

Nix - thiefling warlock

Nix was born out of wedlock to a lowborn peasant family somewhere on the outskirts of the province. His birth mother gave him the name Karastan, a name he now rarely uses. Not fully accepted by his family, life was pretty rough and monotonous. A dormant curse, presumably from his mother's side, formed an extra challenge for the youngling, as he was born a tiefling in a town made up solely of humans. When war tore through the region and the village was swept up in the destruction the enemy forces wreaked upon the land, Nix saw his chance to forge his own life. He feigned his own death and headed to the capital with a band of refugees.

In the capital, Karastan created his new identity: the bastard son of a lowborn noble tiefling family, nicknamed Nix. He always claimed Nix was short for a longer name, but nobody ever cared or asked. He spent his time on the streets, wandering from bar to gambling den. Here he learned his way around the underbelly of the city. Gambling became second nature, mixed with lying and deceiving. One night, in a very shady part of town, an intoxicated Nix found himself at an unfamiliar gambling table. The stakes were high and Nix found it very hard to focus. When a dark stranger produced a seemingly normal blade, using it as his stake, Nix felt every fiber of his being yearning for it. Going all in, against all odds, he won.

He quickly left and didn't look back. In his shabby attic room, he studied and bonded with the weapon as if it were a living being. Soon the voices started and Nix was reborn as a warlock. The symbiotic relationship seemed beneficial, for Nix believed he was in control. After a few years he also began to fear the weapon, small at first, but the gnawing feeling of doubt was ever present. He spent the last years adventuring and looking for answers. In the last couple of days, a new chance to return to the capital arose: he took up a simple job as bodyguard for a caravan.