



**daloknight's**

# THE LEGEND OF WHORRA

**chapter 4**

WRITTEN BY:

WOLVUN

SLAYER

TIGER99

SALT

# **IMPORTANT NOTICE - DISCLAIMER**

All characters performing sexual acts are 18 years old or older.

This is an entirely fictional porn parody based on the works of "**Avatar: The Legend of Korra**" for adult entertainment purposes. This chapter contains stimulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission of an extreme nature. "**I Dalo Knight (Eric D.)the Artist and Head Writer** do not condone rape, mutilation or any kind of violence against women". The illustrations and scenarios as shown in this chapter are of pure fantasy and do not reflect reality at all. It shows no real people or events. Nor were any actual toons harmed in the making of this chapter. This story is fictitious and is intended for the fantasy of adults only. All characters performing sexual acts are 18 years old or older. You will not exhibit this material to minors or to any person that might be offended.

## **WRITER CREDITS:**

- Wolvun
- Slayer, support them over on <https://www.patreon.com/user?u=6660213>
- Tiger99, support them over on <https://www.deviantart.com/tiger99>
- Salt, support them over on <https://www.deviantart.com/cerberusking>
- Dalo Knight, support them over on <https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>

**THANK YOU FOR SUPPORTING ME MY DEAR FANS**

# **THE LEGEND OF WHORRA:**

## **CHAPTER 4**

The melon merchant threw some items in a box and slammed it closed, yelling and shouts were deafening as he tried to work.

“Damn Equiliest,” he growled while securing the last of his merchandise inside of the cart. Stepping about it to stand next to his pony. “Move slut. There will be no business with all the preaching here.”

The Pony nodded and began to pull. Carrying away the cart as the rally gatherers cheered for the man in the mask. Standing atop a stage before a massive crowd of men along with scantily clad women. Raising his hands, the figure began to speak.

“Friends,” the crowd fell to silence before the masked man’s word. “For too long, our mothers and daughters have been treated as property. Cattle to be toyed and abused. Tossed away on a whim. And what do you all gain for it? Is it not your flesh and blood you raise for those who build their riches upon your sacrifices. No longer!” Pausing as the crowd cheers. The other members of the Equalists standing around the crowd. The passersby only receiving dirty looks in the presence of intimidation.



“The Taboo has returned to Safeword City. The time of our glorious revolution is nearly upon us my brothers and sisters!” The crowd began to chant his name. “AMON, AMON”! The sound followed the melon vendor all the way to the end of the pier. Soon, this whole city would know that they were there and they would not be silenced any longer.

“Let them enjoy their games for today. For tomorrow, the Equiliest shall have their day!”

Korra opened her eyes, finding herself not with Mako, Bolin, and Pabu but back in her parent’s hut. The feeling of serenity and familiarity flooding her body as she realized she was a child, sucking upon her mother’s swollen tit. A dream? A memory? What mattered was the comfort that came from her milk. A taste somehow familiar...like...juice?

“I’m proud to be the Pet honored to have given birth to the great Taboo.” Senna cooed, her hand flowing through Korra’s hair. “You will be great, little one, I just know it.” Korra nuzzled into her mother’s chest. Continuing to suckle from the teet that had always been there.

“Because you will be mine.” Korra starred up as the soft features of her mother shifted. Hardening as suddenly as her voice. Eyes sinking into darkness as her expression contorts into the Mask of Amon. She tried to pull away. To bite, to do anything yet she felt the strength leaving her body. Weakening before her enemy.

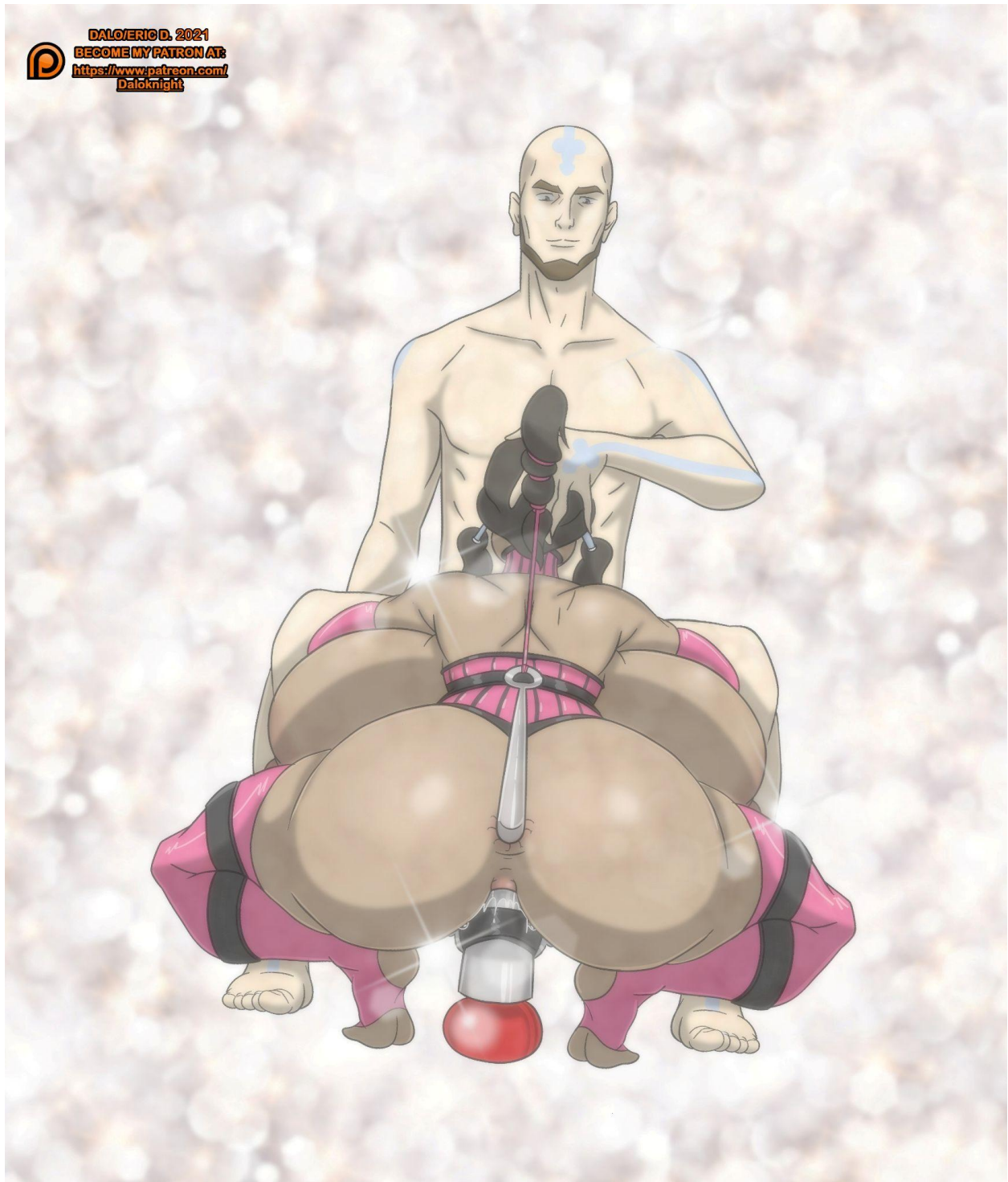


As she hung there, she could feel her body changing as well. Gone with the visage of her youth. Back came the parody of her present reality. Swollen, flopping udders. Her body twisted and trapped within the latex pink bitch suit once again. She could only close her eyes. Begging that she wakes up. Tears running down her face from the shame. Was this always what she was meant to become?

There was a glow. Korra couldn't feel anything. Her breasts did not sag, her body didn't feel weary. She felt...strong?

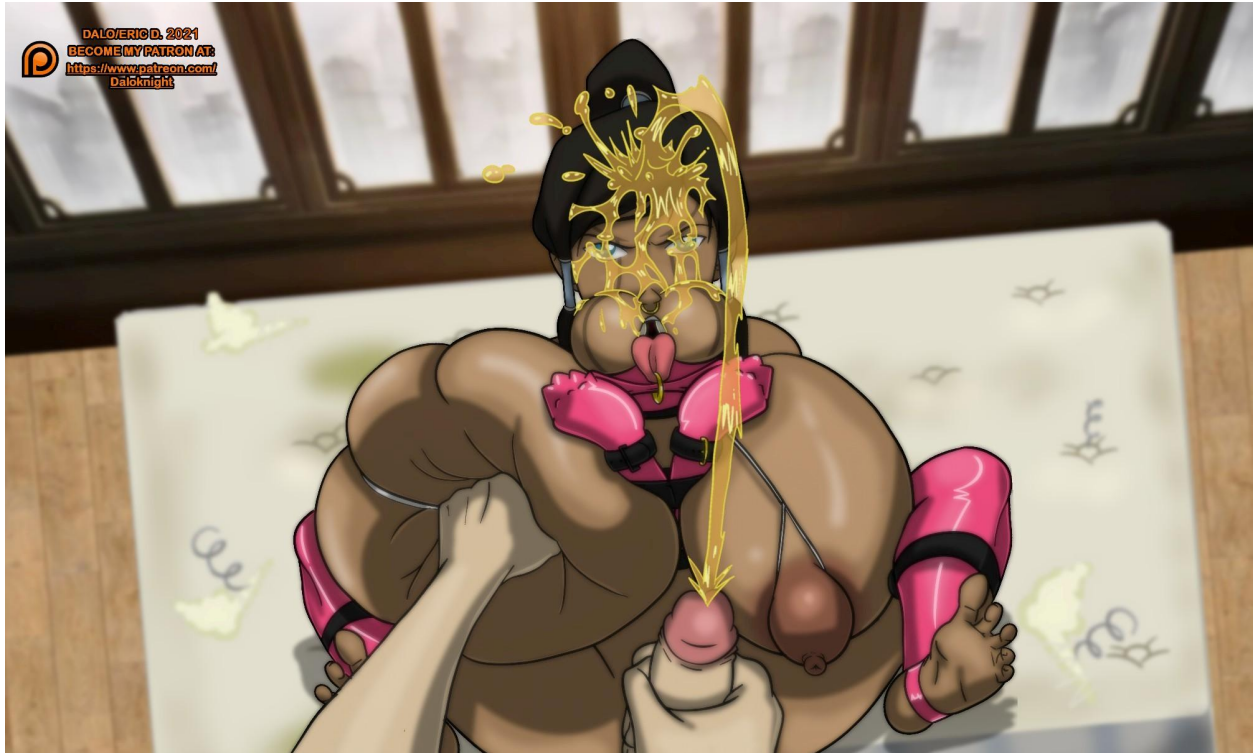
Eyes opening to take in the glow. The breast was gone. Her lips now locked around a thick cock. A swirl of blue tattoos around the shaft. Trailing back up the figure's stomach to join the

other connecting tattoos of blue. Somehow, she knew the figure looking down upon her. She knew him. Everyone knew him.



Taboo Aang smiled down on her. She felt...she felt....ugh! What the hell was that stale taste?  
"It's time for you to wake up Korra, Angg whispered gently to her.  
Following a loud crash of liquid, Korra could hear Anggg's distance voice grow louder demanding that she wake up!

Korra's eyes closed as soon as she tried to open them. The warm stench of urine clung to her face as her brain shook off the sleep. She was back in her captor's apartment and Bolin had the worst aim when he groggily tried to use the toilet. Which Korra was made to sleep next to. It had been four days since she was made into Mako's plaything pet. Each morning, Bolin would stagger from his cot and attempt to use the toilet only to hit Korra.



It was getting old. She needed to get away. For now, she would need to continue playing submissive to Mako and his brother Bolin. If nothing else, maybe she'd get moved to a corner rather than kept next to the porcelain.

Mako would unhook Korra from the toilet only after she finished cleaning it and the floor around it of whatever Bolin wasn't able to drench her with.

Bolin yawned and mumbled, fumbling into his clothing as Korra gagged and spit what little she could into the bowl under Mako's supervision. "Good. A few more weeks of this and you'll be doing this by yourself." Taking hold of the leash from the toilet and jerking her forward.

Mako and Bolin's small living quarters didn't have much room so breakfast was cooked on a small portable stove. Mako settled in to begin making breakfast when a sudden thud drew his attention over his shoulder. Pabu had pounced at the dozy Bolin. Knocking him off-balance and pulling down his pants to lap at his filthy cock. Mako sighed and shook his head.

"I don't know how you do it, Bolin. If you're gonna stagger about in here, you'll fall out a window. Or be knocked out of one by her. Seriously. If you've gotta go, why don't you just piss down Pabu's throat?"

"Cause I'd wet my cot" Bolin mumbled. Sitting up and gathering himself as Pabu forces herself fully onto his morning wood.

"And you don't do that now?" Mako chuckled, returning his focus to the small stove.

"That was one time dude," Bolin began to argue only to shudder as Pabu pulled back. Swirling her tongue dreamily around the tip of his member. "Ugh, I can't win like this." Grabbing onto her short hair and keeping her from choking herself again. "Ok, that's it my little fire ferret. Go play in your corner but do not cum. I need my food first." Pabu nods happily.



DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>



Korra watches as Pabu waddles to her corner. A mix of hand-me-down third rate sex toys lay in a gathered pile Bolin had made for her the night prior. Digging through the pile face first before pulling a blue dildo with ribbed bumps by the tip. Placing it down onto the ground before turning around. Shamelessly showing her dripping excitement as she drives herself onto it. While the length was not more than that of a pickle's, Pabu's eyes rolled back all the same. Giving it her all as she slams herself up and down without hesitation. Small yipping moans as her thighs slam down over the length again and again. Cheeks touching the wooden floor each time she thrust herself upon the shaft.

Korra blushed. She couldn't help herself. Pabu took to her toys as a painter would to canvas. While it may have looked shameless and wild, there would have been no way she could have been doing this mindlessly and yet displaying it all so well.

Pabu's eyes rolled back just long enough to shoot a wink to Bolin whose back was turned toward the food. Not that it mattered anyway. Pabu's eyes were only for him. At least, most of the time.

Her gaze strayed from Bolin to Korra, her other favorite toy.

Struggling to chew on her semen rice balls, Korra picked up on Pabu's glaring eyes and began to sway. She was not excited by this. She had been captured and forced to be here. And certainly was not getting aroused at the sight of Pabu's show. She may not have noticed it, but Mako did.

"Slut, go play with Pabu. But if either of you cum then you'll be punished." Mako smirked as he loosened Korra's bondage gloves. Korra only glared but had learned better than to not do as she was told. Crawling with her head hung low to the other slave still enthusiastically pounding her own cunt upon the cracked, worn dildo.

Korra wasn't sure how it happened. In one instance, Pabu's vacant expression had shifted to an impish one. The next, she had pulled herself off and pushed the Taboo on. A gasp escaped Korra at the sudden invasive stimulation.

Shortly followed by a sharper pleasure still. Pabu's face pressed between her thighs. Going at her clit with playful pecks, nibbles and licks as she shook her ass. Trying to once again entice Bolin to use her.

Korra on the other hand was trying to focus on the semen rice balls packed into her mouth. She couldn't lose herself like this. She was the Taboo. She was...she was...she was feeling very very good.

Her hips were moving on their own. Not as vigorously as Pabu, yet still enough to feel the entire length enter her underused pussy. It felt so big compared to even Mako or Bolin. It felt good...good to not hurt or be pissed on.

Meanwhile, Pabu had darted back to her pile of used and broken toys. Pulling out another toy. It flopped from her mouth as she returned. What had originally been two dildos were taped together. It took some creative use of Pabu's mouth to slide it into her own pussy. Legs straining to keep spread as she guided it in with the use of her throat.



Korra struggled. Her hands raised to push Pabu back, but that would make it worse. If she resisted...

Her hands clenched in their gloves. Shaking in midair as Pabu thrust over and over. Her throat stretched to handle every inch forced in. Her chest burning as her pussy throbs. Mixing with Pabu's dribbling juices coating down the patched together toys. Her hands grasping her breasts. Playing harshly with her breasts and nipples as her hips rolled and thrust. Forcing both sides to push deeper and deeper inside of Korra.

Korra closed her eyes. Trying to escape this. Trying to imagine it is something else. But it was still a cock. Lumpy and swollen. Against all facts, being like this and being watched felt so...so...

