**The Mask that Angie Wears**

by[TheLostCause\_90](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4975593&page=submissions)©

**The Mask that Angie Wears Pt. 01**

12:00 am, 31st February 2020, Coronavirus Lockdown Week 2:

I don't usually write journals, but for the sake of posterity I'm penning down whatever happens on my "adventures" here on my blog. Maybe I can look back on these someday when I'm older and no longer able to do the dangerous things I am now when young.

If you find these entries and they aren't finished or haven't been updated in a while, chances are that I've gotten in trouble for the shit I'm doing and am now behind bars somewhere, or that I've gotten tired of it and abandoned this blog.

But knowing me, I'll never get tired of it. It's more likely that I've pushed it too far by the time you're reading this. So I hope you appreciate my writing, because there's some risk that went into this. Not that I don't want to do it, oh no...

As an introduction, my name is Angie. I'm a 27 year old female and I'm what you call a NEET (Not in Education, Employment or Training) so I don't do much except loaf around my parents' house and masturbate all the time. I've always been into exhibitionism and I've had fantasies of exposing my body to a crowd of shocked people. That idea of people being utterly amazed at my brazen nudity has always turned me on massively.

I've had these urges since young, and after I got caught exposing myself in college I turned to eating as a comfort, and now I'm a slightly chubby overweight girl with body image issues. It's part of the reason why I am unable to hold down a job as well as function normally in society. I've been caught naked in places like common locker rooms at my previous job and after a few too many times they decided I was clearly a deviant and let me go.

In any case, the more I entertain this idea of public nudism, the deeper down I spiral into my fantasies.

As of February 2020, with the coronavirus going around and my country having gone on lockdown, I can't help but feel a strong urge to capitalize on the opportunity where there's little to no people around and I can finally be free as I was so long ago, once again. And so I've finally decided to head out there and satisfy my unique sexual cravings.

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So I've put a lot of thought into the "mission" (Just know that I'm calling it that from here on in) and I've spent quite a bit of time exploring the place for security cameras, blind spots and things that can compromise things for me. It's not that I'm avoiding such things, even though I will be walking through the place completely naked. I actually want to be seen by someone. The idea being that since the coronavirus situation and with so many places on lockdown, it's the perfect time for me to head out and do this 'thing'.

I've always wanted to relive the memories of my tertiary days - I was 19 at the time - when I visited the school building on weekends for my "Exercises". They always had extra-curricular activities on Saturdays so I took the opportunity to sneak into the building. I would wait outside the building when it was still dark (the sun rises late here my side of the world) and then rush in just after the gate was opened by the custodian. Then I would find a nice little spot to dump my clothes and then strut about completely nude around the compound.

The feeling of being vulnerable in such a public setting left me reeling with exhilaration and anxiety simultaneously. The only thing that left me wanting more of it was the thrill of being seen.

Soon enough though, one day it happened that I was spotted by the cleaner. I still remember her shouting at me as I ran away as fast as I could. Unfortunately, my humanities teacher happened to be just coming in through the gate, and he quickly sprang into action when he heard the commotion. After a while I was sobbing and kept shouting "I'm sorry!" while my legs buckled and I crouched to cover my naked body. The teacher found me and told me to collect my clothes and head to the counselor's office.

Now that I think back on it, it's strange that he didn't accompany me, a naked and vulnerable student, to make sure I was safe as I went to the room to take my clothes. There were a few students who spotted me along the way and I couldn't decide to cover my body or my sobbing face. I felt so abandoned and at the same time, aroused by the experience. In a way, I got what I wanted, and I couldn't get enough.

Soon my parents were informed and they came down to speak to the teacher. My mind pretty much blocked out the memory of whatever happened next, but after that I was put on house arrest and no longer allowed to head out on weekends.

I would say that was probably the point where this thing of mine got worse, cos after being unable to head out on weekends, I began sneaking out at nights and went walking about nude around the neighbourhood. My parents began suspecting that I was sneaking out and put a bike lock around the gates, but that never stopped me to be honest. It was just a matter of climbing over the fence (I was slim enough to climb over at the time).

