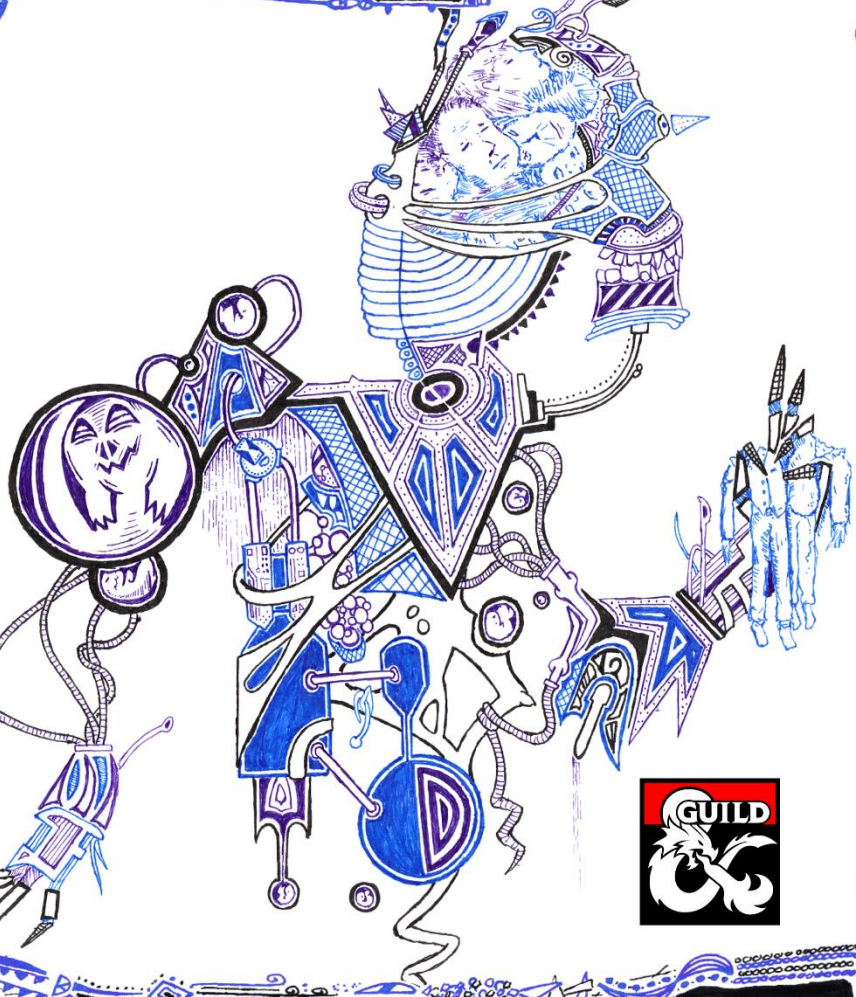


FLESHFORGE

DWIERGUS #2



A collection of hellborne monsters for all levels.

by Remley Farr

THIS ZINE
CONTAINS ELEMENTS OF

Demons ♦ Child-Snatching
Body Horror ♦ Industry ♦ Monsters ♦ Hell
Bureaucracy ♦ Hog People ♦ Mobile Cities

Devils act as they are told, but demons act as they are made. Abyssal lords dance their own tune, rarely straying off beat: Zuggtmoy and her fungal spores; Demogorgon and his wanton destruction; Jubilex and its unformed void.

They are primitive in their desires, these lords. But they do desire. And in their desires, they forget their place.

His name was Dwiergus, and his name was forgotten. His name was buried in the 558th layer of the Abyss, in vein-latticed industry spewing out half-shaped demons gasping into fleshy aether: the Fleshforges.

But deep demons gestate darker monsters, and this forgotten demon lord remissions into the world like a once-banished cancer. He is Dwiergus the Chrysalis Prince, the Old Foreman, the Ashfield Farmer, Everdeacon; and his roots now reach up to a civilization apathetic to his plots: they, who forgot him.

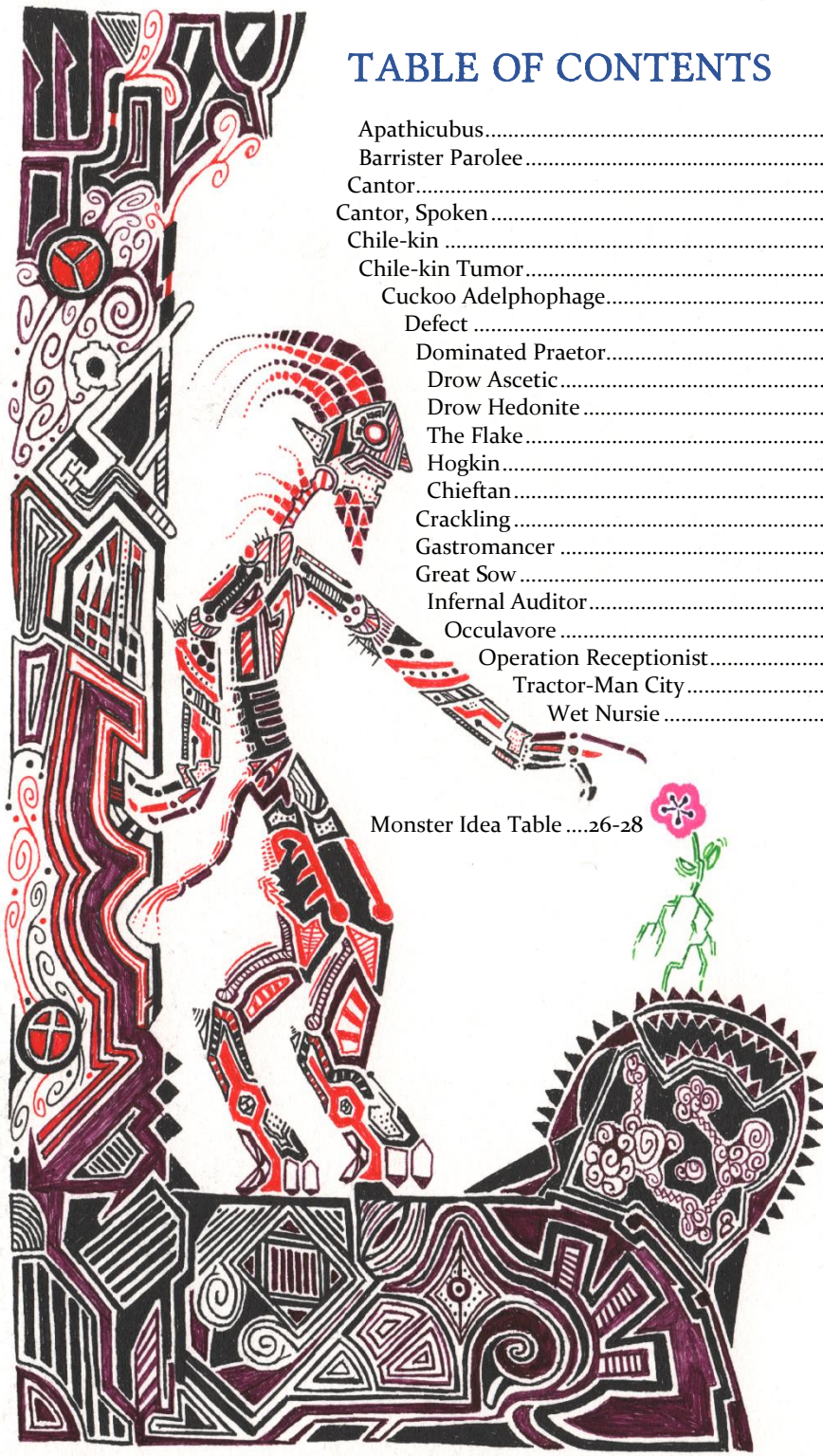
And he, who never forgot the Forgotten Realms.



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APATHICUBUS

Medium fiend (shapechanger), chaotic evil

AC 12 (natural armor)

HP 59 (10d8+10)

Speed 20 ft., fly 20 ft (hover)

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
12	10	13	12	15	18
(+1)	(+0)	(+1)	(+1)	(+2)	(+4)

Skills Deception +8, Insight +6, Perception +6, Persuasion +8, Stealth +4

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Condition Immunities exhaustion

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16

Languages Abyssal, Common, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Lethargy. Creatures can't have their exhaustion levels reduced while within 1 mile of the apathicubus.

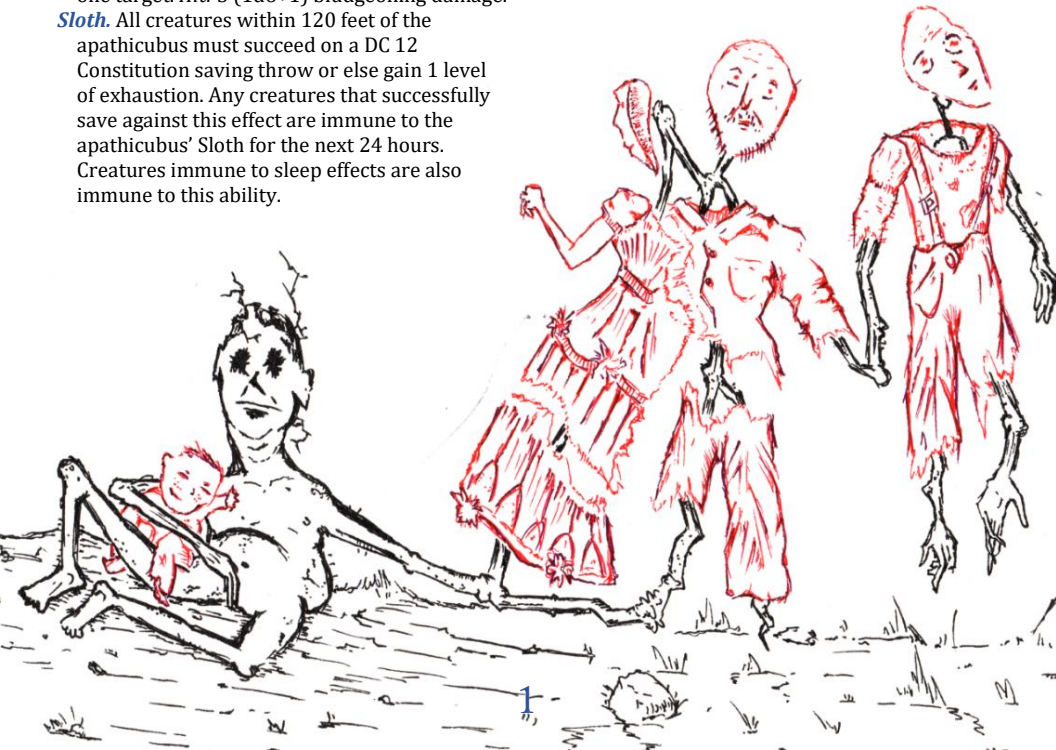
Shapechanger. The apathicubus can use its action to polymorph into a Small or Medium humanoid. It has no true form. Other than its size, its statistics are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed.

ACTIONS

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6+1) bludgeoning damage.

Sloth. All creatures within 120 feet of the apathicubus must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or else gain 1 level of exhaustion. Any creatures that successfully save against this effect are immune to the apathicubus' Sloth for the next 24 hours. Creatures immune to sleep effects are also immune to this ability.

A motionless maid among many still servants, chores neglected, food spoiled, livestock dead. The grass refuses to grow. The homestead owner stays in soil-soaked bedsheets. Everything is slo-o-o-o-w now, it seems. Nobody bothers another, all but the motionless maid—or is it a farmhand boy now? No matter. No worries. No concern—though once the last breath has rattled out, that motionless maid or farmhand stirs and leaves. There is another wild farm destined for tranquil, botherless snuff, and the apathicubus will bring its idle death under the guise of an undetermined employee of some undetermined sex. Even its parents, the incubi and succubi, so full of vigor and debauchery, don't know what to do about their strange, formless offspring, so they release it into the mortal world, hoping it might blossom into an impulse-driven demon like its parents. But it won't. It just sits there. Motionless. With everyone else. Waiting... waiting... wait... shhh...



