Boxie Carter - The Pizza Delivery (I)

Sun Dec 2, 2007

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 On a day that we had off from school, I decided to take a little walk to the

 local pizza parlor. I made sure that I was wearing a very pretty dress, which

 I had recently bought. It was light blue and had pink and orange floral

 prints. Low cut, there was a tie string just in the middle in front of my

 chest, and was otherwise held up by a pair of thin shoulder straps. I'd say it

 came down to just about my knee, but the breezy fabric flowed and bounced

 playfully, showing off a lot of leg as I walked.

 When I reached the shop, it occurred to me that it might be fun to untie the

 string and "accidentally" let the straps fall off my shoulders, dropping the

 dress in front of everyone. That would be so awesome, because I wasn't even

 wearing a bra! But I had other plans today, so as soon as I walked through the

 door, I slid behind one of the table booths before anyone at the counter could

 see me.

 Slowly, I turned my head, peeking just over the booth in front of me. It was

 unoccupied, although I could see there were a few people sitting further

 ahead, and a couple more standing by the refrigerator where they kept the

 bottled drinks. I heard the door open behind me, and glanced over my shoulder

 to see a lady with her kids enter and head toward the pick-up counter.

 That was when I saw him, this guy that I was trying to get to notice me. He

 was like eighteen or something, and this would be his last year at my school.

 I recently heard that he worked part time at this pasta joint, but I needed to

 confirm. And there he was, in his cute little apron, taking the pie out of the

 oven, placing it in the cardboard box for the customer.

 I ducked back down in my booth before he would see me sitting here. For some

 reason, my tummy fluttered, and I giggled at the thought of me spying on him.

 A while longer I waited, until I heard the phone ring in the back, people

 calling in their orders. Taking a look over the seat again, I saw the manager,

 a bald guy with a mustache, come out with a piece of paper.

 "Sal, I need you to run a delivery for me," I watched him talk to the young

 man whose back was turned away from me.

 Perfect! This is what I wanted to find out. That this place did do deliveries,

 and Sal would be the one making the run.

 Now it was time to put the next part of my plan into action. Turning around

 quickly, my long black hair swished over my shoulder. I slid my legs across

 the vinyl upholstery and hurried for the door. I don't think anyone was aware

 of my secret surveillance. Reminding myself to remain calm, I had to keep from

 running, and instead walked through the parking lot of the strip mall, and

 onto the sidewalk. This part of the neighborhood was actually closer to my

 friend Patricia's house. I would be there in less than ten minutes.

 When my friend greeted me at the door I exclaimed, "Patty, I am so excited!"

 "You really should let me know when you want to come over," she frowned at me.

 "I was hoping to catch up on some reading"

 "Is anyone else home?" I asked, trying to look past her into the house.

 "No," Patricia answered. "It's the middle of the day. My parents are at work."

 Abruptly, I pushed my way forward practically forcing the girl to step aside.

 "That's perfect!"

 I found their little dining room area, just off the main entrance. There was a

 round wooden table covered with a white cloth, and I threw my purse on one of

 the chairs. Then I looked around, taking measure of the room and going over my

 plans in my head.

 "What are you doing here anyway, Boxie?" Patty seemed still flustered by my

 surprise visit.

 "Help me move this table, will you?" I asked, grabbing one edge with both my

 hands.

 Even as she did as I asked, she said, "You're up to something"

 "We just need to get it out of the room, so it can be seen from the front

 door," I explained.

 It didn't take very long, as it was only a few feet out into the entry foyer.

 I gauged the distance from the table to the door and was satisfied. Then I

 scoped around for the telephone.

 "Do you mind if I make a quick call?" I smiled at my friend.

 Patty only shook her head, but pointed me toward the kitchen. "Sure, go ahead.

 Is anything wrong?"

 "Nope," I giggled, "I just need to order a pizza!"

 "But I'm not hungry!" Patty protested.

 After I finished placing the order, I walked back out of the kitchen and said,

 "Neither am I."

 Then I told Patty that there was this great guy who worked at the Pizza

 Parlor, and I wanted him to deliver the pie so I could get a chance to meet

 him.

 "All this trouble just to talk to someone you like?" she asked, still not

 comprehending.

