A Bunny’s Deepest Secret

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Prologue: Bonnie’s Turmoil

Bonnie Allison, known to her friends as Bunny or Buns, was, for the most part, a typical eighteen year old young woman. She was trying to finish her schooling while staying as under the radar as she possibly could manage. She wasn’t the type of girl who screamed for attention, nor was she a confident bombshell seeking to catch the eyes of her peers. Instead, she was a nerdy introvert who buried her face in her books, hoping and praying to get through another day without attracting too much attention. This was just about the only thing she prayed for, despite attending a private Catholic school.

The thing is, Bonnie had a very big secret; the kind that would give a nerdy girl who just wanted to blend into the background a reputation that would draw all kinds of unwanted attention left and right. This was where that “most part” of being a typical eighteen year old young woman drifted away from normalcy. Bonnie wasn’t just a normal girl; she was born with a very unusual condition that would make the Catholic nuns' eyes bulge, and cause her closest friends' faces to turn red with embarrassment on her behalf. Bonnie had a cock… not just a cock though, she also had a pussy as well.

The private Catholic school would probably expel her on the spot if they knew, not because it was deserved, not because it was justified, but simply because she would be seen as unnatural. It wouldn’t just be the higher ups that would react though, the students as well, they were even worse. Anything different about anyone was always turned into some huge ordeal, one girl got bullied so hard that she left the school over just having a pinky that was bent a bit funny. A pinky! Imagine being a girl with two sets of genitals, a pussy and a cock… She would never hear the end of it.

There was an even more defining aspect of Bonnie’s secret that nobody realized. Envision how intense the hormones of an average teenage boy are, then consider the hormonal changes of an average teenage girl, both their hormones going wild. Essentially, in Bonnie’s case, it was taking what a normal person her age experienced and multiplying it by two. There was a very good reason her poor Catholic school uniform issued panties were in a constant state of leaky wet duress, struggling to hold her fun-sized little secret down underneath her school skirt.

She was almost always horny, yet Bonnie couldn’t share anything about it with anyone. Given her shy, friendly demeanor, no one would have suspected it about her either. She may have been a tall, lanky, dirty-blonde girl, but also she was the sweetest and friendliest girl that most could run into, the kind nobody would expect was experiencing internal perversions that were driving her crazy. She was the kind of girl who was easy to walk all over, the kind that was easy to overlook, and especially the kind that was easy to take advantage of. That was Bonnie Allison, a girl with a secret, a girl who was easy to push around and put a target on her back, just trying to make it through one more day without anyone discovering the truth, a throbbing,

leaky, little truth that she kept entirely to herself.

Chapter One: Secrecy Clashes With Temptation

Bonnie slipped into the Catholic school bathrooms, quickly ducking down and scanning underneath each stall, making sure that the bathroom was empty. She went into the furthest stall from the entrance and dropped her book bag to the side. Yanking her phone out, she placed it down on top of the back of the toilet and continued where she had left off before having to rush to school, playing a muted porn video of a girl with a dick having it sucked. She was so unbelievably fucking horny this morning and she hadn't gotten a chance to take care of it like she normally did, her mom, having interrupted by telling her that she was going to be late.

"FfFhh~ Fuuckkk… Fuck being late... Mom, you just don't understand, I need this…" She whispered out, panting to herself, sure that she was the only one in the restroom. "If I don't take care of this now, I won't learn a single thing the entire day." Her glasses were already fogging up, lifting her little blue school uniform skirt, she lowered her cute tight frilly panties down to mid-thigh, and started to stroke her cock with one hand. Her friends were waiting to meet up with her before class, but Bonnie didn't care; she needed it, her body needed it, she was aching with perverse desire.

Bonnie had a cock that was a bit below average, she was 4 inches long while erect, and she wasn't very girthy, but she more than made up for it by having a girldick just loaded full of nerve-endings that put a guy to shame. She had the most sensitive little cock that only contributed to her constant state of nearly unending arousal, arousal that left her drooling precum down into her school issued panties almost all of the time.

The back of her skirt was shoved up, her bouncy butt pinned up against the stall door, stroking her little dick for all that it was worth, pumping faster and harder. "Oh god…" She panted out, feeling an intense growing throb in her member, her pussy tingling, screaming in her head and reminding her not to forget about it either. Bonnie shoved her other hand down lower and started to press two fingers up into herself, simultaneously finger fucking and jerking herself off. The stall door creaked with her every movement, with how hard she was leaning up against it as her body swivelled with desire.

