

## A Passion for Professional Development

October 2023 – Chapter Two

Light dawned only slowly for Sherri. With it came voices. Sensations. Discomfort in her limbs. A strange, heavy sensation throughout her entire body. The chill touch of air on her naked skin.

"Just like that. Oh, yes, that's better. Nice and snug – can't have her getting away now..."

A feeble moan escaped her lips as she forced her heavy eyes open. This light... ugh. Her head was pounding. But this voice – and those words – she- she had to find out... what was going on. Her returning memory was hazy, and she blundered through it desperately now, trying to piece together what had happened. She'd driven over... for Calvin, right? And she'd come inside... heard something... felt something or *someone* grab her-

"Much better. Now the spreader bar – though the whore's plenty good at spreading her legs already!" It was a woman's voice, and the venom in every syllable made her shiver. She blinked open at last, and her eyes found themselves staring... blinking again in confusion, then widening in horrified recognition.

She was staring at herself – or more properly, at her reflection, caught in a massive mirror before her. Gone was her sexy little dress, her push-up bra, her lacy thong and her expensive heels. She was stark naked now: a nude figure, kneeling on the floor with an iron collar around her neck and her arms hanging, cuffs on each wrist, from ropes secured somewhere behind her. She gulped in fear, shuddering at the sight she made: bare breasts hanging free, her shaven lady parts on full display, her entire body vulnerable and helpless before her. And now... wait, what was going on with her legs?

A quick, frightened glance backward around the dimly lit room showed her everything she needed to know. Her ankles were held in cuffs too, and while she watched a burly, masked man was tugging them apart and affixing an uncomfortably long pole between them. She winced in discomfort, another plaintive moan escaping her lips as she felt her entire lower half being splayed wide open by the spreader bar. "P-please, let me go! God, please- Ow! Please, don't hurt me-"

"Don't hurt you?" The feminine voice spoke again, and now at last Sherri's panicked attention swiveled to the woman behind her. She stepped forward, towering over the kneeling secretary, and as Sherri met her gaze in the mirror, she shuddered. This middle-aged, greying, primly dressed, severe-lipped woman... it had to be her. Calvin's wife. Linda.

"Don't *hurt* you?" she repeated sarcastically, and in her low laugh Sherri heard nothing but sadistic delight. "Oh, you pathetic little darling, don't you realize that it's exactly what you deserve? You've been doing nothing but hurt *me*, after all. Yet after all this time, you really think you can beg me not to give you a taste of your own medicine?"

Sherri almost vomited in fear at the sight of the woman's malicious smile, and the babble that escaped her lips was that of a prisoner shamelessly begging for their life. "I- I'm sorry, please! Please don't, I'm begging- I swear, I didn't mean to- OOAAAaaaahhh!"

She trailed off in a little scream of pain as Linda coolly bent down and dealt her exposed left nipple a vengeful pinch. "Oh, don't you like that? Bawling and begging like a naughty little girl who's been found out at last but doesn't want her punishment?" She gave another fierce twist, and chuckled as Sherri screamed once more and flailed helplessly in her bonds. "God, you really are pathetic, aren't you? Just a stupid little oversexed bimbo who loves playing grown-up with her boss. Bitch, you know you're the age of his daughter, right? Don't you even get how fucked-up that is? Didn't your parents ever teach you not to fuck around with older married men?!"

"Bu- but Calvin- he, he wanted me to- Please, don't do this-"

But the more Sherri babbled, the angrier Linda seemed to grow. "Oh, I'll do what I fucking want with you two," she snapped, and now her fingers were twisting in Sherri's hair and jerking upwards to force her to stare into her face. "I haven't been preparing an entire year for you to simply beg your way out. Oh, no – it's *far* too late for that." She smiled dangerously and dropped her head as if in distaste. "Calvin's an absolute cheating bastard, I've known that forever. But you: *you're* nothing but a pathetic little gold-digging whore who needs to learn her place. And since you seem to have trouble remembering how disgusting of an age gap there is between you two, I've decided to help you..."

She raised her head. "Harrison? Time for our little slut's training. Get it going for us, will you?"

Sherri twisted in her bonds, tugging wildly and gazing fearfully back at the masked man behind her. He was bringing something over – something like a... an exercise machine? What the hell? And what was with that weird, medical-looking bag on a pole? What hellish torture even was this-?!

She found out soon enough. For not five minutes had elapsed before she found herself half-laying across it, snugly strapped in by leather and metal bands encircling her naked waist and lower thighs.

