**Katie Takes Her Obsession Indoors**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

With the Christmas and New Year holidays well behind her and another couple of weeks before the start of the Spring semester, Katie was at loose ends. Her part time job at the local mall was good for some spending money, but 16 hours a week folding clothes at Old Navy left her with more free time on her hands than was probably healthy. She knew all too well what kind of trouble she could get herself into when she was as bored as she was now.

Her surprising discovery the previous spring of a previously unknown penchant for exhibitionism had shaken her self image. Her recognition of this tendency began with a completely accidental, thoroughly tame incident where she really didn't expose anything at all. The feelings stirred up in her by just being close to inappropriately showing a little skin led her to a handful of outings which all did include some level of exposure, each slightly more daring than the last. Her early experiments led her to accept that she enjoyed being exposed as long as it was in a fairly safe way, with a very small, very controllable risk of actually being seen by someone.

She had been able to rationalize those early experiences as a harmless way of relieving end of semester deadline induced stress; since nobody actually saw her, it was almost as if it never happened. That theory crumbled the night she was finally caught while naked, not just seen but forced to interact with a couple of strangers! Though terrified at first, she was shocked to find herself becoming aroused by the situation once it bacame clear the couple meant her no harm. After that night she was afraid to risk getting caught again, though the urge to try it again came to her often! She hadn't dared to get naked in public since that night, except in her vivid fantasies. She tried posting anonymous nude photos online for a while, but didn't get anything like the thrill actually being nude out in the world provided. She gave that less personal way of exposing herself up after a few weeks.

In this lull between holidays and the beginning of the upcoming semester's classes, the appeal of doing something, anything, to break up the monotony was overwhelming. One evening as Katie was straightening a table full of sweaters marked down for clearance, the idea of doing some sort of naked escapade forced its way into her thoughts, for probably the tenth time that day. "Forget it, not gonna happen," she thought, "Besides, I'd probably get frostbite if I tried to repeat any of my previous outings this time of year." Satisfied that she'd batted away the idea, she went back to concentrating on organizing the sweaters by size. Ten more minutes of getting the merchandise in order was enough to get her daydreaming again; "If I had somewhere warm and safe, or at least sort of safe, maybe, but I don't," she said, trying to banish the ill-advised but exciting idea one more time.

Fifteen minutes before closing time, Katie was folding shirts customers had strewn about wherever they'd decided not to buy them when a brand new idea forced its way into her consciousness. She froze in place and warily looked up at her surroundings. "Warm...check," she thought, "safe?" Maybe, lots of possibilities. Safe enough? Yes, depending on which options were taken..." She felt herself blushing, already thinking of scenarios, but shook her head, thinking, "NO FREAKING WAY. I work here! People here know me!"

By the time she punched out and headed home, her sensible reluctance to get anywhere close to naked somewhere in the mall was struggling to fend off her excitement to at least have a chance at some excitement. She was already considering the pros and cons of doing something daring:

"You work at the mall, this is a really bad idea."

"It's a huge place, I wouldn't have to be anywhere near where I work."

"Someone could see you, maybe someone you know! It's still a bad idea."

"I'm sure if I plan it well I can do it safely."

"You thought that before, but still got caught. It's just not a good idea."

"I'm sure I can find a place where nobody would be likely to see me."

"Maybe you could, but what if you're wrong? It's probably not a good idea."

"I could just take some clothes off, not get completely naked."

"As long as you stayed more or less covered, maybe it's not your worst idea ever."

"As bored as I am, if I don't do this I might do something really reckless!"

"If it really was well thought out, a careful escapade would probably be better than some impromptu recklessness; maybe it's a good idea after all."

By the time she went to bed she had made up her mind to do something daring at the mall, and drifted off to sleep thinking about which of her many options to pursue.

Over the next few days Katie settled on what she wanted to do and when she wanted to do it. She decided to avoid the Mall's more crowded days and times, settling on a weekday afternoon and evening. She was determined to be totally naked at some point in her adventure, and intended to leave the mall wearing less clothing than she would be wearing when she arrived. Preferably a LOT less. Her only other hard and fast rules were to not expose herself where any children could see her, and not do anything to draw the attention of Mall security or the police. She decided that while she wanted to get herself in a position where there was a slim chance she could be caught, she would try to enjoy the risk without actually being seen.

