

For as long as Raven has known hunger, she has confused it for lust. Attempts to rationalise her predatory tendencies quickly led her towards study of the occult arts, to acts of vampirism and alchemical sacrifice. She balances a caring nature with an existential desire to devour, and consume, and digest the people around her.

The coven who took Raven in as a neophyte taught her how best to utilise these feelings. They taught the principles of spiritual predation, self-reliance and sufficiency, the craft of the succubi: it wasn't enough.

Her first real victim, a boy her age and a practise partner ordained by the coven, did not survive the shared initiation. Raven knelt afore him. She saw the trepidation in his eyes as she began the meditations, and let the tendrils emerge from her soul. They entangled him, found the vessels before drinking deep of his blood.

Pleasure flooded her flesh as his essence, his hopes and his thoughts, *his* desires for *her* found her heart. She trembled. Her pulse quickened. She knew what she wanted, knew she wanted *more*, but didn't know how to ask.

Her tendrils did.

They tightened around the boy, constricting like snakes to hold him painfully motionless. Raven's lips moistened. She felt herself grow wet, and her stomach growled. Before the adept could stop her, she pulled the boy's head to her mouth and swallowed.

He sank deep, squeezing down her throat and past her breasts while her mind fogged. There was nothing in that moment beyond the primal need to be sated, and she wallowed in it. With a final, desperate gulp, she locked him inside her stomach and collapsed in breathless laughter.

The adept probed the skin of her swollen belly as she apologized through a belch. None in the coven were particularly surprised by the outcome; she'd operated entirely within their moral bounds. Even so, they regarded her with subdued distaste while the boy still filled out her waist.

Raven abandoned the path soon after - not entirely, but at least in the sense that she wanted to walk it alone. Though she cares a great deal about the people she devours, there's no denying her ecstasy at hearing an agonised scream call out from within her guts.