**Locker Room Humiliation**

I am 17 and on the volleyball team at school. I’m not as tall as the other girls but I am still pretty athletic for my size. As with me, most of the girls sign up because the coach Mr. Dan Marks, is a 26 year old hot guy. I just made varsity for the first time and wanted very much to impress him. Apparently so did most of the other girls on the team and it became a pretty heated rivalry competing for his attention. I did my best to flirt with him and played real hard trying to prove to him I was the best player. With blonde hair, C cup boobs, and a 26 inch waist I get asked out a lot as is so I guess you could say I am good looking (ha ha). It wasn’t long before I was getting the extra attention from him I wanted so bad. I actually think he got the hots for me too! Little did I know the resentment I was stirring up would soon back fire on me in a big way.   
  
So one day in the locker room after practice, being a bit of a show off as usual, I was showing a non-varsity player what she was doing wrong when serving the ball. Tutoring her I jumped up slamming the ball hard into the corner of the locker room. I anticipated it would just bounce back but instead it wedged itself through this space in between 2 lockers. The ball turned out to not be a school ball but a brand new ball that belonged to one of the senior players. She was a real bitch normally anyway and really ticked off saying it was a brand new ball and I probably gouged it up hitting it against the lockers like I did. Chewing me out she went over to get it but I had hit it so hard it had forced itself through the narrow separation between the lockers and had rolled back into the space behind the block of lockers and was very hard to get out. It couldn’t have rolled into a worse place really.   
  
I could feel the tension building and her angry glare burning into me so in order to dispel the situation as best I could I went over and told her the ball was fine and I’d get it out. Kneeling down on the bench near the corner I had to really wedge myself into the space to try to get the ball out. On both knees I had to twist my upper body and squeeze through the narrow space and then angle myself down to reach the dirty grimy floor where the ball was. From the outside it must have been quite a site with me on my knees and my butt in the air on display. Not wanting to fail I wiggled myself in there really well and moments later suddenly realized I might have pushed myself in there a little too far! I tried to back out and with each desperate attempt I came to realize I was really stuck in there good with no hope of getting out. I could not even take a deep breath I was pinched in there so tightly. I started to struggle and panic a bit and it didn’t take long for the others figure out that I had done one heck of a job of jamming myself between the lockers and could not get myself out now! Realizing my predicament I began pleading for help saying I was stuck and couldn’t get out, but even talking loudly was impossible with so much pressure on my rib cage.   
  
At first a few girls tried to help by pulling on me but that only seemed to make matters worse. I felt a few hands on my waist and legs trying to pull me back. Then someone had the bright idea that soap or something slippery might help so they got liquid soap from the shower and squirted it on both side of me thinking it would loosen the areas I was most stuck in. It didn’t work and now my back and sides were slathered in slimy liquid soap. All this time my butt was stuck up in the air for everyone’s viewing pleasure, and my shirt had slid half way up my back. I felt someone try to pull me back by my hips accidentally making my shorts slide down an inch or two. I tried to scream, “Hey, my shorts! That’s not funny!!” but all I heard in return was giggling and laughing coming from a few. Next thing I know the initial concern and sympathy for me had somehow transformed into mockery and laughter with the girls finding my “sticky” situation hilariously entertaining now. I heard one girl say she though I was faking it just to get attention and then I felt someone else tickle my exposed torso on both sides. I bucked and kicked reacting to the tickling demanding that they stop immediately, but this only seemed to spur them on even more. No matter how I struggled I could not get myself out so I was literally at their mercy. I heard some of my teammates say they were going to go find help and heard them leave. A few girls stayed behind. Once they were gone I heard someone (I think it was the bitch with the new ball) say that they bet Mr. Marks would find my position “very stimulating”, followed by fits of laughter. Then with each joke the laughter and taunting got worse and worse. I heard another voice say he’d find it even more stimulating to see me like “this”, and with that I felt my stretch shorts get yanked up my ass hard on both sides exposing a lot of extra cheek. Through the squeals of laughter now I was being tickled and smacked on the ass unable to stop any of it from happening.   
  
“No-no. THIS is what Mr. Grant REALLY wants”, I heard one of them say and then felt fingers pressing against the crotch of my shorts and in my butt crack too as the girls continued to laugh like crazy. Then suddenly everything hushed down and I heard whispering. I kept calling out asking who was still there but no one would give me straight answer. I didn’t know what was going on but after about another minute of whispering and snickering I felt my shorts get pulled down! I yelped in protest as my shorts AND underwear got pulled down and completely off of me leaving me still stuck in the same position on my knees but now completely bottomless with my naked butt and privates stuck up in the air open for all to see. Through my barely audible pleas I heard fits of giggling and then them running off leaving me there in the locker room ½ naked in silence.   
  
Not soon after this I heard someone return. There was some hushed snickering, some crackling of paper or something like that and then I felt my butt cheeks get pushed apart and SOMETHING GET SHOVED UP MY ASS!! (Later I found out it was a large black magic marker with a note attached to it that said, “Oh Mr Marks PleAsE SaVe mE!!”) I was left like this wiggling and flexing trying to get lose and also dislodge what ever was shoved in my butt for I don’t know how long.   
  
Eventually, some staff members were alerted and I suffered the humiliation of them, ALONG WITH MR MARKS (who had been anonymously tipped that I was in an accident in the locker room) coming to my rescue. The humiliation of him walking in seeing me stripped bottomless, covered in soap, stuck between lockers with my butt in the air, and a magic marker with a note attached to it stuck up my asshole makes me cringe with horror still to this day. As soon as they saw me, and got over their initial shock at what they saw, they covered me with a towel and proceeded to do their best to ease me out of my hopelessly humiliating and stuck position. It took a while and I remember the towel accidentally coming of at least 3 or four times. Oddly I also felt a few very inappropriate gropes while getting released from my trap. Ehem! Once out I cried in naked humiliating. I guess Mr Marks had left right away after first seeing me saying it was not appropriate for him to be present but still I know full well he saw everything, even if it was only for a few seconds.   
  
It was the cruelest prank ever pulled on anyone at my school and I still cannot look Mr. Marks in the eyes to this day. No one every fessed up to what happened in the locker room that day and I never found out who exactly did the depantsing and other perverted things to me but I think I have a darn good idea. I swear I’ll get them back somehow one day!