**Saved by the Bell**

by Icarys

It’s funny how we’re led to believe that school is the safest place. Granwechsen High was quite the opposite for me. I endured bullies of all shapes and sizes, teachers who couldn’t tell a victim from a perpetrator (or simply didn’t care); it was a truly debilitating experience.

My name is Katie Walker, I’m about 5’5” and have a bubble butt to be proud of. Clearly, I was forced to compensate as I’m a size 32AA. When this story takes place I was 15 at the beginning of my sophomore year at Granwechsen.

I had a baaad night the night before- just having been dumped by my boyfriend over text- and wasn’t thinking straight. Having just left P.E. I went to change out of my sweaty clothes and back into the ones I wore to school and headed straight for the locker room. Thinking back, I heard one or two people giggle as I walked into the men’s locker room unaware to strip, but paid no attention as I simply wanted the day to be over with.

As soon as I entered the room, I felt like something was different but kept going. I couldn’t put my finger on it until I turned the corner to what seemed like an endless sea of boys from our class- mostly in their underwear. I must’ve let out a gasp because just about every one of them turned my way.

“Look who it is! Ms. Walker, you must be wanting a peek?” one boy shouted. “Yeah! She must be here to spy on us!” “Maybe we should get a peek then..” Just as I was about to turn and do my best impersonation of Barry Allen out of there, I slammed into a thick, slightly sweaty chest. I was immediately grabbed, turned around, and forced back into the room. They shoved me face first onto one of those benches they keep in the middle of each set of lockers and stared at me, most with terrible grins on their faces.

“Yeah, I think you’re right Jim. Let’s get a peek for ourselves.” If there was a single time where I started to cry, it would be around now when two boys grabbed my arms and legs and held me down over the bench.

The boy I ran into threw his hands into my gym shorts and slammed my white and blue cotton panties straight up my ass. I immediately turned red, begging him to stop. He probably wasn’t listening. One boy lifted up the back of my shirt and started messing with my bra to no avail- until the larger boy knocked him out of the way and ripped it open. He began to pull my panties further and further up my butt until they reached my shoulders and clasped my bra through the leg holes giving me a bra connection wedgie. 'There's more to this' I thought to myself as I heard some whispering. After a minute or so everyone got quiet.

“One.. Two… Three!” The two boys on either side of me pulled my shirt and my gym shorts right off of me causing laughter to erupt in the room, and threw me up onto my feet. I was a total mess, makeup running down my face, crying full on, with my underwear wedged up my ass and the back of my bra pulled down due to the weight. I could barely walk as the boys I knew for years got a great look at me all around. I head the door open for the first time since I was essentially locked in the room, and everyone fell silent once again.

One of the male gym teachers had come in the room and as soon as he saw me erupted into laughter. He was laughing so hard, he immediately turned around (after a keen look at me) and walked out. As the door slammed shut, he yelled ‘Have fun boys! I'll leave you to it.'

And they did have fun. I was being pushed from boy to boy being felt up and down, slightly aroused but definitely enjoying 0% of what was happening. Eventually (after about 10 minutes of this) I had been passed to everyone and they were getting bored.

It was around then that I was shoved back onto the bench, face down once again. That same look a boy gets right before he’s about to do something really evil crept back onto some of their faces. I knew what was coming and just kind of let it happen at this point.

One boy reached behind my back and, with his semi-hard erection coming danger-close to my face, released my bra once again. The sensation was unbelievable, but didn’t last long as someone tore the panties straight down out of my ass and off my body. I could feel the boy staring at my aroused pussy, gleaming in the crappy off-white lights of the boys locker room. I heard a few camera flashes but I was in shock at this point. My shoulders were immediately lifted up, and my limp bra was raised off my body. Whoever was holding me flipped me to my side and spread my legs, giving every single boy in the room a clear-cut look at my entire, nude, fifteen year old body. What little feeling I had left in my told me this was going to get worse until I heard a bell ring.

It must have been the second bell because these boys essentially forgot I was there and ran to get all their clothes and run to class before they were even later. I laid there naked for a moment, trying to recover before gathering my clothes and leaving my worst high-school experience to date behind me.

(Luckily I got reminded just about every day after that by the pictures and one video taken of me that day)