

Cheerleader Punishment

Chapter 3

Wayne held out his hand and, dutifully, his pet fairy drifted down to land on it. She sat down on his palm, her big, round eyes focused on Wayne entirely. Curious eyes that, as of late, had been a little *too* curious.

She'd spent too much time around humans. Around human society.

And she was beginning to see what Wayne was doing. That he had no intention of helping the cheerleaders at all, that he was using her to fulfil his every dark whim and fantasy. If she realised that truth fully, Twinkletits would stop granting Wayne's wishes. Maybe she'd even undo the wishes he'd already made.

Wayne would lose *everything*.

But, right now, she still believed him. Still believed that he was trying to help the bitch cheerleaders become better people.

Twinkletits still trusted him, for the time being.

But that could change.

And, if it did, Wayne needed to make sure he still had control. That his cheerleaders would still be his and that he'd still have the power to alter reality to his will.

He needed to make it so that - even if Twinkletits did stop trusting him and granting his wishes - he still had the control and power he'd been enjoying ever since finding her in that dumpster all those months ago.

And, to ensure that he would always have power, Wayne had concocted a plan.

A simple, yet elegant, plan.

"You've been asking me a lot of questions lately," Wayne said to the cute, little fairy. "About humans and if its okay to treat them the way I've been treating the cheerleaders. You've been very curious about how humans think, and why we act the way we do. You want to understand the difference between right and wrong from a human's perspective, don't you?"

The fairy nodded her head brightly.

"Do you remember what I asked you yesterday? About why you don't just make yourself human so you can see things from our perspective yourself."

"Yes," she nodded her head again, innocent eyes betraying her.

She had no idea what Wayne was planning. She trusted him completely. And Wayne was about to use that trust to destroy her.

"You told me that if you wish for yourself to become human, you won't be a fairy any more. And if you're not a fairy, you can't grant wishes. So you'll be trapped as a human forever. Right?"

"Right," Twinkletits replied, curiosity brimming in her eyes.

She knew Wayne had something in mind, though she had no idea that it'd be to her detriment.

"So," Wayne continued, trying to keep the greed and hunger from his voice. "What if you gave *me* your power to grant wishes?"

If this worked, Wayne could do anything he wanted. *Anything*. Without needing to come up with excuses about how it'd 'help' someone. If he could trick Twinkletits into giving him her power to grant wishes, Wayne would become unstoppable. All-powerful. A god.

"Think about it," he smiled. "If I could grant wishes, I could grant your wish to become human. And then, when you're done learning everything you want to know about humanity, all you'd have to do is wish to be a fairy again and I'd be able to grant it for you. You could become human without any fear of being stuck as one forever. And, when you're a fairy again, you can wish to have your wish-granting power back."

Twinkletits, trapped as a human with no power. With no way to stop him. And Wayne, with all the power in the world at his fingertips.

The fairy's already round eyes widened.

Wayne could see the possibilities shining in her eyes. She'd been so wistful and regretful yesterday, sad she'd never be able to experience the world as humans did. In all the time he'd known the fairy, it'd been the first time Wayne had ever seen her as anything but bubbly and happy.

"You can be human," Wayne told her softly. "You can finally see what its like to be one of us. And when you want to go back to being a fairy, you can. Doesn't that just sound *amazing*?"

Twinkletits beamed up at him, hopped up from her sitting position and fluttered her wings excitedly.

"Yes!" She said happily, doing a little loop in the air. "That sounds wonderful!"

"It's like I always tell you," Wayne grinned. "My ideas are always the best. So, how about it, do you wanna try being human for a little bit Twinkletits?"

"Yes please!" The fairy giggled in delight.

"Then I wish to have all of your wish-granting powers!"

Nothing happened.

Usually, there was no sign Twinkletits granted a wish other than the wish coming true. If he wished for something to eat, it'd appear – but there was no snapping of the fairy's fingers or clapping of her hands, no 'your wish is granted' line. Wayne stared down at the fairy uncertainly.

He didn't feel any different.

Had the wish worked?

Twinkletits was still grinning, wings fluttering happily. She opened her mouth, eyes bright.

"I wish I was human!" The tiny fairy said.

Only then did Wayne know his wish had come true. As soon as Twinkletits had said the words, he'd *felt* it. An invisible pull on his very soul, a choice that he had to make.

To grant the fairy's wish or to deny it.

He smiled at her.

And a moment later, Twinkletits was bathed in a blinding light. Everything in Wayne's vision went white. He shut his eyes against the brightness, opened them a moment later to see a naked, human girl standing in front of him. A girl with a familiar face and body, though one he'd only even seen in miniature up until now.

It'd worked.

Wayne had the power to grant wishes.

All it took was thinking the words. He didn't even need to speak them. He silently wished for Twinkletits to have some clothes on, and for a purse with a never-ending amount of cash in it to materialise, and then granted the wishes himself all in a single thought. And reality reshaped itself to his desire.

He sent the cute girl away – told her about hotels and motels and how they worked, that all she needed to do was give them enough money and she could stay at them as long as she wanted.

