

Carrie's End in Lupine Lands

Heat of the already warm summer feels particularly oppressive on the narrow forest path along which Carrie is being hurried toward her waiting fate by four tall and burly lupine guards who tower above her slim clouded leopard form – and even if her arms struggle against their iron grip and she keeps hissing against the tight muzzle which prevents her from using her fangs, she still feels the slightest bit sorry for them for their thick leather armours and other gear which forces them to pant rather profusely, whereas she's been stripped down to her neck rings, bracelets and bra with the rest of her body nude including her genitals, which actually are rather comfortably treated by random gusts of warm dry air.

Though her nudity hardly makes her comfortable as she's well aware it's for a purpose, given how she'd heard stories of how captive female bandits, specifically felines, are executed in these lupine-controlled areas – *Blergh, can't believe I was stupid enough to fall for that ruse and think how quickly robbing a rich looking drunkard on the road would be easy money, he was acting of course... and now I'm here, naked and unable to get away! Waaah!* – she ponders while her trepidation increases at every step she takes toward her promised execution, method of which is to be revealed at site, with her last meal sitting heavy in her rounded-out middle to add to her discomfort.

Eventually the small entourage reaches a clearing which has clearly been prepared for these occasions, with a small row of poles with restraints hanging from them on one side, ground paved with smooth rock slabs, and in the middle, an ominous device consisting of two thick logs with a flat top and a contraption in the middle with a large hand wheel in the side and a thick blunt steel pole peeking out from the top. Upon seeing it, the vague stories come back to Carrie and her legs suddenly give out from fear, forcing her guards to catch her and carry her closer between them.

'I'd spell out your execution for you, bandit, but I think you already have an idea – I'll take the muzzle off soon if you have any questions.' the tallest guard states dryly when he along with the rest begin to hoist the squirming and whimpering feline onto the logs, forcing her to kneel down onto them and spreading her legs to the point where her pussy is both lewdly on display and roughly positioned above the contraption. Once they're satisfied, they firmly lock her calves onto the logs with iron shackles to bind her so that she can mostly only lean backward and forward, finally circling around behind her to grab her arms from both sides so that she's unable to move much when the leader unlocks the muzzle.

Her jaws released, she instantly draws a few panicked breaths and grits her fangs, her large breasts heaving in their undersized top as she repeatedly tries to jerk forward. After a few minutes she manages to gather herself though and stops, throwing a nervous quizzical glance at the tall armoured lupine who idly mills in front of her.

'I – I think have an idea, ye-yes... that huge pole is going to be cranked inside me, right? Gods... not sure if I can take something that thick!' she exclaims frantically after craning her neck far enough forward to see past her generous bosom.

'You have it right! And don't worry, we've had a few feline bandits here before, they all proved out to be very stretchy down there regardless of their opinion – of course, it's going to be your cub maker inside you which gets stretched until it tears open.'

Carrie's uterus involuntarily contracts at the description which elicits a defeated whine from her, her ears folding against her head as she looks down at the ground.

'Fuuuck – let's get it over with then!' she blurts after a pregnant pause, swatting the lupines behind her with her long tail.

The leader simply nods and crouches down to start turning the handwheel to make the pole rise slowly from its hiding place underground, simultaneously watching his companions wrestling with the hissing feline whose strong thigh muscles keep flexing visibly as she tries in vain to slow down the process. He merely utters an amused growl at the sight, pausing the pole's tip at the height of her feet to liberally slather it with grease and oil from his belt pouch.

'There, it should now enter you nice and smooth all the way.'

Receiving only an audible gulp in response, he gets down again to continue cranking the pole upward, motioning at the others to force her a little forward to present her pussy for it once it starts to brush her lips, after which they start pressing her onto it while it keeps rising.

Carrie in turn shivers with her tail poofing a little from dread when cold steel touches her nethers, desperately wanting to pull herself away but fails to overcome her strong captors – thus she begins to reluctantly resign to her fate when the blunt tip aspires to properly penetrate her few minutes later, gyrating her hips to try and ease it inside herself. *Grrr, why does this have to be so hard, it's going to rip something at this rate!* she silently curses as the pain in her crotch intensifies but she continues to feel as if she's sitting on the tip instead of taking it in, both her and the lupines restraining her working in unison now to rotate and twist her hips while she can sense her aching pussy stretch wider and wider. Until abruptly she shrieks when there's a flash of agony in her loins and she drops several centimeters, the sensation thankfully soon subsiding to dull uncomfortable throbbing within her lower belly.