Katie enjoyed planning her escapade; the preparation itself was a pretty good antidote for her boredom. A side benefit was having an excuse to do a little shopping to put together her ensemble; part of her outfit was brand new clearance sale stuff, made even more reasonable with her employee discount. Even while planning this thoroughly crazy dare, her generally practical personality made its presence felt; items she planned to wear to the mall but thought she might not still possess, let alone be wearing when she left the mall, were mostly thrift store finds. She was pleased to keep her expenses for what might end up being disposable clothing under $40.

The following Wednesday, Katie was too nervous to have much lunch; knowing what her plans for the day included, she was already feeling butterflies in her stomach. She showered, and shaved anyplace on her body normally covered up which might soon, with luck, be uncovered for at least a little while. Her fine blond pubes were done away with completely, as was the hair on the parts of her legs not typically seen once bathing suit season was over. She put in a bit more time than usual doing her makeup, not going overboard but taking it up a notch, figuring the bold behavior she planned deserved a somewhat more dramatic look.

With her body and face readied for her outing, Katie began to get dressed; she hadn't actually put her whole outfit on at the same time before, so she was a little nervous about how it would all work together. She put on her new black thong, the sheer black bra she was lucky enough to find in size 38C at a thrift store, black stockings and a matching garter belt, also from the thrift store, as were the short houndstooth skirt and a long sleeved, pink button down blouse. A long fitted grey cardigan with a full length zipper down the front, bought the day before at her workplace, some chunky black heels from her closet, and a somewhat beaten up mid-length taupe trench coat rounded out her outfit. She looked herself over in a full length mirror before leaving home and was pretty pleased with what she saw. She snapped a few selfies for posterity, knowing that if she followed through with her plan for the day, this particular outfit would never again be seen all together!

The only real complaints she had about her outfit was how much of it there was, and how much time it might take to get things off, and, if necessary, get them back on; she couldn't really complain, since every item had been chosen by her, all with the intent of making her disrobing more challenging, thus more drawn out and exciting. The very real possibility that something could go wrong, requiring her to get at least some of the outfit back on in a hurry, increased her stress level but didn't get her to alter her outfit. She tossed a beat up baseball cap left behind by an old boyfriend into her purse, thinking it might be wise to have some cover for her hair and eyes at some point later in the day. The pink anti-Covid mask she normally wore to work would help keep her somewhat anonymous, and was the one item she was sure to keep on throughout her adventure. The fact it matched her blouse was a happy accident, "but probably only temporary anyhow," she thought, shivering a bit as she went over her plan one last time before leaving her apartment.

Her usual ten minute commute to the mall was a blur to Katie; as distracted as she was, she was probably lucky not to have an accident. She parked in what would normally be a very inconvenient spot, far from any Mall entrance, in a tiny parking area next to a loading dock and near an emergency exit, a choice all about being able to make a quick getaway if necessary. She hiked around the outside of the mall until she reached the main entrance, joining the trickle of shoppers heading in to shop in mid-afternoon. She made her way to her first destination, pausing once or twice to check her reflection in a store window, each time still a little bit surprised to see the woman looking back at her. "I know what you're up to," she whispered to her reflection, whose only reply was a smile, hidden by her mask. She made her way to a set of escalators and rode up to the mall's third level. Looking at a mirrored wall next to the escalator ,she spotted a man a few steps below her who appeared to be trying to look up her skirt! On any other day she'd have been furious and might well have called him out, but considering what she had planned for the day she figured the normal rules didn't apply, and let it slide.

Katie arrived at her first destination, much earlier than necessary. She wanted to be sure of getting the seat she needed at the 3:45 showing of "Promising Young Woman", chosen as much for its R rating as anything else; she wanted to be sure there were no children in the theater if she dared to carry out her plan. As it turned out, arriving half an hour before showtime really wasn't necessary, since only a dozen or so other people ended up joining her; "Who else would have wanted to sit in the back row, anyway?" she grumbled to herself as the previews started. All her early arrival had accomplished was to give her a solid 45 minutes for her anxiety about what she had planned to build.

As far as the theater was concerned, showtime was 3:45; including the fifteen minutes of ads and previews and the usual mid-show scan of the theater by an usher or two, Katie reckoned her own personal showtime to be somewhere around 5:00 PM, which would leave her nearly half an hour to do whatever she was going to do. She took off her coat and sweater before even being seated, then once settled in her seat she unbuckled her heels and slipped her feet out of them. While there was nothing very unusual about her behavior yet, the feel of her stocking clad feet on the the cool tile floor reminded her why she was there.

