

Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow

Essen reclined back on her bed, letting out a relaxed sigh as she ran her fingers through her short brown hair. It had been a long and busy day at work, so busy in fact that she had to work right through lunch. While this would put a damper on anyone's day, it would normally constitute cruel and unusual punishment for this plump pig. However, her lovely little live-in bunny girl, upon hearing Essen's plight, had promised her a more than filling dinner, a promise the pink piggy knew she could rely on.

While Essen knew that Cecile truly was concerned about the empty feeling in Essen's porcine belly, she knew it was equally true that the white rabbit had ulterior motives for preparing this feast. She ran a hand over her soft belly, letting her fingers slide between her curves, and giggled to herself as she dwelled on her lover's interest. As much as Essen loved to eat, that bunny's love of sliding things into Essen's mouth just to watch her swallow them down had occasionally out paced her. Tonight's feeding frenzy was looking more and more like a real challenge. When Essen had answered the call from Cecile as she was clocking out at work and mentioned in passing about the missed meal she had been able to perfectly picture the sparkle in the rabbit's eyes. "Don't you worry Senny," Cecile had chirped, "I'll see to it that dinner more than makes up for it. You just get nice and comfy in the bed room and wait for me. No snacking now, wouldn't want you ruining your appetite." That had been hours ago, which her poor empty stomach was all too eager to remind her with each ever stronger growl. So here she waited, nude, as she listened to the various noises of preparing and plating in the kitchen, her snout picking up on any and every delectable scent that wafted her way. She hoped it wouldn't be much longer, lest she take her bag of chips from its hiding place.

Cecile hurried about the kitchen, wrapped only in her apron, putting the finishing touches on the various dishes, her blond hair tied back in a pony tail to keep it out of the way. The heat of the room causing her black speckled fur to glisten with sweat. Not that she needed to worry, she reminded herself, after all she had already found and disposed of Essen's secret chip stash, salt and vinegar really? As soon as her call with Essen had ended she had made a bee-line for the grocery store. Each aisle had been perused at least twice, some as many as four times, as the menu for tonight's banquet continuously grew in her mind. Of course she would have to prepare some dishes with real filling power to them, but what she really enjoyed lay on Essen's wide, and talented she thought with a grin, tongue were sweets. Pastries, chocolates, anything sugary was her forte. As she pulled the final cake from the oven, a heart shaped red velvet cake, cliché maybe but still cute, she realized she had probably overdone it the time. She had literally cooked everything in the kitchen, save the cleaning products. She quickly frosted this final piece of love made edible reality and placed it on an empty cart shelf. "Good thing it's a long weekend," she mused, "I'll have all that time to stuff that squishy belly over and over again with all of this." Cecile felt a small wave of lustful anticipation from the thought. Finally, cart loaded with a menagerie of painstakingly crafted dishes, the cute hare wheeled the veritable buffet the short distance down the hall to the bedroom, where she knew her curly tailed lady lay in wait.

As Cecile entered the bedroom she let her eyes linger on Essen's body, admiring every inch of her. She had short deep-brown hair, with just a hint of red in it, that reached down to her shoulders, with bangs that just barely reached her eyes, causing her to brush them aside with her hand. Rising from these lovely locks were her flat ears the tips of

which folded forward. Her eyes were a pale green which grew more vibrant towards the pupil. The inverted heart of a snout was repeatedly retracting and relaxing as she sniffed the air. Beneath that she wore a pleasant little smile, which Cecile knew concealed a truly massive maw when the necessity arose. The thought of Essen's mouth stretched wide in anticipation for a treat cause Cecile to wetten just a bit in her nethers, "not so fast, we have all the time in the world," she thought to herself. Essen's breasts weren't what anyone would call large, but they were a pleasant size, just right for playing with, though compared to Cecile's completely flat chest they were massive. Though Cecile was never upset of her mini-mummeries, she felt they suited her. Cecile's eyes continued down to one of her favorite features of the swine girl, her ample tummy. Cecile felt shallow about it, but that was what had first attracted her to Essen, before she had met the brunette she had only ever dated girls like herself, more athletically built. When she had met Essen she had found her incredibly attractive, mostly in a cute way, but that was the way Cecile liked them, and had become curious how being with a larger woman would feel. That had been two years ago and it had only been a few months into their relationship that she had found all of Essen's deeper qualities that had ultimately brought them to live under one roof. Of course that belly still held all the attraction it did when they first met, as Cecile had soon learned that she loved feeding Essen and running her hands over the soft flesh as they made love.

