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Plot Synopsis

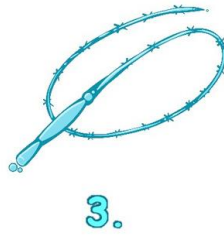
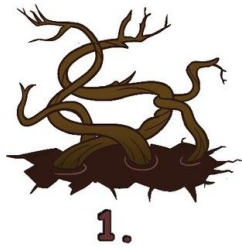
Fiery Dominance, Flowing Submission. Firm Control and the Breath of Freedom. With the help of these Disciplines, male dominated masculinity reigns supreme against weaker sex and their female inferiorities. But all humans may be born with only one of these abilities. However, only men are legally allowed to practice and perform these special gifts without reprisal. Women are considered to be less than human in this world and are forbidden from learning the disciplines. All with the exception of the Taboo that is, whose gender may differ through reincarnation. The past Taboo brought about the end of a Great Rebellion and its feminist sympathisers that held the world in sway. He brought forth the future and invited all the nations of the world to join him, united in SafeWord City.

But his story has sadly come to an end. Now the story falls onto the breasts of the underprepared young woman, Korra the new Taboo. She has been kept hidden away from the world. Up until now, she was content with training and preparing for her duty as the Taboo. But as her arrogance drives her to push herself further. So, too does her naivety of the horrific fetishes that lay in wait for her in the outside world.

CHAPTER ONE: BEGININGS

Control (Earth).....Dominance(Fire).....Submission(Water)....Freedom(Air).

LEVEL ONE DISCIPLINES



When I was a boy, my father told me how he and his friends heroically ended the hundred-year rebellion. Taboo Aang and Over Lord Zuko transformed the Domination colony into the Collected Nations, a society where those with and without Discipline from all over the world could live and thrive together in peaceful co-existence. They named the capital of this great land “SafeWord City”. Taboo Aang accomplished many remarkable things, but sadly, his time in this world ended. With his passing, like the cycle of the seasons, the cycle of the Taboo began anew.

A chilling breeze ran over the young woman. Yet she did not feel its frigid touch. Her mind was clouded and distracted. It was now or never. Important people would witness her performance. Her trainers, the Elders. They would all be judging her every movement very soon.

Getting worked up won't make this any easier, her thoughts calmly reminded her. Focus on the task at hand. Korra's blue eyes closed in focus. Shifting her weight. The stress of her body needed a way out. Was it a teacher that told her that? Or maybe an Elder? It would have to do now. There wasn't any time to deliberate something else.

“Come on...” she mouths and sighs. Mentally gathering herself once more, as she spreads her legs wider and pushes away the thoughts of the Elder trainers. Until the stress and worry squirted out over the shivered, crumbled icy cold snow.



A content sigh passed her lips this time. "The stream of urine finally coming out of her in a clear yellow stream." Still, she couldn't relax her legs, else she end up in the very snow she was currently turning yellow. The shed by the training area had not been her first nor even fifth

choice on the matter. It had been more of a convenience really. If she ran all the way back to the main building she would likely have to explain why she left a mess along the way.(edited)

Though it wasn't unexpected considering who she was. As the Taboo, she needed to be ready to take care of the world. In order to do that, she needed to be trained and prepared. That was why she was here in the first place, at this Southern Submission Tribe compound. An entire group oversaw by an Elder of the White-Collar Order tasked in making sure she would be ready. Even in this age of peace, one must be ready.

But this was so dull! Korra had a natural aptitude for the Disciplines. Impressing her trainers with how quickly she took to them. Months had become years as she sharpened her skills. In three years, she had already picked up three of the four Disciplines. How could she not be ready for the outside world by now? It was infuriating...but the Elder knew best. Just like he had all those years ago.

Three figures trekked through the frozen tundra. Far away, the snow-white buildings of the Submissive Tribe City could be seen. But the rumor suggested their goal would be out here in the frozen waste. Even wearing the heavy clothing allotted to them, the temperature remained biting. Even more biting than the fact that this rumor could be yet another wild chase.

After the death of Taboo Aang, word spread of where his incarnation would be. Taboo Aang had been the last of the Freedom Nomads so precedent dictated that the next Taboo would be born of the Submission Tribes. So the rumors began and so the White Collar began their search. Anywhere the Tribe members could be found, rumors surfaced. Powerful men claiming their son showed the traits. Weak men boasting about their other holding the next Taboo in them. The world had gotten much smaller, yet it made the search all the longer for it.

Hence, why the group tread over snow and ice to reach the small hut a day's walk from civilization. The only glow that was not hundreds of miles above leading their way. A curt answer came from their knock. A middle-aged man stood before them, dressed warmly even inside. "I am glad that all of you were able to make the trip."

"It is our job Caretaker Tonraq. But it would be nice to find some truth amidst the rumors. You would not believe how many false claims we have had to verify." "Then let me put you at ease gentlemen. Come in, come in."

Inside the hut were traditional furnishings, reminiscent to a simpler time. It was nothing like what the cities had. Why, it wouldn't have been out of place in the youth of the last Taboo. Painted pelts and candles along with fishing equipment and sled gear. The only other thing of note was the kneeling pet of the household. She was naked, save for fur cuffs and anklets, and of course the traditional wedding collar peering out from the simple shawl that covered her

shoulders. The majority of her body was bare, as was normal for the Submissive Tribe's women. Caretaker and Pet. Man and Woman. Tis was how the balance of world was. Pet Senna crawled forward dutifully. "Welcome my guests Pet while I retrieve our daughter." Tonraq's gentle stroke made the woman shiver in pleasure.



"Yes Tonraq." Pet Senna nodded, servile to her Caretaker went to retrieve their child. She then

turned, presenting herself to the three men, looking over her shoulder with a blush. “May this Pet warm you up?” her voice is soft. Almost a whisper. Her body still looked very healthy. And she still had youth enough to provide more children. Or pleasure for those that will take her.

But the elders averted their eyes. True, they did feel a familiar stiffness that had nothing to do with the cold. While the offer of the pet was tempting, there were more important matters at this moment...although, once they confirmed the rumor... perhaps then they would indulge themselves.

Tonraq returns with a smile. He gave his Pet’s butt a pat and squeeze, making the woman smile. He then turned to the three men.

“She is in the back.”

“She?”

“Indeed. Your next Taboo is a she.” The elders pass to see this fact for themselves. Inside the small room is a pet. A separate room that would have been added when a child joined the family. Now it remained a simple bedroom like any other.

Their rumored Taboo lay on the floor. Asleep perhaps? No, the haze of blue aura clung to her body. A clear sign of a Submission Discipline user. At a young age it comes out as blue haze until they are taught. This was not unexpected for a child born of the Submission Tribe heritage.

What caught their eyes, was that amid the smoky blue hung red as well. The spots of red stuck out as thick clouds amongst the blue. Trailing in thin lines from the woman herself. This was impossible. Someone with a Dominance Discipline often displayed these clumps of red fog. The only way someone could have both... There was no mistaking it. Their hunt was over.

Korra had not had control of her Disciplines yet. Too much Submission has that effect on a person. A lot of show with no control had been how a trainer had put it. Regardless, she was the Taboo. Minor things give way in practice and training. She did miss her parents though. He was a good Caretaker and her mother was a Pet to be proud of. Yet, she had a duty now. As the Taboo, it would be up to her to stand and take care of the world when she was needed.

“Taboo Korra!?” the voice cut sharply through Korra, making her lose her balance. A hand plunging into the yellow snow as what little remained dribbled down into her boot. What a way to be caught by one of her trainers.

The thin man stood over her. Looking much like he had when they had first met. Always looking down his nose. Judging her even while giving praise. He had plenty to judge her about now, but

there was no time to. "Get up and get ready. The Elders wish to see your progress once more." His eyes flick over Korra's body. She had been developing in the short time he had been training her. Looking more respectable than merely a child still grasping at her betters. Her mind and body had grown, just as planned.

Korra grumbled, shaking off her wet hand and brushing the chilled droplets off her skin. Wasn't her fault there wasn't a place to do it out here. For all the sheds there couldn't have been one for dealing with nature? He should be happy she didn't just go where she stood. Continuing to silently grumble while trudging back to the training area proper. A clearing of simple design overseen by a roofed observation deck. It was here that Korra had trained. Sometimes with the trainers. Other times with equipment. What she looked forward to the most was when she got to train against someone. The Order of the White Collar's influence meant that she would face opponents from across the world. Each would come. Each would be defeated. The trainers had been talking up this group though. Would they be a challenge she wondered?

Korra bowed her head to the elders sitting in the observation deck. They had given her much. It was time to show them what she was capable of. The old men nodded currently to the trainer who in turn turned to Korra. "Today, you will be demonstrating your mastery of the three Disciplines. You will be facing all of them at once. Show them what the Taboo is capable of."

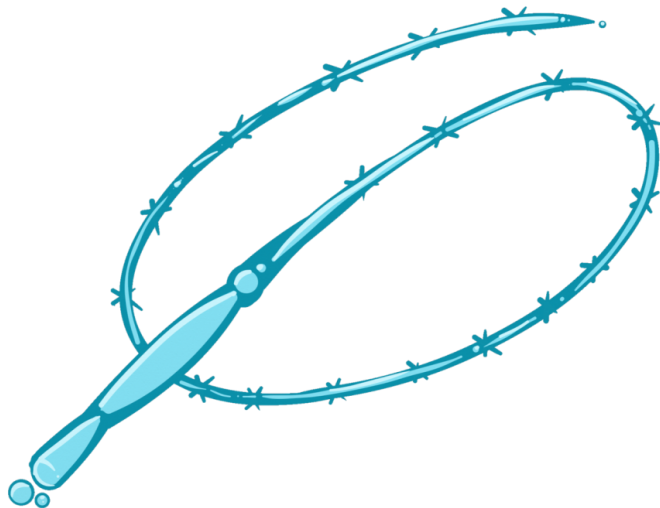


Three figures stepped down from the observation deck. Each clad in their prospective land's clothing. The Dominance Empire in tight leather and coverings. The Submission Tribe clad in the

furs Korra knew well and the Restrict Nation's representative wearing the heavy clothing and metals most common of their warriors. "Begin!"

The arena stood still. All eyes were on Korra. They wore more than she had on. They're going to need all the protection they can get. She thought with a smirk. She jerked her body aside as a sudden burst of blue shot through where her head had been moments ago. The attack merely glanced her shoulder, but it still had the intended effect. A numb sensation ran down her arm and into her chest. As though weight were being added along with energy being sapped. This was the effect of Submission Discipline. It drains and weakens. With higher levels, especially when hitting the head, leading to increased suggestibility. With three opponents, getting such a shot should have been easy...if it wasn't Korra.

