

Photographed by my Friend
by BurroGirl18 and Pan
Chapter 8

Last night was great. See you Saturday!

-B

I woke up the next morning, hungover and confused.

Confused about why I was so sore, until I glanced over and saw my toy, staring accusingly back at me.

Oh, god.

I'd cum until I passed out. And I hadn't just rubbed my toy across my clit.

I'd fucked it.

I'd fucked my toy like it was a cock.

My eyes widened.

I'd fucked my toy like it was *Bert's* cock.

My mind began spinning as the events of the previous night came back to me.

Bert made me cum. Again. He had his fingers...inside me. Oh, god.

He fingered me. In *public*. He'd said he wouldn't touch me unless I asked him to.

That had been a lie.

My heart was racing, and I forced myself to stop and took a deep breath, to remember exactly what had happened. I remembered the photo shoot, the film, the sound of the camera on-screen.

Click, click, click.

The memory of the sound soothed me, and I began to calm down.

Had it been a lie? Or had I...encouraged him?

I'd moaned - he must have thought that was a green light. He said he wouldn't touch me unless I asked, and my body had asked.

My body had *screamed* yes.

He must have thought that I'd wanted it, and...well, he hadn't been wrong.

It was my fault. It was all my fault. Bert couldn't help it. He couldn't help it when he saw me enjoying it.

He'd just wanted to see a movie, and I'd forced myself onto him with my sexy moaning and bare thighs and wet pussy. When had I become such a slut?

There was no way I was meeting him in public again. I couldn't. I couldn't trust him.

I couldn't trust myself.

And there was no way I was letting him do that to me again. Letting him finger me to orgasm, in the absence of my boyfriend. Letting him make me cum with his hands, until my every muscle was clenching, until he brought me the release that I so desperately wanted.

Oh, god. It had just felt so amazing, to finally have someone inside me.

That was it. That was all it was. I was sex-starved. It was just a natural reaction to missing my boyfriend.

But I couldn't let Bert be a substitute. It was wrong. Next time, I'd make sure things didn't escalate like they did last night.

Next time I wouldn't drink. Next time I wouldn't look at his...penis.

Next time.

Penis.

As if I didn't have control over my own hands, they pulled out my phone. They pulled up

the image of Bert's penis. Bert's huge, glorious cock.

As if they weren't mine to command, they loaded the picture and moved between my legs. I was already wet.

I stroked myself with one hand, the other in my mouth, suckling on my fingers as I'd sucked on Bert's the previous night. Within ten minutes, I was cumming, hitting a glorious climax as I remembered Bert's fingers inside me, hitting my sweet spot, expertly stroking me. Getting me off, as he'd done before.

As I knew he could never do again.

After I came, I felt like my mind was cleared. I was full of regrets, but thinking clear. I decided I wasn't going to be a pushover any more. The next time we met, I had to make sure that Bert understood - this couldn't go on. He'd been turning me into a slut since my boyfriend left... and it was starting to be about more than just the cheating.

I had my reputation to protect. I'd cum in public - in a fucking cinema, overheard by so many people. Some of them had even seen my face.

And then I'd spread my legs on the subway to a bunch of horny teenagers - they'd taken photos of me.

Of my pussy.

If those pictures ever ended up on the internet, my life was over. So many strangers, staring at my exposed pussy, seeing what I was wearing.

Seeing what a slut I was.

I moaned around my fingers, and a few minutes later was cumming again imagining it.

We had to stop. We had to stop, before Bert made me do something I'd really regret.

We had to stop, before Bert drove me completely crazy.

###

I spent the days between the movie and Saturday scouring upskirt shots, constantly refreshing the 'exposed in public' subreddits.

To my great relief, my photos never surfaced. No one would know what a slut I was.

No matter how often I got off imagining it.

"Hey A," Bert called from outside my door, right on time. "You ready to take some shots?"

Fully dressed, I let my friend in. "Hey B," I said. "Before we get down to it..."

I stopped, blushing at my choice of words. 'Get down to it'? What was I saying?

We had to end things. We had to stop what we were doing. I had to stop letting Bert use my body, photograph me. No matter how much I craved it, I knew we had to stop.

We *had* to.

"...I want to make something clear, because it seems like you're not listening." I'd practiced this speech a dozen times since we'd last seen each other. It was important that my words landed. "You say you do, but then..."

I trailed off. Bert was staring me straight in the eyes, distracting me. Had he always had such a...dominating presence? How had I never noticed before?

"Then what?" he asked, a guileless smile on his face.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Come on, Amanda. You can do this. Just like we rehearsed.

"...the stuff we...the stuff that you did to me in the cinema. Having your fingers inside me. That can't...we can't do that. We have to stop with that. No matter what kinds of signs you think I'm giving. Even if I was begging for it, you shouldn't believe me."

