

Warhammer 40,000: The Dark Eldar



It is the 42nd Millennium. For ten thousand years the Dark Eldar have been rapacious pirates and cruel slavers. From the immeasurably vast city of Commorragh or one of its satellite realms, fleets bearing unfathomably advanced technologies set out to menace the galaxy. Their weapons are speed, surprise, and overwhelming firepower. They strike where their foes are weak and return home with a bounty of playthings for Commorragh. The Dark Eldar rely upon such raiding, as without a steady supply of souls theirs would be devoured by Slaanesh, the god they spawned.

The Dark Eldar are many. One million Craftworlds combined could not equal the population of Commorragh. It is vast, vast enough to defy imagination and boggle belief. Such an immense population requires a similarly vast supply of slaves to feed its machines and to keep its Eldar from rioting from thirst. And so the Cults, the Covens, and the Kabals send forth raiding parties to the galaxy to slake the constant demand for flesh.

Today, the galaxy is in turmoil. Asdrubael Vect, most powerful ruler in Commorragh, once claimed this an age of plenty. It is true that the turmoil in the galaxy has made raiding easier and more profitable than ever. But Commorragh has not been safe from the chaos affecting the galaxy. The Eldar God of the Dead has been prematurely awoken, causing the collapse of Khaine's Gate inviting in a seemingly endless tide of Daemons. Whole sections of the Dark City had to be sealed off to contain the collapse, condemning uncountable numbers of Eldar and slaves into a ghastly fate. The social order of Commorragh has been deeply shaken.

This is the era you will step into. You receive 1,000 Commorragh Points to purchase anything you wish from this document. And remember: No-one escapes the Dark City.

Origin:

You may freely select your gender; the Dark Eldar are remarkably egalitarian in this regard, outside the Wych Cults. Any origin may come with optional background memories or be a drop-in. You may freely select your age.

Kabal: You work for one of the Kabals, the powerbrokers and lords of territories in Commorragh. Operating as little more than pirate gangs, they provide the muscle and the manpower for most raids on realspace. The greatest Kabals become the most influential rulers of Commorragh proper.

Wych: You work in one of the Wych Cults, honing the art of the kill to deadly perfection. It is the Wych Cults who provide most of the deadly entertainment, from screaming jetbike races to lethal arena blood sports. The greatest Wyches often attract legions of fans idolising them and sharing recordings of their bloody conquests.

Haemonculus: You are affiliated with the Haemonculus Covens, the true geniuses in the art of causing unspeakable pain and genius works of biological horror. It is they who have achieved near-immortality and exploit their nigh-endless lives constantly devising new horrors to unleash upon the galaxy. The most influential Haemonculi rule the dark recesses of the undercity.

Blade for Hire: You're not affiliated with any of the above and work outside the traditional three major groups in Commorragh. The so-called Blades for Hire make up both the elite Incubi warriors to the shadowy Mandrakes. The most powerful of these have many paths available to them, whether it is mastering the blade or turning chunks of Commorragh into their own vision of beauty.

Race:

True Kin (free): You're an Eldar. You have a natural lifespan of around a thousand years, although between rampant lifespan-shortening drug abuse and rejuvenation from pain there is little natural lifespan in the Dark Eldar. Also you defecate crystals and your ears are an erogenous zone. However, you suffer from some serious differences from the other kin. Firstly, your psychic powers have long since atrophied away, but in exchange you are naturally even faster and stronger than a Craftworld Eldar. Secondly, as you never received a soulstone, Slaanesh has his hooks in your soul, slowly draining it away. Your kind is able to parasite itself off the suffering sapient races feel, rejuvenating your souls through such bouquet of suffering.

- **Trueborn (-100):** Most Dark Eldar are not born properly. The halfborns are grown through implanting a fertilized egg into an amniotic tube to have its growth accelerated. Little surprise then, that those born the "proper" way, known as Trueborns, became something of a privileged caste within Commorragh. This offers great social status among the True Kin, though not much else.

Mandrake (-200): The origin of the Mandrakes is unknown. Some claim that they are the descendants of Eldar twisted by Commorragh, others that they are some older and more alien breed of creature. Your body seems to be one with the shadows. You can blend into them and become nearly invisible out of direct light. Your body can phase in and out of the shadows normally to make it exceedingly difficult to harm you. You can also travel between shadows, stepping into the shade in one place to emerge from within the shadow of another. Finally, being imbued with shadowstuff has granted you strength close to that of an Ork rather than an Eldar.

Medusae (+200): You are a strange creature, seemingly a floating mass of brains that parasitises an unwilling victim. In your natural form, you float upon the webway, latching on to any creature that comes close to hijack their body and feed upon their emotions. Without a body, you're relatively harmless, though meeting your gaze is still as dangerous as ever, causing emotional haemorrhage and potentially a permanent coma. You store these emotional memories inside brain-fruits that Dark Eldar often choose to harvest and consume to enjoy the vivid moment of a raid all over again.

Khymerae (-0): You are a Warp creature, though distinct from a daemon, formed from nightmares that naturally inhabits the Warp. Your body resembles a skinned, vaguely feline animal with tentacles and far too many eyes. You have the natural ability to flicker in and out of reality that enables you to phase into a locked room or even appearing out of nowhere in the middle of a voidship.

Ur-Ghul (-100): Refugees from lost Shaa-Dom, the Ur-Ghuls are a troglodytic but highly dangerous species. You have no natural vision, but you have powerful scent-pits that makes you exceptional at tracking - it is said that once an Ur-Ghul has caught a scent there is nothing that can escape. You are also very fast and very agile, even by Eldar standards.

Clawed Fiend (-200): The Clawed Fiends once lived in the Donorian Sector, before they took up refuge in the Webway. Your senses are extremely advanced to the point where you can see through multiple spectrums simultaneously. You also have a natural reaction that sends you into an even more dangerous frenzy upon losing your own blood-ichor. Many a creature has been torn apart immediately after wounding a Clawed Fiend.

Sslyth (-200): You hail from a species who millennia ago fell to the temptation of unbridled excess and lost their world to the worship of Slaanesh, yet have found a new home in Commorragh. You have the tail of a snake, four arms, no sense of pain, and a physique both tremendously resilient and strong, approaching that of the wretched creations of the Haemonculi. Thus is your race prized as bodyguards for powerful Archons, and one with any talent for combat can expect to be well paid for that service.

Perks:

You receive one 100 CP perk from your origin for free, and discount (50% off) one of each tier (200, 400, 600 CP).

Power from Pain (free and mandatory with True Kin/Trueborn): Like the rest of the Dark Eldar, you can consume the pain of others (friend or foe) for several benefits. Firstly, your age can be wound back to your prime by consuming pain. Should you have a steady enough supply of pain, you can stretch your life out indefinitely, though this will ultimately suffer from diminishing returns after thousands of years of rejuvenation. Additionally, though you are getting younger again, the psychic can see through your mask of youth and see the body of a creature who has likely lived an impossibly long time and twisted by a lifetime of evil beneath it. Secondly, should you consume a “surplus” of pain, you will find yourself getting quickly better in all combat aspects. Faster, more accurate with gun and blade, stronger, even shrugging off fatal wounds by consuming pain. Though these effects will drop off again if not constantly boosted by consuming more pain. Raiders and pirates though they may be, the Dark Eldar only get deadlier by the moment in combat. Slaughtering a bunch of them may only invigorate the survivors and render them a greater foe. More importantly, you do not die when you are killed. After your death, in absence of any other way to return yourself to life, your spirit will remain resonant within your remains for a day. In this time period, a skilled enough Haemonculus may yet be able to regrow your body in their caskets as long as a single scrap of remains can be found. This includes pre-arranging payment and removing a small portion of flesh as to be resurrected should you perish. Should you fail to arrange a resurrection before the day, you will probably die for real; the ways to resurrect ancient corpses are notorious for ending in daemonic possession, after all.

Witness to the Dark City (free): The mere act of living a life in Commorragh up to this point has given you some acclimatisation towards the wickedness of the Dark City. The sight of tortured slaves, at least, will hardly repel you. Not only does this ensure a certain level of jadedness towards the grotesque and depraved, you can and probably will ensure that everything you do comes off as unnecessarily creepy as possible. And you can weave so many thinly veiled threats to violate someone into your words. So many.

Impeccably Cultured (-50): The greatest evil in the galaxy hardly has to be howling mad like the Forces of Chaos nor brutish and debased as the Orks. You are a being of impeccable manners and exceptional refinement even as you condemn people to fates worse than death or risk your life in combat. You also know your way around wines, particularly those that are safe for your kind to drink but cause painful digestive upset in others. Surely the most civilised race in the galaxy would not serve those wines as a prank.

A Name To Live In Infamy (-50): Many a Dark Eldar has come to be known by titles. You may pick one title that will be known across the galaxy, such as “The Decapitator”, “Da Skinna” or “The Emasculator” and choose exactly what you did to earn it. Now and in future galaxies, you will be remembered across the stars for what you did to earn your title. You may purchase this multiple times and add a new title each time.

Vehicular Slaughter (-100): Like the many aerial gangs of Hellions, or Reavers, and the other pilots of Commorragh, you possess the piloting skills to be counted among their number. While flying your vehicle, you will angle it with such preternatural deftness that you could sever a jugular and nothing more through a blade mounted upon it in just one pass. Or, should you mount snares and nets upon your vehicle, it is easy for you to pluck some hapless warrior off the ground and alive into the care of the Dark Eldar. The final benefit is, should you choose to ride into battle aboard some manner of skyboard, you will find yourself excelling at murdering the poor unfortunates from above. With a suitable polearm you can latch on to things and pivot around 360 degrees with ease as well.

Kabal

Slavemaster (-100): The Kabals usually control the industrial segments of Commorragh. Unlike the Haemonculi, they are not quite as skilled at wringing out every last bit of pain from their victims. Instead, you are best at using terror and pain to maximise their productivity. From work gangs hammering together damaged warships to production lines churning out mass quantities of weapons, you will keep your slaves as productive as any corner of Commorragh.

Alliance of Agony (-100): Raids are, on paper, the one place Dark Eldar are supposed to stay absolutely focused on the mission, for the supply of slaves to Commorragh is far too vital to be disturbed. This is not always adhered to. Foolish, rude and incompetent Archons can drive a wedge through their own allies, signing their own death warrant as they put aside the historical taboo on fighting one another during raids to arrange their deaths. This is no longer a danger for you. For when you work together with a coalition of disparate personalities, you are able to navigate and keep them placated enough to stay directed against your mutual targets. They will not backstab you for before then, though once you enter return to a safe port anything goes.

Rendered Immunity (-200): Fear of poison is a common one within Commorragh, for it is a very common method of assassination. You at least have had the foresight to minimise this risk. You've dined on so many poisons that even within the vast workshops of Commorragh, there are few poisons that could possibly exist that could harm you whether delivered by blade, shard, or a few drops into your drink. Your opponents will have to get far more creative than that if they want to put you down.

Shaimeshi Poisoncrafter (-200): The Dark Muse Shaimesh is a friend of all those in need. His poisons allow the orphans, the widow, the old, the weak to find their bite. As one who has no doubt internalised this, you know how to manufacture all the poisons of the Dark City in doses vast enough to outfit even the most common weapons of even the largest of Kabals with powerful and deadly toxins. From poisons that kill with the tiniest scratch, poisons that can dissolve someone into goo simply for being nearby, to poisons which are harmless and tasteless on their own yet when consumed in the right order across a feast can cause a prolonged and spectacular death by rapid bone growth or muscles tearing themselves apart. Or perhaps a "toxin" that brings no death but overloads the body with ecstasy. These are all weapons within your grasp.