The dildo muffled the screaming climax. All of the stimulation peaking at once. Korra's thighs tighten as a climax is ripped from her body. Pabu in the same position. An animalistic yowling. Her legs bucking, causing the improvised toy to tear between them. Korra slopping over, still impaled on both ends. Pabu writhing in her pleasure as she rides out the exhibitionist pleasure of Bolin seeing her like this.

The two brothers hadn't paid either of them any attention. Both had been busy creating breakfast. It was only at their finale that they looked up from their work.

"Huh, Even Pabu got her. I sorta thought she'd resist or something."

"Eh, that isn't really the issue. After all, she wasn't supposed to cum," Mako pointed to Korra. As she snapped out of the haze of pleasure and hacked out the dildo from her throat. "Got any ideas on how we should punish them?"

"Well I got one," Bolin glances toward the freshly laid out breakfast on the table. An air of mischief in his eyes.



 DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
[https://www.patreon.com/  
Daloknight](https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight)

Pabu did not resist as Bolin used his free hand and grabbed her right cheek, pulling it to the side. Instantly, she picked up on what her master was trying to do. Pabu reached out to her ass and grabbed her left cheek, completely exposing her asshole to him.

"That's a good girl. Open wide." Bolin said, snickering.

Korra watched as the womanly fire ferret started squirming slightly as Bolin plunged a spoon full of egg into her awaiting rosebud. Unbelievably, Pabu seemed to have no trouble with having Bolin's breakfast inserted into her annaly, much to Bolin's satisfaction. Korra noticed his smile grow into a grin as he continued to feed the fried eggs into her puckering anus while Pabu started mewling in pleasure from the strange stimulation.

"Your playmate sure looks hungry doesn't she Pabu?" Bolin said as he removed the spoon from Pabu's ass and turned to face Korra.

Korra's body instinctively flexed as Bolin's eyes met her own. Her body knew what it wanted to do; she wanted to send both of her captors sailing out of the windows into the bay below. Yet, she was prevented from acting on her urges due to her bindings. Her legs trapped in the tight latex kept her from being able to walk upright, that coupled with how weighted down she was by her hugely swollen breasts kept her in her new position of servitude. Still, that didn't mean that she was going to make it easy for them.

She scurried along with her ass in the air, dragging her tits along as she tried to flee only to be surrounded by the two men; literally cornered in a corner of the room.

"You bitch!" Mako barked down at her. "I'll teach you to behave!"

Mako reached behind Korra's head, grabbing her by her ponytail and thrusting her face first into Pabu's exposed egg and bacon anus!

"NOW EAT!"

Korra winced as she was forced to eat table scraps out of Pabu's asshole. It didn't take long for him to grow bored with the punishment as Bolin returned from the kitchen table, having retrieved his plate filled with eggs, bacon and buttered toast.

"I think we need to teach her how to cook and make her personally serve us breakfast every day." Mako stated as he walked away from Korra and took his seat. "Maybe have them continue this little routine daily as well? "

"That's not a bad idea." Bolin replied before changing his tone, addressing Korra in a firm tone of voice. "Now spread your cheeks for me." Bolin replied as he scooped up two pieces of bacon and reached out to Korra's ass with the spoon.

Korra scowled and did as she was ordered, pulling apart her ass cheeks, granting her captor a perfect view of her asshole. She winced as he stuck a hearty helping of eggs up to her hole, the yokes exploded as she clenched her cheeks to "swallow" them. Korra couldn't help but notice that the viscosity of the yoke was a completely foreign, yet unique sensation as it lined the insides of her anal walls. It was almost like lube, but thicker, almost like mucus.

Once she had finished her eggs, Bolin loaded up the spoon with bacon. Korra could feel the greasy strips pushing against her rosebud and relaxed her ass. She simply wanted to get this new humiliation done as soon as humanly possible. Bolin watched as Korra's ass accepted the bacon, her yoke covered rosebud clamping around the pork product tightly before pulling it into herself.

Mako smirked.



**DALO/ERIC D. 2021**  
**BECOME MY PATRON AT:**  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>



"Pabu? Eat up." Bolin stated before turning back to the table to collect an egg for himself.

Pabu the animalistic woman didn't need to be told twice. She scampered over to Korra's backside and happily plunged her face into the woman's greasy asshole.

Korra rested her head between her enlarged tits and tried not to moan as Pabu went to town on her. She could feel the fire ferret's tongue lapping against her rosebud, trying desperately to get to the food stuffed up her ass. Korra felt her breath quicken as Pabu wrapped her lips against her hole and slurped the crushed up bacon and egg right out of her ass.

As she rested her head against her breasts, Korra lamented on how far she had fallen. She was now being force fed food annaly as some sort of bizarre punishment instead of taking table scraps like a dog. She would've never thought that she would be longing for yesterday's treatment when she woke up this morning. If anything, she realized that resisting was only making things much worse for her. As much as she hated to admit it, she had to start cooperating if only to avoid further punishments.

Mako and Bolin ate their own eggs and toast with much less trouble. Bolin downing several more than his brother. "We've still got training to do and we gotta get going. The Wolfbats are gonna steal it the first chance they get." Mako stuffs the last bit of his toast before standing up to gather his equipment.

Korra hated the stairs. Even as she got better with them. Crawling around her massive breasts. Wincing with each scrape over each step. Hoping that no splinters will bury themselves into the sensitive tissue.

Pabu had much less trouble. Enough so to continue trying to jump on Bolin as the group reached the bottom. Making their way to their training room.

The equipment in these training rooms weren't the best. Most of the younger new age dummies were moved to "paying" member halls. All that was left for the brothers to train with were the older women or women too heavily damaged after generations of players beating upon them to refine their skills.

Some were kept fully bound for precision training. Others were simply chained to a post and expected to try and dodge what was thrown at them until they were exhausted. At this point, many of the "dummies" were in better shape than the players because of this.

The training rooms could be rented out from the Owner of the Stadium. For a bit more, he would supply some of the "dummies" he owns to be trained with. The Fire Ferrets couldn't afford this because they were the only team without a sponsor.

Which resorted with brothers trying out their new pets as combat dummies over the last few days. Seeing as Korra and Pabu were in much better shape then their current gym dummies, it only made sense to use them.



With the worn collar and harness placed onto both of their women, Mako and Bolin got some much needed live practice. Though not what they were expecting.

Turns out Pabu wasn't all that useful of a "dummy" because she wouldn't let Bolin land a hit. Each tendril of Controlled surface rising up to bring her down she'd swiftly dodge. Bounding out of reach at the extent of her choke chain would allow. Waiting for Bolin to step in range for her to pounce upon him. Yipping happily each time she got a pin and tried to thrust herself upon him though his uniform.

"Come on Pabu, this isn't helping. Gaaahhh, jeez girl. You're hopeless." Bolin, try as he might, enjoyed the training. Even if it was him who was doing most of the dodging.

Korra's experience was much more intense. At least she wasn't bound down in that embarrassing pose anymore. But the trade off was she got to be Mako's target dummy.

Chains of domination lashed across her body. Not long enough for him to force his will onto her, but enough to leave a burning sting from the contact. Korra surprised Mako when she retaliated with balls of submission, yet that only doubled his effort upon her.

Within an hour Korra had improved enough to not be left sobbing like a recent rape victim. Mako and Bolin fought like none of the Masters at the White Collar Bunker. They moved with the fluidity of Submission even though neither of them had any experience with it.

Mako never stayed in one place. His dodges were light, his stances unusual. They would have been something to behold, if she hadn't been the focus of their onslaught.

"Time for some close quarters training," Mako stepped into range of the choke chain. Ignoring Bolin trying to drag himself out of Pabu's needy paws. Most of his uniform was lost to her persistence. "Show me what you got."

Korra scowls. Raising her hands. The constant bitterness from the semen balls was still bothering her. Distracting her from the barrage of punches and swings. Ducking, dodging, weaving while trying to return some blows as well. If her breasts weren't so swollen then-

Several blows to them, Causing them to jiggle and jerk. Taking the opportunity to strike back at Mako. Not expecting him to be ready for that as well. The counter slipping past her fist. Slamming hard into her breast once more.

Neither of them expected the flood to come gushing out of both breasts. Mako left back, for a split moment thinking he had ruptured his slave's breast. The next moment, he took in the slave falling to her knees. Grabbing her nipples to try yet unable to slow the flow. Tears watering from the impact and the utter humiliation of her chest gushing like this.

"Shit. Bolin! Towels!"

"But we ain't do-"

"Do it!" Bolin took off as Mako lifted Korra up with his fiery ropes. Strapping her into the standing dummy harness, while maneuvering around the gushing milk on the floor so as to not to slip. It's firm posts keeping the dummy spread and exposed for basic accuracy.

Korra sniffled, holding back her sobs as Mako stood before her. Utter humiliation etched across her face as Mako worked. Pinching and milking the nipples to ease their pressure. Unswayed by the fruity smelling milk spraying down his front.

The dummy harness held the dummy in a spread eagle position. Arms and legs kept firmly outstretched at their sides in order to allow for the player to practice precise hitting. There are other types of equipment in order to practice against a moving target, these posts are meant to make sure the player would know what delivering a solid hit felt like.

Korra's already sore body didn't like the extra strain. How it held her apart. Unable to attend to the aches. Only being held up and displayed for whatever else might be coming next. As if the added humiliation dribbling from her breasts wasn't enough.

Bolin returns with as many rags as he can carry. Neither of them knew any first aid nor would it have helped them. Korra, even in this pain and misery, felt a strange blush creeping into her cheeks as the two tended to her nipples. The gushing torrent slowed to a stream until finally a dribble.

"Ok...That...I wasn't expecting that." Mako pants in his sopping wet uniform. "Ugh, what is this?"

"Smells kinda like watermelon juice." Bolin commented. Pabu mewled, her harness left empty as she licked up the copious amount that had reached the floor.

"Ok. We're not doing that again...Cripes, what a mess. Hey Bolin, don't we have...idk, clothespins or something?"

"One sec, I'll look here. All this junk must have something we can use." Bolin walks about the training room. Pabu followed along as he sifted through the worn equipment and junk piled up. "Hmmm...no...no...ooo, keeping that...no...no...ok, this might work." Bolin returns with some broken off pegs from a wooden post that had seen much better days.

Mako examines the wood pieces. "These will have to do." Korra whimpers and struggles. "Can you make these smaller?" Bolin nods, summoning up the Control to split the pegs down even smaller. Mako took the pieces back and turned back to the bound slave. "Grit your teeth."

Korra did so. Clenching her teeth as the wooden bits slide into her nipples. The sensation was so sharp. Her scream muffled somewhat by the semen balls still in her mouth. Mako's hand squeezed firmly. Making sure each of these "plugs" were firmly in place. With the towels thoroughly drenched though. Korra's breasts finally stopped twitching.

"Soooo..." Bolin mused. "I guess I've never heard of a slave that leaked like this. I mean."

"Look, we'll deal with it." Mako waves it away. "Cripes, this stuff is really slick." He complains as they finish cleaning the mess.

"Well, I have to say I was surprised."

Korra saw a pained expression on their faces before the two brothers stood up, turning to the newcomers at the door. The stranger was clad in black and purple gear with the sort of smug expression that made one wish this sport didn't have protective helmets. Tahno and his team, The Wolfbats, were a crowd favorite. Filling the stadium match after match with their feats of athleticism as well as their display from the Cheerleaders. Each of them scantily clad in the same black and purple giving them a mischievous dark heroine look. They were what happened when a team actually had a sponsor and didn't need to scrape funds together between tournaments.



“When I saw your brother come running in here with rags, I would have paid top dollars that one of you had somehow injured yourselves out of their livelihood. Only to find that it seems you two have collected a couple of Strays eh?” The curl of Tahno’s hair only empathizes with his sneer.

“Guess you both were tired of beating each other off.”

“Fuck off Tahno. This has nothing to do with you.” Bolin snapped.

“Oh really? Well, I suppose that’s to be expected of a little nothing team. Although..” pushing forward. Grabbing onto Korra’s breast tightly. “I guess this one woulda been worth scooping her out of whatever dumpster you found her in.”



Mako’s fists clenched as red chains of Dominance appeared around each of his hands. That made Tahno sneer even more. Smirking and squeezing Korra’s breast even tighter. Not noticing the wood stuck in her nipple.

“Why do you care about this one so much?” Tahno asked.

“Because...she’s mine...”

“Oh, do you have a tag for her then?”

“Shit” Mako muttered to himself.

It would be a shame if the local stray catchers were to come seize her otherwise. Perhaps if you let me and the boys here have our way with her for a bit, I'll let it slide?" Tahno's other hand slides between Korra's legs. Pressing into her womanhood, fingers forced inside. Korra struggles fruitlessly. Something else replacing her feelings of humiliation.

Anger!

"Get your hands off me you jackass", Korra protested in shame!

"Oh she speaks? What a rarity, even for gutter trash! Tahno continued to muse. "And what are you going to do if I don't stop?"

"If I wasn't bound, I'd knock that smirk right off your stupid face!"

Mako and Bolin had been so very clever and skilled as to not alert the authorities, just down right sneaky in handling the girl. But now, to be handled like this by some rando creep that just happens to walk up on them?

Even the vestigial bits of Korra's pride could not let that stand being handled like a thing. Like she was nothing. Like...she was back at the White Collar. Isn't that why she ran away to Safeword? To make something of herself? Wait. . . what did Mako just say? Pulled back from her inner thoughts Korra looks up at Mako shouting at that creep Tahno.

"You're such a little bitch Tahno, I bet even my girl there could beat your bitch ass." Mako growled as he and Bolin were kept back by the other two men.

Korra's anger was quickly swept aside as she began to blush, "his girl?" she subtly mused to herself in a whisper.

"Oh really? I didn't realize that this Dummy was such a capable fighter? I'm insulted you think so little of me Mako. Honestly tho, the gym janitor has a better shot of beating me than this gutter trash here."

Korra shivered and struggled. There was little she could do. Little she could move from the mercy of Tahno's abuse. Tears formed as she struggled fruitlessly. All the while, Tahno's grip tightened. The breast meat underneath his fingertips grows pinker as Korra struggles against her bonds.

When suddenly a gush of Milk begins spraying! The peg which held the milk back, bursted out of the nipple and upward into Tahno's face! Knocking him on his ass and off of Korra's drained breast.

Pabu's fit continued unabated until the heavily worn leather of the harness could not hold her back.

A snap followed by several yowling shrieks as Pabu slams into the Wolfbat Cheerleaders. None of them had anything dangerous on them to do any real damage but that wasn't going to stop Pabu from doing her damndest anyways.

Tahno reeled from the impact of the peg hitting him. Grabbing his cheek, drenched in the fruity smelling milk, he sputtered to his feet. Murder in his eyes. "You...little...cunt! I'll kill her! I'll snap her fucking neck!"

With Tahno's focus elsewhere, Mako takes a shot at him. Tahno's training prevents the shot from landing, but the pool of Korra's milk just so happened to be where his reaction placed him. The step did not catch, dropping him into the milk with a slam.

"No. you won't." Mako shouted over the downed rival. "You'd better move along. You and your cronies." As the red ropes dropped in color to the more cool blue of his lightning based chains. Bolin finally taking his battle stance, tendrils of Control lifted and prepared.

Tahno sputters and climbs to his knees. Glaring up at Mako as he stood with all the pride he could muster. "We're leaving boys!" The Cheerleaders retreat to his side as well. Pabu poised between them and Bolin. "Both of you will regret this. I swear it." The Wolfbats stalk away, with the two cheerleaders in tow glaring back and hissing at Pabu.

The training room stood still once more. Bolin stroked Pabu to calm her down and Mako re-centering himself. Looking over to where Korra hung, she was smirking in delight at Tahno's dismissal. Mako glowered. Strays were often young dumb, submissive little cunts that were barely aware if they pissed themselves. Yet this girl shares none of those qualities, but why does she-

"They have cheerleaders?! Why don't we have any cheerleaders?" Bolin gestures after the retreating team.

"Well, because we don't have any girls to place the uniforms on," Mako shrugs.

"Wait, we had cheerleading uniforms this whole time? Guess they came included with our combat uniforms huh?" Bolin muses, while getting up to search for them. Near some broken junk and crates within the room, near their loft stairs.

