

The day arrived and I was hype,
twas the evening of our date.
While I'm a pug and as such small,
she's a pig whose size is great.

Her short brown hair was cutely gelled,
I think it's a pixie cut.
She wore a simple yet trendy dress
stretched a bit by her ample gut.

We had a meal (pasta, my fave)
and chatted to and from.
She was clearly having fun that night,
her dish went untouched though.

I learned she was a professor in town,
that philosophy was her trade.
I wondered why she didn't eat though
despite the growls her belly made.

From there we went to catch a flick,
she declined a drink or snack.
We entered the cool dark theater,
and she sat down in the back.

Comedy, horror, action, and love
the previews each rolled by.
My attention though was drawn elsewhere
when her hand carressed my thigh.

Her fingers slowly began to ascend
tracing along my small frame.
At my shoulders she pulled me close for a kiss
and I knew I wanted the same.

While many may feel this was rather bold
I was filled with joy and awe.
What I didn't expect as I turned to her
was a gaping and drooling maw.

Before I could muster so much as a meep
she had me held betwixt her jaws,
and any attempts to struggle or fight
ended when she grabbed my paws.

My limbs now secure and cries made quiet
my date decided to taste
and thus her tongue carressed and fondled
and slathered my furry face.

A sudden lifting I felt on my bod
as her throat loomed scary and wide.
Then I realized why she touched not her meal,
to leave lots of room inside.

Steadily more of my body was crammed
into that dark moist cave
and thus I was forced deeper in her
with each greedy shove she gave.

All round my head I felt her soft warmth
as her throat muscles held me tight.
Meanwhile she gripped my jeaned hips next
and slid more of me out of sight.

With each gulp I felt she claimed more of me
and all I could do was pout.
As I curled up tight in her stomach
I wished I'd not asked her out.

Outside her mouth I felt on my feet
one final push inside.
As she tasted and tickled all over my paws
I laughed so hard that I cried.

But soon her final assault did end
and she swallowed down my feet.
I started the evening as her date,
and became her meal, her treat.

And soon my paws slid down to her gut
and I curled up small and snug.
All around me the walls did churn
holding me like in a hug.

Far up above I heard a soft sigh
and felt her rub on her belly,
and faintly she whispered to my confusion
“Enjoy him, my sweet Cecile.”

Then she relaxed to enjoy the movie,
some action packed, high budget prequel,
and as I began to drift off to sleep,
I realized that I'd get no sequel.