Katie checked the time on her phone around 40 minutes into the movie, then again every ten minutes or so until the movie was well over an hour into its 1:53 running time. "Where are the damned ushers?" she wondered. She'd never been to a movie here where they didn't make a cursory sweep, usually just before the halfway point in the movie, so she couldn't safely take much off until they came through. Near the 1:20 mark she did about all she dared with ushers likely to cruise through at any minute, unbuttoning and unzipping her skirt, then unbuttoning most of the buttons on her blouse. A lone usher finally strolled in a few minutes later, taking a leisurely walk down to the front of the theater, looking over the sparse crowd and slowly returning up the aisle and out the door.

Glancing at her phone to check the time, Katie estimated she had less than 20 minutes before the credits would come on; at least a few of her fellow moviegoers were bound to get up and leave at that point, so she needed to be dressed in some more or less appropriate way by then, or be ready to live with being seen while not so attired. Now, with the coast finally clear, she hesitated for almost four minutes; in her limited experience of public nudity, she had never actually gone from clothed to undressed in the presence of other people. Though everyone else was busy watching the movie, she was having a hard time making herself strip within sight of all these other people, a few of whom were only three rows away from her! She wavered for a moment, and considered just getting herself zipped and buttoned back up, but absolutely hated the idea of giving up so easily after all her planning. Eventually she thought to herself, "Fuck it! I can do this!"

Once her decision was made, she lost no time in getting the three remaining buttons keeping her blouse closed unfastened, and pulled her arms free. She raised her butt off the seat long enough to slide her skirt down her thighs and past her knees, and let it drop to the floor. Now wearing nothing but lingerie, she already could feel her pulse quickening. Thinking about her next few moves sent it even higher; she decided that it would be better to have her bra be the last piece of her outfit to come off, since she could always pull her coat over her lap to hide everything below her waist if someone decided they just had to have a bathroom break.

If her bra was going to stay on for the time being, the garter belt had to be the next item to come off, since her panties couldn't be removed with the belt still attached to her stockings. Katie had never actually worn a garter belt before that very afternoon. She discovered that what had been easy enough to get on earlier, in the privacy of her well lit apartment, under no particular time pressure, turned out to be not so easy to get out of while seated in a dark theater, trying to not draw the attention of any of the other people in the room, and aware of a hard deadline not too many minutes away. Struggling for a minute or two to separate her stockings from the belt, she finally got the belt detached, allowing her to slide the stockings down her legs, over her feet and off. She draped them both over the back of the seat in front of her; a few seconds later the no longer needed garter belt joined the stockings.

As determined as she was to reach her goal of complete nudity, having reduced her outfit to only a sheer bra and a tiny thong was clearly getting to her. She noticed her breathing was becoming fast and shallow, and her hands were starting to shake. In her agitated state she forgot about her plan to make her bra the last piece of clothing to come off, sliding the shoulder straps down and pulling her arms free. After scanning the rows ahead one last time to be sure every head was still facing forward, Katie reached behind her back and popped the hooks free, then paused, asking herself, "am I actually going to do this? Do I really want to?" Seconds later, she heard a voice within answering both questions, "Yes, yes I am going through with this. Ohhhh, yeah, I definitely want to!" She took a deep breath and released her bra, letting it fall into her lap. Looking down at her breasts, lit well by the reflection of a particularly bright scene on the screen, she couldn't help smiling.

"Almost there, just one thing left," she whispered to herself. She hooked her thumbs into each side of her thong and pulled her final piece of clothing down her thighs and past her knees; a slight wiggle of her legs was all that was needed for the tiny garment to drop to the floor. She reached down and picked the thong up, and set it and her bra in a row with her stockings. Completely free of clothing, she stood up and raised her arms in triumph, whispering to herself, "I did it! I actually fucking did it!" She shuffled sideways a few seats, feeling chills as she moved ever farther away away from her pile of discarded clothing. Before her euphoria subsided a bit she actually wondered if she could get away with moving down a couple of rows to take in a few minutes of the movie. As it was, she hadn't checked how long the movie had left to run in quite a while; she knew that the longer she remained naked, the greater her chance of being caught. Each second felt like another dare, with the odds of her nudity being discovered increasing quickly.

