

Cheerleader Punishment

Chapter 4

There was a cost to being a bitch. One that most bitches were more than willing to pay. A simple cost, really. And one that they probably never even thought about.

The cost of being a bitch was that it made people hate you.

Wayne hated the cheerleaders. Loathed them from the very bottom of his soul. The bitches had made his life a living hell. His hatred for them was as pure and unrelenting as it could get.

And, with the powers he now possessed, he could turn that hatred into revenge. Payback. Justice.

He could do anything he wanted, fulfil his hunger for retribution.

It was as easy as willing something to happen and snapping his fingers. Thanks to Twinkletits and her stupidity, her giving him her powers, Wayne could alter the very fabric of reality itself. Reshape the world in whatever ways he pleased.

Wayne, who'd once been nothing but a worm for the cheerleaders to stomp on, was now a god. All-powerful and unstoppable.

He was the judge, and those cheerleaders? They had a *lot* to atone for.

When he gathered them all in one place, two-dozen beautiful girls with big tits and slender bodies, he couldn't help but smile as he looked from face to face. Whitey and Braids and Red stood out above the rest – fond memories of them playing in the back of his mind as he gazed into their flawlessly stunning faces.

"You bullied me," he told the gathered girls. "Made me hate myself. Made me wish I was dead."

They couldn't speak, couldn't argue or beg.

"You deserve everything I've done to you. All of it. As far as the rest of the world is concerned, I *own* you. You're nothing but property, toys for me to play with however I want. Even your own parents don't give a shit about what happens to you now. Isn't that right?"

Several of the girls glanced down at the floor in shame.

They'd learned first hand how 'persuasive' Wayne could be to their family members. 'Convincing' parents to abuse their daughters was as easy for him to do as breathing was. Turning once-loving fathers into uncaring assholes was simple, making them hate their daughters as much as Wayne did was child's play.

"If I wanted to, I could leave you here," he said, gesturing to the wilderness surrounding them.

He'd had the bitches carry him all the way out here, to the middle of nowhere. If he'd wanted to, he could have snapped his fingers and teleported them all here instead. But where was the fun in that?

"And you'd have no choice but to stay put, wait here while you slowly starve to death. No-one would come looking for you. And if some random hiker or camper found you all dying here, they'd just ignore you and continue on. No-one *cares* about you. No-one *loves* you. Not any more."

Wayne closed his eyes, focused on his next wish intently. He raised his hand, snapped his fingers loudly – granting the silent wish.

To an onlooker, nothing would've changed. No flashing lights or visible alterations. No hint at what Wayne had just done.

Even the cheerleaders had no idea, and they'd been the subjects of it.

"But," he said with a grin. "*You* can still love *others*. Even if those others hate you, despise you, you can love them with all your hearts and souls. You can dedicate yourself to them, love them unconditionally even as they detest you."

Some of the girls looked horrified. They'd guessed – incorrectly – that Wayne was going to make them *love* him.

No, he wouldn't be doing that.

He *wanted* them to hate him. To feel powerless. He wanted them to feel exactly what they'd made him feel.

It wasn't *Wayne* that they'd love unconditionally.

It was Wayne's *children*.

They didn't know it yet, wouldn't for weeks, but every last one of the cheerleaders was pregnant now. All of them, knocked up with Wayne's babies.

When they found out, they'd be horrified.

And when the babies were born, the cheerleaders would find themselves loving their offspring unconditionally. Would dedicate their lives to making sure Wayne's children were as happy and comfortable as possible – even as the children would mirror Wayne's own hateful, resentful feelings towards their mothers.

A lifetime of being hated by their own children, loving them but being loathed in return.

Wayne's *gift* to the bitches that'd made his life hell.

"Humans are mean," the girl said as soon as I opened the door. "I don't think I want to be human any more."

Wayne blinked at Twinkletits.

