

MADAM STELLA

middle aged adult dwarf
chaotic neutral
Level 0 civilian / commoner

Pronouns: she/her
Occupations: Brothel owner
Armor Class 9

Hit Points 5 (TODO Hitdice)
Speed 25.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12	9	16	13	12	16

Saving Throws TODO Saving Throws
Skills

Proficiencies TODO

Damage Immunities TODO Damage Immunities
Condition Immunities TODO Condition Immunities
Senses TODO Senses

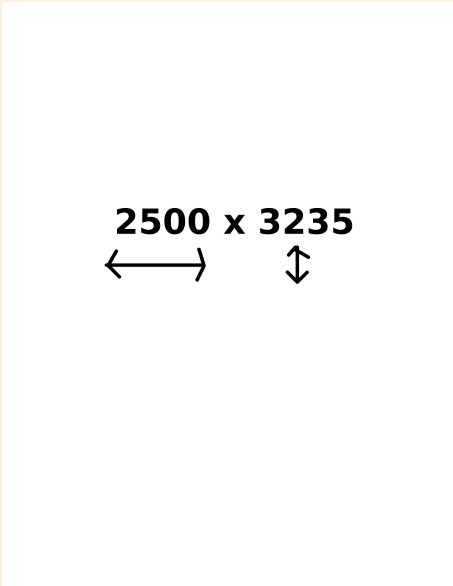
Languages Human dwarvish gnomish halfling orcish rudimentary elvi ,
Adjectives ,

Special Abilities Seduction (Saving Throw vs. Charm)
Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions



ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

Stamping her wooden leg for emphasis, the madam shouts, "Grafters! Thieves!" The constable rolls his eyes and sighs.

Appearance

Beautifully dressed in a gown of burgundy-dyed cotton with pale blue silk frills; cleavage; wooden leg; loud eyebrows.

Expressions

"Hon"; "Darlin'"; "Don't be shy. Unless you're a tax-man"; "Woman's oldest professions - gardeners... and seamstresses."

Mannerisms

In brothel - touches men's chests, squeezes biceps, ruffles hair; in court - defends herself by yelling, banging peg leg.

Motivations

Driven by business growth, and by having the classiest, most beautiful bevy of "seamstresses" in town.

Passions

Making money; keeping her ladies happy, healthy, and active; cleansing via herbal teas and cranberries; fashion trends.

Secrets

Background

Born to a salt miner mother and an accountant father, Stella grew up in a comfortably middle-class salt dwarf home with 4 brothers. Stella's mother instilled a solid sense of self-reliance and fearlessness toward male dwarves. She fought hard and dirty as a child, quickly gaining reputations first as a dwarf girl not to be messed with, and later, as a bully to be feared. Along the way, though she rebelled against her father, running away from home on a number of occasions, she still acquired, through blood or through osmosis, his vigilance with money.

Emerging from the salt mines fairly young for a dwarf, Stella worked numerous positions for several years: earning her keep as baker, chimney sweep, quartermaster, governess, and personal accountant to the wild son of a lesser member of gold dwarf nobility. Stella and the wild son of the noble dwarf eloped and were married in a kubernetic horizontal pod ceremony (which is unrecognized by dwarf law, though the noble family was oblivious to this fact in their outpouring of rage). The wild son's brothers chased Stella and the wild son from town to town for months, until they landed in a small inland port town, and the brothers lost the scent.

Stella joined the local "seamstresses" to pay for her husband's wild ways. One day, drunk on cherry brandy, he shot her in the leg with a crossbow bolt. The local barber amputated Stella's leg. Her clientele expanded rapidly, as word got out about "that crazy peg lady who will do anything you want" (including acts involving her peg leg).

The wild son has not been seen since the day of Stella's amputation.

Several years later, Stella opened her own house of "seamstresses" high on a hilltop surrounded by the homes of the wealthy and powerful. As a seamstress, she has been in the pockets of most of the town's elite, including the constabulary who hound her continually for unpaid taxes. Stella's mansion on the hill is widely regarded to be the classiest brothel in town, and is of some repute even several towns down the road. She keeps her ladies fit and gorgeous, and trains them in upper class etiquette, psychology and identifying peculiar fetishes.

Though Stella is no longer active as a "seamstress" herself, she still hears every item of upper class news, gossip, and secrets that there is to hear. Stella knows everything about just about every wealthy and/or noble man in town. She is always happy to gossip, though she does also know the value of a thing, and she knows when to charge, and how much to charge.

Author notes for the artist:

- Inspired by Stella Carroll, a wooden-legged madam in Victoria, B.C. during the early 20th century into the roaring 20s.