

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 new piece of 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 as often as 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.

“Despite 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, Mandy...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."

"Haha, 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 stopped being able to see the happy couple as humans. 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 right to David, was it?

As you 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."

"Oh! 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 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 hesitation, 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 suddenly 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 coolly.

“Your boyfriend has been away for a few months - 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, still 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 1

*"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.

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 lay on the bed. 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 sound of 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.”

“Fine,” I grunted. 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 grabbed my hand 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?”

“Trust me, 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 all the pictures.

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."*

"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 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.

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, 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.

Why would I do 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.

Clickbuzzzzzzclickzzzzclickzzzz.

“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.

Clickclickclickbuzzzzzzclickclick.

“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, 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.

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 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.

“...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 the camera 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. 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 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 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 express permission, 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 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.

“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.

God damn it, 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 fuck 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, buzzzzzz.

“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.

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 feel like I can’t find the words.

I can’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 sacret moment with someone...it changes their perception of you. They see you in your most vulnerable, primal state, completley 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, as an invite. 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 him.

When Bert 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've never really seen Bert undressing me with his eyes before, at least not so brazenly. He's 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 we always had.

"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 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.”

“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. 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. Did he really forget what happened? That can’t be. He must be 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 thought warmed me up a little, at least.