BARRISTER PAROLEE

Existence can be rented out—pawned even, by those with power. A gallow'd murderer with a secret room of blood-coated tools? A witch baked in her own hovel hiding stacks of discarded children's clothes? A body executed is a body ruined, and to root out those particularly nasty criminals, a matching ne'er-do-well works better than a bloodhound. So, dear buyer, spare the executioner and round up the nearest necromancer. It's unwise to break what can be bent, and what ruler or gang leader wouldn't pay well for an obedient, undead snitch that can be easily disguised as another guard?

Medium undead, lawful neutral

AC 19 (breastplate and shield)

HP 95 (14d8+28)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
17	14	15	12	16	17
(+3)	(+2)	(+2)	(+1)	(+3)	(+3)

Saving Throws Wis +8, Cha +8

Skills Insight +7, Perception +7

Damage Resistances necrotic, psychic

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned, stunned

Senses darkvision 60ft., passive Perception 17

Languages the languages it knew in life

Challenge 5 (1,800 xp)

Leash. The barrister parolee can't willingly disobey an order given by its master or a subordinate officer of its master.

Probation. If the barrister parolee leaves its master's jurisdiction, it dies in a heap of dust.

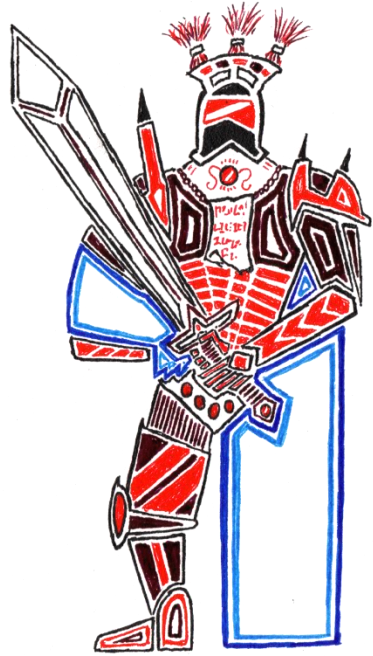
Spellcasting. The barrister parolee is a 5th-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 15, +7 to hit with spell attacks). The barrister parolee has the following cleric spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *guidance, mending, spare the dying, thaumaturgy*

1st level (4 slots): *command, inflict wounds*

2nd level (3 slots): *augury, detect evil and good, sanctuary, shield of faith, zone of truth*

3rd level (2 slots): *speak with dead*



ACTIONS

Mutiattack. The barrister parolee makes two longsword attacks

Longsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+3) slashing damage, or 9 (1d10+3) slashing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

Like Me. The barrister parolee targets one creature it can see within 30 feet of it. The target must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. On a success, the target can't be targeted by the barrister parolee's Like Me ability for 24 hours. On a failure, the barrister parolee knows if the target has committed any crimes that the barrister parolee has also committed in its past life before being reanimated, including the names or general identity of the parties included in the offense. Only crimes that have been witnessed and reported to governing officials (of any established government) can be detected in this manner.

CANTOR

Knowing a demon's true name grants power over it, so a demon will go to great lengths to keep its name a secret.

Dwergus, however, chooses not to live with such anxiety. He lets his name be known to all! If everyone tries to exert power over him, then nobody can control him. Dwergus employs his human followers to spread his name across the world, making sure everyone knows of his return. With his cantors out in droves, the only way to exert control over the demon lord is for all but one person to shut up.

Medium humanoid (any race), chaotic evil

AC 11

HP 9 (2d8)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
10	13	10	11	12	14
(+0)	(+1)	(+0)	(+0)	(+1)	(+2)

Skills Performance +4

Senses passive Perception 11

Languages Abyssal, Common

Challenge 1/4 (50 xp)

ACTIONS

Dagger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) slashing damage.

Chorus. Any creatures that can hear within 60 ft. of the cantor must succeed on a DC 12 Wisdom saving throw, taking 4 (1d6) psychic damage on a failed save or half as much damage on a successful one. The save for this DC increases by 1 for each additional cantor within 60 ft of this cantor.

CANTOR, SPOKEN

Occasionally, a call to Dwergus goes through. The Fleshforge leader answers—however briefly. Those few cantors who have Dwergus respond to them are enervated with newfound rigor: true prophets, however brief. Unknown to them, their connection has made them hosts to a chile-kin tumor that slowly grows in their stomachs.

Medium humanoid (any race), chaotic evil

AC 13 (leather)

HP 22 (4d8+4)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
11	13	12	13	14	16
(+1)	(+1)	(+1)	(+1)	(+2)	(+3)

Skills Performance +5

Senses passive Perception 12

Languages Abyssal, Common

Challenge 1/2 (100 xp)

Spoken For. When the spoken cantor dies, it explodes in a burst of blood as a **chile-kin tumor** (p. 4) spawns from it. Each creature within 10 ft. of it must make a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw, taking 7 (2d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.

ACTIONS

Dagger. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) slashing damage.

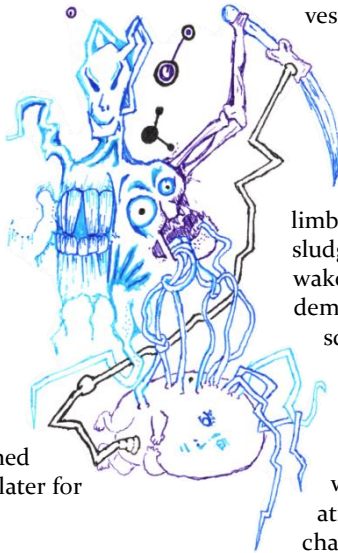
Chorus. Any creatures that can hear within 60 ft. of the cantor must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw, taking 4 (1d6) psychic damage on a failed save or half as much damage on a successful one. The save for this DC increases by 1 for each additional cantor within 60 ft.



CHILE-KIN

CHILE-KIN TUMOR

Condensing like abscessic boils from springchute chimney-coal stacks. Coagulating in dewdrop mornings on blood-sun horizons. Fetal pods of concentrated aether-tanar'ri bursting out in bulbic celebration—new life at best, though scraped-and-garbage'd refuse most often. These are the chile-kin, embryonic demons sprouting from Fleshforge factories. In amniotic sacs, they have roughly a week's worth of Material time before bursting forth as scrabbling half-monsters, mouths agape for a nonexistent bosom, forgetting that they are not mortal beasts, but demonic energy compressed into a sad shape that resembles a fetal nightmare. Most of them slake off and dissipate, doomed to reform some untold eons later for another sad pass at life.



Tiny fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 7

HP 4 (2d4)

Speed 0 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
2	4	10	3	11	10
(-4)	(-3)	(+0)	(-4)	(+0)	(+0)

Senses darkvision 60ft., passive Perception 10

Languages —

Challenge 1/8 (25 xp)

ACTIONS

Shriek. Any non-chile-kin creatures that can hear within 60 ft. of the chile-kin must succeed on a DC 10 Wisdom saving throw, taking 4 (1d6) psychic damage on a failed save or half as much damage on a successful one.

When abandoned chile-kin demons are left unattended in great masses, they sometimes hatch—without losing their egg shape. Like seeds that don't stop sprouting, a series of malformed tanar'ri bits and parts fight through the crying

vessel and take shape as a sinful mass that glorifies atrocity, fear, and years best spent as a cellular polyp ripped away before birth. These masses of anti-life scamper with whatever

limbs they manage, trailing sludge and blood and shit in their wake—diseased gutter rats of the demon world. Other tanar'ri squash them upon sight.

Should you encounter them, you'd be best to end their existence for the greater good: the world's as well as theirs. For added atrocity, roll on the Mutations chart in the **Defect** (p. 7-9)

entry and apply a couple of horrid traits to them.

Small fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 9

HP 10 (2d6+2)

Speed 25 ft., fly 10 ft. (hover)

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
4	8	12	5	12	10
(-3)	(-1)	(+1)	(-3)	(+1)	(+0)

Senses darkvision 60ft., passive Perception 11

Languages —

Challenge 1/4 (50 xp)

ACTIONS

Shriek. Any creatures that can hear within 60 ft. of the chile-kin must succeed on a DC 11 Wisdom saving throw, taking 4 (1d6) psychic damage on a failed save or half as much damage on a successful one.

CUCKOO ADELPHOPHAGE

He's his father's son again. Plump cheeks, freckles, curly hair, dark skin. He has his mother's smile and laugh, especially when she tickles him in the ribs. He is a perfect copy of his oldest sister's determination and his older brother's strength—refusing to let the family dog win in tug-of-war. He loves that dog, and it loves him. He loves the way it pounces on every guest. He loves the way it pops everyone's knees when it wags its tail. He loves the way nobody else in the family remembers the dog. Was there ever a dog? He loves the way dogs taste.

He's his father's son again. Cheeks still plump. All the freckles and curly hair. Skin so dark. His mother's smile and laugh remains, and he still likes being tickled. His oldest sister shows him how to "never give up on a log" when it's time to cut firewood. His oldest brother argues that cutting firewood is all about muscle. He loves the way they fuss. He loves the way they squabble over who will be the favorite older sibling. He loves the way his brother chops the wood now. Was there ever a sister? He loves how easily his sister's meat is separated from the bone.

He's his father's son again. Cheeks, freckles, curly hair, dark skin. His mother's smile and laugh are still there. He still laughs when tickled. His only sibling, a brother, pretends the wood axe is a sword, and they play knight-and-monster when the wood is chopped. He loves the way his brother speaks like a knight. He loves being an only child. Was there ever a brother? He loves the story where the monster overpowers and eats the knight.

He's his father's son again. Same cheeks. Same dark freckles on dark skin. Hair so curly. He would smile and laugh like his mother, but his mother doesn't laugh and smile. He would love her if she laughed and smiled and tickled him. But she never laughed or smiled or tickled him. In fact, she never raised him at all. Was there ever a

mother? Yes. Her face will never leave the world. He loves the way she shrieks and frowns and tries to swat his claws away.

He's his father's son again. Hollow cheeks and pockmarked skin. Hair matted and unkempt. They are alone, those two. He loves the way his father tries his best. He loves the way his father flits among the rooms, calling for the mother. He loves the way the household grows cold as the coal-black hearth wisps out. Was there ever a father? He loves the way the father doesn't worry anymore.

Another family finds him and forgets that he was found, not born.

He's his father's son again...

Sometimes a hag witch accidentally snatches an infant boy instead of an infant girl, and since infant boys can't be made into hags, the hag releases him back into the world because he is useless to her schemes. But what she lets loose is a gnarled half-monster with a child's face, scared, needing its parents, yet also juggling malicious fey nature. The cuckoo adelphophage is the busted, leaking, nuclear reactor core of the fey world, spouting out unconscious black magic funneled by a child's familial desperation. Stray too close to him, and he becomes your son or brother or nephew—and dammit, you believe it! You believe it so much that when his hag ancestry bubbles up and devours your kin, you just—were your kin even there at all?



CUCKOO ADELPHOPHAGE

Small fey, neutral evil

AC 15 (natural armor)

HP 62 (8d6+32)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
14	12	14	7	14	17
(+2)	(+1)	(+4)	(-2)	(+2)	(+3)

Skills Deception +6, Perception +5, Stealth +4

Senses darkvision 60ft., passive perception 15

Languages Common, Sylvan

Challenge 3 (700 xp)

Adelphocide. Family members have no memory of any relatives that were eaten by the cuckoo adelphophage.

