

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.

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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.