**Tanya's Party**

by[**Michael Herrick**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3177&page=submissions)©

Tanya's eyes were wide as she twisted to look up at me. She was splayed across my lap, looking fearfully at the hand about to come crashing down onto her bare ass. I held her gaze a moment, letting her anticipate the blow, then slowly lowered my arm. I nudged her off my lap to the floor, and she looked up at me with surprise.  
  
"Pull up your pants. I'm going to go read a while."  
  
"But..."  
  
I glared down at her and Tanya understood not to push further. Leaving her there I retired to my home office and sat at the computer. A piercing. While I hadn't exactly ordered her not to do it, she knew my feelings on the matter because Tanya and I had long ago agreed on our dynamic. She was owned. Her body belonged to me. That was how she wanted it. She gave it to me freely, without my asking or demanding.  
  
It was years ago when we were first getting to know each other intimately. It came as true, genuine moments often do - unbidden, but necessary. I was pounding into her, enjoying her obedience. Tanya was reveling in her submission, straining to not orgasm without permission, when she looked into my eyes and blurted it out: "You OWN me!!"  
  
I recognized it for what it was - her true desire and need. Over the next days and weeks we talked and discovered and came to find the natural way of things in our relationship. That way was for Tanya to be intelligent, independent and capable in the outside world. But at home her role was to be completely owned. What happened to her body was up to me. If I chose to expose her, use her sexually, decide what she did or did not wear, she nodded submissively and accepted it. In quiet moments she liked to say that, really, whatever I decided to do with her body was none of her business. It was my right and she had no choice but to submit, she would say solemnly. I know she likely got that from a teenage reading of the 'Story of O', but it was still an honestly held feeling.  
  
So the fact that Tanya had gotten a clitoral hood piercing while I was away on business was very out of character. We had discussed it before, vaguely, but I had certainly never given her the go-ahead. I'm not opposed to piercings in principle, but was reluctant to mark Tanya in that way. But the deed was done, the decision taken out of my hands and now I had to decide what to do about it.  
  
While her conscious mind might have preferred to wait, Tanya's subconscious betrayed her from the moment I stepped through the door. Something was up, that much was obvious. Tanya wasn't making eye contact and she was wringing her hands. These were her "tells", as I had come to understand. She'd be a disastrous poker player. I sighed, realizing I would have to get the full story from her instead of winding down from my travels.  
  
Tanya tried to stall, but when asked directly what she had done, she spilled. While I was annoyed, what really bothered me was the way she tried to manipulate my reaction. Oh, she had done something naughty! She must be punished! She helpfully pulled down her pants and draped herself across my lap for the spanking, hoping that it would settle the matter.  
  
Like hell it settled it.  
  
So there I sat, in my office, pondering. These are the hardest moments when you have a submissive, figuring out what to do. Just once, with another girl, I switched. One day, mostly as a joke, I let her be the dominant. She was elated at first, but it didn't even last an hour. Apart from being contrary to our natural roles, she said it felt like too much work. "Ugh," she groused. "Being in charge means you have to think of stuff to do and then make it stick."  
  
True, that. Not to say being submissive is easy, but it's certainly a different skill set.  
  
In any case, how to deal with Tanya and her piercing? Ideally, it would express my displeasure at being disobeyed, but also add to our overall dynamic. We adopt these roles for our enjoyment, not to create actual conflict in our relationship. How could I "punish" Tanya, and turn it into something ultimately positive?  
  
My go-to in dealing with a submissive, in pushing boundaries (in a good way) is to think of two things: What does the woman most want? And what does she most fear? The intersection of the two is usually the sweet spot.  
  
With Tanya, it was exposure. She's a reluctant, but enthusiastic exhibitionist. That sounds contradictory, but in her case it's true. Tanya both fears and loves being exposed. She loves exposing herself for me - the dirtier the better - but it has to be my idea. She has to be "forced". My usual method is to take compromising photos of her. Besides creating an opportunity to get her naked and into demeaning poses, it allows me to threaten her with showing them to others. Tanya's heart goes into her throat when she thinks of others seeing her that way and she loves that I hold that power over her, though I'd never acted on it.  
  