'See! I said you could take it without breaking, now we can get to the actual execution part!' the tall lupine laughs and gives the handwheel a couple more turns to sink the pole deep enough inside Carrie that she'll be unable to lift herself off it, the other lupines letting go of her to allow her to writhe freely in her torment. *'Feel free to gain any pleasure from it as long as you can, this is a private area for a reason...'*

'L-like I could...' she grumbles, humping the pole a few times in a half-hearted attempt to pull herself off, but only ends up blushing with a soft gasp when the extremely thick penetration feels unexpectedly arousing. Moments oozing sexual juices start to mix with the oil on the pole, prompting her to reach at her crotch to stroke her straining nethers with her fingertips. *'Nnnnghh... it's going to get worse, right?'* she murmurs as her soft belly undulates from the insertion and her breasts lazily sway from her motions.

There's not reply, only a sly grin.

Two hours and several near-orgasms later her earlier question feels rather rhetorical as the pole has pushed far enough into her that she ends up resting on her cervix and sending a jolt of pain through her abdomen every time she relaxes – and it only gets worse due to the lupines slowly raising the pole so that her abdomen's sore as if someone has given her a number of hard belly punches thanks to how she's eventually being pushed up by the cervix. Trembling, she balls up her hands into fists and straightens out to brace when the weight against her cervix adds to the point where it starts to open up.



Grrr... P-please just break into my womb already! she mentally begs while taking deep measured breaths, almost popping her breasts out of her top at times when her body reflexively jerks from each searing pang caused by the pole being cranked up one more notch. Although her arousal has all but been wiped out, sticky fluid continues to flow out of her nethers to dribble down the pole's length while she weeps and leans forward.

'Need any help taking more of that in, feline slut?' one of the lupines taunts her from across the clearing where he's been drinking and relishing the sight of her torment.

At first she merely growls at the cruel suggestion, but as burning agony continues to radiate through her midsection while she makes no progress in forcefully dilating her cervix further, she eventually motions the lupine to come hither which he quite eagerly does even if he maintains his distance and a close eye on her.

'Come – rrrgh – on, just – aaagh! - grab me and force it through my cervix – hgyaah!' she grovels amid raspy gasps, her weepy eyes fixated on the lupine who cracks his knuckles with a smirk before stepping behind her – to wrap his arms around her upper body and breasts tight enough to make it hard for her to breathe. The indignity of how her breasts bulge from the squeeze however concerns her much less than what she expects to happen as he rubs against her in preparation -

- but she's still not ready for it when he roughly shoves her down hard enough to almost instantly ram the pole through her cervix. The pain which explodes inside her abdomen is almost unimaginable. She has time for one ear-piercing shrill scream before she blacks out and falls limp in his arms, only to wake up into the nightmare again minutes later to find herself being leered at by

all the four lupines – but at least the earlier anguish is mitigated for the moment, even if she can sense the pole sitting inside her pelvis and uncomfortable stretching of her womb.

‘All of you felines fainted so far from that move, so don’t feel bad! You’re getting into the good part now that’s in your uterus, time to see how far up we can raise this thing before your cub maker splits at the top!’ the group leader tells her while she sways drunkenly in place and groans after having slid down enough to rest part of her weight on the top of her womb.

‘I – uuugh – am not – hurk – surprised, that hu-hurt like a bitch! Still feeling it – ooowh! - can’t believe it’s all the way to my womb!’ she eventually replies once she comes about, gingerly kneading her oddly bulging midsection in a bid to soothe nauseating aching and painful strain, while feeling the ominous hardness under her guts. In turn the lupines start taking turns watching and cranking the handwheel, energized now that the scorching noon sun is already well on its way down.

