**Exposing completely naked at delivery to your door**

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Actually I used to day dream about this easiest and effective situation involving delivered pizza or other meal and a large bottle of soft drink to my door. It can be any item a friend sends you or you send it to yourself to your door.

Here is HOW I DO IT; day or evening, being totally naked in front of a fully dressed stranger ‘ or that semi mate someone’.

**Will I be completely naked? For how long?**

For the **how long time** subject: When it comes to the time-length of being purely naked and shown, this is a way for a lot shorter time than that described in my “[getting exposed fully naked for much longer time](http://towelfell.com/my-towel-fell-exposing-my-naked-body.html%22%20%5Co%20%22Applying%20exposing%20completely%20naked%20for%20long%20time%20to%20a%20fully%20dressed%20up%20person.)” article. However practically, this kind can be easily practiced very often. What the game looks like and how I was rehearsing to make it work for me perfectly? Well, not much practicing and not previous experience is required.

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We have quite many restaurants around in our town that do home delivery. If I didn’t mind to pay for the food every time, I could ring a different place 3 times a week for whole month while all delivery staff will change everywhere and I won’t meet the same person again.

**Beginning of a huge rush feeling that I get and keep:**

So, here goes; I call for instance a pizza place. I order one pizza and a large bottle of drink. Just after I order by phone I jump into the shower to wet myself up.

When the doorbell rings, all very nervous I take 15 seconds and open the door by making just a small gap.

I look outside as if from behind a corner playing un-trusting instinct check for who is there. When a delivery guy is standing out I mention “oh great … you are fast today!” trustingly opening the door at the same time. When the door is completely opened I am looking in the direction at the food and quietly say “gosh I am so hungry!!!”

Nobody from outdoors can see straight to our entry doorway area. The porch is completely hidden. We have a second security-screen door (this door is left always locked but for my purpose I keep the key in.) I pose there with one towel barely large enough to cover my torso showing a bare strip along one side of my body and another wrapped around my head.

I have to make almost an exaggerated effort in effect to keep the towel on me. \* To make everything appear innocent I hold my wallet in one hand above my breasts nearly on my neck as if I was trying to cover my top better. My other hand unlocks and while opening this screen door I ask “how much do I own you for the food?”.
( \* Other times … I unlock the screen door then fully open it and while asking the line “how much do I own you for the food … same as last time?” I’m turning back to make couple of steps to grab my wallet from my bag sitting close by on the chair. And again to make everything appear usual I hold my wallet in one hand around my breasts area covering my private parts.)

Maybe because I am there already almost naked often the tone in the answer for “how much money” has a surprise like sound.

The towel that barely hides my private parts won’t stay over me for much longer! To do so the towel is not folded in locked position it stays on me temporally only by being simply overlapped and held in place only by being under my right armpits. It’s the magic towel camouflage knot that actually looks proper! I also hold the wallet in the same hand.

I am standing there with toes touching the door line and facing the delivery guy. I reach for what he holds by my free left hand side. Simultaneously or with a little delay I prompt him to handle out to my other hand also the second item. Body language or saying politely “i’ll take it ta” does it.

Clumsy a bit on my part because of the wallet. The effort I am making to keep the not long enough towel in place is somewhere between extraordinary and exaggerated. Mind you luckily not for much longer!

Now with all items in my and his hands I whisper something along the line “thanks for that”. When I am returning both hands back towards me I uplift my right elbow which is the trigger for sending the towel down. With my hands full nothing can be done about it, the towel falls off always very fast, without a compromise, leaving me exposed completely naked standing there to face this man.

[what i love about releasing the towel is that it just goes down downright unconditionally - don't forget it's the magic towel knot - your set free wrap just drops down!]

“Aaaaaaaaah my god … nooooooo. My gooooood …” (keep your voice always pretty down it creates private atmosphere.)

