

EPIC ENEMIES

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Every good adventure needs a good enemy, doesn't it? This supplement provides both the adventure ideas, and the STL's to print the enemies described within! They range from simple encounters to long term adventures and even entire campaigns, and from low level enemies to truly epic foes!

In addition to background, description, and adventure ideas, each one of the Epic Enemies includes suggestions for what standard Dungeons and Dragons creature or character type the figures could be used to represent. This lets you use the figures in your own campaigns or encounters, and fit them in to your own world.

Epic enemies – for truly epic adventures!

- Valandar



The Doomwurm

Fantastically horrifying, and tremendously powerful, the Doomwurm is thankfully a singular entity. Considered by Moallan Bonebinder as his greatest creation, and even his gift to Orcus, it is even far more terrible than it appears. Not only did he manage to zombify a Purple Worm, but he then used forbidden lore to trap within it the soul of a serial killer. The killer, finding himself unable to see or hear, and only feel things around it, lashes out blindly, and will attack anything it can sense with an unholy bloodlust.

Doomwurm

Gargantuan Undead, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (natural)
Hit Points 298 (17d20 + 119)
Speed 50ft, burrow 30ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
30 (+10)	6 (–2)	25 (+7)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Con +13, Wis / Int / Cha Special (see below)
Damage Immunities poison, necrotic
Damage Resistances psychic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned
Senses tremorsense 60 feet, passive Perception 12
Languages ---
Challenge 24 (62,000 XP)

Tunneler. The Doomwurm can burrow through solid rock at half its burrow speed and leaves a 10 foot diameter tunnel in its wake.

Undead Fortitude. If damage reduces the Doomwurm to 0 hit points, it must make a Constitution saving throw with DC of 5+ the damage taken on the last hit, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the Doomwurm drops to 1 hit point instead.

Magic Resistance. The Doomwurm's insanity, and the combination of its undead body and trapped spectral mind, makes it incredibly resilient to most mind-affecting magic. It automatically passes all Wisdom, Intelligence, or Charisma saving throws against magic (including innate abilities and spell like effects, like a Monk's abilities), but automatically fails all Wisdom, Intelligence, or Charisma saving throws from non-magical effects..

Magical Attacks. All of the Doomwurm's attacks count as magical weapons.

Actions

Multiattack. The Doomwurm makes three melee attacks per round: one with its bite, one with its stinger, and one with a Spectral Arm.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +17 to hit, reach 10 feet, one target. *Hit:* 23 (3d8 + 10) piercing damage. If the target is Large or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 19 Dexterity saving throw, or be swallowed by the Doomwurm. A swallowed creature is blinded and restrained, it has total cover from attacks and other effects outside the Doomwurm, and takes 21 (6d6) acid damage at the start of the each of the Doomwurm's turns. If the Doomwurm takes 30 damage or more on a single turn from a creature inside it, the Doomwurm must succeed on a C 21 Constitution saving throw at the end of that turn or regurgitate all swallowed creatures, which fall prone in a space wthin 10 feet of the worm. If the worm dies, a swallowed creature is no longer restrained by it, and can escape by using 20 feet of movement, exiting prone.

Tail Stinger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +17 to hit, reach 10 feet, one target. *Hit:* 20 (3d8 + 10) piercing damage, and the target must make a DC 19 Constitution saving throw, taking 42 (12d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

Spectral Arm. *Melee Magical Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 15 feet, up to three adjacent targets. *Hit:* 25 (5d8) necrotic damage

Perhaps one of the most horrifying aspects of the Doomwurm is its so-called 'phantom arms'. The killer lashes out with what he thinks are his arms, but the monster does not have arms. Instead, a chilling wind knifes theough the air in an arc, chilling the very soul of those unfortunates struck with horrifying necrotic energies. These winds are barely visible as glowing swoops of faint, sickly green light, and the hate, rage, and unholy nature of the beast causes them to be even more effective against divine and similar beings.

Despite other attempts, only the singular Doomwurm was ever successful. For that reason, and the expense of its creation, Moallan Bonebinder will hold it back until he is desparate, then unleash it upon his enemies. If it obliterates them, and it usually does, he simply reclaims it, and sends it into stasis in a pocket Astral Realm until it is needed again. Should Moallan Bonebinder ever truly die, whether as a mortal caster, a liche, or an Undead Ravager, then the pocket realm will rupture into the Prime Material, unleashing the Doomwurm upon a random spot, only stopping upon its total destruction.