The Living Muse (-400): For all the backstabbing, scheming, murder, treachery, and other delightful pastimes the Dark Eldar get up to, one constant is that they do show some deference to the Dark Muses, saintlike figures from time past who exemplify the traits the Dark Eldar should aspire to. Breaking with tradition, it was Vect who declared himself one of the Dark Muses while alive. Now, like him, you too are one of them, seen by the Dark Elder through the twisted sort of reverence they give their patrons. For now, your authority will be so much more secure.

Courtesans and Concubines (-400): Many a powerful Archon has ended up with a vast harem of courtesans and concubines from across Commorragh. Like them, you too have the magnetism and

charisma to whip up a large harem of your very own and keep them loosely together - though being Dark Eldar this offers no guarantee as to their loyalties. Even better, however, is your ability to weaponise lust and love against someone else. Another person's ones are yours to seduce and turn against them, even convincing someone's very daughter to murder their father just for the right to join your harem. The blade that comes from within is deadlier than the blade that comes from without. Who else would turn someone's own daughter into a willing accomplice to your treachery?

Labyrinthine Cunning (-600): There was only one Dark Eldar cunning enough to become the de-facto ruler of a race that is almost a byword for treachery. Now there are two. Your genius at both plans and schemes can be compared to a fraction of Tzeentch's own. Centuries of plotting can be performed as if you were making plans for the next season. The treacheries of those underneath you can be predicted with ease and then turned back on the conspirators to ultimately benefit yourself. Under the labyrinthine maze of contingency plans you can plot, the great strategists of the galaxy will do no more than play further into your hand, any advantages they seize turning out to only be exactly what you planned all along. Only something completely out of nowhere, impossible to see coming could blindside you. Something like the birth of a new Eldar god that was a fairy tale up until that day tearing Commorragh a new one. Surely such a thing could never happen.

Arcane Sciences and Esoteric Technology (-600): The Dark Eldar lost most of their sciences with the Fall. The atrophy of their psychic powers saw that what they had learnt they could no longer use, nor even build. In the aftermath, the Dark Eldar rebuilt their entire technological base. And you now have a working knowledge of what they discovered. Not the flesh-sculpting arts of the Haemonculi, nor their experiments with twisting the soul or achieving immortality, but the mechanical sciences and the physics they discovered. These so impossibly advanced they seemingly violate the laws of physics. You could create implosion bombs so destructive that without in-built limitations they would collapse the entire planet one is standing on into a new black hole. You have the technology to capture stars and black holes within pocket dimensions where the energy output of the stars may be harvested for power - or to blast ones enemies with the concentrated power of a star - and the black holes may be skimmed for exotic matter that lesser minds consider impossible to understand. Planets like suns may be stolen from the galaxy and kept someplace safe, perhaps to continue an excellent harvest of its Tyranid infestation. The one and greatest reason downside to the full exploitation of this technology is precisely why the Dark Eldar so prefer crude, low-technology ways to win their battles; the devastation they unleash makes the chance of a harvest of pain.

Wych

Gladiatorial Entertainment (-100): The Wych Cults are more than simple killers. They are entertainers, in the Commorrite sense, out to wring the most fun and suffering from each unfortunate sent into the arena. As one of the Wyches, you are skilled in making fights as entertaining as they are: you can make your combat style as fancy and flourishing as possible without losing any lethality. When you clearly overmatch your foe you are very good at drawing out the battle without putting yourself in extra danger too, and can inflict a slow death by innumerable painful but minor cuts that draws out the suffering for hours.

Unusual Weapons (-100): The Dark Eldar often wield weapons that seem unnatural, impractical or just plain weird to the lesser races. Of those, the Wyches choose the strangest, yet somehow this does not impact their ability to fight. Bizarre and blatantly improbably weapons, such as razorblades attached to your hair, barbed whips, spiked crystal blades attached to your wrists, and gauntlets aren't actually any worse than a real weapon in your hands.

Beastmaster (-200): The arenas of Commorragh demand more than just Wyches and slaves. The bloody sands see gladiatorial battles featuring fearsome monsters from Tyranids cut off from the Hive Mind to *things* from the deepest reaches of the Webway where the barrier between the Warp grows thin. And like the Beastmasters of Commorragh, you possess the very same traits that make them such... beastmasters. You excel at hunting down terrifying creatures and training them into loyal beasts to be unleashed upon your foes. But equally importantly, you have a natural aptitude towards dominating and breaking lesser creatures. With but a glare a non-sapient monster will be reduced to quivering obedience, and with a little gentle attention from the lash you can break creatures into total obedience to your orders. Of course, this is not limited to mere natural creatures, a transhuman monster like the Space Marines or even a horror spawned from the Empyrean are yours to break and truly master.

Performance-Enhancing Drug Abuse (-200): The Dark Eldar are known for much abuse of drugs, both combat and non-combat, and of those the Wych Cults are known most of all for their constantly tweaked cocktails of chemicals used to grant them the very slightest edge both on the battlefield. Such cocktails have the ever-present risk of a potentially fatal overdose, but you no longer need to fear this. You have had so much experience sending so many chemicals into your system that you are also well aware of exactly how much chemical punishment your system can take and give yourself the greatest dose of any mixture of drugs your body can handle... unless of course you wish to throw caution to the wind and take as many drugs as your body can *survive* and become perhaps the deadliest Dark Eldar on the battlefield.

Uncanny Dodge (-400): All Eldar have such great reflexes that ordinary humans seem to be stumbling through in slow-motion. But it is the Wyches who truly hone them. You can weave and dodge near-effortlessly through an entire battlefield evading bullets and shrapnel alike. Your dodging skills are so honed that you can even dodge laser beams by predicting their path and moving out of the way before your foe even finished pulling the trigger. This works best the less

armour you wear; at full strength as long as you're nearly (or actually) naked, scaling down the heavier clothing and armour you wear.

The Armour Does Nothing (-400): The foolish, stupid, and ugly lesser races of the galaxy often choose to clad themselves in heavy armour to protect themselves against blade or bullet. It is the role of the Dark Eldar to prove how false their confidence is. You can easily spot the tiniest gaps in even the toughest armour and slip your blade in them. To such a practised eye, the tiniest flaws are as obvious as if your foe had accidentally forgot his helmet. If a weak spot exists, you will no doubt exploit it to its fullest opportunity.

Breathless Beauty (-600): You're staggeringly beautiful, enough to draw eyes from all who watch you. So beautiful that one would be hard pressed to find anyone who does not lust after you after seeing you. It is the kind of beauty that takes the breath away from even the most jaded ten-thousand year old hedonist and draws throngs of people on it alone to watch your shows. Naturally this leaves you with an immense natural advantage in... certain areas.

Natural-Born Killer (-600): Raw natural talent normally only gets you so far in the environment of the average Wych Cult. To achieve a decisive advantage over their peers, or just to perform beyond the natural limits of an Eldar, most Wyches need to dip into combat drugs. But what if that did not need to be true? What if you were such a rare, peak specimen that you didn't even need combat drugs to be the fastest and deadliest thing in the arena? By taking this perk, this will precisely describe you. Without the slightest performance-enhancing cocktail in your system, you're the equal of a peer who's on the verge of suicide by drugs. Your abilities, your natural traits, all reflect one who'd been stuffed to the gills on the most potent admixture of combat stimulants inhumanly possible. This is the greatest downside to this perk: So great are your natural traits you may find nobody believes you that your traits are all-natural. One can only speculate upon the lethality you might achieve by adding in combat drugs to your fearsome natural traits.

Haemonculus

No-One Escapes the Dark City (-100): Sometimes a poor soul escapes from Commorragh, and perhaps falls into the delusion that their torments are behind them. But nobody truly leaves the Dark City. Those few souls who escape - or perhaps, are allowed to - find time healing neither body nor mind. Likewise, should you wish it, your victims will never truly recover from what you inflict upon them. Though their flesh may knit back together, their scars will never cease to ache. Their mind will replay all the torments you inflicted on them as fresh as the very day they happened. They will most likely never get a good night's sleep ever again, and be reduced to a nervous wreck. It is little wonder so many former slaves take their own lives.

Horror from Pain (-100): Distinctly different from the rest of the Dark Eldar, the Haemonculi and their servants become only more supernaturally terrifying and durable as they absorb and consume the pain of others. Amidst the thick of battle, it would not take very long at all for you to have absorbed so much pain that your frame survives direct hits from a lascannon, flesh knitting back together even as the gaping wound cools. Even more interestingly, you may bless your servants with similar bonuses from inflicting pain - even those who were never Eldar in the first place. This is, of course, of little use should you not inflict pain.

Agony Insensate (-200): The pain the lesser races can visit upon you pales to what you have done to yourself for fun. A Dark Eldar may consider such jaded pain tolerance to be a bad thing, but perhaps you do not. Only what another creature might consider the limits of pain, such as being flayed alive or having every pain centre of your body stimulated at once, can really register. Everything else is no more than a minor distraction.

Alien Biology Adaptation (-200): Your biological technologies adapt easily even to species far removed from your kin. A brief cultural exchange program would be all it takes to learn the finer details necessary to turn biological modifications from one species into another. After all, it takes surprisingly little extra effort to turn a greenskin, a human, or a Tau into a Grotisque, despite the seemingly significant biological differences between the two species. If it has flesh, it is viable base materials for whatever you may do to it.

Wring the Last Drop (-400): Most Haemonculi cause pain. Many a Coven chooses quantity over quality of pain, drawing in slaves by the thousands and quickly working to draw out enough pain from the lot of them before moving on. But you have *perfected* the art of extracting it as much as any other flesh-surgeon. The focus upon drawing out quality individual suffering from a select few creatures has given you an understanding of pain deeper and more comprehensive than your peers could boast. To maximise their hope just to cruelly dash. To drive them to the very heights of every possible sensation and keep them there until they finally burn out.

Death is a Mercy (-400): Few die upon the racks of the Haemonculi until they truly desire it. Though they may perform such surgeries it would seem impossible to live through, their victims continue to be aware and suffer. What this means is that short of intentionally killing someone you can

guarantee they'll be alive, conscious, and capable of feeling the full spectrum of pain. Even as you disassemble their entire body, spread their circulatory system across your ceiling and dangle their major organs down from the walls. Even if you were to reduce them down to a single vital organ fit for grafting into your own body to mock them.

Horrid Dilettante (-600): You have a competent skill in every single field a Haemonculus could learn, courtesy of riding the newest trends of the demented artificers of pain, whether it has been crafting Wracks the size of an insect but no less deadly, carving someone's very soul to pieces, crafting living furniture from slaves, to tainting the gene-seeds of Space Marines or inventing wholly new and exciting plagues to release upon the galaxy. Should you or anyone else invent a new horror worthy of Commorragh, you can bet you'll quickly pick up enough competence to not embarrass yourself among your fashionable peers.

Nemesine of All (-600): It is inevitable that the ones who specialise in taking apart the bodies of all manner of creatures learn the vulnerabilities of their victims. And even among the Haemonculi, there are those who devote themselves to learning the weaknesses to master the murder of everything that exists. You know about every single way to kill every single species in the galaxy. Perhaps the most twisted and creative Haemonculi may yet invent a new manner of murder, but for now nothing else escapes you. Every weakness, every vulnerability of every last race from the very finest Tyranid organism to the greatest void whale and the Daemons of the Immaterium. At this level of skill, nothing but the murder of insubstantial concepts such as hope yet eludes you. Though even that is likely not for lack of trying.