"HnNHh… MmMh… MmMhh…" She let out hushed little moans, little whimpers of need. Bonnie's hips were involuntarily moving just ever so slightly, forward and back as she stared forward at the porn she had secretly been watching. She wasn't sure which she would rather be, the girl getting her dick sucked, or the one doing the sucking. She would take either one's spot right about now if she were given the opportunity. Better yet, she loved to imagine riding a guy while having her cock sucked at the same time, bouncing like her nickname, up and down like a bunny, taking a big cock while getting her own serviced.

All these thoughts of having her body used and stimulated just flooded into her perverted mind, one after the other. She started to stroke herself faster, pushing her fingers in and out even

quicker. She needed this release so badly, the kind of need that someone with a normal set of genitals couldn't even imagine.

Her head lulled backwards against the stall, her soft blonde locks getting shoved firmly back against it, Bonnie let her eyes close, she was getting so close now. So fucking close, each of her set of genitals were going crazy. Her pussy clamping in around her digits as they pushed in and out, fucking her slick little hole as it dripped down her knuckles. Bonnie's cock tensing up, churning a nice little load of cum for her to pump out into the toilet.

She just needed to finish this up, to get herself off, then she could focus on her classes, be the good nerdy student that everyone knew, just a little bit more. "Wha-... You… You have a-..." The shocked gasp of another girl suddenly filled the bathroom, her words not even making it completely out. Bonnie's eyes immediately shot open and she found herself staring up at a girl who was standing on the next door toilet and looking down at her right that instant, seeing everything, her cock, her fingers shoved down and in her, the porn playing on the cellphone, all of it. They both froze for what felt like an eternity, that other girl staring down at her completely wide-eyed. Bonnie wanted to move but her body couldn't, not for several more seconds at least.

Eventually, Bonnie managed to somehow unlock every muscle that she had and shove her skirt down, rushing to pull her panties back up and hide her still throbbing cock. The moment she did, the other girl jumped down and bolted, running out of the bathroom as fast as she had managed to sneak in and discover Bonnie in such a compromised state. The poor nerdy girl grabbing her phone and turning it off, shoving it down into her book bag with her heart racing faster than it ever had in her entire life before.

She had to get out of there immediately, before that stranger told someone who might actually know her, might be able to come identify her. She fled the scene of the crime, the scene of her unfinished business, once again interrupted as she tried to dump her needy little nut out so that she could finally feel like she was once again in control of her own urges. She knew she needed to get off, but she knew even more that she couldn't dare stay there and finish up after that.

Chapter Two: Flustered And Confused

Bonnie had her book bag hanging off one shoulder, the lanky girl using her long strides to quickly try to make it to her first class for the day. She looked back over her shoulder when she suddenly found herself slamming up against her best friend's soft body. "Bunny!!" The other girl giddily cheered out, hugging her as Bonnie ended up arching her own butt back, making it look even more bubbly than it already was, just trying to keep the other girl from noticing the throbbing dicklet that she kept in her panties.

"Ah-! S-Steph… You're, uh… How are you doing??" She glanced between her friend and back over her shoulder, trying to see if the girl who had seen her was around. Bonnie had a little glistening trickle of sweat on her brow, her eyes darting back and forth between her friend and the nearby hall. Not to mention, she was facing an even more pressing issue as she pulled back

from the hug, her girldick was on the verge of busting inside of her tight pair of cotton panties, her pussy leaking to the point of nearly carrying a slutty odor around with her, one she was praying that nobody would actually be able to pick up on.

Stephanie was the chubby, short, nerdy best friend to Bonnie's skinny, tall, nerdy self. She was a lot like a counterbalance to Bonnie, aside from the fact that they both were nerdy girls that shared the same interests. The only exception was that Steph was not a massive, depraved pervert like Bonnie was.

She looked up at her, not remotely noticing the bulge under her skirt. If she had felt it, it hadn't registered to even think about it being something like a cock under her skirt. Steph pulled out her phone and showed some funny viral clips to her friend. Bonnie tried to laugh along but her entire body felt tingly and weird. She needed to cum so fucking bad, yet here she was just trying to pretend to be a good interested friend, fake laughing as her cock ached for release.

