

## Cheerleader Punishment

Wayne stared through narrow eyes, glaring at his school's cheerleading squad. Short skirts and pompoms, bright blue and white outfits that showed off their legs and did nothing to conceal their huge busts.

What was with that, anyway? Why did every cheerleader at his school have massive tits and round asses? Every. Single. One.

They had the bodies of barely-legal pornstars. Slender and athletic, busty beyond reason, pretty and beautiful and sexy all wrapped together into a dozen amazing-looking girls. Blondes and brunettes and redheads, one girl – the ringleader – had even gone and dyed her hair bleach white.

Perfect, all of them. In appearance, at least.

Underneath the beauty and sexiness was something ugly. All of them, every last one of the cheerleaders, were a bitches.

They might smile innocently and laugh like schoolgirls, make themselves appear kind and nice and radiant. But Wayne knew the truth. He'd *experienced* the truth too many times, always when no-one else was looking.

The bitches were cruel, heartless.

He'd been just like everyone else, fooled by their fake kindness and tricked by sweet smiles. They'd used their beauty on him one afternoon, pulled him by his trousers into the girl's changing room with naughty promises. They'd let him believe he was going to lose his virginity to the entire cheerleading squad at once. And then they'd tied him down, mocked him, taken explicit pictures of him to use as leverage.

Blackmail.

Wayne's father was rich. His family was well-off.

Most people didn't care about that fact, a lot didn't even know. It wasn't like Wayne advertised his affluence. He just wanted to live an ordinary, laid-back school life.

Being blackmailed by the bitches had put an end to that.

How much money had they extorted from him? How much had he given them under threats of 'leaking' the pictures they'd taken of him?

Too much.

They treated him like their own personal ATM machine. The Bank of Wayne, giving bitch cheerleaders whatever they wanted. And what choice did he have other than to go along with it? To accept their daily humiliations of him? What could he possibly do to stop them?

Surprisingly enough, he found his answer in a dumpster of all places.

The cheerleaders giggled as they walked away, counting through the wad of cash he'd just handed them. A few of them glanced back at him, pointed and laughed as he climbed into the dumpster after his school bag.

The stench was foul. Rot and decay filled Wayne's nostrils as he grabbed up his soiled school bag.

Eyes watering, resisting the urge to vomit, he tried climbing back out of the dumpster only to slip on something wet. He fell, landed face-first in the trash, the rank odours seeping into his nostrils, smearing his lips.

Feminine laughter echoed in the distance, high-pitched and gleeful.

He wanted to cry. To shout and scream.

He wanted those bitches to suffer.

As he rose shakily to his feet again, something caught his attention. A soft glow in the corner of his eyes.

At first, he didn't believe what he was seeing.

Sitting on an old, discarded shoe, no more than an inch or two tall, emitting a soft

white shine from two butterfly-like wings. A fairy. A tiny female wearing a plain white, glowing dress, staring up at Wayne with her head tilted to one side.

"Why were those girls being mean to you?" The fairy asked.

He's lost it. Gone mad. Fairies weren't real. None of this was real. He'd just hit his head, was seeing things. There wasn't a fairy sitting on his shoulder as he walked home. That'd be impossible.

"Why are you ignoring me?" The fairy spoke, voice girlishly soft. "Is that why they were being mean to you? Because you ignored them too?"

"No!" Wayne growled before he could stop himself.

He was hallucinating. That was it.

"Then why?" The fairy asked, curiosity filling her small voice.

"Because," Wayne found himself speaking. Great, he was talking to a hallucination. Good thing the bitches weren't around to witness that. They'd never let him forget it. "They're cunts."

The fairy gasped.

"That's a bad word!" She chided. "You shouldn't say bad words."

Now he was being scolded by his own imagination.

"Well," he grumbled, "they're bad people. It's okay to use bad words when you're talking about bad people."

After that, the fairy remained quiet for a long while.

No-one Wayne passed on the street seemed to notice the fairy on his shoulder. They glanced away from him, could obviously smell the stench that still hung to him from the dumpster, but no eyes flickered to the tiny, glowing girl. Of course they wouldn't, he had to remind himself, she wasn't actually there. Just in his head.

"If they're bad," the fairy said at last, drifting off Wayne's shoulder and flying in front of him with a smile on her tiny face, "you should wish for them to be better!"

Wayne raised his eyebrow at the little creature.

"Why would I do that?"

The fairy rolled its eyes at him.

"So I can grant it, duh," she said matter-of-factly. "If they're bad, then we should make them good! If you make a wish for them to become good people, I can grant it."

"Wait, you grant wishes? I thought that was genies, not fairies."

The fairy let out a pleasant giggle, as if Wayne had just said something funny. He stared at her, felt a tiny flare of hope burning to life inside himself. It wasn't real, he knew that. It was just a hallucination. But even so...

"In that case," he said, feeling stupid even as he spoke the words, "I wish for a hotdog."

He blushed, realising how silly he must sound. Talking to himself, making a wish to an imaginary fairy. He must have hit his head harder than he'd thought. None of this was real, of course it wasn't going to-

The air in front of him warped, dazzled.

As Wayne watched dumbfounded, a hotdog – complete with bun and onions and ketchup – materialised out of nowhere and levitated right in front of him.

Just a hallucination, he told himself. Though now, he wasn't so sure. Slowly, he reached his hand out and snatched the hotdog out of the air.

Real. It was real. Warm in his hands.

Wide-eyed, open-mouthed, he turned to look at the fairy.