Amphibious. The cuckoo adelphophage can breathe air and water.

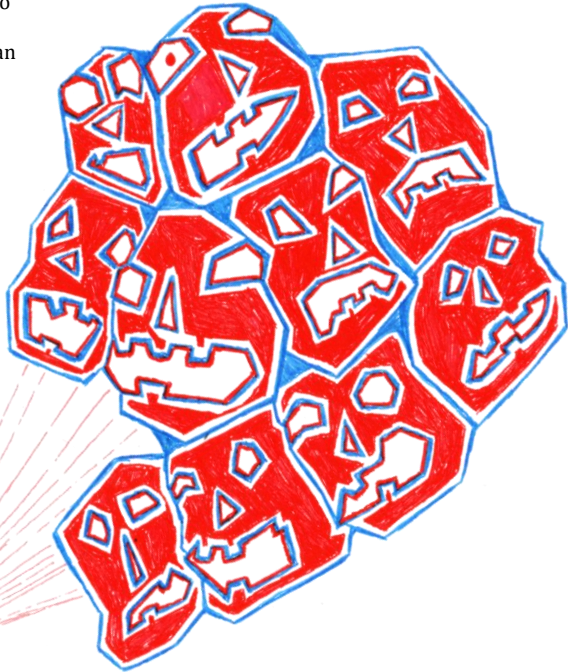
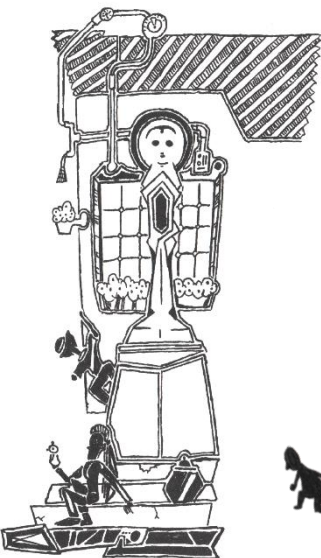
Esophogate. The cuckoo adelphophage's stomach is extradimensional, and is able to hold Medium or smaller creatures even though the cuckoo adelphophage is a Small creature.

Pity. Humanoids who have fathered, mothered, or been a surrogate guardian to a child have disadvantage on all attack rolls, skill checks, and saving throws made against the cuckoo adelphophage.

Shapechanger. The cuckoo adelphophage can use his action to polymorph into a Small humanoid male child. His statistics are the same in each form. Any equipment he is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. He reverts to his true form if he dies.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit (7)* 1d8+2 piercing damage. If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw or be swallowed by the cuckoo adelphophage. A swallowed creature is blinded and restrained, it has total cover against attacks and other effects outside the worm, and it takes 10 (3d6) acid damage at the start of each of the cuckoo adelphophage's turns. If the cuckoo adelphophage takes 15 damage or more on a single turn from a creature inside him, the cuckoo adelphophage must succeed on a DC 17 Constitution saving throw at the end of his turn or regurgitate all swallowed creatures, which fall prone in a space within 5 feet of the cuckoo adelphophage. If the cuckoo adelphophage dies, a swallowed creature is no longer restrained by it and can escape from the corpse by using 15 feet of movement, exiting prone.



DEFECT

Many demons that populate the 558th plane are defective. The Fleshforges are efficient in mass production, but quality control would go against Dwiergus' chaotic nature. As such, short-lived dregs emerge from his factories fairly often. Left to fend for themselves, these defects must fight or die—mostly die.

Defects are fantastic if you need a random encounter or a quick way to introduce your players into the madness that Dwiergus has geared up by starting his Fleshforges again. Even seasoned demon hunters take wary steps when the demon they encounter exhibits strange, malformed behaviors. Some of these defective aspects may prove beneficial, though most of them add a detriment or sense of unease. So follow the steps below and see what imperfections leave the assembly line.

BASE DEMON

When designing a defect, choose or roll 1d100 on the chart below to determine what base demon from the *Monster Manual* you will be working from:

1	Balor (MM 55)
2-6	Barlgura (MM 56)
7-14	Chasme (MM 57)
15-27	Dretch (MM 57)
28-30	Glabrezu (MM 58)
31-33	Goristro (MM 59)
34-38	Hezrou (MM 60)
39-57	Manes (MM 60)
58-60	Marilith (MM 61)
61-65	Nalfeshnee (MM 62)
66-78	Quasit (MM 63)
81-87	Shadow Demon (MM 64)
90-95	Vrock (MM 64)
96-100	Yochlol (MM 65)

ORIGIN

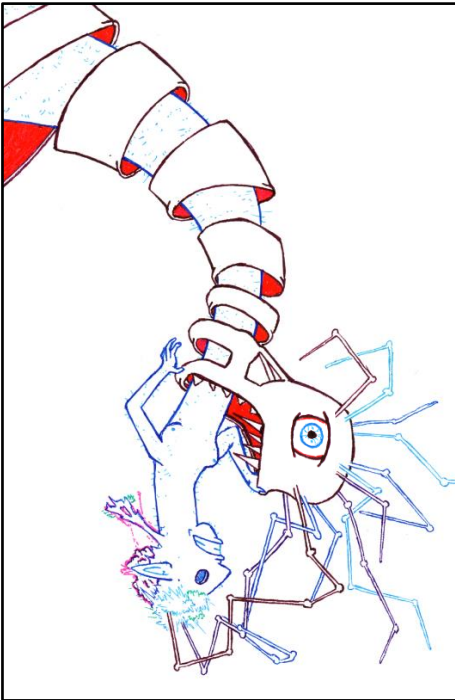
How did this demon end up in its current situation? The origin of the demon's defective traits could affect its current attitude. Roll 1d20:

1	Spilled out of a birth-stack before fully forming.
2	Extracted off a mass of chile-kin tumors (p. 4).
3	An evolving manes (MM 60) didn't quite work out.
4	Birthed by a female humanoid impregnated by a conniving succubus/incubus (MM 285)
5	Vomited up from a larger demon of the same type.
6	Born normal, but mutated while being summoned by an inexperienced spellcaster.
7	Purposefully built this way as an experiment.
8	Reformed improperly after being banished back to the Abyss from the Material plane.
9	Fell into one of the essence smelters in the Fleshforges and squeezed out.
10	Eaten then shat out by another demon.
11	Grew from a severed appendage of another demon of the same type.
12	Lost in the wild aether between the planes for 1d20 x 1,000 years.
13	Couldn't repay its bargain to the demon lord of its plane and subsequently punished.
14	Cursed by an angry god.
15	Tried repairing itself after losing a fight.
16	A chile-kin (p. 4) forgotten in a soured pocket dimension of a wet nursie (p. 25).
17	Drizzled out of a planar crack between two Abyssal lairs.
18	Blended together like a slushy from several other demons.
19	A virgin sacrifice that wasn't quite-so-virginal as the practitioners believed.
20	A heinous crime from the Material plane made manifest.

MOTIVATION

Demons born this way are very single-minded and favor tunnel-vision incentives. What near uncontrollable desire does this demonic essence possess? Roll 1d12:

1	Insatiable desire to eat and dominate all races of one party member at random.
2	To die. Kill me now.
3	Enslave a PC for all manner of personal debauchery.
4	Corrupt a person of influence.
5	Self-mutilation and auto-cannibalism.
6	Serve its master.
7	Believes it is a significant figure of a PC's backstory. Uncannily has accurate details about that figure.
8	Needs a parental figure. Eventually rebels in a murderous manner.
9	Kill and eat whatever is nearest.
10	Want the "bad parts of me" cut away.
11	Stalk in voyeuristic pleasure.
12	Steal valuable people/things.



MUTATIONS

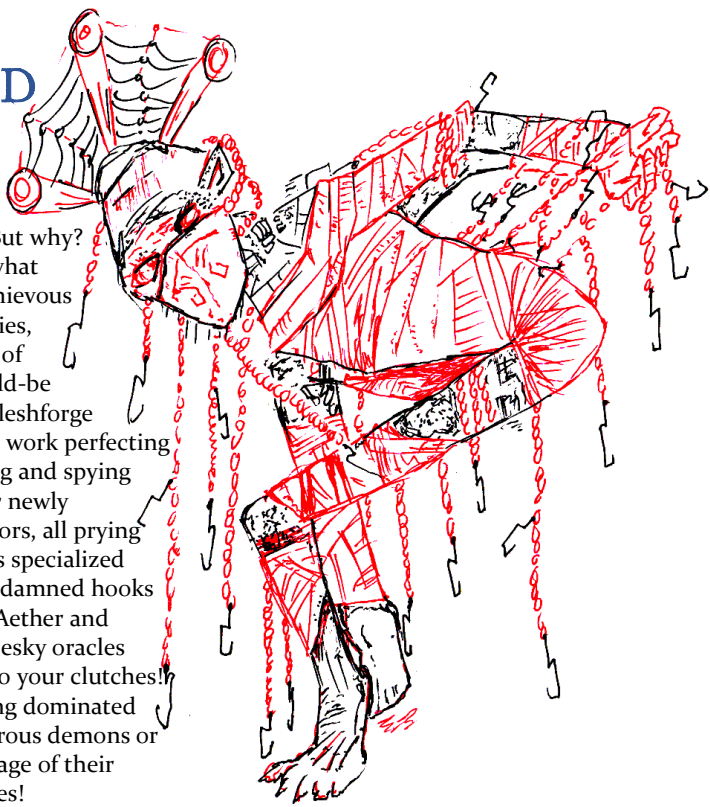
What's wrong with it? Roll any amount of 1d100's:

1	Mouths where its eyes should be.
2	Twice normal size. Half normal speed.
3	Blood seeping from every orifice.
4	Never stops screaming.
5	No head. Features that would be on its head are scattered over its body.
6	Half its body mass is a fleshy, hairy, crippled arm.
7	Ingrown teeth pierce its skin.
8	50 extra eyes in each eye socket.
9	Births a chile-kin (p. 4) every minute. Roll on the Base Demon table (p. 7).
10	The result climbs out of this demon's corpse upon its death.
11	Organs are corrosive to its own flesh.
12	Inside out organs.
13	Drools 1 gallon of spit per round.
14	Doesn't have a face.
15	Crippled torso.
16	No arms or legs.
17	Half normal size, double normal speed. Covered in flames that deal 7 (2d6) fire damage to any creature beginning its turn within 5 ft. of it.
18	Bones are on the outside. +2 AC.
19	Face is severed off and floats 6 inches in front of the head.
20	Shambles in obesity.
21	Head and groin swap places.
22	Skin flakes off like dandruff sheets.
23	A parasitic quasit (MM 63) lives in its face.
24	Crippled legs.
25	Connected to the ground with an umbilical cord. Dies if detached.
26	Has a second torso instead of legs.
27	Each of its eyes is a tightly compacted swarm of centipedes (MM 338)
28	One appendage rips its flesh open and another holds its flesh shut.
29	2d4 chile-kin (p. 4) trail behind it by umbilical cords.
30	Has another head instead of a stomach.
31	Second layer of skin covers all body features.
32	

