**[A Good Dream](http://www.girlspns.com/viewtopic.php?f=4&t=24&sid=af5fd29cae4b72ac454a5dda44700282" \l "p159)**

by [**Wizard**](http://www.girlspns.com/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=120&sid=af5fd29cae4b72ac454a5dda44700282)

This is a story about a girl. No, don’t ask what girl. You already know her.  
  
She’s the bitchiest girl you know. She has a nasty comment for everyone and a sour face for every occasion. She speaks solely in sarcasm and is never afraid to say exactly the wrong thing. She’s meanest to the people who are nicest to her, and her only goal in life seems to be to make everyone as miserable as she is. She can always find a way to bring down the happiest of moods, to the point that, even though you’re against calling girls bitches in general, even you have to admit that there’s no word that describes her better. She’s aware of what she does; she’s had every chance to change, but she’s completely unrepentant and unredeemable.  
  
You know who I’m talking about, right? You’re picturing her name, her face, her obnoxious voice, her distinct clothing style? Good, keep that image in your mind. But now you can make a slight change. Picture her naked.  
  
That’s right, she’s naked, and not by any choice of hers. In fact, this was your doing. Today, she went too far. Maybe she just made the wrong snide comment at the wrong time and ticked you off. Or maybe it wasn’t for your own sake that you got so angry—maybe it was something especially cruel she said to someone you like. Whatever the case, the straw broke the camel’s back, and you slapped her across the face, hard.  
  
For a minute, both of you stood totally still, shocked at what had just happened. She was shocked from the pain and the surprise that you had done that. You were surprised you’d done that, too, but you were even more surprised at how much you’d enjoyed it. That satisfying SMACK, that rewarding stinging in your palm, her eyes and mouth delightfully wide and round with the surprise and pain.  
  
And then, something happened inside you. You realized you couldn’t just stop there. Now that you’d gotten started, you had to carry through and give this bitch everything she deserved. While she was still stunned, you reached out, grabbed her by the shoulders, and spun her around. Then, on a sudden whim, you grabbed her top and pulled it off. She started squealing in surprise and anger, but you didn’t care. You kicked her in the back of the knees and gave her a good shove forward, knocking her onto her face.  
  
You quickly stepped forward and planted a knee in the small of her back, holding her down. You made short work of removing her bottoms and her shoes. She squirmed and kicked and struggled under you, spouting curses and insults, but she was helpless. You had her pinned down and wearing nothing but her underwear.  
  
You spent a minute admiring her panty-clad butt, and then, still driven by that instinctive rush, you grabbed the back of her panties and gave a sharp tug, giving her a good wedgie. Her panties disappeared into her butt crack, exposing her cheeks, and she let out a shriek of pain. You stood up to get better leverage, and began giving repeated sharp tugs, stretching her panties further each time, digging them deeper into her tender areas. Finally, with a satisfying ripping noise you were left holding all that’s left of her panties in your hand.  
  
She tried to crawl away, but you weren’t done with her yet. You stepped forward, sat down on her back, and undid the clasps of her bra. Then you grabbed her by the hair and pulled her up, forcing her first to her knees, and then onto her feet. And now here you are, and here she is, and she’s naked, just like I said in the beginning. She tries to cover her boobs and pussy with her arms, but you grab them and pull them away, and then take a good look at her, from her face, blushing deeply and trying to express anger, fear, and shame all at once, down to her, neck, her breasts, her belly button, her crotch, her thighs. It’s odd—her demeanor is so unattractive that you’ve never even thought about whether she was physically attractive or not. But with her clothes and her attitude stripped away, she’s a lot better looking than you would have expected.  
  
You look around and realize that you’re not the only one here to witness the spectacle of her nakedness. An audience is forming, girls and boys clustering around from all directions, staring and grinning and pointing and laughing. They know who she is—most of them have been insulted and belittled by her—and they’re thrilled to see her in such a state of helplessness.  
  
You decide to give them a show. You put your hands on her shoulders and spin her around roughly, making sure that everyone gets a chance to see her, both front and back. Then, for your own sake as well as theirs, you stand behind her, reach around, and cup her breasts in your hands, squeezing them none too gently. Several boys hoot as you molest her. No one feels any sympathy for her whatsoever. She deserves everything she’s getting. Even the sweetest, most innocent girls look thrilled to see her in this state.  
  