When she was ready, he told her, she could come back to his house and he'd make her a fairy again – give her back her powers.

And she *actually* believed him.

All he intended to give Twinkletits if and when she ever returned was a good, hard, human fucking.

For now though, he had other plans.

Grand plans.

Wayne closed his eyes, focused on all the little changes he wanted to make to reality. Every little thing he wanted to alter. He shaped the thoughts into silent words. A

wish that'd make the world bend to his desires.

He raised a hand, pressed thumb to middle finger, and *snapped*.

And the world morphed.

He couldn't see the change. Wasn't like he'd made the sky green or anything. No, what he'd changed was minds and thoughts. Every human being alive had just had their brains altered by just a tiny amount.

The snapping of his fingers wasn't necessary. It was more for theatrics. Made him *feel* like he was changing something with his wishes when he made and granted them.

Grinning, he walked forward, two rows of naked cheerleaders following behind him.

School was better ever since he'd made his first wishes to Twinkletits. Back before, so long ago now, Wayne's school life had been an endless nightmare. Daily torment and humiliations at the hands of Whitey and her gang of bitches. In those days, he'd dreaded school. Now, though, he looked forward to it.

He walked through the corridors, his pet cheerleaders following him without question. They knew the deal by now, knew they couldn't resist him.

Ordinarily, the sight of the naked cheerleaders wouldn't have raised an eyebrow. All the other students – their minds and viewpoints having been altered by a wish he'd made to Twinkletits – wouldn't have seen anything wrong with the school's cheerleaders walking around naked, serving Wayne as his own, personal slaves. Neither student nor teacher would've batted an eyelash at Wayne using the cheerleaders as his furniture, or toys for him to abuse.

That was, after all, what the cheerleaders existed for.

It'd been one of his very first wishes.

Now, though, the students watched the cheerleaders with shock and amusement as Wayne paraded them through the school.

Jeers and laughter from some, scowls and disapproval from others. The students and teachers were *seeing* the cheerleaders for the first time, realising just how far the beautiful school idols had fallen from grace. Before, the naked cheerleaders had been ignored. Now, they were in the spotlight – their shame on full display.

"Whores," one male voice shouted as Wayne led the cheerleaders on a parade through the school corridors. "Skanks!"

The cheerleaders winced. Some blushed bright red, others tried to keep their heads held high, some more were openly weeping.

They'd grown too used to being ignored.

The cunts had gotten used to Wayne treating them like trash, like disposable objects. They *expected* him to belittle them. And they expected the rest of the world not to care.

What they hadn't expected was for the rest of the world to despise them too.

That was new.

Wayne hid his grin, turned to face the jock who'd shouted.

"Dave?" He said coldly, eyes hard on the muscled, meatball of a man. "Are you insulting my property?"

The jock paled.

One of the biggest, meanest guys at school, and he went white as a ghost the moment he thought he'd offended Wayne. Could Dave sense Wayne's godlike power? Was he simply aware of what Wayne had done to the cheerleaders, if not how, and *that* was what terrified him? A few months ago, the jock would've beaten Wayne down if Wayne had dared to question him. Now, he was positively shaking at the thought of angering Wayne.

"I didn't- I don't-" The jock stammered under Wayne's scowl.

"Because you'd be right," Wayne smiled. The jock visibly relaxed. "They *are* whores

and skanks and a bunch of other things, too.”

Wayne turned his attention to the cheerleaders. The girls who had once made his life a living hell.

“In fact,” he said loudly, addressing the crowd that was beginning to gather. “Why don't you purchase their services? They are whores, after all. And attractive. Good at sucking and fucking, too. Trust me to know.”

“Are... Are you sure?” Dave asked, a mixture of uncertainty and desire in his voice. “I mean, they belong to you 'n' all...”

“Sure,” Wayne grinned, meeting each cheerleader's gaze in turn. “They're whores, aren't they? It's kinda their job to take money for sexual favours, isn't it? Knock yourself out.”

Dave, the jock, let out a happy laugh.

Every cheerleader was a perfect specimen of female sexuality. Busty and beautiful, sexy and athletic. They were all, every one of them, ten out of tens. What guy *wouldn't* be excited to fuck them?

Wayne paused, considered for a moment.

“Only blow-jobs,” he said aloud.

The bitches were his to fuck, no-one else's. He'd let the other students – and teachers – to make use of their mouths. But their asses and cunts belonged to Wayne alone. He turned the thought into a mental wish, granted it with a snap of his fingers.

No-one would even attempt to fuck the cheerleaders now.

But *everyone* would want a turn using their mouths.

One of the cheerleaders – a pretty redhead with smouldering green eyes and a face full of cute freckles – knelt in front of the teacher during a lecture. Mouth wrapped around the man's cock while he educated the class on chemistry.

Wayne watched in amusement as, at the end of the lecture, the teacher grabbed hold of Red's face and began fucking it furiously. Literally fucking the poor cunt's mouth. Up 'til then, he'd been mostly ignoring her as she blew him. But, the moment he didn't need to focus on educating the class, he went *all out*.

