

Afterschool Detention

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"I didn't see you raise your hand before answering, Jasmine" Miss Faith scolded her senior student, a pretty, African-American girl. "But Miss... I was right though. It was the correct answer!" the girl responded, pleading her case. "Don't talk back, that's fifteen more paragraphs of translation for you. Since your lil' buddies are already grounded after school, you can stay with them to finish your assignment" Faith dealt yet another punishment with a stern, serious look, but when she turned to face the black-board, she had a foxy smile on her face. She loved toying with those three black girls.

Jasmine, Alyssa and Tiara were fuming through their nostrils, finding it difficult to cope with this injustice. The three had just received another after school punishment. They were gonna miss practice again!

Even though the trio was the most troublesome group of students in her class, the three gals had started lately an effort to get along with Miss Faith's wishes and behave. But they still found themselves being grounded at every turn by their ruthless Spanish teacher.

Even though she'd never admit it to her fellow staff (or anyone else for that matter) the hot teacher got a kind of twisted pleasure out of disciplining the dark-skinned teens; Putting them in their place gave her a naughty kind of rush.

Faith, a Scandinavian-featured, 33-year-old lass with skin almost "too white" for the progressive, multicultural school she was working at, was an eye-turning young lady, her 5'6"-tall body curvy in all the right places and skinny in the others. Her pouty red lips and her long, straight, champagne-blonde hair were caught in a formal ponytail, like most mornings at school. Her long-sleeved, skin-hugging blouses outlined her DD-cup breasts wonderfully (breasts that were further 'presented' by the woman's overworked bras) and her sexy skirts (that were always a little too short for a public high-school) drew the boys' horny looks to her juicy rear. Her sexy stilettos added to woman's height, clicking seductively with each step she made across the classroom. If there was any late-bloomer in Miss Faith's class, she had definitely sparked his sexual awakening by now.

The three African girls, Alyssa, Tiara and Jasmine, all 18 years of age, were best friends. Their dark complexion was complimented by their frizzy, dark hair. Jasmine had long dreadlocks, Alyssa had a puffy afro and Tiara had a shaven, bleach-blonde-dyed look, going for a more 'queer-trendy' vibe.

The young women's tall, lean stature (each girl was over 6 feet tall and a member of both the high-school's basketball AND volleyball team) was kept in perfect shape with rigorous exercise. They had all already locked athletic scholarships, their Spanish credits not of much use now.

Indeed, the three beautiful girls all had an athlete's body, with strong thighs, hard, flat bellies, shapely booties and a strength that could snap Miss Faith's delicate little neck like a twig. If only she didn't wield all this power over them.

And it was a power she didn't shy away from abusing. Miss Faith never let the 'three little sluts' (usually dressed in skin-tight leggings or sporty shorts and crop tops) get away with anything in her class. Sure, there were other Chatty Cathys in the classroom, too, but these three were usually the ones being penalized for talking during class or causing the slightest ruckus. Faith often anticipated the slightest excuse to bring down the hammer on these African hussies. She had never fully pinpointed what it was about them that made her so sadistic towards them. But the different color of their skin and their strong, almost Amazonian bodies, in contrast to her more feminine, fragile, pale-skinned bod, was probably what made Faith happy to make them miserable. The fact that either girl could pick the white lass up and toss her around, made wielding her power over them that much more enjoyable.

The faintest whisper coming from their lips, or the slightest misstep in their homework, was enough excuse for the teacher to 'make an example' of her three unruly students. Faith loved exerting her authority over them and it satisfied her immensely to see the frustrated looks on their faces, whenever a new punishment was in store. She had made it a kind of game in her head, to see how far she could push their buttons and get away with it.

Well, that last instance was the straw that broke the camel's back. That very same day, during their enforced afterschool stay at the library, the girls came up with a plan to get back at their pesky teacher, Miss Faith.

The arrogant bitch would pay for all the indignities she had put them through...

The next day, the girls waited patiently for the whole day, tapping their feet in anxious anticipation. They were so excited and jittery for what was to follow they didn't utter a single pip. Faith was actually bewildered by their compliance during the class. Maybe she had actually molded the riled up ball-chasing saps into obedient students, the thought crossed her mind.

She'd discover she was mistaken.

After school was finally out, Alyssa and Tiara waited for Miss Faith outside the classroom. She approached them with her briefcase in hand, looking as stunning as always. The chest buttons on Faith's white shirt were working overtime to not pop off by the pressure of her bosoms, her dark-blue blazer matching her short skirt. Half-transparent, dark pantyhose decorated her legs and a dark pair of heels her feet.