Before her on a metal tray stood an imposing rubber phallus, erect and proud in its full ten-inch glory. And most disturbing of all, perhaps, she could already feel them doing something behind her: something to her ass. First a slippery, gloved finger, and then a cool, greasy tube of some sort...

And then it happened: gloved hands pulling the phallus closer and sliding up to her grimacing lips. *No, she wouldn't- She wouldn't suck that! No fucking way-* But the springs being clipped onto her collar, then to the device before her, said otherwise. And before she could do more than splutter out one final "no- help! Hehhhuuhhhhggggmmmm-!" her futilely straining neck buckled, and the giant phallus slid deep, deep into her gaping throat.

"Uuuhhhgghhh!!" Sherri gagged, jerking backward in a spasm horror. The springs were strong, but thanks to the adrenaline pumping through her, she could manage to pull back for air... at least for a moment. Yet long as the dildo was, she couldn't muscle her mouth entirely free, and was left with a good three inches still muffling her wails. And even as she did so, nostrils flaring and wide eyes staring in panic about her, Linda bent low beside her with a low chuckle.

"Aww, is our orally-fixated little baby girl having trouble taking it all? Don't worry – you'll learn with practice! It's all part of your *professional development* program, you know..."

Forward Sherri slid again, helpless to resist the springs for more than a few moments. She gagged once more, the drool seeping out from her widened lips and beginning to dribble down her chin. Backward she jerked in blind panic, finding momentary relief... but also a most unwelcome new sensation.

It was the sudden and horrifying sensation of warm liquid rushing into her ass.

"What's the matter?" Linda cackled, and as she slid helplessly forward once more to impale her mouth on the artificial cock, she felt the rush of liquid abate as quickly as it began. "It's just a bit of incentive, you see! Good, cock-sucking sluts don't need to take breaks. So every time you back away... well, you'll simply be dumping another nice, warm load of soapy water into your own stupid ass. Ingenious, isn't it?"

Was it? Diabolical, more like. Backward and forward Sherri slid: now grunting and gagging around the phallus forcing its way into her aching throat, now gasping for air and moaning with the rising discomfort of her rapidly filling bowels. Whichever position she chose was horrifyingly uncomfortable... not to mention unspeakably humiliating.

And yet the minutes ticked by, second by pained second, with no respite. As the tears flowed, and her mascara dripped, and her own panicked efforts left her quaking in her bonds, an irrational, horrifying fear seized her. Maybe, just maybe, this woman would leave her like this forever. She'd choke to death on a dildo – her churning belly would explode from the enema – she'd never get free again...

But mercifully, it finally stopped. "Enough for now," came Linda's terse voice, and the springs snapped free under the man's gloved fingers. She slid backward, strings of drool trailing from the dildo and dribbling down her glistening chin. Before this ordeal she might have wailed and screamed, begging Linda to let her go. But now... well, all she could manage was a groan and a pathetic, wet little whimper of fear.

"All done! Doesn't it feel so nice to work on that oral training?" Linda was smirking over her as she slumped forward, panting and shuddering at the pain in her bloated bowels. Above her labored breathing, she could hear the guy dragging something heavy into the room. "Now, then – I think it's time you two met again!" Linda enthused. "That's right, Harrison – slide him right on in there. Give them both a nice view of each other's nethers. Show them what *our* version of sixty-nining is like..."

That something heavy she'd heard was none other than Calvin: tightly bound in ropes, gagged with a giant ball gag in his mouth, and stark naked, just like his secretary. And as Sherri stared in bleak horror, he slid forward feet-first to lie beneath her, driven on by the burly fellow's muscle power. Directly before her eyes flopped his naked – and now quite limp – cock, while if she dropped her tired head, she could just gaze downward and backward to catch sight of his wide-eyed and fearful expression, lying squarely beneath her exposed pussy.

She would have given it more thought if she could. She would have perhaps reacted... tried to blink and nod and shake her head to communicate. But as matters stood, the poor young woman could only grunt and moan, consumed by the churning, burning ache in her belly.

"Aww, what's the matter now?" Linda was taunting her, and Sherri winced as she felt the offending tube slide easily from her bumhole. "Seems like the consequences of taking a break during your deep-throating is coming back to bite you in the ass, huh?" She smirked and dealt Sherri's bare buttocks a stinging swat. "Got a bit of a tummyache, little girl?"