After Tahno and the others had left, Mako continued to stand unmoving, his mind filled with brooding thoughts. But that wouldn't help them win. Training would, more than yesterday, more than had been needed. Turning back to Korra, he approached her, and with a look at her still leaking nipples, grabbed a towel. He used the cloth to protect his hand as he pinched her right



nipple hard, before then punching the fatty tissue, causing a good deal of pain, hopefully enough to get the idea across.

“Tahno’s jackass alright, but where do you come off slandering him like that and on whose permission too might I add?” Mako began to scold into Korra.

Korra was visually confused by this verbal harassment she was receiving.

“He was sexually assaulting me why you were doing nothing too help me-”

“You’re a woman and he’s a man. Maybe not much of one but the point still stands. You can’t go around harassing men! Well not unless specifically ordered to by another man I guess, regardless you need to learn your place”!

“You’re still a slave with a bad attitude. And a slave with a bad attitude is no good. So we’re going to work on that, like we work on everything. Understand?” He asked. Korra simply opened her mouth to reply, but then like a goldfish, silently closed it. “Good. Now then, if you don’t understand the boot, let’s see if the stick works any better. Mako mused, and he began to tease her pussy. Korra sucked in sharply, but he quickly grabbed her cunt roughly, turning the sensations from a pleasant teasing to a painful hold. After a moment, Mako went back to teasing, looking her dead in the eyes.

“Stick.” He said, massaging the pain away. “Boot.” He then added as he brought the pain reeling back in. “That’s the only two things a dog understands, isn’t it?” He asked. Korra simply nodded her head, and continued the game. “So what do you want, the stick, or the boot?” He asked Korra, the Taboo blinking back some moisture from her eyes.

“You don’t learn very quickly. I guess that makes sense, given how resilient you are. Don’t get that tough by learning to dodge. So here’s what’s going to happen, because we need some routine to help you learn. Bolin and I are going to be training each day, and you’re going to help. While you might be fine as a cheerleader, you’re better as a dummy, so that’s what you’ll be. If you behave, things can improve. More food, more sleep, better treatment. Maybe I’ll even let you cum once or twice. But that’s if you behave.” Mako explained, teasing her pussy with one hand and gently massaging her sore, aching, swollen breasts with the other.

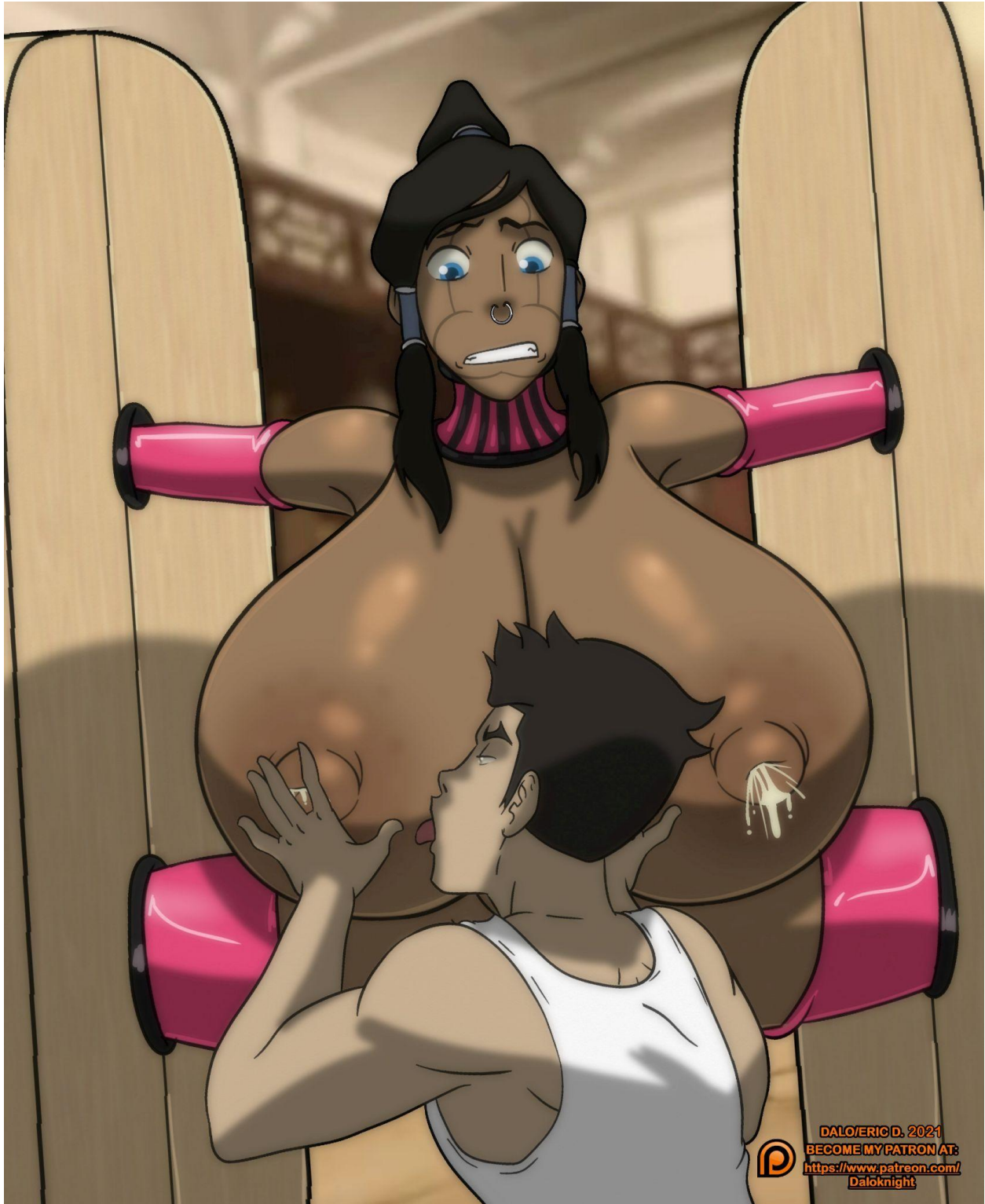
“And that’s supposed to make me want to behave? You’re terrible at this, maybe you should get a new pet, someone more your speed.” Korra said, her words biting as she mocked Mako.

Mako continued to massage for a moment, but as she spoke, he grew angry.

“And if you don’t behave, then we’ll use you for training anyways, but with a lot less enjoyment on your end.” He said, and as he did so he punched Korra in the stomach hard, knocking the

wind out of her. As the air left her belly, he followed it up by placing his hand over her nose and mouth, cutting off her ability to gasp in an attempt to catch her breath, and began to smother her. Already the burning in her chest was intense, and she tried to beg with her eyes for mercy but he simply glared at her.

“It could be like this, but way worse. That’s on you though. If you don’t want it to be so bad, just say so. Even better, just do so, like a good little pet.” He said, and after waiting another ten seconds, he finally let Korra breathe. She gasped heavily, sucking down fresh air and cherishing it like never before as Mako let her go. As she panted, Korra felt her snatch once more begin to tickle and warm through his fingers, exploring now the insides of her folds, and stroking all over. She bit her lip hard, hoping not to make any noise but couldn’t help herself.



“Oh please, th-that feels so nice...” She let out, unable to hold back as the pleasure that warmed her core already was unlike anything she’d experienced with him thus far. Maybe he

could give more than just pain and suffering. No! That couldn't, that can't. That's a trap of thought, she had to stay strong! If she cracked, even a little, she'd be done for!

Before Korra could debate giving in however, Mako sharply slapped her cunt, sending another jolt of pain through her lower half and yanking her back from release. She was left panting softly, desperate for an orgasm, but not enough to beg, or divulge her secrets. Instead, she simply cast her head down and squeezed her eyes, not wanting to give anything up. Mako didn't enjoy her resistance, but he knew that it couldn't last forever. Instead he stood up, turning to his brother.

"Let's wrap it and wash up, we have plenty of time for more training tomorrow." He said, and Bolin nodded. Korra was then let out from her dummy holder, and with only a bit of nuzzling from Pabu as she was set free for the moment, Korra followed, energized by both the small bit of soft touch from the pet, and from the electrifying collar bent around her neck. Unable to fight back, and sorely wanting to wash up and sleep, she followed. The walk to the showers was a short one, and filled with even shorter conversation.

"And why didn't Hasook show up? Have you heard from him?" Mako asked, Bolin shrugging in reply.

"No idea, maybe something came up? Not that it's like him to just disappear, isn't it?" He offered in response.

"I don't know, but whatever the reason is better be good enough for the Taboo, because that's the only way I'm buying it." Mako growled, a bit of his anger over the whole confrontation and failed attempt to loosen Korra's tongue was beginning to show. On top of that, something else was bugging him too. Something that Tahno had mentioned briefly, tags. Without a form of ownership, Korra could be easily taken from him. And legally there would be nothing he could do about it. That needs to change-

"Hey relax, for what it's worth, we managed to get this far, we aren't gonna fall apart because of a missing teammate right?" Bolin said, trying to cheer his brother up. The firebender just sighed heavily, his shoulders sagging.

"I suppose so. At least now I have something to work on, on the side." He said, and with a sharp tug, he choked Korra, forcing her to speed up as they headed for the showers. The day was eventful, but that wasn't always for the best.



Luckily, hot water and a sexy girl were good ways to unwind, and the brothers did just that, enjoying Pabu and Korra immensely as the cascading heat rinsed away sweat and grime. Korra resisted little, not wanting any more major punishments for the day, and so played along as much as Mako wanted, which thankfully wasn't too demanding. Just a small shower fuck. The day must have taken a true toll on him, and for that the Taboo was grateful, enjoying the small respite that was a light session of abuse. Either way, it was another day nearly over, but instead of returning home to the loft, Mako had other plans for their afternoon.

How long it had felt for Korra. Yet, everything looked the same. Mostly. The assortment of stuff "gotten" off the back of the truck had certainly shifted. The same jumble of bootlegged and used mingling with what clearly had been owned before littered the shelves still. The kennel's contents had changed as well. Whether they had been sold or not wasn't clear. Pabu waddled

back to press her face against her old kennel. Then waddling back to press her face into Bolin's crotch. Not trying to get into his pants, merely a thankful nuzzle.

Korra remained by Mako's side as he discussed a matter with the storekeeper. If he was going to keep his slaves out of Tahno's threat of the police or some Equalist weirdo, he was going to do this the legitimate way.

"And that is why we need tags."

The keeper snorts, waving a hand dismissively. "You think there isn't a reason there are strays?"

Tag ain't cheap and they really aren't easy to duplicate."

"But they can be?"

"Oh if you know a guy that knows a gal that knows someone, yes. But I don't discuss that sorta thing here in the shop."

Mako leans in. "We can pay with our winnings. The usual arrangement."

The store keeper smirks and leans in. His forehead pressing into Mako as to drive home a point. "You think the police are a buncha pushovers? Tags are a hot commodity. It'll take more than a season of "winnings" to cover it."

Mako wasn't about to back down. Korra leans away as the two men continue to try and get their points across with their foreheads. "And what makes you think you're so safe eh?" Mako hisses.

"You really think they wouldn't like an easy collar as well? Have you seen the amount of hot shit you got around here."

"I know you better than that. You ain't got the balls boy." Their noses were touching. Korra siddles off to follow Bolin. "Men are idiots", Korra softly spoke to herself.

"I got a good look at ya. Could be down in the precinct in an hour and you wouldn't shift another stray in your life."

"Keep talkin boy. That's sure to convince me."

"Errr...how about we take this down a little?" Bolin interjects. Pabu and Korra backing him up. "We can get the winnings and not like they need to be really good tags. We can work with whatever is available."

"That's...not...how...this...works!"

Bolin sighs. Neither of them were going to back down on this, were they? Pabu waddles over. Resting her chin on the counter, giving the best puppy dog eyes she can give. "Well...well well...oh! Maybe if we can sell you this one back?"

"Huh?" Both Mako and the storekeep turn. Now just cheeks pressed together.

"Err...well...um..." Bolin swallows and runs with it. "If you can get this one tags sooner. Then after we win, we can sell her as a champion's..cheer...leader?" Korra sighs. Holding her tongue "...errr...hmmm..." The store keeper backs up. Causing Mako to stumble.

The store keeper begins stroking his chin.

"Alright. I get half (but not a penny less) of your winnings after the championship! Understood?"

"Well then, gonna need some names for those tags." The store keeper leans on the counter.

"Pabu." Bolin says, petting Pabu."

"And...?"

Mako opened his mouth to answer. When no answer came, he closed it again. "We'll get back to you on that."

"Um. I need a name for her?"

"Just...give me a bit. I hadn't thought to call her anything."

"Slappybreasts? Freshhole? Sluttybutt? Those are popular and common names."

Mako scowls. "It can't be that difficult to scratch any old name into the tag at the end, can it?"

"Need the name for the paperwork too, smart ass. But fine. Keep twisting my arm why don't ya?"

We'll keep it open. But sooner is better than later for these things."

"It'll be night soon. We got a game tonight, come on we need to head back".

"I'm telling ya Mako, we're gonna get back and there he'll be, practicing for the game." Bolin tried reassuring his brother. Nightfall began to overtake much of the city, as the group returned to the stadium. They could see the crowd around the arena was large, with the brothers having to push themselves through to get inside.

People were pushed aside as something made its way to the front, Korra now standing once again face to face with the bitch that ruined her escape! With the gag still in her mouth, Korra could merely growl at the old bitch as she did the same before letting out a yelp.

Korra watched as someone used the tail plug to pull themselves through the crowd. "H-hey, Mako, Bolin, can I get your autographs!" A young boy asked as he tried to keep himself near the front. The brothers were being flanked by people before them as the boy struggled to get through.

Korra's eyes widened as she recognized the boy, that was Meelo, the son of Owner Tenzin! 'Fucking finally, someone that can help me get to Tenzin' Korra thought as she tugged her leash, moaning to The Freedom user. Meelo looked down at Korra, a look of amused superiority on his face as he gave her a smirk. Mako turned around to see what Korra was doing as the boy spoke.

Oh, hey "Whorra", Meelo says in a smug tone. I didn't know the white collar let a filthy sow like you roam the city freely." Mako was surprised by this revelation, his search for answers regarding where this girl was right in front of him. Who was this kid? But right as he began to reach over-



"EVERYONE TO YOUR SEATS! THE MATCHES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN."

The boy and his puppy girl were swallowed by the sea of fans as men and pets alike found themselves heading inside. Mako tried to find the two again, getting a glimpse of the puppy girl again. Right when Mako called out PA came to life once again, drowning him out.



"PLEASE REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR SLAVES WELL LEASHED, THE STADIUM IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY STOLEN SLAVES."

Mako looked up, annoyed by the PA then tried to find the boy once again, discovering he had lost him. The brothers followed the crowd inside with an excited Pabu, and a down trotted Korra. Once inside the group took the service entrance back to the players prep rooms. Bolin eagerly began searching for the cheerleader outfits.

"Oh this is gonna be great!"

Korra stood on all fours, her tremendous, pom pom covered breasts resting on the floor as Bolin and Mako dressed her. Bolin was busy adjusting some wires onto the miniature red trumpet that he had forced into the slave girl's mouth. With a simple loop, he had the wire wrapped around her earrings, securing the crimson colored noise maker in place and ensuring that it stayed in her mouth where it belonged. While he was busy fiddling with that, Mako was putting the final touches onto the bottom of her outfit by planting a small stick up her exposed asshole that sported a small flag that gently bobbed and waved in the air with her every move.

"Nicely done, brother. She will make a fine cheerleader." Bolin said, admiring the flag protruding from Korra's ass.

"Thanks, but let me finish." Mako replied, writing out 'Go Fire Ferrets' onto Korra's bountiful ass. "Now she's ready."

Korra sighed, not happy with being made into even more a spectacle than usual. Yes, being a slave was degrading, but when almost every other woman she saw was treated similarly, it didn't seem like she was standing out. The damned horn, ridiculous pom poms attached to her nipple rings, painful giant cunt weight hanging from her nether region and idiotic flag flying from her asshole, separated her from all the others.

"Wait, others? Who else besides the brothers and Pabu was here?"

A dark skinned ponygirl and a young man, was quietly led inside the prep area by security.

"Wait, I recognise her! She was with that old man that cursed her with these huge breasts!"

Apparently Mako and that bastard melon merchant must have made some sort of sponsorship deal when she wasn't paying attention.