THE FROST CHIMERA

Everyone thinks they know the story of how the Chimera was created - some say it was the results of a mad mage's experiments, and others that it was the results of an evil god's sick creativity, while still more even claim the creature is of daemonic origin. Whatever the truth might be, the Frost Chimera is even more frightening than the more common breed.

Where the 'normal' Chimera is over a thousand pounds of hate and rage, breathing fire and slashing claws, the Frost Chimera is not only even larger, but it is also more patient, and more cunning. Ranging from bluish-white on the draconic parts, to an off-white ivory on its fur, it uses this coloration as camouflage in the snowy wastes where it makes its home. An apex predator even polar bears run from, the beast gladly feeds on walruses, seal, caribou, or even humanoids unlucky enough to draw its attention.



Perhaps the most common scenario involving one of these beasts, besides a simple random encounter, is a situation where a windswept village has been losing at first livestock, and more recently citizens, as the Chimera grows more and more bold in its predations. Not knowing what could be the cause of their woes, the villagers hire the adventurers, in the area for whatever reason they might be, to help solve the situation.

If, instead, you wish to use the miniature to represent a standard Chimera, then to keep it within the normal scales of miniatures I would suggest printing it at 80% of the size provided. As it is, it sits on the border between Size Large and Size Huge, and may be somewhat out of scale when placed alongside various companies' miniatures

The stat block for the Frost Chimera:

Frost Chimera

Large monstrosity, neutral evil

Armor Class 14 (natural)
Hit Points 158 (15d10 + 75)
Speed 30ft, fly 60 ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
21 (+5)	11 (+0)	20 (+5)	4 (–3)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +8
Senses darkvision 60 feet, passive Perception 18
Languages understands Draconic and Common but cannot speak
Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Actions

Multiattack. The Frost Chimera makes three attacks: one with its bite, one with its horns, and one with its claws. When its frost breath is available, it can use that instead of the bite or horns.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (2d8 + 5) piercing damage.

Horns. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (2d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (2d8 + 5) slashing damage.

Crost Breath (Recharge 5-6). The dragon head exhales a 20 foot cone of bitter cold. Each creature in that area must make a DC 15 Dex save, taking 31 (7d8) frost damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.



Galterus Charbonnier

Every king has his trusted advisors, and in an era before an elected parliament, one of them is named the Chief Advisor, or in other words the Prime Minister. In an ideal world, these advisors would do everything they could for the good of the people. Reality, however, can often be less than ideal.

Galterus Charbonnier is the Prime Minister to a weak king of a powerful kingdom. Not content to be the power behind the throne, he seeks to secretly cause the overthrow of his Sovereign, and then 'rise from the ashes' to take the throne himself. A huge section of the kingdom's military is secretly loyal to him and not the king, but not enough that he is ready to make his move, yet.

This enemy is designed to be the ultimate foe in a long running game, whether the focus of a campaign, or as part of a mid length segment of it. He is unique in the encounters in this book in that he is, himself, not a huge physical threat. Instead, it's his political power that can be the biggest threat.

Imagine if your players start finding wanted posters of themselves slapped up all around the kingdom. They are wanted and hunted by every force in the realm, and most law abiding villagers or city folk will not do business with them. They will be forced to either leave the kingdom, or take refuge in its seedy underbelly. And, finally, when they have gained enough evidence to face the villain, they STILL have to contend with enough military force to spark an entire civil war if they aren't careful.

In game terms, Galterus is a mid level Rogue at best, with the Assassin sub type, and Expertise in Deception with a very high Charisma.

The soldiers are simply first or second level Fighters, with the Defense fighting style and either a maille shirt or the equivalent of Scale, and armed with a halberd, short sword, or mace (a bar mace to be exact), and with or without a shield. If a Halbardier has a shield, he cannot use it when he uses his halberd.

A good rule of thumb for Galterus' level is that, at any time he is encountered, he is two levels above the party, and never alone. He will never fight to the death unless utterly unable to escape, and often carries a scroll of Dimension Door to give him long enough to get away, as well as some sort of enchanted rapier. In any event, he should never be actually involved in combat until the climax of the adventure, after his schemes have been revealed and he has nothing left to lose.