Blade for Hire

Untouchable (-100): Some services within Commorragh are of such vital importance that harming the Dark Eldar involved with them is unthinkable. The post, for instance. As long as you remain neutral, rival factions will not dare harm you. Yet this guarantee is predicated upon your continuing neutrality; to pick a side or even to create your own will invite its loss.

The Decapitator (100): The finishing blow that severs the head from the shoulders comes easily to you. Should you desire it, it would be easy to make every single fatal blow you strike into a decapitating one. This comes with a bonus skill at cleaning the skull for mounting.

Duellist's Eye (-200): Your talent is surely wasted slaying the common rabble. A quick, contemptuous glance is all it takes for you to identify the most skilled and dangerous of your enemies amidst a mass before you, picking out the wheat of a worthy foe from the chaff of his meatshields. Surely the only thing you'd use this for is striking down the deadliest enemies.

Hunter Becomes Hunted (-200): Assassination is a fact of life in Commorragh. Every person of note, it seems, must deal regularly with ambushers and other hired goons from their treacherous subordinates, peers, superiors, friends, and even people they annoyed once. Lengthy experience in dealing with assassins sent after you has left you with a great skill at murdering them first. To discover when you are being watched, to set up your own ambushes and traps, and finally to string up would-be assassins right where they can be found as a message to anyone who dares try.

Lhamean Courtesan (-200): You're part of an exclusive club of one of the most skilful lovers in a city as hedonistic and decadent as Commorragh. In both imagination and skill, you would be one of the most desired even amongst the jaded hedonistic society of the Dark Eldar. You know good and well what this perk is good for.

Court of Exiles (-400): The rebellious, the dispossessed, and the impoverished are a splendidly plentiful resource in Commorragh. Around you, an army of the dispossessed and exiles draws naturally, enough to become the king of the local underworld. If Vect can be said to rule the less criminal side of Commorragh, you will rule the more criminal one simply by the masses of desperate potential criminals who will flock to your side.

Dark Bargain (-400): Bargaining with others is rarely done from a position of perfect knowledge of their desires, their wants. But not you. The desires of others lie bare before you. From their deepest wishes to their idle wants, you know them all with but a glance. Most importantly, you know exactly what to offer them to make them sell away precisely what they hold most precious. Their voice, perhaps.

Master of Blades (-600): Detached from the power plays in the Kabals, Covens and Cults, there is ample time to study the blade, master it more comprehensively than perhaps any other Eldar to ever live. For ten thousand years of perfecting the blade has most certainly paid off. You have

surpassed even the human Adeptus Custodes in pure talent, able to slay three of them at once in battle.

The King of Mandrakes (-600): There is more to the shadows of Aelindrach than mere terror. In that ever-expanding realm the darkness is almost alive. It confuses all senses and hosts all manner of truly strange creatures of darkness. You are linked to it more closely than any other Mandrake, save perhaps one. The shadow-creatures of Aelindrach know and obey your authority, as befits their king. But this is of limited use without the means to bring the realm elsewhere: Within the collected skulls of your foes lurks the remnants of their souls, and the greater the foe the more worthy their skull shall be. By collecting a thousand perfect skulls - itself likely to be a long and gruelling process - you can bore a permanent hole into Aelindrach that will unleash an army of shadows and cause the land around to take on the very same writhing darkness. The mightiest of daemonic dysjunctions yet to invade Commorragh may be consumed utterly with this force.

Items



All origins except Haemonculi receive 400 CP to purchase items, including weapons, armour, and vehicles, but not biological modifications. Anything from these sections will be replaced in a month if lost, destroyed, or otherwise used.

General Items:

Translator Tool (-0): Few are the Dark Eldar who bother to learn the primitive grunts of lesser races. Yet being able to communicate with them has advantages; being able to order one's slaves to act being the most obvious. For that purpose, the Dark Eldar create sophisticated translation devices, which may take a form that can be easily kept upon one's person, to both translate their words into primitive tongues and permit them to understand what their slaves are babbling about. Alas, such a device has some flaws, for it cannot accurately translate certain nonsense concepts only the lesser races hold, like whatever a "fair fight" means, so there may be times your reliance on this device is less than helpful. Otherwise it is generally reliable.

Human Skin Coat (-50): It doesn't need to be human skin. Maybe it's Eldar or Tau. The important thing is that this coat was made of the finest cuts from dozens of skins sewed together and woven into a coat. You can still see some faces on it. But it is oddly comfortable and makes a surprisingly decent labcoat, despite all reasonable assumptions otherwise.

A Stolen Feast (-50): The Dark Eldar produce little on their own and plunder much. Even that which they do produce is geared towards exploiting plunder or stealing more. And of those who do produce goods that cannot be used in the pursuit of plunder find the goods they produce considered lesser to that which is stolen anyway. In some ways, the status of an influential powerbroker depends heavily on what he is able to steal and from whom. For impressing guests with your ability to plunder comes this riotous feast, containing both rare and exotic foodstuff and the finest crafts of master artisans taken by force from a million worlds. Such a feast would easily impress all but the most jaded hedonists, as its exotic ingredients imply a mighty warlord able to plunder across the galaxy with impunity. No Dark Eldar could make such a thing even if he tried. For this is the way the Commorrites like it; that which is taken is always sweeter than that which they make.

Webway Portal (-100): This is a more mobile version of the static Webway portals found around the galaxy. Upon activation, it creates an opening into the Webway, perfect for either a speedy escape or to bring in armed reinforcements from your allies. Naturally, these vastly more advanced devices offer none of the danger of Warp travel.

Archangel of Pain (-100): This is a casket containing anti-Daemon runes that are incredibly inimical to Daemons. It also contains a Daemon, unfortunately for that creature. After its no-doubt lengthy period of agony, the Daemon has been driven wild with agony. Should anyone choose to release it, the Daemon will appear as a blindingly bright white winged figure that shrieks with agony capable of incapacitating people before it returns to the Warp.

Clone Field (-100): A device that projects lifelike holograms of yourself around you, making it extremely difficult and a gamble to target your true body. Though it makes you very difficult to target, it offers no protection if something does manage it.

Crucible of Malediction (-200): Psykers are normally barred from the Dark City and for good reason as their presence increases the risk of a Disjunction. However, some Dark Eldar have learnt to weaponise them, trapping their tortured souls inside a crucible. When unleashed, the shrieking cacophony of torment suffered by the unfortunate psyker's soul is enough to drive other psykers insane. In this, the Dark Eldar compensate for their general lack of psychic ability by eliminating enemy psykers early.

Veil of Obsidian (-200): The Shadow Fields of the Dark Eldar are potent, but incredibly unreliable. It is little surprise that enterprising craftsmen instead worked a broad spectrum displacement field similar to the Night Shields of their vehicles offering lesser yet vastly more reliable protection. Naturally, it manifests as a similar swirl of murky shadows surrounding the bearer.

Soul-Trap (-200): This prism is designed to allow you to trap the soul of your foes and empower you with its stolen power. As long as you strike a foe down, you can immediately trap his soul in the prism and, presuming that he is worth more than a common grunt, you can immediately begin to hijack his spiritual energies to empower yourself greatly.

Shattershard (-400): Once, these shards were part of a portal called the Mirror of Planes. Unfortunately, the portal was destroyed long ago, leaving only these shards left behind. They retain a curious power that makes them of use in war; if anything is caught within its reflection and the shattershard is broken, it too will shatter. Nearly anything can be killed this way, as long as they are not so deft as to avoid their reflection getting caught in the mirror. You receive one shard.

Crafting Supplies (-400): Slaves are an excellent source of raw materials for the Dark Eldar, but they are not all Commorragh runs upon. For everything that cannot be formed from a twisted, shrieking human slave, comes this supply of crafting materials fresh from Commorragh. This supply includes but is not limited to biological products sourced directly from the Tyranids, alien things found only within the Webway, counter-gravity crystals essential to Dark Eldar hovercraft, and esoteric dark matter essential for darklight weaponry.

Kabal

A Humble Gift (-100): You have a casket, a rather large container filled with a mysterious surprise. Loaded with riches from the Dark City and beyond, enough to please an Archon of one of the largest kabals in Commorragh, no doubt. Certainly it could not be a black hole in an unstable containment field set to deactivate when the box is opened. Such a destructive assassination tool would annihilate not only the Archon but his entire realm all at once. You may optionally choose to have this gift wrapped.

Shadow Field Generator (-200): Generally seen on only the most experienced Dark Eldar, a Shadow Field Generator is an arcane and little understood piece of technology in Commorragh. What is known is that each one contains a little black crystal, small enough to be set in the pommel of a sword or piece of jewellery, that is nigh-indestructible and hungry. These create an equally nigh-impenetrable mist of shadows that devours what tries to strike the thing protected. Energy weapons that contact it short out. Projectiles lose momentum and fall harmlessly. But this protection, though immensely powerful, is still subject to the whims of the crystal. From time to time, a sudden burst of energy may briefly sate its hunger. So it is that one time a bearer may be near invulnerable for a whole battle, on the other it may suddenly shut down in the opening moments and leave them vulnerable.

Writ of the Living Muse (-400): This is an iron tablet, embossed with words from the ruler of the Kabal, that when spoken aloud inspires and invigorates all who owe the leader fealty to new heights of destruction and mayhem. Normally, this would be possessed by the Kabal of the Black Heart and inspire those who have given fealty to Asdrubael Vect, but by purchasing this here you may give it affinity towards yourself instead.

Doppelganger Virus (-600): For those whose egotism verges into farcical comes the Doppelganger Virus. This virus is extremely contagious, and will easily rapidly cover an entire planet. Once it has infected any living creature, their features will slowly be reshaped into the spitting image of yours. Releasing this will quickly result in an entire planet of people who are blessed with looking like yourself. Alternatively, you could always set it so that everything on the planet resembles someone else, but why let them suffer the ugliness of a lesser form?

Wych

Combat Drugs (-100): Most Wyches take a cocktail of drugs to fight better. Certainly, these drugs all shorten their lifespans, but such a downside isn't really a downside when a Dark Eldar may simply rejuvenate themselves with the suffering of others. Purchasing this item grants you a supply of all the common combat drugs available to the Dark Eldar, from Adrenalight to Splintermind.

Goblet of Spite (-200): A sacred relic of a Wych cult, this goblet has an almost infectious aura of hatred that drives those around it into a killing frenzy. If you bear this goblet into combat, you can be certain that anyone who fights on your side will become even more effective at the art of killing than before at the small price of going into a blood frenzy.

Omni-Directional Whistle (-200): This is a strange-looking whistle, resembling a spiral shell of glass but carrying colours that seem to have come from outside the visual spectrum. When screamed into, which will cause the blower to start coughing up blood, the echoes will be heard in both the Materium and Immaterium. It will draw an uncountably vast pack of Warp Beasts to you, ignoring gravity and flickering through interspersed obstacles, to savage your enemies briefly before they return back to their home.

Arena (-600): This arena is of the kind common to Commorragh, far from the most impressive and massive arenas the wealthiest and most powerful Cults can build. Below it has many places where slaves and all kinds of monsters may be kept safely, as well as an array of basic weapons to give them for their day amidst the red sands. It makes for an impressive place to show off your skills at violent murder in front of an audience. Furthermore, it can record your entire show and replay it, though sadly this does not allow Dark Eldar to enjoy the rejuvenating excess again.

