[Nude at the Mall](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/11/nude-at-mall.html)

By Celestine

A couple days ago I realized a really good idea for the Westfield. On the third floor, right outside Bloomingdale's, is the bathroom hallway. Even when the mall is very busy there is no one in the hallway, and the bathroom is always empty. I could easily go naked in the bathroom, and even the hallway outside. And the hallway makes a left turn and a right turn, so when you leave the bathroom, you can't see the mall until you go around the corner. At the end of the hall (going out into the mall), to the right is the big Bloomingdale's entrance. Directly to the left is some weird upscale store. And directly ahead in the middle of the mall area is a sitting area with several chairs and coffee tables.

I left work early yesterday, at about 3, and arrived at the mall at about 4. I have started keeping jeans and a shirt in my car so I don't have to wear my work clothes. I know I should put my naked rain coat in the car, but I'm too scared for that--I need the protection of my clothes until I find a spot. I parked in the parking garage across Mission from Bloomie's (the Metreon parking lot). I got a little thrill by changing my clothes in the parking garage, but no one was around, and I was between two cars, and I didn't feel like venturing out. I wanted to go into the mall, so I didn't spend any time naked; I just changed. I went through Bloomie's into the mall. I was already feeling a little flush because I knew what I wanted to do. There weren't as many people in the mall at that time. I walked all the way around every level just to check everything, but my excitement was building, and it was time to go.

I went down the hallway to the bathroom. It was perfect. From the first left turn in the hall I turned back to look out at the mall. Occasionally someone walked by, but no one ever even looked to the side to see in the mall. I could have been standing there naked right then and no one would have seen me. Then while I was watching a guy did turn into the hallway and head for the bathroom. It's always the worst when I'm testing my naked walk and I see someone. If I were naked that would be the whole excitement, but when I still have clothes on, then going through with it just becomes more scary. I would have to wait for him to leave now.

I followed him around the corner at a distance. When I got around the second corner he had disappeared so he must have gone in the bathroom. I went into the women's bathroom to check it out. I checked all the stalls, it was empty. I went back to the door and peeked out, and realized I could take my clothes off and wait for him naked. What should I do with my clothes? I couldn't leave them in a stall or something. The most daring thing would be to leave them in a pile right on the counter next to the sink. (These are very clean bathrooms. This mall is very new and they take good care of it.)

I peeked out again to see if anyone was coming, or if he was leaving, then took my shoes and socks off, put them on the counter, and peeked out the door again. I listened but no one. It would be more fun to take my clothes off in the open. If someone came, or the guy opened the men's room door, I could jump back in before anyone saw me. So I stood there in the bathroom doorway with the door resting against my hip and unbuttoned my jeans, listening carefully, and pushed them slowly down over my hips, listening intensely for footsteps or the sound of the next door opening. I stepped out of them and put them on top of my shoes. Now I was standing in the doorway in my panties and shirt. This was sexy, my pussy was right there. I craned my neck to hear if anyone was coming, and slid one hand down over my panties and between my legs, feeling my lips and clit through the material. Then still leaning over to hear, I pulled them down over my hips and off. As I tossed them onto my pants the cool door rested against my bare ass. This was another experience I would remember, another "marking," rubbing my bare ass against the bathroom door in the hallway at the mall! Just then, as I had let my guard down for just a moment, the other bathroom door swung open! I leaped into the bathroom and behind the door but the stupid door is on one of those spring things so it closely slowly! As I jumped behind the door I saw that through the mirror I could see right out into the hallway, which meant of course he could see in. Our eyes met for just a second as he left, but I don't think he even noticed I was naked from the waist down! He looked quickly away and I realized he was probably worried about being accused of being a pervert for looking into the girls' bathroom! He disappeared from view down the hallway. I pulled open the door and looked out as he went around the corner to the left.