 Of course, there was more to it than that. I wanted to get Sal to notice me. I

 wanted to try something crazy, so he would never forget me. Back on the chair,

 I found my purse and took out a box of playing cards. I shuffled them into my

 hand, and began dealing them out on the table.

 "What exactly is going on?" Patty was soon behind me, looking over my

 shoulder.

 I could hear in the tremble in her voice that she was starting to get excited

 as much as she was unsure. I was excited, too. Once again, I checked that from

 the open doorway, you could see the table and now the cards spread across the

 surface.

 Stepping into the middle of the room, I held out the sides of my dress in both

 my hands. "Do you like it, Patty?"

 My friend regarded me for a second and then said, "Actually, yes, Boxie.

 That's a very pretty dress. It looks good on you"

 Barely containing my nervous giggle, my fingers reached up and untied the

 drawstring at my chest. A quick flip of the delicate straps at my shoulders, I

 was then able to let go, and the dress floated to my feet. Now I was standing

 topless in front of my friend. I brought my hands close to cover my boobies.

 "Oh," I gasped. "Too bad I lost it"

 I stepped to the side, watching Patty stare at me with her mouth hanging open,

 then shyly bent down so I could pick up the material. With one arm still held

 over my breasts, I reached my arm out and offered the dress to my friend. When

 she just stood there, I took another step forward.

 "Patty, be a sweetie and put my dress in the middle of the table," I stuck out

 my bottom lip in a pout.

 Finally, the girl took the article of clothing from my outstretched hand. She

 seemed to be momentarily mesmerized by me standing there in just my pink

 panties. Patty carefully folded the dress, and brought it to the table as I

 asked. She placed it right between where I had laid out two hands of cards.

 While she was turned around, I took the opportunity to quickly peel my panties

 down my legs. Once I had them completely off my feet, I rolled the pink silk

 into a ball. At that moment, Patricia turned again to face me.

 "Ohmygosh, Boxie!"

 With one hand over my pussy, I lunged my other arm and tossed the panties at

 my friend. She caught them easily and I laughed. Of course, my spurt of

 laughter only caused my butt to jiggle and boobies to shake.

 "You can put my underwear on top of the dress," I instructed.

 Patty looked like she was about to object, but she couldn't find the words. It

 was cute the way she tried to avert her eyes from my nudity, as I stood with

 one arm over my tits, and the other hand cupped in front of my crotch. I guess

 she figured she should just let me go through with this, because she leaned

 over and placed my panties on the table. They were nice and pink, and went

 well with the print of my dress.

 After thinking for a second, I said, "Only two items that's not going to be

 enough."

 At this point, Patty glanced at her watch and said, "What if someone comes

 home? And that pizza delivery will be here in a few minutes!"

 "I hope not!" I squealed, blushing a little. "I'm not ready yet."

 In fact, I realized I didn't have all that much time, so I would have to put

 modesty aside. I stepped briskly across the room, wearing only a pair of

 shoes. Finding one of the chairs near the table, I quickly sat down with Patty

 standing right next to me. I was conscious of the velvety cushion, which felt

 nice underneath my bare bottom. My boobs hung down with nipples already

 starting to grow erect as I lowered my arms to unclasp the straps at my

 ankles. Taking off both my shoes, I picked them up and dropped them on the

 table with the rest of my clothes.

 Fully nude, I hopped off the chair and walked back into the middle of my

 friend's house, so that I could once more judge how everything looked. Lost in

 concentration, I stood with feet planted apart and hands on my hips.

 "Boxie, like, you just stripped stark naked!" Patty cried in disbelief.

 I had to bring my hands up to squeeze my breasts and pinch my nipples just a

 little "I know!"

 "And you're all puckered out," Patty added, pointing accusingly at my pussy.

 Looking down, I saw that my lower lips were indeed visible and parted. "I

 can't help it! My pubic hair doesn't grow in until further up"

 My friend just shook her head. "So just what is it that you have got planned?"

 "Um, well, I was thinking we could pretend that you and I were playing strip

 poker and I lost all my clothes. And as a forfeit, you said that I had to

 answer the door when the pizza guy gets here!"

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 Patty then seemed to think about that proposal for a minute. I clutched my

 fingers beneath my chin anxiously, hoping that she would play along. She

 walked around the table, and pulled herself a seat. Sitting down, she thumbed

 through some of the cards.

