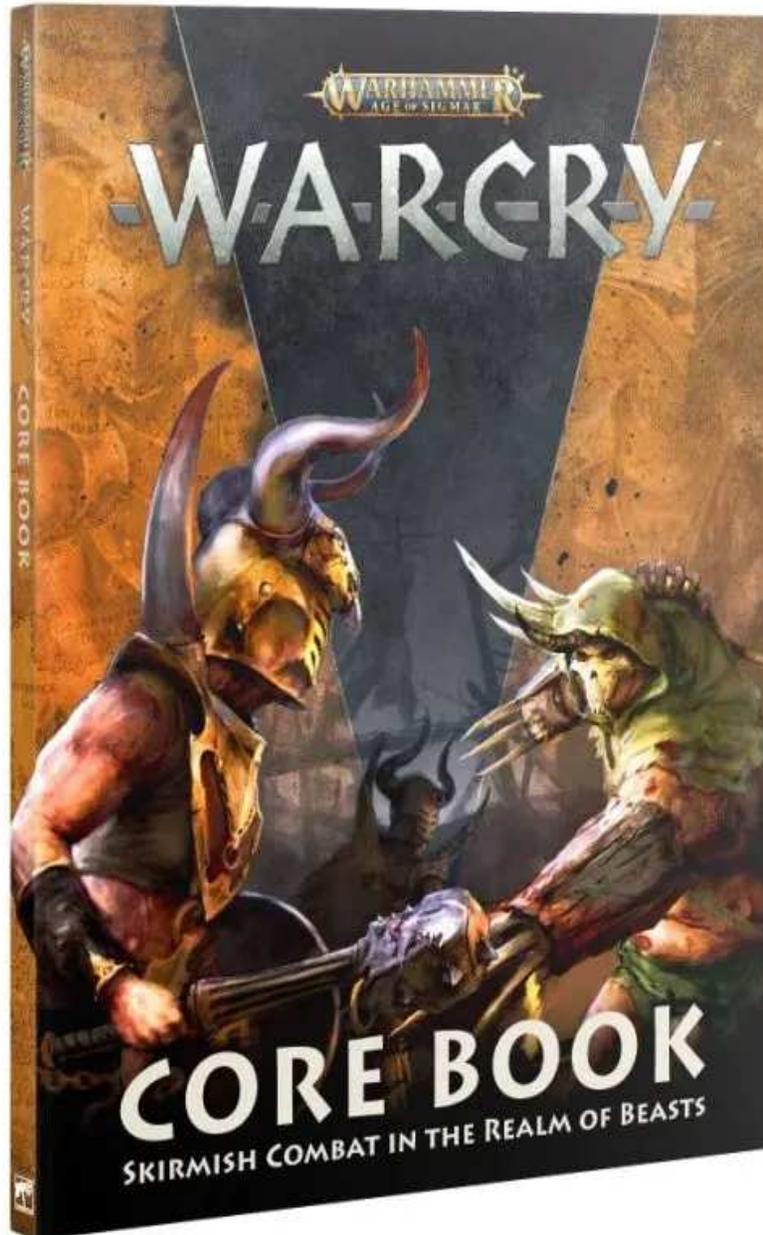


Warhammer AOS Warcry Chaos Allegiance: Beasts of Chaos Vol 3 0.1

By saiman010



Introduction:

The world of Warhammer Warcry is a brutal and savage battleground where Chaos reigns supreme. Set in the desolate and perilous Bloodwind Spoil—a treacherous region within the Eightpoints—you find yourself amidst a tumultuous war of survival, ambition, and devotion. The Bloodwind Spoil is the epicenter of Chaos, a land where the air crackles with dark energy and rivers flow with the blood of countless battles. Here, the archways leading to the Realm of Metal and the Realm of Beasts serve as gateways to opportunity, peril, and glory for those daring enough to stake their claim.

You are one such soul as a beastman. While the Eightpoints are full of warbands dedicated to Khorne, Nurgle, and the other major Chaos Gods, the Beasts of Chaos worship Chaos itself. To them, Chaos is a force of nature, and the Beasts of Chaos are the original, indigenous inhabitants of many areas of the Mortal Realms.

Because of this, the brayherds of the Beasts of Chaos hate civilization above all else. They strike at the bastions of Order from the wilderness in great hordes, slaughtering and consuming their foes with only one goal: to tear down all that stands in the way of the natural, chaotic order.

As you embark on this harrowing journey, you have 1,000 CP to shape your abilities, allies, and equipment. These points are your gateway to survival and success in a world where the weak perish and the strong carve their legacy into the annals of Chaos.

Location

Roll 1d6 or pay 50 CP to decide where in the mortal realm you start in.

1.Aqshy (Realm of Fire)

A land of scorching deserts and volcanic activity, The Great Parch is a harsh, unforgiving environment where only the strong survive. The sky is often filled with ash, and rivers of lava carve through the landscape. Where the Blades of Khorne tries to dominate the realm in the name of the blood god.

2.Ghyran (Realm of Life)

A lush, vibrant region filled with immense forests, thriving wildlife, and crystal-clear rivers. This realm is a paradise of greenery and natural beauty, constantly rejuvenated by life magic. And where Nurgle's Rotbringers seek to corrupt this realm with their plagues and decay.

3.Chamon (Realm of Metal)

An ever-shifting landscape of metallic mountains and quicksilver seas, the realm is rich with precious metals and minerals. The environment is constantly changing due to the magical flux inherent in the realm. Here the followers of Tzeentch try to seize control of the realm for its constant changes pleases their god.

4.Ulgu (Realm of Shadow)

Shrouded in perpetual twilight, the Realm of Shadow are a disorienting place of illusions and hidden dangers. Mist and fog cover the land, and shadows seem to have a life of their own. And for some reason and your brother and sister have gathered to this realm as prophecy of a gift from you absent god can be found here.

5.Ghur (Realm of Beasts)

A savage land where massive beasts roam and survival is a daily challenge. The Amber Steppes are vast plains where only the fiercest predators thrive, and nature is red in tooth and claw. And here is where the beastman ravage the realm destroying it in the name of Chaos Undivided.

6. Eightpoints

The Eightpoints is a nightmarish nexus of realms, a war-torn landscape where the influence of Chaos is overwhelming and omnipresent. Once a central hub known as the Allpoints, this land was a strategic crossroads linking all the Mortal Realms. After falling to the forces of Chaos, it was twisted into a hellscape reflecting the malice and madness of its conquerors. The Eightpoints is the domain of Archaon and his forces, encompassing all the major Chaos factions



Origin

Roll **21 + 1d8** to determine your mental age. This represents the cumulative years of experience, trauma, and cunning you've amassed in the harsh world of Chaos. Whether you are a grizzled survivor with a wealth of battle-won wisdom or a younger, fiery upstart eager to prove yourself, your age affects how you approach the trials ahead. And any origin below can be a drop in Chaos.

Ungor [+400 CP]

Within Beastman society, you are the lowest caste among the beastkin. Though you still possess your bovine legs, you lack the strength, thick hide, and raw fighting power of your fellow Beastmen.

However, in return, you have something most other Beastmen do not: Numbers. Ungor are plentiful—extremely plentiful—and because of this, they form the backbone of many brayherds. Even if individually weak, your kind's sheer population ensures that Ungor are never irrelevant in the wars of Chaos.

