

Pup Feeding, the advanced course

Aggravated by the engorged throbbing of her eight teats, Feligris repeatedly bangs and gouges the crude wooden barricade of her cave prison with her feral forepaws – her breath steaming while the feral pack of wolves she has been a virtual slave to, mills outside in the frozen evergreen forest in during their usual morning rituals. Finally, after Feligris slams her forepaws on the trunks in her way hard enough to crack few of the supporting branches audibly, a wolfess leaves her rowdy pups alone to traipse over to the cage door with a growl.

”Is our pups milk tank too full for comfort again? What a shame... for you, that is! As they're not hungry just yet. But soon.”, she taunts her while eyeing the engorged cantaloupe-like teats which bulge visibly under Feligris' thick underbelly fur and bounce about slightly as she moves, their black nipples erect in the cold weather. In response, Feligris' ears swivel backwards and she shoots a withering gaze at the wolfess who only thumps her tail in amusement, the feline hissing through the sturdy barricade. ”It has been more a year already of this and who knows how many pups, and you leave me so full that it hurts every day... let me go or kill me already!”

Shifting her shoulder blades, the wolfess merely scrunches her muzzle and suddenly turns tail to leave the feline in her powerless anger. ”The alpha is going to decide on your fate today, actually, as you've become increasingly belligerent... just you wait.”, she says and leaves hastily before Feligris can ask any more, the feline slumping onto the cold floor of the cave with a growl as she sprawls out on her back to try and make her aching teats more comfortable, while her increasingly empty stomach gurgles and hunger pangs radiate all over it.

After what seems like an eternity later, her rest is suddenly interrupted with a deep growl from a huge gray wolf who casts his shadow over her as he steps right up to the wooden barricade. ”Wake up! You will feed my mate's pups now, then I tell what's going to happen to you.”, he proclaims while few other wolves pull out the supporting braces and open up part of the barricade to immediately surround still-groggy Feligris, dragging her out by the neck and tailbase while she writhes and yowls. The alpha utters a pleased grunt and follows the troupe to the usual feeding spot while watching Feligris' grossly swollen teats swing and bob from her struggles as her flexible furry body squirms.

A little while later the feline has been coaxed onto her paws to let her swollen teats hang freely in the air, her ears splayed and apprehension palpable as the alpha himself holds her in place by the neck, while his mate herds the pups which crowd Feligris' underbelly and latch onto her eight nipples one by one. This part is at least pleasant to her despite the uncomfortable imprisonment and teeth around her supple neck, as the suckling both teases her sensitive nipples and quickly reduces the painful swelling and tautness of her mammaries as they shrink at the same rate as the pups bellies distend.

”You produce a great deal of milk, cat, it has been useful – but we won't have any use for you after this as my pups will move to solid foods, and it takes too much effort to keep you subdued until we will have pups again.”, the alpha female muses while Feligris rumbles and squints her eyes in pleasure during the suckling, the wolfess idly smacking the feline's long tail out of the way when she pads around her to make sure all the pups are being fed. ”So... will you let me go...?”, Feligris replies after a pregnant pause, glancing sideways at the wolfess due to not being able to turn her head.

”I think not, as we'd rather not let you skulk around in our pack lands, and we know you won't leave even if warned – that's why we caught you like this in the first place! We are going to kill you... but

you can choose an easier death or a less easy one.”, the wolfess explains casually, whereas Feligris is shocked to the degree that the alpha nearly strangles her when she starts to shake and pull away, the feline able to only gargle and cough for a while after the crushing pressure on her throat eases again once she stops fighting. ”Easier... death? I suppose if there's not other choice...”, she wheezes and cringes as the thought, her tail lashing furiously.

Now that her large pups are full and letting go of the feline's teats on their own, the alpha ushers them to the waiting paws of few other wolves before sitting down on her haunches to prod Feligris' flank with her forepaw. ”I said that my pups are going to move to solid foods, and that will be you now that you're fat and lazy and your teats swell with milk every day so that you can barely walk – if you resist, my mate will break your limbs one by one and slowly disembowel you while my pups will practice how to strip the meat off your bones – but if you're cooperative, I have an other option.”, she muses and cocks her head at the feline's dismayed reaction as Feligris' entire body nearly falls limp from the revelation. ”Another option...?”, Feligris soon asks warily while wriggling a little in the alpha male's iron grip.

”Yes. The ice in the rapids has broken and there's an abundance of fish, but we cannot directly feed fish to my pups yet and pre-digesting is uncomfortable – so I want you to do it instead. If you behave, we will fish for you and you will eat until there's enough in your stomach for my pups for a few days and perhaps for me and my mate as well. You will digest until tomorrow, we will gauge the softness and cut your stomach open once the fish is ready, then my mate will kill you quickly. How about that, cat?”, the wolfess tells her as she sits on her haunches before the feline, her eyes narrowing in disdain when Feligris grimaces and utters a little whine with the feline's forepaws clenching and clawing at the ground.

