**Prisoner in the Mall**

by Katie Lynch  
  
*Synopsis: Bratty Clarissa loves to steal things. However, a tough judge gives her a punishment that would change her forever.*

Clarissa was a spoiled brat. Always had been. The only child of the richest man and woman in the town, Clarissa had what she wanted when she wanted it. But it was not enough for her.   
  
No, Clarissa decided that buying stuff was not enough. She decided to steal anything she wanted.   
  
It started small, with packs of gum or candy bars. Slowly it escalated to clothing and shoes. Over the year, she had been caught nearly 25 times, stealing items totaling hundreds of thousands of dollars.   
  
But, until now, she had never been arrested. Her daddy had seen to it, paying off judges and sheriffs for more than a decade.   
  
However, here she sits, wearing the orange jumpsuit of the Hempstead County Jail, waiting to go to court for her sentencing. Clarissa had been shocked when she was not freed to her daddy in the hours after her robbery. She had walked into the department store and tried to walk out with a diamond watch, a new $1,000 handbag and leather boots. The security guard had stopped her and called the police. This time though, the judge had enough and ordered her held without bail. Despite her family’s protests, this judge could not be bought and the case went to trial.   
  
There was not a jury around that would not have found her guilty. She had 24 previous arrests and the prosecution had dozens of witnesses who had seen her in action. The only defense witness had been Clarissa and she hadn’t helped her case much.   
  
Clarissa and her parents were outraged at the decision and had appealed. The higher courts refused to hear the case. So now, Clarissa was about to hear what she had in store for her. She was waiting for her lawyer to come and spell it out.   
  
“Well Clarissa, we have a very difficult situation here,” he said. “The judge has you dead to rights. You are looking at 15 to 20 years minimum for all of your crimes.”   
  
The young girl was shaking, her life over. “What the hell do you mean? Can’t you do anything? I will do anything to stay out of prison.”   
  
The lawyer smiled. “Well, the judge did have something unusual in mind if you accept it.”   
  
“Take it. I’ll do anything?”   
  
“Are you sure you don’t want to hear the details Clarissa? You might not like it.”   
  
“Look pal, you work for me. If it keeps me out of spending the rest of my life in prison, I’ll take it.”   
  
The lawyer stood, smoothed out his suit and shook her hand. “Ok, I will tell the judge. You have to sign these papers to allow this.”   
  
The girl grabbed the pen and signed at the yellow arrows, not even reading what she was signing. “Thanks Stew, thanks for nothing. Christ, I can’t believe the job you did getting me stuck here. I’m glad I am saving your ass here.”   
  
The lawyer smiled. “Yes Clarissa, you are saving my ass. Well, good luck. See you tomorrow.”   
  
With that, the young lawyer left, knowing that the little brat was about to get her comeuppance.   
  
The next day, Clarissa got an early morning wake up from the bailiff. “Come on little girl, time to get going for your new life.” With that, the prisoner stood and turned around, feeling the handcuffs around her wrists. After several weeks in jail, this was normal procedure.   
  
“This is the last time I’ll have to put up with this crap,” she thought to herself as she allowed herself to be led out of the cell and out to the van.   
  
As she sat secured in the back of the van, she noticed the smirks of the guards driving her. She glared at them, promising herself that she would see to it that these beasts were fired as soon as she had the chance.   
  
In less than an hour, they arrived at the Sprainbridge Mall, the local mall where she had done most of her shoplifting. Oh God, some sort of public apology, she figured. Oh well, at least she would be done and could go home.   
  
They arrived at the food court of the still closed mall, though some of the places were getting ready for the day and the janitorial staff was cleaning the floor.   
  
There waiting for her stood her lawyer, the prosecutor and the judge. All three men had huge smiles on their faces.   
  
“Well, Miss O’Neil, I am glad that you accepted our deal,” the judge said with a smirk. “I was surprised that you accepted my terms but your lawyer said you signed the agreement happily.”   
  
The girl rolled her eyes, waiting for this nonsense to end. “Yes, fine, I signed it. Great. Can we get on with this?”   
  
The judge, hearing the girl’s insolent tone, again laughed. “Very well, Miss O’Neil. Please uncuff the prisoner so that we can continue with our proceedings.”   
  