Katie reluctantly went back to her seat and thought about what clothing she should put back on, what to keep off but put away in her purse, and what to just leave behind. Before giving in to the increasingly urgent need to get dressed, she pulled her phone out of her purse and took a few selfies, hoping it was able to document this amazing moment despite the low light level. After her brief photo session, she slipped back into her thong, but put her bra, stockings, and garter belt away in her purse. She was still naked from her head down to her waist and zipping up her skirt when she noticed the screen go dark and credits begin to roll! She dove for her sweater and quickly slipped her arms into its sleeves, turning her back to the rest of the audience as she fumbled with getting the zipper started. She got the zipper aligned and already had it zipped up as high as it could go when she noticed a couple walking out had stopped as they neared her row and were staring at her! Katie hadn't had her sweater on and zipped for long, but she was sure she had made it without anyone seeing anything unusual. "I suppose they might think there's something unusual about having stockings and a bra dangling on the seat in front of me," she thought, "or having my blouse still pressed against my seatback like some kind of skin I just shed." She blushed but returned their stare with a smile, which turned into laughter as the woman pulled her companion towards the exit. Katie stuffed the telltale lingerie into her purse, folded her discarded blouse and coat, setting them down neatly on her seat, and made her way out of the theater, still buzzing inside as she replayed the last 25 minutes in her mind.

A quick stop at the theater Ladies room to check out her new look confirmed Katie's suspicion that she was still decent without the blouse and bra, though the neckline of the sweater put a whole lot of her cleavage on display. She thought about fishing her bra out of her purse and putting it back on, but wasn't sure having a lot of sheer black bra showing would attract any less attention, so the bra stayed in her purse.

Katie took an escalator one level up to the mall's restaurant district. She found a quiet bar at a Brazilian steakhouse and hopped up on a barstool, in a mood to celebrate what she'd been able to get away with in the theater, and possibly psych herself up to do a little more. She had several more ideas about how to indulge in her developing obsession, and the rush she had felt at her first stop had her craving more excitement. Whether it was because of the pandemic and it's constantly shifting rules or just too early in the evening, she appeared to be the only customer at the bar. The lone bartender was efficient; he had Katie's Martini prepped and in front of her in less than 2 minutes, even allowing time for the glass to chill. He was almost too quick, appearing in front of her, bearing her drink while she was absorbed in reviewing her selfies from the theater! Focused on the surprisingly clear shots showing her nude in the cool light of the theater, she didn't notice him at first, not closing the image until several seconds after his return! She blushed as she realized that after making it through being completely naked in the theater without anyone seeing her she'd just given the bartender a good, if brief, look at her nude body!

Katie enjoyed her drink, and also enjoyed reliving her mischief at the movie theater. "Just right," she thought as she sipped her drink, "Risky, but not TOO risky, and so fucking exciting!" She thought about some other ideas she'd come up when she was preparing for this outing and debated whether she should do one more stunt, or maybe more! She ordered a salad and a second drink, taking her time deciding if she'd had her fill of audacious behavior for the night. Her decision to try something else might have been partly due to the fact that she was feeling a bit tipsy, but she was pretty sure she would have made the same decision even if she had never stopped at the bar at all.

Katie paid for her snack and headed for an elevator to take her down to the lowest level of stores, eager to keep her adventurous evening going. Waiting for the elevator, Katie studied her outfit in the mirrored elevator doors. She noticed that her sweater was only a few inches shorter than her skirt, "Probably long enough to get by without the skirt at all," she thought, smiling. She impulsively decided to give herself a new challenge; if she had the elevator to herself, she'd take the skirt off right then and there, and put it away in her purse! She made the decision without thinking about the glass walls on the other three sides of the elevator; when it reached her floor and the door opened, she had a minute while several people made their way out of the elevator to process the fact that she was now planning to strip out of her skirt in what amounted to a small enclosed, moving stage! "Maybe someone will stay on," she thought, "and let me of the hook."

Nobody did.