"What is it, you two? What trouble are you in now?" she asked them apprehensively, already annoyed at their presence. "Miss Faith, Jasmine has some...women's troubles in the restroom. Can you please come help?" they asked with sincere puppy eyes, while remaining vague. Sighing at the fact that she couldn't just shake the brats off, the teacher followed them inside the women's restroom, while the large crowd of the rest of the students was heading home.

When she opened the door, Miss Faith saw Jasmine inside, but the girl was standing in the middle of the room, with her schoolbag on the floor next to her. Like her friends, she was dressed in her usual sporty attire, of skinny leggings and a skin-tight tank top. She didn't appear in need of any help. "What is it Jasmine? We have homes to go to, you know..." Faith scolded the black brat, figuring this was a waste of time. Before turning to leave, she heard the door behind her close with an ominous slam, followed by then the sound of the key turning and locking it.

"We decided since you've taught us so much, that we oughta teach you something in return..." Jasmine let her words linger with a twisted smile. Before the puzzled 33-year-old blondie could utter a word, she was grabbed from behind by the other two girls! Alyssa handgagged the white woman firmly with both her dark-brown hands, stifling the incoming scream of surprise coming out of the white woman, while Tiara helped tackle the unsuspecting woman forwards to the floor. In an instant, Faith found herself pinned on the dirty restroom's tiles with the two larger, younger girls over her.

"What the fuck are you doing!?! Let go of me at once!" Faiths groaned under the girls' weight, as soon as she got her breathe back after the rough drop. She had enough of this bullshit, her teacher patter gone in a flash, if it was ever there.

The angry teacher struggled, unable to overpower the two basketball-playing girls. Each of them held one arm pinned on Faith's lower back, whilst sitting over each of her thighs with a folded leg straddled on either side. Jasmine took her time, stepping towards the floored woman, then squatted so that her pretty face was inches away from her Spanish teacher's, with an expression of dripping Schadenfreude.

"Sshh, no talking during class..." Jasmine said and held taut the two black leather straps of a thick, red ball-gag, before roughly pushing it past Faith's front teeth. Jasmine swiftly continued the motion by grabbing the straps and buckling them at the tightest notch behind a squirming Faith's head.

Despite trying to fight off this assault, Faith blushed hard as she was ball-gagged, turning almost as red as her gag. She secretly had a submissive slut hidden deep underneath this bossy teacher façade. But now (or ever, really) was not the time to bring that slut out. 'LUH GMMMM U MMM!' she protested, snapping herself back to reality, her red lips wrapped around the matching rubber ball.

Drool was already dripping from them. "Tsk, ts, such a rowdy white girl, right ladies?" Alyssa 'asked' her friends. She and Tiara were each handed a roll of silver duct tape that came from Jasmine's school-bag. They quickly put the tape to use on the squirming blonde's body, one girl wrapping it tightly around her teacher's wrists, while the other did the same above Faith's elbows, fusing her dainty, skinny arms together behind her back. "GNNNMMHH!" the Scandinavian cunt painfully groaned as her elbows touched, her shoulder strained backwards, and her full chest pushed further outwards than she had already 'prepped' that morning. Even covered, the large outline of her jugs was now impossible resist staring at.

Jasmine then assisted her pals by kneeling so that Faith's head was trapped between her legging-shorts-clad black thighs. With the back of her head unable to rise, finding Jasmine's cotton-clad crotch, the sporty girl kept a vice-like grip on the struggling teach', as her friends got to wrapping more duct tape around the 'cracker girl's' slender ankles. They then passed many wraps of duct tape around the bridges of the woman's side-by-side feet and the outsole of her stilettos, further securing her feet's immobility. "NNNGGHHH! MMMMMMMMMM!" more drool escaped Faith's red lips, falling onto the bathroom's white-tiled floor.

It was not really registered at the heat of the moment, but the three black girls got the hunch that their teacher appeared to be struggling less and less with each added instrument of bondage. It might have been the simple fact that they were immobilizing her, but it also seemed that the woman was gradually surrendering herself to the girls' whims; truly vulnerable as they had never seen the dominant, authoritative teacher before.

