

Voltryn

Voltryn's scales shimmer and glow in a multitude of grey hues, storm clouds swirling across his scales, as a thunderous aura of wind billows from his form. His glowing maw dripping molten lightning, thunder crackling, his vicious teeth glistening like freshly polished daggers, a powerful ball of plasma swirling and growing in the back of his throat, ready to rocket out and shock anything in sight. His eyes glow with the power of storms, the smokey grey glistening with an unbridled tempest, paralyzing anything he fixates on. Storms rush through his veins, the crackle of lightning filling his body. Horns jut from the top of his head, twisting and swirling into a vibrant crown made of a coalesced storm, the glistening grey swirling and moving. Thunder crackles around his body, causing the air around to burst into swirling chaotic energy. Lightning strikes, splintering the ground.