Definition Of An Exhibitionist

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Merriam-Webster's Medical Dictionary defines an exhibitionist as: "one who

engages in or is addicted to exhibitionism..."

Addicted?

Can a person actually be addicted to running around naked?

In order to answer that, I think we need to take a look at

Merriam-Webster's definition of exhibitionism itself: a disorder

characterized by a compulsion to exhibit the genitals in public.

To put it together from the definitions, it would be logical to conclude

that an exhibitionist is someone who has a disorder, compulsion, or is

addicted to showing their genitals in public.

While I don't totally disagree with Webster's, I need to speak up about

something here. Some exhibitionists do get off on showing their genitals

in public, but the definition is a purely clinical one. It leaves me cold.

As a former exhibitionistâ€”I'll get to that in a momentâ€”I can assert that

there is much, much more to it than Webster knows. Total, unabashed

exhibitionism, at least for me, has been nothing short of the thrill of a

lifetime.

I have yet to experience anything the universe offers that is more

exhilarating than walking around completely naked in publicâ€”in broad

daylight.

Unfortunatelyâ€”the authorities don't agree with me.

I was arrested in 2002 for walking naked through a college parking lot. I

never said I was an intelligent exhibitionist.

That charade ended for me, what was a satisfying career of going naked in

public.

As an exhibitionist, I had rules: never under any circumstances would I

show myself to anyone under the age of eighteen, never force myself on

anyone who was unwilling to look, never attempt any form of contact with

anyone, unless they initiated it. Under these circumstances, I've gotten a

few positive reactions to my nudity throughout the years.

One summer for example, I was walking along a secluded path by a river,

dressed in shorts and shoes. It was hot that day. As usual, I felt the

urge (compulsion) to be naked.

Stepping out of my shorts, I tossed them in the bushes next to me, marking

the spot for later retrieval. There was nobody in sight, so I figured I

wouldn't have too much trouble. Walking along, totally nude, save for my

shoes, I enjoyed the sun on my body. Of course there is a certain sexual

thrill derived from being naked where nudity isn't allowed. But that

doesn't mean that I needed to blatantly jack off in someone's faceâ€”at

least at this point.

On this particular outing, I'd gone maybe fifty or so yards, then turned

back, figuring that I didn't want to push it. As I approached the area

where my shorts were hidden, two college-aged girls on bicycles rode up on

me from the other direction.

I realize that this probably reads like something posted in the fantasy

section, but please, bare with me...

Stopping about 10 yards or so from me, the girl closest to me gawked,

open-mouthed, and demanded to know what I was doing. The girl behind her

remained silent, staring at me.

Now, I have discovered that it's difficult to lie to someone when you're

naked. I don't know if this is a universal truthâ€”but it's true for me.

Explaining my situation, I told them that I was a nudist, (true) and loved

experiencing the freedom of being naked outdoors. The second girl asked me

if I knew that what I was doing was illegal. Well, yes, I understood that

of course, but I hadn't really expected to encounter anyone. I'd just

wanted to take a short walk, and then I was going to put my shorts back

onâ€”which was also true.

Pointing to my shorts in the bushes, I hoped to confirm to the girls that

I was telling the truth and that I wasn't a threat to them. I hadn't set

out to flash them after all. They'd taken me by surprise. Of course I

shouldn't have been surprised in the first place; I had been walking along

a public path completely nude. (Okay, for the purists...I was wearing

shoes.)

It was a tense moment for me for sure, I was afraid that they would call

the police or something. I figured I was in trouble here.

Suddenly the second girl burst into laughter.

That was a relief.

After the ice was broken, they stayed for a few minutes, asking me all

kind of questions about how often I did this, did I get off on it, etc.

Admittedly, standing there naked in front of the girls (I made no move to

put my shorts on) in a public place like that was sexually excitingâ€”as

evidenced by my growing cock. Not wanting to appear a pervert, I tried

hard to think about other thingsâ€”my grandmother, my dog, but it was no

use. My cock won out. The fact that the girls obviously noticed my

situation didn't help matters either.

Just as I became fully erect, the girls departed. I'd spent maybe a minute

at the most talking to them with a full-blown hard on.

I scanned the area to make sure there would be no more surprises, then

stroked myself to orgasm, watching them pedal away. They never looked back

of course.

This experience was not a typical one for me. Most of the time getting

caught wasn't nearly this positive. I've gotten everything from dirty

looks to threats, and I've even been chased in my car.

My exhibitionism lasted until my arrest. I was a member of a website where

people took pictures of themselves naked in public and posted them. Mine

were among some of the most daring.