"Hhaa… Ahah…" She breathily panted the faux laugh out, images of that girl staring down at her while she masturbated suddenly flashing in her head and making her throb harder. There was some deep dark part of Bonnie that got a weird pleasure out of being seen, having her secret exposed, no matter how desperate she was to keep it from being revealed to everyone else.

Bonnie's face flushed bright red as her pussy clenched involuntarily inside of her panties. She desperately was aching to turn around and slam herself against the bathroom wall to jerk off. It was such a heavy need, buried down in the pit of her stomach, begging for relief. "I-... Uh… I should be getting to class, Steph…" She gulped, her voice trembling. *Just act normal. It's fine. I can get through one class, I think… fuckk… I want to be fucked so bad, to just slut myself out… but, I can't… I can't let anyone know. Fuck, fuckity, fuck, FUCK!*

She cursed herself silently while keeping up a lame, friendly smile for Steph, acting like everything was completely normal and she wasn't having a slut crisis inside of her head. Stephanie eventually paused the videos and agreed. The two girls awkwardly parted ways for their respective classes, sharing another difficult hug that practically showed off Bonnie's ass thanks to her itty bitty skirt not being made for such a tall, bouncy bottomed girl. "Thanks for checking in, Steph, I will catch you later!"

As soon as her friend was gone, Bonnie dropped her book bag from her shoulder and held it over the front of her lap, looking around the hallway to see if anyone noticed her. She couldn't see anyone, thinking that she had somehow gotten away with her masturbatory perv-out session in the bathroom, hoping the girl who had seen her would just never tell a soul. What Bonnie didn't realize was that at some point during her conversation with Stephanie, the girl from the restroom had already snitched on her and pointed her out in the hallway when she wouldn't notice. That the rumor mill had already begun to work its magic, and her secret was already well on its way to being completely exposed.

Chapter Three: Nightmares That Feel Like Dreams

Bonnie slipped into her first period class. Her unsatisfied cock and pussy still craving release, but she would just have to try to get through it, find an opportunity for release as soon as she could. The tall nerdy girl may have looked awkward carrying her book bag in front of her lap, but that was nothing new for her, she was used to being awkward when compared to the more popular types. She took a seat, and the class kicked off as uneventfully as one where she wanted to unload in her panties could kick off. She clung to her notes, doing everything in her power to suppress those tingly, needy urges.

Twenty minutes had passed, and the teacher issued a group assignment, putting everyone into pairs, something that was almost always an awkward affair for a girl like Bonnie. *Ugh, partners… Now I have to figure out someone who is willing to go with me. I wish one of my friends was in this class.* She dreaded the thought in her head, used to just awkwardly getting put together with some other last remaining student that nobody wanted to pair with.

Instead, something very different from the usual happened. A more popular girl in the class immediately shoved a desk up next to Bonnie's and pointed between the two of them. "Me and you! We're partners, for sure. That's good with you, I'm sure. What is it? Bunny? Bun Bun? Buns? Either way, you know my name, of course." The series of aliases rattled off, leaving Bonnie surprised that a popular girl like Samantha was even aware of what her friends called her. Samantha was a tall, curvy, redhead that was one of the more popular cheerleaders that attended their private Catholic school. She was the kind of girl that most the other girls envied, while the boys all wanted to get with. On top of that, she was known for being a bit of a mean girl, the kind that really rubbed her superiority in others faces.

The popular girl didn't actually give Bonnie a chance to turn her down, nor a chance to even respond, she merely kept speaking with the kind of confidence that one would expect from an extrovert like her, one that loved to hear the sound of her own voice. "Though you can call me Sam if you want, just to match your own silly shortened nicknames, Bun Bun." A very thin line between kindness and mocking laced Samantha's tone, especially choosing the one nickname that her friends didn't actually use.

Bonnie felt awkward, but it would be even more awkward if she tried to turn her down, so she just quietly nodded her head back, accepting the strange class project partnership. "S-sure… Thanks Sam…" She mumbled the words back, feeling the thud as Samantha's desk finally hit up against hers and the other girl sat down beside her, feeling way inside of her normal comfort zone. "So… do you want me to just do the work for both of us… or?" Bonnie came to the most logical conclusion that she could manage, the only reason a popular girl like this would want to pair with her was to take advantage of the fact that she was a high scoring student.