One of the male guards took her by the wrist and undid her cuffs. “Excellent. Now, Miss O’Neil, please remove your jumpsuit and give it to the guards. You will no longer need it.”   
  
The girl looked up in shock. “But your honor, I have nothing else to wear. What the hell am I supposed to do after I remove it?”   
  
“Miss O’Neil, please do not act so stupid. You signed the paper agreeing to serve the rest of your sentence naked so remove your jumpsuit.”   
  
The girl had no idea what that agreement said. She had no desire to strip naked in front of this crowd that had accumulated. “Please judge, be reasonable. This is not right.”   
  
“Miss O’Neil, you have agreed to this punishment. Please do as I say or face spending the next 20 years in prison.”   
  
Clarissa was torn. She desperately did not want to go to prison until she was 40 but she did not relish the idea of removing her clothes in front of this crowd. She was physically shy and rarely showed her body in any way. She never even wore skirts, preferring pants and shirts that covered her body.   
  
Slowly though, she unzipped her jumpsuit. She pulled it off one arm and then the other before pushing it down her body, revealing an expanse of white skin not covered by the prison-issued bra and panties.   
  
The men in the audience let out a low whistle. None had expected this kind of body on the bratty girl. She was nearly perfect, with full round breasts, long, shapely legs and a flat stomach from working out in the prison gym for several weeks. It was the only thing she could do to pass the time.   
  
“Excellent Ms. O’Neil, almost done.”   
  
The prisoner looked up, once again surprised. She had her left arm across her breasts and her right over her pubic patch.   
  
“What else?”   
  
“Your bra and panties also belong to the prison, Ms. O’Neil and those sneakers and socks. Please remove them now and the guards can be on their way.”   
  
She could not believe her ears. Clarissa thought she had hit a bottom by showing off her body in bra and panties. Now this judge was ordering her to remove those pieces…even her shoes and socks. She kicked off her sneaks and then used her feet to remove her socks. With shaking hands, she undid her bra and pulled the straps down her arms and off, exposing her full, round breasts to the audience, which now numbered 15 people.   
  
The girl was sobbing as she passed the bra to the guards. Using the trick that had always worked on her father, she begged the judge with her big blue eyes. He just shook his head no and pointed to her panties. She slid her thumb into the waistband and slowly pulled the briefs down, revealing her sex.   
  
The assembled group began applauding, causing the girl to cringe and cover as much as she could. Her movements were wild, causing laughter as well.   
  
“As stipulated in the agreement that you signed, Ms. O’Neil, you will remain in this mall every day for the next five years in your current state,” the judge said. The girl dropped to her knees and began to sob. No, please no!   
  
“Yes Clarissa, you are going to be an example of what happens to people who cannot obey the law,” the judge said harshly.   
  
Clarissa felt hands grabbing her and pulling her to her feet. Within seconds, she felt a wide leather belt on her waist and quickly her hands were attached to it.   
  
“Now, this restraint will keep you from being able to steal more clothing,” the judge said. “What torture for a thief like you to be around beautiful clothes while you are so naked but unable to take anything for yourself.”   
  
The nude girl tried to move to cover her sex or breasts but it was no use. The restraints were too tight.   
  
“Now, Miss, Leon and James will be your guards for the first few days and others will take their place as we move forward. You will never be alone. If you ever set foot outside this mall for any reason, this agreement will become null and void and you will begin your 20-year sentence at that moment. Is that understood?”   
  
Clarissa was too far gone to hear. The judge repeated himself directly in her face, leading the prisoner to whisper, “yes your honor.”   
  
“Ok, now, let move to the great hall and wait for a crowd to gather before the rest of the rules are set forth.”

**CHAPTER 2**  
Leon and James took the naked girl by each arm and led her through the food court. The mall was scheduled to open in a few minutes so the crowd of employees had swelled to several dozen. Each looked upon the nude girl with the armed guards in puzzlement.   
  
For Clarissa, this was a new low in shame. She felt the cold, hard tile under her feet with every step she was forced to take. And the cool air surrounded her bare body, making her very aware that she was totally naked in this very public place and she had no way of covering her most vulnerable regions.   
  
