

Photographed by my Friend
by BurroGirl18 and Pan
Chapter 7

mmmm. just came thinkin bout u. lookin at ur pics. ur so gd sexy.

-dave

I put my phone away, a smile on my face. Yeah, I was walking around barely-dressed with a man other than my boyfriend who had made me cum with his hands and probably had a thousand photos of my naked...but seeing that message from my boyfriend made me feel much better.

It was for a good reason. It was for our relationship, really.

Right?

“Hey A,” Bert said, grabbing my hand as we walked along the street. “Can I ask you a weird favor?”

Oh, god. What did he want now?

“Yeah?”

“So you know how I’ve been helping you take these photos...”

I nodded, the red wine and David’s text message giving me a warm glow. I didn’t even bother letting go of his hand.

“Uh huh.”

“So I’ve been trying to take some similar ones of myself, and I need an outside eye. Would it be weird to ask you to have a quick look and give your honest opinion? Y’know, as a woman.”

“What kind of photos?”

“Y’know,” he said, glancing down at his shoes. He was acting uncharacteristically shy, and I slowed down, curious about what he was so nervous about. “Dick pics. I just figured, since we’re obviously the kind of friends who can do this kind of thing without it getting weird...”

“What?! No! I’m not going to look at your dick! That’s disgusting!”

I turned red and pulled my hand away from Bert’s, my heart beating a mile a minute.

What was I *doing*?

“Oh,” Bert started, but I held up a finger. There were people all around us. Fuck. What if some of them knew David? What if they’d heard me shouting about Bert’s dick?

“I mean, like...”

Feeling slightly panicked, I glanced up at Bert’s face, seeing genuine shock and embarrassment, like I’d just humiliated him publicly.

Oh, crap. I *had* just humiliated him publicly.

“I just can’t...I shouldn’t...” I started whispering, trying to save the situation. “I don’t *do* that, y’know?”

“No?”

Bert’s response came out as a whimper. My head was still spinning - I was juggling my own embarrassment, the audacity of his request, and now his emotional reaction to my outburst.

I took a deep breath, and tried again.

“Bert, I just...I don’t look at other guy’s cocks. Not even random guys on the internet. I only look at David’s. And looking at yours would be...god, I just couldn’t look at you the same way after. Like, you’re not supposed to see your male friends’ penises.”

I realized I was slurring slightly as I spoke, but hoped my message came through nonetheless.

“Oh god,” he replied, stammering slightly. “I’m sorry. I just thought that since...well,

you know. Since I've been helping you out, just a look wouldn't be such a big..."

He trailed off.

"Why are you even taking pictures like that??" I replied in a whisper, trying to be discreet.

"I just thought, in case I found a girlfriend and she wanted to...I mean, you enjoy it when David sends you pictures, right?"

"Yes," I blushed, remembering the photo David had sent me while we were sitting in the restaurant. It was exciting to know that my body turned my boyfriend on.

It was exciting to know that my body turned anyone on.

"But he's my *boyfriend*."

"Right! Yeah, I wouldn't expect you to enjoy it. I mean, that's not why I take pictures for you. I'm just helping out a friend, you know?"

I nodded. He sounded so sincere. Maybe I'd been imagining all these ulterior motives. Maybe I'd been inventing them.

"I just thought you might want to help me out too, like...friend-to-friend, you know? I didn't know who else to ask, but...yeah, sorry. I didn't mean to offend you, I promise."

He stumbled over his words. God, I'd really embarrassed him. I suddenly felt shitty for making it weird - Bert had specifically told me because he trusted me, and instead of politely turning him down, I'd lashed out at him for even bringing it up.

I reached out and stroked his arm. "Ummm...you don't have to be sorry. I should be. I overreacted. It's just...it's not something friends do for each other normally. Like our photoshoots; there's a reason I don't discuss them with David."

"I know friends don't *normally*," Bert replied. "I just figured...y'know. That we were closer than most friends."

"We are," I nodded. "But there are still boundaries we should never cross."

"Of course," Bert said. "Of course. I mean, I wasn't going to...whip it out and show it to you or anything."

