

## Opi Fex Veneficiorum



Figure 1: Opi. Once a worldly village blacksmith, now far more driven. **Note:** his name, written as *Opifex Veneficiorum* means "Smith of Spells" in Latin.

# 1 Character Description

Although vague attempts have been made to tame it with a bandana, dirty grey hair litters the face of Opi Fex Veneficiorum. Opi changes attire rather often, usually due to experimentation rendering the previous set, *ahem*, without the ability to function as clothing. For similar reasons his current weapon (walking stick?) of choice is merely a glorified branch. However, should one look closely, a small arcane script can be found inscribed in various corners of all of his possessions, catalysts for various incantations. Opi maintains a steady and cautious personality to his acquaintances, but those who know him better recognize his propensity to flights of fancy and obsession to his craft.

His only pieces of luxury adornments are his pipe, which he can be frequently found smoking or otherwise fiddling with, and a plain locket around his neck. The locket opens up to reveal a portrait of woman, his lover *Favilla*. He rarely speaks more than one or two words about her, but his eyes betray his affection, and sorrow.



Figure 2: Favilla, Opi's lover.

## 2 Backstory

Walking through the poorly lit streets of Waterdeep, the cloaked man, having seemingly appeared out of nowhere, coughed into his hand. Clenching his fist, blood streamed off of his knuckles and dripped onto the pavement. He was dying. But he was certain that the poison wouldn't take him immediately. It wasn't in their nature to afford him a clean death. Dimly, he wondered if he should be grateful for their sadism that allowed him to live until this point.

He glanced down to his sword, which glew with the light of the *locate creature* spell he had been maintaining. The spectral trail emanating from the blade, which passerbys strangely seemed to be unaware of, had stopped at the entrance of a tavern. *The Adventurer's Respite*. His fine elven nose turned up at the smell. Gritting his teeth, however, he walked in.

His eyes brightened upon entering, ignoring the smashed patrons and instead focusing on an half-elven figure behind the counter. The *locate creature* spell, with the completion of its task, faded, and the elven man waded through the patrons to stand by the counter. He glanced at her, and was dazed for a moment. She looked just like her... but then he grimaced.

Merely an half-elf, her lifespan was already nearing its end. She was too old, he could see her fingers slightly tremble with age, her footsteps loud, revealing the weakness in his bones, her body. He wanted to laugh bitterly, but could only cough. This time the blood was tinged with black. He knew he didn't have long. Seeing her walk over in concern, he shook away his lethargy and asked her 'Do you have any descendents?'

The unfriendly look in her eyes told him all he needed to know. He sighed, knowing he had no other option than this poor one. There were none left. Slowly, he reached for his blade, unclipped it, and placed it heavily onto the counter. He looked into her shocked eyes, and gravely said 'Descendent of the Song, I leave this in your care. Protect yourself well.' And with that, as his hand left the blade his form shifted and dispersed into a cloud of nothingness.

Later that night, Song Xia, sat in her room above *The Adventurer's Respite* and stared at the blade with a strange look in her eyes. When the man had dispersed earlier in the day, she had cried out in fear. But strangely, not a single other person in the bar had reacted to the spectacle, and she had to embarrassedly apologize to the tavern. It's as if no one else had seen that man. Looking down at the blade, she saw intricate runes engraved across the blade, but she couldn't understand them. She had forgotten all of the Elven taught to her in her youth. Unconsciously, she reached out a hand to touch them, and when she did a name floated into her mind. *Ghaunavel*. She didn't even have time to scream before the blue arcane fires of the blade-rite enveloped her.