Looked like the dumb ex-fairy was done with her dream of living like a human. A shame, that. Some small part of Wayne had hoped Twinkletits would never return, would enjoy life as a human and never come back to him.

Now he was going to have to break the naive little idiot.

Oh well.

"Twinkletits," Wayne smiled, standing aside to let her back into his home. "Welcome back. How'd you enjoy learning about the human world?"

"Humans are *mean*," Twinkletits repeated, stepping into the house. "And cruel. And *bad*. I didn't like it *at all*."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Wayne told the ex-fairy, words genuine and true.

Near the front door, his coat-hanger stared at Twinkletits with curiosity. A naked cheerleader with a slightly bulging tummy. The bitches didn't know much about Wayne's powers or how he obtained them – he'd made sure to keep that secret safe.

"I wanna go home," Twinkletits said sadly, slumping down onto the sofa as soon as they stepped into the living room.

"You are home," Wayne smiled at her. He didn't sit, stood in front of the girl instead.

Twinkletits shook her head.

"No," she sighed. "Not here. *My* home. Back in the other world. I don't wanna be in the human world any more."

Being human, it seemed, had taken a toll on the fairy.

Her air of innocent and joy had faded, replaced with a weariness and sadness that Wayne hadn't been expecting. No-doubt, she'd wish for her powers back at any moment. He almost felt bad for the upcoming betrayal.

"I'm sorry," Wayne said. And it was true. He *was* sorry for what he was about to do.

Twinkletits had done nothing to Wayne but help him. She wasn't one of the bitch cheerleaders, didn't deserve what was about to happen to her. Yet, Wayne had to do it all the same. It was the only way he'd be able to keep the god-like powers he'd come to rely so much upon.

"I wish," the ex-fairy said, raising her chin. "For my powers back."

Wayne nodded his head slowly. It was just as he'd anticipated. A shame. A real shame. He closed his eyes, focused. He formed a wish in his mind, complex and multi-layered, and concentrated. Not the wish Twinkletits wanted, but something else entirely. He raised his hand, snapped his fingers and granted the silent wish.

When he opened his eyes, he saw Twinkletits in the exact same place she'd been a moment before. Smiling up at him in loving oblivion.

The regular human clothes she'd been wearing a moment before were gone – replaced with a glowing, transparent dress.

“How do you feel?” Wayne asked, heart thumping in his chest.

There was a chance his wish hadn't worked, or at least not worked fully. Even if she was human right now, Twinkletits had once been a fairy. Who knew what kind of potential resistances she might have to magical wishes.

“I feel fine,” Twinkletits replied happily, eyes wide and bright and joyful. “Why do you ask?”

The dourness she'd had a few moments before was gone. The ex-fairy was back to her old, chipper self. Just as Wayne had wished. And that glowing dress... Yes, his grand wish *must* have worked.

“Do you know who I am?” Wayne asked, eager now.

“Of course I do, silly,” Twinkletits giggled. She stared up at Wayne with innocent, adorable eyes. “You're my Master.”

He led the girl to his bed, pushed her down onto it.

His furniture watched, though were forbidden from speaking or moving without his commanding it.

Wayne had never fucked a fairy before.

This was going to be an interesting experience.

Twinkle's wide eyes stared up at him, innocent and unknowing. Her lips were parted as she panted softly, heat filling her up inside. He'd made sure she'd be plenty aroused for this. After everything Twinkletits had done for me, he wanted her to feel good during.

“Spread your legs,” Wayne commanded.

Twinkle obeyed without hesitation. Her thighs parted, glowing dress riding up her legs to reveal and smooth, tight snatch.

Wayne wasted no time. He climbed onto the bed, positioned himself between the girl's thighs and whipped out his cock. Twinkle gasped when she saw it, body trembling with arousal.

Perhaps, he thought to himself, he'd overdone it a little with how horny he'd made Twinkletits for this.

He shrugged, guided his cock to her opening.

Twinkletits had wanted to experience life as a human. And what was life without sex?