I tried not to think about it.

"I just figured a photo would be okay," he continued. "Sorry about that. I guess I just...I just thought we were better friends than we are."

I raised one eyebrow. "Guilt trip much?"

"No," he replied immediately, sadness in his voice. "Sorry. I didn't mean it like that. I just wasn't...yeah, don't worry about it. It doesn't matter."

We walked quietly next to each other for a minute or two, my hand still on his arm, before I finally broke the silence. "Now I feel like I've just ruined the night."

A smile crept across Bert's face. "Not at all," he replied lightly. "By the way, you know anyone looking for a best friend? Turns out I'm in the market. Ouch!"

"Don't even joke about that," I said as he rubbed his arm where I hit him. "I've never opened up to anyone else like I have with you. I mean, apart from boyfriends. You know I love you to death, otherwise I wouldn't have trusted you with those kinds of photos."

"I know," Bert laughed. I couldn't see the back of his throat from where I was standing, but it comforted me to know it was there, exposed because of me. "Besides, it's not like you have any other friends. Who would you even recommend?"

"No one," I replied instantly. "I wouldn't want to get jealous if suddenly other girls' naked photos popped up on your phone."

We both laughed at my joke. Definitely a joke. Right?

"Oh hey! Five minutes early."

I nodded, not really listening. I wouldn't be *jealous*, because I don't feel anything for Bert. Not like that. It would just mean that I was no longer special; it would hurt my ego.

Yeah. I wouldn't mind seeing Bert with other girls. Just so long as I was the only one he craved.

Wait. What was I thinking?

"The lighting is gorgeous here," he said, pulling a lens out of his pocket and screwing it onto his camera. "Let's get some quick snaps before the movie starts. Instagram deserves to see what my best friend looks like in this lighting."

"Here?" I said, looking around worryingly.

"Yeah," Bert replied, moving the camera to his eye and taking a picture.

Click.

"You look beautiful."

My cheeks glowed red as I smiled timidly.

"Lean against the wall," Bert instructed. *Click, click, click.*

For a moment, my head throbbed - it must have been the wine. I felt dizzy, all of a sudden, unable to look away from the camera. Bert's voice sank into my head, his authoritative tone reminding me of how often I'd cum while he instructed me, how many times I'd climaxed around my own hand as he took pictures of me.

"Hurry up," I murmured, trying to blink away the sudden onslaught of sexual thoughts. "It's cold. And you still have my panties."

I obeyed his instructions as I complained. How could I not?

"Uh huh," he replied, clearly not listening. "Lower one of your dress straps for me."

Click, click, click, click.

Looking around, I didn't see anyone nearby. I pulled the strap slightly down over my shoulder.

"Perfect," Bert smiled, continuing to take photos.

Click, click, click, click.

I began to fantasize about our intimate shoots as Bert photographed me. All of a sudden, I felt like I was there, on my bed, naked for him. For David.

For the world.

I remembered feeling something hard in Bert's pants one time. Was it his cock? I'd told myself it wasn't at the time, but now I wasn't sure. It must have been though. I felt it throb.

Oh, god. I'd felt Bert's penis throb against my body. I can't believe he'd wanted to just...show it to me. If I'd been a bit braver, I could have looked at it.

What was I thinking? Ew. I had to forget about his cock. I had to get his cock out of my mind. I tuned out of the past, and brought my focus back to the present.

For the next few minutes, Bert continued to issue commands. Nothing racy - turn. Pose. Move my hand. The instructions were coming so regularly, I started obeying them without question.

Click, click, click, click, click.

"Look at the camera like you want it," Bert ordered.

I wanted it. I wanted to see it.

No.

Stop that.

"Move one finger to your mouth."

As I battled my thoughts, I became Bert's puppet, instinctively following his commands. I placed my finger on my open lips.

"Amazing," Bert said. My heart was beating out of my chest.

Click, click, click, click.

The lens was right in my face. It was hard to see anything other than the camera, and my friend behind it.

I could still ask for it. He'd gladly show me his cock. All I had to do was ask.