Grabbing her shoulder and gritting her teeth, Korra forced her own natural defense against Submission energy. It is why the Submission Tribe is seen as weak. Their Discipline had very little power to it. It needed to be reapplied over and over for any long-term effect. The reason for this being the will present in all living things. This will kept things going without needing to be told. This reservoir of Dominance-like energy filtered out the excess Submission. Korra merely needs put it where it needs to go. And with the perk of being the Taboo, she could prepare her own attack as well.



Gathering her own Submission energy into her free hand, Korra wheels about to face the Submission Tribeswoman, firing a responsive attack. Unlike her opponent, Korra opted to shoot a barrage of small shots, rather than a single large one. The woman was able to dodge several, yet those that got their mark slowed her down. The young taboo fired shots off again and again, both hands bringing the sparring opponent to her knees. Korra gathered her strength in one

final barrage, finishing off the woman. She would be fine. It would take a massive amount of Submission energy to kill someone with. That would require enough to override the body's natural impulse to live. Korra would not cross that line ever. The Taboo did not kill.

Brown tendrils raised from the training grounds, the color of the earth from which they drew form. They slammed down onto Korra's body, dropping her to the floor, but only for a moment.



It was the woman from the Restrict Nation, the attack made that obvious. Control spoke for itself. While Submissive Energy debilitated and weakened. The Discipline of Control was direct and powerful. The people of the Restrict Nation channeled the very Earth. Acting as the will of the person using it. This meant that it couldn't be as fast as Submission techniques, however it was also not as easily recovered from.

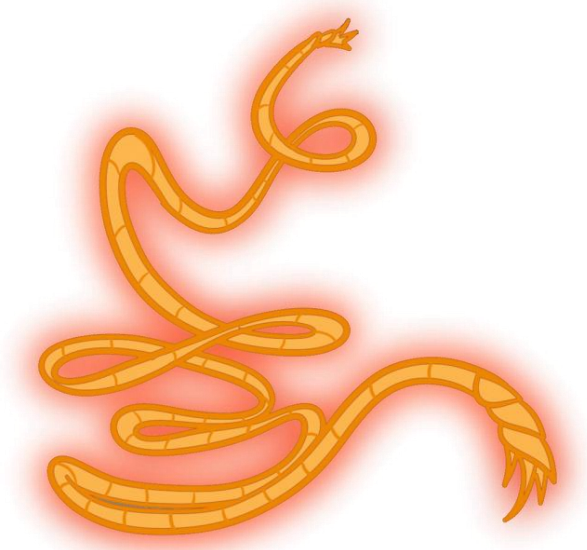
More tendrils rose from the ground. Thin and snake-like, sliding over their captive before submerging into the earth once more. They squeezed tighter and tighter, forcing the breath out of Korra. If she was going to make it, if she was going to prove herself to the elders, she'd have to do something painful. Control does not work on another's. Their will is absolute in whatever is being controlled. So Korra would need to use a spot that hadn't been used.(edited)

A thick tendril rose up under Korra. Breaking the dozens of thinner tendrils as well as sending Korra pinwheeling into the air. She hit the ground with a groan. Clutching her sore tits while regaining her footing. She would need to act fast. Forcing her will downward, she called up more tendrils. It was the same tactic that her opponent had used, except for one key difference.

The woman fought as the tendrils lifted her up. twisting and encasing her until only her head was exposed. Korra was not going to make the mistake she did. She had no contact with

something that could be Controlled. She too was defeated. Now for the last opponent.

Korra knew what was coming. The Discipline of Dominance was the simplest of the three. While Control put the user's will into the will-less, Dominance takes over those with will by dominating their bodies and minds. This also meant it was the most all or nothing discipline as well. Korra would need to be ready for what was coming. But she did not turn to face the man from the Dominance Empire. Did not look toward him as he approached. She couldn't. An ethereal red rope was around her middle. Her body was no longer her own.



Her mind however remained free. If she hadn't been trained, it would have been likely she wouldn't have noticed the change of who was commanding who. She needed to get that back, even while watching from the man dominating her enjoying himself. Squeezing her breasts and moving toward her nether.

Perfect.

It was common for people to think that Dominance is the most powerful of the Disciplines. What could be easier than taking over and dominating your opponent after all? What is forgotten is that requires focus. Lose focus for even a moment and the user loses their dominance. Or worse. It rebounds.

Korra's smile started off looking very painful. The man was confused, his own look slowly shifted to being more neutral. His questing hands leaving Korra's body. The rope was no longer around her waist. It had moved into her own hand. The other end around her last enemy. There was nothing to distract Korra so having him dispatch himself was simple.

The three were down. Korra stood alone before the Elders. All of them looked down at the woman with smiles. "Well done Taboo Korra," A bearded man spoke. "Such talent is to be expected of you. Truly the world shall be in safe hands."

"Will be?" Korra frowns. "I'm ready. I've been able to beat everyone you've brought here." "Indeed you have Korra. But the training will take time. Before long you will be learning under each of us," the Elder smiles. Nodding to the fellow men of the lineup. "There is much for you still to learn young Taboo. "

"Like Freedom. I want to learn how to use Freedom." Korra had been itching to learn the last discipline for a while. There was only one man that could teach her the ways of Freedom. Heck, she had even met Tenzin before. But matters had come up and he had returned home. That had been months ago with no sign of him being able to return. "How am I supposed to become the Taboo having only mastered three of the Disciplines?"

The Elders look to each other. Then back to Korra. "Owner Tenzin has important business that cannot wait. We will do our best in his stead. That you can be sure of young Taboo." The man frowned as well. Really, it was better that Tenzin stayed out of this in the end. A man of his importance had other things that needed his attention. They could watch the Taboo. It was for the best really. With what was going on in Safeword City.

Korra could not sleep. Staring at the ceiling, mulling over the day's events. She had done well. Beaten three experts before the masters. She should be happy. Yet she felt snubbed. Surely the world had need of her. Even if there wasn't a great Dominance Empire army out to conquer the world there must be something that needs the Taboo to intervene with. Someone had to need her...

A thump turned her head. Korra's massive polar bear dog lay on his side. Dozing, leg kicking in his sleep. He had been with her forever. Before she had come to train. Before she knew she was the Taboo. The one constant she liked here. Climbing out of bed, Korra climbs on top of Naga. Nuzzling into his thick fur and getting comfortable. Whenever her mind was troubled, her big boy made it all better. Naga yawned and settled. Korra smiled and yawned as well. Finally finding sleep with her big warm polar bear dog.

Korra felt something warm. And wet. There it was again. Opening an eye sleepily, she smiled to see Naga licking her side. "Ok boy, I'm up. I'm up." Korra climbed off the polar bear dog, grabbing her shawl and sliding into her boots. She smacked her lips as she shook away the stiffness of sleep, going about her morning routine.

A shower to wake her up and breakfast to get her going, the rest of her morning was spent on training. The sparring partners were gone so she practiced with the dummies. Going from

discipline to discipline while letting her mind wander once again. These didn't fight back, why should she worry Battering around dummies did not feel as fruitful at this point. The guards offered but she declined. They too couldn't beat her anymore.

"Ugh..." Korra grumbles. Peering at the practice figure encased Controlled Earth. "Can't you at least struggle? Guess not," sighing and pulling the dummy out of the loosened grip. Setting it up once again before doing it again...and again...and again.

It was midday when the dummy was left on the floor. Korra stood over it with a scowl. What was the point of training with something that wouldn't care what she did? No matter how many time or how many ways she gets better, she'll still be the one to pick it up to put it back to do it all over again. She turned, leaving the dummy where it lie. She needed to get out of here, and she knew just how to do so.

The compound was isolated from the rest of the world. Ships had to come often to resupply the building and its inhabitation with food and supplies. This happened on a weekly basis. It pulled into the harbor midway and unloaded its cargo until well past midnight. Then it would return to restock and continue its journey to where it would be needed. With everything being moved, organized and directed, no one would notice if the ship had an extra passenger on its way back.

Nestled away in the back of the cargo hold, where the stray crates and packing material lie, the Taboo stray made herself comfortable. Gazing up into the yawning darkness, Korra could only wonder what the outside world was like. This was to be the first time they would see her as their Taboo. Would they be as excited as she imagined they would be? Would she appear to them in a sudden time of need? "Maybe..." she mused into the darkness.

She may have been more nervous if she had been alone. Naga lay nearby. His head rested on her leg. He watched her silently. "Think they'll be excited to see us boy?" Korra smiled, rubbing the polar dog's large face. "I hope the elders aren't mad, but they'll see that we needed to be out here." She yawned and laid back. "We'll do fine...once we get there in the morning..."

Naga remained awake. Watching his human asleep. There was very little light in the cargo hold. Only whatever spilled in through the high port windows. Korra's cheeks flushed. Still asleep, she shifted fretfully. Naga nosed against her warm body. Watching her legs spread ever so slightly. Following his nose, Naga pressed his muzzle into the warmest spot on Korra's body. Where the scent of arousal was strongest.

He then began to lick. Slow, deliberate. Korra's body reacted to the stimulation. Legs closing firmly around his large head. Naga continued to lick while what was his grinded against his tongue. Her breathing getting heavier. Korra's body tensed then relaxed. Licking up the excess arousal, he pulls away. Enjoying the needy squeeze of his person's legs trying to keep him near.

“...mmmm...” Korra mumbled in her sleep. Closing her legs and curling up. A content smile under the moonlight flowing in. Her dutiful companion settles in against her. Yawning and letting the rolling waves. Not knowing nor caring where the ship was going. As long as Korra remained his, he would have gone anywhere.



Korra’s body tensed then relaxed. Naga had done his duty. Licking up the excess arousal, he pulled away. Enjoying the needy squeeze of his person’s legs trying to keep him near. “...mmmm...” Korra mumbled in her sleep. Closing her legs and curling up. A content smile under the moonlight flowing in. Her dutiful companion settled in against her. He yawned, letting the rolling waves put him to sleep. Not knowing nor caring where the ship was going. As long as Korra remained his, he would have gone anywhere.

So the ship pushed on through the night. Taking with it the spark that would move the world. Soon, everyone will know. The Taboo has returned.

CHAPTER TWO: MELONS

The freighter pulled slowly into the dock of Safeword city. It looked no different than any of the other ships. While others may have been carrying more cargo, none of them carried something more important.

Korra was edgy. She had known the ship had docked when it's horn had blared three consecutive times, letting the passengers know departure was imminent. That gave her time to make her move. As soon as the hull doors opened. She held on tightly to the massive Polar Bear-Dog, they shot past the baffled workers. Barely any of them even knew what a Polar Bear-Dog was. Even less had expected to see a woman straddled on one. A woman out of her element riding a Polar Bear-Dog darting off into the city. Leaving the dock workers baffled at the strangeness of it all. Some of them reported it in. The Handlers of the city needed to know about such things. But they disregard it. Such a woman in a get up like that...honestly. Only one of their ranks had any inkling of what the strange woman's arrival heralded.

The plan had been to make for Tenzin Island right away. She knew that he lived in the bay area. On an isolated rock overseen by the massive founder's statue of Taboo Aang. Naga had other plans. All the sights and smells of the new world had made him giddy. It took a good deal of time for Korra to get him under control and actually see where her massive pet had taken her.

