**Sara's Embarrassing Morning**

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Sara woke up at 4:30 am to the sound of her alarm clock ringing in her ear. Slowly, she tossed her body to the edge of her bed and stood up. She sighed a exhausted breathe. It was friday - the day she went on morning jogs.  
  
Sara was 20 years old - a sophomore at a private university, and a varsity competitor on the track team. Normally, she would have practice right after school in the afternoon, but on fridays she had debate practice during that time. Alas, Sara found herself going through the standard friday morning routine. Waking up before the sun was up, getting changed into her running clothes, driving to campus, and doing laps around the track in the pitch of the late night.  
  
It wasn't all that bad though. Sara enjoyed the feeling of being out alone on the track. The early morning air felt so empty, so surreal. Out there, she felt like she was the only person in the entire city who was awake.  
  
Eager to get going, Sara quickly dressed into her uniform - a loose-fitting grey shirt and black athletic shorts. Underneath, she had a purple sports bra and a pair of pink panties. A nice comfortable outfit. It showed off her nice legs to a fair degree, but was still modest in the important places. She looked herself over in the mirror before grabbing her stuff and heading to her car.  
  
The school was only a 5 minute drive from her house. Sara only encountered one another vehicle on her way there. Everything else was empty, including the parking lot. She got out and headed down to the track, where she spent the next 45 minutes warming up, getting sweaty, and running her heart out. By the end of her workout session, Sara was utterly exhausted. She had done a quarter mile repeats, which were not her cup of tea. They were basically sprints, and although her breasts weren't very large, they still bounced a bit with the rapid-fire movements of her running.  
  
After she was done, she stretched for a while and headed back to her car to pick up her change of clothes and shower supplies. Now it 5:40. The first signs of light had begun to illuminate the eastern horizon, but for the most part, it was still very dark.  
  
Sara opened her car and grabbed her stuff. Then, she headed towards the side entrance of her school, which led to a hallway that contained the entrance to the locker rooms. This wing of the school was the athletic center of the institution. Through the many doors of the corridor, one could find the gym, the pool, the locker rooms, and coaches offices. Sara walked to the end of the hall, and entered into the girl's locker room.  
  
She creaked open the door and flipped on the light switch. Barren as ever. She found a bench near her locker and set her towel and shower supplies down before taking off her clothes. She placed her athletic uniform in a neat pile beside her change of clothes and grabbed her towel, soap, and shampoo.  
  
She found a shower stall and placed her towel on the outside rack, pulled the curtain and stepped inside. It wasn't long before she was underneath a steady stream of warm water, lathering soap over her tired body.  
  
Sara could never enjoy showers here when there were other people around. She was self-conscious,especially about her smaller figure, and was a rather introverted girl. But now, she could spend some quality time alone knowing she wouldn't be disturbed. She ran her fingers through her long black hair and down her smooth legs. She caressed her body here and there, making sure that every square inch of herself was clean.  
  
About 10 minutes later, she was done. She grabbed her towel and dried off. She wrapped it around her and walked back to the bench.  
  
What greeted her there shocked her. Or rather, what didn't greet her. All of her clothes, her athletic uniform and the ones she brought in, were gone!  
  
"What the hell?" Sara gasped. Frantic thoughts filled her head. "Someone must have came in here and taken them" she said to herself. "That means.. Someone knows I'm naked at school with nothing but a towel!"  
  
Sara tried to figure out who would pull such a terrible prank. But more importantly, she tried to figure out what to do. Her car keys had vanished with the clothes, so she couldn't make a dash for her car. But she also didn't want to wait for school to begin. Something like this would ruin her reputation and make her the butt of countless jokes for the rest of the year.  
  
She decided to peer around the corner and look at the clock. 6 o'clock.  
  
"Oh god" Sara thought, "school starts at 7:00. And kids starts getting her around 6:30."  
  
She had to act fast. She returned to the bench and sat down to think. As she did so, something caught her eye. It was note on the floor! She picked it up and read: "Come to the pool for your clothes."  
  
It looked like this was her best option. Sara got up and headed to the door. The pool entrance was just a little ways down the hall. She held on tightly to her towel and cracked open the door. The coast was clear.  
  
With a quick thrust, Sara pushed the door open and sprinted down the hall, trying to make as little noise as possible. She looked down the hall at the exit that led to the parking lot and saw a few cars already parked in the dim light of the morning. This fact only made her more worried, and made her run harder towards the pool entrance. Sara became paranoid that she'd be caught with nothing more than a towel to cover up!  
  
Soon, she arrived at the door. She pushed at it, and prepared to go inside, but it hardly budged. It only opened a crack. Sara pushed again, and this time the crack widened, but not enough for her to slip through. Panicked, the girl looked through the window and saw that the door was barricaded by some chairs. With enough force, she could easily move them aside, but that would require her to use both of her arms, rather than just her shoulder. Just upon realizing this, Sara heard a door creak open down the hall.  
  
"Fuck!" Sara cried in her head. She had no choice. She took her arms away from her towel and used all her strength to push open the door. She lunged forward with her extended out in front of her, pressing against the door, until the gap was wide enough for her to get through. Seeing her opportunity, she plunged forward into the room, using her hands to break her fall. Hopefully, no one had seen her.  
  