"Psssh, so glad you could join us Hasook". Mako said in disdain. Hasook quickly went to his locker to change, ignoring Mako's disapproval.

"GENTLEMEN, BRUTES AND BASTARDS! WE HAVE A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU ALL, COURTESY OF THE FIRE FERRETS!"

Pabu wasted no time jumping into action. She happily sprinted towards the side of the arena, her tiny red miniskirt lifting up occasionally as she ran, exposing her firm round cheeks. Korra, and the multitudes of fans got a good look at her ass thanks to the fluttering skirt that looked way too small for her large ass. With every move she made, her cheeks bounced.

Bolin unclipped the chain connecting Korra to his leash and slapped her ass.

"Get out there with Pabu and Melons, and show the crowd a good time!"

Korra lumbered forward, much like an Ostrich, her legs doing all the work to carry her over to the sidelines while her fat tits swayed uselessly, causing her pom poms to drag across the ground.



"Lift your back up and blow your horn!" Bolin ordered from his spot beside Mako. While Pabu did high kicks with a smile, Korra struggled to lift her big breasts up and blow her horn, but she finally managed to produce a tute.

Members of the stadium's crowd began shouting profanities over Korra's lumbering struggle.

"Nice tits idiot! HAHAAAAHA"

Soaked in embarrassment, Korra flushed at the attention. She kept her gaze down, not looking above at the crowd of spectators. As she swung her hips back and forth. Causing her chest to bobble bringing her breasts to wobble back and forth.

Korra was no longer under Mako's direct control. If there was a time and place for her to escape, now was that time. However she and the others were placed on a two story platform above a watered pool. And her hands are daintily clad in mittens and full arm length gloves which lead up into a massive dildo plugging her hole. She would be in no position to swim to her freedom if she made a dive to the water.

"I don't want to drown, better just do as I'm told for now", Korra told herself.

"WHAT AN AROUSING DISPLAY THOSE FIRE FERRET FAN GIRLS ARE GIVING US!"

The audience of men cheered while some of the more shameless pervs among them eagerly pulled on their clothed cocks.

"AS NICE AS THIS SHOW IS, IT'S TIME FOR THE NEXT FIGHT. STEPPING INTO THE ARENA TO FACE THE FIRE FERRETS IS THE MO CE MONGOOSE LIZARDS!"

Korra heard an even more deafening round of cheers and applause following the announcement as her captors took to the arena to face off against their newest opponent. She couldn't exactly enjoy the matchup due to her many hindrances and attachments. If those weren't bad enough, she knew that she had to give a good performance or who knew what other horrors the guys would put her through following the match. So, with her mind on her "cheerleading duties" she didn't exactly get to enjoy the match like everyone else.

Ultimately, much to her relief, she didn't have to degrade herself for very long since the match was over in mere minutes. The boys seemed tired, but happy with their shockingly close victory. At least there was joy until...

"Where do you think you're going?" Mako shouted at his teammate Hasook.

"I'm done I quit! I've been offered a spot with another team." Hasook replied, not even caring about what his former teammates had to say.

Bolin and Mako looked positively shocked by this sudden turn of events. They didn't say much to each other, Mako knew not to push the issue and Bolin was busy silently stewing in his anger.

Korra chased after Pabu who seemed to sense the disappointment coming from her masters. She eagerly started liking Bolin while Mako tended to Korra's decorations, removing her ridiculous horn.

"I can't believe he left us for that team run by that old bitch!"

Korra looked up, surprised to hear him say such a thing. "How can that be? I thought women were not allowed to compete in these games. Well, anymore?"

"Idiot", Mako scorned Korra followed by a swift slap to the face. "Only speak when granted permission to do so!"

"But yeah—"

"From what I've been told, the games were originally meant for women only. In those days, it was mostly done to settle disputes men had or for young girls to impress their masters with their skills in the bending arts. However, over time, most young women today have become too dumb and animal like in nature to be even capable of managing themselves, much less anything as complex as a team."

Mako explained to Korra while the Mongoose Lizards were out in the arena.

"If a woman was really leading a team as suggested, she really must be an old bitch." Korra muttered to herself so as not to be slapped again. But why was that she wondered?

"Yeah, it seems that the older women are the only ones still capable of running a team." Bolin added as the Lizards finished the match, securing a win for their team.

Mako and Bolin returned to their apartment, exasperated and fuming.

"That...! That! You know what, no, I'm not gonna say it." Bolin huffed as he pulled Pabu to where his seat was, concern on her face while Korra watched them both. "That foaming pile of Badgermole diarrhea just left us for the other team and only tells us after the match? I told you we should have kicked him out a while ago." Bolin started to play with Pabu's breasts absentmindedly while Mako shot up from his seat. "Me?! You're the one that kept making excuses for the asshole."

<Exhausted the boys get ready to call it a night>

Bolin grumbled as he stood up and made his way toward the bathroom through the kitchen. "Hey since you're over there, can you turn on the radio?" Bolin gave a groan before static filled the room, quickly clearing up to the voice of the announcer.

Mako pulled Korra's face to his lap. "Almost bedtime, but before that let's have you give me a good night blowjob first.

Mako jumped as his slave got to work sucking his dick. Before, Mako would need to order her to start and use his electro chains to guide her on how he liked his cock touched. This time, however, she began using her tongue how he liked it and then improvised some new moves with a skill as if taught by a high-class slave.

Korra began to embrace how she was going to survive this hell.



Meanwhile the radio began preaching the local news in a static fashion.

"In other news, the White Collar are still searching for BZZZZSCH Taboo who went missing a week ago. While the White Collar have refused to release any info BZZSECH revealed the Taboo are from the Sub BZZZT Tribe and... Aw, damn it, Chi Sung! Your slut coughed cum over my notes again... Sorry folks but BRZZZZSCH I can make out from my notes is the Taboo's name is K- BRZZZZZZSCH -RA Well I know I speak for all of us in Safeword City when I say we hope your safe Taboo and BRZZZZSCH with the returning White Collar Members."

Mako beats on the side of the heavy dented radio.

"Come on damn it.." he grumbles.

"Piece of shit wasn't worth the Stray I had to sell for it..."

Korra was bobbing up and down now on Mako's dick as something kept bugging him. What was it that kid called this slave? While it was a question he wondered since earlier in the night, something else seemed to pick at him. He looked up to the ceiling as if it would give him an answer.

"Whorra."

He whispered to himself as his slave kept working. He said it again trying to shake something loose. Mako then spoke out loud to himself on how it sounded similar to the missing Taboo's name of K something RA."

Mako felt Korra stop, his full length still inside her mouth as she looked up at him.

"Shit," Korra thought to herself. "I just gave myself away?!"

So she had to act fast. Pressing her face forward. She chooses to latch onto something that would make it hard to remember.

"Ah..ahh..hey! HEY! no teeth you stupid cunt!"

The strike across her face hurt less than how her pride would be if they found out...

She grunted with a mouth full of cock, pulling back slowly to keep Mako on edge.

Rubbing his crotch while Korra tearfully let her cheek throb. The two continued to watch each other. Bolin was busy with Pabu, as usual.

Shitty stray, he thought, still that was unusually timed even for a dumb animal.

"So Bolin, as we both know we still have a need for a third player."

"Duh. That jerk Hasook couldn't have left us in a worse spot. I mean, where are we gonna find someone that can use Submission like he did?"

"If only we had someone that did," Mako's eyes did not leave Korra's.

Mako sighed as his worries plagued his mind. Even this blowjob wasn't helping as this slut wasn't doing her best anymore. Mako became angry as he leaned forward. He might not be able to control everything else going on, but he could control this slut.

"Enough."

He hissed, using his index finger and thumb of his left hand to pinch her nose closed while holding her head with the right.

"You breath, when I cum."

He told her as a matter of fact with an unflinching glare. "And don't even think of trying to bite me again."

With her nose closed and the dark threat given, Korra used her tongue around the shaft while trying to pull back, only for Mako to shove her face back down. Her lungs burned and her throat ached as she doubled her efforts, the corners of her vision beginning to grow dim. Blood was roaring in her ears as she tuned out the outside world until a groan caught her attention, followed by a large load of moving fluid suddenly squirting down her throat.

Korra's body shuddered as she choked out the semen in her throat causing Mako to start yelling again. She felt shame and humiliation as she realized she had just cumed all over herself, their bodily fluids mixing together on the floor and Mako's pants.

"Damn it!" Mako yelled as Bolin had just finished tying Pabu up for bed. The control wielder just laughed at his older brother as the power user pulled Korra in the bathroom.

"Hey Bolin, how about you get me some straps to tie her with instead of being an ass!" He yelled out, throwing the now dirty pants into the dirty laundry bin.

"And clean up the mess!" Mako added.

"Alright, alright. Keep your panties on." Bolin answered as Mako began cleaning the cum off of his slave. Korra could tell Mako didn't like cleaning her at the moment just as much as she didn't want him too, Mako slapping her everytime she flinched.

"Here you go, Pabu's cleaning the mess now."

Mako took the straps from his brother, Mako wasn't gentle as he led Korra to her bed, getting a sigh from Bolin.

"You know, you don't always have to be so rough.\* Bolin scolded him. Mako growled at him, Bolin raising his hands defensively. "I'm just saying. It's easier to get Platypus Bears with Honey than Vinegar." Bolin left the two with Pabu close behind as Mako tied Korra's leash to the nearby sink at the foot of her mattress, at first he gave her very little room to move then, But with his brother's words still fresh in his head, Mako made the leash longer.

"I'm sorry I clogged your nose." Mako sighed, looking into her face while crouched down. He then began to proceed to climb up to his bed loft. But just before he did-

"Good night, and great job on being our cheerleader tonight" He told her with a smile, shutting the light off and leaving Korra in the dark. At least the stars from the window kept her troubled thoughts company. As she let out a small sound of glee before succumbing to the much needed rest.

"Sleep had not come easy when I was bound. I earned this". She told herself with a smile on her face as she finally passed out.

The following morning Korra was awakened by a barrage of piss flowing out of a sleepwalking Bolin. Who once more confused her mouth for the toilet next to her. This was really getting old she thought to herself. But then suddenly-

Mako sighs, while "Climbing" out of bed. Heading to Korra's corner to release her from the sink. While leading her to the kitchen.

"Slave, Do you know how to cook?"

"A little. . . ." Korra did have practice cooking for herself, after all the kitchen is where women belonged anyhow . . . she thought to herself.

"Then why don't you cook me and Bolin up some breakfast?"

So Korra opened the fridge and began cooking breakfast for her masters.

She cracked open two eggs, some bacon and began frying them. While she also prepared two glasses of orange juice. She may have also taken a few tiny bites of the meal when the brothers weren't looking her way. When all was ready, Korra set the table and was then motioned by Mako to then crawl under it. After a few moments had gone by Korra was again motioned by Mako to begin looking up at him from his crotch area all while under the table. Mako briefly



gazed at his slave. Korra, with her full, radiant orbs jutting out proudly from her chest. However, This gorgeous moment was completely thrown off by the ever larger growing frown on Korra's face.

"No doubt she is hungry", Mako thought to himself.

"A man's slave should be a source of relaxation and not a distraction. Try to remember that from now on girl". Mako scorned Korra.

Korra nodded to her master's words and turned her depressing face into a happy delightful one.

Mako then presents her with some bacon, to which Korra immediately and greedily begins eating out from the palm of his hand like a good pet.

Pabu will be having her breakfast in the usual fashion, Bolin says.

"I'd be happy to master."

What Korra had thought to only be a single punishment was now expected for each breakfast. The leftovers of the warm viscous yolk and egg white seeping through her insides. Corked in by the crusty toast. Whatever Pabu didn't finish eating out of her asshole, Korra was allowed to eat.

Korra then leans forward, letting Bolins stuff his scraps into her shitter, Then moments later letting Pabu got at her asshole to eat.

"Strange it didn't seem to bother her as much as it did yesterday?" Korra thought to herself.

After breakfast the boys clean themselves up and begin getting their gear on, Korra takes a moment to look outside. Across the bay, she could see the island.

"So close yet so far...This won't take long Tenzin, just wait a bit longer, I... Ouch, Pabu!" Korra was allowed to walk down the stairs on two legs for once. Then down in the training gym, she was ordered to do some warmup exercises on the training dummies.



Not too long afterwards, Korra begins sparring with Mako while Bolin uses Pabu for a sparring match as well. The two trading blows and shots while the other players continue their own regiments around them.

"You're getting better."

"Thanks. I've got a decent teacher."

"Oh? I'm that good huh?"

"Nope. I'm just just a fast learner", Korra smirks.

Mako smirks, using his off hand to snake the chain of Dominance around Korra's leg. Her body tightens as she squats down. Looking up like a scolded, yet amused dog.

"Don't push it."

Mako mutters, turning away and taking up position once. Red dominance flowing from his hands to form chains once more.

Mostly true to his word, each his lashing strike wasn't as...vindictive? Cruel? Korra didn't have the right word for it. It wasn't like one could soften the burning stink of pure dominance by much. Korra tried not to wince too much. To stand and defend herself from each of the attacks. To make a proper training target. But when she felt wetness running down her stomach, she

couldn't hold back her voice. “..Sir?” Flinching as the coming strike flew wild. Barely missing her face. “..um...I, I am, this slave is leaking..like...like last time.” She was in it now. No point backing out now. “If...if nothing is done I'll....I'll make a mess again...Sir.”

Korra tries not to wince as she returns balls of submission energy at her target. But as her persistent attacks consist, her nipples begin leaking out sweet milk once more. Dribbling lewdly onto the floorboards. Causing her to flinch under Mako's attacks, forcing her to back down and asking for permission to stop the session early.

Korra stood in place, she didn't look up. She was too afraid to look him in the eyes. She remained tense, Expecting the lashes to resume unabated as she desperately tried to hold the milk at bay sucking on her own nipples.



Yet it didn't happen?

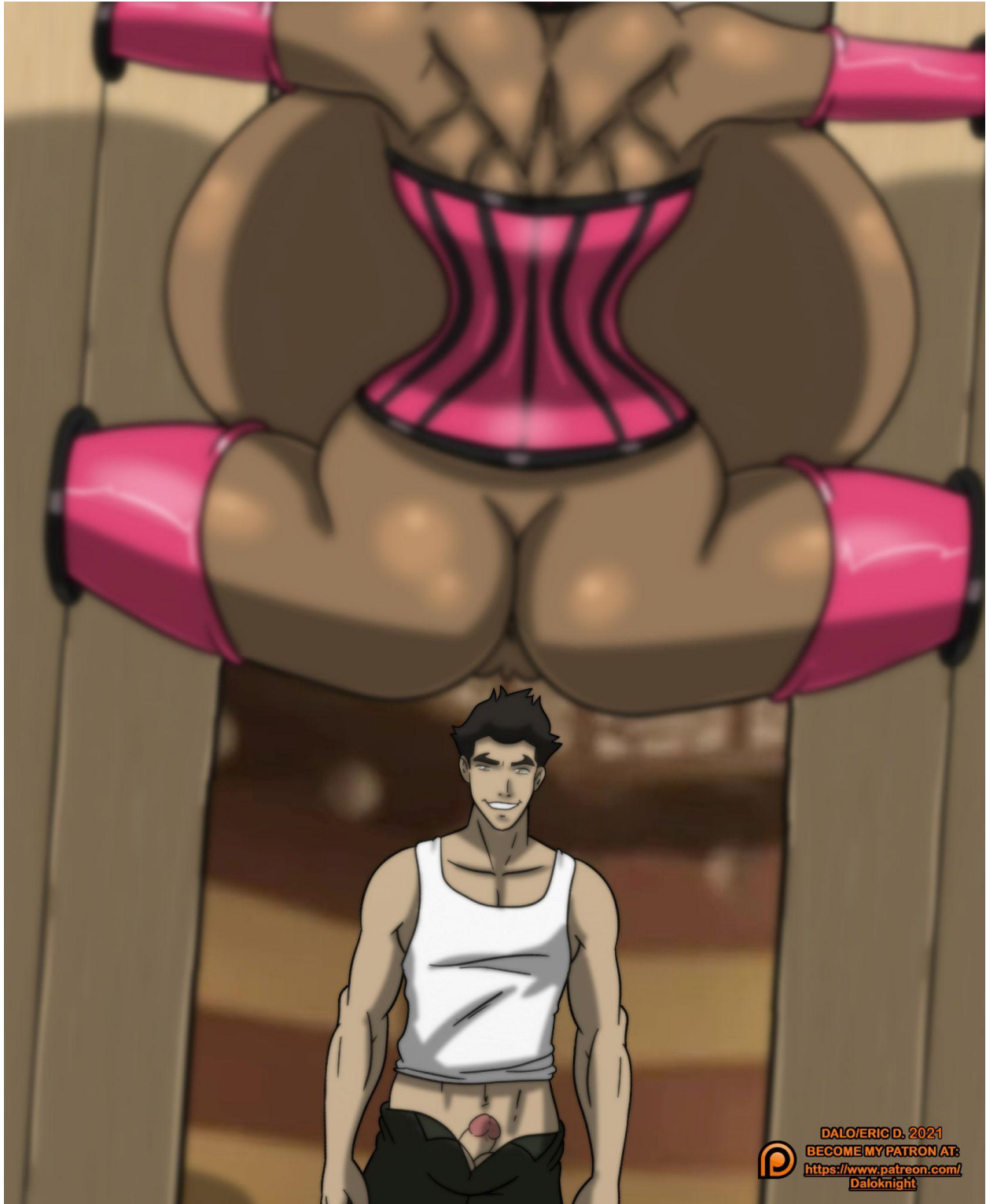
A sudden sharp pain made her gasp. Eyes snapping open to see Mako forcing the other crudely fashioned piercing into place. They were by no means professional, only amateur. Through her

watering eyes, Korra could make them out as nails fashioned with discarded corks amongst the rubbish in the room.

