

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 1

*hey mands,

germany is great. full of germans lol. nah it's not that bad. me and the boys have been going out a lot. wish you were here.

-dave*

When my boyfriend first got deployed, he'd been excited. I'd been excited for him, too - I mean, he wasn't going anywhere dangerous, and the pay was *incredible*. It was only six months, and when he got back...we'd sort of agreed that it would be a good time to get married.

I mean, it wasn't like an official *proposal* or anything, but...it wasn't *not* a proposal either, y'know?

We'd known it would be hard. We promised to Skype whenever we could, but between my studies, his shifts, and the time zones, it had been difficult. Eventually, we'd given up on video calling, and just stuck to texting and emails. Texting for short chats, for the hours we were both awake and available at the same time, email for more in-depth conversations.

But god, I hadn't realized how lonely it would be.

He'd been gone for just over two months - not even halfway through - when everything began.

I'd asked my friend Bert to come hang out, just for the company. Seriously, that was the intent; I just wanted someone to hang out with.

It was never meant to be anything more than that.

"Hey A," Bert said, as he stepped into my room. My name's Amanda, but he's called me 'A' since we were...6? Maybe even longer.

"Hey B," I replied. Yeah, it was a little dorky, but...well, so was he. It was hard not to get sucked into it sometimes, y'know?

Bert was wearing a T-shirt, and a pair of these cargo shorts with thousands of pockets. His camera was around his neck, as always. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd seen him without it.

I was dressed in gym shorts, and a shirt with a loose, deep side-cut. He could probably see my black lace bra through the sides, but I wasn't self-conscious about it. I mean, we were friends - we'd known each other since we were kids.

I had nothing to worry about, right?

As I gave him a hug hello, I noticed something hard pushing against my crotch. I sort of jumped back in shock, and glanced down - it was his camera.

Ugh. Two months without sex, and I was suddenly developing a dirty mind.

“You noticed!” he said, his face lighting up. Ignoring my confused expression, he launched into a long speech, sharing waaaay too many details about his equipment.

“I know what you’re thinking,” he said, picking it up and excitedly showing me the back. “Bert, you’ve always been a Nokia guy! But Sony have really knocked it out of the park this time - the MC556 has a bunch of features I’ve been wanting forever.”

“You and your cameras,” I smiled, sitting down on my bed, hoping my obvious disinterest would shut him up.

No such luck.

“Did you know they can make the lens self-stabilize *within the unit*?” he asked. I gave him nothing. He continued anyway. “It’s not as good as a separate, dedicated stabilizer, of course, but the technology is just getting better and better...”

For the next few minutes, he continued sharing specific new features about the unit. I tried for a few minutes, but ultimately I just could not bring myself to care. Instead, my mind wandered as I glanced around my room.

It hadn’t really changed that much since I was a kid, not really. I had a desk now, covered in verging-on-overdue homework, and my *My Little Pony* posters had been replaced by The Decemberists concert posters.

Other than that, we might as well have been eight years old again, playing with my Barbie dolls on the carpet. Bert hated me bringing that up.

I brought it up whenever I could.

“So...” I replied, when it seemed Camera Facts With Bert was starting to wind up. “What you’re saying...is that this new toy of yours can take a sick new Instagram picture for me?”

Bert laughed at that, exposing the back of his throat. He’s always been the funny one - it made me feel good when I could make him laugh.

“Yes, Amanda,” he eventually replied. “Just like the Death Star could be used to ‘dispose of your old couch’, I think the Sony MC556 could ‘take an Instagram picture’ for you.”

“Everyone’s always so jealous of my social media pics,” I said, crossing to the mirror and checking my makeup. “You’re the best friend a girl could have.”

“Thanks,” he said, preening slightly at my words. “I mean, some subjects just photograph better than others...”

As I turned around, I thought I caught his eyes flicking down to my legs.

“You’re making me blush,” I said dryly. I must have been imagining it - I mean, I know I’m attractive, and I know that *he* knows I’m attractive, but...he’s never looked at me that way before. We’ve always just been friends. Nothing more.

Ugh. I was way too hungry for attention. And David had only been gone for seventy-three days.

Not that I was counting.

“Blush away,” he replied. “It’ll come across great in the shots...and, of course, I can use photoshop to flatten the red curve a little, really bring out the color of your eyes.”

He raised his camera, and pointed it at my face.

Click.

“While you’re at it,” I said, staring at the big black lens, “can you photoshop *me* some better curves?”

As soon as I said it, I wished I could suck the words back into my mouth. What was wrong with me? Flirting with my childhood friend - that was a new low.

Like, I know I have a great body. I know I do. I’ve never been one to suffer from poor self-esteem.

David once said that my butt could launch a cruise liner. I told him that it was Helen’s face that launched all the ships, but he refused to believe me. “Pretty sure it was her butt,” he’d joked.

I really missed him.

And it might have been shallow, but...I missed being told that I was hot.

Not that I, like, *needed* it. It was just nice to be complimented.

To my surprise, Bert lowered his camera and stared at my chest in response. But not in a pervy way, somehow - like a professional, sizing me up.

It made sense, I guess; he *is* a professional. Mostly weddings, but he’s moving more into portraiture. It’s part of why I make sure to voice my appreciation that he still takes my social media pics for free.

“Hmmm,” he said. “I don’t think you have anything to worry about in that regard.”

I raised one eyebrow and shot him a glare, but he missed it. He just kept staring at my shirt.

You ever done that thing where you wait behind a door to scare someone, but they never come, so eventually you just come out and keep...living your life? Yeah, this was a little like that - he wasn't looking up, so I stopped glaring. His stare was lasting so long, I realized he must have been kidding.

Bert was always kidding around, so I figured this was no different.

"Yeah," I said, grabbing my tits through my shirt, weighing them with my hands. "I guess they're alright. But you know how boys are - the bigger, the better..."

He laughed at that, too. I was on a roll today.

"Besides," I continued, "I've gotta make sure that David remembers what he's missing. I don't want some German slut trying to seduce him..."

That was meant to be a joke, but...it had a weird ring of truth to it.

Don't get me wrong - I trusted David. I really did. He'd never even glanced at another woman, the whole time we were together. But...he'd been gone for two months. I'd seen what German girls looked like, and German porn is always the dirtiest. That couldn't be a coincidence, right?

In response, Bert picked up his camera, moved it to his eye, and took a picture.

Of my chest.

Click.

"Hey!

"Don't want David to forget why he loves you, do we?" he said with a wink.

"I was just kidding," I said, my blush returning. I knew I shouldn't have gotten into this. I felt like I was being disloyal, talking to Bert about my insecurities.

"Sorry." Bert scratched the back of his head awkwardly. "Want me to delete it?"

"Yes," I should have immediately said. Yes was clearly the correct answer. Right?

But instead...

"Show me," I replied softly.

Bert sat next to me on the bed. His bare forearm brushed against mine as he twiddled with the dial at the top of his camera, pulling up the photo.

Like I said, I know I have a great body. I'm a little shorter than I'd like, but my boobs, my butt, my legs - I wouldn't trade them for the world.

Even knowing that - *damn*. Bert's camera added a few pounds to all the right places.

"Depite the fact that you're being a perv," I said, stunned at the image on the little LCD screen, "you really are good at this."

"That's my secret," he said gruffly. "I'm *always* a perv."

I laughed, and pushed him away. The image of my body, captured on film (or however a digital camera works) for all eternity. My tits, in the center of the frame. No face, no identifying marks, just tits in a white shirt.

Really nice tits, at that.

"You want a copy, to send to David?"

"No," I replied.

"I'm not sure," I said, immediately contradicting myself. "He's always asking for sexy pics, but I don't think he'd like the fact that they were taken by a guy. Even if it's just you."

David's never had any issue with my best friend being a guy. I mean, why would he? Bert's harmless, and David is far from the jealous or controlling type. I probably wouldn't be with him if he had a problem with me being best friends with a guy.

But still...I knew this was crossing some kind of line.

"Well," Bert said with a nod, "If you ever decide you want some, just for yourself, you know where to come to."

What did he mean by that? Why would I want sexy pictures of myself?

I blushed as the image of my own tits appeared in my mind once more.

"Want to rock the Instagram world?" Bert continued.

"Shoot," I said, posing for the camera.

"H-O-T-T," Bert said, in response to my ironic duckface. I mean, I think it was ironic. I discovered a while back that...duckface actually looks really good on me. Does that make me a bad person?

I reluctantly relaxed my face, and we spent the next minute or so taking pics.

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

"Okay," I said. "You think that's enough?"

"I can always use more," he replied, and - with a huge smile - pointed the camera straight at my

chest once more.

Click.

The image of my tits on his camera screen popped into my head again. I knew this was nothing more than a joke.

There was no harm in joining in, right?

“Going for the ‘I didn’t notice my tit was out’ shot?” I joked in response, pushing my boobs together. I even pulled the front of my shirt down to reveal an extra inch of cleavage.

“Perfect for Christmas cards,” he smiled back. To my surprise, he actually spent a few seconds adjusting the shot, committing to the joke more than I expected.

Click.

“Aunt Mildred will love it,” he continued.

Click.

I laughed. Actually, I sort of snorted. Aside from a chronic addiction to duckface, gigglesnorting is my very worst habit.

That was when I should have ended things, obviously. Like, posing as he took closeup pictures of my tits didn’t just *step* over the line - it pole-vaulted.

Instead, I struck a new pose.

“Ooooh, let’s take a sideboob picture as well!” I laughed, turning to the right. I mean, we were just kidding around, right? No harm in continuing the joke.

It was just for laughs...like the way I ironically duckfaced.

“This is the ‘I just woke up like this...in full makeup, with perfect hair.’”

Click. Click. Click.

My arms were outstretched, like I’d just woken up from a nap. As the photos continued, I realized that my bra and the shape of my boobs must have been completely visible through the cutout side of my sleeveless tee.

Too late now, right?

Besides, it’s not like it’d be a problem. It was Bert.

It was just Bert.

Click, click, click.

“Give me smokey eyes,” he instructed. “Really show the camera how much you want it.”

I instinctive started following his directions. For the next few moments, I forgot that we were just friends. I forgot that we were friends at all.

For the next few moments, I was just a model, posing for the camera.

“Put one finger in your mouth.”

I obeyed.

“Crook it, like you’re going to bite your knuckle.”

My body took on an ‘innocent schoolgirl’ pose, while my index finger seductively parted my lips.

This was more fun than I expected. Of course, I always had fun with Bert - that’s why he was my first call whenever I was bored.

Not that I was, like, taking advantage of him or anything.

Click, click, click, click.

“What next?” I asked, fluttering my eyelashes at Bert, waiting for his next direction.

“Lay on your side,” he ordered. “I’m going to photograph you like one of my French girls.”

I couldn’t help but giggle and obey. No snort, thank god.

Click. Click. Click. Click.

As we resumed our banter, I continued to lose myself in the photoshoot.

“Run a hand down your waist,” he instructed. I followed his command.

Click. Click.

“Run a hand down your leg.” I stroked my leg softly as I did.

Click. Click. Click.

“Lift the bottom of your shirt a little, show off your midriff.”

As I pulled up my shirt, I noticed a glow in Bert’s eyes.

“You’re enjoying this a little too much,” I said with a chuckle.

“I just love photography,” he responded. “Did I say earlier that it was all about the subject matter? All lies. It’s about the *angle*, baby.”

“These pics are not going to Instagram,” I said, lifting up my shirt to the bottom of my bra and revealing my flat stomach.

Click, click, click, click.

“They should,” he told me, moving in closer and focusing on my upper body. “I bet you’d get a lot more followers.”

“Yeah...and a lot more creeps, commenting how they’d have their way with me.”

“That’s the internet,” Bert shrugged. “Hey, I have an idea.”

The big, black lens was just a few feet from my face. I could feel it watching me, recording me. Recording my image, for posterity.

I felt uncomfortable, as well as...something else.

But I trusted him.

“If you hold your hands up past the camera,” Bert continued, “I can take some sexy photos for David and make them look like selfies.

“You’ll have to lower the image quality,” I laughed nervously. “He’s never going to believe I took these pics with my crappy phone.”

“I can’t believe you’re still on an iPhone 6,” he said, rolling his eyes. It was a conversation we’d had many, many times before. “When are you going to upgrade?”

“When I win the lottery.”

“Yeah, I can make these look like they were taken with ancient technology. I can even photoshop them to make the composition worse. Y’know, so they look like a girl took them. Ow!”

Rubbing his arm where I’d just punched him, Bert laughed. I smiled as the back of his throat came into view.

“Watch the goods. These arms are the money-makers!”

I stuck my tongue out at him, and he reached out and ruffled my hair.

“Great,” I sighed, trying to fix it up. “How is *this* gonna look in the pictures?”

“Like sex hair.”

His dumb joke made me blush again. Maybe because he didn’t really deliver it like it was a joke.

For a moment, I paused. What exactly was I doing here?

Just taking some sexy pics. For David.

For David.

I mean, he'd been bugging me about it forever, right? No, not 'bugging' me, that's not fair. But he'd definitely brought it up more once. More than a few times.

"Where do I put my hand?" I said, avoiding eye-contact.

"Just reach up and rest it on my shoulder."

"This is funny." I grabbed his shoulder. "It's like I'm holding a giant camera."

"You break me, you've bought me. Push your arms together and look up at the camera."

"Like this?"

My elbows pushed together, creating cleavage (well, more cleavage than normal) and I looked into the lens with big, blinking, innocent eyes.

The lens winked back at me:

Click.

"Perfect."

Click, click, click.

"Okay, now open your mouth just a little."

Click. Click.

"Use your other hand to pull down your shirt some more. Really show him what he's been missing."

Click, click, click.

"Amazing."

Click click click click.

"Use one hand to grab your boob and look at the camera like you really miss him. Like you wish he was here. Like you wish he was the one grabbing you."

That wasn't hard. I really did miss him. I would have done anything to feel his hands on my tits again.

“You’re going to delete these pictures once you send them to me, right?” I chuckled, grabbing my breast.

Bert shook his head, disappointed. “C’mon, Amanda...that’s no way to talk to your camera.”

Click, click.

“I’m going to change lenses,” He said, reaching into one of his many pockets and pulling out a small black cylinder. “You want to take your shirt off? *Really* drive him wild?”

“No way,” I panted nervously.

A part of me wanted to, but I knew it would be wrong.

So much of this was wrong.

Although...I was doing it for David, after all.

“Cool cool.” Bert’s casual response made me feel a lot better. Not that I expected him to fight me on this.

Not that I wanted him to.

“What if you kept your shirt on but removed your bra? That way I wouldn’t see anything, but we could take some really hot pictures for your fiancée.”

I’d told Bert about the almost-proposal, of course. I told Bert everything.

“Boyfriend,” I corrected.

“Whatever.”

His tone was cool and professional, but...something gave me pause.

“No,” I said, after a few minutes of thought. “No, that’s...that’s going too far. I’m sure he’ll like the pictures we already took.”

“Why don’t we have a look at what we’ve taken so far? They’re a lot of fun - you look amazing in them.”

“Okay,” I nodded, scooting closer. He draped an arm around me so casually, I barely noticed. Spinning the dial once more, he pulled up the pictures and started pointing at them and discussing the details.

“See the soft lighting on that one? A cloud went overhead, and I quickly took a bunch of pictures to take advantage of it. Oh man, I was so happy with the shadow on that one - even though your hair isn’t in the shot directly, it still evokes the feeling of it. The angle on this one is something I’ve been wanting to try for a while. Your breast has such a great curve in this picture - I used it

to sort of frame the image, you see?”

As he discussed the photos, it definitely helped me calm down. I was clearly overreacting, right? We’d been friends since forever; he wasn’t suddenly looking at me sexually, it was just aesthetics. He was just a photographer doing his job.

Nothing to worry about.

We continued flicking through the pictures, and Bert’s tone grew increasingly critical.

“Like, look at this one,” he said, pointing at one of the last photos. “See how the bra strap throws off the composition of the shot? It’s almost distracting.”

I was so focused on the pictures and my friend’s words, I barely noticed the fact that his arm was rubbing against the side of my breasts as he gestured.

“Or this one - the shadow is ruined by the contrast between your bra and your top. The colors work great in person, but on the camera they’re not quite right.”

I nodded in agreement. They looked fine to me, of course, but I trusted Bert’s professional opinion above my own amateur view of the pictures.

“The line of your bra strap is completely visible through the fabric here...it totally ruins the composition I was going for.”

When we reached the last photo, he surprised me by popping the screen out, spinning the dial, and taking a quick selfie. A preview of the image appeared on the screen - Bert, with his tongue sticking out. Me, a surprised look on my face.

“Uh...”

“Just a memento,” he said smoothly.

“Sure. Just...don’t post it on social media. I don’t want David recognizing my shirt from the pics, y’know?”

“Amanda,” Bert said, a heavy tone to his voice. “I hate to break it to he, but...my face was in the center of the frame. No one is going to be looking at you in that pic.”

I laughed, and he winked playfully at me.

“You wanna do this?”

“Just the bra, right?”

“Whatever you’re comfortable with. Just think of me as your friendly B.E.R.T. Nokia 1.0.”

“Ha ha,” I sarcastically replied. My heart was racing. “Okay. But you’re going to have to turn

around while I take it off.”

In response, he fiddled with his camera for a moment. He set it down on the desk, pointing straight at me, before turning away. I unhooked my bra and fumbled with it for a moment to remove it from under my shirt before tossing it aside.

Before telling Bert to turn down, I glanced down at my tits. I’m glad I did - my left nipple was poking out the side of the shirt. I quickly adjusted it, then told him I was ready.

“Sit on the bed.”

I did as I was told.

Bert moved himself to my bed, kneeling above me. He must have had a *great* view down my top.

I tried not to think about it, instead focusing on the camera. That black, unblinking lens.

Click.

Grabbing my hand, Bert moved it to his neck. I was so conscious of my barely-covered body, and the way this whole thing escalated...I couldn’t help but feel my nipples harden. I glanced down, and yup - sure enough, they were now clearly visible through my shirt.

“Perfect,” he said cheerily. “Great job.”

God, he thought I’d done it deliberately.

Click, click, click.

My blush was back.

“That’s great, Mandy.” No one had called me Mandy since I was a kid. I could feel his increased heartbeat through the veins on his neck. My heart synced up with his, beating faster.

“Great,” he said, in a voice low and husky. “Now, reach up and pinch your nipple through the shirt.”

“What?”

“For the picture. It’s just like grabbing your boob - it’ll look really great. Trust me.”

“I’m not sure about this...”

He moved the camera away from her face, revealing a furrowed brow.

“C’mon, Amanda. There’s another cloud overhead - I don’t want to lose the lighting.”

I hadn’t even noticed, but the lighting was definitely softer. More intimate. Bert’s pulse

thrummed beneath my fingers.

“David’s gonna love this.”

I didn’t move. He let out an exasperated sigh and grabbed my hand, firmly moving it to my right breast.

“Okay,” I said, biting my tongue as I grabbed my sensitive nipple. “But do it quickly.”

Click. Click. Click.

“Pinch it from below, so I can see the outline.”

“This is going way too far,” I uttered to myself under my breath as I followed his command.

Click, click, click, click.

“Oh wow,” Bert said cheerfully. “That looks great! Your dark nails really contrast well with the shirt, and this lighting is perfect. I might even make this one black-and-white; it’s almost chiaroscuro-esque.”

Click, click click, click.

“Don’t make them too fancy,” I muttered. “I’m meant to be taking these, remember? David will never believe I knew how to make it Kiara-screwy.”

“Don’t worry about it,” my childhood friend replied immediately. “I know what I’m doing, okay? Reach below your boob and cup it, then lift it up a little.”

I hesitated, but...he was a professional. And he was doing me a favor. I reluctantly followed his direction and cupped my breast.

Click click click click click.

“You could seriously be a model,” he said, pulling the camera away from his eye to shoot me a comforting smile. “You’re really good at this.”

“Yeah, I’m not ever doing this kind of modeling.”

“You know what I mean. David is gonna love these. Let me position that strap just right.”

As Bert reached down to move my strap, he started telling me about how different fabrics refracted light differently. I was too tense to take any of it in, but I nodded along as though I was listening.

When he was finally happy with the positioning of my shirt, he pulled back - his fingers brushing against my hard nipple as he did, just for a moment.

I winced as a wave of pleasure from that slight touch ran through my body. It had been so long

since anyone had touched my nipples.

It had been so long since I'd been touched.

“Okay,” he said, seemingly not noticing anything. “Let’s try this - look straight at the lens. No, actually...try to look *through* the lens.”

“Okay...how do I do that?”

“Have you ever, like...done a magic eye puzzle? Don’t focus on the lens, pretend you can see past it. Pretend you’re looking through the lens, into my eyes. Does that make sense?”

As Bert spoke, he continued snapping pictures. Of my confused expression, I assume.

Click, click, click, click.

“Alright,” I nodded, trying to follow his instructions. “Like that?”

“Perf,” he said. *Click, click, click.* “Stay focused entirely on the lens, okay? It looks really cool, like you’re staring straight into my eyes.”

“Uh-huh.”

As I furrowed my brow in concentration, Bert’s hand reached down and continued adjusting my clothing. I was too focused to care, until the fabric suddenly shifted against my nipples.

“Mmmm...”

My eyes widened in embarrassment as I realized what had just happened.

Click, click, click, click.

Oh, god. I’d just moaned with pleasure as my best friend was...he was just trying to do me a favor.

Click, click, click, click, click.

He was taking photos for me, for David - for my boyfriend. And here I was, moaning with pleasure.

Click click click click click.

God. What was *wrong* with me??

Click click, click, click.

He shifted the fabric once more. Before I could say anything, I could feel the cool afternoon air hit my suddenly-exposed nipple.

Click.

“What are you doing??”

I snapped out of my trance, and quickly adjusted my shirt. Bert’s adjustments had left most of my boob-flesh exposed, but within a few seconds, I’d covered up once more.

“What’s wrong?”

Bert lowered the camera, a confused look on your face.

“I don’t want my nipples in the shot!”

“Oh, whoops. I didn’t even notice.”

I narrowed my eyes, but Bert just kept talking.

“I was trying to get a lens flare in the bottom corner of the pic. Sorry about that.”

“You didn’t *notice*?”

“They’re surprisingly tricky in this light. Do you know what a lens flare actually is?”

“Yeah,” I said. “No?”

“They’re actually an artifact of misaligned lenses - a mistake. DOP’s used to have to work really hard to avoid them. Pixar spent like six months figuring out how to fake them, so their films would look more real. Isn’t that cool?”

“Yeah,” I say. “I mean...”

Something was feeling off, but it was hard to pinpoint what. My head was still feeling light, a little spinny.

“I’m really sorry,” Bert repeated. “To be safe, how about you put your bra back on?”

“Okay.”

That made me feel much better. I was worrying for no reason, I told myself.

“Yeah,” he continued. “We’ll get some cool cheesecake pics for David. Are you wearing matching panties?”

“What?”

“I can probably edit the color if you’re not, but it’ll be easier if you just change.”

I chuckled nervously.

“We agreed, B. Bra-off only.”

“C’mon, Mandy. I’ve seen you in a bikini hundreds of times. What’s the big deal?”

It’d been years since Bert - or anyone - called me Mandy. It caught me a little off-guard.

“You want David to get distracted by some big blonde Valkyrie?” my friend continued, in response to my silence.

My lips thinned.

“David would never cheat on me.”

Bert threw up his hands. “Who said cheating? I’m just saying, you send him some cute pics, he won’t even be looking at anyone else. You know they’ll look amazing.”

He was right. They would.

“I’ll tell you what,” he said, fiddling with his camera. “Let’s take a few - if you don’t like them, we delete them straight away.”

“It’s not about David,” I said, shaking my head. “It’s you, getting to see me in all these intimate positions, with barely any clothes on. I...I feel guilty doing this.”

To my surprise, Bert just laughed in response.

“Who, me? Amanda, I’ve known you all my life. We used to take baths together when we were kids.”

He was right. I’d totally forgotten about that. Blanked it from my mind, maybe.

“You don’t need to feel guilty - I’m not even seeing you as a person right now. It’s like I’m a painter; as far as I’m concerned, you’re just a series of shapes and colors.”

I nodded. He’d told me about this before - when taking a picture of a wedding or whatever, he didn’t see the happy couple as people, just elements of a photograph. It helped him get the shots just right.

What was I so worried about?

I took a deep breath.

“You can never tell anyone about this, understood?”

“Scout’s honor,” Bert said, staring me in the eyes. I raised one eyebrow.

“You were never in the scouts.”

“Mouseketeer’s honor, then.”

I smiled.

“And hey - if you’re really worried, how about you keep your shorts on? We’ll take some pictures of just your bra, see how you feel.”

“Okay,” I nodded. “Fine. But turn around while I change.”

“Of course,” Bert said, fiddling with his camera for a few moments before setting it on my desk, pointing straight at me.

As soon as he turned around, I removed my shirt, allowing my bare breasts to fall free. I quickly covered them with my hand - in case Bert accidentally turned around or something - before grabbing my bra and putting it back on.

“I’m ready.”

“Great,” Bert said. “Lay down on the bed.”

As I lay down, the feeling of discomfort slowly crept back over me. Yeah, we’d had baths together when we were kids, but that was more than a decade ago. Here we were as adults, me wearing nothing but a bra, matching panties (I’d quickly checked while I was getting changed), and a pair of gym shorts that barely covered anything.

This wasn’t right. This wasn’t fair to David, was it?

As he adjusted the blinds and lamps, I realized: I had to say something. I couldn’t do this to David. Bert was my best friend, but he was also a guy. He was a guy, and I was a gorgeous, mostly-naked girl.

This wasn’t right.

“Perfect,” Bert smiled, just as I was about to tell him that this whole thing was off. My words died in my throat, and I unwillingly returned his smile.

God, what was I doing?

He sat above me on the bed, and moved my hand to his chest.

“This will let me take some better shots - it’ll still look like you’re the one taking them though.”

I nodded, feeling his slightly husky chest. Bert always dressed in such baggy clothes - was he secretly a little bit fit underneath them?

“Okay,” he instructed. “Rest one hand between your boobs, bite your lip, and look up at the camera longingly.”

I reluctantly followed his command, realizing an uncomfortable truth as I did. All of this half-

naked posing, thinking about sex, seducing the camera...

It was starting to turn me on.

“Fold your arm underneath your breasts; use it to lift them up a bit.”

“Is this good?”

I gave the camera a coy look, pretending it was David.

Click.

I would have done anything to have David sitting above me. My hand on his chest, staring at him longingly, knowing that in just a few moments I could have his thick, hard...-

“Amazing,” Bert answered, interrupting my thoughts. “I’ve set everything up so the lighting is soft on your skin, but hard on the sheets. It’s an effect I’ve been wanting to try for a while.”

He smiled at me, then shot me a quick grin.

“Oh! And you look good as well.”

Click, click.

“I better look good,” I grumbled, “after agreeing to all this.”

“I have a great idea.”

I was tempted to give Bert a withering look, but I didn’t want to spoil the shot.

Click, click, click.

“Use your hand to trace a pattern on your stomach,” he instructed.

“Okay...”

I wasn’t sure where he was going with this.

Click, click, click, click.

“Great. Now, move that hand down to the waistband of your shorts...”

“Uh-huh...”

Click, click click click click, click.

“Okay, now slip it into your shorts. This is going to look so sexy. David’s going to love it; I’m so glad you kept them on.”

Click, click, click.

I shouldn't have. But I mean, it wasn't like he could see anything. I was just resting my hand inside my shorts. What was the problem?

As soon as I slipped my hand under my shorts and touch my panties, I realized what the problem was.

I was soaking wet.

“Perfect,” Bert said with a smile. “Make it look like you're playing with yourself, okay?”

Click click click click click.

Moving my fingers around, they brushed up against my wet slit through my panties. I couldn't help but moan quietly. “Mmm.”

“Oh, that's great. Yeah, really look like you're getting into it. This is so fucking hot.”

Click click click click.

I could see my reflection in the camera's single, winking eye. I knew exactly what it could see: me, writhing on the bed, one hand under my shorts, my hard nipples visible through my bra.

Without noticing, I sunk my nails into Bert's chest as my other hand played with my pussy. I was breathing heavily, gasping as my best friend took photos of me playing with myself.

Click, click, click, click, click.

“Unbutton your shorts.” Bert's voice was short. Hoarse.

Powerful.

I closed my eyes as the pleasure took over. I followed Bert's command without thinking, and unbuttoned my shorts to make it easier to touch myself.

I could smell my own arousal.

“Mmmm...ffuck...”

Click click click click click click.

“God yes,” Bert whispered, his voice thick with lust.

The sound of the two words were enough to break me out of it. I opened my eyes, to see the camera lowered, and Bert staring at me. I quickly removed my hand from my shorts, and pulled my legs up defensively.

“Ummm...”

“You must really miss David,” Bert said casually. There was no trace of the lust that I’d just heard in his voice. Had I...imagined it? Had I wanted to be wanted so badly, I’d projected my arousal onto him?

No. No, I’d heard what I’d heard.

Right?

“Want to record some video for him? This camera has a video mode.”

“No way,” I said immediately. No. I couldn’t do that.

I couldn’t.

My pussy thrummed at the idea.

“I, uh...I shouldn’t have even done that.”

“Done what?”

“*That*,” I said desperately. “You know.”

I could still feel my arousal. I still hadn’t gotten release.

“It’s totally fine,” Bert said, as if everything was normal. As if I hadn’t just been touching myself for him.

For the camera.

“It made for some *great* photos,” he continued. “Want to check them out?”

“I...no.” I uttered, too embarrassed to even look at them.

“Hey,” he said comfortingly, putting the camera down and resting his hand on my knee. His finger gently stroked my leg as he stared sincerely into my eyes. “Everything’s okay.”

“You shouldn’t have seen that,” I said, looking away. “I just...David’s been gone for so long. And I...”

I was blushing like crazy.

“Mandy, I didn’t see anything. Like I said, just think of me as your camera - I’m a tool to help you connect with David. You’ve told me how much you miss him, and I bet he misses you. All I want to do is help you guys reconnect...”

I took a deep breath as I nodded, trying to believe his words.

Bert picked up the camera again.

“I’m not a dude - I’m the Nokia B.E.R.T.”

“Model One,” I whispered back, throwing him a weak smile.

“Exactly.” He moved my hand back to his chest. “Pretend I’m not even here.”

I laughed nervously. “I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“You’re a good girlfriend,” he smiled. I nodded - I wanted to believe him.

I needed to believe him.

Bert’s other hand reached down and found my hand, giving it a comforting squeeze.

“Just imagine the look on David’s face when he sees these photos.”

Closing my eyes, I tried to block Bert out and imagine my boyfriend. My future husband. The man I was going to spend the rest of my life with.

“Let’s do this,” I whispered.

Click, click, click, click.

I slid my fingers back into place, this time going all the way under my panties. It felt like I was even wetter than before.

Bert’s chest was rising and falling under my hand, as if his breathing had quickened. I tried to block him out - there was no Bert. There was only the B.E.R.T.

Lubricating my fingertip with my wetness, I quickly located my clit and started carefully rubbing it.

Click, click, click, click.

“Mmmm,” I moaned.

“Look at the camera,” Bert instructed. I opened my eyes, and stared at the big black lens.

Click. Click. Click.

“Lower your shorts,” he whispered.

One hand on Bert’s chest, the other on my clit, I don’t want to move either of them. Instead, I just lifted up my hips, and waited for his help.

Without missing a beat, he reached down with one hand and pulled down my shorts.

“Keep going,” he murmured. “This looks incredible.”

Lowering my hips, I continued pleasuring myself with my fingers. The sound and the smell filled the small room. All I could hear were my own soft moans, the wetness between my legs...and the sound of the shutter.

Click. Click. Click. Click.

My panties must have been practically see-through at this point.

“Cum for me,” Bert groaned. “Cum for the camera...”

His words spurred me on, and I started rubbing faster, my body writhing on pleasure on the bed. “Ahhhh,” I moaned loudly. My fingers were pulling on Bert’s shirt as I approached orgasm.

Click click click click click click click click.

I knew what I must have looked like - my back arching, my mouth falling open, my eyes wild and aroused, a red flush spreading across my skin.

“Oh godddd...” I panted, my heart beating out of my chest. My body went into convulsions as I came, then collapsed to the bed, exhausted from the pleasure.

“Amanda,” Bert said softly. “That was incredible.”

“Fuck.”

I pulled my wet fingers from my panties, resting them on my tummy. Bert began pulling the camera apart, putting its various parts back into his cargo short pockets. Quick, deft, professional.

“You did really great,” he said casually, when he noticed me staring at him. “That was amazing.”

My face grew red from embarrassment as I came down from my sex high.

“Ummm... I—“ I stuttered.

“I’ll send those photos over tonight,” he replied to my incoherent non-sentence. “David is going to love them.”

“I think we should delete them,” I said, finally able to find my tongue. “I don’t think this was a good idea at all.”

“What are you talking about?”

Bert tilted his head to the side and stared at me, a confused look on his face.

“Your boyfriend has been away for a few months,” he continued. “This is exactly what he needs.

And I told you, I'll make them look like selfies. I'm sure he'll love to see this...side of you."

What side of me? The kind who invites a friend over for company, and ends up screaming in orgasm in front of him on the bed? Now that my orgasm had fully passed, I was filled with a deep, deep sense of shame.

Shame and satisfaction. God, I wish I didn't feel so satisfied.

I'd needed that. More than I wanted to admit.

"I'm just..."