"Other hand on your rear," he instructed.

I nodded and grabbed my butt. People were starting to appear one by one, staring at us. Staring at me.

"Stick your tongue out a little."

I seductively posed for the camera with my tongue out, playing to the crowd. Playing to the camera.

"Move your hands above your head."

Click, click, click, click.

I obeyed, pushing out my chest as I stretched. My chest was warm. My everything was warm.

"No," Bert murmured, shaking his head, slightly irritated. "Not quite like that."

"Mmmkay," I purred. "Like how?"

Bert dropped the camera, allowing it to dangle around his neck. He stepped forward, grabbing my wrists, pressing them against the wall.

"Like this," he said gently.

Time stood still as he stood over me, dominating my petite form. His hands, constraining me. A camera dangling between us, enough to make me feel like we weren't touching.

He stared into my eyes intensely, his face inches from mine. If he were to lean forward, even slightly, our lips would meet.

If I were to lean forward, we would kiss. Again.

My chest expanded as I took deep breaths as he held my wrists against the wall. I was completely frozen, unable to move, uncontrollably turned on from being Bert's puppet, that he could manipulate me even in public. I felt the lens brush against one of my nipples and I trembled.

"Good girl," Bert softly murmured. You could have cut the tension with a knife.

All of a sudden, he let go of my wrists, stepped back, and continued taking photos.

Click, click, click.

Looking around, I suddenly realized how many people were watching us, how many people had come for the show.

He'd done it again. He'd cast his spell on me with that stupid camera; I was posing in public for Bert, my erect nipples poking through my dress, seductively posing for everyone who came to see a movie but got much more for the price of their ticket.

"Aren't we going to miss the trailers?" I asked breathily.

"Oh shit," Bert said, breaking the spell. "Good call."

He grabbed my hand, pulling me into the theater. Bert had a firm grasp on me as he guided me through the crowd that had formed around us.

Around me.

We made it into the film just in time, and sat next to each other at the back, where no one could see us. The ad to disable electronic devices appeared onscreen, and Bert pulled out his cell phone.

My eyes were drawn like moths to the bright light coming from his screen, and I caught a glimpse of an image before he pushed the home button and it suddenly disappeared.

It barely registered to my brain what I saw. It looked like a...a dick? But why would he be looking at dicks? Last time I checked, Bert was very much into women.

Oh, god. Could it be...he mentioned that...oh my god. No! He wanted to show it to me. He asked earlier, if I'd look at a picture of his dick. He probably had it open, ready, and forgot about it.

It wasn't just *a* dick, it was...

I'd seen Bert's dick, oh so briefly. Not long enough to see it clearly, but for just long enough to stoke my imagination.

I'd seen his dick. It had happened. I'd seen Bert's dick.

I would have been mad at him if it hadn't been an accident. Yeah. There was no way he'd done that on purpose, right? He wouldn't have navigated away so quickly if he'd really wanted me to see it. It wasn't Bert's fault, it was mine; I'd invaded his privacy. I'd peeked at his prick.

It looked huge, didn't it? No, that was probably just the angle. It just looked big because he'd taken a close-up. Probably with one of his mega-telescoping lenses or something like that. But was that his hand at the base? If it was, that meant he was even bigger than...no. Stop. Why was I even thinking about his size?

I tried to act natural, like I hadn't even noticed, but it was in my head and I didn't know how to get it out. It was so big, I couldn't shift it if I tried. I felt like I'd just gotten *Fight Clubbed*, seeing that penis for a single frame, not enough to make out what it really looked like, more than enough to make me unconsciously hungry for it.

When we'd sat down, Bert had lifted the armrest between us. Old habit, I guess - we'd watched so many movies together over the years as kids, always leaning on each other as we did. On couches, at the cinema; we hadn't gone out to see a movie in years, but it made total sense for him to expect things to be the same.

After all, nothing *had* changed. We were still friends. Just...friends who sometimes saw each other naked.

And there was nothing weird about that.

No, we weren't friends who *saw each other* naked. Bert had seen me naked, sure, but it was to help me out. It wasn't reciprocal. He was helping me connect with my boyfriend. With David.

