

Photographed by my Friend

by Pan

Chapter 12

*babe, you could be a porn star -d*

*hey i meant that in a respectful way -d*

*your so smart, i love everything about you -d*

*but those gifs were the hottest thing you've ever sent me -d*

*no. the hottest things ive ever SEEN -d*

My boyfriend was right.

Even worse, Bert was right.

David was right: I could have been a porn star. I mean, no girl wants to think of herself like that, but...when Bert sent me the gifs he'd put together, it was undeniable. They could have been made by someone who did porn professionally.

The look of lust on my face, the way my tits shook as I moved...it was all perfect. My cheeks turned red as I stared at myself on the screen – I'm not into women, and even I was turned on by it.

Bert had managed to grab some clips of my lust-fueled monologue. I couldn't even remember what I'd been saying, but the way he'd cut them together, it didn't matter. I was kneeling on my bed, wearing nothing but a short skirt, my eyes glazed over with lust, my mouth moving as I ranted about David's cock entering me (or whatever I'd been talking about).

They were some of the hottest things I'd ever seen. I looked like a sex goddess. I've got the same amount of body insecurity as any other girl, but looking at this clips, it was impossible to deny: Bert had managed to make me look hot as hell.

So yeah, David was right. But Bert was right too – a video would have been too much. The gifs were perfect.

It was two days later when he finally replied to my message. That night, I'd ignored two more messages from David and gotten off god knows how many times before finally showering the last of Bert's emissions off and getting to sleep.

I still hadn't cried.

I'd cooled down a lot since that night, and when Bert's message finally came, it...well, it was

perfect.

He explained that he completely respected my decision, and that I wouldn't hear from him again, that his door was always open if I ever wanted to reach out, and that he was deeply sorry and would do anything I wanted (including never contacting him again) to make it up to me.

And in a separate email, he'd included the gifs.

I'd told myself that I wasn't going to send anything to David, that this was it. But the bundle of gifs (about a dozen in total, all from that same lustful monologue, each of them perfect) came through, I knew that I had no choice.

I mean, if I didn't send them to David, then what had it been for? If I didn't send them to David, then I had no explanation for why I'd invited my best friend over, stripped down, and jerked him off.

God, I still couldn't believe that I'd done that.

This way, I could at least justify it: I'd done it all for my boyfriend. I'd done it all for David.

He loved them. I mean, of course he did: he was a guy. I think the only man who *wouldn't* have wanted to see those gifs was my Dad...and honestly, even he probably would've been a little impressed.

Ew.

Anyway. After David's positive reaction, and a whole lot of soul-searching, I realized I hadn't really been fair to Bert. Yes, he'd pushed me further than I'd been comfortable with, and yes, he'd crossed the line...but I had definitely led him on.

I'd been the one who had gone to the movies with him dressed in a skirt so short it was practically a belt. I'd been the one who told him David wanted a video.

And no, he absolutely should NOT have pulled his dick out...but when he had, I'd been the one to jerk him off.

I'd been the one who aimed his cock at my tits when he came.

It was easy to be mad at Bert, but I was at least partially to blame.

And so, against my better judgment, I told Bert that I'd meet him for coffee. Somewhere public. Somewhere busy.

Somewhere that he couldn't convince me to pose for him.

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As Bert approached the table, I was embarrassed to find my eyes flicking down to his crotch.

I'd spent the entire day antsy. My message had been so final, I'd half expected Bert to do what he'd done every other time I'd brought up a concern, and ignore it or brush it off.

Or just order me to come over. Like the way he'd looked me dead in the eyes and ordered me to wear that short skirt. I didn't want to, I shouldn't have...but he'd been so authoritative. I'd felt like I had no choice.

Like I didn't want a choice.

If he'd ordered me to come over and suck his cock or something, that frankly would have made things easier. Not because I would have done it! Because I would have had incontrovertible proof that he was an asshole, and been able to end the friendship without a qualm.