 "This is so ridiculous," she said.

 "Well" I started, and walked back over to sit in the chair across from her.

 "If you want to make it look more realistic, perhaps you could take off a few

 items, as if we had a real game going."

 "No way!" Patty stated firmly, folding her arms over her chest.

 I crossed my naked legs and blushed. "Oh my, then it appears you really beat

 me, round after round, taking my shoes, my dress, and finally my panties,

 until I was left totally nude how embarrassing!"

 "It's also very risky," my friend added. "What if it isn't that guy Sal

 delivering the pizza?"

 "Oh, it will be," I insisted. "Earlier today, I made sure that he was the one

 making the delivery runs."

 At that moment, the doorbell rang.

 Patty and I looked at each other, both our eyes wide. We froze, neither one of

 us making a move. My heart was absolutely racing. It was amazing how natural

 it had been, just sitting here talking to my friend without wearing any

 clothes. But now, the thought of somebody else seeing my naked body this was

 incredible! And then the doorbell rang again.

 I pushed the chair back, and jumped up on my toes. With both hands clutching

 my breasts, I scampered across the hardwood floor right up to the front door.

 Oh God, I hope it was him! At the last second, I dropped my left arm so that

 my hand could strategically cover my pussy. Using the other hand, I turned the

 knob and pulled the door open just enough so I could stick out my face.

 It was Sal! I saw him standing there on the concrete stoop, the pizza box

 cradled in one arm. He looked like he was about to ring the doorbell for the

 third time. I was kind of hunched over just a little, peeking my head outside.

 He couldn't yet see my body.

 "Um, hi" I said shyly.

 "Hey," the tall young man answered. "I got a delivery for this address."

 My eyes darted past him, and I saw his van parked in the driveway. Behind the

 door, I nervously rubbed my toes up and down the back of my other leg's calf.

 "Um, yeah. about that," I started.

 Sal shifted impatiently on his other foot, holding the box in both hands. "Oh

 no, this isn't some kind of prank call, is it? My boss will kill me if I have

 to return another pie!"

 "No, no" I shook my head as best I could. "It's not like that. It's just"

 I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Maybe I should have said something

 first, but I wanted to surprise him. In one motion, I took a small step back

 and pulled the front door wide open. Quickly, I snatched my other arm to my

 chest to cover my boobies, although Sal might have gotten a flash of my

 nipples.

 Then I just stood there for a moment, allowing him to look me over from head

 to toe. I mean, I had my pink bits covered of course, but he could see that I

 was totally naked! Our eyes met, and I blushed, causing me to spin around.

 Presenting my round naked ass to him, I lifted both my hands to my chest and

 looked shyly over my shoulder.

 After a moment of stunned silence, the young man asked, "Did I come at a bad

 time?"

 "No!" I squeaked, keeping my legs firmly pressed together. "I mean yes, well,

 you see, my friend and I"

 "Your friend?" Sal asked suspiciously.

 Cradling my bare breasts in my arms, I kind of ducked down a little, bending

 slightly at the knees. He could easily look over my head into the house. I

 turned my own head to see Patty sitting at the table. She gave us a little

 wave.

 So I bravely cupped a hand over my pussy and turned around once more to face

 the pizza delivery guy. "Yeah, so we were playing a friendly game of strip

 poker and I lost everything."

 "I can see that," Sal chuckled, his eyes roaming up and down my body.

 "And, and" I continued, "Because I lost, she made me call in the pizza and

 answer the door like this!"

 He shook his head, a slight smile on his face and said, "Well this was

 certainly unexpected. Is she going to pay for the pie?"

 "Now wait a minute!" Patty cried, suddenly rising up from her seat at the

 table.

 My friend crossed over the floor of the hallway and came to stand between Sal

 and me. She brushed right past me and nearly pushed the guy out the front

 door. I was a bit taken aback by her forceful approach.

 "This was all Boxie's idea," Patty insisted. "And there's no way I'm paying

 for that pizza!"

 "Oh, but wait" I gasped.

 I tried to maneuver myself around, which was not easy to do considering that I

 was stark naked in front of two fully clothed people. Including a guy, who I

 thought was really cute. I tried to step to the side, keeping my back and bare

 bottom to the wall. At that moment, Sal took a step forward, as if determined

 to bring his delivery inside the house. In that instant, I slipped behind the

 young man, whose attention was focused on my uncooperative friend. But Patty

 wouldn't budge, and so Sal backed off.