Perhaps it was time.  
  
I had no hesitation about showing her off to the right people. But in this day and age you can't have dirty photos of yourself floating around uncontrolled. Tanya still had to function in the "real world", so just sending people digital photos or videos was out. Which meant exposing her in person. But how to make the punishment fit the crime?  
  
After thinking a while I pulled up my email program and began selecting addresses.  
  
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The following Saturday I arose before Tanya. Normally I'd have her up earlier with a chore to accomplish. But I wanted her rested. That's what I told her when after she padded into the kitchen. Although I'd demanded some blowjobs over the past few days, I hadn't used Tanya fully. I was being careful not to allow her the catharsis of make-up sex. She knew something was coming.  
  
"Why do I need to be rested?" she asked, cautiously. "What are we doing today?"  
  
"I'm going shopping", I told her. "You're staying here and cleaning up. We're having people over tonight. Make sure to dust and vacuum." Having chores would be reassuring and keep her occupied. "I'll leave once you get started."  
  
After breakfast Tanya got into her usual chores uniform - a frilly apron, and nothing else. It covered her front while showing a lot of side boob, but left her ass bare. I watched for a few minutes and departed on my errand. Tanya seemed disappointed I hadn't stayed to "supervise" her chores, which often led to fun scenes involving reprimands for shoddy work.  
  
Some hours later I arrived home and again retired to my office, Tanya's eyes following the clinking bag I carried. Coming out again thirty minutes later I announced that our guests would begin arriving in an hour.  
  
"Oh, well I'll go get changed."  
  
I stopped her. "No. Take a shower and I'll bring you something to wear. And make sure you shave everything."  
  
When Tanya emerged from the shower a short time later she found the same apron waiting for her on a hook. She gulped. "I'm wearing this? In front of everyone?"  
  
"For a while," I said. "Might have you change into a skirt later on. But there needs to be easy access."  
  
Tanya stared at me, afraid to ask the obvious question.  
  
"That little piercing you got while I was away - I hope you're proud of it, because you're going to be showing it off a lot tonight. Since your body still belongs to me, I've decided to let our friends see it. You will spend five minutes with each of our guests tonight, during which you will show them your piercing."  
  
Her jaw dropped and Tanya's breathing sped up. I continued. "You will do what you're told, period. I had better not get one bad report from any of our guests." I was staring her down now, Tanya's head hanging in shame. "Whatever pose they want, you do it. And I had better see a smile on your face when they ask for one."  
  
Tanya seemed to relax slightly at that. "So... you'll be there when they... look at me?"  
  
"No, I'll see the photos afterward."  
  
"Michael! But I..."  
  
"This is your punishment for going behind my back without permission. Take it like good girl."  
  
She nodded slowly in defeat. "Yes, sir."  
  
I tossed her the apron.  
  
A short time later snacks were out, music was playing and guests were arriving. Tanya began with her usual hosting duties, serving drinks, but I soon took her aside. "It's time for you to start showing everyone the reason for your punishment. Remember - five minutes each, and do what you're told. No arguing."  
  
I waved over my friend Bill. He stood next to Tanya and smiled with satisfaction, knowing what was to come. "Tell me if she's not cooperative." Bill nodded and led Tanya away. The other guests smirked, pointed and laughed as Tanya passed by on the way to her ordeal.  
  
We have a computer nook off the living room. It was there that Tanya would have her multiple moments of shame. I had a laptop recording from the corner Tanya didn't know about, but our friends did. From this I was later able to view each of Tanya's embarrassing encounters.  
  
Bill had her sit across from him and asked her a few questions. Then he pointed a phone and had Tanya pose. Serious first, then smiling. Then the main event. He asked her why she was there. "I got a piercing without permission."  
  
"And?"  
  
"And I have to... show you."  
  
Gesturing with his hand, Bill signaled her to get on with it. Tanya tried to manipulate the situation at first, merely pulling the apron up just enough to see the little barbell peaking out from her pussy lips. But I had asked Bill to go first because he knew how to be firm. He told her he wanted her to sit back in the chair, put her knees up and spread her legs. She was to be spread open for inspection, hiding nothing.  
  