She couldn't see the bay at all now. The tall buildings of Safeword city blocked out everything within a few blocks. Even the sky above appeared fenced in by the massive structures.

The city had been made by the three great nations, and it showed in its structures. The Restrict Nation's mighty foundation supplied the stone, brick and other material needed for buildings to stand as tall as they did. Domination supplied the aesthetics, giving each building a sense of pride and power. It reminded the world that the city and it's people were here to stay.

The Submission Confederation weaved it all together. The roads, bridges and railways intermingled between the mighty buildings. Acting as the tasteful bindings holding the city together. They showed that while the city was powerful, it was also restricted, behaved and docile when not riled.

Coming from the small rustic village that the White Collar had trained her in, a place like this didn't feel real. No wonder Tenzin wanted to return here. Where else could be better than such a splendid place?

She was getting some pretty weird stares as she rode about. Most of the people here had pets of the human female variety. Walking beside them on all fours in tasteful harnesses. Even those with non human animals were small enough to at least pull back if they were to make a scene. Naga towered over all the people he passed. Looking like a living Moto-mobile with a strangely clad woman riding on top of him.



Then again, Korra was staring as well.

The White Collar dressed very traditionally. Much of their attire could have been traced back to their first formation. So Korra only ever knew these attires that these men wore. The few females she had seen were teachers in their stead. Not for any Discipline training, but for psychical combat. So Korra's attire was very traditional compared to the people she passed. Was that why they stared up at her for some odd reason? As Korra began to question the looks, she began to delve deeper into her own thoughts. Odd seeing so many women here. Nothing at all like the slaves found back at the White Collar village Korra muses, looking over the indentured and enslaved women as she rode past. But that is their place after all, just as being the Taboo is mine. Korra smiles to herself, Don't worry you pathetic little creatures. Unlike Aang, I'm a much more capable and a kinder Taboo to boot! No man can match my power. Saver this moment sluts! For your mistress and savor, Taboo Korra has arrived at last to dominate you all!

As this thought crossed her mind, a Moto-mobile slams to a halt down the street. Three figures climb outside of it. They too were dressed in this modern fashion, but they held themselves in a

fashion Korra knew well. Stepping up to a store front, they encircled the owner who had been tending to his front. He had started shaking as soon as the vehicle had stopped. Modern bandits for a modern age.

“Times up Chen. We've come to collect what we're owed.” the Leader snarled, holding his coat open slightly. Whatever he was concealing under the garment made the store owner pale . “We have been very patient regarding your situation, but now the boss is thinking that you are holding out on us.” The thug then ensured the man with a spiked water whip, better ensuring his submission to their demands. Korra could feel her sense of duty kicking in. She was the Taboo. The one that could settle and soothe the Deviances of the world. She wouldn't need all four to deal with these street punks... “So we're gonna need a little extra this month. Or else we'll-”



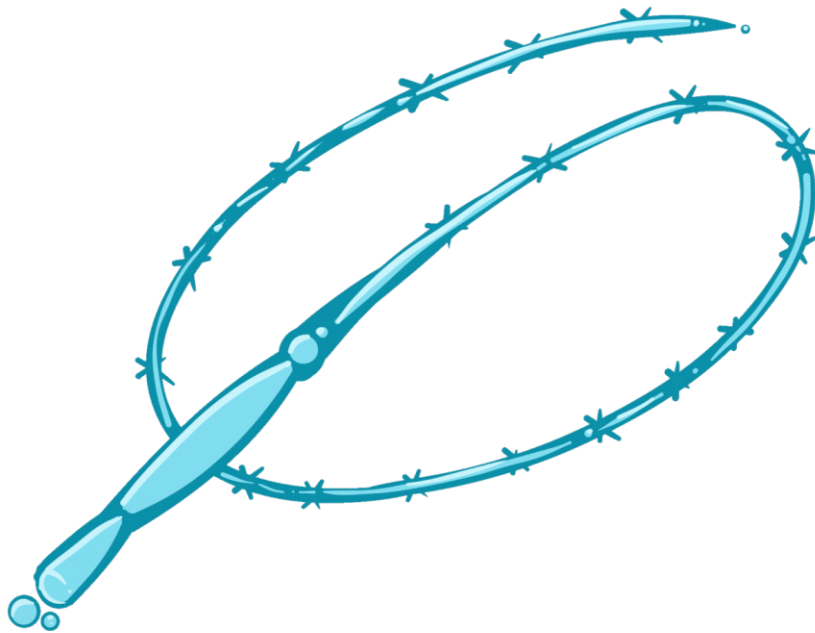
“Or else what?” The three turned to face the challenger. Korra stood confidently before the three which only seemed to amuse them. She had left Naga behind so now she just looked like a strangely dressed woman sticking her tits where they don’t belong. “Alright,” the man who had threatened the shopkeeper shrugged. “Looks like we have a dim little cunt that doesn’t

know where she is. By the looks of it, she escaped some old coot with a hard on for the olden days.” Opening his jacket once more and showing the emblem inside. “You see this here, Tits? We’re part of the Tri-venge Triade. Unless you wanna end up gagged under the hood of a Moto-mobile, shove off and give your owner a good fuck from us for fucking off.”



Korra rolled her neck and stretched her arms with a smirk. “All I see are a bunch of thugs that can only handle someone older than themselves. Know any good GILFs?” Korra had heard this term used in regards to Katara, Tenzin’s mother, at one point. She sort of knew what it meant. At the very least it would piss off flashy men who used big coats to cover thin skin.

Just as predicted, the man's face twisted in rage. Redirecting his "Spiked Water Whip" from the storekeeper to Korra. She responds by blocking it with her hands. The tell tale aphrodisiac of this Submission began to seep through her cuts and into her bloodstream. As she had been trained to, it is better to receive the hit of Submission on the arm or head as opposed to the legs or chest. Where the aphrodisiac effects are greatly reduced.



Korra could shake off the aphrodisiac easy. Forcing her own natural energy through her body for each living person has some amount of Dominant energy even if they are not able to use it. After all, the body wants to live. Wants to function even on an unconscious level. Using this as a "filter" she had trained her body to increase and decrease this to better defend from Submission attacks.

The three gangsters had not expected this strange woman to withstand an attack, much less catch it. Smirking rebelliously, Korra forces her own "Spiked Water Whip" into what is already present and whips it back into the stunned man's face, sending him flying back, crashing into the store, just missing the storekeeper as he crumpled to the floor. It was a direct hit! His eyes rolled back, and twitched. He was knocked out completely and is out of the fight.

That got their attention. With their leader, down for the count by his own submissive energy. The remaining two gangsters stared at the strangely dressed woman, who shook the excess energy off of her hand before planting it on her hip. A holier than thou look painted across her face. Did she even need all the training if this was what she had to deal with? "Well? Do Either of you have it in you to take on one little girl?" Korra boasted pompously.

The man with piercings jerked his hand forward as though throwing something. This move was used to distract. It caused the normal suckers he dealt with to flinch and not be ready for the "Earthly Tendrils" behind them to crash down onto them.

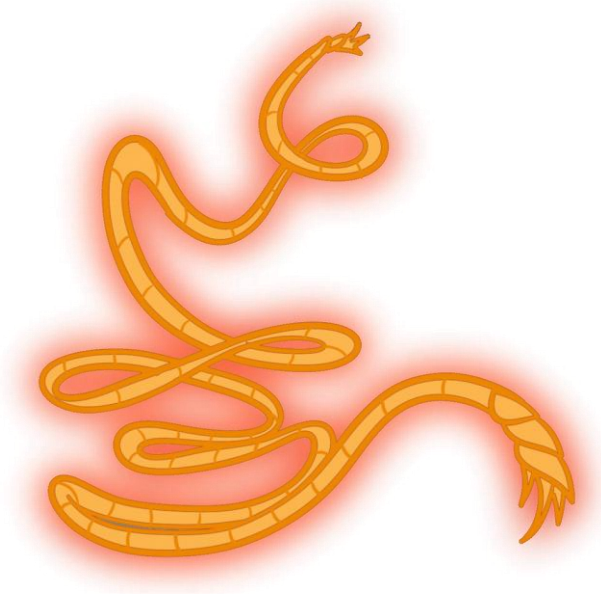


The smug woman did not flinch. She only stomped forward. A mass of the ground raising up to crash through the Controlled ground that had been about to crash onto her. Stomping another step and throwing her arms forward, tendrils snapped out from the solid wall beside the store. Wrapping around the poor man's limbs and neck, dragging him back to be held in place.

Control gave one power over the physical world. It did not affect things with a will of their own. No plant, animal nor person could bend to a Control's will. Not that this truly limited Control users. In the modern world, the will-less earth, concrete and stone was ever present for manipulation. As will-less material, it could only pull toward itself, like a hook dragging in and holding its prey. High leveled Control Deviants used this stipulation in creative ways. The blackmailer's simple way of "flopping" it over wouldn't make a trained Deviant like Korra blink twice.

The final man that had claimed to be part of the Tri-venge Triade no longer looked as confident. He still looked the part. Leather under his fashionable coat and all, but his body shook. This was too much. This strange woman, this freak of nature, had used both Submission AND Control. What kind of person could do that? This was not what he had signed up for. His skill with Dominance power had kept him on a cushy job for his bosses. Now, it felt like he couldn't even dominate a puppygirl if he tried.

But try he would have to. The Tri-venge Triade did not forgive weakness. He'd end up a plaything if they found out he ran. Probably end up a woman's toy. He could not handle the shame. So, out of desperation rather than bravery, he threw out his an attack. It took the form of a rope, snapping towards Korra, who only watched smugly.



She sidestepped the attack, before catching the rope. Unlike Submission energy, Dominance energy caused the body to go rigid. Her fingers clenched around the red rope as though there was an electrical current running through it. While the body was incapable of filtering it like Submission, Dominance energy is very focused energy. The user could not break their attention. They could do other things but the less focus they had on keeping the target "Dominated", the better chance the target had of breaking the connection.

Korra did not need to be so clever. Her hand already squeezing, she shot her own Dominance through it. This would be the hardest way to fight it. Perfect for Korra. Her progress showed as the rope of red energy twisted and split, changing into a literal chain of red energy back to the shaking man's hand. She was now in control.

It was over. With the final gangster at her will, Korra made easy work of her foe by making him beat himself unconscious. Nothing permanent, his body would only let a foreign energy go so far. Korra could force plenty, but not past the man's own limit.

She stood proud over her fallen foes. Safeword City would see that the rumors that had been floating about were true. The Taboo was has indeed returned.

At least that was what she thought, until the sounds of sirens could be heard. Perhaps...she had been a little overzealous. The store she had intended to protect had its windows broken in from the impact. The wall holding the one extorter would need to be remade. And everyone that was still present, even the store owner, had this odd look about them. As though what Korra had done was wrong...

