**Tanya's Second Party**

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*This story references the events in "Tanya's Party" but can be read as a stand-alone piece.*

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Tanya visibly jumped when the doorbell rang. She looked at me in surprise and a little apprehension and I looked back with my best poker face. I wasn't actually expecting anyone just yet, but I gestured for her to answer the door as if I had planned for it hours ago. Tanya nervously tugged her tiny t-shirt down and took a breath before opening the door.

The UPS guy.

Tanya handed me the package and flopped back onto the couch with relief. "I thought that was going to be Bill or maybe Jerry. Here to... you know."

"You're off the hook", I said. Narrowing my eyes, I added, "For now."

She stuck her tongue out at me and went back to her book.

I ignored it because I knew what actually was on the schedule for today. My friend Pete was coming to spend the weekend, and to help me break Tanya in to a new rule.

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After staging a sort of "coming out party" for her last year, we've made several changes in our relationship. It took a while for Tanya to process how she felt about it. Being exposed to people we know, having them participate in her submission, taking photos - it was a lot to take. For Tanya, it ended up being very similar to the first time she tried sushi - she didn't like or dislike it because it was so different than anything she had previously eaten. She simply lacked the experience to process the entirely new tastes and textures. A few days later she found herself craving it and soon, she loved sushi.

Being demonstrated as a submissive to our friends was a similarly challenging experience. But as we talked she realized it reinforced everything she loved about being submissive, and she appreciated the care and planning I had used for her party. Tanya eventually decided she was up for more. Maybe even a lot more. She swore me to only one hard limit - I must always use the same level of care and caution as I crafted new situations for her.

Done and done, I said. We have this kind of relationship to have fun and fulfillment, not to create drama. And with that, I was back to the metaphorical drawing board to figure out how best to expose and humiliate Tanya, while making her feel cared for.

The first thing I decided was that there should be a lot more opportunities for Tanya to be exposed to others. One of the best by-products of her party was all of the photos we had afterward, so that part was easy. The next time each of our friends visited I announced that they now had "Photo Privileges" with Tanya. They could, at any time, take photos of Tanya in any outfit and any pose. The only restrictions were that they must use the cameras or phones I provided and collected afterward, and that touching should be mostly incidental. Mostly.

Our friend Steve was the first to receive this privilege. He was visiting one afternoon after Tanya had finished working out. I explained it to them together. Her eyes got wide as she realized what this meant. "But why does there have to be any touching allowed at all?" she asked desperately.

I shrugged. "He might need to move you into positions to get good photos. I wouldn't tell an artist how to paint or sculpt." Steve and I grinned at each other. "We'll just have to trust his process."

Tossing Steve a spare smart phone, I announced that I was going out back to test the water in the pool. Might take a while, I said. Later that night Tanya was riding my cock while I squeezed her nipples. She was desperately turned on, bouncing on me and making lots of noise. Pulling her down to me, I asked her what had gotten her so worked up. Could it have been the photo shoot earlier?

"Yes! I've been turned on ever since Steve made me get naked today."

"What am I going to see when I look through those photos?" I asked through clenched teeth.

She slowed her pace, now dragging her pussy slowly and deliciously up and down my shaft while whispering into my ear. "He didn't make me strip right away. He took some photos of me in my workout clothes first."

She bounced a few more times and moaned.

"Then he made me..." She hesitated and buried her face into my neck. "He made me pull my leotard to the side."

"So you were fully dressed, but he made you show him your pussy?" Tanya nodded vigorously and sped up her pace. "I can't wait to see them. How did it make you feel?"

"Exposed... slutty."

I squeezed her nipples harder and felt her pussy lubricate even more. "What else did he do?"

"He kept putting his hands on me." She bounced a few more times on my cock, jumped off to lick it clean, then climbed back on and resumed her story. "He pretended like he was helping me pose, but he was really just feeling me up."

I suddenly flipped her over and got on top. Slamming myself into her, I could see she was close. Tanya put her knees up and back and crossed her wrists over her head, her favorite position to be taken forcefully. She also turned her head and now I whispered into her ear. "Did you follow all of his directions? Did you let him feel you up?"

I felt her nod. "I was a good girl. I did what I was told."

That was it for me and I pounded relentlessly into her. It would only take a moment. Tanya was making lots of noise and she desperately asked if she could orgasm. I told her yes and we jumped off the cliff together. My cock pulsed inside her and her pussy squeezed rhythmically to wring every last bit of cum from my balls. After resting a few moments my cock slid out and Tanya dutifully cleaned me off with her mouth, as she usually did when I came in her pussy. After snuggling back up to me she whispered, "Thank you for my orgasm. You've been letting me cum a lot more."

