Lights, Camera, Action

by SoloChaos

Summary

Dustin likes to take pictures of Josh.

Notes

hello this is OOC trash I hope you enjoy it anyways bye

See the end of the work for more notes

Dustin likes to take pictures of Josh.

Not just like normal, quick snapshots, but artsy pictures where he makes Josh pose in front of walls or trees or flowers while he oohs and ahhs as he takes the photos.

Josh doesn’t mind, though. It’s fun. His hair always looks sick, and that’s probably the most important thing to him regarding any kind of picture with him in it.

Lately, though, Dustin’s been taking a lot of photos featuring Josh sans shirt, and he hasn’t been posting them on Instagram. Josh honestly has no idea why he isn’t, until one day he finally clicks
together the shirtless pics and Dustin’s groans of god, Josh, you’re so fucking— ugh, I wonder how, I wonder how you’d look doing this on camera, fuck, FUCK as Josh blew him.

Well, now it’s obvious. But it’s not like Dustin is constantly taking pictures of him for Instagram or constantly mumbling about taking pictures of Josh during sex. Well, Josh can’t verify the sex one. He mostly tunes Dustin during sex, since it’s mostly just swear words between grunts and oh god’s.

This time, though, as Dustin’s thrusting into him, Josh is paying attention. He finds out that Dustin says a little more than, “fuck, ugh, shit, fuck, oh, god” along the way. He catches “you’re so beautiful” and “god, you feel so good” and “I love you so fucking much”.

And then he hears, “god, I want— I want to be recording this. I want to, fuck, catch your face as you come, fuck.”

“We could do that,” Josh finds himself saying, and Dustin stops moving, looking down at him in surprise.

“…what?” Dustin says, panting.

“We— you could, y’know, take pictures of me,” Josh says, feeling awkward with Dustin’s dick inside him and neither of them moving. “Or record me. You know.”

Dustin stares at him, eyes slowly becoming darker and darker. “We can do that?”

“Yeah,” Josh says, and he feels himself becoming harder as he imagines himself splayed out for Dustin’s camera, lens clinical and indiscriminating. He’s always had a small streak of exhibitionism in him, one that he never brought out much.

“Okay,” Dustin whispers, and then his mouth is on Josh’s, and he’s fucking Josh harder than Josh can ever remember.
Dustin brings it up that morning. Well, afternoon, technically. But honestly, 1 PM should be known universally as morning.

“I thought maybe we could do it tonight,” he says as he pours himself a mug of coffee.

“Do what?” Josh asks, taking a sip of his coffee.

“Take pictures of you naked,” Dustin says, and they both stand up when they hear a small choking noise coming from the family room.

“Tyler?” Josh says, wide-eyed. “When did you get here?”

“Two hours ago!”

“How?”

“You let me in!”

“Huh,” Josh says, contemplating that. He briefly wonders who else he might’ve invited inside.

“I think I’m going to go now,” Tyler says, and scurries past Josh and Dustin to the door.

Dustin’s ears are glowing red, and Josh smirks a little.

“What are you smiling at?” Dustin mumbles.

“Nothing, nothing,” Josh says, standing on tiptoe to kiss his boyfriend’s ear.
Josh is shaking a little with excitement.

“Relax, love,” Dustin whispers into Josh’s bare shoulder before going to set up the tripod.

Relax. Right.

The first couple of pictures aren’t too different than the ones Dustin has taken before; Josh still has his jeans on. He’s leaning against the wall, staring into the camera with a lazy half-smile on his lips.

Then Dustin has him take off his pants, and Josh hears several clicks of the camera as he unbuckles his belt and unbuttons his pants before stepping out of his jeans.

“Touch yourself. Through your underwear,” Dustin says, tone of voice sounding like he’s simply telling Josh to change the TV channel, and Josh swallows as the indifference in Dustin’s voice fuels his arousal.

Josh reaches down and palms his dick, which was already semi-hard just from anticipation. He doesn’t look up at the clicks of the camera, doesn’t look up as he watches Dustin sink to his knees and angles his camera up so it can catch the way Josh’s cock is making the bulge in his underwear bigger and bigger as he touches himself.