She was led out into the mall, past the shoe store where she had once got a way with several thousands dollars of designer heels and boots. Then she passed the leather store where she had almost grabbed a full-length coat and gloves. That had been her most recent run in with the law…she had not realized the merchandise had a anti-theft device attached to it. Had almost outrun that security guard too except for bumping into that woman pushing the stroller.   
  
Now she knew she would have no chance of outrunning anyone, not in her present state. She searched her brain for a way out of this. Maybe she could run away, but the stakes were high. Her prison sentence would take up most of her life. No, she would have to see this through, at least for the time being.   
  
Finally, they arrived in the center area of the mall. This space was normally filled with bands or entertainment and Santa sat here during the holiday season. But today, the only thing on display was Clarissa, naked and chained.   
  
From her vantage point on the stage, Clarissa could see that the mall was now open. Early shoppers walked in through the various door and some passed by. Others stopped short, shocked by what they saw and were beckoned over by the judge.   
  
“People, please gather here up close,” he said. “I would like to announce what is going on here.”   
  
His words alerted several shoppers and nearly 30 people had gathered in front of the stage. Clarissa was humiliated as the many people, mostly older men and women, looked up at her bare vagina and breasts.   
  
“Ladies and gentlemen, this is Clarissa O’Neil, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James O’Neil of O’Neil Securities.”   
  
Clarissa grew scarlet. Now everyone would even know her name.   
  
“Ms. O’Neil has been convicted by a jury of her peers for numerous counts of shoplifting and theft. She has stolen hundreds of thousands of dollars from merchants in this and many other malls over the past decades. So, as her punishment, she will remain in this mall naked as she is today and chained as she is today for five years. Let her stand as a reminder of the evils of shoplifting and theft.”   
  
The crowd applauded the judge’s words. Clarissa felt so small in the eyes of this crowd.   
  
“Now, Ms. O’Neil, you will walk this mall during all of its hours. You may never hide in one place nor cover yourself. You may go into any store you wish but never for more than five minutes. The rest of the time, you must walk in the very public areas of this mall. Is that clear?”   
  
The nude girl nodded.   
  
“You will not speak to anyone unless they speak to you first. You will sleep on a bench in the middle of the mall. You will eat the food court and have Leon or James remove the restraints while you eat. The only other time you may have your restraints removed is when you bathe in the mall fountain twice a week. Do you have any questions?”   
  
Clarissa had a million questions, but the most basic need came to her first. “What about the bathroom?”   
  
The crowd laughed at the girl, who blushed even deeper. “You will get two ‘free’ opportunities to use the bathroom, in the morning and at night,” the judge said. “However, if you feel the need at any other time, ask one of the guards. However, you will remain bound as you are now and rely on the guard to help you clean up.”   
  
That brought more laughter and points at the girl.   
  
“What about my mom and dad? Can I ever see them?”   
  
“Sure, they can visit you here in the mall twice a month, like they could in prison. However, you will remain naked as you are now and can talk to them for 30 minutes only.”   
  
The girl started to cry as the audience hooted and hollared.   
  
“But, what about people touching me? I could be raped and I won’t be able to stop anyone.”   
  
“Well, you may wish to be raped Ms. O’Neil, but I can assure you that will not happen under our watch. Monitors will watch your every move and of course your guards will be within arms length at all time. Of course, we cannot stop all touching. You will have to get used to it. You are in a public mall after all.”   
  
“Ok, Ms. O’Neil, your mall punishment begins now. On this date, at this time on 2010, you will be released from your prison term. That of course is if you follow all of the rules set before you.”   
  
The girl shivered in fear at the time ahead of her. The judge smiled. “Of course, I will be by to check on you. Good luck and get to it.”   
  
With that, the judge shoved her towards the ramp down into the crowd. The nude girl reluctantly began walking, trying to get a rhythm down with her hands bound as they were. She felt the surge of people around her as she walked off the ramp and down the mall corridor. Clarissa’s mind was filled with shame as she saw the look of revulsion on the faces of the women as she passed and the look of lust on the men. She saw her reflection in the window of the computer games store just ahead of her and tears streamed down her face. She saw her body in all its nude glory and this was only the first day.