Haemonculus

Lair of Suffering (-100): You have a laboratory fit for a normal Haemonculus, containing all kinds of surgical tools and common medical supplies fit for stitching together most horrors the Haemonculi can produce. It also contains extensive dungeons, seemingly always having more space for whichever terrified creatures you lock up within to await processing. Rare and valuable reagents even the Haemonculi struggle to gain access to are not included here.

Backup Plan (-200): All the True Kin can recover their body from the smallest sliver of flesh as long as it is returned to the Haemonculi fast enough. Yet the Haemonculi know better than anyone else how vulnerable this resurrective immortality is; the total loss of the remains or just a long enough delay between death and arrival is enough to lose the soul to Slaanesh. This is where this comes in; a pocket dimension incorporating eldritch runes which anchors the tiniest sliver of your spirit. Enough of you to save you from Slaanesh's gullet. Even the total annihilation of your corporeal remains will not truly slay you now, your spirit will linger onwards until you possess a suitable new body - not necessarily your own - and return from there. The only way someone is destroying you for good would be some sort of attack that utterly extinguishes you in both body and spirit, or else perhaps uncovering the pocket dimension and destroying it. Should you fail to procure a suitable replacement body before the end of your jump, this will count as death.

The Nightmare Doll (-400): This is a sympathetic doll whose link requires but a drop of blood fed into the doll's mouth. Should you suffer any harm the injury will appear on the doll instead and your body will be untouched. However, the destruction of the doll in a manner such as vaporisation transferred to it will make its protection cease to work, as will multiple redundant injuries such as suffering repeated decapitations.

Panacea Perverted (-600): The Panacea, an ancient STC stolen by Lady Malys, has been studied and improved upon by the Haemonculi to create an even more potent cure for their own use. You now have a vial of fluid that is the sum total of that entire research along with the knowledge to replicate it again. Should you or any other imbibe the corrupted fluid, you will be cured of and rendered almost completely immune to disease, poisons and toxins alike, and you regenerate so rapidly that mundane weapons struggle to harm you faster than your flesh knits back together.

Blade for Hire:

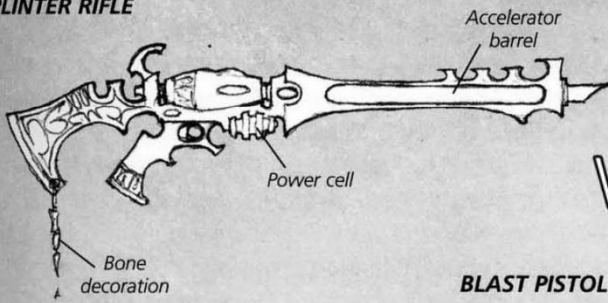
Tormentor (-100): The initiation ritual for an Incubus demands that the warrior track and slay an Aspect Warrior, claim the spirit stone, and shatter it. From the ruins of the spirit stone comes the Tormentor, a psychic torture device that radiates waves of terror and malice. This is typically mounted on their armour.

The Decapitator's Lair (-200): This room contains a runic chamber best designed to channel the strange rituals required to bring Aelindrach outside its home, and perhaps irrevocably taint other realms. You will need a supply of worthy skulls, no less than one thousand of them, and only the worthy skulls can be mounted here in the recesses of the walls of this chamber. But if you can amass them, you will trigger something entirely unlike a Disjunction that shrouds a significant portion of the realm in the same hungry shadows of Aelindrach.

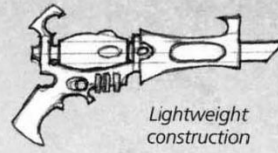
Bloodstone (-400): When the Incubi manage to steal or otherwise plunder a spirit stone of a Craftworlder Exarch they can subject it to a hideous ritual where it is both shattered and then boiled in blood. The end result is a tortured weapon that, with a thought from the bearer, can send a shockwave to boil the blood of all enemies in close proximity. It is highly questionable as to why the Craftworlders seem so tolerant of the Dark Eldar.

The Dark Gate (-600): This runic tetrahedron functions vaguely similar to a Webway portal, but with one major difference. It leads to one of the forbidden zones of the Webway, a place where impossibly entities lair up. These things are drawn to an open portal in their midst, and hurling an activated Dark Gate into enemy lines will see them lashed by grasping, crushing tendrils or pseudopods before the device shuts off.

SPLINTER RIFLE

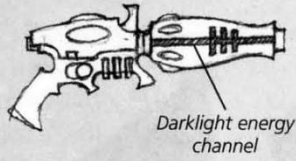


SPLINTER PISTOL

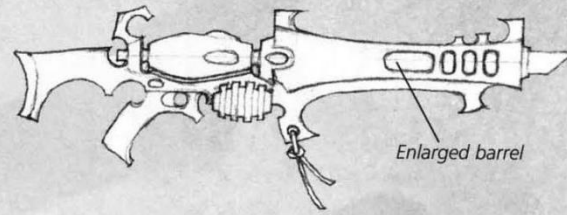


Weapons

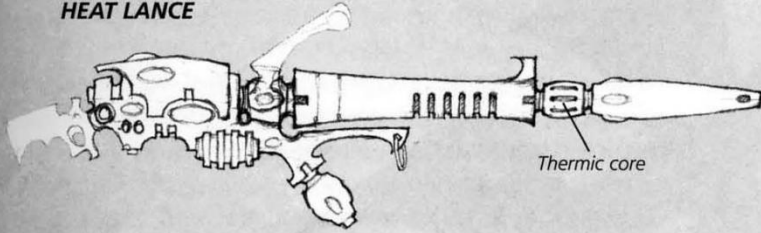
BLAST PISTOL



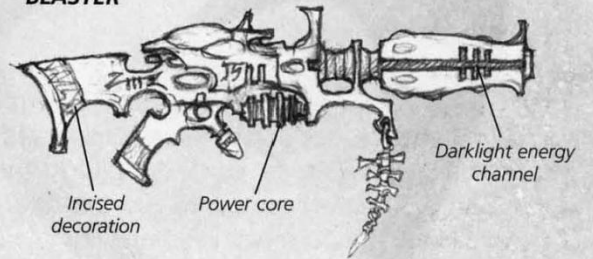
SHARDCARBINE



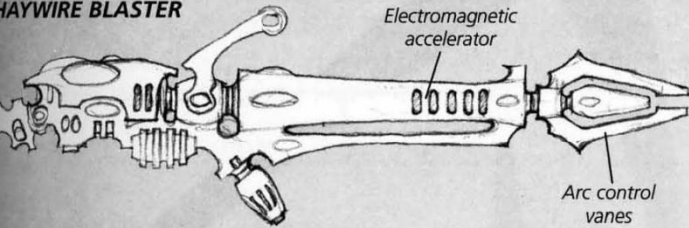
HEAT LANCE



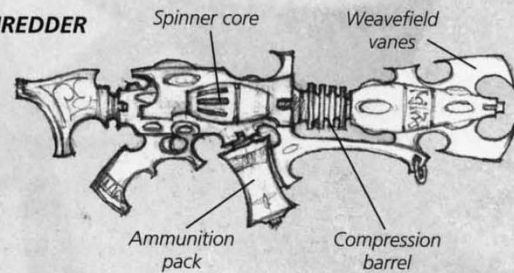
BLASTER



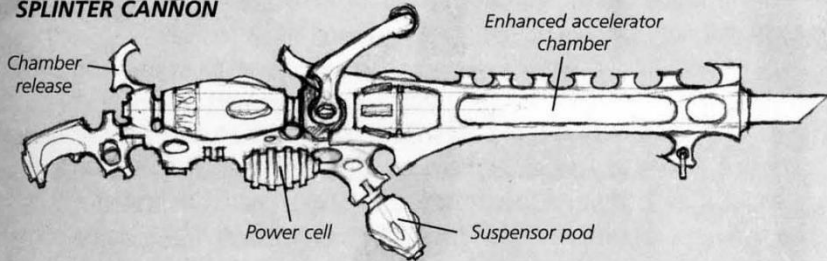
HAYWIRE BLASTER



SHREDDER



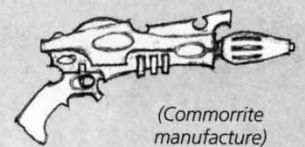
SPLINTER CANNON



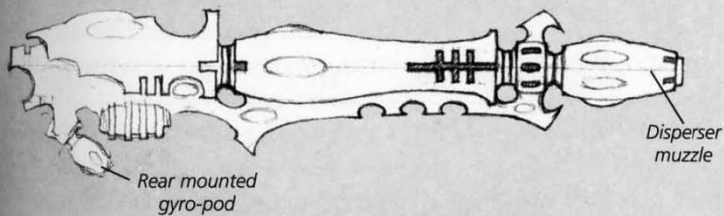
STINGER PISTOL



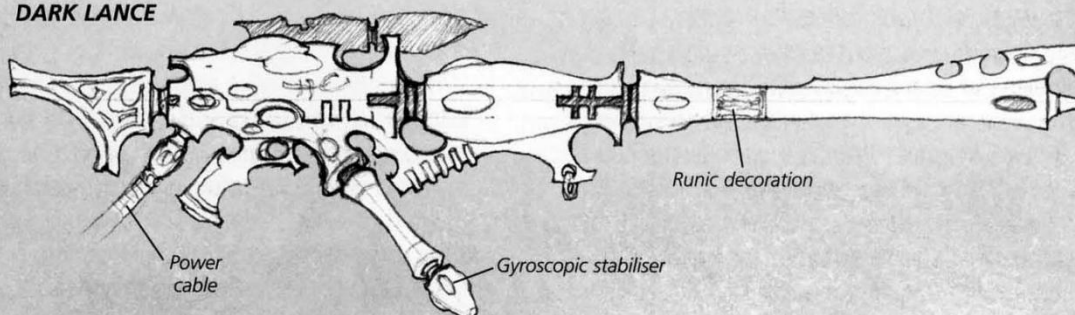
FUSION PISTOL



DISINTEGRATOR CANNON



DARK LANCE



Melee Weapon (free/-50): This section covers everything from simple combat knives to sophisticated gloves. The first melee weapon you purchase is free, as few Dark Eldar would really dare being unarmed, and any further melee weapons will cost 50 CP.