As Cecile was taking in Essen's beauty Essen was more concerned by the small tower standing beside the cotton tailed girl. It was several layers high and each shelf was crammed with covered dishes. "Do you expect me to eat ALL of this?" she asked, snapping Cecile from her fancies. The idea worried her a bit, but on another level it

excited her, somehow she felt like if there ever was a time when she could put this much away it was tonight. “You *are* and eager little piglet aren’t you?” Cecile cooed, “Of course not. I just wanted you to at least sample it all. No, this banquet will be keeping us entertained for a couple of days.” She gave Essen a sinister grin as she slowly crawled her way across the bed until she was holding herself over the starved damsel. “Though no matter how long it takes,” she said as she began caressing the pig girl’s bountiful belly, “I’m going to see every bit of it slide in here.” She sank her furry little hands into her lover’s tender flesh as she leaned in and wrapped her lips around Essen’s mouth. Her tongue slipped between her pink lips, entangling with the warm muscle within. She lay this way for several minutes, only breaking long enough for a gasp of air when needed. The whole time Cecile’s hands explored Essen’s body, sliding up her belly to run over her supple breasts, grazing over her nipples which elicited a sharp gasp from the cushiony woman.

Essen was torn, on the one hand she was in a state of bliss, not wanting the kiss to end unless it was to take the amorous actions further, and she loved the feel of Cecile’s hands all over her, the sensation of her fur as she worked her hands over every inch of Essen’s torso, through every roll, along every curve, she wanted Cecile to take her attention lower, for her quickly dampening sex to be massaged and probed by those wandering little digits. However she was also desperately hungry and as they lay there together her nose was constantly alerting her stomach to the feast before them. Lastly her mind was troubled by her own enjoyment of the taste filling her mouth as the kiss continued. The kiss was interrupted when Essen’s stomach let out a gurgle Cecile could feel as her hands continued their adventure. She pulled away from the famished swine, “I

think you've waited long enough." she said with a reassuring smile. As she climbed off the bed Essen tried to ease her own mind, "You weren't enjoying her flavor, that's nuts. It was the smell of the food that's all." She watched as Cecile removed the cover from the first dish and was put at ease by her stomach yearning for the strawberries on the plate instead of the rabbit holding it.

Cecile sat on the edge of the bed with the plate of strawberries in her lap. She picked up a nice plump one between her fingers and turned to Essen, "Let's start with a light appetizer." she said as she traced the tiny crimson berry along Essen's lips. It took all of Essen's will power not to grab the plate and dump all the fruit down her throat all at once. At last the bunny stopped teasing and stuck the berry into Essen's waiting lips. Essen happily sucked the berry in and bit down into it, its sweet juice spreading over her tongue. Cecile watched her sweet enjoy this small first offering and loved the joy she saw beaming from her face, eyes closed as she focused on the sweet, slightly tart taste. Essen swallowed, sending the berry down to its lonely new home, where it would soon be joined by many more delectable treats.

Essen opened her eyes and turned to Cecile, "let's not take our time tonight, I'm famished." her stomach growling again as if in agreement. Cecile had been hoping to hear that. She rose from her spot and stood on the bed. Essen knelt by her side and looked up to her before she opened her mouth wide, "Oh how I've waited to see that sight today." Cecile said, taking a moment to gaze down into her love's cavernous maw. No matter how many times she stood over that hungry tunnel it always thrilled her to peer into the pig's throat. What was it about that sometimes seemingly unfillable stomach that turned her legs to jelly, the long eared feeder wondered to herself. She finally up-ended

the tray sending the rest of the strawberries tumbling into the eagerly waiting mouth below. Her breath became slightly shallower as she watched many of the slide straight into Essen's throat before the swine woman's tongue slid back to catch the rest. Essen knew what Cecile really wanted to see. She closed her lips over the dozen little fruits and savored them for a second then *gulp* she swallowed the lot of them whole.