**CHAPTER 3**  
The rest of that day went much like the first few moments. Every window she passed was another reminder of her humiliation and nudity. As word spread of the nude girl at the mall, tons of people gathered, pointing and staring. She tried to block it out as she did her laps of the huge mall but it was impossible. People called out her name, yelled mean things towards her and tried to engage her in conversation. She had remained silent until Leon reminded her she was to speak if spoken to. So she was forced several times to tell the story of why she was naked and what she was doing.   
  
It galled her to feel her bare breasts bobbing up and down as she walked. She knew that so many of the men were watching that part of her body and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Her nipples were also busting out atop her boobs, pointing straight ahead at the pack of wolves watching her every move.   
  
She also felt the cool breeze of the mall biting at her poor defenseless pussy. She hated that feeling, wishing to be covered in nice warm sweatpants or even thin panties and a skirt. But this was so open, so vulnerable, so awful.   
  
Finally, after a full lap around the huge mall, Leon announced it was time for lunch. Clarissa walked with the crowd to the food court. “Miss, you will serve our meal as well as yours. I believe Ma’s Diner has our lunches ready.”   
  
Clarissa hobbled over toward Ma’s Diner, walking past the many young men who had gathered at the mall on this weekday. “Christ, didn’t any male, ages 18-25 work,” she thought. “They all seemed to be here today watching me in all of my glory.” Finally, she got to the diner and met up with a woman who seemed to be Ma.   
  
“Girl, the state is paying me for these meals but don’t think I like feeding someone as dirty as you? I know the people you stole from. They’re good people who work hard for a living, unlike you. Here, take Leon and Jim their food and then come back for yours…I’ll have something special for you.”   
  
Grabbing a bag in her hand, Clarissa walked back to where the guards sat. James took the bag and patted her on the head. Prick, she thought, who the hell does he think he is treating me like a dog?   
  
She headed back, ignoring the hoots and hollers of the assembled crowd. Ma handed her a cup filled with smoothie. “All the nutrients you will need but none of the taste,” the older woman said, staring at Clarissa’s breasts with disgust. “They pay me to feed you, not to have you enjoy it.”   
  
Clarissa, holding the cup at her waist, was unable to drink until she placed the cup on the table. Using a straw inserted for her by Leon, she leaned over and drank, conscious of how her breasts hung down and drooped as she drank. She also felt the cool, metal grate under her bare butt and thighs and it made her feel even lower.   
  
The rest was good. She could finally catch a breath after a crazy morning. Sitting there, drinking the awful drink, Clarissa could finally ignore the assembled crowd watching her. In fact, she was showing less now then she had all morning.   
  
Without thinking, she crossed her legs at the knee. One of the crowd called out to Leon. “Hey, can she do that?” The guard looked up and shook his head. “Miss, please do not cover yourself.” Clarissa instinctively uncrossed her legs, not quite believing that even this normal female action was now illegal in her life.   
  
The rest of the meal passed quickly and soon the guards had called her to her feet. She spent the next five hours walking up and down the mall, her bare feet pounding against the cool tile. Over the time she had accumulated several people, including some people she recognized from this morning. She tried to block it all out but their taunts were awful.   
  
“Great tits honey…maybe one of those guards will let me feel them.”   
  
“Oh my, what an ass. What I wouldn’t do to put it between them!”   
  
“Look at her titties jiggle. Could she be hotter?!?”   
  
Over and over, the taunts continued. She shivered in shame and some fear but figured that Leon and James would protect her.   
  
“Dinner time Miss,” James called. He and Leon led her back to the food court where two more guards met them. “Miss, this is Harold and Michael, your evening guards. Later two more guards will take the overnight shift. See you tomorrow.”   
  
With that, Leon and James left her with the new duo. These two seemed the same as having Leon and James around. They regarded her with little more than professional interest.   
  
The trip moved towards a table. This time it was the Chinese restaurant. The man behind the counter was much more excited to be serving the nude prisoner than Ma had been He handed her a bag of food for the two guards and then gave her a third bag for herself.   
  
Clarissa was freed to feed herself this meal. It was the first time since early in the morning that she had not been cuffed. She rubbed her wrists and then stretched a bit to loosen up her shoulders. She had momentarily forgotten about her audience who hooted and hollered as she rubbed her shoulders, brushing her still rock hard nipples. The girl wondered if her nipples would ever soften again…they were to the point of being painful.   
  