Gor

You are the most common Beastman after the Ungor, but unlike them, you possess the strength, tough hide, and feral speed that define the true Beastmen. More importantly, you bear a pair of magnificent horns, a clear mark of status within Beastman culture. Regardless of the tribe, Gors are universally respected for their power. Even an average Gor is stronger than most humans within the Mortal Realms and is far more fearsome in battle.

Bestigors [100 CP]

Bestigors are the strongest and meanest of all Beastmen within the warherds, far surpassing humans in both raw strength and brutal resilience across the Eight Realms. Among the Beastmen, Bestigors are the fiercest warriors in the destruction of civilization. They revel in overwhelming violence and take delight in brutal overkill. It is not uncommon for their victims to be hacked apart in a single axe swing, then trampled into dust beneath heavy hooves. These savage displays of dominance become even more common when Bestigors manage to capture and destroy enemy standards, an act that fills them with frenzied pride and drives them into even greater heights of destruction.

Centigors [200 CP]

Centigors are strong, fast, and brutally aggressive creatures, formed from a humanoid upper torso fused with the powerful body of a four-legged beast. Nomadic Centigor warbands roam the plains and steppes of the Eight Realms, never settling down. They do not build settlements—or even proper encampments—and instead take whatever shelter nature provides.

Centigors are not Beastmen in the strictest sense, being more beast than man, but they often join brayherds when violence or opportunity calls.

One thing is certain: Centigors love drink. They will seize any chance to steal alcohol as spoils of war, and rumors claim that many Centigors charge into battle already half-inebriated... though proving this is understandably difficult when the witnesses rarely survive.

Bullgors [200 CP]

Bullgors are a stronger, larger, and far more brutal variety of Beastmen. While they are not known for their intelligence, they are renowned for their immense toughness and overwhelming strength in battle. Much of this ferocity comes from the frenzied state that Minotaurs—Bullgors—enter during conflict, a condition known as bloodgreed. Once the scent of blood reaches them, Bullgors are driven into violent excess, becoming unstoppable engines of carnage until nothing remains but torn bodies and shattered bone.

Perks

You receive discounts based on your origin with 100 CP discounted ones being free.

General Perks

Bloodwind Survivor [Free]

The Eightpoints is a place of endless strife, but you have an uncanny knack for surviving its many dangers. This perk grants you an innate sense of danger and the ability to navigate treacherous terrain with ease. Whether it's avoiding ambushes, finding shelter in the unforgiving wilderness, or enduring harsh environments, you always seem to come out alive. Your instincts for survival make you a valuable asset to your warband.

Chaos-Touched Resilience [Free]

Exposure to the raw energies of Chaos has made you tougher than most. This perk enhances your endurance, allowing you to recover quickly from wounds and resist the effects of poison, fatigue, and even minor curses. Your body adapts to the chaos around you, making you more durable and capable of withstanding the relentless brutality of the Bloodwind Spoil.

Warband Camaraderie [Free]

Chaos warbands thrive on cooperation—at least until betrayal rears its head—and you've learned how to get along (and stay alive) in this cutthroat world. This perk grants you a natural charisma among your peers, allowing you to foster loyalty, inspire fear, or manipulate others within your warband. Your ability to read people and adapt your approach ensures you can secure allies—or at least avoid unnecessary conflicts.

Battle-Hardened [Free]

Endless skirmishes and brutal combat have sharpened your instincts and reflexes. This perk grants you enhanced awareness in battle, allowing you to react quickly to sudden attacks, spot openings in your opponent's defense, and maintain focus even in chaotic melees. Whether wielding a weapon or fighting barehanded, you are a force to be reckoned with on the battlefield.

Gor Biology [Free]:

As a Besatman you have mighty Horns, your strength is unmatched among mortals, capable of tearing through human foes with bare hands and pulverizing rock with mighty blows. The Beastmen, driven by their inherent bestial nature and the relentless will of Chaos, view weakness as a sin that must be purged from their ranks. This uncompromising ethos ensures that their armies are always poised to unleash devastation upon civilizations unfortunate enough to cross their path. Led by their primal instincts and guided by the dark influence of Chaos, Beastmen like you embody a relentless force of destruction, driven to sow chaos and leave a trail of ruin in your wake. This can be turned off in future worlds.

Centigor Biology [Centigor only Free]:

You possess muscular, man-like torsos atop the bounding lower bodies of four-legged beasts, ending in clawed hooves. Their cruel-looking heads feature large, ribbed horns, and they are known as some of the fastest Beastmen in any Brayherd. However, they have a notorious tendency to indulge in drunkenness and lust, particularly towards human females.

Bullgor Biology [Bullgor only Free]:

You are towering humanoid creatures with bull heads that stand twice as tall as a man. They boast immense muscular strength and bone density akin to diamond, making them the strongest Beastmen in the Brayherd armies. This strength comes at the cost of reduced intelligence.

Big Horns[100CP]:

In the Beastman world, the bigger your horns, the more respect you command. As a result, your horns are the largest among gors of similar size and variation. This makes you the most intimidating creature there, and any challenges to your status and authority are quickly quashed by the sheer size of your horns.

Forbidden for Ungors.

Mark of the Gods [200 CP]

The Ruinous Powers grant their most devoted followers a Mark of the Gods, a powerful boon that signifies their allegiance and connection to the Warp. Each mark bestows unique gifts, transforming the bearer according to the nature of their chosen Chaos God.***Forbidden for Ungors.***

Choose one of the following:

Mark of Khorne

You are now a Khorngor. The Blood God's blessing fills you with unrelenting brutality. Your physical strength is greatly enhanced, allowing you to tear through your enemies with terrifying ferocity.

Mark of Tzeentch

You are now a Tzaangor. The Changer of Ways imbues you with fragments of his ever-shifting power. Your mind sharpens, your thoughts twist, and you gain an uncanny talent for deception, manipulation, and arcane insight.

Mark of Nurgle

You are now a Pestigor. Blessed by the Plaguefather, you become a living embodiment of decay. Your resilience becomes unmatched—disease, poison, and injury only seem to make you stronger and more grotesquely durable.

Mark of Slaanesh

You are now a Slaangor. The Dark Prince heightens your senses and infuses you with unnatural grace. Your movements become fluid and mesmerizing, drawing foes into your deadly orbit before they even realize their doom.

Great Bray-Shaman [200 CP / Forbidden to the Mark of Khorne]

You have awakened powerful sorcerous abilities, becoming a living conduit for raw warp energy. As a Great Bray-Shaman, you can twist reality through telekinesis, pyromancy, precognition, and other dark miracles. This magic power makes you both a feared spellcaster and a devastating battlefield presence—though it also exposes you to the dangerous whims of the chaos realms.

Beastlord [400 CP]

You are now a Beastlord, the largest and strongest of all Beastmen within any warband. Your horns have grown into the massive, imposing trophies that mark your supremacy, and your physical form has doubled in size compared to your former self.

All of your physical attributes—strength, endurance, and speed—have been increased by an entire magnitude. But your ascension brings even more than raw power. Whenever you slay an enemy, you gain a significant reduction to the cooldowns of any skills, abilities, or spells you possess, allowing you to unleash them again far more rapidly.