Should you not wish to use Galterus as such, he makes a good character of almost any stripe with the Noble background. The soldiers can be used as soldiers, or as town guardsmen, should they be needed.



THE FELLDRAKES

Unlike many draconic monsters, the origins of the felldrakes are widely known. In addition, they aren't even truly draconic, or drakes.

Centuries ago, a now fallen kingdom was ruled by a dynasty that revered dragons. As a result, they first attempted to tame true drakes, for use as hunting beasts. This, of course, failed. They then decided to take a different approach, and tried to magically combine various reptilian, non-draconic creatures to get something they could use for that purpose.

It took several tries, but eventually what would be known as the Lesser Felldrake was created. On average they are slightly larger than a tiger, weighing almost seven hundred pounds. Though mostly quadrupedal, they can easily rear up to use their fore claws in battle. Their thick scales and back plates make them extremely tough, and their innate cunning makes them dangerous indeed.

Early in the days when this lost dynasty used the Lesser Felldrakes, it was soon discovered that an aberration occurred every so often - a throwback to some of the larger, more powerful creatures used to spawn the species. These Greater Felldrakes were slain as soon as they were recognized upon hatching, but with the fall of the dynasty and subsequent release of the felldrakes into the wild, nothing has prevented them from growing to adulthood. These creatures dominate the packs as the ultimate alphas, and are the primary source of threat from a felldrake pack.

Despite the fact that these creatures are non-draconic magical beasts, a felldrake pack is

considered by many true dragons to be an outstanding feature for a lair area, especially for the more stealthy, deceptive, or cowardly. The predations of the dragon can be blamed on the Greater Felldrakes, or instead they could be used as a deterrent, keeping visitors out of their territory for fear of the lesser beasts, never knowing of the far greater danger dwelling deeper in.

A typical encounter would be with a pack out on the hunt. At first, only the Lesser Felldrakes would be involved, and though they will pursue fleeing enemies, they won't expend too much energy to do so if there is already prey lying dead on the forest floor. However, the Greater pack leader is usually nearby, lying in wait, and should the pack begin to have serious trouble, it will burst out of hiding and charge into battle with a terrifying roar.

The stat blocks below are if you wish to use these monsters as-is. If not, here are some suggested uses or alternate stat blocks for the creatures:

LESSER FELLDRAKES
* Allosaurus
* Barghest beast form
* Giant Striders

By shrinking the size of the figure and base to 50%, the Lesser Felldrakes are also ideal to represent Guard Drakes.

GREATER FELLDRAKE
* Tyrannosaurus Rex stats would work for a bigger challenge.

Lesser Felldrake

Large magical beast, neutral

Armor Class 14 (natural)
Hit Points 52 (7d10 + 14)
Speed 40ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	12 (+1)	15 (+2)	2 (–4)	12 (+1)	8 (–1)

Skills Perception +3
Senses darkvision 60 feet, passive Perception 13
Languages ---
Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Pack Tactics. The lesser felldrake has advantage on attack rolls against a creature if at least one of the lesser felldrake's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally is not incapacitated.

Pounce. If the lesser felldrake moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a claw attack on the same turn, the target must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone. If the target it prone, the lesser felldrake can make one bite attack it as a bonus action.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d10 + 5) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 12 (2d6 + 5) slashing damage.

Greater Felldrake

Huge magical beast, neutral

Armor Class 15 (natural)
Hit Points 52 (9d12 + 27)
Speed 40ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
21 (+5)	10 (+0)	17 (+3)	3 (–4)	10 (+0)	8 (–1)

Senses darkvision 60 feet, passive Perception 10
Languages ---
Challenge 5 (1800 XP)

Pack Tactics. The greater felldrake has advantage on attack rolls against a creature if at least one of the lesser felldrake's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally is not incapacitated.

Actions

Multiattack. The greater felldrake makes two attacks, one with its bite and one with its claws.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 21 (3d10 + 5) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (2d10 + 5) slashing damage.



Moallan Bonebinder

A classic enemy for a mid to high level party is a necromancer. Filled with hate against the living, and potentially seeking the immortality of lichedom, these masters of magic upend the natural order for their own gain.

A high level party discovers or is informed of just such a malefactor preparing for his own ascension to lichedom, and goes or is sent to investigate. They discover they have arrived almost literally just in the nick of time.