Tanya reluctantly complied. The apron up around her hips, she showed Bill everything. He took some photos, making her flinch and look worried. Then he demanded she spread her pussy open for the camera. Her chest heaving, Tanya did as she was told, shedding any last traces of her dignity. She held her private parts open to his gaze and heard the camera click several times. Bill leaned in close to see. Then one more instruction, spoken brusquely. "Same thing on your hands and knees. Spread it wide."  
  
Tanya turned and knelt on the chair, her torso draped over the back. Bill coached her to arch her back, reach under and, with two fingers, spread her pussy open. Tanya later told me that each click of the camera felt like an announcement to the world about her slutty piercing.  
  
Tanya was flushed and staring down at her feet when Bill steered her by the elbow back to me. "Did she follow directions?" I asked, mostly for her benefit.  
  
"Oh, yes." Bill nodded. "She showed it all like a good girl."  
  
"Good. Tanya, Al here is next. Ask him nicely for what you need."  
  
She turned from Bill to Al, giving me a chance to surreptitiously take the phone from Bill. Tanya looked up, noticed others were in earshot, and aimed a pleading look at me. "Ask him! So we can all hear you."  
  
Tanya looked at Al and with a shaky voice said, "Al, would you please come with me so... so I can show you my piercing?"  
  
Al acted surprised. "Oh, my! And where is this piercing?"  
  
She looked at the amused faces around her and answered softly, "My clit."  
  
"So you're asking me to come look at your pussy? If you insist." And with that, Al led Tanya on her second walk of shame that evening. In the nook he also had her spread and pose, but he had other ideas too. He demanded she pleasure herself. I knew Tanya would find this very difficult. She associates masturbation with privacy - something she did furtively as a teenager. Doing it while I watched was perhaps the most intimate activity for her, and I didn't demand it often in order to preserve its power. But now it was time for her public debut.  
  
Al told her in no uncertain terms what he wanted to see. She was to stroke and finger herself toward orgasm, but under no condition allow herself to go over the edge. And he wanted to hear it. No holding back.  
  
Soon the sounds of female moaning could be heard coming from the nook. I turned down the music and everyone stopped to listen. Al took photos continuously, especially after directing Tanya to use two fingers and push them in deep. Tanya came around the corner with her fingers in her mouth (that Al has a great mind for this sort of thing) and turned a deep red when she realized everyone had heard what she'd been up to back there.  
  
Steve and Jerry were next, and they continued to enforce Tanya's public punishment. But on her next trip to the nook there was a twist. My friend Eric was to take his turn, and invited his girlfriend Sharon to come along. Tanya knew this didn't bode well. While she's played with other girls a few times, it's a situation I have to manage carefully. Tanya can be a bit vain, and while highly submissive to me, she wants to boss other girls around.  
  
Eric and Sharon sat down while Tanya stood before them, humiliated at the prospect of being put through her paces in front of another girl. Only, Sharon hadn't planned on just watching.  
  
"So you got a piercing? Why is that such a big deal?" Tanya hesitated and looked to Eric, hoping he might take charge instead. No help there. Indeed, he seemed amused.  
  
"Um, I wasn't supposed to."  
  
"Why not? I have piercings too and I didn't have to file some kind of application with anyone."  
  
"It's Michael. He didn't give me permission."  
  
Sharon looked puzzled for a moment and then laughed loudly. "Oh! I get it now! Did you hear that, Eric? This little slut is some kind of whore for Michael, not just his girlfriend!"  
  
Eric smiled knowingly. "The word is 'submissive', Shar. She's Michael's submissive."  
  
"Ah, I see." Sharon seemed to consider for a moment. "Nope. I think 'whore' is better." Tanya flinched noticeably. "So now she's got to show the goodies as part of her punishment?" Tanya reddened even more at the girl's crass language.  
  
Eric nodded. "I love it!" she exclaimed, with relish. "OK, sweetie. Hop on that chair and let's see some pink." Girls can be much worse than guys, Tanya thought ruefully. This one was fully on board with humiliating her.  
  
Tanya sat back on the chair again, this time to display herself for two people. But she waited to be told. She'd be damned if she would appear eager for this, no matter how wet her pussy was.  
  