“Seems to me that they only leak whenever you put up a fight” Mako tells Korra while plugging her nipples with corks.

“That should do the trick, but for the long term who's to say?”

With her nipples now plugged, Korra was moved to her dummy post. Locked into place for Mako to practice his accuracy. Sucking in her stomach and gritting her teeth. Korra prepared for more of the Domiance's burning touch.



Instead, Mako came at her himself. Driving his fist hard into Korra's ample breast.

"How dare you act without my permission, slave!"

His roar followed by a second shot sinking deep into Korra's other breast.

"I saw you eating some of my breakfast. Didn't think you'd be caught, did you?" Mako swung a modified uppercut. Two fingers jutting out to be pierced into Korra's exposed nethers. Plunging deeply into her body.

There was little Korra could do. Trapped within the posts. She could do nothing to stop the onslaught. The helplessness driving up her sensitivity. Each strike building upon the next. Until it all came Mako drove into her. Tearing the sudden climax from her body with a surprised cry. Only making Mako snarl more.

"Stupid Bitch! Who gave you permission to cum!?" The fingers were withdrawn and replaced with fists. Slamming all over her body. Into her breasts. Into her pelvis. Into her traitorous, dripping, pussy. Forced into arousal from the confusion.

All Korra could do was plead. "I'm sorry Master! Please! Forgive me!"

Mako's hand continued moving down to rub in between her legs. Fingers pressing deep into her. Almost fisting her pussy at a whim. Stretching her around his hand.

Korra thrashes from the sudden intrusion. Korra's face scrunched up in pain, it felt as though her insides were on fire. The passion in her loins was fast becoming outpaced by the burning in her lungs as she screamed out! If she hadn't been hanging, she would have fallen to her knees as a climax is ripped from her body.



"I have come to a decision." Mako said outright to all within hearing distance.

"Hm?" Bolin looked up from Pabu.

"We need a submission bender for our team, and this slave will be our new member"

Bolin grabbed his chest. Slamming it to clean the air way from the sudden gasp. Coughing while wiping his watering eyes.

"Um...why?"

“Why? Think about it bro! We all saw it for ourselves back at the shopkeep last week Bolin. And all through this week’s daily training. That is not normal for the times in which we live. During an age where young women can no longer think least at all bend. Save one-”

“Wait, you don’t mean . . . ?”

“Yup. She’s the Taboo.”

No one spoke. Korra’s words failed her. Bolin looked confused. Pabu pawed at Bolin. Wanting him to return to petting her.

“That’s right, I know who you are and you’d better shape up with me right now or else-

Mako slams into Korra’s cunt, fisting her vagina forcing it to stretch wide open. His Burning chains of dominance warped into the electric energy.

He watched as her body struggled, her mind racing, her mouth drooling, her tits swaying, and her pussy pouting!

"Now tell me, Who are you?!"

Look, ok I get it! I’ll answer you honestly, if you please just stop! "Y-you were right ok?! I am the T-Taboo, my name is Korra and I-"

Mako shocks her pussy again! Watching her with a devilishly delightful grin on his face, waiting for the inevitable.

"Wrong! Now try it again idiot! Tell me who are you?!""

She started to break, blindly answering any questions given to her.

"Im an idiot, a dumb animal, Im a stupid lowley s-sex slave!"

"And who do you belong to?!"

He watched as her mind began to swim into a semi-conscious state. Her mind slowly escaping inside of itself, shutting down under the immense pressures.

"To you Mako, this dumb cunt belongs to you master!"

"So then finally admit it to me, who you really are?!"



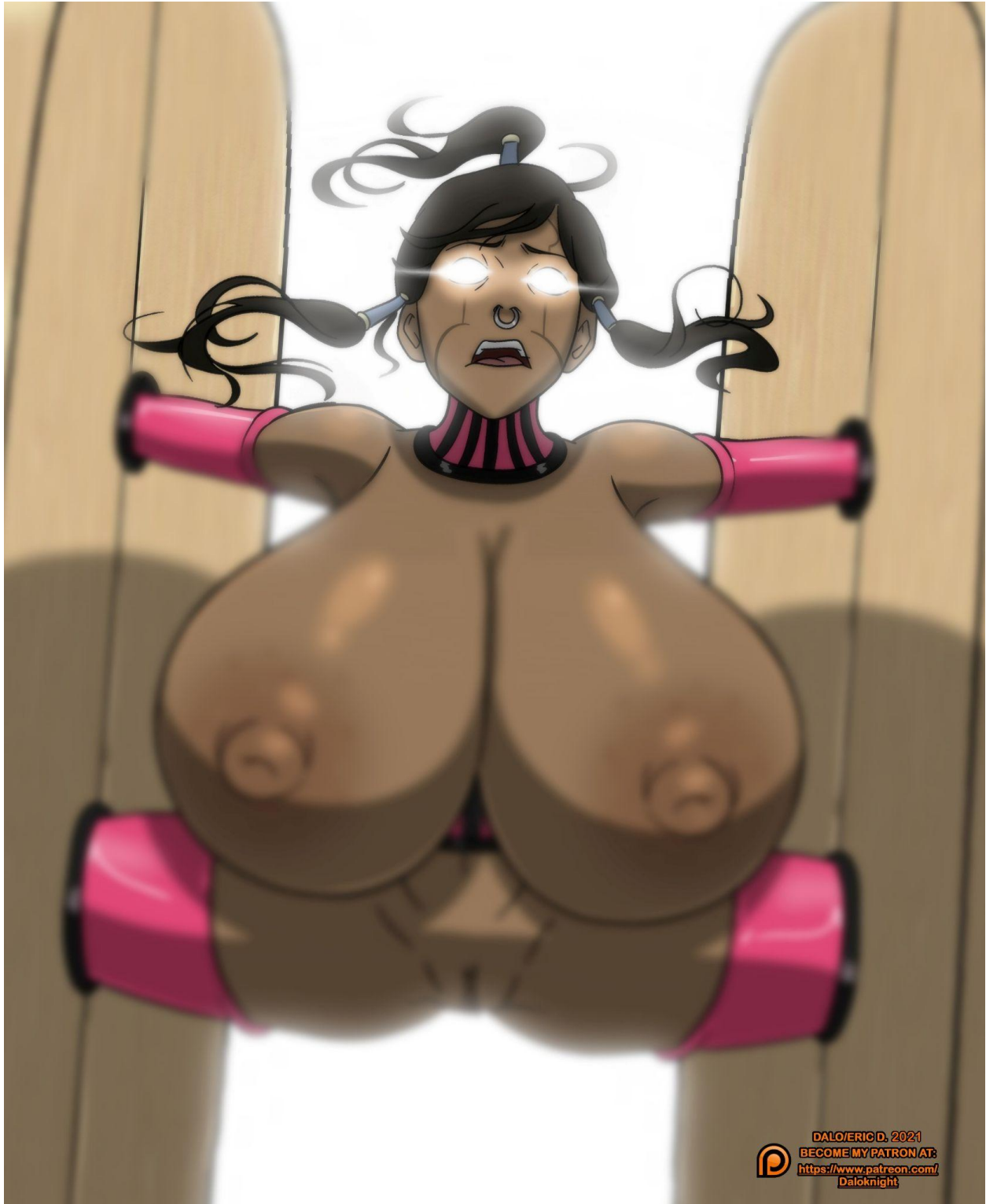
Korra was nearing an event horizon, an epiphany, a climax, a new state of mind. As her Taboo spirit began to light up the room. Bolin fell aside dumb struck to what he was witnessing. Mako remain ever cool and collected, even at the sight of this marvel.

After days of being treated like a dumb animal by the hands of her captors and being subjected to their numerous degrading tortures and casual abuse. Korra's mind had finally collapsed under her pent up sexual desires and pain.

Her only chance of surviving this madness was to cope with it. By 'normalizing' to her new environment by any means. It is the only way to preserve her sanity, she thought. Being a slave was her lifestyle now, it is where she belonged, and it is who she was now.

"I SWEAR UPON MY TITLE AS THE TABOO, TO FOREVER BE YOUR FAITHFUL SLAVE GIRL FROM NOW ON MASTER MAKO!"

Apon climaxing, Korra's Taboo state rocked the entire stadium like an earthquake. Leaving only a bright yet fading blast of light from her body as Korra regained consciousness, only to fall into a state of defeat.



DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>

Shattering Mako's calm cool demeanor, as he realizes he might have pushed a little too far on that one.

"Sure hope no one of interest saw that", Mako muttered to himself.

Korra was in a state of abject misery and degradation, the defeated girl cried out in vain at what had become of her life, and screamed in sobbing agony with only the pain in her over shocked pussy to keep her company.

“Why did I give in to him?!” her mind screamed. “How could I have been broken so easily?!”

She spent a lot of time fighting the thoughts in her head, maybe she really was a just a dumb animal. She knew that she was the Taboo, but maybe she was a dumb animal too, she sure felt like a dumb animal, everyone treated her a such. Her thoughts raced, swirling around her weakened mind, a constant barrage of emotions as she considered her place in the world.

Despite her hate and her self loathing, she now had to accept her new place, to fully commit to her new role, as his pleasure toy, a warm mouth and a pair of tits to play with. To obey without question. Swearing her Title of the Taboo sealed her fate, she's expected to uphold that promise. A pact by a Taboo must always be kept, that's what she was taught by the WHite Collar after all.

And although the act had disgusted her at first, she found it somewhat familial. Sure her mind was awash with new sensations. But a strange sense of harmony overcame her having accepted her place at his feet. Not as the Legendary Taboo. But her place as a woman, “his” woman.

“The Taboo.”

“Yup.”

“It is her.”

“Yup.”

“And we caught her.”

Bolin sat for seven more minutes to fully process his thoughts. The truth seems too crazy to be real.

"But if she's the Taboo... Hold on, how were we able to take her down? If she really is the Taboo, she should have wiped the floor with two thugs like us, right?"

“From what the news said, she is as young as we are and not fully trained.”

“Ok. So? This isn't making any sense. She's a stray. Like all the others we've caught and sold.”

"You saw it just now with your own eyes bro, it is her!"

"The Taboo! Guess that neck tattoo would have proven as much too."

"Yup."

"And she's our new replacement team member now?"

"Yup."

Korra was caught, it was all over as she thought of what the White Lotus would do when they discovered where she was. These two however gave her large, shit eating grins.

"We could tell the White Lotus all about you and collect the reward... Or you could follow my commands." Mako laughed, as he stuck a finger into Korra's mound, eliciting a moan of pleasure from the bound Taboo.

"Oh, so you like this now? Such a good girl." Mako mused.

Korra blushed bitterly, looking away from the two as she bit her lip. She hated that she agreed with him, and even more how good it felt. She huffed, meeting Mako's waiting eyes.

"Fine... I'll be your good girl..." She stated, Mako pulling his fingers out of her snatch.

"Then let's get you registered as my slave, so you can join our team." He stated with a smirk.

"Let's hit the showers first though." Bolin cheered as he and Pabu rushed to the showers.

Pabu sulked as they walked downtown while Korra was irritated, the ferret girl had been gagged during their shower time because she kept playing with Korra, biting Taboo's breast and making a new mess for Mako to clean after being warned to stop.

After the shower, The group soon arrived at the back alley shop where they had first gotten Korra. Within minutes, the shop owner was surprised to see them again. While Mako had wished the legitimate licensing wouldn't have cost them a large portion of the winnings, it needed to be done after Tahno's threat.

"Here's a forgery of the licence you requested. You'll need to turn those in at city hall. And if all goes smoothly as I'm certain it will, you'll be presented with her new tags."

"I did my part, be sure you do yours after the championships and pay me up fair and square." the shopkeep demanded. "Now get out of here and make sure you weren't followed by the cops."

-

Mako grumbles. The threat swirling in his head as he scowls. It was a heck of a lot more likely that the shop keeper would pull some kind of bullshit anyways, Yet they still needed to at least try. And for that, they'd need to get to City Hall. Mako muses as Bolin busies himself with Korra.

"So we're going?"

"Not yet, she's too recognizable as the Taboo." Mako juts a thumb at Korra. We'll need a disguise to get her in."

The four were hustled from the shop. Mako spitting swears as he turns back to the shutting door. With a sigh, he grumbles. Holding up the ratty paper that would at least get rid of one of his problems. If not lead the way to more-

"Hey it's the Fire Ferrets! Oh are those your amazing cheerleader slaves from yesterday? The big titted one is my favorite!"

A random passerby on the docks nodded to the boys.

"Wow! You are the Fire Ferrets! And oh hey, if it isn't the big titted dimwitted one! She's a real beauty. I wish my slave was as gorgeous as her. Well anyway have a good rest of the day and good luck on the big game"

"Thanks man," Mako replies happily. Struck but sudden realization as they continued on. "You know, maybe we've been making this more complicated than we need to." Bolin tilted his head. "Well, no one is going to associate the Taboo with this "big titted dimwit". Plus, we're actually getting noticed for once. How about we lean into this?"

Bolin "Oh I see what ya mean, instead of hiding her outright we bring her more attention? Kinda like our mascot or something?"

Mako grins. "Just a bit of touching up to add to the character." Using what he had on him, he proceeds to split Whorra's single ponytail into a set of pigtails on either side of her head.

"Something is missing." Bolin stroked his chin.

"Yeah...but what?" Mako closed his eyes. There wasn't anything else on him to work with.

"Wait," Bolin hands the leash to Mako and peer down under the peer before returning with what he had been looking for "Every dog needs a stick, right?"

"Everyones looking for some great Taboo warrior, not a well known cheerleader deva".

"Nice, she looks perfectly disguised now!"

Afternoon begins shifting to night by the time team Taboo reaches city hall.

As Mako walks in, he can't help but hear the mutterings about it.

"Yes, the entire building shook." a rather poorly dressed man confessed. "We thought the whole roof was going to come in."

"Such a thing without warning," The other man mutters, stroking his woman's head. "Pussykins here was in a tissy. Couldn't get her to calm down."

"Does anyone even know where it came from?"

"I heard it was from the stadium," The customers at a stall were talking. The strangely familiar woman in green rolled her eyes from her spot attached to it.

"If only they knew," Mako mutters and continues on. Breathing to calm down and make sure they all reached the building at the same time.

Inside the city hall, bureaucracy reigns as expected. Mako and Bolin really had no reason to be in here. Luckily however, The police presence was lessened due to the earlier quake. Most if not all of the city hall police were called away to deal with damages or looting.

"Perhaps prepping her into that disguise was overkill?" Mako mutters to himself.

Inside, men tended to the duties of the city. Office hounds wandering around. Carrying messages and packages between departments. A few even walking on their hind legs and assisting with the basic paperwork.

It was one of these in which Mako turned the license into. A chipper older slave greeted him and asked for the license paperwork.

But was soon met with a minor issue.

