

A Passion for Professional Development

October 2023 – Chapter Four

"God, you really suck at that, don't you? Ha-ha, get it?! You stupid cock-sucking slut..."

How much time had passed? How long had Sherri been bound here in this chair, mouth working feverishly on the giant pacifier-like device in her mouth? Her jaw was cramping, her stomach churning, her entire being thoroughly desperate to halt this madness. She didn't know how much of this fizzy substance she'd swallowed, nor to what effect. All she knew was that the harder she sucked, the louder poor Calvin moaned. And all she needed to do was drive him to orgasm, right? That's what Linda had told her: make him cum, and she'd get a clean diaper...

How mortifying to think that she'd debase herself so – and all for the sake of a garment so equally debasing as a diaper. But then again... well, that was precisely what this sadistic bitch wanted, wasn't it?

"I'm getting fucking tired of this waiting, Harrison," Linda remarked now over her shoulder, and Sherri let out a strangled whine around the pacifier bulb as the woman's fingers tightened cruelly in her tangled hair. "If she can't make my loser of a husband cum from that plug in his ass, well, what's she even good for? Might as well tie the smelly whore up in a trash bag and throw her out with the rest of the garbage, don't you think?"

Sherri whimpered in fear, redoubling her efforts in her rising panic. Surely Linda couldn't be serious – but demented as she was, she couldn't take any risks. *Suck suck gulp suck suck suck gulp-*

"How does it feel to be so fucking worthless, slut?" Linda sneered – but of course the muted Sherri could give her no reply beyond a frightened glance. "Well, whatever. I don't have the time to wait around any longer. You haven't earned that clean diaper like I told you – not by a long shot. But because I'm a *nice* lady... and because I don't need your smelly ass leaking and dripping everywhere... I'll give you what I promised you anyway. Harrison?"

"Here we are, ma'am." His voice was gruff behind the mask, but Sherri didn't care. Her eyes, wide above the giant pacifier gag, were fastened on the giant crinkling garment in his hands. "Give her that clean diaper she's been working for," Linda ordered, and Sherri gulped in sudden relief. She'd finally be cleaned up! She'd get out of this filthy, smelly mess. No more squelching in the mess of diarrhea and spent enema fluid. No more nauseating smells assaulting her nose with every movement-

"Up." She strained upward obediently, lifting her ass and drooping, bulging, visibly discolored diaper from the seat in which she was still bound. Under her ass slid the fresh garment. Huh, strange. Maybe he wanted it down first before removing the old one...

But to her complete shock and horror, Harrison's hands tugged the thing upward between her legs. They yanked it closed. And before she could do more than let out a strangled bleat of dismay, the fresh diaper had been fastened around her: *over* the smelly mess of the first.

"Hah! You should see your fucking face," Linda exulted, a diabolical gleam in her eye as she regarded the shell-shocked young woman. "But look – what the fuck did you expect, cunt? You clearly need more sucking and fucking practice – and maybe Calvin does too. How the hell will you ever get your stupid ass in gear and *finish* him if you don't have a bit of motivation?" And then her eyes narrowed. "Or wait... maybe you *like* sitting in your own shit? Ugh, you really *are* the most pathetic little bimbo-brained whore I've ever seen!"

And on it went: Linda taunting her with increasingly vicious insults, pausing now and again to issue orders to Harrison. The bimbo's hair was a complete mess, she observed. Harrison, tidy it up into a hairstyle more fitting for a pathetic little baby slut. Harrison, give her some hair ribbons and rows. Harrison, her makeup's a wreck. Brighten up those cheeks with something appropriate for a slutty little whore-in-training.

When it was done, Sherri was a fright: – at least in her eyes. Her blond hair was done up in stringy pigtails, pink ribbons adorning their ends. Her cheeks were blazoned with rouge, mascara dripping from her tear-stained eyes, smears of lipstick peeking out from around her giant pacifier-gag. And right across her naked front, in serial-killer red letters, was written her demeaning new title...
BABY SLUT.

Which, apparently, was exactly what Linda wanted her to be.

"Well, then!" Linda observed, above Sherri's despondent whimpers and her husband's painfully aroused moans. "Harrison, I think it's high time we took a break for ourselves. You know... remind ourselves of what *real* men and *real* women do together." She laughed softly, stepping easily around the bound duo and gesturing toward the strange piece of furniture Sherri had formerly been strapped into. "Why don't you show me what you've got, big boy? And show these two losers what kind of fun they're missing?"

Never in her life had Sherri wanted to see what unfolded before her now. Her boss... well, sucking Calvin off had been pretty fun. Even teasing him with a bit of masturbation and letting him finger her had been hot. But this: seeing his wife stripping naked and bending over to expose her bare ass and pussy? Watching her accomplice turned fuck-buddy strip as well? Staring in rising disgust and envy at his massive cock, springing free from his tight leather jeans?

