

Photographed by my Friend  
by BurroGirl18 and Pan  
Chapter 9

*is this what u wanted? ;) ;) ;)*

As my best friend left, my phone buzzed. A new message from David.

My eyes widened as I saw what he'd sent.

A picture of his hard cock, one hand wrapped around it.

Oh, shit. I'd totally forgotten...at some point while I'd been staring at Bert's cock and mindlessly friggng myself, I'd texted my boyfriend and asked him for a dick pic.

The sight of my almost-fiancee's erection immediately brought me down from my high and made me realize what I'd done.

Shit.

I'd just...I'd seen Bert's cock.

No, more than just seen it. I'd touched it. Not directly, not with my hand.

Just with my...

*Fuck.*

With my wet panties. I'd rubbed my slit against my best friend's huge, throbbing erection, as he masturbated me to orgasm. As he grabbed my tits, curled two fingers inside me, and got me off.

And I couldn't even be mad at him for it. I'd told him not to touch me unless I asked, and... well, I'd more than asked.

I'd begged. I'd grabbed his hand and moved it to my chest. I'd openly pleaded to feel his hand on me. In me.

I'd shaken with orgasm as I ordered my best friend to touch me. All while the love of my life was halfway across the world, fighting for his country.

Well, okay, not fighting. But still...support the troops, right? It's not "cheat on the troops".

I could feel tears welling up in my eyes, and I returned my gaze to the photo David had sent me. It was...sweet, I suppose. He must have been so excited by the request, excited to learn that his loving, meant-to-be-faithful girlfriend missed him so much that she wanted a picture of his erection.

He must have had no idea that I wanted something to wash the sight of Bert's cock out of my mind. He'd have absolutely no way of knowing that as soon as I saw it, I'd be comparing it to the other cock that I'd been giving way too much mental space to.

And he definitely wouldn't have guessed how far short he'd fall.

No, that wasn't fair. Bert was a photographer – comparing them was like comparing a crayon drawing to a Van Gogh. Bert must have known all sorts of tricks to take the most flattering possible photo of his dick.

I flipped between the two pics, trying to convince myself that it was just camera skills that separated them. But after I'd swiped back and forth more than a dozen times, my shoulders slumped.

It was so much more than that. Yes, Bert's photography talent made a difference, but...I'd seen his dick.

I'd seen both of them in the flesh, and there was just no comparison.

Bert's cock was bigger than David's, for one. Even though I'd never really cared about size, it was so big, it was kind of intimidating to look at.

In and of itself, that was almost...hot.

I'd never let anything that big inside me, of course. I shook my head – what was I saying? I was going to spend the rest of my life with David; I was never going to take *any* other cock inside me.

Especially not Bert's monster.

I shuddered at the thought. With a mixture of fear and disgust, of course.

Certainly not arousal.

But as I continued flipping back and forth between the pics, I could see it was more than just size. Bert's dick was so...pronounced. His veins stood out proudly, and even though it was just a picture on my phone, you could *see* how hard he was.

It was so easy to remember how his hardness had felt against my wet pussy. How good it had felt to rub myself up and down, shifting back and forth, touching his hardness with my wetness until I was dripping, until every part of my body wanted nothing more than to submit to him, to...–

Shutting my phone's screen and closing my eyes, I tried to shake off the thoughts.

I loved David. I was monogamous with David. What was happening with Bert was...he was just helping out. He was just taking some pictures. He was just a friend.

Just a friend who'd sent me a picture of his cock. For...my opinion.

And now that I had a picture of David's cock, I didn't need Bert's.

Not that I'd ever needed it. No, I'd just been...

Helping him out.

Like he helped me.

Well, no. Not like that. I could never touch Bert like he touched me. Not, of course, that he should be touching me like that either.

No matter how hard I begged him to.

I opened my phone, and reopened the photo Bert had sent me. I felt like it was burned into my brain, like I could have sketched the whole thing from memory.

Yet another reason I didn't need it.

My finger hovered over the "delete" button. All I needed to do was touch the screen and the photo of my best friend's dick would be gone. I'd never have to look at it again.

I'd never get to look at it again.

Of course...Bert had sent it to me for my opinion. I still hadn't replied; it had felt too awkward. He'd only sent it to me because of a misunderstanding. By my opinion of the photo, I would just be reinforcing that misunderstanding.

Bert would think it was okay for him to show me his cock. Maybe he'd send me more photos, and I definitely didn't want that.

