My First REAL Exhibitionist Event
BY: Hooked6

I guess I’ve always been a bit of a closet exhibitionist starting back to when I was a teenager. I’ve enjoyed TV shows and reading articles with this theme for many years and have often fantasized about what it would be like to be the character in one of the stories posted here, although I’ve never had the nerve to actually DO anything to make it a reality.

Sometimes fate has a way of stepping in and creating a situation that a person couldn’t actually plan if they tried. I just HAD to tell somebody about it so here’s my story. All I ask is that you don’t make fun of me because this is about the most exciting thing that’s ever happened to me. My name is Dawn and I just turned 22. I just got my first real job after college which required me to move to another state, Florida actually.

After settling in my new apartment I realized that I needed to take care of things that, in the past, I always took for granted. One of these things was to find a new family doctor. I asked around at work and several co-workers recommended the same female physician that seemed to enjoy a great reputation. I made a late-afternoon appointment and took off of work early to head toward the suburbs where this physician had her office.

After filling out numerous forms I was told that new patients needed to have a complete physical and a bunch of lab work. I was eventually taken to an examining room, told to remove all my clothes and change into the white paper gown that was located at the foot of the examining table. Now Before any of you jump to conclusions, this IS NOT a story about some inappropriate action by the doctor or her staff. As it turned out I really like the physician very much and the staff was and continues to be very professional. No, what actually happened probably will never be repeated again in my lifetime.

I did as instructed, removing all my clothes and placing them on the counter of the room I was in. A medical assistant came in and took my blood pressure, recorded my weight and asked a bunch of questions over again confirming my previous responses. When she was through and was turning to leave, she told me that the doctor would be in shortly.

As I sat on the table I thought about how I disliked those ridiculous paper gowns. It seems that every doctor’s office uses them so I’m sure it is a cost thing. But they are so stiff and thin and they have no way of actually closing in the back. This gown had no strings or tape. It just hung on your shoulders covering the essentials as I waited on the table. A real cloth gown would be much more pleasing.

My thoughts changed when I started to smell this awful odor. It wasn’t strong at first but then got considerably worse. I almost jumped off the table when a loud alarm bell began ringing and a small strobe light started flashing in my room. Before I could figure out what was going on, another assistant or nurse flung open the door. There was a noticeable look of sheer terror on her face and there was the unmistakable presence of smoke. People were running past my door and yelling at each other. The scene was chaotic!

“We’ve got to get outside!” she yelled. “THERE’S A REAL FIRE!!” She grabbed my hand and we rushed out into the hall, then left me as she went to other rooms. Smoke was everywhere. All I could think about was the events of 9/11 at the World Trade Center. I too started to panic as I had no idea how to get out of there. Several people came by and a lady, which I presumed to be an office manager or something was telling everybody to remain calm but to quickly make their way to the stairs at the end of the hall that I was standing in. I didn’t have to be told twice! This building wasn’t going to fall on top of me!

The building wasn’t very big and was only two stories tall, but we were on the top floor! Once in the stairwell and I was joined by others, I felt a little better as the smoke wasn’t so suffocating!

Finally outside, I heard the sirens of emergency vehicles approaching. The Office Manager lady directed everyone to assemble across the street in the vacant lot. Others in the building were now outside and they too started walking hurriedly toward the same lot. After reaching the grassy area, I turned around to see smoke pouring out of the building I had just left! “Man, was I ever lucky!” I thought.

I started to calm down and then I realized that I was standing outside in my paper gown that came only to my mid thigh with my backside completely exposed!! I reached around and tried my best to catch the two sides of the gown and hold them together back there. I had no idea how much I was covering but I hoped I was at least decent.

There was a definite tension in the air as everyone perceived this as a real dangerous situation. I watched with interest as two fire trucks arrived and men went into the building. I had never seen anything like this before and apparently neither had most of the people I was with. A real sense of comradery developed as we all watched in amazement.

As things dragged on and the amount of smoke disappeared, the tension I had been experiencing began easing off a bit. My thoughts then turned to my state of dress. I saw a guy, another patient, a few yards up and he too must have been interrupted during his exam because he was also only wearing a gown. I noticed too, that he continued to stand with the gown open in back, exposing his butt to anyone who cared to look as he watched the activity.

