



Claideighm "Hot Pants" Battleweave

Young Adult Other (You Will
Be Asked To Specify)
Chaotic Neutral
Level 3 Warlock

Pronouns: they/them
Occupations: Prostitute
Armor Class 14
Hit Points
25 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 30.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS
9 (0)	13 (+2)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)

CHA
19
(+5)

Saving Throws
TODO Saving Throws
Skills Persuasion
Proficiencies
Damage Immunities
TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities
TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses
Languages Common,
Undercommon, Duergar,
Draconic,
Adjectives

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

-
-
-

Combat Tactics

Claideighm will use
enchantments to gain
advantage in most situations,
especially combat, charming
others. Another way that she
attracts such a high volume of
customers.

Actions

Factions

2500 x 3235



Image Dummy

ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A slender dwarven woman in reveal
leathers stretches in the umbra dra
an alley. "Bid thee a night of fun?"

Appearance

A well-build dwarven woman wearin
suggestive leathers and with blue
etching. Brown curls tumble to her
shoulders.

Expressions

"I can make every night memorable"
"Ever seen through the dawn?";
"Imagine how many nights you've
wasted without me"

Mannerisms

Walks with their hips. Almost always
one eye cocked. Beckons with a fing
Often grooms theihr hair and clothes

Motivations

They seek to expose the connection
between magistrates and the sex sla
trade.

Passions

Sex. Working-class people. Sunrises.

Secrets

They are a warlock whose patron is
Forgotten God who has charged the
with a life of hedonism.

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BACKGROUND STORY

A young Dwarven boy
grew up in the mining
village of Duncarve.
Raised in a family of
'second-handers' -
bandsmen and drags-men
who would load and
operate the mining carts -
he was subjected to a
mundane life of daily
servitude. Load the cart.
Steer the cart. Unload the
cart. It was exhausting. He
grew especially tired of
watching the purveyors of
the mine increase the
quality of their lifestyle
and of the increased
riches of the merchants
and oresmen who would
deal in the precious
materials Claideighm
would cart around.

Bah! He thought to
himself. *This is no way to
live. A slave to the gold
and servile to those who
deal in it.*

The hypermasculine
environment of the mines
and mercantile trading
classes that frequented his
family shop crept under
his skin. Under his skin.
That's a place he would
rarely visit. When he did,
he knew he was out of
place. And not just
because of his distaste for
servitude. No. It was his
distaste for himself. This
was not who he was really
meant to be.

Claideighm decided to
run away at an early age
before he was further
inculcated into the
unescapable lifestyle and
traditions of his village. He
followed a merchant
caravan to a nearby city
and was suddenly exposed
to sights and sounds,
flavors and scents, skin
tones and textures, that
he'd never seen before.
His psyche was on fire.

In a short period of
time in the city Claideighm
created a new narrative
for himself. One that fit.
He recognized that his
natural figure was more
attractive to the males of
the races. He realized that
sex and his hunger for it
was a commodity under
his control rather than
under the control of some
mercantile class.

He redeemed his soul
the moment he found and
purchased his first runed
pants and placed his
slender frame in a the
shadows of the streets for
passing merchants to
admire. His increasing
androgyny worked in his
favor. They exploited them
for their money at every
turn and began to identify
themselves as neither man
nor woman. They are now
well-known as one of the
most charming
'courtesans' in the major
cities of the region.