Feligris mulls over her choices for a good while and her shoulder blades slump from the realization that there is not much hope for her now in the first place, her tail languidly swishing over the snowy forest floor. Finally she steels herself and affords the wolfess a both frustrated and defeated look, meowing. ”You're going to hunt me down and kill me regardless, so I'll take your offer on the condition that you don't hurt me until it's time for you get to the fish in my belly... and could he let me go now, then?”, she replies and receives a brief nod in return, the alpha male's jaws almost immediately loosening and retreating from her slightly blood-marred neck although both he and she stay to hover around her. ”Good. Sit there like a nice cat and wait for the rest of the pack to bring the fish – we will guard you but if you do as we say, you'll be safe until tomorrow”, the wolfess adds while the feline stretches and plops down on her haunches, clumsily rubbing her belly with her forepaw in trepidation.

After a while the first wolves return with still wet and flopping fish skewered in their fangs as they carry them towards Feligris... the alpha male bumping the feline's rump to elicit a startled mewl from her. ”Stand up and eat so that we can figure out how much we want to fill you.”, he growls and Feligris promptly follows the order with her ears splayed in annoyance... but fresh fish snatched directly from a wolf's maw makes her more comfortable and she nonchalantly pulls it into her own by the head, tilting her head backwards to slide it into her gullet with the tailfin flopping out of her muzzle.

There is no real time for chatter during the feeding, nor is there much willingness either – so the alpha pair simply settle down on their bellies to watch as the elongated bulge on Feligris' white-furred throat journeys downwards each time she swallows while more wolves approach with fish and others return to the river. The first fish hardly makes an impression on her slightly pudgy belly, and she follows it swiftly with a second, gulping it down with loud slurps and glorps while her tail quivers in contentment. The third fish, large as they are so far, makes the first hint of distention appear on her midsection as a small bump rises between her two rows of teats.

But this is just the beginning because fish of all sizes are brought to her as an unending stream and she gobbles them down in earnest as they come, her muzzle soon dripping from river water and speckled with fish scales after she deals with a mawful of smaller fish. At the same time the initial bump grows and slowly spreads over her cream-coloured underbelly all the way to her patterned flanks. In almost no time at all she sports healthy distention with her round belly sagging visibly and distorting her fur patterns a bit while she gorges at a swift pace.

"That's it, cat, the faster you eat, the sooner you'll get to rest – my pups will relish the soft fish taken from your stomach once you've served your purpose.", the wolfess comments as she observes the expansion of Feligris' belly, creeping closer to nose it experimentally while the feline glances around her shoulder. "I'm just happy not to get to die hungry at this point...", Feligris replies laconically and proceeds to snap up the next offered fish to send it down the hatch, feeling somewhat stuffed already as the large dome of her belly begins to spread her flanks sideways, but she persists nonetheless.

Although she's not sure of the intended reason of the persistent nuzzling and licking the wolfess bestows upon her swelling belly, Feligris is soothed by it and thus pays little attention to her as she's fairly sure she's safe. Hence she keeps consuming the fish happily and attempts to savour their fresh taste as she knows it's going to be her last meal – the bloating of her furry gut reaching spherical levels with her underbelly stretched vastly enough to pull her teats noticeably further apart. Awash with mixed emotions and lingering hunger, Feligris flinches and her legs tremble as the wolfess nips on her erect nipples for which she already has to lower her head for due to how low they hang.

With her belly already uncomfortably distended and aching from the load while there's no sign of her being allowed to stop, she slows down on the intake until several of the wolves decide to stop hauling fish and instead gather around her to marvel her greatly swollen midsection which swings lazily between her legs, and has distended down to her knees with its sides and her flanks wide enough to be well over her haunches like she has swallowed a beachball. Each slender shape of fish now not only shows on her throat but also visibly runs down the front curve of her belly before being smoothened out by her audibly churning stomach.

"Cat, pause! I need you to move while you still can.", the wolfess abruptly tells her and retreats a step, causing Feligris to hastily swallow the fish in her maw before she awkwardly shuffles to face the wolfess with her legs spread and her fish-laden belly brushing into them as it sways heavily. "Wait, what, did I - ", she asks in a harried manner and gulps before a dismissive grunt from the alpha male silences her. "No, cat – we simply cannot fill your stomach properly at this spot, I need you to come here.", the wolfess asserts and immediately gets up to walk away, with Feligris trudging behind her with considerable trouble, panting and nervously eyeing the pack members who flock to her sides to nudge and lick her hefty spotted belly, all of them clearly enjoying the sight and the trouble she has carrying it.