- **Monomolecular (free):** Every single edged Dark Eldar weapon is as sharp as a single atom and miraculously holds an edge no matter how much damage it suffers. Despite the light weight of all Dark Eldar weaponry it is capable of penetrating ceramite armour. This is free and can only be taken if the weapon has a cutting edge.
- **Lightweight (-50):** Your weapon is unnaturally light in your hands and can be swung around with ease. This does not impact how much severe an injury such a weapon causes.
- **Extendable (-50):** The Punisher is a weapon with an extendable shaft that when swung extends to just the right length to both maximise leverage and accuracy. Likewise, your weapon contains a similar feature.
- **Dual (-50/-100):** If you wish for a pair of weapons, this upgrade will grant you two of them. The paired weapons will possess any other upgrades bought in this section. For 100 CP, your two weapons can also be combined into a single, larger and deadly weapon much like the demiklaives of the Incubi.
- **Miniaturised (-50/-100):** This has several versions. The 50 CP level makes the weapon small but deadly enough to mount beneath a weapon so you may stab even as you shoot (allowing you to combine it with any ranged weapon you possess or purchased here) or made into something small and agile like a gauntlet. The 100 CP weapon takes this even further, turning it so small that it can hide upon your body while retaining all of its lethality. Alternatively, it has two modes, one where it is indistinguishable from clothing and another where it is fully extended and deadly, like the Hydra Gauntlets. It is generally wise to keep at least one hidden weapon on your person in the Dark City.
- **Bloodforged (-50):** This weapon has been designed to absorb the viscera of those whom it slays. The nicks and flaws accrued during the din of battle slough off under a spray of gore to reveal a weapon as dangerous and razor-sharp as if it was fresh from polishing and honing.
- **Poisoned (-50/-100/-200):** Poison is so common to the Dark Eldar that it is nearly unheard of for a weapon to not be poisoned. Should you acquire a weapon that is somehow not carrying at least one deadly toxin, you may rectify that with this purchase. These poisons are incapacitating, capable of immobilising a Carnifex with a large enough dose, and of course horrendously painful upon even the slightest scratch. If you care less for taking prisoners, for 100 CP the poison causes so much agony within such a small dose it can stop the heart of creatures exposed to it, making it significantly more lethal. Alternatively the same level of poison can cause a creature's flesh to devour itself while its blood turns to acid and dissolve into slurry, again from a single scratch. Finally, for 200 CP, this injects a cocktail of poisons and drugs that cause a biological creature's circulatory system to override so severely that even the greatest monsters can explode in a spray of biological tissue.
- **Shifting (-100):** Like the Razor Flails, yours can shift between a second form. Perhaps it's a blade that can suddenly elongate into a lengthy whip studded with monomolecular spikes. Both forms must be a melee weapon.
- **Mindphase (-100):** This weapon consumes the will of creatures it strikes. Any creature can theoretically be reduced to a paralysed statue and easily captured for the slave pits by a

strike from a Mindphase weapon, though it depends how strong their will was in the first place.

- **Power (-100):** Your weapon is sheathed in a disruptive energy field that allows it to bypass armour. Even Terminator armour could be split asunder with a proper blow.
- **Devourer (-200):** The weapon drains your victims' blood and pumps it directly into your veins, invigorating and enhancing you for a time through arcane, and unhygienic, sciences. It does not heal exactly, but rather grants bursts of energy, of speed, and of violence.
- **Husker (-400):** Made with desiccator bone, this weapon instantaneously evaporates all the moisture in anything it touches, leaving nothing but dust behind and shrivelled corpses that collapse in a slight breeze. Few creatures in this galaxy can survive even the slightest cut from one of these infamous weapons.

Ranged Weapons

Splinter Weapon (first free, then -50): Splinter guns are the most ubiquitous weapons among the Dark Eldar. They contain a core toxic crystal that is used to break off small splinters and accelerate them down the barrel at extreme speeds. If the target manages to survive the deadly splinter, the toxins may incapacitate them.

- **Cannon (-50):** The Splinter Cannon is, in some senses, an upsized version of the Splinter Gun, but it comes with an additional semi-liquid stabiliser that keeps the weapon steady when running and an additional magnetic field stabilising the barrel to ensure there are no misfires or inaccurate shards even under the heat of battle. It also contains a burst mode to continue firing even when the user loses their grip. This makes them easy to carry and deadly accurate even when running.
- **Soul-Seeker Rounds (-100):** Some Splinter Weapons impregnate the poison crystal within with pieces of tortured wraithbone. When fired, these maddened and angry shards home in on the first living thing they can find, even curving around barriers to strike the living.

Grenades (free/-50): Small, generally round explosives of multiple purposes. Any purchase here gives you six of them. As an optional purchase, for 50 CP you may get a specially modified backpack to launch your grenades for you.

- **Xenospasm Grenades (-50):** Instead of tormenting wraithbone to create terror or despair, the wraithbone in these grenades is tormented until they feel overwhelming hatred for the living and then placed inside specially carved obsidian. When these grenades detonate, the wraithbone guides the fragments into the living. The victims of xenospasm grenades are typically torn apart under both a hail of unnaturally accurate shards and a black shroud of spiritual agony that accompanies it. These grenades are given in addition to your normal grenades.
- **Plasma Grenades (-50):** A box of six plasma grenades, far more sophisticated and deadly than Imperial frag grenades. They do require being thrown by hand, unless you possess another kind of grenade launcher.
- **Haywire Grenades (-50):** These interesting grenades are effectively harmless against living creatures, but the electromagnetic pulse they produce is capable of frying electronics and disabling vehicles. You receive six of them.
- **Terrorfex/Phantasm Grenades (-50):** These wraithbone grenades' contents are so hideously tortured it causes them to unleash a haze of terror or despair in the vicinity of their detonation. Being exploding grenades, they do have a slight chance of killing, though they were not designed for it.
- **Damnation Grenades (-100):** A particularly vile variant of phantasm grenades used by Kruellagh, the maybe-Archon of the Kabal of the Flayed Skull, these grenades are capable of felling even a Space Marine caught in its blast. These grenades are given in addition to your normal grenades.

Poison Gun (-50/-100): Though there are many designs, and multiple loadouts, they all share a loosely similar mechanism. They tend to fire a penetrative cylinder that dumps a load of toxins,

plagues or other chemicals into their target. For an extra 50 CP, this one is an extremely accurate sniper capable of delivering a fatal dose of toxins into the flesh of the enemy from across truly vast distances - and even better, without needing the steadying nor lengthy aiming time of the weapons of lesser races.

- **Glass Plague (-100):** The Glass Plague is a weapon even the Dark Eldar fear, and so naturally they are all too eager to use it. The Hexrifle is the result. It resembles a sniper rifle that fires cylinders which contain the Glass Plague, which upon contact with tissue converts it into a crystalline glass at freakish speeds, spreading fast to others too once it is released. Importantly, even the Haemonculi cannot recover a Dark Eldar who is entirely converted into glass this way. Purchasing this also grants you a counter-virus, so you need not fear accidentally converting yourself into a statue.

Shredder (-100): This gun fires a compressed monofilament mesh covered in barbs that is designed to shred an unfortunate creature caught within it, their struggles only causing the barbs to bite ever deeper.

Haywire Blaster (-100): Utilising the electromagnetic energies harvested from the eyries of Commorrhagh, the Haywire Blaster is capable of disabling that which relies on electronics in a single "pulse" of crackling energy. It is extremely specialised, but very good at what it does.

Liquifier (-100): A compact gun that sprays a gout of potent acid at close range, serving as something similar to a light flamer with less fire and more suffering.

- **Blood Spray (free):** Should you wish to weaponise your blood, you may take this upgrade. It will allow you to hook up your Liquifier directly into your veins to spray what passes for blood amongst your kind at your enemies. Its effectiveness entirely depends on what courses through your circulatory system; don't expect much from regular blood, but it is a very different story if you're one of the Dark Eldar who enjoys replacing their blood with acid or poison.

Destructor (-100): An old Haemonculus take on the flamers of the lesser races, this one which sprays an incredibly potent corrosive compound capable of eating through any known armour and leaving most creatures paralysed, blind, and boneless in agony that defies description. Its very short range is its most significant downside.

Heat Lance (-200): These weapons are a combination of the advantages of melta and las weapons and used in a somewhat analogous manner to the melta weapons of the primitive races. They are both much deadlier than a melta weapon and possess greater range - though it is still somewhat short.

Dark Lance (-300): This weapon fires dark energy, harvested from black holes, warp storms, and other dangerous phenomena not fully understood. A single blast from this reacts violently on contact, tearing through even the heaviest armour and leaving no trace of any man unfortunate enough to be its victim behind. It is most efficient when fired upon vehicles, where its ability to make even the heaviest armour largely redundant is most useful.

- **Blaster/Blast Pistol (free):** Though indisputably effective against nearly anything it touches, the Dark Lance is large and cumbersome enough to be inconvenient for an infantryman to use. The Blaster is a way around this, taking the fearsome effectiveness of a Dark Lance and shrinking it down into a rifle-size package while adding the same semi-liquid stabiliser found in a Splinter Cannon to make it easy to fire and accurate on the move. This does noticeably impact its range, putting it down to mere carbine rather than anti-tank cannon range. Alternatively, it has been shrunk all the way down to pistol size and range, though again losing none of its deadliness.

Disintegrator Cannon (-300): These versatile heavy weapons are faintly similar to Imperial plasma guns, yet advanced Dark Eldar technology has solved the overheating problems plasma guns are notorious for suffering. They remain cool under any circumstances, despite firing plasma from one of Commorragh's stolen suns hot enough to vaporise all but the largest of monsters and heavy vehicles on contact.

General Ranged Weapon Upgrades: These upgrades may be applied to any ranged weapon you purchased earlier to modify it.

- **Miniaturised (-50):** This upgrade shrinks it significantly and enables you to either turn it into a pistol, mount your ranged weapon upon a piece of clothing, armour like a Tormentor Helm, or even another weapon. When mounted on your clothing or armour, the weapon may have an optional function to be fired with a thought, freeing up both hands for wielding something else. The only downside is that the small size of the weapon does tend to shave off some range.
- **Flawless Workmanship (-100):** Some Kabals take the construction of the finest, deadliest weapons as a mark of pride, and so the guns they produce are of quality and craftsmanship unavailable to most. These weapons fire much further and hit so much harder. Your weapon is upgraded with these very same standards of craftsmanship.
- **Kiss of the Parasite (-200):** When you slay a foe with this weapon it will drain its soul back to you to heal you. Your victim shall wither and perish while you rejuvenate and regenerate the same amount as they suffer.

Armour



Armour requires two things; first you must get a suit of armour, then you may purchase upgrades for it.

Suits:

- **Wychsuit (-50, free Wych):** There's just enough armour in here to cover your genitals, nipples and a couple other plates around your body, possibly over parts of your legs or arms. This armour is better than nothing, because wearing nothing at all is the next step down. However it doesn't hamper the aerobic fighting style the Wyches prefer and does offer some extremely meagre protection that just might pay off.
- **Kabalite Armour (-100, free Kabal):** This armour offers protection that is merely bad. It is a full, very flexible bodysuit that offers protection against the void. It also hardens as a reaction to neural impulses, which enables warriors to protect themselves on command, but in general the protection is rather poor and unreliable.
- **Ghostplate (-200, discounted Blade for Hire):** This armour has been fashioned from a mixture of hardened resins, pockets of lighter than air gas, and miniature forcefield projectors that ultimately give it a durability even better than Imperial Carapace Armour without affecting mobility in the least. Scourges are particularly fond of it, as it allows them exceptional protection without impacting their aerial mobility.
- **Incubus Warsuit (-300, discounted Blade For Hire):** This armour offers protection loosely equivalent to a full suit of Space Marine Power Armour, without hampering mobility in the least.

Upgrades:

- **Trophy Racks (-50):** Some Dark Eldar, often the oldest and wickedest of them, wish for a place upon their armour to mount the remains of their conquered foe, both to demoralise their enemies and boast about the others they've laid low. This upgrade will grant you a series of radiating spikes mounted upon your back that are the perfect place to display your conquests high and proud.
- **Mirrorhelm (-50):** Many members of Wych Cults wear these gladiatorial helms, for they offer an invaluable advantage in combat. They contain powerful sense enhancers that manage to read and reflect the subtlest movements of the foe in combat, allowing the Wych in question to tell where a blow might come from and when.
- **Vexator Mask/Vexantrope (-100):** This mask, a delicate construction of bone and skin, is adorned with runes of illusion and confusion. Should anyone dare to approach the wearer of this mask, they will see the face of anyone they are deeply attached to, perhaps a dear friend, a lover, their parent or even their beloved leader. The hesitation this mask inspires in all but the most soulless and empty of persons is enough for the wearer to slay them where they stand.
- **Mask of the Damned (-200):** This mask defeats one's foes by projecting hellish visions of their deepest fears and phobias even as they approach you. Such torments are known for causing enemies to drop to their knees helpless even mid-charge.
- **Spiteful (-200):** As the psychic potential of the Dark Eldar has atrophied, they have come up with ever more creative ways to counter hostile psychic phenomena. Your armour has been designed so that it not only shields you from most psychic powers, it inflicts a backlash

against those who would dare use it against you so potent that psyker brains may be cooked inside their skulls.