Slowly, a grin formed.

Rage filled eyes glared at him. Pure, unrelenting hatred. They wanted to kill him, murder him for what he'd done. They had no idea how, probably wouldn't believe him if he told

them the truth. Shit, Wayne could barely believe it himself. But here they were.

The entire cheerleading squad stood butt-fuck naked. Their huge tits on full display for anyone and everyone to see. Some of those tits, Wayne noticed, were fake – implants. Most were natural.

The rest of the students walked by as if nothing was wrong – like it was completely normal for the cheerleading squad to parade around naked. They were indifferent to the dozen sexy bodies, even the guys barely sparing the sluts a glance as they headed to class.

Twinkletits – the name Wayne had so affectionately given his fairy (apparently, fairies didn't normally have names) – floated alongside him, curiosity bright in her tiny eyes.

Any wish he made, she granted. As many as he wanted.

She'd seemed confused by the wishes he'd made so far, but a quick explanation had set her mind at ease. This was to *help* the bitches. To *reform* them and make them functional, well-adjusted members of society. The wishes he'd made, all of them, were for their own good.

Fairies, it turned out, were very naive.

Wayne turned, walked to class. The cheerleaders followed him. In rows of two, they marched behind him – tits swaying and bouncing with every step. He made one of them – the gorgeous, white-haired head cheerleader – carry his bag for him. It still stank from its time in the dumpster, after all.

He stepped into his English classroom with a wide smile on his face. The cheerleaders flowed in after him.

The spot where he usually sat was empty, desk and chair no-where to be seen. That particular wish had especially confused Twinkletits, but she'd granted it all the same.

One of the cheerleaders rushed past Wayne, got down onto hands and knees where his chair used to be.

Even as Wayne sat down on her back, the others rushed to their designated places. One stood behind him, acting as a chair's backrest. Two went on all fours in front of him, another two climbing atop them to act as his desk. Whitey reached into Wayne's bag, pulled out schoolwork and placed it carefully on his new, felshy desk.

To everyone else in the classroom, this was utterly normal. Of course the cheerleaders were Wayne's desk and chair. Why wouldn't they be? They were, after all, his possessions. His to do with as he pleased, as much as his school bag and its contents. They were his.

But the cheerleaders knew. He'd made sure they were still themselves. Obedient, subservient, but with the exact same personalities they'd had yesterday. The hatred in their eyes, their blushing embarrassment and shame, filled him with joy.

They'd tortured him for so long. Taken so much money from him.

Now it was time for them to *earn* that money.

"This brings back memories, doesn't it?"

He stared down at the plate on the floor, the mess of spaghetti clumped on the dirty ground. His memories flared at the sight of it, the scene playing out in his head.

The bitches had just taken all his money, left him with just enough to afford lunch. They never did that and, foolishly, he'd been hopeful. Maybe they felt guilty about what they were doing. Maybe they'd stop soon. He'd gone to get his lunch, was carrying it to an empty area in the cafeteria. Then they'd 'accidentally' bumped into him, knocked the plate out from his fingertips and sent it clattering to the floor. They'd acted apologetic, put on a great show of saying how sorry they were. But Wayne knew the truth. They just wanted to make him suffer, humiliate him.

The white-haired cheerleader looked down at her dinner red-faced. A mixture of

anger and embarrassment.

"Don't worry," Wayne said, repeated the exact same words the white-haired bitch had whispered to him back then. "I'm sure it's still edible. Why don't you try licking it up?"

When she'd said it to him, he'd walked away.

When he said it to her, she was compelled to obey.

Whitey lowered herself to the floor, tear droplets forming in the corners of her eyes. Tentatively, she reached one of her hands forward to towards the spilled food.

"No hands," Wayne commanded, glaring at the cunt's round ass. "Use your mouth. Eat it like a bitch is supposed to."

The other cheerleaders watched in horrified revulsion. The rest of the school didn't even bother looking, continued chatting and eating as if nothing unusual was happening at all.

As Whitey ate, Wayne walked up behind her.

He raised a hand, brought it down hard on her rump.

Whitey gasped, flinched as the loud sound of the spank filled the cafeteria. Her ass jiggled beautifully, a tiny ripple of flesh radiating outwards from the area of impact.

"You know," Wayne smiled, speaking to all the cheerleaders though never moving his gaze from Whitey's rear end. "I used to think you were all bitches. Taking my money all the time. That's what I kept calling you in my head. Bitches."

His hands reached down to his trousers, slowly started unbuttoning them. Within a few seconds, his cock sprang outwards.

"But I was wrong. You took my money, sure. But that doesn't make you *bitches*. It makes you *whores*. And I think it's about time I got what I paid for."

Whitey's body was shaking. Cold? Scared? Either way, it didn't matter.

"I've handed you a lot of money. A *lot* of money," Wayne growled. Cock in hand, he guided it to the cunt's opening. "And cheap whores like you? I imagine you'll be working off those large payments for a very, very long time."

He thrust forward. Hard.

A shrill gasp echoed through the cafeteria. A grunt of pain, followed by quiet, held-back groans.

Around Wayne, the cheerleaders sobbed silently, looking away.

Interesting, that. They were so gleeful when they'd been watching *him* get abused, yet they seemed much less happy when it was one of their own being bullied.

Perhaps, Wayne mused, they were all so used to bullying him that seeing someone else getting abused just felt wrong to them.

No worries there.

He'd make sure they *all* got used to the way things worked now.

He was helpful like that.