Cecile watched, mystified, as the berries traveled in a long bulge down Essen's throat inch by inch, vanishing behind her breasts as the joined their brothers in her stomach. A tiny burp escaped Essen's mouth as she licked her lips. She rubbed her belly and looked up into Cecile's baby blues, "What's the next course?" she asked with a grin. Cecile stepped her large fuzzy feet off the bed and fetched not the next platter but the entire cart. "Next we have a pumpkin and pork stew I thought sounded interesting." she replied lifting a large pot for its place. Essen scowled a bit at this, she knew that meat came strictly from non-anthros, but pork and ham still made her a little uncomfortable, even if she couldn't deny how tasty it was. Cecile was about to ladle it into a bowl when she was happily surprised to hear Essen say "hand me the pot." She looked back at the pink bombshell an eye brow cocked, "you sure?" she asked hopefully. Essen simply raised her hands a greedy smile on her face. She presented the entirety of the stew to Essen who gripped it with both hands. Essen raised the lip of the pot to her mouth and began chugging. The taste was simply divine, savory with just a hint of sweetness from the pumpkin. However as she drank, swallowing both vegetable and the flesh of her more primitive kin, she couldn't help but question why she was currently taking each course in its entirety. Cecile would have loved it just as much had she slurped down a bowl or two. All she knew was her hunger was calling for more and she decided then that she was at

least going to try to devour every last morsel Cecile had prepared, which she knew would really thrill the beautiful bunny.

Essen was snapped back to reality by a sudden pressure on her belly. She glanced down around the pot she still was drinking from and saw Cecile pressing her ear to her slowly expanding pudge. "I can hear it," she whispered, "flowing into your stomach." As the last of the stew trickled down her throat Essen sat the sizable pot aside and cradled Cecile's head with one hand causing her furry face to partially sink into her flesh, with the other hand she reached for the next platter, mini crab quiches, and slowly swallowed them one at a time.

This was a new experience for Cecile, she loved to feel and knead Essen's soft fat, but being engulfed by it this way was incredible. She leaned into the pliable belly even as Essen also drew her in closer. The flesh giving no resistance as it surrounded most of her head. She could hear the ravenous organ within gurgling as it accommodated each new arrival. Slowly her hand crept down, snaking its way past her own flat mid-section until it reached her dampened sex. She ran her fingers over the glistening lips before parting them and letting her fingers play over her clit. The pleasure, coupled with the sensation of having her face buried in the doughy softness of Essen as she listened to the continuous noises from within her was overwhelming. She cried out as she pushed herself over the edge, the sound muffled by her fleshy pillow. Her juices sprayed over her hand as she thrust her fingers deep inside herself, finding that sweet spot and riding the waves of ecstasy as long as she could milk them.

As she felt the vibrations of Cecile's lust filled cries ripple through her, Essen sat the yet another empty plate aside. She blushed at this new development. "You really like

my squishy belly that much huh?” she asked, her own loins growing wetter. “Uh. . . Huh,” was all Cecile managed to gasp in response as she nuzzled into Essen, her mind still a haze of bliss. Essen couldn’t resist, she wanted to share in the pleasure. Gently, she eased Cecile away from her cushy gut, “Mind giving me a turn?” she asked. “I’d love to, but,” Cecile hesitated, “can I ask you to keep eating? I want to feel you growing over me.” She wore a sheepish smile on her face. Oral from the woman she loved *and* she got to keep feasting? Essen didn’t have to be asked twice. Again gently but with a tad more force this time, she guided the rabbits face back down. Only this time she took her lower. She pressed Cecile’s face against her dripping womanhood until her puffy lips parted around the girl’s little pink nose. She kept one hand cradling the back of Cecile’s head, holding her in place, with the other Essen reached for another plate, no longer really caring what it held, just wanting it inside her.

The strong natural scent emanating from Essen’s dewy vulva was intoxicating for Cecile, who wasted no time starting her own “feast.” She started slow, lapping gently over all of Essen’s warm privates. She would start at the bottom and calmly slide her tongue along the entirety of her, flicking her tongue over her beloved’s clit as she reached the top. She heard Essen moan her approval as she again started from the opening of her tight tunnel and slowly let her tongue glide up. After a few more of these licks she felt Essen’s hand try to pull her in deeper, but Cecile resisted. Essen squirmed, her thighs fidgeting, but still Cecile would do no more than gently tease.