33	Mouth reaches down to the groin.	71	Smells and tastes of delicious barbecue.
34	Vomits oil when it speaks.		Intestines are a separate entity that can act on its own. Use giant poisonous snake (MM 327) stats.
35	Propels itself via flatulent explosions. Fly speed +60 ft.	72	
36	Stretched out to 10 times its height and 1/10 its width.	73	Has no sense of happiness or cheer.
37	Egg-like polyps sprout from its body and pop each round. Fleshy teeth-chunks fall out.	74	Babbles the true name of a random demon lord.
38	Arteries and veins are on the outside.	75	All creatures within 30 ft. of it roll saving throws with advantage.
39	Has hands for fingers.	76	Lays infertile eggs that satisfy hunger for 24 hours when eaten.
40	Extra-long ribs protruding from skin.	77	Believes it is a god in a pantheon.
41	Cycles between a puddle of oil and normal form every minute.	78	Paralyzed unless it touches a humanoid.
42	Chunky blood.	79	Blood pressure so strong that it's circulatory system pulses visibly.
43	Speaks its words using someone else's mouth	80	A telepathic second autonomous voice that shames the demon.
44	Mouth is a proboscis.	81	Thinks all humanoids are planar portals and tries to "travel" through them.
45	Tattered butterfly wings.	82	Footprints have talking faces in them.
46	No anus, so literally full of shit.	83	Sexually attracted to rocks.
47	Five times as much skin as normal. Hangs in lumpy drapes.	84	Must drink one gallon of humanoid blood every hour or body consumes itself.
48	Chile-kin tumor (p. 4) growing under the skin.	85	Thinks it can cure its ailments by breathing air "fresh from the humanoid."
49	Frostbitten skin.	86	Loses 1d10 HP every round it hears music.
50	No elbows or knees.	87	Breathes through craters in skin.
51	Legs fused together like a snake's tail.	88	Has a lawful good alignment.
52	Horns on shoulders.	89	Like picking pieces off itself and shoving them into other creatures.
53	Covered in hair.	90	Tendrils like a roper (MM 261).
54	Any creature it touches vomits.	91	First encountered in a crystal cocoon.
55	Hover speed 10 ft.	92	Completely bleached of any color.
56	Possessed by the spirit of a dead NPC in your story.	93	Full of eggs that hatch into 1d8 miniature duplicates of itself.
57	Loud noises prevent it from moving.	94	Spell damage dealt to it is doubled.
58	Fuses with terrain.	95	Cannot lie.
59	Never dies. Still can be maimed.	96	Infantile personality.
60	Spews noxious gas cloud dealing 9 (2d8) poison damage to any creature beginning its turn within 30 ft. of it	97	Can pluck the bones of other creatures like guitar strings as a standard action. Causes them to fall prone.
61	Absorbs weapons that strike it.	98	Each finger joint is 10 ft. long.
62	Ridged back.	99	Has a 100 ft. long prehensile neck.
63	Chest covered in suction cups. Advantage on grapple checks.	100	Speaks with the voice and vocabulary of a small child.
64	Facial features of an infant baby.		
65	Bones are as flexible as rubber.		
66	Insatiable hunger for spellcasters.		
67	Second inner mouth.		
68	Head skin can be pulled back like a cloak's hood.		
69	Urine melts metal.		
70	Light allergy that irritates sinuses.		

DOMINATED PRAETOR

They're watching you. They mean to harm you. But why? Is it because you possess what they desire? Are you mischievous in your little lair? No worries, dear client. We have ways of keeping you aware of would-be raiders and adventurers. Fleshforge brewers have been hard at work perfecting the pinnacle in anti-screaming and spying demonology, and with our newly patented dominated praetors, all prying eyes will be pried out! This specialized demon comes with thrice-damned hooks capable of navigating the Aether and Material, snagging those pesky oracles and pulling them right into your clutches! We strongly suggest pairing dominated praetors with other dangerous demons or traps to really take advantage of their snatch-and-stash properties!



Medium fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 13 (natural armor)

HP 48 (8d8+8)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
15	13	14	12	16	13
(+2)	(+1)	(+2)	(+1)	(+3)	(+1)

Saving Throws Dex +4, Wis +6

Skills Acrobatics +3, Athletics +5, Perception +6

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Senses truesight 60 ft., passive Perception 15

Languages Abyssal, Common

Challenge 4 (1,100 xp)

Backsight. The dominated praetor can see, hear, or smell any creature that can also see, hear, or smell it, even if the creature is using magical means or is on a separate plane.

Innate Spellcasting. The dominated praetor's innate spellcasting ability is Wisdom (Spell save DC 14). The dominated praetor can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*
1/day: *blink*

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The dominated praetor makes two hook attacks.

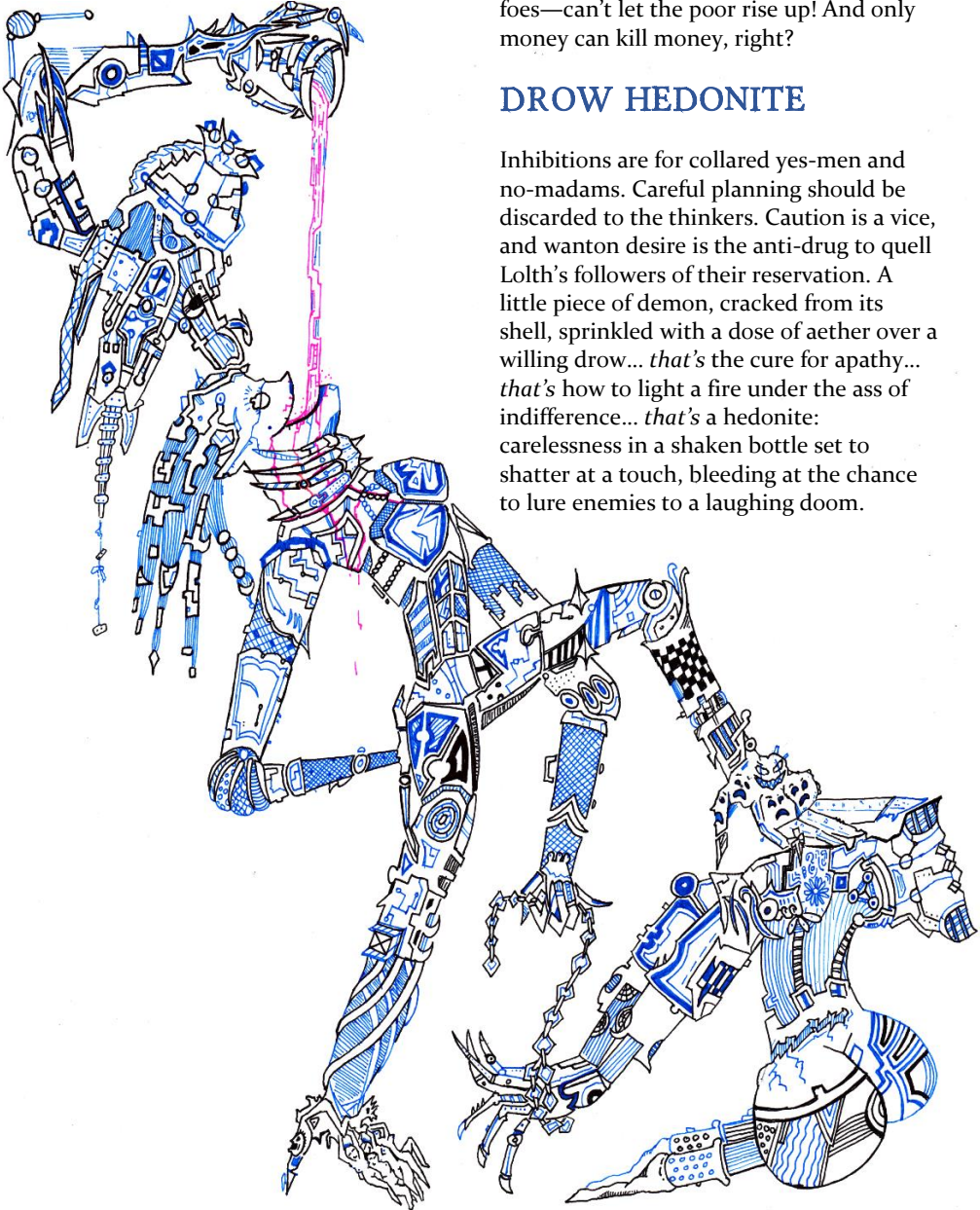
Hook. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (2d6+2) slashing damage. The target is grappled (escape DC 13) if the dominated praetor isn't already grappling a creature. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and takes 7 (2d6) piercing damage at the start of each of its turns.

Planar Snare (Recharge 6). The dominated praetor sends a hook through the Multiverse, targeting any creature it can see, hear, or smell. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or be magically pulled by the hook. The hook can pull creatures through separate planes. A hooked creature disappears from its current location and travels through the aether, appearing prone in a space adjacent to the dominated praetor.

DROW

“Oh, Miss Lolth! Kindly step your sweet self into my forge. What can I do for on this fine evenin’?”

—Dwiergus



DROW ASCETIC

Speak? But why? Speaking means having an opinion—means *thinking*—means you know better than your mistress. And your mistress has tasks, oh yes! Feed her. Groom her. Praise her. Kill for her. But only a wealthy mistress can send you to slay her foes—can't let the poor rise up! And only money can kill money, right?

DROW HEDONITE

Inhibitions are for collared yes-men and no-madams. Careful planning should be discarded to the thinkers. Caution is a vice, and wanton desire is the anti-drug to quell Lolth's followers of their reservation. A little piece of demon, cracked from its shell, sprinkled with a dose of aether over a willing drow... *that's* the cure for apathy... *that's* how to light a fire under the ass of indifference... *that's* a hedonite: carelessness in a shaken bottle set to shatter at a touch, bleeding at the chance to lure enemies to a laughing doom.

DROW ASCETIC

“Beware the ascetic covered in jewelry.”
—Drow Proverb

Medium humanoid (elf), neutral evil

AC 17 (chain shirt)

HP 46 (6d8+6)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
12	16	12	11	12	9
(+1)	(+3)	(+1)	(+0)	(+1)	(-1)

Skills Acrobatics +6, Stealth +6

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive perception 11

Languages Elvish, Undercommon

Challenge 3 (700 xp)

Caste. The ascetic can't willingly harm anyone carrying more wealth on their physical body than the ascetic is carrying.

Fey Ancestry. The ascetic has advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic can't put the ascetic to sleep.

Innate Spellcasting. The ascetic's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 10). It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *dancing lights*

1/day each: *darkness*, *faerie fire*, *misty step*

Silence. The ascetic is magically immune to creating noise and has advantage on Stealth checks related to noise.

Sneak Attack (1/turn). The ascetic deals an extra 13 (4d6) damage when it hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 ft. of an ally of the ascetic that isn't incapacitated and the ascetic doesn't have disadvantage on the attack roll.

Sunlight Sensitivity. While in sunlight, the ascetic has disadvantage on attack rolls, as well as on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

ACTIONS

Shortsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+3) piercing damage.

Hand Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 30/120 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+2) piercing damage. The target must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 hour. If the saving throw fails by 5 or more, the target is also unconscious while poisoned this way. The target wakes up if it takes damage or if another creature takes an action to shake it awake.

DROW HEDONITE

“What is heavenly to the heathen? What happens when morality takes a seat and lets impulse grip the reigns?”
—Dwiergus

Medium humanoid (elf), neutral evil

AC 14

HP 64 (12d8+6)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
13	18	13	10	14	15
(+1)	(+4)	(+1)	(+0)	(+2)	(+2)

Saving Throws Con +5

Skills Perform +6

Senses darkvision 120ft., passive perception 12

Languages Elvish, Undercommon

Challenge 5 (1,800 xp)

Bleed With Me. At the start of each combat round, the hedonite can make a Constitution saving throw as a reaction with a DC equal to the total number of hit points it lost during the previous round. On a success, one creature it can see within 60 ft. loses hit points equal to the DC of the saving throw.

Fey Ancestry. The hedonite has advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic can't put the ascetic to sleep.