I recalled all those daydreams of mine about exhibitionism and my heart started beating faster and faster. My thoughts flashed back to my own exit from the building and had to face the reality that I too must have shown my naked butt as I raced down the stairs! I felt really excited about that - in a weird sort of way!

I was oh so tempted to take advantage of the situation and try a little risky behavior of my own, but I was plagued by thoughts of “what if?” I noticed however that NO ONE, not a single person thought anything about making that man cover up. Not a word was spoken or a disapproving look displayed by those of both sexes in the crowd. I figured that, since this was a medical building most of these people had seen it all before. Realizing this, I got a little braver inside and decided to try an innocent looking flash to see what would happen. My plan was to ever so S-L-O-W-L-Y let the right side of my gown slide away from my grasp and hang away from me allowing my butt to be uncovered for a brief period of time and then feign a surprised look and re-cover myself. I figured people would think it was an accident or something.

I was exposed to the few people behind me, for what, maybe 5 seconds before I chickened out and grabbed a hold of the other side of the gown. I pulled it almost closed, but stopped myself. I was enjoying the thrill way too much. I carefully looked around and no one seemed to care, so I let the opening get larger. HOW WONDERFUL IT FELT to be in this situation not entirely of my own making!! I decided to grab the gown a bit higher as if to appear to be making an effort at modesty but knowing full well my ass was not in the least covered.

I stood this way for quite a long time and enjoyed every second of it. But, I wanted more! I decided to move around and talk to people. This way I would have the opportunity to show myself to more people than the few people behind me. It took a little bit to get up the nerve, but I finally managed it.

The first person I spoke with was another Medical-type person about my age. She was worried that patient records had been destroyed. I asked what had happened but she didn’t have a clue. As I stood there talking to her I wasn’t really listening that much to what she was saying. Instead my thoughts were focused on how just a thin, white piece of flimsy paper separated my naked body underneath from all the eyes of those present!!! I candidly will admit that I was aroused and scared to death all at the same time! It was especially electrifying when a slight gust of wind would occasionally catch hold of the bottom portion of my gown and fluff it out a bit.

After moving around some more in different places so as not to attract too much attention and talking with several more people, I got so used to standing partially exposed that I got so bold that I just gave up the pretense of holding my gown closed. I was soooooo horny I just can’t describe it. Everyone was friendly and accepting, however. That’s what made this so amazing!

Time past and people then started grumbling. Employees started voicing their concerns that this could take all night. The Office Manager lady for my doctor tried to explain that the firefighters were trying to discover the cause of the fire and were making sure it was safe to reenter the building. I listened intently all the while strolling my naked little ass in plain sight of just about everyone. It’s funny how people get so caught up with their own needs and thoughts that everything else doesn’t seem to matter. The employees all wanted to go home, pick up their kids, get back to work or whatever. Meanwhile all I wanted to do was expose myself. Their preoccupation with their own concerns made my adventure all the more possible.

It was getting later and darker. One fire truck had already left but other firefighters were still inside. Finally one office manger told her staff they could leave if they wanted. My Office lady told her staff the same thing. Slowly people dwindled away. I guess most people had their car keys with them or had the presence of mind to grab their purses as they left. The parking lot was on the other side (the front façade of the building) and people took the long way around to get to their cars. Eventually, much to my disappointment, there was only a small handful of people left. And we still waited. I certainly couldn’t leave, unlike that other male patient who was also in a gown. At least his wife was there and had her purse. She drove him home long before this. I figured those that remained either had to stay and lock up or didn’t have their keys with them.

Now this in itself would have been a wonderful experience if it ended here, but it didn’t.

More time passed. Finally there were only six of us left – all women who appeared to work in the building and me. We made more small talk. I wasn’t as thrilled now about being outside just in my gown but what could I do.

That’s when fate stepped in again. It was getting dark early I thought as we stood milling about. Then I felt a drop on my shoulder, then another, then another. IT WAS STARTING TO RAIN!! NO bull..., it really started to drizzle ever so steadily. Not hard mind you, but it was rain nonetheless. Those of you who live in Florida know that showers can come up often in the late afternoon and I was stuck in one.