Moallan Bonebinder, a powerful necromancer, stands at the far end of a large hall. He is behind a many-layered Wall of Force, and halfway up the hall are four potential sacrifices, chained to stone tables, their shackles magically locked. If the players approach, then when they reach the four stone tables the doom-ridden voice of Orcus, Demon God of Undeath, echoes throughout the room, declaring, ***"Let the final ritual commence!"***

Initiative is rolled, and on the first round of combat, entire swarms of spectres and other incorporeal undead begin to fill the hall. The exact variety of spirit is up to the GM, based on how



much of a challenge the GM wishes to give the players. The characters, themselves, are in little danger, but it should be incredibly clear that the spirits are not attacking the players, but rushing for the victims on the tables.

The resulting battle lasts ten rounds, or one minute. Each of the potential sacrifices has five HP, and dies if reduced to 0, automatically failing all death saves. There should be at least a possibility of holding the spirits off, so reward cunning thinking, and punish foolish actions. Moallan Bonebinder himself takes no actions during the fight - his entire focus, and even most of his spell slots, are involved in preparing himself for what is to come. At the end of the tenth round, all remaining spirits simply vanish.

Should all four sacrifices survive the ritual, Orcus's voice rings out again. ***"Thou hast failed, Moallan! Lichedom shall never be yours, and even are you now forbidden from even the lowliest form of Undeath!"*** Even as the many layers of Wall of Force fall, he glares at the party with unutterable hate, uses Misty Step to instantly teleport thirty feet up to a balcony above him, and uses a Dash action to move sixty feet down the connecting corridor. The following round, he uses Teleport to escape to a prepared, hidden sanctum. Congratulations, the party has now earned the enmity of an evil Archmage who knows he is dying, and now has nothing left to lose.

Should all four sacrifices die during the ritual, time seems to freeze. The spirits vanish even if ten rounds haven't passed, and all eyes are drawn to the triumphantly cackling Moallan. Orcus's voice calls out, ***"Thou hast succeeded, my servant! To thee, I now grant my greatest gift!"*** The walls of force seem to shatter into glass shards, which promptly flay the skin from Moallan's body. He screams in agony and joy mixed as what's left of his flesh rapidly desiccates, and even the most magic-blind of the witnesses sees his soul erupt from his body, cackle again, and dive into the skull at the top center of his waist plate. Before the party can react, he rises into the air, and teleports away to consolidate his power. Too bad for them a vastly powerful liche has now decided his first act of undeath, once he has rested, shall be the destruction of the puny flies that tried to stop him.

However, if at least one sacrifice is saved, and at least one dies, the ceremony is botched. A hideous laughter is heard, as the voice of Orcus calls out, ***"Excellent! Even in failure you shall bring chaos and death to the world of mortals! Too bad you shall not enjoy it!"*** As with the successful ritual above, the walls of force shatter, and flay his skin, while what's left desiccates. This time his screams are in pain and terror, as his soul visibly shatters into sixteen pieces. Only Life Clerics, Necromancers, and those with Detect Magic actually active then see those soul-shards each take up residence inside each one of the sixteen decorative skulls on the top of his waist plate. A pulse of raw force erupts from him as the scream reaches painful levels, shoving the party back near the entrance of the hall, and the end near Moallan collapses, burying him under hundreds of tons of rubble. In this third and final option, he has become the Ravager, whose stat block is listed below, and he will emerge to be the mindless threat he is in 2 - 3 weeks. As he is not in a torpor, his Aura of Desolation will not extend beyond its usual dimensions.

Undead Ravager

Medium Undead, Chaotic Evil

Armor Class 17 (natural)
Hit Points 153 (18d8 + 72)
Speed 50ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
19 (+4)	13 (+1)	19 (+4)	6 (–2)	14 (+2)	7 (–2)

Saving Throws Con +11, Int +5, Wis +9
Damage Resistances cold, lightning
Damage Immunities poison, disease, bludgeoning, slashing, and piercing damage from non-magical weapons, necrotic
Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned
Skills Perception +9
Senses blindsight 300 feet, truesight 120 feet, passive Perception 19
Languages ---
Challenge 17 (18,000 XP)

Legendary Resistance (3/day). If the Ravager fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

Rejuvenation. As long as at least one of its sixteen soul fragments remains in its waistplate, it gains a new body in 1d100 days, regaining all its hit points and becoming active again. The new body appears within 5 feet of the waistplate, or otherwise in the nearest open space. This causes one of the soul fragments to be released, destroying the corresponding skull on the waistplate.