- **Imbued with Misery (-200):** Shards of poisoned wraithbone have been woven into the armour making it even tougher than before. But this is not the true reason such armour is desired, for its real advantage is in how it emanates waves of crippling dread, sapping away your foes' will to resist you. All but the strong willed will simply drop their weapons and fall to the floor at your approach, overwhelmed by the torturous waves radiating from you.
- **Soulforged (-300):** The soulstones of Craftworld Farseers were broken and forged into your armour, or perhaps a crown to go with it, and in their torment they glimpse potential dark futures and whisper them to the wearer. With a modicum of intelligence, the wearer can avoid these potential dark futures.
- **Raiment of the Fallen Phoenix (-300):** An interesting upgrade, only one Dark Eldar is known to wear a corrupted suit of a Phoenix Lord. This upgrade makes your armour as close to invulnerable as the Eldar get and it has one final benefit: Should you die, all it will take is another warrior donning your armour to meld your consciousness with them and "live" again. Should nobody don this armour before your time in the jump is up, you will perish as normal.

Vehicles



Like the armour section, you first purchase a vehicle then may purchase general upgrades for them. Vehicles that need a multi-person crew receive enough Dark Eldar followers to staff them.

Skyboard (-50): These boards are single-man anti-gravitic platforms that only the most daring pilots fly around in. It comes with chains or barbs that can wrap around your legs and firmly affix you to it - an important consideration for the dexterous manoeuvres it can pull off. These boards mount a pair of underslung splinter cannons which are generally used to pepper the adversary while closing in.

Reaver Jetbike (-100): One of the fastest vehicle in a faction that has no shortage of speed, the jetbike is a single-seat anti-gravity vehicle used to race ahead of the main Dark Eldar force, strike. By purchasing this you receive one of either a splinter cannon, a shredder, blaster, or heat lance mounted on it.

Venom (-100): The smallest transport the Dark Eldar possess, although its agility and low profile is precisely why some prize it. It only has enough room for seven people aboard, and possesses only either a twin splinter rifle or a splinter cannon. It also possesses flickerfield shielding for protection.

Raider (-150): The middle sized Dark Eldar transport, it has enough room to carry eleven warriors into battle. It possesses either a Dark Lance or a Disintegrator. It also possesses a night shield.

- **Torture Amp (-50):** A gruesome conversion, this adds in a special place where victims may be tortured, their screams captured and weaponised as a sonic blast around the Raider. It is known to send even brave soldiers fleeing at the sounds of the cries from within.

Raven Fighter (-200): This is the smallest, lightest fighter plane the Dark Eldar wield, matching vulnerability with punishment. Its armament is a mere two Dark Lances and a Splinter Cannon. These aircraft generally fly ahead of the main force and strike armoured vehicles from above, only turning their Splinter Cannons on infantry when none exist.

Ravager (-300): The equally archetypical Dark Eldar heavy weapons platform, this is a Raider whose troop transport has been stripped out to mount an extra pair of guns and heavier armour. It also possesses night shields. A squadron of these are known for taking down Titans with a single volley of long-ranged fire. As with the Raider, you receive three of either Disintegrators or Dark Lances.

- **Dais of Destruction (-100):** This heavily modified Ravager has a special pimp throne for the most truly discerning Archon and has gained shielding that offers protection comparable to even the toughest non-Titan vehicles. The only downside is that this forcefield offers no protection against melee - but for that, a crew of elite Incubi stand ready.

Reaper (-300): This vehicle is a gunship vaguely similar to a Ravager, possessing its same protection, but instead of being built around multiple guns it instead is built around one very large one. The Storm Vortex Projector is a massive gun built into the hull and fires an electromagnetic beam to cripple or destroy vehicles in a single shot, or alternatively a blast to catch groups of foes at a time.

Razorwing Jetfighter (-400): The Razorwing is the primary fighter of the Dark Eldar. Like all Dark Eldar vessels, it carries a powerful payload to accompany its blistering speed and agility, but lacks the armour to survive dogfights on unequal terms, relying mostly on night shields for survival. It carries a splinter cannon and either two dark lances, two disintegrator cannons, or one dark lance and a disintegrator cannon. It also carries any combination of monoscythe missiles, which use a blast concentrated down into a thin cutting plane capable of mass decapitation, necrotoxin missiles, which spray a large volume of extremely deadly toxins across a wide area, or shatterfield missiles, which use a twin warhead that first sucks all the thermal energy out and then shatters the statues.

Voidraven Bomber (-500): The larger, slightly slower, but slightly tougher bomber to the Razorwing's fighter, and requires a dedicated bomber alongside the pilot. It carries either two void lances, essentially upgunned dark lances, or two dark scythes, essentially upgunned disintegrator cannons, alongside the same missiles as the Razorwing or its own implosion missiles that cause enemies struck by it to implode. Finally, it carries the dreaded void mine, a potent darklight bomb capable of annihilating nearly everything in the blast radius.

Tantalus (-600): The very largest common vehicle in the Dark Eldar armoury, this is a combination of gunship and transport for sixteen warriors. The two pulse disintegrators allow a volume of fire similar to a battery of supercharged plasma cannons all without the risk of overheating. Its aethersails allow for rapid movement and its inbuilt twilight field is functionally similar to night shielding. It also possesses its own blades and is surprisingly effective as a ram.

General Vehicle Upgrades:

- **Horrorfex/Torment Grenade Launcher (-50):** Large enough to require mounting on vehicles, this grenade launcher either sends explosive shards of tortured wraithbone around the battlefield or clouds of terror-inducing gas with much the same results. Though unlikely to kill anyone, they cause an overwhelming sense of horror that can quickly trigger panic and fleeing among those exposed to it. It is large enough that it has a much longer range than any foot-mounted grenade launcher.
- **Night Shields (-50):** A popular choice upon Dark Eldar vehicles, this one covers the entire vehicle (and crew) with an obscuring cloak of shadows. Though it offers no actual protection against direct hits, it makes the vehicle far harder to see or target, and that has value of its own. This is redundant on vehicles that would normally have them.
- **Vehicle Blades (free/-50/-100):** Should you wish to drive closer and hit them with your Huskblade, there comes the risk of enterprising opponents climbing over or hitting you with their swords. These scythes make your vehicle an even more intimidating prospect and drastically increases the likelihood that your foes will dash themselves upon your hull. Additionally, and popular with Reaver Jetbike pilots, these may be used to fly over the enemy while downwards-pointing blades slash them to ribbons. The first level is free with a Reaver Jetbike or a Skyboard. For an extra 50 CP, these blades are constantly dripping with a cocktail of lethal toxins, vastly increasing its lethality from even the slightest scratch.
- **Flickerfields (-100):** The optical forcefield produced by a flickerfield makes the vehicle it is attacked to seem to flicker in and out of reality. This upgrade is redundant on any vehicle which possess it already.

- **Shock Prow (-100):** These prows are energised to create disruptive electromagnetic waves. When the vehicle is used to ram, these prows prove their worth as they are able to carve through infantry and the armoured hulls of vehicles alike. This makes them surprisingly effective even in spite of the lightweight, fragile construction of Dark Eldar vehicles .
- **Splinter Racks (-100):** Dark Eldar transports are designed to be open-topped, both for ease of dis/embarkment and to allow their occupants to shoot in every direction. This upgrade stuffs them with so many spare weapons and ammunition that it effectively removes the risk of occupants running out of ammunition for their splinter weapons, allowing them to fire to their heart's content.
- **Screaming Jets (-100):** Dark Eldar engines are already powerful, as they value speed and firepower over survivability, yet this upgrade enhances it even further. Such jet engines, named for the hideous wail they create when used, enable a vehicle to travel and deploy obscenely rapidly even by the standards of the Dark Eldar.

Body Modifications



Haemonculi receive a stipend of 400 CP here to reflect the extensive body modifications they perform on themselves and their servants.

Gnarled Skin (-100, free Haemonculus): So many torments have been inflicted upon your flesh. And to protect itself, your skin has turned twisted, gnarly and extremely durable. As a questionable side benefit, the long exposure to the agonies the Dark Eldar can provide has hardened your sense of pain considerably and blows that cannot kill you barely even register.

Extra Limbs (-100): You may purchase this multiple times and each purchase adds another pair of limbs on to your body, your choice whether this is another pair or arms or legs. They are in every way as functional as your existing limbs, though placing them at odd angles can allow you to reach in ways impossible for someone with a normal set of arms.

Enhanced Organs (-100): It is often a simple task for the Dark Eldar to improve upon what nature gifted themselves. You may pick one organ, such as your eyes, heart, or similar. The modifications they've given you have made it vastly more capable than it would normally be; seeing into a vastly expanded spectrum, perhaps, or even not even seeming to exist as a single targetable organ while retaining full functionality.

Prehensile Spine (-100): Your spine has been elongated and now resembles a bony "tail". It is strong enough to lift you at least a foot off the ground under its own power. Despite the improbability of this, it is an excellent platform from which to shoot, strike upon your lessers, or just raise and lower you around the laboratory. And you don't have to dirty your feet with the ground.

Relocated Organs (-200): For the paranoid Haemonculus - that is about all of them - there remains the option to shift their vital organs someplace better defended, all the better to ensure some run of ill luck does not send one back to the regeneration chambers. All your vital organs have been shifted to an armoured "hump" on your back, ensuring that most anti-infantry weapons cannot destroy them. Shredding apart your torso, even your head, will not be fatal as long as the organ hump remains untouched.

Spinal Tendrils (-200): Some surgeons are simply too busy for what even multiple arms can give them. Some might prefer the dexterity and flexibility of tentacles to the other advantages of extra hands. Either way, you've manipulated your spine so that you gain four bone "tentacles" jutting out of your back that are entirely prehensile and capable of manipulating tools.

Replaced Vitae (-200): All your vital fluids have been drained from your body and, in a curious expression of the alchemy the flesh-cults are known for, replaced with either acid potent enough to eat through armour and flesh before your eyes, or hideously efficient contact poisons. You are, of course, unaffected by the bizarre composition of your blood, though anyone who manages to draw your blood is in for a very unpleasant surprise.

Hollow Bones and Wings (-300): Like the Scourges, you've suffered through the incredibly painful procedure to both hollow your bones and graft wings upon your back capable of true flight, and become one of a rather privileged group capable of flitting around fully armed through the skies under their own power. These wings may be feathered or batlike.

Enhanced Musculoskeletal System (-300/-600): Your body has been enhanced by massive doses of steroids that caused you to nearly double in size and be covered in a frankly absurd amount of muscle. Your physique edges close to what the Adeptus Astartes are capable of/

- For an extra 300 CP, you possess the physique of the monstrous Grotesques instead. Your raw stature and physicality closer resembles one of the mon-keigh Custodes. You are a giant, towering figure with equally gigantic, and blatantly unnatural muscles capable of tearing apart most things in the galaxy with your bare hands.