"Oh that, I don't care about the project at all, actually." She gave a somewhat off-putting giggle in response. Samantha leaned in a little bit closer, really invading her social bubble now. Especially with how frazzled and tense Bonnie was even without this going on, her needy body

craving privacy and release. “What I really wanted to know about was this weird rumor that I heard, you know what I’m talking about?” She asked, a smug but curious expression on her face.

“Huh? A rumor? I haven’t really heard anything…” Bonnie answered back, she started to swivel to adjust ever so slightly in her chair when she felt Samantha’s hand spontaneously shoot down right into her lap, under her skirt, and grabbing with a tight hold over the top of her girldick before Bonnie could even react. “Ah-!” She gasped out, immediately getting a couple momentary stares, ones that quickly faded as everyone else went back to focusing on their own work.

Samantha brought her lips closer to Bonnie’s ear and whispered over into it. “Wow, so the rumors were true. Better be careful, you wouldn’t want to draw too much attention. Then everyone in the world will know what you’re packing under here, not that it is very much, after all.” She teased her over the size of her cock, at the same time giving Bonnie a very arduously slow dragging stroke over the top of her panties, stimulating the tall blonde’s covered bulge to the point of making it unload some thick leaking pre-cum into her panties. “Whoa, who knew you had all that in you, Buns. So much hidden potential, I thought you were just a worthless bookworm, come to find out you’ve been keeping such interesting secrets from everyone.”

Fuck… fuck, fuck, fuck… Bonnie cursed in her head over and over, her toes curling in her little black school issued heels. She almost shot her load off right then and there, making the lamest little expression underneath her glasses as she quickly nodded her head, almost submissively giving in at the first instance available just to convince Samantha to go easy on her, to keep her from orgasming in her panties in the middle of class. “Anh… Sam… Please, I-.. It’s not what you think..” She panted back, unable to even finish her sentence, to come up with some excuse, before Samantha had already interrupted her.

“Oh? Is it not what I think? Hrm…” She acted like she was pondering, her hand started to explore even more, squeezing, feeling, touching over every bit of Bonnie’s bulge. “No, I’m pretty sure this is what I think it is. Sorry, Bun Bun… Your secrets out. Not to everyone, we can change that if you want to be a liar, though.” The low, unveiled threat, practically promising to expose her secret to everyone if she didn’t get to hear what she wanted. “So tell me, what is it?” Samantha taunted, putting Bonnie in the unenviable position of having to admit something she had hidden from everyone for so long.

“MnNh…” She whimpered back a little moan, twitching against every exploratory touch over her small dick, a particularly tight teasing squeeze finally breaking her. “Okay… okay okay okay…” She panted out, her hands extending to the far side of the desk as she gripped the edges like she was holding on for dear life, that unmoving desk feeling oddly like a roller coaster thanks to what was happening out of view. “It’s… it’s uh-...” She couldn’t quite get the words out, struggling so hard to reveal her secret even when it was so obviously known by the other girl. She tried, she knew she needed to say it, that Samantha was already well aware, but it was her deepest darkest secret, she had taught herself her entire life to lie about it, she couldn’t just blurt

out the truth.

Suddenly Samantha blurted out. “Miss Agnes, Samantha is so HARD…” she paused, the older woman looking up with a confused stare, sitting there in her nun’s habit. “She’s being so hard to work with, she wants to do everything herself. Tell her we have to work together!” She coyly flipped the subject, the older teacher just shaking her head and with a gravely voice, she reprimanded Bonnie. “Share the work you two, if I find out you aren’t doing it together, you both get a failing grade!” The surrounding classmates glanced over, confused by the partnership, but unaware that there was more going on.

Bonnie had felt every single bone in her body want to jump out of her skin when Samantha had blurted those words out, she knew it wasn’t just a tease, it was a warning shot. The kind that she shouldn’t test her on. “Shit… ffh-... fine Samantha… okay… it’s… it’s a cock…” she shamefully croaked out the words, it was like a weight off her shoulders and simultaneously like a guillotine dropping towards her neck. She had admitted her secret for the other girl to hear. The part that was even more surprising to Bonnie, wasn’t how relieving and horrifying it felt, it was that her cock throbbed the moment she said it, her pussy clenched, her body reacting to her self exposure.

