Yet Another Pizza Delivery Story.

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A married women orders out and gets a mouthful....

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“That'll be 29 dollars even.” he spoke dully.

Her response was to blink in confusion, hoping the fluttering of her eyelids would jar her head into understanding. It didn't help, the pizza delivery guy still stood there, bored in front of her, waiting for payment. She looked down into the 20 dollar bill in her hand, trying to grasp how she miscalculated; a 20 dollar bill.

Her *last* 20 dollar bill.

Her Eyes sheepishly met his, but all she could think to say is “uhhhh...”. Her face mirrored the sentiment. Her head struggled back to the on line checkout order... she was almost certain the final bill was 14.99. Was he...pulling a fast one? Too much was going on to ponder it heavily. It was bad enough he was early, she had barely time to throw on her husband’s t-shirt to answer the door....

... And could the choice have been worse.... This was not the best garment to be greeting guests in. threadbare, sheer, and short as hell. It was an older undershirt that even her man would be embarrassed to wear to the door. And here she was, standing in front of a complete stranger, one hand holding a dollar, the other pulling at the hem line to insure she wasn't giving him a show. Panties were not in the equation. She hated being late, even for a ringing doorbell.

The delivery guy’s eyes darted to her chest and her ongoing shirt battle. The tension of her fist

tugging at its waist pulled the thin fabric tightly across her nipples, bringing them to attention. The fabric so thin both the dark circles of her nipples and the pink flesh of her breasts where impossible to ignore.

She looked up at him, his eyes elsewhere on her body, and said “I'm sorry, this is all I have.” He glanced only briefly at the bill in her hand, and spoke.

“I can't leave until the bill is paid in full.” His eyes dropped back to her tits.

She flushed a little angrily “It's all I have, can I just get you the rest next time?” There would be no next time; she was much too embarrassed now to *ever* order from this place again. She wanted him gone and to be away from the situation.

“Can't. Policy.” He mumbled. His eyes back to her chest.

She spoke loudly, “This is all I have, take it or leave it!” Inexplicably, even to her, she violently tucked the twenty into the front of his trousers. Her hand lingered, looped into the front of his pants securing the dollar bill behind the elastic. The flush of her anger made her a little light headed. What was she doing?

Her hand remained in the front of his pants.

His eyes finally left her breasts, wandered up her neck and face, and stared into hers. They said nothing. She reached deeper into his pants and felt the warmth of the dollar bill nestled next to his hardening cock. She was in shock. She kept her fingers still, but it slowly marched upwards between her finger tips. She pinched it gentle between her thumb and forefingers. It twitched and the head of it became slick and wet.

They both stood, staring at each other.

She circled her fingers around the moist head of his cock, rubbing the wetness around and around until he was completely slippery, than she pushed her hand down the shaft in one slow, slick, slimy push.

His stare finally broke, his eyes widened and dimmed. He exhaled sharply.

She slid her hand up and down his hardness; slowly. The twenty, carried up and out of his pants by the motion, dropping to the floor.

Up and down.

Up and down.

She could not believe how wet he was getting, his dick was dripping gooey moisture from its head like a drooling child. She was getting wet too, but *this* was something else.

She let go of the hem of her shirt and it inched up. She could feel the cool air from outside drift between her thighs and her moist pussy. She used her now free hand to undo the snap in the front of his pants, temporarily letting go of his cock to help unzip him. She pulled his underwear down and tucked it underneath his smooth balls. His wet, shiny cock bobbing and dripping freely; exposed.

She returned her hand to him. Milking more wetness from his head and dragging it slowly down the shaft. More slow, languid strokes. She looked up into his face, but his eyes were closed. He still held the pizza box upright, though it tilted slowly back and forth in rhythm with her thrusts.

Her focus narrowed, shadows crept into her vision. She was really going to do this, wasn't she? She dropped to her knees, and continued to slowly pull and jerk at his cock at eye level. She stared up at its head, pointed at her forehead. She aimed her stroke down and pulled his cock to her lips, and sucked it in.

Slowly.

She pursed her lips around the giant pink mushroom and sucked it hard. The suction pulled it tightly in and across her tongue, down to the back of her throat. She held him there for a second and then slowly pulled her neck back, letting it outside her mouth until the tip left her lips and bounced free. Strands of his wetness flicked onto her forehead and upper lip. She pulled it back down and into her mouth again, this time she gripped her thumb and fingers around the shaft and stroked it in time with her mouths descent again and again.

He moaned. She new what was coming. She could feel his balls rising onto her chin and his cock thicken. He spasmed a little; stepped wider. She quickened her pace and braced her self.

Just as she sensed he was about to explode in her mouth, something caught the corner of her eye.

Lights.

FUCK!

She completely lost herself in the moment, and forgot where she was. In front of her lit open doorway, the pizza guys cock in her mouth, while the neighbors across the street turned on porch lights.

SHIT.

They hadn't seen her yet. GOOD. Quickly, she pulled her head away and reached for the door, grabbing the back of his ass in an attempt to pull them both inside and hide. But he stepped forward, slipped his cock back into her panicking mouth, and closed his hands around the back of her head.

The pizza box dropped to the floor.

He groaned at the top of his lungs as his cock emptied into her ballooning cheeks. Her attempts to speak to him only stimulated him more, and let his juice escape down the front of her lips and onto her breasts. She looked up into the eyes of her now wary neighbors, now completely fixated on her.

Pointing.

She turned her neck to let the large, shrinking cock escape from her head. It slithered across her cheeks and jaw, leaving a shiny trail.

She looked up angrily at him, his eyes dimmed with pleasure. The embarrassment made it difficult to speak, but she managed it. “Now, will you please go!?”

He looked down at her, at the sexy mess he left on her face and tits. At her heaving chest and outward thrust nipples, at the tiny shock of pubic hair no longer hidden beneath the scandalous men’s undershirt. He shook his head and leered;

“That'll be 29 dollars even.”