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madam stella

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

Madam Stella

Madam Stella

middle aged adult Dwarf

Chaotic Neutral

Level 0 Civilian N/A

Pronouns -

she/her

Occupations -

Brothel Owner

Armor Class -

9

Hit Points -

5 (TODO Hitdice)

Speed -

20.

STR

12 (+1)

DEX

9 (0)

CON

16 (+3)

INT

13 (+2)

WIS

12 (+1)

CHA

16 (+3)

Saving Throws -

Skills -

{ "Dwarf Abilities"=>[{ "Dwarven Resistance"=>"Has advantage on Saving Throws against poison, and has Resistance against poison damage", "Dwarven Combat Training"=>"Has proficiency with the Battleaxe, Handaxe, Light Hammer, and Warhammer.", "Stonecunning"=>"Whenever making an Intelligence (History) check related to the Origin of stonework, he is considered proficient in the History skill and adds double his Proficiency Bonus to the check, instead of his normal Proficiency Bonus"}]}

Proficiencies -

Proficiency Mod -

+2

Languages -

Common Dwarvish Gnomish Halfling Orcish Elvish { "id"=>"a_thieve_s_assassin_s_guild", "name"=>"A Thieve's/Assassin's Guild" }

Adjectives -

Cantankerous, Competent, Brash,

Special Abilities

Special Equipment

Combat Tactics

Actions

Factions

2500 x 3235
↔ ↕

Image Dummy

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

She knows who in town is cheating on their spouses and with whom

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Languages -

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Adjectives -

Cantankerous, Competent, Brash,

Special Abilities

-

Special Equipment

-

Combat Tactics

She'll only fight long enough for her security arrive

Actions

-

Factions

Roleplaying



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Background Story

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.