Magic Resistance. The Ravager has advantage on all saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Magical Attacks. All of the Ravager's attacks count as magical weapons.

Torpor. Should the Ravager be utterly alone, with no living or extraplanar creature within 100 yards of itself, it will immediately drop into a deathlike state called Torpor. The presence of any living or extraplanar creature, even one as small as a lizard or bird, will awaken it from this state. Such a creature must be larger than an insect to awaken the Ravager. The sensitivity of this aura means that such a torpor rarely lasts longer than a few months at a time, though it would also rapidly re-enter torpor once the creature that woke it up is destroyed.

Actions

Multiattack. The Ravager makes three melee attacks per round.

Elemental Strike. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) bludgeoning damage, plus 10 (3d6) damage of a random elemental nature. Roll 2d6 on the chart below to determine what element is utilized:

Roll Type
2 Force
3 Electric
4 Cold
5 Fire
6 - 8 Necrotic
9 Acid
10 Thunder
11 Psychic
12 Thunder

Roar. *Ranged Spell Attack:* +8 to hit, range 150, one target. *Hit:* 21 (3d10 + 5) random elemental damage. See chart above for element type.

Burst (Recharge 4-6). *Melee Spell Attack:* The Ravager, when surrounded by three or more melee combatants, leans back and roars, unleashing an elemental burst with a fifteen foot radius. Each creature in the area must make a DC 16 Constitution save or take 21 (6d6) random elemental damage (see chart above), and be knocked back five feet and knocked prone, or half as much damage with no knockback/knockdown on a successful save.

Death Aura. At the start of each of the Ravager's turns, every plant within five feet of the Ravager takes 3 (1d6) Necrotic damage. Should the Ravager be in torpor, this effect increases in radius by one foot for every minute the Ravager has been in torpor. This means that, for example, after one year of torpor, this radius is nearly one hundred miles in diameter. Should the Ravager be awoken from its torpor, then the radius snaps back to five feet, and does not begin to grow again until it re-enters torpor.

Legendary Actions

The Ravager can take 3 Legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. The Ravager regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Reactive Blast.

When targeted by a ranged attack or spell, the ravager fires a Roar attack at the offender.

Frightening Gaze (Costs 2 actions). The Ravager fixes its gaze on one creature it can see within 10 feet of it. The target must succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving through or become frightened for 1 minute. The frightened target can repeat its saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success. If a target's saving throw is successful or the effect ends for it, the target is immune to the ravager's gaze for the next 24 hours.



Morkrun Greathorn

Some years ago, a minotaur clan whose name is lost failed in the duty to their daemonic patron, and he unleashed a living tide of hordelings upon them. At the end, only two remained alive - Morkrun Greathorn, and his brother, the shaman Mufkor.

Glaring at the bodies of his fallen kin, Morkrun pointed at the fallen hordelings, and demanded of his brother, "Skin them, and make me armor of their hides that will strike fear into the hearts of all!" His brother did, and as soon as the armor was finished, and Morkrun had put it on, he slew Mufkor, and left his village, never to return.

Eventually coming across another minotaur clan, Morkrun claimed to have the blood of the clan's daemonic patron running through his veins, and used the horrific pulsing of what appeared to be the faces of lost souls in his armor as 'proof'. He soon deposed the chieftain, and took the clan over, changing its name to the Greathorn clan. He now prepares them for a war footing, seeking first to conquer all the other minotaur clans within his reach - and then to conquer everything else, for no less a reason than the founding of a Minotaur Nation.

Though this sounds like a relatively lofty goal, his ultimate goal is far darker. Upon the day he has achieved his goal, he plans on unleashing large quantities of poison gas, killing every living thing within the borders of this new Minotaur

Nation, except himself. Drawing on the countless souls of this mass death, he will attempt to ascend to godhood. There, he will find his original clan's patron, and destroy him, not caring that he would cause the near-extinction of his entire race in the process.

