

CHILDREN OF ECSTASY

MEDIUM FIEND, CHAOTIC EVIL

Armour Class 16

Hit Points 33 (6d8+6)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws DEX +5, CHA +5

Skills Acrobatics +3, Stealth +3

Damage Immunities psychic

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, sleep

Senses truesight 120 ft., Passive Perception 11

Languages Abyssal

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Proficiency Bonus +2

Magic Resistance. Children of Ecstasy have advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Titillating Musk. A creature attempting to make a melee attack against a Child of Ecstasy must make a Wisdom Saving Throw (DC 14) or suffer from disadvantage to all attack rolls. Affected creatures can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of their turns, recovering with a successful save. This save only has to be taken once per encounter.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. A Child of Ecstasy makes one Oiled Longsword attack, and one Glistening Claw attack.

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

Glistening Claw. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d6+1) slashing damage.

The Children of Ecstasy are the footsoldiers of Pannisis. Like all their kin, they are affected by the boon and the curse that is eternal bliss. They exist in a state of near constant euphoria – wanting for nothing and without a care in the world. They often become overly obsessed with something quite mundane, but just as quickly they become distracted and completely forget one obsession to dwell on another new whim or desire. To say that their base traits are undesirable in a soldier would be an understatement. It is only by the hands of the Priestesses of Ecstasy – who burn massive brassiers and censers brimming with a bizarre concoction of hallucinogens and stimulants – that the Children can maintain a modicum of focus and order among their ranks.

What the armies of Ecstasy lack in organization they more than make up for in speed, agility, and fearlessness. The Children of Ecstasy throw themselves with wild abandon into combat, dodging blows at superhuman speeds and speed and

leaving bewildered opponents clutching grievous wounds in their wake. Milling about the battle in random patterns, their lithe bodies turn slaughter into a frenzied dance. Blades and claws whirl about, battle lines ebb and flow, and they move with a unity that is both graceful and murderous. The battlefield becomes their stage and they are the actors in a strangely beautiful and intensely violent performance.

As they become exhausted and the invigorating effects of the drugs begin to fade, their formations break into complete disarray. Disparate groups break off, with some retreating to their enclaves in whatever current pursuit claims their attention. Others remain on the battlefield, playfully torturing captives, or even languidly lounging amongst the corpses of foes – licking up blood from their glistening golden skin with sharp cat-like tongues. The sight is both sickening and fascinating, hideous and sensual; a perfect representation of the beguiling horror that those who worship Pannisis must embrace.

