My Goth Roommate Streams Herself Eating People And it is Not Conducive to a Peaceful Home Environment.



Written by Brazzel

Art by SeekGr


AriaSimp
It should have been me!
BellyEnjoyer
10/10 acoustics
GothGoblin69
Do you know Lucy?
RavenousRegular
Hear me out.

My Goth Roommate Streams Herself Eating People and it is NOT Conducive to a Peaceful Home Environment

A Vore Novella

by

Brazzel

art by

SeekGr

edited by

LunarVulp

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1

As Berta's face disappeared in her maw, Raven leaned forward. In the glow of the ring light, I could just see Berta's expression surrounded by the fleshy contours of Raven's throat. I went to look away, but—

"Watch me."

Names blurred past on the screen as all of the viewers reacted to the pronouncement that was made for me and me alone. I hesitated, gripping my chest, but then I turned to look at Berta's eyes. They were the only part of her still visible. She blinked at me, once, as if in salute. Then:

ULP...

Prologue



It has come to my attention that I am a boring man. My taxes are done in January. I drive a sensible car. I have not changed my wardrobe in over ten years, and when my friends ask me how I'm doing, the answer is always "fine".

This has come to my attention because of my recent breakup. My ex-girlfriend sat me down one morning over breakfast (always scrambled eggs), and informed me that she would rather fellate Sasquatch (we live in Seattle) than spend another night in my presence. She then called into question my proficiency as a lover (which I've always believed to be adequate), my capacity for

spontaneity (which I've always considered an unnecessary complication), and my apparent inability to experience an emotion more passionate than mild satisfaction.

Funnily enough, I thought we were doing well.

Nicole and I had just moved into an extraordinarily expensive apartment in an upscale neighborhood. When I brought up the strain this breakup would put on my finances, she threw her purse at my head.

Thus I found myself in need of a roommate, and in a hurry.

Which is how I eventually accepted the application of Raven Harbinger, after which my life became very eventful indeed.

1.

My morning meditation was interrupted by the gravid thumping of a fist against the inside of a stomach, followed by a belch. I turned up the volume on my headphones, hoping to drown out the noise.

"Take a moment to appreciate—"

Urrp.

"—the fact that you are awake—"

OOouUURP!

"Breathe in."

BBWwAAARRRP!

"Breathe out."

GGwwAAAOuUUUUUUURRRP!

"Raven," I snapped, which is to say that I raised my voice above its usual 53 decibels. The last belch was still dissipating in the air. "Could you, perhaps, return to your room until I am finished with my meditation?"

There was a rustling on the couch behind me; the sound of a liquid-filled stomach coming to rest in the center of a cushion. I could feel the heat of it on the back of my neck; the thumping dampened by pounds of flesh.

"The living room is a common area," Raven said.

"I know."

"In the *packet* of rules you provided in addendum to the roommate application, it stipulated that common areas were free to use between the hours of 6am and 8pm."

"I am asking nicely."

"Why not meditate in your own room?"

I frowned, for I had no answer to that. Raven, having won the battle, slapped her stomach with her hand. It gave a soggy gurgle in response. The thumping, which had begun last night, was starting to slow.

“There is a stipulation about volume,” I said. “Your expulsions exceed the 85 decibel rule.”



Raven yawned, then belched again.

UUurrAAAAP!

"*Bodily* expulsions are exempted," she said. "How else is one supposed to sneeze?"

This was different from a sneeze and she knew it, but bound by my own policies, I remained silent. My meditation continued to play in my headphones, droning on and on below the noises her stomach was making. I decided to change tact.

"Roommates are supposed to wear clothes in the common areas," I said. I was facing the television. In its black reflection, I could see the blurred outline of Raven's exposed gut. "You are improperly dressed."

"I am wearing clothes."

"Pajamas are not considered day clothes."

"These are not pajamas."

Now I had to turn, for I had caught a glimpse of her as I had entered the living room, but I had not stared for fear of being teased.