Part of me wanted to pull out my phone and text David right now. *Send me a picture of your cock*. He'd done it before, but I'd never asked for it. I didn't want to be 'that kind of girl', I guess.

Now, I was hungry for it. I wanted to see David's cock. I wanted it to wash the sight of Bert's out of my mind.

But we were at the cinema, and I knew Bert would disapprove if I started texting, even during the trailers. And I didn't want that. I wanted Bert's approval.

Just like he wanted mine. No wonder he'd thought of me, to show his pic too. And I'd rejected him, for no reason.

No. For lots of good, sensible reasons.

I couldn't.

I *couldn't*.

Bert leaned over, his bare legs touching mine. His hand was leaning on his leg; his fingers casually brushed against my hand.

"Psst," he whispered. There was no one close enough to hear us, but he leaned in close anyway. "Want a drink? I snuck a little whisky in."

I glanced down, trying desperately to look anywhere but the front of his cargo shorts. Trying not to look at what I'd just inadvertently seen a picture of. In his hand there were two mini-bar bottles. He pressed one into my hand, and took a swig of the other.

I knew it was a bad idea to drink in my already-aroused, tipsy state, but I felt like only alcohol could make me forget that image. Taking the whisky, I downed it as fast as I could - I don't like the taste of hard liquor, and a sour look appeared on my face as I fought the unpleasant aftertaste.

“Okay,” I gagged. “...that was awful.”

“Shhh,” Bert whispered, his eyes fixed to the screen as the new Marvel commercial played. As if to silence me, his hand moved to my knee and squeezed it once.

“You gonna shush me all night?” I whispered playfully. “You know that I love talking during movies.”

“Shh,” Bert repeated, throwing me a grin and squeezing my knee once more. His hand didn’t leave my leg - it sat there, almost possessively. Like he owned me.

Like I was his.

We were sitting in public, me barely clothed, Bert’s hand openly resting on my leg. My mind flashed back to outside the cinema, Bert holding my arms above my head while everyone watched.

“Men and their superhero movies...” I muttered, rolling my eyes. Men and their... –as I glanced at Bert’s firm hand grasping my fragile leg, the image of that same hand around his cock flashed into my eyes for a split second –...dicks.

As the trailers rolled on, Bert’s hand never left my leg.

I raised my eyebrows as the movie began. I’d let Bert do all the planning for our date; I’d been so distracted, I’d never even asked what film we were going to see.

“Dark Lenses?” I whispered as the title came up. “Bert, is this a film about a photographer?”

“It seemed appropriate,” he said with a grin.

The movie began. It was a horror film, about a cursed camera slowly destroying the life of its owner. At the first jump scare, Bert’s hand gripped my leg, then relaxed.

“Wow,” I teased. “And I thought I was the scaredy-cat.”

“Shhh,” he said again. One of his fingers casually started stroking the side of my knee. When I glanced over, he seemed to be wholly focused on the film. Could he be doing it without noticing?

I returned my attention to the film. The main character was taking some holiday snaps with the old, dusty camera he’d found at the creepy curio stall.

Click, click, click, click.

The sound made me feel strangely light-headed, and it took me a moment to remember what was bothering me.

“Ummm...you know that’s not your leg, right?” I whispered.

“Shhh,” Bert replied, clearly not listening. His hand moved up my leg slightly. Before I could say anything, he jumped again at the film.

“She was in *Game of Thrones*,” he whispered, pointing at the screen with his other hand, clearly trying to cover his embarrassment over being so scared by the film.

“Oh, so you’ve seen her naked too?” I joke, trying to alleviate the tension. Bert grabbing my leg is making me uncomfortable.

Uncomfortably turned on.

“Haha, yeah. Me and the rest of the internet.”

The whole internet had seen her naked.

The thought made me swoon.

His finger resumed stroking - no longer my knee, it moved to the inside of my thigh. He started tracing patterns, something I’d seen his lithe fingers do a thousand times before. It was just what his hands did when they were resting. Surely it didn’t mean anything.