The tile floor felt especially cold underneath Sara's body. A chill crawled down her back. It was too cold. When she turned around to look at the door, she saw why. About a third of her towel was hanging out of the crack. The rest of her modest cover, was on the other side of the door. Quickly, Sara got up and reached forward; she tried to pull it back. But it was no use. It wouldn't budge, and opening the door might attract too much attention.  
  
Accepting her cruel fate, Sara tried to cover up with one arm across her chest and one covering her dark bush. She stood still and looked out the window. No one was there at the moment, so maybe she could attempt to retrieve her towel.  
  
Her thoughts were interrupted by a door opening and the sound of murmurs on the other side of the pool room. Sara sharply turned around, crouching to cover herself. What she saw, she couldn't believe. Three of her teammates had walked into the area, and had begun to laugh at Sara's predicament.  
  
"Here she is! We've been waiting forever!" said Julie, the obvious leader of the group.  
  
"Wait, you guys put me up to this? Why? I mean, what's going on? Where are my clothes?!" Sara begged.  
  
"Where is your towel?" said another teammate, Amber, as she laughed at Sara.  
  
Sara pleaded. "It got caught in the door! Give me my clothes back now, okay guys?"  
  
"Well, it seems like you like being naked, don't you?" Julie approached her and grabbed the arm that was covering her breast. She then fondled one of Sara's boobs as Amber and the other girl, Jen, restrained Sara from wriggling.  
  
Julie traced her fingers down Sara's belly until she reached her crouch, which was no exposed. She ran her index finger over the rim of her vagina, which made Sara let out an impassioned moan.  
  
"You do like this, huh?" Julie grinned.  
  
"No, no. I don't! Please, give me back my clothes! I can't be naked when the bell rings!"  
  
"Fine" Julie said. The three girls backed away from the naked girl. "We'll give you these." Julie pointed to Jen, who set down her backpack and pulled out some sort of cloth material. When she unfolded the tiny bundle, Sara saw that it was a bikini, and a rather small one at that! It was dark blue, and the strings were as thin as noodles. But it was better than nothing. Sara lunged forward to grab it, but Jen quickly stepped back and gave the suit to Julie.  
  
"Oh no honey, you got to work for this." Julie said before crumpling up the bikini and hurling it into the center of the pool.  
  
Amber stepped in. "Once you get that all put on, you can come find us in room J-21 for more clothes, okay sweetie?"  
  
"Wait, no. Guys, please. Help me out here, I can't just" but Sara's pleas were worthless to the girls.  
  
"J-21!" they yelled, and then they all exited the front entrance, taking Sara's towel with them.  
  
Now, it was 6:10. Sara would have to hurry up. She approached the edge of the pool and slid into the cool water. She quietly stroked her way through the pool, and clenched her prize in her bare hands when she got to its center.  
  
As if on cue, at this moment, Julie opened the door again, and winked at Sara. Sara's eyes met hers, and she knew something bad was about to happen. She heard a whistle from the other door and saw Amber standing there. She reached to the side of the door, and flipped a switch. The room was immediately dark.  
  
At first, Sara was somewhat grateful. She was naked in the pool, and the darkness would give her cover. She heard both doors shut, and decided to use this time to begin to put on the bikini. She swam to the ladder on the edge of the pool, and untangled the stringy mess. It seemed a little small, but it was what she had.  
  
She was preparing to step out of the water to put on her new suit, when a bright square of light flooded part of the room. The hallway door and opened, and Julie was standing there, leaving the entrance wide open. The light caught Sara off guard, causing her to fall back into the safety of the water.  
  
She looked towards Julie and saw that mischievous smile. Something was up, and it wasn't good. Soon, Sara saw what it was. She heard the parking lot door open, and footsteps began to pace down the hall.  
  
Julie opened her mouth and waved her arms. "Hey guys! There's a naked girl in the pool!"  
  
Sara didn't have time to wait around. She thrust herself out of the pool, with the bikini in hand and sprinted for the back door. She heard the footsteps in the hall quickening.  
  
"No way! Where?" some guy shouted. A group was running towards the front door where Julie stood.  
  
Thankfully for Sara, she got to the back door fairly quickly. Unfortunately for her, however, she slipped right as she began to push it open. She fell on her side and toppled onto her back. The top half of her body was now in the back hallway, while the other half was exposed in the pool room, illuminated by the main hallway light. Sara's bush was just barely visible from Julie's door, and a few guys got to see it's faint outline before she got up and escaped through the back.  
  
But it wasn't over yet. She could hear the confused murmurs of the small crowd around Julie, and soon, she knew they would follow her down the back hall. She held onto the bikini and bolted down the hall.  
  
She came to a small t-shaped intersection. To her left, was the door that went outside. To her right, was a corridor that attached to the main hall. In front of her, however, was a small door that she had never noticed before. She pulled on the handle and pushed. To her joyful surprise, it gave in, and she rushed inside.  
  
Sara quickly locked the door and waited to hear the footsteps rush by. One kid tried on the door, but gave up when he saw it was locked.  
  
It was at this time that Sara took a look around herself. She was in some sort of janitors closet. It was tight and compact, and she was naked. She looked at the tiny bikini and let out a sigh. She had to come up with a plan.