The first thing that I saw was her stomach. That was to be expected, considering it was the largest part of her, hanging down over the edge of the couch to jiggle in front of my face. It had smoothed in the last ten hours, going from a jumble of lumps and shapes to a soft oval with a deep, semi-circular navel. The skin was pale and silken. I was almost tempted to touch it, but I resisted.

The nightgown she claimed not to be pajamas was bunched up to her chest. Raven, prodigiously endowed, did not seem to mind that the faint pink outline of her nipples showed against the fabric, nor did she hide the black lipstick marks that dotted both her breasts and the top of her stomach. Seeing me staring, Raven lifted her breasts to her lips and added another. I wondered, distracted, if she had reapplied the lipstick that very morning just for this purpose. She was otherwise unclothed except for a pair of black, lace panties. These, I did not stare at, though she spread her legs as if to invite me to.

"That is a nightgown," I said.

“It is a slip dress,” Raven corrected, blowing her bangs out of her eyes. The black roots of her natural hair showed beneath the vibrant, pink hair dye. “People wear them to dinner, Manny.”

My frown deepened. I could not ascertain if she was telling the truth without getting closer, but I was already too close for comfort. Raven moaned as she scratched her gut, shifting again to lift the pudgy skin and let it fall with a thump on the couch. My eyes flicked to her navel again, then away.

“Anything else?” she asked.

“You’ve stopped belching,” I noted. “Almost like you were doing it on purpose, before.”

Raven smiled.

“Very adept, Sherlock,” she said. “Ten points for you.”

***

Raven was the only one who completed my survey to my satisfaction. She had graduated with honors from the University of Washington; a Bachelor of Arts in Communications with a minor in Marketing. She had no pets or partners to complicate the arrangement. She was honest about her profession as a streamer, though she had not disclosed the nature of her streams, and I had been impressed by the thoroughness of her application.

It was only that first night, when I was in the kitchen making myself warm milk, that I discovered how my roommate made her money.

The sound of her voice was faint. I knew that she did her streams at night, and so long as the noise did not disturb my slumber, there would be no issues. It was nice to have another voice in the apartment after a month without Nicole—a fact which surprised me, as I hadn’t realized that I had been missing human company (my coworkers don’t stop by my desk that often). I stood in the kitchen, listening, but not eavesdropping, content with the murmur of unseen companionship. I

was about to abscond to my room when a second voice joined the first.

This perplexed me.

Raven had been candid with the fact that she might have guests over to help with her streams, but I did not expect one so soon. There was also the small matter that it was a male voice and, while I am not a prude, I did wonder why she was so comfortable inviting them into her bedroom if she did not, as she claimed, have a partner.

Of course, knowing what I know now, my worries were deeply misplaced.

I put my ear to the door, blushing, as I was in clear violation of her expected right to privacy. It stunned me as well to so blatantly abuse the rules. A tiny thrill went through me—my first mischief in years!

Raven was introducing the man. She called him young, supple, with a long life ahead of him. The introduction was strange in that it read like a eulogy, which was apt considering the situation. She asked the man for his consent (consent to what?) and he mumbled his affirmation.

I had trouble placing the uncanny noise that followed moments after. It sounded like the glug of the water cooler in our office; of displaced air disturbing the surface of a five gallon jug. The noise was flat and consistent and interrupted only by a muffled gasp. I kept my ear pressed to the door until the sound stopped. A thick rumble filled the room.

BBBwwOOuuUUuuuRP!

Her belch was so loud that I jumped backward into a coat rack. I chided myself, hoping that she did not hear, then returned to the door even more red in the face, for this went beyond mischief now. Raven was talking again, but her words were suffused with breathiness and, occasionally, belches.

“There you, ***urp***, have it, chat. Two hundred pounds of boymeat churning in my belly. I will be, ***OouuUurp***, streaming his digestion on

the *other* site for all of my $100 patrons. Those that donate will get to choose, ***BwaaaRRRP!***, how I mulch him!”



‘Boymeat’? ‘Digestion’? ‘Mulching’?

A click came from the other side of the door. I shot sideways, expecting the door to open, but it was Raven messing with her camera equipment. She hummed as that thick rumble continued, along with a slurrious squelching. A muted voice called out as if from beneath a mound of damp blankets.

