

Beware of banana republics



The cells offers little in the way of taking her mind off the cool water which agonizingly slowly flows into her womb – steel door with a peephole, gray tiled floor with a steel drain, smooth white concrete walls, a lonely steel faucet, and a single harsh fluorescent light sunk into the ceiling. A week ago she had been caught trying to smuggle revolutionary material into the country deep within her vagina, and after a relatively brief albeit harsh investigation combined with questioning, she had been hauled off here to meet her fate.

Due to her legs being tied together with sturdy leather straps, her uncomfortable steel collar chained to the faucet, and her wrists further chained together with a loose chain that runs around her body while joining the collar from the front, she's mostly only able to shuffle awkwardly in place and feel over her steadily distending belly – unable to stem the flow of water which runs through the black steel-reinforced hose to the thick steel dildo which has been secured in her vagina with a balloon and organic glue.

Groaning loudly, she arcs her back as she clutches to her belly which has ballooned to the size of a late-term pregnancy while the automated faucet shows no signs of stopped, the water swirling and sloshing in her womb every time she moves. "Oh craaap... are they going to burst me...!", she gulps and gauges the tautness of her uterus by pressing her fingers into it here and there, knowing that she can't take a whole lot more water before it becomes dangerous...

However as soon as the thought has entered her mind, she can sense the flow tapering off until the button on the tap suddenly pops back out entirely, leaving the feline with an uncomfortable swollen uterus as its lining throbs from the tension... her own hands barely able to mitigate the discomfort and thus she soon begins to explore the tautness of her midsection, probing it here and there. For some time she keeps perking up and swivelling her ears but her acute hearing only picks up random muffled noises through the walls, the soft chittering of her chains and the brushing of her fur against the floor being her company as she endures her predicament – wondering if she has been forgot. But her captors do make an appearance soon after she ends up massaging her own breasts to relieve the boredom and anguish – the slam of the door startling Feligris badly enough that she practically slams into the wall behind herself, one hand still clutching her breast while the other ends up on the wall behind her, claws gouging the uneven concrete. The two uniformed male wolves who file in through the door, carefully crouch down close to the trembling feline, watching how her wide eyes dart between them two.

"So, you're the smuggler we were sent to seek out – as the State has a special proposition for you.", the taller of the two wolves explains casually whereas Feligris shuffles clumsily right against the wall, her hands slipping over her distended belly protectively while her naked body keeps her rather self-conscious. After a pregnant pause she nods, reluctantly acknowledging what was just said. The other wolf continues the discussion, forcing the feline to turn her head. "We have a number of leaflet spreaders here who belonged to your group, and they were poised to be hanged, but since you and your uterus are the origin - ", he explains with a number of hand motions, stopping in the middle of sentence to prompt the feline to move her gaze to the opposite direction again. "- we're offering their lives to be spared at the expense of you and your womb.", the wolves conclude, eliciting a nervous gulp from the feline as she glances down at her bulging midsection. Eventually she steels herself, though, and looks back at one of the wolves with her ears splayed and tail sweeping over the floor. "So... I'm executed or they are...?"

The burly wolf shrugs and nods. "Yes. You co-conspirators who we managed to arrest en masse, will be brought through her one at a to pump a set amount of pulped mass of leaflets into your uterus – the more you can hold before you burst the more you can save. But you're not allowed to give up once you start or all will be hanged.", he elaborates while Feligris squirms anxiously and pats her own belly, her toes curling up once the wolf pauses to lay a quizzical expression over the feline. "I – I'll do it! So that they can – live!", Feligris replies hesitantly after a longer pause, biting her lip as her ears press tightly against her skull in fear. Whereas the wolves simply chuckle and nod

before leaving without a word – the water hose suddenly turning to suction so that Feligris' womb is mostly emptied of the water while she trembles from the knowledge that it's only to prepare her for much more.

The first person to be ushered into the room is in fact her original contact, a tall genet named Leah who is now both and in handcuffs – although she's merely shoved inside the room without further ado and left to her own devices for the moment. "Oh, Feli! Sorry it has come to this, I heard you're going to bust your womb for us... they sent me here to help, and to be forced to look I guess, too.", she explains as she strides right over to the feline with her ringed tail flying through the air behind her, hugging Feligris from above before she plops herself down next to the tap. "Better me than all of you, it's like what we promised back then... but not going to lie, I won't like it... and you should start, they're deliberately dragging this on.", Feligris replies with a whimper, leaning back when the genet places one hand on her shoulder in a reassuring manner and presses the tap's button with the other one. Mere moments later Feligris' whimpers intensify as cool thick pulp made out of water and ground-up paper enters her uterus, tickling the lining rather noticeably compared to plain water. "There you go, pal, but there are plenty of us in here – lets hope you can get most people released at least!", Leah attempts to cheer up the feline who grits her sabre teeth as the flow slightly rounds out her midsection before it stops. "Lets... ngyaah... hope so...!"

In the meantime a long line of shaggy prisoners has formed outside the cell... some crying, some cursing, some being stoically silent... but all of them being soon ushered one at a time inside the cell where Leah instructs them to press on the tap and leave after giving any farewells to Feligris who concentrates on deep breathing and soothing her tummy. The first couple of prisoners who Feligris barely knows, are still relatively easy on her as her womb stretches easily from the uncomfortable mass, the plug in her vulva pumping in and out a little as her loins spasm from the sensations. However once the number gets close to a dozen and her girth approaches full-term pregnancy, Feligris is forced to draw increasingly deep breaths with her eyes half-lidded as she endures how the tension starts to hurt deep within her.