When Red's head was finally released, she chocked and coughed and spat white onto the classroom floor – eyes watering and cum dribbling down her chin.

And, to add insult to injury, the teacher sneered down at her.

“Worthless cunt,” he grumbled, reaching into his pocket and putting out a handful of change. A mixed assortment of coins, not even enough to buy a snack at a vending machine. He tossed the coins to the floor in disdain. “You don't even deserve this much.”

Red, still coughing up the man's cum, reached for the scattered coins on the floor, collected them in her hands before rising shakily to her feet and walking back to Wayne.

Her face was a mess.

Tear-trails ran down her cheeks, eyes puffy and blood-shot. All around her mouth was a mess of wet saliva. Her chin, and the corner of her lips, were coated in cum. Some of that cum and saliva had dripped down onto Red's huge melons, marring what would otherwise have been a pair of perfect, amazing tits with lines and trails of human fluids.

“You look fucking *disgusting*,” Wayne told the cheerleader as she came to a stop beside him. “Go clean yourself up. Jesus, talk about a messy eater.”

The girl blushed, new tears forming in the corners of her eyes. She rushed quickly away, off to go clean up.

Her ass bounced deliciously as she left the room, drawing Wayne's gaze.

A smile tugged at his lips.

Now this one, he could have some *fun* with.

He went in search of Red when she didn't return to the classroom.

Likely, he knew, she'd just encountered another guy along the way who'd demanded her 'services'. The reason she wasn't back in the classroom yet, Wayne guessed, was because she was busy being face-fucked by a random, horny student.

But that wouldn't do.

Wayne was God now. He could have anything he wanted, do anything he wanted. No-one could stop him or tell him 'no'. Like *hell* he was going to wait for some random asshole to be done using his toys when he didn't need to.

No, Red was Wayne's. *His* to play with.

When he couldn't find her in any of the corridors, it just made him angrier. He formed the wish to know exactly where she was in his mind, snapped his fingers as he granted it.

What in the hell was Red doing in a random supply closet?

Wayne growled, walked to the small room he knew the cheerleader would be in. He reached for the door handle, fully intent on barging in and punishing Red - and whatever dumbass guy had dragged her there – harshly. But a sound on the other side froze him in place.

"That's it, bitch," a girl's voice growled. "Licky, licky."

Not Red's voice. Some other girl.

A split-second of hesitation, hand wavering over the door handle. Then curiosity got the better of him. Wayne pulled his hand away, made a quick mental wish for the ability to see through doors, silently granted it.

And there they were. Two girls. One with their face between the other's legs.

Red was slurping away at the other girl's cunt, licking and lapping and kissing and tonguing. The cheerleader was, quite obviously, uncomfortable. Her whole body was tense, face a mask of defeat and pain.

The other girl – whoever she may be – was sitting on an old stool, legs spread wide apart with her skirt bunched around her waist. Pretty, with chocolate brown hair and cute lips. Slender, lacking in bust, but definitely attractive. And angry. The girl's eyes were filled with hatred and loathing and harsh amusement.

"Not so funny any more, is it?" The girl growled, tugging hard on Red's hair. "Spreading all those rumours about me being a lesbian. Taking my clothes during gym and throwing them in the toilet. Making me grovel and beg at your feet while you stole all my money. I don't hear you laughing any more, *bitch*."

Red mumbled something, but the words were lost to Wayne. The cheerleader's mouth was too muffled by the cunt it was busy eating.

"You're *sorry*?" The other girl spat. "A bit late for that, huh? I thought me being into girls was meant to be *funny*. Hilarious even. Well, what're you waiting for? Laugh at the rug-muncher like you always used to."

Red continued to lap away at the girl's cunt wordlessly, tears in her eyes once more. She cried out when the girl yanked on her hair again.

"I said *laugh*, bitch."

Wayne watched what followed with a mixture of curiosity and amusement. The cheerleader fake-laughing as she tongue-fucked some random girl in a storage closet. The sound of laughter muffled and distorted by the cunt being shoved into her face.

He'd never considered before that he might not have been the cheerleader's only victim. How many others were there?

"Used to make fun of me for being gay," the girl smiled wickedly down at Red. "Yet here you are, eating pussy like a pro. Guess *I'm* not the only dyke at the school, huh? Judging from your skills, this isn't the first time you've had your tongue in a vagina. Maybe all you cheerleaders were a lot *closer* than I thought."

Wayne took a step back, his anger forgotten.

He was smiling. Grinning ear to ear.

With all the fun he'd been having getting revenge on the cheerleader bitches, he'd never once stopped to consider the possibility that *others* might want in on the action. Sure, any guy with a working cock would want to fuck the sluts. That was a given. But revenge? Payback? That was different. *Special*.

How many others wanted the cheerleaders to suffer?

He couldn't help himself as he walked back to his classroom, back to his cheerleader chair and his cheerleader desk. Wayne let out a maniacal, happy, eager laugh.

Yes. Yes, that'd do nicely.

The cheerleader punishment, he smiled to himself, had only just begun.