 That caused me to retreat a couple of steps, my toes finding the concrete of

 Patty's front stoop.

 I looked to my side, then behind me and saw that I was standing outside her

 house, completely nude!

 "Oh no!" I yelped.

 Scampering forward, I pressed myself against Sal's back, clutching his shirt

 in my fists. This must have taken him by surprise, because I could feel him

 stiffen. Mmmm I thought as I stood on my toes and brought my hands up to

 squeeze his broad shoulders.

 From behind, I tried to peek my face next to his and said, "Patty you've got

 to let us back in!"

 "I don't think so," my friend answered with finality. "This game of yours has

 gone far enough."

 With that, she proceeded to swing the door shut. Rather than stick his foot in

 the way, or try to block the door, Sal simply backed down the steps. And this

 caused me to backpedal even further. Now I was bare-assed naked in Patty's

 front yard! All I could do was bounce helplessly on my toes as I listened to

 the latch being locked into place.

 Sal turned around, and I could see he was none too pleased.

 "Well, I guess I should have asked what toppings she likes," I laughed

 nervously.

 Then I lowered my eyes, looking down at my unclothed body. I suddenly

 remembered to cup my hands to my breasts, and dropped an arm so I could hide

 my pussy. Shyly, I stepped to the side as Sal started to make his way to the

 truck.

Boxie Carter - Pizza Delivery (III)

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 "Don't I know you," he finally asked as I shuffled along next to him, hoping

 none of Patty's neighbors were around.

 "Yeah, we go to the same high school" I offered.

 Sal paused to regard me, and shook his head. "No, I mean from a few years ago.

 But I don't remember the name Boxie."

 "Well that's my nickname it used to be Becky," I explained. "Rebecca is my

 full name."

 His face suddenly lit up with recognition, and he said, "Becky Carter? You

 used to play with my cousin when she was in middle school. We sometimes all

 went to the park together."

 Ohmygosh, he remembered me! I had always had a secret crush on him, and

 figured it would take something crazy to get him to notice me. To think, he

 knew me all along. I averted my eyes, bashfully rubbing my toes again behind

 my other leg.

 "You never paid much attention to us," I said softly.

 Sal took a step toward his delivery truck, then turned to face me again.

 "Look, Becky, or Boxie whatever your name is! You can't go running around

 without any clothes on."

 I lifted up my chin a little, gazing into his brown eyes. "I can't?"

 "You're not a little girl anymore," Sal replied. "You are a beautiful young

 woman, and it's not appropriate."

 I felt my heart pounding in my chest, as I blushed all over. Here I was,

 standing totally naked in front of him, and he called me beautiful! It was

 such a wonderful feeling, and the compliment made my tummy all warm and fuzzy.

 Then Sal added, "Now go inside and get dressed, Boxie."

 "Oh, I don't think I can," I said glancing back at the house. "Patty seemed

 pretty upset, I'm sure she isn't going to let me back in"

 The truth was, I didn't want to put my clothes back on. In addition to the

 warm and fuzzy feeling I had, there was another sensation tickling down below,

 sending a shiver through my body. My erect nipples rubbed against the forearm

 trying to hide them from sight. I took a daring step forward.

 "Well, then" Sal scratched his head and looked around.

 I could see that he was clearly baffled, and I would have to take the

 initiative. He still had his other hand full with the pizza box. One more step

 and my toes were on his shoes, my body leaning close to his. I kept my grey

 eyes locked on his soft brown stare and licked my lips in concentration, as I

 expertly reached a hand into his pocket. Fishing around for a moment, my

 fingers found his key chain. I pulled these out, and then ran fully naked

 around to the other side of his truck!

 "Hey, what are you doing!" he called out.

 But I didn't waste any time. I opened up the side door and climbed into the

 passenger seat. Then I watched Sal stalk off around the other side of the van.

 I could hear a back door open, and figured that was where he was placing the

 undelivered pizza. Next thing I knew, the young man appeared on the passenger

 side, holding the door open and checking out my nude profile. I kept my legs

 crossed and one arm held across my breasts, although I was nervously bobbing

 my foot up and down.

