Rothomyr hailed form central Northreach, he learned the ways of fighting from his father and with his brother Kellomyr. The winters there were harsh and long, and even though they were able to help supply the clan with additional food and resources, in the harshness of the winter’s two growing men put a large strain on the clans food supply. Seeing a chance at earning some money and venturing too far off lands they boarded a ship and made their way to the Jeweled Cities, which quickly confused them. The language was odd, food was strange, and weather was uncomfortably warmer than their liking to start. They found work nearly just after they hopped off the boat in the docks area at the Adventurers guild. The biggest appeal was that it allowed them to carry weapons in town without being hassled by whatever types of guards were about.

Kishar was soon to be more interesting for Rothomyr, the folk of this land had grown lazy and weak, which meant they were willing to hire the strong to do things for them. Luckily Rothomyr was strong, though most also thought him dumb. Truth of the matter is that it was more of a combination of being new to the culture and being practical. But he didn’t care what people thought of him, they knew he was the strongest, and they knew how to pay him, what else would matter? From a wide selection of booze and women to choose from at the local dens of pleasure Rothomyr was rarely flush with coin.

It was around a month or so after joining the guild that he was approached by an Aetherite by the name of Prodromous, looking for strong men who would like a honorable job. Pay was pay and Rothomyr agreed, provided he still get time off to whore, booze, and adventure when he chose. The pay was ok, but the work dull and boring, and soon Rothomyr found himself visiting the Temple of Maenir to fulfill his time and lust for battle. Some of the strongest folk of the town went there and he found it very much to his liking, but without joining the temple he wouldn’t be able to climb much higher than the occasion sparing practice with wooden weapons.

With that he started looking for even more options, finding a gambling ring that bet on people fighting each other, sometimes to the death, Rothomyr felt he had finally found something to his liking. He even started to grow eyes for the lady running it, a low human woman who he recognized as a priestess of the Temple to Maenir. She had apparently been moon-lighting these events as rituals to Maenir since death in the Temple was supposed to have more sacred meaning. He goes out when he has time but things began to flux.

During one of these matches Rothomyr was approached by a fellow adventurer’s guild member, Dela’Hari. He was planning something, and said he could use a strong man on his side. He stated that he would like to list Rothomyr’s help for a cause of great profit and great violence. With that kind of offer on the table how could he say no? But first he informed the man of the previous contract of employment he signed. Dela’Hari smiled widely and told him not to worry, so long as Rothomyr was willing to inflict great violence, make good pay, and do exactly as Dela’Hari said, they Rothomyr could do as he pleased when it pleased him.

A month later Rothomyr was under Dela’Hari employ, who had now become quartermaster of the guild. Rothomyr’s first test and job was something to do with the previous guild mistress, but he followed orders protected his charge, and by Maenir if it wasn’t the toughest fight he had ever been in. Folks were dying left and right, barely clinging onto life himself cutting foes down before him, such wanton death and bloodshed, and damn if he didn’t have the most fun of his life that day. But what was icing on the cake, was after everyone else was moping about failure. His boss came up, gave him a pat on his back, said good work, and paid him more than he had ever made under his previous employer. So where Rothomyr is at right now? Well Rothomyr has never been happier, established adventures guild veteran, well-paying job, as much boozing and whoring as he can handle, and a great boss. Life seems to be looking up, hell finally after 3 years; he has just about this whole language down too.