

Stream Raid

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Content Warning: Soft vore, casual, dubious consent, instant digestion, disposal, fatal

The bunny was all smiles, hands firmly on the mouse and keyboard. It wasn't too often she got a look of clear focus on her face, but her small stream audience got a clear view on the webcam. Kayte was close. Her look only relaxed slightly as her temporary party disbanded, typing a /wave as they faded out from the completed group dungeon and left their healer to solo once more. It wouldn't take but one more outing for her character's experience bar to hit the end...and then she'd have made it.

"Wow, I'm only one dungeon away from max level," Kayte cheered, bouncing in her seat as she found her way to the nearest travel point and queued a flight to an endgame solo delve. The brief break allowed her to lean back and glance to her second monitor for the chat. The sight of one of her regulars' messages just made her grin stretch wider. "Yeah, I know, DumbBunnyFan! I didn't think I'd make it either. This might be my biggest stream accomplishment!"

It'd only been a few months of streaming, but the perky-eared bunny with her baggy orange hoodie and collar with a silver star tag was finally getting somewhere. She was getting consistent viewers, just on the heels of the best players in this new MMO, and having fun while doing it. And now, finally, the area loaded in, ready for her to fight through and finish for that final boost.

The sudden alert sound of applause, though, still surprised her. A glance back to her second monitor showed her chat exploding with activity and an unexpected notification. "Oh...oh wow!" Kayte ecstatically gasped in shock. "Somebody must have noticed I'm about to do it! Thank you all for showing up."

Instinctively, she ran her character down the dark tunnels and let her developing streamer reflexes thoughtlessly read off the alert. "Thanks for the huge raid, 'SayByeToTheMeat'! Over three hundred viewers, oh gosh! Thank you so much!"

The words didn't even register in her conscious brain as she zoned into the game, holy magic smiting the fodder before her. Even when they did, her blue-green eyes didn't even flinch. The only thought she managed regarding her raider was that she found it cool a social eating channel was into this MMO too. It wasn't that she didn't know what it could mean. True to her fan's username, Kayte just didn't think of it. She didn't, at least, until she looked back to chat to engage with her new viewers as she finished off a group of early enemies with a flourish of her staff.

The raid message varied in the emotes flanking it, but they shared a common theme: bulging guts, slurping lips, large eyes, skulls, steaks, and more of similar taste. The message flanked by those varied emotes, though, was perfectly uniform and coordinated (partly by her own unthinking instruction): “Bye, meat!”

That more careful look at that racing chat—tens of times more full than it’d ever been before—stirred something deep in Kayte. The raiders had seen it plenty before: the nervous and flustered shift in the seat; those eyes widening before the expression changed, instinct understanding far before reason did; and a flash of confliction, as if being presented with a secret fantasy that everybody knew despite it never being said aloud.

“Huh? What do you...” the bunny began, giving a momentarily sheepish smile as a new shadow fell upon and entirely eclipsed her. Her words caught in her throat as her eye caught a large hand stretching over her shoulder to her stream deck’s pad, and pressed the key labeled “AFK”. The stream’s image faded into a cutesy picture of Kayte giving a big smile and a cutesy pose with the words “Kayte will be right back!”

“Don’t worry about those words on your stream there, meat,” a deep voice behind her rumbled, thick, scaly hands pulling Kayte’s hoodie off, gripping her arms to her sides, and coaxing a startled squeak from her, “I promise you won’t be coming back.”

The stream didn’t hear any discernable words after that. But, despite the screen being a static placeholder image for streaming breaks, every single viewer—the hundreds new and the few old—could fill in the blanks on what was happening. Even Kayte only got less than a second to lean her head back before she was in the dark too. The fat gator’s stretched-open maw, pink, squishy flesh pooled with drool, wasn’t there to savor her.

The surprise guest shoved her directly down her throat, the powerful tunnel treating the bunny to the feeling of being soaked, engulfed, and worked over by a superior creature’s body. Sloppy, ravenous squelches broadcast to the hundreds watching, The chat laughed at the embarrassing audio, especially when the occasional sound from Kayte managed to make it through thick gator gut. Only the first few of those were at all uncertain; the rest were clearly delighted even if shocked.

