The "Pennymore Con"

middle-aged wood elf
chaotic evil
Level 10 rogue

Pronouns: he/him
Occupations: Fence

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 75 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10	15	16	12	12	15

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills Persuasion; Stealth; Perception; Acrobatics; Athletics; Intimidation; Deception

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common Elvish Halfling Gnomish ,
Adjectives Opaque ,

Special Abilities Uncanny Dodge | Cunning Action

Special Equipment

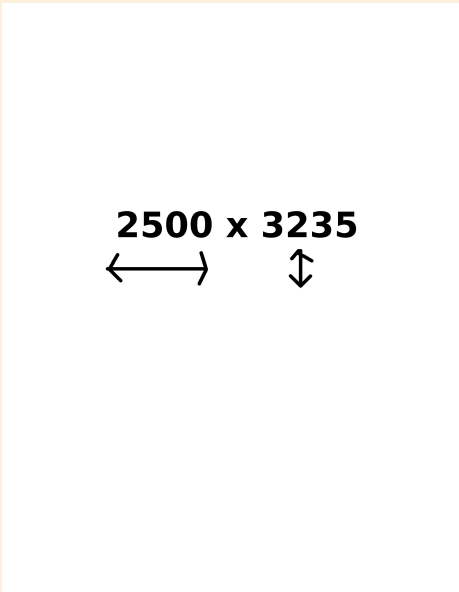- Bullwhip of Entanglement; Quaal's Feather Token (Whip)

Combat Tactics

The Con will engage in combat with a smile, first using his acrobatics to parour and disorient unsuspecting combatants.

Actions

Bullwhip of entanglement (+9 to hit, 1d6+5 force dmg, finesse, entangle, chance to leave target prone (DC 15 Dex Save))

Factions

Roleplaying

Introduction

This sketchy old elf is something of a myth more than a man. He remains well out of sight of guards and militia yet regularly has secret dealings with the middle to upper eschelons of local political factions. If adventurers passing through town appear to have valuable items or be capable of acquiring such items, he will contact them through secret letters via an innkeeper or bartender and arrange a meeting in a private place. He may also commission a particularly remarkable group to find certain valuable items.

Appearance

Bridging on elderly looking; Worn skin and sunken features; Small poke tattoos on his face, neck, and hands; Wears a dusty old semi-formal outfit - Jacket, button-up, slacks, and boots; crewcut; small leather cap

Expressions

"Can never make a truly fair trade - so might as well go with the flow"; "The things we do, the things we do...why do we do the things we do?"; "I once bought a large slice of land from a tribe of hobgoblins and sold it to an enemy tribe just to watch the party";

Mannerisms

Bows with a twirling wrist, sardonically, as if to say, 'you obviously will think you're better than me'; Drops into a daze and traces ancient sigils in the air, only to fall still again; mild OCD - walks in patterns counting steps, opens a door at the count of three, obviously counts coins out loud during transactions, etc.

Motivations

The Con is known for using trade in valuable goods as a means for inciting conflict on a large scale. He desires to go down in history as the catalyst for some great war.

Passions

Sales; Historical wars; Antiques;

Secrets

The "Pennymore Con" is in search of a magic stone with sigils carved into it. It passed through his fencing shop and in the process captured an aspect of his soul. He doesn't know what it does but he knows it will bring him riches at the expense of others so he never says anything, but instead dreams of it night and day.

Background

As is well known across the Realms, Elves live a very long time. During these extensive life-spans, they are susceptible to major life changes, whether in vocation, direction, location, or what-have-you. Nobody knows where the Con hails from, they only know that he is a Sylvan Elf because of his gaunt, lanky, and gruff appearance, ruddy skin and hair, and his bright silverish eyes. Nobody is sure what life trajectory brought the Pennymore Con to where he is today. The few things that are known about him could be myth.

The Con is blamed across the Realm for various high-level robberies and for starting various skirmishes between nations by offering a contract on an important local Duke in exchange for a long-sought after item that had been fenced to him. Constantly seeking business with members of every eschelon of a city or town, the Con is open about his business dealings but opaque as to his motivations. Consequently, although suspected of high crimes, none have been proven and the Con is allowed free movement. In fact, his movement is likely advocated among higher magistrates because of the goods and services they've obtained from him through less-than-legal means.