In future worlds, you will always manifest the equivalent of Beastlord horns appropriate to your chosen species—whether goat-like, bull-like, draconic, or otherwise—serving as a universal sign of your prestige, dominance, and rank among any society or race you encounter. ***Forbidden for Ungors.***



Ungor

Invisible [100 CP]

As an Ungor, you are normally the prime target for hazing, bullying, and general abuse from other Beastmen. But no longer. You are now effectively invisible to any form of hazing or petty cruelty from your fellow Beastmen. They simply overlook you as a target, unable to muster the urge to torment or pick on you. In future worlds, this ability also works on any kind of friendly-side animosity, causing allies who would normally target you for bullying, mockery, or internal hostility to simply... forget you're an option.

Power of Unity [100 CP]

As an Ungor, you've learned one essential truth: the herd is strength. When fighting as part of a group, your attacks grow stronger, fiercer, and more effective. The more allies fighting alongside you, the greater this effect becomes. In a proper mob, your power surges dramatically, letting you strike with a force far beyond your individual limits. The bigger the herd, the more terrifying you become.

Unbelievable Cruelty [100 CP]

You are cruel—unbelievably cruel. In fact, you may be one of the most vicious and sadistic members of any Beastman tribe. Years of being bullied and mistreated as an Ungor have twisted your mind into a dark, imaginative engine of suffering. You can effortlessly devise the most sadistic, vicious, and creative torments for your enemies, and carry them out with disturbing enthusiasm. Your cruelty is intuitive, instinctive, and horrifyingly inventive.

Shield Proficiency [200 CP]

Unlike most Beastmen, Ungors make frequent use of shields in battle—and you have mastered this art to perfection. You gain exceptional proficiency with any shield, especially those crafted from wood, bone, stone, or minimal metal. When you wield such shields, they become far more durable than normal, able to withstand impacts and abuse that would shatter a lesser warrior's gear.

Will to Live [200 CP]

After a lifetime of being treated like dirt by stronger Beastmen, your will to survive has hardened into something nearly unbreakable. Whenever your life is in danger, your instincts sharpen dramatically. You always know when to run, when to hide, and how to escape or survive dangerous situations when it is even remotely possible. Your overall willpower is massively increased, making you much harder to break mentally, spiritually, or emotionally.

Human Hunter [200 CP]

Many Ungors are born from mutated human infants abandoned in the wild—and because of this, Ungors often nurse a deep, instinctive hatred for humanity. This burning resentment now empowers you in battle.

Whenever you fight humans, your attacks become significantly more effective, striking with greater force and accuracy. Your hatred bleeds into every blow, letting you tear through human foes with frightening efficiency.

Beastman Craftsman [400 CP]

Ungors are the most dexterous of all Beastmen, and because of this, you were given the most tedious (and important) task in the herd: crafting the warband's equipment.

You are now highly proficient in creating all types of Beastman weapons and gear—from swords and battle-axes to shields and crude armor—using wood, stone, bone, and any scrap metal you can scavenge. Despite their rough appearance, your creations are shockingly effective. Anything you craft functions on par with the finely forged weapons of the Duardin, even if they look like they were made by a drunken goat with a rock.

Ungor Raider [400 CP]

You are part of the Ungor Raiders, the skirmishers and ambushers of the herd. This grants you exceptional skill with bows and arrows, and you excel at striking from forests, scrublands, and heavily obscured terrain.

You are also used as the vanguard of most Beastman attacks—appearing where enemies least expect you. When you strike with ranged attacks against foes who don't realize they're being targeted, your shots become significantly more

effective, hitting harder and causing greater damage before the enemy even knows where the pain came from.

Ungor Warrior [400 CP]

You are an Ungor Warrior—one of the rare few in your caste who has risen above weakness. Your strength, endurance, and combat ability now match that of a normal Beastman, though your social status stubbornly refuses to change. In addition, you may choose one damage type—slashing, crushing, or piercing—to specialize in. When you deal damage with your chosen type, your attacks now deal double damage to unarmored opponents and 1.5× damage to armored targets, letting you carve through enemies with shocking efficiency.

Turnskin Curse [600 CP]

Your very presence radiates uncontrolled mutation, a lingering taint of Chaos that clings to anyone who encounters you. It doesn't matter whether they see you directly, hear your name whispered in fear, or merely read a description of you scratched onto bark or parchment — the curse travels effortlessly through sight, speech, and symbol

Those touched by the Turnskin Curse begin to feel something inside them shifting, as if an invisible hand is remolding their flesh and spirit. The transformation does not happen all at once; instead, it creeps through the mind first, bending thoughts, instincts, and desires toward something more wild and hostile. Their sense of self erodes little by little, replaced with an instinctive pull toward the feral brutality of the Beastmen. As this mental unraveling progresses, subtle physical changes follow: horns budding beneath skin, eyes darkening, muscles twitching with new strength.

Legacy of Ungrol Four-Horn [600 CP / requires Great Bray-Shaman]

You inherit the infamous legacy of Ungrol Four-Horn, a being said to have existed even before the shaping of the Eight Realms. Like him, you bear a second head and four horns, marking you as something both uncanny and revered among the Beastmen. Your presence becomes a rallying point for outcasts, runts, mutates, and any creature shunned even by other Beastmen. Also mindless beast mutated by chaos are drawn to you with unnatural loyalty, seeing in you a figure who embodies both exile and power, a living omen of twisted destiny.

Yet this legacy carries a darker blessing: whenever you commit a taboo — whether a cultural violation among the Beastmen or a forbidden act in any world you travel — your kin’s hatred surges. Instead of harming you, this scorn feeds your magic. Every sneer, curse, and howl of betrayal becomes raw fuel that strengthens your shamanic power. With each new transgression, your spells grow more potent, and whenever they strike a target, they carry a chance to unleash unpredictable, chaotic mutations.



Gor

Breeds [100 CP]

Choose the breed of Gor you belong to. Each breed grants a natural advantage that shapes your physical abilities and fighting style.

Bovigors

Bovigors bear the horns of cattle, and some even possess the full bull-like head. This gives you immense raw strength far beyond that of most Gors, though at the cost of slightly slower movement and reaction speed due to your heavier, more muscular frame.

Caprigors

The most common Gor breed, marked by curling or straight goat- or ram-like horns. This form is less powerful than the Bovigor, but far more agile, nimble, and quick-footed in chaotic melee.

Ram Attacks [100 CP]

Your head is now as tough as diamond, allowing you to ram, headbutt, or charge an opponent without suffering any recoil or self-damage. Your skull becomes a brutal natural weapon capable of cracking armor, breaking bone, and turning close combat into a terrifying flurry of horned impacts.

Stone Age Warriors [100 CP]

Born from a culture that despises civilization, you are fully trained and proficient with weapons of the Stone Age — clubs, axes, spears, and primitive tools forged from bone, flint, wood, or stone. Under your care, such weapons never require maintenance; the raw Chaos energy of the Beastmen keeps them sharp, durable, and battle-ready no matter how many foes you crush.

Brute Reliance [200 CP]

Your fur has grown thick and heavy, transforming into a natural armor that wraps your entire body. Physical attacks now struggle to pierce your hide, requiring far more force to injure you. Blades drag, arrows slow, and blunt strikes lose much of their impact against your reinforced pelt. In addition, you gain a faint resistance to hostile magic and non-damaging spell effects, allowing you to shrug off minor curses, charms, and magical pressures with raw, stubborn endurance.

Gor Ambush [200 CP]

For a Gor, the perfect battle begins with chaos — and nothing creates chaos like a well-timed ambush. You excel at exploiting moments when your enemies have already been ambushed by your allies. When foes realize they are surrounded, outnumbered, and attacked from multiple sides, dread floods their hearts. Their focus shatters, their reactions slow, and confusion spreads through their ranks. You strike precisely at that moment of panic, making your attacks far harder to defend against as your enemies struggle to decide who — or what — to fight first.