The sirens got closer and Korra felt less sure of herself. Perhaps it would be better to show the city their savoir another time. "Naga!" she called, Securing herself as the massive mutt ran off. It didn't matter where. She just needed to go.

There was no way for Korra to know where she was headed. All the streets looked the same to her. She was still new...jeez, why was everyone looking at her like that? She had just saved that man. Why did they look as though she shouldn't have? It didn't make sense...

"Alright, that's far enough," Tugging at Naga's harness, they stopped moving for a moment and began to look around. She couldn't hear the sirens anymore so at least she'd be left alone.

Breathing in a sigh of relief, she patted her Polar Dog with a smile. "Good boy," she smiles. "Now...the shipyard has gotta be this waaayh!" The bulk moved under her, almost throwing her off. "Woah! Naga! what's going on with you?" she calls. Pulling at the harness to no avail. Unable to seen the saliva dripping from Naga's mouth. Something had caught his attention. something sweet in the air.

"Melons! Melon for sale! Enjoy them cool. Enjoy them warm! Milky in taste and pleasure. Enjoy it yourself for a burst. Feed it to your property for a boost. Melons for sale" The man's sales pitch could have used some work for selling what looked like watermelons.

Korra had not noticed the figure until he spoke. Looking rather plain, her eyes were instead drawn to the cart that he stood by. "Melons" written crudely was the only form of decoration on the cart.

But what may have been the better draw was the woman attached to the front of the cart. Long sleeved and thigh high hoove coverings showed that she was the one who pulled. Her large endowments far more eye catching than the simple cart ever could have been.



It perplexed Korra to see this man selling something so simple. Fighting to get Naga under control as he moved toward the cart. The Melon Merchant's eyes widening as the hulking form of a Polar Bear Dog bore down on him.

"Back away from the counter"! Korra shouts, all while shaking Nagga's leash. With a final hard wrench, Korra is able to get Naga to sit. Climbing off the dog, trying to play it cool with the poor man scared shitless. "Um...nice looking watermelons you have there." She says sheepishly. Earning a perplexed look from the old man. The old man steps forward hesitantly, eyeing the large dog and this strange looking woman.

"Is that yours?"

"Well...yeah..."

The old man snorts, as Korra inspects a bit of fruit in her hand. Her stomach begins to grumble as she stares blankly at the fruit. Recalling that she hasn't eaten anything since before leaving the White Collar compound a few days ago. With all the excitement of just arriving to Safe Word City, she simply forgot about her hunger until now.(edited)

"I'm hungry," Korra states.

But as she begins to sink her teeth into the fruit. The old man snatches the fruit away from Korra, putting it back with the rest. "Those are for paying customers only, you strange looking bitch!"

"Huh, pay?" Korra begins to frown. She had never had to pay for anything in her life, she (is) the Taboo after all. He should be grateful that she chose to eat his crummy melons at all. Korra then begins to lean forward, in an attempt to intimidate the Melon Merchant.

"Look old man. I'm a bit of an important person ok? So, I'll let this disrespect slide this time. "She smirks, while making grotesque hand gestures emulating his dick size. "Being short stemmed and all, it's no surprise you not knowing who I am after all," Korra boasts.



The Merchant glowers. Teeth grinding before taking a deep breath and sighing. "Yes your right, please forgive my ignorance dear customer. How may I make my impudence up to you Miss Customer?"

Korra smirks yet again, "Yeah I could go for something special to eat, got anything like that?"

Indeed you could," the man kneels, working on something under the counter before bringing out a pink watermelon, oddly shaped like a woman's breast. "Please. Enjoy this. Only the best for you," the man's simpering grin as Korra begins eating a piece of the pink melon.

"Ohhh so sweet and thick!"



Offering a piece to Naga as she finished off the rest of it. The Melon Merchant's eye twitches as she licks off her fingers.

"Ahh...that was pretty good. Oh, hey! Do you know where the Founder's Statue is? I'm kinda new around here, and more than a little lost."

"Why, it is in the Bay Miss Customer," the man gestures toward the skyline. in the distance, a line of blue where the Bay was. "Good fortune in what you deserve Miss Customer." Korra nods, taking the bottle with her. Not seeing the man's scowl as he watched the uppity cunt go. She'd have what was coming to her soon enough. A twisted smile crossed his face as he turned to his faithful Mare "Melons". "Those types often just need a little something to make them behave..." He laughed, Melons joining in, whinnying in amusement at what would soon happen to the uppity cunt.

The ride toward the Bay took a lot less time now that Korra had some sense of the city. But Naga was sagging a bit. "You ok boy?" She rubs her neck as Naga strolls forward. She was excited and he usually ran at a full gallop. "We're almost there. come on boy," she kept encouraging.

But there was nothing else she could do by the time they could see the wooden walks of the Bay. Naga was panting, tongue hanging out. Korra frowned and climbs off. "Ok, Something is wrong," She had taken care a few of his fevers. and this didn't look too bad.

Rubbing her dog's head, she took the moment to look out into the Bay. In the distance, a small island stood in the middle of the surf. Many people knew of this island, specially of the statue that stood upon it.

Gazing up the Founder's Statue, she saw herself. Who she had been in a past life. Taboo Aang remained standing and watching over his city. Like she would be...like she should be ready for. Sighing and rubbing her head. What was she doing here? She had come to help people, but as of right now, she hardly had a clue of how to go about doing so. That would all change though. She just had to find Tenzin.

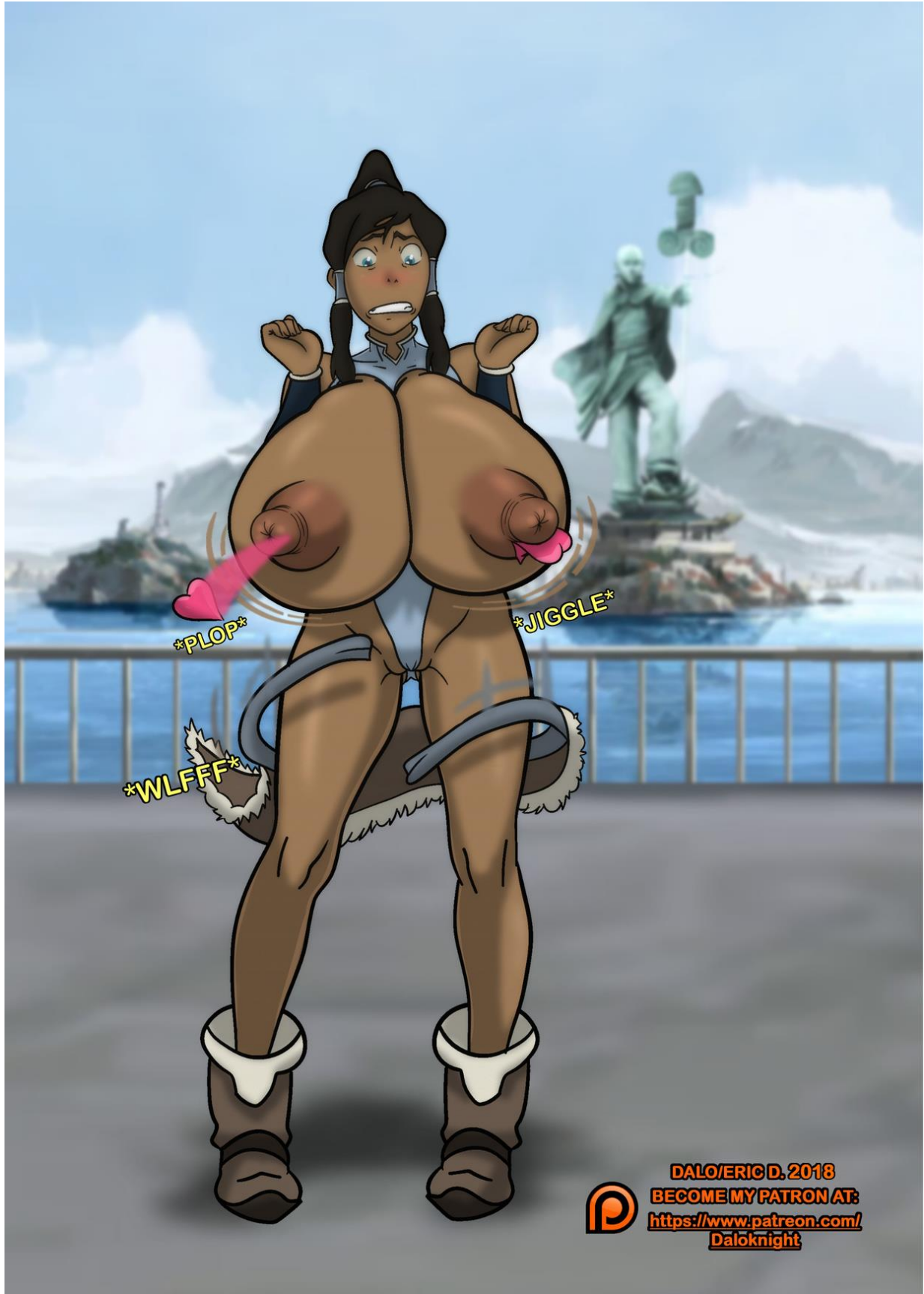
Suddenly, Naga jerked out. Nostrils flared. Body tense. "What the-?" Korra fell back as Naga suddenly bolted. Dashing off back toward the city. She had only seen him do this at the White Collar bunker when he was hunting. Running at full tilt away from her.

"Naga? NAGA! She watched as her Polar Bear Dog gives runs off into the cities back alleyways. After more food most likely. Get back here!" Korra tried to give chase but there would be no stopping a hungry beast with a scent of food in the air. "Damn it," Korra sighed, hunching over to try and catch her breath. He'd be alright...Once she knew where she was going she could find him easily....ooohhh...

Korra's was feeling a bit off. Her chest felt tight. She tugged at her corset, trying anything to feel cooler. Ahhhh.... that...sort of helped...hm?

Korra tried to grope her breasts but they had become so sensitive...and...swollen...how could..?...ahhh...no...what....

Her breasts were by no means small. Firm and well formed, they had been ogled often and openly. Now they looked bigger...no, they were getting bigger. She could see them swelling before her eyes. Nipples raising up eagerly as she watched in the evening light. Quivering and shivering. She needed to find help, she had to find Tenzin! Her eyes rose, looking across the bay. Looking for options to her sudden dilima-



PLOP

JIGGLE

WLFFF



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There was only three things that stood out across the expanse of water. Of course, there was the Founder's Statue of Taboo Aang overlooking the city that he had helped put together. There was also a strange building of sorts that lead out on its own pier, lit up with much activity even this late in the evening. The third was much harder to see. It was neither big nor flashy enough to have attention drawn to it, but everyone knew what the modest building was. Freedom Temple. The place Taboo Aang, and now his family lived to this day. It was where Tenzin had to be. He had to!