I sat up, pulling my legs to my body and hugging them. "I'm not comfortable with the idea of you editing these pictures and looking at them. And what if, like, someone steals the memory card at knife point and the pictures get out! Or...I don't know, your computer gets hacked or something. We never should have made them!"

Bert put his hand on my shoulder, bare except for my thin black bra-strap. "A, don't worry about it. My computer has 256-bit encryption, and no one is getting to the SD card. I'll send it through a secure service - it's going to be totally safe.

"And don't worry about me looking at them - I'm just helping out a friend, remember? Once I've sent them through, it'll be like nothing ever happened."

"You promise?" I reply, putting on my best puppy-dog eyes. I didn't really know what he was talking about, but his words make me feel safe. Like I was being a bit crazy.

I did ask him to help, after all.

His laughter revealed the back of his throat once more. "C'mon, Amanda. It's me! David's going to love this. Guaranteed."

"I just...I don't want this to make things awkward between us or something."

If you'd asked me that morning how likely it was for things to *not* be awkward between us after I came in front of him, I would have told you it was impossible. But Bert was really being super cool about it. It was helping me relax, more than I expected.

"A, I'm going to be so chill, I should be played by Schwarzenegger in a terrible Batman film."

I nodded, not fully understanding what he was talking about.

"And hey," he continued. "If he likes them, maybe we could do this again sometime."

"No way," I replied firmly. "This was a mistake. We're not ever, ever doing this again."

"No problem," Bert agreed casually. "I'll send you the files tonight, okay?"

I agreed with a nod, then gave Bert a hug. He hugged me back, and I could feel his camera's

battery bulging at the front of his shorts.

His cloth against my skin reminded me that I was practically naked, while my best friend was fully clothed.

“I should get dressed,” I said, flushing for the umpteenth time that night.

“I should go,” Bert replied, and I nodded as he left.

###

That night, Bert sent me through the photos, as promised. To my relief, they were all *way* more mild than I’d been imagining. I could barely see my nipples in any of them - if I hadn’t known what was happening, I don’t know that I would’ve been able to tell that I was playing with myself. They looked like a set of hot (but safe) selfies that a girlfriend would take for her long-distance boyfriend. Bert had even made them look like they were taken on my phone!

After spending a little too much time looking at them, checking myself out, I sent the whole batch through to David, then deleted them all...hoping that Bert had done the same.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 2

*“hey amanda.

oh my god those pics u sent me were so hot. i can’t believe u did that! uve always been such a good girl. idno what happened to u, but i like it. i like it a lot. germany’s fine but i miss you. gonna have to try not to chk my email 50 times a day after what u sent.

lots of love,

dave”*

I didn’t speak to Bert again for a week. Felt too awkward about what had happened, I guess. Like, I’d clearly, *clearly* crossed a line. Right? Just taking the pictures was bad enough, but... getting off in front of my best friend?

“*Cum for me. Cum for the camera.*”

Remembering my best friend’s words made me shiver with guilt.

Well, mostly guilt.

Maybe I shouldn’t have even sent the pics to David, but it was the only way I could feel like they

served *some* purpose. Like I really had been doing it for him. For our relationship.

For unselfish reasons.

But - and yes, I realize I should have seen this coming - he started pressing me for more. More, more, more. More pictures, more nudes.

If you give a mouse a cookie...

He's not a particularly needy guy, normally, but he must have been missing me as much as I was missing him. I mean, *he* probably wasn't getting naked and jacking off for his friends, but he would have been feeling the loneliness as much as I was.

I held out for a while, but then I noticed him tagged in a picture. He was in a German pub, surrounded by a bunch of slutty-looking girls.

I texted Bert the next day.

"Hey B. Do you think we could maybe take some more pictures for David? He really liked the last ones."

Normally I'll obsessively re-read and edit any text that I'm feeling nervous about, but as soon as I typed the last word, I found myself hitting send. Before I chickened out, I guess.

The reply came almost instantly:

"Hey A! Haven't heard from you in a while. Was starting to worry my camera had stolen your soul. Yeah, I can do that - I'm pretty slammed at the moment though. Only time I'm free is tomorrow night, around 8 or 9?"

It was like I was watching my fingers reply, like I had no control over the message they sent.

"Sorry," I lied. *"Been busy lately. Tomorrow night's ok. My place again, ja?"*

"Ja," he replied. I don't even remember when that started - I think David used it once instead of 'yes' in a Skype conversation. I'd told Bert, and we'd just been doing it ever since. *"Looking forward to it."*

The next night, Bert arrived early. "Hey A," he said, flashing a smile as he entered the room.

I'd spent the whole day with butterflies in my stomach, unable to focus on anything. To be safe, I had even gotten off right before he arrived, just to make sure I didn't lose my head again. As he entered my room, my hair was still wet from the shower - I'd tried to wash away my nervousness, and trimmed my pubic hair slightly.

You know. Just in case.

"Hey," I smiled back. I was wearing skin-tight jeans and a white button-up top. It was revealing

but not slutty. I mean, with my tits it was hard to wear anything that wasn't a *little* slutty, but this was a relatively modest top.

And this time, I was determined to keep it on.

"You mind if I rearrange the lighting?" Bert asked. "With no sunlight, it's going to be a whole different setup."

"Sure thing," I nodded. As he flitted around the room, moving lamps and making the light bounce off different pieces of furniture, I took a deep breath.

"Listen..."

"Mmm?"

"I think..."

God, why was I so nervous? It was *Bert*. Bert! Nothing to be worried about.

"I think we should just...not go that far this time, okay?"

"For sure," Bert agreed as he played with the dimmer switch. "What kind of thing were you wanting?"

"Like, a few sexy pics from some new angles is fine. I want just enough to keep David interested, you know?"

Bert laughed, and I could practically see his tonsils.

"Amanda, honey, you won't have to work very hard to keep David interested."

I nodded, the tightness in my throat not going away.

"Just let me know what you want," he said soothingly. "I'm yours to command; the B.E.R.T. Model 2.0, okay?"

"Okay," I said. Why didn't I feel any better?

It wasn't like I was cheating. This wasn't cheating. This was for David.

This was for my boyfriend.

"What do you suggest?" I asked, sitting down on the bed.

Bert smiled and sat beside me, casually draping one hand around my shoulder.

"I put together a few options." He pulled out his phone; all of his recent pictures were tasteful black-and-white images of sexy women. Some were in lingerie, some were in shirts or tight

dresses without bras.

A few were topless.

“Did you make these?”

“Oh god, I wish! Nah, these are from a portfolio I found online.”

I raised one eyebrow and looked at him.

“What were you searching for?”

“These,” he said frankly. “I just typed in ‘cheesecake’ and saved my favorites. I’m not as good as these guys, not yet, but I appreciate you letting me build my skills.”

“Well, you can practice on me, but I’d better not make your portfolio.”

“You wish!” Bert replied with a laugh. He was still scrolling through the images of hot, mostly-naked women. “Which ones do you like?”

“The ones that aren’t topless.”

Bert nodded.

“Lay down on ze couch,” he said in a bad German accent. “I vill solve allll your problems.”

I giggled. I didn’t have a couch in my room, so I positioned myself on the bed instead. Bert began pulling camera parts out of his pockets and assembling his camera.

As he did, a packet of condoms fell out of his pants and landed on the floor.

“Uhh…”

Bert didn’t seem to have noticed.

“What is that?”

“Oh, you noticed!” I couldn’t remember the last time I’d seen his face light up like this. “I got one of those dual-telescoping lenses; I thought it would help because of the low-light conditions. Good eye!”

“No,” I said, a slight tremor audible in my voice. “What is *that*?”

Following my disdainful glance, Bert noticed the packet of condoms on the floor.

“Oh, those!”

He casually leaned over and scooped them back into a pocket.

“Did you know you can use condoms for underwater photography?”

“No?”

“Yeah, it protects the lenses, lets you do some cool stuff. If you ever want to take some underwater bikini pictures for David, we can try it out sometime.”

I forced myself to take a deep breath. Carrying condoms didn't mean anything sinister. Lots of guys carried condoms. Hell, even I had some in my bag.

I was just so on-edge.

“Okay Betty Grable,” he said, snapping the last part of his camera into place. “Lay down on the bed.”

As I obeyed, Bert took my hand and moved it to his chest.

He started slow, telling me to give the camera some saucy looks and run my fingers across my exposed skin.

I did as he commanded.

Click, click, click.

I started a little shy, but it didn't take me long to get used to following directions. The clicking of the camera was starting to get in my head, like it was somehow connected to my pleasure center.

As the camera kept on click click clicking, I started to feel increasingly sexy. Aroused.

“Unbutton your top,” he said softly.

Posing for the camera, posing for Bert - no, for *David* - I began slowly, seductively unbuttoning my top. Beneath it was a blue demi-cup bra.

“Lower one strap,” Bert instructed. *Click, click, click.*

“Not topless, remember?”

I pulled down one of my straps.

“Of course not,” Bert nodded. “David's going to love this - it'll be as close as we can get without really revealing anything.”

Before I could say anything, Bert reached out. One of his hands adjusted the cup of my bra; I could feel his spry fingers against the flesh of my breast as he did.

“And no touching!”

By the time I thought to swat his hand away it had returned to the big black button at the top of

the camera.

Click. Click.

“There we go,” he said with a smile. “Perfect!”

Click, click, click click click click click.

“Lean forward a little?”

I did as I was told, realizing a little too late that without the strap, the bra-cup was dislodged, revealing my rock-hard nipples.

Click, click, click, click.

“These look great, Amanda.” I had already leaned back, but I knew the camera had seen my arousal. I knew that Bert had seen it. My bedroom was warm enough that I couldn’t even blame the temperature. “This new low-light lens is working wonders.”

In response, I just rolled my eyes, and made a mental note to make Bert delete anything that exposed *too* much before he left.

Click, click, click.

Bert paused, and pulled his phone out of his pocket. Three swipes later, his phone was showing a picture of a topless woman, her hands cupping her breasts.

I stared at it, entranced.

“I bet David would love something like this,” he said, his eyes penetrating me. “And you wouldn’t have to be topless. Not really. Wanna try it?”

“Bert...”

“Mmm?”

My head already felt like it was spinning once more. What was I even doing? I had a boyfriend.

This was *for* my boyfriend, I reminded myself.

It wasn’t just warm in my bedroom, it was hot.

I took a deep breath.

“You’re not just trying to get me naked, are you?”

Bert’s eyebrows shot up, and he recoiled like I’d slapped him.

“Wow. Amanda, I...I have a huge shoot tomorrow morning, and a long list of clients waiting for

their prints. I don't have to be here - *you* asked *me* for a favor, and I'm just trying to help. If I wanted to look at naked women, I could just go on the internet."

My face burning, I started to apologize, but my best friend didn't pause long enough for me to get a word in.

"If you don't like the idea, that's fine, just say so, but there's no need to accuse me of anything. We can keep taking tame photos all night if you want - I'm just trying to be helpful."

He stopped. My hand on his chest, I could feel his heart racing.

"Okay," I muttered, a pit of guilt forming in my stomach. "Jeez. No need to get mad. Turn around."

Was I agreeing to this because Bert was angry, because David would want it, or...?

I didn't even want to think about the third option.

Bert put his camera down on my dresser, fiddled with it for a moment, and turned around. As I unhooked my bra, the black lens was pointing straight at me.

I covered my breasts with my left hand and arm. I could feel my stiff nipples against my skin.

"Fine," I said. "I'm ready." I sounded like a petulant child.

As he turned around, Bert's mouth fell open.

"Whoa," he said, eyebrows raised. "That's a really good look on you."

"Shut up."

"I'm serious," he continued, picking up his camera. "Next time you have an interview, you should consider wearing that."

He snapped a few pictures of me from across the room, then sat beside me on the bed. Before I could say a word, he flipped the camera around and took a selfie.

The preview appeared on the screen - him, a goofy grin on his face. Me, topless, covering my boobs with my arm.

"Hey!!"

"Just checking the lighting," he said smoothly.

"Bert, I..."

"Smile for the camera," he said, and took a few more pictures.

I put on a fake smile. What was he going to do with that selfie? If David saw a picture of the two

of us with me topless, he'd...god, I don't even know what he'd do.

He's in the military. I've never been scared of him, but for a moment, I was scared on Bert's behalf.

"Say Cheese and Die," Bert said in a deep voice. When we were kids, we'd each owned half of a collection of Goosebumps books. My parents still had my half, up in the attic somewhere.

My fake smile broke down and I found myself laughing for real. It was impossible to be mad at Bert - he was such a goof.

And he was totally harmless.

Of course he was.

"There's my Mandy," he said, smiling back. "Okay, do a little spin for me."

"Spin? Where?"

"Turn around," he instructed. "Face the wall."

"Uh, okay."

Bert took a quick string of photos of my bare back and my ass, showcased by my tight jeans.

Click, click, click, click.

I glanced back at him. He looked like he was totally focused on the camera, on the shots.

On making me look sexy.

For David.

"Lay down on the bed," he said. "Perfect. Now, move your right arm under your jeans."

"Under where? In front?"

"Yeah. Like last time."

I nodded and blushed.

"Okay," I said reluctantly. "But I'm not touching myself."

I unbuttoned my jeans and slowly slid one hand down the front of my pants. I was already wet.

From earlier, I tried to tell myself. From getting off before Bert came by.

That was all it was.

“Great,” Bert said. *Click, click, click, click.* “You said you wanted some new angles, right?”

“Yeah. I mean, I guess David would want some variety.”

Click, click, click, click.

I tried to imagine what the camera could see. One hand between my legs, the other covering my tits. My face, staring at the camera.

There was no way I didn't look hot as hell.

Click, click, click, click.

I realized my fingers were softly stroking my pussy again, and forced myself to stop. I wasn't going to lose control this time.

Not again.

“You should try to sit up a bit,” Bert advised. “It's hard to see your face.”

Click, click click, click.

My right arm stayed between my legs as my left hand grabbed a pillow, putting it behind my back to hold me up.

Click click click click click.

It took me a moment to realize - I'd just exposed my breasts to the camera again. There were now photos of my bare tits on Bert's camera.

It took me another moment to realize that I'd started stroking myself once more.

“Delete those,” I moaned. “Please.”

“Mm-hmm,” Bert purred in response.

Click, click, click, click.

For the next few minutes, the only noise in the room were the rhythmic clicks of the camera as Bert again photographed my masturbation. I'd given up trying to stop myself - my fingers were uncontrollably manipulating my clit as I writhed in pleasure, the camera capturing every moment, every movement.

“Need a hand removing your jeans?”

I nodded. It felt right. I don't know why, but it felt right.

I was so fucking turned on.

“Leave my panties on this time,” I said, lifting up my hips.

Bert lowered the camera, taking pictures as he did, and reached underneath my body. I appreciated him being careful, but it resulted in him spending a lot more time with his hand on my ass.

After a few minutes, I was starting to regret asking him for help. While my friend’s hand was under me, I’d tried to stop stroking myself, but as his skilled digits moved around my butt, I found myself continuing to caress my wetness.

Click, click, click, click.

Finally, Bert finished pulling off my jeans. My legs were entirely exposed, my panties totally transparent, and my arm was the only thing stopping me from being topless in front of him.

If it wasn’t for my soaked panties, I’d be completely naked in front of my best friend.

Bert’s words were looping in my head: *That’s a good look on you.*

Click, click, click.

“Great,” Bert said raspily. “Keep going.”

I knew I wasn’t imagining the need in his voice this time, but I didn’t slow down.

“With what?” I panted.

“Keep touching yourself,” he said. “I want to get you cumming from a few different angles this time.”

As my fingers stroked my needy pussy, I tried to object.

“I told you, I don’t want to do that again...”

“I thought you said David really enjoyed it?”

“He did, but...”

My weak protestations were interrupted by an expletive. Bert stopped taking pictures.

The silence was deafening; I immediately found myself missing the comforting click, click, click of the camera.

“What’s wrong?”

“My battery’s running low. You want to finish this now, or should I come back? I’m free in... two weeks, I think.”

“Now,” I grunted.

“Okay,” Bert said, raising the camera to his face once more. “Let’s do this then. Touch yourself, however you like it.”

Worried about the battery dying, I pulled my hand out of my panties and started rubbing my clit through the fabric.

“You should go under the cloth,” Bert advised. *Click, click, click, click.* “The way the fabric stretches over your hand makes some awesome shadows; it’s sort of reminiscent of Erik Almas’s early work...”

“Fine,” I moaned again, sliding my fingers under my panties. I couldn’t remember it ever feeling this good when I touched myself.

“Perfect. Wait!”

Bert put the camera down and started fussing with the lights again.

Instead of stopping, I continued to rub my clit. I could feel my orgasm approaching. I moaned softly.

“Okay,” he said, after a minute of microadjustments. I couldn’t see any difference, but Bert seemed happy.

“I want to try this.”

“Try what?”

“This,” he repeated. Without warning, Bert let the camera dangle around his neck as he grabbed both my hands and readjusted them slightly. As a result, his fingers brushed up against my nipples and my clit at the same time.

His accidental touches were like electric shocks to my exposed body.

It was so quick. He was my friend. It must have been an accident.

It had to be.

Before I could react, he picked up his camera and quickly started snapping pictures again.

Click click click click.

I knew I was letting him get too close. I knew I had to stop what we were doing.

But I couldn’t. I just couldn’t. All I wanted was to come, and everything about the situation was turning on me on like nothing else. The camera, the exposure, the exhibitionism...the cheating.

Click click click click.

I tried to tell myself that I wasn't cheating, that none of this was cheating, but the word just kept rolling around my head.

Cheating, cheating, cheating, cheating.

Click, click, click, click.

As Bert continued taking photos, he reached down to make adjustments with increasing frequency. Sometimes it was a part of my bedsheet, or the angle of my leg. Sometimes it was the positioning of one of my hands, changing the way I was cupping my breast or the way my hand was positioned inside my panties.

Each time he positioned me, arranging me how he pleased, I could feel his skin against my skin.

He never stopped taking photos.

Click, click, click, click.

I wanted to stop him, but instead I grew more and more used to his touches. It no longer felt weird when he moved me - instead, I started to look forward to him incidentally touching a sensitive spot, like my inner thigh.

The minutes flew by as Bert continued to take pictures, his camera's battery apparently no longer a problem. *Click, click, click, click, click.* He continued to take photos from all different angles, highlighting different aspects of my near-naked form.

I found myself looking less and less into the camera, and more and more at his focused face.

Suddenly, Bert reached down and spread my legs, slightly more than was comfortable. His camera pointed at my rapidly-moving fingers, he made strong, direct eye contact with me.

"Cum," he ordered. "Cum for me - now.

"Cum for the camera."

"Oh, god," I panted as my fingers began to rub my clit more and more intensely. I started moaning louder and louder.

Reaching down, Bert 'repositioned me' one final time - his firm fingers grabbed my ass, moving my entire body half an inch to the left. Even as I was cumming, moaning loudly in my bedroom, I could feel him take control of my body, touching my skin. My ass.

I knew it was wrong. We didn't have that kind of relationship. I had a boyfriend. But in that moment, I was beyond the point of caring - my mind was clouded with pleasure.

I was going to cum.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

I hazily realized I was no longer covering my breasts, I was fondling them, pinching my nipples and grabbing my soft flesh.

“Fuck,” Bert muttered, under his breath. “You are fucking perfect.”

“Ahhhh,” I moaned. “Yesssssss.”

I was grateful that my parents weren’t home, because they would definitely have heard my shrieks of pleasure as I came, my body trembling as I grabbed my tits and rubbed my clit, naked but for a pair of panties.

As I came, the camera continued moving around my body, capturing my moment of climax from all possible angles. I was vaguely aware of Bert’s intense gaze - not at me, not at my physical body, but at the small LCD screen that was digitally capturing my form.

After a fifteen-second orgasm, I collapsed back onto my bed. As if that was a cue, Bert deftly began disassembling his camera, returning its components to his various pockets.

“That was great,” he said with a smile. “Lots of good stuff in there, I bet.”

As I came down from my high, the enormity of what I’d just done hit me.

I grabbed the pillow from behind me and held it in front of my chest. Not that it mattered - Bert had not only *seen* my tits, he’d touched them. He’d photographed them.

The digital images of my naked breasts would probably be around longer than I would.

“Ummmm.”

I couldn’t believe things had gotten out of hand again.

Literally.

“David is going to love these,” Bert said with a smile. “What did he say about the last ones?”

“He, uhh...he said they were great. He was surprised. But he liked them very much.”

Bert nodded, and my voice crawled back into my throat once more.

“Perfect,” he eventually said, breaking the silence. “He’s going to be over the moon about these. I’ll try to get them ready for him as soon as I can, okay?”

I nodded, still hugging the pillows.

Bert continued to chat to me for a few minutes, talking about all the upcoming gigs he had, keeping the conversation light. Safe.

As he was about to leave, I finally found my words.

“Bert...”

“Ja?”

“I...don’t...”

He waited patiently for me to finish my thought.

“I, uh. Can you delete those pictures of me topless, please? Now?”

“I’d love to,” he said, a half-frown on his face. “But the battery’s dead.”

“Okay...” I said, not wanting to sound like I didn’t trust him. Of course I trusted him. It was Bert, my best friend. I’d known him my whole life. “Soon as you get home?”

“Of course, Mandy,” he said, and with that he was gone.

###

Despite his busyness, Bert managed to get the photos to me before I woke up the next day. Again, they were so much more tasteful than I’d expected - when I was worked up, I guess my mind just imagined everything to be much dirtier than it actually was. There were none that showed my nipples, none that really even showed my hands inside my panties. If you didn’t already know what was happening, I bet you wouldn’t even have been able to recognize it as masturbation.

I paused on one that showed my face flushed, a drowsy smile on my face, and realized it showed me immediately post-orgasm.

Tame though they were, I couldn’t help but feel ashamed and guilty that I’d once more gotten duped into cumming in front of someone who wasn’t my boyfriend. I tried to remind myself that I was doing it for David.

For David.

Bert was just a friend. A helpful, completely professional friend. Who’d been touching my ass as I came.

No. No, I was being paranoid. He was just holding me up, moving me for a better shot.

Still, I knew I couldn’t make this a regular thing. After this set, David would just have to accept that there were no more photos.

Before I sent them to my boyfriend, I decided to look through them one more time. And thank god I did, because I realized...

My hands. They were both visible in almost every picture.

There was no way these could be selfies.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 3

*“hey amanda.

you naughty girl! i love this new side of you. i could spend all day everyday looking at ur pics. if i could be, id be home on the next flight.

for a while i was worried bout how we where going to manage long-distance, but thos pics...god. keep em cumming!

all my love,

-david”*

I had mixed feelings all week after receiving David’s letter. I’d pulled out the few photos from the last shoot where both my hands *weren’t* visible, and sent him those.

He’d loved them, of course, but he’d been disappointed by how few there were. And so I...

I’d promised to send him more. Soon.

The thought filled me with a mix of dread and desire.

On one hand, I knew that things were starting to get out of hand with Bert. He acted professionally, but he was...

God, it felt so weird to even think about. It was *Bert*. Harmless, best-friend Bert.

But yeah. He was taking more and more liberties, with each shoot. And even though *I* didn’t look at him sexually, my body had started reacting to him as if I did.

I mean, it had been so long since I’d been touched, since my body had been appreciated. It was only natural...

Still, it wasn’t right.

On the other hand...I was doing this for David. Really, I was saving our relationship. I was ensuring he was constantly reminded of his hot girlfriend, waiting for him at home.

He'd be back as soon as his contract was up, and then it would all stop.

I just had to ride it out until then.

"Hey A! You got those last pictures okay? Hope David liked them. -Bert"

I decided to talk to Bert about my fears, and make sure we set some boundaries on our next photo shoot.

And maybe get off *twice* before the next time, just to be safe.

"Yeah", I replied. "They were fine, thanks. If it's okay for you, we can do another session soon."

"I'm free now. Cool if I come by?"

"Sure. Just give me an hour."

"Ah, might not be able to. I've got dinner with the folks later. I'm free at the end of the month instead, if you like?"

"I'd be okay with that...not sure about David though. That's a lot of time without his fix."

"Are you at home? I'm 5 away; I'll come by now."

"Okay", I reluctantly agreed, not having a better idea.

My plan to get myself off before our meeting was ruined, but I still had time to trim my pubes. For David's sake, I reasoned. Not that I was going to take my panties off; I just didn't want any hair sticking out from underneath.

I definitely wasn't going to be removing my panties.

Five minutes later, I was ready. I was wearing a shirt and black panties. I'd chosen black to ensure they wouldn't become see-through if...

Well, they wouldn't become see-through.

I didn't bother with pants. I knew they'd just wind up coming off, and I wanted to make sure we got through everything before Bert had to leave for dinner.

"Hey A," Bert said, strolling in casually. "Like I said, I have a date later, so we'll have to be quick."

"I thought you were eating with your parents?"

"Yeah," he said, not making eye-contact. "That's what I meant. A date with the oldies."

I laughed. B was such a weirdo sometimes- it somehow made me feel less nervous about what

we were going to do.

About what I was going to do.

Not that I was going to do anything.

He started pulling camera parts out of his various pockets, and assembling them on the bed.

“You want to take your shirt off and lay down on the bed for me?”

“I...don’t have anything on underneath.”

My face was burning red. I wasn’t wearing a bra.

Why wasn’t I wearing a bra?

“Oh, perfect,” Bert said. He snapped the last piece of his camera on, spun it around, and took a quick selfie.

I hoped my nipples weren’t visible through my shirt.

Why wasn’t I wearing a bra?

“Okay,” he said, his eyes travelling up and down my mostly-exposed body. “Let’s do this!”

“Listen,” I said. “Umm...I wanted to talk to you about this.”

“Of course,” he said. “Can we talk while we shoot? Don’t forget, I’ve got...”

He trailed off.

“...dinner with your parents,” I prompted.

“Right! Dinner with my parents. Kill me, am I right?”

I smiled politely. I’d always gotten along with Bert’s parents.

“I know you’re very professional,” I said, trying not to stumble over my words. “But...you’re still a guy.”

“And *what* a guy,” he grinned.

“So I wouldn’t blame you,” I said, ignoring him and pressing on, “if you had a...natural reaction.”

“Uh huh.”

I swallowed. Bert started flitting around the room, adjusting lighting.

“I mean, I know you’re doing this for us, but...I just feel like I-...”

I was starting to stutter.

“...I shouldn’t get completely naked in front of you, do you understand?”

“Of course,” Bert said, pausing to make eye contact. His smile was warm and genuine.

“Amanda, you don’t have to worry about me. When I’m behind the camera, I don’t even think of you as a woman. You’re just a subject - totally neutral. But yeah, if it makes you feel more comfortable, let’s keep the panties on for now.”

I paused. For now?

“Now,” Bert continued, raising the camera to his eye. “Are you ready to start?”

Click.

“I...yeah.” I wanted to object, but - for some reason - couldn’t find the words.

“Great,” he said, spinning the rings around the main lens. “Take your shirt off, and we’ll get started.”

Click, click.

Turning around, I took my shirt off. Covering my breasts with my hands, I turned back to face Bert.

“Amazing,” he said, snapping some pictures of me in my hand-bra.

Click, click, click.

“Now,” he said, lowering the camera for a second. “I was editing the pictures last time, and I realized we totally forgot - you need to keep one hand on me at all times. I’m your camera, remember?”

“Right,” I nodded. “The B.E.R.T. 3.0.”

“3.14,” he corrected with a wink. I extended one hand to cover both my breasts, and placed the other on his chest.

“Great,” he said. *Click, click, click, click.*

“I, um...”

Click, click.

“I also wanted to say...”

“Uh huh?”

Click, click, click, click.

God it was hard to focus, with his camera clicking away in my face like that.

“Smile while you talk, honey.”

“I know you’re just treating me as an object,” I said, forcing a soft smile to my face. “But when you accidentally touch me in...certain places...I, uh, feel a little bit uncomfortable, you know?”

I stammered my way through the sentence, carefully not admitting how turned on I’d been last time.

“Oh, of course,” Bert replied immediately. “I’ll make sure not to touch you anywhere by accident.”

Click click click click click.

Grabbing the hand that was on his chest, Bert guided me towards the bed. All of a sudden, I was laying down, my best friend looming above me.

“Okay, thanks,” I nodded in relief. I had no idea why I was so nervous talking to him about this kind of stuff. It was *Bert!*

“This is looking great, by the way.” *Click, click.* “Those black panties look really good against your pale skin. Let’s get your hand stroking the outside of them, really emphasize the contrast.”

“Just a little,” I nodded, biting my lip. “Is that okay?”

Why was I asking him if it was okay? Of course it was okay. It was my body.

“That’s okay,” he said, and I felt a wave of relief at his approval.”

“Great,” I continued. “This time I don’t want to...you know...”

“Hmmm?”

“*You know,*” I repeated. I didn’t want to say ‘cum my brains out’, or ‘have one of the best orgasms of my life’.

God I wished I’d gotten off before Bert had gotten here. I was starting to feel...squirmy.

Click, click, click, click.

“Oh,” he said with a small chuckle. “Of course. Whatever you want.”

His hand was still holding mine. Through his shirt, I could feel his heart beating.

Just as I was about to reach down and start...touching myself...I realized that would expose my breasts.

“Umm...”

Click, click, click, click.

“I, uh...”

I glanced at the hand on my breasts.

“It’s kind of occupied at the moment.”

“Oh yeah,” Bert said, his brow furrowed. He reached down to grab my sheet, loosely draping it over my chest. “Here, this will do for now. We don’t have time for you to get dressed again.”

“Thanks.”

I began lightly stroking my pussy through my panties. Even the lightest of touches was enough to electrify my entire body.

“Oh, that’s great!”

Click click click click click click click click.

Bert took what seemed like a dozen photos, focused heavily on my hands. My panties.

My wetness.

Click click click click click.

Thank god I’d chosen black panties. Showing anything more would have been far too explicit. Even for David.

I squirmed at the thought of exposing even more of my wetness to the camera.

“Lick your fingers,” Bert instructed. “The light bounces off them a little better when they’re wet.”

Placing my middle finger in my slightly-open mouth, I lubricated it with my tongue.

Maybe a little *too* seductively.

“Did you know that streets in movies are always wet?” Bert informed me. I shook my head, a little annoyed that he was ruining the mood.

Not that there was a, like, mood. Not between me and Bert.

I was doing this for David.

Click, click, click, click.

“Yeah,” he said. “For this exact reason. It makes them look more street-like. Once you notice it, you can’t stop - every street in every movie is glistening wet. In night shots, anyway. Go back to playing with yourself?”

This wasn’t sexual for him, I reminded myself. I may as well have been a bowl of fruit - I was just the subject of the photos. That’s why he was being so casual.

We were just two friends, hanging out.

Taking dirty pictures.

“Yeah, before each shot, they spray the streets down. Probably wastes a lot of water, but it makes everything look so...y’know. Cinematic.”

I had nothing to worry about. It was only Bert. I could feel my mouth falling open again as I stroked the outside of my panties.

“A little harder,” he gently encouraged.

With a nod, I started touching myself with a little more force. More pleasure can’t hurt, I reasoned with myself. I’d make sure not to go too far.

“Harder,” he said, his voice deep.

Click, click, click.

I closed my eyes as I applied more pressure, rubbing the fabric against my wet pussy.

“This is fantastic,” Bert said. “David’s going to love it.”

Click, click, click, click.

Even with my eyes closed, I felt like I could still see the huge black lens, pointing straight at me, winking at my wetness.

Click, click, click, click.

“Hang on,” Bert murmured. “The angle is a little weird. Switch hands for me?”

“Sure.” Without opening my eyes, I removed one hand from his chest and switched it up, placing my other hand on the other side. “Like this?”

“Great,” he nodded. His hand curled around mine, his fingers nudging against his wet digits.

Click, click, click.

“Lick the other hand for me?”

I licked my right middle finger, feeling Bert’s strong hands against mine. My pussy was desperately craving touch, so I was faster this time, eager to get back to playing with myself.

For the next few minutes, Bert continued taking pictures of my hand rubbing against the outside of the fabric, softly narrating his actions and giving instructions.

“I’m reflecting the light off your panties,” he said, “to make it clear how wet you are.”

Click, click, click, click, click.

“Push the fabric between your lips slightly?”

Click, click, click, click, click.

“Try using two fingers. No, three. Yes - that’s perfect.”

Click, click, click, click, click.

“Okay,” he said firmly. “Let’s get some pictures of your face. Then I probably have to split.”

I opened my eyes to see Bert slowly moving the camera’s focus up my body, snapping plenty of pics as he made his way to my face.

Click, click, click, click, click.

I couldn’t help but feel relieved that he was going to leave. Less time for me to hold on, before I was able to safely get myself off.

“Let’s get that sheet out of the way.”

Before anything could be revealed, I removed my hand from my panties - ignoring the cries of my hungry pussy - and used it to cover my breasts once more.

“Great,” Bert said with a nod. He began snapping photos of my face, while giving small instructions. “Close your eyes and open your mouth.” “Lick your lips. “Stare into the camera.”

I did everything he said - *click, click, click* - but I could see a look of dissatisfaction start to creep over his face.

“Is there a problem?”

“It’s fine,” he muttered, continuing to snap photos.

Click, click, click, click.

“I can tell something’s up - am I doing anything wrong?”

“No, no,” Bert said with a shake of his head. “You’re fine. It’s just...”

Click, click, click, click.

“Yes?”

“The photos are just so much better when you’re turned on.”

Click, click.

“Your face gets flushed, you loosen up.

Click, click.

“I’m just worried these ones aren’t going to be as good.”

Click.