That was what part of me had been hoping for. Undeniable evidence that he was as big a dick as the one I knew he was hiding in his pants.

But he'd said all the right things. And not the right things that make you feel like someone is trying to say the right things; he'd *actually* said the right things, y'know?

So yeah. If someone does the right thing, you have to reward that, right? If you can't forgive someone when they deserve it, you'll never forgive anyone.

I'd spent the whole day antsy, and I don't know what you do when you're stressed, but I masturbate.

I didn't masturbate the whole day. Just...when I felt overwhelmed.

And ever since I got that damn dick pic, it's like I need it to get off. I couldn't even remember the last time I got myself off without looking at Bert's dick...or feeling his eyes on me, his camera *click click clicking* as I writhed on the bed, my orgasm captured for all time.

"Hey," Bert said, giving me a serious look. His eyes held mine firmly, not even flicking down at my chest. Not that I was giving him much to glance at – I'd deliberately dressed in something less slutty than the last time we'd gone out together.

Of course, it would have been hard to dress in something *more* slutty. And yeah, maybe my skirt was shorter than David would've wanted me wearing with another guy. But I'd deliberately not worn a shirt that showed much cleavage.

*Much* cleavage.

Of course, none of this really mattered. Bert had seen it all before.

"Thanks so much for this," he said somberly. "I know I don't deserve it"

“Yeah,” I replied. “No, I mean...you know what I mean.”

Bert just nodded in response. What had happened to the carefree, easy-going friend I’d known my whole life?

Right. I’d told him never to talk to me again.

He really must have understood how serious I was. Meanwhile, I was just trying to pretend I hadn’t gotten off six times that day already, staring at his cock the whole time. Groping my tits, pretending it was his hands on me. Remembering how it had felt when he’d shot his load onto my naked chest.

“I’ve been thinking about it,” he said, after ordering his usual – the largest, sweetest, most fattening drink on the menu. I don’t know how he stays so skinny, when all I ever see him drink is iced caramel macchiatos with an extra shot of caramel syrup. “And I think I know how to apologize.”

I blushed at his words. I was starting to feel bad – I’d really done a number on him. That message...it had all been true, but I’d ignored my mother’s advice. She’d always told me to sleep on anything you want to say in anger. Even if you still want to say it the next day, the rest will help you say it right.

I’d told Bert that I never wanted to see him again, and he’d taken me seriously. Which is what I’d wanted, of course. I needed him to stop seeing me as nothing but a pair of tits, a nude model he can photograph whenever he wants.

A girl he can grope whenever he’s in the mood. Molest.

Use as target practice for his cum...

But maybe I’d gone too far. He really looked like he’d spent the last few days doing nothing but beating himself up.

Reaching my hand out, I wanted to tell him that it was okay, that I could tell he was truly contrite, that we could go back to being friends. Real friends, not...friends who saw each other topless.

Not friends who got each other off, and then masturbated while hungrily slurping down the other friend’s cum.

But he gripped my hands in his, and all of a sudden I remembered what his hands had felt like on my body. How expertly he’d made me cum, how he’d made me feel as he ran his talented fingers across my skin, my tits, between my legs...

I was blushing as he looked me straight in the eyes. My entire body was warm. Just the thought of what we’d done, the lines we’d crossed – he’d crossed? – was enough to get me worked up. My pussy throbbed at the memories.

“I know how to make it right,” he continued, and all I could do was nod. I knew if I opened my mouth, my words would come out as a moan, and that would send the absolute wrong message. “I want to do one final shoot.”

My eyebrows shot up, and for a moment I felt like I’d completely misjudged him. Bert thought that the best way to apologize for molesting me during a photoshoot...was to have another photoshoot?

“I know what you’re thinking,” Bert said, squeezing my hands. God, how did such a nerdy, skinny boy have such powerful hands? “You’re thinking that there’s no way we could do another photo session, not after last time, not after what happened. But that’s exactly why I want to do it. If we’re going to stay friends – and that’s what I want, A, more than anything – then you need to be able to trust me.”

