Mall streak 1

by Jaynee

Tue Mar 10, 2009 21:21

67.83.159.224

I've always fantasized about being naked in the mall. Even when I was a teenager shopping with my friends, I wish there was someway to wind up totally naked in the mall with no way out. I loved nrlynakedbabe (not exactly sure how that was spelled) naked mall adventure.   
  
Prior to reading her adventure, I did the following:  
  
I went to a mall probably 30 miles form my condo, in no way did I want to be caught by someone I knew.  
  
I dressed in flip flops and a throwaway summer dress, nothing expensive. I took a purse with me, just a simple 5" x 10" cloth red purse.  
  
By the way, my measurements are somewhat precise because I am a licensed architect.   
  
Inside the purse, I brought a pair of shears. My plan was to park near the edge of the mall parking lot, walk into the mall, find a suitable place, destroy my clothes and flops, and run outside totally naked, and drive home, then run into my condo naked.  
  
Here's what happened:

Mall Streak 2

Tue Mar 10, 2009 21:48

67.83.159.224

So I left my car in the "D" parking lot area. I walked into the mall. My senses were alive.  
I opened the door, way too heavy for me as usual, but I gave it a good pull to get in. I entered into the food court area. I was thinking of entering into a Macy's but figured I'd walk throughout the mall and choose the least busy store.  
Inside the mall there were tons of people. I did this last May, the economy was good, a little too good for my plans.  
Walking around the mall was quite an experience. I felt a if a few people noticed my lack of underwear a my nipples stood out. I was definitely aroused to say he least.  
  
I walked through the food court, temporarily losing my momentum as I smelt the popeye's, chines, etc, I never let myself have. The Cinabon's and starbucks were also tough to walk by. The I got to the main artery. I turned right and headed down the main hall.   
  
I wans;t ready to work my plan, and I was scared, so to work up my nerve, I took the escalator to the second floor. There were people behind me that might have had the best view of my freshly shaven private area, but I refued to look behind me. I walked over to the electronics store and walked around for a while. After 10 minutes, I headed back into the mall and saw a sign for a women's room. I wlked into the nearest stall and closed the door.  
  
By now my heart was pounding. I wished I had a friend that understood me to help me through this kind of streak. There was no way I could take my clothes off here, run down the escalator, thought the main hall, then the food court, then across 150+ yards to my car, then somehow have the composure to drive home.  
  
So I squatted on the toilet, took my dress over my head leaving my naked in my flops. I took my flops off and held all three articles of clothing in my hand. God I was so naked. In the middle of a bust mall, I was entirely naked in a bathroom stall. If I had a friend to take this from me, that would force me to streak naked to my car to get home. But here I was by myself, my normal side telling me your f'n crazy, my crazy side telling me, go for it.  
  
I took my shears out of my purse and looked at my little ball of clothing and flops. I could cut this up right now and leave myself totally naked, I'd have to run quick out of the mall. I never scouted the actual path though. But I wanted this so bad. I started playing with myself bringing myself to the point of climax, because this is when I make those super daring decisions. I couldn't do it though, not here. It was too much of a risk, especially with all of the people and especially the families.   
  
Since I had the scissors, I did cut my dress up the back a bit as a penalty for indecision. The dress hung loosely over me, so it shouldn't be a big deal unless the wind blows or I turn quickly.  
  
Now, I still needed the naked rush, but where???? I'd been in this stall for 15 minutes naked fantasizing on where to go.

Mall Streak 3

Tue Mar 10, 2009 22:19

67.83.159.224

Sorry for the chopped up stories, I don't want to exceed the max, and I get distracted in between  
  
So I left my clothes in the bathroom stall, with my purse and shears. I slowly unlocked the door and peered out. No-one had been in here for 2 or 3 minutes, so I guessed it was momentarily safe. I walked out of my stall stark naked. The mirror over the sinks in front of me proved my nakedness. I could even see details in my bare crotch due to the fluorescent lighting. I quickly jumped into the stall next to me and locked the door. I have no idea why, but the tiny separation from my clothes was awesome.  
  
Suddenly, the main door squeaked open. Fearing the discovery of my clothes in the empty stall, I reached under and grabbed my dress, flops, and purse. I quickly dressed and headed out of the bathroom, head still dizzy from my impending fantasy fulfillment.  
  