The dock ferry was to far away. Swimming may be the only option she has now. But as her mind grows hazy with...whatever her body is doing. Korra gradually begins to let her guard down. With the sensitivity of her breasts in the open air. And the conflicting emotions of what was going on in the city. All of it made for a very distracted mind. The perfect mind for someone to Dominate.

The blue chain of lighting flew out of nowhere. Locking silently around Korra's wrists. She was only able to catch the "Fiery Ropes" earlier that day because it had been weak. This chain radiated the true power of Dominance Energy. Her body went rigid, making her breasts stand up firmly as she stood at attention. There was nothing else she could do...She was at the total mercy of whoever now bound her...



CHAPTER THREE: WHITE COLLAR

“Does This one have anything??” a young man voice cut through the confusion.

“Doubt it. Otherwise, she’d have been dressed in something halfway decent.” Another voice moved about behind her. Korra could not see who these two fuckers were. One of them had to Dominating her. His influence kept her body unable to turn and deal with these two muggers. There was nothing she could do now. Only wait for a distraction or weakness that will let her get control of her body back.

Bolin starts to groping her ass, which catches Korra off guard in a hurry. Didn't these punks know who she was? How dare they!

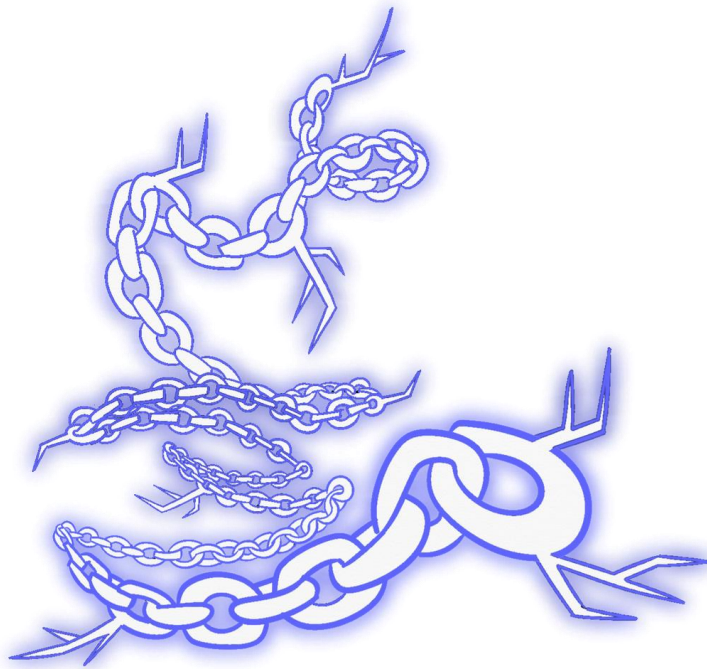


“Oh, Come on! She doesn’t even have a money pouch. What fucking luck...,” From the corner of her eye, Korra could see a boyish man kneeling beside her thigh, Frowning in annoyance. Looking like he is trying to will one into being from the folds of her butt. Judging by the thicker than average clothing, he looked like he came from the Restrict Nation. Though he had none of the stoic-ness that her teachers had. “At least she could have had a few coins for something.”

“Relax Bolin. She's still worth something. Look, she's wearing a Submissive Tribe outfit. They're in the highest demand,” A stern young man steps into Korra’s peripheral, hand outstretched.

The red blue energy connecting himself to her taking the form of a chains. His gaze did not leave Korra while he spoke. "Now, tell us what you have Servant." A man that knew how to use his Dominance well. But he couldn't be better than the trainers she'd beaten before.

"I have nothing, Master Mako." Korra would never have said this. She didn't know the asshole's name. But this wasn't her body. It wasn't her choice of what her body did versus what Mako wanted to know. He was in her head and owned her body so long as his focus did not divert from her. Yet the finer details she could still control, for all the good that looking pissed did. "Only the clothing on my back" How was he able to do this? She had been able to beat the best trainers in the world at this. But they never used anything like this. Their ropes of fiery red she could fight off. Like the strings of the puppet that could be cut. But these chains of blue...they hurt, even as she struggled. And somehow got into her head, forcing her to speak. The tingling snaking about behind her eyes, inside of her head.



"That's something at least," Mako sighs and tugs the chain. Korra's limbs began to strip her body. Undoing the leather cuffs and placing them respectfully before Mako. Followed by her fur shawl along with the rest of her clothing.

Korra did not let it go quietly. Fight as she might, she remained poised for the opening. Like back with her trainers, it took but a moment for the tables to be turned. Mako is going to pay for this, mark her words. Suddenly, Korra feels her legs give out. The feeling of weightless follows as her body contorts into a kneeling position. Mako smirking down at her. "Now, let's make this worth it." "I thought I was getting to go first this time?" "My chain, my choice. Come now little Pet," Korra fought, screamed. lashed out. Not that her body did any of that. Instead,

it crawled forward as Korra watches. Undoing her assaulters pants, mouth moistening not of its own will.



As Korra gets intimately acquainted with Mako-



Bolin is picking up her clothing. Looking curiously over each piece. "Strange that a Stray would have such nice clothing. Even if it is this outdated." "Why does it matter? Someone will buy it. You know how people like dressing up their stuff," Mako mulls it over. Watching Korra bob up and down on his member. Sure, he was erect, but this was pathetic. "Glad we don't have to train em. This one can't suck worth a damn."

Korra for some reason feels insulted anyways. The girthy mass in her mouth was throbbing plenty...wait no! Stop this! I'm the Taboo damn it! Bolin sighs, leaning on his hand with a frown.

"...what is it?"

"Well..." Bolin shrugs sheepishly. "I don't wanna wait so..."

"Fine, come join in on the action."

Korra couldn't look back, but could feel her hips being raised. being raised by HIM.

"Just keep the marks down. No one will be buy a beaten woman," Bolin smirks, undoing his own pants eagerly. Member bouncing about just as eagerly. Korra steadies herself, not even able to brace herself, as him penetrating her ass.



"Ya Know we're going to need a better strategy for earning cash, rather than sneaking up on strays night after night." Mako states.

"Well, once our Pro-Deviance careers pick up, we'll be able to actually buy strays. Or better!" Korra couldn't stand this drivel. A passenger in her own body. Her, the Taboo, wasn't even the focus. Instead, she had to sit here...well, no, not quite.

Korra's hips continue to bounce as Bolin thrusts again and again into her. "Can't you picture it? We'll have our own Cheerleaders in our locker room. Imagine all of them. One, no five from each nation of the world!" Bolin continues to yammer, his cock throbbing. Balls bouncing

against Korra's moist snatch. Mako, who has been letting Korra do all the work, smiles in amusement.

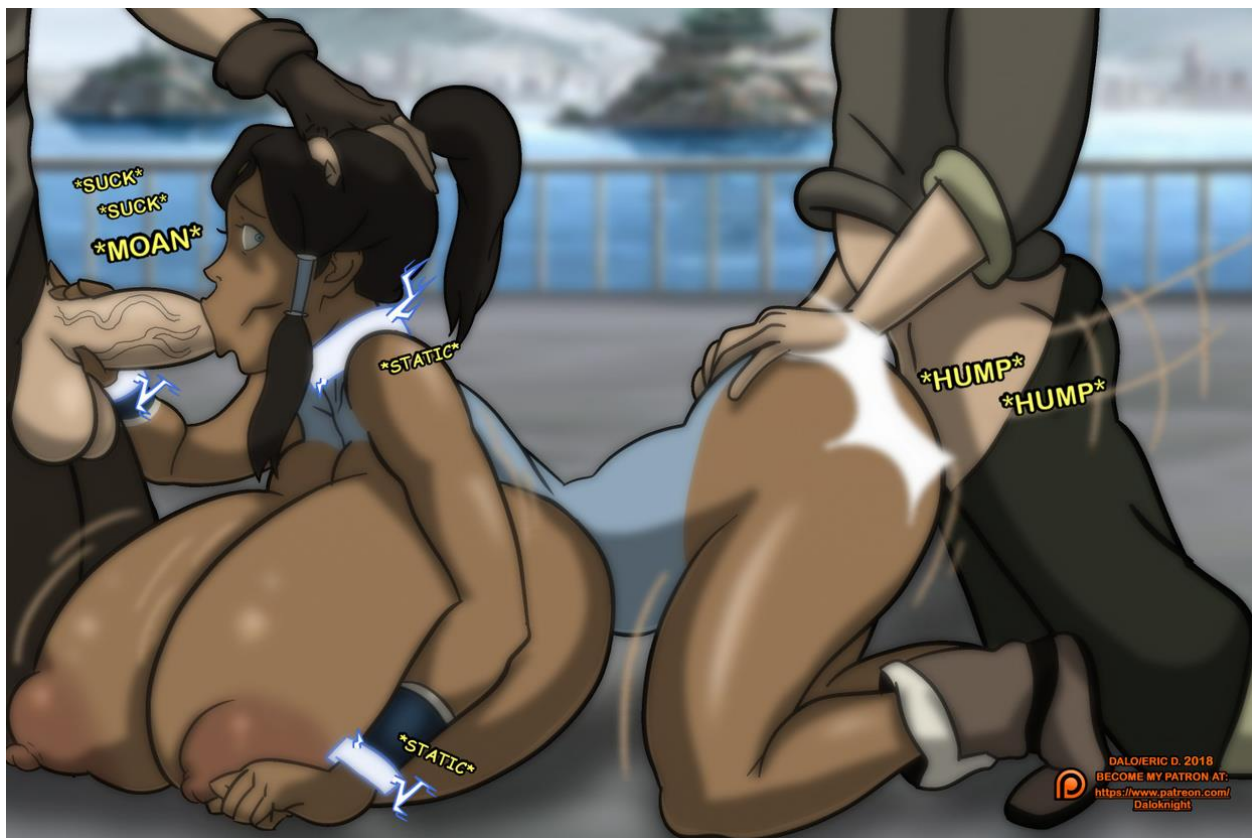
"What would you do with that many ladies?"

"Well, I'd fuck em. What else would I do with them?"

"You'd need to keep them somewhere."

"Oh yeah...well, we'd have a place for that." Mako can't help but chuckle. Bolin wanted it all and didn't have a clue what he'd do with it.

Korra couldn't think of anything more horrible than this. How could it have happened? Listening to these two while they defile her body...



"Anyways, we're a long ways from that. We don't even have a place for ourselves yet. Right now, we gotta focus on making money."

"Yeah. Selling Strays has been...." Bolin trails off, adjusting his grip on Korra. idlily playing with her pussy in place of finishing his sentence.

"Yeah, it hasn't been great. But we're learning. No more of those dead eyed Third Hand Strays. Gotta get ones that can hold themselves up." Mako mutters, his face getting flushed. He could

feel himself getting close despite the inept blowjob he was getting. "This one will be the first of many."

"Actually...does it have to be the this one?"

"What?"