Begging for it. God, I sounded like such a desperate slut.

A desperate, horny slut.

“It was just the alcohol,” I said, noticing that my breathing had gotten ragged. “The alcohol...and David’s been gone for so long.”

“Oh yes,” Bert said, his lips thin. He shook his head, a slight movement, like a disapproving principal. “Yeah, that was a bad idea. I think we both had a little too much to drink - let’s make sure not to do that again, okay?”

“If you’re a true friend,” I said, “you won’t take advantage.” It was a struggle to maintain eye-contact, but I managed. My words were calm and confident, even as my body shook. Why was this so hard?

“Of course,” Bert nodded, staring coolly back at me. “Next time we see a movie, let’s be more careful, okay?”

“How about let’s be more careful *all* the time?” I asked, hoping desperately that I didn’t sound like a petulant child.

Desperate.

Desperate, horny slut.

“Absolutely,” Bert replied, then shot me a grin. “The film was pretty good though, wasn’t it? I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it.”

I hadn’t been able to stop thinking about that night either, but the movie was the last thing on my mind.

“Do you understand?”

“Of course,” Bert replied smoothly, pulling his camera out of one of his many pockets.

“Okay,” I said. I’d finished my speech. Now if he ignored me, I’d know that it wasn’t my fault. I’d made myself very clear - Bert couldn’t touch me again.

Bert couldn’t make me cum.

“Thanks,” I added. After all, he was still my best friend.

“No problem,” he said. “Now, are you ready to take some pictures for David?”

My eyes widened. These photo sessions always went the same way. Me, naked, cumming for Bert.

Cumming as he photographed me.

“Okay,” I said, a quaver in my voice. “But...just photos, okay? Nothing else.”

“Of course,” Bert said casually, “I had an idea for a photoshoot that I know David’s going to love. I know you two must be missing each other like crazy.”

“Yeah?” I asked, blushing at the sound of excitement in my voice.

He screwed the lens onto his camera, and held it to his eye. “Smile!”

I rolled my eyes. At least, I meant to roll my eyes.

Instead, my instincts took over, and I shot my friend my most winning smile.

Click.

“So you mentioned how much you miss fucking David,” Bert said. Did I?

I guess I must have. Sometimes it felt like that was all I thought about. Fucking David. Missing David. David’s cock.

Cock.

Other cocks...

“I thought we could do a shoot where you’re on top, like you’re riding him from above. He’ll go wild for it.”

He wasn’t wrong. I knew David would *love* that.

“Umm...without you touching me, right?”

Bert lowered his camera and looked me in the eye.

“Of course!”

He glanced up and down at what I was wearing.

“For it to work, I think you’d have to be wearing a skirt. Show me what you’ve got.”

His voice was suddenly professional, commanding. Full of authority.

I obeyed.

“Alright,” I said, once I’d pulled out a few skirts and laid them on the bed. “You like any of these?”

He glanced at them appraisingly. “Hmmm...I’d have to see them on.”

I hesitated. Bert was sitting at my desk, playing with his camera. He didn’t...did he expect me to change for him?

Click.

He took a photo of the wall, just to test the lighting or whatever, but the sound bounced through my head, making me feel better about his request.

So what if I changed for him? Nothing he hadn’t already seen, right? Nothing he didn’t already have tons of pictures of.

“Umm...okay,” I said with a swallow. “Which one should I start with?”

He pointed at the blue one, sitting at the end of the bed. “Let’s start there and go down the line. I’ll take some pics of you in each one, see which works best for the camera.”

“Sure,” I replied. I unbuttoned my shorts and pulled them down to reveal my blue cotton panties.

Bert moved his camera to his eye. *Click, click, click.*

As I turned to fetch the first skirt, I turned my back to him.

Click, click, click.

I couldn’t help but shake my butt teasingly as I took two steps towards the bed.

Click, click.

I mean, there was no harm in teasing. It was just Bert. He’d agreed not to touch me.

Click.

Might as well give him something to look at, as a consolation prize. I put the blue skirt on - it was a longer, loose circle skirt. Bert took some pictures.

“Not bad,” he mused between snaps. “Do a spin?”

I spun for Bert. My skirt lifted, but not high enough to reveal anything. I couldn’t help but smile at how cute I knew I looked.

“Hmmm, I don’t think so,” he said dismissively. There was a note of boredom in his voice. “What else have you got?”

I unzipped the skirt and bent over to pull it down.

Click.

The next option was a shorter, very tight black pencil skirt. It highlighted my ass, while still giving me a proper, office-y look.

David had told me many times that I looked like a sexy secretary in it.

“Oooh,” Bert said as I pulled the skirt up my exposed legs. “This is nice.”

He continued near-constantly taking photos as I dressed and undressed. The clicking had become such a background noise, I barely even noticed it any more.