“Hah! A cock?! Is that what you call it???” Samantha’s tone sounded shocked and urgent, even as she was whispering the words back to keep anyone else from noticing. “This isn’t much of a cock, Bun bun. This is more like… God… I don’t even know, it’s like… a training cock? A little dicklet? Honestly, I think they make plugs bigger than this.” Every degrading word meant to crush Bonnie a little bit lower, down at the bottom of the social totem pole where she already existed compared to Samantha.

It was so hard to figure out how to feel. Insulted? Aroused? Dejected? Panicked? Throbbing to the point of cumming her brains out? Bonnie felt everything at once, breathing so heavily as she gave the most shameful little nod in return. “Y-yea…” She breathily ended up just agreeing, every slight adjustment of Samantha’s hand making Bonnie want to agree with her anyway, to support anything that she said, like a pathetic grovelling worm.

“Yea? Is that all? I want to hear it girl, this is a training cock, isn’t it?” Samantha slipped her hand up and then pushed it down, sinking her soft, warm hand down into Bonnie’s panties and taking a direct hold over her cock, feeling how soaked it was in her own creamy leakage.

“Y-yes… Samantha… It’s… It’s a training cock… I have a training cock…” She stammered back to her, before lowering her upper half forward, leaning on the desk as her perky little tits threatened to push out the top of her blue overshirt, the little sheer white shirt doing little to keep her concealed. Her hardened nipples felt like they were going to poke right through the thin material. The insides of Bonnie’s thighs started to shake, and began to squeeze inward, almost pressing together when she heard Samantha interject once more.

“Ah! Tut tut! None of that, legs spread, slut.” Samantha’s other free hand leaned over and

grabbed the inside of Bonnie's thigh, with a tug she pulled them spread. "Better hope that poor old nun doesn't get the right angle to see underneath your desk, she'd have a heart attack on the spot." She laughed and simultaneously slipped her hand inward and with a little tug at those frilly cute panties, she had exposed Bonnie's pussy underneath her desk, she curiously traced a finger right up her slit, making her folds part ever so slightly. "Wow, you really do have both. That's crazy, Bun Bun."

Bonnie's heels were slipping out along the floor, her legs going so straight that her knees locked up, she clung to the end of her desk even harder, nodding her head quickly. "Y-yea… Crazy… Please, Samantha… I can't… MmMh…" She shot one hand up off the desk and covered her own mouth, moaning down against it, using her own hand to mute out the moan to the quietest of little noises. "Oh god…" she gasped out, bringing her hand back off her mouth, looking at Samantha with the biggest pleading eyes, unsure if she was pleading for her to stop, or to keep going.

Samantha had a coy grin on her face, both her hands teasing the tall nerdy girl. "I have a question, Bun Bun. If you cum out of one, can you still cum out the other? How does that work? Do both cum at the same time? Staggered? I'm just so curious…" She buried her fingers up and deep into Bonnie, but then she stopped them there, just keeping them nice and wedged into the depths of her pussy. Her other hand started to squeeze and stroke, using Bonnie's own precum as lubricant to jack her off.

"OoOh… AnNnh… fFfh… fuckk…" She whimpered down, about to cum her brains out, when suddenly Samantha stopped completely, not even stroking anymore, having left Bonnie on the most torturous of razor's edges. "You have to answer the question, Bun Bun, you really are super secretive huh? It would be a shame if everyone in class found out what we were doing, wouldn't it? We wouldn't want that to happen…" She teased, reminding her how risky this entire activity was for her, how she was pretty much pinned underneath Samantha's thumb, both figuratively and literally, as she held her cock down deprived of the release that she needed.

Bonnie had to answer her, both because she was desperately craving her hand to continue moving, and because of the thinly veiled threat that loomed over her head. Her shoulder pressed against Samantha's as she leaned in, whispering over. "I-... I can cum from each… separately…" She was pressed against her slightly for support, losing control of her pathetically needy body. Her subservient, aroused state was very unbefitting of the tall introvert who always worked so hard on her classes, yet here she was with her project being left completely neglected.