"Well, I mean, this has been a pretty decent one," maybe on your end Mako mutters, "plus I think we deserve to treat ourselves."

"No Bolin, we don't get to treat ourselves. Treating ourselves is when we aren't collecting Strays off the street and docks. That's when we treat ourselves."

"Oh come on Mako, this is a pretty excellent one. Why don't we keep her?"

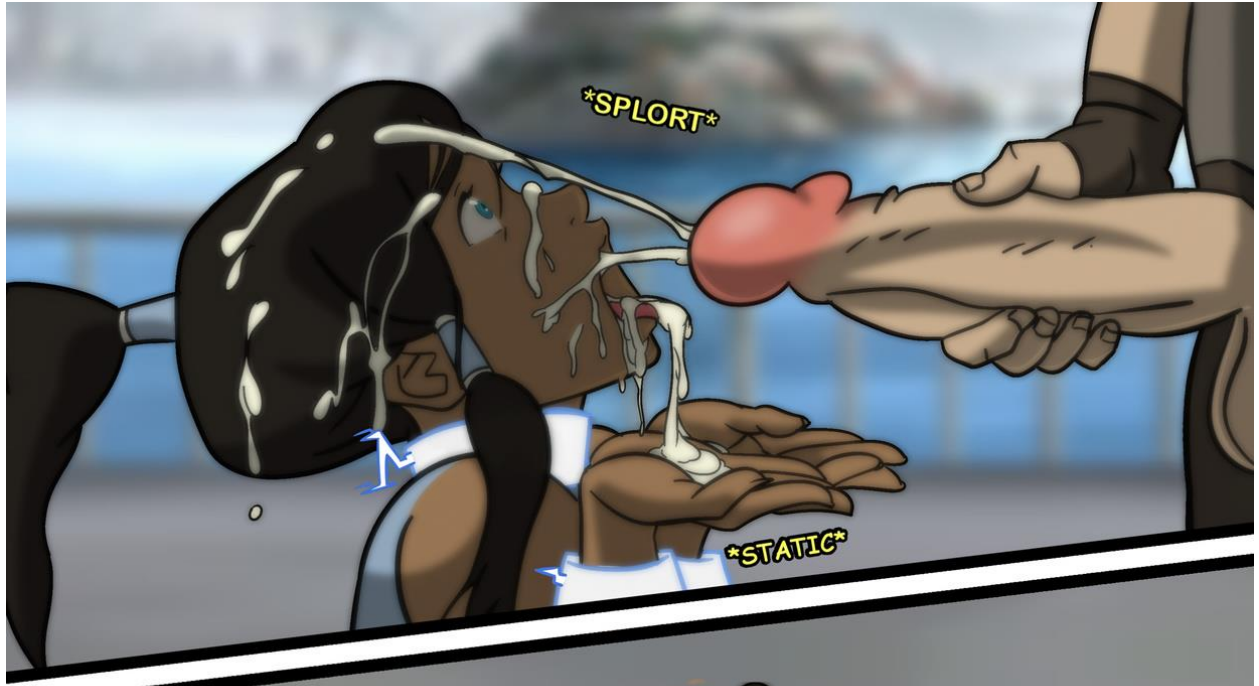
Korra could feel herself building. What a strange sensation. Blocking out what is actually happening to her, the sense of pleasure by itself felt alien considering she can't do anything for herself. Sure, she had pleased herself before, but this was...too weird. She had to get out of here.

Mako, strangely, seemed to have the same idea. Squeezing his hand, sending energy through the blue chains into the Stray's body. Korra really did cry out this time. Her own orgasm done by someone else's will.



Mako smiles as Bolin moans, finishing off himself while Mako comes in second. Each man pulling out of her. Leaving Korra remaining on her knees, her body asking for air. Semen gushing

out of her, dribbling down her body. Despite her exhaustion, she still stands ready to continue serving. Prompted up by Mako nonetheless, Korra remains in a kneeling position as Mako's unloads his last load of thick semen all over her face. Korra's hands fit into an offering position to catch what she misses. Mouth locked up, begging for the rest. Lungs forcing her to breathe as her throat instinctively tries to swallow before it asphyxiates. This was all too much. Tears mixing with semen, Korra silently cries. She cries for herself, for this humiliation. for everything. Then, the eyes roll back. Showing their white. The body remains ready to serve, even as Korra is no longer aware of it.



Mako releases the hold keeping Korra in position. Her body flopping outward. Left in a messy sprawl. Mako strokes his chin as he and Bolin both look over and admire their handy work.

"So ya good Bolin?"

"Yeah. I'm good...um...should we...clean her or..?"

"Yeah. Think they bay water should do the trick"

With that, the deed was done. Bolin and Mako stratified and emptied, it was time to get down to the business of selling this one.



After having Korra dive into the bay and swim about, the two needed to fish her back out. It made sense why no one else would do it. Considering the old torn fishing net tangled about her swollen breasts and the riders that clung to her body. Korra could only scowl from inside her head as the two boys didn't bother cutting off the netting. They would do that later. So Korra

had to start walking. The feel of water sloshing in her boots, the pinch of the crab that came along with her and even a fish.

The only thing to spare her of her wet misery were her kidnapper's banter. The two escorting her had been talking as storm when she woke Bolin continuing to expand upon his fantasy while Mako listens quietly. "And these big big breasts. Bigger than this Stray has. Like..Like Cow udders. And maybe some like some novel hair color or something."

"Sounds like you are just wanting to fuck a cow. Have you been eyeing that [concession stand/other team's cheerleader], hm?" Bolin waves it off.

"You can't say it wouldn't be pretty sweet to have."

On and on it went, Korra quietly attempting not to focus on the feeling of being recently violated the babbling buffoons and washed like an animal in the bay. Perhaps that was why she didn't place the voice at first

A soft snickering that sounded almost like it was coming from a horse. Was being overshadowed by the very clear snicker, from someone she just didn't want to deal with. The brothers did not see his cart at first. But it was Him, the damned bastard that did this to her and his Ponygirl.

"Fish out something good from the bay, boys?" Bolin and Mako turn to see the man settling in.

"Just cleaning her off sir."



"She must have been a real mess if this is her cleaned up.

The two boys walked over with Korra. The old man's eyes never leaving Korra's body. "My, she grew out well. Perhaps larger than I had expected." Mako raises an eyebrow. His hand slowly grips the fishing net holding Korra's chest. "What are you talking about? What did you do to my property?"

The Melon Merchant shows his hands. "I meant nothing against you sir. I was merely tending to a what I thought was a very rude stray. I had no idea she was owned in any sort." Mumbling under his breath that she didn't behave well enough. "Anyways, you should be happy. For your woman has been improved." With a flourish, the man presents....a watermelon? "This wonderfruit is able to enhance any woman to their best bountiful self."

So that was what happened. Korra's face twists into a scowl. The only thing she can do. This ticked off the merchant, who hides his scowl. "Perhaps, I can demonstrate what I mean? after all, a woman is only beautiful if they can provide as well.

Korra could do little as her breasts were squeezed harshly. As large as they were, it took some doing to get anything out of the nipples. Taking on the pinkish hue of the melon the man had

been showing off. Before long, several shallow glasses were filled before no more could be forced out. Bolin and Mako both take a glass. Mako raising an eyebrow. "it's cold?"

"An interesting side effect I promise you." the Melon Merchant bows his head as the two men take a drink. Both of them drinking it down deeply.(edited)

After several minutes, the Merchant is snapping his fingers in front of them. "Jeez, you two have never gotten drunk huh? No wonder you were out of it like that. As you can see, my fruit are able to do wonderful things with a woman. Even provide a blissful drink without the threat of a hangover."

"I think it's even better than that!" Bolin makes a grab for the last glass. Melon Merchant swipes it up. "Oh no. The first one is free. You'll need to pay up if you want more." Bolin pouts, lower lip quivering.

The Merchant smiles and nods. "indeed, as you can see there is no problem here. She has merely been made a bit more useful." Mako nods. It didn't really matter to him, but if this could make her sell for more why not?

Her melon milk does taste pretty good, hell better than good. It tastes great, Bolin exclaims!

"Out of her? Nonsense. Now if you wanted a real taste (for a fee) you can have a taste of Melon here," He pats the Pony Girl's breast. "Will totally make your day. I'll even make a small discount if you would."

"Sorry old man. We got nothing. Athlete thing and the stadium hasn't been paying well the last few weeks."

"Oh really? I'm insulted good sirs. You'd think that one could beat this pristine breed?"

"You're talking like they're cows. and She's a pony."

"Bah! it's all the same thing with my Melon Milk. Fine fine, be on your way you two." The chipperness emptied as the glass did. Grumbling under his breath about a lost sale as the two make their way onward.

Korra meanwhile watches on frowning. The Melon Merchant glances over with the flicker of a wicked smile. "My good sir, don't you think she should be smiling too as well?"(edited)

"Huh?"

"I do not mean to intrude. But if the Melon Milk is as good as you claim? I simply think she'd be smiling with delight over the success of her bosoms as well."

Mako glances to Korra who was having none of this. Scowling deeply with the only bit of control she has left. "Nothing I can do about it. That's too precise. Smirking before holding his fingers up. "Then how about we just prop up those cheeks then?"

Korra could do nothing with her index fingers pressing up her face into the most painful smile she had ever experience. The Merchant was not hiding his glee either. Chuckling openly. "See? it fits her perfectly. Shame she doesn't know better to do it on her own."



Mako felt a shiver. Something about this man was putting him off now. Even his Pony seemed to understand this. Giving him a sideways glance as the man chockles. "Errr, actually we should be going sir."

"Oh? Surely you would like another drink. The best I've got as well." The Melon Merchant pats his Pony. "Her [Melon Milk] is truly to die for. I can assure you. I've had to juice her dry on several occasions. And you can have as much as you'd like...for a fee."

Mako places a hand on Bolin's shoulder. "I think we'll do just fine with ours, thank you."

"Oh, don't be a cheapskate. Surely you must have better tastes than Strays."

"Good night Sir." The two boys hurried on. Leaving the two scowling.

"Honestly, the taste of young men. Anything with a bump will do." The Melon Merchant grouses. Forgetting he is holding a bit of the stray's Juice. "it couldn't be that bad...I suppose the Bay could have a better use for it." the man muses, walking over the water's edge. Peering down into the murky depth. "And yet...surely not..." frowning. taking the cup to his lips and letting the barest amount touch his tongue. Standing there silently, he does it again. Then a third time before drinking it all down. "What the hell was that." he roars over the water. pitching the empty cup into the water. "I can't fucking believe that her...her, of all things..." The

Melon Merchant grips his forehead, trying to keep himself steady. "Has the best tasting Melon Juice I've ever found?" Melon snorts deeply, looking clearly offended even for a Pony. "Oh, what are you worried about?" His bad mood following him back to his cart. "Are you jealous, hm?" Melons stands mutely. Her shifting stance giving away the truth. "Ha. Don't worry my dear Melons. You are still the face of this. I simply need her under the cart. Milking her dry. I could afford a shop. a building. Hell, a business built on this tits of hers!" Melons raises and eyebrow before letting out another snort. "Well, her tits and yours I suppose." Giving Melons breasts a squeeze. "But for now, we need to get to the stadium. We'll need a spot if we're going to add her to the stable...

