

BOOK FIVE: BINDS

CHAPTER ONE



dbcomix.com

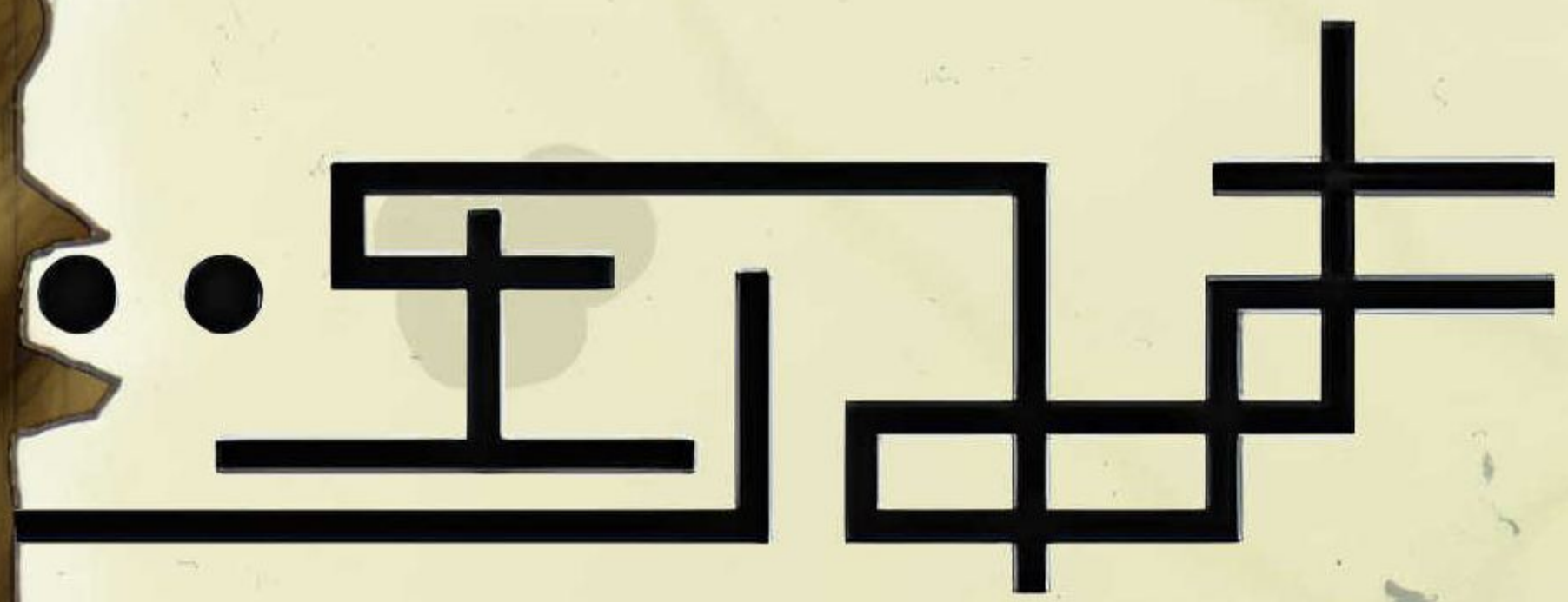
\$9.90

adults only

ASAMI CAPTURED

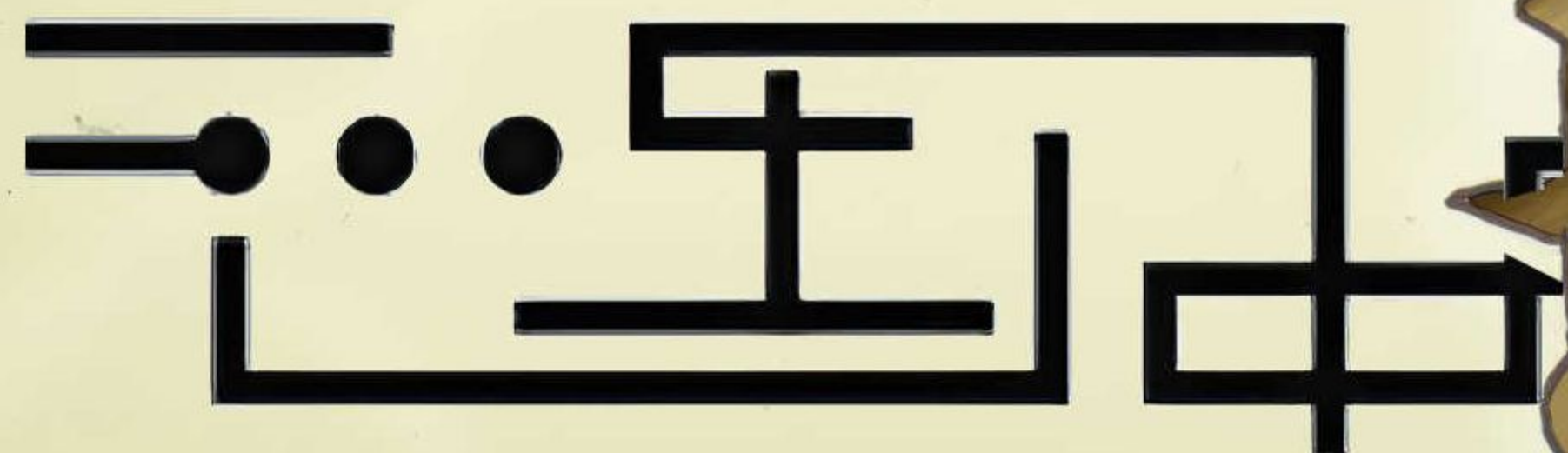


WISHBERRI KEELY KEY
RED'S ABDL CREATIONS LINDA



BOOK FIVE
BINDS

CHAPTER ONE
ASAMI CAPTURED



1.

古維拉萬歲

A few days later, once Korra and Asami returned from their trip from the spirit portal a young woman carrying a small suitcase appeared in front of the Sato residence. She claimed to be Asami's half-sister, showing a letter from Asami's dead father to support her claim.

Asami read from the letter: "Dearest Zakoni, I'm really sorry, but I can't support you anymore. Our great movement, the one I told you about, has moved to another phase. The Republic City government, police, and even the avatar are going after us! The final clash is unavoidable and only one side can win. If something happens to me, find Asami, she has a good heart. Show her this letter and she will help you. With love, your father, Hiroshi Sato."

Asami had tears in her eyes as she read the letter from her father. She didn't believe this girl, she knew her father had his dark side, but he never would have cheated on her beloved mother!

Just as she was about to send the mysterious Zakoni away, Korra appeared behind her. Asami felt her love's muscular arms wrap around her. She was doing her best to try to defuse the situation.