“I hope the ‘rest of the internet’ part only referred to her,” I chuckled nervously as I squirmed beneath Bert’s touch.

“Uh huh.” His attention had clearly been swallowed once more by the film.

I bit my lip as I succumbed to the pleasures of Bert’s stroking. Goosebumps formed all

over my legs - I tried to watch the film, but my focus was entirely on his finger, making circles on my skin.

Click, click, click, click.

As the fictional photographer took happy (soon to be very *unhappy*) snaps on vacation, I glanced over at Bert's face. He was completely immersed in the film. There was no way he knew what he was doing. He had no idea how this was making me feel. He couldn't feel the goosebumps, right?

No. He must have been able to feel my skin rippling. But he must have thought it was because of the scary parts of the film. He mustn't have had any idea I was getting turned on.

There was no way he knew how wet my pussy was getting.

Click, click, click.

As if encouraged by my skin's reaction, the next time Bert reacted to the film, his hand moved another inch up my thigh, right to the hem of my dress.

His action made me moan, ever so quietly. No one would have been able to hear, except the movie fell completely silent that exact second, as a lead-up to a big scare.

"Shhh!"

That confirmed it for me - there was no way Bert knew the effect his wandering finger was having on me. As far as he was concerned, he was simply watching a film with a friend. Why would he assume that I was almost dripping with arousal as he casually stroked my skin?

We were just friends. Nothing more.

Friends who sometimes saw each other naked.

BOOM.

The big scare arrived, an explosion which lit up the entire theater. I could see that Bert's other hand was resting in his lap - I couldn't help but wonder if it was grabbing a bulge through his ever-present shorts.

He flailed slightly as he jumped; I couldn't believe how sucked into the film he was getting. Bert's always loved horror, but for this one, he seemed totally absorbed. Maybe he saw himself in the photographer character?

Click, click, click.

When Bert's limbs settled again, his hand was so close to my bare pussy, I'd bet he could have felt the heat emanating from it. His finger settled, no longer moving - his hand was just resting between my legs.

Up my dress.

My heart was pounding at the suspense. Not the suspense from the movie, but from Bert's fingers resting so close to my wet pussy. My wet pussy that wanted to be touched so bad. I was feeling dizzy from the alcohol and I couldn't think clearly. Why was this happening? Why was I letting him do this? I couldn't even blame the camera this time.

As the film continued, Bert's fingers began to twitch at the action beats. Not stroking, not tracing patterns, not playing - just moving slightly, as though they were directly wired to his heartbeat.

BOOM.

Another explosion lit up the screen, and Bert's digits curled at the noise and the excitement, brushing over my wet pussy-lips as they did.

This wasn't the first time he'd touched my bare wetness.

"Ahhh," I moaned out loud, twitching from the sudden contact. It almost sounded like a moan of shock, a natural reaction to the suspenseful movie.

Almost.

But I could hear the sexual undertone of pleasure, and I knew how obvious it must have

been to other people as well. There was a man sitting two rows in front of it; he'd heard it. I knew he had. But did he suspect anything?

"Shhh," Bert whispered gently, not even looking in my direction. Where earlier he'd squeezed my knee to remind me to be quiet, now his fingers ran up and down my engorged lips. When his shushing stopped, the motion of his fingers didn't.

The movie calmed down, and everything grew quiet. The photographer was talking to the police, explaining that he didn't know why these things were happening, that it was outside of his control. They didn't believe him.

We were sitting in the cinema, watching the film, his fingers casually running up and down my bare slit. I didn't know why these things were happening. I tried to tell myself that they were outside of my control.

I didn't believe me either.

There was no way this wasn't on purpose. Bert was touching my pussy, and I was letting him. I was letting my friend casually pleasure me in a public place while my boyfriend was on another continent.

This was so wrong. I shouldn't let him do this to me. I should have told him to stop.

I mustered all my strength, but all that came out was a weak whisper. "D-don't..."

"A," Bert said, turning to face me, his eyes burning into mine. "We're in a cinema. If you don't stop talking, I'm going to have to gag you."

