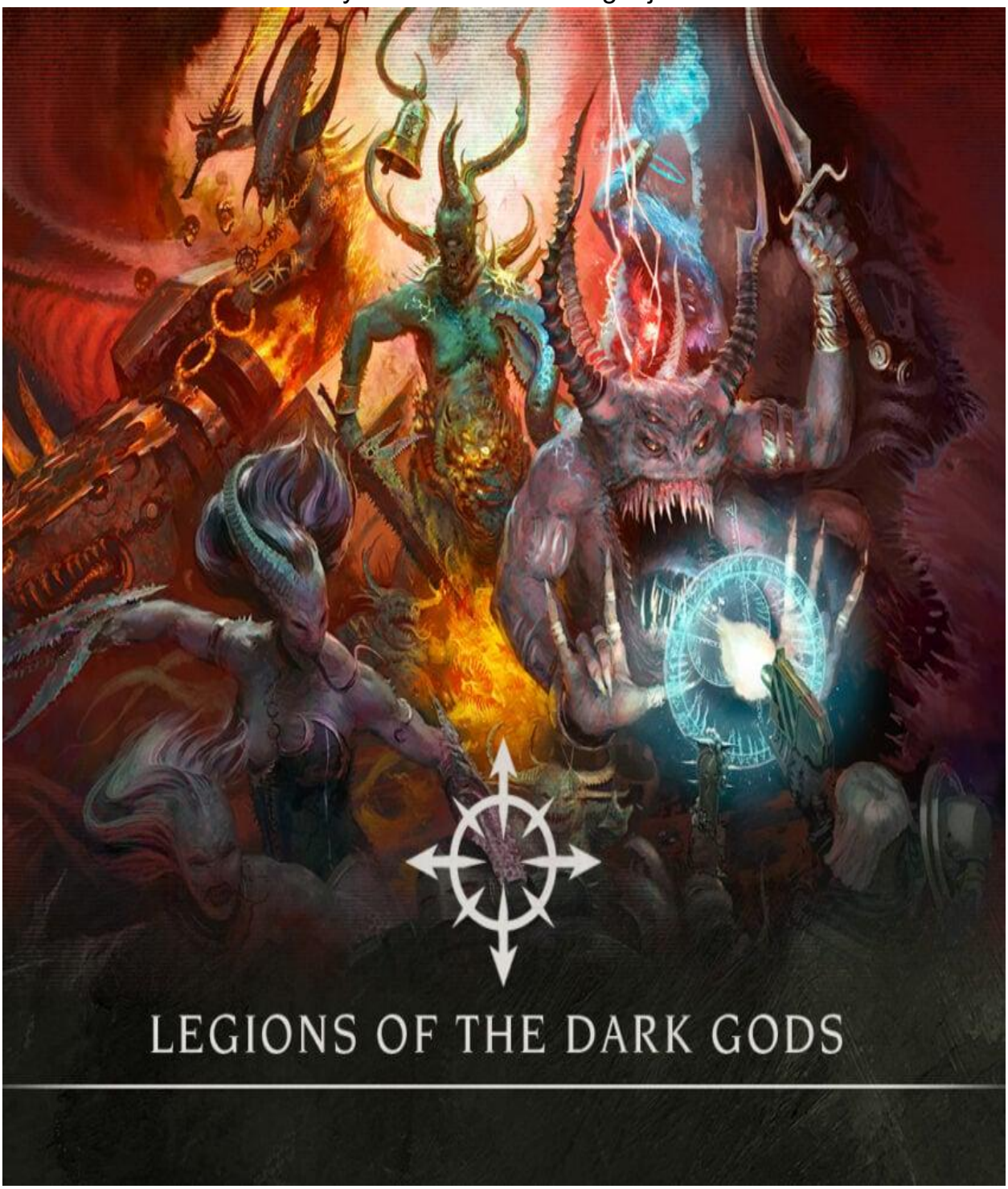
Warhammer 40K: Chaos Daemons 1.0

By saiman010 and dragonjek



Introduction

Welcome, Jumper, to the dark, unholy depths of the Warhammer 40,000 universe—a realm steeped in blood, lies, despair, and decadence, where the gods of Chaos rule supreme. Here, hope is but a flickering ember, snuffed out by the ever-looming shadow of eternal damnation. You are not an ordinary soul—no, far from it. You are a manifestation of the Warp's unrelenting madness, an accursed being born from the unholy essence of Chaos itself.