After a while, they realized there wasn't really a lot they could do and ceased intruding. They had their own problems anyway, which eventually led to them divorcing.

I do sometimes feel responsible for my family situation, but in any case I wasn't stopping my nightly runs. In fact, the stress and aggravation of being at home gave me all the more reason to want to head out there and strip everything off in public.

And so that's what I did for the next few years or so. It got so bad that it took over my life; the late nights pushing my body as I went about all naked and sweaty, coupled with the stress of avoiding being seen took a physical toll. Each nightly run was followed by a very long and exhausting masturbating session in which I must have squirted out enough bodily fluids to render me incapacitated and I'd fall into a long slumber through the day. I'd wake up late in the evening, when all I could think about was where I could push it further and more daringly than the previous night.

Initially, I would take it along the neighbourhood paths; quiet roads, empty (at least, I think they were) parks, pavilions etc. Then I built up courage overtime and went to increasingly exposed places, like busy parking lots, overhead bridges that were well-lit and at one point I even got into a closed train station. It got to a point where I eventually got bored, since I've 'conquered" so many areas by going naked without being spotted.

In the end, I couldn't deny that in spite of all that I've done, I could never replace the feeling of when I was seen by so many people. All those eyes scanning every bit of my flesh as it lay bare before them in that depraved, embarrassed state glistening like a slab of meat up for grabs. How many lustful eyes that saw me held a desire to molest my body like a plaything? How many wanted to fuck me where I stood? To fill me with their seed without consequence, as though I were inviting them by being so obvious in my lack of dress?

Eventually, the buzz wore off and I stopped doing it for a long time. I'd almost retired my exhibitionist fantasy when I realized there wasn't much avenue for me to live out my desires anymore. And frankly speaking, I got lazy and tired of it after pushing my already unfit body every other night through a stressful situation. Life carried on as it were, without much thought to that which had come to define me for a time.

Then, it was announced that the country would go into a lockdown when the covid19 virus reached our shores. Suddenly, all the opportunities lay before me and I felt an urge - no, a craving, to head out there again. I decided that I would use the lockdown to live out one of my most fantasized scenarios and try to get a stunt or two.

\*\*Author's note: I would like to point out here that there is a strange inconsistency that the protagonist Angie has in her accounts, being that she stopped her activities by virtue of the fact she wouldn't be seen, and yet is using the lockdown situation to try and accomplish exactly that when she could've easily done so from the start, given that the consequences are unchanged. This is likely due to Angie's own mental issues, which can be attributed to borderline/ sociopathic disorders where individuals can sometimes make impulsive and uncharacteristic decisions. Angie is likely simply trying to explain away her own fickleness that she sees as normal, due to her mental condition. \*\*

2:00 AM, 1st March 2020, Coronavirus Lockdown Week 2:

It later occurred to me that I never thought to wear a mask during all my exhibiting sessions until I saw that it was advised to wear one while heading out. The plan in my head was to head out from home in a mask - just the mask, absolutely nothing else - and try to see how far I could get before I was seen. The challenge I issued myself was that in the event I was seen, I wouldn't be able to hide or cover myself, and would just acknowledge the person before continuing onward as though nothing were wrong.

2:10 AM: My mother is asleep. I have taken everything off in my room, wore my mask and snuck out so she wouldn't hear me. I made it out the door which I locked - very quietly, not easy to do when butt ass naked - and kept the key under the fire hosereel. Before long, I was on my way to the lift.

2:15 AM: I took the lift. I thought that there would be someone, (I wanted there to be) but alas it's a quiet night. I'm not sure if the building guard was checking the lift's cctv. Seeing a naked chubby girl must've been quite a difference from his usual shift.

2:16 AM: The feeling is unforgettable. I love being naked in public. There was something different about coming out the house itself naked. It was so much more thrilling, not having my clothes somewhere like I usually did. As the lift reached the ground floor, I caught sight of my naked self in the mirror, with only a mask to hide behind. I felt so naughty and wet.