I returned to my room, astounded, and, accessing my personal computer, I looked up the terms that I had overheard.

Boymeat. Digestion. Mulching.

What came up was a series of shady sites and a suggestion from Google to turn my safesearch off. I did so, sweating, and recoiled as my screen filled to the brim with half-naked women. I almost turned my computer off on impulse until I saw that each of the women had one key feature that separated them from the normal pornographic array.

All of them were sporting huge, bloated bellies.

I zoomed in on a few of the images. My expectation, after the initial shock had dispersed, was that these women were plus-sized models and that these terms were somehow related to their corpulence. This was strange considering how relatively thin Raven was, but I acknowledged that I did not know enough about the fetish and my confusion was quickly compounded.

These women were not fat.

Well, some of them were fat, but the woman that I zoomed in on had a very narrow frame with the musculature and composition of a crossfit enthusiast. The only oddity was her stomach, which she had bound in some kind of leather corset, jutting beyond her narrow waist.

I clicked the link that went with the image and it took me to a porn site.

“Vore,” I read.

I Googled it.

By the morning, I was well-versed in the fetish.

So my roommate was a fantasy fetish streamer who pretended to eat people for a living. That was… odd, but not against any of the rules that I had set. If she was able to afford the rent to our apartment, then she must have been among the top of these streamers, or else this niche was lucrative beyond my wildest imagination. I vowed not to make a fuss about it—to do so would reveal my snooping—and to go about my day without acknowledging the matter at all. I even made Raven a cup of coffee, which I took to her room. When I knocked politely, I heard a shuffle and a groan.

"Raven?" I said. "I have brought you some coffee."

"Thanks," she croaked. "You can come in."

I hesitated, fearing that she had been afflicted with some illness. She sounded lethargic, but perhaps that was because of all of the talking she did in her profession. Thinking that I should have made her tea with honey instead, I entered the room.

And stopped.

The place was a disaster. There were clothes strewn everywhere; hers, her guest's. They covered the floor and the desk chair; the ring light in the middle of the room; the ceiling fan (somehow). The shirt that clung to the blades was soaked for some reason, as was the pair of boxers stuck to the wall.

Raven was lying in bed with her back turned. I set the coffee on her nightstand.

"It looks like you had quite the night," I offered.

Her guest was still with her, under the covers. I tried not to stare at his shape under the covers, politely looking to the left where her closet lay open. Were all of her clothes black?

"I did," Raven said. "Did I break any rules?"

"No."

"Good. I was careful."

That made me appreciative, albeit uncomfortable considering her current state of undress. I was about to leave the room when she turned.

Her guest turned with her.

It was… strange. The bulge under her sheets moved when Raven moved. She settled on her back with the bulge across her middle as if the man were clinging to her. She took the coffee and sipped at it, smacking her lips.

“Perfect,” she said. “Thank you, Manny.”

She slapped the bulge. It jiggled oddly.

“Say thank you, meat.”

A muffled voice thanked me. To say that it was offputting would have been the understatement of a century. My skin positively crawled.

“I will leave you to your guest,” I said, once more shifting toward the door.

“Guest?”

Raven laughed. She lifted the sheet away from herself and I quickly looked at the ceiling, as it was apparent to me then that Raven must be an exhibitionist and I did not want to be an accessory to her fetish.

“Calm down, I’m wearing a bra,” Raven said. “Look.”

I peeked at her, then full-on gawked.



There was no guest in her bed. The bulge that I had assumed was a man clinging to her was her actually her stomach, as distended as it was in the pictures that I had discovered the night before. Beneath her skin, the flesh rippled. The shape of the man was vague, but distinguishable. Raven watched me carefully, a small smile upon her lips.

"Well?" she asked.

I excused myself, her laughter following me from the room.

2.

Ten weeks have passed since the incident in the bedroom. From that day forward, she has grown more blatant with her proclivities, almost as if a seal had been broken by the matter.

In the morning, Raven greets me before I go to work. She must make a special effort to do so, considering how late her streams usually go. I will enter the kitchen and set the water to boiling as she watches me from the couch in some various stage of digestion. Sometimes her 'prey' is still alive, but more often than not, they are simply a bulge beneath whatever gothic attire she has donned for the day.