Once everyone who wanted to get off had done so, Katie was looking at a thoroughly empty elevator cab. She almost let it go to whatever floor it was being summoned to without her, but caught the door just before it closed. She was relieved to see a little bit of the glass wall area was covered by signs and posters; between that and the fact that she would be removing a piece of clothing which was mostly covered by her sweater anyway, she decided to go through with getting the skirt off. She pressed the button for the first floor and let the doors close. Knowing that the cab might stop at some other landing between her starting point at the 4th floor and her destination, she hiked her sweater up and tried to get the skirt off as quickly as possible once the doors were closed. Between her jangled nerves and her recent vodka intake, she had trouble getting the damned button freed, but got lucky, as the cab didn't stop at the 3rd floor. She finally got the button undone as the cab approached the 2nd floor, but was just finishing unzipping the short zipper at her right hip as the door started to open! She let go of both the skirt, which instantly fell to the floor, and the hem of her sweater, which dropped into place to cover her thong and uncovered butt cheeks just in time to keep the crowd getting on from seeing them. "No way to know if anyone outside the elevator was watching," she thought, "and nothing to be done about it now!" Not wanting to be seen with a skirt resting around her ankles and heels, she stepped out of it and kicked it towards the back of the cab. She was going to stay in the cab until she was alone again and stuff the skirt away in her purse, but some young kid saw it on the floor, got curious, picked it up and walked off carrying his prize when the cab reached the 1st floor. No way was she going to try to get the skirt back from a 6 year old or his parents; she had no choice but to accept it, that particular garment was gone forever.

Katie lingered outside the elevator's mirrored doors to see how she looked now that her skirt was gone. Her sweater seemed to be long enough to get by with, but at 5'-11" the extra 3" of her legs now on display were bound to attract more attention. Katie smiled back at her reflection and whispered to herself, "nothing wrong with a little extra attention once in a while!" She moved on to the next spot in the mall she had identified as a promising location for her to do something a bit daring.

Katie couldn't remember the last time she'd been inside a photo booth, "probably that junior-high class outing at Myrtle Beach," she thought. The photo booth at the edge of this mall's food court appeared to be considerably older, producing only black and white photos, and accepting only quarters. The only thing modern about this machine was the number of quarters required to get a strip of 4 small prints, 16 instead of the one or two that users probably had needed to deposit in the coin slot. Katie had done her research, and had a ziploc bag full of quarters ready in her purse. Other than the tedious feeding of so many coins, this booth had several advantages for what she had in mind for her next stunt; no credit card record of who had used the booth, no screen outside the enclosure to show what was happening inside, and no digital copies.

Katie pulled the curtain closed, settled in on the bench facing the camera and coin slot and set her purse on the bench next to her. She fished her baseball cap and supply of coins out of her purse and began feeding them into the slot as she read the directions one more time; "Four poses, 10 seconds between photos, processed in 2 minutes," she read, "Got it." She put her cap on, took a deep breath, and pressed the button to start the 10 second countdown to the first photo. With her head tilted down enough for her cap to hide the part of her face her mask didn't, she quickly pulled her sweater's zipper down past her navel, holding it open enough to see a whole lot of her boobs, but not her nipples. FLASH! During the countdown to the second shot she undid the zipper entirely and opened it all the way, but held one arm across her otherwise exposed chest. FLASH! As she prepared for the third photo she checked the curtains one more time to be sure there were no gaps to alert passersby to the increasingly risque scene developing inside. She drew her left arm out of its sleeve, then did the same with the right, letting her sweater drop onto the bench behind her; she covered her boobs with her hands no more than a second before the third photo was taken. FLASH! She was shaking as she counted down the ten seconds leading to the fourth photo, but was able to make herself bring her hands down to the bench beside her! FLASH!

"I can't believe I'm sitting here naked with only a curtain hiding me from the food court dinner crowd walking by!" she whispered, "I know there's a light next to the opening to let people know the booth is in use, but what if someone ignores the light and opens the curtain?" She didn't exactly hope for that to happen, but the more she thought about it the more exciting that possibilty seemed! "But actually, I'm NOT naked," she whispered, quivering as she thought about how she might pose for four more photos without her thong. While she was still debating whether or not to take this session way beyond what she had planned, her right hand began feeding quarters into the coin slot. When the green light came on indicating the correct payment had been received, she stared at it for a full minute before saying to herself, "I can always shred them..."

Thinking it might make her latest foolishness just slightly less insane, Katie didn't begin stripping out of her thong until well after she pressed the start button. She turned away from the camera and lowered the flimsy bit of lace and string partway down her thighs, offering the camera a completely unobstructed view of her ass. FLASH! She let her last bit of clothing drop to the floor of the booth and turned to face the camera. A mirror on the opposite wall confirmed her suspicion that being fairly tall, this pose would show every part of her body from just above her knees up to her shoulders. She instinctively covered her pussy a moment before the second photo. FLASH! She could feel and hear her pulse pounding in her head, but carried on, sitting down on the bench during the countdown to the third photo. She checked the mirror again and saw herself exposed from head down to just below her knees. She locked the fingers of both hands behind her head and stuck out her chest, but crossed her legs to keep her pussy out of sight. FLASH! "Just one more," she thought, "Should I...". Thinking she wasn't likely to be in this position again any time soon, she decided to make the most of it. She pulled her mask down just enough to uncover her mouth, raised her left boob up and bent down to lick her nipple. At the same time, she spread her legs as wide as she could, giving the camera a clear view of her pussy lips! FLASH!