“Please: one last photoshoot, and I’ll prove what a gentleman I can be. I’ll prove that I want nothing more than friendship. That I respect you.”

For the first time since he’d entered the coffee shop, a grin spread across Bert’s face. “And trust me, this is going to be a photoshoot you’ll never forget.”

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When I saw Bert again that evening, I was dressed exactly as he’d instructed.

Which is to say, I was dressed in what *I* wanted to wear.

It had taken the better part of twenty minutes for Bert to convince me that his apology shoot wouldn’t go the way that our others had. But he’d maintained eye contact and gripped my hand the entire time, and eventually he’d worn me down.

His camera hadn’t even made an appearance. I couldn’t even remember the last time the two of us had spent time together without that black lens staring at me, watching me strip. Watching me cum.

By the end of our coffee, it had even begun to feel like old times. Like we were just friends again, chatting and joking. I hadn’t been sure that I’d ever feel completely comfortable around him again, not after...what we’d done. After how much we’d seen of each other.

After the time I’d rubbed my wet panties on his cock and gaspingly cum for his camera.

But when we’d parted ways, it was impossible to deny: for the entire meeting, he’d been a perfect gentleman.

He’d been the Bert I’d known my whole life.

So I was dressed comfortably for the shoot. Innocently, even. To apologize, he wanted to do a

final round of photos for Instagram, not for David. I probably had more than enough photos to keep David happy for the last two months before he got home – I didn't need more.

I was wearing a loose t-shirt with a cartoon puppy on the front, and a pair of yoga pants. Yeah, they showed off my ass, but not in a “look at me, look at my ass” kind of way – more of a “yes, I have an ass, that is a fact, I'm not going to hide it” vibe. My hair was up in a ponytail, and I had put on a light smattering of make-up. I looked good, but casually good. That's what I wanted for my Instagram, to look like a normal, everyday girl.

Not a naked, cock-crazed slut.

When Bert knocked on the door, he was grinning.

“Let's go to the yard,” he said, and my eyebrows shot up. I...look, I wanted to trust Bert. I really did. He was my best friend. But after everything we'd done, part of me still thought that he was just going to talk me into stripping again, talk me into cumming on-camera and then leaving me confused and...well, horny.

Like I said: if he did, if he showed his true colors, my path was obvious. I could completely cut him off, knowing that he'd been manipulating me the whole time. But suggesting we shoot outside? Even Bert wouldn't be bold enough to get me naked and touch me where the neighbors could see.

My face grew hot at the thought as I followed him through the house.

“So,” Bert said cheerfully. “I was thinking today we do some girl next door stuff. Tire swing, climbing trees, you know. Cute stuff.”

“Yeah, sounds great,” I said, but I hadn't been able to keep the suspicion out of my voice. He stopped abruptly, and I slammed right into him.

Just like at the cafe, the moment we made contact, my mind was flooded with memories of what we'd done together. Of how he'd made me feel.

I took a step back, blushing.

“A,” he said, turning to look me in the eyes. “I know I crossed a line. I promise, it won't happen again. Seriously. Hopefully after this, you'll trust me.”

I smiled, nodding. I don't know when Bert's eyes became so...this is going to sound weird, but: beautiful? I felt like I could stare into them for hours.

“Yeah, of course,” I said. “It's fine.”

Despite there being no curtains or lighting for him to mess with, it still felt like Bert took half an hour to get everything just right. I watched, my heart-rate quickening, as he pulled pieces of camera out of his shorts and assembled them, the whole time his eyes constantly darting around,

looking at angles.

“Okay,” he said, and my stomach leapt to my throat. Despite what he’d said, despite the implausibility of doing it outside, part of me was still convinced that within a few photos, I’d be naked, throbbing with desire, and begging for his touch.

After all, being outside hadn’t stopped him before. He’d managed to talk me out of my bra and panties, leaving me wearing nothing but a far-too-tight dress. I flushed at the memory of it. Had I really removed my underwear in the middle of a public street, just because Bert had told me so?