He thrust forward.

Twinkle let out a loud, soft, adorable gasp. Wayne felt her tense, tighten around his cock. He pushed onwards, impaling her and filling her. The pressure of her cunt was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. The heat of it radiated around his shaft, sending waves of pleasure rippling through his entire body.

“Master,” Twinkle moaned as the tip of his cock brushed her deepest parts. “More, please. More.”

Wayne smirked down at her.

This was going to be fun.

The classroom was filled with angry, vicious faces.

Most were guys, though there were more than a few girls, too.

The victims. The bullied and beaten.

With his powers, it hadn't taken Wayne long to find them and gather them here in one place. The recipients of cheerleader abuse, all collected together.

A lot of them had been awkward or shy or avoidant, not wanting revenge so much

as to be left alone.

That'd been easy to fix.

Now they all wanted justice and payback. Every last one of them desired nothing more than to punish the cheerleaders that'd once bullied them. And that was exactly what Wayne had brought them here for – to give them what they wanted.

His eyes fell on one face in particular. A girl who'd been bullied by the cheerleaders for being a lesbian.

He didn't know the girl's name, hadn't bothered to learn it.

Names didn't matter here. Only actions.

And this one, of all the gathered faces, was the only one except Wayne himself who'd taken action against the cheerleaders. He'd be keeping a close eye on her, most certainly. Maybe, once the 'activities' of the day were done, Wayne would learn the girl's name – find out more about her. For now, though, there was fun to be had.

On one side of the room were angry, eager faces. On the other, the scared and timid and beautiful faces of the cheerleaders.

Victims and victimisers.

Only now, their roles were reversed.

Wayne raised a hand, watched the faces with glee, and snapped his fingers.

Immediately, the bullied victims of the cheerleaders rushed forward. The cheerleaders stood still, unable to run away, as their former toys claimed their retribution.

One guy - a nerdy, four-eyed twig – went straight for Whitey, the former head cheerleader. He pushed her down onto her knees, whipped his dick out and began slapping the cheerleader's pretty face with it, all while muttering something about homework and boners.

Another guy forced a cheerleader onto all fours, had her start mooing like a cow while he grabbed hold of her tits and pretended to 'milk' her. As odd a sight as it was for Wayne to see, he formed a quick wish in his mind and snapped his fingers all the same. A moment later, milk began shooting out of the cheerleader's nipples – spilling into a puddle on the classroom floor.

The pretty lesbian girl who Wayne had been so interested in had claimed two cheerleaders for herself, and was goading them on as she forced them to eat each other out on the floor. Her face was flushed, and Wayne could practically *feel* the girl's arousal. Likely, this had been a fantasy of hers for a long time.

Wayne smiled, stood back and watched as his pet cheerleaders were abused en masse. Tormented by all the boys and girl's they'd though themselves so far above.

How the mighty fell.

He pulled his girlfriend closer to himself, revelling in the warmth of her body next to his. Twinkle, cute and human and utterly devoted to Wayne's happiness. Who could've asked for a better girl to date?

Before long, the scents and smells of sex filled the classroom.

Just this once, Wayne had removed his absolute rule – that only he could fuck the cheerleaders. And, predictably, the gathered guys were taking full advantage of their one opportunity to fuck the sexiest girls around. Wayne watched as the orgy grew, as cheerleader tits bounced and cheerleader asses were spanked.

Besides him, Twinkle watched too – her innocent eyes taking in the sight before her with curiosity and interest.

"What do you think, babe?" Wayne asked, turning to look at his girlfriend. "Do you think they've been punished enough?"

Twinkle turned her gaze to Wayne, irises filled with a loving dedication that would trump anything and everything.

"No," she answered with a smile.

Wayne grinned.

No indeed. As long as Wayne continued to draw breath, he'd *never* be done punishing these bitches.