"I wish I could help you, big gal, but you'll just have to keep taking it for our sake – should I rub it?", Leah asks after watching the silent suffering for a while, tweaking on one of Feligris' perky nipples for good measure as more prisoners enter the cell. "Ye-yes, please, even if it's not going to help much~", the feline gasps when yet another burst of thick mass enters her uterus with visible expansion – the genet quickly dropping onto her knees to rub her friend's bloated lower belly gingerly. "My lord you're being way too full already, but that's barely half of us so far... hang in there, cat, your womb's going to have to lot more before you're done~", the genet says contritely after a few more visits have caused the feline's midsection swell to beach ball size, her crotch already mostly hidden by the girth although it's still clear where the hose is going. At the same time Feligris keeps shamelessly massaging her own generous breasts to distract herself as heavy paper pulp constantly flows into her straining uterus. "Oooowh... lets hope there's capacity left for everyone else...!", she replies defiantly and cringes as the weight of her midsection makes itself felt against her thighs.

The constant stream of apologetic, haggard prisoners becomes a confusing haze in Feligris' head as she struggles harder and harder with the excruciating torment of her womb gradually stretching far beyond its normal limits as it surpasses even the largest conceivable multiples pregnancy and keeps on swelling, firmly anchoring Feligris on the floor eventually as it distends well past her legs and forces her to lean forward to rest it on the tiling. The genet soon quietly tears off the bindings on the feline's legs to allow her to kneel before her legs are crushed under what looks more like a cream-coloured furry beanbag tucked next to Feligris, although her constant moans and the tautness of the surface reveal its actual nature. "A-ah, can't take it any-anymore! Are there still ma-many more? It's going to bu-burst... any moment now!", the feline exclaims amid sobbing and crying as burning agony courses through her midsection unabatedly, her ears folder down as her long tail thumps against the wall.



Lost in thought as she had moved to scritch Feligris' back up and down during her ordeal, Leah glances up at the doorway which is suspiciously empty... the genet cocking her head in a bemused manner. "I can't see anyone – hello? If there's someone there, just come in?", she hollers only to see the two guards stomp through the door instead, the sight raising the hackles of both prisoners instantly.

"It's only you two left now, you've given a great show but it's now time to end it – pump her up until she blows and you'll all walk free.", the burlier guard addresses Leah who gasps and reflexively covers her muzzle in horror, whereas Feligris starts to tremble with new tears running down her already matted muzzle and cheeks. "We can't have stains on our uniforms so we'll be riiigh there to watch you, sort it out quickly.", he continues with a grin before heading back out with his comrade – both of them peering through the door in the darkness of the hallway.

It takes a few moments for Feligris and Leah to come in terms with their predicament which is about to end fatally for the feline... the genet shuffling in front of the feline to kneel opposite of her, their gazes meeting as they both cautiously lay their hands on Feligris' perilously distended belly. During the pregnant pause, Feligris gulps audibly and draws a deep breath before opening her maw. "Do it, Leah... split open this smuggler's uterus so that the rest of you get to go... I know it's not right but we knew this might happen~", she urges while the genet hesitates and plays with her own tail nervously. The gloomy atmosphere of the room is only heightened by the occasional flicker of a failing fluorescent tube, under which Leah eventually nods grimly and moves behind Feligris, reaching one arm around her chest to trap her hefty bosom underneath while the other arm reaches for the tap. "Hate to do it, big cat, but here goes... I'm going to miss our talks, the late night walks, the planning, your fuzzy tail... and these milk makers too.", she whispers into one of Feligris' large tufted ears before she grabs a tight hold of the tap to hold the button down – closing her eyes when she feels the feline's muscles tense up from the restarted flow.

"I mi... MISS YOU TOO!", Feligris gasps amid her wailing as her long tail swipes around furiously and her toes curl from the anguish of her grossly overfilled womb being on the verge of exploding from the pressure – the feline clenching her jaws with her hands lingering on the drumtight surface where wide stretch marks and criss-cross of veins rapidly form under the thinly stretched fur. Whereas Leah simply squeezes the feline tighter as she knows the end is upon Feligris whose wails reach crescendo from the merciless swelling.

The end nevertheless comes quite abruptly as the feline's body suddenly flexes violently in the genet's embrace, and a loud wet splashing noise echoes through the cell when Leah's form is soaked with wet sticky mass... the unmistakable stench of blood drifting into her nostrils moments later. For a few moments she keeps on holding blindly onto the now ominously quiet feline's body when Feligris jerks and whimpers, but it doesn't take long before she essentially just gives up and lets the still gasping feline slump limply onto the floor – her eyes revealing a grisly scene when she reluctantly opens them as there's bloodied pulp and furry skin scraps everywhere, even in the ceiling – whereas Feligris herself appears to be outright eviscerated as her guts bulge out from the huge gash in her belly. All of which is too much for the poor genet who retches and immediately dashes out of the room with her bare paws sliding on the goo on the floor, the guards laughing heartily when she scampers past...