“I’m sorry,” I said with a blush. I couldn’t believe I was apologizing to Bert for not being turned on enough.

Why would I apologize for that?

Click, click.

“I’ll try,” I continued. It’s just...you have to help me relax, okay?”

“Whatever you need.”

I took a deep breath.

“I’m just a little bit worked up. Everything’s been happening so fast, this whole situation. I just...never imagined that you were going to see me in this intimate, um...condition.”

Setting the camera down, Bert smiled at me.

“It’s fine,” he said warmly. “You’ve been doing so well. I’ll turn my back, and you can...get yourself excited. Let me know when you’re getting close, and we’ll start up again.”

“Okay,” I said. I should have guessed Bert would be cool about it. *Bert*. “Sorry. I just...I feel like I’m letting two people down at the same time.”

“Not at all,” Bert said, putting his hand on my shoulder. “Tell me when you’re ready.”

Closing my eyes, I tried to relax. I placed my hand on my panties, and began gently stroking my pussy again. I could practically hear her roar at the attention.

With my other hand, I grabbed my right breast, not worried about them being exposed, knowing Bert had his back turned.

Click.

Breathing in and out slowly, I could feel myself getting calmer.

Click, click.

To speed things in, I slid my hand into my panties, barely managing to stifle a moan.

Click, click, click.

“Let me know when you’re ready,” Bert said softly.

“Ready,” I tried to say, but all that came out was a soft moan.

Click, click, click, click.

“Ready,” I panted, my fingers tending to my wet pussy. I managed to actually get the word out this time, although it was followed by a series of loud moans.

Click, click, click, click, click.

I could feel my chest expanding as my breathing got heavier.

“Amanda,” Bert murmured.

“Mmm?” I moaned back.

“Your hand...”

I could feel Bert’s hand grab mine from between my legs, and return it to his chest.

Click, click, click, click, click, click.

Without hesitation, I moved my other hand between my legs. I was so worked up, I started instinctively stroking Bert’s chest.

Click, click, click, click, click, click, click.

Giving myself over to the escalating pleasure, my instincts took over as I blocked out my surroundings.

“Yesss...” I moaned softly.

Clickclickclickclickclickclick.

“Amanda,” Bert whispered.

“Mmmm?” I moaned loudly.

“Your tits...”

I could barely even register who the voice belongs to; it was all a blur.

“Hmm?”

“You should cover your tits...”

My eyes still closed, I clumsily tried to pull the sheets over my body. I couldn’t even tell if it worked, and I didn’t care - my body had been taken over by the pleasure, and all I cared about was cumming, cumming, cumming.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

“Not quite,” Bert whispered, suddenly grabbing the hand that was bringing me such pleasure and firmly moving it to my breasts. “I can’t get the shot I want without everything being revealed.”

“Hurry...” I moaned, desperately wanting to get back to playing with myself.

“I’m going as fast as I can,” he said, taking photos rapidly. “Bite your lip for me?”

Click click click click click.

I obeyed. A little too hard.

“Ahhh!”

I could hear Bert sigh, and felt my stomach sink. I knew I was disappointing him - disappointing David - but all I wanted to do was *cum*.

“Amanda,” he said gently. “Is it okay if I touch you?”

“What?”

“I don’t want to touch you accidentally, so I thought I’d get permission for.”

The question made me sober up somewhat, but my mind was still flooded with arousal.

“I, uh...”

“I need you to cum for me,” he muttered.

Click click click click click.

“You want to cum, don’t you?”

Click click click click click.

“Yess...” I moaned. “But...”

“What is it, Amanda?”

Click click click click click.

“I can...I can make myself cum.”

“I need your hands where they are,” he reminded me.

Click click click click click.

“You don’t want David to know there was someone else here, do you?”

I shook my head violently. No. Couldn’t have that. Couldn’t.

“We don’t have much time,” Bert said insistently. “Is it okay if I touch you? I know exactly the shot I want to get, and this is the fastest way to do it.”

“There’s a...vibrator...there.” I replied, motioning towards the drawer.

I don’t know how he did it without my hand leaving his chest, or without the stream of photos pausing, but he quickly managed to get my vibrator out of the bedside cabinet and turn it on.

The clicking started to mix with the sound of my toy’s vibration as he moved it between my legs.

Buzzzzclickclickclickclickzzzz.

Precisely, expertly, he began rubbing the sex toy on the outside of my panties, even as his camera continued to snap pictures.

“Ohhhhhh god,” I moaned, as the fast vibration made contact with my pussy. I slid my hand higher, towards Bert’s neck.

He began moving the toy up and down my wet panties, as though learning the lay of the land.

Clickclickbuzzzzzzclickclickclick.

My trembling must have told him that he’d found my clit, because he paused at the exact right spot, and started making small circular motions with the toy.

Clickbuzzzzzzclickzzzzzzclickzzzz.

“Cum for me,” he whispered, his voice hoarse. “Cum for me.”

“Ahhhhh...fuck!” I moaned. I could feel my nails pushing into his neck as I tried to hold on. No matter how wildly I thrashed and bucked, Bert managed to keep the toy pressed gently against my clit.

Clickclickclickclickbuzzzzzzclickclick.

“Make me cum,” I urgently whispered. “Please. *Please*. Make me cum...”

Bert increased the pressure slightly, and I pushed my hips up to make contact - I could feel the vibration not only on my pleasure button, but through my entire groin. My crotch, my thighs, my labia - they were all buzzing as Bert’s hand and my vibrator did their work.

I could feel Bert’s hand on my inner thighs. My best friend’s bare hand was pressed against my inner thigh, as he held a vibrator against my clit.

Buzzzzclickclickzzzzclickclickzzzzz.

“Ahhh...yesss...I’m gonna cum. I’m gonna cum. Make me cum, B!”

“Cum for me, Mandy,” he hissed in response. “Cum for me, you little slut...”

My other hand moved up to the top of his face, resting on his beard. I wanted to pull him to me and kiss him. I wanted to feel his beard against my cheeks.

I was laying completely topless in front of him as he felt a vibrator to my clit, and I cradled his face and called his name.

He never stopped taking photos for a second.

Clickclickclickbuzzclickclickclick.

I could feel my body tense up - the tension turned into a trembling shock as I came, my loud screams of pleasure echoing throughout the room. I could feel B continue to press the toy against me, as he captured my pleasure in high resolution.

Clickclickclickclickbuzzzzzzzzz...

As I came down from my orgasm, I pushed the vibrator away, my clit becoming too sensitive to the fast vibrations. My eyes still closed, I thrashed around the bed, taking deep breaths. At the sound of Bert turning off the vibrator, I opened my eyes. It felt like the world was spinning, but certainly not in a bad way.

I watched in a haze as he packed the camera down. The lens in one pocket, the SD card in another. By the time I’d come down from my orgasm, the entire kit had been disassembled and stashed into his various pockets.

“Fffuck,” I whispered. “That was...-“

“I’ve got to run,” Bert interrupted with a smile. “But that was really great. And hey! You didn’t get naked, and I didn’t accidentally touch you. Mission successful.”

So here’s the thing - a part of me really wanted him to stay. Him running out like that...I felt like a used slut after a one-night stand. But I couldn’t say that, so I just nodded, reminding myself that this was strictly professional.

Now that he was done with the pics, he had no reason to stay.

“When are you coming over next?”

The words had slipped out of my mouth without needing convincing from David.

“I’ll see if I can make some time this weekend,” he said. “And I’ll get those photos to you tonight, okay?”

“Okay,” I whispered back, wearing nothing but a pair of stained panties. “Enjoy dinner.”

He looked confused for a second, before nodding.

“Right,” he grinned. “The date!”

“...with your parents.”

“Oh, yes. Right. Dinner with the parents.”

I smiled at him as he left.

###

True to his word, he sent through a batch that evening. They were racier than the previous sets had been - but there were none that suggested anyone else was there, thank god. He’d done a great job of making them all like like selfies, as though they’d been taken on my pre-historic phone.

My eyes widened as I approached the end of the collection; several photos had me holding ‘the camera’ with both hands, fully exposing my breasts.

Just as he’d said, the photos where I was clearly aroused were the best. I stared at them for what felt like hours - I looked like a confident, sexual creature, even with my eyes closed.

I liked the me I saw in the photos.

The last few showed my post-orgasm comedown. I had this look of incredible serenity and peace on my face. I liked that version of me, too.

As I skimmed through the photos again and again, memories of the afternoon’s events came back to me, and I found myself touching myself as I looked at my own photos, thinking about what

we'd done, how hard I'd cum, and how fucked up the whole situation had gotten.

I decided not to send David the full batch this time; I felt too guilty about exposing my breasts to my friend.

But I kept the photos anyway. Just in case.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 4

*"manda.

i cannot believe how lucky i am to hav u. sum of the other guys show me pics of their girls and they dont hold a candle to u. dont worry - i dont show any1 ur pics. there just for me and i luv it. u r all mine and i m all urs. :)

love u,

-dave"*

That weekend, Bert came around as agreed. I answered the door to see him with a cheerful smile on his face, and Chinese food in his hand.

"Hey," I said, trying desperately not to sound awkward. I don't think I managed.

"Hey," he said, holding up the bag of food. "I thought we might have some dinner before the show."

"Great," I replied, not even bothering to smile at his joke. "...I almost feel as if our friendship has gotten too professional, if you know what I mean. We barely even hang out any more, and you always rush off so quickly after."

It took a lot of effort to get those sentences out, and Bert just nodded in response.

"It's just...I dunno."

I trailed off and looked away, embarrassed.

"Sorry," he said, sitting on my bed. "I've been so busy lately. I'll tell you what - next week, how about we go see a movie? I'll even let you pay."

"Sounds like a date," I smiled in response. "I probably need to repay you for your help anyway."

"Ah, don't worry about it. I've been making more than enough spare change from selling your

pictures online.”

“What?!”

“It’s true,” he said, staring me in the eyes. “You’re now the poster girl for ‘hot singles in your area’.”

I stared at him, aghast, until I finally noticed the smile dancing around the corner of his mouth.

“Don’t even joke about that!” I exclaimed, punching him in the arm.

The back of his throat came into view as he laughed. I pulled out the Chinese - he’d gotten lemon chicken, my favorite. I unceremoniously opened it, and started shoving it into my mouth with the chopsticks.

“What’d David think of the latest batch of pictures?” Bert asked, opening the wontons.

“He was satisfied,” I answered.

“Oh yeah? Which ones did he like the best?”

“He didn’t specify,” I said. I couldn’t stop myself from smiling. The photos had been...

Yeah. Bert was really good at what he did.

“If we weren’t already planning on getting married, I think those photos would have done the trick.”

Bert laughed. “He likes ‘em that much?”

“Oh yeah.”

“That’s great,” he said, his mouth half-full. “I’ve got lots of ideas for tonight’s batch...”

We sat opposite each other on the bed, the Chinese food between us. God, how many times had we done this?

It felt good. Bert was an old friend, helping out. He was comfortable, like a worn pair of shoes.

So what if he’d seen me half-naked? We’d known each other our whole lives. Besides, he’d never been anything but professional.

A memory of our last session surfaced, and I glanced at the drawer beside my bed containing my vibrator.

“What kind of ideas?” I asked. “Should I be worried?”

Bert replied with a long, technical answer, talking about refractive light surfaces, the work of old photographers. My tension turned to relief, then boredom as he started spouting off the details of

a bunch of different lenses, referring to each of them by their full model number.

“What did *you* want to do?” he said finally, before loudly slurping up a noodle.

“I...don’t know,” I admitted. “Just not the stuff we did last time.”

“Yeah, for sure. I’d love to switch it up a bit.”

Bert’s warm, easy grin made me relax even further. Perhaps too much - I dropped a piece of chicken on my shirt, leaving a big, obvious mark.

“You can take that off if you want,” Bert said casually.

“Thanks,” I replied dryly. “But I’ll pass. I’m not really comfortable being just casually topless around you.”

“No skin off my back,” he said, stretching and yawning. “Nothing I haven’t seen before.”

I hesitated. He was right.

But I kept my shirt on anyway.

We split the last wonton and Bert finished his noodles. I sat back, full of Chinese food and feeling satisfied. *Very* satisfied - I’d gotten off twice that morning, and once more right before Bert came around.

I wasn’t taking any chances. Not after...last time.

After a minute of watching B unpack his pockets and assemble his camera before my eyes, I took a deep breath and took my shirt off. This time, I’d been careful to wear a bra underneath.

“You want to keep that on this time?” Bert asked, removing his lens cap.

“Yes,” I replied firmly. “...if it’s no problem.”

“No problem with me,” he said, before flipping the camera around and taking a quick selfie of the two of us.

Click.

I blinked twice, my mind suddenly feeling slightly hazy. “Why do you take those?”

“Evidence,” he said. I narrowed my eyes.

“Evidence?”

“If I go missing,” he grinned, “the police need a starting point.”

I sighed. "I feel like I put way too much trust in you," I said, slowly removing my pants.

"Matching bra and panties," he said approvingly. "Nice."

Click.

"Let's do something a little different this time," he suggested, as he adjusted the lighting in my bedroom.

"...what?"

In response, he opened my drawer, pulled out my vibrator, and tossed it to me.

"Oh no," I said, catching it. Before I can finish my objection, he cut in.

"It's okay - you don't have to use it for real. Just turn it on and rub it around your body a little; it'll all look the same."

I stared at my vibrator and sighed. I'd already used it three times that day. It wasn't like...

Everything was going to be okay.

It was just Bert. He was just my camera. The B.E.R.T, model 4.

"...fine," I sighed. "Fine."

Bert spent much less time adjusting the lighting this time, and was soon standing in front of me, snapping away.

Click, click, click, click.

As soon as the camera began its work, I could feel my inhibitions slipping away. Moving onto the bed, I began to pose, stroking my body with the vibrator. I made sure to stay away from my pussy, but did press it against my nipples - through the bra - in a teasing motion.

"Mmm," I moaned quietly. "Is that what you imagined?"

I didn't know why I said that. It was like I wanted him to remember getting me off.

Even though the vibrator wasn't turned on, it was reminding me of last time. And last time had been...hot.

It had been many things. Worrying. Unprofessional, even.

But I couldn't deny that it had been hot.

"This is great," Bert muttered, moving around the bed and taking photos.

Click, click, click, click.

As he photographed me from all angles, I couldn't stop thinking about what it must look like. I was dressed in nothing but a bra and panties, almost completely exposed for Bert. For his camera.

For the world.

Click, click, click, click.

I slowly moved the vibrator across my midriff, then my thighs.

"Between your legs," Bert softly instructed. "Touch yourself."

I paused, the vibrator still resting on my inner thigh, teasing me with its presence. It was just a hunk of plastic, but it had...memories. How many times had I gotten myself off with that hunk of plastic?

"You don't have one of those pussy guards they use in movies to shoot sex scenes, do you?"

Bert lowered the camera, and shot me a look.

"What?" I said, staring at him defiantly. "You have all sorts of weird stuff in those pockets."

Emptying his pockets, Bert returned my glare with a grin. He pulled out a packet of condoms, a banana, three USB cords, a mouse trap, his cell phone, a bunch of camera gear, a flexible mini-tripod, a pair of socks, a bottle of lube, and a small gold ring.

"Sorry, A," he said, starting to load them back in. "No luck. But this is for David, remember? I'm sure he's seen it all before."

"Wait," I said, holding up one hand. "Why are you carrying around a bottle of lube?"

"Why do you think?"

I hesitated, not sure how to answer. Within a few moments, the back of his throat came into view as he laughed.

"It's for taking portraits. You know how in films, the screen goes hazy when there's a love scene? They used to do that by smearing lubricant around the outside of the lens."

"Really? Doesn't that hurt the camera?"

"Nope! It's just glass; you can wipe it off once you're done."

"Huh...T-I-L."

"Cameras are pretty tough. Especially me, the B.E.R.T. version 4. No lube required!"

I shot him a weird look, but he got the perfect revenge, raising the camera and capturing it for all eternity.

Click.

“Come on,” he said, continuing to circle the bed. “Let’s make David a very happy man.”

The camera kept on clicking as Bert took photos of my exposed form, bra and panties, a switched-off vibrator between my legs.

Click, click, click, click, click.

As he captured my image, I began to inch the vibrator up my inner thigh, towards my pussy.

Thank god it wasn’t turned on.

“Turn it on,” he said in a low voice.

“What?”

“Yeah, I didn’t think it was necessary, but I think the camera actually can tell when it’s on and when it’s off. Turn it on so I can check?”

“Oh...okay.”

I wanted to argue. I wanted to refuse.

Instead, I turned the vibrator on.

Click.

“Hahh...” I moaned, moving the toy up my leg. God...even after three orgasms, I still wasn’t satisfied.

Because I missed David. I was lonely. That’s all it was.

“That looks so hot,” Bert said. *Click, click, click, click.* “God you’re sexy.”

Click, click, click, click.

I found myself mentally repeating Bert’s words. I looked hot. God I was sexy.

For David. This was all for David.

Unable to resist, I slid the vibrator across my panties, carefully avoiding my clit. Even though I wasn’t in direct contact with it, the vibration was rubbing the fabric against my sensitive love button, increasing my arousal.

“Mmmhm...”

Click, click, click, click.

Bert reached down and adjusted my leg slightly. His hand was only in contact with my calf for a second, but I found myself arching my back. My body wanted to be closer to him, to be touched by him.

No. Not by Bert specifically. I missed *David*. Hell, I missed male company.

That’s all it was.

Click, click, click, click.

My photographer friend reached down again, to pull my panties out of my crack. As he did, his hand lightly grazed across my butt.

I looked up, alarmed, but I couldn’t see Bert’s face - just the big black lens of the camera.

Click, click, click, click.

“Careful,” I whispered...well, it came out more as moan.

Click, click, click.

My hips were beginning to move on their own, as if determined to press my clit against the vibrator, even if my hand wasn’t willing to move it into position.

I tried not to let the pleasure overtake me, but it was so hard.

Click, click, click, click

So hard...

Click, click, click.

I closed my eyes...

Click, click.

My eyes snapped open as I felt Bert’s hand, reaching down to adjust my pantyline. This time, it was on my front inner thigh - I could feel his hand against the sensitive skin of my inner thigh, and briefly against my outer lip.

“Ahhhh,” I moaned, involuntarily.

Click.

“Are you *trying* to touch me?”

“No,” Bert responded, sounding irritated. “It’s your panties. They keep bunching up in weird ways. Can you take them off? You’ve still got your bra on, so it’s not like you’re going to be naked.”

“What? No! I don’t want you to be looking at my pussy.”

“I won’t be looking at your pussy,” he said, sounding confused. “Oh, I mean. Yes, but only as a camera.”

“Cameras don’t try to undress people,” I said firmly, closing my eyes and continuing to pleasure myself.

“Okay,” Bert sighed in response. “Whatever you want.”

Click, click, click, click.

As he continued taking photos, Bert began to reach down and adjust my panties more and more.

Click, click, click, click.

I slowly got used to the touches, reassuring myself that it was still better than having my pussy exposed.

After his hand brushed against both my lips, and briefly nudged the vibrator onto my clit, I opened my eyes and shot him a look.

Click.

“You’re such a perfectionist,” I said, rolling my eyes. “I doubt David will even care if the material is bunched up.”

“I know,” he said with a sigh. “I can’t do anything half-assed. It’s a curse! Along with my incredible good looks.”

“You wish,” I smiled.

Click, click, click, click.

Putting the camera down, Bert reached down and used both hands to adjust my panties. It took a while.

As he did, he once more nudged the vibrator to the center, right on top of my clit.

“Mmmm…” I moaned.

It felt too good to move away.

“Let me try this,” Bert said, inspired. Opening my eyes to see what he was going to do, I was shocked when he bunched my panties up in the front and back, like a wedgie, leaving my pussy lips clearly visible on either side of the thin cloth.

“There we go,” he said, satisfied. “Now it looks deliberate, at least.” He picked up the camera and started taking photos with a renewed energy.

Click, click, click, click.

The panties bunched up between my swollen lips cause a lot more pressure against my clit. “Ahhhhhhhhmmmm”.

“Perfect,” Bert said. “You’re so fucking sexy, A.”

Click, click, click, click, click.

As he resumed taking photos, Bert kept his hands to himself.

“Lick the vibrator,” he instructed.

“Without hesitation, I moved it to my mouth and briefly went down on it before placing it back. The tang of my juices was fresh on my tongue. I felt so...

Click, click, click, click.

...dirty.

“Okay,” he said, in his most professional voice. “That’s enough of the toy between your legs. Let’s get some of it on the outside of your bra.”

“Yes, sir.”

I placed it on my bra and circled it around my hard nipples, before making direct contact.

“Oh goddd...”

My free hand returned to my clit, reaching under the bunched-up panties from the side. As I stroked myself, I couldn’t stop moaning with pleasure.

“Now inside your bra,” Bert ordered, in a husky voice. He was snapping shots furiously, getting my entire semi-naked body in each one.

Clickclickclickclickclick.

I pulled down one strap to make it easier to stick the head of the vibrator in.

“Ohhhhhh...”

“Lower both straps,” Bert commanded.

Clickclickclickclickclick.

With one hand stroking my clit and the other pressing a vibrator to my exposed nipple, I didn’t much want to move either of them. I pushed my shoulder forward as a hint that my hands were busy, and I could use some help from a friend...

To my guilty delight, Bert reached down and lowered my strap, brushing the side of his hand against my breast as he did.

“Yesss...”

“Taste your hand,” Bert ordered, gesturing to the hand rubbing my clit. It was almost as though he was playing with me, delaying my pleasure, but my brain was too foggy with arousal to question him.

Click, click, click, click.

I pulled out my finger, covered in my juice, and licked it clean.

Click, click, click, click.

Bert adjusted my bra again. Only slightly, but enough to make both my boobs tumble out.

Click, click, click, click.

The bunched up material under my breasts quickly became an issue - I reached back to unhook my bra and pull it down in frustration.

Click, click, click, click.

Bert reached down and pinched one of my nipples.

Click, click, click, click.

I glared at him.

“Hey!”

“Sorry,” he said, as though his mind was elsewhere. “Needed to be a little harder and darker for the shot.”

“That hurt,” I pouted, grabbing my molested nipple.

Click, click, click, click.

“Take it into your mouth,” he instructed, not even registering my words. “Lick it.”

Click, click, click, click.

“I’m not going to do that.”

He lowered the camera, puzzled.

The clicking never slowed down.

“What’s wrong?”

Click, click, click, click.

“I don’t think they move like that.

“I want to see you try,” he said, his eye returning to behind the camera. I wanted to object, but... the big, black lens was pointed straight at me. I couldn’t help but stare at it, paralysed. Is this what a deer feels like when it sees an oncoming car?

Click.

It winked at me, breaking the spell. I pushed my firm breast up as far as it would go, and tried to reach down with my tongue. It grazed my nipple, but barely.

Click, click, click.

“Now you’re just making me look stupid,” I grumbled.

“It looks great,” Bert replied.

“Can’t I just cum like last time?” I replied, a whiny tone entering my voice.

Bert lowered the camera again, and stared me in the eyes.

“You want to cum?”

“No...I mean... it’s you who...I mean...David wants me to cum, right? That’s what you said last time.”

“Yeah,” Bert replied, lifting up the camera once more. “But like I said, I’m trying something else this time.”

Click, click, click, click.

After another minute or two of photos, Bert surprised me by setting the camera down and beginning to disassemble it.

“I think I got everything I need,” he said with a smile. “You did really great!”

“What? That’s it?”

I felt unexpectedly let down. All those times I was desperately trying to avoid cumming in front of my friend; now, when I was denied the opportunity, I suddenly longed for it.”

“Yeah,” he said. “We got some really great stuff today. And don’t worry - I heard what you said earlier; I’m not just going to run off this time. Let’s open these fortune cookies, see what the future holds.

I watched forlornly as he packed the last pieces of his camera into pockets, and sat beside me on the bed. His arm was against my bare breast, his hairy leg against my clean-shaven skin.

“Ummm...okay.”

I turned the vibrator off, and set it aside. No point in putting it away, right? It’s not like Bert didn’t know it existed.

Sitting up, I noticed that my panties were barely covering my pussy. I tried to adjust them without it being awkward.

It was awkward.

As Bert handed me a fortune cookie, his hand grazed against my bare nipple. I didn’t say anything - what could I say? - but pulled away a bit, to make sure it wouldn’t happen again.

Bert started telling me about some of his clients, the work he had coming up, where he was hoping to take his business next. I just nodded as he spoke, not really paying attention to his words. My unfinished orgasm was completely occupying my thoughts.

Why did I even call him over? I mean, I didn’t even send David all the pics from last time.

But...I had to stock up on them, right? I mean, what if Bert got busy for a few weeks, and David got suspicious about why the pictures had stopped.

Yeah, I had to keep doing this.

For David.

“Do you think David’s going to be satisfied with today’s batch?” I asked, abruptly steering the conversation back to me.

“If he liked the last set,” Bert replied, not missing a beat, “he’ll definitely like this collection.”

“Even without the orgasm?”

“Oh yeah, for sure. I think the vibrator stuff is more than enough to kick it up a notch.”

Bert pulled out his phone, and held it in front of me. On the screen was an album, containing the last set of photos he’d sent through. Draping one hand around my bare shoulder, he clicked

through. In front of me was a picture of my bare breasts, right above my bare breasts.

It wasn't until we'd gone through four or five photos that it dawned on me. "Hey, why do you have my pictures on your phone??"

"I thought we might need to reference them," Bert replied smoothly. "Make sure that we're not sending David more of the same stuff, y'know?"

He stopped on a picture of me in the throes of orgasm.

"This one's my favorite. The framing, the lighting - I just think it all works."

"I don't like you carrying them around with you at all times. At all!"

Bert pulled back, suddenly uncomfortable.

"You know how celebrities get their phones hacked," I continued. "All their naked selfies get leaked, make their way onto the internet..."

I tried to ignore the fact that the idea of that made my nipples harden slightly.

Bert hit the power button on his phone.

"I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you can find your photos on this device," he said calmly, handing me his phone.

A few minutes of tapping later, I admitted that I couldn't find them. I felt defeated.

"See?" he smiled. "Totally safe."

He moved his arm around me again. I could feel his shirt on my bare back. He typed a complex code into his phone, and pulled my photos up again.

"I just...feel so naked about the way you handle my intimate photos," I admitted. "I have no idea how we got to this point."

"It's okay to miss your boyfriend," Bert replied softly. I leaned back against him. I always felt so safe with Bert. It was...Bert.

"Yeah," I said. "I really miss him."

"Of course you do."

Being so close to Bert...it reminded me of David. Goosebumps appeared, all over my naked form. I could feel a film canister in Bert's front pocket, poking up against me, but it was easy enough to pretend it was...something else.

As we cuddled, Bert pulled a lens out of his pocket and screwed it back onto his camera. For a moment, I thought he was going to suggest we continue taking photos, but he just placed his

camera onto my desk, its big black lens facing us. Watching us.

“I know what you need,” he said. I tore my eyes away from the lense. “A hug!”

Bert pulled me tightly against his surprisingly firm body. As he closed his arms around my midriff, they brushed up against my underboob. My breasts were casually resting on his arms, while his strong hands were on my waist.

My heart was practically beating out of my chest.

This is just a hug, I tried to tell myself. I just happen to be half-naked, but there's nothing wrong with this. We used to hug all the time before the photo sessions started.

There's nothing wrong with a hug.

Bert's fingers gently started stroking patterns on my skin, like he didn't even notice he was doing it. The film canister seemed to grow thicker. It must have been a film canister; it was too large to be anything else.

I moved my hand onto his, our fingers curling together. “You can't imagine how lonely it gets, with him so far away...”

Bert leaned down. His lips met mine.

What was he *doing*??

It was like I suddenly woke up. There I was, almost naked on my bed, kissing my best friend, while my boyfriend was half a world away. As if a fog had lifted, I immediately knew what I wanted.

David.

I wanted David.

Pulling away, I slapped Bert. “What the fuck are you doing?!!!”

I felt like I'd been half-asleep for days. Weeks.

“Not okay, Bert! Not! Okay!”

He leapt up, his face red.

“Oh my god, Amanda, I'm so sorry. I...I...I...”

I picked up his camera and thrust it into his hands.

“Get out. Now!”

“I’m so sorry, A,” he stammered. “I-I don’t know what came over me. God...”

Before I could respond, he was gone.

For the next hour, it was like I was in shock, like I couldn’t comprehend what had just happened. I’d spent so much time convincing myself it was all just friendship mixed with a professional relationship, but then...he kissed me.

Bert kissed me.

Bert.

I knew immediately that it had to stop. He obviously had feelings of a different kind for me. I had almost managed to calm myself down when I realized - he had pictures of me. Lewd pictures. *Dozens* of them. And even worse, he had pictures of the two of us together. If Bert wanted to screw up my relationship, he had more than enough ammunition.

Why had I let myself get talked into this?? It was obviously crazy from the start. He was a guy, I was a hot girl. As I thrashed around naked in my bed, having orgasms, I’d obviously given him...ideas. Bert was probably just as lonely as I was.

I tried to take a deep breath, to calm down, but the thoughts just kept on coming.

Bert was probably just as lonely as me, and there I was...tempting him.

I started to revisit our sessions in my mind, thinking back over each small thing. When he’d adjusted my panties - was it really for the picture, or was it just so he could touch me?

He’d been using me all along, I realized. Bert had been using me for my body. He’d been touching me, ordering me around. I’d been his perfect little naked doll, allowing him to touch me and take photos of me however he wanted.

To my great shame, I started to get wet.

The more I thought back over what Bert had done, how he’d used me...the wetter I got. I still hadn’t cum, and my body needed it.

I needed it.

I lay back on my bed and started touching myself, feeling guilty even as I did.

I’m not touching myself because I enjoyed it, I told myself, desperately trying to justify it. I just have to finish what I started earlier. I need to cum, to be able to think clearly about this.

I remembered the way Bert’s hand had brushed up against my swollen lips. I remembered his fingers gently touching my nipples.

I remembered him pinching my nipple, hard.

“Fuck,” I said to myself while pleasuring my clit.

He’s always going to have my photos. He has them locked away on his phone, where I couldn’t even get to them. On his computer too, probably. And he’s going to look at them. He’s going to look at me, naked, at his mercy.

I grabbed the vibrator and slowly inserted it into my wet pussy. “Yesss.” No.

Buzzzzzzzz.

The thick plastic buzzing inside me reminded me how long it had been since I’d had real, throbbing flesh filling me, rubbing against the inside of my wet cunt.

Yes, I told myself. It’s just the lack of sex. You acted like a slut because your body was deprived. It’s not because you found it exciting to pose for a camera. To pose for your best friend. To tease him.

Oh, god. It was me all along, wasn’t it? I was the one who started acting sexy in front of the camera. I drove him to it. I asked for him to come back, again and again. And now I was blaming *him* for it, for ruining our friendship.

Buzzzzzzzz.

I was the one acting like a slut. Poor Bert just couldn’t control himself.

Buzzzzzzzz.

It was all my fault.

Buzzzzzzzz.

It was my fault, not Bert’s.

Buzzzzzzzz.

As I fucked myself with the vibrator, thrashing around the bed and remembering what had happened, I couldn’t cum. I wanted to cum, so bad, but I couldn’t.

Something was missing.

Buzzzzzzzz.

With a moan, I opened my laptop, and loaded up youtube. After doing a quick search and turning up the volume, I lay back and closed my eyes.

Click, click, click, click.

Buzzzzzzzz.

I groaned loudly as the orgasm washed over me.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 5

Amanda, I'm so sorry about what I did. I know I screwed up, but it was a moment of weakness. Nothing is more important to me than our friendship.

As an apology, I want to make it up to you. I want to undo any damage I may have done, and do what I can to ensure that you and David have the strongest relationship possible. I've cancelled a client meeting I had booked for Tuesday night - instead, I'm available to come over and take some more photos. I'm going to show you that I really can act like a professional.

I truly hope I can earn your forgiveness,

-B

The next morning, I awoke to find a message from Bert. It was sent at three am - he must have been unable to sleep, wracked with guilt.

Over the way I'd treated him.

The photos were far more tame than I expected, especially compared to last time. They mostly focused on the toy moving around the outside of my bra and panties - there was an occasional shot of it dipping underneath, but it was tastefully done, and not even so much as a nipple was ever revealed.

Despite this, I was soaking wet by the time I finished scrolling through them.

My knees were weak as I read his message. This was such a bad idea. I knew I had to turn him down - I had enough photos to last for the next sixty days, until David got came back.

Still, I knew I needed to talk to Bert. I couldn't just ignore him.

My fingers were quivering as I typed a single character as a reply:

"K"

I hit send, and stumbled to my bed to get off.

###

I spent the entire day pacing up and down in my room, playing out conversations in my head. I worked out exactly what I'd say to Bert, no matter which direction the conversation went. I was

ready.

I was ready.

The conversational practice was broken up only by masturbation breaks; I played with myself, all day trying to focus on David.

But as my orgasm grew closer, all I could think about was that dark lens, moving across my naked form, capturing my most intimate state.

Then I'd remember the man behind the camera, his light touches as he adjusted the sole remaining piece of fabric covering my naked form, trying in vain to hide my bare body from his lustful gaze, from his camera's single, dark eye...

I'd feel his warm breath down my neck, his arms around me, his heartbeat. And that goddamn sound ringing in my ear, conditioning me to be his puppet. His plaything.

Click, click, click.

His sex toy.

The moment I came, the guilt would return, hitting me like a tidal wave. I'd continue running conversations in my head. I tried taking a shower when it got too bad, as though the soap could somehow wash away my shame.