"Asami please, calm down. Between the two of us, you are prudent and I'm hard-headed. Don't go switching our roles." Korra released Asami and took the letter to judge its authenticity for herself. While she read Asami stared daggers at Zakoni, her new "Half-sister".

"Is it your father's signature?" Asked Korra to the obviously upset Asami.

"Of course it is! But the texts are from Sato-writer. ANYBODY could write this and just copied Father's signature on the bottom of the page." Asami snapped, while Zakoni turned red.

"You have NO idea what this means to me! My home was destroyed!" She shot a sneering look at Korra. "Thanks, avatar." She turned back to Asami with tears of her own welling up in her eyes. "Now everything I have is in this small suitcase. You had all the advantages in life while I had to hide. All I wanted was help from my sister, but I can see this was a mistake. Have a nice life!"

Zakoni grabbed her father's letter and turned back to walk away, leaving Korra and Asami to feel horrible.

"Come on, you have still 76 free rooms," whispered Korra "Even if she isn't your sister, we can't just send her away."

"Look if you really want to you can stay with us. It's just everything is happening so fast to me in the last few days..." Asami meant her budding bisexual relationship with Korra, but of course, she didn't mention that. It wasn't like anybody needed to know about it!

"That's great! Thank you so MUCH Asami, I love you!" Zakoni hugged her half-sister with a strong grip.

Asami laughed a little. "Stop with that bear hug! Gosh, you're almost as strong as Korra!" Zakoni let her go and she caught her breath. Korra watched from the sidelines, feeling a little left out.

"You must tell and show me everything! I want to know all about our father!" Zakoni smiled ear to ear and led Asami by her shoulders to her new home, forgetting Korra behind them.

At dinner, Zakoni kept talking and questioning Asami with what felt like a million questions about their father. Meanwhile, she completely ignored Korra's presence. Still, she kept her eyes on their new guest. Something about the way Zakoni hogged her Asami's attention bothered Korra

Once the dinner was over, Asami accompanied Zakoni to the guest bedroom and say her good night, while Korra returned to their room in the south wing. Once she made sure Zakoni was comfortable for the night Asami started the walk back to her room.

Asami opened the doors and on the bed was Korra, already waiting for her wearing very little. She loved Korra's muscled body, the dark tan of her skin and her toned muscles made Asami bite her lower lip in arousal.

"Korra, are you sure this is the right time to do... you know THOSE things? We have a guest and she..." Before Asami could even finish her thought, Korra waved with her left hand to airbend. Invisible force grabbed Asami and she landed directly on Korra's body, face to face, and lips to lips.

"HEY! You shouldn't use your powers to... Oh why do I even try!" Both Asami and Korra started kissing each other in a beautiful loving rhythm. Little did they know, behind the doors and through the keyhole, somebody was watching them...

HEY ASAMI,
YOU HAVE A
HALF SISTER,
ISN'T IT
GREAT?

SOB
SNIFF



2.

古維拉萬歲

The next morning, Asami and Zakoni took an in-depth tour of the Sato estate.

“My, this place is huge! I knew our father was rich, but I never realized how much, sis!” Zakoni was like a small kid in a candy store. Asami was finally getting used to this unknown 19-year-old calling her sister.

“Yes, he was a very successful businessman, I try to uphold his legacy...” Asami stopped in front of an abandoned workshop behind the house. She stared motionless at the building.

“Is everything alright, sis?” Zakoni asked, confused at Asami’s sudden mood change.

“This is the place where it all started,” She answered. “my father's doom. I hate this place. I don't know why I didn't raze it long ago.” Asami had to hold back her tears, behind her Zakoni holding her shoulders as support.

Korra was looking at them from the window hidden behind a crimson red curtain. She was as red as the curtain she hid behind. Anger raged through her upon seeing that somebody dared to touch her love. She headed directly to the gym that Asami had built for her to train her bending in. She’d even signed up to the pro-bending team the Fire Ferrets as their fourth member. She needed to train in non-lethal attacks and this was a great opportunity to train and vent off some steam.

“You must face your fear, it’s just a building, come with me and I will help you!” Zakoni opened the doors and stopped just inside. She gestured towards the darkened room and offered Asami an opened hand. Asami herself hesitated but if she wanted to get rid of this fear there is no other option.

“Maybe you’re right!” Asami determinedly grabbed Zakoni’s helping hand and both women disappeared inside.

It was a regular workshop, but Asami left all father's tools and projects from his “dark times” here. She didn't have the heart to destroy them. There were lots of inventions with both known and unknown purposes here but one was recognizable to her every time she dared come in here. It was an electrified stun glove, an item Asami had used many times to protect her and her friends.

"I almost forgot I'd left these here, but that's strange. One glove missing..." Asami had a weird feeling and got goosebumps all around her body. Maybe it was the shadow that told Asami to turn back or just sixth sense, but once she did it, the last thing she remembered was Zakoni's hand approaching her!

Korra was bending one rock disc after another before flinging them at the training dummies in front of her. She was furious and the mannequins in the path of her earth-bending got hit hard because of it .

"What is she thinking? HA!" One disc just ripped off a dummy's head.

"She's touching MY ASAMI??! HMMM!" Another figure lay destroyed.

"Eat earth, fatso!" A third dummy was destroyed and Korra finally calmed down. She was sweating all over her muscled body. She took a drink of water and wiped the sweat from her face. Zakoni wasn't fat, in fact, she has a beautiful feminine figure, and Korra just maybe felt a little threatened by her. Of course, she was Asami's sister, but only her HALF-SISTER!

"What if she steals her from me? What if Asami breaks up with me and... and.. ENDS OUR RELATIONSHIP! I can't afford it!" Korra was in a panic and fearful ideas caused her to run out of the gym. She needed to find her girlfriend and give her ONE true kiss in front of the girl she considered her rival!

„YES! I will tag Asami in front of her and if she still doesn't back off, I'll enter the avatar state and send her to the other side of the continent! I know I haven't slept with Asami, yet... BUT THAT WILL CHANGE SOON!" Korra held her fists in front of her like she was ready to beat the spirit out of Zakoni. After searching both inside and out of the Sato estate Korra failed to find Asami or her sister Zakoni. They'd disappeared and fear seized Korra's mind.

GOOD NIGHT, SIS!

AAHHHGGGG!

BBRRRR
RRRR
ZZZZ
TTTT



3.

古維拉萬歲

Asami was slowly waking up but her head hurt and she was lying on the cold ground. She slowly sat up, wincing in pain before taking a look around her.

“Father’s secret factory!” Asami gasped. She recognized the typical steel beams of this horrific place, it was supposed to be empty. The chief of police Lin Beifong had confiscated all evidence and closed this weirdo factory. Looking around it seemed that someone had reopened it though as it was full of industrial machines and even a few buildings.