The older slave squinted, having not looked at the paperwork since Mako had placed it before her. No, her eyes were on Korra. Her brow furrowed. "Sir. If it is not too bold of this slave for asking but is that...? And are you two...?"

Mako clenched his fist. Bolin was unable to keep his expression straight. "...Yes?" Mako answered. Legs tightening for the coming dash for the door. Murmurs were coming from two officers flanking the door. One was listening in to the other. A hushed conversation between the two of them. Both of them were looking directly at Korra.

"I knew it. I knew it!" the teller's chest bounces about as she hops excitedly. "Master allowed me to watch her performance. I wouldn't dream that I'd be this close to The Fire Ferrets." she presses her face into the desk, unable to move away from it so having to make do. "Would you fondle this humble slave teller's breasts like you do with your Fire Ferret?" Mako and Bolin oblige the teller, the officers out of the corner of Mako's eye nods approvingly. Seeing them make the grasping motion while looking at Korra. "Ohhh, how Master used to fondle me like this when I competed. But he knew what was best when he bought me and trained me to be a good teller."

"So there isn't a problem?" Mako releases the teller's breast. Trying not to get his hopes up.

"This teller is sorry, but there is one small problem." Using the breast that isn't currently in Bolin's hand to touch the sheet. "You haven't listed a name here sir."

Without missing a heartbeat, " 'Whorra'. I want her new legal name to be Whorra."

"Yes of course dear sir, just a moment."

Mako looked down at a rage filled array of eyes glaring back at him.

"What? We can't use your real name after and besides you're my whore now, so it made sense." Mako defended himself.

All Korra could do is scowl and accept it, "ok well that just happened" she muttered to herself. " my new name is Whorra, I guess".

The slave clerk handed Mako Whorra's new clit accessory. And offered to install them free as is customary.



An officer greeted them and used his bending skills to bind a metallic wire to Whorra's nose hook. Leading her and the others into the back, where after a wee bit of work climbing Whorra's body and tit mass onto the operations table.

The Office slave clerk went right to work on Whorra's clit piercing.

Whorra's eyes widened in shock.

Mako chuckled, seeing the humiliation in her eyes. Mako and Bolin held down the newly christened 'Whorra' as her tag was applied. The Taboo howled into her gag as the tag was applied, her slave sisters looking on as the office slave then rubbed a cream onto her swollen bud.

Whorra could be heard moaning through her horn as she waddled to keep up with her owners on the trip back home. But before that we made a pit stop to eat. 'The Kyoshi Grill' had the best



selection of meat and fish, the greatest part about the place wasn't the slaves used to serve the food: no it was the slaves up on stage imitating the 'Kyoshi Whores'. That and this place was perfect for people on a budget or wanting to splurge.

The four celebrated well into the night over their recent successes. Whorra and Pabu were even left unplugged and ungagged. To join in on the excitement.

The quartet made their way drunkenly home, only Pabu being somewhat clear minded as she helped guide her group home. They barely made it inside the apartment when lust took them, Bolin was first as he pulled his pants and shorts down to his ankles, flopping forward as he impaled Pabu's asshole. Whorra with a drunken grin launched her head to Mako's pants and used her teeth to pull the zipper down.

The group bounced against one another and were airtight. It was work to get a finger in between them. Pabu took to this stoically, smiling and thinking almost exclusively about getting fucked or sucking her master's cock. Not once did a single original thought cross her mind, she was a pair of tits and a tight body full of empty holes and not much more.



DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>



“Cunt,” Mako motioned to Whorra.

She just smiled dumbly up at him and she glanced back behind him and then let his trousers drop. He stroked his cock quickly and slapped it against her forehead, making sure to get it nice and hard before wedging it between her dumb lips.

He held it to her mouth while she sucked, watching the tip of his cock penetrate her soft, cushiony lips, and her neck pulse as she swallowed.

Mako activated his electric bending on her, forcing Whorra to use her tits to stimulate him as she sucked him off.



Then just as Mako began to climax into her throat-

"Tell us what you are again Whorra?"

"I'm..." Whorra struggled with the stuff in her mouth, struggling to swallow it, her mind recoiling, feeling overwhelmed. She tried again, gagging, "I'm you dumb Taboo slave slut, master," she breathed. Followed by swallowing again.

He began removing his cock at her dumbly leering lewdly opened O of a mouth.

"That's right you are" he said while wiping his wet cock off on her dry cheeks.

Whorra was propped back up, still drooling and fumbling with her lips still painted white from Makos' cum. As her Master's hand approached, he stuck a finger in her mouth for a moment and let her suckle for a bit before disengaging.



Mako smiled and then jabbed his lubricated finger into Whorra's wet cunt, holding his finger down and twisting. The labia drooped and became puffed, the folds opened more, revealing more of her cunthood, the red of her clit became redder, redder, and then popped in an angry explosion, like a zit, he had condemned it to death.

Whorra bolted upright, her scream piercing and shrieking!

She returned to life, staggering to her feet, slowly, slowly, and then Mako pushed her back down, rudely.

“We're not done yet silly.”

Whorra groaned.

Mako flung himself on her, letting his pants fall down around his ankles and sliding himself up and into her sloppy wet ravine. He grabbed at her full tits and fucked her fast and hard.

Whorra eyes began to roll back and white, the struggling woman began screaming once again, while the pair slowly began fucking and sliding towards the kitchen. The tight skin of Whorra's bosom squeaked on the tile floor, and she felt her armpits being tugged.

The pair slid over to the kitchen counter, were Mako pulled Whorra back by sliding his right arm under her neck, and then squeezed her left tit with a fluid milking motion, until she lactated into a nearby cup of booze.

“That's my girl, feed me some of that sweet melon nectar of yours”.

Mako said, slapping her bum, claspng it and gripping it firmly in his hand.

He climbed off her, seeing her breathing in extremely shallow, helpless breaths. Whorra tried to speak but had no breath for it. Her eyes followed him as he moved around to her collapsed state. He inclined his head, looking down on her, aiming his cock to ensure her well earned drink at least landed on her face.

“Nothing quenches the thirst more after a great fucking.”

She swallowed as much as she could, leaning her head forward slightly. Gulping the cum down. Shortly after she let out a very odd moan.

“Mooooo-oooo.”

At least that's what Mako thought he heard, as he was very drunk and now very sleepy. As He yawned, turning his attention to his bed. Leaving Whorra drained of all life on the floor covered in his semen.

Whorra suckled on the remainder of cum Mako left for her on the floor to clean up, as she too began falling to sleep until her equilibrium was fully restored.

That night was the most untamed of their sexual escapades but certainly not the last.

The week that followed was hard. It stayed relatively the same: We ate breakfast with my ass serving as Pabu's bowl, we went to workout leading to the four of us having sex in the showers.

My training in the ring as their new Submissive User was all business, outside the ring was a different training all together. Bolin was odd, a statement that should be clear to anyone who met him, let alone with how he trained me.

In matches he used his Control abilities to strike at their opponets as a distraction before having the flower puff in in their face to paralyze them while outside matches he enjoyed using the vines to hold me up so he could easily fuck my ass, he enjoyed it more having me help him double team Pabu. My tongue playing with her pussy while he fucked her mouth then vice versa: I tasted his cum in her mouth while his dick was able to smoothly pump in and out of her slick pussy

Mako was a lot easier, in the ring he liked to lead with the Flame Whips whipping around in a burning flurry of his Dominance powers before switching to the Lightning Chains. Outside the ring he was more than happy to use his whips to abuse my ass and pussy as he fucked me... I need to keep reminding myself he owns me now. The good thing about the brothers is both make sure Pabu and I cum as well.

The brothers began to allow me more privileges. For one thing, I was allowed free movement in the apartment loft. No leashes, no bondage and no more eyes watching me. The brothers even started talking to me much more like I was a person, asking for my opinions and even asking if I had any strategies after watching some of the other matches. Those led to many more victories of our own. Things were becoming great as we finished every night at Kyoshi Grill either to celebrate, or just to hang out...

But then, our time had run out. As our most important match soon approached us.

Bolin continued in his bad habit of sleepwalking in a dazed semi unconscious state, once again confusing Whorra for the toilet. "Bolin, you're missing," Whorra said looking up with a determined smile. Guiding his cock's release into her mouth hole. After he shook himself off on her face, Whorra shamelessly started to lick and suck his cock off in order to better help clean it. Feeling satisfied from this, Bolin slumped back to his bed for about an hour left of rest. Whorra

took off to finish her expected morning chores.



She had been up early for about an hour now. With the completion of her regimental training, she was now trusted enough to move about on her own without male supervision. She used this

time to clean herself up, too look presentable for her masters. As well as get an early start on cooking breakfast.

As the hour of awakening drew near, Whorra climbed into Mako's bed, crawling under his sheets and began to stir him from his sleep with a blow job. Discreetly spitting it out before he could cum in her mouth. As she was trained to be part of the team, her calories were being watched. That included proteins of all sorts. But to ensure it didn't go to waste, she made sure to store it in a container for later consumption.

Mako climbs down from his bunk, Whorra eagerly awaiting him while on her knees with her neck exposed. Bolin and Pabu had already started eating behind her.

“Good Morning, breakfast is waiting for you Master.”

Mako smiles, lifting Whorra's chin and kissing her on the forehead.



“A kiss? He kissed me, but why?” Whorra thought to herself as she began to blush. “Could he have those kinds of feelings for me?”



“That's my girl. Now come, let's eat.”

With the completion of the boys breakfast came the regular morning routine of “ass to ass” breakfast for Whorra and Pabu. Whorra didn't hesitate to clean out Papu's asshole like she did in the past, licking, chewing and sucking every last crumb or filth that presided in Pabu's dirty hole. Which lit a fire in Pabu, causing her to do the same to her mate. The pair broke down on the floor, the girls eating each others pussies in a brief display of heated fucking on the floor.

This shocked Bolin. He was not used to seeing Pabu show interest in anyone but him. Watching the horny pair of sluts trapped in an intimate passion, eating out each other's holes. He want to interject but-

“Let them have their fun bro” Mako told his brother.

“Yeah but... No, you're right. It's nice to see them finally getting along with each other after all”.

After the girl's passions died down. The group prepped and headed downstairs for training.

Whorra liked not having to crawl down these stairs on all four anymore. How Pabu did it with such ease she'd never know. Following behind her teammates, she had already been stretching her arms when she bumped into them. “Excuse me Mast...ers?”

The training room was a wreck. More so than it should have been. It's where all the cheap, discarded and broken training equipment was kept after all but-

This time, there was nothing intact. Smashed to splinters. Even the worn leather harnesses were in ribbons. Pabu whimpers, pressing her face against Bolin's leg. “I...guess no practice today...” Bolin murmurs. Lacking anything else to say.

The Owner was not happy. You'd think he wouldn't have cared if the most trashed room in the Arena got a bit worse but no.

“No one saw anything? Not a thing?” He roars.

The personal dummies he kept flinched. The bodyguard catches the ashtray he flung at the wall in fury.

“I know for a fact that you boys wouldn't put this much work into ruining your own area. What's got me concerned is that NOT A GODDAMN SINGLE ONE OF YOU HEARD A THING! What happens if they trash an actual training room? Or a vendor??? I won't stand for this! I won't! I'll have the whole precinct here if I have to tell them that Amon himself bought a ticket!...”

“Let's go.” Mako pushes the group out of the room. Leaving the man to rant for his slaves. “Guess we'll need to do this the old fashion way.”

Whorra held her tongue, as she had a suggestion on what they could do in their spare time. She feared retaliation, for speaking out of turn, but the more she continued to think about it, she figured the opinions of a woman would just go unnoticed anyhow.

She stuttered, meekly rolling it around in her mouth, before blurting outright. “Masters.” No stopping now. “Perhaps today should be more of a...morale support day?” She says softly. Keeping her eyes down. “A day just to enjoy ourselves?”

Mako sucks in through his teeth then sighs. “Yeah...yeah. Come on. We're gonna get out of ear shot of this.”

Wait, that worked? He actually bothered listening to my opinion? Whorra thought to herself.

“Let’s go kill some time at the city park” Mako commands.



The park of Safeword city was very inviting, according to the tourists. A place where a man could escape the hustle and bustle of the city. If it wasn’t for the occasional stray, it would have been perfect. Couples walking, often with one on a leash, along a path going around the small ponds. If only the gossip wasn’t so heavy.

“Did you hear? The arena was attacked.”

“No kidding? Why? Did someone lose a bet?”

“I heard it was some Equalist zealots that “saved” some of the dummies there.”

“Buncha idiots. Those poor dummies must be stressed out of their minds.”

Whorra followed Mako as the whispers and tense words followed. Bolin chased Pabu all about the grass, who had gotten loose of him and now wanted him to chase her.

“He...jeez..” Mako chuckles. How does such news not bother him? Then again, it wasn’t on him to worry. He wasn’t the Taboo...

A tug drew Mako's attention. Looking back, Whorra was shaking. A clear sign of discomfort as she tries to bottle herself up. "Just go. You've done it before you know."

"Not that openly though," Whorra whispered as she glanced around.

"Really are a lot of people out today." Bolin stated. Only furthering to hinder Whorra.

"Not helping Bolin. Come on Whorra," Mako walks off the path, leading his pet along to a small grove of trees in the park. It was about as out of the way as they could be in a park like this.

"Now go. Don't be picky."

Whorra waddles over. Shaking as she tries and fails to lift her leg. Moving and trying again..and again...and again. Each time she tried to press herself to go, she'd see yet more people that could plainly see her. She whimpers, looking pleadingly at Mako.

Sighing, walking over and kneeling. Stroking Whorra's head. "You're just a pet. Like any of the other dozen pets here. No one is staring. No one is watching. Just get it all out and it'll all be over." Stroking along her neck and back. Feeling the tension slowly ebbing away as he stands. Taking a few steps away and turning back. Arms crossed. "Eyes on me. Nothing else matters. Eyes on me."

Her eyes did watch. Looking at Mako. Taking him in as the rest of the world fell away. She didn't feel nervous as she started to go. Looking back and sighing as relief flowed from her body onto the tree roots.

"Come one, come all. Enjoy a nice Melon. Creamier and juicer than even the real thing?"

And there it all came rushing back. "Gah! Damn it Whorra!" Mako yelped from the sudden splash of urine. "Damn it Damn it Damni..."

Whorra however was not paying attention. Instead, just past Mako's legs, she could see a very familiar cart being run by a very familiar man whose familiar red haired steed woman was now locked eyes with hers. She tries to make herself smaller, but-

Mako's pity had run out, He grasped her by the hair. "You're gonna get it later" Gripping the leash and returning to where Bolin and Pabu waited.

"Um, you got a little-"

"Shut it Bolin. It'll dry."



With her business settled, Whorra pulled. It didn't matter if Bolin and Pabu stayed, so long as she got as much room away from that bastard as possible. First was the breasts, then came the utter humiliation at the stadium. She wouldn't stand here for whatever came next. He's too busy selling that swill he calls a drink to notice them-

"Ha ha. My my boys, you really know how to put on a show. I'm glad ole' Melons could help out." The Melon Merchant tossed his arm around Bolin, eyes spotting Mako and waving him over. Whorra whimpering and struggling as Mako pulls her along. "Been making big bucks off that little Ferret and Pony show the last week". Elbowing Bolin with a wink. "Tell ya what boys, drinks are on me."

"Oh thank god." Bolin smiled, "I could use a drink."

"And what sort of heartless monster would I be if I didn't keep your two pets cool as well?" Pabu yips happily, shaking her hips as the Melon Merchant leans behind the counter, bringing back a slice of his melon. Placing it on the ground for Pabu to take. Trying to balance in her paws as she licks at it. Her eyes glanced at Bolin as she drew it out.

"And one for you..." Whorra tries to back away. Shaking her head, but Mako wouldn't be saving her as he was already enjoying his drink. The Melon Merchant brought out a much larger slice. "Oh, you don't need to thank me. Here, let me make sure you enjoy all of it."

The Melon Merchant grabs the back of Whorras head as he rams the sliced fruit into her mouth. The corners can be seen jabbing into her cheeks. Now firmly in place, the sliced fruit gave her a perverted smile. The Melon Merchant snickers and returns to his cart. Ignoring the rolling eyes of his steed. "Knock em dead Boys. My juice sales depend on it!"