Her muggers walked her into a shabby looking building. It looked like it should have been condemned. But Korra figured that a Discipline power had been used here. Holding and propping up what was left of the building. Mako kept Korra moving though the doorless entrance.

Inside the dilapidated building was a "shop". Lacking any better word for it. What shelves there are had been there before with items piled onto it. Korra could not see anything new here. Everything was warped, worn or on its last legs. If there had been anything else, it had long since been stolen or sold off by the squatter behind what was intended to be a counter.

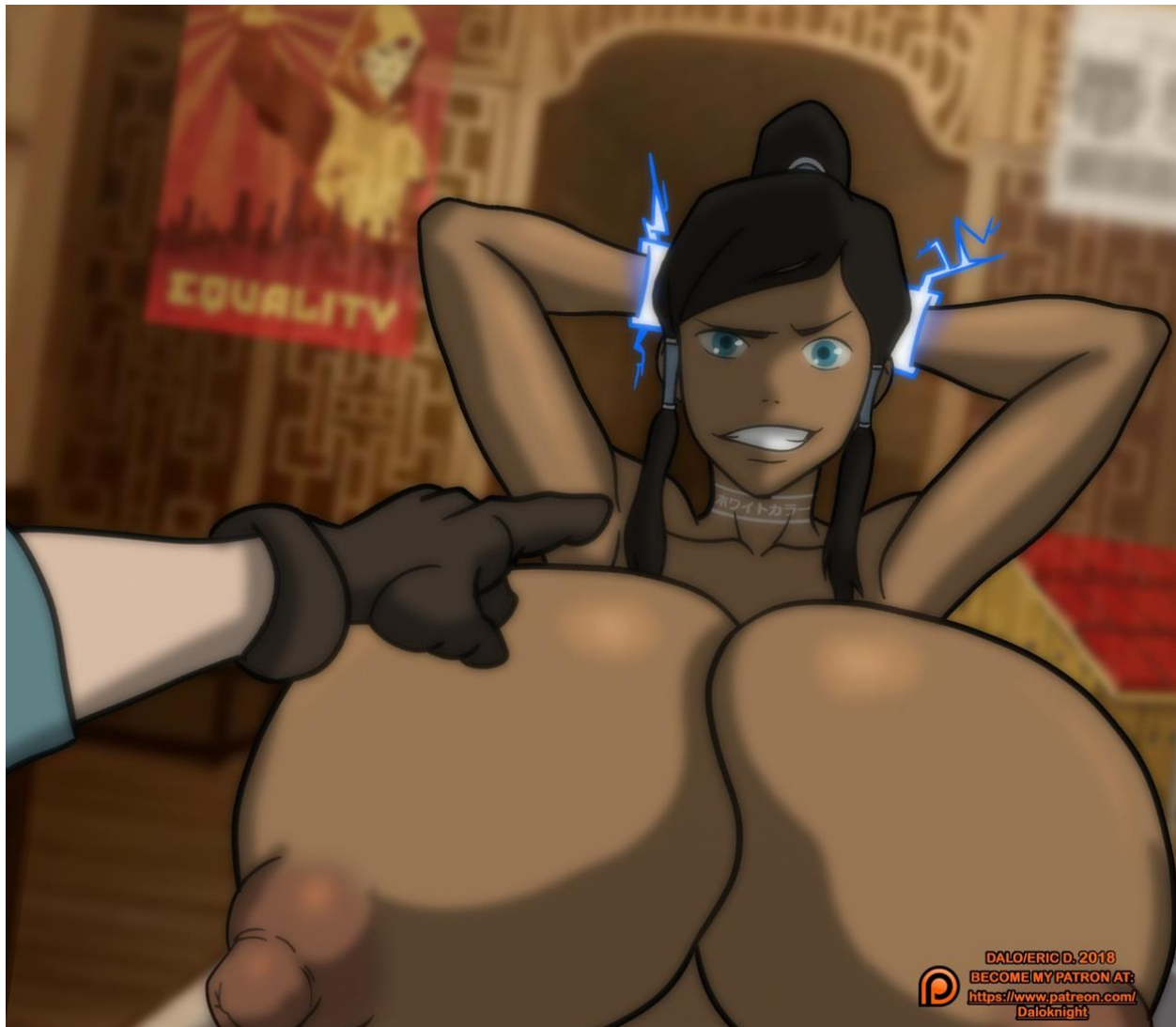
Collars and muzzles, Gags and handcuffs. All lay before the eyes of the shopkeeper. His gaze looking over the two young men with a smile. Nodding approvingly before settling back into his chair. Korra couldn't help but notice there was a door for slipping out of near his seat.

Mako walked his prize to the counter.

The skinny man looks Mako up and down, glancing to what he is "escorting" before raising and eyebrow. "Too healthy to be a Stray. I ain't buying no stolen shit boy."

If she wasn't a stray, she'd wouldn't have been down by the Docks by alone." The man mumbles, getting up from his chair and walking. "We'll see about that."

Working around the Dominance, the man inspects Korra. Mumbling to himself as he works and inspects. "Move this choker," he says. Mako adjusting the chains to expose her bare neck. The man begins searching for some mark of ownership. If it looked legit, they might have a problem. And sure enough, he found the White Collar seal as plain as day tattooed on Korra neck.



Korra puts out a smug smile. She knows all too well as to the weight of importance that a brand of the White Collar brings. "The jig is up you bastards I'm as good as free now"!

"Shit."

"Mako...where did you find this?"

"By the Dock, same as the others."

"No Mako. A Stray without a tattoo collar is one thing, something nobodies gonna miss. But this shit! Someone's gonna start asking questions about this and this collar is going to lead them back to me! I. TOLD. YOU. NO. STOLEN. SHIT!"

Mako offers his hands in surrender as the man huffs, his face flushed.

"Yes! I get it, no stolen shit. Sheesh...she was by herself and dressed in this stuff," he gestures to the clothing pile. "Trust me, I'm not looking to cause you any trouble. But still..." he muses, rubbing his chin as he looks over the store. "...I need an outfit...one that covers her neck..."

Mako winces. the energy from the chain was getting to him. Getting a bit low. Hard to focus with my fingers going numb. Crap, has it been that long?

"Bolin."

"Hm?" he looks up from several steps looking over the shelves of merchandise.

"Grab her for me yeah? My arm is cramping and getting numb.

"You mind?" Bolin looks to the man.

"Not my ground," he shrugs. Bolin stomps down as the chains spark from existence. Korra could suddenly feel her body against. Everything snapping back into her control. She would have run, if not for the roots twisting up around her ankles though the tarnished floorboards.





Mako begins to bargain with the fence. Whatever could skim off here would be money in his pocket later.

"Um...Mako?"

"Not now. Let me finish."

"She's fighting it."

"Yeah, they all fight it."

"No, I mean she's really fighting it. Like she understand what she is doing."

"That can't be poss-" Mako looks over. Korra grimacing in focus. A twist of blue whip tangling and distracting the roots as she continues to try pulling herself out of her reach. "the fuck?"

"I need help!" Mako frowns.

Just force something up into her." Bolin wasn't sure what he meant, with a gesture. A root shoots up into her. Korra crying out. Another gesture and a branch comes from the root, skewering up into her ass as well. It was all too much. Korra had been through alot today. The dual penetration tipping it over.

She sags forward once more. Bolin looking sheepish. "...It isn't that deep...not the pussy one at least..." he mutters.



Korra goes limp and begins to sag, while roots twist up over her body.

Mako frowns, now being the one grimacing. Strays don't fight like that. Women don't fight like that. There isn't anything a woman can do to someone with Discipline. And yet, here was one. And she was winning. Who the hell is this person?

"...I'm going to need to back this up and ask for a very specific outfit, something that can suppress Disciplines"

The fence become far harsher "What makes you think I even have something that can suppress Disciplines?"

"Because of your tell," Mako smirks, tapping his eyebrow. "You give yours away when you are lying. How much?"

The fence frowns, trying to keep it cool. Damn him. "That doesn't mean any-"

"Lying"

"I swear you-"

"Lying" Mako smirks as the fence gets more and more flustered, until it all comes out in one deep sigh.

"...fine" He doesn't make eye contact with Mako while he listens to what all he wants. Giving the passed out woman the stink eye. No matter how much he lost in this, at least SHE wouldn't bring everything down around his head. Better this brat than him.

With the transaction decided, Mako began looking over what the man had in stock. While under his gaze, Mako began to piece together an outfit.

The pink material clung tightly to Korra's body. Barely fitting her expansive breasts, Mako did what he could do to keep them reigned in. Tightening a corset around her midriff to keep her straight as well as mittens and leggings to go along with the ensemble. The final piece of the outfit was a hook that was interwoven into Korra's hair that ended with a hook that'd be placed into her asshole. For posture of course. She must make a good impression. Mako also laid claim to some buckles to bind her legs and arms with. He was still feeling numb from holding her before. She'd be able to hobble in this but wouldn't cause them much trouble.



With Mako fitting his unconscious catch into her new outfit, Bolin was able to continue inspecting what the "shop" had to offer. Walking past a basket of white balls, he proceeded to where the cages held the Third Handers.

These were considered the dregs after all. Without any male family to claim them and not valuable enough to be worth something on their own. Even strays were above these. The ones that physically could not look after themselves. Therefore, unbelievably cheap and a squatter's bread and butter.

Inside each of the small cages lay a curled up woman. Stripped of everything but a collar. Most of them looked a bit bestial. Long haired, ill cared for, unwashed. Probably not worth the price written on each paper slip stuck in the bars.

To Bolin, who had never had a woman of his own, these looked like the only chance he'd get. As their money went toward being fed and housed, there wasn't much left for anything else. A cheap peepshow or even one remarkable time he got to use a cheerleader from another team had been the best he could do. Owning a woman would have been a dream. This had been a

thorn between him and his brother. Why didn't they keep one of these strays they found? They weren't all that much more. They could be useful. But no, Mako knew best on the matter. And this one nearly clocked him too...

Bolin sighs, walking along the kennels. If he could, he'd buy all of these. Oh well....hm? Bolin stood at the end of the line. A Third Hand sat without a cage beside the other kennels.

This Third Hand didn't look all that bad. A bit scruffy, but young and attentive. Her eyes follow Bolin's in a blissful calm. Watching his movement as he kneels. Opening her mouth shamelessly. Tongue wagging wildly. Bolin chuckles. Touching the silly thing's forehead. The Third Hander twists suddenly, catching Bolin's fingers and sucking needily. Her eyes never returning to Bolin's.