She ate slowly, looking to extend the rest period but also to feel some sense of normalcy. Unfortunately, she looked up and saw nearly 100 sets of eyes on her as she ate. Clarissa realized that even the most mundane thing was now considered sexual by the onlookers when you are naked.   
  
Dinner wrapped up and she was again cuffed and forced to walk to mall. The crowd picked up during her walks as the word spread of the naked prisoner. Two news crews even showed up, getting her from all angles. One of the reporters tried to interview her but Michael put a stop to that, for which Clarissa was grateful.   
  
“Attention shoppers, the mall will close in 10 minutes. Thank you for shopping and have a nice night.” Clarissa breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that her walking time was about to come to a close.   
  
She had thought she was in good shape, but nearly 13 hours of constant walking had taken its toll. That and the sheer psychological exhaustion made her very ready for bed.   
  
Clarissa felt the crowd thin out and finally it was just her and the two guards.   
  
“Miss, we will now allow you 10 minutes of bathroom time. Follow us.”   
  
The nude girl was thankful. She desperately wanted a brief time away from all prying eyes. Her reprieve was interrupted when she entered a janitor’s area and saw the open toilet in the center of the room, next to a sink. Obviously, even this act would be watched.   
  
Harold undid her wrists and again she was grateful for it. Amazing how you can be thankful for such a small thing, she thought. Clarissa blushed a deeper red as she sat on the cold, hard bowl. Her bladder was full and the first sound of her pee hitting the water caused her even more shame than she thought possible. Just when she thought she had hit bottom, she found out otherwise.   
  
Finally, she was done and wiped herself. Afterwards she got up, brushed her teeth before again being bound to the waist band.   
  
The girl was led back out into the mall and brought to the center stage area. Michael directed her onto a wooden slat bench. “Lay here please Miss,” he said. Clarissa’s face drooped as she realized this would be her bed for the night and every night for the next five years. Tears flowed out of her eyes and down her cheeks for the first time in a while at the realization of her new place in life.   
  
She laid down and felt the smooth but hard wood under her bare body. She was forced to lay with her knees pressed up against her chest as her ankles were attached to the arm of the bench beneath her and her hair was pulled into a ponytail which was then attached to the arm above her. Effectively, any movement would be impossible overnight.   
  
“Good night miss,” Harold said as he went over and sat at a bench across from her. Moving her eyes she saw Michael take a spot on a bench down a bit from her but within sight. The lights, though dimmed from what it would be during business hours, were brighter then most people sleep. But the nude prisoner was exhausted, having spent the day nude and in motion, and fell asleep, despite her stringent bondage and having to sleep nude and on display. Soon, the only noise in the mall was the soft sounds of the sleeping nude girl and the ventilation system.

**CHAPTER 4**  
It was a cold and snowy day outside but inside the mall was bustling. Just three days from Christmas, the place was packed to the gills with people buying last minute presents.   
  
Another attraction may have brought people inside. There, sitting in the mall’s grand fountain was a naked girl, washing her hair. This was a three times a week occurance, up from twice because of the public reaction to it and the fact that the girl started to get grimy after all of the exercise.   
  
Clarissa was in her third month of naked punishment in the mall. After more than two dozen shoplifting charges, totaling several hundred thousands of dollars, the judge had believed that drastic measures were needed. He sentenced her to five years of imprisonment in the mall where her crimes were committed most. Adding to her misery was the fact that she was forced to stay naked and chained during her entire stay.   
  
Despite having done this particular exercise many times, she hated the public bathing. The water was cold and she had to stay in there for 20 minutes, under the direction of the guards. At least she was unbound during that time, a rare luxury in her life.   
  
As Clarissa sat there, soaping her hair, she remembered her first bath just three days into her term. It also coincided with her family’s first visit to the mall.   
  
Clarissa had been sure that her parents would have stormed the mall as soon as they heard about her sentence on the news. She had been disappointed when three days had passed without their appearance.   
  