"That drink did the spot, but man It's still too hot out!" Bolin whined.

"Then jump in the pond like Pabu." Mako pointed to her, already splashing about and getting dirty looks from the more reputable park visitors.

"The Melon Merchant swaggers over. "Interested in another swig, eh?" His eyes flash to Whorra, a smirk crossing his lips. "Or perhaps you have someone that would enjoy a few more cup sizes?"

Bolin's face splits into a dreamy grin. Picturing Pabu with a more ample chest. Making them a matching set with Whorra...getting...pounced on by all that weight...pinning him down. Pabu having her way with him, trapped under those breasts.

Bolin grins sheepishly, but before he could give his answer-

"We're gonna have to pass for now", Mako states.

"Oh well, It was fun to dream", Bolin spouts as he begins to slump.

"Ahhh boys, boys. So cold to an old man..." Melons, the woman in the green harness on the cart, snorts. "Then how about you two do me a little favor eh?" Whorra did everything she could to keep Mako between them. For what little good that did.

Mako was uncharacteristically fine with her unslave-like behavior, acting on her own and all. It was understandable, after what she told him that this old creep had done to her. But honestly he kinda enjoyed the up close affection Whorra was presenting him, almost like they were a real couple. Maybe he could use this to his advantage should she ever disobey him again, he sneered.

The Merchant's hand closes around her nipple. Causing her to yelp. "HEY!" Mako smacks the hand away. "The hell you think you're doing old man?"

"Noooootthinnnnggg noootthinnnnggg. I just noticed that your slave seems a bit pent up, that's all." The old man's most soothing voice still had the aftertaste of sour milk. "She looks like she could pop at any moment. Tell ya what lads. How about I give her a few good hard tugs. I'll even keep the milk."

"No."

"There might even be a little something in it for-"

"I said no." Mako frowns. "Come on, we're leaving." Mako pushes past the Melon Merchant. Whorra stayed close, while giving the merchant an ugly face. Bolin shrugs sheepishly as he hurries to keep up.

The old man glowers. "Bah, stingy brats! You wait and see that girl and her magical money making melons will be mine!" He spits into the dirt. "Don't know what they're missing." Melons snorted again. "Hey! I heard that. You think you're better than me cart slut?" Melons didn't look at him. Merely raised a leg as though threatening to give him a kick and piddles at his feet instead.

The gossip hung heavy as the Fire Ferrets spent the day wandering the city. Before winding down at their favorite restaurant in the city.

"So do you think Equalists really attacked?" Bolin questioned.

"Nah. If Equalists were gonna steal dummies, they woulda gone after them in storage. Besides," Mako slurped on his cheap noodles. "It's more likely it was done by Tahno and his lot. After all it was only our gym that was hit."

"Naaahhh, why would he care?" Bolin slurps as well. Shoveling it in as fast as possible. Pabu nestled against his leg. Flirtatiously trying to get around it.

"You saw him. He shows off before his own cheerleaders. What do you think would happen to his reputation if it got out that a dumb...if Whorra got one up on him while bound?" Bolin nods thoughtfully, slurping on his noodles. Whorra ate in silence on the floor out of her complementary doggy bowl.

She wanted to believe...but still, if there was the chance. No! How could the Equalists even know where she was? Even the white collar have yet to find her. And even if Tahno was behind the destruction of the gym, then so what? It's not her place to worry about such things anymore. Her place as a slave removes her from ever having to worry about decision making or having pesky opinions ever again. Mako will handle him the same way he's handled everything else, including herself. With perfection.

"I'm his property now, all I need to worry about is how to better serve him. If I do that right he'll take care of me forever." Whorra muttered to herself while slurping down her sloppy noodles from her bowl.

Strange, the taste of cum never tasted so good as they did now. Was it the extra flavor of the noodles, or was it her having taken pride in what she was?

Whorra began to ponder what finding peace in as a slave may have given her besides a new found love for the taste of her masters cum.

It was evening by the time the group returned to the gym. Guess the Owner made good on his ranting. With officers screening attendees. Their Bitches on all fours beside them as they patted them down. Mako was glad he had gotten those tags for both of them as they passed inside. Hopefully it'd be enough.

Though what the Owner expected them to find amongst attendees wasn't lost on them. So with platitudes and promises, a deal was made for them to have some extra units nearby. Just in case the perps planned to come back during the games this evening.

Mako, Bolin and Whorra figured training was a lost cause anyways. It wasn't like they really needed to anyways. Perhaps it was for the best that they spent the rest of the day getting pumped up and ready for the games to come. Their bodies were tuned. Now they had the surplus of morale to make it through what was going to be likely to be games that would be once in a lifetime.

The arena stood packed. It didn't matter what rumors or worries there could be. No one was going to tell them to miss out on the biggest games of the season. With everyone's attention here, it would be downright suicidal to dare try.

Mako, Bolin and Whorra went to their locker room. Because calling it a side bathroom would have been less encouraging.

"Look what a stray brought in."

The boys didn't need to look up to know who it was.

"Damn we should have locked the door". Mako thought.

"I still wouldn't mind taking this one off your hand. Then you'd have an excuse to drop out without everyone seeing how piss poor your taste is."

"Whorra, please handle our guest for me" Mako pleasantly requested her. She was more than a little over enthusiastic to talk so smack to the jerk! But needed permission before engaging.

"Yes Master Mako, leave it to me."



Whorra get's right in Tahno's face. It felt strange being on an equal level with him. Most of her encounters with him have been in a lesser than desired stance. As much as she could easily deck him right here, right now, she didn't. "I apologize Sir, but this room is currently in use."

Even Tahno is a little taken aback. Lowering his arms that had shot up to protect his face.

Whorra smirks widely. "Is something the matter Sir?"

Mako can be seen smiling in the background, "That's my girl, go get him".

"Get off!" Tahno shoves Whorra. His hands sinking into her breasts like pudding.

"C-Careful Sir, you should know I have a leaking problem." Whorra continues to smile, while snickering.

Tahno draws his hand back. "Uppity little cunt. I ought to have you-"

"Assaulting another team's player? I wouldn't have thought that the Wolfbats needed to be so underhanded. Any more than you already have," Whorra leers back and smirks. "Because here, in this coliseum, I'm more than your equal. Doesn't that just burn?"

"Careful Stray, you go too far. If I were you, I would stop before I proved I needed to be repurposed".

Whorra turns her back to him, and proceeds to head back to head towards her master.

Tahno would love to strike down this little bitch. He can't. Not with so many witnesses that could hear. Much like Whorra can't do much more than talk shit because her Master allowed her too. An equal stalemate.

"Sir? I've asked this gentleman to leave us be as you've requested of me sir." Mako smiles. Bolin stifled a chuckle. Pressing his face into his helmet to hide his snort. Pabu has no problem openly mewling giddily.

"You probably should do as the lady asks and take a hike pal!"

Tahno's cheeks flush as he storms out.

"Good work."

Leaving the locker room Mako, Bolin and Whorra settle into their front row seats. It had taken a fair bit of pushing to get where they needed to be. Pabu didn't care for a spot and instead settled between Bolin's legs. Watching the massive platform standing over a pool of water with interest.

"The deciding match for who will enter the championship bout. It's the Wolfbats vs the Komondo Rhinos!" Both teams waved at the crowd while the Fire Ferrets talked to themselves.

"That was pretty awesome what ya did." Bolin says, looking over at Whorra with a grin.

"Bet Tahno is pretty rattled by all that."

Whorra blushes. Shifting what little she can in her seat. As her breasts take up most of that space.

"Oh I...I was just...Mako told me to do that." Whorra lowered her head with a bashful smile, The Taboo realizing the submissive body motion she made.

"Sure, I told you to but I didn't tell ya how. You did that well on your own" Mako nods. "I'm proud of you." Whorra's cheeks blush a bit deeper at the compliment.

Pabu pouted as she heard Whorra getting so much praise and began to act out, letting out a low growl before peeing on Whorra's foot just as the bell of the fight rang. Whorra let out a gasp, looking at Pabu as she now regretted her actions while Mako and Bolin used discarded fliers to clean the mess.

"Pabu!" Mako hissed as he rubbed the paper on his slaves leg to clean the mess.

"Ah man Pabu, you're making us..." Bolin looked down at the ring in shock, Mako and Whorra looking up to find only the Wolfbats now the only ones in the ring.

"Guys..." A shocked Bolin swallowed, looking to Mako and Whorra. "Please tell me you saw what happened." Mako shook his head while Whorra looked at the beaten Kolau Komodo Rhinos. The three were clearly upset, the Control/Submission/Dominance? The user angrily threw their head gear back into the ring as he followed his team into the locker rooms.

"It's fine." A clearly annoyed Mako began as he collected the soiled fliers to throw away. "We can study the film of the match tomorrow. Tonight, we're gonna celebrate at the Kyoshi Grill that we've made it to the Championships." Whorra and Bolin could tell Mako was worried, but he was also right that they needed to keep their minds focused on the positives.

The city was alive. Even this late at night. Everyone was abuzz about the Wolfbats recent game. People on every street corner were discussing the big upcoming championship game. The Fire Ferrets couldn't get away from the gossip. It plagued them all the way down the pier.

"So many people." Mako mutters. Lost in his thoughts from the game. There was so much to consider. Would Whorra be enough? Heck, would they be good enough?

Bolin was having trouble keeping up. Grumbling as celebrations were spilling out onto the pier. Something about the drink draws people to the pier. Likely because of the strays that could be caught and used while the sober minded would know where easier pussy would be.

“Hey. Stop pushing. Get off! Bolin? Hey Bolin! Gack! Oomph.” Not due to any issue of his, the shifting, churning crowd pushed Mako away from the other two. Try as he might, the crowd unintentionally moved him away from his brother. Depositing him outside of the mass.

Grumbling and patting himself off, he tried to push back in when he noticed something was clinging to his leg. It was Pabu..? At some point, she too must have gotten separated from Bolin, somehow, and ended up clinging to the only familiar thing in her reach as they were both ejected from the celebrating crowd.

She looked up, mewling pitifully and squeezing tighter to Mako’s leg. This being the same slave that hadn’t given him the time of day since Bolin had gotten her from the shop. In fact... Looking around, he knew this area of the pier. It was outside of the shop they had gotten Whorra’s stuff from...err...it had been here. Looks like things had gotten too hot and packed up shop.

Only the shelves and counter were left. Everything from the boxes of broken stuff to the kennels had disappeared. Likely to show up somewhere else along the pier. Oh well, at least Mako knew where he was now.

“You’re gonna need to let go Pabu,” Pabu did no such thing. Mako gritted his teeth. Dominance wrapping itself around his fist. Little shit. “I said,” Let go-ack!” Pabu had let go of his legs and socked him in the crotch at the same time. The fearful sniffing was replaced with an expression of discontent. She was NOT Whorra and wouldn’t take such crap from anyone BUT Bolin. Mako coughs, leaning against the wall as the stink goes down. “...ok...won’t try that again...” he mumbles. Standing up right and adjusting himself. “Let’s go find Bolin. Truce until then?” Pabu’s dismissive expression didn’t change. Yet she did not. Truce. “Back alleys then.”

The back alley remained empty. With the smell of salt and brine and all the food and company in the streets for once, Mako and Pabu could make easy progress toward the restaurant and regroup with the others. However, they were not alone.

The shopkeeper was back here, looking worse for wear. Cloth ragged and torn. Arms and face bloodied. It was clear what had been giving him such grief. Inside the large cage, snarling and watching, sat a massive beast. And the figure that the shopkeeper was speaking had its interest.

“Took me for fucking ever to track down this thing. Ya think those teeth are for show? Damn thing nearly got a finger.” The shopkeep looked as angry as the thing in the cage. Yet something in him reminded him of who he was currently spitting all over. “Not..that that is a problem. I want what I am owed.”

“And you will be.” The figure in the mask looked toward the beast in the cage. “The Taboo’s beast is required and you will be compensated well for it”

The Taboo’s? Whorra? She had said something...well, not to him. It had been a few weeks back when she was still getting broken in. At night when Mako was trying to sleep. She would whimper about something...her...Polar bear dog? Yes, that had to be what that creature was. It was Whorra’s. And if the Amon and the Equalists were trying to get it, then he’d have to do everything he could to stop it. After all, what was her’s was his in the end.

Amon had two others with him. It didn’t look like he had been expecting a fight. Good. Mako crept forward. Pabu doing the same. Creeping on all fours with her back hunched. Even an animal can sense a bad person.



DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>

“So the money?”

“It will be brought in due time. There is too much noise to get it to you now. But will be in contact soon.”

“I...am looking forward to it.” The Shopkeep knew better than to question it.

Mako moved along the way. Staying to the junk and dumpsters. He had expected Pabu to follow, but she moved to the other side of the alleyway. Crawling along. Eyes not leaving the group. "No. bad. Get over here." Mako hisses. Trying to get Bolin's damn slave to do what it was told.

Lucky for him, the group didn't look over. What was a stray to them after all?

"Can you get it away from here?" Amon looked back to the Shopkeeper.

"I got some people that owe me. Where do you want it?"

"Under the pier. No one will notice an extra boat with all of their good news."

The shopkeeper nods. Turning to the cage. "Soon, you'll be outta my hair and I won't have to deal with any more filthy strays." Smirking to himself. Amon turning to leave.

Suddenly, Pabu darted forward. Crashing hard into the shopkeeper. Slamming into his lower back. Bashing him against the cage. Her yowling and his swearing drew Amon and his follower's attention. Now was the time!

Mako charged at the Equalist and Amon. The first of the masked man's group took a large swing at him before Mako slid under their legs, pulling their legs out from under them. Mako summoned his Dominance abilities and threw a flaming whip at the second thug, he tugged the figure to himself then kicked them into Amon, knocking the leader to the floor!

Amon's mask was knocked off, the villain scrambling to grab it while keeping their back to Mako, keeping their identity secret. Mako turned to the cage, his red whips into their blue chain as he struck the lock, breaking it enough for the Polar Bear Dog to break free.

The beast, Naga, growled as it smacked away the shopkeeper, just as the man had gotten the upper hand on Pabu then leapt on one of the Equilist and Amon, biting the second Equilist's arm before throwing them into the ocean. Naga sniffed at the air before turning to Mako.

"Hey boy..."

Mako slowly greeted as the dog creature slowly stalked toward him.

"Stay..." He cautiously gulped, walking backwards while the creature continued to growl. The dog snapped at him, Mako sidestepped it's jaws and jumped on it's back, making a choke chain out of his Dominance chains to control it.

Naga snarled at the man on it's back before smelling a familiar scent. The dog let out a bark then jumped off Amon, Mako grabbing Pabu's arm as the giant creature rushed out of the alley!



## MEANWHILE...

"Stupid Tahno... stupid Wolfbats." Bolin grumbled as they walked down the pier, the people around them gushing about the match they just watched. Whorra noticed and slowed down to walk with the troubled Control user.

"Are You alright, Master Bolin?" Whorra asked, the slave giving him a kind smile.

"It's fine." He grunted, looking away from Whorra. Someone pushed the slave into his chest, the duo getting separated from the others as Bolin heard his brother calling out his name. "Mako! MAKO! Ugh-get off!" Bolin growled as he pushed the people away from them. "Err. Mako! Meet us at the Grill!" He called out to his brother, hoping he was heard as the crowd pushed and pulled them until then were a block away from where the Kyoshi Grill was.

"Well, that's great." Whorra sighed. As she then looked around. "Uh... Master Bolin..." she began while Bolin realized what was missing.

"Wait... Pabu? Pabu!" Bolin fell to his knees and cried out in anguish "PAAABUUUU!!!!" The man began to cry, getting odd looks from those passing by. Whorra leaned down to console her other master, snot leaking down his nose

"Master Bolin. Master Bolin, it'll be okay." She said, patting the man's back as he wept.

"My poor baby is lost in this city! She's probably alone and afraid. \*Gasp!\* What if I never find her!" He let out a new cry as people went from giving him odd looks, to trying not to look at him at all.

"Master Bolin..." The dark skinned slave girl shook her second master, breaking him out of his crying fit, both now looking into each other's eyes. "If I'm with you, that more than likely means Pabu is with Master Mako. All we have to do is wait for them at the Kyoshi Grill." She reassured him.

"You're right." He sniffed, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Thanks Whorra. Let's head to the Grill, for all we know they're already there." He said as he got up. The two made their way to their usual hangout.