 "Come on, Boxie, get out of there," he pleaded. "Come out here and give me the

 keys."

 I had a better idea. "Why don't you take me back to the pizza parlor. Won't we

 make a sight to behold!"

 Frustrated Sal ran his fingers through his hair. "You sure would be"

 With that, he shut the door, perhaps worried that someone might see him

 talking to a naked young girl in his delivery truck. The more I thought about

 his behavior, the more I realized he was probably just as anxious to get out

 of here. I could use that to my advantage. In fact, he jogged around the front

 of the van and pulled open the driver's side door, which was of course

 unlocked.

 "So where are we going?" I asked when he had climbed into the seat, behind the

 wheel.

 Sal shook his head. "I'll be in enough trouble as it is. I'm not going to let

 you sneak around and hide at the place where I work. I'm taking you home."

 Well, I suppose that would be good enough. With a nod of my head, I reached my

 arm over and dropped the keys in his lap. Except, it was the arm that I had

 been shielding my boobies with. I let out a small gasp and blushed, but sat

 there with my tits exposed and very erect nipples sticking out.

 After I told him that it would not be hard to get to my house, that I lived

 just a few blocks away, he said, "Put on your seatbelt."

 I looked around to either side of me, searching for the chrome buckle on the

 strap. Then I saw it hanging down on the side, between the door and the seat.

 Bringing my knees to the cushion, I turned halfway around and leaned over,

 basically sticking my ass in his face if he looked to the side. Realizing that

 he would also be able to see my pussy from behind, I quickly grabbed the

 buckle and sat back down. Still, I struggled to yank the strap far enough to

 fasten it at my hip, plus the strap was not comfortable across my bare body. I

 squirmed quite a bit and made a fuss, showing off more naked pink in the

 process.

 "Oh just leave it," Sal said in exasperation.

 Sitting forward again, I let the seatbelt recoil back. My bare feet were

 planted on the floor mat, as I placed my hands on my thighs. I just stared

 ahead, listening to him start the ignition, and then we pulled out of Patty's

 driveway.

 Instinctively, I slouched down a little, so my topless state wasn't so much in

 view of oncoming traffic. But this caused me to spread my legs further apart.

 I had to reach up and grab my breasts, to keep them from bouncing around. Only

 when I looked down at my body, did I notice my pink pussy lips protruding

 nicely parted. I didn't cover up, though, because I was suddenly feeling very

 horny and was afraid to touch myself.

 However, I did look over at Sal with longing, watching his hand steady on the

 gearshift. I almost wanted to take his fingers and place them on my tender

 crotch. But that didn't seem right. So I continued to sit there, secretly

 massaging my nipples with my palms, while ever so slowly separating my legs

 invitingly. But Sal was very well behaved, and kept eyes on the road, the

 whole time. I think.

 Actually, it occurred to me that he was going out of the way to take side

 streets and detour whenever there were cars up ahead. What should have been a

 five minute trip, seemed to make much longer. And it was agony for me,

 completely naked, and growing more and more aroused by the minute. I didn't

 know how much longer I could hold out, before I would start moaning or doing

 something more explicit. Now I was growing embarrassed as I involuntarily

 bucked my hips and let out a small whimper.

 "This is it!" Sal announced.

 I opened my eyes and looked out the window, to find that we had pulled up in

 front of my house. Hurriedly, I reached for the handle and kicked the van's

 door open. But as I began climbing out of the seat, I paused to look over my

 bare shoulder.

 "Thank you for the ride home, Salvatore."

 The young man smiled and said, "Let's just not make a habit out of this

 running around in your birthday suit!"

 I giggled, then hopped all the way out of the truck. My naked round bottom

 bounced playfully as I skipped up to the house. Thankfully it was the middle

 of the day, and no one was home. Beneath a fake decorative rock on the porch

 was a spare key, which allowed me to open the door and quickly get inside. The

 delivery truck did not drive off until I was safely within. And that meant Sal

 was watching me the whole time!

 Needless to say, I scurried off to my bedroom and had a massive orgasm. I

 mean it was enormous. The whole crazy scheme had been such a wonderful

 turn-on. And knowing that young men like Sal enjoyed looking at me, made me

 feel really good.

 The next thing I did was call up Patty on the telephone, and thanked her for

 locking me out of her house.

 THE END