I nodded obediently, trying my best to hold back a moan at the thought.

I wanted to be gagged.

I wanted Bert to gag me.

As if to prove my friend's point, the man sitting in front of us turned around. "Shhh," he instructed, irately.

I saw his eyes flick down for a second. Oh no. Did he...could he see Bert's hand up my dress? From that angle, I wasn't sure. What if he had just used the shushing as an excuse to turn around, to prove his suspicions? Oh, god. He must have seen my face. Not only was I being touched in public, but there were eye and ear witnesses...fuck.

Why was this turning me on so much? I had to stop him. I had to...

"Mmmm," I moaned again, as Bert's finger brushed across my engorged clit.

I didn't want him to stop.

"Seriously, A," Bert said, and I fell silent. On the screen, the police had convinced the photographer to show them what he was talking about, to take their photos, to prove nothing would go wrong.

He did.

Click, click, click, click.

As the photographer sealed the police officers' doom, Bert's fingers grew more bold, probing my wetness more as he watched the film. Two fingers slowly slid into me. His thumb found my clit and began lightly applying pressure. Even when Bert was rubbing me on the bed, he'd never gone this far, had he? Everything was so hazy. It was so hard to focus.

The movie fell silent, and I could hear the sound of Bert's fingers going in and out, repeatedly penetrating me. It almost reminded me of his camera's shutter. *Slick, slick, slick, slick.*

My body began to writhe as Bert pleased me. I tried to hold back a moan, but I couldn't. I was completely out of control. My eyes fixed on the man sitting in front of us. Oh, god. He could totally hear what was going on, I just knew it. He could hear the hot girl being finger-fucked right behind him.

The screen was dark as the photographer developed the latest batch of photos, but by squinting, I could just barely make out the silhouette of the stranger sitting in front of us. Was

his right shoulder moving rhythmically, or was it all in my head? Was he jerking off to this, or was my imagination getting the better of me?

Slick, slick, slick, slick.

For the next few minutes, we sat cuddled up, both of staring forward (Bert at the film, me at a fellow movie-goer) as Bert repeatedly penetrated me with two fingers, his thumb circling my clit, stimulating me as he did in my bedroom.

My moans grew louder and louder as I neared orgasm, but the movie was picking up and covering the sounds of my arousal, at least some of the time. On-screen, the police were all dead, and the photographer was running for his life - dramatic music played, its beat pulsing through my body as I grew more and more aroused.

To protect himself, the photographer began taking photos of the soldiers who were chasing him.

Click, click, slick, click, click, click.

Bert leaned in, and whispered directly into my ear. "Cum for me," he hissed. "Cum for me, now."

My screams echoed through the auditorium, mixing with the death wails of the soldiers. "Ahhhh ahhh ahhhhhh!"

My body vehemently twitched in the seat, and my half-closed eyes saw the man in front spasming too. Did he just cum? Did he just cum to the sounds of me cumming? Or did I mistake my own motion for his body shaking also?

My mind went completely blank as I collapsed into Bert's embrace. Is that cum I can smell, or is my sex-starved brain just imagining it, craving it?

Did I just make a stranger cum? Or did I only *want* to?

The last of the soldiers died, and I could feel my own sanity slowly returning. Oh, god. How loud was I? How many people overheard that?

I sank down in my seat, not wanting to be seen if anyone were to look back.

"Good girl," Bert whispered, slowly withdrawing his hand from my wetness. He moved it to my mouth, and let me suckle on my own juices as we watch the rest of the movie, cuddled up like we used to when we were kids.

Cuddled up like a couple.

As the lights came up at the end of the film, the man two rows ahead of us shot me a glance as he left. I was still suckling on Bert's fingers, despite having long cleaned them of my juices.

Fuck. There were now eyewitnesses to my unfaithfulness.

Was there a stain on the seat in front of where he was sitting, or was I imagining things? My pussy throbbed at the thought.

At the end of the credits (Bert, of course, always stays until the very end), he removed his fingers and glanced at me. "Wow," he said. "What'd you think? I would never have guessed that she was also the professor from the start of the film."