As a Daemon, your existence is a blasphemous affront to all that is orderly and sane. You are birthed not from the cradle of life but from the screaming void of eternal entropy, a spawn of one of the four Ruinous Powers. Whether you are forged in the fires of Khorne's unquenchable rage, crafted from the mind-twisting schemes of Tzeentch, rotted into existence by Nurgle's putrid love, or lured into being by Slaanesh's maddening ecstasies, the purpose of your creation is singular: to spread the will of your dark master.

Your journey begins here, in a galaxy torn asunder by war, treachery, and despair. You stand armed with **1,000 CP**, a sliver of power amidst this ocean of ruin. Will you rise as a paragon of terror, spreading your master's dominion across the stars? Or will you carve your own path through the blood and filth of the 41st Millennium? The Warp beckons, Jumper. Step forward and embrace your destiny as a harbinger of the End Times.

Starting Location

The Warp churns, and your journey begins. Roll a 1d6 to determine your entry point into this nightmarish saga, each a realm steeped in the unholy essence of Chaos. These are the dominions of the Ruinous Powers, where their influence is absolute, and mortals dare not tread unbidden. Alternatively, for the price of 50 CP, claim the blasphemous privilege of choosing your starting point—be it one of these cursed realms or any forsaken corner of the galaxy.

1. Khorne's Blood Abyss:
Step into the seething inferno of Khorne's domain, where war is not a means to an end—it is the end. Here, the ground is soaked with blood so ancient it hums with rage, and crimson rivers crash into oceans of gore beneath a sky of perpetual fire. Towering fortresses built from the skulls of the vanquished stand as monuments to slaughter eternal. This is a realm of unending combat, where the strong rise by tearing the weak apart, and your worth is measured only by the mountain of heads you can pile before the Blood God's throne. Prove your ferocity, for to falter here is to die forgotten.

2. Nurgle's Plague Garden:
Wade into the rotting embrace of Nurgle's garden, a twisted parody of life where beauty festers into horror. The air is thick with the stench of decay and the

droning hum of fat, pestilent flies. The ground pulses with malign vitality, oozing with fluids that defy all reason. Here, death is not the end but a transformation, a rebirth into something vile and grotesque. Nurgle's love is suffocating, his gifts riddled with disease, but they are blessings nonetheless. Spread his putrid contagions and learn to see the grotesque beauty in despair. Revel in the decay, for only the unyielding embrace of rot can save you from oblivion.

3. Tzeentch's Shifting Labyrinth:
Enter the mind-bending corridors of Tzeentch's shifting labyrinth, where every step warps reality itself. Here, the laws of physics are but suggestions, and the fabric of existence frays at the edges, revealing maddening glimpses of the infinite. Walls ripple like water, paths change with every blink, and whispers of forbidden knowledge slither into your mind. This is the playground of the Great Conspirator, the Architect of Fate. Plot, deceive, and manipulate, for the labyrinth rewards only those who embrace its boundless chaos. Truth and lies are one and the same here—what you believe is only what you make others see.

4. Slaanesh's Pleasure Palace:
Welcome to the Palace of Excess, where every sense is assaulted by an unrelenting cacophony of sensation. The walls shimmer with impossible colors, the air is thick with the scent of desire, and the very ground quivers beneath the weight of indulgence. This is Slaanesh's realm, where pleasure and pain meld into an intoxicating ecstasy. Every step is a temptation, every whisper a promise of unspeakable delight. Surrender to the excess, but tread carefully, for the Prince of Pleasure's gifts come at the cost of your very soul. In this place, even agony feels like bliss—until it doesn’t.

