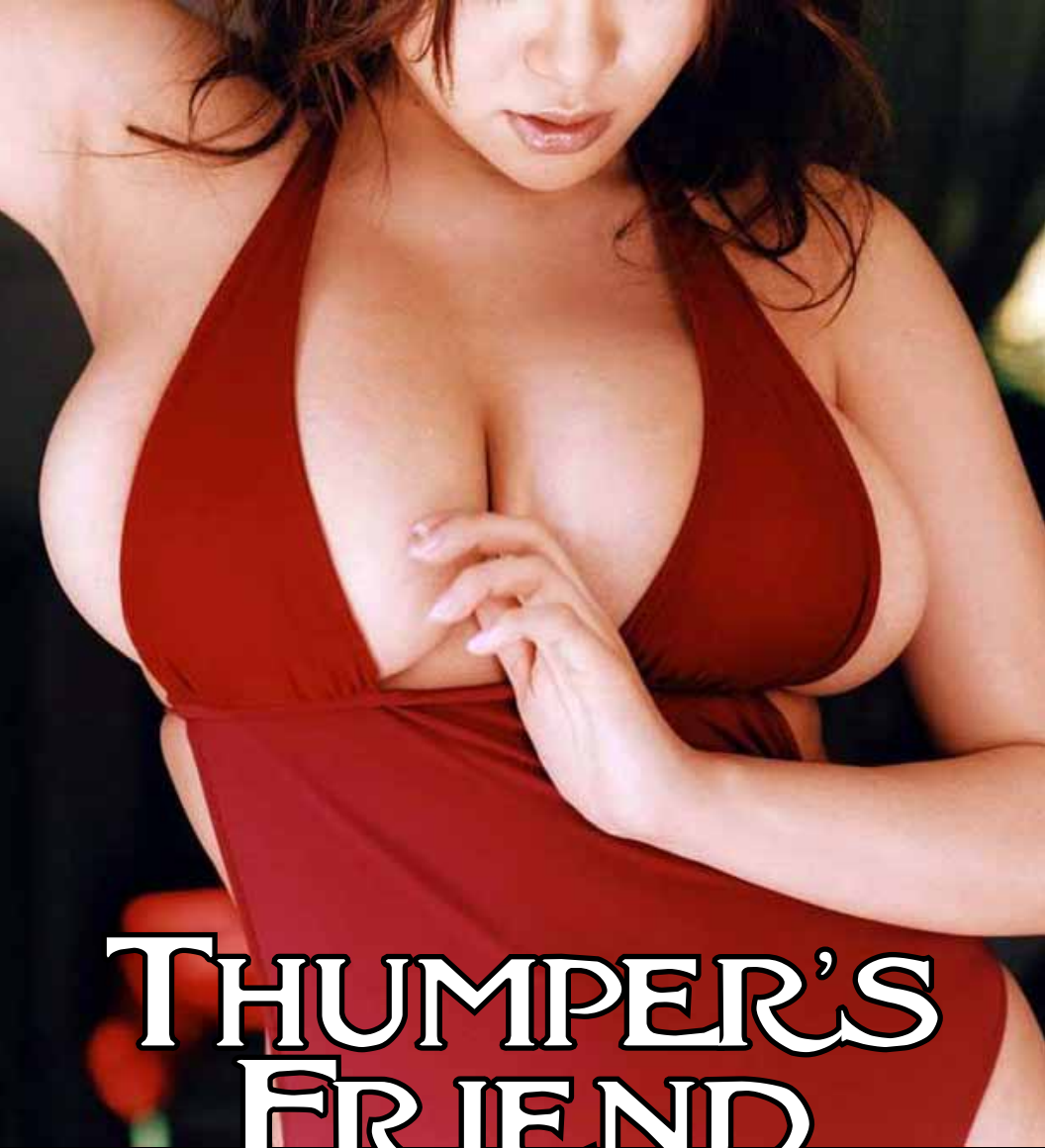


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A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing a deep red, halter-neck, form-fitting dress. Her hands are clasped together near her chest, and she is looking slightly downwards. The background is dark and out of focus.