Click, click, click, click, click.

I was vaguely aware that my clit was thrumming to the sound of the camera’s small, rhythmic sounds.

“Can you even move your legs in that thing?” *Click, click.*

“Barely,” I replied as I took small steps around the room, swaying my ass left and right.

“This would look great with stockings,” Bert mused as he photographed me. *Click, click, click, click.*

He was right. This skirt would look great in stockings.

Click.

A lot of the upskirt photos I’d looked through were of women in stockings.

Click.

I looked great in stockings.

“Uh huh,” I panted, suddenly breathless.

“But I don’t think it’s going to work for this,” he replied, a disappointed tone in his voice.

“Let’s try the next one.”

Slowly sliding the pencil skirt down my legs, I stripped for the camera. For Bert.

Click, click, click, click.

As I picked up the next one, my eyes widened. I’d accidentally pulled out a miniskirt David bought me for...home use. It was way too short to wear in public, but whenever David would see me wearing it...well, we’d both sleep *very* well that night.

God I missed him.

“Umm...I don’t know how this got here,” I stammered, throwing it to the side and reaching for the next one.

“Hang on,” Bert interrupted. “Let’s see what it looks like.”

“Uhhh...this is not...it was just a stupid present from David. I don’t actually wear that one.”

My friend raised one eyebrow, a skill I’ve always been jealous of. The clicking of the camera briefly stopped, and my mind suddenly felt clearer. My body was still flushed and warm, but I felt like I was having a brief moment of clarity - an island of lucidity in the fog of lust that I’ve been in since Bert got here.

Since our date.

“A, what do you think we’re doing here? This is *all* a fun present for David. Think about it - he’s going to love it.”

“But...”

Bert stared me down, his gaze cool and piercing. I suddenly realized that I was standing in front of him wearing nothing but a white tank-top and a pair of blue panties. Why was I so exposed for my friend?

Wasn’t the plan to tell him things had to stop, that we had to slow down?

“But...”

Bert’s eyes narrowed. “Put the skirt on,” he said in a low voice. “That’s an order.”

I wanted to tell him exactly where he could stick his ‘order’, that we were friends, that I wasn’t a toy for him to pose and photograph. But before I could, an image flashed through my head of what the photos would look like, of how David would react. He’d be so grateful.

I’d look so hot.

I blinked twice. Why was I fighting this so hard? He was absolutely right - David had already seen me in this skirt, dozens of times. And Bert...well, he’d seen me without it, so it’s not like I’d be showing anything he hadn’t already seen.

Fuck it.

I picked up the skirt and put it on. Half my ass was visible without even lifting it up - it was pretty easy to look under, it was so loose.

“Yessss,” Bert hissed. “That’s perfect.”

I nodded, flushing slightly at his words. Bert moved the camera back to his eye.

Click.

“Okay,” Bert said authoritatively. “Let’s move to the bed.”

I scampered to obey before I could even process the request. Bert unscrewed the lens he’d been taking pictures with, switching it out for a shorter, stubbier lens.

As my friend’s attention shifted to his camera, the bubble of clarity returned. I suddenly felt uncomfortable - hadn’t I sworn that I was going to be less of a pushover? Yet here I was, jumping to obey his every command.

A wave of self-consciousness crossed my body, and I tried to adjust my skirt, pulling it down to cover more skin. In my haze, I ended up clumsily lifting it slightly instead.

Click.

A warm wave passed over my body as Bert took a photo of me lifting the skirt for him.

“Let’s do this,” he said, and I nodded, and pushed the other skirts to the floor. Now it was just me on the bed, wearing a white tanktop, a black miniskirt, and a pair of blue panties.

“So how did you imagine this?” I asked, a mixture of worry and excitement in my voice.

“I thought it’d be fun to get some photos from below,” Bert said. “Some POV shots - that’s point of view - with the camera as David’s POV.”

He tilted his head to the side and examined the bed. “I guess I’ll have to lie down, and have you sit on top of me.”

Bert leaned over, and started to take off his shoes. He’d never taken any clothing off in my bedroom before.

“Ummm...can’t you just put the camera, like, under me?” I asked, as Bert untied his laces. “So you don’t have to...touch me.”

Touch me.

“The viewfinder is on the back,” he explained, removing his second shoe. “I need to be able to look through it, otherwise the pictures are going to come out all blurry. We don’t want that, do we?”

“I guess not. But...”

“It’s okay, A. I’m not really touching you,” Bert said softly. “It’s more like you’re using me as furniture.”

My mouth twisted as I considered his words. He was right, sort of. It’s not like we were ‘touching’ the bed.

Before I could respond, he grabbed me by the waist and moved me to the side of the bed, laying down beside me. My skin grew warm at his touch, and I glanced at Bert’s lap.