As well as the obvious one, there was an internal struggle in Faith's pervy mind. Though her frenzied flailing was all sincere attempts at ridding herself off her newfound bonds, at the same time, this helplessness and restriction of her movement made her feel more and more wet, between her juicy thighs. A part of her, a twisted, unspoken part, liked this A LOT.

With their tutor's binding done, the girl's relaxed, sitting on the floor next to Faith, who was wiggling in place, mean-eyeing them. "She does have a thick booty for a white bitch..." Alyssa couldn't help but pinch the girl's round buttocks over her formal skirt, while Tiara gave them a wiggle test by jiggling them with a hand over each cheek. "NNNGGHHH!" Faith strained to turn her ball-gagged face towards her abusers, letting out a pitiful, indignant whine. This free-for-all fondling of her body was equal parts humiliating and hot. Her blushing had not gone away. Faith was feeling hot, even though the tiled floor was pretty cold.

"Help me lift her up" Jasmine said at the three girls easily picked up the bound and gagged damsel so that she was balancing on her knees. "Nice tits!" Jasmine capped a free feel of the vulnerable woman over her white shirt and pink/purple lace bra, faintly visible underneath the shirt. Faith had not much leverage to shift her body away from the young girl's fondling. "MMmmmm" came a grumbling, submissive moan from the taped woman "White girls be drooling, haha!" Tiara made fun of her bound teacher, who had no control over her own saliva dripping from her pried-open mouth. Her chin was already soaked with drool, droplets now falling onto the 'bumpy' part of her buttoned up shirt. "Probably why they say white cunts suck better dick than black girls..." Jasmine said, eyeing the white bitch like a predator.

"I say we get a better look at those knockers!" Tiara 'proposed', as if Alyssa hadn't already packed three large pairs of scissors in her schoolbag, which she had already taken out. "MM! NNNNNNGh!" Faith cried out, but the three black soon-to-be Sports-Illustrated models got to work on her curvy white body, snipping the top buttons of her shirt to reveal the teacher's upper body and her bra.

Instead of removing or cutting the bra off, Jasmine worked the blades on the top parts of the bra's cups, cutting off the portion that concealed Miss Faith's rosy nipples! The teacher's perky, heavy tits were basically exposed to her students. She let out a pathetic whimper that contained hints of lust, biting down hard on her large ballgag.

The eye-wide damsel could only watch as the girls wrapped more tape over and under her luscious round boobies, making them bulge further through the tight duct tape and pinning her already strenuously bound arms against her sides.

The black girls continued debasing their tied teacher by cutting her skirt off in one run of the scissors, exposing the woman's crotch and pelvis. She had a matching, pink/purple lacy pair of panties, under her semi-see-through dark pantyhose. "M-M! M-M!" as Alyssa and Tiara each moved their hands to grab a hold of the woman's legs and spread them obscenely open, Faith was shaking her head left and right in objection and struggling buck wild, even as little sparks of orgasmic pleasure were hitting her inner sex. She definitely **SHOULDN'T WANT THIS** to happen to her, but it was like these black bitches were playing her like a fiddle.

The reason for the white lady's increasing protests became apparent, when the African girls saw an undeniable wet spot at the center of her panties, which had gone through even to her pantyhose. "Whoa, look at that, Miss Faith is actually enjoying herself!" the three girls could not believe it, laughing at the helpless woman's expense.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMmmmm" Faith let out a defeated cry full of shame. She did **NOT** want this truth to be out! Definitely not to be discovered by her own students! Despite this, the realization that it was specifically these three black girls that had discovered her dirty little secret only turned her on more. This enforced exhibitionism might as well be taken out of her wildest fantasies. She couldn't help but 'leak' at this helpless state in front of three strong, African schoolgirls.

"Wow, who would've guessed Miss Faith is such a perverted little slut!" uttered Alyssa, as the girls checked out the girl's nakedness for a bit. "She probably likes being dominated by a bunch of dark girls, ain't cha?" Tiara gave the ball-gagged woman a couple of condescending, teasing slaps to her face. Faith did not respond (even in incomprehensible gaggish), only eyeing the young girl timidly. Tiara had nailed it.

The three friends took plenty of photos on their phones of Miss Faith's obscene state. Wide shots of her complete predicament, as well as close ups of her ballgagged, blushing face, her bare tits and the round wet spot in the center of her spread crotch, having the lion's share.

Just the feeling of being photographed against her will, in this degrading state, was almost driving Miss Faith to a touchless orgasm! To the three girls, the white bitch looked like she was struggling in her bonds to free herself, but equally true was the fact that Faith was writhing in restless lust.

