**I Am Not an Exhibitionist**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

"How old are you again, Susan? If you don't mind me asking."  
  
The doctor seemed confused with me being here. My mother had been the one who booked the appointment and forced me to come, and I suppose he assumed I was a minor. Probably envisioned some rebellious teenager and I was nothing like that. "Thirty-three, Dr. Adler," I said.  
  
"You may call me Phillip. And you live at home, with your folks? Or your mother?"  
  
"Um, no," I chuckled, slightly blushing. I had my own place and my own life, but my mother can sometimes be overbearing. "It's just, Mom is mad at me right now. I agreed to see you only to settle her down, and maybe save our relationship."  
  
"I see," he said. "So what is it you do?"  
  
"Retired, actually. I worked odd jobs while in junior high and high school, and my ex-boyfriend convinced me to buy a bunch of bitcoin back then, rather than spending it at the mall or whatnot. I sold most of it an absurdly high return, a couple years ago."  
  
"Retired already? Before the age of 35?" the doctor gasped. "I'm glad things worked out so well for you."  
  
"I live modestly," I said, shrugging. I try to keep my net worth a secret, but it's around twenty million. That said, I live in a quaint, upper-middle-class neighborhood and drive an SUV like everyone else.  
  
"I, uh, guess I'm confused. I spoke to your mother, but what she described doesn't seem..."  
  
"I know, doc. Mom's got it in her head that I'm an exhibitionist, and it's not true." I was currently in a summer dress, but a conservative one. It was even a bit large for me, and that's saying something, considering I'm a D cup. Point is, I'm fully covered, even though I am going without a bra. I don't really care for bras, unless they're sexy or titillating. "It's just a series of incidents that make her think that."  
  
"I'm not sure I follow," said the doctor.  
  
"Like the whole reason I am here today, is because Mom blames me for ruining my brother's wedding. Tommy, my brother, doesn't even care about what happened. Neither does anyone else." Dr. Phillip was gently shaking his head, indicating he still wasn't following, so I gave him the details. "When Deborah, Tommy's wife, threw the bouquet, it came straight towards me and Pearl Simpson. Closer to me, so I reached up to catch it. Pearl came rushing in and bumped me. Her bracelet caught my dress as she tried to intercept the flowers, and the top half of it ripped right off."  
  
"Oh, my," chucked Dr. Adler.  
  
"So it's shit like that, that brings me to you today."  
  
The doctor coughed and sat up a bit. "Okay, just to get this straight, Susan, you were unintentionally exposed. Because of this, your mother believes you are an exhibitionist?"  
  
"Exactly!" I cried.  
  
"But you mentioned there other incidents? I think you used the plural form."  
  
"Well, yes, but nothing that was my fault."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"A couple weeks ago, when we were shopping for last-minute wedding gifts, we stopped at Atlas Aquarium. My brother's big into fish and aquariums, and Mom asked if I would upgrade his tank for his new home."  
  
"You mean a whole new setup?" asked Phillip, smiling. "I have a 50-gallon aquarium myself."  
  
"I admit, I splurged. It's probably the best gift anyone ever got Tommy. He was thrilled."  
  
"I'm sure."  
  
"Anyway, while we were there - and I guess I should note this is a busy store, full of shoppers and staff - anyway, one of the the employees was reattaching a pump or a hose, or something. He was on a ladder at one of the top displays next to us, broke something, and water came shooting out of this hose at me from above, with intense pressure."  
  
The doctor scratched his beard, nodding. "I'm guessing another accident?"  
  
"I was wearing this cute, one-piece outfit. It's like a skirt and halter top combined, without shoulder straps. I suppose more like a corset, but the material doesn't fit tightly or anything. The water came shooting out, and pushed the top half of my dress straight to my waist. I was utterly soaked, and when I pulled the dress back up, you could see right through it."  
  
The doctor's chuckles turned to muffled laughter. "I'm so sorry. That is a bit humorous for it to happen twice."  
  