Katie was still shaking after the fourth photo, enough so that it took her a couple minutes to get her sweater sorted out and zipped. While she was fumbling with the sweater she heard two familiar voices, recognizing them as belonging to Denise, her store's manager and one of her co-worker Audrey! "Wow, looks like somebody is having fun," said Denise. Katie freaked out, wondering how Denise could know something improper was going inside the booth! In her haste to get back into her sweater, she had completely forgotten about her thong, which she finally noticed on the floor of the booth, just a few inches from the opening. It slowly dawned on Katie that since the bottom edge of the curtain was at least a foot above the floor, her thong could easily be seen by anyone walking by, her boss included, and had been for a while! She scooped it up and stuffed it in her purse, then peeked out through a tiny gap at the edge of the curtain. Seeing Denise and Audrey already moving away towards wherever they were picking up dinner, Katie stepped out of the booth.

Katie was annoyed with herself; even though she'd been careful to not risk being exposed near her place of work, she'd failed to consider how many employees there often went to the food court if they had a dinner break. She was in such a hurry to get away from there that she almost left her two strips of stripping photos behind, but remembered them before she had gone a dozen feet, and bolted back to retrieve them from a bin on the outside of the booth. Seeing only one strip of photos, her heart skipped a beat as she thought about how some stranger, who had been close enough to touch her, now had photos of her exposing herself. "He's probably watching me right now," she thought, "but at least he only got the first batch! Or, oh, fuck me, what if Denise has them?"" When she reached for the one strip still waiting in the bin, she was startled to see a second strip of photos drop in front of the first. She realized her second batch of photos just hadn't been finished the first time she looked, and felt a huge wave of relief, followed almost immediately by an unexpected and inexplicable pang of regret!

Katie put the photos away in her purse and walked back towards the elevator she'd been in a few minutes earlier, one of three surrounding an atrium at the center court of the mall. The atrium connected all of the Mall's five levels; counting losing her skirt somewhere near the second floor, her act in the theater on the third floor and her private nude modeling session in the photo booth on the first floor she'd already done something reckless at 3 of the Mall's 5 levels. She hadn't come up with any ideas for being exposed at the 4th floor. The handful of large restaurants ringing the atrium had fairly open layouts; if there was an even sort of safe place at that level to show some skin, she had yet to find it. Which left only the 5th floor to consider. She had already thought in detail about what she'd do at there if she were to do anything there at all.

Aside from some rooms around the outer edge of the level, the 5th floor was mostly wide open. It was a large space used for weddings, parties and other large social events, all of which were currently prohibited. Katie had made a scouting trip a few days before to see if using the space as she was now thinking about doing was even feasible. All three elevators had the 5th floor locked out, but Katie's persistence paid off as the third stair she investigated turned out to have a broken lock at its fifth floor door, allowing access to that level from the stair tower. Though there were no lights left on anywhere in the open space surrounding the atrium, enough light spilled in from the atrium for her to see that the space had been cleaned out, with tables, chairs and anything else likely to be an obstruction pushed out to the perimeter of the space.

Katie walked aimlessly around the 1st floor, taking several slow laps around the atrium, pausing several times to look up at the upper levels. Once, then again, she found herself pausing at the doors leading to the emergency exit corridor she had parked her car near. This corridor was also connected to the stair she had found with access to the 5th floor. "Am I really going to do this?" she whispered, trying to talk herself into going through with this last feat. Eventually, she realized all that her extended deliberations were accomplishing now was to increase her stress level; it was time to decide, would she get out or go up? After a look around to be sure nobody was paying much attention to her, she pushed open the door and stepped into the corridor.

Still clear headed enough to remember her goal of staying out of jail, she loitered near the door inside the corridor at the base of the stair for several minutes just in case a security guard might have seen her sneaking into the corridor, ignoring the "EMERGENCY USE ONLY" sign, and decided to see what she was up to. Waiting to begin her trek up the stair, it occurred to her that she might be on the verge of making her own private emergency, or possibly a very public one! If she was to have an encounter with an observant security guard, here and now would be better than a few minutes later. Way, way, better. Her car being parked right outside would be enough to explain her location, while an encounter a few minutes later would be impossible to explain. Even without being confronted by security, ducking out of the Mall, getting into her car, and heading home was a tempting option, but not anywhere near as appealing to Katie as what she had in mind now.