Innate Spellcasting. The hedonite's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14). It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *dancing lights*

1/day each: *darkness*, *faerie fire*

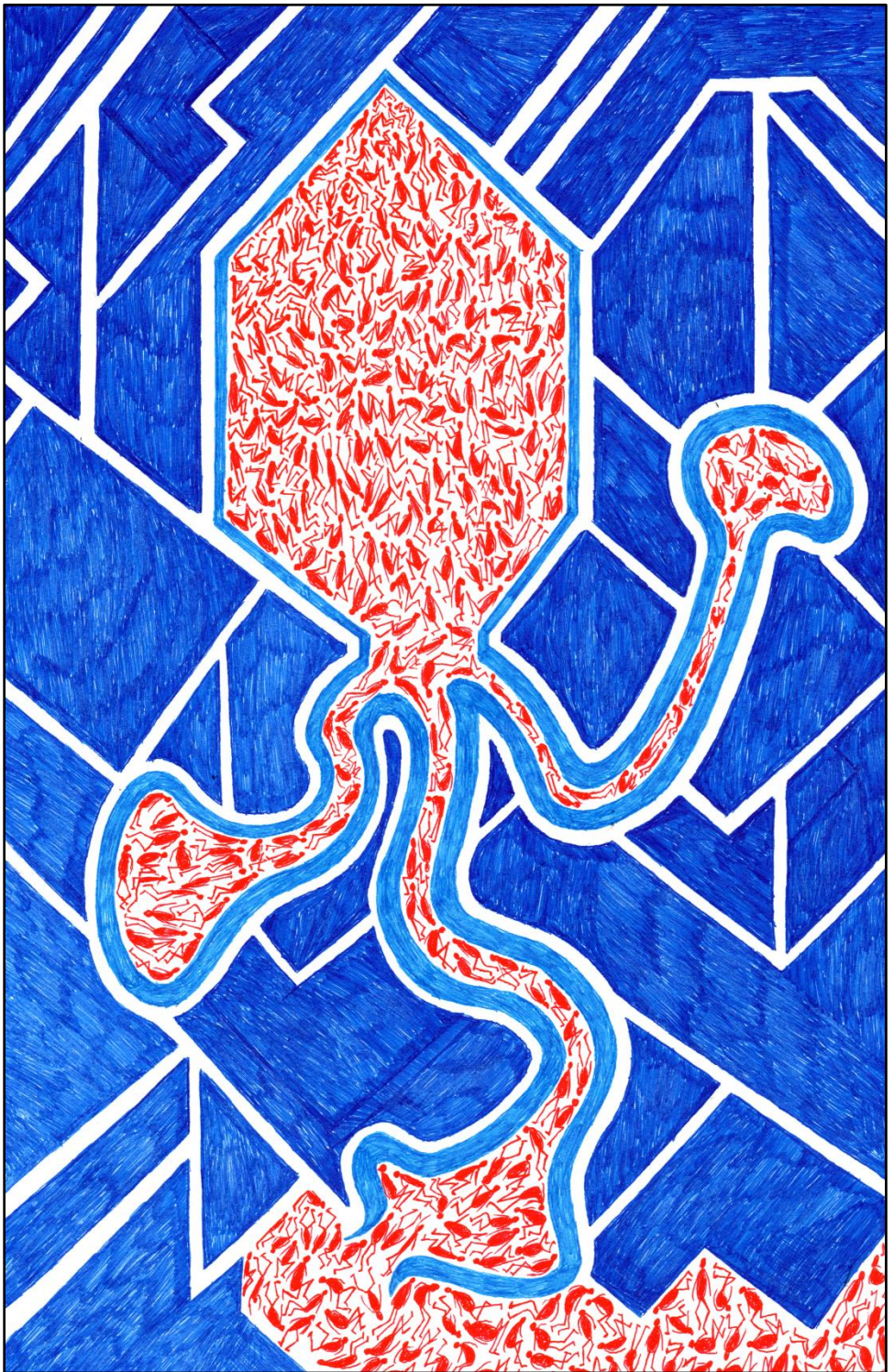
Sunlight Sensitivity. While in sunlight, the ascetic has disadvantage on attack rolls, as well as on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The hedonite makes two scourge attacks.

Scourge. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d6+4) slashing damage plus 17 (5d6) poison damage.

Dance Partner. One creature the hedonite can see within 60 ft. must make a Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the creature is drawn to the hedonite. For 1 minute, the creature has disadvantage on all attack rolls against creatures other than the hedonite.



THE FLAKE

Occasionally in the middle of a deep dungeon crawl, a PC disappears. Sometimes the PC disappears after a rest, or maybe the PC ceases to exist right before a decisive fight. Eventually, the PC reappears—not because the player missed a game session and finally returned, but because the Flake snatched up their character!

The Flake is a Far Realm entity that gains power every time a player in a tabletop RPG misses a game session. Like a bloated remora fish, this mind-bending foe reaches through reality, secretes tranquil thetawaves, and then kidnaps any PC's whose players aren't present, taking them to the Far Realm to feed. The Flake returns the PC to its party whenever the missing player returns to the table—but not without cost. Those that end up in the Flake's world for too often return with the following: lackadaisical playstyles, apathy to the overall campaign, and increasingly rare participation besides the occasional dice roll. They are disengaged—a negative condition that may last all game.

The Flake is the source of your spite for missing players. Are you tired of roleplaying a reason for a PC's sudden absence? Is Tito having to play both his bard *and* Cindy's fighter tonight just because Cindy messaged the group chat five minutes before 8:00 about that blog assignment she had to finish before midnight? Does your TwitchTV overlay now have an empty player portrait where @Arthas_MountainDew_Jenkins webcam *would* be but *no*—she partied too hard at GenCon? Well, the reason their PC's are “mysteriously not here for tonight” is because the Flake is hungry, and your players are prey.

THE FLAKE ATTACKS

When players sit down to play a game and a player is absent, their PC vanishes from the playing area as the Flake abducts them. As a natural defense to hide its trail, the Flake bends reality around the gaming area, making present players and the Dungeon Master downplay the severity of the character's sudden, unexplained disappearance with offhand quips such as “s/he just won't be here for this session” or “I guess s/he has just disappeared for now” or “One of the party members is gone and everyone just moves on with the story for tonight put your phone away Blake.”

THE FLAKE FEEDS

In the Far Realm, the Flake consumes the PC's essence, absorbing choice information from its character sheet like an unprepared Dungeon Master skimming a one-shot module printed out fifteen minutes before game time. The Flake drains hundreds of PC's every night, usually holding them for a week, then releases them once the player returns.

THE FLAKE KILLS

Once the Flake has devoured a PC multiple times over several weeks, the monster seeps into the minds other players and DM's at the table, urging them to “drop Stephen from the campaign” or to “see if Isabela wants to take Kip's spot—she doesn't work nights at the clinic anymore, and Kip hasn't read the group snaps for two weeks.” Once the Flake has invaded this far, the PC is gone forever.

HOGKIN

Born from the First Hog sacrificed in Dwiergus' name, the Hogkin are a race of demonic pig humanoids that represent greed and the desire to consume. Rooting out portals between the Material Plane and their home on the Fleshforges, the Hogkin drive their demented instincts to the fullest degree, never being shy of kidnapping, murder, moral perversion, and cannibalism.

Birth Rites. Every time a pig is sacrificed in Dwiergus' name, that pig reforms as a demonic *tanar'ri* in the Fleshforges. The sacrifice is then distilled into a physical form by one of the Hogkin clans, so humanoids who make regular sacrifices to Dwiergus rarely have to worry about a Hogkin raid. Humanoid cults fully dedicated to Dwiergus can even beseech warbands of Hogkin to raid enemies on their behalf.

FACTIONS

The Hogkin, though uniformly vile, have splintered into various subgroups that routinely ally and backstab each other for their own foul needs. Nearly all Hogkin revere the First Hog that was slain at the First Farm—its spirit exists among all of them, and to speak against the First Hog is a capital sin among nearly every clan, with culprits subject to quick and violent deaths. The factions are as follows:

Sons of Hog. The so-called “original” faction, ruled by those of the First Farm. A select few hogs rule this faction in secret—each one having been raised on the same First Farm that sacrificed the First Hog. The Sons of Hog, though the oldest faction, is the wildest of all. Keeping to their roots, these brigands use their gastromancers to open portals to the Material plane for their raids and are rarely caught by enemy militia. Instead of fleeing back to their war camps like goblins and orcs do, these cosmic raiders vanish with their living loot back to their Abyssal lairs.

Most cultish pacts made with Hogkin invoke the Sons of Hog.

Litter Queens. Though Hogkin don't discriminate among sexes, Litter Queens run a strictly matriarchal society based around great sows. Being demons, Hogkin can't give birth like normal pigs, so Litter Queens have bypassed this issue by routinely capturing humanoids and corrupting them into their service. Though great sows are highly valued among all Hogkin, Litter Queen clans see the great sows as a source of enlightenment and leadership as opposed to a factory-like organic battery like other clans do, referring to themselves as a family instead of a faction. Rumor has it a great sow dwarfing all other great sows, the Magniswine, directs their actions in secret.

Petey's Pork Pie Emporium. Ruled by bureaucracy and greed, the Emporium has squelched most of their race's unethical traits in favor of austerity. A true conglomerate, the Emporium is capitalism incarnate minus any morality, its Hogkin management satisfying their predatory instincts with cruel business practices in lieu of barbaric raids. Despite their negative morals, the Emporium commonly interacts with the Material Plane in peaceful ways. Rather like a leech that siphons energy from a host, the Emporium would rather set up a business in a town, take people's money and property through underhanded legal practices, then leave town when they've had their fill. They are the carpetbaggers of the Abyss with several “homestyle” restaurants under the jurisdiction of their corporate headquarters.

Apologetics. Despite the primal behavior, some Hogkin seek to repress their demented nature. Shunned and hunted by their fellow demons Apologetics must either hide in seclusive communes on the Fleshforges or seek refuge in the Material plane. Many Apologetics follow a teetotaler state of abstinence, avoided violence, predatory behavior, and envious thoughts. Meditation and busy work keep their instincts at bay, and living in a strong

community helps repress their emotion. When Apologetics can't find other Hogkin like themselves, they may reside in humanoid settlements as immortal spiritual guides. Though pacifists, they will bear arms against forces that threaten peaceful coexistence, though their crusades tend to involve rooting out other Hogkin presence in the Material Plane. Rumors pervade the Abyss about Scrapyard, a reclusive paradise in the Fleshforge where Apologetics can hide in peace, away from both mortal humanoids and other Hogkin.

HOGKIN ADVENTURE

Do you want a premade adventure featuring the PC's descending into the Abyss to battle with Hogkin? Check out [Dwiergus #1, "Petey's Pork Pie Emporium,"](#) now on the DM's Guild:



HOGKIN RANKS

The Fleshforges are fickle, bestowing some Hogkin with terrifying power while shunting others. Regardless, Hogkin have a form-fits-function society: you fall in wherever you land, and if you don't like your results, then kill your way elsewhere.

Hogkin Chief. Leaders among the grunts, chiefs wade into battle and finish foes quickly. Resuscitating a poor soul felled by a chief is nigh impossible given the chief's penchant for quick and decisive strikes. Even without his grunts, a chief can take control of any mortal pig nearby. If a farmer wakes up to find the pigpen empty—chances are the beasts were stolen to serve under a Hogkin chief agent.

Hogkin Crackling. Miniature, malformed Hogkin are infused with blood magic to become runty cracklings. They are living ammunition for the Hogkin armies, commonly sacrificed for planar travel or brawls. To be a crackling is to know your life will be sacrificed in a gory explosion for a greater cause.

Hogkin Gastronomer. Horrific manifestations of blood magic, gastronomers power their magic with their own life force. Gastronomers gorge themselves after every fight, gaining as much weight and mass as possible to fuel their monstrous charms. Though they aren't shy of using destructive magic, gastronomers take greater joy in dominating more intelligent creatures.