When the screen switched back, a fat gator was sitting where the cute bunny had been, his green butt barely managing to not crush her seat. Suspended in his lap was a streamer-shaped bulge, powerful muscles squeezing against her to display her squirming curves and presses out despite the plentiful prey-fed pudge and pale belly scales rounding out all those details. The lazy slurp over his lips and the way he jostled his early with both hands said he’d done this countless times before. All the same, the image of Kayte’s utterly manhandled and conquered shape sealed inside an utterly uncaring gut was an instant hit with the stream, a flood of subscriber emotes from SayByeToTheMeat’s channel filling the chat.

Even more entertaining to some was how Kayte's character, in her absence, had attracted the attention of a low level worm monster. The nearly max level holy mage in her high-level robes and touting her powerful enchanted staff simply submitted as the primitive creature tasted her before engulfing her in its mouth and grossly stretching around her to fill its basic digestive tract with food over eighty levels superior to it in potential.

"Whoops, looks like her character didn't even fight that creature," the gator chuckled, not even reaching for the mouse or keyboard. He simply watched with a smile as the on-screen bunny gasped and squirmed and digested alive, that massive health bar slowly ticking away with single-digit numbers. It took almost a full minute before finally hitting zero, the worm's gut squelching around a mass of softened meat.

As a heart floated from the worm, the symbol showing how clearly happy it was for the meal, the meat inside similarly released a small skull symbol. When the respawn options menu popped up, the gator finally reached for the mouse and casually clicked the "Permanent End" button. The worm belched and spat until a grim pile of slime-covered bones clattered against the tunnel wall. Kayte's prized character and almost-accomplishment had been reduced to a new world fixture labeled "Lv99 Worm Food".

"Much better look," the gator observed, leaning back and patting his belly, enjoying the increasingly flustered and eager shifts from within. "Guess we should get the player into shape too, eh?" He knew his viewers all too well, not that he was planning to wait anyway. The meat he'd sealed inside his stomach already was marinating in his juices and feeling those squishy walls squeeze around her with full confidence regarding her future.

A thousand bits cheer popped up from DumbBunnyFan, text-to-speech reading the attached message for the stream and gator-bellied girl "DumbBunnyFan says: Goodbye, meat! SayByeDump." Even her regular could see just how much she needed to be there! Kayte gave a delighted squeal, fully giving into her basest desires and the presence of her surprise predator....just in time for the gut to clench with a **SGLURCH** and squeeze her into a mere tight, wiggly curve.

Then...**GLRRNRCCHH~**

HuuurroOOORRhP~ clack-splat!

"I see those emotes. Thanks for subscribing to me, DumbBunnyFan." The gator didn't even comment as his gut instantly pulverized the meat inside, cutting a squeal of preyish delight short in favor of having the satisfaction of a belly full of gurgling, sloshing chyme. He barely even reacted to the all-too-familiar collar he'd belched onto the keyboard. This was why he got his viewers to say bye at the start; after watching him identify, find, and process so many streamers, his regulars expected no less. "Tier 3, even, from the looks of that emote" he continued without missing a beat, "Let's make sure you see your previous favorite streamer look Tier 3 herself."

In the few minutes that followed, SayBye moved the mic close to his belly so the hundreds of viewers could hear every *slorsh* and *glug* as he moved his lapine lunch through. He didn't waste any time in looking through Kayte's profile to find other streamers she was friends with. "This one looks local," he said, licking his lips at the look of an orange, exotic-looking, and mainy-tailed stream guest. "Looks like he's using his real name, too. Might have another stream tomorrow."

When the gator left the apartment he'd so casually broken into, he didn't bother stopping the stream. Players were already finding her character's remains and emote-laughing at the in-game playback and her submission in feeding all her hard work permanently a mere worm. Stream viewers logged in to give a wave to the stream from the holy mage's resting place, and game players found the stream to see what sort of player left such an embarrassing remnant.

Kayte's top performing stream would be her last. Every viewer that stopped by was quite satisfied by what they found: a massive pile cooling atop a gaming chair and topped by that acid-seared collar. Nobody was shy in saying bye to the meat.

The only concern any viewer had was this: how easily could they convince whatever friend of Kayte's stopped by to end the stream in the coming days to highlight her grandest stream achievement for posterity?