As my gown started to get wet it stuck to my body. The group of us had nowhere to go for cover as the only shelter close by was our building. It wasn’t raining hard enough that the others wanted to scurry away. It was just drizzling ever so slightly enough to be a nuisance. No one had anything to offer me as they stood there only in their scrubs and no one was going to strip off to their underwear just to give me cover. A couple of the girls apologized repeatedly to me, over and over again. They were truly empathizing with my situation. Little did they know that, despite some initial shock, I was secretly hoping for a down pour.

Some jokes were made and some awkward tension filled the air as my gown was now practically see-through and was ever so slowly disintegrating. It was quite obvious to all that I don’t really shave ‘down there.’

More apologies were given and the girls got a little closer as we talked. No one really had any good ideas. The only one that seemed to make sense was to walk about 1000 yards to the next building over and take cover – and although I was enjoying the idea of being an exhibitionist for the day, THAT was a little to much to ask! I told them it was just us girls out here and that surely we’d be going in soon. As a sign of support everyone hung with me and we continued to wait. . .in the light, but steady drizzle.

My gown was almost gone as I jokingly began peeling pieces of it off my body making wisecracks like, “They sure don’t make these like they used to.” There was nervous laughter from a few of them. I kept it up. Perhaps it was just my hormones doing my thinking for me but I really wanted the gown to totally be off of me - even if it WAS just us girls.

I handed another large wet piece of the gown I separated from my right breast and asked one of the girls to hold onto for me, “I want to keep this as a souvenir,” I said. Of course now I was really “exposing” real skin, not just allowing them to see me through the transparent, albeit nearly useless gown.

“If this was Mardi Gras you’d be very popular right now,” one girl said laughing.

“Too bad you don’t have any beads to give me for this,” I said as I pulled another huge piece of the gown away from, my pelvis exposing the rest of me.

Again there was nervous laughter all around. Looking back I’m not sure if they were feeling bad for me or were too appalled at my behavior to say anything. Their nervousness made it all the more fun for me.

“You sure are taking this very well. If it were me, I‘d be calling my lawyer right now!” one said seriously, perhaps worried that I might actually be thinking of doing such a thing.

“What for? It’s nobody’s fault. What can anybody do?” I said reassuringly.

Just then my bravado all but left me and I could barely breathe. Approaching us from the building were two firefighters – no, make that two CUTE as hell firefighters. They were coming right towards us and all of a sudden this wasn’t fun anymore. I immediately hid myself behind one of the girls. Another stepped in front of me too as she appreciated my concern.

Mercifully one of the other girls stepped forward and met them a short distance off, talked to them awhile and then returned to us as they left to go back toward their truck.

“He said we could go back inside now if we wanted. It’s all clear.” She said after reaching us. “The only problem is that we have to enter by the back entrance in the middle over there,” she said pointing toward two glass doors. “The stairwell doors can only be opened from the inside and automatically lock when the door is closed.”

The full realization that I had to walk past those guy... me! As it did the other girls. I shook my head silently letting them know that I couldn’t do that. I missed a golden opportunity, I know, but I didn’t have it in me then to actually do it.

Why don’t you wait here and I’ll bring you your clothes,” offered one of them. The others agreed to keep me company so I agreed to her plan and told her where to find my stuff. Standing there almost completely naked with all those guys coming out of the building was a nerve-wracking experience for sure!

Shortly she came back with my things. As she was walking toward me the firefighters started to leave. As they passed us in their truck, they blew their horn which almost made my heart stop! I wasn’t sure if they were honking because they had seen my nudity or just to say goodbye to everyone. In either case I was embarrassed all to hell.

Having to get dressed in the drizzling rain in front of the girls added to my humiliation. One of the girls peeled off several small pieces of the gown that had remained stuck to my back as I stepped into my knickers then straightened up to pull them on. I skipped putting on my bra and hurriedly zipped up my dress. It was awkward saying goodbye, as, in spite of everything, I really didn’t want it to end.

Since I don’t know any of you, I’ll confess that I rubbed myself to orgasm twice on the way home and have already done so once right now just reliving this as I typed it for you to read. MAN, WHAT A RUSH!

I am wondering, has anyone else been exposed in some way in a emergency situation? I don’t want to make light of a serious event but my mind just keeps replaying this over an over and I guess I’m wondering if this has happened to anyone else?