I didn't want that at all.

Not even a lot.

Hell, the damn photo was why he'd thought it was okay to pull his dick out today during our photography session. After all, I'd all but told him that it was okay. That we were that kind of special friend who showed each other our junk.

Which we weren't, of course. That wasn't even a thing.

I mean, yes, he'd seen me naked. He'd touched me. He'd taken photos of my bare flesh, as he made me cum with his suprisingly-talented hands.

But that was...it was different.

Somehow.

But surely I couldn't delete before I'd shared my thoughts. That would be rude, right? Only

a bad friend would do that. And I wanted to be a good friend for Bert.

That's all we were, after all. Friends. Just friends.

My spinning brain suddenly delivered another thought: maybe I should hold onto the picture as leverage. If Bert ever did anything with my photos (not that he would, of course. I trusted him) then I'd have this picture. I could threaten to...well, I don't know exactly what I'd do with it. Releasing it online would probably be worse for me than it was for him.

Hell, it was such a good photo: putting it online would probably get him a lot of female attention.

Pushing aside the strange spark of jealousy, I slipped one hand into my pants. Whatever the reason, it was clear that I couldn't delete the photo.

And since I was keeping it anyway, I might as well enjoy it...

I spent the next day fighting myself; one minute I was questioning what I'd gotten myself into, fixating on what I was doing to David and how it was going to hurt him...and the next, I'd somehow pulled out Bert's photo again, and was touching myself, bringing myself to yet another climax while staring at my best friend's cock.

Not because it was his cock, of course. Just because...it really was a beautiful piece of equipment. It was like high-quality porn.

Like the photos Bert took of me.

As the night approached, I was getting ready for the movie when David called.

"Hey babe," he opened, his voice so deep it was practically a growl. "I just wanted to hear your voice."

"Hey," I replied, instantly filled with regret and guilt. "Umm... I can't talk for long. I'm heading out soon."

I closed my eyes. What was wrong with me? My boyfriend, the love of my life, was calling internationally...and I was blowing him off to go hang out with Bert.

My best friend, whose erection I'd spent most of the last few days staring at.

"No problem," David replied immediately, clearly trying to mask his hurt. "What's so urgent?"

"I'm seeing the new Tom Hardy movie with a friend," I replied, unable to think of a lie.

Not that I'd ever lie to my boyfriend, of course. We didn't have that kind of relationship.

"I thought you hated Tom Hardy."

"I don't *hate* anyone," I replied. Also not a lie. Technically, I mean. But yeah, he was right – something about Tom Hardy had always rubbed me up the wrong way. "Besides, he's paying."

"Tom Hardy?"

"No," I replied, realizing what I'd just said. "No, uh, I meant *she's* paying. I'm going with a friend. A girlfriend."

"Good," David replied with a laugh. "Cos if you were going out with a guy, I'd have to come back and kick his ass."

I giggled awkwardly in response. "No, it's my friend Be..." –rt. "...cky. You remember her, right?"

"Not really. What's her last name? I'll look her up on Facebook."

There is no Becky. Oh my god. Why didn't I say a real name? Fuck, I'm so stupid.

"She's, um, not on Facebook."

"...really?"

“Yeah, ever since the Cambridge Analytica stuff. She deleted it out of protest.”

“Okay...” my boyfriend replied. I could hear the doubt in his voice.

“Yeah, she’s very political,” I continued to lie. “Anyway, I gotta go now. I’m meeting her in fifteen minutes.”

I held my breath, hoping that David won’t ask any more questions about my made-up girlfriend. If he kept pressing, I’ll have to come up with an SSN for her.

“One more thing,” he said. “It’s about the pictures you sent me.”

I wasn’t sure whether to be relieved or alarmed. “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, we have to be quick.”

“I was looking at the last pics you sent me. I was looking at them a lot...”

A flirtatious tone entered my boyfriend’s voice, making me go even more red. He’d been masturbating to pictures of my naked body, while I’d been frigging myself and staring at another man.

Another man’s dick.

Again, and again, and again.

“What about them?” I squeaked.

“Well, I noticed that some of them were from a weird angle.”

Oh god, no. No. “What do you mean?”

We’d been so careful, hadn’t we? Bert had told me that he’d only sent pictures that I could have believably taken myself, and I...well, I’d not looked over them as carefully as I could have. I’d been too ashamed to subject myself to reliving what we’d done.

What I’d done.

“And then one of them, uh...”