It was going to be totally weird to sit on him. Somewhere there...there was his penis.

An image of it flashed into my head.

As Bert lay down, I scanned his body, my eyes unable to stop being draw to his crotch.

To his cock.

“Is it okay if I sit higher?” I finally croaked, trying desperately to keep away from his cock.

His cock.

“Like, on your stomach?”

“For sure,” Bert said with a grin, lifting his shirt to reveal his stomach. “My six-pack can handle that.”

I laughed, immediately feeling better. This wasn’t some sexual pervert - it was my best friend, Bert. We’d known each other forever. He was just looking out for me, helping me with

my relationship.

“Been hitting the gym?” I teased.

Bert wasn't overweight, but he was nowhere near a six-pack. Unlike David.

He was also hairier than David, but in a manly way. I couldn't help but spend a second staring at his abs, comparing them to my boyfriend, before I realized what I was doing and a nervous chuckle left my mouth.

“Uh huh,” he said, poking his tongue out. I doubted Bert had ever lifted a weight in his life.

“Well, your shirt can stay on, thank you.” I said with a smile.

“Sure thing,” he replied with a grunt, lowering his shirt and settling into a comfortable position. “Okay, A - Let's do this.”

He raised his camera to his eye.

Click.

I carefully moved my legs along Bert's prone form. As I did, he took a quick snap of my panties.

Click.

I couldn't see the pic, but I'd spent so much time over the last few days looking at photos taken from similar angles, I could imagine it. My skirt, lifted by my legs in motion. The blue cloth, stretched across my freshly-shaved pussy. There would probably be a wet spot visible.

A large one.

Bert's body would probably be visible too, between my legs. His distinctive cargo pants. His hairy legs - he's hairy everywhere.

If anyone ever saw that picture, they'd know what we'd done, what we were doing. They'd see my barely-concealed pussy and my best friend's legs in the same shot.

They'd see how wet he made me.

For the second time since Bert came over, I bit back a soft moan and settled down, my ass resting on Bert's tummy. His stomach wasn't as hard as my boyfriends, which kinda made it more comfortable to sit on.

“Are you good?” Bert asked, and I nodded. My bare legs were in constant contact with his clothing.

“It's not bad,” I said, moving my butt as I adjusted, rubbing it on Bert's stomach. “If this whole photographer thing doesn't pan out for you, you'd probably have a career in being a professional chair.”

Bert chuckled.

“You ready to be a star?” he asked, lifting the camera to his eye.

Click, click, click, click.

“Uh huh,” I said. The words came out in a soft moan.

Bert began photographing me, giving gentle instructions as he did. Move my hair behind my ear. Stare down at the camera. Put one hand on my neck.

Unlike previous sessions, he wasn't able to circle me as he took photos. The camera was in a single spot, staring unceasingly at me.

Click, click, click, click.

I slowly loosened up, beginning to act more teasingly. I could tell that sparkle was entering my eye, the one that comes out when I'm turned on. As I took different poses, my butt regularly shifted, rubbing against Bert as it did. His shirt began to ride up, and I could feel his skin making contact with my bare legs, my thighs.

“Lean forward,” Bert instructed. “Show off your cleavage.”

I obeyed slightly *too* enthusiastically, and suddenly found myself at an angle where I couldn't hold myself up. I managed to break my fall by putting my hand out, my palm landing on Bert's chest.

"Sorry," I smiled, blushing a little. My head was just a few inches from his face, my breasts - in my white tank top - slightly touching Bert's chest.

"That looks great," Bert said, taking a multitude of shots. *Click, click, click, click.* "But can you do it without falling over? Scoot back a little."

Pushing myself back up, I scooted back slightly. As I stared at the camera, I suddenly realized I was sitting on my friend's pelvis now, just a couple of inches from his crotch.

"I'd have to support myself with my hand," I whispered nervously, leaving my palm on his chest.

Bert shook his head. "I want both your arms in this shot."

"Um..."

"Can I hold you up?" he asked.

I'd told myself no touching, but this was different. Right? There was no other way to get the shot...and he'd asked permission.

Yeah. This was different.

"Sure," I sighed.

Bert reached up and placed his hand on my sternum, holding me up. "Is that comfortable?"

"Ummm..."

His hand was touching my breast from below, but just slightly enough that it didn't feel intentional.

Click.

"That's fine," I said, chewing my lip. It wasn't like he was groping my tits; one of them was just sort of resting on him. It wasn't touching, it was furniture. We weren't crossing a line, not really. "What do you want me to do with my hands?"

"Both behind your head, for now. Like you're flaunting your body for David - really showing it off."

Click, click, click.

"Okay," I replied, sinking my fingers into my hair, pushing it up while my body stretched.