With her execution moving ahead torturously slowly, Carrie focuses on nursing her anguished belly and trying to get as comfortable as possible, her long tail lashing constantly from the unnerving knowledge that eventually before the night her uterus will run out of room and burst from the relentless pushing – tension inside her already feels perilous but she’s still able to alleviate it by straining her legs to lift herself up or shifting her weight. Which quite entralls the lupines due to how her sleek busty form moves even if they’re smart enough not to come too close, but nevertheless they torment her further by commenting on a slutty feline’s last pole dance and how her huge boobs will feed the hunting dogs tomorrow morning.



Naturally, she snarls viciously at such comments and shows off her claws, a meaningless gesture and she knows it especially when each full crank on the handwheel leaves her whimpering from the sharp increase in tension her suffering innards are subjected to. And eventually, after many rounds of this during three hours time, she's shocked new kind of tension in her crotch – her pussy pulling inward along with the pole as it rises another notch.

Geez, it's pulling my pussy into me now! Ooooooow... they're gonna burst my uterus soon! she panics and frantically clutches her belly, every motion akin to needles pricking her uterine lining as it threatens to stretch beyond its limits.

Upon seeing the rising dread on the face of the folded-eared feline whose tail sweeps through the air furiously again, the tall lupine steps closer to swiftly jab her pussy lips before she's able to react, compelling her to turn her attention at him.

'Famous feline flexibility finding its limits?'

Rocking to and forth, Carrie drops her arms on her sides in a defeated manner to throw a pleading gaze at him - *'Haaaa... mercy... my womb can't take more...'*

He simply snorts at her, eliciting a deflated whimper from her, and boldly steps right up to her now that she seems to be largely drained from her prolonged suffering – affording her a stern look in return when he taps her bulging belly markedly.

'Mercy? To an eager feline burglar and robber such as you? The mercy I'll offer you is that I'll let you decide if you want your condemned uterus to break quickly or slowly – if quickly, I'll give you thirty minutes of peace to think about your decisions before I return to crank the wheel until you feel it split open.' he tells while she swallows audibly, placing his entire hand on her abdomen to press on it lightly when he pauses. *'Also, this full stomach will be dealt with after that, so enjoy it as well as long as it lasts.'*

Exhausted by her ordeal and constantly dealing with the perilous agonizing strain which keeps flaring up within her, Carrie looks around helplessly and fiddles with her nipples when faced with such a choice which makes her even sicker to the stomach – attempting to respond several times before she manages.

'Ergh... m-make it quick, if it has to bu-burst!'

'Sure. I'll be back soon.' he replies curtly and immediately walks away, waving the rest of the lupines to go with him and disappear somewhere into the woods so that she's left completely to her own devices.

The serene solitude which follows makes Carrie think she made the wrong choice, thanks to how being able to contemplate her deadly predicament only agitates her already racing mind further as she's able to truly focus on the massive invader which has her sensitive pussy very tightly wrapped around it and which has stretched her womb so perilously far up that she can almost feel it nudging her bloated stomach and heavy breasts as she writhes.

'Nnngh! Should've listened to the rumours and stayed the hell out of this place! Can't believe this is how they execute female bandits... help... I don't want my womb to be split open by this thing! But... eep... there's no escape, it's so deep inside me, they're going to do it! Guuuuh, should've offered my oversized funbags for the chopping block instead, it would've been quicker... this is

torture!’ she muses amid frustrated growls and whimpers as she envisions her womb’s overly taut lining finally tearing from the strain.

She also realizes that time keeps passing as she mulls her peril atop the pole which is now slick enough from grease and her juices that she’s able to easily twist and turn as she searches the lupines with her eyes – however they still manage to surprise her by sneaking over behind her, whereupon two of them prompt a startled growl from her by grabbing her arms while the leader strolls over to face her.

‘I hope you had time to get ready, bandit, it’s going to go rather quickly now.’ he remarks when he kneels to feel the handle of the handwheel, his comrades roughly bending her writhing form to make her sit straight on the pole. Though she abruptly freezes and clenches her fangs from the first movement of the pole as the tall lupine begins to steadily turn the wheel.

Aaaa, mercy, here it comes! flashes through her mind when she feels her entire vagina yanked further inward with the pole thanks to the unbearable tension her womb’s under, her body trembling uncontrollably while her ears and whiskers furl backward.