Aelvin Hunter [200 CP]

A deep, instinctive hatred for the Aelves burns in your blood, an old-world loathing that rises the moment you sense their presence. When fighting in forested terrain or against Aelven foes, this hatred awakens fully. Your blows become sharper and more accurate, your instincts sharpen, and your attacks land with far greater force. Against Aelves and within the woods they love, you are a relentless predator driven by fury older than memory.

Defile The Land [400 CP]

Whenever you destroy a settlement, sacred site, or any structured piece of civilization, the land itself becomes permanently wounded by Chaos. A deep, creeping taint seeps into the soil, choking the life from it and twisting everything that grows or crawls upon it. Flora begins mutating, fauna becomes warped and aggressive, and the very air grows heavy with corruption.

This corrupted ground empowers all beings truly aligned with Chaos, granting them strength and vitality within the defiled zone. Meanwhile, all others—mortals, spirits, and beasts alike—find themselves weakened, sickened, and spiritually suffocated. Cleansing this corruption becomes nearly impossible; only the most powerful purification rituals or divine acts can even attempt to erase your mark upon the world.

Control Through Pain [400 CP]

Ungor are pitiful, numerous, and constantly in need of discipline. As a Gor, it has fallen upon you to keep them obedient through brutality—beatings, hazing, fear, and whatever inventive cruelty comes to mind. When you assert dominance through these methods, the Ungors under your authority become far more disciplined.

They grow less rebellious, quicker to follow commands, and far less likely to question your rulings or authority. Even in future worlds, any group that sees you as a superior will instinctively become more obedient when you apply “corrective motivation.”

Ymir [400 CP]

You are a Ymir, a rare subspecies of Gor adapted to the icy wastelands and sub-arctic regions of the Eight Realms. Towering at seven feet tall, your body is covered in thick white fur that protects you from even the harshest blizzards. Your claws are long, sharp, and natural weapons capable of rending flesh and frozen stone alike.

If you possess the powers of a Bray-Shaman, your attunement shifts toward the Lore of Ice, granting you a natural affinity for frost magic, chilling winds, and spells that freeze enemies where they stand.

Gorthor the Cruel [600 CP / Requires Great Bray-Shaman]

You inherit the terrifying charisma of Gorthor the Cruel, the legendary Beastlord-Prophet of the Old World who commanded Brayherds numbering in the thousands. Your voice carries the same raw, brutal authority — a mix of prophetic certainty, primal rage, and magnetic madness that carves itself directly into the minds of all who hear you.

When you speak, Beastmen listen. More than that: they believe. You may choose one race within the Mortal Realms and declare them the enemy, and your words ignite such hatred and vision that your kin rally to you in vast numbers, ready to slaughter, burn, and despoil in your name.

Around you burns a corona of dark magic, a swirling mantle of malevolent energy that constantly surrounds your body. It shields you from harm, lashes out at attackers, and serves as a living symbol of your divine mandate. This corona grows more intense when you lead, war, sacrifice, or cast magic.

But your power does not end with commands and visions. You gain the sacred ability to challenge chosen champions blessed by the Chaos Gods themselves. When you defeat such a being you may absorb a fragment of their divine blessing. This potent gift carries into all future worlds. Wherever you travel, champions blessed by dark or divine entities may be challenged, and their powers made your own. In future worlds this effect will effect to more generalize description of what beastman can be.

Malagor the Crowfather [600 CP / Requires Great Bray-Shaman]

Whispers of the Crowfather drift through every warherd. Now, that legacy settles upon you. A pair of great, blackened crow wings grows from your back, allowing effortless flight.

Your mastery of magic swells far beyond the norm of any bray-shaman. You become highly proficient in both the Lore of Ulgu and the Lore of Ghur, wielding illusion, shadow, predation, and primal force with terrifying ease. Your spells carry a natural affinity that rivals the greatest shamans of the Beasts of Chaos.

But your curse runs deeper. Your very presence becomes a bane to the followers of Order, especially to the chosen warriors of Sigmar. Against Stormcast Eternals and any being shaped by divine order, your magic grows significantly more potent, breaking their defenses.

This effect continues into future worlds. Wherever you go, your magic gains increased effectiveness against angelic, holy, or celestial beings, cutting through their purity like a plague through a shrine.

Bestigors

Weapon Proficiency [100 CP]

Unlike most Beastmen—who sneer at forging, maintenance, and anything resembling craftsmanship—you have forced yourself to learn proper weapon handling. You can wield any melee weapon with ease, including those crafted by humans, duardin, aelves, and other “civilized” races. You grudgingly admit their work surpasses most Ungor scrap-forging. You also possess full knowledge of maintenance, sharpening, and care, ensuring your weapons stay in peak condition no matter the battlefield.

Elite Body [100 CP]

As a Bestigor, you already stand above other Beastmen—but your physique surpasses even your own kind. You possess a body in the top 1% of the warherd, a perfect build of muscle, endurance, and violent potential. Even without training or blessings, you can overwhelm ten Gors at once through sheer strength and ferocity.

Armour Proficiency [100 CP]

Bestigors rarely trust steel over hide, but you have learned otherwise. You gain full proficiency with all forms of armor, from hardened leather to full plate crafted by the races of Order. You can move, fight, and charge without losing speed or agility, and you know how to maintain and repair the armor you wear.

Control Over Bloodlust [200 CP]

You embody why Bestigors are feared as the elite shock troops of any Beastman warherd. Your instinctive rage and bloodlust no longer cloud your mind—you can ride the fury without being consumed by it. Instead of fighting like a mindless beast, you now battle with deadly discipline, controlling your herd and yourself with the precision of a true warrior. On the battlefield, this disciplined brutality makes you far more dangerous than any ordinary Beastman wielding crude steel.

My Fist [200 CP]

Most Beastmen rely on scavenged weapons, but your body has twisted by mutations. Your arms thrum with dark Chaos energy, mutating your fists into living weapons. Every punch you throw now hits with five times your normal base power, turning your bare hands into tools of brutal obliteration. Even more terrifying: your fists can strike creatures normally immune to physical harm—spirits, ghosts, fleshless entities—by punching their very soul.

Chaos Hunter [200 CP]

Deep within your heart burns a special hatred reserved for the so-called “followers” of Chaos—mortals, daemons, and warriors who dare claim allegiance to the gods you view as your rightful patrons. To you, they are pretenders, thieves of blessings that should belong to the Beasts of Chaos alone. This bitter jealousy and righteous fury sharpen your instincts: your blows become more accurate, more vicious, and strike with far greater force whenever you battle another Chaos-aligned foe. Your hatred becomes your greatest weapon. In Future worlds this effects expands to followers of gods that are chaotic in nature.

Civilization Breaker [400 CP]

Your hatred of civilization runs deeper than instinct—it is a fundamental law written into your very existence. Anything crafted above the level of stone-age technology becomes fragile in your presence, cracking, warping, or shattering far more easily under your blows. Armor dents like clay, steel weapons chip, and machines buckle as if rusted for centuries.

You also emit a low, oppressive aura of Chaos that causes constant mild malfunctions in any technology near you: gears slip, runes flicker, blackpowder misfires, and magitek sputters. Those who hide behind the comforts of progress will find those comforts crumbling the moment you approach. Which you can turn on or off at will.