The pull of the possibilities the fifth floor offered easily overcame Katie's safer option, but deciding to go forward with her plan didn't mean Katie wasn't nervous. If anything, she was becoming more nervous by the minute. She wobbled her way up the two flights of stairs to the 2nd floor and peeked out the small window in its door. Seeing nothing but an empty corridor, she unzipped her sweater 6 inches or so, opening the front of her sweater to a point well below her boobs. On a last minute whim, she opened the cabinet next to the door, pulled her bra out of her purse and hung it over the fire extinguisher inside. "I can pick it up on my way back down,"she said as she closed the cabinet door and moved on to climb to the 3rd floor, which was completely occupied by the multiplex she had visited earlier today.

Having had no problems so far, Katie began to calm down a bit by the time she reached the 3rd floor, but a look out the small window in the door on that sent her pulse racing; she saw a half dozen people walking just outside the door! Luckily they were all headed away, with their back to the door she was huddled behind; after getting over her surprise at encountering anyone on her trip up the stair, she calmed down enough to take her zipper down another 6 inches, exposing her torso down below her belly button, but her hands still were shaking when she deposited her panties in that floor's fire extinguisher cabinet. Worried that she might yet lose her nerve, she started up to the 4th floor without delay.

As soon as she reached the 4th floor, Katie made her customary check out the door's window. Seeing nothing but an empty corridor, she pulled her stockings and garter belt out of her purse and placed them in the fire extinguisher cabinet. She reached for the zipper pull and began to pull it down, more slowly than she had done at the previous two floors. Unzipping as far as she had been doing would mean completely separating the two sides. Up to this point she had always had the option of quickly zipping up if she were to cross paths with someone, but she knew that with her hands shaking as they were now she'd never get the zipper started in time, let alone zipped up! "I'm not likely to run into anyone here," she thought, "and besides, risking being exposed is kind of the point!" She continued easing the pull down until she felt a slight resistance; she she inhaled sharply, then gave one last tug to free the pull from the opposite side. She headed up towards the 5th floor glancing down every few steps at the growing gap between her sweater's lapels, and the resulting ever-increasing amount of her flesh being exposed. Upon reaching the landing halfway between floors, she pushed the sweater off her left shoulder; a few steps later she did the same at her right shoulder. The rest of the way up to the 5th floor Katie felt the sweater open completely in front, now only covering her forearms. Her sweater was now being kept from sliding completely off only because her arms were bent at the elbow. As soon as she reached the 5th floor she straightened both arms, pointing them towards the floor, allowing gravity to complete her exposure. She picked up the discarded garment, shook it out and draped it over a guardrail.

Katie shuddered as she stepped through the door leading to the wide-open event space. She was working without a net now, and knew it; she'd have no way at all of covering up if anyone joined her in this space. She made a quick loop around the space, keeping herself in the shadows, well away from the railing overlooking the 5 story opening. She edged closer to the railing, stopping around 15 feet away, where she could see heads and shoulders of people across the atrium, one level below, then made another trip around the atrium, keeping an eye on the moviegoers as she went. At the end of this lap, she once again stepped gingerly towards the guardrail, stopping around 8 feet from it. She bent over to check the sightline between the people at the 4th floor and her uncovered breasts, shuddering as she confirmed that her new location would allow anyone at the 4th floor see her from her head down to a spot a few inches above her belly button!

Katie began a slow stroll around the atrium, now depending heavily on three things to keep her nakedness her own delicious secret. She reminded herself that the light level where she was now walking was considerably lower than out in the atrium or any of the lower floors. Also, her slow pace was intended to draw as little attention as possible. The third thing working for her was the tendency she had noted during her scouting for this stunt for people to look down, not up, at least if they had any level below them to look down to. As far as she could tell, her observation of this tendency seemed to be proving true so far.

At the end of her third lap, Katie took a few steps closer to the guardrail; now less than 4 feet from the edge, she felt her heart pounding as she saw that anyone at the 3rd floor could now see her from her breasts up to her head. She didn't even bother checking the sightline to the 4th floor, knowing this distance from the guardrail was almost certain to put a whole lot of her body on display to people at that level! The light spilling in from the atrium was considerably brighter here as well. She was now relying heavily on people, many more of them with each move closer to the railing, not looking up. The slow pace she felt necessary was like torture, but it seemed to be working, as she didn't see anyone looking her way.

