

Mantis County

Should you ever find yourself travelling to Mantis County, I can offer you only a single piece of vital advice: leave as soon as you are able.

Most who enter Mantis County simply aim to pass through or fly by, stopping only for the night to rest and relax ahead of another stretch of travel; rarely does it end up being a single night. The only hotel in this quaint town goes by the name of Wayward Motel and can hold a measly 6 guests with each room containing only a single bed, a peppermint-scented welcome pack and a toilet with an appalling lack of space.

Derry Winters had only been at the hotel for one night, intent on hitting the road once more for the Business and Management conference in Wisconsin that evening in his beaten up Jeep - as you can expect, this did not go exactly to plan. One blown head gasket later and Derry found himself throwing his wallet down on the counter in frustration as he purchased yet another night at the Wayward Motel.

The bars of Mantis County are not for the faint of heart, often filled with brawling thugs and drugs of every kind which are dealt from various seats with little regard for the law; the women are just as worrisome here, but not in the usual way - a fact Derry discovered as he wandered through the doors of the Raging Bull, aptly named for the blue bull motif swinging gently above the door along with the house special steak (served blue as can be expected).

At first he garnered awkward glances, the few men whose eyes were not reddened by alcohol or blackened by fists sat quietly at the bar, ignoring the advances of scantily clad waitresses and patrons alike. Derry found their ignorance unusual; growing up in a world of finance left his wealth as healthy as his lust, taking every opportunity to flash his cash in exchange for a night with one of the locals - someone he would never wish to see again after a short night of passion.

Approaching the bar, he soon found himself surrounded by a sumptuous selection of girls, each appealing to his insensibilities as they clambered over each other to accept a drink on him. After an hour of charming chatter and one-liners, a girl by the name of Lena took him by the hand and dragged him back to the Wayward Motel; she fumbled for a moment in Derry's pockets for his keys, albeit taking some time to fumble with other items first before opening the door, slamming it behind her and throwing Derry on the bed.

At this point you may wonder why Mantis County is such dangerous territory, but it didn't take long for Derry to understand. They tumbled on the bed and began to strip down, their warm bodies pressed together as their lips touched and their hands slid across each other's hips. It didn't take long for the play of passion to begin with Derry pinned beneath and Lena moving her body rhythmically atop him as though he were a stallion; within minutes, he found himself reaching euphoria as a warmth ran down his spine, the blood dripping from his neck as Lena bit down on his throat. She uttered a painful word of prayer to Xa'Duritha before feasting once more, a pool of inky blood pooling below the frame of the bed.

So once more I implore you, should you ever find yourself in Mantis County you must leave immediately. No good shall ever come of that place, though if you ever learn how to leave, spare a thought for the Wayward souls trapped in that motel, their bodies served as braised steak for the next unknowing victim.