

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 on.

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.