

30 Minutes or a Free Titfuck

A TG story by Alloner

The first time you saw one of their flyers you couldn't help but think it was just some prank, maybe even a hidden camera kind of thing. But then you started to hear the rumors, to hear expressions like "Let's order one of those titfuck pizzas" and not many days later you would start to identify the delivery guys wearing their sky blue shirt and red visor cap. And sure enough the actual name wasn't "Titfuck pizzas", but with such a spin on the 30 minutes promise, what else would come to mind when thinking about them. Despite how intriguing the new business was, you tried to play it cool, after all, one can never be too sure in this day and age, especially when dealing with a business that bravely used the word "titfuck" on their flyers. Google reviews, comments on Facebook, everybody praised the pizzas... But just that... Not a single comment about the titfuck part, maybe it was you? These damn kids with their memes were finally flying over your head? Couldn't be, could it?

The more you searched the less sense it made, how could it be? Not a single horny idiot commenting about it? Not a single outraged person on twitter?

"The pay is great, better than any other places I've worked at"

Ok?

"The give you a dental plan! No other pizza place does that!"

That's... Cool...

"I'm always motivated to deliver within the 30 minute guarantee"

And that was the closest thing you got to the *titfuckery*. You tried to let it die, and sure, the hype around those pizzas slowly passed but if you paid attention, you could still see the delivery guys in the streets. Naturally, the itch of curiosity would lead you to stare through the door of one of those places, as if expecting to find some forbidden knowledge or, more precisely, some *titfuck*. But of course, there was nothing out of the ordinary, as a matter of fact, there was no reference to the elusive titfuck anywhere but on the flyers that promoted the delivery. Perhaps it was time to lay the mystery to rest, the only one that it seemed to captivate after all this time was you...

But there was one more card to play... Ordering a pizza... Not only that but deliberately causing it to take more than 30 minutes.

“Why am I doing this” You could hear your inner voice saying over and over as you ordered the most ridiculously complex combination for your “pentagon shaped pizza” and gave the most ambiguous and confusing directions for your address. It was done. The longest 30 minutes of your life had started.

You couldn't help but celebrate when the stopwatch on your phone marked 00:30:00:01.

Did you really expect to get a titfuck or was it more about figuring the secret? Maybe you just wanted the delivery guy to explain the joke... Or if there was a joke at all to begin with...

“Hello?” you flinched as a voice called from the other side of the door after two quick knocks *“I have a pineapple, refried beans, skittle and... Whatever else pizza...”*

You rushed to the door and opened it to find, as expected, the delivery guy wearing his shirt and cap...

- Here you go pal... - He said as he offered the pizza box – Oh... I know that look... The 30 minute thing right? – He rolled his eyes.

You were ready to be laughed at, to get the stare of shame... But before your eyes, the lanky guy holding the pizza underwent a transformation. His entire build became smaller, it was almost as if all that extra height and bulk was melting into the curves of a more gentler figure, his hair grew longer and fluffier just as two enormous breasts burst out of his shirt, producing a faint *thud* as they landed on the box of pizza.

- Well... - The girl in front of you smiled – Policy is policy, right? You think I can put the pizza somewhere though? My tits are burning... - She laughed.

By that time the deal was closed, there was no force in the world that would prevent you from getting your rightfully deserved titfuck... If only someone told you that's how the pizzeria gets its delivery people. Yeah, now that you think about it the name “Succubus Pizza” was a clue.