"Great. Now, keep your right hand behind your head and stroke your neck with your left."

Bert's hand felt like it was so close to my breasts. My heartbeats became more rapid.

"I want you to visualize David watching these photos. Imagine him stroking himself - picture his hand wrapped around his cock. Can you see it?"

I closed my eyes and breathed in deeply. As I exhaled, my breasts were lowered, and one of them ended up resting against the back of Bert's hand once more. "Mmmkay."

"Picture yourself on your knees in front of him, moving his cock into your mouth. Put two fingers in your mouth for me."

Click, click, click.

Although my eyes were closed, it wasn't hard to picture the camera shutter snapping closed, over and over again. Snapping pictures of me, thinking dirty thoughts.

Capturing images of me in my most intimate moments.

"Are you imagining it?"

I tried to picture David's cock, but the memory was already blurry, like I couldn't even remember what it looked like, the small details fading into oblivion. As I put my fingers in my mouth, a more recent memory flashed through my head - me getting off earlier that week,

remembering Bert's fingers in my mouth, staring at a picture of his cock...

Click, click, click.

Fuck.

"Scoot down a little more," Bert murmured, guiding me with his hand.

As I tried desperately to picture something sexy that *didn't* involve my childhood friend, I obeyed his command, inadvertently settling down with my pussy directly over his cock.

"Perfect," Bert said, taking a bunch of photos. "Whatever you're thinking about right now, stay focused on it. You look amazing."

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

Okay. David. Try to picture David's cock. David's cute little cock, slightly bent. Uncut. Come on. You've seen it a million times. You've seen it from every angle. Hard and flaccid. Flaccid. Yes. You remember now? You thought it looked like a dead rat when you first saw him flaccid. Nothing like the beautiful, big, erect cock you currently have on your phone. Nothing like the huge erection you've been drooling over for days, picturing as you get off.

No. Stop it. David has a pretty handsome, pretty good-sized cock. Just not when it's flaccid. So? B's probably that way too. All men are.

"Grab your breast," Bert instructed.

I obeyed without hesitation. Bert was taking rapid-fire photos of me, and I couldn't help but notice that his breathing was getting faster. Was he getting excited?

No. Bert was just a friend. He loved his craft, that was all it was.

Click, click, click, click.

"No no no," Bert muttered. The clicking stopped, and I opened my eyes to see him reach up and readjust my hand. "Like this."

As Bert shifted my hand, his fingers brushed up against my erect nipple through my shirt.

"No touching," I moaned softly.

Click.

The camera was back, photographing the shocked look on my face. I glanced down, suddenly realizing that I was sitting on something hard. Was that...?

No. It couldn't be. Bert always carries so many things in his cargo pants - it must just be something in his pockets.

But...why would the pockets be on the front? It must be...no. No, no, no. Picture David's penis. Picture David's small, hard cock. Picture it flaccid, picture it erect. Picture anything other than...

Click.

"Actually," Bert instructed with a frown, "let's lose the shirt."

"Ummm...Okay."

Click.

What was the point in fighting it? He'd seen me topless before.

He'd seen everything before.

As I took my shirt off, I wiggled around a little, moving myself back up the bed. Away from Bert's...

Further up Bert's body.

"Sit up slightly," Bert ordered. I obeyed as my shirt came off, revealing my bra.

Click.

As I sat back down again, I realized that Bert had shifted too, and I'd just sat back down onto his cock. Unable to stop myself, I let out a long but quiet moan.

Fuckkkkk. Okay. Compose yourself, Amanda.

Closing my eyes, I tried hard not to focus on Bert's hardness, but it was very hard.

"Great," he said cheerfully, his hand moving back to my sternum, his skin pressing against my bare skin. "Now, whatever you were thinking about earlier, get that back into your head. David's going to looove these pics."

Click, click, click, click.

My eyebrows shot up as I realized his cock was twitching as he photographed me. Was it twitching with every click? That couldn't be right.

Click, click, click, click.

His cock was twitching in rhythm with my clit, like they were connected.

Click, click, click, click.

The camera sound was so loud, it felt like it was filling my head. But not being able to see it allowed me to concentrate slightly more, allowed me to avoid losing myself into the lust.

As I tried to think about something - anything! - other than the cock pressing up against my panties, I realized that I couldn't. I had to say something. I had to tell Bert that I was feeling uncomfortable.

I wouldn't be pushed around.

I had to be strong.

"Umm...you have a lot of...things in your pants?" I asked, biting my lips.

Jesus, Amanda, was that the best you could do?? Play fucking dumb?!

"Always," he replied immediately. My eyes were shut, but I could picture his dumb grin perfectly. "Are they in the way?"

"Never mind," I squeaked. I was so embarrassed, I just wanted to drop the subject completely.

"Here, let me clear them out a bit."

