Pizza Delivery

by Very\_Bad\_InfluenceÂ©

Stacy knew she was a sexy woman, although she never flaunted it. Very classy,

men paid her more than enough attention every time she left the house. She

dressed stylishly. Very put together. Not flashy, or provocative. It was just

her pretty face topped with her blonde locks and curvy body that attracted the

looks she received. During her 17 years of faithful marriage though, she paid

little attention to her admirers, except maybe just enough to be flattered by

them.

Her husband â€” now ex-husband â€” was actually critical of her looks, much to the

disbelief of anyone around her who had two working eyeballs. He was also an

asshole in general. Enough about him. She had moved on.

At 37, people genuinely believed her to be in her late twenties. Not that they

would just say that to be polite, as people are often inclined to do. Most

people really just thought that's how young she was, and she felt no compulsion

to correct them.

So she decided there was nothing wrong with having a little fun. Men seemed to

like how she looked, she was now single, and she learned that she really loved

being a distraction to men. She loved men.

It was innocent enough anyway. She ordered a pizza one Sunday night, before the

kids came home. It would have made more practical sense to order it maybe an

hour later, closer to when they would be arriving to actually eat the pizza, but

that would have been less fun.

She decided to change into an outfit she wore when she exercised at home. Not

anything she would wear out jogging around the neighborhood, or to the gym. It

was not public attire for her. No one ever saw her in this revealing little

getup but her. And tonight, the pizza delivery boy.

It was a simple tight pink tank top, meant to be worn with a sports bra. She

skipped the bra. Stacy would never dream of leaving the house, or being around

others in her own home without a bra to cover her firm, ample breasts. This is

not because they would sag, or look less attractive without the braâ€”the opposite

was actually the caseâ€”it was because she was one of these rare women whose

nipples are perpetually hard. And prominent. Impossible not to notice if she was

braless. Tonight, she was braless, and she was getting excited about it.

She also wore a little pair of gray shorts with a pink vertical stripe on the

sides (it has to match the top, of course, even if she just exercising alone!).

The thing about these shorts is that they are very tight on her round posterior

globes, and too short to cover her enough to make her decent. Decent, however,

was not really was she was going for tonight.

To the bystander, she just looked like a young, hot blonde woman who just

happened to have perhaps finished a workout just before her food arrived. She

knew how she delicious she looked, though, and it made her tingly in

anticipation.

When she heard the knock at the door, she had second thoughts, like maybe she

should throw something on over the little outfit. She stuck to her guns, and

bounced over to answer the door.

Standing at the door was exactly who she was hoping it would be. It was the same

delivery guy who came last Sunday, who had inspired her behavior tonight. He was

tall, very good-looking, muscular, and so sexy she found herself fantasizing

about him at times throughout the week. She took in his masculine image and felt

very good about her choice of attire.

The fact that he was 25 years old was also a turn-on to her. Stacy had recently

discovered a keen sexual interest in younger men. She would have to explore that

interest further some time.

He smiled, and struggled to not make it obvious that he was looking at her

rock-hard nipples, pointing straight at him. She made small talk for a moment,

and said she had to go get the money. When she turned around and walked away

from him in a straight line to the coffee table some twenty feet away, she knew

he would be staring at her ass cheeks hanging out of her too-short shorts. As

she wiggled her hips slightly, she actually smiled as she walked over to the

table.

When she got to the coffee table, she decided that she just had to bend over at

the waist to sift through her purse. She stood, bent over, with her curvy ass

and hips on display to him, straining the fabric of her small shorts. She

abruptly turned around the face him, quick enough that she could actually catch

him staring at her ass. Declaring that she found her money, she practically

skipped over the door where he was standing, causing her firm, braless breasts

to bounce as she did. She was being bad, and she was now sure that she liked it.

To help alleviate the poor man, holding armfuls of food and sodas, she

volunteered to take the bag of sodas from his arm, and beckoned him to follow

her with the food into the kitchen. Having as much fun as she was so far, she

decided to take it up a little notch.