Being of Corruption [400 CP]

To the forces of Order, the very sight of a Beastman is an omen of ruin—and now that dread has solidified into power. You may select one elemental damage type to gain a potent resistance against:

- Lightning (Stormcast Eternals, sky magic)
- Water (Idoneth Deepkin, tidal sorcery)
- Fire (Fyreslayers, salamander flames)

Your chosen element now gives you immunity, and you now gain the anti elemental trait for any user of that element. This perk may be purchased multiple times, granting you an additional elemental Immunity per purchase.

You See, Chaos Gods?! [400 CP]

Most Beastmen fight and kill for Chaos without ever receiving a single reward—overlooked, ignored, used as disposable shock troops. But you are different. The Ruinous Powers have taken notice of you, and now their gaze never leaves you.

No matter what fate you face, the Chaos Gods will always whisper at your ear, watch your deeds, and respond to your offerings. Whenever you provide worthy sacrifices, acts of brutality, or great victories, the gods grant you mutations, boons, and dark gifts. These blessings range from small but useful twists of flesh to powerful rewards such as demonic weaponry.

Because of the fickleness of Chaos, the gifts you receive may vary wildly—but they will always come. However, this perk alone cannot elevate you to Daemon Prince status.

Famine-Fiend [600 CP / Requires Great Bray-Shaman]

You are the spiritual successor to Molokh Slugtongue, the dreaded Bray-Shaman who once stalked the human lands of the Old World, spreading death and devastation wherever he roamed. Now, you have mastered the Lore of Shyish and wield its powers with terrifying potency.

Choose one race within the Grand Alliance of Order: Aelven, Human, Duardin, or Seraphon. When you enter their realms, your magic becomes especially ruinous to their civilizations. Your presence allows you to unleash a sweeping wave of absolute decay—an unnatural blight that reduces all things to dust unless protected by powerful divine wards or god-given blessings. In future worlds this effects works the race general equivalent found in fantasy. Eleven the elves, Duardin the Dwarves, and the Seraphon for lizarman.

Ghost Eater [600 CP]

You are a unique Beastman, bearing the face of a lion complete with a full mane. Because of this bestial transformation, your physical strength is now based on a true carnivore's power, making you one of the strongest Bestigors within your herd—second only to the Bestlord.

Your mere presence inspires fear and unquestioned respect among other Beastmen. You also possess a terrifying spiritual ability: you can devour and store the ghosts of your defeated enemies, allowing you to access their knowledge, memories, and insights. However, you cannot consume the souls of the undead claimed by Nagash. In future worlds, this limitation extends to any being whose soul is already owned or bound by another entity, including non-deities.



Centigors

Running Stamina [100 CP]

Now your stamina when running at full speed has been reduced to almost nothing, meaning you can sprint at maximum pace for an entire week without stopping. This unnatural endurance turns you into a tireless hunter that can chase prey, enemies, or fleeing cowards across entire continents without slowing down, and your legs no longer suffer strain, fatigue, or muscle failure.

Hightspeed Battle [100 CP]

As a Centigor, fighting in high-speed combat is second nature to you, and now clashing weapons while charging or moving at full gallop is no longer a problem. This translates into future worlds as well—whenever you fight mounted cavalry, vehicles, beasts, or anything involving rapid momentum, your reactions remain razor-sharp, letting you aim, strike, block, and counter as if the world slowed down around you.

Alcohol Tolerance [100 CP]

As a Centigor, you adore your alcohol, and now no matter how much you drink you will never become fully wasted. Even better, the burn of strong liquor sharpens your instincts rather than dulls them, letting you stay perfectly functional, coordinated, and dangerous

To Pillage Alcohol [200 CP]

You now have an instinctive sense for when it is the perfect time to pillage a town or village, knowing exactly where the alcohol stores are kept, when patrols rotate, and how to strike for maximum loot with minimal resistance. This sharpened raider's intuition also increases the value of your plunder, making you far more likely to find rare brews, sacred casks, hidden cellars, and high-quality alcohol that others would overlook, as if the spirits of drink themselves guide your filthy hands.

Terrain Mastery [200 CP]

Choose any one terrain or biome—tundra, desert, swamp, volcanic plains, frozen mountains, anything—and you will have no problem running in it at full speed with perfect balance and endurance. You can purchase this perk multiple times to gain mastery in additional biomes, eventually becoming a terrifying nomad able to sprint across the entire world without terrain ever slowing you down, stumbling you, or wearing you out.

Thrown Weapon Mastery [200 CP]

In high-speed combat, sometimes throwing your weapon is the best solution, which is why your mastery over thrown weapons—such as javelins, spears, hand-axes, or even improvised objects—has become unnaturally precise and powerful even while moving at full gallop. Your throws hit harder, travel farther, and find their mark with uncanny reliability, and after battle you can easily locate and recover every thrown weapon as if the earth itself returns them to your hands.

Drunkard Fighting [400 CP]

The more intoxicated you become, the more your combat skill rises, letting you fight with a grace, ferocity, and unpredictability that rivals even a seasoned Beastlord. In this drunken state your body enters a chaotic harmony where every stagger becomes a dodge and every swing becomes a brutal, perfectly timed strike. While fighting like this, you are completely immune to all forms of poison and venom regardless of origin—be it alchemical, magical, divine, or monstrous.

Jumping [400 CP]

Though it is called “jumping,” it functions far more like a short-range teleportation granted by the fickle whims of the Chaos Gods, allowing you to instantly leap to any location within your line of sight up to a maximum distance of 500 feet. You can perform one such jump every 10 seconds with no preparation.

Exalted [400 CP / Requires Mark of the Gods]

Your endless debauchery and reckless glory-seeking as a Centigor has finally earned the attention—and amusement—of the Chaos Gods themselves, granting you the Exalted status.

Mark of Khorne

The Mark of Khorne hardens your body and aura against sorcery to such an extreme degree that incoming magical attacks weaken drastically as they approach you, their potency bleeding away as if consumed by your sheer hatred of witchcraft. Lesser spells fizzle out entirely before reaching you.

Mark of Tzeentch

Bearing the Mark of Tzeentch turns your centaur body into a living node of unstable sorcerous mutation, manifesting in a mass of ever-shifting tentacles along your equine flanks that constantly discharge random spells from every known lore of magic. The intensity of these spontaneous castings varies wildly—from harmless sparks to catastrophic bursts capable of incinerating entire formations.

Mark of Nurgle

Exalted by Grandfather Nurgle, you become a permanent living vector for one disease of your choosing from the blessed catalog of seven plagues listed below. Your allies are immune to these disease if you so choose.

Choose one of the following seven diseases:

- **Black Pox Rot**

A wet, bubbling corruption that causes blackened boils to erupt across the victim's skin before the flesh sloughs off in sheets.

- **Ghastbone Creep**

Slowly warps bone structure, twisting limbs into unnatural, agonizing shapes while leaving the mind awake and screaming.

- **Nurgling's Joyrash**

A fever that induces uncontrollable laughter until the lungs rupture and spill diseased phlegm.

- **Wormspoor Parasitosis**

Fills the victim's guts with spectral, half-visible worms that hollow the body out from within.

- **Sludgeheart Malady**

Thickens the victim's blood into tar-like sludge, causing the heart to fail as the victim drowns in their own veins.

- **Moldfather's Breath**

A sporeborne infection that fills lungs with living fungal growth, sprouting mushrooms from the victim's mouth and eyes.