Hogkin Great Sow. The only sexual dimorphism one will find in the Hogkin lies in the great sows. Massive, powerful nexuses of corruption, great sows serve as bastions of Hogkin society. Any Hogkin establishment with a great sow is a force to be reckoned with, and engaging a great sow on the battlefield never ends well. Her massive hide is near impenetrable to spells and attacks, and whole squads have been crushed under her girth. Even worse, her milk has a mind-altering effect, meaning her control can reach beyond Hogkin and into humanoid societies.

HOGKIN

Medium fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 13 (natural armor)

HP 17 (2d8+8)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
14	8	18	12	14	11
(+2)	(-1)	(+4)	(+1)	(+2)	(+0)

Skills Deception +2

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages Abyssal, common

Challenge 1/2 (100 xp)

Keen Smell. The Hogkin has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Kinfolk. The Hogkin has advantage on Charisma (Deception) checks made to appear like a regular pig.

ACTIONS

Greataxe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d12+2) slashing damage.

Swinerider. The Hogkin causes a pig that it can see within 30 feet of it to explode, allowing the hogkin to cast *plane shift* on itself or one willing creature. This spell only allows travel to or from the 558th layer of the Abyss.

HOGKIN CHIEF

Medium fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 15 (natural armor)

HP 54 (6d8+24)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
16	10	18	13	14	13
(+3)	(+0)	(+4)	(+1)	(+2)	(+1)

Skills Deception +4

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages Abyssal, common

Challenge 2 (450 xp)

Fatesealer. When the Hogkin reduces a creature to 0 hit points with an attack, any death saves that creature would make on its turn are instead rolled immediately. This ability has no effect if the Hogkin attacks a creature already at 0 hit points.

Keen Smell. The Hogkin has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Kinfolk. The Hogkin has advantage on Charisma (Deception) checks made to appear like a regular pig.

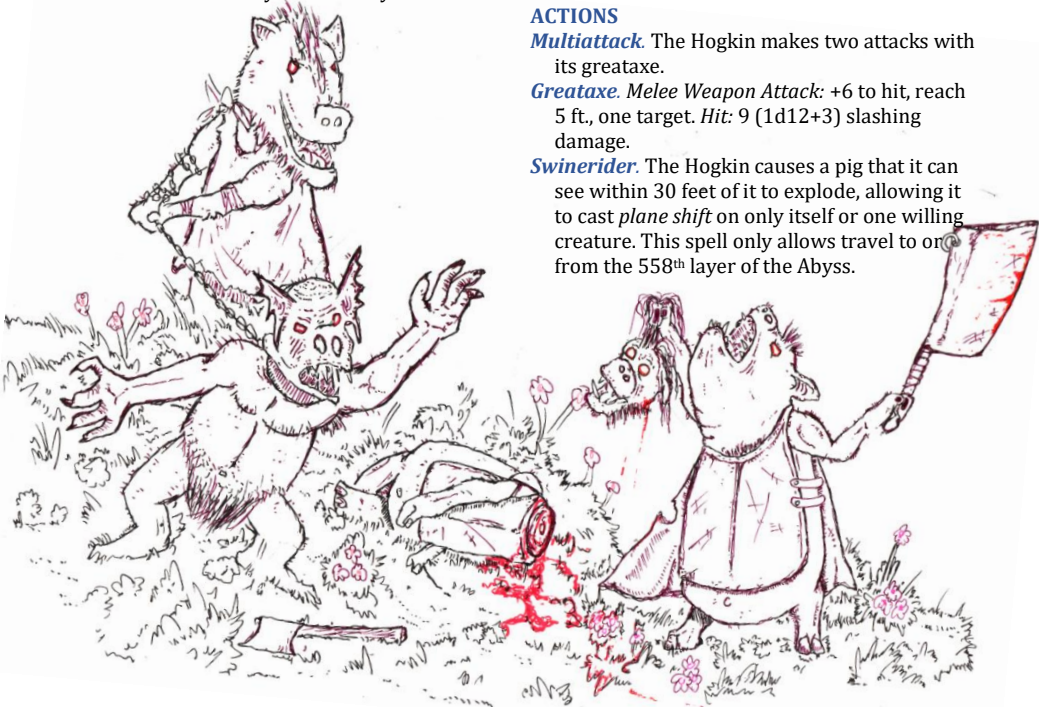
Pig Telepathy. The Hogkin can magically command any pig within 120 feet of it, using a limited telepathy.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The Hogkin makes two attacks with its greataxe.

Greataxe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d12+3) slashing damage.

Swinerider. The Hogkin causes a pig that it can see within 30 feet of it to explode, allowing it to cast *plane shift* on only itself or one willing creature. This spell only allows travel to or from the 558th layer of the Abyss.



HOGKIN CRACKLING

Small fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 11 (natural armor)

HP 11 (2d6+4)

Speed 20 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
9	10	14	5	9	10
(-1)	(+0)	(+2)	(-3)	(-1)	(+0)

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Abyssal, common

Challenge 1/4 (50 xp)

Innate Spellcasting (Bloodletting). The Hogkin is a 2nd-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Constitution (spell save DC 12, +4 to hit with spell attacks). The Hogkin loses hit points equal to the amount listed for each spell instead of spending spell slots. HP lost this way cannot be prevented. It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no components:

1d6: *charm person, fog cloud, witch bolt*

2d6: *detect thoughts, knock, see invisibility*

Keen Smell. The Hogkin has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Sooneycide. The Hogkin counts as a pig if targeted by other Hogkins' pig telepathy or swinerider abilities.

ACTIONS

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +1 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 2 (1d4-1) bludgeoning damage.



HOGKIN GASTROMANCER

Medium fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 14 (natural armor)

HP 71 (8d8+32)

Speed 25 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
14	11	19	14	14	11
(+2)	(+0)	(+4)	(+2)	(+2)	(+0)

Skills Deception +4

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages Abyssal, common

Challenge 5 (1,800 xp)

Innate Spellcasting (Bloodletting). The Hogkin is an 8th-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Constitution (spell save DC 15, +7 to hit with spell attacks). The Hogkin loses hit points equal to the amount listed for each spell instead of spending spell slots. HP lost this way cannot be prevented. It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no components:

1d8: *charm person, hellish rebuke, witch bolt*

2d8: *alter self, enthrall, suggestion*

3d8: *blink*

4d8: *arcane eye, wall of fire*

Keen Smell. The Hogkin has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Kinfolk. The Hogkin has advantage on Charisma (Deception) checks made to appear like a regular pig.

ACTIONS

Staff. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6+2) bludgeoning damage, or 6 (1d8+2) bludgeoning damage if used with two hands.

Swinerider. The Hogkin causes a pig that it can see within 30 feet of it to explode, allowing it to cast *plane shift* on only itself or one willing creature. This spell only allows travel to or from the 558th layer of the Abyss.



HOGKIN GREAT SOW

Gargantuan fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 19 (natural armor)

HP 361 (18d20+162)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
24	10	28	11	16	17
(+7)	(+0)	(+9)	(+0)	(+3)	(+3)

Saving Throws Con +13, Cha +7

Skills Deception +7

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons.

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages Abyssal, Common, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 16 (15,000 xp)

Child of Mine. Any humanoid drinking milk taken from the Hogkin must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or else be charmed by the Hogkin for 1 hour. The Hogkin's telepathy range is unlimited for anyone charmed by it.

Keen Smell. The Hogkin has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Legendary Resistance (2/day). If the Hogkin fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

Mother Knows. Anyone attempting to speak a deliberate lie within 120 ft. of the Hogkin must succeed on a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or else speak the truth instead for 1 hour.

Pig Telepathy. The Hogkin can magically command any pig within 120 feet of it, using a limited telepathy.

ACTIONS

Multiaction. The Hogkin makes three attacks: two with its tusks and one with its body slam.

Tusk. Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. **Hit:** 25 (3d12+7) piercing damage.

Body Slam. The Hogkin falls prone in an adjacent 20 ft. square, and any creature within that square must succeed on a DC 19 Strength saving throw, taking 57 (18d10) bludgeoning damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Swinerider. The Hogkin causes a pig that it can see within 30 feet of it to explode, allowing it to cast plane shift on only itself or one willing creature. This spell only allows travel to or from the 558th layer of the Abyss.



INFERNAL AUDITOR

Manufacturer errors are unavoidable—and in many cases preferred. But warranties need compensation. The infernal auditors are Dwiergus' go-to shepherds for his creations. Able to shapeshift from their wispy, multi-legged form into humanoid shape, these demons can blend in with society, snuffing out any nuisance that would impede Dwiergus' plans. He most often uses them to infiltrate and clean out any demonic presence that Dwiergus wants to keep silent, using their banishment ability to send demons back to the Abyss or to send interloping mortals back to the Material Plane.

Medium fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 16 (natural armor)

HP 49 (7d8+14)

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
16	14	14	17	15	12
(+3)	(+2)	(+2)	(+3)	(+2)	(+1)

Saving Throws Str +6, Wis +5

Skills Deception +4, Insight +6, Survival +6

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14

Languages Abyssal and any other two languages.

Challenge 4 (1100 xp)

Fiendsense. The infernal auditor automatically knows the location of any fiend within 10 miles of its location.

Innate Spellcasting. The infernal auditor's innate spellcasting ability is Intelligence (Spell save DC 13). The infernal auditor can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *locate object*

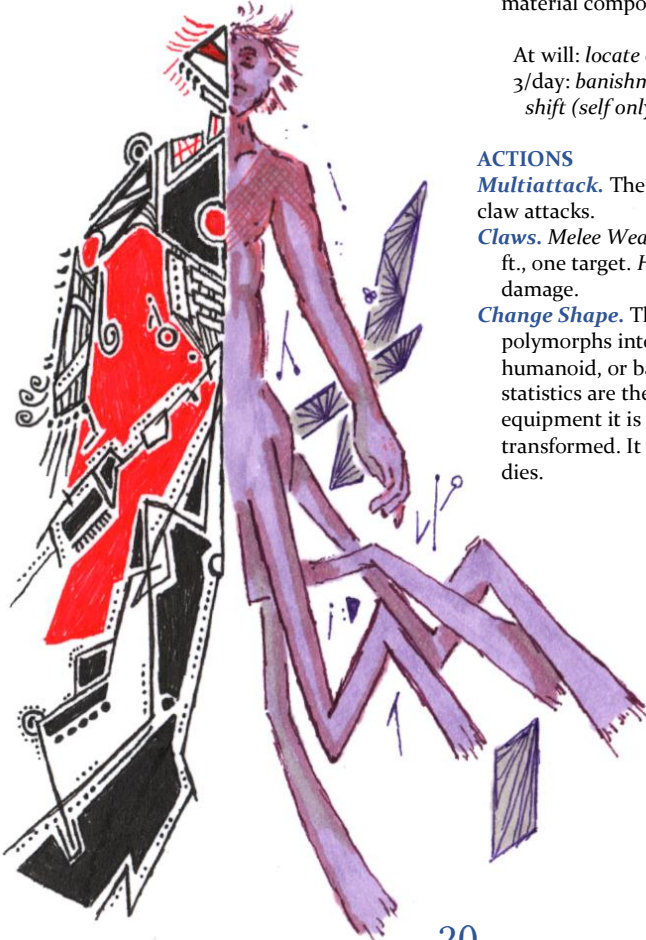
3/day: *banishment*, *crown of madness*, *plane shift* (self only)

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The infernal auditor makes two claw attacks.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 12 (2d8+3) slashing damage.

Change Shape. The infernal auditor polymorphs into a Small or Medium humanoid, or back into its true form. Its statistics are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.