It was probably the last thing she'd imagined wanting to see. But helpless as she was to do anything more than moan, and tug at her clinking bonds, and suck harder on the nipple jammed in her mouth... she simply had to watch it unfold before her.

"Uhhhhmmmm..." "Ooh, yes, that's right, big boy!" "See how fucking wet I am, Harry? I told you: I get turned on when I punish those pathetic losers. Uunnnfff... Oh, fuck yes! Right there – feel how ready I am! Come on, you know you want it too..."

But then, as she bent over the same bench Linda had been on, legs spread wide to receive the enormous cock of her dutiful lover, she raised her head. Caught the bound duo in her lustful gaze. And between her own lusty moans of pleasure, recommenced taunting them with all the fiery hatred of a woman scorned.

"Oh, you pathetic little worms- *Uuhhhnnn!* You absolute bastard, Calvin. You really think I didn't- *mmmmnnnnbbb-* know?" Harrison's pumping was increasing now, his erect phallus slipping out of her exposed and swollen pussy, then forcing its girthy way in once more – over, and over, and over again. "Oh, fuck, Harrison, yes! See, *this* is how you should have been fucking me, Cal- *ooohhhhh!!* Yes, just like this! But instead you- you wanted someone else. A bimbo. A stupid- *mmmmnnnnbbb-* brainless, mindless babydoll. Someone the age of your own fucking daughter-"

Sherri squeezed her eyes shut at the sight, trying to shut out the humiliating barrage. But not three second later, Linda's voice cut into her. "Open those fucking eyes, bitch! You're going to *watch* while I get fucked. You're going to see everything. If you don't- *uuuuubbb!!* You're gonna fucking pay- I swear- Oohh, Harrison!!!"

The first orgasm of the night claimed her, drawing a torrent of profanity and lusty moans from her panting lips. And still Harrison kept on, thrusting with all the dutiful art and stamina of a stud in a porno. "Oh, yes," Linda resumed then, her face flushed with pleasure and her voice breathless with exertion. "You're both headed to *Maui*, aren't you? I know all about it, believe me. And let me tell you: I'm keeping you two here this weekend. But I'm not going to stop you two from that *professional development* trip, either. On the contrary... I'm going to make *sure* you take it."

Sherry stiffened in surprise: first at the horrifying thought of being trapped here for the entire weekend, and then in relief at the thought of being able to flee to Maui. Surely there they'd be safe- on their own- able to escape-

"Ohhh, yes." Linda's breathless, quiet laughter spoke volumes. "You'll see. You're *definitely* going. After all, I can't stand in the way of you developing your professional skills as your boss's little dummy-sucking slut. Besides, I recall that someone *also* has a little cosmetology appointment, don't they?" She shivered visibly in pleasure as Harrison withdrew, then slipped first two, then three fingers deep into her leaking cunt. "Oh, Harrison- you! You're amazing..."

Linda sighed rapturously, thrusting her hips about in lazy delight, then resumed with a sadistic glance at her captive audience. "I know about that boob job, slut. How pathetic that your precious boss didn't even want you as you are, huh? Well, I'll make sure you keep that appointment. Though I do think you might find that there's been a *little* wording change to the procedure. I don't suppose a pathetic little baby slut would even know or care, of course... *Uuummmmbnnnnn, yes!* But it's nothing, really. Just a change from 'enlargement' to 'reduction'..."

"After all," she sneered, and now Sherry's horrified eyes locked with hers. "Your ass of a boss likes 'em young, clearly. And those tits you've got right now just don't work. After all, who ever saw a stupid, shitty-assed diaper baby with *tits*? Far better to end up nice and flat again: like the brainless, slutty little oversexed baby girl you know you are..."

"Oh... fuck me, Harrison! Ooooh, yes, yes, yes – just like that–"

And as the woman's lover once again thrust deep into her, she moaned... sighed... and drew breath once more. "Oh... if you're thinking of running? Don't even bother. I'll know. I'll be watching. And believe me... after this weekend, I don't think you'll even dare think of it. After all- Oh, Harrison, *yes!*- Mister Big Important Boss over there will be tied up learning to take it in the ass like the pussy-ass loser he is. The baby slut will be shitting her brains out into her diapers – thanks to all that sodium citrate she just chugged. By the end of two short days, you two will be begging to please me, promising to do anything and everything I say just to make it all stop..."

Her malevolent eyes blinked closed in hedonistic rapture, then opened once more. "And in the end? You two are going to understand that cheating on me – defying me – disobeying me – is the last thing on earth you want to do."

The End (perhaps?)