“Open her legs!” someone calls out. You’re happy to oblige your audience. Ignoring her protests, you push her down so she’s laying on her back. Then you grab her ankles and pull her legs up and apart, giving everyone an amazing view of both her pussy and her asshole. You’re pleased to see several phones out, snapping pictures of her entire ordeal.  
  
“Give her a spanking!” someone suggests. Once again, you’re more than happy to fulfill the request. Someone helpfully provides a chair for you, and you take a seat and throw her face down across your lap, her round ass sticking up, practically begging to be spanked. You raise a hand and bring it down hard, palm open. SMACK! You don’t know what’s more satisfying—the sound of the smack itself, the feeling of her bare flesh against your hand, the yelp of pain she lets out, or the way her whole body jolts with shock. You leave your hand on her ass cheek for a minute, squeezing it as your audience cheers you on, and then raise your hand and give her a good spank on the other cheek. SMACK!  
  
Now you’re really getting into it, and you just can’t stop—the feeling of punishing this bitch is intoxicating. You rain down spankings, fast and hard, feeling exhilarated as her ass cheeks grow pinker and pinker and her screams and yelps become more and more desperate. You don’t know how long this goes on, but finally, it feels like the right time to stop. You give her ass—and your hand—a rest, and she lies limp in your lap, trembling and whimpering.  
  
“Are you sorry?” you ask her. She nods. You notice with some satisfaction that there are tears running down her face.  
  
You push her off your lap, and she crumples to the ground, offering no resistance. “Get on your knees and apologize to everyone for being such a bitch,” you order her, both amazed and pleased at your own confidence.  
  
She obeys you. Sniffling, she pulls herself to a kneeling position, draws in a shaky breath, and says, “I’ve been an awful bitch to all of you. I’m sorry. I’ll do whatever I can to make up for it.”  
  
You realize, looking around, that she is making up for her wrong-doings, here and now. Girls who have cried themselves to sleep over her cruel comments are now smiling and laughing. People who were pushed apart by her nasty gossip are now being drawn together. The atmosphere of negativity she always carried with her has been replaced by a spirit of happiness and community.  
  
“Make her take back what she said about my mom!” a boy calls out.  
  
You nod at her. “I’m sorry for what I said,” she says. “I’m sure your mom is lovely.”  
  
“Have her apologize for calling me a slut,” a girl requests.  
  
“I’m sorry,” she says. “You’re not a slut. I only said that because I was jealous of how pretty you are.”  
  
One by one, everyone brings up the hurts, the grudges, the insults, and one by one, she apologizes on her knees to every single one of them. Finally, every last shred of negativity from the past is dispelled.  
  
“Say that you deserved this punishment,” you tell her.  
  
“I deserved to be punished for being a bitch,” she whimpers. “I deserved to be stripped naked. I deserved to be spanked. Thank you for punishing me.”  
  
“Now, one final punishment,” you tell her. She looks scared, but she listens. “Once your humiliation is complete, we all promise that we’ll forget about the past and give you a second chance to be our friend.”  
  
She nods, hopeful but apprehensive. “What do I have to do?”  
  
“Masturbate in front of all of us. Make yourself cum, with everyone watching, and we’ll consider you forgiven.”  
  
Her eyes grow wide and she blushes deeply, but she doesn’t attempt to argue. Resigned to her humiliating fate, she lies down on her back. Her hands, quivering slightly, move to her crotch, and, with all eyes on her, she starts playing with herself. You stare, transfixed, as she begins to get worked up, letting out soft moans as she rubs her pussy, then slips a finger inside, then two. Everyone watches, practically holding their breath, as her moans grow louder and her body grows tenser. Everyone is waiting for her orgasm, for that incredible moment of release…  
  
You wake up.  
  
Come on, you didn’t actually think that was real, did you?  
  
But here’s the thing…this is the third night in a row you’ve had this dream. And if you have the same dream three times, it’s guaranteed to come true, isn’t it?