Essen wondered why Cecile insisted on just tantalizing her, but she was soon given a hint as she felt the rabbit’s head firmly nudge the under side of her belly. She smiled and raised the platter in her hand to her mouth, dumping its contents down her

throat and even before she had swallowed the mouthful she was reaching for yet another helping. One by one entire trays of delicious goodies disappeared into her slowly expanding belly. Meats, vegetables, sandwiches, all were consumed, added to the luscious bulk of Essen. She could feel as each new meal sand into her stomach and it felt incredible. She wanted, no *needed*, more. She released Cecile's head, instead wrapping her legs around her loving toy so she could handle the heavier dishes.

The soft flesh above Cecile's head finally started to grow and as she felt her porcine lady's belly start to gently settle against her scalp she once again set herself to the pleasant task at hand. She was again engulfed in Essen's soft flesh, feeling the larger woman's thighs clamped around her, enclosing her in her own private heaven. Cecile finally allowed her tongue to venture back up to Essen's clit, but this time she licked at it a bit more forcefully. Her attention steadily built up in intensity and soon Essen lent her own effort. The feasting beauty began bucking her hips, grinding herself over Cecile's face, her lustful cries muffled by a mouth full of food. Eventually Cecile felt Essen's legs part, the pig's hands again replacing them to better press on her, forcing her to instead take the sensitive pearl into her mouth and suck on it. She would draw it in and then relax the suction, over and over, almost like she was trying to draw milk from a teat. Cecile heard a very audible gulp from above her, followed immediately by Essen crying out, "I'm cumming, oh god Ces don't stop, don't fucking stop." Essen gripped Cecile's head tightly, thrusting back and forth as pleasure coursed through her whole body.

Suddenly she felt two of Cecile's fingers slide into her canal and begin tickling at her insides. The furry digits kneading and twisting about, stroking over every inch of the tight channel. As they hit the spot they were seeking Essen jerked at the sudden intensity.

This told Cecile all she had found what she sought and her fingers focused their attention, and she began kneading at the sensitive bundle of nerves within her angel. Before Essen's first orgasm had even ended this reignited it, causing her to again cry out, this time not even in any audible language, just a cacophony of blissful moans. Finally it grew too powerful and she gripped Cecile's forearm, "enough," she pleaded, "I can't take anymore. It's too intense."

Essen collapsed back onto the bed, exhausted. Cecile rose from between her legs, the fur on her face saturated with Essen's honey, and crawled into her girlfriend's waiting arms. She peeked over Essen's shoulder and was amazed to see the entirety of the cart had been emptied. "My my Essen, You really were hungry. I thought that would easily last the weekend." She pouted playfully, gazing into Essen's eyes, "Plus I wanted to hand feed you the desserts." "Actually," Essen said, an embarrassed look on her face, "I'm *still* hungry." "But that was all the food in the house," Cecile said. Then after a moment of thought continued, "Would you like to order a pizza? Maybe a few extra large ones and cuddle up together on the couch with a movie?" Essen hesitated before answering, avoiding Cecile's gaze, not being able to believe the thought she was having, "actually. . . There is on more thing here I'd like to eat. . . Cecile. . . I want to eat you." She finally looked Cecile in the eye and was surprised to see a devious smile. "Oh, you naughty piggy," she cooed, "so it's my turn now?" The blond bunny laid back parting her legs, offering her nethers for Essen to pleasure.

The sow gently caressed Cecile's leg, "That's not what I meant." Cecile sat up with a confused smile on her face, "Does the dirty piglet want to tongue my tail hole?" she asked. "No, Cecile. . ." Essen began, taking the rabbits hands in her own, "I want to

actually eat you.” She placed her flame’s petite hands against her now tightened belly, “I want to feel you in here. I want. . .” again she looked to the ground, “I want to make you a part of this, a new layer of fat.”

Cecile was shocked. After all this time together the woman she had thought loved her only saw her as a literal piece of meat. The Essen looked into her eyes and what Cecile saw in those eyes wasn’t simple hunger, she saw reflected in those green pools yearning, remorse, and the same strong love she still felt in her own heart. “My hunger may be what started this thought,” Essen said, “but if that were the only reason I wanted this I wouldn’t ask this of you. I want to claim you as my own, to keep you with me forever, I want us to be as close as possible.”