"I never would have guessed that either," I replied, still breathing erratically.

"What a twist!" Bert said, referencing an old episode of *Robot Chicken*. "I bet you're glad I'm not *that* kind of camera."

"Uh huh," I said.

"I'm much safer. The B.E.R.T. 7. No curse on me!"

"I'm not so sure about that," I mumbled with a smile, not quite together to construct a proper joke in response.

"And hey, I'm sorry about earlier."

"What do you mean?"

"When I asked you to look at a picture of my dick. That wasn't cool - I see that now."

Sorry if it offended you.”

“No,” I said, blushing red. “I...I don’t mind.”

Bert looked at me, eyes narrowed.

“Seriously?”

“Seriously,” I echo back. “It’s fine..”

“Wow,” he said, eyebrows raised. “I wasn’t expecting that.”

I gave a half-smile as I shrugged. After what had just happened, it wasn’t like I was going to be mad at him for asking a question, right?

A beeping went off from one of Bert’s many pockets, and he pulled out his phone. I wish I could say that I hadn’t craned my neck, trying to see what was on-screen...but I would be lying if I did.

“Ah, shit,” he said, rolling his eyes. “That’s my housemate - he’s locked out. I gotta jog.”

“No problem,” I replied with a smile.

“Let’s take some more pictures for David later this week, okay? I’m free Saturday night. And hey, seriously - thanks again.”

I just nodded and smiled - I had no idea what he was thanking me for. My head was still spinning from the booze, the movie...the orgasm. He gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and headed away.

The moment he left the cinema, I realized that I’d forgotten to ask for my panties back. I’d have to ride the subway home, pantiless and braless.

Leaving the theater felt like a walk of shame. I held my head down as I slowly marched through the crossfire of gazes. Did they know I was the girl who came screaming, climaxing during the climax? They can’t have seen me, but they see a girl with messy sex hair in a revealing slutty dress walk by, and they can guess it. They can guess it must have been me.

Fuck.

I was so preoccupied with what everyone must have thought of me, I totally forgot I wasn’t wearing panties. Boarding the subway, I sat down carelessly, facing a bunch of teenagers playing with their phones.

It was several stops before I noticed they were holding their cellphones in a different angle than when I got on. Their cameras were aimed at my...pussy.

Were they taking pictures?

Oh my god. They could totally see my pussy. Everyone could see my pussy, and these teenagers were recording it on their phones. My face became blood red.

I wanted to cross my legs, but I imagined the shutter sound effects that their phones would be making if they weren’t muted.

Click, click, click, click.

My muscles didn’t respond. My body refused to obey me. Instead, my legs opened a little bit more.

What was I doing?

Was I...enjoying this?

I was so drunk, I’d lost all control. I was so drunk, I was giving a bunch of teenagers full view of my pussy. And letting them record it. I was letting them take pictures of my exposed flesh along with my face. This was all going to end up on the internet, where everyone could see. Where David could see it.

What was I doing?

I was soooo sex-starved, I couldn’t even think straight anymore. I needed my boyfriend. I needed David, so he could fuck me, so he could fuck this uncontrollable sluttiness out of me. I needed to be fucked. I wanted to be fucked. I wanted a penis. A beautiful erect cock.

Bert's beautiful erect cock. Fuck.

Click, click, click, click.

The subway car stopped. It was my stop. I got up, and as soon as my phone had reception again, it pinged.

It was a message from Bert. "Thanks again, A" it read. "I really appreciate this."

Confused, I clicked onto the image.

It was a cock.

Bert's cock.

Bert's beautiful, erect cock.

My eyes widened as I realized how he must have interpreted my parting words. He thought I was saying it was okay to...that I'd said he could...

I stood in the middle of the street, staring at the picture of Bert's cock, the picture I'd only gotten a glimpse of earlier.

It was everything I'd hoped it would be, and more.

Someone bumped into me, knocking me over, breaking the spell. I picked up my phone, rushed home, and fucked myself with my vibrator to a second orgasm, staring at the picture Bert had sent, imagining my toy was a real penis inside me.

Bert's penis.