It was true. Normally I allowed her to orgasm once for about every ten of my own. "You've been very brave lately and I believe in positive reinforcement." She grinned and drifted off to sleep.

Over the next weeks several more of our friends received Photo Privileges. Tanya found herself stripping and exposing herself for Jerry, Al, Charlie. Then Al and Justin together. I was around for each of these impromptu photo shoots, though not always in the room. I couldn't decide what was more fun, watching Tanya assume degrading poses, or viewing the photos later without knowing what I might find.

Al was an especially gifted photographer. He had a knack not only for framing a good picture, but also for debasing Tanya in a way that got her excited and eager to spread her legs for me later. One day I left them at the house while I took my car for an oil change. Al raided her closet and found a schoolgirl outfit. That night I had Tanya suck my cock on her knees while I viewed the photos. I also took a few of my own afterward since she looked so cute in pigtails with my cum decorating her face and hair.

We also created a tradition on movie nights. Someone had pointed out that movies often had intermissions back in the day, and we should bring that back. Guess what we did to fill the time? Tanya quickly learned that any time people were over she was likely to end up naked and lewdly displaying herself.

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Allowing select friends to have photo privileges with Tanya was the first of three stages I envisioned. I decided to host another party to introduce everyone to the second. After a number of emails and face to face conversations with the people I intended to involve, I set a date for the pool party where Tanya would learn about "Play Privileges".

This would likely be impossible without the right group of people, but we're lucky to have a terrific bunch of friends. They tend to be quick wits and very bright. A few excused themselves, mostly because their partners wouldn't have approved, so on party night there were just short of a dozen people present. That included two girlfriends who not only approved, but wanted to see.

I had told everyone what I wanted to happen and the limits I envisioned, although I made them deliberately indefinite. I trusted them to help me find the sweet spot - having fun with Tanya, making her feel ever more submissive and extending her boundaries in a positive way.

Tanya spent the afternoon preparing food and setting up patio furniture around our pool. Later I brought her upstairs to dress her and explain the rules for the evening. I had selected bikini bottoms and a skirt for her, paired with a blue sleeveless button-down. The shirt was small and I had her tie the ends together without fastening any buttons. It left most of her middle bare, and the bikini string peeking above the skirt was enticing. It was sexy, but mostly appropriate attire for a pool party and Tanya was unbothered. The rules of the evening were another matter. I sat her down on the bed.

"Since the Photo Privileges have been going so well, tonight we're going a bit further."

Tanya bit her lip.

"Anyone here tonight can play with you. They can touch you. You cannot say no."

"Not to anything?! What limits did you give them?"

I was deliberately offhand. "I just asked them not to fuck you."

"Asked? You 'asked' them not to fuck me, and that's it?!"

"I told them it's a party, not an orgy." I shrugged. "There's a time and a place, and all. But I didn't want to set a lot of rules." Tanya looked despondent.

"You can't say no, but that doesn't mean you have to cooperate with everything. You have to serve drinks and be a hostess, so you shouldn't let anyone monopolize your time. Just don't be rude."

"Rude? Don't be rude to people who are feeling me up without asking?"

"They don't have to ask. I invited them. But I'm sure they'll be civil about it because they'll want to maintain their privileges."

"Their what?"

"Their privileges. All of our guests now have Play Privileges with you. I trust them to not abuse it, and I expect you to do what you're told." I loosened the knot on her shirt and tugged the bikini bottoms up above the skirt a bit more. Pulling her toward me by the hair I whispered in her ear, "Be good."

Our pool area is nicely lit at night, and the water adds a swirl of colors to the patio. It wasn't bright, but not dark either. Tanya may have wished it were harder to see. Our guests, having again been carefully briefed about what I hoped to have happen, began slowly as they played with her. Pats on the ass as she walked by, running a hand down her back as she stopped to serve a drink.

Then my friend Andy called her over to a small circle that was having a whispered conversation. I watched from the bar as he spoke to Tanya and gestured to the group. She seemed taken aback, shaking her head and smiling nervously. He beckoned her closer and Tanya was then mostly hidden from my view on the inside of the circle. Her back was to Andy, with his arms reaching around to her front. The rest of the group was smiling and laughing and a moment later Tanya was passed clockwise to the next person. After making it around the circle Tanya pushed her way out of the group, tugging her shirt back into place.