Sharon rolled her eyes. "Pull up the skirt, bitch. Let's see this thing."  
  
Seething, Tanya raised the apron to her hips and spread her legs. Not wanting to make eye contact, she turned her head to look off to the side. However, this only made her appear more submissive.  
  
Suddenly, Sharon began to laugh. "That? That's the big deal?" She was pointing now while she smirked and giggled. "Lots of girls have those now. You think that was going to make you special? Make Michael want to fuck you more? Please..." She shook her head and snorted in derision. "And of course, she's totally wet."  
  
Eric was taking photos with a phone while his girlfriend continued to point and laugh. "Don't just get her pussy - make sure you can see her face. She's all red! Now, on your hands and knees like a good little doggy bitch."  
  
Tanya arranged herself while mentally planning the other girl's painful death. Once on all fours with her back arched she got the inevitable order to spread herself open again. The tableau now set, Sharon continued giving instructions to her cameraman.  
  
"Get one of me next to her!"  
  
Tanya was aware of the other girl crouching near her ass. The camera clicked as she peered over her shoulder to see. Eric then held the phone out toward her. There was Sharon's smirking, insolent face next to Tanya's spread open privates. She was giving a thumbs-up.  
  
"You're supposed to be a submissive little whore, so let's see you on your knees here next to me." Eric waited patiently as Tanya knelt at Sharon's side. She nodded to Eric and the camera began clicking again. Sharon posed happily next to Tanya, who in turn stared straight ahead with as little feeling as possible. Sharon considered a moment, then pulled the apron up over Tanya's head and tossed it aside. More photos. Then she pressed her ass up against Tanya's face, patted her condescendingly on her head, and even posed with a lanyard around her neck as if it were a leash. A new level of debasement was attained when Sharon reached under Tanya's ass and ran her fingers through her pussy. Tanya gasped and jumped, then looked up at Sharon in horror as she displayed a wet finger for the camera, her face clearly showing what she thought of the naked girl who knelt next to her.  
  
Tanya was wrong to think the other girl just happened to have a lanyard with her, perhaps as a work accessory. Sharon started to undo her jeans. Tanya recoiled, but Sharon grabbed the lanyard that was still around Tanya's neck. She pulled the jeans off of one leg, sat back in the chair and yanked Tanya's head forward. "Tongue out, bitch. Pose nice for the camera!"  
  
Eric got several nice, clear photos of Tanya's face between Sharon's legs. Her tongue extended, she looks to be eagerly pleasing the girl's clit. "Slut achievement unlocked!" Sharon exclaimed. Sharon kept her there a moment, rotating her hips to move her pussy around Tanya's face. "That's enough," she said. "If I let you, you'd probably stay down there all day. Maybe another time."  
  
Still using the lanyard, Sharon led Tanya back to me while Eric took photos. These were to become some of my favorites, Tanya being paraded through a crowd of our friends on a leash. Handing her over to me, Sharon whispered, "I'm not usually into it, but I might ask to borrow her again some time." She flashed an evil smile toward Tanya before flouncing off for another drink.  
  
Tanya's apron was back on, but not for long. I turned the music down and addressed the room. "It's time for a costume change. What would we like to see her in now?"  
  
My friends, some of whom were quick wits, yelled out suggestions.  
  
"A short skirt!"  
  
"A see through top!"  
  
"A vat of mayonnaise!"  
  
"My lap!"  
  
I had collected some of her nicer clothes from the closet. Emptying the box on a table, I suggested we have her try on a few items before deciding. I looked Tanya in the eye for a moment so she'd see this was not a time for sassiness, then nodded at the apron. Her eyes pleaded with me. Leaning in to whisper, I said, "You're obviously turned on. If you really don't want this to happen, walk to the bedroom now."  
  
Tanya stayed still. I untied the apron and tugged it from her. Petite, long blonde hair in pigtails, she looked small and intimidated as she stood naked before the room. I was reminded of Mia Farrow in the final moments of "Rosemary's Baby", a waif of a woman wandering into a crowded room in her nightgown.  
  