At the end of her fourth lap, Katie thought about doing a lap right at the edge of the atrium, but decided that would be all but certain to attract attention, way too much attention. Though she wasn't bold enough to stroll naked all the way around the edge of the opening, as close as she now was to it, she had to find out how being at the edge while utterly exposed would feel. She brokered a compromise between her daring and sensible sides; she stepped forward, one tiny step after the other, until she was standing right at the guardrail! She could almost convince herself that the glass panels of the guardrail might provide some slight cover for her lower body, but she was certain every inch of her body from her head down to her waist was now visible to all four levels of mallgoers below! She made herself hold that position for a full minute, then backed away. She was still a little shocked she had taken that risk, but the rush it gave her made her less than surprised when she decided to repeat the stunt at one other spot at the other side of the atrium. Her second trip to the well-lit edge was no less satisfying, and lasted almost 3 minutes as she tried to count how many people were in position to see her naked body if they would only look up. She gave up counting when the number of possible spectators spread over all four floors passed 50! "Why can't at least one of them look up," she said, leaning over the railing to complete her head count, "I'm giving them plenty of time."

She was just about to push back away from the railing and go back to the stair and the cover of her sweater when it happened. A couple she'd already noticed coming out of a store at the second floor during her head count had moved up to to the railing at their level. The woman was tugging at the man's sleeve and pointing straight at Katie! She felt lightheaded when she saw both the woman and the man wave at her, but automatically returned their wave before turning to bolt back into the shadows. She was all but certain she couldn't be seen now, but still was shivering as violently as she would if she was naked outdoors instead of in the well heated mall! She peered through the glass guardrail and watched her watchers. They stood still for almost 2 minutes, waiting to see if she might reappear, then offered a final smile, wave and thumbs-up sign before strolling away!

Though the couple seemed unlikely to call security on her, Katie didn't want to push her luck any further, so she hustled back to the stair, feeling like she'd pulled off something amazing. Back inside the stair tower, she retrieved her sweater and put her arms back into the sleeves. Looking over the railing down to ground floor, at least 60' away, she started to zip her sweater back up. A broken mirror someone had left at the top landing allowed her to assess her look in her one remaining garment. Definitely looking a bit improper, but safe enough, especially when compared to the way she'd spent the last 15 minutes! "Time to head back down," she thought wistfully, "and collect my undies along the way."

She already had her zipper all the way up when an inspiration for a new, better ending to her adventure came to her. Not leaving herself any time to let the audacity of her revised plan scare some sense into her, she unzipped her sweater, slipped it off and tossed it over the railing. Gripping the railing as she watched her only bit of cover flutter down to the first floor, Katie began trembling as the extent of her vulnerability sank in. She began the long trek down to the ground floor on wobbly legs, not bothering to collect the lingerie she'd hidden away on the way up in favor of getting to her sweater as quickly as possible, preferably before anyone else came along to find it. "Or find ME!" she thought. After what seemed to her like an eternity, she made it to the ground floor and scooped the sweater up. Blushing as deeply as she probably ever had, breathing hard and covered in goosebumps, she fumbled around trying to get into the sweater, putting one arm into an inside out sleeve. Though still shaking, she laughed out loud as she pulled the sleeve back right side out and finally got into the cozy knit cardigan.

Katie opened the corridor's exterior door and stepped outside. As expected, at this hour the small parking area and the adjacent loading dock were quiet and dark; the air was chilly, but actually fairly mild as February nights go, making the short walk to her car feel more invigorating than frigid. She glanced back at the exit she'd just come out of and noticed that the door was stuck, a few inches short of being closed. The thin strip of light spilling from the open door seemed like an invitation. She put her purse in the car and stood next to it a minute or two, weighing her options.

Her sweater joined her purse on the passenger seat.

Carrying her key fob in one hand and her phone in the other, she locked the car door on her way back to the Mall exit door, and stepped back into the corridor, this time wearing nothing but her pink mask and a pair of high heels! "Those stockings were pretty nice," Katie said to herself as she started back up the stair, "it would be a shame to leave without them. Besides, I forgot to take any selfies on the 5th floor. I should do some shots by the guardrail, maybe with the stockings..."