She pretended to lose her footing a little as she walked in front of him,

causing her stop suddenly in front of him as she regained her balance. In that

moment that she stopped, he bumped into her, kind of hard. She felt his pelvis

meet her firm butt, and she was delighted beyond measure to feel that he

definitely had a hard-on! It turned her on so much to know that his penis just

touched her barely-covered ass that she was very conscious of how very wet her

pussy had become. In fact, because she was not wearing any panties, she suddenly

became very nervous that he would be able to see a wet spot on her gray shorts

between her legs. With that, she quickly gave him his money, and sent him on his

way.

As soon as he was out the door, Stacy was on the couch with her gray shorts on

the floor, and yes, there was a visible wet spot! Before he was out of the

driveway, she had two fingers inserted and she was vigorously rubbing her clit,

imagining that she was bent over in front of that hunk of a younger man, and was

holding onto her hips fucking her without mercy. She heard herself moaning as

she came, gushing more of her feminine juices on her busy hands as she did.

What Stacy liked the most about her little adventure on Sunday was that the

pizza delivery boy had no idea that she orchestrated anything at all. It all

looked very innocent. She felt like a bad girl though, and she wanted to do it

again.

The next few weeks, she got a few more deliveries, always from the same stud.

Stacy wore nice clothes, maybe a little low-cut, maybe a little sexy, but

nothing outrageous. She learned from a few of their brief discussions that his

name was Rob and he was actually a graduate student working on a Masters degree,

and he just delivered pizza part-time. She liked the way he looked at her, and

he never seemed to want to leave after he had been paid.

Finally the itch got to her and she needed to do it again. She ordered a pizza,

long before anyone would be home to eat it, of course, and put on a thin, black

party dress that she had. The reason she chose this dress, in addition to very

clearly showing off her sexy figure and her erect nipples, was that the length

of it was actually adjustable. So, being a little bit badder than usual, she

adjusted it. She made the dress far shorter than she would ever wear outside of

the house, and, whoops, she forgot to put on a bra with it. And, oh my, she

neglected to wear panties as well. Stacy looked at herself in the mirror and

thought this might be too much. She looked like a call girl, she observed, but

the bad girl in her liked that. Very much, in fact. And it seemed like her inner

bad girl was pretty much in charge tonight.

She heard the knock at the door, and hoped that he favorite pizza delivery boy

would be there. She was not disappointed, and by the shocked expression on his

face, he was not disappointed either. She smiled and paused, and watched him

struggle to be a gentleman. Then, she said she had to get the money. He was used

to that part of their routine, as she always seemed to make him wait around,

about which he had no complaints.

Her purse was on the desk right near the door. She could have just reached in

and pulled out some cash, but Stacy wanted to have some fun. So, she sat down in

the chair that faced the doorway, directly in front of Rob. As she rummaged

through the purse, which she held on her lap, she was aware that her legs were

not together. In fact, they were apart. Almost spread open, as she pretended to

be so focused on her task of locating a twenty-dollar bill that she was unaware

of her careless posture.

Stacy felt herself burning with arousal, as she knew that Rob was staring right

in between her open legs at her exposed pussy. She couldn't believe was actually

showing the pizza delivery guy her pussy, and she was in no hurry to stand up.

Her dress was so short, it was not even an obstacle to his view. She felt

exhilarated.

She could also feel how wet her pussy was. "I bet he can see my juices," she

thought. She could even smell her arousal. She wondered if he could smell her

scent from where he was. She found herself hoping that he could. How naughty.

When she looked up at him, after what seemed like hours, Rob's mouth was

actually hanging open a little, and it took him a little longer than usual to

make eye-contact with her again. "I found it," she announced, as she stood up

and traded the money for the pizza, and told him to have a nice night.

She closed the door. She set the pizza down on the desk and sat herself in that

chair again, spreading her legs so she could masturbate right there. She was so

wet, she could hear her juices as she plunged her fingers into herself, and made

herself come thinking about what it would be like to just suck his cock right

there. He was so sexy, and she was learning that she loved being naughty, even

if he had no idea she was doing it on purpose. She felt electric with what she

had just done.

Breathlessly, when she came back down to earth from her intense fantasy-driven

orgasm, she changed out of the black dress, put on some regular house clothes,

and waited for her kids to come home. Stacy thought maybe she enjoyed doing that

a little too much. Maybe she wasn't as conservative as she thought. She really

started to wonder about this other side of herself.

What other plans would this inner bad girl have in store for her?