I opened my eyes to watch Bert empty his pockets - always worth watching. I'd seen some of the items before, but some were new. A toy car. A small packet of condoms. A set of housekeys. A bottle of lube. A portable computer mouse. Some headphones. A pair of handcuffs. A stapler.

"Is that any better?"

His cock twitched as he moved the camera back to his eye.

"I..."

I could still feel it. It was definitely a penis. Unless he carried a twitching rock-hard dildo in his shorts for whatever reason.

But I couldn't say anything. What would I say?

It wasn't like he was touching me. *I* was sitting on *him*.

"It's fine," I lied, closing my eyes once more and settling back into position.

Bert's emptied pockets did actually make him more comfortable to sit on. Earlier, I could feel some of his stuff against my thighs. Now, it felt like I was right on top of David. If David was...bigger.

No. Shut up, bad thoughts.

"Perfect," Bert said, continuing to take photos. "Okay, let's really take advantage of this angle. I want you to imagine that you're fucking David, riding him from above."

"Uh huh," I replied reluctantly, placing my hands on Bert's chest. The faster he got the shots, the sooner this would be over with.

That was the only reason I was obeying him. At least, that's what I tried to tell myself.

I lifted my hips up, like I was pulling myself up off a penis, before letting myself down again slowly. Every time I landed on Bert's crotch, I could feel his hard shaft throb against my pussy. Each time, it felt like it was larger than before, but I couldn't tell whether that was just my mind playing tricks, or if he was really getting harder. "Am I doing okay?"

"Mmm-hmm," Bert muttered, and I could hear him meddling with the camera's settings. His voice was apathetic, but the throb of his penis gave me a different answer.

Finally, the beeping of menu options stopped, and I heard the sound that I hadn't realized I was so desperately craving.

Click, click, click.

"Yes," I moaned at the sound. I slowly began to pick up speed, pushing my wet pussy against Bert's erection faster and faster.

To be realistic, I told myself. For the photos. For David.

It had nothing to do with the fact that my pussy craved the touch of a man's penis. It had nothing to do with the fact that Bert's throbbing member was making me soooooo fucking aroused.

It was entirely unrelated to how often I'd gotten myself off over the last few days, staring at Bert's cock, imagining it inside me.

"Take off your bra," Bert ordered hoarsely.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

My hands moved before my mind could even think it through, and the next moment I was braless.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

"Perfect," Bert whispered. His hand was still resting on my torso, supporting me, but as I began thrusting more rapidly, it began to slide up. Soon, it was resting between my exposed breasts.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

It still wasn't touching, I told myself. It was there for support.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

Bert's hips began bucking in rhythm with mine - he was no longer a passive resting board for my gyrations, he was thrusting back.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

My clit was throbbing as I rubbed it against Bert's shorts, against Bert's cock. My entire body was throbbing at the pleasure, at the feeling of Bert's hand on my chest. This was the closest I'd been in months to getting fucked - I was riding my best friend, wearing nothing but a pair of blue panties. I was going to cum. I was going to...-

"Ouch!" I screamed, abruptly stopping my motion. My eyes opened, and I looked down to see the cause of the sudden pain. "Your zipper!"

As Bert had thrust against me, his zipper pull had twisted sideways and hit my pussy at an awkward angle through my panties. It was tiny, but I could still feel it.

Like David's cock, I thought, then frowned at the unfair thought. David wasn't small.

He was just smaller than Bert.

"Hang on," Bert said calmly. "I'll move it."

Before I could react, Bert reached down and unzipped his cargo shorts. The huge bulge that I'd been rubbing against was suddenly sticking out, stretching out his boxers. I could see the outline of his cock so clearly.

My mouth was watering.

“...are you hard?” I asked, trying to sound shocked - although it came out as breathless. Admiring.

There was no way that I go on pretending this was anything other than Bert’s cock. His glorious erection. His...-

I blinked twice. Focus, A.

“Oh yeah,” he said casually. “Sorry about that. It’s got a mind of its own - don’t take it personally.”

He lifted the camera to his eye, but before he could take a picture, I held up one hand.

“I don’t know,” I said breathily. “This is getting weird. You said you wouldn’t touch me.”

I couldn’t stop glancing down at it. It wasn’t trick photography - it really was as large as it had been in the picture.

It was far larger than David’s.

“I’m not touching,” Bert replied with a calm tone. “This is all for the photos.”

“But...”

“I’m just a camera, remember? B.E.R.T. 8.0. So...just think of it as a prop. Something to make the shoot more realistic. Trust me, when you see these pics, you’ll agree that it’s worth it.”

As he spoke, Bert grabbed my hips and slowly guided me until I was resting on his erection once more. My panties and his boxer shorts were all that separated his cock from my pussy. I did nothing to resist Bert’s guidance, and soon I was sliding up and down his cock once more.

