

- Day of the Future Industries Tech Expo -

Asami's smile widened into a devious grin as she regarded the prototypes.

It had been much easier than expected to talk Korra and Kuvira into assisting her with the Future Industries Tech Expo. When she told them she needed some master benders to "battle some automated mechs", not only did they agree at once - they spent an embarrassing amount of time arguing about who would perform better. Eventually Kuvira asked Asami if they could make it a duel of sorts to see who could defeat their mech faster, that usual smug grin on her face. The young CEO happily agreed to that idea. That intensity would only help with her presentation.

That was yesterday. Now Asami found herself monitoring various pressure gauges and electrical readouts in front of a great glass cage. She grinned, pleased at the figures she was seeing, then leaned into the microphone in her console.

"Doing great so far, ladies!" She cheered, looking through the glass wall into the containment theater below. "Just remember, there are two ways for you to win this duel. If you manage to get loose from these anti-bending bonds, victory is yours. That said, if that proves too much you can always tap out at any time - but it means your opponent automatically wins." She smiled, knowing the microscopic odds of that being invoked by either party. Meant better stress tests for her machines. "The loser gets to be my live test subject during the expo, while the winner gets to help run the demonstration. Only a few hours till doors open though! Best make those escapes happen quick."

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Korra moaned as the rubber cock thrust in through her lips yet again, the tip nudging against the back of her throat.

She had given up on any hope of escape hours ago. Asami built her tech to last, and this thing was no exception. All she could do now was endure orgasm after orgasm. For, of course, the dildo keeping her mouth busy was by no means the only toy built into the restraint system. Her dear wife had seen fit to include a powerful massage wand in the seat of the contraption. The toy buzzed away against her clit in breathtaking patterns, a constant ebb and flow of endless, exhilarating distraction.

With each mechanized pump of the dildo into her mouth she felt her body lurch, merge deeper with the clutch of her bonds, save for the cold pinprick of air upon her breasts. Perhaps unsurprisingly, they were about the only part of her body that could move even an inch. Her legs had been bound in a tight froggie position with leather straps. Her arms were locked into a pair of metallic sleeves extending behind her back into the floor where she knelt, arching her against the snug curves of leather and steel. Her senses were a blur of pure darkness and white

noise, as the top half of her head was contained within a sensory-deprivation helmet, ensuring that she couldn't see or hear anything except the occasional interruption of Asami's voice. She felt drunk, all of her awareness swirled into a state of orgasm so vast it didn't begin and end so much as it came in and out of tides.

A rainbow of tingles shot up Korra's spine as the rubber sphere lodged deep in her ass pulsed once. A single, quick pulse. That singular jolt of new sensation was enough to once again shatter her. A drool-squelched squeal escaped from the sides of her lips, still wrapped around the solid rubber gag. She felt her back arch deeper, and the belts seemed to tighten welcomingly as yet another wave of euphoric pleasure tore through her. Her body felt too tight to move, but was at once more relaxed than it had ever been. Somehow every orgasm she had in this machine was better and more intimate than the last, melting her into something senseless.

For a few brief moments, she considered tapping out. Kuvira could have the pride of victory - Korra just needed a fucking break already... but no. While her thoughts were a storming ocean of arousal, that ocean sat upon bedrock. She had endured every trial imaginable. She could do this. Taking slow, deep breaths, she prepared herself for the next round of orgasms.

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"GLMMPH!"

Embarrassing though it might have been, Kuvira couldn't but moan when the dildo popped out of her mouth, giving her half a breath's rest before plunging back in. Between that, the sybian buzzing away between her legs, and the cuffs holding her limbs utterly in place behind her, the former military commander was well and truly stuck in a prison somewhere between genius and nightmarish in its design. It was insulting, infuriating, being strapped to a machine of metal, but being bound so strictly she lacked any ability to bend it. It was taunting, like being given a knife too blunt to cut one's ropes. Not to mention as an added difficulty, she also had to do it while being fucked senseless. Any amount of focus she'd started with was now lost in a blur of drool and cum.

It was one thing to hear rumors about the type of unconventional love that Korra and Ms. Sato practiced in the bedroom... it was quite another to experience it firsthand.

She closed her eyes and did her best to drown out the arousing, distracting thoughts flooding her mind. She focused on victory, letting that determination fill her up, becoming resolute like the metal all around her. It might have been a combination of lack of air and cumming too hard, but in this moment, for the first time in hours Kuvira felt an odd, meditative clarity. Her hands drifted back and forth like dowsing rods, searching for weaknesses in the contraption that she could metalbend. The machine seemed to respond, making Kuvira's heart skip as she felt a ping, an odd waver in the mechanism beneath her. Her senses seized around it. She had only the bending strength contained within her fingers- but this flaw felt small, like a splinter. She tested her will against it for several agonizing minutes, the cum-drunk stupor acting like oil upon her

grip. Suddenly, she felt it wobble. A weak, but purposeful wobble. Adrenaline snapped clarity into her mind as she realized- she'd found a switch. She instantly clenched her hand into a fist and pulled with all her might.

\*click\*

...suddenly, a series of flexible platinum rings shot out from her cuffs and snapped around her fingers, lacing tightly against the joints and pulling her hands wide open. Her fingers splayed helplessly, the finger-cuffs tightened and set themselves, locking into an utterly un-bendable position. She yelped as the dildo shoved deep into her throat and inflated, slamming her tongue down against the floor of her mouth and spilling a fountain of drool down the front of her bare chest. The moan could not even be heard as a set of heavy clamps popped out from the contraption and attached themselves to her nipples, massaging her swollen tips with such programmed precision she felt herself instantly grind harder into the sybian. The sybian roared in response, elevating to a higher intensity as several more platinum bonds cinched themselves around her and pulled her tighter into the machine. The dildos she sat upon began to grow and stir, expanding deeper into her gaps.

*'A trap?! That's not fair!'*

But fairness soon became the last thing on her mind, as within mere moments of the upscaling the machine had already ripped an orgasm out of her so hard it nearly stripped her nerve endings bare. Kuvira felt her body go numb with pleasure and her eyes lost focus. She fell back, and a platinum collar caught her, snapping her neck tight into an upturned position. She gazed weakly upwards, but could only moan into the pounding of her throat. She sank helpless into her bonds, unable to do any more than cum in trembling stupor.

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Asami let herself savor the sight of two beautiful ladies being fucked so relentlessly for a few moments longer. She had frankly not expected the test run to be at all this successful. She thought one of them would escape or tap within an hour or two, not...

"Spirits, is it really so late?" She gasped upon checking her watch. Were the doors really opening that soon? "...Huh." She muttered, looking back and forth between the two ladies before checking their vitals again. Both subdued, but perfectly stable.

...At this rate, she would end up with two presentations instead of one.

Story by LlamaMaster:

<https://www.deviantart.com/llamamasterreborn>

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/roymaster45/pseuds/roymaster45>