Thankfully the trip isn't long as there's a pair of fallen-down thick tree trunks just outside the usual pack lounging spot, and the wolfess agilely hops onto them to stretch her body so that her forepaws are on one trunk and hindpaws on the other, leaving her above the ground. "Get up here like this, I want your belly filled below your paws and you can't do that on level ground.", she instructs Feligris while leaping off to pad behind her and coax her towards the trunks.

"Meowh... are you sure, I might not make it, never eaten nearly that much...", she protests weakly with her ears drooping further down, although she does waddle all the way to the designated spot and clumsily climbs onto the trunks by dragging her belly over the first one, standing up with her underbelly well above ground now. "Oh, that's not my problem – but your stomach doesn't seem to be full so I'm sure I can make you into a better fish sack before you are too full.", the wolfess brushes her off as she scampers over and slides beneath the hanging feline belly on her back to

press her paws onto it, judging its fullness. Feligris is forced to begrudgingly agree as the fish deliveries start again and she's obligated to start cramming them inside her with wolfess claws drumming on her perilously taut underbelly.

Although the rest of the feeding goes relatively uneventfully, the volume of fish required to distend Feligris' aching stomach far enough is still rather considerable, and she has to suffer the indignity of begging the other wolves to stuff the fish directly into her gullet when she begins to have trouble making them go down while the wolfess demands that she keeps going. Her underbelly sags lower a centimetre at a time and her swollen flanks widen further as fish gets shoved down her bulging throat, her fur patterns stretched out weirdly as her girth approaches the level of her paws.

Her nausea and the sickly overstuffed feeling in her stomach increase rapidly along with her girth as evidenced by her groans and desperate panting amid mawfuls of fish, and soon the wolfess is forced to wriggle out from under the feline belly before it sags too low and pins her down. "Stop, cat – I need you to digest the fish instead of spilling it all over already.", the wolfess says after feeling the enormous drum-tight belly of the feline and seeing her popped-out black nipples which adorn her equally stretched underbelly.

"Tha-thanks... I'll just stay here then.", Feligris responds and draws a deep breath of relief, her straining back bowed and shoulder blades shaking as she gingerly lowers her massive gurgling belly between the trunks and belches loudly, clutching her muzzle with her forepaws as she's practically green with nausea while the fish sit in her stomach like a boulder.

"Be on your best behaviour, cat, and digest – my pack won't harm you but I think they are curious. You have an extraordinarily stretchy stomach, there will be plenty to eat tomorrow once you're done with pre-digestion.", the wolfess muses as she traces her claws along the swollen curves of the furry belly while the feline shivers from nervous anticipation of her fate. After some more pressing and patting Feligris' belly to make her hiccup and belch just for fun, the alphas decide to leave the feline to her own devices... although the rest of the pack curiously move in afterwards to check the extremely full feline belly.

They mill around her for what seems like hours, while she constantly feels ill and is unable to move due to the great weight of her stomach, the endless impromptu examinations not making her state any better as several noses sniff her all over and almost a dozen paws touch her delicate midsection at one point to get an idea of how taut her hide is. But since she's forbidden to do anything if she's not directly threatened, she merely sulks and burps sporadically as her aggravated stomach spasms – giving terse answers to questions which mainly concern how her stomach feels, how difficult it is to carry it, and if she's looking forward to tomorrow – the last one receiving a grumpy answer on how it's the best of poor choices. Meanwhile some of them take advantage of the feline's already somewhat engorged teats as they rest against the ground on both sides of her rotund belly, lining it. Finally as the night falls and Feligris' uncomfortable digestion progresses steadily, the wolves disperse to leave her to a restless nap.

The next day she wakes up to a stiff body and a persistent sensation of intense stomach pain as the weight of her own body has been pressing down on it and it has flattened a tad as the mass fish has softened up. Seeing how no-one else is stirring yet, she carefully reaches sideways with a forepaw to stroke over her distended side to run her paw across the intricate patterns on her straining pelt and the thinly spread creamy fur which goes down and across her underbelly... pondering on how today her defenceless belly will be sliced open and how she will have to let it happen to gain the reasonably painless relief she's after. Her enormously stretchy predator's stomach being her undoing now as she cannot fathom any manner of escape in her gorged state, or a way to disgorge the

terrifying amount of food.