The first bath had been awful. The water had been a bit warmer but the crowd that had gathered made it the worst of the bunch. She was still not used to all of the eyes and there was something so erotic about a naked girl bathing. That first bath had also been her first time having to shave her legs, underarms and even her pubic mound. She had been humiliated to be bending this way and that to make sure all of the hair was removed. But this was part of her agreement and she was forced to shave it all every other day.   
  
She had just gotten out of the cold water and was sitting on a bench, not allowed to don even a towel (too much covering) except for her hair. As she sat there, Leon approached. “Miss, your family is here. This is your 30 minute visit with them for this week.”   
  
Clarissa was equally excited to see her family and humiliated at having them see her like this. Despite being naked in front of thousands of people over the past few days, this felt like a new low for her.   
  
As Leon reattached her waist belt and cuffed her wrists, he reminded her of the rules. “Please Clarissa, don’t cover anything or else you will have to be punished. No crossing your legs, no turning away from your parents, nothing. Let them see all of you the entire time ok sweetheart?” The nude prisoner nodded and spread her knees apart.   
  
Tears flowed anew as she saw her mother and father for the first time in several days. She cringed when she saw her dad’s eyes go right to her bare breasts and spread sex. No, please not Daddy too, she thought!!   
  
“Sweetheart, we are so sorry this is happening,” her mother said, looking her daughter squarely in the eye. Clarissa was shocked to see that she could not say the same about her father. Mrs. O’Neil noticed it too. “Jack, she’s your daughter for Christ’s sake, stop checking out her tits.”   
  
Oh God, this is awful, she thought. Another leering set of eyes and these belong to her father.   
  
“I’m sorry Mildred and to you too Clarissa, I just can’t help it.”   
  
The trio talked and Clarissa was happy to see her father actually looked at her face once in a while. While the elder O’Neil’s had tried to get the judge to overturn his sentence, there was no relenting. “I think they mean it this time sweetums,” Jack O’Neil said, his eyes staring right at his daughter’s spread sex. Clarissa’s thighs quivered from the overwhelming desire to clamp them shut but she remained spread as her punishment required.   
  
Finally, Leon came over and ended that meeting, allowing the parents to hug their nude daughter. With that they were gone and Clarissa was back to walking the mall.   
  
That day came back to her now as she knew her parents would again be stopping by. She had again sat to drip dry and then waited while her guard (Harold this time) strapped the belt on her and cuffed her wrists. He also placed that ridiculous reindeer antlers on her head, a nod to the holiday season now at the mall.   
  
Finally she saw her parents enter her line of vision and she smiled. Though it was embarrassing, it was good to see friendly faces. She still had to fight the urge to close her legs to hide her sex from her father’s vision but externally she seemed the very picture of calm.   
  
Their conversation focused on the holidays. Although her parents thought the conversation might help get their daughter’s mind off of her plight, it only heightened her sense of loneliness. Clarissa never had a chance to interact with anyone except those mocking her. The guards were nice enough but never engaged her in small talk. Now, at the holidays, she realized how alone and naked she was.   
  
With her mind lost in her own misery, Clarissa closed her legs and kept them that way, a clear violation of her rules. Although the guards tried to look the other way at times, Leon knew they had no choice but to punish her. They knew that word would get back to the authorities since the entire encounter was being monitored.   
  
After goodbye hugs, Clarissa waited for the order to begin her mall walk. But instead, she was approached by Leon and Harold, the two guards on duty.   
  
“Miss Clarissa, I am sorry to do this, but you have to be punished for an infraction.”   
  
The nude girl racked her brain to remember what she had done. “Miss, you closed your legs for several minutes during your meeting with your parents.”   
  
Clarissa’s mouth opened in shock. She had totally forgotten herself. “Please Sir, I am so sorry, I forgot. Please let me slide.” Her big blue eyes were begging her captors.   
  
“Sorry maam, but there is no room for clemency in your case. Under the agreement that you signed with the judge, you may choose the punishment and you may also choose no punishment and then you will be taken to the women’s prison to begin your 20 year sentence.”   
  
The prisoner shook her head in despair. “No, please, I will accept a punishment. Anything.”   
  
“Well, you have two choices. Because the incident happened during a family meeting, we can cancel any further meetings for three months.”   
  
“No, please not that. I have nothing else. Please…there must be something else.”   
  