What?

“...shows both your hands.”

Oh my god, no. Shit. Had I accidentally sent him an incriminating photo? Oh, god. I should have looked at them more carefully.

Even if it meant reliving what Bert had done. What I’d let Bert do...

I had to come up with a lie. Quickly.

“I...have to confess.”

No. I couldn’t do this. It would destroy everything.

Come on, Brain.

“I...asked Becky to help me.”

“Oh. Oh!”

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. Are you...mad?”

It felt like a year ticked by as I waited for David’s response. I wish a year *had* ticked by. He’d be back home, and we could be together.

I wouldn’t be so desperate for attention that I let Bert see me. Touch me.

Send me pictures of his dick.

“I mean, I...not really, I guess. I 'spose it’s normal for you girls to see each other, uh, naked. Right?”

“Uh huh,” I said, crossing my fingers. I mean, it wasn’t *weird* weird, but I couldn’t think of any female friends I’d ask to come over and take the photos Bert took.

I hadn’t even asked Bert, in fact. How the hell had we gotten ourselves into this?

“You should’ve just told me,” David continued, a note of mischief in his voice. “Now

I'm...picturing it."

"Gross!" I exhaled loudly. "That's why I didn't want to tell you!"

David chuckled. "Sorry, babe. Well, anyway, as long as it's not a guy, I'm fine with it."

Thank God David couldn't see how red my face was.

"I would never do that."

"And uhh, if you ever want to, like, experiment with Becky...I'd be okay with that, too."

My eyes widened. Was...was my boyfriend really giving me permission to be unfaithful?

With a girl, but still...

"...if I got to watch, of course," he finished, a burst of laughter coming down the phone line.

Okay, yeah. That made much more sense.

"Going now," I said emphatically. "You're so disgusting – I'd never do that with a girl!"

*Or a guy*, I mentally added.

"I was just joking babe, don't worry. I don't ever want you to be with anyone but me."

"Me neither," I said, honestly.

"Oh, don't worry about me," he said, his voice full of love. "I'd never so much as look at another girl."

"Mm-hmm. David, I really have to go now..."

"Sure. I love you, babe. Have fun tonight!"

Have fun...if he knew...

"Love you too," I said, hanging up and collapsing onto the bed.

I couldn't believe my lies were already starting to catch up with me. I buried my face in the pillow and screamed.

What had Bert done to me??

The alarm on my phone made me sit up in alarm. Shit. I was meant to be out the door already, and I was still in panties.

Glancing around, the first thing I saw was my super short skirt, lying on the ground next to my bed.

No. No, I couldn't go out in that.

Bert commanded me to.

But that didn't matter. I couldn't let him push me around...I wasn't his slave.

I had to go. I was going to be late.

I had to just find something quickly, something to throw on. It didn't even matter what I wore, it was just a movie with my friend.

That's all he was. A friend.

Opening my wardrobe, I was overwhelmed by the choices. I glanced back at the skirt. Maybe it...maybe it wasn't even that short.

The next thing I knew, I was riding the subway with half my butt visible, horny middle-aged men staring at my exposed flesh.

What the fuck was Bert doing to me?

By the time I arrived at my stop, I was squirming with discomfort. It felt like every guy on the train had been leering at me.

It felt like every guy in the world could see what a sexy piece of ass I was.

It was so, so embarrassing.

Not wanting to be late for the film, I ran from the station to the cinema. I was panting by the time I reached Bert.

“Hey,” I said, stepping up to him.

“Hey!” he said, leaning in awkwardly to give me a kiss on the cheek.

The job (and being the lusted at by an entire subway car) had thrown me off-kilter, so I misread which way he was leaning, and accidentally met his lips with mine. After a quick kiss, I rapidly pulled away. “Uhhh, umm...sorry. I don’t know why I just did that.”

My face was red as a beet. Did I really just kiss Bert? What the fuck?

“No sweat,” he said with a grin. “You excited for the movie?”

“Yeah, sure. Let’s just get inside.”

As we walked into the theater, I noticed everyone was staring at my skirt. Bert, thank god, hadn’t said anything about it...but I’m sure he’d noticed.

I blushed again as I remembered what had happened the last time we’d seen a movie together. Almost as though he hadn’t noticed, his hand had landed on my thigh...then moved up my thigh...and then finally given me a long, loud orgasm, right in the stalls.

Where everyone could notice. Where one guy almost certainly *had* noticed.