At hearing this Cecile began to actually think on the matter and found the idea somehow felt right. “This is crazy,” she thought to herself, “This will be the end of me. Essen just said herself that she wants to make pig fat out of me.” Yet still the idea of being consumed by the woman she loved, even knowing the end result, called to her. Against all logic, her brain was telling her that she should do this, give herself entirely to the lovely swine. She was drawn from her thoughts by the sound of Essen’s voice. “Cecile I’m sorry,” she said, her eyes watering, “I shouldn’t have asked that of you. It was selfish and insensitive. I’ll never bring it up again, I’ll” “Shh, shhhhhh.” Cecile said trying to comfort her. Seeing Essen so upset with herself had nearly broken Cecile’s heart, “I’m not upset with you. . . In fact,” she took a deep breath, “ I’ll do it. I promised you I’d fill your belly tonight and if I’m all there is left to eat then I’ll be the final course.”

“Oh, Cecile,” Essen cried out,, “thank you. You have no idea how much this

means to me. I've always loved you more than I can put into words." She wrapped her ample arms around the thinner girl. Hugging her close Essen whispered in her ear, "I'll never forget this, the ultimate act of love. I'll always remember you my love as I carry you from now on as a part of my body." Seeing the joy it inspired in Essen confirmed for Cecile that she had made the right decision, "How do we do this?" she asked. "However you're most comfortable. You're taking a big step, and I want to make it easy for you." Essen replied. Cecile looked to the ground dwelling on the question. While she truly wanted to do this for Essen the gravity of it kept sinking in. Suddenly she heard Essen's reassuring voice as she tightened the hug. "I know you're scared Cecile," she spoke softly, nurturingly, "I promise you it won't hurt. There won't be any chewing, you'll slide down gently, like all the cakes you've fed me over the years. You'll fall into a gentle slumber and then become a part of me." Cecile looked into her eyes. A part of her, while the fear still lingered that thought comforted her. "She'll carry me with her all her life, a part of that radiant belly."

Cecile leaned forward and kissed Essen deeply, again rubbing the belly she would soon be a part of. When the kiss ended Cecile had decided, "Take me by the feet," she said with a nervous smile, "I want to watch you enjoying the last meal I'll ever give you." Essen smiled and released the smaller woman, who reclined back against the headboard, large furry feet stretched before her. Essen lay on her belly taking one paw in each hand. She brought the left one to her mouth and placed a gentle kiss upon its sole and likewise did so to the other.

The sow then slid the toes of her lover's right foot between her yearning lips. She ran her tongue over and between the toes, enjoying the flavor. Then with a powerful suck

the lucky charm disappeared into the warm damp cave. Cecile was almost relieved for that to happen, the toe tasting had started to tickle but the gentle heat of Essen's mouth over her whole foot was quite delightful. Essen savored the tang of the little piggies in her mouth but she knew how Cecile hated to be tickled so she decided to postpone the tasting until she had at least reached her claws. She brought the other foot to her mouth and slid it in next to its mate. With a great swallow the pair slid into her throat, bringing the rabbit's lean calves into her mouth. She paused here not only to appreciate the taste of her meal, but also to give Cecile time to adjust, both physically and mentally.

Cecile looked at her legs protruding under Essen's snout and the look of bliss on her face. Below that she noticed her feet making a distinct bulge in her lovers throat, knowing that these would likely be the hardest part to over come for Essen. She felt the warm, damp confines wrapped around her legs, and the sensation of Essen's tongue caressing them, coating them in saliva to ease their journey down her throat. Cecile blushed, finding the whole thing very sensual, and suddenly not only accepted what was happening but even longed for it. She smiled down at Essen, who responded with another swallow, causing her thighs to vanish between Essen's lips. Cecile felt a tight ring stretch around her feet before it clamped tightly on her ankles and knew this was Essen's stomach, her new home. She could feel all of the evening treats, not yet digested, squish between her toes, "I'm one of them now," she thought to herself, "no, I'm the main course, the one Essen's been longing for up to now." Another gulp, smaller this time causing Essen's mouth to clamp over her waist. Cecile was concerned that maybe Essen was too full to finish until she saw the devilish glint in her eyes and felt why she had stopped here.

