

There was a stream online, in between all the other Lofi channels. Barely standing out. It caught my eye one day. Amongst the various girls and guys studying for their tests, was one with title:

Lofi Beats to Digest and Churn To

It was the real interior of somebody's stomach. Nobody knew how they got an excellent internal view like this. Lots of theories flew around in the chat, but the account owners were an enigma and never spoke to the viewers. What was sure, was the daily schedule that worked like clockwork.

At 8 am, every single day, while people were heading into work or settling in at their desks at home... A girl would slide into the gullet. A brunette, with shoulder-length hair matted down with saliva. Her bare breasts were huge, people theorized they were H-cups. They were immense orbs of tender meat. And the rest of her body wasn't very different. She had a potbelly that looked like your hand would sink in, just slightly. And her thighs and rump had a lovely curve to them.

Normally, this would break the terms of service. But people in guts had legally been considered as food a few years back, and internet culture had shifted ever since. All kinds of content creators were being eaten for clout.

But none dared to be eaten every day like her. None had the passion she did for satisfying another's hunger. This stream had started the day after that precedent was set. And it gradually grew to a sizable audience.

The stream would go through every minute of this girl's day, as the stomach holding her crushed and softened her, simmered her down into a chyme. As that chyme slowly drained deeper into the predator. And the few hours in the day when it was just the unfilled depths of this person's belly.

All with the gentle hum of lofi hip-hop in the background. And a gentle layer of digestive sounds mixed into that.

But what truly stood out was the girl. Unlike so many of the clout seekers who always looked so frightened being in a gut... This girl loved it. Loved her predator. Constantly petting the stomach folds with a gaze filled with adoration. Basting acids over herself so she'd be properly melted by dusk. Merrily bouncing along with her predator's steps. Her own tits jostling with the efforts.

There was little doubt that every day was unique. No repeated footage. Some things were similar, but there was always a unique flair in a day. One day masticated food would land atop the girl. Mixing in with her as she was dissolved into goop. Somedays liquor would wash over her, and she would get a secondhand drunkenness.

Days like that, she would often be caught masturbating. She never spoke during the streams, even in those tender moments when she was losing herself in pleasure... she would still stay silent.

And some days... her predator had a partner. Digestion would be harsh, and the girl meat inside would be groped harshly. Or perhaps it was just the pred themselves doing it.

Many mysterious things that happen to the girl garnered theories on the living situation she was in. A few dark theories were tossed... but the sheer joy the girl had for being devoured shut them up.

To many of the vorish inclined... this just looked like a prey girl living her best life. Every day reforming, waking up, being eaten, and then doing it all again.

Envy was thick in the attached chatroom. Predators wanting a partner just like this. Prey dreaming of someday being her. Envyng a partner who would be okay covering the reforming costs, and lugging them around.

But everybody loved watching her softly melt away. She was a gentle girl. So soft to the mysterious predator's insides. And the way her soft body melted left a rich and creamy chyme of fat to be absorbed far deeper.

It was quite often people would tune in when their prey was rowdy, in an attempt to drown them out with their ideal vision of a meal. Post-vore regret was quite common. They could watch the girl they wish was in their guts. Some even said it helped the belly ache. Many though... developed unhealthy attachments. Efforts to track her down. They all came to their own conclusions, thinking she was being abused. Thinking she was okay with just any gut... Just wanting to take her and finally digest her as a trophy of sorts.

But there was really no way to track them down... The inside of a stomach gave little visual hints, and the muffled audio clues were all quite generic to American cities.

So, every day, the girl began her digestive journey at 8am. And by 10pm... she was a slurry of ex-girl plumping up the mysterious predator. Trudging through the immense lengths of intestines.

Something a few fans knew about though, was the existence of a sister stream. It wasn't linked to or attached or referenced at all. It didn't stream every day... but often times at least once per day for at least an hour, we would get to see the belly harboring the sweet prey.

Beats to Melt a girl to

In frame would always be a dark-skinned belly settled in its lap. Bare for the camera to view. The belly was always filled with what was undoubtedly prey. Though the amount they were

digested differed. Often matching the state in the earlier mentioned stream. In fact, a lot matched. The music was always identical. The motions of the girl inside could be matched. Occasionally they would even hold up food to the camera, which would soon appear alongside the girl in the previous stream.

They didn't link to each other at all, but it was impossible to deny once the proof was placed down. And while this felt like it could be used to track down the predator by certain parties... they were terribly careful to not give a single hint where they lived. No window shots. No telling background details. Even the food was always handmade for these streams. No fast food to give away the general region. Hell, the gender of the person in question wasn't even certain. The few glimpses of their attire they'd allow didn't give it away. And their breasts, if they even had them, were always just off-screen. They seemed to enjoy the mystery, since if we ever caught a hint in frame... They'd drop a hint that led the opposite way. Full suits in the background one day, several bras the next.

Which, the few of us who knew this and weren't creepy about them... felt like the predator's own way of showing the girl their love. Keeping her safe and giving her all the attention and fame she deserved. Protecting her while still keeping their dynamic as food and devourer.

I don't bring this up to hope that this'll change the stalkers. More so to just... enjoy the kind of relationship they share. And hope I'm able to find a partner that would let me live like them. They're the kind of ideal I wish to strive for.

Oh, I also get off to it though. While horny talk gets you banned in the main chat, there's another spot where people get their urges out. A few of the people in that chat have even met up to try to live this way themselves.

However, it almost always seems to end with the predator saying they "Went their separate ways."

As if everybody doesn't know they're exploring that predator's sewage. The other person never came back. A relationship like the streamers is truly one in a thousand. Maybe even more unlikely? I do hope not...

But I'm rambling. And it looks like the girl on my second monitor is already gone. Which means it's time for me to head to bed. I hope this helped somebody enjoy this excellent little pocket of the internet.

And to remember to treat your prey like they're both more than a meal, and nothing more than a meal.