OCULAVORE

Reverse engineered from the eye of a yochlol gifted by Lolth, the oculavore slurps its tongue, tickling your optic nerve, consuming what you see. When ready, the wormy parasite waits until you fall asleep, then induces the greatest dream you've ever had. So ecstatic, this dream—you don't even feel your eye liquefying from the parasite's saliva. You don't even flinch as it roots itself in your brain, spreading through your nervous system as it takes your eye's place—same color, same shape. The infestation can be symbiotic: feed an eyeball to it weekly, and it will protect you.

Tiny monstrosity, neutral evil

AC 13

HP 27 (5d4+5)

Speed 0 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
3	15	12	8	13	10
(-4)	(+3)	(+1)	(-2)	(+1)	(+0)

Skills Deception +5, Perception +3

Senses darkvision 60ft., passive perception 13

Languages understands the languages its host knows but can't speak

Challenge 2 (450 xp)

Adaptive Camouflage. The oculavore can make itself appear like any eyeball and transfers information through an optic nerve to its hosts brain as though it were the host's real eye. Any checks made to discern if the oculavore isn't its hosts true eye are made at disadvantage.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6+3) slashing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw or else the oculavore rips out one of the targets eyes and eats it. Wearing an item that covers the face (helmet, glasses, goggles, etc.) causes this saving throw to automatically succeed.

Infest. The oculavore makes one bite attack against a Medium or smaller target that is sleeping. On a hit, the target stays asleep and the oculavore spends 1 hour eating its eye, taking its place in the eye socket. On a miss, the target wakes up instead.



OPERATION RECEPTIONIST

“Dispatch? Forty miles through the distended cliffs—don’t get eaten. Accounts receiving? You’re too material for that—only ethereal agents are allowed to traverse that realm. Emporium franchising? Fill this out in triplicate. An Abyssal translator will be with you shortly...”

—OR 13-51

The Fleshforges are a maze of byways, refineries, warehouses, research facilities, and even office space for third parties. Operation receptionists are specially designed, humanoid-shaped demons sporting massive heads packed with encyclopedic knowledge. Lost? Contact an operation receptionist. It may help you if you know what to ask. They occasionally wander into other planes, their tunnel-visioned minds still convinced they are in the Fleshforges, but their innate ability to “assist you, sir or ma’am!” makes them hyper aware of their surroundings. Auditors of Dwiergus are quick to retrieve these knowledge hubs should they become lost—those they can’t retrieve are terminated.

Medium fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 11 (natural armor)

HP 22 (4d8+4)

Speed 30 ft.

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
12	11	13	17	9	10
(+1)	(+0)	(+1)	(+3)	(-1)	(+0)

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Abyssal, Common

Challenge 1 (200 xp)

Global Disclosure. The operation receptionist knows the locations and names of any established dungeons, communities, or other operation receptionists within 100 miles.

Innate Spellcasting. The operation receptionist’s innate spellcasting ability is Intelligence (Spell save DC 13). The operation receptionist can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *clairvoyance*, *dimension door*
1/day: *plane shift* (self only)

ACTIONS

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d8+1) slashing damage.

Summon Demon (1/day). The operation receptionist has a 50% chance of summoning an **Infernal Auditor** (p. 20). The summoned creature appears in an unoccupied space within 60 ft. of the operation receptionist. It remains for 1 minute.

TRACTOR-MAN CITY

*There's a diesel-blooded demon jacked on
rusted wheels.*

Toolin' 'round

All hot-n-happy

Raucous whistles scream a sun-sweat tone,

*And upon its back, thralls trace calloused
hands through oily grids.*

None-fools know that Beast of Steel

Slacked in summer's heat

Plant the rows and shill our wares

On fields of coal and meat

*We, the rust maggots, digging what old iron
we can from him*

The chassis of our town square

The city reaper:

The Tractor-Man

Come, new-kin.

You are collected.

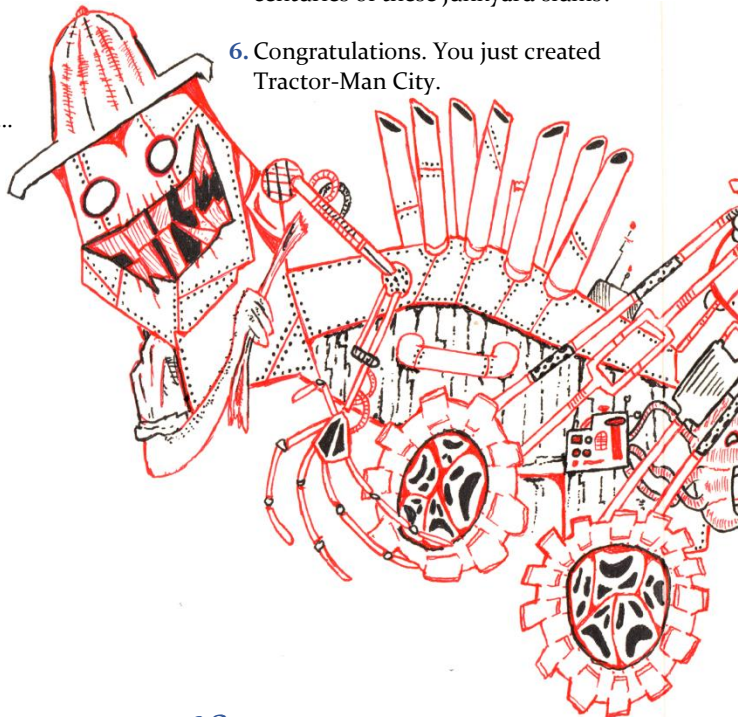
We won't stop no more.

Not for a while...

Not for a long, long while...

LAYOUT

1. Photocopy or print out several town maps or dungeons from different tabletop games.
2. Tear the maps apart.
3. Tape the maps together at random, mixing them to form a new town map.
4. Now pretend this new, cobbled-together town made of chunks of different locations is sitting on top of a sentient, mechanical, miles-long behemoth that roams the landscape on massive rubber wheels, looking for new territory to dig up and add to his own collection as it spouts diesel smoke into the sky from smokestacks ridged on its back.
5. How do these strange pieces of townships become a new city-state? Which ones were added first? Which section is the newest? Are there older, ancient, lost locations buried under centuries of these junkyard slums?
6. Congratulations. You just created Tractor-Man City.



DEMOGRAPHICS

Slums stack on prime real estate, and rivals once separated by miles of countryside may sit atop each other.

To live in Tractor-Man City is to have a chunk of your hometown torn into the sky and planted onto the back of a giant monster. Like a hermit crab decorating its shell, the Tractor-Man picks up what “catches his eye,” and gleefully adds it to its collection, it’s rusted metal face grinning in satisfaction as its eyes light the night sky like two miniature suns.

Citizens must make due with their new lifestyle—like prisoners thrown into a gang-filled penitentiary, they need to fight for their survival. Did the wealthy district of a high-class elven grove get squished into the middle of a merfolk pond? Take any gang, family, township, or race, and create a system of politics surrounding their fate.

ORGANISTRY

Dwiergus’ greatest creation, Tractor-Man City was the culmination of equal parts time, pressure, hate, and engineering. The Old Foreman toiled for years in the Fleshforge, welding and riveting the aether with shards of his own mind.

No underling dared slack when constructing this infernal titan, for when the Chrysalis Prince stepped down from his office and took up his own tools, any dead weight demons were recycled for better use. Dwiergus barked his commands under blue-hot metal, scorching his warehouses with piles of hell-hammered pipes, beams, and plating.

Workers from scooped-up territories now slave their days away, feeding Tractor-Man City fuel of wood, meat, coal, and live captives—keeping his furnace stoked so that he won’t reach behind him and pluck a random district from his back, plopping it into his mouth. Beneath the terraced cityscape, pipes and wires siphoning oily ichor and crackling electricity crisscross for miles, keeping the great beast functioning. To destroy Tractor-Man City would require power of untold proportions—power which only gods could tame.



WET NURSIE

Medium fiend (demon), chaotic evil

AC 13

HP 34 (7d8+7)

Speed 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (hover)

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
12	16	13	14	13	15
(+1)	(+3)	(+1)	(+2)	(+1)	(+2)

Skills Persuasion +5

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages Abyssal, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 2 (450 xp)

Chile-kin Scent. The wet nursie can detect the location of any creature that hasn't reached sexual maturity within 25 miles.

Chile-kin Sense. The wet nursie cannot be seen or heard by any non-fiend creature that has reached sexual maturity.

Hush. If a non-fiend creature of sexual maturity tries to speak louder than a whisper within 60 ft. of a wet nursie, the creature must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw, taking 7 (2d6) psychic damage on a failed save or half as much damage on a successful save.

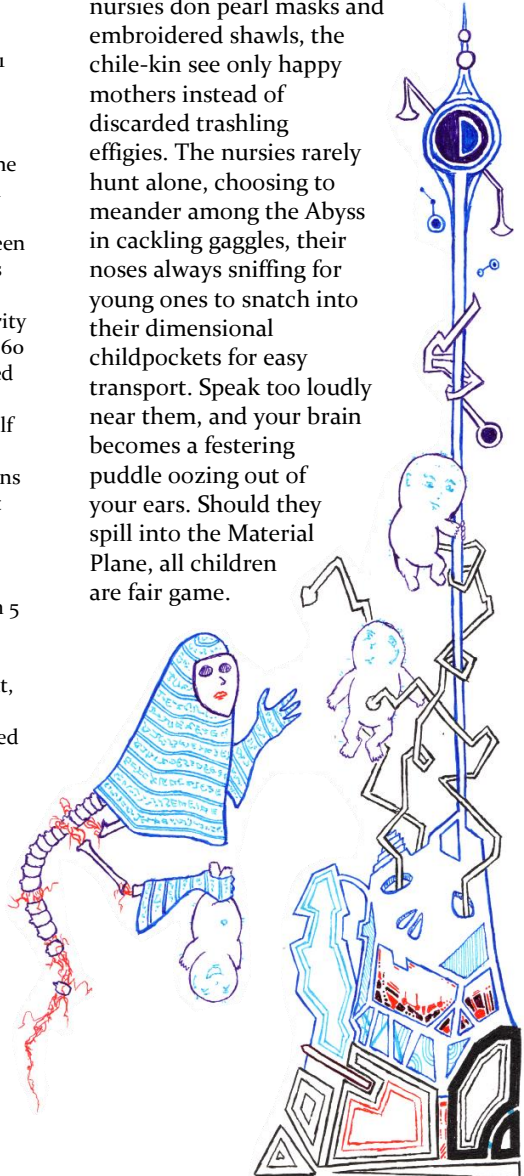
Homogenous Polygamy. The wet nursie gains a cumulative +1 to its AC for each other wet nursie within 60 ft. of it.

ACTIONS

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6+3) slashing damage.

Childpocket. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target that hasn't reached sexual maturity. *Hit:* the target is transported into the wet nursie's 20ft. by 20ft. pocket dimension. There is enough air to breathe but no natural light sources. There is a 50% chance that a **chile-kin** (p. 4) is also in the pocket dimension. The wet nursie can empty its pocket dimension as a standard action. If the wet nursie dies, its pocket dimension distends and spills anything inside it prone among a nearby 20 ft. by 20 ft. area.

They are husks of malformed atrocities, stripped of power and draped in affliction. These legless, skinless monsters scavenge the Fleshforges, plucking embryonic demon chile-kin from their sapling chutes—perfect little demented scions of malcontent. The newborn demons don't like the wet nursies. Not. One. Bit. But when the nursies don pearl masks and embroidered shawls, the chile-kin see only happy mothers instead of discarded trashling effigies. The nursies rarely hunt alone, choosing to meander among the Abyss in cackling gaggles, their noses always sniffing for young ones to snatch into their dimensional childpockets for easy transport. Speak too loudly near them, and your brain becomes a festering puddle oozing out of your ears. Should they spill into the Material Plane, all children are fair game.