Auto-Injectors (-400): Attached to your back is a series of vials that automatically dose you in chemicals in response to any sort of stimuli, perhaps flooding your system with focus-enhancing drugs during a tight surgery, or combat drugs while in danger. You may fill these vials with any chemical cocktail you possess and set which stimuli causes them to automatically release them into your system. As a bonus, the system of auto-injectors may be made out of another Dark Eldar.

Haemovore Infestation (-400): The Khaïdesi Haemovores are cartilaginous worm creatures that infest the skin under the flesh of a Haemonculus and function as an extra dangerous weapon. When a foe comes too close, these creatures burst out to devour the flesh and blood of their enemies. You have a constant infestation of Khaïdesi Haemovores that grants you the same advantage. Few is the creature who can come in range of a haemovore infestation without being drained of blood or utterly devoured. And best of all, they can do it all without letting a single drop of blood touch you. These ones will not attempt to devour non-enemies.

Master Regenesist (-400): Among the tweaks a Haemonculus will often perform to their own body is to grant themselves powerful regeneration. Your flesh heals at an alarming rate, knitting back together before the very eye. Few wounds that take on your flesh will go long without healing seemingly perfectly, assuming the original wound was not instantly fatal.

Crystal Heart (-600): You swapped hearts with a strange creature who inhabits the Webway. It beats with a strange, erratic rhythm yet confers some of the strange power of the creature you bargained with. Because of this you have been rendered completely immune to psychic powers. And equally importantly, you see ahead into the future far enough to always stay one step ahead of your opponents. Those you are aware of, anyway.

Realm Builder



Your Realm (-300/-500/-700): Your realm need not even be inside Commorragh; the Dark City has many satellite realms connected but not entirely part of Commorragh. By default, any purchase of a realm here grants you a little sliver of the Webway in this and future worlds to call your own. You must purchase one level here to access any further upgrades, and the level you buy will determine the general size and influence of your realm.

- At the first level, the people you directly rule numbers in the thousands and holds a tiny sliver of Dark Eldar society underfoot. You are likely little more than a small menace to isolated shipping lanes, largely undefended worlds, and other exceedingly soft targets. The force you can bring to bear rivals that of a normal, mostly forgettable Kabal.
- At the second level, your power cannot go unnoticed. Tens to hundreds of thousands of Dark Eldar labour under your banner. This is enough to edge into one of the Great Kabals of Commorragh, though such a force is far from the top.
- At the third level, your realm is comparable in size to lost Shaa-Dom, or a similarly vast chunk of Commorragh mighty enough for even Vect to take direct notice. The raw force your realm alone can bring to bear likely numbers in the millions.

Realm Customisation

You receive a certain number of Realm Points to customise your realm based on the level you purchased earlier. The 300 CP level grants you 500 RP, the 500 CP level grants 1000 RP, and the 700 CP level grants you 1500 RP. The rulers of any purchases here not be directly in service to you, or directly part of whatever organisation you are part of, but they will owe you fealty all the same and be too afraid/indebted to risk betrayal.

Realspace Realm (+100): Your realm isn't part of Commorragh at all. It isn't even part of the Webway. For some reason - perhaps exile, perhaps personal choice, your warriors home somewhere in realspace instead. Away from the protection of the Webway, their souls will drain so much faster and require so much more frequent pain to top it back up again. But perhaps you want the fervent desperation that comes with the intense Thirst?

Distant Realm (-0, incompatible with Realspace Realm): Distant from the core of Commorragh, the walls between the Webway and the Warp grows thin. Strange and bizarre events plague these realms. Think carefully before you pick anything here; all has a drawback.

- **Chronological Confusion:** Like the realm of Xae'Trenneayi, time in this dimension seems to refuse to obey common laws, having more in common with how time flows in the Immaterium during its more chaotic moments. It jumps back and forwards at random with no discernible laws determining its motion.
- **Return of the Dead:** The spirits of the dead do not rest easily here. They often return with a vengeance. Killers are known to be confronted by the spirits of those they have slain.
- **Living Shadows:** This realm is shrouded in ever-present, hungry darkness, perhaps as some offshoot of Aelindrach. Here there is only "predator" and "prey". It is the idea home for Mandrakes, and likely already has an infestation of them.

The Port (-0): As you would be somewhat cut off from travelling anywhere without a way to become mobile in the third dimension, this place exists to berth the vessels needed by the Dark Eldar. Both warships and relatively mundane transports including Raiders and Venoms can be found berthed here, the exact number dependent on the size and influence of your realm. And, as the most vulnerable entryway into Commorragh, this naturally comes with fortifications and emplacements of hangars and void-grade weaponry to deter any foolish attempt at invasion.

- **Realspace/Webway Port (-100):** The Dark Eldar have many realspace stations scattered across the galaxy. Yours is fortunate enough to sit at a point between a major Webway portal and realspace, granting your group great control over the local trade and slaving networks. And making it incredibly simple to cross over out of the Webway in that point.
- **Mercenary District (-100):** Primitive, non-Eldar aliens with no morals and great interest in the things the Dark Eldar can provide gravitate into this district, where races from across the 40k galaxy and, perhaps, any other galaxies you visit may be perused and hired. The weak, stupid, and those of poor warrior instinct tend to die early, but that is simply part of life in Commorragh. One should remember that even aliens motivated only by greed are still vastly less likely to betray their employer than the Dark Eldar. Bizarrely it is this trait that makes the mercenary districts most likely to repel an invasion; they are far less given to the chronic backstabbing and opportunism that defines the Dark Eldar life and can actually put up a unified force.
- **An Archeomarket (-100):** Some ports are more than just places where raiding parties lair up and sell slaves. Some places are hubs of actual, semi-legitimate trade. Citizens of the galaxy seem to flock to here to engage in a probably heretical and likely illegal trade. If you ever wanted something the Dark Eldar see no need to produce, it can probably be found here.

Kabal Armoury (-100): Many Dark Eldar ultimately desire to become one of the Kabals, for it is a way into social mobility. Most fail; Kabals are generally only interested in the most violent and brutal killers that apply. By purchasing this upgrade you are guaranteed a plentiful supply of Warriors, the most basic soldiers of the Dark Eldar Kabals.

The Arenas (-100): The arenas are the closest thing to public welfare that exists in Commorragh. The very practice of performing regular spectacles of violence to feed the masses is known as “the knife that stays the blade”, as without it the delicate social order that keeps a vaguely-functional society would then collapse. For this reason, it would be foolish to let you have none. In these arenas, mighty warriors from this world and the ones you visit shall be pitted in trials of skill against the Wyches - or more accurately, slowly executed to maximise the amount of pain and spectacle for the hungry masses.

- **Grand Arenas (-100):** Yet, should you desire greater and grander spectacles, this upgrade will give your Dark Eldar arenas of such size and spectacle that few, if any Wych Cults could match it. This makes the arena games here more impressive, capable of seating more watchers, and capable of feeding more slaves to their doom. All for the greatest possible entertainment and popularity for those who fight within.
- **Race Tracks (-100):** This is where vast gangs of Reavers come to show off their skill at the bike and kill each other. Purchasing this will grant you a regular supply of those highly skilled jetbikers into your forces.

- **Beastmaster Pits (-100):** Beastmasters catch terrifying monsters here and break them with the lash. From the nightmare fugues required to bring Clawed Fiends into reality to journeys into deep areas of the Webway bringing back strange monsters. This also makes it very likely that you could repurpose captured foes into slave-warriors, should you wish to waste valuable slaves that way.

Incubus Shrine (-100): This shrine hosts a number of hardened, well-trained and self-sustaining Incubi warriors. Here the Hierarch - or perhaps you yourself - will oversee a steady supply of worthy Incubi and burnt offerings for Khaine. They make for excellent and loyal bodyguards, as long as one does not inadvertently trip up their bizarre sense of honour.

- **Arhra's Shrine (-200):** The shrine of Arhra has been thought lost, yet it is rumoured still that all Incubi go to learn their killing arts. That, at least, is true. Arhra's shrine lies within your domain, and here is where the greatest and deadliest trainers of the Incubi await new recruits to hammer into their ways.

Scourge Roosts (-100): Your realm has an infestation, but not necessarily a bad one. In the spires here, winged Scourges make their homes, both delivering messages and abducting the unaware to impale upon the blades. Aside from the occasional random murders, they are well known for being hired out by the Dark Eldar for highly mobile heavy weapons support.

Hellion Gangs (-100): The youth gangs of Commorragh, found within the undercity, desperately fighting for legitimacy amongst the made Eldar above even as the Hellions pretend to scorn their approval. These gangs flit about on hoverboards racing each other and performing death-defying acrobatics. Think carefully before combining this with the Scourge Roosts purchase; the Hellions are known for their violent rivalry with the Scourges. And with the Reavers too.

Grand Monuments (-100): Humility is not a virtue often found in the Dark Eldar. With this, statues that easily rise a thousand feet into the sky carved in your likeness will dot your realm. One can only wonder how many slaves were sacrificed to build such monuments to egotism that rival even the tallest structures of Commorragh.

Parched Slums (-100): There is a desperation in your realm. Some massive extra quantity of Eldar have fallen deep into poverty, so poor that they will do anything just to feed off a little pain or devour the departing scraps of a soul. Perhaps they can be of some use to you.

Factory (-100/-200/-400): Free Dark Eldar do not, as a rule, work in something as base as industrial production. The few with an eye for craft over plunder turn their gazes to tinkering with creating artisanal weaponry and new devices of fantastic lethality. For the production of industrial quantities of weapons and wargear to satisfy the hunger of Commorragh comes these factories. Here teeming throngs of Eldar, Humans, Tau and Orks labour ceaselessly to assemble weapons, armour, or perhaps even something as base as ordinary craftwork for wicked masters. This has several levels.

- The first level produces enough to keep a steady supply of weaponry flowing into your organisation and beyond, enough to make a tidy profit dealing with other Kabals or unscrupulous aliens interested in the raw killing power.

- The second level produces enough to make you a significant industrial player in Commorragh, making a very impressive profit as long as the slaves keep flowing.
- The third level consumes millions of slaves every year to produce a very respectable fraction of Commorragh's entire industrial output from weapons to basic goods.

Celestial Body: Dark Eldar do mainly live in Commorragh, but from time to time they venture forth to steal planets and moons to exploit for their own purposes. Sometimes they even come as mundane colonists, turning a perfectly inhabitable world into a nightmarish extension of the wickedness of the Dark City.

- **Moonbase Eldar (-100):** A resource rich moon has made its way into your grasp, probably through theft, and been readily colonized for industrial exploitation. Each purchase doubles the number of moons.
- **Dark World (-200):** Not content with merely stealing the stars, moons and black holes of the galaxy, the Dark Eldar sometimes also pinch entire worlds too. This is a habitable planet, perhaps in realspace or perhaps moved wholly into the Webway, that has fallen entirely under your control. All the resources of a world lie within the reach of your realm, presuming of course that there is enough supply of slaves to extract it.
- **Tyranid Planet (-0):** For nothing at all, you can make one to all of any celestial bodies you've purchased overrun with Tyranids! This is a better deal than it sounds. They're stuck there indefinitely, unless someone were to release them on purpose, and they make for a plentiful replenishing source of exciting monsters for the arenas. Plus, they produce a lot of toxic chemicals the Haemonculi just love abusing. The downside, of course, is that it's full of Tyranids and probably very difficult to exploit any other resources.