To prove a challenge for a typical party, Morkrun has stats equal to a normal Minotaur, but +2 Str, Con, Int, and Cha, and has as many levels in Barbarian as the average party member has. He has an AC of 16 from his Armor of Fear. This armor aloows him to, twice per long rest, generate a 30 foot radius fear aura around himself. Any enemy beginning their turn in this aura must pass a DC 14 save, or be frightened for one minute. Those unaffected cannot be affected again for 24 hours, while those who are affected may attempt to save once more at the end of each of their turns (with disadvantage due to the fear, of course).



Rumhad Skulleater

Tales tell of a tribe of orcs that decided to take to the sea, dragging along their goblin slaves along. Their leaders were Rumhad Skulleater, and his shamanic servant, the goblin Ishrak Galebringer.

Despite taking to the piratical life like proverbial ducks to water, orcs and goblins seem to have serious problems with the open sea - loss of sight of land appears to send them into a panic. Thus, Rumhad decided to stay close to shore, and simply raid settlements and ports along the coast.

A typical raid begins with an out of season storm, conjured by Ishrak. Screaming like banshees, the orcs disgorge from the ship, and set about pillaging and looting. If a given target seems to put up a significantly strong defense, then Rumhad and Ishrak join the fray.

Ishrak is a goblin Tempest Cleric with one more level than the PC's, with a minimum level of 5th. He usually uses Sleet Storm to trigger the actual storm that preceeds them, taking advantage of natural weather patterns reacting to the sudden drop in temperature and pressure. On his back he wears a cloak that is actually Wings of Flying (DMG p 214), which he made himself from the hides of various sea creatures stitched together. In his hand he carries a Wand of Lightning Bolts, which is coincidentally also his holy symbol to the Storm God.

Rumhad is an Orc Fighter, with the Champion path, focused on his cutlass. He wears Half Plate of Lightning Resistance, and carries a +1 shield, which he uses along with his "Shield Mastery" feat to just wade through the lightning and storms called up by the more than a little insane Ishrak. He usually has at least two more levels as a Fighter than the PC's, and unless facing multiple spellcasters, is never without a bodyguard detatchment of orcs. The cutlass is at a magical bonus dependant on the CR of the overall encounter (+1 to +3), but also gives off dim blue light.



Sea Drake

A creature said to be the results of a sea serpent mating with a dragon turtle, the massive Sea Drake tends to stick to the deep ocean, but occasionally rises to attack sailing vessels as their shadow is visible in passing.

Though perhaps not as large as its Dragon Turtle parent, a Sea Drake is a huge draconic monstrosity, perfectly adapted to life in the open ocean. Despite its size, it is highly nimble, and can outhunt even the most ferocious of sharks and other ocean predators. Only its extreme rarity keeps the beast from overhunting the oveans and turning it lifeless. Even mighty whales aren't immune to their predation, as carcasses have washed ashore with tremendous chunks ripped out of their flesh by the Sea Drake's fearsome jaws.

Perhaps the only consolation for the knowledge that these things exist, is the knowledge that they are totally and utterly unable to clamber more than a bodylength or so onto land, and cannot stay more than a few moments before their hide begins to dry out, and they absolutely must return to the ocean.

Sea Drake

Huge dragon, neutral

Armor Class 18 (natural)
Hit Points 200 (19d12 + 76)
Speed 10ft, swim 60 ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
23 (+6)	12 (+1)	19 (+4)	9 (–1)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +5, Con +9, Wis +5
Senses darkvision 120 feet, passive Perception 11
Languages Aquan, Draconic
Challenge 13 (10,000 XP)

Amphibious. The Sea Drake can breathe air and water. However, it cannot go more than one land move away from water without panicking and diving back for the water.

Actions

Blood Frenzy. Like a shark, the Sea Drake goes into a feeding frenzy when it smells blood. It gains advantage to hit any creature that does not have all of its hit points.

Multiattack. The Sea Drake can bite twice in a round while under water, at a single target or two separate targets ten feet or less apart.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +11 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 32 (4d12 + 6) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (2d8 + 6) slashing damage.

Storm Wyvern

Though relatively close dragon-kin, most true dragons harbor a serious distaste for their smaller wyvern cousins. They are too bestial, and have little control over themselves, and are far too indiscriminate in their actions. However, some more cunning dragons, often the wily blues or paranoid greens, find that, with a few tweaks, they might have a use for these creatures.

