

# 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	13	14	12	14

CHA  
19

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

Special Abilities

- Extended Spell | Spells: 0 - 4 - 4; 2 - 2; | Pants of Charming

Special Equipment

- <b>Pants of Charming</b> Claideighm has numerous pairs of these pants etched with magical runes. They have 3 charges. While wearing them she can expend 1 charge as an action to cast the charm person spell (save DC 13) on a humanoid within 30 feet of her, provided that her and the target can see each other. The pants regain all expended charges daily at dawn.

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

## ROLEPLAYING

Introduction

A slender dwarven woman

**They are a warlock whose patron is a Forgotten God has charged them with a li hedonism.**

Image Dummy

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## Special Equipment

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## Combat Tactics

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## Actions

## Factions

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.

## BACKGROUND STORY

<p>A young Dwarven boy gre in the mining village of Dunca Raised in a family of 'second-handers' - bandsmen and drag men who would load and open the mining carts - he was subjected to a mundane life o daily servitude. Load the cart Steer the cart. Unload the car was exhausting. He grew especially tired of watching tl purveyors of the mine increas the quality of their lifestyle a the increased riches of the merchants and oresmen who would deal in the precious materials Claideighm would c around.</p><p><i>Bah!</i> thought to himself. <i>This is way to live. A slave to the gol and servile to those who deal it.</i></p><p>The hypermasculine environment the mines and mercantile trac classes that frequented his fa shop crept under his skin. Und his skin. That's a place he wo rarely visit. When he did, he k he was out of place. And not j because of his distaste for servitude. No. It was his dista for himself. This was not who was really meant to be.</p><p>Claideighm decided to run away at an early age before h was further inculcated into th unescapable lifestyle and traditions of his village. He followed a merchant caravan nearby city and was suddenly exposed to sights and sounds flavors and scents, skin tones textures, that he'd never seen before. His psyche was on fire</p><p>In a short period of t in the city Claideighm created new narrative for himself. On that fit. He recognized that hi natural figure was more attra to the males of the races. He realized that sex and his hung for it was a commodity under control rather than under the control of some mercantile cla</p><p>He redeemed his so the moment he found and purchased his first runed pan and placed his slender frame the shadows of the streets fo passing merchants to admire. increasing androgyny worked his favor. They exploited then their money at every turn and began to identify themself as neither man nor woman.They now well-known as one of the most charming 'courtesans' ir major cities of the region.</p>

## PERSONALITY

A young Dwarven boy grew in the mining village of Dunca. Raised in a family of 'second-handers' - bandsmen and dragmen who would load and open 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 at the increased riches of the merchants and oresmen who would deal in the precious materials Claideighm would come around.

*Bah!* thought to himself. *This is the 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 father's 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 himself at the moment he found and purchased his first runed pan and placed his slender frame in the shadows of the streets for passing merchants to admire. 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 were now well-known as one of the most charming 'courtesans' in the major cities of the region.