5. The Forge of Souls:
Found within the Formless Wastes of the Warp, in the places not claimed by any of the Chaos Gods, lies the forge of Souls. Eternally shrouded in oily fumes, with the air filled with the wailing of countless tortured spirits used as fuel for the forges, it is the location where the greatest craftsmen of daemonkind work, crafting not only the weapons of the daemons, but also great Daemon Engines and Soul Grinders. The ruler of the forge in Vashtorr the Arkifane, a Greater Daemon who came from no god, but was directly spawned by the Warp itself. They are a half-divine being who seeks to become a full-fledged fifth Chaos God, and who has allied themself with Abaddon the Despoiler for purposes of

achieving this lofty goal. The Dark Mechanicum has a strong presence here, as do the Warpsmiths of the Chaos Space Marines.

6. Your Choice in the Mortal Realm:
For those who dare, you may select a location in the mortal realm, where the embers of resistance still cling to life. From the decaying hive cities of the Imperium to the shattered wastelands of once-proud worlds, your stage is vast, and the players are many. Will you begin your reign of terror on a planet groaning under Imperial rule, or perhaps in the war-torn battlegrounds of the Eye of Terror? The choice is yours—roll to see what the Warp decrees or pay the price to seize your destiny.

Origins

Behold, the dark genesis of your unholy existence. As one of the Neverborn, you are ageless and unbound by the mortal constraints of gender. Instead, your essence is molded by the vile will of the Chaos God who birthed you; if you so desire, you can be a newly-created daemon, which would serve as a “drop-in” origin. Within this infernal Jump Chain, your origin will shape not only your form but the purpose for which you were created. Choose your allegiance carefully, for it is the wellspring of your power and your damnation in this galaxy.

1. Khorne’s Origin – The Berserker:
Born amid the screams of battle and the clash of steel, your existence was forged in the crucible of unending carnage. You are a daemon of Khorne, the Blood God, the eternal arbiter of rage and slaughter. From the moment you first drew breath—or perhaps spat blood—you have been a relentless engine of destruction. Your veins pulse with fury, and your every action serves the primal, violent glory of combat. Battle is your lifeblood, and the spilled gore of your enemies is the sweetest offering to your savage master. As a Berserker, you live to crush, maim, and kill, carving a path of skulls for the Skull Throne with every swing of your blade.

> As a Khornate daemon, you are most likely a Bloodletter; a monstrous creature in humanoid form, with skin red as blood and great horns arising from your elongated head. Your features are almost bestial, but twisted with malice and hatred that no natural animal has ever experienced. Your body is built for warfare, and it shows.
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> Should you have taken the appropriate perk, you might instead be a Flesh Hound. Flesh Hounds are vaguely wolflike, if a wolf were larger than a Space Marine, covered in scales, and bore terrible spikes. They often bear flaps or crests of flesh for intimidation. Alternatively, you may instead be a Juggernaut; a great beast of brass and daemonic flesh that resembles a predatory Terran rhinoceros, garbed in accursed barding to make it even harder to kill than it already is.

2. Nurgle’s Origin – The Rot-Blessed:
From the festering depths of Nurgle’s Plague Garden, you crawled into existence, a grotesque manifestation of the Lord of Decay’s sickly love. Your body is a shrine to pestilence, oozing with pus and teeming with unholy vitality. Decay does not weaken you; it empowers you, granting you resilience beyond mortal comprehension. As a Rot-Blessed, you are a walking plague, spreading disease and despair wherever your rotting steps take you. To you, life and death are not opposites but two parts of a divine cycle. Embrace your bloated form and the sweet stench of corruption, for Nurgle cherishes his children as no other god does.

> As a Nurglite daemon, you are most likely a Plaguebearer. Although you could have been born directly from Nurgle’s essence, you have most likely been created from the body and soul of a mortal that succumbed to Nurgle's Rot, and as such you are incorporated into the nature of Nurgle rather than originating from it; but make no mistake, you are no less a daemon, nor any less an extension of Nurgle's will, than any other daemon is. Your limbs are gangling and bony, but your torso is swollen and blaoted with decay to the point that your intestines can be seen through rents in your skin. Your head bears a single, horrible eye, with one twisting horn rising into the air above it. And yet, despite your clearly decomposing body, you experience no pain, only the exstacy of Papa Nurgle's touch.
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> Should you have taken the appropriate perk, you might instead be a Beast of Nurgle, a tentacled, slug-like creature that is perpetually in search of friends--only to accidentally cause their death by touching them... although you will retain your mind, so it would surely be no accident in your grasp. Alternatively, you might instead be a Rot Fly, a nightmarish insectoid daemon large enough for a Plaguebearer to stand on. You can spray corossive acid that liquifies your enemies, and have a terrible, venomous sting. You normally have two pairs of fly-like wings, but it is also possible for you to have a set of engines installed in their place.