"Uh, yeah," I said, darting my eyes to the ceiling, hesitating. "Twice..."  
  
"I get the sense you haven't told me everything."  
  
I drew my eyes back to the doctor and sighed. "I suppose, in my Mom's point of view, that's not all the incidents, but every instance was just as unexpected as the two I just described. I mean, well, except for when we were at the lake."  
  
"The lake?"  
  
"Lake Wabellon. The whole family goes every few years, and because Tommy was getting married, we did it this year. He brought Deborah, and she and I went out to the water one afternoon for a swim." Phillip leaned back in his chair, quietly taking it all in. "Deb convinced me to skinny dip with her. As we were leaving, we saw these two teenagers running away from where we had left our clothes. They took everything except for Deborah's tee shirt, a really long one. I guess they dropped it as they scrambled away. So Deb had her shirt, but I had nothing. We go back to the cabins, careful not to be seen by anyone, and I make a mad rush for the door when we got close. I run in, and to my horror, Mom was inside with two of her friends from the church choir."  
  
The doctor looked like he was struggling to hold back tears, wanting to crack up. "Wait a second. So you're stark naked, because your clothes were stolen?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Oh my, Susan, you have the worst luck."  
  
"That's what I've been telling Mom!" I cried, raising my hands. "But she thinks I enjoy exposing myself! She won't listen to me, doc."  
  
The doctor nodded, agreeing. "Every one of these 'incidents' can be rationally explained, Susan. Your mother just seemed gravely concerned, and not at all hysterical, when she brought this up. To be clear, were there any other incidents you haven't mentioned?"  
  
"You mean, like recently?"  
  
"Recently or not. Whatever you might think relevant. Events that give Janice, your mother, pause to believe that you may be an exhibitionist?" I looked up again, thinking hard. I was counting with both hands and ended on eight.  
  
Phillip seemed surprised by that. "Eight?" he echoed, when I had finished counting.  
  
"Not including the ones I just told you."  
  
He paused for moment, "So, eight other times in your life, your mother ha-"  
  
"No, sir. Eight this year. I thought you meant recently."  
  
The doctor sighed, and took a moment to process the information. "Let me be sure I am understanding you correctly. Since the beginning of this year, you have had a total of eleven incidents where you exposed yourself, while your mother was present?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess so!" I shouted, tossing my arms up again. "You're the one that wanted me to count them." As I swung my hands back down, the strap of my oversized, summer dress slipped off my right shoulder, instantly showing half my assets to the befuddled doctor. "Oh my gosh," I said, pulling it back up. "I am so sorry."  
  
Dr. Adler almost jumped out of chair when he saw my breast, but then tried to play it smooth, by reaching for a bottled water. "Okay, Susan. Continue, please. Tell me of a few more times it occurred."  
  
"Um, at the pool one day, block party at my cousin's. They invited the whole neighborhood. I dove off the high board in my bikini, and when I hit the water, I lost my top. It snapped right off. Thing is, while I was frantically trying to cover my breasts and find it, I hadn't realized my bottoms had slipped to my knees."  
  
The doctor nodded, and said, "Okay, I guess I could see that happening."  
  
"Back in early Spring, I took my folks and my boyfriend out to dinner. It was a karaoke club, too. Anyway, enough drinks and they all convinced my to do my rendition of "99 Red Balloons." I was wearing a low-cut top and when I mimicked holding the balloons high in my hands, I didn't realize my nipples were popping out. My mom fucking freaked, tried to haul me off the stage in the middle of the song... keep in mind, I had no idea what she was doing at the time... she pulls at me, and completely rips my dress off. That's on HER, not me." I leaned back in my chair now, crossing my arms.  
  
The doctor was grinning and chuckling again, but managed to calm down. "Susan, has it dawned on you that these incidents occur frequently with you?"  
  
"It doesn't mean I intend for any of it to happen."  
  
"I suppose not, but what if I were to tell you, the odds of winning the lottery, are probably lower than bring stripped in public, by accident, eleven times within a seven month period."  
  