THUMPER'S FRIEND

PART I

JACK ALLEN

Thumper's Friend Part 1

Scott dribbled past an imaginary defender, cut back left moving as fast as he could, rose into the air with the ball in his right hand, and slammed it through the hoop. For a moment he hung by his right hand from the ten foot high rim, then dropped to his feet and picked up the bouncing ball.

The sun that afternoon was blindingly bright, but a cool breeze made the heat easily tolerable. Sweat dripped from his brow. He had removed his shirt shortly after stepping outside. His shorts were loose and baggy, and the black spandex shorts he wore beneath them prevented his penis from flopping around when he jumped.

Scott dribbled again, started forward and pulled up for a jump shot, which came down on the rim, bounced up and fell through. He scooped up the ball again and dribbled out to the edge of the sidewalk, which he always used as an out of bounds. He looked up and caught the eye of a young girl as she was walking by. Her eyes were bright and cheerful. She smiled at him.

“Hi,” he said.

“Hi. Nice shot,” she said.

“Thanks.”

She looked familiar, but he couldn't quite place a name with her face. She had high cheekbones, pouty, full lips and a beautiful figure. Her straight auburn hair was pulled back in a ponytail that was tied with a white ribbon. She was wearing loose jeans that sort of hung on the curve of her seductive hips without the help

of a belt, in a way that suggested they might fall off if she wasn't careful. The two swollen mounds of her breasts jiggled when she walked and pushed out the front of her t-shirt, which was cut off above her navel and hung like a curtain over her flat belly. The collar of the t-shirt was cut open in a V in the front, displaying a small amount of her pleasant cleavage, which moved teasingly in and out of view. Scott was teased. The way her nipples rose to distinct points beneath the fabric and gave away her arousal probably meant that she wasn't wearing a bra.

"You wanna play?" he said.

"I don't play basketball."

"Maybe you like to play other things," he said.

"I might."

Her hands went into her pockets and almost pushed her loose jeans right off her hips. There was a wide enough gap between the jeans and her slender waist that he was sure he could see right down into them if he was standing close enough.

"What's your name?" Scott asked.

"Casey. But my friends call me Thumper," she said.

"Who are your friends?"

"Boys, mostly. The ones I like to make out with."

"You're Casey Turner, aren't you?" Scott said, his eyes lighting up as her face finally registered in his memory. He was slightly shocked, to say the least. Skinny, little Casey Turner had grown up, and she was a gorgeous young woman.

"Of course, silly. You know me."

"I didn't even recognize you."

He stood back and looked at her again. She looked fantastic.

"You certainly have grown up a lot."

He looked into her eyes again. He saw in them a look of desire as she looked back at him that he had seen many times in women he knew, including his sister.

"Isn't it too hot out here for you to be playing basketball? You're all sweaty," she said.

She reached out and touched his bare chest with her finger.

Scott let her touch.

“I can think of better ways to get sweaty,” he said

“Me too,” she said, and smiled again.

“You wanna come inside?”

“I can’t. I gotta get home.”

She sounded disappointed. She looked across the street at her house. Her father was working in the front yard with a rake. His back was to them.

“You wanna come over to my house?”

Scott looked across the street.

“Does your father know you like to make out with boys?” he said.

She took his hand and pulled but he didn’t move.

“Sure. He won’t mind. Come on.”

“Do you like to do more than make out?”

“Like what?”

“Like touch.”

She hesitated for a moment, then smiled again.

“Sure. I let them touch me. If I like them enough. Do you want to touch me?”

Scott smiled. He had begun to learn how innocent she really was. That only made him want her more.

“Yeah, I wanna touch you. I wanna do more than touch you.”

Her eyes grew wide and she blushed.

“Do you have a big dick? I’ve never seen a boys dick. I heard about it, though. I have a friend who touched one once.”

“I’ll let you touch mine if you let me touch yours.”

“Deal,” she said.

She led him across the street, after Scott had put his shirt back on. He couldn’t believe he was going to do this. He was sure Mr. Turner was going to kill him.

“Hi, Daddy,” she said.

“Hi, Casey,” he said and hugged her.

“Hi, Mr. Turner,” Scott said.

“Hello, Scott.”

“Scott has a question to ask you, Daddy,” Casey said.