I had to check one last time, so I followed him quickly to the corner, naked from the waist down but still with my shirt on. I peeked around the corner. That segment was empty; he had gone on toward the mall. I hurried back to the bathroom. Standing in the middle of the hallway I pulled off my shirt and unhooked my bra, and I was standing there completely naked in the middle of that little hallway, about 100 feet from the middle of the busy mall. I tossed the clothes onto the pile on the counter and turned around again to stand there facing the direction of the mall.

It was quiet, and I tiptoed quickly back to the corner. Still no one. This set-up was perfect, because my back was safe. I had "cleared out" the hallway behind me. I only had to worry about people coming around the corner in front of me. No one did, and I tiptoed quickly to the final corner and peeked around it. The hallway was still completely empty. There was no one behind me, my clothes were 50 feet away. I was completely naked, in the middle of this busy mall in the middle of the day in the middle of the city. And the great thing about it was that I was also completely safe. At that moment, until someone came down the hallway I could do anything I wanted. I could live back here naked as long as no one came around the corner. People were passing by the entrance to the hallway 50 feet in front of me, but no one looked this direction. My heart started pounding. I straightened and stepped around the corner and stood there facing the mall squarely, completely naked.

Someone walked by, and I took a step toward the mall. This was intensely exciting. The blood was rushing in my ears, my heart pounding, my breathing ragged. In a way this was the most exposed I had ever been. It was fantastic, because in one way I still felt safe. I felt that even if someone did round the corner or look in I could run back to the bathroom and lock myself in a stall with my clothes. But at the same time this was the craziest most dangerous thing I'd ever done. Somehow walking around the streets felt safer than this.

And somehow even though anyone could turn their head or walk into the hallway at any moment, I felt like I was still in a safety zone. That the danger point was the end of the hallway, that I could take one more step, and one more, and it would not be too much. I picked a spot half the distance to the end of the hall. I looked up again and then ran to that spot. I forced myself to stand there for three seconds with my hands at my side, then four, then five. The fear and adrenaline were overwhelming and I ran back to the corner. I realized as I ran back that my feet were sweating, and I was leaving very clear naked foot prints all the way up and down the hall! I thought that was totally awesome--it was proof I had been there naked, and yet no one who saw them would know what to make of it. It was a naked person without really being. As I rounded the corner I turned to look back. No one had seen me. I stepped out into the hallway again for one final measure then back into the middle part of the hall.

That was so exciting I could hardly stand it! I was so happy with myself. And still I was completely safe. I didn't need to rush back to the bathroom; until someone came down the hall this was my area. I didn't want to put my clothes on yet, but there was nothing else to do here. I peeked around the corner one more time and someone was walking toward me! I had only missed them by a few seconds. I quickly ran around the second corner. My line of naked footprints clearly led from the women's bathroom up to this corner. I forced myself to slow down and walk deliberately back to the bathroom door, and went inside, and held it open just a crack to watch until the person appeared.

It was another older Asian lady. I grabbed my pile of clothes and dashed around the corner to the stalls. There were no hooks on the doors, and I didn't know what to do. If I put my clothes down on the floor she'd see them, but if I stood there with them in my hands then she'd see my bare feet! Well after what I had just done that was no kind of problem. I dropped my clothes on the floor and got dressed, taking my time. What was she going to do?

She was still in the stall when I finished slipping on my shoes. I went back to the sinks and looked at myself in the mirror. That had been so amazing I really didn't want to go, but there was nothing else I could do. I could still barely see both sets of footprints on the floor. That was so exciting. I followed them around the corner and all the way down the hall to where I had stopped, and stood there imagining I was naked again. I had only been 25 feet from the entrance to the hallway. I could do that little space, couldn't I? I went into "naked mode" and cautiously, slowly walked to the end of the hall. I made it to about 10 feet from the entrance before people started turning to glance at me as they walked by. I stood at the entrance, imagining I was naked. Could I make it to those chairs? Sit down for a moment? I WANT TO! But it's just not possible. It's too crazy. I need to be naked again, but I am going to stick with streets at nighttime for now. Some casual, easy strolls would be very nice.

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