Wayne's father was wealthy. It was one of the main reasons the bitches had bullied him, back in the day. They'd extorted him for cash and goods, blackmailed him and used him because they knew his family could easily afford it.

But, for as wealthy and well-off his family might have been, Wayne had surpassed the need for that money altogether.

If he wanted a house, he needn't buy one. He could simply wish for one, and one would appear. Which is exactly what he did. He wished for a huge mansion – one with enough rooms that every cheerleader could have one for herself – and, a moment later, there it was. His new home.

Soon, in a few months, he'd have two dozen babies living with him. One for each of the cheerleaders. His children, cared for by their enslaved mothers.

The cheerleaders would be nannies and maids, cooks and waitresses and gardeners and furniture. He had enough of them that they'd be able to keep his new mansion looking spotless at all times. A perfect, sexy workforce that he could take advantage of any time he wished.

As for his girlfriend? She was Wayne's *true* prize.

A pretty, amazing, otherworldly beauty. With his powers, Wayne could make her into whatever he wanted. Reshape her body to fit whatever impulses he felt at that moment. If he wanted busty and round? A snap of his fingers would give him just that. If he wanted petite and slender? A change that'd take only a moment to make.

She was his doll. His fairy princess.

Utterly devoted, unquestioningly loyal. She loved him in absolute. Wanted nothing more in the world than to please him.

To think, a few months ago she'd been hiding in a dumpster looking to learn about humans. A lonely, naive fairy. Too innocent and trusting for her own good.

Wayne took her hand, led her to the master bedroom.

He laid down on the bed, pondered for a moment about what he wanted the girl to look like this time.

On a whim, he settled with the mystical fairy look she'd had when they'd first met. Glowing white dress, fairy wings, cute and pure face, slender body. He made sure to keep her human-sized, but otherwise returned her almost exactly to how she'd once looked.

Twinkletits the fairy.

"Ride my cock," he told the creature, laying back in bed with a smirk. "Show me how much you love me."

Without hesitation, Twinkle did as he'd commanded.

She climbed onto the bed, wings flapping in excitement, and straddled Wayne's waist. Her dress and skin glowed as she lowered herself onto his cock, serene face morphing in pleasure as she took him inside herself.

Swaying her hips as she rode him, Tinkle moaned Wayne's name – declared loud and clear that he was her master, her one true lover. She bounced on his cock, losing herself in her desire to please.

"Good girl," Wayne groaned, resting a hand on her hip. "Good little fairy slut."

A good girlfriend, Twinkle. She did anything and everything Wayne wanted – as a proper girlfriend was supposed to. One day, he knew, he'd probably marry the girl. And what an interesting night *that* would be. What would happen, he wondered, if he knocked up a fairy? A question for another time.

For now, Wayne lost himself in the pleasures of the fairy girl's tight cunt. Her magical pussy worked wonders on his cock.

He gripped onto her body, gasped her name as she screamed his.

And, when he came, he came in floods.

Twinkle collapsed atop him, resting her head on his chest in a loving embrace.

Wayne waved an arm at a his bedside table. The naked cheerleader knew exactly what he wanted, quickly rushed off out of the master bedroom in search of a glass of water for her owner.

And Wayne, a happy smile on his lips, closed his eyes and relaxed.

Yes. One day, he'd be sure to knock up Twinkle. Use magic to plant a child inside her. Then, when the brat was born, he's see if they inherited a portion of their parents' magical powers. A little experiment, just to see what would happen.

If the child had magic, Wayne would be sure to take the powers away and add them to his own.

And, if not, then he could always gain more power in other ways. If one fairy existed, there must be others. Surely Twinkle had a family out there somewhere, all as naive and easily manipulated as Twinkle herself had been.

If the power of one fairy was enough to give Wayne almost godlike powers, what would stealing the powers from more fairies do to him?

Wayne chuckled to himself as the cheerleader returned with a glass of fresh water.

He sipped it as she resumed her role as his bedside table.

A thought for another day.