**Tales of the Pizza Guy**

**by [wordsinthedust](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=851593&page=submissions)©**

There I was; the pizza guy, dressed in my warm red, white and ice blue uniform, doing what needed to be done to get pies delivered in 30 minutes or less.  
  
I was home for the summer between my freshman and sophomore years of college, and I'd returned to what many perceived to be the mindless job of pizza delivery. Truth to be told, it wasn't mentally challenging, but it never got old, because I always got to meet new people, the money was pretty good, and in the summer... women wore less clothing.  
  
One hot day in July stands out in my mind.  
  
The order itself was unremarkable; a medium hamburger pizza. When it came out of the oven, I was the driver next in line, so out the door I went with it.   
  
The address was in an area with a reputation for generating pretty good tips. At night, anyway. During the day was often a different story, though, as the odds of kids out of school ordering lunch was higher.  
  
I pulled up in front of the house and hopped out of my car, carefully leveling the pizza bag on my arm as I hustled to the front door. I rang the door bell and looked in through the glass storm door. The front door stood open, and I could see through the living room to the patio door. This house had a pool.  
  
And girls.  
  
I heard them before I saw them. Giggling.  
  
Then, one of them stuck their head around the corner. I recognized her as a girl that had been one year behind me in high school.  
  
Two girls wearing bikinis made a mad dash across past the foyer of the house, briefly passing into and then out of my view. Actually, they were both holding their bikini tops in place with their hands.   
  
More giggling, and then they came around the corner to the front door.  
  
They were still several feet from the door when it became clear to me they'd been sunbathing topless. The girl holding the money was still adjusting her top, and her friend was still trying to get her top secured in place, but their red, almost sunburned chests were obvious. In fact, as they opened the door, I could tell the red skin on their chests actually drew attention to breasts previously not exposed to the sun. Their tan-lines were being erased.  
  
I told them how much the pizza was and they looked at one another.  
  
"Wait here," the blonde said. "We've gotta get more money."  
  
The storm door shut and the two of them turned away from the door, discussing their plight.  
  
I took advantage of the opportunity to get a good look at their butts, taking in the view of the firm, yet plump curves barely concealed beneath slight patches of cloth. I'd already taken note of the fact that they had delightful angles and curves running all over the front of their bodies, from their gentle, youthful breasts down past their bellies to their lovely legs, to say nothing of the feminine curves of their sex pressing against the cloth of their swimsuits.  
  
They returned. Giggling.  
  
"He's kinda cute," the brunette said.   
  
I don't think she meant for me to hear her; she was leaning in to the blonde when she said it.  
  
"Trisha, shhh." The blonde quieted her friend.  
  
"Here," she said, opening the storm door. "Open your bag."  
  
She meant the bag I kept my money in.  
  
I gave the pizza to the brunette and opened my money bag.  
  
When they'd first come to the door, the blonde had a small handful of bills. Now, she had a jar with a couple of bills and a lot of change.  
  
She pulled the lid off the jar and turned it upside down into my bag. When the jar was empty, I think the bag must have been five pound heavier, and I could barely zip it closed.  
  
"All the money's there," she said. "Trust us."  
  
"You're sure?" I asked.  
  
"We're sure," she said.  
  
"Okay," I said as they began to step back.  
  
The door shut as they burst into giggling again.  
  
I turned to go back to my car.   
  
I'd walked just a few steps when I heard a scream and loud laughter. I turned back toward the door in time to see the blonde walking into the foyer, with the brunette behind her. The blonde was holding her top against her chest, and as she reached to push the front door closed, the brunette tugged on her friend's top, and as the blonde uttered a high, shrill scream, I was treated to a brief glimpse of sunburned tit.  
  
The door slammed shut and I walked the rest of the way to my car, smiling.  
  
Worrying about whether or not they'd paid me enough money was the least of my concerns, but when I got all the money counted, I found I'd received a five dollar tip.