That couldn’t happen again.

Even though my skirt would give him *incredibly* easy access...

“We can’t do what we did last time,” I hissed. “Bert, we can’t...I have a boyfriend.”

“What do you mean?” he asked, the glint in his eyes the only thing stopping his face from being the very picture of innocence.

“Last time we went and saw a movie,” I said firmly. “You...”

He couldn’t hide the grin from his face as he watched me struggle for words, acutely aware that we were surrounded by people...many of whom were staring at my exposed legs, and half-revealed ass.

“Last time we saw a movie,” I said, staring into Bert’s eyes, “you...touched me. And that can’t happen again.”

“Okay,” he nodded. “Easy done. I won’t touch you again for the rest of the night.”

I opened my mouth to tell him that he couldn’t touch me again *ever*, before I remembered that we were going to take some more photos tonight.

The thought of a photo session without feeling Bert’s hands on mine made me surprisingly sad, but I tried to shake that feeling off.

Bert wasn’t my boyfriend. Bert shouldn’t be touching me at all.

No matter how wonderful his hands felt. No matter how much I missed the feeling of a man.

Even if he did feel like the only thing stopping me from losing control and fucking half the city.

“Good,” I finally said, flipping my hair. “So that’s settled.”

The cinema was less busy than last time, and we managed to find a more isolated seat. “I’m excited to see this,” Bert said as the lights dimmed.

We were at the back of the theater, right in the corner. Aside from a small group further down the row, there was no one nearby.

“Why are we sitting here? I like to sit in the middle. There’s no one here.”

“This director does some really interesting stuff with angles,” Bert explained. “He does his own cinematography, and I heard it’s better from the side. Like the first one.”

“What?? You didn’t tell me we were watching a sequel. I haven’t seen the first movie!”

“Oh, it was great. Don’t worry, you’ll pick it up really quickly – basically, they used to be royalty, but now they’re sort of running a farm, but not really. Also there’s a pig with a white

spot who sort of saved the farm, so Tom Hardy can't be with his wife any more. Oh, and if you see the guy from Star Trek, he betrayed them but they don't know about it yet."

"Uh huh," I replied, slumping down in my seat. "Great."

"You're going to love it."

"I'm sure I'll love the pig, at least."

"Eh, he's kind of a jerk. You'll see."

The lights dimmed, and Bert turned to me with a smile.

"Oh, before the film starts – I put together some of the photos from our last session."

"I told you to delete those!"

"I know, I know, but I wanted to show you this first."

Bert pulled out my phone, and started scrolling through. To his credit, he'd managed to edit the photos to look like deeply erotic selfies, trimming and cropping any sign of him from the pictures.

All that was left were sexy images of me, my face a mask of lust, the curves of my body emphasized. They were masterfully taken, and looked like high-quality porn.

I looked like a sexual goddess.

"Do you think David would like these?"

I had to admit, I looked really good in the pics. I still had mixed feelings about them, though: despite being cropped, they were so erotic that my mind completed them from memory. Bert, under me, his hard cock rubbing against my pussy as I ground on him...

"I...maybe...I'm not sure," I said, my words coming in short bursts. "David, um...he noticed that some of the last batch were from weird angles. And I accidentally sent him one where both my hands were visible. He got suspicious."

"Hmmm," Bert said thoughtfully. "We'll have to be more careful, next time."

Next time. My throat closed at the thought. *Next time.*

As Bert continued going through the photos on his phone, another picture of his cock came up.

"Ah, whoops," he whispered. "Sorry about that."

But he didn't keep scrolling.

I stared at the photo, as if entranced. All of a sudden, my mind began to swim. It felt like the picture grew bigger, until it was larger than the trailer playing on the big screen.

Bert's cock was just as I remembered, as if I'd ever forget. So big and beautiful. Bigger than David's. Bigger than any I'd ever seen.

Or touched...

My best friend chuckled nervously. "Movie's starting," he whispered, and I blinked twice. Normally trailers before a film went forever, but it felt like these had only just begun. Weird.

Bert pulled me towards him, and I rested my head on his shoulder, as we'd done so many times as kids. He dropped his phone, and it landed squarely on my bare thighs, still showing Bert's beautiful cock on the now-darkened screen, ready to go to screen lock.

His penis, on my bare thighs. I stared at it until the screen went dark.

As the film began, I shifted my attention to the large screen. It did very little to help catch anyone up on the preceding movie, cutting from life on the farm to a car crash to a scene on a submarine for some reason, all within the first few minutes.