"Oh god, that must be so messy. Let's try that. One after the other, with this little skirt, you're gonna have quite the tough time getting out of class without anyone noticing." Samantha sounded so ruthless while offering up the pleasurable release that Bonnie needed. She started to pump her fingers really fast inside of Bonnie, rolling them like waves as she applied precise pleasure up against her most sensitive spot, the one she noticed the nerdy girl reacting to most whenever she brushed the tip of her digit over the top of it. Clenching little wet noises barely

being suppressed underneath the desks.

“God, you’re such a fucking little freak, you’re strangling my fingers so tight. Tsk… tsk… Such a slut and you’re keeping it all to yourself? That is not fair at all. I can’t imagine how you’ve managed to hide this, I know… see Brian over there? I want you to tell him that he really looks cute today.” The words got Bonnie to look over, wide-eyed, trembling on top of the fingers that were driving her crazy inside. “What? I can’t…” She shook her head in little no motions. “You can’t? Oh, I think you can. If not, I can have him see how wet and hard he got you.” She pushed her fingers up knuckle deep, wiggling them in alternating movements as she drove her insides wild.

“Fffh…” Bonnie looked over at the boy, she didn’t even really like him that much, and she never flirted with anyone. She felt a little tremor run up her spine while staring at him, for some reason in that moment he looked more attractive. “Ah-... Brian?” She couldn’t believe she had actually said his name out loud. The boy looked over a bit confused at her, nobody ever really expected her to speak much, she was the quiet class nerd. “Huh? What is it?” He curiously questioned back.

“Uh… Well…” she beat around the bush, her face turning the most awkward shades of red that even a nerdy shy girl like her could hardly manage, completely beet red. In that exact moment, she felt Samantha’s fingers curl in her pussy and start to rub quicker. Bonnie let out a heavy exhale, goosebumps growing on her skin. “Well, I just think you look extra cute today.. Uh… good job…” *Good Job!?!?* Her head immediately screamed at her for that last comment, she was mortified. The boy just stared back at her a bit in awe, confused as could be, “Uh… thanks…” He just looked away, embarrassed FOR her.

“Oh my fucking godddd…” Samantha gave a shrill little screech in her ear. “That was the worst thing that I have ever witnessed in my entire life, I can’t… You are such a freaking loser!!” She started to laugh and simultaneously pump her digits inside of Bonnie’s needy cunt with increased urgency, her little pussy starting to quickly spasm, like somehow the embarrassment helped get her off. “Oh jeez, did you actually like that, making a fool out of yourself? You’re one of those kinds of girls, Bun Bun?” She ridiculed further.

In a sudden rush of mixed emotions, humiliation, embarrassment, arousal, and above all else, intense need, Bonnie felt her little cunt clench and release a flow of pleasure all over the mean girl's digits. “MmNnh… MMmh… MmMhhh…” Suppressing her moans as she clenched to her desk harder, she pushed back into her chair tighter, arching a little against it, her feet stretching out as far as they could go, and she just was overcome with pure pleasure as she came. Samantha quickly brought the second hand down to tug Bonnie’s panties over the top of the back of her hand, making sure to catch all of that girl mess where it belonged, leaving her uniform a pussy scented, wet disaster, that threatened to be exposed at any moment for the rest of the school day.

“Fuck… Look at that… Holy shit, you feel like you pissed yourself in here. My god, Bun Bun, you

really are a depraved little slut, aren't you?" A squishy wet noise could be ever so slightly heard as Samantha slipped her hand out from inside of Bonnie, dragging them free from her panties. "I don't think those can hold anymore. Take your overshirt off." She said it so matter of factly, like it was the only other option, like it just made sense. Bonnie's head was spinning, she wasn't thinking clearly, her cock was spasming and the entire morning of not getting to cum from it was leaving her now gooned out of her mind. As good as that release had been, it somehow had only made her cock need to cum even more urgently.

The tall pervy nerd lifted her blue overshirt up and off, breathing heavily as she handed it to Samantha, who pressed it down over the top of Bonnie's lap, pulling her skirt up and tucking it in on itself as she freed her cock out the top of her panties. Bonnie was left basically sitting in the classroom with her cock completely out, the overshirt the only thing keeping it covered. She had been behaving like a free use submissive bitch, despite how wrong she knew the entire situation was, despite how her secret was at risk of being exposed to the entire classroom if one person looked over at the wrong moment.