Her outfits range from casual to absurd. Some days will see her in just a tee shirt and stockings (though always with black lipstick and nails), while others find her in elaborate dresses with layers and layers of ruffles. I have noted that she rarely repeats outfits, though she does have an affinity for fishnet leggings.

"Good morning," she will mumble, and I will attempt not to stare at her stomach, which is almost always, no matter the outfit, exposed.

"Good morning," I will say. "Tea?"

"Mmhmm."

She takes her tea with honey, as I suspected, and is always most grateful. These first, quiet minutes are a peaceful time. Raven will sip her tea and I will do my morning exercises—jumping jacks, push-ups, and squats. It is only when I sit to meditate that something mischievous stirs within her. Her interruptions tend to be… creative.

One morning, she kneaded her stomach like a cat. Knuckles down, palms dragging deep into the freshly packed mound of the woman she had swallowed the night before. I could hear it through my headphones (though I had lowered the volume out of politeness); the constant ***squelch, squelch, squelch*** of manual digestion.

Sometimes she moans. Not loudly (moaning does not count as a bodily expulsion), but loud enough for me to hear. She does this while fingering her navel, tugging on the deep pit so as to lift her entire stomach.

Then there are the belches. These are almost constant and, as Raven claims, “involuntary.” They are not confined to the morning routine, but are a constant beacon and a useful tool in locating Raven. I don’t have to guess if she is on the balcony or in her room. All I have to do is wait and listen, and eventually:

OouuuUURP!



I wish that I could say that it was easy to ignore Raven. It is not easy for a myriad of reasons, the primary of which being that she *is* good company.

I find myself disarmed by her presence. Compared to Nicole’s outright hostility and my coworker’s blank stares, Raven actually

seems to be interested in what I have to say. She'll listen to me talk about different brands of dish detergent, leaning over the counter with her fists on her chin and, in return, I will listen to her talk about movies and music; topics which I usually find inane. She has even coaxed me into the living room to watch a few films, though I have declined her invitation to sit on the couch with her. The films were… enjoyable.

Moreso for her presence.

There were catches, though, mainly relating to her feeding habits. Her guests were sometimes extraordinarily vocal and our neighbors called in a noise complaint. The bathroom was sometimes occupied for hours. When freshly fed, Raven would not leave the apartment, and thus she was privy to all of my habits. I became self-conscious of my rituals (of which there are many), followed as I was by her intelligent, emerald eyes.

"Why do you do that?" she would ask as I carried the half-empty trash bag to the door. "Why not wait until it's full?"

"I… suppose it is because of the scent," I would say.

"But the garbage can has a scent-lock. You were telling me about it yesterday."

"Then I suppose it is simply a habit left over from the days when I did not have said garbage can."

"Ah."

Though she was not critiquing me, there were many habits which I had not inspected in the many years since I had developed them. Sometimes I will fail to answer when someone calls my name, for instance. Or I will hum under my breath when I am nervous. I have a tendency to sweat when I am exerting willpower—a fact which Raven has picked up and uses to her advantage. She will shift her body, then look at my forehead to see its effect. I fear that she has gained insight into many of my preferences, which brings me to the teasing.

"Do you have a thing… for belly buttons?" she asked one morning on the couch.



I nearly spat my coffee out on my freshly pressed khakis.
“What?” I asked, reaching for a towel to clean up my mess.

“I dunno,” Raven said, stretching. “It’s just that whenever I’m nice and full, it’s the first place that your eyes go. Not to my tits or my ass or even my stomach as a whole—your eyes go straight to the belly button.”

I reddened, for that morning she was particularly engorged, and I had not been able to help myself as she lay resplendent on her side. The shadow of her navel was just so dark compared to her pale skin. I had wondered how deep it went.

Imagined how deep it went.

“My preferences are none of your concern,” I said, for I despise lying. “Please refrain from speculating.”

“Oh. I was just wondering because I wanted to know if you’d like to kiss it.”

[End of Sample]

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