Pizza Delivery

By Carrie

[Carrie1p@hotmail.com](mailto:Carrie1p@hotmail.com)

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Here’s a short story about a pizza delivery that I wanted to share with you before I forget the details.

Lisa, my best friend and constant source of encouragement when it comes to doing these crazy things, has changed jobs and is moving to New York. She has lived just outside Washington DC ever since college. Lisa initially wanted me to move in with her, but after some anguish, I decided to stay where I am with Karen and Sue.

Anyway, on with the story. I agreed to help her move and I took the train down to her place, just outside of Washington DC. We had been working hard all day packing boxes and getting things ready, and by evening we were both ready to head out and do something fun. Lisa showered first and headed to the bedroom to get ready as I started my shower. Just as I was turning on the water, Lisa yelled in “I ordered a Pizza and I have an idea.” She then went on to explain how she wanted ME to meet the delivery guy at the door as if I had just gotten out of the shower.

You see, over the course of the day I had told her about this friend of mine, Kathy, who had emailed me a whole list of dares and one was to answer the door naked. I have answered the door wrapped in a towel before, but never completely naked. Just the thought of answering the door naked caused my nipples to stiffen without saying a thing. My nipples remained hard through my entire shower, even though the water was warm. I had really been in a fun-and-games mode all day long, so I couldn’t get the thought of greeting the pizza guy naked out of my mind as I cleaned up.

I yelled out to Lisa, “How long before he gets here?”

“20 minutes!” Lisa yelled back.

That was too much time to just stay under the water, so I ended my shower. I opened the shower door and found that all the bath towels and my clothes gone. Only the small hand towel was left for me. Dripping wet, I stepped out of the shower and yelled again. “LISA! Where are the towels?”

“Just didn’t want you to chicken out!” I heard Lisa yell from the other room.

We yelled back and forth before I stuck my head out the bathroom door and I asked again.

“I don’t want to drip all over the place!” I yelled.

“Don’t worry about it. The floor will dry, and besides I’m moving out.” Lisa replied.

Waiting for the pizza delivery, I worked on my hair a bit while dripping water all over the place. Just then I heard the doorbell ring. For a second I just froze. My heart was beating like a drum. I jumped and opened the bathroom door and yelled something to the guy at the door. I grabbed the hand towel, not wanting to just walk out there buck naked, and kind of held it in front of me as I ran across the apartment to the door. All the time I could hear Lisa yelling, “Hurry up and get the door!”

There I am soaking wet, dripping water everywhere, and running to the door holding this tiny towel that doesn’t even come close to hiding anything. I reached for the door knob and froze, wondering to myself “What if it’s a girl and not a guy?” I figured it was too late to reconsider, so I took a deep breath and opened the door. I was in luck. It was a guy and he was young, maybe 18 or 19 at most. He let out a gasp which kind of shocked me as well.

I too was in shock and I fumbled with my words. I think I said something like “Sorry, sorry, I didn’t think you’d get here so soon. I was just taking a shower!” Like that wasn’t obvious from how wet I was.

The pizza delivery boy was definitely shocked, which made me that much more excited. When I get excited like that, I start talking fast and I don’t exactly remember what I said after that.

There I was holding this little maybe 1 foot by 2 foot hand towel in front of my dripping wet body in the doorway of Lisa’s apartment. All the poor kid could do was stare at my nakedness. His eyes were as big saucers as he checked me out from head to toe, or more like from breasts to pussy. By then, Lisa came out to check out the scene. She came up behind me and all but doubled over laughing.

I was thinking “Oh my God, Lisa, just take the pizza and pay the kid!” Lisa was still laughing her head off and suggesting that maybe we could negotiate with the delivery boy. In the meantime I ran back inside showing the pizza delivery boy my naked backside in the process. As I’m running in, Lisa invites the delivery boy inside right behind me, directing him to put the pizza on the table.

By then I’m starting to calm down a bit, since I’m at least back in the apartment and no longer out in the hallway. The whole time Lisa is learning the guy’s name and having a relatively normal conversation with him.

Then Lisa comes over to me and whispers in my ear, “Come on, give him a look and maybe we can get a free pizza.”

I told her “No way!” but then I got to thinking about the possibilities.

I walk over and start fumbling through my purse, while holding the towel up against my boobs with my forearm. As I’m standing there, I have the towel pressed against my boobs, but from there it falls straight down, kind of tapering together as it descends. The towel is just draped down the front of my body, but not really touching my body except where I have it pressed against my boobs. By then I’ve calmed down enough to feel a little brazen, especially as I catch the guy bending his head to get a better view. As I’m looking for my money, I feel the towel slipping even further. I have no idea how much the pizza costs, but I figure it’s probably about 10 bucks. I pulled out a 10 and a 5.

So I walk over to the delivery boy holding the towel up with my left hand and holding 15 bucks in my right hand. It’s only then that I notice the tent in his pants for the first time. He’s just smiling as he trying to see around my towel. Seeing his reaction to me got me going as well and gave me a devilish idea.

As calmly as I could, under the circumstances, I walk right up to the boy so he has no choice but to look in my eye. Actually I think that he first backed up to the door, where he couldn’t go any further.

I held my right arm with the money out to the side and held the towel tight to my chest with my left arm. I almost laughed as I said it, but I think it came out pretty well. I looked the boy right in the eyes and said something like, “Ok, I’ll make you a deal. You can have the towel or the money. Which do you want?”

At first there was no response from him. I really wasn’t expecting a delay, and I began to get a little nervous from his silence. Then I hear a nervous, “The towel.”

By then my brazen daring from a moment earlier had all but disappeared.

“Come on Carrie. Give him the towel!” I heard Lisa encourage me.

With that, I eased my grip on the towel, pulled it away from my chest, and handed it to the delivery boy as his eyes widened even more. There I was, standing there giving a full frontal to a young kid I had never met before. All three of us just stood in silence until Lisa’s giggle brought me at least back to closer to reality. I don’t really know how long it was, but I sensed that we had corrupted this young kid long enough and I escorted him to the door. The delivery boy didn’t seem in any rush to leave, but I knew that this silly little thrill had gone on long enough.

I shut the door, but then opened it again. The delivery boy had already started to turn away but quickly looked back toward me as I again stepped out in the hallway. I then handed him the $15 and gave him a little peck on the cheek for being such a good sport before I quickly ran back inside.

Once inside both Lisa and I broke out laughing.

By then I was pretty horny so I decided to give Lisa a little taste of her own medicine. I know she gets off on my exposure and with my new found openness to the girl/girl thing; I decided to have some fun with her as we ate, teasing her by remaining buck naked throughout our pizza dinner.

Carrie  [Carrie1p@hotmail.com](mailto:Carrie1p@hotmail.com)