“What... how could anybody do this without me noticing,” Asami was shocked. “It had to have taken thousands of hours of hard work to get all the stuff in here. Wait a minute, how did I get here? Of course, Zakoni!” She needed to find a way out before her half-sister returned.

She crept along one of the factory’s old corridors when she saw a crumpled up piece of paper on the ground. Unlike most everything else it wasn’t covered by a layer of dust and on the top were the initials ANCC. She un-crumpled the paper and read the words automatic nursery care center. Asami balled the page back up and dropped it, focusing her attention on a bag left on a desk next to some paperwork. When that turned out to be nothing she turned away looking around the factory again. The place looked abandoned and long forgotten about by its workers but the piece of paper she’d found hinted at some work still being carried out here.

She heard a scuffed footstep up ahead and paused, her breath pooling out into the cold air before she gave chase to the sound. Up ahead was a sign on a set of double-doors which proclaimed PROTOTYPE BAY. Asami decided it was as good a place as any to search for Zakoni.

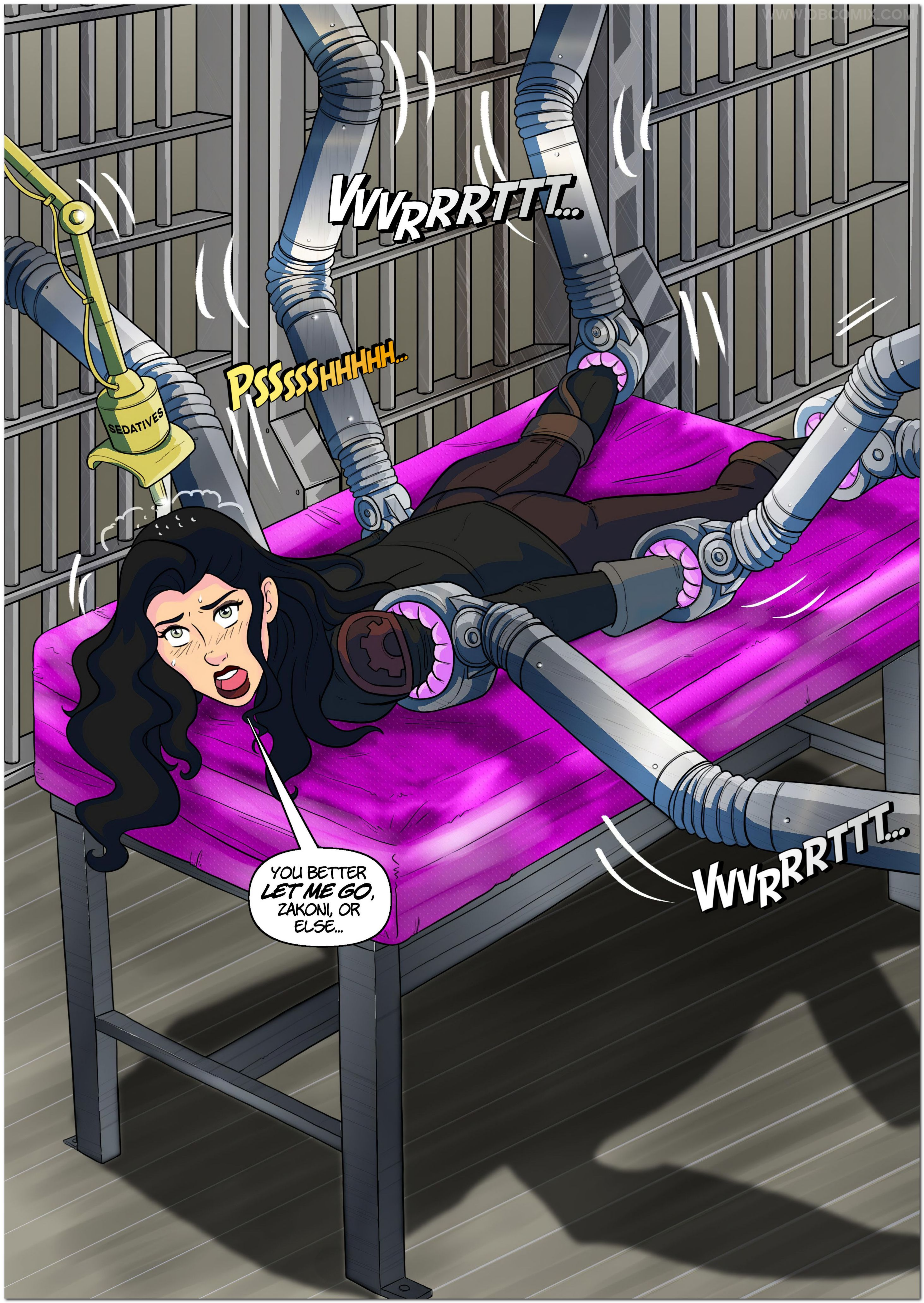
She very carefully stepped into the room, eyeing the outline of a huge machine that almost filled the room's space to the ceiling. she pondered for a moment about what this metal monstrosity could be? It looked almost like a large format printing press but there was no reason for her father's factory to be hiding one of those so what was its purpose? Access panels had been pulled off the machine and they rested on the floor. On the ground along with them, a few tools lay scattered about. One side of the large apparatus looked like the start of an assembly line. There was a red light and Asami was burning with curiosity so the statuesque raven-haired woman walked closer to get a better look. The light blinked on and off and as she approached. As she got closer and closer she could make out a sign in the gloom more and more, it read: prototype demonstration model. The automated systems sat unmoving, all except for an indicator flashing back and forth. adult/child-adult/child.

Asami continued to get closer. Her curiosity had overtaken her desire to find Zakoni and she wanted to see exactly what this "prototype" was. On the floor was a wooden box and as focused as she was on the light flickering on the face of the machine Asami failed to notice it, stepping over it as she got closer. A red light lit up next to a sign- AUTOMATIC INTAKE PROCEDURE ACTIVE. Asami was now standing on a metal ramp next to a padded table. The machine activated and slowly the padded table lowered until it was almost touching the floor.

What is this thing for?" From inside the machine, there was movement and mechanical limbs suddenly darted out of it. The ramp abruptly moved under her feet, tipping her onto the padded table in front of the machine and before she could react and half a dozen robotic hands had appeared in front of her!

She was pinned down onto her front with the padded grips clamping to her arms at the wrists and shoulders. More hands held her legs together at the knee and ankle and a thin nozzle came to rest over her face.

"What is this? Help, Help!" She cried out as if Korra could hear and save her, but the avatar was nowhere nearby anyway. Asami looked up at the nozzle, she did her best to struggle and back away from it but the aerosol-tip sprayed her directly in her face. She felt her vision blur briefly before it went black.



VVRRRTTT...

PSSSSHHHHH...

SEDATIVES

YOU BETTER
LET ME GO,
ZAKONI, OR
ELSE...

VVRRRTTT...

