

“This is the last straw, Korra!”

Asami yanked Korra by the ear as she briskly walked through the main hall of her mansion, stepping through a spectacular mess; water pooling across the floor as water dripped from the walls and even the ceiling. Korra meanwhile, waddled behind Asami, trying her best to keep up with her caretaker. Her diaper, which had been quite full, sagged back and forth as she yelped at the stinging pain from her ear.

“Ow ow ow ow owww owww *OOWWWWW!!*” Korra shrieked, “Asami, please! Lemme go!”

Asami ignored Korra, pushing the doors open to Korra’s nursery, or as Korra considered it, her prison, and laid the diapered Avatar over her lap, flipping up her skirt and proceeding to spank the naughty brat. Korra immediately went to cover her messy rump, but Asami easily overpowered her and pinned her arms to her back.

“I leave you alone for 5 minutes and you somehow end up making a bigger mess?!” Asami furiously asked.

“OW! I was gonna waterbend the floor clean, but then—*OUCH!*—I had to...go to the bathroom—*OOWWW!!*” Korra shyly replied, blushing as she admitted to messing her diaper.

Asami continued her spanking as she added on to the berating, “Bending?” She asked, giving a hard spank after her question, “You know you’re forbidden from bending so long as you’re my Baby Slave.”

Korra winced in pain, feeling the sting of that last spanking, “*OUCH!* CUT IT OUT!!! I’m not your *dumb* Baby Slave!”

“You are as long as you continue to be a naughty little brat with no manners, you’re going to be my Baby Slave, is that clear?” Asami gave 3 hard spanks, pausing to let her Baby Slave answer.

“Ow! *OW! OW!!!*” Korra gritted her teeth, tears starting to well up in her eyes, letting the pain subside a moment before answering, “Y-yes!”

Asami gave another spanking, “Yes *what?*”

“Oh come on, don’t make me—*OWWW!*” Korra retorted, cut off as another spank landed on her mushy rear, “YES MOMMY!”

Asami perked up and ceased the spanking, “Good, as long as we’re clear. And don’t think this counts towards your daily spankings, you’re still due for those AFTER you’ve cleaned up your mess.”

Korra groaned in defeat, she was not looking forward to those, even after she

had endured them for quite some time now. Korra thought back to how she got into this mess in the first place, having accidentally broken a priceless decoration while roughhousing in Asami's house. Agreeing to work off the debt, Korra didn't expect to have her pants yanked down, spanked on the spot, and then wrapped in thick diapers. Despite her incredible strength, Korra became weak in the knees every time Asami taped her into diaper, much to her confusion and frustration. Regardless, Korra began to worry just how long she was gonna be stuck as Asami's Baby Slave, as it had been several months after the fact.

Asami stood Korra up on her feet and straighten out her very revealing outfit, a simple apron and nothing else, aside from her very full diapers, "Now, since you can't resist the urge to bend in my house, I think we're going have to do something about that. Come along now, let's get your messy rump changed."

Korra whined as she felt Asami squeeze her sore bottom, being pushed towards the changing table, unsure of what exactly was in store for the captive Avatar...

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Korra groaned as Asami fastened the last strap on her outrageous outfit. Trussed up in a very revealing maid outfit, Korra inspected herself in the nearby mirror. Two straps fastened above and below her breasts, both of which kept her arms pinned tightly to her back, crossed in a leather armbinder. An extremely frilly skirt, lifted up by several petticoats, made sure her fresh diaper was visible to any and all, the Future Industries logo branded along the landing strip of the diaper. Korra looked down to see her legs clad in smooth, shiny stockings, along with black high heels, barely able to lift them from the ground, as her ankles had been cuffed together. Korra returned to her face, grimacing not at the ruffled headpiece, but of the bow tied to her ponytail, adding just a bit more to her humiliation. Korra then noticed the choker around her neck, also branded with the Future Industries logo.

But before she could think about it more, Asami gave her a good slap on the rear, "Alright, all set! How's it all feel, Baby Slave?"

Korra blushed at the snide comment, "It all feels dumb! How am I suppose to clean anything like this?" Korra gestured her body to show how little mobility she possessed.

Asami grabbed Korra by the ponytail, pulling her head back leaning in as she answered the diapered maid, "Since you've proven such a hassle and a very rude brat, it seems I have to give you only the most basic of chores to do. And to make sure you don't get into any more trouble, you'll be thoroughly restrained until I see fit to give you more responsibility."

Korra softly whined, realizing she was sinking deeper and deeper into her Baby Slave servitude.

“And as for your bending, your new collar here blocks the flow of chi in your body.” Asami continued, straighten up the collar fastened around Korra’s neck, “Your diapers were specially made to keep you docile, but this will make sure you learn some manners. You might do some good being a test subject for my new inventions~”

Korra was dumbstruck, the diapers had been slowly weakening her! She quickly turned to anger over the sudden realization, “What?! No way! Asami, you can’t treat me like this! Take this collar off right *NOW!* I am NOT some DUMB, *STUPID BABY!!!*”

Asami coldly stared at Korra, clicking her tongue in disappointment, “See, this is why you’re stuck as my Baby Slave. You need to learn how to talk and act like a proper lady, and not a spoiled *brat* who fills her diapers. These diapers may make you weak, but they don’t take away your potty-training...that’s all you, *Baby Slave~*”

Before Korra could argue her position, Asami shoved a pacifier-gag right into her mouth, locking it shut as Korra saw the feather duster sticking out the end of it, “Now, not another word out of you until you’ve finished cleaning. I’ll check up on you later, but you’ll probably need a diaper check more by the time I get back~”

Asami patted Korra’s thickly padded bottom as she walked off, leaving Korra to sulk in humiliating shame as she began dusting, realizing that she was wetting and messing her diapers of her volition. Korra had to turn her act around fast, given her current status, she knew the odds were staked against her from ever escaping her new life as a Baby Slave. Korra decided to focus on her cleaning, knowing she wouldn’t get anywhere unless she finished her chores. But when her stomach started to grumble, Korra realized she would have to focus on other matters first. Squatting down and wrinkling her nose, Korra loudly grunted as she felt her once fresh diaper now quickly fill up, unable to even attempt to hold it in. Korra returned to her dusting, blushing hard with embarrassing shame as she attempted to distract herself from the humiliating act that continued to force her diapers to sag lower and lower.