

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 feeling all week, after receiving David’s letter. 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. A”*

“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 - it somehow made me feel less nervous about what we were going to do.

About what I was going to do.

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 this time."

I paused. This time?

"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? 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 wish 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.

“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. 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.

“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, so I could get back to playing with myself quicker.

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.

What was I doing?

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.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

"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 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.

Buzzzzzclickclickclickclickzzzz.

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.

Clickclickbuzzzzzzzclickclickclick.

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.

Clickbuzzzzzclickzzzzzzclickzzzz.

"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.

Buzzzzclickclickzzzzclickclickzzzz.

“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 photographed my pleasure in high resolution.

Clickclickclickclickbuzzzzzzzzzz...

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, 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 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 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 anyl ur pics. there just for me and i luv it.

*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...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 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.

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.

"...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?"

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 you 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. 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. 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.

...slutty.

“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 I’m trying something else this time.”

Click, click, click, click.

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

“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 waste.

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, Mandy," 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.

BUZZZZZZ.

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.

BUZZZZZZ.

I was the one acting like a slut. Poor Bert just couldn't control himself.

BUZZZZZZ.

It was all my fault.

BUZZZZZZ.

It was my fault, not Bert's.

BUZZZZZZ.

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.

BUZZZZZZZ.

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.

BUZZZZZZZ.

I groaned loudly as the orgasm washed over me.