4.

古維拉萬歲

Asami woke up seconds later she wasn't being held down anymore but now she was lying on her back. The machine had turned her over! She realized that the spray must have made her pass out too. She didn't intend to find out what else the machine intended to do but when she tried to get up her body didn't respond!

"Help me!" She tried to yell, but it wasn't easy for her to get the words out. She tried to roll off the table but she was feeling disoriented and a large padded mechanical hand forcefully pushed her back onto the table with little trouble. "Ple... Hee... Mm..."

It was difficult for the normally erudite woman to speak. What had the strange machine done to her? She tried to use her hands to stand up, but her arm just limply jerked forward weakly and landed by her side.

"Well, well well. It seems my half-sister has fallen into my trap..." Asami looked up in horror as she heard Zakoni's voice and her mocking gesture, crossed fingers on both hands when she said, half-sister.

A mecha limb clamped a collar around Asami's neck roughly from behind before pulling her face forward. "Hm-" She gurgled. "Mm... Mm...." She had lost all control of her tongue and lips now, unable to call for help even if she wanted too.

The main body of the machine woke up and she could see the terminals spring to life, Asami tried as hard as she could to get off the table and do something with her situation, but Zakoni gently nudged her back as she gurgled her protest.

"Oh no baby, you don't want to do that!" Zakoni evilly chuckled. "This is going to be so much fun! I found this place when I was tracking a band of metal benders and they... Well, you don't have to hear the whole story, maybe another time. I can tell you THIS thing here is an experimental binder - I never did see it work properly... until now!"

Asami slid a little but several mecha hands pushed her back in place. No part of her body was working right - all she could do was flail helplessly.

"Mmm, mmm, wawah?" She said in frustration.

Zakoni giggled and scraped an old wooden chair across the hard concrete floor, intending to watch the show all the way through. The table slowly rose and the smartly dressed Asami was lifted up, her legs covered by knee-high boots, dangling, and ready for the machine to swallow. Asami was having a difficult time focusing as she hung in the air. Her head kept bobbing to her chest or falling to one side. She could only manage to lift it long enough to give Zakoni a glare of pure hatred.

Then, to her horror, she registered the word she'd used, "Binder" and looked at the machine console screen to see what programs it was operating. It was simultaneous running infant care and enhanced psychiatric restraint, she realized she would soon be experiencing whatever that combination meant!

"Mmmm! Mmm!" She cried pathetically and her eyes bulged as Zakoni leaned over her to unzip her pants. "Got to help the old machinery along!" She giggled.

With a hum, the machine lifted her up off the table (her slacks loosening and sliding down an inch or two) and rested her on the complex systems' main conveyor belt. Frantically, the raven-haired industrialist tried to summon her strength. She was wriggling with all her might but her arms and legs felt like they were made of limp rags. She couldn't even roll off of her back. Her limbs jerked ineffectually, all that was coming out of her throat were gurgles and cries.

She was helpless. The machine could and WOULD do what it wanted. The involuntary intake procedure had been designed for the incapacitation of the most violently disturbed patient, she was as helpless as a newborn!

The machine diligently recorded her personnel data onto punch cards. Weight, size, etc. with the machine's attached scanner making a record for her. A robotic arm lifted her head up a few inches, let it go, and a sensor watched her effort not to let it fall. The machine again grabbed her by the hair and forced her to look straight up when the sensor determined she couldn't do it herself. She tried to close her eyes but delicate metal fingers forced her eyelids open. Using a crystal scanner mounted on a mecha limb, it scanned her retinas and recorded the data onto the punch card. With her data recorded was now just an involuntary patient with no rights as far as the machine was concerned.

She gurgled in protest, but couldn't even keep her eyes closed. The device started whirring, it was gearing up and machinery began descending toward her. Padded mecha limbs gathered her in a rough embrace, pressing her arms and legs together and making sure she was centered on the belt and unable to roll off. Another scanning device took a picture of her retinas and confirmed her identity as one of the center's patients. Then the belt started up again, and she began moving forwards towards the main body of the metal horror.

The mechanical limbs gently released her into a cramped, dimly lit compartment. She was sealed within as a heavy hatch swung shut behind her, locking with a loud click. Inside, everything, including the robot arms, was padded and colored pink. Asami raged (though she couldn't vocalize it) as Zakoni grinned down at her through a viewing window and licked her lips at the show she was anticipating.

A grating, tinkling melody was playing on an internal sound system though it was badly out of tune. It appeared that the machine had decided she was to be treated as an infant for now. She tried to bang against the padded walls but her hands were limp! She tried calling out for help, but to her horror sounded just like a baby trying to talk. "WAAH! WAAH!"

Descending quickly, the mecha limbs roughly began picking off Asami's clothes. She was outraged! She'd spent a lot of money on her outfits and wanted to look perfect for her lover! That didn't matter to the machine though and a mecha claw seized her right foot. A smaller robotic arm cut through the belt of her expensive boots! She loved her boots! How could this machine dared to destroy them? Asami continued her quiet rage as another arm and cutter stripped away her other boot.

After her boots went, her tight trousers were pulled off, peeled like a banana, from the waist. Zakoni smirked at her half-sister being stripped in front of her. She tried to kick, but the machine clamped her legs in place.

Her jacket and blouse stripped off quickly, her arms were so weak that they barely resisted the device and flew above her head as soon as the garments reached her armpits. Her bra was shredded, pulled apart by the system and she was rendered topless, exposing her ample breasts. Asami felt her face start to burn bright red as she was completely humiliated and defeated after her very short, useless struggle.

She kicked helplessly while lying on the floor, clad only in her tiny black panties, Metal arms lifted the humiliated industrialist up before sliding a colorful plastic sheet under her, then put her down again and persistently peeled off her knickers.

Zakoni laughed so loudly that Asami could hear her through the thick unbreakable glass inside the machine. She sobbed like a baby while the system spread her legs in a wide V above her with strong robotic limbs that could probably hold a Sato-mobile, each one firmly grasped at two points on her legs; her ankles and around her knees.

I FEEL JEALOUS OF YOUR BEAUTY ASAMI, BUT IT MEANS **NOTHING** IN HERE AND YOU ARE GOING TO FIND THAT OUT **SOON!**

VVRRRTTT...

VVRRRTTT...

WAAH!

WAAH!



5.

古維拉萬歲

The machine cleaned her very well-rounded buttocks, behind and between her stretched legs with a moist rotating brush that seemed to go on forever and Asami Sato began to squirm against rotations of the scrubber against her skin. She felt herself blushing now, her nipples hardened and her toes began to curl. She even heard herself starting to moan as she felt her body growing hot and her pussy wet, it was so humiliating!

Zakoni was now openly drooling as her enemy and half-sister was totally humiliated in front of her. She caught herself with a hand inside her crotch as she herself began to heat-up.