It felt as though night would never come, like I was stuck in an infinite loop. *This must be what hell feels like*, I told myself. Even though I'd gotten off five times, it didn't feel satisfying. It almost felt like rape, by my own fingers. By my own intrusive thoughts, holding me captive, keeping me in a state of insatiable - almost painful - constant arousal.

Then, finally (just as I was about to cum for a sixth time) I heard the doorbell. I could tell by the pattern - two short rings, then one long - that it was Bert.

I didn't have time to finish; I quickly threw on some underwear and a shirt, and rushed to answer the door.

As soon as Bert entered, I could see that his demeanor had changed. He wasn't smiling or cracking jokes; there was a look of pain in his eyes.

"Hey, A."

His camera was dangling around his neck - I wish that the mere sight of it didn't give me a sudden pang of arousal - and he was wearing a polo shirt and cargo shorts, pockets bulging with god-knows-what.

"Hey," I responded. "I guess... we need to talk."

"It's okay," he said hollowly. "I know what I did was out of line. I just want to make it up to you,

to do what I can to rebuild my friendship.”

“B,” I said softly. “It’s okay…”

“No,” he interrupted. “It’s not. My behavior was unacceptable - I don’t blame anyone but myself. I just want to move past it, okay? I’ll do whatever I need to do.”

His defeated tone sent a shiver down my spine, and I couldn’t help but blame myself for what happened.

“No I’m sorry, B,” I said firmly. “I must have sent the wrong signals or something. I just… I don’t want to lose you as a friend, so please - tell me what I could have done differently, what you want me to do differently next time.”

“No,” he replied. “You did nothing wrong, I swear. This is on me. I know how much you love David, and I don’t want anything to get in the way of that. Let’s do a photoshoot for him - I’m going to keep my hands to myself. I promise; I won’t touch you unless you give me explicit permission to, okay?”

“Okay,” I nodded, as he started pulling parts of his camera out of his pocket and putting them together. “You sure this is okay? After everything that happened?”

“Of course,” he said, a warm smile appearing on his face. It was the first smile he’d given me since our kiss.

That damn kiss.

“I just want to be helpful. I’ve turned over a new leaf - now I’m the B.E.R.T 5.0: Professional Edition.”

His camera fully assembled, he raised it to his eye.

Click.

A part of me still wondered if this was a good idea, but I’d been waiting for it all day. And, as my sore clit would attest, I’d made sure to take care of myself before Bert came around.

I knew that this time, I’d keep control of the situation.

His sudden gentleness, his remorse - it went a long way to convincing me that everything would be fine, that nothing would happen that hadn’t already happened.

Although that wasn’t exactly a short list.

“Any ideas for today?” I asked, suddenly shy.

“Oh, yeah,” Bert said, his face lighting up as he started to talk about his passion. “I’ve been doing a bunch of reading about different skin-tones, and how they react in low-light settings

depending on blood-flow.”

I could feel myself relaxing, the awkwardness starting to fade.

And then Bert asked a question.

“How do you feel about spanking?”

“Uh...”

I wasn't sure how to answer. The truth; that I loved it, but David wasn't so keen? Or was I misinterpreting the question.

Surely he couldn't...he couldn't be suggesting that *he* spank *me*. Not after last time.

“Like...myself?”

Bert nodded.

“I think David could be really into it,” he said, “and I know how to capture it *just* right.”

“I mean, I can...try.”

Why was I agreeing to this?

“Perfect,” Bert smiled, starting to adjust the lighting. “You want to take your shirt off?”

“Sure.”

“How about the bra?”

“That can stay,” Bert said, his eyes flicking down to my chest. “If you don't think it'll get in the way.”

In that moment, I was acutely aware - Bert had seen my tits. He'd seen me topless.

He had photos of it. Probably on his phone, right now.

“No,” I said timidly. “I don't...I don't think it will.”

As I began to strip off my shirt, I heard it.

Click.

I threw the garment to the floor. Here I was, standing in front of my best friend, wearing nothing but a bra and a piece of panties.

Again.

I watched as Bert took another quick selfie.

“Hey, I told you I don’t like those!”

Bert slapped his forehead.

“Sorry!” he said earnestly. “You want me to delete it?”

“I don’t want proofs of our photo sessions,” I said, hoping I didn’t sound too whiny. “Even though it’s for David, it still has to stay a secret. He would never understand. Understand?”

“Of course,” Bert nodded, pressing a few buttons. “There you go; all gone.”

“Thanks. You know how jealous guys get.”

“Sure,” Bert shrugged. “Some guys.”

I didn’t know what to say about that, so I stayed silent.

“How is David?” Bert said, continuing to tweak the lighting. Why did he spend so long on that kind of stuff? From what I could see, it never made a difference to the final photos. But I guess Bert was the expert. Expert Bert. “Did he enjoy the pictures from the other night?”

“Sure,” I said. I hadn’t actually sent him any of the last batch yet.

So why was I taking more?

“Okay,” Bert said, before I could follow that train of thought too far. “Get on the bed, on all fours.”

Click, click, click, click.

I climbed onto the bed, my ass facing the camera. I couldn’t help but get a little warm, knowing that Bert had a front-row view of one of my finest features.

Not Bert specifically. Just, like...

God. What was wrong with me?

“Let’s start with something tame.”

Bert pulled out my vibrator, and tossed it to me. It landed besides me on the bed.

I hated that he knew exactly where I kept that. Like, sure, best friends, but...some things should stay private, y’know?

“Why don’t you run this up and down your legs to start?”

Here we go again. I took a deep breath, and tried to ask if this was really necessary.

Click, click, click.

It didn't come out that way.

Click, click, click.

"Whatever you want me to do," I instead replied demurely.

C'mon, Amanda. Keep it together.

Click, click, click.

I was still wet from the unfinished orgasm that Bert had interrupted.

"Only what you're comfortable with," he said with a smile. "You tell me to stop, I'll stop right away."

Click, click, click.

"Yes, sir."

Click, click, click.

Sir? What the hell was happening with my speech center?

I turned on the vibrator and started moving it up and down my inner thighs.

Buzz. Click, click, click.

"Okay, now run it across your ass."

I arched my back, highlighting my round butt, then ran the toy across it, drawing circles into my flesh.

Click, buzz, click, buzz, click.

"Use it to push your panties into your ass a little," Bert commanded.

"Mmkay," I muttered, and moved the vibrator closer to my crack.

Click, click, buzzzzz.

"A little bit further," he instructed. He was moving around my room as he gave orders, taking pictures of my body from all angles.

Click, click, buzz, click, click.

I did as he said and pushed it an inch closer. I could feel the vibration in my pussy.

“Like this,” he said, reaching out and gently guiding my hand. Bert moved the toy closer, further into my cleft.

Buzz. Click, click, click.

“Ahmmmm,” I moaned. The vibrations were intense.

I loved it.

Click, click.

Bert’s hand stayed on my hand, helping steer the toy. His other hand continued to take pictures.
Click, buzz, click, click, buzz.

He slowly guided the vibrator between my legs. I could feel the vibrations through my lips. It was like I could feel them throughout my entire body.

“Yesss,” I moaned. It was meant to be a thought, but it somehow slipped out of my mouth, and Bert clearly took it as permission to go further.

Click.

He inched the vibrator towards my clit. It was almost like a dance - his hand pushed my hand, which pushed the vibrator towards my sensitive nub, never quite reaching it.

Clickclickclickclickbuzzzzzz.

I began to move my hips around, trying to move my clit towards the tip of the vibrator. If Mohammed wouldn’t come to the mountain....

*Click, click, buzz, clickclickclick..

Whenever I got too close, Bert would pull back. *Click, click, click.*

Suddenly, the vibrator landed squarely on my most sensitive area. For five glorious seconds it maintained contact...then, Bert pulled my hand - and the toy - away.

Click.

Buzz.

Click.

“Perfect,” he said triumphantly. “Now, how hard do you like to be spanked?”

“Please!” I panted, not even paying attention to his question, just craving more contact. I

wanted...I needed...

Oh, god.

“Let me see what will show up best on camera, okay?”

I obediently nodded, without listening to a word my friend was saying.

“Only with your permission, of course.”

“Fine,” I gasped. My mind was very, very elsewhere.

SMACK. *Click.*

I heard the sharp slap before I felt it - a sudden, intense burst of pain on my right buttock as Bert spanked me.

“Fuck!” I screamed, pleasure mixing with pain.

“Hmm,” Bert pondered aloud. “That’s not quite right.”

There was a brief pause before my friend’s hand firmly met my other buttock.

SMACK. *Click.*

“Ahhh!” I moaned loudly once more.

“Almost,” David said thoughtfully.

SMACK. *Click.*

His hand rained down again, this time on the already-tender cheek he slapped the first time.

“Ffuck,” I panted. As Bert continued spanking me, I realized my hand was free. It instinctively moved the vibrator back to my clit.

SMACK. *Click.*

Buzzzzzz.

For the next minute, Bert continued raining one hand down on my sensitive cheeks, slapping them with different levels of intensity.

The camera’s clicking never ceased.

“There we go,” he finally said, satisfied. My ass felt as though it was throbbing with pain; my pussy felt like it was throbbing with pleasure.

It was a combination I liked far more than I'd expected.

"Can you recreate that for me, Mandy?" he asked. "It looks fantastic."

"What?" I mumbled, not understanding what he meant.

Click, buzz, click click, buzz.

Bert reached between my legs, gently removing the vibrator from my hand. I was too overwhelmed to fight it: the spanking, the vibrator, the exhibitionism.

The cheating.

Click, click, click, click.

"Spank yourself," Bert said, positioning my hand. "Like this."

SMACK. *Click.*

"Okay," I mumbled, not even sure why I was doing this.

I clumsily spanked myself, nowhere near as powerfully as Bert had been.

"No no no," he muttered. "Like *this*."

He spanked my other cheek, harder than before.

Click, click, click, click.

"Ahhh..."

I tried again. Smack!

It was a little better, but still didn't compare to the pleasure of Bert's hand.

"Good girl," he muttered. His fingers gently stroked my raw, sensitive skin. "Again."

His soft strokes felt so good after the harsh smacks, and I didn't have the willpower to stop him from casually touching and feeling up my butt.

Instead, I followed his instructions and spanked myself harder.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Click, click, click, click.

As I continued to spank myself, Bert's hand moved between my legs. His finger started stroking my sensitive clit through my soaking wet panties.

“Good girl,” he repeated.

Click, click, click, click.

My eyes widened, and my legs closed. “Whahhht are you...?”

Bert’s hand was trapped between my legs, but his fingers could still reach me. They continued to firmly, forcefully stimulate my soaking wet pussy, stoking my arousal.

“Don’t stop,” he ordered. “Good girl.”

Click click click click click.

“Ahhh,” I moaned. “Noo...”

My voice was cracking from the pleasure.

“Keep going,” he insisted.”

Click, click, click click click click.

I shook my head. “Please...”

“Spank yourself,” he commanded. His voice was as hard as steel; his fingers were now masterfully toying with my clit, stimulating my sensitivity. “That’s an order.”

Clickclickclickclick.

As Bert’s hand continued to rub my clit, pleasure began to overtake my thinking. My legs slowly let up and opened slightly, giving him better access. I felt so close to cumming; I couldn’t stop him now. I couldn’t.

I had to cum.

Smack!

I spanked my ass obediently.

“Good girl,” he hissed.

Clickclickclickclickclickclick.

I couldn’t believe what was happening. Bert pushed my panties out of the way and began rubbing my clit directly. My body wanted it. I wanted it.

This wasn’t supposed to happen.

“Cum for me,” Bert ordered. “Cum for the camera.”

My panties were bunched up to the side; his fingers were essentially sliding between my wet lips. My self-lubricated flesh was wrapped around his skilled digits.

“Yess...”

Was that him talking, or me? I couldn't even tell any more. Two of his fingers slipped inside me, began fucking me, while his thumb continued masterfully stimulating my clit. I was riding his hand as it fucked me, his digits gliding in and out to the rhythm of the still-clicking camera.

Clickclickclickclickclickclick.

“I'm gonna cum,” I panted. “Make me cum...ahhh...”

Bert's thumb increased its pressure, while the rest of his hand rubbed up and down my slippery slit.

My boyfriend was in another country, and another man was directly fingering my clit, taking photos all the while.

“Good girl,” he repeated.

Click click click click click click click.

In a sudden moment of clarity right before my orgasm, I thought to myself “I'm so sorry, David.”

With that thought, my body started trembling as Bert's fingers finally brought me to a climax.

“Gawwwdddddd...”

After a long, shuddering moan, I collapsed forward, leaving Bert's hand covered in my juices.

“Good girl,” Bert said softly. He put the camera down, pulled me in for an embrace, and began stroking my hair. “It's okay.”

“What?” I whispered bashfully.

“You did great,” he said comfortingly. “You did really well.”

We sat there for a moment, then Bert moved his sticky fingers to my mouth. I looked down at them, puzzled.

“You did great,” he repeated, his fingers nudging against my lips once more.

I reluctantly opened my mouth, allowing his fingers entry. *He just brought you to an orgasm, I hazily thought to myself. The least you can do is clean up after yourself.*

My lips slowly closed on his fingers, my tongue beginning to mop up my juices from his digits.

Click.

“Those photos were great,” Bert said, putting the camera down again. “David is going to love them.”

As soon as I heard his name, I snapped out of my post-orgasmic daze, and realized what just happened. What we just did.

What I just did.

Blood rushes into my head, making me blush like crazy.

“Umm...”

Bert pulled away, slowly standing up. I watched, lost for words, as he disassembled the camera, returning it to his pockets.

“Thanks for letting me prove what a good friend I can be,” he said casually. “I’m looking forward to our date on Thursday.”

There was so much I wanted to say - so much I *needed* to say - but the way he was acting totally normally about what went down...I suddenly felt like I couldn’t find the words.

I couldn’t move my mouth.

My eyes widened as I sat almost naked on the bed, feeling uncontrollably silenced. Bert continued to chatter as he reset the room.

Did he think what just happened was normal? Did he think it was just totally cool stuff between friends, like a favor?

Casually bringing his best friend to orgasm?

“That was fun,” he finally said, leaning in to give me a quick kiss on the cheek.

In that moment, it was like the spell was broken. I felt like I could talk, like I could shout.

But before I could find the words that I so desperately needed to find, Bert was out the door.

That night, he sent me the photos. Again, they were far more tame than I remembered - it really just looked like a set of photos where I ran a toy around my body and spanked myself. There was no trace of anyone else, no evidence that anyone else was there.

We’d again forgotten to make them look like selfies, although they did at least look like they were taken with my phone. With a sigh, I sent a few to David - mostly of my post-orgasmic face, where you couldn’t see both my arms in the photo.

I figured he might as well get some pleasure out of my cheating, after all.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 6

I thought we could grab dinner and a movie tonite. Meet me at Rafael's at 6? -B

We'd had five photo sessions so far, and judging by the frequency of the clicks, Bert must have had at least a thousand photos of me, partially naked, touching myself.

A lot of them - the ones he kept to himself - included his body parts as well as mine, whether accidentally or intentionally. He had enough evidence of my sluttiness to ruin me forever if he wanted; I'd literally put my life in his hands.

Sure, we'd been friends since childhood. But as much as I thought I knew him, I'd never seen this side of him.

It had all started as a joke, hadn't it? It was getting hard to remember. We always used to joke around (even about sex) so I hadn't really thought anything of it at first. I just played the hot girl for his camera while he played Terry Richardson.

Click, click, click, click.

And then the next moment, my hands was in my panties as I thrashed around in bed, moaning, bringing myself to orgasm in front of Bert. In front of his camera.

I have no illusions; I know he always saw me as a hot girl. But that level of intimacy, sharing that secret moment with someone...it changes their perception of you. They see you in your most vulnerable, primal state, completeley given over to bodily pleasures.

I couldn't blame Bert for what followed. A girl's moans can drive a man crazy. He stopped seeing me as just a hot girl, as his childhood friend.

He saw me as prey.

And so we did it again. This time, pushing it further. All he had to do was make me touch myself again, to get a taste of that sweet, heavenly bliss, to distract me enough that he could gradually make me reveal more of my body.

Of course, I'm sure that seeing my tits wasn't the end goal. Yeah, he wanted to - to photograph them, to have something better than memory. A particular arrangement of reflected light, stored as ones and zeros. A code that any smart machine could turn into a depiction of my round, firm, ever-young breasts, immune to the wear and tear of time.

But what good is a memory without the other senses? The smell. The sounds. The touch. The

taste. He was hellbent on ticking off each and every box. But he screwed up. He got too eager.

Holding me in his arms: naked, vulnerable, my breasts resting against his embracing limbs after our fourth shoot. He could no longer stand to just look at those tasty, full lips, watching me bite into them so hard that I drew blood...he had to tick that last box.

He had to taste me for himself.

So he kissed me. *Click, click, click, click.*

That's what woke me up. Deep down I'd known from the beginning that he wanted me, but I had convinced myself that I was just being paranoid, that Bert wasn't that kind of guy.

I had to. Because if I could convince myself that he had nothing but good intentions, then, well, I could convince myself that I wasn't complicit. That I didn't know where it would lead when I posed for him.

That I wasn't a slut.

But the moment our lips made contact, that was all out the window. I saw what was really happening, what he was really doing. What *we* were really doing.

And so I'd been forced to come up with new excuses.

With Bert's hand finally revealed, I should've just folded. He had two aces - my far-away boyfriend who could no longer satisfy my body's needs...and his camera.

Click, click, click, click.

Had I always had these exhibitionist desires? I've always liked to be looked at. It's not an easy thing to admit, but I've always enjoyed the attention of men, their eyes on my body. It feeds the strange mixture of self-consciousness and narcissism that I have; I constantly need to feed my ego and lessen my insecurities.

And as well as that...it feels good. It feels good to see the lust in a man's eyes. To feel desperately wanted, craved, even if I want nothing from that guy.

Especially if I want nothing from the guy.

I've always dressed revealingly, needing to be the center of attention everywhere I went. But I never meant it as a tease, or an invitation. When strangers would ask for my number, I'd always turn them down. When they shouted lewd comments at me on the street, I enjoyed it - more than I should have, perhaps - but I'd never do anything about it. It was just the background noise of being attractive, of dressing the way I did.

But Bert wasn't a stranger.

Bert's attention was so much more gratifying, because he didn't just see me as a body, as a pair

of tits. He liked me for who I was...and *still* he lusted after me. My attractiveness superseded my personality. Maybe I should have been offended, but I couldn't help but take it as a compliment.

By the time I figured out his real intentions, it was already too late. I was already laying naked in front of him, in front of his ever-clicking camera

And it got me so incredibly wet to be that defenseless, to be at his mercy.

When he said it was a mistake, a single slip-up, I wanted to believe him. I wasn't going to throw away fifteen years of friendship based on one little mistake. Yes, he pushed it too far, but he realized his mistake and promised it wouldn't happen again, right?

Well, it didn't happen again. He didn't kiss me for a second time.

He did so much more than that.

Bert spanked me, and I let him.

Click, click, click, click.

I let him because I felt guilty. I felt guilty about the situation, doing what I was doing to David. I was being a slut behind his back, so I let Bert spank me as a punishment. I was a bad girl, and I deserved to be spanked for it, right?

The next thing I knew, his hands were between my legs, between my wet lips, rubbing my clit. He took control of my most intimate area, and guided me to an orgasm with it.

And all I could do was moan. Moan and enjoy his touch. I'd been starved of foreign touch for the past two months, and he made it seem like the most normal thing, bringing his lady-friend to an orgasm out of courtesy. As a favor.

This all started because I didn't want David to cheat on me. Yet here I was, the one who ended up in the arms of another man.

It had to stop, of course. As much as I enjoyed it, it was wrong. As much as I might shiver from pleasure just at the memory of Bert's strong hand between the soft, wet folds of my pussy...I loved David. I had no feelings for Bert, beyond friendship.

I didn't feel anything for him. It was...it was just my body.

He took control of my body, my primal instincts. Those were not me. I was more than just some sex doll Bert could just move around.

Right?

As these thoughts were running through my head, Bert's short message popped up on my phone's screen, and my heart immediately began to beat faster.

I didn't have an exact plan of how I was going to end the photo sessions, but the mention of dinner and a movie comforted me immediately. He could do whatever he wanted to me in private (I shivered at the thought) but there was no way he could take control of me in public.

Public was safe. I had to accept the invite. There would never be a better time to end the affair.

See you there, I texted back.

###

That night, as I waited under a streetlamp for Bert, I realized that I'd worn one of my sexiest dresses to the date.

Somehow, I hadn't noticed while getting dressed. While choosing underwear, while putting on makeup.

It wasn't until I arrived that I realized what I'd worn.

Not that it was *for* him, I told myself. He's already seen me naked; there's no point in teasing him with clothes. He already knew what was under my dress. He knew every inch of my body.

He had a photo of every inch of my body.

He'd probably reviewed the photos before meeting me, just as a reminder.

Click, click, click, click.

No, this wasn't for him. I just wanted to look pretty. I wanted other people to look at me. I wanted to be the center of attention.

It wasn't for Bert.

When he arrived, he'd dressed up too, or at least as much as I've ever seen him dress up. A button-up shirt, a pair of black shoes...but still, of course, cargo shorts.

His eyes lit up when he saw me, and I realized he had his camera around his neck.

Click, click, click, click.

"Hey A," he said with a grin. "Ready for our date?"

"Hey," I smiled back. "It's nice that you finally agreed to meet me when I'm not naked. I barely even remember what it's like to wear clothes around you any more."

"We can fix that," he said with a waggle of his eyebrows.

I laughed nervously. He was kidding, right?

We were in a nice area of town, well-dressed people milling around us. Bert in his cargo shorts

looked a little out of place, but not so much as to embarrass me.

“Yeahhh, let’s not...not here,” I replied, before realizing what I’d said. Not *here*??

We were here to *end* the photos sessions, I reminded myself. I needed to stick to the plan.

I took a deep breath, then noticed Bert’s eyes traveling up and down my body, admiring my dress. My form.

“You look amazing.”

I started blushing a little. “Thanks. Ummm...so where did you want to go?”

“It’s just around the corner,” he said, his eyes never leaving my body. “God, that dress is fantastic. David’s a really lucky guy.”

I shoved him playfully. “Stop eyeing me like that!” I said, trying to sound stern.

The giggle at the end of my instructions undermined it a little.

I’d never really seen Bert undressing me with his eyes before, at least not so brazenly. He’d been hidden behind his lens for the most part.

“Would you tell a hungry lion to stop eyeing a gazelle?” he said lightly, shoving me back. That brief moment of contact, his hand on my shoulder...it made my heart race.

God, what was wrong with me?

“If that gazelle is me, yes, because I’m not looking to get eaten! Also, when I accepted your dinner invitation, I didn’t think I was going to be the dish being served up,” I joked back.

We were just kidding around, I told myself. Like always.

“Seriously though,” he said, taking half a step back. “You look fantastic. We should get a record of tonight.”

My heart raced. He couldn’t mean...

Before I could say anything, he’d screwed a lens to his camera and held it up his eye.

Click.

I almost moaned at the sound.

“Just a few,” I said breathlessly. “For Instagram, so David doesn’t get suspicious. I haven’t been posting much since...since our sessions started.”

“Great,” he said. He started circling me, like a professional photographer.

Like a lion, circling a gazelle.

Click, click, click, click.

A few people briefly stopped to watch the photoshoot, but they quickly moved on after seeing that I wasn't anybody famous.

Yet. If Bert broke his promise and started posting these photos online, I'll bet I'd build up a fanbase pretty quickly.

That could never happen.

That would be hell.

So why did the thought make me feel so warm?

Everyone who passed us glanced over at me. I was suddenly the object of not only the camera's attention, but the attention of everyone nearby.

Click, click, click, click.

"Let's get going," I said, feeling uncomfortable. And other things that I didn't really want to explore. "Before we start drawing a crowd?"

"Almost," Bert said, continuing to rove and take pictures.

Click, click, click, click.

"Lean up against the lamppost for me?"

I rolled my eyes. "Okay..."

Leaning against the post, my expression started off annoyed, but as Bert continued snapping away, I started smiling, gradually getting into it.

Click, click, click, click.

More and more strangers walked past. Some would stop for more than just a quick check - once they noticed I was being photographed, they apparently thought it gave them permission to stare at my body, scanning me from head to toe.

I was slightly annoyed, but I couldn't deny that it was turning me on a little.

Click, click, click, click.

Maybe more than a little.

Bert continued giving directions. Small ones - telling me how to adjust my arms, or my legs. He talked about the shadows, the way that the light reflected off my skin. As he spoke, his camera

never slowed down for a second.

Click, click, click, click, click, click, click.

“Push your arms together,” he directed. “Show off your cleavage.”

“B...” I whispered uncomfortably, even as I obeyed his command. “We’re in public.”

He lowered his camera to reveal my puzzled expression. “No one cares,” he replied.

I used my eyes to point at the crowd standing behind him. I felt warm and out of breath.

“Please,” I said, grabbing his hand. “Let’s just get out of here, okay? We’ll continue somewhere more discreet.”

It felt so natural, it was two blocks before I realized we were still holding hands.

Bert guided us around a few corners. Within a few minutes, we were in a lightly wooded area. There was a park bench, a lamppost...and no one around. The occasional cyclist rode past, but there were no crowds, not like the last place.

“Perfect,” he beamed. “This place has just the right lighting.”

“Umm...I thought we were going to a restaurant?” I said, looking around uneasily.

“We will,” he reassured me. “You said you wanted to continue taking photos though. This is perfect - no one to watch, great shadows, and the green really brings out your eyes.”

“This is where girls get raped,” I mumbled, looking around the dead-looking park.

Bert laughed, revealing the back of his throat, and put on a macho voice. “It’s okay,” he said. “I’ll protect you.”

“Who’s going to protect me from you?” I chuckled, leaning against the post.

Why was I doing this? Why did I let him do these things to me?

Why did I love it so much?

Click, click click, click click, click,.

Bert resumed roving around me, snapping photos like a professional.

Click, click, click, click.

He instructed me to take a number of tame poses, to stare straight into the camera.

He moved my body to his whim.

“Okay,” he ordered. “Now, push your arms together.”

I looked around nervously. We were alone.

Okay. Let’s do this quickly, then hopefully he would be satisfied and we could go. I took a deep breath and assumed a sexy pose, my arms pushed together, leaning forward slightly.

“Great!”

He continued taking photos for almost a minute, until a furrowed look appeared on his brow.

“Hang on,” he said, fiddling with his camera. “Problem.”

“What is it?”

“Your panty-line is ruining the shot. It’s creating a weird shadow on a bunch of these photos. Can you take them off?”

“Right here??” I asked, protesting.

Bert glanced up. “There’s no one around.”

“Someone could walk around the corner at any second…”

“I’ll keep lookout.”

I rolled my eyes. “I can’t believe I’m doing this.” I said, shaking my head as I pulled down my panties, moving fast to avoid being seen. I stepped out of them and handed them to Bert. “Can you put these away before someone sees them??”

Bert put my panties into one of his many pockets and enthusiastically resumed taking pictures.

Click click click click click click click click.

“Lean forward just a little for me? Perfect.”

Click click click click click click click click.

“Stare into the camera? Yes, just like that.”

Lowering the camera, Bert stared into my eyes earnestly.

“You are absolutely stunning,” he said, a serious look on his face.

I blushed some more. I couldn’t believe it - I’d come here to break up our shoots, and I was already pantiless in a public park as he clicked away…

Click click click click click.

“I’m a little worried that your bra is getting in the way,” he said, raising the camera and taking some more photos.

Click click, click, click click.

“I’m not taking my bra off too,” I said worriedly, looking around for people.

Bert lowered the camera.

“Amanda,” he said firmly. “Take off your bra.”

“That’s an order.”

Click.

“This is getting ridiculous...” I replied, looking around frantically, frustrated.

There was no one coming.

I unzipped my tight dress quickly, to free my bra. Then I reached back, unhooked it, and threw it to the side. For a second or two, my breasts (along with erect nipples) were fully exposed.

Click, click, click, click.

My heart was beating out of my chest - I was so worried that someone would casually stroll around the corner while I was topless.

Click, click, click.

Finally, I pull my dress back up, and asked for Bert’s help to put it back on properly.

“Of course,” he said with a gleam in his eye. “You’re just lucky the B.E.R.T. 6.0 has a zipping function.”

“Lucky me,” I mumbled.

Wearing neither bra nor panties, I began posing for my friend once more.

Click, click, click, click, click, click, click, click.

Suddenly, his eyebrows shot up.

“Oh, crap!”

“What’s wrong?” I asked, glancing down to make sure that my dress wasn’t showing anything it shouldn’t.

“Our reservation was five minutes ago. We gotta hustle!”

Bert returned his camera lens to his pocket, grabbed my hand, and before I could protest, started marching us down the path towards the restaurant. As we crossed the streets in a hurry, I felt the cold breeze up my dress, and remembered that I wasn't wearing panties. I spent the entire trip pulling my dress down, trying to make sure it covered my bare bottom.

It wasn't until we arrived at the restaurant that I realized I was also sans bra. It was still laying in the grass where I'd thrown it.

Whoops. Well, too late to go back now.

As the maitre de guided us to a table in the corner, two chairs opposite each other, I looked around in awe. This place was fancier than I was expecting.

"Jesus, B, you're sure we're at the right place?"

"Of course," Bert said with a smile. "I've been getting a bunch of work lately - what's money for, if not treating your best friend to a fancy dinner?"

"I hope you've not been selling my pictures," I joked.

I couldn't stop thinking about it.

"Selling?" Bert replied dismissively. "No. But you'd be amazed at what you can get in a trade these days."

He grinned as I kicked him lightly in the leg.

"You hungry?" he asked. "I'm ravenous."

For a moment, I thought I saw his eyes flick down to my braless tits, but the lighting was low, and I couldn't be sure whether I saw it or not.

Besides, it wasn't like he hasn't seen them before.

I wasn't sure if that made me feel better or worse about him ogling me.

Grabbing a menu, I opened it and almost had a heart attack. "Oh my god. I *was* hungry, but seeing these prices...I don't think I am any more. You sure you can pay for this?"

"Oh, I thought you were paying. Y'know, as a thanks for all the photos I've been taking," Bert replied, a half-grin on his face.

I chuckled nervously. "Yeahhhh...ummm...we could bail and like, order pizza?"

His face turned serious. "A, really, it's cool. My treat, okay? Just relax and enjoy the date."

I sighed. "...okay. I don't know how to thank you though."

God, this was the last thing I needed, being in Bert's debt.

"No need," he said with a smile. "Just have a good time, okay?"

For most of the meal, it was like everything was back to normal - like I'd gotten my old friend back, not the lecherous photographer I'd been spending so much time with lately. We joked and chatted our way through most of a bottle of wine...every now and again, I'd think I saw him checking me out, but it was never overt enough that I could be sure.

As the red wine kicked in, I began to feel more and more comfortable, laughing at Bert's jokes, even flirting. Not, like, *really* flirting, but like I used to with B. Before David went away. Y'know, flirting as a friend.

Two glasses in, I completely forgot that I wasn't wearing panties, and my legs slowly crept open. One of Bert's jokes made me laugh so much, I knocked a fork off the table. He bent down to pick it up, and spent longer than he should have under the table.

When he came back, he had a big, proud grin on his face.

As the meal reached its end, Bert reminded me that we still had a movie to see. "We should still have time for dessert," he offered. "And no, before you ask: I am not on the menu."

It wasn't even that funny, but I laughed anyway. As I did, my phone buzzed: a text from David.

"morning gurl. hows nite there w/o me? im starving to get new shots from you;) miss u babez."

Along with the text, he'd included a selfie - he was laying in bed in a suggestive pose, hiding something under the blanket.

My face fell as I remembered why I'd come out with Bert. I came to talk to him about what happened. Jesus, I got so sidetracked that for the past hour, I was joking around like nothing happened. Like he hadn't just made me cum with his bare hand a day ago, or with my vibrator a few days before that.

I looked up at him. Okay, girl, be strong. You have plenty of wine in you, you got the courage.

Tell him.

"B...before the movie..."

"You want to take some more pics?" Bert furrowed his brow at the thought. "I'm not sure if we'll have time. Maybe after?"

"No, I...I wanted to talk."

"We are talking," he said, looking at me like I was an idiot.

I pushed through.

“No, I want to talk with you seriously.”

“Okay,” he said, leaning forward and looking into my eyes. “What’s up?”

I spoke softly, nervous about being overheard. “Last time...”

My voice quivered, and I trailed off.

“I think I know what this is about,” Bert said gently.

My face was bright red. I felt dizzy from the blood pumping into my cheeks, and the alcohol running through my blood. Why was this so hard? It was like there was an invisible muzzle stopping me from talking. It was like I just couldn’t get the words to form in my head, in my mouth.

I blinked twice and nodded for Bert to continue.

“I know how important it is to you that we spend time together, like we used to, and I’m sorry I ran out so suddenly last time. That’s part of why I wanted to take you out tonight, to really show you that I’m here for you. As a friend.”

He smiled, as if that had resolved everything, and called the waiter over.

“No dessert,” he said, turning to me for confirmation. “Right?”

I was still completely frozen. His guess about what was wrong had been totally different to what I was expecting.

“No dessert,” he answered for me. “Just the check.”

As the waiter left, I took a deep breath. I could do this.

“That’s not...”

My words felt like they were made of lead, like I was fighting against my own mouth to get them out. My every instinct was to agree, to accept what Bert had said.