“Well, the other punishment is sexual in nature. You can bring yourself to orgasm in the food court.”   
  
The girl was stunned. In three months, she had not been forced into anything sexual, though several onlookers have suggested it. She didn’t think she could do it.   
  
“Please Leon, Harold, please. You can’t be serious.”   
  
“Miss, we are and you have one minute to decide.”   
  
Clarissa was stunned. She could not do three months without interacting with her family. There really was no choice.   
  
“Fine, I’ll do the food court thing.”   
  
“Excellent. Harold will go and clear the area of any minors. You can follow me.”   
  
Clarissa felt as if she were being led to the executioner. The young woman, just 21 years old, had certainly used her hand to masturbate but always under the covers in her room. Since she had been in prison and now in this mall, she had not orgasmed in nearly six months and wasn’t sure she could do it now.   
  
Finally they arrived at the food court. Obviously the clearing of the children had provoked many to check out the action. She sat where Leon pointed and spread her legs. She felt the guard remove the bindings from her wrist.   
  
“OK…you have five minutes to make it happen,” he said softly.   
  
Oh God, now in addition to the humiliation of the moment there was the pressure of a time constraint. The girl lowered her hand to her wide open sex and began rubbing the opening, just pressing her finger inside.   
  
“OHHH,” she moaned, not realizing how much she needed that touch. It had been so long but her body responded to the positive movement. She began to water almost immediately and moved her hips in rhythm with her hand. She rubbed up and down the length of her sex, moaning loudly. Within a minute she was grunting in lust and she felt the orgasm heavy in her loins. In no time she was screaming out her orgasm in the crowded and public food court of the mall.   
  
There was nothing around her as she came, allowing herself a rare moment to herself. She cried out in pleasure, humiliation and just plain frustration. Finally the orgasm subsided and she stopped rubbing her sex. A wave of applause snapped her out of her reverie and she blushed from her forehead to her breasts, a fact that everyone could see.   
  
This was another new low for the prisoner who sat there as the crowd dispersed. “Ok, Clarissa, let’s take our lunch break,” Harold said. Clarissa got to her feet, though a bit dazed and went towards the fast food restaurant. It was one of the strangest lunches she had ever had.   
  
Three days later, she sat in the same food court, naked and alone (except for the guards) eating a box dinner. This was her Christmas celebration. Harold and Leon, the guards, had invited her to eat at their table for this meal only. This was a rare opportunity for Clarissa to talk to her minders. She found that they were good guys.   
  
“Well Miss, I have to tell you, you have gained my respect,” Leon said. “I never thought you would make it this long. But you’re tough and I now know we are in for the long haul.”   
  
The girl smiled and thanked the guard. When she got up to clear the table, the guards stopped her. “No, we’ll clean up tonight. Merry Christmas.”   
  
The girl was allowed to just sit there, although she was still cuffed to her waist band and her legs remained spread wide. That night though, she was given the chance to take a warm shower in the janitor’s room. Although Leon and Harold were right there watching at all times, it felt like the most private moment she had been allowed in months.   
  
Finally it was time for bed. As she was being bound to her bench, she whispered to Leon. “Thank you both for my Christmas. I am sorry that I have nothing to give to you.”   
  
In a few minutes, a most contented prisoner fell asleep, holiday carols playing softly over the PA.

**CHAPTER 5---FIVE YEARS LATER**  
A smiling girl walked briskly through the mall, feeling very much at home there. Not unusual since many women enjoy shopping. But this girl is different. This girl is Clarissa O’Neil and she has lived naked at the mall as a prisoner.   
  
What started as a terrible ordeal has turned into a wonderful experience. After a year of walking, Clarissa had learned her lesson. The shopkeepers she saw every day worked hard for a living and she had been wrong to steal from them.   
  
Although they had once looked at her with disgust, the workers there became friendly with the girl. They all admired her guts for sticking through the punishment. Most felt that she would give up after a few weeks and head to prison. But Clarissa had stuck it out and was now five years into her punishment.   
  