Inside the machine, the rotating brush continued to work away at Asami's now aching body. her hands went to her mouth to try and stop the moaning that she was letting escape. She bucked a little, feeling the pleasurable vibrations caused by the machine's rotations bring her to the edge only for it to stop just short of Asami's release.

She whined a little at the denial of an orgasm as the conveyor belt started moving again. She felt herself moving down a short slope while the mechanical arms still held her legs stretched wide in the same position. The humiliated woman from Future Industries landed in a shallow pool of warm, soapy water and the mecha arms took a firmer grip, cradling her head and her legs while also keeping them above water level. Using soft sponges, the system slowly washed every inch of her bare, helpless body, taking care to scrub inside her ears and between her toes.

Miserable as she was, She couldn't help but be turned on a little more as the soapy sponge did a thorough job on her, working its way into every fold of flesh. It stayed there for ages and was getting to be too much!

She again tried to force her arms to reach out to stop the machine but two more metal hands simply reached out and grabbed her wrists before pulling her arms sharply behind her back. Soft foam-like balls were pushed into each of her palms and her hands were forced into fists. Around her balled hands a sticky tape wrapped tightly around each of her fist. Once her hands were already totally constrained Asami felt something else tight being forced over each of her hands.

It was almost like some sort of mitten that was being laced up. Then there was a brief source of heat and another layer was added over her hands, they were sealed shut by some sort of thick rubber shell. Her hands were rendered totally useless to her and she lost a little more hope for escape. At the viewing port, Zakoni waved her, laughing as captive shuddered with embarrassment.

"I WILL NOT CRY! I WILL NOT CRY!" Asami vowed without speech as she felt her eyes get hot and watery.

The machine then pulled her hands even further up behind her back between holding her in a reverse praying position and Asami's shoulder blades protested. The machine was dealing with her like a violent mental patient, even when she could barely move!

The machine finished washing the rest of her body and started working on washing between her legs with its rotating sponge arm again. The large soapy sponge it'd been using a moment ago to wash the rest of Asami's body was forced into her mouth, gagging her. She squirmed and moaned as the hands let go of her arms, freeing them from behind her back before pushing her onto her knees and elbows. From the ceiling came the robotic hands that pinned her down in that position making her even more helpless. She was totally exposed with her plump rear raised high in the air and the rotating sponge pressing into her sensitive spots. Soon Asami was desperately panting, her face was red, her nipples were hard, and her toes were curling. She could feel her hips wiggling, trying to push harder up against the sponge. She was writhing about, held in place till she felt herself cum helplessly. Soon after the oscillations of the machine ceased.

6.

古維拉萬歲

The sponge was pulled out of her mouth and her elbows were released. Lulled by the warm water and in a sexual daze, she barely noticed when the device came alive once again, lifting her from her bath back up onto the conveyor and drying her from head to toe with arms that ended in fluffy white brushes.

She became alert when the mechanical hands returned, spreading her legs painfully wide and back towards her shoulders. What was going to happen now? Did it matter? There was nothing she could do to stop it after all.

Mecha limbs tipped with white powder puffs descended, patting her groin and butt repeatedly until her skin was covered in white talcum powder. Then, as she watched in horror, The arms of the device lifted her up slightly, just enough to slide a spread rectangle of padding beneath her. The arms dropped her against the cushy core of what Asami recognized as a diaper. The padding itself felt soft against her nethers and reminded her a little of the soft rotating sponge she was just pleased with. It was thick too, pushing her a good inch away from the metal conveyor belt of the machine. The nimble fingers of the mecha hands pulled the arms of the nappy up around Asami's butt and groin, enclosing her lower body within the thick padding.

Then, as if on a replay the machine did it again! She was once more neatly wrapped and strapped into a second tight disposable diaper! It not only doubled the thickness but the constraining nature of the garment as well. Around her waist, the padding bulged out in a thick mass of cushy fluff. Asami's legs hung helplessly out of the tight elastic leak guards as her butt was now raised a few inches from the floor of her mechanical changing station. Almost involuntarily the grown woman stamped her feet at her degrading treatment acting so much more child-like than she intended. She huffed and stared straight forward, refusing to look back to see how much Zakoni was enjoying it!

There was some sort of locking clasp on the second diaper so that if her hands were free, she wouldn't be able to get it off. The machine had used diapers with quite a lot of extra absorbent padding so the bundle was very thick between her legs. Even if Asami wanted to, she couldn't use her legs to escape now either the diaper itself was acting as a spreader!

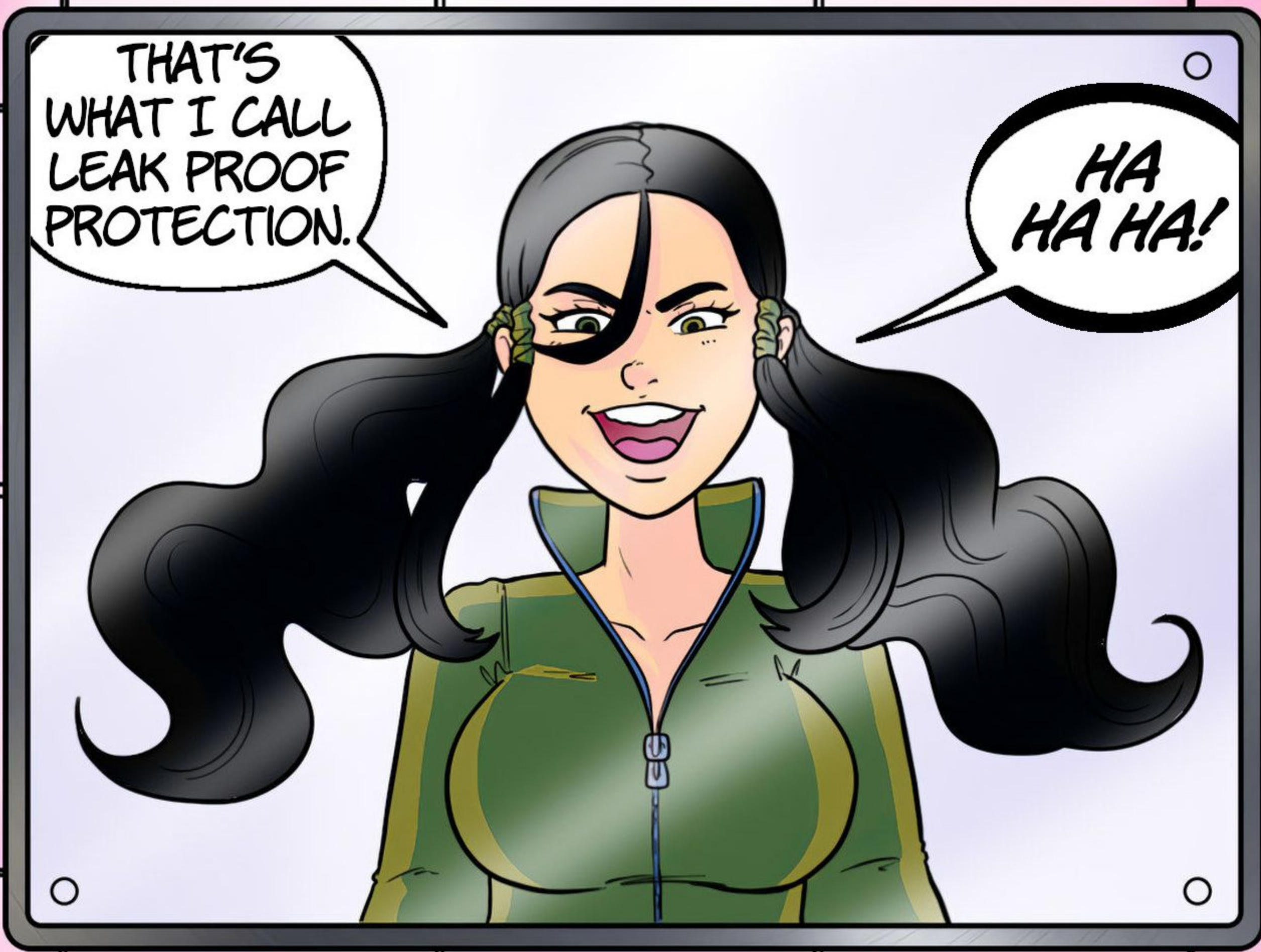
Then she felt the machine move her legs a little, guiding them into another strange garment. It was a tight, thick, pink frilly rubber diaper cover that when all the way on pulled up to her waist. The machine helpfully tucked her two absorbent nappies inside before bringing the elastic waistband all the way up past her belly button.