“I don’t know if I like the way this product is evolving,” I gasped. Bert’s cock felt so damn good.

“Believe me, A,” Bert said, moving the camera back to his eye. “This is great stuff.”

Click.

Bert’s hand returned to my chest. It was no longer ambiguous - it was now directly between my bare breasts. He continued gently thrusting, his cock stimulating my wetness.

“I shouldn’t,” I whispered, closing my eyes. It felt so good. Everything about this was so wrong, but fuck. It felt *so good*.

Click, click, click.

Bert didn’t say anything in respond. He just continued to take pictures.

Click, click, click.

His cock continued to thrust against my wet pussy. I moaned at the sensation.

Click, click, click.

I knew he was right. These photos would look amazing. I was so turned on, I knew it would come across in the pics.

Click, click, click.

My mind was losing control. I could feel the madness setting in, and my body took over.

Click, click, click.

As if I’d completely lost control, I reached up and moved Bert’s hand.

Click, click, click.

His hand began to explore my breasts. Grasping, rubbing. Never touching my nipples directly, but circling around them. Stimulating my flushed skin.

Click, click, click.

I gasped with pleasure. In the moment, I couldn’t remember why I’d told him not to touch me.

Click, click, click.

I wanted nothing more than to be touched. Fuck. I wanted to be touched so much.

Click, click, click.

Bert occasionally let out a small grunt. Two small pieces of cloth were all that were stopping his cock from slipping between my legs, from fucking me.

Click, click, click, click.

I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted him to fill me up with that huge cock I was quickly becoming obsessed with.

Click, click, click, click.

“Ahhhhmm,” I moaned, my hips starting to match his rhythm. Pleasure had completely taken over my body, as my clit sent out signals of pure bliss.

Click, click, click, click.

With every snap of the camera’s shutter, a pulse of pleasure ran through my pussy, through my body. I knew these photos couldn’t be used for David, if Bert’s hands were fondling my supple breasts...

But I didn’t care.

Click, click, click.

My betrayal, my sluttiness, my willingness to let my friend use me...it was all being recorded for all time. These images would exist forever, everlasting evidence that I was cheating on my boyfriend. My fiancée. The man I professed to love.

Click, click, click.

As Bert continued to thrust, his hands left my breasts for a second. When it returned, I realized I could feel the head of his bare cock against my stomach. He’d freed his cock from its cloth prison.

Click, click, click.

If I were to glance down, I’d see it. I’d see the cock I’ve been fantasizing about for longer than I wanted to admit.

“Did you just...?” I whispered, not daring to open my eyes. I couldn’t.

Click, click, click.

“Was chafing,” Bert grunted. His hand began openly groping my breasts, cupping my nipples, sending a rippling effect through my body, making me gasp.

His thrusting never slowed down, nor did the clicking of his camera.

Clickclick, clickclickclick, clickclickclickclick.

My legs were trembling with excitement as I could feel the entire texture, the veins, the head through my soaked panties. I couldn’t stop myself from rubbing myself against it. It had been so long since I had a real penis, and it was right there, at my entrance, separated only by a pair of sopping wet panties.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

“Open your eyes,” Bert commanded, and I did. But I didn’t let myself look down at his cock, the cock I’d spent so much time staring at. Instead, I looked at his left eye, poking out from behind the camera. I could see the lust in it. He wanted to fuck his best friend.

He wanted to fuck me.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

I shook my head. “No,” I whispered hoarsely.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

“Good girl,” he muttered. “Who’s my good girl?”

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

“I can’t,” I whispered, my heart beating faster than ever. “We shouldn’t...”

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

“It’s for the camera,” Bert replied. His camera was staring into my eyes. I couldn’t look away. His hand refused to release mine. “You look so...”

Click, click.

He trailed off. I could smell his pre-cum, the musk of his arousal mixing with mine, filling my small bedroom.

I could practically taste it.

Click.

“David can’t see these photos,” I whimpered, pushing my chest forward, into his hands.

Click.

“B...” I moaned softly.

Click.

“Good girl,” he panted.

Click.

His thrusting was getting faster. Was he about to cum?

Click.

“You’ll have to delete these,” I begged. “Promise me you’ll delete these.”

Click.

“Mmm-hmm,” he replied. Was he even listening?

Click click click click click click click.

I could no longer stay strong. I finally looked down at the beast pressing against my panties. It was just as glorious in the flesh as it had been in Bert’s picture.

He really was a great photographer.

Click click click click.

“Fuck,” I moaned. “You’re so big.”

Bert simply groaned in response. His hand moved between my legs.

I knew he shouldn’t be touching me, but I couldn’t object. I needed it.

Fuck I needed it.

Pushing the wet fabric aside, Bert slid two fingers into my pussy.