She bee-lined for me with a worried look on her face. "Having fun?" I asked? "What happened over there?"

Tanya huffed. "They're creating excuses just to feel me up. Nobody just 'wonders' what fabric my shirt is made from."

I nodded in mock sympathy. "Well, after all they don't really need to make excuses. They can feel you up all they want." With that I gave her a light slap on the ass and sent her back out to freshen drinks.

The thing about serving drinks is, your hands are occupied. And if the recipients are smart, they load up the server with more than one drink so both hands are full. Tanya made the mistake of allowing herself to be so burdened, thereby preventing her from defending herself. My friend Pete availed himself of the opportunity by untying one of the bikini strings at her hip. Tanya froze and clamped her legs together, the cocktails in her hands held aloft.

Whoever was waiting for their drinks made no move to claim them, and nobody helped even when Tanya tried to hand the drinks over to someone nearby. There was a brief stalemate until one of the other girls sauntered over. "Here, let me help you with that."

For a moment Tanya's face showed relief at being rescued. Then she realized the girl had other ideas. It was Heidi, Al's girlfriend, and with a smirk she untied the other string and yanked Tanya's bottoms away. The crowd cheered and Tanya was shocked still for a moment. She came to her senses, put the drinks on a table and started toward the other girl. Heidi nonchalantly balled up the bikini bottoms and tossed them over her shoulder into the pool. Shrieking, Tanya was able to rescue them from the deep end with her foot before they sank, and everyone enjoyed the show.

With her wet bottoms back on, Tanya went back to serving drinks and food. But soon everyone dispensed with the pretenses and simply began feeling her up. Usually it was someone standing behind her as she served a drink, reaching into her shirt. Tanya would squirm as her breasts and nipples were squeezed, and hard cocks pressed into her ass. Once she looked at me desperately, pleading for help. I simply smiled and shook my head.

Of course, "Photo Privileges" were still in play too, and Tanya's debasement was recorded for posterity from many angles. She was made to pose a lot with hands on her breasts and down her bottoms. One of my favorite moments was captured in a short video. Al had ordered Tanya to bend over the back of a lounge chair and keep her hands on it. Her shirt had long since been taken away, and Al now confiscated her bottoms too.

Tanya looked up pitifully at the many faces around her and listened to Al's instructions. "We want to see how you move when you're fucked from behind. Show us how you throw your hips back at a cock when you're getting doggy fucked." Looking down at the ground, Tanya began rolling her hips. The guys watched with rapt attention, while the couple of women in attendance smirked at the poor girl being put through her paces for the group. Girls are often much more sadistic and creative when allowed to boss around one of their own, and sure enough one said Tanya was obviously holding back. At her urging, Tanya was made to buck her hips forcefully, as if she were being taken roughly.

Taking charge for the moment, the other girl took Tanya by the ponytail and led her to where I was making drinks. Ordering her onto the bar top, she suggested the guys take turns feeling her up. The group gathered around and watched as Tanya, defenseless on her knees and elbows, endured a succession of hands all over her body. Remarks were made about how obviously wet and turned on she was, and how this contrasted with the downtrodden look on her face. But, trooper that she is, Tanya kept still as ordered and allowed herself to be intimately handled.

I could see things were starting to get amped up. Our friends are very respectful of boundaries, but any group with a naked, submissive girl at their mercy can lean toward unruly. After watching for a while I gently reminded everyone that this was not meant to turn into an orgy. Tanya looked at me as if I were a rescuing hero until she heard the next part of my announcement. "Take her to the pool house individually if you need relief. And please, have some consideration for those who are waiting. Don't take all night."

Not being a micro-manager, I left it to them to figure out the order. Soon our friend Dave was leading her by the hand toward the pool house. "This is so Fast Times at Ridgemont High!" he called over his shoulder.

The party continued and everyone amused themselves with swimming or drinking while waiting for their turn. Sheila, Dave's girlfriend, objected at one point to the guys monopolizing Tanya's time. "Hey, we girls have needs too, you know!" She was immediately bumped to the front of the line and waved merrily as she closed the pool house door behind her. Sheila knew I had always been attracted to her, and when she eventually came out again she came over and whispered in my ear, "If you want to know what I taste like, go give your girlfriend a kiss."

About two hours later the party had died down, and the last of our guests had had their turn in the pool house. I knocked on the door and said she could come out. She did so, wrapped in a towel and looking slightly ill. "Want something to drink?" I asked.