Some parts of the machine thought of her as a baby and some parts seemed to react as if she was an adult, applying both the babyish diapers and the locking garments one might find a mental patient in. Illogically, Asami Sato couldn't let the thought of how big these new garments would make her butt look go while she considered the rest of the machine's functions.

A tear trickled down from the formerly proud woman's eye and she DID look back to see her captor laughing hysterically at her from behind the glass. She had mostly given up fighting, feeling herself being reduced more and more in her shameful state. However, the sight of herself in diapers and Zakoni's amusement made her start struggling and gurgling again.

"I DON'T WANT TO BE A BABY," She thought. "I'm NOT!" But all that came out of her mouth was "WAAH! WAAH!"

The machine pulled her arms behind her back and her legs spread wide again. There was very little she could do, The crying, diapered twenty-two year old was then rubbed down with baby oil until she shined, a process that left her nipples involuntarily stiff. She struggled a little, still feeling her reignited fighting spirit pushing her to find some escape.



"Now comes my favorite part," Said Zakoni with an evil tone in her voice. "The warp knitted garment, I'm sure you know that material, let's see what Sato-pedia says about it. AHA here it is. listen up SIS. The Warp Knitted Garment was designed to keep a person "warm when the environment is cold and cool when the environment is hot" and is breathable, windproof, and waterproof. Beautiful."

Having measured her length, the system produced a warp knitted garment created just for Asami. four layers of thick spandex fused with a layer of rubber between each one, It was bright pink in color with various spandex ruffles around the shoulders, ankles and on the rump. While being stretched out by robot arms Asami noticed that the garment was really a full bodysuit with belts, odd sleeves, and feet built into it. No matter where she looked it looked like every part of the suit ended in more straps and belts!

"Mmm! Mmm... Ggg!" Asami protested as the system worked her wriggling body into the ridiculously tight suit, one limb at a time. Once each extremity was fully contained it turned her over on her belly to reduce her mobility. A very heavy zipper growled up her back, sealing Asami Sato firmly into the baby-suit. A row of straps were pulled over the top of the zipper and pulled tight. Asami groaned a little as the spandex stretched to accommodate the form of her ample bust, tight tummy, and bulging thick diaper. Then the machine closed a flap over the heavy zipper and straps sealing the flap shut.

Asami Sato swore she could smell the sato-glue and panicked even more, struggling against the machinery but to no avail! The formerly prim, orderly industrialist and race car driver looked quite cute in her new outfit, though her large breasts and diaper padded rump gave the suit some rather dramatic curves. It was designed to cling to the "baby's/patient's" body after all.

The odd parts on the ends of the mittens came into play now as the machine flipped her over. It carefully pulled the belts through a tight central loop at the front of the garment then through two side loops. The machine then flipped her back over and pulled with all of its power until the belts became taught and it finished drawing the belts securely together.

Asami Sato found herself in a tight, inescapable, self hug. The spandex/latex footed jumpsuit had become a straitjacket of sorts as the machine got every last bit of slack out of her arms. The belts were cut short and sealed the ends. Mechanical hands riveted them shut to each other, but even after that, it wasn't finished. Asami was glad that in her prone position she couldn't see Zakoni and her undoubted lustful attitude at her present position. What about after, though? Did she have any defense against her like this?

Two belts were joined to her suit forming cuffs around her upper arms. The Machine pulled the two straps together behind her back, drawing her shoulder blades back and her chest out until her shoulders almost touched, crying out in agony over their stressed position. Then it cut the belts short, sealed the ends and riveted them shut to each other just like it'd done with the last ones. She wouldn't be free of the garment any time soon, It'd locked her into an uncomfortable, constraining hug.

HOW LONG IS THIS THING PLANNING TO HOLD ME LIKE THIS!?

PLU, PLUH. IS TA TAGH! I CA MOH!

VVRRRTTT...

SPLORTCHHHH

VVRRRTTT...



She unwisely snatched a glance back, catching Zakoni licking her lips at her now far more prominent chest... Asami pulled her gaze away but was even less happy when the system produced a second pink latex garment, one much thinner than the first!

It was stretched out by mecha limbs and revealed to have no arms. "Muuwdah," She hoped her missing partner would find her and save her! "Muuwdah! Waah!" She protested as the system worked her body into the second tight suit, one leg at a time, turning her over on her belly to reduce her mobility once again. The back was zipped shut then a row of belts were pulled over the top of the zipper. Once again the machine closed a flap over this suits heavy zipper and belts!

The flap was sealed shut leaving Asami looking completely armless in her new outfit. It seemed very tight in the waist and made her large, firm, breasts appear even bigger within the suit's curves. With two very tight layers, she knew she wouldn't be free of the garment any time soon. As she squirmed Asami felt the compact padding rub against her groin, compressed by her latex prison. It was also clear she wouldn't be changed for a long time either...

Still on her stomach, arms restrained and legs still jerking feebly, the mechanical hands spread out a thick pink rubber blanket on the floor next to her. Asami could tell it is rubber because it smelled the same as new wheels for Sato-mobiles. With her arms neatly tucked away, She was rolled onto the blanket before being rolled up into it. The rubber sheet wrapped around her once, twice, three, four then finally five times, stretching the rubber taut to form a smothering cocoon.

There were fastening belts built into the blanket and they were secured thoroughly around her with a squeaking sound of rubber on rubber. The blanket itself tightly covered her contours from shoulders to toes, conforming to her body and making sure every part of her was restrained from all sides.

"Mmm!" She cried as she writhed on the floor. "WAAH!"

Asami was swaddled mercilessly in the blanket so that only her head and her shoulders were visible she was now completely immobile, and at the whims of the machine to be cared for as its programming dictated.



SPLORTCHHH

BBRRRVVTTT

VVRRRTTT..

NUH DUUUUUH...

THANKS TO ALL THAT SATO GLUE AND THOSE RIVETS I'M SURE YOU CAN GUESS THAT YOU'LL BE SPENDING **A LOT** OF TIME IN YOUR NEW BABY CLOTHES.

7.

古維拉萬歲

The system assembled all cradle modules from standardized parts, so it had no difficulty producing a unit suitable for an infant of the trapped industrialist's size. The cocooned raven-haired beauty was lifted off the floor and lowered into her new cradle, with her head propped up by a bright pink rubberized pillow.

ASAMI was printed on one end of the cradle in pink letters and even on the pillow. To her surprise, a mecha limb descended towards her head with a strange pink pacifier/collar combination, though it was more like a muzzle. The rubber soother was absurdly huge with multiple sets of thick belts dangling from it. There was also a heavy posture collar connected by a strap that hung from the outer ring of the pacifier. Asami tried to pull away but mecha limb forced her jaw open with dental tools, allowing the soft rubbery mass to invade every corner of her mouth. The robotic arms in her mouth retracted while others secured a belt behind her head, pulling the mouth guard tight against her lips and securing the paci's rubber nipple in her mouth. A second strap was secured around her face before Asami was rolled onto her front again. Three straps secured the wide collar around her neck that rendered her head immobile then she was rolled back into place.

She was fitted with a pink, frilly baby bonnet that was secured tightly with a ribbon under her chin. She heard a click as the lid of the cradle closed and locked—she was even more of a prisoner and having nothing else to do, she sucked on her pacifier.

The conveyor belt carried her out of the changing room, making her cradle rock gently with its motion. She was tightly confined by the sides of the narrow metallic cradle. Being swaddled in the snug rubber blanket and the crushing straitjacket left her unable to move properly even if she were free anyway. She was helpless and an exhausted Asami stopped fighting her destiny. To her dismay, she noticed that she was sucking on the pacifier for comfort and immediately stopped with that, trying to retain a little of her dignity.

The Machine had carried her to a nursery now, it moved past a long line of empty spaces before depositing her in her assigned space. Finally, her cradle stopped in its spot, rocking gently as it came to rest. It was quickly bolted to the floor by the

machine's hand though and light above her flashed red. A complex cluster of robot arms descended from above the cradle.

"Mmm...Mmm..." Gurgled Asami around her pacifier as the arms moved closer and closer. Her eyes wild and darting around for some hope of escape.

The lid of the cradle clicked open as it unlocked, the mecha limbs began to apply even more thick pink rubber belts tightly around Asami's swaddling blanket and the cradle, pinning her down to the cushion of the bed. Straps contracted over her forehead, chest, (both above and below her breasts. A set up which tightly framed and pushed up her boobs even more than before.) waist, knees, ankles, and toes. The ones at her feet pulled her toes into an arched position and more of the rubber bindings wrapped around her wrists. She was fully pinned as it was and even without the cradles bindings she had no chance of escape due to her outfit.

The mecha limbs were far from finished as they began to slowly adjust the cradle's bars till they followed the contours of Asami's body. The silver/white bars pushing against her shoulders, ribs, waist, and hips, wrapping around her one bar at a time. From the bars and straps and latex, her breast peaked out, prominently pushed forward by every binding around them. Around her waist, the diapers she wore did much the same, with a mountain of fluff pushing out from her body and telling anybody who was watching that she was wearing an absorbent padded nappy, just like the giant baby she was.

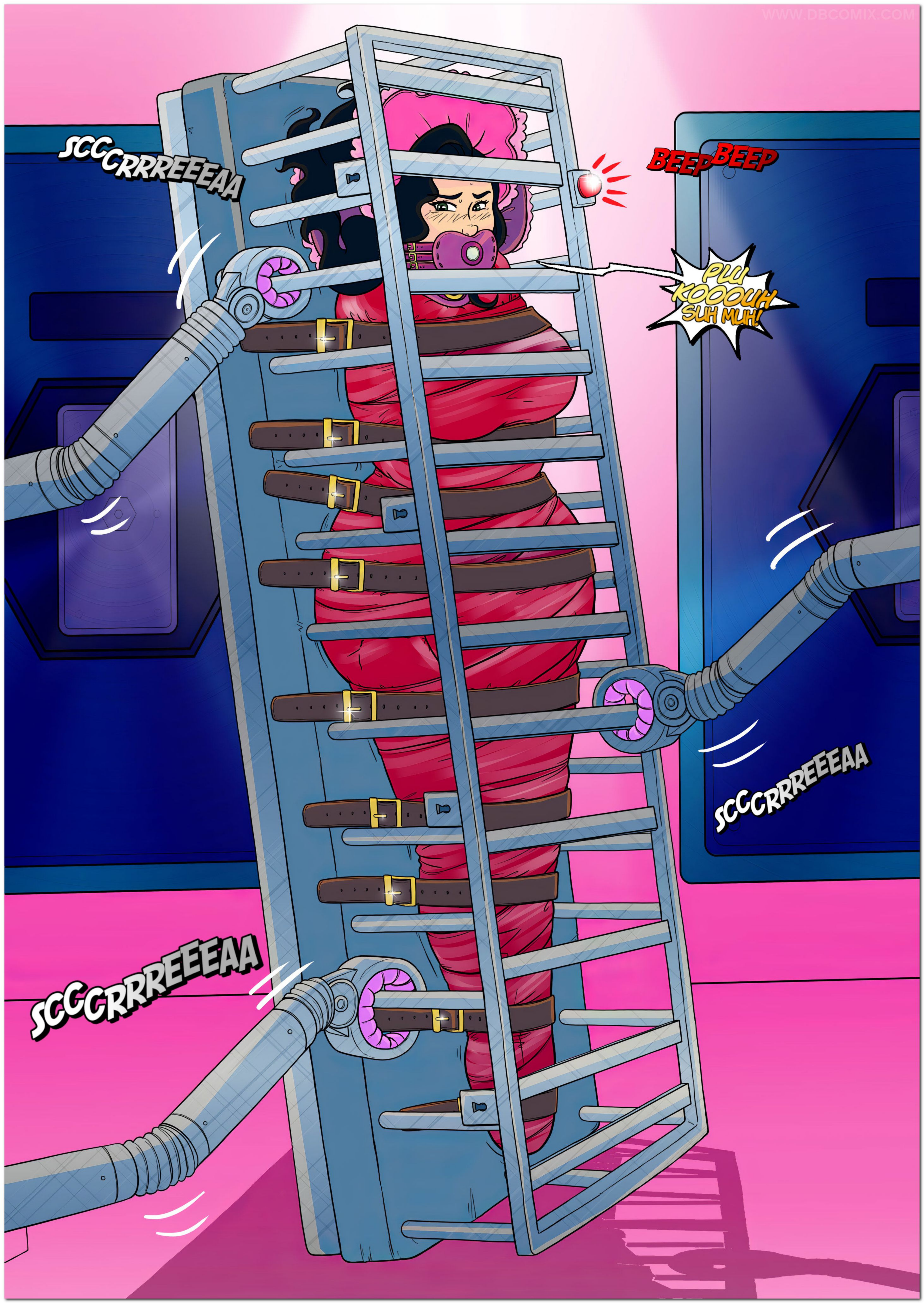
The robotic arms connected a giant baby bottle by a short tube into the paci gag she still unconsciously suckled on. There was a whirring and she felt her lips and gums suddenly suctioned around the rubber nipple of her pacifier, making an airtight seal.