It was time to give Cecile her “house warming gift”, Essen smiled around the bunny’s toned thighs and slid her tongue under the trapped limbs. Cecile’s eyes widened in surprise as she felt the warm muscle glide between her cheeks to dance lightly over her puckered anus. “Oh you” *GASP* she was cut short as she felt the wet tongue press on her opening. She moaned as she felt herself slowly part to accept the intruder which gently slid in. “Naughty piggy,” she continued with some difficulty. Essen slowly withdrew all but the tip of her tongue before gently pushing it in again, she knew Cecile loved having her “rabbit hole” played with and explored, but even this kinky bunny needed the time to relax her tight pucker. This continued for several more slow thrusts, Cecile breathing in sharply each time she was entered. As the rabbit’s ass finally loosened up Essen began picking up speed, driving her tongue deeper and deeper into Cecile’s pleasantly clean bowels. After another powerful thrust Essen began lapping at her insides, enjoying the earthy taste as well as the sounds of pleasure the act elicited from her meal. Soon another flavor began mixing with that of Cecile’s insides as the lapin’s nectar began to stream from her flower, trickling down over her cheeks and coating Essen’s tongue.

This was the most amazing sex Cecile had ever experienced. Not only was Essen eating out her ass, but looking down at her large lover’s mouth wrapped around her entire lower half, feeling the opening to her swollen stomach gripping her calves, knowing that she would soon be enclosed in the tightly stretched organ, it was all coming together, making her wetter than she had ever been. She brought her right hand to Essen’s lips, the gentle pred opened her mouth just enough for the limb to slide in. Her other hand drifted to her nipple, rubbing over it before gently pinching at it. The hand now in Essen’s mouth Cecile brought to her dripping pussy and began lightly running her fingers once more

over her clit. She shook as the pleasure rocked through her body. Her mind was torn between desires, that this moment could last forever, to be able to do this again, but ultimately she yearned to continue this final journey. To reach her lover's depths, that was what she craved above all else. With this thought in mind Cecile again cried out in pleasure, this time without being muffled by the belly that would soon claim her. Her juices gushed forth. Essen slowly removed her tongue from within Cecile's warm ass and swallowed the sweet bunny syrup, and more of Cecile with it, bringing her in up to her chest.

Cecile's mind was still in a blissful fog as Essen swallowed again, this time slurping up the rabbits hardened nipples. The feel of the pert little pearls brushing over the roof of Essen's mouth stirred her to her senses again. She leaned her head down to look Essen in the eyes on final time, placing her hand on the pig's cheek she whispered "I want you to promise me you won't regret this later. This is my gift to you, enjoy it." Essen couldn't speak but slowly nodded. "I love you," Cecile placed a kiss on her snout, "I'm ready." she said as she slid her other hand in beside her. Essen rose so she was sitting on her knees and lifted her head for gravity to help in the last few gulps. Her porcine mouth again opened wide and Cecile was able to look down at her torso which vanished into the restraining darkness of Essen's throat.

With another great swallow Cecile watched her chest disappear and then had to lean her head back as it slipped into Essen's mouth. Essen's lips closed behind Cecile's scalp, only her long black ears sticking out giving an indication she had ever been there. Essen gulped one final time and the ears dropped from sight. The remainder of Cecile slid down her throat in a distinct bulge and she was gone entirely, completely encased in

Essen's stomach. Cecile settled in, getting comfortable amongst the other occupants of her new room, all the tasty foods she had prepared that day. She listened to the gurgle coming from all around her as the stomach prepared to work her and her creations into an easily absorbed slurry. It was much louder than when she had listened to it from outside the slick walls.

Essen sat back against the head board, running her hands over her swollen gut, caressing the form of Cecile within her, the night's activities had left her drained. "I will always love you Cecile, thank you for this." Essen said, slowly starting to nod off, "I'll have to do this. . ." she yawned, "again." With that she fell asleep still sitting there cradling her belly. "That's my girl." Cecile said with a smile before she too dozed off, it had been a tiring yet fulfilling day.

End.