I randomly picked up a skirt and small top. "Try these on." Tossing them to her, I looked around and saw my friends watching intently. They all knew about our relationship and that they were participating in her punishment, but it was still a treat to see her this way. Very beautiful and very exposed.  
  
Phone cameras clicked as Tanya pulled on the skirt and top. I twirled a finger and she spun around slowly. I looked to the room. A chorus of 'no's erupted. Our friends are smart - they weren't about to stop the show so soon. I shook my head at Tanya. "Nope, take 'em off."  
  
She stripped and again stood naked, wringing her hands. I handed her more clothes to try on. Each ensemble was met with negative reviews and Tanya found herself naked again and again. She later told me feeling all the eyes on her was hard, but it was the other girls watching her ordeal that most got to her. Especially the ones who were laughing.

I eventually suggested that the black mesh catsuit would be the best outfit for Tanya, and this idea was reluctantly endorsed. I pulled it back when Tanya reached for it, balled it up and tossed it to the group. I did the same with the matching filmy black skirt. Ted had caught the catsuit and asked, "Does this mean I'm next to get a submissive?"  
  
"In a way," I said under my breath. "Tanya, go ask Ted for your outfit."  
  
Still gloriously naked, Tanya threaded through the group to stand in front of Ted. She held out her hand. Again, our friends are smart folks. Ted stayed still and cocked an eyebrow at her until she asked, "Can I please have my outfit?"  
  
Ted appeared to be thinking about it. I called out, "You'd better ask him very nicely. And maybe think about sweetening the deal."  
  
He motioned her forward and whispered in Tanya's ear. She looked at me and I nodded. Tanya then got on her tip toes, leaned in and kissed Ted. She tried to make it sisterly, but Ted pulled her in and kissed her hard. The group cheered and watched the spectacle of a naked Tanya kissing a fully dressed man. His hands briefly slid down her back, over her ass and to the sides of her breasts before she could extricate herself. Tanya was out of breath, but smiling slightly despite herself. Ted gallantly handed her the catsuit.  
  
My friend Derek had caught the small skirt. Tanya made her way toward him to ask for it, girding herself for another kiss and grope as payment. But when she stood before him he smiled and handed it to his girlfriend Jessica, next to him. A tall girl, she smiled down at Tanya, who held out a hand hopefully for the skirt.  
  
Jessica responded by holding it up high. "Jump for it, bitch!"  
  
I nearly lost my composure laughing. What was it with the girlfriends? They were all way more evil than me on my worst day!  
  
By this time Tanya had given in to the evening. She was in sub-space, having been fiercely aroused by all the exposure and expansion of her limits. Being kissed in front of everyone by Ted had sent her into orbit for good, she told me later. So we all watched as the naked Tanya jumped over and over, trying to snatch her skirt from the taller girl. Predictably, it was always just out of her reach. The guys watched her sweaty body with lust as she bounced up and down. The girls laughed and smirked. And cameras clicked and video recorded.  
  
Eventually Jessica took pity on Tanya. "OK, ok. That's enough. Tell you what - give me a kiss like you gave Ted and you can have it."  
  
Tanya exhaled wearily, but didn't hesitate for long. She again had to stand on her toes to kiss the taller girl. Derek patted her ass while Jessica enjoyed Tanya's attention, and there were hoots and cheers.  
  
Tanya now began pulling on the catsuit. "Why does she need a skirt with that?" asked Jessica. Her question was answered when Tanya stood up and we all saw the easy-access hole at the crotch. The skirt covered it, barely, thereby making the outfit merely risqué rather than obscene. I turned the music back up as Tanya, newly outfitted, followed the next person to the nook for her demonstration.  
  
Simon greatly enjoyed seeing the effect of the catsuit. She was nearly fully dressed, almost completely covered, but for one strategic area. Tanya said it made her feel more exposed than being naked. On the video Tanya is seen spreading wide to display her pussy. Then, without being told, she repeated the pose on Simon's lap. His hands held her legs back by the backs of her knees and stared down at her. Tanya's stomach was clearly heaving from excitement. He had her finished by teasing her new piercing with her fingers, using it to stimulate her clit. But of course, no orgasms allowed.  
  
