



CLAUDEIGHM "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 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 one eye cocked. Beckons with a finger. Often grooms their 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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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 ruined 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.