I have pictures of myself naked in the parking lots of stores, inside post

offices, crossing the street, on the side of the freeway with cars passing

by...you name it, I've done it.

As for the addictive side of it, I would have to agree with Webster's. My

need to go naked got progressively worse with time. At first, simply

urinating behind a tree thrilled me. Then, I had to do it with my pants

around my ankles. That led me to taking them completely off, then walking

through the woods naked and so on ad nauseam.

At the end of my career, my boldness overrode my ass so to speak, and I

was taking stupid chances. On a trip across the US one summer, I drove

completely naked, only wearing my shorts when I had to get gas. Even then,

in a remote gas station in Wyoming, I slipped of my shorts, finished

pumping, walked around my car and got in. There were a few other people

around, but by this time, I had gotten so bold as not to care.

At times I felt invincible. Once, I walked out of a gas station in Nevada,

slipped off my shorts and went the rest of the way to my car totally nude.

Another time at a rest stop, I parked my car about twenty yards or so from

a phone booth. The booth stood alone, exposed to both the parking area and

the freeway. Placing an actual phone call, I slid my shorts down and off.

I probably spent about two minutes talking on the phone, naked.

Leaving my shorts in the phone booth (I had another pair in the car just

in case) I walked the entire distance back to my car naked, throbbing cock

leading the way.

At my car, I wasn't ready to end it yet, so I walked around to the back

and stood, leaning on it with my bare ass on the trunk.

To my excitement, the cars passing on the freeway had a clear view of me.

One woman even turned her head to look as she sped by, as if trying to

figure out if she was really seeing a naked man.

My exhibitionism was addictive...and like any addiction left

unchecked...it got me into a world of trouble. I have a police record now

because of it and it has returned a few times to bite me in the ass.

While I don't recommend going around naked to anyone due to the possible

legal consequences, I can say this: there is no better drug than exposing

oneself naked in public. There were times when I was so turned on I could

hardly breathe because my heart was pounding so hard in my chest from the

adrenaline rush.

Webster's right in a way, and wrong in another. Exhibitionism can be an

addictionâ€”but it's about much more than simply showing your genitals to

people.

It's about the raw exhilaration, the sheer terrifying excitement that

comes from being naked and exposed. It's about knowing that you're too far

away from your clothes to turn back, it's about the feeling you get

moments before you know you're going to get caught, when every nerve

screams to your brain. It's that indescribable, surreal quality of

conversing totally nude with a startled onlooker. It's being the center of

attention as the only naked person at party or in the park, in front of a

group of clothed people.

Most of all though, I think it's about getting in touch with the emotion

that we try so hard to ignoreâ€”vulnerability.

To be naked is to be vulnerable. But to be naked in public is about as

vulnerable as it gets.

An exhibitionist lives for those rare times when someone reacts favorably.

The ultimate fantasy for an exhibitionist is to be caught naked in public

and receive a positive reaction, (at least a less than negative one) to

their nudity. Even leading to masturbation in front of the person or group

doing the catching. Though extremely rare, it happens.

It happened to me once.

I was in a train station in Europe at about three o'clock in the morning.

Drunk, I walked into the women's restroom by mistake. It was empty, so I

stripped off all of my clothes, (I'm an opportunist) in the stall and

masturbated on the toilet. Peeping out, I saw the place was still

desertedâ€”I got bold.

Walking right out, barefoot naked, I stood in front of the mirror,

watching myself stroke. I'd gotten so caught up in what I was doing that I

hadn't noticed the woman on the far end by the wall.

She was watching me too.

Way too far gone to stop, I came, spurting gobs of cum all over the floor

and myself. The woman rushed out and so did I. Grabbing my clothes in the

stall, I pulled on my pants, shirt and shoes, hauling ass out of

thereâ€”leaving my underwear and socks behind.

Nothing ever came of that incident. Luck plays a big part in the

successful career of an exhibitionist. At some point however, it runs out

for all of us.

These days, I confine my episodes to stories. It's a safe way to walk down

the street naked or jerk off in a crowded bar.

Webster's must be forgiven for putting such a cold moniker on

exhibitionism. After all, how can you define the myriad of feelings that

surround it in a few sentences?

For example, what's the word for spinning in a circle, trying to see and

hear from all directions at once, every fiber in your body taught and

dancing with excitement?

While their definitions of exhibitionism and exhibitionist are medically

accurateâ€”they weren't written by an exhibitionist.

If I could help out by adding to them, I would say that exhibitionism is

the thrill of a lifetime, and that the exhibitionist is the ultimate

thrill seeker.