- **Soul-Mildew Blight**

A spiritual infection that rots the soul itself, weakening willpower and leaving the victim unable to resist despair, madness, or corruption.

Mark of Slaanesh

Blessed by the Dark Prince, anything you drink transforms into an impossibly addictive, euphoric wine the moment it touches your lips, a vintage so intoxicating that even you struggle to resist its allure. When you share this drink with others, the effect magnifies tenfold, dragging them helplessly toward Slaaneshi corruption unless their will and faith are exceptionally strong,

Essence of a Spider [600 CP]

Looks like your hooves have been blessed by the Eightfold Watcher, a shadow-dwelling arachnoid presence older than sanity itself. Its essence crawls through your veins, warping your body into something that moves with both predatory grace and unsettling silence. Now you possess the proportional strength of a colossal spider, able to cling to walls, ceilings, and sheer surfaces without even using your hands. Your movements gain an uncanny smoothness, letting you run vertically, upside-down, or across impossible terrain without ever losing momentum. The Eightfold Watcher also warps your natural bestial weapons—your hooves and fangs now carry potent venom that can be enhanced or altered through your growing mastery of chaos, ranging from paralytic toxins to corrosive ichor depending on your desires.

Ghorros Warhoof [600 CP]

You inherit the infamous vitality of Ghorros Warhoof, granting you a lifespan stretching across several centuries. Your body becomes saturated with an unholy endurance—diseases struggle to take hold, wounds mend at an accelerated rate, and exhaustion becomes something you rarely experience. This vitality also sharpens your physical vigor, allowing you to fight, travel, and survive far beyond the limits of an ordinary centigor. In addition, your essence becomes highly potent and unnaturally fertile; should you choose, you can sire vast numbers of offspring within a decade, each bearing traces of your strength.



BullGor

Keeper of the Shrine [100 CP]

Bullgors are feared guardians of sacred herdstones, and you now hold that same role. You may designate a single place—chosen by you or your warband—as hallowed ground this can be done once a y. Weapons and armor stored within this shrine no longer decay; instead, they slowly absorb the blood, spirits, and lingering essence of the sacrifices offered there. Over time, these offerings warp the equipment, corrupting it into crude yet potent Chaos-tainted arms In each jump or world you visit in this ability is always reapplied in an area of your choosing.

Savage Roar [100 CP]

Your roar is a brutal shockwave of raw ferocity. Any hostile creature that hears it must withstand the sheer force of your presence; if their resolve falters, they may freeze, falter, stumble, or collapse in fear. Those too weak-willed to endure the sound may even enter a moment of helpless daze, leaving them open to attack.

Rune Skin [100 CP]

Your body is a lattice of scars earned through relentless battle, and the Chaos Gods have transformed those marks into glowing runic mutations. These runes respond whenever you are struck: the pain you endure is partially mirrored back at your attacker as backlash harm, scaled proportionally to 1/16 of force of the blow. Though it doesn't negate incoming damage, it ensures that every strike against you carries a punishing price.

Bloodgreed Benefit [200 CP]

As a Bullgor, the hunger for mortal flesh is burned into your very being. Now this appetite grants tangible power: consuming the flesh or blood of living beings restores your wounds with accelerated regeneration. The stronger or more powerful the creature you devour, the greater the healing you receive.

Additionally, consuming particularly potent foes briefly enhances your magical resilience, granting temporary resistance to harmful spells and hexes.

Bloody Mess [200 CP]

In your raids, you become drenched in the blood, gore, and remains of those you slaughter. This grisly coating now functions as a supernatural lure. Any creature that sees you while you are smeared with organic remains is struck by a primal compulsion to attack you immediately, abandoning caution, formations, and tactics. This makes it far easier to disrupt organized groups or draw attention away from your allies, though it guarantees that you become the enemy's first and most obvious target.

Seraphon Hunter [200 CP]

Your hatred has found a focus in the scaled warriors of the Seraphon. You have become adept at reading their movements, countering their strange tactics, and exploiting the rigid discipline of their celestial minds. When fighting Seraphon or their summoned constructs, your attacks strike with significantly increased accuracy and force. In addition, you develop a natural instinct for detecting their presence, even when they manifest as magical projections rather than physical creatures. In future world this effect will transfer and work for lizardman found fantasy.

The Siege [400 CP]

You, unlike most Beastmen, possess an unnervingly sharp grasp of siegecraft—an art normally far beyond the feral instincts of your kind. You understand how to pressure walls, break gates, starve defenders, and exploit weak points within mortal fortifications. Whether it is positioning crude siege engines, organizing continuous assaults, or directing your warherd to undermine structural flaws, your strategic insight turns chaotic brutality into coordinated destruction.

Beast Tamer [400 CP]

You now wield a rare and dangerous authority: the ability to challenge any beast warped by Chaos to single combat. When you defeat such a creature, its will breaks before yours, binding it utterly to your command. From hulking mutants to twisted monstrosities, all who lose to you become loyal followers. In future worlds, this ability expands—any creature heavily altered by an external supernatural force can be subdued in the same manner,

Moonclaw [400 CP]

Your very essence mirrors that of Moonclaw, a being birthed from a colossal warpstone shard. Like him, your existence is a nightmare upon mortal minds, for your body radiates a maddening aura that gnaws at sanity of mortals. The strong-willed resist but slowly deteriorate under its influence, their thoughts fraying like rotten cloth; the weak crumble almost immediately into incoherent, trembling husks. Wherever you walk, reason dies, fear festers, and madness spreads as naturally as your footsteps on corrupted soil.

Cannibal Bull Gor [600 CP]

You have committed the gravest taboo among all beastmen: consuming the flesh of another Bull Gor. This unspeakable act has twisted your body with violent, unnatural mutations. From this corruption, you may select one of the two following monstrous evolutions. If you purchase this perk twice, you gain both transformations and their full benefits.

Ghorgon

Your body swells into a towering nine-foot monstrosity, crowned with a second set of arms splitting from your shoulders. These new limbs end with long, brutal bone-blades built for carving meat into perfect, bite-sized offerings. When your hunger overtakes you, you become an unstoppable feeding storm capable of devouring an entire herd in a single night. Your sense of smell grows so heightened that it essentially replaces vision itself. Blood, flesh, fear, and motion bloom in your awareness like bright, vivid scents, allowing you to hunt and slaughter effortlessly whether under the sun or beneath a moonless sky.

Cygor

Your flesh mutates into the form of a cursed kin to the BullGor, stretching you into a massive, twenty-four-foot giant. A single enormous eye dominates your skull—blind to the physical plane, yet wide open to the raw tapestry of magic. You perceive Magic as a living storm of color that twist, surge, and coil across the eight realms. To you, spellcasters shine as irresistible morsels whose glowing souls are the only thing that can momentarily still your gnawing hunger. Your immense frame allows you to crush armored warriors with a single hand, and your constant exposure to the Winds causes hostile magic to roll off your hide with little effect.

The Brass Bull [600 CP]

You have been exalted by the Chaos Gods themselves, reshaped in the same dreadful image as Taurox of the Old World. Your flesh is no longer flesh—your entire body has been reforged into pure, indestructible brass, every plate and contour humming with murderous power. Unlike Taurox, there is no glowing weak point upon your neck.