With plenty of 'evidence' of their teacher's debauched state, the African-American, cross-fit girls proceeded to the next step of their plan. Jasmine produced a leather dog-collar and a matching leash, both of which she had taken from her own dog.

"Come on, let's go for a little walk" she said to the puzzled blonde, buckling the collar around her neck and clipping the leash on it, as Alyssa and Tiara 'helped' the bound bitch up to her heeled feet.

"MMMMmmmmmmMMMM!" Faith protested, as the three girls, with Jasmine holding the end of the leash, opening the restroom door. "What? I don't care if you can't walk like that, i'm not carrying you, hop or something!" she said without a care.

Miss Faith let an open-mouthed miserable sigh. With her ankles and heels tightly connected with plenty of duct tape, hopping was truly her only way to move, if she didn't want to slam her face on the floor or slither like a pathetic worm.

Slowly and carefully, with her 4-inch heels making her work even more difficult, Faith followed her captors' steps through the school's empty corridors, her heels clicking in unison as she hopped behind her black students that had leashed her, with no dignity left.

The dreaded thought of someone still being there and seeing her in this state, was the same scenario the periled woman would need to be rescued. A truly shitty predicament. A spark of arousal made the teacher momentarily seize her hopping and buckle her knees, almost as if she tripped. The thought of someone seeing her in this shameful distress brought a strong 'tingling' to her sex. "Move it you slime, before we need a mop to clean your trail" Alyssa demeaned the older white woman more, pulling at her leash.

Throughout their "walk" the girls 'reminded' their bound and gagged teacher to not even think of snitching on them, or all her 'steamy' photos would be published online. Her family, friends and coworkers would see a horned up sexual deviant, getting her 'socks off', in school property nonetheless! There was no way Faith wasn't losing her job after that and facing public outcry. The blonde teacher was beating a sweat from all her bound hopping, panting in her thick ballgag, when the girls finally stopped in front of the school's locker room and led the bitch inside.

The locker room was empty; the men's basketball team of a nearby college, comprised strictly of big, strong, well-hung black men, between the ages of 18 and 21, had reserved the court for practice. Practice that wouldn't start until 6 in the afternoon. Plenty of time for some 'self-reflection'.

"This will do" Jasmine pointed to an open locker. Jasmine did not need help tossing the bound teacher over her shoulder and stashing the struggling teacher inside the snug, narrow locker; it was just large enough for the woman to fit inside, standing. But not do much else.

"Ok, Miss Wet Panties..." Jasmine took out a wireless Magic Wand-style vibrator from her backpack and approached the bound woman. "Don't say we're not leaving without a parting gift" she added, stretching the front of the woman's pantyhose and her panties together, enough to slip the bulbous end of the sex toy right against Faith's sopping wet pussy and clitoris. Jasmine made sure to press the round end of the vibrator between the woman's ripe, hairless labia lips for a surely 'stimulating' ride.

Her two friends then wrapped many tight coils of duct tape around the woman's thighs and knees, forcing the white woman to unwillingly 'clutch' onto the sex toy harder, without a way of avoiding its vibrations. The woman's own panties and pantyhose kept the sex-toy secure from slipping off of her sex.

"I hope our grades will be nothing but straight A's, if you don't want people seeing your sexy pics all over Instagram" the three girls warned the woman, before Tiara cut one last piece of duct tape and pressed it over the helpless Faith's eyes.

Forced in darkness, Faith then could not see, but only feel the vibrator being turned on MAX, as strong waves of continuous buzzing hit her readied sex.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMG!!!" she squealed into her gag and writhed in her tight bondage, only seconds away from reaching a much anticipated, forced climax. A climax that was reached thunderously as the blonde woman heard her locker's door close with a loud metal thud, and a combination lock loudly click shut. As much as she hated the three black sluts, they had given her the strongest orgasm of her pathetic, white life.

Jasmine, Alyssa and Tiara exited the locker room with a smile of accomplishment, but not without leaving a little post-it note on the inconspicuous locker's door:

"I'm a dirty little valley girl that craves black cock. Please fill me up and drizzle all over me. DO NOT untie or ungag me, except only to fill my throat with your dark horse-cock. If you hear me moan it's only because I always fantasized about being degraded and gangbanged by a whole basketball team. PLEASE make this cracker slut happy by letting her service your black meat-rods.

ANYONE HOT FOR TEACHER?"