“Stick your hand in your underwear,” Dustin instructs, standing up. He’s standing very close to Josh, and Josh swallows hard before reaching into his underwear and grabbing his dick. He lets out a low moan at the same moment the camera flashes into his face.

“Grab your… fuck, pinch your nipple. With one hand,” Dustin says, and he kind of sounds like he’s starting to lose it. “Other hand still in your pants. Do it.” Josh does, stifling a groan as he pinches, hand still wrapped around his dick, moving leisurely.

Dustin clears his throat. “Underwear off,” he says. “Slowly. Do it slowly.”

Josh slowly pushes his underwear down, happy trail slowly becoming more and more prominent
until his underwear’s around his thighs and his dick is half-hard against his leg.

The camera clicks.

“Touch yourself,” Dustin says, voice sounding slightly choked, and Josh spits on his hand before wrapping his hand around his dick and slowly jerking himself off. The camera clicks as Dustin moves around, taking shots from different angles. He closes his eyes as he leisurely runs his palm over his cock, breathing in even intervals.

“I…” Josh awaits another command, but suddenly Dustin’s mouth is on his, pushing his tongue into Josh’s mouth.

“Camera, bed,” Josh gasps, pulling back. Dustin groans, but he dutifully goes to turn on the camera on a tripod that’s aimed towards the bed.

Josh is lying on the bed when Dustin crawls back onto the bed, underwear pulled off completely. He’s fingering himself, and Dustin adjusts him into a position so that the camera can see it better.

“Get these off, off,” Josh pants, pulling his fingers out and tugging at Dustin’s clothes. Dustin pulls back, crouching between Josh’s legs and pulling off his pants and underwear in one motion. Josh grabs a hold of Dustin’s shirt and yanks it off.

“Fuck,” Dustin gasps, grabbing a hold of Josh’s ankles. Josh exhales harshly, eyes flying open as Dustin jerks him closer.

“Lube, do you have?” Josh wheezes, ignoring the syntax. He digs his fingernails into Dustin’s skin, and Dustin chokes.

“Yeah, yeah, shh,” Dustin grunts, leaning over and grabbing the lube off of the nightstand. He uncaps the bottle and squeezes some onto his palm.

“Come on, come on!” Josh says impatiently.

“Keep your pants on,” Dustin says, eliciting a giggle from Josh.
“It’s a bit too late for that,” Josh snickers.

“You’re so lame,” Dustin snorts as he slips two fingers into Josh, evoking a low moan from the man.

“You’re la-aaaame,” Josh groans, fucking himself on Dustin’s fingers.

Josh has been fucked enough recently that he doesn't really need to be prepped, so Dustin quickly adds another finger, fucks him with them for a moment before pulling them out and sliding on a condom.

“Hands and knees,” Dustin mutters. Josh groans at having to hold himself up but dutifully rolls over and pushes himself up.

Dustin carefully lines them up before pushing in, both of them moaning. It’s been a while since they’ve had sex in this position, and it takes a few tries for Dustin to find Josh’s prostate, but when he does he has Josh’s toes curling with every thrust.

“There- there’s a camera on us,” Dustin gasps out. “There’s a camera on- on you. We can watch this moment over and over and over again.”

Josh has a hand around his dick. “Well, I don’t think this moment is going to last very long,” he grunts.

Dustin snorts, calling him a dork before sinking his teeth into Josh’s neck, and Josh comes all over the bedsheets. Dustin’s not far behind, and he comes into Josh with a low groan that’s muffled by Josh’s skin.

“Fuck,” Dustin says, pulling out of Josh and flopping onto his back. He looks so sweet and content, and Josh has to lie down on top of him and kiss him.

“Mm,” Josh murmurs between kisses. “Love you.”
“Love you too,” Dustin says softly.

They barely remember to turn the camera off before falling asleep, tangled up in one another’s arms.

The next night, they lie together on their bed and peruse through the photos before watching the video.

It’s hot. It’s hotter than Josh ever imagined it would be. They both work so, so well together, and they’re making out as the video plays before they know it.

Josh notes, of course, that his hair looked great the whole time.

End Notes

This is so out of character it kind of disgusts me. Dustin is especially out of character. Dustin, if you’re reading this, I’m sorry. Not just for writing you out of character, but for everything. Josh too, I guess, but I assume he knows how to deal by now.

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