"Bert, this is confusing..." I whispered.

"Shh! Keep watching, you'll pick it up. Do you see what they're doing with the angles?"

I squinted at the screen. It looked a little weird, but I couldn't tell if that was just because of

where we were sitting.

“Mm-hmm,” I said. “Looks pretty.”

Bert laughed. It was too dark to see, but I smiled, imagining the sight of the back of his throat being exposed.

“You’d hope so,” he whispered back. “They shot this on an ARRI Alexa 65.”

“Is that...good?”

“It’s the second-best camera in the world,” he said, looking down at me with a smile. “Behind only the B.E.R.T. 9.0.”

I laughed, smiling back up at him. Cuddled up like this, sharing an in-joke, it was all too easy to image we weren’t just best friends. That we were...something more.

Suddenly, I remembered what I’d done before the film. I’d kissed him. I’d kissed my best friend, like we were more than that. Like we were...together.

It had felt nice.

Bert moved his hands to his face, and pretended to be holding a camera.

“Click,” he said, staring at me intensely. I shivered, and a throb appeared between my legs. All of a sudden, I was taken back to my bedroom, where Bert had taken so many photos of me.

Where we were going straight after the film.

Bert returned his focus to the film – the characters were in the White House, and for some reason, the pig was there too – but I couldn’t stop thinking about what we’d done the last time we’d been at the cinema.

Unable to follow the film, I allowed my mind to wander, entertaining myself by imagining Bert’s penis beneath his pants. The same dick that I’d just seen on his phone, the dick that I’d been staring at for days, the dick that I’d rubbed my panty-clad pussy against the previous day...

It would feel so good if Bert did what he’d done last time we’d seen a film together. It would be so nice, to feel Bert’s fingers...no, I had to stay strong. No more public orgasms.

No more private orgasms, either. Not with Bert.

Just with that wonderful picture of his cock...

The image of Bert’s cock flashed into my mind, replacing what was on-screen (Tom Hardy, trapped in a lifeboat, floating out to sea). It had only been a few days, and already I’d spent so much time looking at it as I came. It was like I was in a frenzy, rubbing myself to orgasm after orgasm as I stared at my best friend’s erection...

Did he touch himself while he looked at me? My eyes widened at the thought. He must have. He had so many photos of me, so many photos of my naked body in compromising positions.

Photos of my body flushed in orgasm, photos of me staring at him with lust. Photos of him touching me, touching his curvy best friend while her boyfriend was overseas.

Of course he’d cum while looking at my pictures. He must have. I could imagine it so clearly, Bert’s hand wrapped around his beautiful cock as he stared at my body, stroking himself, up and down, rubbing his erection...

“Uh, A?”

I blinked twice, breaking out of my trance. “Mmm?”

God, I hoped he wasn’t going to ask me about the movie. I hadn’t been following it at all.

“You’re, um...”

Fuck! Had I groaned aloud? I was completely soaked, just from thinking about my friend touching himself while he looked at photos of himself touching me. Or maybe I hadn’t made a sound...maybe he could smell it. I was so horny, I wouldn’t have been surprised if my musk had



filled the cinema.

“You’re, uh...”

Bert gestured down, and I gasped. While I’d been in my erotic haze, my hands had found Bert’s hardness through his pants, and were stroking it.

I was stroking Bert. Up and down, rubbing his erection. Right in the middle of the theater. During a family film, at that. What a slut.

“Oh, god...”

I’d expected the words to be embarrassed, but they’d come out as...aroused. Horny.

Without either of us saying anything, I’d grabbed my best friend’s dick. And then when he’d caught me, I’d just moaned in response.

What was wrong with me? What had Bert *done* to me?

As we stared at each other, I felt more embarrassed than I’d ever felt in my life. What must he have thought of me??

Several minutes passed, and it wasn’t until Bert raised an eyebrow that I realized...I hadn’t stopped.

All the while we’d been looking at each other, I’d continued rubbing his huge cock. I’d continued stroking my best friend through his pants.

I let go of Bert’s cock as if it were a hot coal, and he stood up.

“Let’s go,” he said, tilting his head towards the entrance. “Let’s go back to your place.”

“But...the movie...” I protested, not sure what else to say.

“I don’t think either of us have been paying that much attention to it,” he replied, a grin on his face. “Come on; let’s take some more photos for David. I feel like this is going to be the best session yet...”