He’d only touched me a few times - how did he know my body so well?

In response to my guttural moan, Bert pulled his fingers out and began lightly caressing my exposed wetness. His hands toyed with my lips, his thumb lightly brushed over my clit. He played with me, toyed with my soaking pussy.

I shuddered with frustration. I was so close, so worked up - he could have made me cum any time he wanted, but he didn’t.

Click, click, click, click.

I moaned louder and louder as he toyed with me.

“Yesss, B...”

“Cum for me,” he gasped throatily.

“Oh, god...”

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

“Fuuuck,” I grunted.

Click, click, click, click.

“Cum for me,” Bert ordered, his fingers moving inside of me and curling. “Cum for the camera...”

“Ahhh yessss,” I screamed as Bert leaned close. Our lips almost touched as I moaned into

his mouth, but I pulled slightly away before they did.

Click, click, click, click.

“Make me cum, B,” I screamed. “Make me cum!”

Bert dropped the camera, and reached up to grab my tit. I could feel his fingers on my bare breasts, grabbing my flesh, pinching my nipples. His other hand began pistoning in and out of me, his thumb pressing motionless against my clit as he fucked me with two fingers.

“Yesssss...”

I was wearing panties and a skirt, but the rest of my flesh was completely exposed to Bert’s hungry gaze.

“Ahhhhhhhh yessssss I’m coming!,” I groaned. “Yesss yess yessss. Ahhhhhh...”

My moans echoed through the room - probably the whole building - as I came. As soon as my orgasm began, Bert’s hand moved back to the camera and resumed taking pictures.

Click click click click click click click click.

As I came down from my orgasm, I couldn’t help but smile, still feeling euphoric.

“God, B...” I said breathlessly. I sounded like a fifties heroine, helpless without her man, but I couldn’t help it. My friend had made me feel so goooood.

“How was that?” he grinned.

I couldn’t believe how amazing I felt - I’ve enjoyed orgasms before, but the way Bert made me cum...

It made me feel completely giddy.

Like I was falling in love.

The thought shook me.

No. No, I wasn’t falling in love. I was already *in* love. With David.

With my boyfriend.

With my future husband.

I closed my eyes.

Fuck.

Fuck.

I’d cheated on David. Again.

Fuck.

Bert was staring at me with a half-smile on his face. He looked like the cat who got the cream.

“We...we can’t send these to David,” I stammered. If my boyfriend got any evidence of what I’d done - of what *we’d* done.

“I guess you’re right,” Bert grinned in response. “We’ll have to redo this whole shoot.”

My mouth fell open in shock. He was...he was acting like everything was fine. Normal. Again.

“I’m free tomorrow,” Bert said with a smile. “Want to catch a movie first?”

“Bert...” I pleaded. “We...we can’t.”

“Let’s go see the new Tom Hardy flick.”

I closed my eyes in frustration. He was treating this all so casually.

“What do you say?”

“...I don’t really like Tom Hardy,” I eventually replied. God. What was *wrong* with me. “Bert...”

“You’ll love it,” my friend said with a grin. “It’s a date.”

I wanted to tell Bert that I couldn’t go. I wanted to tell him that I couldn’t ever see him

again, that I couldn't trust him.

That I couldn't trust myself around him.

But instead, I found myself nodding.

"Bert," I said again, "we need to talk about..."

Before I could finish the thought, Bert took a selfie. Him, fully clothed - me, topless. As the preview of the photo popped up, I realized - despite my reluctance, despite how torn I felt...my face was one of pure bliss. I was grinning. Giddy. *Click*.

I didn't look shocked or furious - I had a broad smile on my face. I must have instinctively grinned as soon as I saw the camera.

God, what is *wrong* with me?

"Can you stay a bit?" I pleaded. "We need to...we need to talk about this. About us."

I sounded so lame. There was no 'us' - at least, there shouldn't have been. 'Us' should have just been Mandy and Bert, childhood best friends who get along as adults.

Not Amanda the slut, who can't keep her clothes on, and the B.E.R.T. who won't stop taking photos of her naked form.

"Can't stay right now," he replied, packing down his camera and slipping everything back into his pockets. "But don't worry, we'll hang out tomorrow."

"B..."

Tears began to well in my eyes. When Bert came over, I was going to tell him this had to stop. Somehow, I ended up coming at his hands, grinding against his cock.

"We need to talk," I repeated. "Please?"

"We'll talk tomorrow," he said, throwing me a soft smile. "Four o'clock, same place as last time."

I nodded. "Four o'clock."

"Oh, and Mandy?"

"Yeah?"

His eyes turned dark, and bore into me. "Wear that skirt," he said, suddenly all seriousness. "That's an order."

Before I could object, Bert was out the door, the camera - and all evidence of our dalliances - disappearing with him.