To be able to remain in this horribly fantastic position as long as possible I do few things. While the towel is falling down I wiggle very slightly by gently moving with one knee and pressing it immediately back to the other; that explains my natural attempt or hope for keeping the towel on me. For him to make his very private sketch of my figure more comfortably, all this time my eyes focus only downwards on what has happen to me. Bringing the items I hold in my hands closer to my body, moving my knee and looking down while producing the sounds effectively pushes my whole front forward. All of my features, my face, crotch and breasts get exposed in detail. He can freely look at my front, at close range, as I bow there-forward for him.

3 + seconds passed and I am making half step backwards turning from the guy searching for a place to free my hands. Saying “ooooooh this is horrible” the first logical place I can think of is as close as possible to the towel. Or how about the chair. Unaware in the surprise from being at this situation, that my bag is taking the small space on the chair, I extend my situation again by 5+ seconds. Just a couple of steps from it further from the door I bow way over at my waist (this time in the opposite way) to place food and the wallet on the floor. Being completely naked I am giving him again an excellent view of my legs and everything else from behind, the whole crack or my back and hands perspective.

I leave the lot on the floor and walk towards the towel. Grab it, putting it back on me too high clumsily standing sideways. Then looking all shocked I tell him “Listen … I am so sorry … I don’t know what to say”. I am basically partly exposed.

Guys always reply by saying things like don’t worry that’s ok it can happen to anyone, etc., some things like that.

I bend down for my wallet, showing off again a bit more of my naked body but this time through much larger bare strip between one side and my front. He watches me with his big eyes. I give him a nice tip.

Then I smile on and off while saying very politely “hey … look …(pause)… I had a thought … that a situation just like now rarely comes up, … now I don’t know if I should feel bad or not about what just happened … I would like to apologize to you but don’t know what to say right now … could you please keep this for yourself?”

The answer is always along the lines ‘yes sure thing relax nothing happened’ or ‘sure I will, BTW I wish more deliveries were like this one thanks’, ‘must have been embarrassing for you wasn’t it?’, ‘what a surprise’. Most guys might not say much but they sure can get their point across only with a little point or comment.

I always have million ears at these last moments and process all his words fast in a flash. If he asked for another time or, even if he liked it, it is a signal for me and I make sure that he hears me saying: “What about if a next time I rather open the door to you without my towel on? How would that be? … I smile friendly…”

What ever his answer was I only say “… ok …” quietly but with a mini exclamation mark in that OK and I analyze the information after that when there is more time. It feels good if I see that it fits my system. At the end of the next visit one can always say/ask for more again: “… in a way … this feels quite good. Actually rather somewhat more liberating … special … did you like it too … or not? … how about this … maybe next time, i’ll do it BUT only maybe, I could even masturbate? … how about that? … Gosh! … sorry I’m so nervous …” You know that kind of scenario; when he comes I am naked on my door step again “thank you for the meal – I feel so hot I can be done in 2-3 minutes – do you want it? – because I kind of do”. Or such lines. Then the time can grow to 4-5 minutes instead. While this theater goes on a simple saying “… sorry …” a few times in an embarrassed tone and asking ‘wondering’ questions in the sense of “… how does it look? …” or saying “… please give me another minute …” and then “… I am close! …” pays of real well. And also, from either view, makes the performance more interesting.

There can always be a next time preplanned. How would you like to see me tomorrow? With shoes on? Oh, plus holding something in my hand? Hmmm, any ideas, desires, a hidden fantasy?

As I see it for these reasons an ideal would be to have a unique but true relationship. For instance; your friend could always have a friend, or better know of someone, who’s birthday is coming up and who feels lonely lately. The person would enjoy an arranged day time with your nude company. You being nude, oh my. Perhaps more to it but only unconventional activity as mentioned earlier. Just by watching your naked body and appreciate having been allowed to freely look for details @ everything, including noticing your state from self-gratification reward or rewards (satisfying desires – how would that be for a private fun gift party for both and your friend?). A sharing relationship to suit both because that way the lust satisfaction can be **arranged much easier** and, more importantly, **a lot more frequently**. We live in a busy and fast life something has to balance it!