

Name of story: Grinning at the Flower Roots

Number of potential preds: 3-7

Number of potential prey: 6

Name of the land: Uravia

Number of towns: 3

Name of towns:

Hamletton: first town where initial story happens

Falksborough: Biggest city where the nobles live. Young people come to study the sword, or to study the word of God.

Bleakshire: Main setting, small village south of Falksborough. Surrounded by mostly forest, it is a village of only about 75-100 people. It contains an inn, a medicine shoppe, a small restaurant and bar, a sawmill, a small church, and...that's about it for attractions. The perfect small town to get away with murder.

Character names and backstories:

Aleida Arkwright: Aleida is the older sister of Sybbyl the knight. She is a pale, thin, stubby woman aged 29, only coming up to barely 5' in height. Having been raised in an era of primarily peace, Aleida spent her time learning the art of medicine, which at the time revolved around various forms of botany and mixing of herbs for potions. During one accidental mix-up of Echinacea powder and a new plant she'd bought from a traveling merchant she'd been

studying, she'd accidentally infected her lover with a terrible curse of lycanthropy. She now dedicates her time to trying to find a cure, but it leaves her restless, exhausted in mind and body, and often times ignorant to her surroundings as well as her needs, let alone the needs of her family or lover. She has a scar on her thighs from the first time she'd seen her lover change, as well as various scratches on her face and arms.

Sybbyl Arkwright: The younger Arkwright sister. Sybbyl is a tall, strong willed woman with a well toned body. She is 24 years old and 6' in height. She's also a herm. Having spent her early years watching her older sister get teased for how studious she was, she made it a point to be her protector. In an effort to become strong, she trained her mind and body in the ways of the sword until finally she was given the title of knight by the nobles of Falksborough. When she came back home, she was met with two things; The title of guardswoman, and her sisters new lover. She immediately became jealous of the girl who'd won over her sister, having done everything in her power to protect her only to be met with what could only be described as betrayal as she put her trust in someone aside from her. So one night, she snuck into her sisters shop, and replaced the labels on the bottles of an experiment her sister was making with the bottle of Echinacea powder ((commonly used to treat cold/flu symptoms)). The most she wanted to do was make the other woman sick. Get her out of the picture for a while so that she could step in and be the protector she knew her sister needed, but it had a different affect. Now she may have put her sister in even more danger, but she can't bring herself to own up to her mistake. She couldn't even bring herself to help her sister the first time her lover changed, the overall size and voracity of the beast having stricken fear to her very core for the first time in her life. Instead she always makes sure her shifts are close by, silently watching as her sister is driven mad by the

pursuit of a cure that may not exist.

Winnifred Bamford: The lover of Aleida Arkwright. Winnie is a slightly stout woman around the age of 26 and standing at 5'6 tall. She has oversized assets and a bit of pudge on her belly. Originally she was the daughter of the owner of the building Aleida had set up shop in, but soon she became one of the frequent customers. She'd often chat with them about the best herbs to lose weight, and eventually began to melt from the constant retorts of flirting about losing her bust or bum from the shop owner that she soon found herself in their bed on more than one occasion. After finally succumbing to their advances outside of just the sexual kind, the two women became betrothed, and as an early wedding gift, her father gave the two of them the deed to the shop Aleida ran, leaving them not only lovers, but landowners as well. Nights before their wedding however, Winnie caught cold and was bedridden with a high fever. Aleida had been working all night to mix the perfect amount of Echinacea powder for her to help with her symptoms, but when she finally gave them to her, something happened. Her eyes turned from their once water like blue to a glaring yellow, and brown almost black fur appeared all over her body. She grew in size by over 2 feet, leaving her at a staggering 8 feet tall. Her mind became hazy and soon she succumbed to her urges, ravaging her lover until she came to her senses as the sun rose with her lover thigh deep in her maw. If she'd been given the medicine any earlier, she'd have devoured her. In a last ditch effort of fear and worry, she ran out of the room, leaving her terrified lover on the bed as she locked herself in the cellar. She never wanted to do that again.

Wyny "Geoffry" Holland: A traveling magician, miracle worker, fortune teller, business advisor, lawyer, basically anything you could think of, he was it...if you could pay him of course. Above

all else though, this conman was fast. Having a lanky build and standing at just under 6' tall, he was able to escape practically any situation he'd find himself in if his deals went south...and they tended to do so many times. During one of his dealings, he'd sold a woman a vial of something he'd stolen from a clergyman not too long ago. Of course he had no idea what it was, but he'd gotten a bit of money for it, so it didn't matter. After buying food at the restaurant and flirting with the waiter for a while, he bought a room at the inn facing the church where he spied on the nuns going about their days. Churches tended to have the best goods to steal after all, and he'd need to restock before he could dip out of town.

