

Tapping Amanda

Faye Valentine

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When Amanda saw that it was her best friend Kathy calling she had a pretty good idea what she wanted and after four years of refusal she was ready to give in and do it. Not because she wanted to, but because being laid off for nine months, getting so far behind in her mortgage, car payment and other bills leading to her losing everything dictated that she stepped far outside of her comfort zone and do whatever it took to stay afloat. Which is why, instead of opening with her standard greeting she said: "I'll do it."

"Um, what?" Kathy replied.

"I'm assuming you're calling to once again convince me to do one of your shows? I'll do it."

"I am, but you might want to hear the particulars before..."

"I don't care about the particulars, Kathy. In fact, the more you tell me the less likely I am to do it so just tell me when and I'll be there."

"As hot as that sounds, I feel obligated to tell you what you're getting yourself into."

"If I have to have sex with you I'm prepared to do that as well even if I am straight," Amanda replied.

"Not gonna lie, that just made my clit tingle with excitement. Nevertheless, this isn't going to be a normal show, Amanda, and I wouldn't be much of a friend if I let you walk into it completely unprepared."

"You don't understand, Kathy. I'm prepared to do whatever it takes as long as I can make some money to get out of this ever-deepening hole I'm falling into so just tell me when you need me to be there and I'll be there."

"I appreciate that, Amanda, but you know you're never going to win this argument to please just listen to what I have to say and then you can give me your final answer. Deal?"

Amanda paused for a long moment before answering. "Deal."

"As you guessed, yes, I am calling to invite you to participate in a webcam show with me. But it won't just be the two of us playing around for my eight-hundred-thousand followers. Over the last three months I took several polls to see what sort of show they would like to see and a few things remained constant. First, it has to be with lots and lots of men. And in we'll be getting gang banged by fifty-seven men. But not all at once. To stay within gathering size limits they'll be spread out over the course of the day. Second, it has to be kinky. The more fetishes the better. You know a bit about what I'm into but we'll be taking it to a whole new level with this show. And third, something you're uniquely qualified for amongst the people I know. Or at least I hope you're still qualified. Tell me, are you still lactating?"

"Y-Yes," Amanda answered, already seeing where this was going and not liking it one bit. "Why?"

"Because you're going to be tapped in more ways than one. You still producing ridiculous amounts?"

"Seventy ounces a day isn't all that unheard of."

"Maybe not, but that's still over half a gallon of breastmilk a day. And at a rate of fifty bucks and ounce and, well, you stand to make thirty-five-hundred from that alone. You'll also be paid five hundred per man and another twenty-five hundred for what you and I do together for a total of thirty-one thousand. Not counting the sale of milk of course."

"Is that everything?"

“Those are the major points. Of course, we’ll never know exactly what sort of perversions we’ll do once the party starts but that should give you some idea of what we’ll be doing. Oh, and you’ll be required to sign waivers and consent forms before we start and the whole thing will be recorded and streamed live on the internet for god only knows how many people to watch.”

As I said before, I’m in. When do you need me there so I know when to drop the kids off at my parents?”

“The party starts at five and will go until we can’t go anymore so plan on staying the night. That being said, are you absolutely sure you want to do this, Amanda? Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad you’re finally joining me, but I fear it’s for all the wrong reasons and I don’t want you hating me afterwards and I certainly don’t want to take advantage of your situation.”

“You’re not taking advantage and I’ll never hate you for something I agreed to do. I’m on the verge of losing everything, Kathy, and see no other way out. I need to do this so no matter how much I might not like it, I’ll do it. And for that kind of money, which is WAY more than I ever expected by the way, I’ll even do it with a smile.”

“Well, it normally wouldn’t be that much but fifty-seven men are paying a grand each to use us as their personal fucktoys and since you’re in I’m splitting everything right down the middle. There’s one more thing I need to clarify in that regard. They won’t be using condoms, Amanda. I know all of these men personally and they’re disease and drug free so there’s no need to worry about getting anything from them, but like I said, no condoms.”

“So, they’re going to try knocking us up? Is that the plan?”

“That’s their plan. And mine if I’m being honest. I specifically went off birth control for this. If you don’t want to risk a stranger impregnating you then I strongly suggest...”

“I’ll see you at four,” Amanda cut her best friend off. “That should give me plenty of time to sign whatever needs to be signed.” As she hung up the phone every nerve in her body went a different kind of crazy. Her heart pounded in her chest. Breathing became labored and for a moment she could not tell if she was having a heart attack, stroke or panic attack as the full weight of what she had just agreed to set in. A beat later her phone rang again. Seeing it was her best friend she answered. “Forget to mention something else?”

“No. Look, I know how you feel about what I do and I know you feel you have no other choice than to join me today, but I want to give you another option. Why don’t I loan you however much you need and you can pay me back whenever you can?”

“Thanks, but you know how I feel about borrowing money. Especially from people I know. If it means being able to catch up and have a little extra for the next couple of months then I’ll suffer a day of humiliation to earn it.”