I guess that’s just part of being a woman. We’re socialized to avoid conflict.

But I had to. For my relationship. For our friendship.

For me.

“B...we can’t be...we can’t be doing what we did.”

As I pushed through the barrier, it got easier.

“My pussy,” I said, my voice breaking as I spoke. “It’s off-limits.”

Bert nodded, and I felt a wave of relief.

“You’re my friend, B,” I said, the words flowing freely now. “And we can’t. Especially since... you know. David.”

I felt shitty bringing it up after he’d just paid for his luxurious dinner, but I knew it had to be said. Placing my hand on his, I gently stroked it, smiling into his eyes.

I’d said my piece.

“I know you just want to be a good friend,” I said, able to breathe once more.

“Of course, A,” Bert said, taking my hand. “I understand how important this is to you, I really do.

“And so I promise: no pictures of your pussy.”

I froze. How was he not *getting* it?

“I wasn’t talking about the pictures,” I said, louder than I intended. “I was talking about your *hand* on my *clit*.”

Bert raised his eyebrows, and I suddenly noticed that the waiter was back.

“Your bill, sir,” he said, his eyes darting between us.

How much of that did he overhear? Does he...oh, god. Does he know David? We live in a small town; everyone knows *someone*.

My face was kool-aid red as he walked away to get the machine. Bert nodded.

“No problem, A,” he said with a chuckle. “I’d totally forgotten about that. Yeah, of course - that’s fine. My hand won’t go anywhere near your clit. Unless you ask me to. Y’know, for the shot.”

I gaped at his response. Had he really forgotten what happened? He couldn’t have. He must have been trying to screw with my head.

“Anything else you want to talk about?” he asked, his finger running softly across mine.

“Because the movie is starting soon, and I don’t want to miss the trailers. You know how I am about trailers.”

“No,” I said with a sigh. There was a lot more I *could* have said, but it was becoming increasingly obvious that it wouldn’t do anything. Bert just wasn’t taking me seriously.

I blushed as I thought of what we’d been doing lately. I’d been acting like such a slut. Like I was nothing but a toy for him to play with, to photograph.

Maybe was right to not take me seriously.

“Let’s just go,” I said, embarrassed.

As soon as we stepped out onto the streets, the cold breeze between my legs sobered me up. I remembered that Bert had my panties, and my bra must have been in the possession of some homeless guy by now.

Good thing it wasn’t one of my favorites.

I was still someone tipsy, but I definitely didn’t drink enough to not feel the chill, covered only by a skimpy dress.

But the cold was the least of my worries. I noticed my hard nipples, poking through the dress. I tried to tell myself it was just because of how chilly it was, but they’d been this way since the restaurant, since I remembered the feeling of Bert’s hand against my privates, expertly bringing me to climax...

Walking to the cinema, I couldn’t help but feel naked as I caught people staring at me - the slut wearing too few clothes for the weather - as we headed for the cinema.

That warmed me up a little, at least.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 7

mmmm. just came thinkin bout u. lookin at ur pics. ur so g.d. sexy.

-dave

I put my phone away, a smile on my face. Yeah, I was walking around barely-dressed with a man other than my boyfriend who had made me cum with his hands and probably had a thousand photos of me naked...but seeing that message from my boyfriend made me feel much better.

It was for a good reason. It was for our relationship, really.

Right?

“Hey A,” Bert said, grabbing my hand as we walked along the street. “Can I ask you a weird favor?”

Oh, god. What did he want now?

“Yeah?”

“So you know how I’ve been helping you take these photos...”

I nodded, the red wine and David’s text message giving me a warm glow. I didn’t even bother letting go of his hand.

“Uh huh.”

“So I’ve been trying to take some similar ones of myself, and I need an outside eye. Would it be weird to ask you to have a quick look and give your honest opinion? Y’know, as a woman.”

“What kind of photos?”

“Y’know,” he said, glancing down at his shoes. He was acting uncharacteristically shy, and I slowed down, curious about what he was so nervous about. “Dick pics. I just figured, since we’re obviously the kind of friends who can do this kind of thing without it getting weird...”

“What?! No! I’m not going to look at your dick! That’s disgusting!”

I turned red and pulled my hand away from Bert’s, my heart beating a mile a minute.

What was I *doing*?

“Oh,” Bert started, but I held up a finger. There were people all around us. Fuck. What if some of them knew David? What if they’d heard me shouting about Bert’s dick?

“I mean, like...”

Feeling slightly panicked, I glanced up at Bert’s face, seeing genuine shock and embarrassment, like I’d just humiliated him publicly.

Oh, crap. I *had* just humiliated him publicly.

“I just can’t...I shouldn’t...” I started whispering, trying to save the situation. “I don’t *do* that, y’know?”

“No?”

Bert’s response came out as a whimper. My head was still spinning - I was juggling my own embarrassment, the audacity of his request, and now his emotional reaction to my outburst.

I took a deep breath, and tried again.

“Bert, I just...I don’t look at other guy’s cocks. Not even random guys on the internet. I only look at David’s. And looking at yours would be...god, I just couldn’t look at you the same way after. Like, you’re not supposed to see your male friends’ penises.”

I realized I was slurring slightly as I spoke, but hoped my message came through nonetheless.

“Oh god,” he replied, stammering slightly. “I’m sorry. I just thought that since...well, you know.”

Since I've been helping you out, just a look wouldn't be such a big..."

He trailed off.

"Why are you even taking pictures like that??" I replied in a whisper, trying to be discreet.

"I just thought, in case I found a girlfriend and she wanted to...I mean, you enjoy it when David sends you pictures, right?"

"Yes," I blushed, remembering the photo David had sent me while we were sitting in the restaurant. It was exciting to know that my body turned my boyfriend on.

It was exciting to know that my body turned anyone on.

"But he's my *boyfriend*."

"Right! Yeah, I wouldn't expect you to enjoy it. I mean, that's not why I take your picture. I'm just helping out a friend, you know?"

I nodded. He sounded so sincere. Maybe I'd been imagining all these ulterior motives.

Maybe I'd been inventing them.

"I just thought you might want to help me out too, like...friend-to-friend, you know? I didn't know who else to ask, but...yeah, sorry. I didn't mean to offend you, I promise."

He stumbled over his words. God, I'd really embarrassed him. I suddenly felt shitty for making it weird - Bert had specifically told me because he trusted me, and instead of politely turning him down, I'd lashed out at him for even bringing it up.

I reached out and stroked his arm. "Ummm...you don't have to be sorry. I should be. I overreacted. It's just...it's not something friends do for each other normally. Like our photoshoots; there's a reason I don't discuss them with David."

"I know friends don't *normally*," Bert replied, his brow furrowed. "I just figured...y'know. That we were closer than most friends."

"We are," I nodded. "But there are still boundaries we should never cross."

"Of course," Bert said. "I get that. I mean, I wasn't going to...whip it out and show it to you or anything."

I tried not to imagine that.

"I just figured a photo would be okay," he continued. "Sorry about that. I guess I just...I just thought we were better friends than we are."

I raised one eyebrow. "Guilt trip much?"

“No,” he replied immediately, sadness in his voice. “Sorry. I didn’t mean it like that. I just wasn’t...yeah, don’t worry about it. It doesn’t matter.”

We walked quietly next to each other for a minute or two, my hand still on his arm, before I finally broke the silence. “Now I feel like I’ve just ruined the night.”

A smile crept across Bert’s face. “Not at all,” he replied lightly. “By the way, you know anyone looking for a best friend? Turns out I’m in the market. Ouch!”

“Don’t even joke about that,” I said as he rubbed his arm where I’d hit him. “I’ve never opened up to anyone else like I have with you. I mean, apart from boyfriends. You know I love you to death, otherwise I wouldn’t have trusted you with those kinds of photos.”

“I know,” Bert laughed. I couldn’t see the back of his throat from where I was standing, but it comforted me to know it was there, exposed because of a laugh that I’d caused. “Besides, it’s not like you have any other friends. Who would you even recommend?”

“No one,” I replied instantly. “I wouldn’t want to get jealous if suddenly other girls’ naked photos popped up on your phone.”

We both laughed at my joke. Definitely a joke. Right?

“Oh hey! Five minutes early.”

I nodded, not really listening. I wouldn’t be *jealous*, because I don’t feel anything for Bert. Not like that. It would just mean that I was no longer special; it would hurt my ego.

Yeah. I wouldn’t mind seeing Bert with other girls. Just so long as I was the only one he craved.

Wait. What was I thinking?

“The lighting is gorgeous here,” he said, pulling a lens out of his pocket and screwing it onto his camera. “Let’s get some quick snaps before the movie starts. Instagram deserves to see what my best friend looks like in this lighting.”

“Here?” I said, looking around worryingly.

“Yeah,” Bert replied, moving the camera to his eye and taking a picture.

Click.

“You look beautiful.”

My cheeks glowed red as I smiled timidly.

“Lean against the wall,” Bert instructed. *Click, click, click.*

For a moment, my head throbbed - it must have been the wine. I felt dizzy, all of a sudden, unable to look away from the camera. Bert’s voice sank into my head, his authoritative tone

reminding me of how often I'd cum while he instructed me, how many times I'd climaxed around my own hand as he took pictures of me.

"Hurry up," I murmured, trying to blink away the sudden onslaught of sexual thoughts. "It's cold. And you still have my panties."

I obeyed his instructions as I complained. How could I not?

"Uh huh," he replied, clearly not listening. "Lower one of your dress straps for me."

Click, click, click, click.

Looking around, I didn't see anyone nearby. I pulled the strap slightly down over my shoulder.

"Perfect," Bert smiled, continuing to take photos.

Click, click, click, click.

I began to fantasize about our intimate shoots as Bert photographed me. All of a sudden, I felt like I was there, on my bed, naked for him. For David.

For the world.

I remembered feeling something hard in Bert's pants one time. Was it his cock? I'd told myself it wasn't at the time, but now I wasn't sure. It must have been though. I felt it throb.

Oh, god. I'd felt Bert's penis throb against my body. I can't believe he'd wanted to just...show it to me. If I'd been a bit braver, I could have looked at it.

What was I thinking? Ew. I had to forget about his cock. I had to get his cock out of my mind. I tuned out of the past, and brought my focus back to the present.

For the next few minutes, Bert continued to issue commands. Nothing racy - turn. Pose. Move your hand. The instructions were coming so regularly, I started obeying them without question.

Click, click, click, click, click.

"Look at the camera like you want it," Bert ordered.

I wanted it. I wanted to see it.

No.

Stop that.

"Move one finger to your mouth."

As I battled my thoughts, I became Bert's puppet, instinctively following his commands. I placed

my finger on my open lips.

“Perfect,” Bert said. My heart was beating out of my chest.

Click, click, click, click.

The lens was right in my face. It was hard to see anything other than the camera, and my friend behind it.

I could still ask for it. He’d gladly show me his cock. All I had to do was ask.

“Other hand on your rear,” he instructed.

I nodded and grabbed my butt. People were starting to appear one by one, staring at us.

Staring at me.

“Stick your tongue out a little.”

I seductively posed for the camera with my tongue out, playing to the crowd. Playing to the camera.

“Move your hands above your head.”

Click, click, click, click.

I obeyed, pushing out my chest as I stretched. My chest was warm. My everything was warm.

“No,” Bert murmured, shaking his head, slightly irritated. “Not quite like that.”

“Mmmkay,” I purred. “Like how?”

Bert dropped the camera, allowing it to dangle around his neck. He stepped forward, grabbing my wrists, pressing them against the wall.

“Like this,” he said gently.

Time stood still as he stood over me, dominating my petite form. His hands, constraining me. A camera dangling between us, enough to make me feel like we weren’t touching.

He stared into my eyes intensely, his face inches from mine. If he were to lean forward, even slightly, our lips would meet.

If I were to lean forward, we would kiss. Again.

My chest expanded as I took deep breaths as he held my wrists against the wall. I was completely frozen, unable to move, uncontrollably turned on from being Bert’s puppet, that he could manipulate me even in public. I felt the lens brush against one of my nipples and I

trembled.

“Good girl,” Bert softly murmured. You could have cut the tension with a knife.

All of a sudden, he let go of my wrists, stepped back, and continued taking photos.

Click, click, click.

Looking around, I suddenly realized how many people were watching us, how many people had come for the show.

He’d done it again. He’d cast his spell on me with that stupid camera; I was posing in public for Bert, my erect nipples poking through my dress, seductively posing for everyone who came to see a movie but got much more for the price of their ticket.

“Aren’t we going to miss the trailers?” I asked breathily.

“Oh shit,” Bert said, breaking the spell. “Good call.”

He grabbed my hand, pulling me into the theater. Bert had a firm grasp on me as he guided me through the crowd that had formed around us.

Around me.

We made it into the film just in time, and sat next to each other at the back, where no one could see us. The ad to disable electronic devices appeared onscreen, and Bert pulled out his cell phone.

My eyes were drawn like moths to the bright light coming from his screen, and I caught a glimpse of an image before he pushed the home button and it suddenly disappeared.

It barely registered to my brain what I saw. It looked like a...a dick? But why would he be looking at dicks? Last time I checked, Bert was very much into women.

Oh, god. Could it be...he mentioned that...oh my god. No! He wanted to show it to me. He asked earlier, if I’d look at a picture of his dick. He probably had it open, ready, and forgot about it.

It wasn’t just *a* dick, it was...

I’d seen Bert’s dick, oh so briefly. Not long enough to see it clearly, but for just long enough to stoke my imagination.

I’d seen his dick. It had happened. I’d seen Bert’s dick.

I would have been mad at him if it hadn’t been an accident. Yeah. There was no way he’d done that on purpose, right? He wouldn’t have navigated away so quickly if he’d really wanted me to see it. It wasn’t Bert’s fault, it was mine; I’d invaded his privacy. I’d peeked at his prick.

It looked huge, didn't it? No, that was probably just the angle. It just looked big because he'd taken a close-up. Probably with one of his mega-telescoping lenses or something like that. But was that his hand at the base? If it was, that meant he was even bigger than-...no. Stop. Why was I even thinking about his size?

I tried to act natural, like I hadn't even noticed, but it was in my head and I didn't know how to get it out. It was so big, I couldn't shift it if I tried. I felt like I'd just gotten *Fight Clubbed*, seeing that penis for a single frame, not enough to make out what it really looked like, more than enough to make me unconsciously hungry for it.

When we'd sat down, Bert had lifted the armrest between us. Old habit, I guess - we'd watched so many movies together over the years as kids, always leaning on each other as we did. On couches, at the cinema; we hadn't gone out to see a movie in years, but it made total sense for him to expect things to be the same.

After all, nothing *had* changed. We were still friends. Just...friends who sometimes saw each other naked.

And there was nothing weird about that.

No, we weren't friends who *saw each other* naked. Bert had seen me naked, sure, but it was to help me out. It wasn't reciprocal. He was helping me connect with my boyfriend. With David.

Part of me wanted to pull out my phone and text David right now. *Send me a picture of your cock*. He'd done it before, but I'd never asked for it. I didn't want to be 'that kind of girl', I guess.

Now, I was hungry for it. I wanted to see David's cock. I wanted it to wash the sight of Bert's out of my mind.

But we were at the cinema, and I knew Bert would disapprove if I started texting, even during the trailers. And I didn't want that. I wanted Bert's approval.

Just like he wanted mine. No wonder he'd thought of me, to show his pic too. And I'd rejected him, for no reason.

No. For lots of good, sensible reasons.

I couldn't.

I couldn't.

Bert leaned over, his bare legs touching mine. His hand was leaning on his leg; his fingers casually brushed against my hand.

"Psst," he whispered. There was no one close enough to hear us, but he leaned in close anyway. "Want a drink? I snuck a little whiskey in."

I glanced down, trying desperately to look anywhere but the front of his cargo shorts. Trying not to look at what I'd just inadvertently seen a picture of. In his hand there were two small bottles, the kind you'd find in a mini-bar. He pressed one into my hand, and took a swig of the other.

I knew it was a bad idea to drink in my already-aroused, tipsy state, but I felt like only alcohol could make me forget that image. Taking the whiskey, I downed it as fast as I could - I don't like the taste of hard liquor, and a sour look appeared on my face as I fought the unpleasant aftertaste.

"Okay," I gagged. "...that was awful."

"Shhh," Bert whispered, his eyes fixed to the screen as the new Marvel trailer played. As if to silence me, his hand moved to my knee and squeezed it once.

"You gonna shush me all night?" I whispered playfully. "You know that I love talking during movies."

"Shh," Bert repeated, throwing me a grin and squeezing my knee once more. His hand didn't leave my leg - it sat there, almost possessively. Like he owned me.

Like I was his.

We were sitting in public, me barely clothed, Bert's hand openly resting on my leg. My mind flashed back to outside the cinema, Bert holding my arms above my head while everyone watched.

"Men and their superhero movies..." I muttered, rolling my eyes. Men and their—as I glanced at Bert's firm hand grasping my fragile leg, the image of that same hand around his cock flashed into my eyes for a split second – dicks.

Bert's dick.

As the trailers rolled on, Bert's hand never left my leg.

I raised my eyebrows as the movie began. I'd let Bert do all the planning for our date; I'd been so distracted, I'd never even asked what film we were going to see.

"Dark Lenses?" I whispered as the title came up. "Bert, is this a film about taking photos?"

"It seemed appropriate," he said with a grin.

The movie began. It was a horror film about a cursed camera slowly destroying the life of its owner. At the first jump scare, Bert's hand gripped my leg, then relaxed.

"Wow," I teased. "And I thought I was the scaredy-cat."

"Shhh," he said again. One of his fingers casually started stroking the side of my knee. When I glanced over, he seemed to be wholly focused on the film. He must have been doing it without

noticing.

I returned my attention to the film. The main character was taking some holiday snaps with the old, dusty camera he'd found at the creepy curio stall.

Click, click, click, click.

The sound made me feel strangely light-headed, and it took me a moment to remember what was bothering me.

“Ummm...you know that's not your leg, right?” I whispered.

“Shhh,” Bert replied, clearly not listening. His hand moved up my leg slightly. Before I could say anything, he jumped again at the film.

“She was in *Game of Thrones*,” he whispered, pointing at the screen with his other hand, clearly trying to cover his embarrassment over being so scared by the film.

“Oh, so you've seen her naked too?” I joke, trying to alleviate the tension. Bert grabbing my leg was making me uncomfortable.

Uncomfortably turned on.

“Haha, yeah. Me and the rest of the internet.”

The whole internet had seen her naked.

The thought made me swoon.

His finger resumed stroking - no longer my knee, it moved to the inside of my thigh. He started tracing patterns, something I'd seen his lithe fingers do a thousand times before. It was just what his hands did when they were resting. Surely it didn't mean anything.

“I hope the ‘rest of the internet’ part only referred to her,” I chuckled nervously as I squirmed beneath Bert's touch.

“Uh huh.” His attention had clearly been swallowed once more by the film.

I bit my lip as I succumbed to the pleasures of Bert's stroking. Goosebumps formed all over my legs - I tried to watch the film, but my focus was entirely on his finger, making circles on my skin.

Click, click, click, click.

As the fictional photographer took happy - soon to be very *unhappy* - snaps on vacation, I glanced over at Bert's face. He was completely immersed in the film. There was no way he knew what he was doing. He had no idea how this was making me feel. He couldn't feel the goosebumps, right?

No, he must have been able to feel my skin rippling. But he must have thought it was because of the scary parts of the film. He mustn't have had any idea I was getting turned on.

There was no way he knew how wet my pussy was getting.

Click, click, click.

As if encouraged by my skin's reaction, the next time Bert reacted to the film, his hand moved another inch up my thigh, right to the hem of my dress.

His action made me moan, ever so quietly. No one would have been able to hear, except the movie fell completely silent that exact second, as a lead-up to a big scare.

“Shhh!”

That confirmed it for me - there was no way Bert knew the effect his wandering finger was having on me. As far as he was concerned, he was simply watching a film with a friend. Why would he assume that I was almost dripping with arousal as he casually stroked my skin?

We were just friends. Nothing more.

Friends who sometimes saw each other naked.

BOOM.

The big scare arrived, an explosion which lit up the entire theater. I could see that Bert's other hand was resting in his lap - I couldn't help but wonder if it was grabbing a bulge through his ever-present shorts.

He flailed slightly as he jumped; I couldn't believe how sucked into the film he was getting. Bert's always loved horror, but even so he seemed particularly absorbed. Maybe he saw himself in the photographer character?

Click, click, click.

When Bert's limbs settled again, his hand was so close to my bare pussy, I'd bet he could have felt the heat emanating from it. His finger settled, no longer moving - his hand was just resting between my legs.

Up my dress.

My heart was pounding at the suspense. Not the suspense from the movie, but from Bert's fingers resting so close to my wet pussy. My wet pussy that wanted to be touched so bad. I was feeling dizzy from the alcohol and I couldn't think clearly. Why was this happening? Why was I letting him do this? I couldn't even blame the camera this time.

As the film continued, Bert's fingers began to twitch at the action beats. Not stroking, not tracing

patterns, not playing - just moving slightly, as though they were directly wired to his heartbeat.

BOOM.

Another explosion lit up the screen, and Bert's digits curled at the noise and the excitement, brushing over my wet pussy-lips as they did.

This wasn't the first time he'd touched my bare wetness.

"Ahhh," I moaned out loud, twitching from the sudden contact. It almost sounded like a moan of shock, a natural reaction to the suspenseful movie.

Almost.

But I could hear the sexual undertone of pleasure, and I knew how obvious it must have been to other people as well. There was a man sitting two rows in front of it; he'd heard me. I knew he had. But did he suspect anything?

"Shhh," Bert whispered gently, not even looking in my direction. Where earlier he'd squeezed my knee to remind me to be quiet, now his fingers ran up and down my engorged lips. When his shushing stopped, the motion of his fingers didn't.

The movie calmed down, and everything grew quiet. The photographer was talking to the police, explaining that he didn't know why these things were happening, that it was outside of his control. They didn't believe him.

We were sitting in the cinema, watching the film, Bert's fingers casually running up and down my bare slit. I didn't know why these things were happening. I tried to tell myself that they were outside of my control.

I didn't believe me.

There was no way this wasn't on purpose. He was touching my pussy, and I was letting him. I was letting my friend casually pleasure me in a public place while my boyfriend was far away on another continent.

This was so wrong. I shouldn't let him do this to me. I should have told him to stop.

I mustered all my strength, but all that came out was a weak whisper. "D-don't..."

"A," Bert said, turning to face me, his eyes burning into mine. "We're in a cinema. If you don't stop talking, I'm going to have to gag you."

I nodded obediently, trying my best to hold back a moan at the thought.

I wanted to be gagged.

I wanted Bert to gag me.

As if to prove my friend's point, the man sitting in front of us turned around. "Shhh," he instructed, irately.

I saw his eyes flick down for a second. Oh no. Did he...could he see Bert's hand up my dress? From that angle, I wasn't sure. What if he had just used the shushing as an excuse to turn around, to prove his suspicions? Oh, god. He must have seen my face. Not only was I being touched in public, but there were eye and ear witnesses...fuck.

Why was this turning me on so much? I had to stop him. I had to...

"Mmmm," I moaned again, as Bert's finger brushed across my engorged clit.

I didn't want him to stop.

"Seriously, A," Bert said, and I fell silent. On the screen, the police had convinced the photographer to show them what he was talking about, to take their photos, to prove nothing would go wrong.

He did.

Click, click, click, click.

As the photographer sealed the police officers' doom, Bert's fingers grew more bold, probing my wetness more as he watched the film. Two fingers slowly slid into me. His thumb found my clit and began lightly applying pressure. Even when Bert was rubbing me on the bed, he'd never gone this far, had he? Everything was so hazy. It was so hard to focus.

The movie fell silent, and I could hear the sound of Bert's fingers going in and out, repeatedly penetrating me. It almost reminded me of his camera's shutter. *Slick, slick, slick, slick.*

My body began to writhe as Bert pleased me. I tried to hold back a moan, but I couldn't. I was completely out of control. My eyes fixed on the man sitting in front of us. Oh, god. He could totally hear what was going on, I just knew it. He could hear the hot girl being finger-fucked right behind him.

The screen was dark as the photographer developed the latest batch of photos, but by squinting, I could just barely make out the silhouette of the stranger sitting in front of us. Was his right shoulder moving rhythmically, or was it all in my head? Was he jerking off to this, or was my imagination getting the better of me?

Slick, slick, slick, slick.

For the next few minutes, we sat cuddled up, both of staring forward (Bert at the film, me at a fellow movie-goer) as Bert repeatedly penetrated me with two fingers, his thumb circling my clit, stimulating me as he had in my bedroom.

My moans grew louder and louder as I neared orgasm, but the movie was picking up and covering the sounds of my arousal, at least some of the time. On-screen, the police were all dead,

and the photographer was running for his life - dramatic music played, its beat pulsing through my body as I grew more and more aroused.

To protect himself, the photographer began taking photos of the soldiers who were chasing him.

Click, click, slick, click, click, click.

Bert leaned in, and whispered directly into my ear. "Cum for me," he hissed. "Cum for me, now."

My screams echoed through the auditorium, mixing with the death wails of the soldiers.

"Ahhhh ahhh ahhhhhh!"

My body vehemently twitched in the seat, and my half-closed eyes saw the man in front spasming too. Did he just cum? Did he just cum to the sounds of me cumming? Or did I mistake my own frantic motion for his body also shaking?

My mind went completely blank as I collapsed into Bert's embrace. Was that cum I could smell, or was my sex-starved brain just imagining it, craving it?

Did I just make a stranger cum? Or did I only *want* to?

The last of the soldiers died, and I could feel my own sanity slowly returning. Oh, god. How loud was I? How many people overheard that?

I sank down in my seat, not wanting to be seen if anyone were to look back.

"Good girl," Bert whispered, slowly withdrawing his hand from my wetness. He moved it to my mouth, and let me suckle on my own juices as we watch the rest of the movie, cuddled up like we used to when we were kids.

Cuddled up like we were a couple.

As the lights came up at the end of the film, the man two rows ahead of us shot me a glance as he left. I was still suckling on Bert's fingers, despite having long cleaned them of my juices.

Fuck. There was now a definite eyewitness to my unfaithfulness.

Was there a stain on the seat in front of where he was sitting, or was I imagining things? My pussy throbbed at the thought.

At the end of the credits (Bert, of course, always stayed until the very end), he removed his fingers and glanced at me. "Wow," he said. "What'd you think? I would never have guessed that she was also the professor from the start."

"I never would have guessed that either," I replied, still breathing erratically.

"What a twist!" Bert said, referencing an old episode of *Robot Chicken*. "I bet you're glad I'm

not *that* kind of camera.”

“Uh huh,” I said.

“I’m much safer. The B.E.R.T. 7. No curse on me!”

“I’m not so sure about that,” I mumbled with a smile, not quite together to construct a proper joke in response.

“And hey, I’m sorry about earlier.”

“What do you mean?”

“When I asked you to look at a picture of my dick. That wasn’t cool - I see that now. Sorry if it offended you.”

“No,” I said, blushing red. “I...I don’t mind.”

Bert looked at me, eyes narrowed.

“Seriously?”

“Seriously,” I echo back. “It’s fine..”

“Wow,” he said, eyebrows raised. “I wasn’t expecting that.”

I gave a half-smile as I shrugged. After what had just happened, it wasn’t like I was going to be mad at him for asking a question, right?

A beeping went off from one of Bert’s many pockets, and he pulled out his phone. I wish I could say that I hadn’t craned my neck, trying to see what was on-screen...but that would be a lie.

“Ah, shit,” he said, rolling his eyes. “That’s my housemate - he’s locked out. I gotta jog.”

“No problem,” I replied with a smile.

“Let’s take some more pictures for David later this week, okay? I’m free Saturday night. And hey, seriously - thanks again.”

I just nodded and smiled - I had no idea what he was thanking me for. My head was still spinning from the booze, the movie...the orgasm. He gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and headed away.

The moment he left the cinema, I realized that I’d forgotten to ask for my panties back. I’d have to ride the subway home, pantiless and braless.

Leaving the theater felt like a walk of shame. I held my head down as I slowly marched through the crossfire of gazes. Did they know I was the girl who came screaming, climaxing during the climax? They can’t have seen me, but they see a girl with messy sex hair in a revealing slutty

dress walk by, and they can guess it. They can guess it must have been me.

Fuck.

I was so preoccupied with what everyone must have thought of me, I forgot I wasn't wearing panties. Boarding the subway, I sat down carelessly, facing a bunch of teenagers playing with their phones.

It was several stops before I noticed they were holding their cellphones in a different angle than when I got on. Their cameras were aimed at my...pussy.

Were they taking pictures?

Oh my god. They could totally see my pussy. Everyone could see my pussy, and these teenagers were recording it on their phones. My face went dark with shame.

I wanted to cross my legs, but I imagined the shutter sound effects that their phones would have been making if they weren't muted.

Click, click, click, click.

My muscles didn't respond. My body refused to obey me. Instead, my legs opened a little bit more.

What was I doing?

Was I...enjoying this?

I was so drunk, I'd lost all control. I was so drunk, I was giving a bunch of teenagers full view of my pussy. And letting them record it. I was letting them take pictures of my exposed flesh along with my face. This was all going to end up on the internet, where everyone could see. Where David could see it.

What was I doing?

I was soooo sex-starved, I couldn't even think straight anymore. I needed my boyfriend. I needed David, so he could fuck me, so he could fuck this uncontrollable sluttiness out of me. I needed to be fucked. I wanted to be fucked. I wanted a penis. A beautiful erect cock. Bert's beautiful erect cock. Fuck.

Click, click, click, click.

The subway car stopped. It was my stop. I got up, and as soon as my phone had reception again, it pinged.

It was a message from Bert. "Thanks again, A" it read. "I really appreciate this."

Confused, I clicked onto the image.

It was a cock.

Bert's cock.

Bert's beautiful, erect cock.

My eyes widened as I realized how he must have interpreted my parting words. He thought I was saying it was okay to...that I'd said he could...

I stood in the middle of the street, staring at the picture of Bert's cock, the picture I'd only gotten a glimpse of earlier.

It was everything I'd hoped it would be, and more.

Someone bumped into me, knocking me over, breaking the spell. I picked up my phone, rushed home, and fucked myself with my vibrator to a second orgasm, staring at the picture Bert had sent, imagining my toy was a real penis inside me.

Bert's penis.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 8

Last night was great. See you Saturday!

-B

I woke up the next morning, hungover and confused.

Confused about why I was so sore, until I glanced over and saw my toy, staring accusingly back at me.

Oh, god.

I'd cum until I passed out. And I hadn't just rubbed my toy across my clit.

I'd fucked it.

I'd fucked my toy like it was a cock.

My eyes widened.

I'd fucked my toy like it was *Bert's* cock.

My mind began spinning as the events of the previous night came back to me.

Bert made me cum. Again. He had his fingers...inside me. Oh, god.

He fingered me. In *public*. He'd said he wouldn't touch me unless I asked him to.

That had been a lie.

My heart was racing, and I forced myself to stop and took a deep breath, to remember exactly what had happened. I remembered the photo shoot, the film, the sound of the camera on-screen.

Click, click, click.

The memory of the sound soothed me, and I began to calm down.

Had it been a lie? Or had I...encouraged him?

I'd moaned - he must have thought that was a green light. He said he wouldn't touch me unless I asked, and my body had asked.

My body had *screamed* yes.

He must have thought that I'd wanted it, and...well, he hadn't been wrong.

It was my fault. It was all my fault. Bert couldn't help it. He couldn't help it when he saw me enjoying it.

He'd just wanted to see a movie, and I'd forced myself onto him with my sexy moaning and bare thighs and wet pussy. When had I become such a slut?

There was no way I was meeting him in public again. I couldn't. I couldn't trust him.

I couldn't trust myself.

And there was no way I was letting him do that to me again. Letting him finger me to orgasm, in the absence of my boyfriend. Letting him make me cum with his hands, until my every muscle was clenching, until he brought me the release that I so desperately wanted.

Oh, god. It had just felt so amazing, to finally have someone inside me.

That was it. That was all it was. I was sex-starved. It was just a natural reaction to missing my boyfriend.

But I couldn't let Bert be a substitute. It was wrong. Next time, I'd make sure things didn't escalate like they did last night.

Next time I wouldn't drink. Next time I wouldn't look at his...penis.

Next time.

Penis.

As if I didn't have control over my own hands, they pulled out my phone. They pulled up the image of Bert's penis. Bert's huge, glorious cock.

As if they weren't mine to command, they loaded the picture and moved between my legs.

I was already wet.

I stroked myself with one hand, the other in my mouth, suckling on my fingers as I'd sucked on Bert's the previous night. Within ten minutes, I was cumming, hitting a glorious climax as I remembered Bert's fingers inside me, hitting my sweet spot, expertly stroking me. Getting me off, as he'd done before.

As I knew he could never do again.

After I came, I felt like my mind was cleared. I was full of regrets, but thinking clear. I decided I wasn't going to be a pushover any more. The next time we met, I had to make sure that Bert understood - this couldn't go on. He'd been turning me into a slut since my boyfriend left...and it was starting to be about more than just the cheating.

I had my reputation to protect. I'd cum in public - in a fucking cinema, overheard by so many people. Some of them had even seen my face.

And then I'd spread my legs on the subway to a bunch of horny teenagers - they'd taken photos of me.

Of my pussy.

If those pictures ever ended up on the internet, my life was over. So many strangers, staring at my exposed pussy, seeing what I was wearing.

Seeing what a slut I was.

