



UMPLEBUM

Large fiend (daemon), neutral evil

Armor Class 9
Hit Points 112 (15d10 + 30)
Speed 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	8 (-1)	15 (+2)	6 (-2)	11 (+0)	8 (-1)

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

Damage Immunities acid, poison; bludgeoning from nonmagical attacks

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, Infernal, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The umplebum makes two slam attacks.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d12 + 3) bludgeoning damage.

Smothering Embrace. The umplebum targets one Medium or smaller creature within 5 feet of it, attempting to enfold the creature in its smothering embrace. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or become grappled (escape DC 14). Ability checks to escape the grapple are made with disadvantage. While the target is grappled, it is also restrained. At the start of each of the target's turns while it remains grappled by the umplebum, the target must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or gain one level of exhaustion. An umplebum can grapple just one creature at a time.

UMPLEBUM

MERCENARY OF SLOTH

Although the exarch of Sloth can hardly be bothered to look after his own realm, let alone the souls condemned to his care, the Circle of Sloth produces from the ancient souls a breed of mercenary sometimes found on the battlefields stretching away to all sides of Gehenna. Great, hulking masses of flesh, with folds drooping to obscure their features, umplebums move with a sluggish gait, almost as if reluctant to move at all. However, their grasping arms, from which hang curtains of swinging flab, tell a different tale, for when they grab ahold of their prey, they bring their victims in for a smothering embrace from which few ever escape.

IMPARTIAL OPPORTUNISTS

Umplebums take no sides in the wars between the demons and devils. They simply exist and roam through the conflict, heedless of the wounds they suffer as they struggle to grip anyone and anything they can. They crave rest and hope to share the gift of respite with everyone.

VEEZEL

WHISPERER OF SLOTH

Viasta has little interest in anything happening in or around his domain. He lies in a torpid slumber, rarely shifting, never speaking, and offering no direction to the daemons that serve him. While he is oblivious to the world around him, small seedlings find purchase in his skin. In time, they root in his flesh and grow, feeding upon the nourishing daemon blood, sweat, and flesh. These tiny plants gain some semblance of awareness, becoming veezels, but lack any motivation to move about on their own and so sprout all over the body of their daemon master.

Considering their poor roots and small frames, a light breeze is all that is needed to dislodge them from their host and blow them through the air, not unlike dandelion seeds. Occasionally a bored daemon gathers a handful from their master and tosses them into the air to blow about until they find new homes on the body of another daemon or on a hapless mortal.

Daemons are watchful for these infestations and pluck them from their skin before the veezels can do them any harm. In fact, many daemons eat these creatures, seeing them as a delicacy. However, when a mortal picks up one of these creatures in their hair or clothes, the daemon searches out a spot to nest and burrows into the skin. There, the daemon gradually poisons the victim, introducing soporific toxins into the blood, resulting in a comatose state.

“Oh, just rest awhile. There’s nothing that needs to be done today that can’t be accomplished tomorrow. Relax...”

VEEZEL

Tiny fiend (daemon), neutral evil

Armor Class 15
Hit Points 2 (1d4)
Speed 5 ft., fly 10 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
3 (-4)	20 (+5)	11 (+0)	4 (-3)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +2, Stealth +7

Damage Resistances cold, fire, lightning

Damage Immunities acid, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, Infernal, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 0 (0 XP)

ACTIONS

Root. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* The veezel attaches to the target. While attached, the veezel doesn't attack. Instead, at the start of each of the veezel's turns, the target takes 3 (1d6) psychic damage.

The veezel can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement, which it does once the target dies. A creature, including the target, can use its action to detach the veezel, provided it can find it.

Whispers of Sloth (Recharge 6). As a bonus action, the veezel telepathically whispers to a creature to which it is attached, forcing the creature to make a DC 12 Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the target gains 1 corruption (see the **Corruption Effects Table** in **Chapter 3** for more information) and becomes charmed for 24 hours. While charmed in this way, the target gains a new flaw: “I’ve done so much. I don’t know why I should do anything more than relax.” In addition, the target cannot use an action to remove the veezel.

At the end of the target's turn, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. A creature that saves against this effect or ends the effect on itself becomes immune to this veezel's Whispers of Sloth for 24 hours.

DAEMONS OF GLUTTONY

The foul daemons capering and crawling across Yungo's corpulence revel in their disgusting environment. They bathe in pools of glistening sweat, greedily suck down saliva and vomit dripping from their master's mouth, and prowls widely for the choice bits that have somehow escaped Yungo's maw.

FEASTING

MERCENARY OF GLUTTONY

The eternal war between Hell and the Abyss rarely reaches the Circle of Gluttony, which is taken up by the swollen body of Yungo, its exarch. Within his belly, and on his filth-caked body, slick with his secretions, the residents of the circle consume, regurgitate, and reconsume what they have regurgitated.

“The beast was defiant, its corpulent form shining gray in the moonlight. ‘None of you can hope to stand before me!’ it cried. Foolishly, Farggin disagreed. He cleaved into its horrid belly with the blade blessed by the White Lady; may her mercy shine upon us always. The beast fell backward, and we thought ourselves triumphant. And then they burst forth from the wound. Thousands of them, eating into Farggin’s flesh and bone, the horrible grinding of their teeth the only sound any of us could hear.”

*—The Defense of Hightower,
Beneficent Sister Oiganna Merryweather*

FEASTING

Tiny fiend (daemon), neutral evil

Armor Class 13
Hit Points 7 (2d4 + 2)
Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
3 (-4)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	5 (-3)	14 (+2)	6 (-2)

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

Damage Immunities acid, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages —

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Aggressive. As a bonus action, the feasting can move up to its speed toward a hostile creature it can see.

Magic Weapons. The feasting's weapon attacks are magical.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage.

Feast. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) piercing damage, and the feasting attaches to the target. While attached, the feasting doesn't attack. Instead, at the start of each of the feasting's turns, the target loses 5 (1d4 + 3) hit points due to its body being devoured.

The feasting can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement. It does so after the target dies. A creature, including the target, can use its action to detach the feasting.

But Yungo and his more powerful servants can no longer digest what they consume. For too many years they have feasted on their own dross, ruining themselves. For this reason, the feastings were brought to the circle. These parasites live within Yungo's stomach and the endless miles of his intestines. There they eat the half-digested food (and the still-living unfortunate creatures) recently swallowed by their master.