2:17 AM: The lift reached the ground floor. I poked my head out to ensure there wasn't anyone. I saw the silhouette of a man pass by the outside of the main entrance before stepping out onto the lobby. Sometimes there were people smoking along the stairwells beside the lift. I did smell some cigarette smoke so there were definitely people in there. I simply walked on out toward the main doors. Whether anyone saw me as I did, I didn't stay too long to check!

2:19 AM: Nice, I'm on the main street! Outside of my apartment complex is a rather hidden away alleyway so it's not too public yet. I could see there was very little, if any population for as long as I could see, because of the lockdown. Besides the faint street lamps and the blaring lights of the bus stop in the distance, it was quite dark. I took a left turn and made my way along the alley to where the minimart was...

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2:22 AM: I love and miss this feeling so much. I'm walking along the dark alleyway behind my apartment now, on the way to the minimart. I don't have anything on me besides my mask and phone, which I obviously have to carry with me. I've even avoided wearing shoes too because, well, I wanted to really soak it in. Besides, I couldn't run if I wanted or needed to.

As I walked past the parking lot, I caught sight of myself in the convex mirror. There I was in all my glory; completely butt-naked, without a thread. It made me chuckle a little, the sight of my oafish unclad self walking by in this public setting; my comically big tits bouncing along like nothing were wrong. Only the mask to cover my identity, which I kindly doubt will be an issue since I've been a shut-in for so long to begin with, barely anyone noticed such an unremarkable girl like me. I usually wear baggy clothes on the rare times I do step out, so I hope no one will recognize my chubby body that I hate so much.

I feel so vulnerable... Cold and alone, like my life. But this time in a good, comforting way. I guess part of me doing this is to gain some gratification for my body; the look on people's faces when they hide their lust for my flesh... Gazes suddenly become very different when you're ass-naked.

2:23 AM: I'm standing here at the traffic light, just before the pathway to the minimart. To be honest, I'm not sure what I'm waiting for. There's no cars around, yet. It's just a force of habit, I guess. I know I'm losing time and increasing the chance I'll be seen by just standing here, but part of me wants to be seen. I'm not sure what I intend to accomplish now. If I'm this scared, why am I even headed to the minimart at all? I steel myself to walk on ahead. No point being a coward now. I hear a car pass by behind me as I reach the other side; I'm not sure if they saw me..

2:32 AM: It's quite a long walk that I deliberately took, to increase the thrill factor. So far, the only people I've spotted are a couple seated on a bench way ahead at the playground just around the corner. They're so far ahead that I don't feel I have to worry about them. In any case, they're probably getting busy themselves; doubt they'll notice a naked girl in the distance.

Before long, I'm at the entrance to the minimart. The white light greets my naked body with a strange warmth, as though it embraces my skin in the cool weather. I check and see if there's anyone inside along the aisles, just in case there's anyone looking too dangerous. I just want to have fun being naked! I'd hate to be molested by a drunk hobo or harassed by a gangbanger, even though I'm kinda asking for it with my outfit - or lack thereof.

2:34 AM: After about two minutes of hanging about outside preparing mentally, I ascertain there's no one inside the mart except the cashier lady. She's a blonde migrant European woman in her 40's who is usually quite surly to me as is; I can't wait to see her reaction to a naked woman walking around her minimart. Enough faffing about, it's time to get this show started. I hold my breath as I present myself before the sliding doors as they slide open to greet me.

As I walk upon the cold laminate floor on bare feet, I feel like a naked ambassador as the a/c blows gently warm air on my nude skin. My nipples experience a slight tingle as they do. The entrance buzzer sounds, but the surly cashier lady is nowhere to be seen at the counter, which for a second seems like I'm entering a twilight zone. Is this all a dream after all? God, I'd hate for it to be.

I don't have to wait too long to know it was as real as it got, though; the cashier lady just popped out from the break room. It smells like she was smoking something, and I can detect the faint chinese-herby odour of ganja. It's quite obvious she'd been getting baked in the backroom. As she steps out she seems rather surprised at first, but she doesn't exclaim anything or yell at me. Her bloodshot eyes are trying to focus on me trying to make sense of the scene before her. Her eyes do not leave me as I slowly make my way ever forward.