After the inevitable photos Simon led her back out to me. Tanya now looked radiant. Having accepted her role for the evening she was reveling in it. She was sweaty and tired from being so aroused for so long.  
  
The evening began to wind down. Tanya completed her assignment, having given a private show of her most private areas to everyone present. Her final task was to thank everyone for attending with a deep kiss. I pretended to turn a blind eye when this evolved into everyone getting some good feels. After all, they had earned it by helping me with Tanya's punishment. It also kept her occupied while I collected the remaining phones.  
  
It took a while. Not everyone had thought to grope Tanya during their time in the nook, so they made up for it now. She was passed around for a good half hour or more. She looked toward me when hands started reaching into her catsuit, but I made no move to rescue her. After that she was fighting a losing battle, and not fighting terribly hard. She was soon naked from the waist up, the top half of the catsuit hanging from her waist.  
  
One of my friends instigated an experiment intended to test Tanya's self control. Jack wanted to see how much pressure on her nipples she could withstand before shouting or begging him to stop. Tanya has lovely pencil eraser nipples - they're very tempting to anyone who enjoys inflicting that sort of pain in a sub, so I can't blame him very much. Jack squeezed them cruelly while Tanya struggled not to cry out. She lasted close to a minute until he began twisting and she started to squeal.  
  
Others thought this was a great game and started using their 'thank you' time to further the experiment. Oh well, more data points make for better statistics. Of course, it was the other girls who got into it the most. Sharon had her starting to cry and begging her to stop. Unfortunately for Tanya, having fallen to her knees, it was obvious how wet she was.  
  
But there were other ideas. Some used their time to take extra photos. Standing behind Tanya and holding her breasts was a popular pose. So was putting a hand between her legs. Phil went so far as to put Tanya's hand down his own pants, causing her to look ashamed, yet impressed. Another girl wanted one of her holding Tanya tightly by the hair. Lou had her give him a lap dance.  
  
When the door closed at last Tanya was a mess. She looked exhausted, her hair wild, but still wearing the catsuit and skirt. She pulled it back into place after all the groping. "Your friends were really starting to take some liberties."  
  
I walked over to her, smiling. Seizing her suddenly by the hair I hissed in her ear. "Good! I'm glad they helped me punish and humiliate you." I took her by the shoulders and propelled her toward the bedroom. "On the bed, now." I gave a final push to send her sprawling onto the duvet. She turned over and glared at me.  
  
Throwing off my clothes I pounced on Tanya. I couldn't wait to have her while she wore the catsuit. Fucking her in that outfit turns me into an animal - something about having a thin barrier between me and her naked skin. It's erotic to run my hands all over her body yet not actually touch her directly. In a way it's frustrating and makes me angry. But her pussy is exposed and since I can get to that, I take it aggressively. It's not a fetish, I don't need it to get excited. But something about fucking her in that catsuit makes me especially crazy and I am compelled to take her aggressively.  
  
I held both of Tanya's wrists in my right hand, and with my left put my cock at her opening. She had been wet for hours. I threw myself into her and found her warm and welcoming. I was in no mood to be patient and let it build. I just pounded into her. Took her forcefully, running my free hand over her breasts covered by the catsuit. Tanya turned her head and wailed.  
  
Normally, Tanya has to ask for permission to orgasm. This was one of the rare times I didn't care. The piercing, the evening, the catsuit... everything made me want her and tinged it with just a touch of anger. Enough that I just wanted to take her, fill her up and not concern myself with what she did. On occasions like this, she invariably had huge orgasms. It was a perfect apotheosis of our true natures.  
  
I continued throwing myself into her until I felt the twinge. Pulling her hair I snarled into her ear, "I'm going to fill up your little pussy!" Tanya moaned unintelligibly and soared off into her own orgasm.  
  
There was little talk afterward. We knew that there would be a lot more coupling tomorrow, probably with no orgasms for her as the final coda to her punishment. And I would show her the photos from the second hand phones I had bought and collected at the end of the evening. Our guests got to see Tanya in her secret element, but only we would have the evening's digital trophies.  
  
But I wouldn't tell her that for a day or two. Let her sweat it a while.