‘Fuuuck, not ready at all!’ she screeches, attempting to flex backward when fiery pain shoots through her belly, turning into rapidly intensifying searing pulsing as the strain on her uterus becomes great enough that the pole attempts to lift her further despite the efforts of the two lupines to hold her down. In the meantime the leader wraps both of his hands around the handle to speed up the execution of the screaming female -

- after which mere moments later, when her shrill voice reaches ear-splitting levels, she jerks so violently that the lupines are momentarily knocked off balance as the blazing agony of her womb rupturing lances through her midsection, her body dropping noticeably due to the pole sliding through the torn opening before the tip slams into her bulging stomach inside her. Thus her screams immediately turn into burbling gagging as the impact forces her to puke a mass of bile and digested food onto her cleavage while crimson streaks already flow down the visible section of the pole.

With a satisfied grunt, the leader raises the pole few more notches to add pressure against her stomach, and waves the other two aside to allow her to freely sway on the pole in an almost drunken manner as shock and rapid blood loss take their toll already.

However despite everything, she soon regains her bearings in adrenaline-fuelled haze and peers down at her belly, wincing when the realization hits her - ... *it's through, shit... I'm gonna puke...* are her next thoughts as she helplessly fidgets and grabs her muzzle, tears streaming down her cheeks thanks to the burning pain gripping her misshapen abdomen, inside which the pole continues to rub into the torn hole in her uterus while pushing her stomach upward hard enough to make it bulge under her hide.

'Didn't take long, did it? And don't worry, you'll fall unconscious pretty soon from blood loss so you won't have to deal with the pain for long, but, we'll deal with this thieving stomach of yours right away before that!' the tall lupine chuckles dryly as he stands up, markedly jabbing the oddly bulging midsection of the weeping feline who makes muffled retching noises and clutches her muzzle even more desperately in response. And mere moments later her eyes grow wide when the lupine leader strolls over to a moss-covered lean-in and yanks a large weathered wooden mallet from it, the kind which would be more apt to driving thick stakes into the ground – the purpose of using it on her food-laden exposed stomach being clear.



‘Mmmmmph! MMMMH!’

‘Good, there’s still fight left in you! Means you’ll get to enjoy the next part more than some of our other guests -’ the lupine jeers at the audibly distressed feline just before making a powerful rapid swing with the mallet to hit her squarely on the belly to avoid her flailing arms getting in the way.

‘Ooooh.... I-I’m UNGH!-HUUUUUUURGHK!!’

The effect is immediate when the mallet sinks deep into her midsection – a smelly deluge of partially digested pieces of meat mixed with plenty of liquid practically shoots out of her maw to splatter all over the mallet, her belly, and the ground. Though it’s not clearly all of her meal either given how deflated and distorted her belly is left after he yanks the mallet away, her stomach having ruptured from the impact to spill part of its contents inside her stomach cavity to leave her wailing and jerking with her increasingly hoarse voice and diminishing strength.



‘Now wasn’t that a good show? One more feline pest dealt with – time to finish this and leave her to ripen briefly before our guard dogs get to fight over those grossly oversized breasts and meaty thighs. So, all of you, help me with this!’ the tall lupine tells his subordinates who respond with plenty of pleased whines and tail wagging, once again grabbing the gagging disoriented feline to hold her in position while the leader starts to furiously crank the handwheel.

As the pole starts to rise equally rapidly past her ruptured stomach into her chest cavity, her jerking gradually fades into random flinching while her eyes roll to the back of her head, the thickness of the pole shoving her entire large bosom outward a little as the lupine guards force her to tilt her head backward so that it enters her gullet from below, pushing and tearing through while making her throat greatly bulge out until it finally emerges into the back of her maw with a few sickly wet cracks. By now her body has fallen practically limp and only errant

agonal breaths pass past the pole which plunges out visible from between her jaws, prompting the leader to stop cranking and stand up.

‘Finally! About time to for us to be back.’ he remarks after the grisly deed is done, peering up at the dark skies before waving his guards to follow him out of the execution fields – leaving the propped-up body behind for later when they’d arrive with the corpse wagon...

The End.

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