I moaned around my fingers, and a few minutes later was cumming again imagining it.

We had to stop. We had to stop, before Bert made me do something I'd really regret.

We had to stop, before Bert drove me completely crazy.

###

I spent the days between the movie and Saturday scouring upskirt shots, constantly refreshing the 'exposed in public' subreddits.

To my great relief, my photos never surfaced. No one would know what a slut I was.

No matter how often I got off imagining it.

“Hey A,” Bert called from outside my door, right on time. “You ready to take some shots?”

Fully dressed, I let my friend in. “Hey B,” I said. “Before we get down to it...”

I stopped, blushing at my choice of words. ‘Get down to it’? What was I saying?

We had to end things. We had to stop what we were doing. I had to stop letting Bert use my body, photograph me. No matter how much I craved it, I knew we had to stop.

We *had* to.

“...I want to make something clear, because it seems like you’re not listening.” I’d practiced this speech a dozen times since we’d last seen each other. It was important that my words landed. “You say you do, but then...”

I trailed off. Bert was staring me straight in the eyes, distracting me. Had he always had such a... dominating presence? How had I never noticed before?

“Then what?” he asked, a guileless smile on his face.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Come on, Amanda. You can do this. Just like we rehearsed.

“...the stuff we...the stuff that you did to me in the cinema. Having your fingers inside me. That can’t...we can’t do that. We have to stop with that. No matter what kinds of signs you think I’m giving. Even if I was begging for it, you shouldn’t believe me.”

Begging for it. God, I sounded like such a desperate slut.

A desperate, horny slut.

“It was just the alcohol,” I said, noticing that my breathing had gotten ragged. “The alcohol...and David’s been gone for so long.”

“Oh yes,” Bert said, his lips thin. He shook his head, a slight movement, like a disapproving principal. “Yeah, that was a bad idea. I think we both had a little too much to drink - let’s make sure not to do that again, okay?”

“If you’re a true friend,” I continued, “you won’t take advantage.” It was a struggle to maintain eye-contact, but I managed. My words were calm and confident, even as my body shook. Why was this so hard?

“Of course,” Bert nodded, staring coolly back at me. “Next time we see a movie, let’s be more careful, okay?”

“How about let’s be more careful *all* the time?” I asked, hoping desperately that I didn’t sound

like a petulant child.

Desperate.

Desperate, horny slut.

“Absolutely,” Bert replied, then shot me a grin. “The film was pretty good though, wasn’t it? I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it.”

I hadn’t been able to stop thinking about that night either, but the movie was the last thing on my mind.

“Do you understand?”

“Of course,” Bert replied smoothly, pulling his camera out of one of his many pockets.

“Okay,” I said. I’d finished my speech. Now if he ignored me, I’d know that it wasn’t my fault. I’d made myself very clear - Bert couldn’t touch me again.

Bert couldn’t make me cum.

“Thanks,” I added. After all, he was still my best friend.

“No problem,” he said. “Now, are you ready to take some pictures for David?”

My eyes widened. These photo sessions always went the same way. Me, naked, cumming for Bert.

Cumming as he photographed me.

“Okay,” I said, a quaver in my voice. “But...just photos, okay? Nothing else.”

“Of course,” Bert said casually, “I had an idea for a photoshoot that I know David’s going to love. I know you two must be missing each other like crazy.”

“Yeah?” I asked, blushing at the sound of excitement in my voice.

He screwed the lens onto his camera, and held it to his eye. “Smile!”

I rolled my eyes. At least, I meant to roll my eyes.

Instead, my instincts took over, and I shot my friend my most winning smile.

Click.

“So you mentioned how much you miss fucking David,” Bert said. Did I?

I guess I must have. Sometimes it felt like that was all I thought about. Fucking David. Missing

David. David's cock.

Cock.

Other cocks...

"I thought we could do a shoot where you're on top, like you're riding him from above. He'll go wild for it."

He wasn't wrong. I knew David would *love* that.

"Umm...without you touching me, right?"

Bert lowered his camera and looked me in the eye.

"Of course!"

He glanced up and down at what I was wearing.

"For it to work, I think you'd have to be wearing a skirt. Show me what you've got."

His voice was suddenly professional, commanding. Full of authority.

I obeyed.

"Alright," I said, once I'd pulled out a few skirts and laid them on the bed. "You like any of these?"

He glanced at them appraisingly. "Hmmm...I'd have to see them on."

I hesitated. Bert was sitting at my desk, playing with his camera. He didn't...did he expect me to change for him?

Click.

He took a photo of the wall, just to test the lighting or whatever, but the sound bounced through my head, making me feel better about his request.

So what if I changed for him? Nothing he hadn't already seen, right? Nothing he didn't already have tons of pictures of.

"Umm...okay," I said with a swallow. "Which one should I start with?"

He pointed at the blue one, sitting at the end of the bed. "Let's start there and go down the line. I'll take some pics of you in each one, see which works best for the camera."

"Sure," I replied. I unbuttoned my shorts and pulled them down to reveal my blue cotton panties.

Bert moved his camera to his eye. *Click, click, click.*

As I turned to fetch the first skirt, I turned my back to him.

Click, click, click.

I couldn't help but shake my butt teasingly as I took two steps towards the bed.

Click, click.

I mean, there was no harm in teasing. It was just Bert. He'd agreed not to touch me.

Click.

Might as well give him something to look at, as a consolation prize. I put the blue skirt on - it was a longer, loose circle skirt. Bert took some pictures.

"Not bad," he mused between snaps. "Do a spin?"

I spun for Bert. My skirt lifted, but not high enough to reveal anything. I couldn't help but smile at how cute I knew I looked.

"Hmmm, I don't think so," he said dismissively. There was a note of boredom in his voice.

"What else have you got?"

I unzipped the skirt and bent over to pull it down.

Click.

The next option was a shorter, very tight black pencil skirt. It highlighted my ass, while still giving me a proper, office-y look.

David had told me many times that I looked like a sexy secretary in it.

"Oooh," Bert said as I pulled the skirt up my exposed legs. "This is nice."

He continued near-constantly taking photos as I dressed and undressed. The clicking had become such a background noise, I barely even noticed it any more.

Click, click, click, click, click.

I was vaguely aware that my clit was thrumming to the sound of the camera's small, rhythmic sounds.

"Can you even move your legs in that thing?" *Click, click.*

"Barely," I replied as I took small steps around the room, swaying my ass left and right.

"This would look great with stockings," Bert mused as he photographed me. *Click, click, click,*

click.

He was right. This skirt would look great in stockings.

Click.

A lot of the upskirt photos I'd looked through were of women in stockings.

Click.

I looked great in stockings.

“Uh huh,” I panted, suddenly breathless.

“But I don't think it's going to work for this,” he replied, a disappointed tone in his voice. “Let's try the next one.”

Slowly sliding the pencil skirt down my legs, I stripped for the camera. For Bert.

Click, click, click, click.

As I picked up the next one, my eyes widened. I'd accidentally pulled out a miniskirt David bought me for...home use. It was way too short to wear in public, but whenever David would see me wearing it...well, we'd both sleep *very* well that night.

God I missed him.

“Umm...I don't know how this got here,” I stammered, throwing it to the side and reaching for the next one.

“Hang on,” Bert interrupted. “Let's see what it looks like.”

“Uhhh...this is not...it was just a stupid present from David. I don't actually wear that one.”

My friend raised one eyebrow, a skill I've always been jealous of. The clicking of the camera briefly stopped, and my mind suddenly felt clearer. My body was still flushed and warm, but I felt like I was having a brief moment of clarity - an island of lucidity in the fog of lust that I've been in since Bert got here.

Since our date.

“A, what do you think we're doing here? This is *all* a fun present for David. Think about it - he's going to love it.”

“But...”

Bert stared me down, his gaze cool and piercing. I suddenly realized that I was standing in front of him wearing nothing but a white tank-top and a pair of blue panties. Why was I so exposed for

my friend?

Wasn't the plan to tell him things had to stop, that we had to slow down?

"But..."

Bert's eyes narrowed. "Put the skirt on," he said in a low voice. "That's an order."

I wanted to tell him exactly where he could stick his 'order', that we were friends, that I wasn't a toy for him to pose and photograph. But before I could, an image flashed through my head of what the photos would look like, of how David would react. He'd be so grateful.

I'd look so hot.

Click.

I blinked twice. Why was I fighting this so hard? He was absolutely right - David had already seen me in this skirt, dozens of times. And Bert...well, he'd seen me without it, so it's not like I'd be showing anything he hadn't already seen.

Fuck it.

I picked up the skirt and put it on. Half my ass was visible without even lifting it up - it was pretty easy to look under, it was so loose.

"Yessss," Bert hissed. "That's perfect."

I nodded, flushing slightly at his words. Bert moved the camera back to his eye.

Click.

"Okay," Bert said authoritatively. "Let's move to the bed."

I scampered to obey before I could even process the request. Bert unscrewed the lens he'd been taking pictures with, switching it out for a shorter, stubbier lens.

As my friend's attention shifted to his camera, the bubble of clarity returned. I suddenly felt uncomfortable - hadn't I sworn that I was going to be less of a pushover? Yet here I was, jumping to obey his every command.

A wave of self-consciousness crossed my body, and I tried to adjust my skirt, pulling it down to cover more skin. In my haze, I ended up clumsily lifting it slightly instead.

Click.

A warm wave passed over my body as Bert took a photo of me lifting the skirt for him.

"Let's do this," he said, and I nodded, and pushed the other skirts to the floor. Now it was just me

on the bed, wearing a white tanktop, a black miniskirt, and a pair of blue panties.

“So how did you imagine this?” I asked, a mixture of worry and excitement in my voice.

“I thought it’d be fun to get some photos from below,” Bert said. “Some POV shots - that’s point of view - with the camera as David’s POV.”

He tilted his head to the side and examined the bed. “I guess I’ll have to lie down, and have you sit on top of me.”

Bert leaned over, and started to take off his shoes. He’d never taken any clothing off in my bedroom before.

“Ummm...can’t you just put the camera, like, under me?” I asked, as Bert untied his laces. “So you don’t have to...touch me.”

Touch me.

“The viewfinder is on the back,” he explained, removing his second shoe. “I need to be able to look through it, otherwise the pictures are going to come out all blurry. We don’t want that, do we?”

“I guess not. But...”

“It’s okay, A. I’m not really touching you,” Bert said softly. “It’s more like you’re using me as furniture.”

My mouth twisted as I considered his words. He was right, sort of. It’s not like we were ‘touching’ the bed.

Before I could respond, he grabbed me by the waist and moved me to the side of the bed, laying down beside me. My skin grew warm at his touch, and I glanced at Bert’s lap.

It was going to be totally weird to sit on him. Somewhere there...there was his penis.

The penis I had a photo of on my phone. A photo I’d looked at as I’d gotten myself off, again and again...

As Bert lay down, I scanned his body, my eyes unable to stop being draw to his crotch.

To his cock.

“Is it okay if I sit higher?” I finally croaked, trying desperately to keep away from his cock.

His cock.

“Like, on your stomach?”

“For sure,” Bert said with a grin, lifting his shirt to reveal his stomach. “My six-pack can handle

that.”

I laughed, immediately feeling better. This wasn't some sexual pervert - it was my best friend, Bert. We'd known each other forever. He was just looking out for me, helping me with my relationship.

“Been hitting the gym?” I teased.

Bert wasn't overweight, but he was nowhere near a six-pack. Unlike David.

He was also hairier than David, but in a manly way. I couldn't help but spend a second staring at his abs, comparing them to my boyfriend, before I realized what I was doing and a nervous chuckle left my mouth.

“Uh huh,” he said, poking his tongue out. I doubted Bert had ever lifted a weight in his life.

“Well, your shirt can stay on, thank you.” I said with a smile.

“Sure thing,” he replied with a grunt, lowering his shirt and settling into a comfortable position. “Okay, A - Let's do this.”

He raised his camera to his eye.

Click.

I carefully moved my legs along Bert's prone form. As I did, he took a quick snap of my panties.

Click.

I couldn't see the pic, but I'd spent so much time over the last few days looking at photos taken from similar angles, I could imagine it. My skirt, lifted by my legs in motion. The blue cloth, stretched across my freshly-shaved pussy. There would probably be a wet spot visible.

A large one.

Bert's body would probably be visible too, between my legs. His distinctive cargo pants. His hairy legs - he's hairy everywhere.

If anyone ever saw that picture, they'd know what we'd done, what we were doing. They'd see my barely-concealed pussy and my best friend's legs in the same shot.

They'd see how wet he made me.

For the second time since Bert came over, I bit back a soft moan and settled down, my ass resting on Bert's tummy. His stomach wasn't as hard as my boyfriends, which kinda made it more comfortable to sit on.

“Are you good?” Bert asked, and I nodded. My bare legs were in direct contact with his clothing.

“It’s not bad,” I said, moving my butt as I adjusted, rubbing it on Bert’s stomach. “If this whole photographer thing doesn’t pan out for you, you’d probably be able to find a career as a professional chair.”

Bert chuckled.

“You ready to be a star?” he asked, lifting the camera to his eye.

Click, click, click, click.

“Uh huh,” I said. The words came out in a soft moan.

Bert began photographing me, giving gentle instructions as he did. Move my hair behind my ear. Stare down at the camera. Put one hand on my neck.

Unlike previous sessions, he wasn’t able to circle me as he took photos. The camera was in a single spot, staring unceasingly at me.

Click, click, click, click.

I slowly loosened up, beginning to act more teasingly. I could tell that sparkle was entering my eye, the one that comes out when I’m turned on. As I took different poses, my butt regularly shifted, rubbing against Bert as it did. His shirt began to ride up, and I could feel his skin making contact with my bare legs, my thighs.

“Lean forward,” Bert instructed. “Show off your cleavage.”

I obeyed slightly *too* enthusiastically, and suddenly found myself at an angle where I couldn’t hold myself up. I managed to break my fall by putting my hand out, my palm landing on Bert’s chest.

“Sorry,” I smiled, blushing a little. My head was just a few inches from his face, my breasts - in my white tank top - slightly touching Bert’s chest.

“That looks great,” Bert said, taking a multitude of shots. *Click, click, click, click.* “But can you do it without falling over? Scoot back.”

Pushing myself back up, I shifted back a little. As I stared at the camera, I suddenly realized I was sitting on my friend’s pelvis now, just a couple of inches from his crotch.

“I’d have to support myself with my hand,” I whispered nervously, leaving my palm on his chest.

Bert shook his head. “I want both your arms in this shot.”

“Um...”

“Can I hold you up?” he asked.

I'd told myself no touching, but this was different. Right? There was no other way to get the shot...and he'd asked permission.

Yeah. This was different.

"Sure," I sighed.

Bert reached up and placed his hand on my sternum, holding me up. "Is that comfortable?"

"Ummm..."

His hand was touching my breast from below, but just slightly enough that it didn't feel intentional.

Click.

"That's fine," I said, chewing my lip. It wasn't like he was groping my tits; one of them was just sort of resting on him. It wasn't touching, it was furniture. We weren't crossing a line, not really. "What do you want me to do with my hands?"

"Both behind your head, for now. Like you're flaunting your body for David - really showing it off."

Click, click, click.

"Okay," I replied, sinking my fingers into my hair, pushing it up while my body stretched.

"Great. Now, keep your right hand behind your head and stroke your neck with your left."

Bert's hand felt like it was so close to my breasts. My heartbeats became more rapid.

"I want you to visualize David watching these photos. Imagine him stroking himself - picture his hand wrapped around his cock. Can you see it?"

I closed my eyes and breathed in deeply. As I exhaled, my breasts were lowered, and one of them ended up resting against the back of Bert's hand once more. "Mmmkay."

"Picture yourself on your knees in front of him, moving his cock into your mouth. Put two fingers in your mouth for me."

Click, click, click.

Although my eyes were closed, it wasn't hard to picture the camera shutter snapping closed, over and over again. Snapping pictures of me, thinking dirty thoughts.

Capturing images of me in my most intimate moments.

"Are you imagining it?"

I tried to picture David's cock, but the memory was already blurry, like I couldn't even remember what it looked like, the small details fading into oblivion. As I put my fingers in my mouth, a more recent memory flashed through my head - me getting off earlier that week, remembering Bert's fingers in my mouth, staring at a picture of his cock...

Click, click, click.

Fuck.

"Scoot down a little more," Bert murmured, guiding me with his hand.

As I tried desperately to picture something sexy that *didn't* involve my childhood friend, I obeyed his command, inadvertently settling down with my pussy directly over his cock.

"Perfect," Bert said, taking a bunch of photos. "Whatever you're thinking about right now, stay focused on it. You look amazing."

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

Okay. David. Try to picture David's cock. David's cute little cock, slightly bent. Uncut. Come on. You've seen it a million times. You've seen it from every angle. Hard and flaccid. Flaccid. Yes. You remember now? You thought it looked like a dead rat when you first saw him flaccid. Nothing like the beautiful, big, erect cock you currently have on your phone. Nothing like the huge erection you've been drooling over for days, picturing as you get off.

No. Stop it. David has a pretty handsome, pretty good-sized cock. Just not when it's flaccid. So? B's probably that way too. All men are.

But I'd never seen Bert's cock flaccid. Only erect. Only a big, beautiful erection.

I barely managed to hold back a groan at the thought of it.

"Grab your breast," Bert instructed.

I obeyed without hesitation. Bert was taking rapid-fire photos of me, and I couldn't help but notice that his breathing was getting faster. Was he getting excited?

No. Bert was just a friend. He loved his craft, that was all it was.

Click, click, click, click.

"No no no," Bert muttered. The clicking stopped, and I opened my eyes to see him reach up and readjust my hand. "Like this."

As Bert shifted my hand, his fingers brushed up against my erect nipple through my shirt.

"No touching," I moaned softly.

Click.

The camera was back, photographing the shocked look on my face. I glanced down, suddenly realizing that I was sitting on something hard. Was that...?

No. It couldn't be. Bert always carries so many things in his cargo pants - it must just be something in his pockets.

But...why would the pockets be on the front? It must be...no. No, no, no. Picture David's penis. Picture David's small, hard cock. Picture it flaccid, picture it erect. Picture anything other than...

Click.

"Actually," Bert instructed with a frown, "let's lose the shirt."

"Ummm...Okay."

Click.

What was the point in fighting it? He'd seen me topless before.

He'd seen everything before.

As I took my shirt off, I wiggled around a little, moving myself back up the bed. Away from Bert's...

Further up Bert's body.

"Sit up slightly," Bert ordered. I obeyed as my shirt came off, revealing my bra.

Click.

As I sat back down again, I realized that Bert had shifted too, and I'd just sat back down onto his cock. Unable to stop myself, I let out a long but quiet moan.

Fuckkkkk. Okay. Compose yourself, Amanda.

Closing my eyes, I tried hard not to focus on Bert's hardness, but it was very hard.

"Great," he said cheerfully, his hand moving back to my sternum, his skin pressing against my bare skin. "Now, whatever you were thinking about earlier, get that back into your head. David's going to looove these pics."

Click, click, click, click.

My eyebrows shot up as I realized his cock was twitching as he photographed me. Was it twitching with every click? That couldn't be right.

Click, click, click, click.

His cock was twitching in rhythm with my clit, like they were connected.

Click, click, click, click.

The camera sound was so loud, it felt like it was filling my head. But not being able to see it allowed me to concentrate slightly more, allowed me to avoid losing myself into the lust.

As I tried to think about something - anything! - other than the cock pressing up against my panties, I realized that I couldn't. I had to say something. I had to tell Bert that I was feeling uncomfortable.

I wouldn't be pushed around.

I had to be strong.

"Umm...you have a lot of...things in your pants?" I asked, biting my lips.

Jesus, Amanda, was that the best you could do?? Play fucking dumb?!

"Always," he replied immediately. My eyes were shut, but I could picture his dumb grin perfectly. "Are they in the way?"

"Never mind," I squeaked. I was so embarrassed, I just wanted to drop the subject completely.

"Here, let me clear them out a bit."

I opened my eyes to watch Bert empty his pockets - always worth watching. I'd seen some of the items before, but some were new. A toy car. A small packet of condoms. A set of housekeys. A bottle of lube. A portable computer mouse. Some headphones. A pair of handcuffs. A stapler.

"Is that any better?"

His cock twitched as he moved the camera back to his eye.

"I..."

I could still feel it. It was definitely a penis. Unless he carried a twitching rock-hard dildo in his shorts for whatever reason.

But I couldn't say anything. What would I say?

It wasn't like he was touching me. *I* was sitting on *him*.

"It's fine," I lied, closing my eyes once more and settling back into position.

Bert's emptied pockets did actually make him more comfortable to sit on. Earlier, I could feel some of his stuff against my thighs. Now, it felt like I was right on top of David. If David was...

bigger.

No. Shut up, bad thoughts.

“Perfect,” Bert said, continuing to take photos. “Okay, let’s really take advantage of this angle. I want you to imagine that you’re fucking David, riding him from above.”

“Uh huh,” I replied reluctantly, placing my hands on Bert’s chest. The faster he got the shots, the sooner this would be over with.

That was the only reason I was obeying him. At least, that’s what I tried to tell myself.

I lifted my hips up, like I was pulling myself up off a penis, before letting myself down again slowly. Every time I landed on Bert’s crotch, I could feel his hard shaft throb against my pussy. Each time, it felt like it was larger than before, but I couldn’t tell whether that was just my mind playing tricks, or if he was really getting harder. “Am I doing okay?”

“Mmm-hmm,” Bert muttered, and I could hear him meddling with the camera’s settings. His voice was apathetic, but the throb of his penis gave me a different answer.

Finally, the beeping of menu options stopped, and I heard the sound that I hadn’t realized I was so desperately craving.

Click, click, click.

“Yes,” I moaned at the sound. I slowly began to pick up speed, pushing my wet pussy against Bert’s erection faster and faster.

To be realistic, I told myself. For the photos. For David.

It had nothing to do with the fact that my pussy craved the touch of a man’s penis. It had nothing to do with the fact that Bert’s throbbing member was making me soooooo fucking aroused.

It was entirely unrelated to how often I’d gotten myself off over the last few days, staring at Bert’s cock, imagining it inside me.

“Take off your bra,” Bert ordered hoarsely.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

My hands moved before my mind could even think it through, and the next moment I was braless.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

“Perfect,” Bert whispered. His hand was still resting on my torso, supporting me, but as I began thrusting more rapidly, it began to slide up. Soon, it was resting between my exposed breasts.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

It still wasn't touching, I told myself. It was there for support.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

Bert's hips began bucking in rhythm with mine - he was no longer a passive resting board for my gyrations, he was thrusting back.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

My clit was throbbing as I rubbed it against Bert's shorts, against Bert's cock. My entire body was throbbing at the pleasure, at the feeling of Bert's hand on my chest. This was the closest I'd been in months to getting fucked - I was riding my best friend, wearing nothing but a pair of blue panties. I was going to cum. I was going to...-

"Ouch!" I screamed, abruptly stopping my motion. My eyes opened, and I looked down to see the cause of the sudden pain. "Your zipper!"

As Bert had thrust against me, his zipper pull had twisted sideways and hit my pussy at an awkward angle through my panties. It was tiny, but I could still feel it.

Like David's cock, I thought, then frowned at the unfair thought. David wasn't small.

Just...smaller than Bert.

"Hang on," Bert said calmly. "I'll move it."

Before I could react, Bert reached down and unzipped his cargo shorts. The huge bulge that I'd been rubbing against was suddenly sticking out, stretching out his boxers. I could see the outline of his cock so clearly.

My mouth was watering.

"...are you hard?" I asked, trying to sound shocked - although it came out as breathless. Admiring.

There was no way that I go on pretending this was anything other than Bert's cock. His glorious erection. His...-

I blinked twice. Focus, A.

"Oh yeah," he said casually. "Sorry about that. It's got a mind of its own - don't take it personally."

He lifted the camera to his eye, but before he could take a picture, I held up one hand.

"I don't know," I said breathily. "This is getting weird. You said you wouldn't touch me."

I couldn't stop glancing down at it. It wasn't trick photography - it really was as large as it had been in the picture.

It was so much larger than David's.

"I'm not touching," Bert replied with a calm tone. "This is all for the photos."

"But..."

"I'm just a camera, remember? B.E.R.T. 8.0. So...just think of it as a prop. Something to make the shoot more realistic. Trust me, when you see these pics, you'll agree that it's worth it."

As he spoke, Bert grabbed my hips and slowly guided me until I was resting on his erection once more. My panties and his boxer shorts were all that separated his cock from my pussy. I did nothing to resist Bert's guidance, and soon I was sliding up and down his cock once more.

"I don't know if I like the way this product is evolving," I gasped. Bert's cock felt so damn good.

"Believe me, A," Bert said, moving the camera back to his eye. "This is great stuff."

Click.

Bert's hand returned to my chest. It was no longer ambiguous - it was now directly between my bare breasts. His hips continued gently thrusting, his cock stimulating my wetness.

"I shouldn't," I whispered, closing my eyes. It felt so good. Everything about this was so wrong, but fuck. It felt *so good*.

Click, click, click.

Bert didn't say anything in respond. He just continued to take pictures.

Click, click, click.

His cock continued to rub against my wet pussy. I moaned at the sensation.

Click, click, click.

I knew he was right. These photos would look amazing. I was so turned on, I knew it would come across in the pics.

Click, click, click.

My mind was losing control. I could feel the madness setting in, and my body took over.

Click, click, click.

As if I'd completely lost control, I reached up and moved Bert's hand.

Click, click, click.

His hand began to explore my breasts. Grasping, rubbing. Never touching my nipples directly, but circling around them. Stimulating my flushed skin.

Click, click, click.

I gasped with pleasure. In the moment, I couldn't remember why I'd told him not to touch me.

Click, click, click.

I wanted nothing more than to be touched. Fuck. I wanted to be touched so much.

Click, click, click.

Bert occasionally let out a small grunt. Two small pieces of cloth were all that were stopping his cock from slipping between my legs, from fucking me.

Click, click, click, click.

I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted him to fill me up with that huge cock I was quickly becoming obsessed with.

Click, click, click, click.

“Ahhhhmm,” I moaned, my hips starting to match his rhythm. Pleasure had completely taken over my body, as my clit sent out signals of pure bliss.

Click, click, click, click.

With every snap of the camera's shutter, a pulse of pleasure ran through my pussy, through my body. I knew these photos couldn't be used for David, if Bert's hands were fondling my supple breasts...

But I didn't care.

Click, click, click.

My betrayal, my sluttiness, my willingness to let my friend use me...it was all being recorded for all time. These images would exist forever, everlasting evidence that I was cheating on my boyfriend. My fiancée. The man I professed to love.

Click, click, click.

As Bert continued to thrust, his hands left my breasts for a second. When it returned, I realized I could feel the head of his bare cock against my stomach. He'd freed his cock from its cloth prison.

Click, click, click.

If I were to glance down, I'd see it. I'd see the cock I've been fantasizing about for longer than I wanted to admit.

"Did you just...?" I whispered, not daring to open my eyes. I couldn't.

Click, click, click.

"Was chafing," Bert grunted. His hand began openly groping my breasts, cupping my nipples, sending a rippling effect through my body, making me gasp.

His thrusting never slowed down, nor did the clicking of his camera.

Clickclick, clickclickclick, clickclickclickclick.

My legs were trembling with excitement as I could feel the entire texture, the veins, the head through my soaked panties. I couldn't stop myself from rubbing myself against it. It had been so long since I had a real penis, and it was right there, at my entrance, separated only by a pair of sopping wet panties.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

"Open your eyes," Bert commanded, and I did. But I didn't let myself look down at his cock, the cock I'd spent so much time staring at. Instead, I looked at his left eye, poking out from behind the camera. I could see the lust in it. He wanted to fuck his best friend.

He wanted to fuck me.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

I shook my head. "No," I whispered hoarsely.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

"Good girl," he muttered. "Who's my good girl?"

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

"I can't," I whispered, my heart beating faster than ever. "We shouldn't..."

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

"It's for the camera," Bert replied. His camera was staring into my eyes. I couldn't look away. His hand refused to release mine. "You look so..."

Click, click.

He trailed off. I could smell his pre-cum, the musk of his arousal mixing with mine, filling my

small bedroom.

I could practically taste it.

Click.

“David can’t see these photos,” I whimpered, pushing my chest forward, into his hands.

Click.

“B...” I moaned softly.

Click.

“Good girl,” he panted.

Click.

His thrusting was getting faster. Was he about to cum?

Click.

“You’ll have to delete these,” I begged. “Promise me you’ll delete these.

Click.

“Mmm-hmm,” he replied. Was he even listening?

Click click click click click click click.

I could no longer stay strong. I finally looked down at the beast pressing against my panties. It was just as glorious in the flesh as it had been in Bert’s picture.

He really was a great photographer.

Click click click click.

“Fuck,” I moaned. “You’re so big.”

Bert simply groaned in response. His hand moved between my legs.

I knew he shouldn’t be touching me, but I couldn’t object. I needed it.

Fuck I needed it.

Pushing the wet fabric aside, Bert slid two fingers into my pussy.

He’d only touched me a few times - how did he know my body so well?

In response to my guttural moan, Bert pulled his fingers out and began lightly caressing my exposed wetness. His hands toyed with my lips, his thumb lightly brushed over my clit. He played with me, toyed with my soaking pussy.

I shuddered with frustration. I was so close, so worked up - he could have made me cum any time he wanted, but he didn't.

Click, click, click, click.

I moaned louder and louder as he toyed with me.

“Yesss, B...”

“Cum for me,” he gasped throatily.

“Oh, god...”

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

“Fuuuck,” I grunted.

Click, click, click, click.

“Cum for me,” Bert ordered, his fingers moving inside of me and curling. “Cum for the camera...”

“Ahhh yessss,” I screamed as Bert leaned close. Our lips almost touched as I moaned into his mouth, but I pulled slightly away before they did.

Click, click, click, click.

“Make me cum, B,” I screamed. “Make me cum!”

Bert dropped the camera, and reached up to grab my tit. I could feel his fingers on my bare breasts, grabbing my flesh, pinching my nipples. His other hand began pistoning in and out of me, his thumb pressing motionless against my clit as he fucked me with two fingers.

“Yesssss...”

I was wearing panties and a skirt, but the rest of my flesh was completely exposed to Bert's hungry gaze.

“Ahhhhhhhh yesssss I'm coming!” I groaned. “Yesss yess yessss. Ahhhhhh...”

My moans echoed through the room - probably the whole building - as I came. As soon as my orgasm began, Bert's hand moved back to the camera and resumed taking pictures.

Click click click click click click click click.

As I came down from my orgasm, I couldn't help but smile, still feeling euphoric.

"God, B..." I said breathlessly. I sounded like a fifties heroine, helpless without her man, but I couldn't help it. My friend had made me feel so gooooooood.

"How was that?" he grinned.

I couldn't believe how amazing I felt - I've enjoyed orgasms before, but the way Bert made me cum...

It made me feel completely giddy.

Like I was falling in love.

The thought shook me.

No. No, I wasn't falling in love. I was already *in* love. With David.

With my boyfriend.

With my future husband.

I closed my eyes.

Fuck.

Fuck.

I'd cheated on David. Again.

Fuck.

Bert was staring at me with a half-smile on his face. He looked like the cat who got the cream.

"We...we can't send these to David," I stammered. If my boyfriend got any evidence of what I'd done - of what *we'd* done.

"I guess you're right," Bert grinned in response. "We'll have to redo this whole shoot."

My mouth fell open in shock. He was...he was acting like everything was fine. Normal.

Again.

"I'm free tomorrow," Bert said with a smile. "Want to catch a movie first?"

"Bert..." I pleaded. "We...we can't."

"Let's go see the new Tom Hardy flick."

I closed my eyes in frustration. He was treating this all so casually.

“What do you say?”

“...I don’t really like Tom Hardy,” I eventually replied. God. What was *wrong* with me.
“Bert...”

“You’ll love it,” my friend said with a grin. “It’s a date.”

I wanted to tell Bert that I couldn’t go. I wanted to tell him that I couldn’t ever see him again, that I couldn’t trust him.

That I couldn’t trust myself around him.

But instead, I found myself nodding.

“Bert,” I said again, “we need to talk about...”

Before I could finish the thought, Bert took a selfie. Him, fully clothed - me, topless. As the preview of the photo popped up, I realized - despite my reluctance, despite how torn I felt...my face was one of pure bliss. I was grinning. Giddy. *Click*.

I didn’t look shocked or furious - I had a broad smile on my face. I must have instinctively grinned as soon as I saw the camera.

God, what was *wrong* with me?

“Can you stay a bit?” I pleaded. “We need to...we need to talk about this. About us.”

I sounded so lame. There was no ‘us’ - at least, there shouldn’t have been. ‘Us’ should have just been Mandy and Bert, childhood best friends who get along as adults.

Not Amanda the slut, who can’t keep her clothes on, and the B.E.R.T. who won’t stop taking photos of her naked form.

“Can’t stay right now,” he replied, packing down his camera and slipping everything back into his pockets. “But don’t worry, we’ll hang out tomorrow.”

“B...”

Tears began to well in my eyes. When Bert came over, I was going to tell him this had to stop. Somehow, I ended up coming at his hands, grinding against his cock.

“We need to talk,” I repeated. “Please?”

“We’ll talk tomorrow,” he said, throwing me a soft smile. “Four o’clock, same place as last time.”

I nodded. “Four o’clock.”

“Oh, and Mandy?”

“Yeah?”

His eyes turned dark, and bore into me. “Wear that skirt,” he said, suddenly all seriousness. “That’s an order.”

