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Claideighm Hot Pants Battleweave

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Claideighm 'Hot Pants' Battleweave

young adult Dwarf

Chaotic Neutral

Level 3 Warlock Pact of the Talisman

Pronouns -

they/them

Occupations -

Sex Worker

Armor Class -

14

Hit Points -

25 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

30.

STR

9 (0)

DEX

13 (+2)

CON

14 (+2)

INT

12 (+1)

WIS

14 (+2)

CHA

19 (+5)

Saving Throws -

Skills -

{ "Duergar Abilities"=>[{ "Superior Darkvision"=>"See 120 in like bright light in dim light and like dim light in darkness", "Duergar Resilience"=>"Advantage on saving throws against illusions and phantasms and against being charmed, paralyzed, and poisoned with alchemical poisons", "Sunlight Sensitivity"=>"disadvantage on attack and perception roles in direct sunlight", "Duergar Magic"=>"Can cast Enlarge and Invisibility once per long rest with intelligence as spellcasting ability", "Duergar Weapons Training"=>"Proficient with Battleaxe, Handaxe, Light Hammer and Warhammer" }], "Warlock Traits"=>[{ "Pact of the Hexblade"=>[{ "Cantrips"=>"Eldritch Blast, Toll The Dead", "1st Level"=>"Charm Person, Hex", "2nd Level"=>"Crown of Madness, Enthrall" }], "Eldritch Invocations"=>[{ "Rebuke of the Talisman"=>"When the wearer of your talisman is hit by an attacker you can see within 30 feet of you, you can use your reaction to deal psychic damage to the attacker equal to your proficiency bonus and push it up to 10 feet away from the talisman's wearer", "Maddening Hex"=>"As a bonus action, you cause a psychic disturbance around the target cursed by your Hex spell or by a warlock feature of yours, such as Hexblade's Curse and Sign of Ill Omen. When you do so, you deal psychic damage to the cursed target and each creature of your choice within 5 feet of it. The psychic damage equals your Charisma modifier (minimum of 1 damage). To use this invocation, you must be able to see the cursed target, and it must be within 30 feet of you" } }], "The Raven Queen Abilities"=>[{ "Raven Queen Spells"=>[{ "Description"=>"Spell DC 14", "1st Level"=>"False Life, Sanctuary", "2nd Level"=>"Silence, Spiritual Weapon", "3rd Level"=>"Feign Death, Speak with Dead" }], "Sentinel Raven"=>"you gain the service of a spirit sent by the Raven Queen to watch over you. The spirit assumes the form and game statistics of a raven, and it always obeys your commands, which you can give telepathically while it is within 100 feet of you. While the raven is perched on your shoulder, you gain darkvision with a range of 30 feet and a bonus to your passive Wisdom (Perception) score and to Wisdom (Perception) checks. The bonus equals your Charisma modifier. While perched on your shoulder, the raven can't be targeted by any attack or other harmful effect; only you can cast spells on it; it can't

take damage; and it is incapacitated. You can see through the raven’s eyes and hear what it hears while it is within 100 feet of you. In combat, you roll initiative for the raven and control how it acts. If it is slain by a creature, you gain advantage on all attack rolls against the killer for the next 24 hours. The raven doesn’t require sleep. While it is within 100 feet of you, it can awaken you from sleep as a bonus action. The raven vanishes when it dies, if you die, or if the two of you are separated by more than 5 miles. At the end of a short or long rest, you can call the raven back to you, no matter where it is or whether it died—and it reappears within 5 feet of you."}}}

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+2

Languages -

Common Undercommon Duergar Draconic

Adjectives -

Seductive, Charming, Sweet,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

N/A

Role: *Prostitute*

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Roleplaying

Introduction

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

Appearance

A well-build dwarven woman wearing 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 has one eye cocked. Beckons with a finger. Often grooms theihr hair and clothes.

Motivations

They seek to expose the connection between magistrates and the sex slave trade

Passions

Sex. Working-class people. Sunrises

Secrets

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

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Proficiencies -

Languages -

Common Undercommon Duergar Draconic

Adjectives -

Seductive, Charming, Sweet,

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

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

Actions

-

Factions

N/A

Role: *Prostitute*

Roleplaying

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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 themself as neither man nor woman. They are now well-known as one of the most charming 'courtesans' in the major cities of the region.