Bolin shivers. His body trembling from the sensation of the mouth on his fingers. He wanted to pull them away. To tease the silly thing inside a bit longer. But his hand would not move. It remained inside of the Third Hander's mouth as she sucks noisily, now using her own fingers to hold his in place.



The sensation wasn't feeling very good now. His hand had gone num. And it was spreading up his arm. Panic gripped Bolin as he pushes back. The kennels in the line up clatter about as he frees his fingers from the trap of the mouth. Bolin climbs to his feet, rubbing his wrist nervously. The vacant yet focused eyes locked on him. Empty white and still following his every moment. Strange feeling came over Bolin as it felt that a bit of his energy had been taken. "I wonder if she's a [Nympho Feeder]." "Hey Man, What the hell is this thing?" "Hm?" he glances over, hoping the other one isn't going to be more trouble. "They're my products." "But this one isn't in a kennel." Bolin resists the urge to point out the woman "Why wouldn't I keep one of

my products in a cage?" great, this one was going to bother him as well. "if you don't like it, then leave them alone. Or go buy from a store," he waves it away. Bolin edging nervously away from the vacant eyes now following him. He had wanted one with passion, but this one was a bit creepy.

"I'm serious, this creepy pet isn't in a cage." Bolin watches as the strange woman moves from the kennels, moving to keep her eyes on Bolin.

"What are you talking about...huh?" Mako caught a glimpse of red "What the heck?"

"She keeps following me!"

"Settle down, It's a pet, why is that a problem?"

"Because she's creepy. Make her stop." Mako sighs, walking over. Arms out and watching the strange pet glance dismissively at him before locking back onto Bolin.

The shop owner ignores both of them. Working on getting Korra's hook in place. "bunch of ungrateful....stolen property and getting me involved...there." he nods. With Bolin's roots out of the way and out of Korra, he then slides the hook into her asshole easily. Unaware that the painful poke has brought the Taboo back to awareness. Her eyes fluttering open, but not making a noise. The constraints and punishments earlier having finally taught her that words aren't going to help.

Korra watches as her kidnappers dance about the shop, as Bolin tries to convince his older brother Mako about the creepy pet that's following them. Meanwhile, the shop keep attendants the stores register, no doubt to calculate his earning for Korra's stolen gear. Regardless, With those three occupied, Korra glances toward the open door. This is her chance to escape .

She messed up the first time and she won't be getting another. Mako wasn't focusing on her while he was focusing on Bolin. There was the option of rebounding back on him, but Bolin would bind her to the floor before she could do anything with Mako. Better to make for the doorway.

Korra turned to the exit and began to waddle towards the door. In just Five steps. She'd be out the door before either of her kidnappers noticed her. Legs tensing back stiffened. It would only take a moment to escape-

But just then a strangely figured woman blocked her path to freedom. She stared at the figure walking in on all fours. A gag in her mouth that looked like a bit. Wearing only straps around her body, this older woman looked like one of the "animals" seen in the city. It is up to the male masters to decide what women become. Many preferred their positions to be lower than themselves. And when the master is gone, they keep those roles. Perhaps that is what this gray haired dog woman was? She held herself too pridefully to be a stray.



Regardless of what this woman may be, she needs to get out of Korra's way! Korra silently hisses. Watching the animal waddle closer. Her massive breasts not touching the dirty wooden floor. Nipples clamped onto her thighs. The bone shaped bit firmly in her mouth.

Ignoring Korra, she waddles to the pet shops counter. The shopkeeper take pause from calculating his earnings. Greet the dog woman with a stern grope then ties a package onto her back. After which the shopkeep returned to his register. In that moment, the dog woman glanced back at Korra.



"That's right, get out of here you damn mutt". Korra silently whispered. Yet the dog doubled back. Looking as though she had somehow heard her. Waddling back towards the exit, scowling up into the scowling Taboo. What are you looking at? "At least I'm not a damned animal like you", Korra whispered.

Again, the dog woman remaining scowling. Her expression that of annoyance.

This was getting her nowhere. Korra would not lose her one chance to get out of here, due to a stupid mutt. She'd kicked aside men several times larger than some worn out bitch. She'd only be another step in her escape.

At a particularly intense outburst from Mako, Korra made her break. One step! Two Step! Three Step! All that was left was the old dog who nearly blocked the exit. Twisting and driving her foot beside her. Not breaking her stride as she pushes forward toward her well deserved freedom.

But luck was not on her side. As the old dogs spiked studded collar bore into Korra's large bare breast flesh. Korra gritted her teeth as the studs dug into her deeply, before letting out a terrible scream of pain.

That scream gave her away. Mako made quick work of restricting Korra once more. Leaving Bolin alone with the owner while the dog woman left with her package.

Bolin frowns and stocks off, the [Nympho Feeder] no far behind him. Leaving the man to talk with Mako who had gotten Korra back under his control

"Let go! Fuckers! I'll flay you all alive!" Korra hollowed. Mako, still drained from before, has resorted to holding her down. Grunting as the woman thrashes.

"I'm going to need a gag." he growls under his breath. Trying to adjust his weight. This whole ordeal was getting worse by the moment. "So what are ya gonna do about this huh?"

"What? Me? Why should I care about your unruly property?"

"Cause a woman screaming her head off is going to bring attention." The show owner snarls. "I ain't giving ya any more gear. You couldn't afford it. However, I think I've got something," He quickly collects two of the white spheres he had on display. The white spheres are smooth, the surface appears to be hardened as one might caramelize something. These Cum Balls are given to women when they have been good or used as a cheap food source. Pressed into their mouths, it can keep them tasting the semen for most of the day as they dissolve.

However, the shop keeping squatter would not have fresh ones. The ones in his shop are hard as rocks with a rancid old age smell leaking out of them.

The two work together, forcing in each ball into Korra's mouth who was fighting it the whole time. She knew right away what the salty taste was. Yet this one made her stomach reel. Her eyes water as her mouth unwillingly holds them in place. The dried semen dissolving and flooding her mouth. "They're a bit old, but they won't kill her."



Mako smirks, amused at the sour look he was getting. "you know, this is missing something," Getting the ink bottle and brush from the counter top, he made quick work on Korra's face. It's been a rough night. Bolin wasn't the only one that could find ways to enjoy himself.



With business concluded, the shopkeeper was more than happy to see the group being on their way. "That woman is trouble," he mumbles under his breath. Looking out over the bay. The sun starting to dip into the ocean. "Perhaps I should pack up...Move on before something happens." Turning back into his shop. He saw the calm, vacant pet sitting on her haunches.

"you-?" The pet zips past him, slipping through his legs and taking off into the darkening evening. Toward the lite stadium building in the distance.

Korra waddles along, fully aware of what she was doing. Mako's influence no longer compelled her to obey. Though she wished he still was doing it. She might not still be thinking about the foul taste in her mouth otherwise. The semen balls size haven't shrunken at all. If they had she could spit them out. First chance she got she thought, even if it pissed them off. Especially if it pissed them off.

On the final walk way to the Stadium entrance, Bolin stopped for a moment. Do you hear that?. Something was following them. The heavy patter of feet gave Korra a moment of hope. Was it Naga?

"Aaaaahhhh!!!" Bolin screams out as the weight of the [Nympho Feeder] slams into him. Her teeth making quick work of his pants. She knew what she wanted.



Bolin lay panting, the [Nympho Feeder] laying possessively on him. "...I want to keep Pabo."

"Huh?"

"That was gonna be the name of the my Pet. I was going to call her Pabo." Mako didn't try to make sense of that. And at this point, he didn't care.

"Fine. Keep her. Don't cry to me when you can't handle her." He grabs onto Korra, leading her inside the stadium.

Making his way through the coliseum entrance, Mako forced Korra to keep up with him. She was growing to hate hobbling along on her knees. If the bastard wanted her to be fast, he shouldn't have put her into something like this. Hell, several of what she could only assume where women kept here walked around freely, relatively.

But no, she had to be hurried along. Out of the passages for the customers to make their way into the grand seating and to the place where only the players and staff would be.

On the way, Mako sidesteps an older man while Korra blunders right into him and the thing he is escorting.

"Watch it!" he snaps. Pushing Korra over. Causing her to land and struggle on her massive tits.

"Sorry Old timer, we're in a hurry. I need to put this one up before the next match starts."

"No reason to be rude boy. So this is a new cheerleader huh?" The man glowers down at Korra. He looked about the same age as the elders at the White Collar Bunker...and could probably have put them in their place to. What he had been escorting was what Korra had thought had been a training dummy on wheels. Now that she had a chance to see, it was another woman being held in place. Bruises running up and down her exposed chest and body. A cut across her forehead dripped slowly. "Ya know I could take her off your hands cheap. She looks like she could handle a bit more than the trash I have to keep wheeling out of here."

"Sorry sir, she's not for sell."

"Bah! Fine. Lousy equipment...lousy players..." the man grouses as he rolls the slumped over "Training Dummy" in the opposite direction.

On and on Korra hobbled. Forcing herself to keep up....why? Because she knew what Mako could do to her. Worst yet, what a place like this would do to her if she disobeyed. She had to keep up.

Meanwhile, Mako kept muttering to himself. "Need a place, need a place. Can't leave her with other training equipment, no no no. Gotta keep her a secret. Shit, I'll have to take her home with me to the top of the tower." Korra didn't like that last bit.

Turning a corner, Mako made his way up the stairs. The first of several along with a final ladder. He did not look back to see that Korra had given pause. Trying to process how she'd make it up there, on her knees, with a hook up her ass and a large dildo in clobbering up space within her snatch. Raising a knee up. Wincing as she feels the dildo moving around inside of her. Feeling her body dribbling as she adjusts and moves before finally flopping forward. Her tits resting on the dirty steps as she attempts to gets her out knee up. But its no good, Korra soon fumbles back down the steps, with the dildo sliding firmly back into its original place.

It was only this morning, that Korra had come to this city. A masterful warrior, who trained had been trained her entire life under the guidance of the esteemed White Collar. She was to be the destined Savior of this world. Now, she was nothing more than lowly malformed sex slave. Facing down the hardest challenge of her life. Not that of defeating some ruthless despot dictator or a nefarious villain, on some far off land or distant battlefield. No, this challenge was one of climbing a flight of stairs, one step at a time. To reach the third floor of a coliseum tower.



Korra's deep thinking was cut short by Mako's bursts of anger from up above the tower.

"Don't make me come back down there and make you to climb those stairs slave"!

Agitated by Mako's words, Korra nervously began to clench up tighter around her intrusions as the last bit of pride she had as the City's savior oozed out all around her dildo onto the floor. She then took one last breath before chewing down hard onto her semen encrusted balls, as she began raising up a knee. Her body dribbling out fluids as she attempts to flop forward, resting her massive tits onto the dirty steps once again. Then after a brief moment of adjusting her composure, Korra then attempts to gets her knee up and over the step.

Korra began chanting to herself, as she began climbing the stairs of destiny.

"I won't lose again"!

TO BE CONTINUED-