Haemonculus Laboratories (-200): Deep down beneath the surface of Commorragh lies the laboratories of the Haemonculi, and some of them have fallen under your sway. This place will create many Grotesques, Talos Pain Engines and Chronos Parasite Engines, no doubt. Even better, they have the facilities to resurrect the fallen here, but only if enough slaves and suffering falls into their grasps.

- **Diabolical Lairs (-100):** Most Haemonculi are difficult to reach. This upgrade grants the haemonculi a twisted appreciation of wicked traps and those you draw from will be similarly eager to show off their mastery of the trapmaker's art. To merely to arrive in their palaces of pain one would have to navigate a labyrinth of shadows, where fiendishly complex traps await to catch the unwary and cast them into dimensions where they fall infinitely. Captives will be allowed to "escape" into here for some time before being retaken. Some Haemonculi believe that suffering tastes all the sweeter if a creature was allowed to grasp a ray of hope; this will guarantee much.

Stolen Sun (-0/-200): The Dark Eldar are well adept at stealing the stars themselves. These stolen suns are taken to Commorragh, where they hang in the "sky" above. There they are stored in sub-realms of their own, where their energies are bled away to power the city itself. Optionally you may have them orbit around your realm. The first purchase is free and grants you one sun to power your little realm. Each subsequent purchase doubles the number of suns you possess. Should the stars be exhausted, they'll be replaced with a fresh one stolen from elsewhere in the galaxy.

Captive Hole (-200): Some of the Dark Eldar's more esoteric technologies rely upon black holes, or materials skimmed from them. Like the suns, they are kept someplace safely contained yet still able to be economically exploited. The first purchase grants you one captive black hole with each subsequent purchase doubling that number.

Companions and Followers

Canon Companion (-50): If for whatever godforsaken reason you have discovered you wish to take someone along with you, by paying 50 CP here you will be able to bring along one consenting person as a companion for the rest of your chain.

Creation/Imported Companion (-50): Should you wish to bring other people into this setting, by paying 50 CP you may create or import one companion. They receive an origin for free and 600 CP to spend in the rest of the document.

Socks (free): A malevolent creature of psychological torture devised by a now dead group of haemonculi, programmed to pester, obstruct, and otherwise infuriate the individual designated as its target. It's similarities to the Terran "cat" are purely coincidental I assure you. Whether through design by its creators, a quirk of the warp or perhaps even a mirthful whim of Cegorach this creature has a remarkable ability to avoid harm or attempts to stymie its purpose. Through one means or another this being has now chosen you to be it's master. Good luck. Optionally a gyrinx, if you dare.

The Cenobite (-50): It was the sin of excess that once birthed She Who Thirsts, and it is the very sin of excess that is alive and thriving in Commorragh. This Haemonculus possesses a love of bodily modification that one might charitably call grotesque and great skill at their art. Even better, or perhaps even worse, they've found a new goal of experiencing pleasure and pain that transcends the very laws of reality itself. And they seem so deeply, deeply attached to you. They have such sights to show you.

The Crone of Khaine (-50): Though the Dark Eldar hold the Eldar gods in contempt, there is one small exception: Kaela Mensha Khaine remains popular in Commorragh, though not to the extent of the reverence towards the Dark Muses. This lady, a highly experienced Succubus with a great reputation in Commorragh, is an exception to the rule, showing a near fanatic devotion to Khaine and murdering her way through life. She also possesses a rather strange cauldron she likes to fill with blood and bathe in, out of some misplaced belief it grants her youth.

Your Very Own Waifu (-50): Dark Eldar of wealth and power often surround themselves with courtesans. This one's tendency towards scheming and betrayal is close to the minimum found in the Dark Eldar. However, her bedroom *and* poisoning skills are the equal of any of the Lhilitu, as is her eagerness in both.

The Viridescent Gremlin (-50): Dark Eldar, especially Hellions, are known for their love of mischief, but this one really takes it too far. This Hellion simply loves dressing in a bright green and purple costume while racing around on their skyboard hurling novelty shaped plasma bombs. For some reason, they've taken a liking to you too.

Slave Source (-200): This purchase grants you one thousand human slaves as followers, so broken by the lash that they have nothing left but to piteously obey whatever command you give them. Should any of them die for good or be wrung so totally out of suffering they are no longer useful to the Dark Eldar, they will be replaced the next day. At least you probably won't end up suffering the Thirst any time soon.

Drawbacks

The Thirst (+0, mandatory with True Kin/Trueborn): Slaanesh has her hooks upon your soul, and the souls of every Eldar. The other, lesser kin may attach themselves to gods or bind their souls to soulstones, but the Commorrites do not. Barring any protections you may come up with to prevent the Thirst taking hold, you will find your soul slowly drain away and perish. Living in the Webway slows the devouring of your soul significantly, and you would be wise to avoid all but brief raids into the Materium. Stepping into the Warp is likely little more than suicide.

Contradictory Lore (+0): The factions of Warhammer 40k have had different interpretations of them, and the Dark Eldar are no exception to this rule. By taking this drawback you may pick and choose which contradictory parts of the lore are canon to your stay here.

Alternate Start (+0, incompatible with The Long Haul): Rather than starting in the present day, by taking this drawback you may choose to start at any point between the Fall of the Eldar and the present date. You will remain here for the decade as usual.

Exiled (+100): Perhaps you royally ticked Vect off. Perhaps you simply made far too many enemies. For whatever reason, the Webway is closed off to you; you won't be able to enter without fighting and you definitely won't be able to stay in peace. Unfortunately for you, outside the Webway the Thirst is so much stronger.

The Weight of Ages (+100): Even a long, long life of evil has got boring to you. Jaded and burned out on almost everything the Dark City has to offer, ennui shall eat away at your motivation. You've simply seen everything, enjoyed every pleasure and sensation, that it's near impossible to find anything to jolt you out of the closest thing the Dark Eldar have to depression.

Rude (+100): The Dark Eldar are as culturally sophisticated as they are monstrously evil. To converse with one is to navigate a labyrinth of manners and trickery where the slightest misstep may have fatal consequences. How unfortunate that you most certainly cannot do this. If a conversation holds a verbal landmine, you will race to trod on it as soon as possible. This is a dangerous and unfortunate habit to have when many Dark Eldar are eager to perform twisted and extreme retribution upon anyone who insults them even as accidental as it may be. Perhaps you should get in the habit of allowing others to speak for you.

What a Dick (+100): Yes, you embody the most pointlessly spiteful side of the Dark Eldar. The same people who stole the STC that could cure every disease known to man, simply to enjoy the suffering of everyone involved. This is the kind of cruelty you will perform for your entire time here. You may be a Dark Eldar in body, now you are indisputably one in mind.

Still No Human Option (+200, incompatible with Slave): You're a Beastman in Commorragh, snatched from your homeworld and shipped back to the Dark City as a slave. You haven't anything outside your Body Mod to tide you over here. Fear not, in the hands of the Dark Eldar you are exceedingly unlikely to die in your stay here. And as the drawback says, you don't even get to be a human.

Slave (+200, incompatible with Still No Human Option): You have fallen on hard times here, beginning your stay here as a slave instead of a free person. Fear not, you are not by any measure guaranteed to stay a slave; there remains at least a slim chance you can escape your condition and become a powerful player in the Dark City. Most famously, Asdrubael Vect was once a lowly slave... according to Vect anyway.

Fatal Addiction (+200): You are addicted to the sensation of dying and coming back to life upon a Haemonculus' table. You crave it so much it has become unhealthy even by the standards of dying. You are very likely to take foolish risks just to experience it once more, so severe is your addiction to death. But your addiction is not just to regular death, but the exotic, the esoteric forms of death you haven't yet experienced. This will likely see you standing near defenceless upon the battlefield simply in the hope of discovering a new way to die. Be careful your thirst for an exotic death does not destroy you in ways even the Haemonculi cannot bring you back from.

The Long Haul (+200, incompatible with Alternate Start): You aren't starting at any specific date in Dark Eldar history. Rather, you'll be beginning right at the Fall early in the 30th millennium as one of the lucky few not devoured by She Who Thirsts. And you will be staying here too, right up until the present day. You must simply survive more than ten thousand years in Commorragh which, to this date, very few Eldar have managed.

Almost Empty (+200): You're old. *Very* old. You're one of the (un)lucky Dark Eldar to remember the ancient Eldar Empire, the Fall, and have somehow survived more than ten thousand years since. You're so ancient that very little rejuvenates your soul more than a trickle. You'll spend almost your entire time here looking as withered and ancient as you actually are, though this does not actually impact your physical abilities. It *does* impact your ability to thrive off pain. A thousand slaves dying in agony every single day is only barely enough to preserve you, should you be cut off from this you may expect to die within a scant couple of days.

Wracked (+300): You grew so bored with your life that you went down to a Haemonculus and asked him to do something exciting to you. Indeed, your new form is very exciting! It is ugly, twisted, and in constant pain, which is no doubt exactly what you wanted. And it is designed to be perfectly loyal to a Haemonculus, which might not be exactly what you want. At least you're a very useful servant for your master, one he probably won't throw away without very good reason. Degrading and miserable tasks, on the other hand, you're almost certain to receive. Nor does this protect you in any way from your Haemonculus master deciding he wants to rework your body into an even more pleasing form; you signed up for exactly that after all. You receive no benefits of becoming a Wrack save that which you purchase with your extra CP. Post-jump you may optionally choose to take your Haemonculus with you for free for whatever reason.

Cartoon Supervillainy (+300): The Dark Eldar have had an unfortunate history as one of the generic villain factions to be beaten off by the efforts of the new protagonist of whatever story Games Workshop is currently selling. And now you are just one part of this. Any realspace raid you launch, or any attempt to fight back against someone invading Commorragh, is doomed to failure. Yet you will remain as confident and smugly assured as any proper supervillain in spite of it, as if you cannot learn a single lesson from your multitudinous failures. Any soldiers you accompany will only

understand tactics insofar as they leap down from the safety of their vehicles in a vain attempt to clog the barrels of their guns with their bodies. Anything you create from any captives you somehow manage to take will be similarly hampered, dying to ordinary bolter or lasfire frighteningly easily even should you imbue their physiology with the durability of the finest warriors in the galaxy. And should you enter melee with someone important enough to have a name, you can expect to die or perhaps be sent fleeing shaking your fist and vowing revenge. Expect nothing but a painful and humiliating series of defeat at the hands of everyone.

Lost Amidst a Disjunction (+300): Unfortunately, you're not starting in Commorragh proper. It would seem that a coven of Thousand Sons sorcerers managed to breach the Webway's arterial walls and, in an act of self-preservation, it jettisoned the wounded segment into the Warp proper. You were one of the many Dark Eldar unfortunate enough to be cast into the Warp along with a segment of Commorragh. The good news is that you're in essentially a small bubble of the Webway. The bad news is, the Warp is right outside in every direction, daemons keep pouring in and those very same Thousand Sons are stuck in with you. Can you survive ten years of constant warfare?

Ending

Your time is up. Do you stay here, return home, or move on?

Notes

Made by IGanon

I'll be long in the ground before I start calling them Drukhari. That's a stupid goddamn name and you know it.

As the Webway really very important for the Dark Eldar's continued existence, way of life, and organisation, I would suggest treating any purchases which reference it as giving you a similar pocket Webway spread across the local galaxy. Fanwank if this explanation is unsatisfactory.