"Samantha… I-... p-please…" She started to beg her a little bit, the other girl able to feel the urgent throbs coming out of her girldick. "Please? Please what, little bun bun? Surely this tiny little thing isn't capable of such big needs." Samantha teased Bonnie back, pressing a thumb over the tip of Bonnie's cock as if she was just going to block it from being able to have the release it needed. "Maybe we should just sit here, just like this, the rest of class. You can get to work on that project, while I just keep you company." This was the kind of company that would drive Bonnie crazy, having her cock gripped but not stroked, little touches of another person's hand, yet not enough to get her off.

Bonnie's head was racing, racing with thoughts of how she could convince Samantha to get her off into her overshirt. Maybe she could somehow hold out, get to the bathroom and do it herself? Wishful thinking flooding into her needy head. Just then, she noticed a different boy in the class look back, his eyes widening as he stared at her shirt, Bonnie looking down and realizing just how see-through it was, a fact made worse by her not having a bra on. Her nipples were like stiff pin points, pressing against the thin white fabric. She quickly shot a hand up to cover them, the boy jerking his gaze away like he hadn't just seen her virtually topless.

Fuckkk… Fuck fuck… I-... Somehow the exhibitionism, the feeling of having her breasts exposed, made her bodies need so much worse. Bonnie turned her head to whisper into Samantha's ear, her words coming out like breathy exhales as she begged. "Please… please stroke my little training cock…" The most mortifying string of words to ever come out of her mouth. She just completely gave in to the mean girl that was tempting her beyond her breaking point, so aroused that her sense of shame was taking a backseat to her intense desire and need for release.

Surprisingly, Samantha didn't burst out laughing, she wasn't sent rolling on the floor while leaving her further denied. Instead, she leaned in really nice and tight, her body pressing up to Bonnie's side. "See, that's a good girl. You're so much better when you just accept what you

are… and what you have… A cute… little… training… ***/cock/***…" Samantha placed an extra emphasis on the last word, really driving it into Bonnie's head as she started to slowly stroke. They were slow but intense, the tightest of grips, working her pressure up from Bonnie's base of her cock all the way up to the very tip, almost ending contact completely before she ran her hand slowly back down.

The blue overshirt slowly pumping up and down in the nerdy girl's lap, Samantha's hand giving her such immense pleasure underneath it. Bonnie was left nodding her head along in agreement with those degrading words, anything to get off at this point. "Yes Samantha… I'm… I'm a slut… a slut with a cute little training cock… I-.. MmMmH!!!" She pulled the sleeve of the blue shirt up and held her mouth against it, muffling her moan down into the fabric. She couldn't take anymore, somehow the self-degradation, giving herself into this moment, it just became too much.

Bonnie started to slightly shift her hips, humping herself against Samantha's hand, barely noticeable movements, but she couldn't even control them, just desperately humping for release. Finally, that release came all at once, her tiny little training cock erupted in a sticky thick expulsion of girl cum, pumping the contents of her girldick all over Samantha's hand and into the fabric of her overshirt. She had to keep her mouth muffled against the shirt sleeve through the entire spasming, perfect release. Her little cock veins pulsing against Samantha's hand through every bit of that needy orgasm.

Samantha was left grinning so big, the naughtiest little expression across her face as she edged out the last of Bonnie's climax. "Whew, that was fucking hot. I don't think I'm done with you, Bun Bun. Just for now though, you can relax." She slipped her hand out, using Bonnie's shirt to wipe any mess off of her hand before bringing it back up. "Well, sort of relax… You better get to work, time is ticking and we only have like 15 minutes left for this project." Making it quite clear that she wasn't going to be helping in the slightest.

Bonnie's head was hardly in a state to work, yet she had to spend the rest of class racing to get as much done as she could. Her brain was full of fuzzy endorphins, her cock was spent, she was sitting in her own sticky mess with her cock wedged into her overshirt fabric, and yet she managed to just power through, getting them something decent enough to turn in before class ended. Not that it was much comfort, considering what had just happened, considering that her secret wasn't much of a secret anymore.

Reference Images

School Uniform References: