

Story by: [Scratch](#), Check out more of his works on his site: [Manaworldcomics.com](#), Or on [his Paetron](#).

Illustration by: [Sabu](#)

SEX-ARCADE BOOTH 124 DATA:

Subject: Korra

Occupation: Avatar

Hourly Charge: \$ 400.00

Acquisition Date: 05/05/2013

Acquisition Level: Hard

SEX-ARCADE BOOTH 171 DATA:

Subject: Asami Sato

Occupation: Engineer

Hourly Charge: \$ 300.00

Acquisition Date: 15/05/2016

Acquisition Level: Medium

Asami Sato - Avatar: The Legend of Korra

"Brad, dude! Think you can slow it down on Korra for a minute? The way you're banging her throat is kinda messing up my rhythm with Asami here."

"Shit man, sorry but I only got like 10 minutes before I have to be at my VIP session with Storm."

Asami's head jerked back again, the wide leather collar around her neck biting uncomfortably under her chin. The pressure of it against the meaty cock buried to the balls in her throat caused another retching gag to cough up around her client's length. He let out a moan before he continued his conversation with his friend.

"Alright, well hold on... Lemme just ... Ahh, fuck.. There we ..Shit .. that's it..."

Korra was pressed tight against her back. Shackled to her with a restraining neck collar. Their clients had finally formed a rhythm, pushing and pulling in time. A steady quick thrusting, to match with each other that had Korra and herself see-sawing back and forth on the thick cocks. Though in truth Korra and Asami had started them off, forced themselves to throat the cocks in their mouths to avoid the head knocking of their thrusts. The back of Asami's head still stung a little from where it conked against Korra's for the first brutal minutes of the session.

These two newest clients had decided to double up on them as they sat kneeling in their open booth. A steady stream of men and even women walked by. Some stopped to observe the show for a few moments from a small spectator area set up off to the side. A few, thankfully, moved on while a great many others walked over to the steadily growing line. To wait for a turn with them. To violate them as so many had done before.

Behind her Korra started to gag and cough, a wet sound deep in her throat. The grunts from her client told Asami all she needed to know. She closed her eyes. Tried not to think how her lover was at that very moment once more being forced to swallow a load of cum from one of these sick animals.

"Nuuhh, shit, that was nice." Korra's client must have pulled himself free because Asami felt Korra lean forward, most likely trying to spit out the small bit of cum that hadn't been forced down her throat.

"Listen, Jack, I gotta make my Storm session, you can have the rest of my time till you finish up so you can enjoy a Korra face fuck too. Bitch can work a dick."

"Hey, thanks man." Asami looked up at the huge grin on her client's face, "Always wanted to have the Avatar choke on my cock."

Asami heard Brad talking to Ally the hostess, arranging payment for his friend before he stepped out of the booth.

With Brad gone Jack switched his rhythm, started to take his time. He leaned back to really watch his length pumping between her lips before he reached down to grip and shake his dick in her mouth. Coing and ahhh-ing as he played with her. Slapping his broad tip on her tongue and pushing at her cheek. The collar around her neck pulled taut again as Ally moved Korra back around to her side so she too was positioned kneeling at Jack's feet, his disgusting cock inches from her face.

"Huhhh... damn. I love fucking your face, Asami. You suck cock so good girl" Jack smirked and looked at Korra, "What you think, Korra? I think your girlfriend likes a cock in her

mouth." He gave a few hard thrusts and Asami forced herself not to gag, "Nuuff... see that shit? Bitch has had practice deepthroating dick. Probably blew half the guys in her company. Tell the truth Asami. That's how you made deals happen right? On your knees, under some desk sucking cock?"

She tried to resist, but Jack held her head and bounced it up and down on his length, in a nodding motion. The waiting clients chuckled and laughed, even telling the others at the back of the line that Asami admitted to being a 'company' whore.

From her side Korra made a gurgling sound, her mouth held open wide by a metal ring gag. Asami knew Korra had resigned herself to her fate here in this horrible place, if not for herself then for Asami's sake. Many clients though somehow knew about her emotion fueled personality and didn't trust putting their cock in her mouth. No matter how many times the hostesses claimed "she wasn't a biter."

"What's that? You want some cock too you little Eskimo slut?" Jack pulled his length from Asami's mouth and speared it into Korra's throat. He even stepped forward a little, bending over her head to hilt himself with each shove. Asami watched helplessly while he abused her love. The gagging and clicking sounds grew louder. Spittle dribbled from Korra's lips and down her chin. He pulled out and in an instant Asami found herself making those same awful sucking noises .

"Five minutes remaining, Sir." Ally said.

"Almost there. Almost fucking t-there..." Jack grew more aggressive. Switched back and forth between them like a madman. Slamming himself balls deep with each thrust.

He started to shudder. Held Korra in a firm grip and Asami could tell he was cumming. He yanked himself free.

"Open Asami! You little company slut!" Cum begun to blast her face moments before he jammed his dick into her mouth, pumping out a seemingly impossible amount of his seed. Gush after gush of the foul fluid filled the back of her throat. So much it dribbled from her nostrils and spilled down her chin. He was definitely a Arc-Aid drinker. "Look ...Nuff ... at me Avatar! Look at me as y-your .. UggHg... Girl..f-friend e-eats my.. j-jizz... Fucking bitch l-loves s-spunk don't she?"

Asami let out a sigh even as she swallowed the semen collecting at the back of her throat. She glanced to Korra and saw tears trickling from her eyes as she followed their clients commands. Bubbles of spit and cum formed at her lips as she let out low moans of denial.

Looking past her closest friend Asami saw a figure standing in the spectator area. The obese, dark skinned man nodded and smiled as Asami forced her throat to gulp again. He reached down to rub at a massive bulge in his track suit pants. His eyes locked with hers for a

brief moment before Jack placed his balls in her mouth and commanded both her and Korra to use his last remaining minute to lick them clean.

Artificial sunlight streamed through the imitation picture window that filled the back of the room, a hi-definition display of Republic City in the distance. It was beautiful. The way the light glinted of the water of the bay as the waves rippled over its surface. The huge statue of Avatar Ang standing regally on Avatar Isle.

Growing up, Asami loved to look out of that window in her father's office. The same office that she later inherited.

But this was not her office. Or perhaps, it was? She glanced up at the underside of the desk to her initials carved into the expensive wood. Something she had done in the idleness of youth. Did they go and get it? Return to her world and retrieve her actual desk as some sort of twisted joke? Or was it real. Was she back home, stooping so low as to service some business partner with sexual favors in order to save her floundering company?

No. That couldn't be right. She was still trapped in this awful place. It was simply the mind games over the past couple weeks starting to affect her. Now reality was blurring, her dreams at night filled with images of her on her back or knees, servicing company co-workers. Memories that she knew never happened.

Or so she hoped.

After the rumor had spread of her being a company whore it seemed the Sex Arcade decided to capitalise on that very idea. A booth had been made to resemble her office back home and though some clients decided that they weren't interested in going along with the facade' and simply walked in to use her, others relished playing out various scenarios.

They dressed themselves in attire of the various nations of her home. Some as factory workers who'd come to use the company CEO as incentive for overtime. Others clothed themselves as facsimiles of past enemies she had fought along with her friends. There were more than a few Amon's who visited her booth, even going so far as to have handfuls of men wearing Equalists uniforms. Come to punish her for helping the Avatar. For being a traitor and turning her back on 'non-benders' like herself.

There was a Bolin, a couple of Korra's. Though the worst had been a man who disguised himself as her father. He'd looked and sounded so much like him that Asami wept the entire session while he berated her for his imprisonment. Told her what a worthless whore of a

daughter she was, made her apologise, to say how sorry she was to her "Daddy," that she deserved the punishment he was all too happy to deliver over and over again.

The man who sat in her office chair at this moment lifted a tumbler glass to his lips and took a sip from the amber colored alcohol within. He returned the drink to the desk, out of her sight and then once more rested his hand lightly on her head while he puffed away on a foul smelling cigar.

"You certainly are a shrewd negotiator, Miss. Sato." He said, keeping in character, grinning down at her while she dutifully bobbed her head up and down the entire length of his large shaft. "If you treat all your business partners like this I can foresee your company doing very well in the future."

Asami glanced up at him and immediately regretted it. He was an ugly oaf, with pockmarked skin and a thick moustache streaked with grey. His round belly strained at his elaborate Fire nation businessmen's costume as he sat with pants and underwear shoved down around his ankles. She averted her eyes from his disgusting smile.

"Look at me, whore." He commanded. "Lemme see those pretty painted peepers." He rolled the chair back a few inches, enough that Asami could look upwards more easily but not so far that she couldn't reach the base of his cock with each downward bob of her head. Still, the

action caused the locks that bound her to the bolt in the floor under the desk to shift. A constant reminder how she was stuck fast as she was used.

His hand stroked her hair, guided her up and down at a slow and steady pace. Never too forceful. Just enough pressure to have her move exactly how he wanted. Her mouth sliding from the tip of his dick to nestle snugly at his balls.

"Lick." he said.

Asami retched a little as she stretched her tongue out to lap at his hairy nutsack, bathing his cum filled testicles with saliva. She could swear she could feel them getting heavier with his disgusting seed throughout the session as he dragged her violation out. He moaned and stirred his hips, caused the leather chair to creak under his bloated ass.

"So, how many cocks have you stuffed in your naughty little holes today, Miss Sato?" he puffed on his cigar and flicked ash onto the desk.

Asami had to pause while she thought about it. To run down the mental checklist of the tormentors who visited in the few brief hours that she had been 'on duty.' She started to lift her head to speak but a firm hand held her midway down his shaft.

"Did I tell you to take that fuckin' dick out of your mouth?"

"Sworry... Fwor-tween," Asami sighed, "Swir..."

"Including me?"

"Fwife-tween, Swir..--huwkk.." Asami gagged as he pushed her face balls deep again. Obviously pleased to hear about how many clients had already stripped away at her dignity so early into her shift.

"Dumb skank. No wonder your company is in the toilet. CEO can't even count..." He kept her there at the base of his dick, started to give small sharp thrusts. "Good t-t-thing you're so Nuuff-- good at sucking dick, b-bitch."

"You can always go out on the streets of Republic City as a whore. NuGGh... You l-like that idea? ... HuuFH.." His hand pumped her head a bit faster, his balls tightening on her lips and chin. "Wait. Is that h-how you keep this piece of shit c-company going?... huNuff... You a streetwalking whore at night?!" His breath quickened, "On yer k-knees in-- in backalleys suck-- s-sucking c-cock.. ahhhah..."

"Huluk...Ywes, Swir... Glluk.. Huurk..." Asami wanted to close her eyes but she kept them looking upward as she had been instructed. Agreed with whatever he wanted. Tried to turn

him on and make him cum so she would no longer have his length in her throat and her nose buried in his curly pubic hair..

"Ever f-fucked a homeless bum? Yes? I k-knew it! Dirty fucking.. nngguGG..." Her client dropped his cigar in the ashtray and pushed both of his hands into her long hair and held on. Still he didn't force her, didn't race. Instead he let her bring him the last of the way. "Ahhh-- fuck.. Little stuck up rich bitch... w-worked hard for yer m-meal... huhhn.. So don't spill... don't you fuckin' spill a drop..." His already ugly face turned beet red, he threw back his balding head with a gasp but quickly looked down again to watch as he fired the first shots of cum straight down her throat.

"Shhhhi..tttt -- NUggH Huuh..." His hips bucked and his shaft spasmed. Asami groaned at the pleasure written on his face she was forced to get him off. Her lips still traveling up and down collecting his sticky discharge. He grunted at her then pulled back and left the head of his cock in her mouth to finish. Bathed her tongue in more spurts of nasty tasting ooze.

"Yeah.. there w-we go. Ahahh...there we go... that's it..." He gripped the base of his dick to milk out the remaining drops over her lips, shining them with his spunk. "That's the best kinda makeup for you. Whore gloss."

Asami gargled, the "Thank you, Sir." that he had demanded she add every time she addressed him during the session came out as wet, popping bubbles.

"Tisk. Don't talk with your mouth full you company cum-dump. Do what you were born for."

Asami nodded and with a deep breath steeled herself. She closed her mouth, her cheeks puffing from the large deposit he left there. She swallowed heavily, sent the spunk crawling its way down. With a loud gasp and head-shake she looked up and showed him her empty mouth. He leered down at her, a huge grin splitting his face. Only a second or two later the end of session alarm sounded on the desk. Asami frowned and let out a low groan, knowing that if she had waited a few moments longer she could have at least spit out the horrible load.

"Was your session satisfactory?" Asami heard the hostess on the other side of the desk.

"Grade A!" The client smiled. He stood, pulled up his trousers and stepped out of her line of sight. "That is one high quality ball drainer you have there."

"Awww, thats so sweet." The hostess giggled, "Be sure you give her a good Rate your Ride review."

"Definitely! 5 stars." Asami heard the booth door open with a whisper and the client step from the room. "Have a great day." he called back.

The desk slid backward on hidden tracks and her hostess, Jewel stepped into view.

"Great work, Asami! Another very satisfied client. I think the Role Play Booth is a smashing success. Don't you? I mean you were popular before, but wow! Talk about a rising star." Jewel beamed, "That must make you so happy. I can only guess how proud Korra must be."

Asami glared at the woman then averted her eyes.

"I know, you are probably just a little tired and cranky right now, huh? You have had a busy morning." Jewel taped a few buttons on the wall to signal a 'booth closed' announcement. "But, I've got some great news. You have a group VIP session booked for the rest of the day. So, let's get you all cleaned up and looking pretty again and I'll see you when you wake up, 'kay?"

"Wait. Not yet! Please! Let me just..." Asami tried to shy away from the auto-injector, to at least spend a few minutes more away from the inevitable depravity to come. Jewel ignored her and, still smiling, pressed the small device to her neck. There was a barely perceptible hiss as the chemicals shot into her pores and directly into her bloodstream. Asami felt a familiar flash of heat rush through her body, and then, nothing.

A spirit danced in the air around her head. To Asami the chubby little creature looked like a cross between a ball of cotton and a bumble bee. Its little body splashed with white, pink and gold. Something about the colors disturbed her and she felt a tightness in her chest. Buzzing about it landed on her shoulder. Folding its tiny wings as it crawled around her neck its body started to stretch.

Panic restricted her breathing as the spirit continued its transformation into a thick snake. It wrapped itself around her throat cutting off her breath. Asami tried to reach for it, to pull it off but its tail reached down, holding her arms fast.

"UNhhhaa... She is coming round.. Pussy is clamping t-tight...shit!" The voice was deep and guttural. Asami blinked, her eyes starting to focus as the slow haze of her drug induced sleep faded. There was a face in front of her own, inches away. Smiling down, a big grin showing off pearly white teeth against dark colored lips.

"That's it, bitch, squeeze it! NNug!" He ordered, though he needn't have bothered. Every muscle in her body, shocked out of its state of unconsciousness, tightened painfully. Gripped the cock that continued pistoning between the folds of her snatch.

"OH FUCK!" The black man's eyes squeezed shut and his features contorted into that stupid orgasmic face Asami had seen far too often. She grit her teeth and grunted, the splash of

his cum warming her insides. Something thick gurgled at the back of her throat and she tasted the spunk clinging to the back of her tongue. She turned her head from the man above her to another black man relaxing on one of the Sex Arcades VIP room couches. He dabbed at his obese body with a small towel, then tossed it over his shoulder, his body glistening with a sheet of sweat. He smiled and rubbed at a large fat, flopping cock, wet with spittle.

Asami felt the tears gather at the corner of her eyes. To think that even as she was unconscious these men had used her. Pumped her head up and down on that disgusting cock. Laid on top of her to thrust and shove into her. That they didn't even have the dignity to let her body rest without violation. In a moment of strength. She tried to cough up the cloying cum. To spit it into the face of the man who now began pull out of her.

It was too late of course. She could feel it sloshing around in her stomach. Added to the other previous loads deposited there from her earlier booth shift.

Her newest rapist started to wipe himself off on her puffy pussy lips. A sick smile on his face he stuffed a couple fingers inside of her and thrust them in and out at a blur. Working her cunt into a frothy mess, his thumb flicked and rubbed at her clit. Caused her body to jump and shake from the overstimulation of her sensitive button.

The bastard seemed to think that she was enjoying it and kept at her. Twisting and swirling his fingers like a couple of worms. The various fluids made wet squelching noises from

the prodding digits as he collected his spunk and her own juices on his fingers then stepped around her spread open legs.

She had been locked upon a low table, at about waist height to the men. Positioned for their comfort. The thought was just as bitter as the mix of sperm and pussy juice now being smeared onto her tongue by the thug. He laughed and hooked his thumb into her cheek. Tugged her head from side to side while he shoved his middle and ring fingers between her lips and treated her mouth as roughly as he had her poor abused pussy.

"Damn, they've fucked the gag reflex right outta this bitch." He snickered and made a show of reaching as far as he could to the back of her throat. She glared at him as he cleaned off his fingers, repeating the finger fucking of her pussy and mouth twice more before he finally grew bored of the game and stepped away, allowing Asami to get a good look around.

There were five of the black men in the VIP room with her. One of the brutes stood apart from the others. Thickly muscled he paced back and forth in the center of the room drinking from a can of Arc-Aid. Wearing only boxer shorts Asami could see the head of his large cock hanging out of the bottom of his right pants leg.

At his feet was Korra. Locked in place. Her face on the ground, held there by a short piece of chain running to the collar around her neck. She'd been manacled with her arms behind her back and her backside raised into the air. Forced to present herself to the men.

Asami could see tears had started to wet Korra's eyes, most likely due to her watching them as they used her unconscious body. Their eyes locked briefly. Asami opened her mouth to speak, then shut it again. What could she say that hadn't been said in the brief moments they spent together between customers? Instead she just held her friend's gaze. Tried to give her strength.

"Man, this is such bullshit!" The muscled man standing over Korra crushed his empty can and hurled it in the general direction of a trash bin at the far side of the room. "Come on, Mumbles, let me get in that Asami chick instead."

"No way, Bro. You know the rules. It's Munnys week to choose, so first dibs to him. Then we draw for who gets who and only after the first load is dropped do we start the free for all. It's not my fault you drew Korra." A skinny, laughing, light-skinned man began to approach Asami, tugging down his own pants as he did. One of those small mover film devices held in his hands. "You could have been done by now if you'd just manned up. I mean, shit, I'm going for my second run with this horny little slut."

"You guys all fucking suck." The men all laughed at the muscled ogre as he growled his frustration. He nearly tore his silken pants off, kicking them free as they tangled around his calves. Asami saw Korra's eyes go wide with fear as she spotted the slab of veiny man meat that

hung between his legs. "Always these dumb ass anime girls and shit. Worse, even! Avatar is like some wannabe rip-off anime at that! Gad-damn Nickelodeon bullshit!"

"Chill the fuck out, Gerome." The fat man said, "You need to expand your horizons. Try new things. I mean your Marvel comics chicks are cool and all but, I mean, damn dude, when was the last time you got to bang a Eskimo girl?"

"Why in the living fuck would I wanna fuck an Eskimo girl, Munny!?" Gerome hooked Korra's belt, pulled her ass up a little higher and gripped her leggings. The sound of fabric tearing filled the room. "Bet the bitches pussy is all chilly and shit."

"Why should that matter?" Munny chuckled and lifted his ponderous bulk from the couch, "You're just gonna fuck her in the ass anyway."

"No! Please! Don't!" Korra started to struggle with that news, her head turning to look at Gerome, "Not in there! It's too big!"

"Shut the fuck up, slut!" Gerome sucked his teeth loudly and gripped Korra's hair pushing her face back down to the floor. "I ain't gonna enjoy this shit any more than you. So stop fucking complaining."

"Oh god... oh god..." Asami could see the terror in Korra's eyes as Gerome gripped his cock and jerked it to hardness. It stood out from his body, looking almost as angry as he did. A coal black pole of obsidian. He moved to stand over Korra, placed his feet on either side of her raised ass and hefted her hips up once more with one hand. The other guided the head of his cock toward her asshole.

"NO! Use lube!" Korra wriggled desperately as the tip of Geromes cock began to force its way into her bum "NuuG... Use fuckin' LUBE!"

"What did I say? Don't tell me what to do you penguin eating bitch!" Now that the head of his dick was properly held by Korra's clenching butthole Gerome adjusted his grip on either side of her waist and let his body weight fall, spearing straight downward.

The Avatars squeal caused everyone in the room to wince. Even Mumbles, the man buried deep in Asami's pussy, paused. He glanced over to film the scene for a few moments, then, someone threw a pillow at Korra's head and Mumbles turned his attention back to Asami's snatch to continue his rhythmic thrusting.

"If you don't shut the fuck up, I'll plug up yer throat with one of them big ass dildo's to keep you quiet!" Pulling Korra's head up by the hair, Gerome turned her face toward a shelf lined with the oversized sex toys. He leaned over her body his huge black cock fully bottoming out,

"You hear me!?" Korra grit her teeth and nodded her understanding, tears spilling down her cheeks.

"Good. Now keep that ass up so we can get this over with. Sooner I dump in this nasty hole the sooner I can get balls deep in your girlfriend's sweet white ass instead." Jerome shoved her face down onto the soft pillow and quickly returned to the manic pounding of her bottom.

Asami watched Korra bite down hard, grunting. Her eyes shut tight, sweat beading on her forehead from the painful effort of taking the jackhammer thrusts into her sore sphincter. The Avatar thrashed her head from side to side, then buried her face in the pillow as the black man slammed himself up and down to the tune of her muffled cries.

A hand started to caress Asami's hair and then her gaze was gently but insistently pulled away from the brutal ass rape of her friend.

"You got that to look forward to later, beautiful." Munny smiled down at her. "You know? I've been thinking about you ever since I saw you and Korra sucking cock on the concourse a few weeks ago." He reached down just out of her sight, under the lip of the table to press a button.

"Dyke or not you do know your way 'round a dick." With a quiet wurr the chain at Asami's neck pulled tighter, angling her head over the edge of the table so that he could present his fat cockhead to her lips.

"I just had to fuck that pretty face as soon as they bought you in today. And let me tell you, even all loose and slack your mouth is amazing. Seriously. You had me cumming like a goddamn firehose." Munny eased his length slowly past her lips and his big black testicles filled her vision.

"So if you're that good at draining balls asleep? Shit, girl! I can't wait to see how much spunk you can coax out of my nutsack when you're awake."

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