What a cut of luck - the cashier is too high to even give a damn. She was keeping a close eye on me, though. And quite an evil eye at that. I try not to pay her too much heed and walk about the front section pretending to look at the candy.

"No shoplift!", the lady shouted at me in her whatever-it-was accent. I returned to her a look of utter disbelief. Where the hell was I supposed to hide anything? But I didn't want to argue with a high, unpredictable woman, lest she reports my ass to the police. Though I kindly doubt it since she would be in far deeper shit than me for smoking weed at work. So we have a sort of agreement.

2:35 AM: In what seems like the longest minute of my life, I decided to bring this up a notch and actually attempt to buy something. One, to placate the baked cashier lady and Two, to add a challenge for my "mission". So I grab a tube of lubricant from the condom rack and proceed to inch closer to the counter; the entire time the lady is giving me a glare so intense I almost feel violated by it.

Then, as my luck would have it, the sliding doors open just as I'm standing there butt-naked for all the world to see at the counter - and a man steps in. He sees me and stumbles in his steps, trying to make sense of me being nude before him.

Oh god, I feel like dying right there.

"Are you alright?", he asks. I'm too embarrassed to answer and just look away, hoping to god my mask is large enough to hide my identity if I need to make a run for it. What can I say in that situation? I'm obviously a pervert here, I definitely am not a victim.

All the thoughts of him calling the police on me and being arrested totally naked, spending the night at the jailhouse nude on the cold concrete cell floors flash before my brain in an instant. And yet, I couldn't help but be completely aroused at being so exposed and vulnerable at the mercy of these two people. Before I can break down and fall to my knees, all of a sudden -

"You Sir, what do you want?", the cashier blurts at him. He turns to her, still utterly confused, as I am too.

"You come here, you want something? Yes sir?", she asks him again.

"Uh... Salem menthol, please.", the man requests.

I can only stand behind the red tape looking at the two of them in total confusion. The man is as confused as me if not more so, but the lady seems completely unbothered. Whether she was aware or not, she had just saved my bare ass. As he picks up his pack of cigarettes and leaves as fast as he can, I make my way to the cashier.

Out of nowhere, the cashier lady starts laughing. "Bahaha... That was funny! You like? Sir sees you naked girl like car going to crash into him!". I can't help but chuckle a bit as she gestures to pass her the lubricant for scanning. "It's Ok, girl, I was young too, I done before what you are doing now.", she tells me.

I can't believe my lucky stars that on this night when I should by all rights be done in by now, the surly cashier lady I know has rescued me from certain ruin.

"You have payment, yes? Ahahahaha.", she quips. I chuckle a bit more as I hold up my phone to the scanner. "Good, if you have no payment I have to call police. But I cannot call them cos' I have weed!", she laughs.

I start to relax a great bit, my hands no longer trying to cover my body sheepishly the more we talk. For a moment, I forget that I am completely nude and I engage her in pleasant conversation. She asks me what the lubricant is for and if I'm planning to have sex later on in my walk, to which I tell her I'm not sure about.

She also told me that she's seen a lot weirder shit on her shifts than a naked girl, so she wasn't that surprised when I came in. She apologized for staring at me earlier, explaining that she thought she was seeing things cos' of the weed, and that she thought I had a very sexy and voluptuous body.

I was taken aback that someone would find me sexy at all, much less this lady of all people. I do admit I was very, very turned on by that compliment. Especially being in my naked state. I felt like a Renaissance work of art, being admired like a nude goddess. I could feel my pussy getting wetter by the minute and couldn't help smiling widely behind my mask.

She wasn't upset at me since she used to do the same sort of thing when she was younger - albeit she said she wasn't as daring as I am - and understood the thrill and excitement of being naked in public.

Never would I have expected to find a kindred spirit in the foreign cashier woman who never said a word to me before, when I came (clothed) to buy my red bulls.

She tells me to be safe and that I was smart for doing this during the lockdown period, with little to no one around. Before I leave, she gives me a light tickle on my left nipple while chuckling, before wishing me luck and returning to the backroom.

I could almost get used to this.

3:03 AM: I step out onto the street as I hold the lubricant in my hand, thinking what I could get up to with it...