Your strength is matched only by your endurance. You do not tire. Your fury cannot fade. No matter how long the battle drags on, no matter how many foes stand before you, your wrath burns as violently as it did in the first heartbeat of slaughter. Your brass hide renders you immune to all weapons crafted with technology beyond the Iron Age, unless those weapons are heavily enchanted or empowered by potent sorcery.

Any weapon you grasp erupts with chaotic fire, the blade—or haft, or head—burning as though it were dipped into the heart of a daemon forge.



Items

Here you will be given a list of items available for purchase. When you purchase two items of the same tier, they are bundled together at a discount. Any item priced at 100 CP becomes free when included in a discounted pair.

Free

The Bare Minimum

As a beastman, the concept of “proper equipment” barely exists—your kind only bothers with what is absolutely necessary to survive battle and the elements. Clothing is minimal, crude, and usually just enough to stop frostbite or hide modesty that no one asked for. Because of this primitive practicality, you may choose one of the traditional armaments favored by your savage kin: a pair of jagged, rust-coated axes; a single axe paired with a battered wooden shield; or a great, two-handed axe or spear carved for brutal charges and overwhelming force.

100CP

Slitherwrack Helm

This helm is fused with coiling serpentine ridges that move just enough to be unsettling. When worn, the helm lends the user a terrifying, predatory aura, allowing them to weave between blows and slip out of danger with uncanny agility. Its enchantment muddles enemy senses, making them swear you’re in three places at once.

Bleating Gnarlstaff

Seemingly alive and definitely annoyed, this staff periodically lets out goatlike bleats that echo with chaotic resonance. These uncanny cries empower the wielder’s magic, making spells unpredictable as your spells can either double its power cut the cost of the spell or increase the range of it. .

Knowing Eye

This artifact contains a single floating eye that never blinks and definitely knows more than it should. It grants the user supernatural insight—predicting ambushes, exposing lies, and revealing weaknesses with unsettling accuracy. It also stares into people’s souls without permission, which is rude but strategically valuable.

Lightning-Chained Bracers

These bracers hum with bound lightning, crackling with energy that leaps across the wearer's arms like impatient sparks. Punches land with the force of micro-thunderbolts, and incoming projectiles are sometimes fried mid-air.

Ruinous Icon

This jagged icon serves as a portable shrine of pure corruption, radiating chaotic influence that strengthens Beastmen resolves . Allies near it fight harder, louder, and with zero self-preservation.



200CP

Brayblast Trumpet

A horn forged from the twisted windpipes of ancient monsters, the Brayblast Trumpet unleashes a horrific bray that rolls across the battlefield like a drunken thunderstorm. When sounded, nearby foes experience crushing dread while Beastmen feel their blood ignite with glee and aggression, charging harder, faster, and louder than any warband has a right to.

Blade of the Desecrator

Forged from the bones and hatred of a daemon prince, this weapon radiates corrupting power that stains the earth with every swing. When the blade hits a target—or even a wall if you're feeling dramatic—it drains vitality and leaves behind festering decay that spreads outward like a stain of pure malevolence.

Ramhorn Helm

A helm carved from the fused horns of ancient rams, it grants unstoppable momentum to headbutting attacks. When the wearer charges. The helm also thickens the user's skull making them incredibly resistant to anything trying to concuss them.

Tanglehorn Familiars

These tiny horned spirits scuttle around you like chaotic pets made of mischief and dark magic. They whisper warnings, distract enemies, fetch small objects, and occasionally trip people for fun. Their presence enhances your spellcasting, weaving additional effects into your magic though this effect are usually minor and random like giving fire spells a freezing effect.

Thunderstrike Lodestone

You now have a bag full of a magnetized stone infused with storm energy. And when used to create weapons. It empowers its attacks with thunderous impact and electrifies the air around you. Enemies trying to get close will find themselves involuntarily auditioning as lightning rods.

400CP

Mutating Gnarblade

This blade constantly writhes and reforms, growing teeth, eyes, or extra edges depending on its mood. Each strike delivers a surge of chaotic mutation that can twist enemies into twisted abominations with random effects that are sometimes useful, sometimes horrifying, and always deeply entertaining to watch.

Horn of the Tempest

Blowing this horn calls forth a violent stormfront, whipping winds and slashing rain around the battlefield. Lightning cracks overhead, thunder shakes the earth, and your enemies suddenly regret not bringing a raincoat. Beastmen, naturally, revel in the chaos as the mortal panics.

Troggoth-hide Cloak

Stitched from the regenerating hide of a troggoth, this cloak constantly knits itself back together and refuses to stay clean. It grants the wearer remarkable resilience, healing wounds at an accelerated pace and shrugging off blows that would fell normal warriors.

Volcanic Axe

This weapon burns with the power of a volcano, exhaling molten sparks whenever swung. The blade can ignite armour, boil blood, or cleave stone like it's wet parchment. When striking the ground, it sends out tiny eruptions—perfect for turning a battlefield into an improvised lava garden.

Champion's Doomcloak

This cloak billows dramatically even without wind, trailing wisps of dark smoke that whisper ominous promises. It protects the wearer from hexes, curses, and bad omens—redirecting ill fate onto enemies instead. It also improves intimidation by at least 200%.

600CP

Gnarlstaff of Morghur

The Gnarlstaff of Morghur is a living, writhing monument to corruption itself—its bark pulses like muscle, its roots twitch like tendons, and every few minutes it sprouts some new, glistening growth that absolutely should not exist in this universe. Wherever the staff passes, the land reacts in panic: grass dies instantly, rocks sag as if melting from fear, and nearby animals spontaneously grow extra limbs out of sheer peer pressure. In the hands of a shaman, the staff becomes a catastrophic amplifier of chaotic sorcery, empowering any spell that twists flesh, warps bone, or tortures reality into new shapes. Even a casual swing can unleash a surge of mutation strong enough to turn a disciplined battalion into a screaming, wriggling garden of chaos spawn.

Desolate Shard

A fragment of the Chaos Realm encased in cracked, obsidian-like stone, the Desolate Shard radiates a low, aching vibration that resonates through the land like a heartbeat made of despair. When driven into the ground, it bleeds void-tinged corruption into the soil, slowly stripping hope, courage, and vitality from every living being within a massive 20-kilometer radius. The terrain itself becomes bleak and barren—plants wither, water stagnates, and the air grows unnaturally still. Once the land is fully saturated with despair, the Shard reacts by spawning three new fragments in nearby locations.

Ancestral Azyrite Blade

Forged from purest Azyrite starlight and tempered in the breath of celestial lions, the Ancestral Azyrite Blade hums with a serene but terrifying radiance. Its edge is so impossibly sharp. Whenever it nears corruption, deceit, or any being whose ego is greater than their actual power level, the blade flares with blazing star-fire that forces liars to choke on their own excuses and daemons to screech like boiling kettles left unattended. Against forces of Chaos, its strikes burn with the fury of a falling comet, cleaving through twisted flesh and wicked magic with surgical holy violence.

Blackened Armour of Chaos

Forged in unholy furnaces and quenched in the lifeblood of sacrifices, the Blackened Armour of Chaos is a full plate harness saturated with corrupt ritual power. Its surface is permanently scorched to a matte void-black sheen, rippling faintly with runic distortions as if the metal itself were alive. The armour molds perfectly to the wearer's body—whether man, beastman, or mutated champion—and once donned it adjusts and tightens with unnatural precision. It absorbs roughly half the physical force of incoming blows, reducing crushing impacts to mere shoves, and weakens or disperses lesser spells before they make contact. When damaged, the plates quietly regenerate, knitting back together like wounded flesh. A constant aura of dread radiates from the armour, making nearby enemies uneasy, unfocused, and hesitant.