"MMMM!" The helpless girl muttered. Viscous liquid was trickling slowly into her mouth, it tasted like milk to Asami but with some kind of chemical sweetener added. Her mouth became too full and she had no choice but to swallow the foreign mixture. Immediately the milk began to fill her mouth again and again, she was forced to swallow each mouthful as the process continued. The robotic arm machine rested the large bottle between her pushed-up boobs allowing Asami herself to support the torturous stream.

"Mmmm..." Gurgled the now pathetic engineer. Tears formed in her eyes as her mouth was filled again and she had no choice but to swallow another gulp of the milk.

How long would it be between changes? Asami thought worriedly about the pot of tea she'd had this morning! How long before..? The lid of the cot shut, locking in place. How long was the machine planning to keep her a baby? Did it have any limit at all? Did Korra see them going to the father's old workshop?

Asami forced to continue guzzling the sweet milk while all around her were the sounds of the machine echoing as she was rocked gently. Her bladder felt horribly full but with all she'd just gone through she felt herself slipping into sleep...



SCCRRREEEAA

BEEP BEEP

PLU
KOOOUH
SUH MUH!

SCCRRREEEAA

SCCRRREEEAA

8.

古維拉萬歲

Korra was starting to be nervous. "Where are you, love? Where is my Asami? You will be in big trouble if you don't show up!" Korra felt something was wrong. Asami wasn't somebody who would just disappear.

She couldn't find Zakoni either and felt herself get highly suspicious. However, in the middle of searching, a messenger from White Lotus appeared with an urgent message. She needed leave according to the message she'd received as a new military group forming in the Earth Kingdom. Korra needed to travel on Vulin Island, NOW!

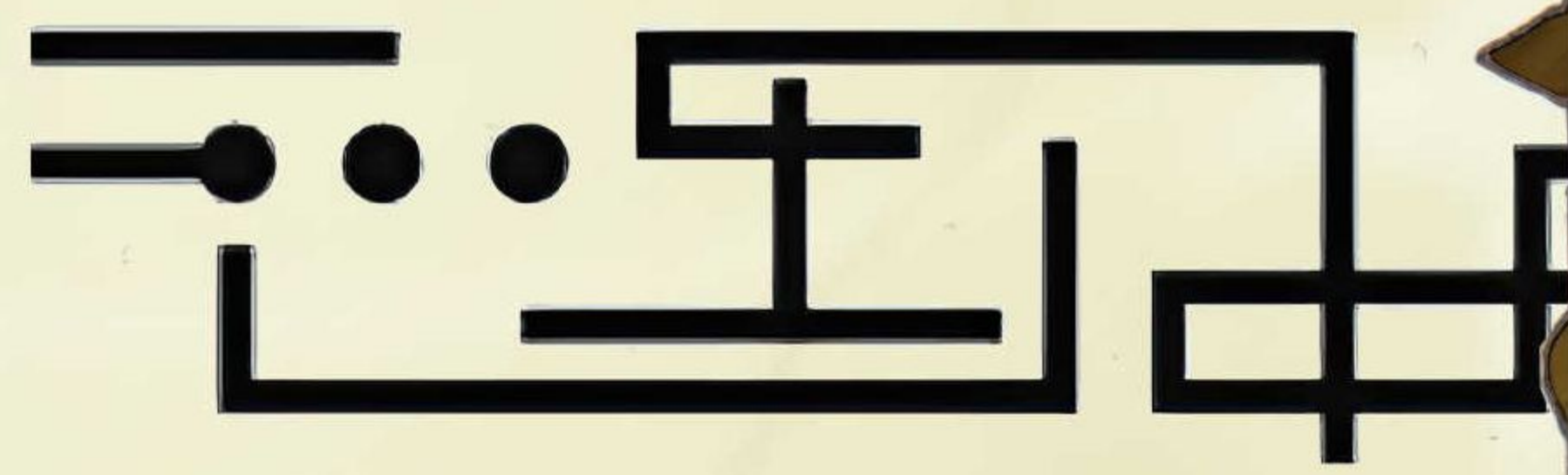
The messenger waited for Korra's answer, she desperately wanted to find Asami first, but she needed to deal with this threat as soon as possible to deter the threat of a civil war.

She quickly wrote a message and left it on the table in Asami's study. She kissed it with a lipstick Asami had given her as a surprise rather than signing it. Korra hoped her girlfriend would feel the love of her gesture and take it as an apology that she had to leave so suddenly

"This way avatar, quickly please, the Sato-mobile is waiting for us." Messenger was an old man, but surely patience wasn't his priority. He practically pushed Korra into the back seat of the vehicle before speeding off.

"It will take us at least ONE week to get there and one more to get back. Gosh, I wish Asami was with me..." Korra sighed. She was unhappily leaving her girlfriend with her new sister, a girl that Korra herself did not trust. She knew Asami was a tough girl though and she could get out of ANY trouble! Or not...?

To Be Continued...



Thanks to **WishBERRY** and **Keely KEY** for their outstanding job with the pictures.
SPECIAL thanks to **Red'S ABDL CREATIONS** for his corrections!

This book was created thanks to your support.

All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real
persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental or a parody.
This is consensual erotic art.

All characters are ADULT.

TEXT AND VISUAL ART IN THIS BOOK IS **COPYRIGHTED**.