"No. Believe me, I've swallowed enough tonight."

I brought Tanya upstairs and laid her gently on the bed in her towel. "Did you do what you were told?"

She nodded. "You know I did." I nodded. I had made sure everyone took one of my cameras with them to the pool house. Scrolling quickly, I saw many shots of cocks in her mouth. I stopped on one of Tanya between Sheila's legs. Her tongue was in the other girls' pussy, but she didn't look happy.

"Other girls are so much worse. Blowing a dozen guys I can almost sort of handle, but that..." She sighed tiredly. "At least it's over."

"Not quite," I said, yanking the towel from her body. "Spread your legs, turn your head to the side and keep quiet."

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Another knock on the door came soon enough and Tanya showed in Pete. She was behaving shyly, as she usually did when someone visited to exercise their "Play Privileges". In the weeks after the party several guests had been here for some attention from Tanya. We do all the usual things friends do - watch movies, have some drinks - but now they can also have fun with Tanya at their whim. I'd say this was much to her dismay judged solely by her outward expression, but actually she's loving it. Constantly aroused, never knowing when she will be used by me or played with by a friend. She was absolutely radiant.

But that doesn't mean she was visibly enthusiastic about it. Tanya had adopted an affectation of primness. She behaved very properly, even formally toward our guests. And when she was ordered to strip, spread or get on her knees she gave the appearance of stoically bearing her use. Later on, however, in our bedroom, the effects on her were quite clear. She had told me once, years ago, that her true fantasy and desire was to have no control at all over her sex life. But rather to give that control to someone she loved. And today I would be intensifying the game again.

We visited with Pete for a while, with Tanya serving us drinks and snacks. She seemed to expect and accept it when I excused myself to do some work, suggesting that Pete think of something to keep her occupied. But her head came up when I said, "Oh, and one more thing..."

I pulled a printed list of names from my pocket and handed it to Tanya. "These are the people who now have "Pussy Privileges" with you. They get anything they want, whenever I lend you to them. Pete here is the first to be promoted."

Tanya gasped. "You mean you're letting them... him..."

"Use you as a fuck toy, yes." I said mildly. "And as always, you will do as you're told, and do your slutty best." I tossed Pete a camera. "Enjoy!"

I left the room and went to my study. When a few minutes had gone by and I hadn't heard anything I went back to check on them. Pete was on the couch taking photos of a naked Tanya standing before him. Good - I had asked him to put her through her paces and use her thoroughly.

Later, when they had finished I came back out and sent Tanya up to take a shower. "Get in bed when you're done - it's my turn next." Pete stayed in the guestroom and we passed Tanya back and forth between us throughout the weekend. By the following night she was a wreck, but I took her one more time after Pete had gone home. She was sore and begged me to be quick, whimpering into my ear as I pounded into her pussy from above.

"Are you going to be good for everyone who gets Pussy Privileges?"

"Yes! I promise!"

"Remember, these are friends. They get whatever they want."

"I won't ever say no!"

"They can fuck you, be rough, call you names..."

Her pussy got even wetter as I taunted her with the details of her new life.

"You can rest tomorrow, but be ready for more soon. Understand?"

"Yes! But please hurry and cum in me - it hurts! Please!"

"Stay still!"

I gritted my teeth and threw myself into Tanya a dozen more times. I relished her wetness, her complete submission and the fact that she was keeping her legs spread wide despite the pain. After I clenched and filled her pussy we were both asleep in minutes.

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The next morning Tanya woke up all smiles and cuddled up to me. She was often like this after reaching a milestone. Giddy and proud of herself. She was telling me what the last few weeks were like for her.

"I've never felt so... womanly. Taking care of both of you like that for a whole weekend. Having no say in it at all. Just... wow."

"So you're feeling all right about how things are going?"

She exhaled heavily. "It's a lot, and my head is still spinning. And it's sometimes overwhelming. But yeah, I am so far."

I reminded her of what she told me some time ago about wanting no control over her sex life.

She thought for a moment and said, "Be careful what you wish for, huh? I'm certainly getting it. But I love it too, that feeling of a door slamming behind me and I have no choice." She shrugged and smiled with acceptance. "It's all in your hands."

With that she kissed me and went off to shower.

The next day I casually asked Tanya to join me in the guest bedroom. She walked in to find three more of our friends leering at her. I shut the door firmly behind her, making her jump.