“Sure, Scott. What is it?”

“Do you mind if I make love with your daughter?” Scott asked.

Mr. Turner looked at the young girl by his side. Casey was looking back at him with an appalling expression. She obviously thought he was going to ask him something innocent. Scott was sure she didn’t really know what making love meant, although she might have an idea.

“Do you want to?” Mr. Turner said, with a scrutinizing eye.

“Yes,” Scott replied.

Mr. Turner looked down at his daughter again. She still looked horrified.

“You’re still a virgin, aren’t you?”

“What’s a virgin?” she said.

Mr. Turner nodded to Scott. “I suppose that would be all right, Scott,” he said. “Come on inside. Let’s see what you’ve got.”

He started inside and Scott followed. Casey had no choice but to go with them. Inside the house, he went to the kitchen and got them each a glass of cold milk. Scott was thirsty from the exercise and would have preferred a glass of water, but he drank the milk anyway.

“I’ve known you for a long time, Scott,” Mr. Turner began. All three of them were standing in the kitchen. “I’d be delighted if you were the one who showed my daughter the ways of love.”

“What’s that mean Daddy?” Casey pleaded. “What’s he going to do?”

“Don’t worry about that now,” he reassured her. “You’ll find out shortly.”

Scott grinned at her. She had a grown up body, but she was still young and innocent, and he loved that about her. He loved that about all girls her age. His penis had been hard in his shorts since Casey first touched his sweaty chest in his driveway.

“If you don’t mind, Scott, I’d like to see what you’ve got so I know what my daughter’s getting into.” He gestured to Scott’s

groin. Scott realized he wanted to see his dick.

“Sure,” Scott said. He looked around the kitchen. “Right here?”

Mr. Turner nodded. Scott lifted the bottom of his t-shirt and held it under his chin, exposing his rigid stomach muscles, pushed his baggy outer shorts down to about his knees, hooked his fingers inside the elastic band of the spandex shorts, pushed them down below the level of his crotch, and reached in and pulled out his erect penis, holding it out in front of him like an enormous garden hose. He looked up at Mr. Turner first, then Casey. Mr. Turner’s eyebrows went up in surprise at the sight of the thing. Casey’s eyes grew really wide in shock and her mouth fell open.

“Very impressive,” Mr. Turner said.

He stepped forward and picked it up in his rough hand, something Scott was not prepared for. Scott leaned back against the counter with his hands and let the man inspect his equipment. He watched his hands turn it over to examine all sides of it and squeeze it firmly. He was almost embarrassed to admit it felt good.

“How big is it?” Mr. Turner asked.

He was squeezing it tight and pumped it with his hand. Casey realized she was staring and snapped her mouth shut, although she could not tear her eyes away from the sight before her.

“About tene inches,” Scott gasped.

Casey’s father was jerking him off but Scott didn’t want to let the man make him cum all over his hand. He wanted to save it for his sexy daughter.

Mr. Turner lifted the shaft to see the balls underneath. He nodded, admiring their size.

“You must carry a lot of sperm in those,” he said. “You ever get a girl pregnant?”

“Not yet,” Scott said.

He didn’t tell him that it was only as far as he knew that he never got a woman pregnant. There were, of course, many women with whom he had made love that he had met only one time. If

he had impregnated any of them, which, he had to admit, was likely if not inevitable, he might not ever know about it.

“Very impressive,” Mr. Turner admitted. He finally let go of it. “I don’t have one half that size.”

“Thank you,” Scott said.

He didn’t know how else to answer such a comment. He stuffed it back into his shorts and pulled them up. It swelled out the front of his shorts.

Mr. Turner stepped back, nodding his approval. “Ok,” he said. “Under one condition. I don’t want my girl getting pregnant, so I want you to wear a condom.”

“Sure,” Scott said. “Do you have one?”

“I might have one in my room. You two have a seat on the sofa. I’ll go see if I can find it.”

Mr. Turner went down the hall and disappeared into one of the bedrooms. Casey appeared nervous and frightened as she was led by Scott to the sofa in the living room. Scott was very excited, but on the inside he was disappointed, not at the thought that he would have to wear a condom but that if Casey’s father didn’t have one, his chance to take this cute young girl to bed might be gone.