"Please-" Sherri gasped between cramps, her voice hoarse and thick with effort. "Please, I- I need

the toilet- I can't-" "Can't hold it?" Linda mocked in affected surprise. "Can't hold your poo-poops? Oh, but sweetie, I thought you were a *big* girl! I thought you were a grown-ass, man-fucking slut of a woman! Yet here you are telling me you really can't even hold in a bit of a grumbly tummy?!"

"Please- it- it hurts so much- I'm gonna-" "Gonna what?" returned Linda, and now her voice was low and thrilling with schadenfreude. "Gonna *shit* yourself? Be my guest, you pathetic little baby. But just keep in mind that your dear Calvin is... well, how shall I say it? Directly in the line of fire?"

It didn't take more than one more terrified backward glance to confirm that much. She- oh, god, the cramps! She was going to explode any minute now- and yet... oh, god, Calvin! She couldn't- she simply couldn't-

"Unless..." Linda began, and Sherri could hear the triumphant gloating in her tone. "Unless our little cock-sucker is willing to admit she's maybe not the adult we all thought? Maybe she'd be willing to beg for something only a dumb little baby girl would really, really need? Something like..." She broke off, turning to Harrison. He was busy with something: something white and rustling, almost like some kind of trash bag? Or garment? Or...

He handed it to Linda, and now as she took it in her hands and gave it a fond pat, she let out a coo of saccharine mock delight. "Aww, like *this*! Exactly like this. What do you think, little girl?" She thrust it full in Sherri's face, and the bound secretary's wide-eyed vision filled with the sight of infantile, pastel blocks spelling out the word BABY. "Does a dumb, cock-sucking little baby like you need a *diaper* now? Need Mommy Linda to wap your pwitty wittle tushie-tush up in a diaper?"

She let out a harsh giggle that drowned out Sherri's plaintive little moan of disgust. "Oh, go ahead – be my guest! If you really are such a big girl – or if you really are such a filthy bitch – then go right ahead and shit all over the bastard's face. See if I care! But if you really can't bear to do that..." Her fingers twined in Sherri's tousled blond locks once more, and now she was forcing her head forward into the crinkling plastic depths of the diaper in her other hand. "Then tell me. Say it. *Beg* me for it, bitch. *Beg* me. Say "Mommy Linda, please! Please put my nasty, dirty, baby girl butt in a diaper! I'm just a dumb little cock-sucking baby whose so dumb and little she still needs her diapers!"

Deep in the plastic depths of the enormous, thick, and horrifyingly infantile garment, Sherri let out a defeated little whimper. She hesitated. And then, as the cramps within her belly reached previously unimaginable intensity, and as she felt her quivering sphincter already beginning to weaken, her lips parted. She squeezed her eyes shut. And from her mouth came precisely the

muffled torrent of humiliating begging that she knew Linda craved.

"Please! Please, Linda- Mommy... Linda! Please, I- I need a diaper! Please, put it on me! I- I need it so bad..." And then, in a voice choked with desperate rage and tears: "Please, I'm- I'm just a dumb- dumb baby! A stupid- cock-sucking- baby girl who- who needs her diapers..."

"See? I knew she'd see reason." And with a mocking laugh, Linda withdrew the garment from her face. "Well, far be it from me to deny a dumb, pants-shitting baby girl her *diaper*," she chortled, tossing it derisively to Harrison. As Sherri writhed in disconsolate, feverish desperation, she could feel the fellow already wrapping the thick plastic-and-cotton monstrosity around her waist.

Oh, god, it felt so thick! So loud! So mortifyingly unlike her preferred thongs. But worst of all was the realization that, thanks to that belly-bloating enema she'd been forced to take, in just a matter of minutes she'd find herself both grateful for it... and wishing it was still this clean.

"There. Go on, then – if you really are such a stupid loser of a baby. Shit your brains out... and see if I care."

Linda's whispered words, uttered directly into her ear, were the catalyst. Sherri gulped... froze... and then simply let go. With a horrifyingly wet bubble of gas, the first explosion resounded within the diaper's muffling bulk. A second followed, and then a devastatingly massive, mucky flood of soapy water and shit burst forth. A third and forth came then, smaller and smellier. Until at last, Sherri sagged there in her bonds, panting and sweating, tears of anger and shame streaming through her ruined makeup and dripping down to the floor below.

Not one hour into her time here with Linda, and she was already sobbing.

*(To be continued!)*