“I figured that’s what you’d say so I’m going to sweeten the deal for your first show. Allow me and all of the men to use you however we see fit for the entire weekend and I’ll give you one hundred percent of everything they’re paying plus bump what I’m offering to ten thousand.”

“And you’ll make nothing. That hardly sounds fair.”

“I don’t care about the money. I do care about you and making sure you have enough to get through this pandemic without losing everything you’ve worked your ass off to get. Either way is fine by me, but if you want to make sixty thousand over the weekend plus whatever you get from selling your milk then that’s as option as well.”

“I’ll do it.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

“You understand you’re agreeing to be my sex slave, right? That means you have no say over what I, or the men do to you as long as it is legal for us to do it to you, right?”

“I understand.”

“It also means that if you leave for any reason before midnight Sunday you won’t get paid at all.”

“Got it. I’ll see you at four to go over the paperwork. Do I need to bring anything? Wear anything special?”

“Just yourself and I wouldn’t wear anything you’re not willing to possibly lose. Besides, you’re probably not going to be in clothes the entire weekend so anything is fine. And I guess I’ll see you at four.”

“See you later.” Hanging up once again, Amanda slowly exhaled as she plopped down in her favorite overstuffed chair before collapsing to the floor. Unfortunately, she did not have much time to calm down before Mollie – her five-year-old daughter, ran in and jumped on her lap.

“Mommy, I’m hungry.”

Forcing a smile, Amanda playfully rubbed the top of her daughter’s head as she looked up at the clock hanging on the wall. “Alright, why don’t you go play and I’ll call you when lunch is ready?”

“I wanna help.”

Picking her daughter up, Amanda went to the kitchen to make lunch for herself, Mollie and her son Mike. Afterward she would feed seven-month-old Matt on the milk she was going to spend the weekend selling to men she had never met. And with that thought weighing heavily on her mind she opened the fridge and grabbed the bottle of grape jelly.

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Agreeing to join her best friend for the weekend was the easy part. But now Amanda was faced with explaining it to her parents and getting them to understand this was the only way for her to get ahead after months of falling behind. Sure, she could drop her kids off and spend the weekend partaking in a plethora of perversions in the hopes no one found out, but she knew the truth would come out sooner or later and it was better to be open up front than make excuses later. So, once her kids were settled in and she was alone with her mother and father, she slowly exhaled. “Mom, dad, there’s something I need to tell you. You’re not going to like it and frankly neither do I, but it’s my only chance of getting ahead. I know I told you I’m going out of town this weekend for work, but the truth is I’ll be spending it doing an incredibly kinky webcam show with Kathy for far more money than I normally make in a year.”

“What exactly do you mean by kinky?” her father asked.

“Come on dad, you’re not so old that you don’t know what kinky means.”

“I think what your father is asking…” her mother said before being cut off.

“I know what he’s trying to say mom. But do you really want to hear about what I’ll be doing in great detail?” Seeing the look on both of their faces, she sighed. “Fine, I guess it’s better to hear it from me than find out from someone else later. “I’m going to be her sex slave. I’ve agreed to let her and fifty-seven men use me as their personal sex toy in whatever manner they choose so long as it’s legal for them to do it. In exchange I’ll be paid sixty thousand dollars plus more for, well, it doesn’t matter only that I stand to make even more. Is that good enough or do you need me to list every fetish I’ll be subjected to?”

“Fifty-seven men?” her mother said, her voice betraying the shock that her daughter would do something so perverse. “You’re telling us you’re going to spend the entire weekend having sex with fifty-seven men?”

“Not all at once but that’s how many Kathy said were invited. She also said she knows them very well and they’re all clean. Believe me, I have no desire to have sex with that many men but I can’t pass up the opportunity to make so much money.”

“And what if you don’t like what they do to you?” her father asked.

“Then I grin and bear it because if I leave before the party ends Sunday night I won’t get paid a penny. “Trust me, I know full well that they’re going to do things to me that I’m going to hate, but I’m on the verge of losing everything and I’ll be damned if I see my kids miss a meal or living on the streets because this fucked up economy prevents me from providing for them. If I have to spend a few days being a whore to achieve that end then I’ll pay it this and every weekend for as long as necessary.”

“You’re an adult and capable of making your own decisions, sweetie, but I think this is by far the stupidest thing you’ve ever done,” her mother stated bluntly. “There are so many things that could go wrong. If you need money your father and I will...”

“Will what? Pull it out of your asses? This is my only option and I’m taking it. I’m not asking you to like it. Hell, I don’t even like it myself. All you have to do is spoil your grandkids for the weekend.”

“And if we say no?” her father asked.

“Then I’ll ask one of my friends to watch them knowing you’d rather see us starving on the streets. In which case it might be a very long time before you see any of us again. So, am I leaving them here or taking them with me?”

“We’ll watch them,” her mother answered. “But for the record, I don’t appreciate you using your kids as leverage.”

“I’m sorry, but I was only answering his question. Now, I need to go home and get ready for tonight. I’ll call if I can and if not then I’ll be back Monday to pick them up.”

“Please be safe,” her mother replied.

“I’ll do my best.”