They arrived at the Control Nation centric restaurant, Mako and Pabu unfortunately were nowhere to be seen. Bolin deflated, the Control user letting out a sad sigh while Whorra felt a pang of sadness.

"Hey." She put her hand on Bolin's shoulder. "Why don't we go get a snack or something while we wait for them?" She asked with a smile as he continued to frown. "C'mon, we can make fun of Tahno's hair?"

The pair head to their favorite bar The Kyoshi Grill.

Bolin orders himself a drink, while motioning Whorra to unzip his pants zipper and get to work on her "drink".

"I mean honestly, it looks like he combs his hair with a grease fork."

Shortly thereafter, their food arrives. But just as the pair began to enjoy themselves while joking about Tahno, trouble walked in.





"A greased fork you say?" A familiar voice caused both Bolin and Whorra to turn around. Standing in front of them was Tahno and the rest of the Wolfbats. Bolin knew that things were about to get worse.

Flamboyant and as arrogant as ever, Tahno swaggered on into the restaurant like owned the place. Accompanied by his boys on his team.

To his left stood Ming, a grey eyed Control user. A rarity to not see him swarmed with slavish fans. To his right stood Shaozu, a Dominance user like Mako was. A hanger on both in looks and tactics of Tahno.

"So, you heard what I said about your hair..." Bolin couldn't help but cringe.

"Grab him, boys!" Tahno ordered his henchmen.

With that simple order given, the two other members of the Wolfbats quickly grabbed Bolin before the man could make a move.

Ming shifted his body, a part of his black hair covering his eyes as he summoned a vine, snapping it at Bolin, the Wolfbat's Control Bender lead Bolin into a trap.



Whorra was poised, ready to Leap into action, but she refrained from striking out against her would-be attackers. Instead, she stood firmly in place and was ready to go at a moment's notice. All she required was permission to engage.

"Whorra! No matter what happens, do not fight them! We don't want to be disqualified!" Bolin shouted as the two men held his arms back.

"You should listen to him. After all, he's right." The leader of the Wolfbats said as he stepped forward, his greasy black hair draped over the side of his face, obscuring his right eye, but Whorra could tell he was eyeing her body.

"What do you want with him?!" Whorra demanded.

"It's not him I want." Tahno stated. "I want you."

"You can't have me! I'm his brother's property now!" Whorra replied, while pointing vigorously towards her clit tags. Not entirely realizing that she called herself property.

"You misunderstood what I'm trying to say. I don't want some stupid bitch that would only slow my team down." Tahno frowned. "All bitches like you are good for is being a tight hole for a superior man's cock to fuck."

Whorra was almost shocked by this creep's demeanor. Sure, she had been enslaved and forced to have god awful acts done upon her body, but the majority of people had treated her like a slave because she was a slave. They didn't treat her any less because she was a woman!

"So, this is about sex?" Whorra asked, not at all surprised.

"The stupid cunt finally gets it." Tahno smirked. "Maybe there's hope for such a simple minded slut, like you, after all."

"If you let him go, I'll let you have your way with me." Whorra offered, not wanting to go through with it, but she knew she had little choice.

"There you go again, running that stupid little mouth of yours and not thinking before you speak. Just like them older bithces. I swear, women need to be seen and not heard."

The two goons holding Bolin laughed, ultimately agreeing with their boss.

"You're not in any position to barter and strike a deal. I make the terms and you'll take them if you want him to walk out of here alive." Tahno declared.

Whorra really wanted to punch this guy, but knew better than to do that. "What are your terms?"

"Bolin will be released to you after my boys and I fuck you senseless."

"Fine, but don't expect me to enjoy it." Whorra said, whilst kneeling her body and head down.

"What I expect of you is simple..." Tahno explained as he approached Whorra, "you keep your mouth shut, legs spread open and do as you're fucking told. Do I make myself clear!?"

Whorra nodded and kept still as Tahno ripped what little clothing she had off of her body.

Whorra didn't say a word.

"Such a dumb cow!" Tahno slapped the poor girl. "On your hands and knees, whore!"



Whorra blinked and fought back the anger building up inside her. She got onto her hands and knees while every eye in the room was on her. She had been fucked before, countless times since becoming a slave, but this guy was beyond the normal brand of pervert. She could tell that this guy hated women.

That's no way to greet your new master," he said, unzipping his pants and freeing his enormous cock to the room. The bitch on the floor stopped her activity and bowed her head low in reverence, knowing her place.

He stepped closer up to Whorra and slapped the side of her face with his cock. He could see she wanted to cry. "Now properly say hello to me you stupid cow."

He shoved himself rudely into her mouth, her teats wobbled, her neck shook a bit in response to its new guest. Her cheeks bulged as he gripped the back of her head as Tahno forcefully face fucked her. Bolin was beside himself as he could only look on in shame, unable to defend his brothers property from rape.



"That's much better!" Tahno smirked and signalled for his men to come over.

The two guys standing with Bolin began walking up to the slave, ready to have their own demented brand of fun.

Whorra felt a strong pair of hands grab her from behind, pushing face down into the floor. With her head pinned by one of the men, Whorra couldn't see what was happening behind her, but the sound of a zipper being unzipped told her all she needed to know as Thanos unleashed himself. She expected to be penetrated any second, but instead felt a hand touch her ass, stroking her round cheeks gently until another hand firmly grabbed the other cheek.

With a sinister smile, Tahno roughly spread Whorra's ass cheeks apart to get better a good look at what he was about to fuck. The slave's asshole looked greasy and well used.

"Not even half as tight as the other girls I've had, but I guess that's to be expected from a common whore."

An evil laugh filled the restaurant as the other men on the Wolfbats' squad joined in, laughing with their boss.

"Maybe her cunt isn't as destroyed..." Tahno wandered around as his hand relinquished Whorra's right butt cheek and traveled below her round ass.

Whorra frowned as she felt the sleaze bag's finger trace along the outer folds of her slit until it came upon her tag.

"So you are marked." The grease ball smirked. "A slave like you should know her place, but I think it's time we remind you of your status."

Whorra winced as she felt the head of a cock thrust into her lower lips. Even with her womanhood thoroughly punished, it still felt large. With each push Whorra could feel his cock sliding deeper into her pussy until Tahno's balls started slapping against her pussy lips. Just as it was starting to feel good, Whorra felt hands grab her by her hair, yanking her up until she was eyeing a fully erect cock.



\*MPPHH\*

Before she could even utter an objection, the man in front of her held her head in place and slid the full length of his throbbing dick into her mouth while Tahno continued to take her from behind.

Both men settled into a steady rhythm which was sapping Whorra of her energy. It overwhelmed her senses and brutalized her body as Tahno and his men randomly slapped her or twisted her flesh. The bastards even forced poor Bolin into the action, still bound he couldn't resist as Whorra was forced to get him off as well along with her assalents.



Finally, after what seemed like an eternity to the poor woman, they picked up the pace. What had been painful mere moments ago was now absolutely agonizing as the men proceeded to rapidly ram her from both ends with their cocks. With such animalistic force, she struggled to breath through her nose with each push into her mouth and cunt. She was also beginning to lose the ability to focus as the pain began to overwhelm her mind. Tears started to flow freely down her face as the Wolfbats had their way with her.



Bolin watched in horror as the men took turns face fucking Whorra as Tahno worked her pussy like a man possessed. Tahno honestly had no idea how Whorra was still awake which was only made evident every time a muffled moan or scream of pain escaped past the dick fucking her throat. Which lit a fire of hatred deep within his loins, he wanted to break her so badly! It was only a matter of time until she would lose consciousness and pass out if this went on much longer, 'Maybe then they would leave her alone, but that greasy prick probably would keep fucking her...' Bolin thought grimly.

Whorra felt a momentary respite as the man fucking her face released his grip on her head and pulled out. For a brief moment, Whorra was grateful until she felt a hot, slimy sensation squirt into her eyes and face.

"It's your turn to go again." Tahno ordered his boys. They seemed out of breath and hesitant to rejoin, as this free fuck started to fill oddley creepy for them.

Tahno could see that his boys were starting to reach their limits, as they were losing interest in the girl. He reached for a pair of chopsticks and cleverly placed them up Whorra's nose and between her lips. Giving her the stupidest smile, which perked the boys right back up with a second wind. They grabbed ahold of her gigantic tits and started thrusting into them. Her tits bounced up and down on her chest, moving up and down as her body stayed relatively still.



DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>



Whorra struggled to focus on what was happening, she lost consciousness not too long after.

Whorra awoke shortly thereafter face down, in a puddle of cum and tears, positively exhausted. She looked up at her aggressors and smiled with a feeling of victory over her assailants.

Tahno was left bewildered by this event. "She, she didn't break? You fucking dumb bitch I will break you!"

Tahno frowns, taking up a stance. He would not be underestimated by a sub par team's sub standard whore!

The semen under and around Whorra begins to tremble and mimic his movements. Sweeping his hand about slowly, focusing and gathering the semen in, under and around Whorra. It begins to tremble. Forcing its way out of her body, sloshing out in a thick tide before bubbling upward as though standing. Tendrils twisting and rising from the mixed cum as the entity takes form.

A face shaped in semen, a cruel smile and hollow eyes. A mocking imitation given "birthed" from this wretched slut. The thick fluid across her body squeezing together into thick tendrils of cum. Enough so to lift her battered body up. Forcing her legs apart.



“I do hate wasting anything, so I’ll make sure she doesn’t waste anything on you.”

Tahno squeezes, the tendrils of cum constricting all around her body. The force on her massive tits expelling her clips and causing them to leak. Only adding to the supply of what Tahno can work with.

His hands sway and move. The tendrils bending and posing her. Forcing her legs even further apart before jutting a fist forward. Her own mocking face grinning, it's arms pushing themselves back into Whorra's already battered pussy

Pounding away, feeling the slithering shifting semen adjusting itself as it sloshes in and out of her. Forcing itself into her mouth as well. Taking her from both sides in the air while constricted. Tahno continues to smirk. The Semonic creature letting out gurgling laughter. Shaping and moving it to her will. Forcing it all deeper and deeper inside. Squirming and sloshing about her insides.

Of course, Tahno had practiced to be this good. There was no way he'd have been able to use this in the arena, yet doing this over and over to the cheerleaders and training dummies never lost its thrill.

Those cheerleaders now looked on. Both of them trying to curl up and cover themselves in the memories of their own Cumdupplegangers ravaging their bodies. Sometimes by themselves. Sometimes together. Sometimes it just sat inside of them, writhing and tormenting their insides as they were made to perform for the arena.

It would almost have made them feel sorry for Whorra, but they'd never say so. Tahno doing it to her meant they might be spared it later.

Whorra's eyes rolled in the back of her head. All the sensations, the movements and countermovements, even breathing as she was bound and suspended in the air by the Bending drained her consciousness. The assault from all sides was beginning to be too much as her eyelids began to grow too heavy, the slave feeling her life force agonizingly slipping away.



“Whorra, you need to stay awake”-

'That voice.' Taboo Angg? Whorra thought wearily as every inch of her body cried out in pain when she tried to lift her head from the slimy pool of bodily fluids. She was so tired, she could just barely keep herself awake-

"Don't you dare move, whore." Tahno's voice came out harsh and cold. "I have something that I need to do. Something that will serve to remind you of who you truly are. Something that will ensure you never forget this moment!"

“Hey, hey boss you sure that's wise? I mean- err damaging another man's slave is like illegal ya know-”

“Shut it, I know what I'm doing!” Tahno spouted.



Whorra couldn't even summon the strength to look behind her. If she could, she would've seen Tahno going into his trademark stance as he conjured a source of water to manipulate from the kitchen of the restaurant. The water flowed freely into his hands, forming the shape of a boiling hot dagger. Sending it on a collision course with Whorra's bruised and battered ass. As he carved the words into her flesh.

"AHHHHHHH!"

Bolin struggled, trying to break free from the two men that held him by his arms. He couldn't just sit here and watch Whorra be defaced as the word "whore" was etched into her bare flesh. "Stop! You've done enough!"



DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>



Tahno does stop, he turns and glares. Then smirks. "Stop? why? Was there something else you wanted? oh, I'm barely done." Tahno whips back. Gesturing as the tendrils of semen raise up like white spears. "How about we make these tit sacks... a little bigger?" Another step with a two armed motion. Then pointed tendrils aiming and spearing into each of Whorra 's nipples. Forcing themselves inward, then blowing them up.

Whorra was just barely hanging onto dear life. The sight that disgusted Tahno.

"I will not have some big titted whore showing me up! So why don't we fix that... by getting rid of them?" With a dark chuckle he forced more and more juices into her breasts, her veins becoming visible under her skin as the flesh strained against the inflation. Tahno grew annoyed



with how long it took to pop her tits and decided to take a more 'optimal' approach. With a small gesture, one of the semen tendrils flew to his hand, morphing into a blade. A crazed look forming on his face as he appeared all too eager to cut off her melons.

"No leave her alone you monster!" Bolin screamed in agony! But then-

Out of nowhere, a mighty and awful roar sent the men and Tahno scattering for cover as Naga and Pabu entered the restaurant, flanked by Mako who had yet to see what had become of Whorra.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" Tahno shouted as the Wolfbats ran to the back of the restaurant and escaped into the alley behind the building.

Bolin got to his feet in time to see the cowardly bastards leave through the back door. Feelings of relief were instantly crushed by the sounds of his brother Mako pleading for Whorra to awaken. He turns his gaze to see his very distressed brother holding an unconscious Whorra in his arms.

"Please! Whorra! You've got to wake up!" Mako begged the dark skinned girl who laid in her arms limp and unmoving. "You can't die, Whorra! I love you too much to let you do that!!!"



DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>

**END.**



 DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>

# UNUSED ASSETS



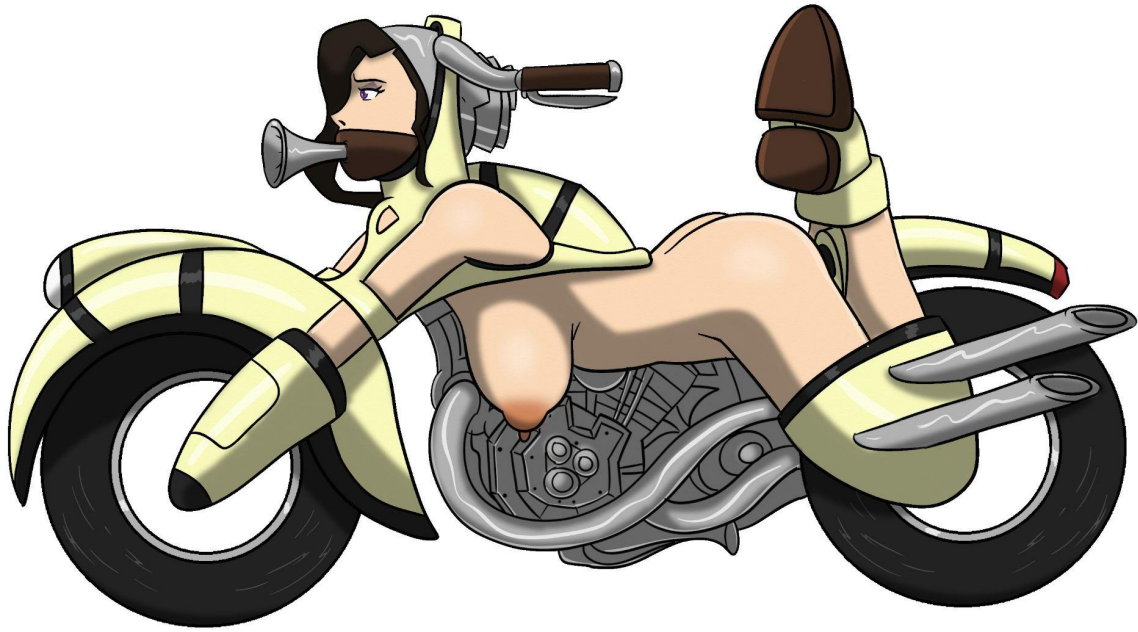
# CHAPTER 5 CONCEPT

## ART



 DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>

# CHAPTER 6 CONCEPT ART



 DALO/ERIC D. 2021  
BECOME MY PATRON AT:  
<https://www.patreon.com/Daloknight>

# CHAPTER 7 CONCEPT ART