Scott sat her on the sofa and sat beside her.

“What are you going to do?” she asked, looking very frightened.

“Let’s make out first,” Scott said calmly. “Just like we said.”

“Ok,” she said, perking up to an idea she liked. She leaned across him and kissed his lips. “Then will you show me your dick again?”

“Yes,” Scott said.

He kissed her back. She rubbed her body warmly against him like a cat begging to be petted. Her lips parted, waiting for Scott to insert his tongue. Scott pressed his lips against her soft, full, warm lips and eased his tongue past them. The tip of her tongue lightly touched the tip of his tongue.

He had to admire this girl. For not knowing anything about

sex, she was an expert kisser. She must have had a lot of practice making out. Considering how willing she was it was easy to see how, but he had to wonder why, given her willingness to try, her beauty and her great body, she had so little experience with sex.

We're going to change that today, Scott thought, slipping his hand up under her cut-off t-shirt. Casey did not pull back from his touch. Instead, she pressed her body against his more firmly to encourage him to touch her more. Scott was pleased when his fingers touched the soft flesh of her bare breast. She moaned softly into his mouth when his fingers closed around it and squeezed tenderly. He rubbed her nipple with his thumb and she seemed to hesitate, like she was going to faint.

"Oh ... oh, that feels so good," she whispered.

Her breathing was growing heavy. She kissed him again with more passion and urgency, holding his face in her two hands. She was all over him by then, practically sitting in his lap. Scott pulled her short shirt up over her full breasts and fondled them, teasing her nipples with his fingers. She was becoming feverish.

Scott took one of her hands and moved it down to his lap. She touched his hard cock and squealed, although the sound was muffled because her mouth was locked to his. She broke away from him to speak. She was panting, squeezing his cock as hard as she could.

"I want to see it," she breathed. Her breath was warm and heavy in his face.

"Ok," Scott said.

He lifted her off his lap and set her on the sofa beside him. She squirmed anxiously, staring at the lump in his shorts. Scott lifted his hips off the cushion to work his shorts down to about his mid-thigh. He came back down on the cushion and his huge cock stood straight up in his lap.

"Wow," Casey whispered.

Her eyes were wide open with fascination. They followed the length from the tip all the way down to his balls.

"Touch it," Scott told her. She looked unsure. "Go ahead."

Her dainty hand reached across his lap. Her fingers closed around it carefully, like she was afraid she would break it, and she sighed.

“Oh my God. It’s hot,” she murmured. She squeezed it tight. “Is it always so hard like this?”

“When a girl touches it, it is.” He loved the expression of wonder on her face. “Move your hand up and down,” he said. Gripping it tight, she moved the skin up and down the shaft.

“Oh,” she gasped. “What does that do?”

“It gets me off,” he said, despite the fact that he wasn’t going to let her get him off that way.

He reached under her arm and placed his hand on her firm thigh. She was very warm and she seemed to have no objection to him touching her. He slid his fingers down to the inside of her thigh and moved his whole hand near the crotch of her jeans. The nearer he got to her secret place, the warmer she was.

“Touch the head,” Scott said.

Her fingers moved up to the helmet-shaped tip and her fingers sunk into the resilient, spongy flesh. Her brow furrowed, revealing her growing interest in the object. She hardly seemed to notice Scott’s hand creeping up over the loose edge of her jeans. His cold fingers touched the soft, warm skin of her flat belly and she looked down at his hand. She didn’t try to stop him. She did suck in her stomach to give him a little more room. The jeans were loose enough that the button that held them up unbuttoned on its own. Holding his cock tightly in one hand, she watched his hand snake into her pants.

Scott was even more pleased to discover that Casey wasn’t wearing panties. He pushed his hand deeper. Her eyes grew as wide as her mouth as his hand neared the mound at her crotch.

“Oh my God,” she whispered.

Her legs began to spread automatically. Scott was sure this girl would know just what to do when he got his penis into her.

His fingers eventually touched the first hairs on her pussy. By the time he reached the moist, tender lips of her pussy, she had sprawled out on the sofa, her legs spread wide, and she was

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