

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.

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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.
Clickclickclickclickbuzzzzzzzz.
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.*

Buzzzzzzz.

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.