Leonard Beckete: A short, wide hipped boy at the age of 19 standing roughly 5'7 in height. He was born and raised in Bleakshire, and due to his rather feminine complexion, had since been flirted with by various men ((he is NOT gay)), asked to join the convent by various priests ((he is **NOT** gay)), and almost recruited by various knights to become their squires ((**HE IS NOT GAY!!!**)). All of these advances were turned down of course, and although he'd made attempts to get himself to appear more masculine, his large rump and round face made it almost impossible to get around it. Still though, he made good money because of his features, often coming home with large amounts of coin from tips, which he would soon spend as offerings to the local church just to talk to Lorena. He had a deep infatuation with the woman, both because she was beautiful, and also because she was something he could never have. The two had grown up together in Bleakshire, but around the age of 15 Lorena had left him to join the convent in Falkborough. She'd recently returned as a nun, leaving Leonard to find time to talk to her any chance he could get. He often talked about taking her and running away to start a new life together, asking for her hand in marriage on more than one occasion, but he was always rejected.

She seemed to be devoted to another man...

Lorena Blasio: A nun in Bleakshire. She is a rather curvy woman at the age of 20 standing at 5'4 in height. At the age of 15 Lorena left the village to study the word of God in Falsborough, leaving her best friend Leonard behind. She'd promised to return to him as a lover once she came back, though that was mainly just to get him to let go of her so she could get on the carriage to her studies. During her time learning the word, she was assaulted by a priest in the church, and grew a great distaste for the world, that is until she saw that same priest murdered right before her eyes by what she could only describe as God himself. Having a newfound faith in her studies, she quickly ascended to becoming a nun, before returning home to serve at the church in her hometown... Yet she was cursed by visions of what happened that night... Her body would become hot from the thoughts of watching that priest slide down inside of her God's gullet, the sounds of his screams, and the way her saviors gut bulged and moved with its newfound contents. She became unfaithful to the words she'd studied, and slowly became blasphemous as she touched herself to the thoughts of **HIM**. She began calling him Lycaon in her head, for no other reason than the way he devoured someone, it was as if he was tempting God himself into trying it from how amazing it looked. Her friend Leonard would often visit her to try and flirt, and even though she enjoyed his company, she found herself often thinking of how he would look going down Lycaon's throat, his wide hips bulging out on his gut as he was reduced to nothing but shit. She was lost, and whatever strands of sanity she still had were being pulled so tight that they'd likely snap at any second.

Morel: The horse of a now deceased guardswoman in Hamletton. Lycaon kept him after he'd had his fill with Morel's

previous rider, deciding having something to ride would make traveling with extra weight a bit easier.

Lycaon: While not his real name, Lycaon is a tall man looking to be in his mid 20's, though his actual age is unknown. He stands at roughly 6' tall, and is the only person in Urvia to be known to be able to devour someone whole. While this ability is not exclusive to him, most people have not tried it enough to grow accustomed to it. He devours people as he sees fit, wreaking havoc wherever he goes with missing person reports, while leaving nothing left of them aside from a pile of shit or a splatter of cum on the side of the road to the next town. He is indiscriminate in who and what he eats, the only thing he cares about is that they make him feel good on the way down, and while they're trapped inside of him. He's been known to even let people out, just to feel them sliding back inside of him from a different hole. A few years ago he'd eaten a clergyman carrying a vial of seeds while he was trying to rape a young woman. After he filled his gut, he stared at the woman who seemed to be infatuated with what he'd just done, and in a moment of weakness ((he was just too full)) he let her live, leaving her as the only woman who'd ever seen his face. Later in a fit of boredom, he planted the seeds in a pot and used the ex priest as fertilizer just to see what would happen, and in a couple years the plant grew and blossomed into a flower that he saw as ugly. Two years for a generic purple bud. Pathetic. He sold the plant to a traveling merchant...or maybe they were a magician...whatever, for next to nothing and went about his day before heading to the village of Hamletton where he devoured the head guard as she went home to her wife. After fucking the wife with her lover still inside of him, he devoured her as well and stole a horse from their stables. Soon after he disposed of the couple on the side of the road before making his way to a village called Bleakshire,

ready to wreak havoc yet again...