*Click.*

“Oh!” I gasped, the sound catching me by surprise. “I’m not ready.”

“Don’t worry,” Bert replied, shooting me a smile. “You’re perfect.”

My entire body went warm at his words, and I cursed myself for feeling this way. He was my friend. I was mad at him.

His praise definitely shouldn’t be making me wet.

*Click, click, click.*

My entire body was tense, as I wondered how he was going to do it. Was he going to convince me that my top contrasted with the color of the neighbors fence, and the only way to get a great photo was to take it off?

How was he going to get me naked? And once I was, where would he stop?

*Click, click, click.*

As he circled me with the camera, occasionally murmuring commands, I obeyed every one of them. If he told me to strike a pose, I moved into position immediately. But my mind was whirring the whole time.

Was Bert going to cum on my chest again? Was he going to strip me topless and have me kneel, then jerk him off until his huge cock was spraying my tits with his cum?

Or was he going to take things a step further? Would he order me to suck his dick this time?

*Click, click, click.*

I’ve always liked sucking dick. I mean, that’s not exactly something I advertise, but it’s true. I like the taste, and the fact that I’m good at it. I think I’m good at it, anyway. Never had any complaints.

Of course, I’ve also never tried to suck anything the size of Bert’s. Maybe I’d struggle with it. Disappoint him. It was all too easy to imagine him getting me naked, ordering me to take his

cock in my mouth, and then squinting down at me as I failed to fit the whole thing in my mouth.

Maybe I needed to practice...

*Click, click, click.*

No. No, what was I thinking? Why would I need to practice sucking dick? Firstly, I'm plenty good at it, and secondly – I'm (basically) betrothed to David. I never need to look at another dick in my life, and I am *more* than capable of taking David's entire length in my mouth.

Bert's cock would never, ever come close to my lips.

At least, closer than it had already.

*Click, click, click.*

As Bert continued to tell me what to do, I continued to obey. When he asked me to climb a tree, I climbed a tree. When he told me to jump, I didn't even ask 'how high'.

It felt good. With every snap of the camera, I was reminded of how much I enjoyed being in front of the lens. How much I loved the process of photography.

How much I liked being told what to do.

How much I liked Bert.

*Click, click, click.*

Even as I obeyed, I made sure not to let my best friend take any liberties. The yoga pants meant that even when I was above him in the tree, there was no risk of him taking photos up my skirt. The t-shirt meant that there was no chance of a nipple slip,

And he didn't use any lines about my panty line or my bra strap or the way the light would fall so much better on me if I was completely naked. Instead, he just kept taking organic, wholesome photos of me cavorting in my own back yard.

*Click, click, click.*

All the while, my mind was ablaze, imagining things he *could* have told me to do. To suck his cock. To lie back on the picnic table that Dad installed in the back yard almost two decades earlier.

It was all too easy to imagine what it would be like to take Bert's massive cock inside me. The image of his erection was practically burned into my brain, I'd spent so many hours staring at it. I'd never taken anything so big in my life, but it was easy to imagine what it would feel like: pushing against my walls, filling to my limit, stretching me past what I thought I could take.

After taking Bert's cock inside me, would David's even be enough to satisfy me any more? After



taking such a huge, beautiful dick inside me, how could I ever go back to my boyfriend? Almost-fiancee?

No. No, all these thoughts were madness. I would never cheat on David. I mean, not beyond... what we'd already done. And that wasn't cheating, not technically. Dick inside an orifice, that was *real* cheating. And I may have guzzled down Bert's cock – and been craving the taste again ever since – but I'd never taken his dick inside me. Hell, I'd barely touched it.

And I never would.

*Click, click, click.*

“Okay,” he said, as the sun began to dip below the horizon. “That should be good.”

I shot him a look. “Already?”

“That's right,” he said, reaching out and tucking my hair behind my ear – it was the first time he'd made direct eye contact with me since we'd left the house. My body felt like it was alight – an hour of Bert's eyes on me, of the camera's lens capturing my every move...his compliments as I did what he said so well.