Before I could object, Bert was out the door, the camera - and all evidence of our dalliances - disappearing with him.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 9

is this what u wanted? ;) ;) ;)

As my best friend left, my phone buzzed. A new message from David.

My eyes widened as I saw what he’d sent.

A picture of his hard cock, one hand wrapped around it.

Oh, shit. I’d totally forgotten...at some point while I’d been staring at Bert’s cock and mindlessly frigging myself, I’d texted my boyfriend and asked him for a dick pic.

The sight of my almost-fiancee’s erection immediately brought me down from my high and made me realize what I’d done.

Shit.

I’d just...I’d seen Bert’s cock.

No, more than just seen it. I’d touched it. Not directly, not with my hand.

Just with my...

Fuck.

With my wet panties. I’d rubbed my slit against my best friend’s huge, throbbing erection, as he masturbated me to orgasm. As he grabbed my tits, curled two fingers inside me, and got me off.

And I couldn’t even be mad at him for it. I’d told him not to touch me unless I asked, and...well, I’d more than asked.

I'd begged. I'd grabbed his hand and moved it to my chest. I'd openly pleaded to feel his hand on me. In me.

I'd shaken with orgasm as I ordered my best friend to touch me. All while the love of my life was halfway across the world, fighting for his country.

Well, okay, not fighting. But still...support the troops, right? The expression isn't "cheat on the troops". That's, like, the opposite of support.

I could feel tears welling up in my eyes, and I returned my gaze to the photo David had sent me. It was...sweet, I suppose. He must have been so excited by the request, excited to learn that his loving, meant-to-be-faithful girlfriend missed him so much that she wanted a picture of his erection.

He must have had no idea that I wanted something to wash the sight of Bert's cock out of my mind. He'd have absolutely no way of knowing that as soon as I saw it, I'd be comparing it to the other cock that I'd been giving way too much mental space to.

And he definitely wouldn't have guessed how far short he'd fall.

No, that wasn't fair. Bert was a photographer – comparing them was like comparing a crayon drawing to a Van Gogh. Bert must have known all sorts of tricks to take the most flattering possible photo of his dick.

I flipped between the two pics, trying to convince myself that it was just camera skills that separated them. But after I'd swiped back and forth more than a dozen times, my shoulders slumped.

It was so much more than that. Yes, Bert's photography talent made a difference, but...I'd seen his dick.

I'd seen both of them in the flesh, and there was just no comparison.

Bert's cock was bigger than David's, for one. Even though I'd never really cared about size, it was so big, it was kind of intimidating to look at.

In and of itself, that was almost...hot.

I'd never let anything that big inside me, of course. I shook my head – what was I saying? I was going to spend the rest of my life with David; I was never going to take *any* other cock inside me.

Especially not Bert's monster.

I shuddered at the thought, my reaction a mixture of fear and disgust.

Certainly not arousal.

But as I continued flipping back and forth between the pics, I could see it was more than just size. Bert's dick was so...pronounced. His veins stood out proudly, and even though it was just a picture on my phone, you could *see* how hard he was.

It was so easy to remember how his hardness had felt against my wet pussy. How good it had felt to rub myself up and down, shifting back and forth, touching his hardness with my wetness until I was dripping, until every part of my body wanted nothing more than to submit to him, to...–

Shutting my phone's screen and closing my eyes, I tried to shake off the thoughts.

I loved David. I was monogamous with David. What was happening with Bert was...he was just helping out. He was just taking some pictures. He was just a friend.

Just a friend who'd sent me a picture of his cock. For...my opinion.

And now that I had a picture of David's cock, I didn't need Bert's.

Not that I'd ever needed it. No, I'd just been...

Helping him out.

Like he helped me.

Well, no. Not like that. I could never touch Bert like he touched me. Not, of course, that he should be touching me like that either.

No matter how hard I begged for it.

I opened my phone, and reopened the photo Bert had sent me. I felt like it was burned into my brain, like I could have sketched the whole thing from memory.

Yet another reason I didn't need it.

My finger hovered over the "delete" button. All I needed to do was touch the screen and the photo of my best friend's dick would be gone. I'd never have to look at it again.

I'd never get to look at it again.

Of course...Bert had sent it to me for my opinion. I still hadn't replied; it had felt too awkward. He'd only sent it to me because of a misunderstanding. By my opinion of the photo, I would just be reinforcing that misunderstanding.

Bert would think it was okay for him to show me his cock. Maybe he'd send me more photos, and I definitely didn't want that.

I didn't want that at all.

Not even a lot.

Hell, the damn photo was why he'd thought it was okay to pull his dick out today during our photography session. After all, I'd all but told him that it was okay. That we were that kind of special friend who showed each other our junk.

Which we weren't, of course. That wasn't even a thing.

I mean, yes, he'd seen me naked. He'd touched me. He'd taken photos of my bare flesh, as he made me cum with his suprisingly-talented hands.

But that was...it was different.

Somehow.

But surely I couldn't delete before I'd shared my thoughts. That would be rude, right? Only a bad friend would do that. And I wanted to be a good friend for Bert.

That's all we were, after all. Friends. Just friends.

My spinning brain suddenly delivered another thought: maybe I should hold onto the picture as leverage. If Bert ever did anything with my photos (not that he would, of course. I trusted him) then I'd have this picture. I could threaten to...well, I don't know exactly what I'd do with it. Releasing it online would probably be worse for me than it was for him.

Hell, it was such a good photo: putting it online would probably get him a lot of female attention.

Pushing aside the strange spark of jealousy, I slipped one hand into my pants. Whatever the reason, it was clear that I couldn't delete the photo.

And since I was keeping it anyway, I might as well enjoy it...

I spent the next day fighting myself; one minute I was questioning what I'd gotten myself into, fixating on what I was doing to David and how it was going to hurt him...and the next, I'd somehow pulled out Bert's photo again, and was touching myself, bringing myself to yet another climax while staring at my best friend's cock.

Not because it was his cock, of course. Just because...it really was a beautiful piece of equipment. It was like high-quality porn.

Like the photos Bert took of me.

As the night approached, I was getting ready for the movie when David called.

"Hey babe," he opened, his voice so deep it was practically a growl. "I just wanted to hear your voice."

"Hey," I replied, instantly filled with regret and guilt. "Umm... I can't talk for long. I'm heading

out soon.”

I closed my eyes. What was wrong with me? My boyfriend, the love of my life, was calling internationally...and I was blowing him off to go hang out with Bert.

My best friend, whose erection I'd spent most of the last few days staring at.

“No problem,” David replied immediately, clearly trying to mask his hurt. “What’s so urgent?”

“I’m seeing the new Tom Hardy movie with a friend,” I replied, unable to think of a lie.

Not that I'd ever lie to my boyfriend, of course. We didn't have that kind of relationship.

“I thought you hated Tom Hardy.”

“I don't *hate* anyone,” I replied. Also not a lie. Technically, I mean. But yeah, he was right – something about Tom Hardy had always rubbed me up the wrong way. “Besides, he’s paying.”

“Tom Hardy?”

“No,” I replied, realizing what I'd just said. “No, uh, I meant *she*'s paying. I'm going with a friend. A girlfriend.”

“Good,” David replied with a laugh. “Cos if you were going out with a guy, I'd have to come back early just so I could kick his ass.”

I giggled awkwardly in response. “No, it's my friend Be...” –rt. “...cky. You remember her, right?”

“Not really. What's her last name? I'll find her on Facebook.”

There is no Becky. Oh my god. Why didn't I say a real name? Fuck, I'm so stupid.

“She's, um, not on Facebook.”

“...really?”

“Yeah, ever since the Cambridge Analytica stuff. She deleted it out of protest.”

“Okay...” my boyfriend replied. I could hear the doubt in his voice.

“Yeah, she's very political,” I continued to lie. “Anyway, I gotta go now. I'm meeting her in fifteen minutes.”

I held my breath, hoping that David won't ask any more questions about my made-up girlfriend. If he kept pressing, I'll have to come up with an entire backstory and a SSN for her.

“One more thing,” he said. “It's about the pictures you sent me.”

I wasn't sure whether to be relieved or alarmed. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I have to be quick."

"I was looking at the last pics you sent me. I was looking at them a lot..."

A flirtatious tone entered my boyfriend's voice, making me go even more red. He'd been masturbating to pictures of my naked body, while I'd been frigging myself and staring at another man.

Another man's dick.

Again and again and again.

"What about them?" I squeaked.

"I noticed that some of them were...from a weird angle."

Oh god, no. No. "What do you mean?"

We'd been so careful, hadn't we? Bert had told me that he'd only sent pictures that I could have believably taken myself, and I...well, I'd not looked over them as carefully as I could have. I'd been too ashamed to subject myself to reliving what we'd done.

What I'd done.

"And then one of them, uh..."

What?

"...shows both your hands."

Oh my god, no. Shit. Had I accidentally sent him an incriminating photo? Oh, god. I should have looked at them more carefully.

Even if it meant reliving what Bert had done. What I'd let Bert do...

I had to come up with a lie. Quickly.

"I...have to confess."

No. I couldn't do this. It would destroy everything.

Come on, Brain.

"I asked...Becky to help me."

“Oh. Oh!”

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. Are you...mad?”

It felt like a year ticked by as I waited for David’s response. I wish a year *had* ticked by. He’d be back home, and we could be together.

I wouldn’t be so desperate for attention that I let Bert see me. Touch me.

Send me pictures of his dick.

“I mean, I...not really, I guess. I ‘spose it’s normal for you girls to see each other, uh, naked. Right?”

“Uh huh,” I said, crossing my fingers. I mean, it wasn’t *weird* weird, but I couldn’t think of any female friends I’d ask to come over and take the photos Bert took.

I hadn’t even asked Bert, in fact. How the hell had we gotten ourselves into this?

“You should’ve just told me,” David continued, a note of mischief in his voice. “Now I’m... picturing it.”

“Gross!” I exhaled loudly. “That’s why I didn’t want to tell you!”

David chuckled. “Sorry, babe. Well, anyway, as long as it’s not a guy, I’m fine with it.”

Thank God David couldn’t see how red my face was.

“I would never do that.”

“And uhh, if you ever want to, like, experiment with Becky...I’d be okay with that, too.”

My eyes widened. Was...was my boyfriend really giving me permission to be unfaithful? With a girl, but still...

“...if I got to watch, of course,” he finished, a burst of laughter coming down the phone line.

Okay, yeah. That made much more sense.

“Going now,” I said emphatically. “You’re so disgusting – I’d never do that with a girl!”

Or a guy, I mentally added.

“I was just joking babe, don’t worry. I don’t ever want you to be with anyone but me.”

“Me neither,” I said, honestly.

“Oh, don’t worry about me,” he said, his voice full of love. “I’d never so much as look at another

girl.”

“Mm-hmm. David, I really have to go now...”

“Sure. I love you, babe. Have fun tonight!”

Have fun...if he knew...

“Love you too,” I said, hanging up and collapsing onto the bed.

I couldn't believe my lies were already starting to catch up with me. I buried my face in the pillow and screamed.

What had Bert done to me??

The alarm on my phone made me sit up in panic. Shit. I was meant to be out the door already, and I was still in panties.

Glancing around, the first thing I saw was my super short skirt, lying on the ground next to my bed.

No. No, I couldn't go out in that.

Bert commanded me to.

But that didn't matter. I couldn't let him push me around...I wasn't his slave.

I had to go. I was going to be late.

I had to just find something quickly, something to throw on. It didn't even matter what I wore, it was just a movie with my friend.

That's all he was. A friend.

Opening my wardrobe, I was overwhelmed by the choices. I glanced back at the skirt. Maybe it...maybe it wasn't even that short.

The next thing I knew, I was riding the subway with half my butt visible, horny middle-aged men staring at my exposed flesh.

What the fuck was Bert doing to me?

By the time I arrived at my stop, I was squirming with discomfort. It felt like every guy on the train had been leering at me.

It felt like every guy in the world could see what a sexy piece of ass I was.

It was so, so embarrassing.

Not wanting to be late for the film, I ran from the station to the cinema. I was panting by the time I reached Bert.

“Hey,” I said, stepping up to him.

“Hey!” he said, leaning in awkwardly to give me a kiss on the cheek.

The job (and being the lusted at by an entire subway car) had thrown me off-kilter, so I misread which way he was leaning, and accidentally met his lips with mine. After a quick kiss, I rapidly pulled away. “Uhhh, umm...sorry. I don’t know why I just did that.”

My face was red as a beet. Did I really just kiss Bert? What the fuck?

“No sweat,” he said with a grin. “You excited for the movie?”

“Yeah, sure. Let’s just get inside.”

As we walked into the theater, I noticed everyone was staring at my skirt. Bert, thank god, hadn’t said anything about it...but I’m sure he’d noticed.

I blushed again as I remembered what had happened the last time we’d seen a movie together. Almost as though he hadn’t noticed, his hand had landed on my thigh...then moved up my thigh...and then finally given me a long, loud orgasm, right in the stalls.

Where everyone could notice. Where one guy almost certainly *had* noticed.

That couldn’t happen again.

Even though my skirt would give him *incredibly* easy access...

“We can’t do what we did last time,” I hissed. “Bert, we can’t...I have a boyfriend.”

“What do you mean?” he asked, the glint in his eyes the only thing stopping his face from being the very picture of innocence.

“Last time we went and saw a movie,” I said firmly. “You...”

He couldn’t hide the grin from his face as he watched me struggle for words, acutely aware that we were surrounded by people...many of whom were staring at my exposed legs, and half-revealed ass.

“Last time we saw a movie,” I said, staring into Bert’s eyes, “you...touched me. And that can’t happen again.”

“Okay,” he nodded. “Easy done. I won’t touch you again for the rest of the night.”

I opened my mouth to tell him that he couldn’t touch me again *ever*, before I remembered that we were going to take some more photos tonight.

The thought of a photo session without feeling Bert's hands on mine made me surprisingly sad, but I tried to shake that feeling off.

Bert wasn't my boyfriend. Bert shouldn't be touching me at all.

No matter how wonderful his hands felt. No matter how much I missed the feeling of a man.

Even if he did feel like the only thing stopping me from losing control and fucking half the city.

"Good," I finally said, flipping my hair. "So that's settled."

The cinema was less busy than last time, and we managed to find a more isolated seat. "I'm excited to see this," Bert said as the lights dimmed.

We were at the back of the theater, right in the corner. Aside from a small group further down the row, there was no one nearby.

"Why are we sitting here? I like to sit in the middle. There's no one here."

"This director does some really interesting stuff with angles," Bert explained. "He does his own cinematography, and I heard it's better from the side. Like the first one."

"What?? You didn't tell me we were watching a sequel. I haven't seen the first movie!"

"Oh, it was great. Don't worry, you'll pick it up really quickly – basically, they used to be royalty, but now they're sort of running a farm, but not really. Also there's a pig with a white spot who sort of saved the farm, so Tom Hardy can't be with his wife any more. Oh, and if you see the guy from Star Trek, he betrayed them but they don't know about it yet."

"Uh huh," I replied, slumping down in my seat. "Great."

"You're going to love it."

"I'm sure I'll love the pig, at least."

"Eh, he's kind of a jerk. You'll see."

The lights dimmed, and Bert turned to me with a smile.

"Oh, before the film starts – I put together some of the photos from our last session."

"I told you to delete those!"

"I know, I know, but I wanted to show you this first."

Bert pulled out my phone, and started scrolling through. To his credit, he'd managed to edit the photos to look like deeply erotic selfies, trimming and cropping any sign of him from the pictures.

All that was left were sexy images of me, my face a mask of lust, the curves of my body emphasized. They were masterfully taken, and looked like high-quality porn.

I looked like a sexual goddess.

“Do you think David would like these?”

I had to admit, I looked really good in the pics. I still had mixed feelings about them, though: despite being cropped, they were so erotic that my mind completed them from memory. Bert, under me, his hard cock rubbing against my pussy as I ground on him...

“I...maybe...I’m not sure,” I said, my words coming in short bursts. “David, um...he noticed that some of the last batch were from weird angles. And I accidentally sent him one where both my hands were visible. He got suspicious.”

“Hmmm,” Bert said thoughtfully. “We’ll have to be more careful, next time.”

Next time. My throat closed at the thought. *Next time.*

As Bert continued going through the photos on his phone, another picture of his cock came up.

“Ah, whoops,” he whispered. “Sorry about that.”

But he didn’t keep scrolling.

I stared at the photo, as if entranced. All of a sudden, my mind began to swim. It felt like the picture grew bigger, until it was larger than the trailer playing on the big screen.

Bert’s cock was just as I remembered, as if I’d ever forget. So big and beautiful. Bigger than David’s. Bigger than any I’d ever seen.

Or touched...

My best friend chuckled nervously. “Movie’s starting,” he whispered, and I blinked twice. Normally trailers before a film went forever, but it felt like these had only just begun. Weird.

Bert pulled me towards him, and I rested my head on his shoulder, as we’d done so many times as kids. He dropped his phone, and it landed squarely on my bare thighs, still showing Bert’s beautiful cock on the now-darkened screen, ready to go to screen lock.

His penis, on my bare thighs. I stared at it until the screen went dark.

As the film began, I shifted my attention to the large screen. It did very little to help catch anyone up on the preceding movie, cutting from life on the farm to a car crash to a scene on a submarine for some reason, all within the first few minutes.

“Bert, this is confusing...” I whispered.

“Shh! Keep watching, you’ll pick it up. Do you see what they’re doing with the angles?”

I squinted at the screen. It looked a little weird, but I couldn’t tell if that was just because of where we were sitting.

“Mm-hmm,” I said. “Looks pretty.”

Bert laughed. It was too dark to see, but I smiled, imagining the sight of the back of his throat being exposed.

“You’d hope so,” he whispered back. “They shot this on an ARRI Alexa 65.”

“Is that...good?”

“It’s the second-best camera in the world,” he said, looking down at me with a smile. “Behind only the B.E.R.T. 9.0.”

I laughed, smiling back up at him. Cuddled up like this, sharing an in-joke, it was all too easy to imagine we weren’t just best friends. That we were...something more.

Suddenly, I remembered what I’d done before the film. I’d kissed him. I’d kissed my best friend, like we were more than that. Like we were...together.

It had felt nice.

Bert moved his hands to his face, and pretended to be holding a camera.

“Click,” he said, staring at me intensely. I shivered, and a throb appeared between my legs. All of a sudden, I was taken back to my bedroom, where Bert had taken so many photos of me.

Where we were going straight after the film.

Bert returned his focus to the film – the characters were in the White House, and for some reason, the pig was there too – but I couldn’t stop thinking about what we’d done the last time we’d been at the cinema.

Unable to follow the film, I allowed my mind to wander, entertaining myself by imagining Bert’s penis beneath his pants. The same dick that I’d just seen on his phone, the dick that I’d been staring at for days, the dick that I’d rubbed my panty-clad pussy against the previous day...

It would feel so good if Bert did what he’d done last time we’d seen a film together. It would be so nice, to feel Bert’s fingers...no, I had to stay strong. No more public orgasms.

No more private orgasms, either. Not with Bert.

Just with that wonderful picture of his cock...

The image of Bert’s cock flashed into my mind, replacing what was on-screen (Tom Hardy, trapped in a lifeboat, floating out to sea). It had only been a few days, and already I’d spent so

much time looking at it as I came. It was like I was in a frenzy, rubbing myself to orgasm after orgasm as I stared at my best friend's erection...

Did he touch himself while he looked at me? My eyes widened at the thought. He must have. He had so many photos of me, so many photos of my naked body in compromising positions.

Photos of my body flushed in orgasm, photos of me staring at him with lust. Photos of him touching me, touching his curvy best friend while her boyfriend was overseas.

Of course he'd cum while looking at my pictures. He must have. I could imagine it so clearly, Bert's hand wrapped around his beautiful cock as he stared at my body, stroking himself, up and down, rubbing his erection...

"Uh, A?"

I blinked twice, breaking out of my trance. "Mmm?"

God, I hoped he wasn't going to ask me about the movie. I hadn't been following it at all.

"You're, um..."

Fuck! Had I groaned aloud? I was completely soaked, just from thinking about my friend touching himself while he looked at photos of himself touching me. Or maybe I hadn't made a sound...maybe he could smell it. I was so horny, I wouldn't have been surprised if my musk had filled the cinema.

"You're, uh..."

Bert gestured down, and I gasped. While I'd been in my erotic haze, my hands had found Bert's hardness through his pants, and were stroking it.

I was stroking Bert. Up and down, rubbing his erection. Right in the middle of the theater.

During a family film, at that. What a slut.

"Oh, god..."

I'd expected the words to be embarrassed, but they'd come out as...aroused. Horny.

Without either of us saying anything, I'd grabbed my best friend's dick. And then when he'd caught me, I'd just moaned in response.

What was wrong with me? What had Bert *done* to me?

As we stared at each other, I felt more embarrassed than I'd ever felt in my life. What must he have thought of me??

Several minutes passed, and it wasn't until Bert raised an eyebrow that I realized...I hadn't

stopped.

All the while we'd been looking at each other, I'd continued rubbing his huge cock. I'd continued stroking my best friend through his pants.

I let go of Bert's cock as if it were a hot coal, and he stood up.

"Let's go," he said, tilting his head towards the entrance. "Let's go back to your place."

"But...the movie..." I protested, not sure what else to say.

"I don't think either of us have been paying that much attention to it," he replied, a grin on his face. "Come on." With a nod, I stood up and followed him out of the cinema.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 and Pan

Chapter 10

thinking of you -d

As we left the cinema and stepped into the crisp evening air, my phone buzzed.

I was holding Bert's hand, having just stroked his huge cock through his shorts. We'd left the cinema early so that we could go back to my place, and do...well, God knows what. I hadn't even questioned it. It was like I was in a trance, so horny, so infatuated with my best friend's huge dick that I was going along for the ride.

But as I pulled my phone out of my pocket and glanced at my boyfriend's short, sweet message, I sort of...snapped out of it, I guess.

you too I quickly typed on the phone with one hand. It wasn't until I sent the message that I realized there was no reason to be holding Bert's hand in the other. We weren't a couple, we were just friends.

Nice though it had felt, to hold his hand in public and pretend to be his.

I snatched my hand away from Bert's and blushed. What was I *doing*? I was in a happy, healthy relationship – practically engaged! – and yet I had been just about to bring another man back to my room. Not just anyone, but the man who had spent the last few weeks convincing me to take my clothes off in front of him, to touch myself while he watched (while he photographed me!)... and had even made me touch him.

Hell, just a few moments ago, I'd been touching him. His...his dick.

The image of his erection swam into my mind, and for a moment my vision blurred. God it was perfect. It was like he'd been given a designer cock. Thick, long, smooth, with veins visibly running down its length. So symmetrical. A large, muscular mushroom cap with a tapered stem. I wanted to stroke it again. To feel it without his pants in the way.

I wondered what it would feel like in my mouth.

"Come on," Bert smiled, and I nodded submissively, allowing him to take my hand...when my phone buzzed again.

Fuck! I'd gotten so distracted just at the thought of Bert's beautiful cock, I'd completely forgotten how wrong it was. Not his cock; that, I couldn't deny, was exquisite.

No, what we were doing.

I needed to tell Bert that we couldn't go back to my place, that he couldn't photograph me any more. I just...I couldn't trust myself around him any more.

I needed to tell him that what we'd been doing was...that it was over.

It was harsh, but needed to be done. I clearly couldn't control myself around him; just the thought of his dick was enough to transform me into a pliable little plaything.

God, was I really that starved for cock?

I opened my mouth to let Bert know what I was thinking, but before even a single syllable came out, I remembered what had drawn my attention away in the first place.

maybe next time u could send a video? my boyfriend's text read, and my heart sank.

"What's wrong?" Bert asked.

"David wants a...a video," I answered without thinking, my voice sounding small. "Of me."

I couldn't, of course. The pictures were bad enough, but...a video? If that ever leaked, it would destroy me. Photos were one thing – lots of people sexted. But a video, especially one as well-produced as I knew Bert was capable of...

It would look like I'd done porn. Professional, fully-paid porn. Anyone who saw it would think I was a porn star.

Not that anyone would see it, of course. Except David.

And Bert, obviously.

No! No one would see it, because *I wasn't going to make it*. I was going to tell David no, I was going to tell Bert that we couldn't do this any more. I was going to get control back – of my life. Of my body. Of my sexuality.

Maybe I'd even delete the picture of Bert's cock from my phone.

"We can do that," Bert said lightly, and I scrunched up my face.

"No... I began to object, to continue my earlier objections, but my words trailed off, and I swallowed nervously.

"My camera has a video mode. Let's do this," Bert grinned, and before I could come up with a way to say no, he grabbed my hand and started pulling me along the street.

"I..."

"It'll be great," Bert beamed, and as I half-ran to catch up (dude's legs are longer than mine, even in the heels), I realized my already obscenely-short skirt was riding up. Between trying to keep up with my best friend *and* avoid flashing the street, I didn't have the bandwidth to object.

I barely said a word on the subway ride home. As my best friend had whisked me along the street, I'd found my resolve dissipating. As Bert led us to the station, controlling my body so firmly, his hand tightly gripping mine...I don't know, it was like I couldn't find the words.

Or the willpower.

When had my nerdy friend gotten so confident? A few months ago, I'd never have let him lead me like that. I knew the way to the station better than he did – it was the station to *my house*.

But for reasons I couldn't explain, I was letting him control me. No... not just letting me.

I liked it.

I liked the way he held my hand. I liked the way his fingers tightened around mine. I liked being able to turn my mind off, and just let someone else run the show.

This wasn't what it was like with David. Like, he's a big guy – taller than Bert, and you have to stay pretty fit in the army. But in our relationship, I think we both knew that I was the boss.

But for some reason, I was letting Bert call the shots. Literally, a lot of the time.

Bert was as chatty as I was quiet. He talked about his camera, about the video functionality: it had 8K capability, and he'd never had a great reason to use it.

I just listened and nodded, shifting uncomfortably under the gaze of everyone else in the carriage.

It really was a *very* short skirt.

As Bert chatted, I knew that I needed to tell him that we weren't doing this anymore, that I needed to be faithful, that even if David had *asked* for a video, he didn't want one to be taken by another man.

But I didn't. Instead, I listened, and I nodded.

It wasn't until we got into my room that I managed to summon up the courage to say something again.

"Bert, I—"

Click.

I hadn't even noticed him taking the lens cap off his constantly-present camera, but before I knew it, Bert had snapped a pic. My room isn't exactly huge, but he somehow managed to start circling me as he took pictures of my slutty outfit.

Click, click, click, click.

"Bert, we really shouldn't—"

"Pose for me," he instructed. "Put your hands behind your head."

"I don't think this is a very good idea—"

Click, click, click, click.

"Now, turn around. All the way."

My heart started racing as I complied. I shouldn't be...there was no reason to...

Click, click, click, click.

"David's going to love these," he prompted. "Your outfit is amazing."

With a sigh, I gave up. He was right. This was one of the sexiest things I'd ever worn, and David was going to love me sending a bunch of pictures of me in it. The skirt, the skimpy top, the heels. It showed off *way* more of me than I was comfortable with...but David wouldn't care. Especially if I thought I'd worn it just for him.

He could never know that I'd worn it for Bert. Worn it for a movie date, and then left the cinema early cos I couldn't take my hands off his cock.

He could never know.

Click, click, click.

"Do you have a bra on under that top?" Bert asked. Once upon a time, I would've thought that was an inappropriate question – now, of course, I knew that he was just looking at me with a photographer's eye, trying to work out why the light and angles fell the way they did.

"N-no," I blushingly confessed.

Click, click, click.

“Yeah,” Bert nodded. “You can kind of tell. It looks great, but let’s lose it.”

I froze.

“What?”

“Lose the top,” Bert replied coolly. Click, click, click, click. “There’s something really aesthetically pleasing about a girl in heels and a skirt but no top, don’t you think?”

“I...I mean...”

“I’ll stay still while you undress, so it’ll look like you’re doing a strip tease in front of your tripod.”

Click, click, click.

This wasn’t what I wanted. Was it? It was so easy to imagine David’s reactions when he saw the pics.

Or Bert’s reaction when my naked breasts came into view. Again. God, what had happened in my life that I couldn’t even count how many times I’d been topless in front of my friend.

“Fine,” I grumbled. Well, I tried to grumble – truth be told, the giddy feeling had never gone away, so it really came out as more of a breathy agreement. “As long as it stops there.”

Click.

Bert continued to encourage me as I stripped for the camera, slowly, reluctantly. Shyly. My grin was gone, so I must have really looked like someone who’d been forced into something they didn’t want to do.

Which I had. Right?

“Perfect,” Bert said, as my breasts were revealed to the camera’s hungry eye. Click click click click click. “You have such photogenic tits.”

I probably would’ve thought that he was just using a line, except...well for one, it was Bert. And secondly, I’d seen the pictures. No girl loves their body, not really, but I had to agree – my breasts looked great on camera.

“Out of curiosity, why weren’t you wearing a bra?”

“N-not all shirts need one,” I explained, but I think we both knew that wasn’t the truth. With tits like mine, a bra is basically never optional.

So why hadn’t I been wearing a bra? To look slutty, I realized, as soon as I asked myself the

question. I'd wanted to look slutty for Bert.

Fortunately, he didn't ask any follow-up questions (I've no idea what I would've said if he had), instead segueing straight into the next topic. "If you're not wearing a bra," he continued thoughtfully, "you really shouldn't be wearing panties either."

"Excuse me?" I replied, raising one eyebrow.

Click, click, click, click, click.

"Take off your panties," he said, and his voice was so commanding, I was reaching under my skirt before I even really registered what I was doing.

"Bert, I—"

"Now," he ordered. Click, click, click, click, click.

I wanted to resist. I wanted to tell him that I didn't plan on standing in front of him without underwear. I wanted to let him know that it wasn't appropriate to order me around like that.

But instead, I shot a sultry look at the camera and slowly slid my sexy underwear off. The moment the lacy black fabric of my underwear came into view, I felt myself flush redder than ever before.

Click. Click. Click.

"You've got a really nice ass," he murmured.

"Wh-hat?" I replied, my eyebrows shooting up. I must have heard him wrong. Bert was always so...professional, I guess, during these shoots. At least in the way he spoke.

Most of the time.

But...I mean, I knew I was attractive, and I'd felt his boner often enough to know that his body responded to how I looked, but he'd never been so...I dunno, *forward*.

"You have a really nice ass," he repeated, and I blushed.

"Bert," I began, "you shouldn't—"

"Don't move," Bert interrupted. "I'm going to take some close ups."

I froze.

"O-of my ass?"

"Don't you think David would like that?" he asked, and I was forced to nod. I mean...it *was* a nice ass.

But this didn't feel right.

Bert squatted behind me, and I stared at the ceiling awkwardly, my cheeks aflame.

Click-click-click-click-click.

As if he was the paparazzi out the front of a movie event, Bert took several rapid-fire shots of my backside.

“Such a nice ass,” he repeated softly, and as the camera continued clicking, I relaxed.

Until he told me to spread my legs a little.

My body obeyed before I'd even processed what he'd said, before realizing...from that angle, the way I was standing...he must have now had a perfect view of my pussy, from what I felt like must be an incredibly unflattering angle.

Click-click-click-click-click.

Bert had seen my pussy before, of course. More than seen – he'd photographed it as I slid my vibrator inside myself, as I came for the camera.

As I came for him.

And he'd touched it. Bert had rubbed my clit, slipped two fingers inside my slippery cunt as I came around his digits, moaning with pleasure, the camera clicking all the while.

I'd rubbed my cunt against his dick, I'd allowed a gaggle of teenagers to photograph my bare pussy-lips on the subway. I'd exposed myself to Bert, to the camera, to strangers...

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

...so what did a few photos more matter?

“You have such a pretty pussy,” he said, and I blushed at the compliment.

“Thank you,” I whispered.

“Touch it,” he ordered. “For the camera. For the B.E.R.T. Model X.”

“I thought we were on the 9?” I joked, trying to maintain some sense of normalcy. I could hear the camera zooming in, focusing on my pussy.

I was glad that I'd shaved her before our date.

Wait. Why *had* I shaved before our date?

Click, click, click, click, click.

“Touch it,” Bert said again, distracting me. I glanced behind myself. He was laying on my bedroom floor, the black lens focused between my legs. “Touch yourself.

“That’s an order.”

Click, click, click, click.

I wanted to object. I wanted to tell him that he couldn’t make me do this. That I wasn’t going to touch myself. That I hadn’t agreed to do any of this.

Instead, I moved my hand between my legs.

“Good girl,” Bert murmured as my fingers made contact with my wet folds. God, I was practically dripping.

I was a good girl. A good girl for the camera.

Click, click, click, click, click.

My hand slid up and down my slit, and I moaned. *Click, click, click, click.* My finger slid into my cunt, and I whimpered.

“Such a pretty pussy,” Bert repeated, and I blushed. “Spread your lips for me.”

“W-what?”

“Spread your lips for the camera,” Bert ordered. “David will love it.”

He was right. I knew the kind of porn that boys liked. Total sluts, spreading their pussy-lips for the camera, showing off every inch of themselves. I had never seen the appeal; it seemed so crass.

Click, click, click.

“So pretty,” Bert said again, and I felt my face glow. I spread my legs a little further, my finger slowly circling my clit. “Show me what you’re hiding.”

I wasn’t hiding anything. I just...didn’t want to do it. I didn’t want to look like a slut on camera.

All the photos so far...they’d been explicit, yes, but they’d been classy. I mean, not the kind of thing that you’d see hanging up at the National Gallery, but nothing degrading.