Briefly lost in thought, Feligris is startled with an eep when her side is tapped with a claw from behind, her head swinging around hastily to see the alpha wolfess along with the pups and few other pack wolves, although the alpha male is nowhere to be seen which is a surprise. "Morning, cat, I see you're already preparing for what's to come – stand up and hold that belly in the air.", she barks her orders in her usual style, the other wolves carrying bundles of fresh spruce branches with which they are already prodding Feligris' belly with, coaxing her to hurry up. The task seems impossible at first, but the piercing gaze of the wolfess helps and the feline manages to stand after a few attempts and loud mreows, the spruce branches ending up under her in a layer.

Once the branches are down, the wolfess sits down on one side between the trunks and another wolf sits down opposite of her – after which the alpha wolfess gives Feligris' heavy belly a firm shove to send it swinging so that the other wolf can give it speed from the other side, with Feligris' whole body tipping from side to side to counteract the rough play while she utters stifled cries and hisses. "My mate is out on a morning hunt, so this stomach of yours will be ours alone to play with and cut open – it feels like a mass in here instead of individual fish, so you're almost fit to open up. And I can end your life as well as my mate, so I won't be breaking my promise."

During the banter the pups have found their way right next to Feligris' rocking, and promptly play-attack it with excited yips, bouncing into it, pulling out tiny tufts of fur, ramming the milk-dripping teats to prompt distraught yowls out of the feline, and worst of all, many of them simply flop down along its way to paw at it with their claws as it swings over them. The alpha wolfess keeps encouraging them as well, apart from when they are in danger of being slammed by the belly way or another. Rather soon the whole lower side of Feligris' belly is covered in bruises and scratch marks, but her stomach proves out to be quite resilient to rupturing even if she grits her teeth and gags constantly.

The alpha wolfess doesn't take too long to seemingly become bored of the wailing of the tormented feline and the loud noises of the pups, and thus she motions the other wolf to stop while herding the pups aside. Moments later she accepts a strange wooden object from her helpers, essentially a piece of board with three short and well-sharpened stakes standing from it... and after forcing Feligris to heft her underbelly as high as possible by straightening her curved back, she slides it underneath her so that the stakes keep pricking her perilously taut underbelly every time she tries to lower it. "No explanation needed, I think... you can either play the waiting game but in the end your stomach with pop when you can't hold it up any longer, or you can tell me when you're ready and I will cut your side open from top to bottom."

Telling of her understanding the name of the game with a loud gulp, Feligris is already struggling with her extremely sore and stinging belly, the huge creamy and spotted bulging barely staying above the stakes which threaten to puncture it while she gasps for air with her tongue lolling. A few times she almost loses it and hoists her belly back up with a jerk, but with lesser speed each time and on the last time the stakes already draw blood as their tips begin to sink into her hide.

"Ngayaaah... I can't take it! Just let the fish out already!", she ultimately cries out with her body shaking uncontrollably from the exertion of holding her midsection suspended in the air. The wolfess simply nods and strolls closer while two other wolves move to the feline's fore- and hindquarters to grab them the best they can... the sobering thought which occurs to Feligris is how they're meant to stop her from thrashing about too much while she can sense the touch of a lupine fang in the middle of her upper flank.

While trash and wail she does when the wolfess sinks her long fang into her hide to force it against

the sturdy stomach lining until she senses a satisfying "pop" while the excruciating burning sensation sends Feligris into paroxysms of pain. Despite her relative weakness, the burly wolves have serious trouble holding onto her when the wolfess yanks her fang downwards to spring a large leak of strongly fish-smelling fluids and malleable fish pieces, the feline's body flexing violently while her tail sweeps from side to side. Although her fighting spirit only makes matters worse as the movement exacerbates the tearing of her overstretched skin and stomach lining so that her belly splits open almost on its own when the alpha wolfess pulls her sharp fang along, while the lupine seems to be ignoring the huge torrent which gushes out to splatter all over her.

At the rate of spillage, it takes only a few moments for Feligris' fish-laden stomach to deflate and her intestines to partially fall out and uncoil along with its remains, a final shrill cry rising from her throat while her entire body seems to be on fire and her vision fades from the onset of shock. But the wolves grip her tightly until her struggles begin to die down and let her slump sideways away from the pile of liquedified fish which the alpha wolfess is already tasting as it drips from her body, letting her pups to start licking her fur clean while her helpers help themselves to some of the seasoned fish as well.

While she's still able to see and comprehend the beginning of the feast, Feligris' life is cut short when the fish-covered wolfess springs up and steps closer to bite into her neck powerfully, the attack blacking her out in an eyeblink until the wolfess leaves her twitching body aside for her mate to collect – which he does once he comes back, the feline ending up being unceremoniously torn up with her limbs ending up in different lupine stomachs and her innards in yet another, the rest of her flesh being snacked on until her head, tail, and the remains of her vividly coloured pelt are discarded in a ditch. Only well-rounded wolf bellies are thus left behind as her legacy, something which happens to felines sometimes.

The End.