Herdstone

A Herdstone is more than a monument—it is the beating, corrupted heart of Beastmen culture, a shrine of filth and frenzy where offerings rot and power gathers. Your Herdstone stands as a towering, jagged menhir, carved with crude Beast-Tongue runes and perpetually stained with blood, soot, and the remnants of countless rites. The ground around it is blanketed in broken bones, matted fur, and the stench of decay, forming an unholy carpet walked by your followers with reverent pride. As its keeper, you command enormous respect among the Cloven, for the Herdstone acts as a direct conduit to the Ruinous Powers, drawing in and pooling the magic like a vortex of raw, primordial chaos.

In future worlds, any monstrous or savage culture will instinctively recognize this stone as sacred, treating it with the same awe as your original herd. Wherever it stands, the chaos magic flow more thickly, allowing you to draw upon them effortlessly for your spells and rituals. At your side hangs a pouch filled with shards chipped from the Herdstone itself—each one saturated with its chaotic resonance. When thrown to the ground, a shard becomes a beacon: the Herdstone vanishes from its current place and erupts violently from the earth at the shard's location, ready to corrupt, empower, or mark a new territory as the domain of your kind

Companions

My Old Team 50

You may import or create companions you have brought with you, 50 CP each, or 8 for 300CP. Each one gains a free background. and 600 CP to spend. They may not take drawbacks, but you may give them CP, spending 100 each time to give them each an additional 200.

My New Team 100

Sometimes having friends would be nice. Buying this once will allow you to add all allies you've made here as companions. You may buy this multiple times.



Drawbacks

You are limited to +1000 Cp from drawbacks.

Fickle Fate [+100CP]

You might find yourself at the mercy of fate, with events turning against you in the most unexpected ways. Whether it's a sudden change in fortune, an unexpected betrayal, or a catastrophic failure in the middle of a plan, things often seem to spiral out of control at crucial moments. Your attempts to predict or manipulate outcomes often end in chaos, and even the most straightforward tasks can quickly become far more complicated than anticipated.

Weight of Legacy[+100CP]

No matter how much you succeed, you will constantly feel the pressure of your predecessors' deeds and the shadows of those who came before you. This weight can be paralyzing, causing you to second-guess your every move or feel obligated to repeat history. The constant pull of the past limits your freedom and makes you a mere puppet to the legacy of your faction, trapped in a cycle of repetition where your true self can hardly be found.

Addiction [+100CP]

You have a debilitating addiction to one substance, either alcohol or drugs, making you intoxicated around 90% of the day. Unfortunately, you cannot control your urges.

Burnout [+200CP]

The constant use of your faction's powers comes at a great cost to your energy reserves. While initially invigorating, over time, the toll on your body and mind becomes overwhelming. You may experience periods of extreme exhaustion, loss of motivation, or complete mental and physical burnout. The more you push yourself to use your powers or further your faction's goals, the harder it becomes to maintain even a semblance of stability. Your performance drops during these episodes, and it becomes harder to recover from each successive burnout.

Chronic Instability[+200CP]

While your faction grants you incredible power, it also makes your very existence unstable. Your mind and body often experience unpredictable fluctuations that render you unreliable. You might find yourself suddenly weakened, physically or mentally, without explanation, or even suffer from dangerous mood swings. This instability makes it difficult to maintain consistency in your abilities, and it's hard to know when you'll be able to perform at your best. You are often haunted by the idea that at any moment, everything could come crashing down—your abilities, your health, your stability.

Physical Deterioration[+200CP]

While your abilities might provide immense power, they come at a great cost to your physical health. Whether it's the constant strain of controlling intense forces or the wear-and-tear from engaging in brutal combat, your body suffers from chronic pain, stiffness, and fatigue. Your movements are slower, and you find it more difficult to recover after exertion, making long-term battles or strenuous tasks significantly harder to endure. Over time, you may begin to feel the effects more intensely, eventually causing your body to become a fragile shell of its former self.

Isolation of the Strong [+300CP]

As your abilities grow, so too does the gap between you and those around you. People find it difficult to relate to you, and the very strength that has helped you rise to power becomes the thing that pushes others away. You may find it harder to form lasting bonds or keep allies who once stood by your side. Your faction, though powerful, may only add to this isolation, as you're expected to take on more and more responsibility, leaving less time for personal connections or free time. In the end, you might find yourself at the top of a mountain of power, but with no one to share it with.

Unending Vulnerability[+300CP]

Your enemies, both within and outside of your faction, begin to target you more directly. Assassins, traitors, and even rogue factions will seek to exploit your weaknesses, turning even minor flaws into life-threatening threats. You will never truly feel safe, always looking over your shoulder as those around you plot your downfall. Your survival becomes less about your strength and more about your ability to stay one step ahead.

Unstable Power[+300CP]

The abilities you wield are volatile and unpredictable, often leading to unintended consequences. Spells might backfire, physical abilities might overextend, or your mind could slip into an uncontrollable frenzy. This instability leads to unpredictable bursts of uncontrollable energy, leaving you vulnerable or harming allies in the process. It becomes a game of constant caution, as every action carries the risk of catastrophic failure.

Endless Conflict [+400CP]

Your life becomes one of endless battle, and even moments of victory are fleeting. You might win a skirmish, but another threat is already looming. This constant state of warfare chips away at your peace of mind, and the lack of respite wears you down mentally and emotionally. There is no peace—only the never-ending grind of conflict.

No Outside Power [+400CP]

All powers and resources gained outside of this jump, including your warehouse, have been sealed away.

Easily mutated [+400CP]

Your body is now susceptible to daily mutations. Every day, you will receive a new mutation that replaces the previous day's. These mutations will consistently hinder your daily life, and no countermeasures will be effective against them.

Chaos Spawn [+600CP]

Your body has now been heavily mutated, making you a Chaos Spawn. Covered in grotesque growths and lacking much intelligence, you are treated as one of the expendable minions in battle.

Sealed Away [+600 CP]

It seems you're facing a challenging situation where you're confined to one location due to the other factions, and your usual perks and abilities from outside this scenario are inaccessible. However, you're not alone in this predicament, and your companions and followers can provide support and assistance as you work together to find a solution and break free from these constraints.

Targeted by Belakor [+600 CP]

It appears you've drawn the attention of Be'lakor. He will continuously send armies to challenge you throughout your entire tenure in this jump, armed with potent weaponry and magic specifically designed to counter your abilities. As the 10-year period draws to a close, the leader of the faction—whether it be the Queen of Fairies, the most elite magical girls, or even the demon lord—will personally confront you in a final showdown. This ultimate battle will push you to your limits, demanding the full extent of your strength, intelligence, and determination to emerge victorious. Choose wisely, for the fate of this world hangs in the balance.

Ten Years Later:

Go Home: What, you finished? Here? Well, we won't ask. Whatever it is you gained here, we hope you enjoy it. You return home with all that you have accrued over your chain, and time resumes in all the worlds you visited.

Stay Here: This world does have a certain... allure, hmm? Don't worry, we won't judge. Add 1000CP as a bonus

Move On: Ah, but of course. The journey never ends, does it? Go forth and have fun. Make some new friends.

notes:

- 1. This jumpchain was made as a scrap idea of a Batman Jump and that in AOS Beastman is now a legends army.**
- 2.**