

The scion of a long line of blacksmiths originating from an ancient culture known as the Old Greeks, based at the foot of Mount Olympus. They lived to serve the Olympian gods, and in exchange received the favour of said gods. Magic, wisdom, even immortality - all of these and more were blessings conferred upon privileged members of Old Greek society in recognition of their service to the gods.

Of the many well known families within Old Greek society, one stood out: A venerable line of blacksmiths and craftsmen who were dedicated to none other than the father of magic himself, Prometheus; the aurem-forged leggings worn by Prometheus in battle was but one of the numerous weapons and equipment that they had painstakingly crafted for their patron god.

In exchange for their service, the family had but one request: Knowledge. Knowledge of the ivory flames wielded by Prometheus, and how they could be likewise wielded by mortals.

And with that, the family was gifted with something that would define them for generations to come, and something that has yet to be stolen from them: The knowledge of how to forge weapons from Promethean Fire.

They were destined to become one of, if not the highest standing members of Old Greek society, but all those dreams were shattered when a certain part-Vastus warrior marched upon Mount Olympus.

Following the death of Prometheus at the hands of Cursebeard, Old Greek society broke down completely. Those who did not perish in the initial battle at Mount Olympus either joined the Alaleans or fled to some far corner of the world.

This family of blacksmiths chose the latter; they would rather die and have their secret die with them than stand under the same banner as the man who had murdered the god whom they revered. Somewhere down the line, they managed to find a new home among the citizens of Altavista, and would later integrate themselves into Vistarian culture.

In spite of this, their Old Greek roots were preserved in their work: Armour and weaponry crafted from a special bronze alloy, emblazoned with intricate details and patterns - a stark contrast to the dull grey appearances of standard Vistarian equipment.

Still, without access to the divine white flames that they once took pride in working with, this family was but a shell of its former self.

Then, on one fateful day, the stars aligned in their favour.

A minuscule scrap that appeared to have been chipped off the blade of some weapon, passed unenthusiastically from artifact collector to artifact collector, an unsightly and absolutely useless piece of trash to most.

Most, but not all. For you see, this scrap of metal came from none other than the sword of Morock Creed, and the lingering power of the Promethean Fire it once conducted still pulsed within it.

Through a miracle of craftsmanship and magical knowledge, the family was able to transform the scrap of metal into something more: A beautiful bronze spear, with a blade that burned with pure Promethean Fire - a true return to their roots.

This spear became a treasured family heirloom, and would be passed down through many future generations until it finally wound up in the hands of Theodora.

Given their heritage, members of this family are all great craftsmen by nature. Theodora is no different, but unlike her dozens of predecessors, she was a warrior first and a blacksmith second.

Despite being completely unable to use magic, a young Theodora held lofty dreams of becoming a great warrior, no doubt due to her growing up with stories of the great god Prometheus and his strength in battle.

On her eighteenth birthday, she was granted ownership of the spear as per family tradition, and her dream could finally be realized.

The power of the Promethean Fire contained within the spear was weak and diluted, but to an ant, even a single drop of water from the ocean is a formidable force - a force more than formidable enough to defeat the average magic user.

She currently lives a relatively quiet life with her family in [INSERT TOWN HERE IDK WHETHER TO PUT A WOM LOCATION OR AN AO LOCATION], serving as their guardian against any unsuspecting bandit who foolishly believes that this blacksmith family is just like any other...