DUALINK

Baruka's Shadowfang

Magic Item



Solo Leveling Edition

Baruka's Shadowfang

Weapon (dagger), very rare (requires attunement by a Rogue, Ranger, or Fighter)

The dagger evolves with its wielder's ferocity. Its edge hums not with light, but with the breath of winter and the silence of a killer's first strike.

By wielding the weapon, you get the following properties:

- You gain a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this weapon.
- The dagger deals an additional 1d6 radiant or cold damage (your choice on each hit).
- The weapon counts as magical for the purpose of overcoming resistance and immunity to nonmagical attacks.

By attuning yourself to this weapon, you get the following properties:

Agility of the Predator. You gain resistance to cold damage, your movement speed increases by 10 feet, and you have advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made in dim light or darkness.

Predator's Step. When you reduce a creature to 0 hit points with this dagger, you may teleport up to 20 feet to an unoccupied space you can see and make one additional dagger attack as part of the same action. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus per long rest.

Silence of the First Strike. When you hit a creature that has not yet

taken a turn in combat, that creature must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be silenced until the end of its next turn, unable to speak or cast spells with verbal components. A creature that succeeds on this saving throw becomes immune to this effect for 24 hours.

Demonbane. When you hit a fiend or undead with this dagger, it deals an additional 1d6 radiant damage. The target must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw immediately after taking the damage. On a failure, it is blinded until the end of its next turn. Once a creature has been subjected to this effect, whether it succeeds or fails, it becomes immune to this dagger's Demonbane effect for 24 hours.

They watch me, always. Not the eyes of gods, no, nor demons; something older, quieter. They blink in the bark, in puddles, in the gleam of my own blade. A thousand eyes, maybe more. When I close mine, they remain open for me.

Baruka… yes, I have heard that name whispered through the trees, though none dare speak it twice. They say he ran faster than thought itself, and yet I feel him behind me, not before. Every shadow lengthens his step. Every silver flash, one less breath I can claim as mine.

Sometimes the dagger hums, and I swear it hums my heartbeat, or mocks it. Perhaps there is no difference. I am seen, I am seen, I am seen, I am seen, I am seen...