I continued down the second floor of the main hall slowly, enjoying the walk.  
  
I made it the Nordstroms at the end of the hall. I rode the internal escalator down to the first floor. I walked around the first floor, finding the men's section to the left of the front door and the women's section to the right. The women's section was about 10 racks of clothes deep and against the side wall was a changing room. The side wall then extended about 75 feet to the front of the store into a corner about 50 feet from the front door. Being 10 racks deep, one could conceivably walk naked from the changing room to the front door and not be noticed until the main tiled walkway about 10 feet from the front door   
  
I sauntered thru the dresses section and picked out 3 possibilities. I then walked into the dressing room.  
  
I picked the dresses for show. I actually hung them on the return rack as I walked behind my curtain of my dressing room. I didn't want any possible coverup.  
  
Inside the dressing room I pulled out my shears. I pulled my dress over my head and kicked off my flops. I was now totally naked. I could see myself in the mirror. Wow, no clothes, in public, about to be stranded naked again.  
  
First, I cut my flops. I cut the bands that went between my toes, making them useless. As I did so, I noticed my toes, how sexy, I have a personal foot fetich and keep my toes perfectly manicured whether in the summer or winter when waring open toes shoes with hose, I don;t care, I love it!!! I had on a cherry red polish today and it stood out perfectly.  
  
Now comes the moment of truth, I looked out the curtain for a moment, looked at myself naked, and thought of the running back to my car. I was so turned on I couldn't stop myself. So I began cutting my dress, my only clothing.   
  
I cut it into little squares, unrecognizable. I pooled the squares together with my shredded flops. I peered out the curtain, and dumped them into the trash can, it had one of those heavy flip lids that everything was basically gone once it was inside. I dropped my shears and purse into the can, but kept my keys. Then I slunk back into my dressing cube naked.

Mall Streak 4

Tue Mar 10, 2009 22:34

67.83.159.224

Oh man, now I'm totally naked in a mall, I have no money, access to clothes, no shoes, no ID. I'm looking at myself totally naked in the dressing room mirror. God I feel hot. I start caressing my breats, my nipples are fully extended, my private area is on fire, I start touching myself...oh, have to stop. I'll never make it out alive if I climax, I need the sexual rush to get out quickly and be daring enough to escape.  
  
I look out of the curtain, move two cubes to the left to leave the dressing room. I'm good, there;s a women in the cube at the end cursing about her post pregnancy weight, she'll be there for a while.   
  
I look out of the dressing room and notive no-one nearby the room, but 3 coupes spread out 6-7 racks away. I duck and start sneaking out to the right.  
  
I make it all the way to the front wall, just 50 feet of strafing the front wall to go then a right at the main doors. I see no security, just those large oval security device detectors.  
  
I'm able to pause, holy shit, I'm totally naked in petites, squatting on the industrial carpet tile, hiding behind racks of undersized dresses. Again I look up and notice I have a window. I sprint naked the 50 feet to the front door, breasts in hand.  
  
I hear a man shouting as I round the corner. I didn't know if it was security, a manager, or a typical man enamored with my ass, so I kept going, through the double doors towards the outside. I just sprint across the main road right outside into the parking lot area, I run 2 rows back into a mass of cars. Finally, behind a cadillac escalade gas guzzler, I stopped. Holy smokes  
  
Now I'm totally naked in a mall 30 miles from my house. I think I've been seen, and oh, by the way, where the hell is my car. I look up and somehow I screwed up, I'm in M lot. Thats several lots form D lot.  
  
I looked out from behind the gas guzzler, no-one is following me......good.  
  
Looking at the mall from the outside, I realized I had to run to where I entered, about 500 yards away, to get to my car. In my aroused state, I forgot about how far I walked away from the food court in the mall to Nordstroms.   
  
This was tough to do. Being naked in a public parking lot is extremely difficult during usable hours. I hid between cars, twice I jumped under a car because I couldn't tell which car the people were going to.  
  
I finally made it to my car and drive home. This time, I had a spare dress, I wasn't ready to drive home naked 30 minutes.  
  
More to come, including forced streaks from my then boyfriend now husband once he found out about my hobby