And the memories of what we'd done, plus imagining of what he would try next.

It had all felt good. Really, really good.

“Really?” I asked, my disappointment evident. He nodded.

Of course, this was the best-case scenario. Right? Bert had proven once and for all that he just wanted to be friends, that he just wanted to use his camera to help me present the best image I could online.

He hadn't stripped me down and forced me to kneel, naked, in my own back yard, and suck his cock until I could taste his seed straight from the source.

“Well...”

I stiffened. Like I said, if Bert had even put a toe across the line, I would have called it then and there. It would have been the proof I needed that he wasn't to be trusted, that I had to end things once and for all.

But my response had given him a window, and I needed to see if he'd take advantage of it.

“...could we get a selfie?” he asked sheepishly. “Sort of a tradition, y'know.”

I closed my eyes. I could picture all the other selfies he'd taken – me in various forms of undress, him always fully clothed. He hadn't asked permission for any of those, just flipped the camera around and taken them. Like I didn't get a say in it. Like I was just a piece of property.

Like I belonged to him.

“Mm-hmm,” I said, not trusting my mouth to make any intelligible sounds. The idea of being owned by a man...if you’d asked me just a week earlier, I would have said it was abhorrent. David and I have an equal relationship: if he owns me, I own him just as much.

But you couldn’t be owned by two people. Just one.

It was something I’d never thought about, and suddenly the idea of being ‘owned’ by someone was...kind of hot.

“Great,” he said, flipping the camera around. “Smile.”

He was grinning at the screen as the shutter clicked. I was doing all I could not to moan with frustration.

After our photoshoot, I was so worked up. The way my friend had told me what to do, the way he’d refused to touch me – not even once!

I was more turned on than I think I’d ever been. And worst of all...it wasn’t Bert’s fault.

He hadn’t done anything. He hadn’t done a fucking *thing*. He hadn’t touched me, or cajoled me out of my clothes – his eyes had barely even glanced at my body. Bert had been nothing but an absolute fucking professional, and yet I still felt like a puddle around him.

So why was I so damn wet?

“What do you think?” he said, and I blinked twice at the preview on the small screen. I wasn’t looking at the camera – he’d captured me smiling at him. No, not just smiling: my cheeks were flushed, my eyes were glazed over, and my lips were parted slightly.

I wasn’t smiling at him, I was looking at him lustfully. I looked like I wanted nothing more than to rip his clothes off, and have him throw me onto the ground and fuck me until I screamed.

I looked like a whore.

“I can delete it if you want,” he said, and I shrugged. I doubted it was even in the thousand most sexy photos Bert had taken of me.

“Keep it,” I said, and he put his hand on my shoulder. It was all I could do not to move it to my breast, move it between my legs, to beg him to make me cum.

God, what was *wrong* with me.

“Thanks,” he said. “I mean it, A. Thank you. This was fun. It felt...like old times, y’know? Just a couple friends having a good time. Taking photos.”

I swallowed. “Yeah,” I replied, trying to sound like a normal woman. Trying not to sound like

the insatiable little slut I'd apparently become. "I had fun too."

"I'll see you around, yeah?"

"Mm-hmm," I nodded, watching as Bert disassembled his camera and put it back into his various pockets. "I'll see you later."

I did everything I could to act casually, as Bert slowly made his way out of my house. But the moment my front door closed, I ran to my room, slamming the door shut behind me, and groaning into my pillow with frustration.

He hadn't been wrong – it really had felt like old times. Like hanging out with the guy who had been my best friend since I was a little kid.

But even though he was able to go back to where we'd been, it seemed I wasn't. Bert had awoken something in me, and all I could think about was the way his cock had felt in my hands, how hard he'd made me cum. My entire body was flushed.

I was so worked up that less than a minute after Bert left, the photo of his cock was on my screen, and I was groaning once more – but not, this time, with frustration.