After generation upon generation of tweaking, with said generations only taking ten or so years, a trifling of time for a dragon, Storm Wyverns emerge as the end result of these experiments. Far larger than any other wyvern, and even almost as large as an Adult Black Dragon, these monsters are then released into the wild, to do as they will. However, they are unable to breed true, and they unknowingly serve as the eyes and ears of the dragons that created them.

Most Storm Wyverns have a blue or white tint to their scales, and dwell on mountain peaks, riding the skies and rarely touching down in lower altitudes except to hunt. Most of their behaviors are otherwise similar to their more mundane cousins, but they possess a tactic standard wyverns do not.

If enraged, a Storm Wyvern will perform a full speed flying charge into their target. This not only does significant physical damage, it also causes them to unleash a burst of electrical energy around them, blasting foes to the ground. If performed in mid-air, the foe will immediately begin falling, unable to right themselves until they recover from the shock. The wyvern will then pounce upon a fallen foe, savaging it until it either recovers, or has died under the assault.

More than one adventuring party has been slaughtered to the last man because they expected a normal wyvern, and instead found one of these. Fewer, however, realized what the truth of the presence of a Storm Wyvern meant, and the obvious presence of a true dragon nearby.

If you would prefer to simply use this figure as a standard wyvern, I would suggest scaling both the figure and its base to 66% of the default size. At that scale, with judicious rotation, the monster could fit as a single print on a typical DLP machine. However, below is the stat block for the true Storm Wyvern.



Storm Wyvern

Huge dragon, neutral

Armor Class 13 (natural)
Hit Points 142 (15d12 + 45)
Speed 20ft, fly 90 ft

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
21 (+5)	10 (+0)	17 (+3)	7 (–2)	12 (+1)	8 (–1)

Skills Perception +4
Senses darkvision 60 feet, passive Perception 14
Languages ---
Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Actions

Multiattack. The storm wyvern makes two attacks, one with its bite and one with its stinger. While flying, it can use its claws in place of one other attack.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. *Hit:* 14 (2d8 + 5) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (2d10 + 5) slashing damage.

Stinger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. *Hit:* 14 (2d8 + 5) piercing damage. The target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, taking 24 (7d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one

Electric Ram (Recharge 6). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (2d10 + 5) bludgeoning damage. In addition, upon a successful hit, an electrical burst erupts from the wyvern, reaching 20 feet from the edge of the base of the monster. Any target within this area, including the original target of the ram, must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, or take 27 (6d8) electrical damage and be paralyzed, or half damage and no paralysis on a successful save. If paralyzed, at the end of a creatures turn they may make a DC 15 Constitution save to break free of the paralysis.



UMBRIS MORTALIS

The kingdom that neighbors the one sought by Galterus Charbonnier is possibly in even worse shape - the infamous Lord of the Iron Gauntlet, Umbris Mortalis, has raised an armoy of barbarians, rogues, assassins, and more, and is raiding and besieging every place he chooses. Rumor has it that the gigantic warrior is an illegitimate noble scion, who has decided to take what he sees as his birthright by force. Standing at nearly seven feet tall, and wearing massive armor that only enhances his intimidating size, this is a warlord whose defeat could easily spawn a legendary tale.

Another interesting rumor has it that Umbris is in league with Galterus, so both may end up on the thrones of their respective nations. Should they both succeed, it is almost inevitable that the two nations would go to war, with an almost unutterable amount of bloodshed. Should one succeed before the other, however, assassination attempts against the weaker are almost guaranteed.

While his armies might be wild and undisciplined, Umbris is, himself, utterly disciplined and is rumored to be a powerful Paladin, dedicated to the God of Conquest, and with the Oath of Vengeance. His armor is very powerful, and is assumed to be Adamantine, as more than one foe has claimed they struck a gap that should have led to a severe injury on the Lord of the Iron Gauntlet, but even the maille in the gaps easily turned the blow. His primary weapon is an enchanted Greatsword, and here, as well, stories differ. Some claim it is a simple enchanted weapon, whose runes merely light up when they taste blood and little more, while others claim it is a powerful Nine Lives Stealer, or even one of the legendary Retaliator blades.

A good rule of thumb will be to have his army be comprised of various fighting types (Barbarian, Fighter, Ranger, etc), at from level 1 to 3 or so, and using medium or light armor. He, himself, will be an Oath of Vengeance Paladin, no less than THREE levels above the average party level.