"I'm sorry. I'm not sure I follow you, now," I said. "You mean, with my mother present?"  
  
"Are you suggesting it has happened other times, without your mother present?"  
  
"Well, yes, of course," I said. "But it's not like I wanted them to happen, either. Accidents like this aren't exactly amusing."  
  
"Yet it happens so often with you," the doctor sighed.  
  
"I don't know. I guess? Are you telling me, you have never accidentally exposed yourself to someone?" I challenged the doctor. "I am aware it bothers my mother when this happens to me, but she isn't thinking about how much it bothers me!" As I was emphasizing my words, my right strap slipped off my shoulder again, dropping to my waist. Once I felt the air on my nipple, I instantly snatched the shirt back up, practiced in the motion.  
  
"Susan, how often does stuff like this happen to you, really? Like, what just happened right there."  
  
"You mean, when my dress just slipped?"  
  
"Yes.  
  
"I dunno. That's maybe the third or fourth time today, I guess."  
  
"How many times in a month do you accidentally expose yourself, do you think?" the doctor asked, exasperated.  
  
"You act like it's truly some kind of freak event," I said. "Maybe a few times a week there might be some wardrobe malfunction, I'm not sure."  
  
Phillip scratched the back of his head and asked a few other questions. "Are you clumsy? Have people suggested to you that you might be?"  
  
"Clumsy? No, I don't think so."  
  
"Spacial awareness issues? Ever been checked by a doctor? MRI scans?"  
  
"Never any need. Doc, it's not that big a deal if a boob spills out, is it? It's not a crisis."  
  
"No, of course it isn't, but I think it's important to understand, this is highly unusual behavior."  
  
"You act like I go around shoving my tits in everybody's face!" I yelled, whipping them out, pointing my breasts to the doctor, rising out of my chair. "This IS NOT me!" I shook them up and down in front of him. "Yet you're going to compare a simple slip of the shoulder to THIS?" I pushed them higher towards him. If anything, maybe to get him to understand how ludicrous the idea was, to compare accidents to blatant flashing. I did not expect him to be agreeing with my mother, after hearing of my challenges.  
  
"Susan, why are you showing me your breasts?" the doctor asked.  
  
"Because of what you are implying!" I said defensively.  
  
The doctor sat back in his chair, ogling my tits. I could tell he liked them. "Susan," he spoke slowly. "The first thing an alcoholic must do to beat alcoholism, is admit they have a problem. It's a very difficult thing to do. If I allow you to go completely nude in our sessions, will you allow me to work with you on defeating your exhibitionist behaviors?"  
  
Offended, I immediately began stripping out of everything. "You wanna see all of this, huh? Is that what this is really about? I hardly think you would make a good therapist for me, but ya know what? Fuck you! Take one good look, before I leave."  
  
"I will only agree to look, if you agree to a few sessions. What's the harm?"  
  
My panties were halfway down to my knees when this question stopped me. I pivoted up, leaving them there. "Alright, fine. THREE sessions. But I don't have to go naked every time, do I?"  
  
"Not if you don't want to," said Phillip.  
  
I looked down at my mostly naked body. "Well, might as well now. But that doesn't mean ANYTHING!" I insisted.  
  
"Of course it doesn't. Now please, sit back and let's begin. Masturbate if you want to."  
  
MASTURBATE?!" I screamed. The very fucking nerve. "I should call the authorities on you."  
  
"Susan, you don't have to masturbate. Just lay back and do whatever pleases you, so long as we push forward in the session."  
  
I huffed. Asking me to masturbate was crossing the line. How could he ask me to do that? He thinks, just because he's a psychologist, he can play some mind game on me? I knew he wanted to watch me orgasm, much more than I desired one right now. I would give him no such pleasure. Well, maybe I would, because I KNOW if he saw that, he'd want to fuck me, and I could really screw him over then, denying him anything and everything. I opened my legs wide, allowing the doctor to see my tight, little pussy. "Fuck it. Start the session. I'll play your fucking game."