nothing he could do. For a couple of seconds the pain was overwhelming but then it seemed to fade away as he went into shock. Staring up at her, he watched as the cougar chewed her gory mouthful before swallowing. She licked her lips, spreading a smear of blood across them before taking a second bite from his leg.

Martin screamed again, finally understanding that he was being eaten alive. Until now, he had been convinced that there would be some last second reprieve. His situation was scary, but it was

something that he would someday look back on and laugh about. Getting eaten by a predator just wasn't something that happened to people like him, at least, not in this modern day and age. Unfortunately, it was finally sinking in that he would never get the chance to look back on this, or anything else for that matter. He would soon be a little heap of bones, just like all the others scattered around Lesani's home.

"Do ... do you ... always eat people ... alive?" he gasped. He wasn't sure why he had asked that, or whether he really wanted to know the answer. In his shocked state, he simply blurted out the first question that occurred to him.

Lesani swallowed her current mouthful, but held off taking another bite in order to answer. "Usually." she confirmed. "I'll take carrion if it's available but I do prefer my meat when it's still warm."

Martin's head swam. The blood loss was starting to affect him. Another stab of pain lanced through his body as the cougar bit into him again, but it seemed distant now. Looking around, he inspected the skeletal remains of her previous meals. They must all have gone through the same thing and soon he would be one of them. It was silly of him to believe that things like this didn't happen to people like him. It had been foolish to come out here in the first place and now he was paying the price for that mistake.

Martin felt Lesani lifting him. She had already finished with his leg and was getting ready to move on to the main course. Licking her lips, she opened her jaws then bit down into the human's soft belly. He twitched a little, but blood loss and exhaustion soon overcame him and he went limp in her grip.

Lesani barely noticed that her food had stopped moving. She was far more interested in his flavor and the texture of the gory mouthfuls that she tore free. City dwellers were always a treat for her, rarely able to put up much of a fight and always full of rich and fatty meat. Martin had been a particularly easy catch, and his meat was very tender, but she would quickly forget him once the meal was over.