MONSTER IDEA TABLE

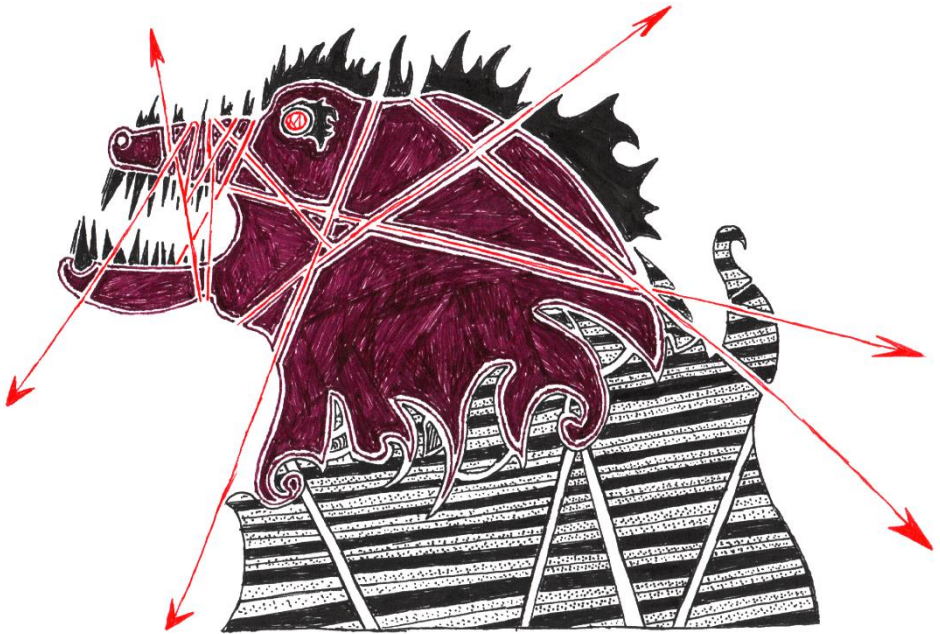
Need a primer for how to incorporate a monster into your adventure? Don't quite understand how one of the monsters can be used? Roll on the chart below or pick an idea that would make a decent series of events. Remember that you are the DM, meaning any idea can be tweaked or reworked to fit whatever niche you need filled.

Apathicubus	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 An orphanage is wracked with a series of sleepy children and workers after unknowingly letting a shapeshifted apathicubus into its dorms. 2 A nearby elven raiding camp is naturally immune to the Apathicubus' lethargy ability. A caged apathicubus guards their base. 3 A "cursed" lagoon has an apathicubus sleeping in its water. 4 A succubus has given birth to an apathicubus beneath a temple during prayer, and the whole congregation has fallen asleep.
Barrister Parolee	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 The nearest ruler has a team of barrister parolees guarding the inner sanctum. Each parolee is guilty of a different heinous crime, and all who seek council with the ruler are first "screened" by the parolee guards. 2 A gang leader's barrister parolee just crumbled to dust. That means someone took over the leader's territory where the parolee was stationed. Investigate the other gangs to see who encroached. 3 Escort a convicted serial killer to a witch so that s/he may be transformed into a barrister parolee. The witch has signed a treaty so that the path travelled to her location is under temporary jurisdiction of the ruler. 4 A personal barrister parolee is loaned out to the party as they search the streets for a wanted criminal of a similar crime.
Cantor	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 A drunk cantor at the local tavern begins speaking about seeing "the Old Foreman in a dream I had!" 2 A strange new word, "Dwiergus," causes increasingly mild headaches to anyone who speaks it, and a small commune interprets the headaches as the mind trying to interpret divine messages. 3 A cult has started carving the name "Dwiergus" onto people's doors. 4 A team of bounty hunters with their ears plugged ask the PC's if they've seen anybody whose "voices make your head bleed."
Cantor, Spoken	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 A "pregnant" man appears—a chile-kin grows within him. 2 A family has tied and gagged one of their members, claiming that every time the family member speaks a demon's name, people fall ill. 3 A team of regular cantors are guarding a team of spoken cantors, waiting for the chile-kin within them to hatch out. PC's first discover a dead body with its stomach clawed open as a hook for uncovering this mystery. 4 A cleric seeks to exorcise a spoken cantor, believing it to be possessed by a demon. The cleric doesn't know that the possession is a physical one, and having seen all "spiritual attempts" fail, is ready to slay the spoken cantor and accidentally release the chile-kin inside.
Chile-kin	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 A family requests aid. The mother has given birth to a chile-kin. 2 A demonic cult in the city is sacrificing people to help their newly acquired chile-kin evolve into a stronger demon that will attack the city. 3 A cyst forms on a PC's back. In 3 weeks, it grows into a chile-kin. 4 A spell goes awry and summons a chile-kin instead.
Chile-kin Tumor	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 A wet nurse drops her child pocket and a chile-kin tumor escapes. 2 The PC's stop a summoning ritual, which causes it to miscast as a chile-kin tumor comes out instead. 3 1d4+4 chile-kin tumors expel from the corpse of a defeated demon. 4 A dark priest is feeding and taking cuttings from a captured chile-kin tumor. The priest then illegally sells the harvested parts as spell components.

Cuckoo Adelphophage	1	One of the PC's family members is actually a cuckoo adelphophage that the PC is convinced has lived with the family its whole life.
	2	A father and mother have trapped a cuckoo adelphophage in a pit but can't kill it since it keeps shapeshifting into their various children.
	3	A family is mortified after discovering the father has "aged down" by 20 years. A cuckoo adelphophage ate him and shapeshifted to the father's younger self.
	4	A PC has had children with a significant other, but a cuckoo adelphophage ate the children so the PC no longer remembers them. The PC discovers this terrible truth later through old letters, family friends, or a divining spell.
Defect	1	A summoning circle goes horribly wrong, and a defective demon is loose in the town sewers.
	2	An infernal auditor sent to banish a defective demon back to the Abyss is slain, allowing the demon to run amok in the Material Plane.
	3	A cheap glass medallion at a bazaar, unknown to the seller, stores a defective demon inside that is freed once the medallion is shattered.
	4	A PC is possessed! Exorcising the PC with a ritual or spell causes the demon to spill out of the PC's mouth and reform. While possessed, the PC has glimpses of the demon's history and creation process.
Dominated Praetor	1	A cabal of wizards on separate sides of the world all own a dominated praetor, and by scrying on each other's dominated praetors, they can transport quickly across the world via planar snare.
	2	The party finds a dead person who is blindfolded with ears and nostrils plugged with wax. The person was a captive escaping a dominated praetor and attempting to avoid detection by the praetor's backsight ability.
	3	The party receives a bounty to kill a scrying fortune teller and her dominated praetor slave. The fortune teller is letting the praetor scry on wealthy people to kidnap them with its planar snare ability.
	4	An infernal auditor transporting a dominated praetor to a client dies during the planar travel, and the praetor emerges near the party. It wants a master.
Drow Ascetic	1	A noble wearing heaps of wealth hides in an inn—an ascetic is in pursuit.
	2	An ascetic sends a pack of rust monsters after its targets to corrode any valuable metal items they're carrying.
	3	A silent drow with solid gold teeth confronts the party about a bounty it's pursuing. A drow with gold teeth is a sign of an ascetic who is given permission to assassinate high priority targets due to the value of the gold.
	4	Local authorities have arrested a ghostly-silent, trespassing drow who can teleport (<i>misty step</i>). They assume it stole the wealth it carries, not knowing the drow was given temporary wealth by its priestess mistress.
Drow Hedonite	1	A dominating drow priestess orders her hedonite subjects to tote jars of biting insects—they break them on themselves to trigger their Bleed With Me ability should an adversary appear.
	2	The party discovers a dead drow hedonite and another dead creature. They have the exact same wounds.
	3	Drow nobles host a great feast with their priestesses, who allow hedonite initiates to indulge every imaginable desire before a demonic ritual grants them full hedonite abilities.
	4	The party encounters a maddened knight who babbles about a coven of dancing drow who would hold their hands over a campfire, causing his own to burst into flames.
Hogkin	1	See Dwiergus #1 "Petey's Pork Pie Emporium" for an adventure using Hogkin.
	2	The local farm's pigs go missing. Hogkin stole them in a raid.
	3	An infernal auditor disguised as a ranger has a hogkin disguised as a real pig. It will stalk the party should they risk upsetting Dwiergus' plans.
	4	A hogkin apologetic appears and welcomes the party into its own hideaway: a secluded marshland with several pigsties nearby. The hideaway is bare, like a monk's meditation room, and the apologetic offers guidance to any PC's who seek to rid the world of demons or suppress any "unhealthy urges."

Infernal Auditor	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 A cult dedicated to a demon lord is found slain. An infernal auditor killed them after they tried summoning a greater demon. 2 The head of a local paladin enclave keeps an infernal auditor hidden among its legion to help expel demons back to the Abyss. Should he be discovered, he will be slain as a heretic. 3 A religious leader is arrested after attacking peasants in the bazaar. An infernal auditor cast <i>crown of madness</i> on the leader after the leader hanged several cantors praising Dwiergus' name. 4 Two infernal auditors are in competition with each other for a promotion. They have each started a small cult to Dwiergus in two separate towns, and the cults are preparing to raid each other and fight to the death to prove their loyalties to the individual infernal auditors.
Oculavore	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 A PC wakes up with an odd itch behind the eye. An oculavore crept in during the night, ate the PC's eye, and now rests inside. 2 A random NPC villain the PC's are fighting has an oculavore living inside his or her head that lashes out and attacks. 3 A primitive tribe's right of passage involves young warriors letting one of their eyes be replaced by an oculavore from a brood that is bred by the tribe's high shaman. 4 A beholder loses one of its eyes to an oculavore and hires the PC's to track it down. The oculavore can cast the appropriate eye ray from the eye it ate.
Operation Receptionist	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 The PC's wander the Abyss and come across the operation receptionist resting quietly at a crossroad. 2 A cult of Dwiergus uses an operation receptionist to communicate back and forth with the Abyss by letting it cast <i>banishment</i> on them, sending them to the Abyss for brief periods of time. 3 The PC's need to find a portal to the Abyss, so they're told of a cabal with an operation receptionist that can divulge the information. 4 The PC's have a chance to capture an operation receptionist. Since it knows the location of other operation receptionists within its range of detection, the PC's can use it to find other demonic cults of Dwiergus.
Tractor-Man City	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 A chunk of the town the PC's are already in is snatched up by one of Tractor-Man City's digging claws and plopped on its back—chaos ensues. 2 The PC's discover a dungeon stashed deep within the layers of Tractor-Man City's back. Grab a random dungeon from any fantasy-esque game you have and insert it into the game. 3 Local kingdoms have discovered a way to direct Tractor-Man City to their poorest districts when it approaches, ridding them of their "undesirables." Called the Tractor Tax, all kingdoms end up paying it every 5-10 years when Tractor-Man City comes around. 4 Tractor-Man City dies, and the collected city districts on its back must decide how to handle their economy now that they are "just like the other cities." Some leave, some stay, but chances are they are within jurisdiction of a kingdom that seeks to annex or destroy them.
Wet Nurse	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 A panicked child runs to the PC's in the middle of nowhere. It escaped a wet nurse's childpocket bag, and the nurse is chasing it. The child doesn't know that adults can't see the wet nurse. 2 A swarm of wet nursies spill out of the Abyss and float through whatever town the PC's are staying in at the time. People begin fainting from speaking too loud near the wet nursies, and children begin screaming about seeing the demons before they disappear. 3 The PC's discover the pearl mask of a wet nurse, and when they wear it, they have advantage on Charisma-based checks involving children. 4 The PC's stumble across a community of elderly mutes in an area swarming with invisible wet nursies. The inhabitants stopped speaking due to the wet nurse's ability, and any children that used to live there have been taken.

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