

# Delia The Whisperblade



Gender: Female

Age: Appears 30s, actually in her 90s, casting could be anywhere that doesn't sound elderly or super young.

Key Concepts: Intense, Judging, Disciplined, Intimidating, Clever

Casting Notes:

- Ethnicity: Any
- Voice: No strong regional American Accents, ideally something that sounds crisp, educated and proper without sounding weak.

Real world casting vibe (acting type/character): Tilda Swinton (The Killer), Cate Blanchett (Hannah)



## Short Bio and plot arc:

Everyone wears a mask. Born into a minor noble family, Delia learned at a young age that everyone has an agenda and no one tells the truth. Good with a sword and uninterested in politics, Delia joined the army to free herself of her responsibilities to her family and their

feeble grasps at power. Able to blend into the highest functions of society or the filthiest taverns, she found her skills served her well when she was recruited as a Whisperblade, the internal group tasked to hunt down traitors and enemies within the army's ranks. And as such a trusted part of the military, she was in the perfect position to abuse her power...

Healed from an early injury by a large dose of the waters of life, the Whisperblade has been hiding the secret that she is addicted to the magical healing waters, using them over decades of hard living to keep herself young and beautiful. But healing waters are literally money in the Mortal Realms, so acquiring them is never cheap. For the last four decades the Whisperblade blackmailed and embezzled from those she was tasked with hunting down, sometimes even planting her own evidence to support her claims of corruption. Never staying in one place long enough to be caught, she moved from unit to unit every few years across different cities to avoid both questions about her unchanging youth and the entanglements of her misdeeds.

When she first heard of Phaedra's mission, she was impressed by just how many people the young soldier had duped into believing she was hearing the voice of the God-King himself. But Delia also knows an opportunity when she sees one. Healing waters are found free and for the taking from the very wilds Phaedra plans to reclaim. If Delia infiltrates the caravan, she could claim a spring of her very own, one that not only would keep her young and strong for an eternity, but also make her incredibly wealthy. After her years of service, she deserves at least that. Donning the mask of a devout follower, this Whisperblade finds herself standing at Phaedra's side. But as she realizes there is no angle the young soldier is playing, no mask she is wearing as she works selflessly to improve the lives of those around her, Delia begins to question her own motives and legacy.

As this corrupted Whisperblade perfects the role she's playing of a devoted and caring supporter of Phaedra, players can choose to push her in one of two directions -- is she still the selfish, scheming addict, willing to do anything to score her fix, or has she herself turned into the mask she wears?

### **Sample Lines:**

***Narrating her background at the start of the game: Crisp, erudite, but with her cynicism showing through.***

I was born in luxury, or as near to it as you get outside the Realm of Heavens. My family had wealth enough to believe prestige mattered more than mere survival. A lie, of course. The forces of Chaos destroy high and low alike. My parents disowned me when I made clear I would not join their delusion. But the Whisperblades understood: No one is

above suspicion. I joined them as an enforcer of discipline in the Armies of Sigmar, just and unforgiving. A dangerous job, as it turns out...

My investigation led me to a cult of the Dark Prince, who flayed the skin from their own bodies to steal new visages that would better please their god. When they found me spying, I was fortunate none of them took a liking to *my* skin.

***Encountering someone corrupted by plague magic and springing into action to kill them before they can spread anything. Ruthless, utterly imperturbable, convinced of her own righteousness.***

His throat was flushed. He was infected.

I just saved my life. And yours, if you care about that sort of thing.

Use your sword to drag the body as far from camp as you can and burn it. Upwind. Don't touch it. Don't breathe the smoke.

Those totems they found are called incubatches. They're a trap. Get close enough, you get infected. And then spread the Plague God's corruption to everyone you touch.

And once you're sick, everyone becomes vulnerable. All you have to do is promise *anything* just to get some relief.

***Engaging in a game of oneupmanship with her drug dealer; trying to play things cool, and maintain her superiority, but with an edge of desperation.***

Aqua Ghyranis [AH-qwah guy-RAH-nis], the waters of life. Only the worst sort of person would consider stealing such a thing from the healers' guild...

My use is purely medicinal.

Don't think you can hold this over me. My reputation is impeccable. Yours is... far from spotless. Push me, and we'll see who really has the upper hand here.

I'm not looking for your judgement. Just your price.

***Showing her growing care for and belief in the prophet Phaedra.***

If the prophet dies, the community will be devastated. They'll be at each other's throats in days.

How do you think they will react if they know she's lying here, fevered and possessed, struggling just to take in a breath? How do you think the *Stormcast* will react? They will kill her and then where will we be? *Voice breaking.* Where will *I* be?

The God-King spoke to her. I didn't believe it at first, but I've seen her when his light is upon her. I've heard her vision for us. If it doesn't come from Sigmar, even if it is only the product of Phaedra's own ideals, that makes it no less holy.

***Desperate, going through withdrawal, trying to hold onto herself, but having to admit her weakness.***

It's nothing. Fatigue, perhaps. No more than I can handle.

I did not ask for your concern! I need nothing from you. I have never in my life asked for assistance and I don't intend to start now.

N-no... I can handle it. I-- *Gasps in pain.* I will survive this. I am bigger than my cravings.

P-please. I can't... I need help. Stay with me. I don't want to be alone.