But the photo Bert wanted, showing off my short skirt, my hands between my legs, spreading my lips for the camera...I could imagine it. I could imagine exactly what it would look like, and it would be completely demeaning.

I could imagine *exactly* what it would look like. My firm ass, my perfectly-shaven pussy, my pink interior exposed for everyone to see. For David.

For Bert.

I'd look like such a slut. I'd look like a total whore.

Click, click, click, click, click.

I'd look hot as hell.

“Bert, I...”

“Do it,” Bert ordered. I didn't want to. It was degrading. I didn't want to expose myself like that. I didn't feel comfortable with the idea of the photo existing, of having a record that I'd done something so...so *nasty*.

But I was a good girl.

Click, click, click, click.

And so I obeyed, spreading my pussy-lips for the camera.

“Perfect,” Bert murmured. “Such a pretty pussy,”

I bit my lip, staring red-faced at the ceiling as Bert took what felt like a thousand photos of me, wearing nothing but a short skirt, exposing myself for the lens.

The clicking of the camera filled the room, until all of a sudden it was over.

“Are we done?” I squeaked, and I could hear Bert getting to his feet.

“Not yet,” he said, his voice warm. “We were going to take a video, remember?”

“No,” I said, shaking my head firmly. “I...—“

Before I could finish my objection, Bert had put his arm around my waist and taken a selfie. I could only imagine what it looked like – my mouth half-open in shock, my tits completely exposed, the goofy grin on his face.

“What were you saying?” he asked, and I looked down at my hands, realizing I was squeezing them together.

My logic earlier had been so clear – video was a step too far. It was going to look like I was a porn star.

But I'd just held my pussy-lips open so that Bert could take a million photos of them. I couldn't imagine a video that would make me look like *more* of a porn star than that.

“Great,” he said, smiling in response to my silence. “I know exactly what we should do.”

I didn't say a word as Bert positioned me on the bed, moving my body like I was a doll. He was

a professional, and I was a good girl, so I did my best to follow his instructions.

Every time he touched me, I shivered, remembering where else his hands had been on my body. Imagining his fingers wrapped around his cock, stroking himself as he looked at my pictures.

The pictures he'd taken before, the pictures he was going to take.

And now, video.

God. Why had I agreed to this? *Had* I agreed to this? Any of this?

"Okay," Bert smiled. "I'm ready."

He released me from his kung-fu grip. It took me a moment to become aware of my own positioning; I was kneeling on my bed, my legs spread, leaning forward slightly.

"W-what are we doing?" I asked, and Bert returned the camera to his eyes.

"Making a video," he said patronizingly. "Like you asked."

I hadn't asked for this, not really. I'd just repeated David's request.

Of course, I'd asked Bert to fulfil so many of David's request...was it really unreasonable for him to assume that I was asking for this as well?

Had I asked for this?

"We're going to record a video of you giving a handjob," he said, and my eyes widened. "For David."

"No, Bert," I said firmly. "We can't...I can't..."

"Shh," he said, and I immediately fell silent. "Not for real, of course. You're just going to jerk off the air, while looking up at the camera. In that outfit, with those tits..."

God, I'd forgotten that I was topless. What had happened in my life that I didn't even notice that I wasn't wearing a shirt any more?

"...it'll be exactly what he asked for."

He pressed a button on his camera, and said it was recording. I'd expected...I dunno, a red light or something, but apparently Bert's camera just didn't indicate if it was taking video or not.

"Talk to him," Bert directed. "Chat to him like he's here. It'll be great."

I nodded, staring at the black lens, trying to imagine that it wasn't a camera, that my best friend wasn't behind it, that it was David.

My boyfriend. My almost-fiancé. The man I loved.

My wonderful, faithful husband-to-be.

“Hi,” I said, pouting as I moved my hand in front of my face, wrapping it around an imaginary cock. “Baby, I really wish this was you.”

The camera wasn’t clicking, wasn’t flashing as I stared at it, trying to pour all of my emotions into the words.

“I want it to be,” I said. “I do. But you’re so far away. You’re so far away, and I miss you so much. So hopefully watching this video will help when you’re missing me too...”

Damn. I was pretty good at this.

“You can imagine that it’s my hand wrapped around your dick,” I continued, allowing myself to get a little crude. I mean, I was topless, wearing nothing but heels and a short skirt. If anyone ever found this video, a little foul language wouldn’t be what they were judging me for.

My face went warm at the idea of anyone finding this video, before I forced myself to focus.

“Touching you, stroking you. Sitting here naked, my tits out, my pussy exposed. You can remember how much I love to make you cum. How much I love making you blow your load. All for me. All over me...”

From behind the lens, Bert gave me a thumbs up. The simple, non-verbal sign of approval made my nipples tighten, and I let a small moan enter my voice.

“I’m so horny for you, baby. I’m so wet for you. I can’t wait to see you again. I want to touch you, to kiss you, to suck you, to swallow you. To take you inside me, until we both pass out from exhaustion...”

My eyes were locked on the camera lens. It was just me and the camera, me and David. I could say anything I wanted. I could say everything I’d been thinking.

“In this skirt, I look so slutty for you, don’t I?” I continued. “Your sexy little kitten who wants to stroke you, to make you feel like a stud. And I’m going to imagine that you’re here, that you’re watching this, and you’re going to fill my mouth with your hot, sticky load. I’m going to swallow it down for you, baby. I’m going to swallow your seed.”

My voice was a moan as I allowed myself to get a little dirty. I could imagine David watching this in his bunk, headphones in, stroking his cock as he listened to his girlfriend degrade herself for him.

“I’m going to show you just how much I need to fuck. How much I need to be taken. I’m going to pretend that I’ve got a nice, fat cock in front of me, and I’m stroking it, and I’m moaning. I want you to picture it inside me, babe. That I’m begging for you to push it in. Push it all in...”

I was getting louder, jerking off an imaginary cock as I spewed filth at the camera.

“I’m your little whore, babe. Your little slut who wants to be fucked. Who wants her pussy filled with a big hard cock. God, babe, it’s been so long. I need a dick, I need to be taken so bad. Your slut needs dick, baby. I want it now. I want it deep. I want it rough. I want it to last forever.”

I was panting, my breathing heavy, and I couldn’t stop.

“I just want to be fucked,” I pleaded. “I just want to be pounded. I just want to be used like a fucking sex-toy. I’ll do anything. I’ll do whatever I need to.”

While my right hand continued moving, stroking the air, my other hand moved between my legs. I was soaking wet, and began touching myself as I stared at the camera, desperately sharing my fantasies.

“I want to take a cock,” I groaned. “Any cock. I just want to be fucked by a real man. I want a man to use me, to pound my cunt, to make me cum. I’m so desperate for it, baby. I just want to have a man to satisfy me. I want to be so full of dick that I can’t move. I just want to be fucked. I need it so bad.”

The words were flying out of my mouth so fast they were making my head spin. I wanted to tell Bert to stop, to give me a moment so I could breathe, to not record this, but I couldn’t stop.

I couldn’t stop.

“Oh, my god,” I moaned, my fingers rubbing my clit. “I’m a good girl, but I want to be treated rough. I want to be fucked. I want to be treated like a slut. I want to be degraded. Humiliated. I want to be owned...God, I’m such a dirty, filthy little slut. I’m a cum-hungry, dirty-talking, cheating little whore.”

I was so close. I was shaking, and I was sweating, and I was almost there. Almost ready to cum. For the camera. For David. For posterity.

“Fuck,” I groaned, my body vibrating in bliss. “I’m gonna cum, babe. I’m gonna—”

“Stop!”

I froze immediately. Bert lowered the camera, and was staring at me, his mouth twisted in an expression I couldn’t read.

“What?” I asked, my voice a squeak. I wanted to cum so badly, but Bert had told me to stop, and I knew I couldn’t continue until he gave the word.

“This is all wrong,” he sighed, staring at my hand. It was suspended in mid-air, closed into a fist, pretending to pump a huge, veiny dick.

I looked at it, too, and then back up to Bert.

“If you were really jerking someone off, your fist wouldn’t be closed all the way like that,” he informed me. “There would be space between your fingers. You know: for the dick.”

“Oh,” I said, embarrassed. “Uh, yeah. I guess.”

I was sitting topless in front of my best friend, my hand between my legs as I pretended to jerk a cock...and he was focused on my mime-work.

“Yeah,” I agreed, looking down at my hand. “How about this?”

I opened my hand a bit, as though I was holding David’s erection.

Bert laughed. “Uh, sure,” he said. “If you were jerking off a pencil. Hang on...”

Crossing my room, Bert opened my top drawer. “Do you have a dildo somewhere?”

“N-no,” I said, my embarrassment returning. It felt weird that Bert knew so much about my masturbation habits.

“Then this will have to do,” he said, pulling out my vibrator and throwing it to me.

My cheeks flushed as I recalled how much of a workout the device had gotten over the last few days, as I’d stared at...

No. I wasn’t going to think about that. This was for David. It was all for David.

“Okay,” Bert said, returning to the end of the bed. “Let’s go from there.”

I picked up my toy.

“The dirty talk was really good,” Bert offered, bringing the camera to his eye once more.

“T-thanks.”

“You should do more of that. Okay: recording!”

Again, there was no visual indicator that the camera was capturing anything, but I straightened my back as I began awkwardly jerking it off in the air.

“H-hey babe,” I said, forcing a grin to my face. “I really wish this was you. I, um, love your cock. And I want to touch your dick. Real good.”

I stumbled through another minute or two of attempted dirty talk before Bert lowered the camera, one eyebrow raised.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. Just...whatever you were doing earlier, do that again.”

Earlier I wasn't wagging a toy around, I thought to myself, but just nodded in response.

“Okay, take three. Action!”

“I love dick!” I said brightly. “*Your* dick. So much!”

This time, it was less than thirty seconds before Bert lowered the camera.

“So this isn't working,” he stated flatly, and I couldn't deny it. “I think it was effective earlier because of how turned on you were.”

“Maybe,” I confessed, and a half-smile appeared on my best friend's face.

“I know,” he said, plucking the vibrator from my hand and turning it on. “Let's do this.”

“I don't think that'll work,” I said. “I mean, it's not like David's actual cock buzzes like – oh!”

A gasp left my mouth as Bert placed the device between my legs, deftly repositioning me so that my pussy was lowered onto it, my clit in direct contact with the buzzing toy.

“Oh, god!” I exclaimed, feeling the pleasure run through my body.

“Perfect,” he said, lifting the camera back to his eye. “Action!”

“Oh, fuck,” I moaned, languidly moving my hand back and forth, imagining that I was jerking off the huge dick that I'd spent so much time thinking about lately. “Oh, god....”

Bert used one hand to make the ‘talking’ motion. I swallowed and nodded.

“Babe,” I gasped. “God, this feels so good. I'm getting close. It feels incredible, but I wish it was a dick. God do I need to feel a big dick inside me. I want to be used, and I want it so badly. I want a man to fuck me. I want to be pounded, I want to be made to scream.”

My toes were curling with pleasure, and – for the second time in just a few minutes – I could feel my orgasm building.

“I can't wait,” I groaned, my brain getting foggy as my hand began to move faster. “I can't wait to have a real dick in my cunt, to be taken, to cum. I can't stop. I've been wanting this for a long time. I want a big cock, babe, bigger than yours.”

I was panting, my eyes squeezed shut, my hand a blur.

“I want to feel a cock stretching my tight little hole. I want to be filled up, to be stretched, to be fucked. I want to be forced to obey. I want to be a slut, to be a whore, to be a dirty girl. I need a huge cock in me, to make me feel like a woman for the first time...”

My hips were sliding back and forth, moving my clit along the length of the vibrator.

“Oh, god, I’m gonna cum. I’m gonna cum, babe, I’m gonna...”

“Stop!”

“No!” I gasped, but at Bert’s command I froze, even lifting myself slightly so that the vibrator wouldn’t make me cum. I could still feel the buzz, teasing my clit, but not pressed against it.

“You’re doing it again,” he sighed, and my eyes moved to my hand.

Shit! It was a tight fist again. If there was a real cock in there, it would’ve been crushed.

“It’s okay,” he said, moving one hand down to his belt. “I think I know how to fix this.”

My eyebrows rose as I watched him undo his pants.

“What are—”

“We can practice with this,” he suggested. “Until you get the hang of it.”

Bert lowered his shorts and boxers, revealing the erection that I’d been fantasizing about for days. In the flesh. Not in a picture, not hidden behind layers of clothing.

My best friend’s actual, real cock.

God, I’d never seen anything so beautiful in my life. I swear, my mouth began to water at the sight of it. My gaze locked onto his massive shaft, my hand hovering just a few inches away.

“Bert...” I said. I’d wanted to object, but the word came out as a wanton moan.

“Mmm?”

“We...we can’t. We shouldn’t.”

“It’s just for practice,” he reminded me, reaching down and wrapping one hand around his dick. My entire body shuddered lustfully as he did. Was this how he jerked off?

Was this how he jerked off, looking at pictures of me?

“I...I have a boyfriend,” I whispered, unable to look away from his huge, beautiful erection.

“We’re doing this *for* your boyfriend,” he reminded me, and I nodded.

Right. Of course. It was for the video. It wasn’t cheating.

This was for David. It was all for David.

“It’s all for David,” he repeated softly, and I smiled.

No. Wait. I couldn't touch him...

"I touched you," he said gently, as if he could read my thoughts. "And that was okay, right?"

"Uh huh," I murmured. He'd touched me. And that was okay.

Right?

"Here you go," he said, moving his cock into my hand. His dick was warm, and so big. It felt amazing in my palm; I stared at it, mesmerized.

"That's it, baby. Just like this. Take it slow."

As if on autopilot, my hand began to move, slowly stroking Bert's cock. I could feel my pussy tingle. It was impossible not to imagine feeling this monster inside me, filling me up, pounding me until I forgot my own name.

Until I forgot I had a boyfriend.

"We shouldn't..." I murmured, but the words came out so softly that I knew Bert couldn't hear them. Not that I'm sure he'd have done anything if he did.

My hand began stroking faster, my fingers gripping his cock. It was rock-hard, harder than I could ever remember David being, and I wanted to wrap my lips around it, to suck it, to taste it.

"Let's try again," Bert said, his voice low.

I looked up, and the camera was back, the huge black lens pointing straight at me. I shuddered. It wasn't recording, was it? Bert couldn't be recording this. Couldn't.

But I didn't stop. I didn't stop stroking.

"Oh, god!" I moaned, my hand moving even quicker. I was so turned on, so horny. I needed to cum.

"Don't worry about the camera," Bert said, his voice soothing. "You're doing great. Keep doing what you're doing."

"Shouldn't..."

"Here you go," he replied, reaching out and lightly grasping my shoulder. I shivered with pleasure at his touch, and then let out a long, loud groan as he pushed me down so that my clit made contact with the vibrator once more.

I reached out with my other hand, until both were wrapped around his huge cock. My thighs were trembling as I once more slid my clit back and forth against the humming device on my bed.

“Fuuuuck,” I moaned.

Bert’s hand made the ‘talking’ motion again, and I obeyed without thinking. My hands were stroking his cock, occasionally reaching down to play with his balls, and I could feel myself getting close.

“Hey babe,” I said, staring into the lens, not even listening to what I was saying. “This feels so good. So fucking good. Bert’s cock is so much bigger than yours, honey. It’s so fucking hot. I want to cum. I need to cum. I’m so wet. I can’t hold it anymore. I wanna come. I wanna come so bad.”

Bert’s finger waggled, and I forced myself to slow down, obeying his silent command.

“His cock is so big,” I moaned. “So beautiful. I want to make him feel good. I want to feel it inside me, I want to take his dick in my mouth, I want to swallow his load, I want to feel his sperm shoot deep into my cunt...”

I was panting now, my eyes watering, my body writhing on the toy.

“I can’t wait,” I whispered desperately. “I love you, babe, I really do, but I don’t care. I can’t wait to cheat on you with Bert...”

A strangled cry emerged from behind the camera, and before I knew what was happening, the cock in my hands began to pulse.

“Oh, fuck,” I gasped, the words barely audible. All I could do was watch, stunned, as the first rope of white cream shot onto my exposed chest.

“Fuck,” Bert breathed, and I watched as another stream hit my tits. The smell of his scent filled my nostrils – god, it had been so long since I’d smelled a man’s seed. I’d forgotten how intoxicating it was. How raw, how sexy. Primal. The knowledge that I’d done it, that I’d made him cum.

The feeling of his warm, sticky semen on my skin was electrifying.

“Mmm,” I sighed, watching the third shot of cum land directly on my left nipple, while the fourth and fifth dribbled directly onto my hand.

I was breathing heavily, my breasts heaving, my pussy throbbing, my entire being focused entirely on Bert’s cock. I could feel his cum dripping off my breasts and onto my thigh, running down to my stomach, running down my thigh. I could only imagine what it would taste like.

I wanted it. I needed it.

“Oh, god,” I moaned, my legs shaking, my hand still stroking his cock.

“I think that’s enough for today,” Bert said, lowering the camera and pulling his cock out of my

grasp.

“W-what?” I replied, letting out a soft gasp as my best friend reached between my legs and turned my vibrator off. My head was spinning, my pussy burning with desire. I stared into my best friend’s eyes, suddenly confused.

“I think we got enough footage,” he said, popping the lens cap back onto the machine.

“Oh, shit!” I cried, dropping Bert’s cock. I scrambled to my feet, accidentally kicking the vibrator off the bed as I did. “Bert, you...you weren’t recording that, were you?”

“Of course not!” he laughed, exposing his throat as he did. “Oh, no, of course not.”

I could feel my entire body fill with relief.

“They really should put a recording light on those things,” I grumbled. For a moment I thought he’d been filming as we’d...as I’d...

My face turned white as I realized what I’d just done.

I looked down at my exposed tits. They were covered in Bert’s cum, dripping it onto my bedsheets.

“Oh my god,” I gasped. “Bert, we—”

“I know,” he cut me off. After that practice run, we didn’t try another take.”

“No! We—”

“But I was thinking about it,” he continued, speaking over me, “and I think I disagree.”

I was going to tell him that I shouldn’t have jerked him off, that I couldn’t be unfaithful to my boyfriend, but his comment distracted me.

“W-what? Disagree?”

“Yeah. I don’t think a video is the way to go.”

“You...don’t?”

“No,” Bert said, pulling his shorts up. I was hit with a wave of sadness as his softening cock disappeared from view. Even though I was furious at him for what we’d done – what *I’d* done – I was still sad to see it go.

My hands twitched, as if they wanted to jerk him off again.

No. Never again. We shouldn’t even have done it the once.

“You want to tease him,” he said, a glint in his eye. “So he always wants more. That’s the way to

keep his mind off other girls.”

I nodded. That made sense.

“But—”

“So I think I’m going to edit together some smaller gifs,” Bert said firmly. “From what we already got.”

“That makes sense,” I nodded, the motion making more cum drip from my tit onto my hand. “But Bert, we...—”

“I gotta run,” he said, leaning forward and giving me a quick kiss on the lips. “But I’ll send you what I got, and you can work out how much to send through.”

“Bert!” I called out after him, but he was gone. And in my current state – naked (but for a skirt), coated in my best friend’s cum – I couldn’t exactly run after him.

Frustrated, I threw myself back onto the bed.

And after all that, I hadn’t even cum.

Photographed by my Friend

by BurroGirl18 Pan

Chapter 11

u up? -D

After Bert had left, I’d thrown myself back on the bed, furious.

Furious and horny.

Not because of Bert. Well, yes, because of Bert, but not because of *Bert*.

Yes, I was furious because of Bert, don’t get me wrong. He’d just cum on my tits – NOT something that friends do – and then disappeared like I was a farmer’s daughter whose shotgun-wielding father had just appeared at the door.

But I was angry at myself, because I’d let it happen. When Bert told me to do something – especially while he was holding his camera – it was like I just...melted.

And so when he’d ordered me to jerk him off, I should have told him to leave. I should have told

him that I was practically engaged and that I was *not* going to cheat on David, and that I needed him to leave right now because this was not appropriate.

But I'd just gotten so caught up in the moment.

I'd just gotten so caught up in his cock.

Bert's not an ugly dude. He's not about to win second place in a beauty contest, but he's not, like...a troglodyte.

So what the *fuck* was someone as average-looking as him doing with a cock that magnificent?

I'd half convinced myself that it was just his skills with the camera. Like, I know I have nice boobs, but when Bert takes a photo of them, they look like they could be on a Victoria's Secret ad. He was so good at capturing their curves; they look plenty big in real life, but I swear, they look even bigger in the pictures he takes.

And so I'd told myself that his cock was the same way.

But in person, it had been just as spectacular. If not more so.

I had seen dicks before, of course. Not a lot, don't get me wrong, but David wasn't my first boyfriend. And I like dicks. I'm not a slut (despite what recent events might suggest), but I'm a healthy, heterosexual woman.

I like cock. I like how it looks, I like how it feels, I even like how it tastes. I have a normal straight woman relationship with dicks.

But Bert's...

Bert's dick made me weak at the knees. Like I said, I'd figured it was just the picture...but in person, it had the same effect. I'm not, like, cock-crazy or anything like that...but Bert's dick made me feel like I was.

I've never stared at a dick pick while I masturbated before, but ever since Bert had oh-so-kindly shared his cock shot with me? Yeah, I'd lost track of how many times I'd gotten off while looking at it.

I knew it was wrong. David's was the only cock that I should have cared about. He was literally on the other side of the planet with the army, one of the most noble things you can do...*and* I was completely, utterly, totally in love with him...

But when I got horny late at night, it was Bert's cock that I was thinking about, not my boyfriend's.

I know how wrong that is. I *know*. But I couldn't stop. It was easy to tell myself that it wasn't really cheating, looking at a picture. It wasn't even like I was attracted to Bert, I really wasn't.

Just his dick.

And so when I'd seen it in person, when it had been just as magnificent, just as *huge* in real life as in the photos...

Yeah. I was mad at Bert. But even more than that, I was mad at myself.

The evidence of what I'd done was all over me. I was literally plastered in Bert's cum. I couldn't even blame him for that – I was the one who'd jerked him off. I'd stroked my best friend's cock, aimed it at my tits and made him cum. Made him coat me in his thick, white seed, milked as much out of him as I possibly could.

And it had been amazing.

And so, yeah. I was mad at myself, and I was horny as hell, and that was a bad combination.

I needed to wash off. I needed to clean Bert's cum off my naked tits, and then get dressed, and then work out what to do next.

But instead, I reached for my phone.

Bert, I started. My fingers were dancing across the screen, typing as fast as I could think. What we did tonight was not acceptable. You should never have pulled your dick out, and you should never have made me stroke it. It was cheating. I have a boyfriend, and this is wrong.

I paused, closing my eyes at the memory of how good Bert's cock had felt in my hand. Hands. Bert's dick was so big, I'd needed to wrap both hands around it to get him off.

I don't think we can see each other again. It's clear that you can't control yourself around me, and as much as I have valued our friendship, I can't be around someone who doesn't respect my relationship with David and how much it means to me. He's the love of my life and we're practically engaged.

I reread the message. Good. Firm boundaries. Annoyed but not unreasonable.

Please delete everything from tonight – and the previous sessions – and do not reach out again. I don't want to talk to you. I don't want you in my life. You have meant so much to me, but it's clear that you have ulterior motives, and cannot be trusted. Thank you for everything you have done, but if you cannot respect my wishes, I will be forced to tell David everything. Goodbye, Bert.

I reread it once more, and then, feeling satisfied, I pressed 'send' and breathed a sigh of relief.

Yes. Good. It had been hard, but...that was what needed to be done.

I loved Bert, he was my best friend. But he'd taken advantage of me, and that wasn't okay.

Laying back on my bed, I scrunched up my face, prepared to let the tears come. I'd just had an

intense experience and ended a friendship as a result of it – if there was ever a time to cry, this was it.

But, to my surprise and annoyance, the tears didn't flow.

I wouldn't say I'm an "easy" crier, but...I mean, I do cry. It's good for you. Around that time of the month, or when things are really stressing me out, I'll go to my bed and cry it out. It releases serotonin, or dopamine, or whatever the chemical is. What I'm trying to say is: I have a super healthy relationship with crying.

So why weren't the tears coming now?

Staring up at the ceiling, I realized my hand had moved to my breast. Maybe that was it – I was still covered in another man's cum. Not my boyfriend, David (not that I'd ever let him cum on my chest). I was covered in the cum of someone I'd thought I could trust.

And I was laying there, trying to cry, my finger had started playing with it.

I'd never let David cum on my chest (or worse: face) – I thought it was demeaning. And it was. That was another reason to be mad at Bert, he'd demeaned me. For all these years he'd pretended to be my friend, but it was clear that he'd just seen me as a pair of tits.

A pair of tits for him to cum on.

Part of me knew that wasn't fair – I was the one who'd aimed his cock at my tits, not him – but I was too worked up to be fair. I glanced at my phone, laying beside me on the bed; no response. Good. I'd told him not to respond, so I would have been mad if he had.

I glanced at my phone again. Seriously, nothing?

I hadn't even noticed my other hand was playing with the drying cum on my tits as well. Cumming onto a woman was obviously demeaning, but it wasn't like I *hated* cum. Whenever I went down on David, I always swallowed. I wanted to be good at what I was doing, of course, but it was more than that.

I...I guess I sort of liked cum?

That was fine, I reminded myself. Again: I'm a straight woman. Healthy relationship with cum. So I liked cum, sue me. If heterosexual women aren't allowed to enjoy men's semen, what are we meant to like?

My hands were tracing patterns in it now. I'd never played with cum before, not like this. I kind of liked it. I liked the feel of it. I liked how warm and sticky it was. I liked the smell of it.

And I'd always liked the taste of it.

But it was time to clean it up. I wanted to get up, find a towel, and wipe all of Bert's disgusting

cum off my tits. I wanted to get rid of the reminder of what we'd done. What *he'd* done.

But instead, I continued to lay in bed and rub the cum into my tits.

My mind was racing.

Maybe this was why I wasn't crying – I was too horny to cry. Maybe I needed to get off, clear my mind, and *then* I'd be able to cry. I'd practically been raped tonight – I'd never asked Bert to pull out his dick. I'd never asked him to cum on my chest.

I needed to cry, so I could get over it. But first, I needed to get off.

One hand continued smearing Bert's cum onto my chest, while the other slid between my legs. I was so wet.

"Oh, god," I sighed. I'd just jerked off the most beautiful cock I'd ever seen, and I hadn't even gotten off yet. It made total sense that I was horny. It was completely normal.

It had nothing to do with the thick load of cum coating my tits, or how sexy it had looked when Bert's cock had exploded in front of me, or how badly I wanted to feel his hot cum all over my face. Nothing at all.

"Fuck," I groaned as my fingers touched my clit. "Oh, fuck...fuck."

I couldn't stop. My finger began to move, rubbing my clit in tight, tight circles, just the way I liked it. I could have grabbed my vibrator – it was still within reach – but I wanted to use my fingers. I wanted to get myself off, the natural way.

I had to cum, I had to...I needed it so bad. I needed to forget that Bert had humiliated me, to forget about how dirty I'd felt when he'd ordered me to jerk him off.

To forget how hot it had been when I'd made him blow his load on my chest. About how good it had felt to do what he'd said, to obey his every command.

I needed to cum, and then I could cry.

"Oh, fuck!" I cried, my hand speeding up. I was so close. I needed to just turn my brain off. I needed to cum, to not care that I was rubbing my friend's cum into my tits, or that my boyfriend was completely oblivious to what we'd done, or that everything that had happened tonight had been captured on camera, and that it could be leaked onto the internet, that everyone could see what a little slut I'd been, what a little cheating slut I was...

With a long, loud moan, I came, my entire body tensing as the last few hours of frustration were all released at once, in one powerful, perfect, gorgeous wave of pure ecstasy.

"Oh!" I screamed, my hips rising up off the bed as I rode my climax to its natural conclusion.

My chest heaved as I tried to catch my breath.

It felt good, to cum. Good and right and clean and...

I opened my eyes, suddenly aware of how cold the cum on my chest was. I really needed to clean it off.

It's funny; you'd think that cold cum would be really different to warm, straight-from the source cum. Like butter, y'know? When butter is cold, it coagulates. When it's warm, it's melt.

Not cum. Cum is just...cum.

My hands were on my tits again, playing with the now-cold, sticky mess. And, to my shock and horror, I realized I still wasn't crying.

"Oh, no," I murmured. I'd just masturbated, I'd made myself cum – that should have opened the floodgates.

Maybe I needed to clean up first. Maybe once I was no longer covered in my best friend's cum, I'd be able to cry.

But I didn't want to get up. I wanted to keep playing with the seed on my chest.

My hands were tracing patterns into the milky mess. I liked the feel of it. Maybe this was my way of coping with what had happened. Reclaiming the cum. Just because a bad thing had happened didn't mean that every part of it had to be bad. If I could enjoy part of it, maybe that was the healthiest way of coping?

I just didn't want to admit how much I liked the feeling of Bert's cum on my chest. When David came back, that would be a nice surprise for him. "I want you to shoot a load onto my tits, like you always wanted. I like that now."

Of course, maybe he'd wonder why. Maybe he'd start to ask what had changed, start to piece things together.

No, better not to risk making him suspicious. This would be the first – and last – time a guy came on my chest.

So if that was the case, I might as well enjoy it...

Moving one hand back between my legs, I started to rub myself, feeling my clit throb with one hand as my other hand stroked the sticky cum into my chest.

I stared at my phone as I played with myself. No reply from Bert. Good. I'd been very clear that I didn't want to hear from him.

Of course, sometimes phones didn't show you every message that comes in. Sometimes there

was a weird glitch, and a message showed as read despite having never read it.

I licked my hand clean (like pizza, it turns out I even like the taste of *cold* cum) and unlocked my phone.

It wasn't until my wallpaper came into view that I realized what I'd just done. My tongue had so naturally cleaned my hand, so I could use my phone.

My stomach dropped with guilt. I'd swallowed Bert's cum without thinking about it. I shouldn't even be touching my best friend's cum, let alone consuming it.

I don't know why *that* was what made me so guilty, but it did. I had a boyfriend. I had to kiss him, with the mouth that had...that had...

With a shudder, I put it out of my mind and opened my messages app. No, definitely no reply. I couldn't tell if he'd read what I said yet...probably not, right? If he'd read them, he would definitely have responded.

Except I'd told him not to. I'd been very clear about that.

It was almost muscle memory that made me click the "media" button. A few scrolls later, and there it was. The picture of Bert's cock.

I tapped it without really meaning to, and suddenly it filled the screen. My fingers had never left my clit, and my other hand returned to my chest, to the thick coating of cum that I was slowly rubbing into breasts.

I could have taken a shower, or a bath, or just used a wet wipe or something. But instead, I was rubbing it into my skin. I could feel my nipples harden as I rubbed the thick, sticky mess into my chest. It was like my body was absorbing it. It was like Bert's cum, despite only landing on my chest, was entering me.

Bert's cock was staring at me, and it was so easy to remember how good it had felt in my hands just half an hour earlier. How hot his cum had felt as it sprayed against my tits, how I'd milked the rest out of him with my hands. How good it had felt to have it on my skin.

He hadn't taken any photos of my cum-coated skin, thank god. But it was easy to imagine how good they'd look if he had – I'd look like a true porn star, covered in cum, my eyes full of lust, my lips partly open, my tits glistening with sticky white.

I had a boyfriend. I knew this was wrong. Everything we'd done was so, so wrong.

But I was close. So close.

It was all too easy to imagine Bert looking at the photos of my tits, remembering what he'd done to me. Stroking that huge cock of his, imagining what it would be like to do it again. What would he do to me next time? Would he convince me to open my mouth, to take his cock between my

lips, to suck it off, to swallow his load like a proper whore?

My finger was speeding up, my hips rising up off the bed, my entire body tightening with lust as I imagined it. He'd photograph the whole thing, call his camera the B.E.R.T. Model 2000 or something. He'd get so many photos of me with his cock in my mouth, his dick stretching my lips out, my eyes looking up at him, silently begging for his cum...

"Fuck!" I cried out, cumming, my entire body tightening as my fingers moved as quickly as possible, my body so turned on I thought I would explode. I felt my pussy tighten, my back arching as I screamed, as I came long and loud.

It was several minutes before I recovered, my body twitching and panting as I came down from my climax. It had felt so good, to cum like that, to imagine that Bert had taken photos of me.

I didn't *want* Bert to take photos of me, of course. I wanted to stop. My message had made that very clear. It had to stop.

But it was impossible to deny that it turned me on. Apparently it's quite common for rape victims to develop rape fantasies...maybe that was what was happening here. This was my way of processing Bert's betrayal, to fantasize about it.

My phone buzzed, and I pulled it up eagerly.

Damn it. It was from David.

It was early in the morning where he was – maybe he'd had a bad dream or something. (He'd suffered from night terrors as a kid, and still sometimes had nightmares. He said that talking to me was the best thing for them...he could be so sweet sometimes. I loved him so much.)

I put the phone face-down in frustration. Damn it, why wasn't Bert replying?

Right. Because I'd told him not to. *Still*, though...

I reached out and grabbed my vibrator. A few moments later, it was buzzing between my legs as I imagined Bert insisting that he *had* to film me sucking his dick, that it was the only way to test a new lens. I scooped up more of his cum and brought it to my mouth, suddenly craving the taste. Needing to taste the forbidden seed.

"Nooo," I moaned softly, my hand moving the toy over my sensitive clit. "No, Bert, we can't...I have a boyfriend..."