But the nude girl had no idea. She hadn’t been allowed outside in all of that time. Once she had gotten close, had asked Leon, her guard and now good friend, to let her get close to the door last Thanksgiving when the mall was closed. Leon had allowed it and let the girl get a glimpse of the outside world. The girl was grateful but was not allowed to actually go outside for that would have broken the rules and voided her agreement. So she had shuffled back inside and enjoyed the holiday meal with her new friends, the guards and several food court workers.   
  
This Tuesday morning, the crowd was thin. Although she still gathered onlookers and fans on her daily walks, most had given up after several years of watching her. That’s not to say she didn’t get a ton of eyes upon her every day. Even those who saw her every day were mesmerized by her nudity and grace. Daily exercise of several miles a day had given her body tone that she had lacked before.   
  
“Hi Ma, ready for lunch,” she called cheerfully. The old, large woman behind the counter smiled and replied, “have your favorite for you today Clarissa, Ma’s meatloaf.”   
  
“Oh, you spoil me,” the nude girl replied, taking the tray in her hands and carrying it back to the guards before serving herself. She sat there, laughing with Michael and Leon. As she finished eating lunch and clearing the table, she was surprised to see the judge standing there at her table.   
  
“Good afternoon Ms. O’Neil,” the judge said softly. He had checked on her several times throughout her imprisonment and had seen the changes in her attitude.   
  
“Oh hello judge, how are you,” she said, offering her hand as a hello. “I was just about to get recuffed and begin walking again. Want to join me?”   
  
“No Clarissa, I don’t want to join you. In fact, you don’t have to do those things either.”   
  
The words didn’t register at first. Then a huge smile exploded on her face. “You mean, my sentence is over?”   
  
The judge smiled and nodded. A loud cheer went up from the guards who were genuinely happy for the prisoner.   
  
“So, I have brought you some clothes, donated by some of the merchants of the mall.”   
  
He placed the bag on the table and the girl cried for the millionth time of her captivity, but never in joy. She touched the denim skirt that was folded on top and pulled it out. She saw a note from Joanie, the manager at The Gap. Clarissa had helped Joanie stock the store one night and Clarissa had mentioned she liked that skirt.   
  
There was also a cool t-shirt with the Abercrombie logo emblazoned on it. One day, Clarissa had helped put together a window display and Fred, the manager there, had never forgotten it.   
  
Lacy panties and bra set were there, directly from Victoria’s Secret. Aimee, the store’s manager, and Clarissa had become close friends and those were a donation from her.   
  
A pair of ankle socks and slides were at the bottom of the bag, a gift from Renee in the shoe store where Clarissa had once robbed. She cried at the tons of notes lining the bottom of the bag.   
  
The nude girl pulled the lace panties out of the bag and hesitated. She hadn’t worn a stitch of clothes for five years and had forgotten how to do the most basic of human movements. Leaning over, her breasts hanging free, she pulled the panties over her feet and pulled them up her legs, finally resting against her sex. The girl, now naked no more, began shaking and sobbing.   
  
“Come on girl, you’re so close,” Leon encouraged her. With her friend’s encouragement, she grabbed the bra and slid it over her arms. Unused to wearing such a garment, she struggled at first but soon had the bra secured and spun it around before pulling the straps over her shoulders and securing her breasts within the cup.   
  
She then put on the blouse, again struggling to button it up, unused to such actions. The skirt came next, pulling it closed around her. Everything fit perfectly, odd since she didn’t remember her sizes anymore. The ankles socks felt so good against her bare feet, so battered from the years of walking the mall barefoot. Finally, she slid into the shoes and for the first time in five years, Clarissa O’Neil was not naked.   
  
She looked at the judge through blurry eyes and saw he was holding a garment bag. Inside was a suede jacket, the very same one she had stolen years ago and had gotten her into this mess in the first place.   
  
“Maureen at the leather store thought you had more than earned this.”   
  
Clarissa threw her arms around the judge. “Judge, thank you for my punishment,” she cried into his shoulder. “You saved my life.”   
  
The judge, eyes moist himself, hugged her back and said, “I know. But you were worth saving.”   
  
Cheers rose from all around as the mall workers celebrated with their most famous resident and prisoner. Though it was weird to walk among them without her breasts and body being on display, she had a wonderful time.   
  
As the party wound down, Clarissa, thinking about her future, said happily, “anyone hiring?”