3. Tzeentch's Origin – The Warpweaver:
Spawned in the kaleidoscopic maelstrom of Tzeentch's ever-shifting domain, you are a creature of schemes and secrets, a living contradiction of chaos and control. Your form is an enigma, twisting and flowing like the currents of the Warp. Your mind is a web of intricate plots and forbidden knowledge, each thread connected to the Architect of Fate's grand design. As a Warpweaver, you are the master of deception, manipulation, and sorcery, weaving lies and spells to reshape reality to your will. Your thirst for knowledge is insatiable, and your loyalty to Tzeentch is bound by your desire to glimpse the infinite truths of existence.

As a Tzeentchian daemon, you are most likely either a Pink Horror or a Flamer. As a Pink Horror you have a central torso that bears your face, and from this almost-spherical torso emerge tentacles, legs, and four arms, although in the changing and shifting manner of Tzeentch, your limbs may multiple or divide at random intervals, and your face may disappear and reappear elsewhere on your body–and yet, these changes never make you less effective. You may optionally be an Iridescent Horror instead.

As a Flamer, you are an elongated conical torso, your "head" set into your body without any intervening neck. Your arms terminated in clawed stumps with mouths and tongues, from which you can belch forth flame and sulphuric smoke. These flames are highly chaotic in effect, burning things, freezing them, transforming them, dissolving them... always wild and random, but never beneficial to your enemies. Flamers like you move by leaping in a gravity-defying manner, as you have no legs.

Should you have taken the appropriate perk, you might instead be a Screamer, a vaguely manta-looking flying predator with great horns that protrude forwards. Your Warp Jaws allow you to chew even through the armor of a space ship, and your flight allows you to move at incredible speeds in defiance of gravity and atmospheric conditions. Your long, sinuous tail can tear apart mortal men even if your spikes and jaws don't reach them. But rest assured that you will never be forced into becoming one of the Discs of Tzeentch, although you may take such an appearance as an additional alt-form if you so desire.

4. Slaanesh's Origin – The Sensation Seeker:
Born from the throes of excess and indulgence, you are a daemon of Slaanesh, the Prince of Pleasure. Your form is as beautiful as it is unnerving, a paradox of divine elegance and obscene allure. Every movement you make is a symphony of temptation, every word a dagger laced with sweet venom. As a Sensation Seeker, you revel in the boundless ecstasies of the flesh, the mind, and the soul. For you, existence is a canvas, and every sensation—whether pleasure or pain—is a brushstroke in your masterpiece of decadence. You live for the thrill of sensation, pushing the boundaries of experience until they shatter beneath your hedonistic hunger.

> As a Slaaneshi daemon, you are most likely a Daemonette. Your features are androgenous, and your body hermaphroditic. Although your features are beautiful, they are marred by your inhuman nature, and by the grotesque claws that take the place of your hands; claws which you can "retract" into your flesh to allow almost-human hands to appear.
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> Should you have taken the appropriate Perk, you might instead be a Fiend of Slaanesh, a perverse mixture of human, reptile, and insect in a single form. Your long, slender body has delicate scales, whip-like tails, four legs (with clawed, nearly humanoid feet), and arms with large claws to disembowl your enemies. The head is vaguely bovine, with large horns, a narrow mouth, and a horribly long tongue to tast the air. You emit a soporific substance that will gradually induce a coma in those exposed to it. Alternatively, you might instead be a Steed of Slaanesh, which bears a serpentine body on two muscular legs. Your head is long and narrow, with a tongue several meters long that can taste the desires of mortals.

5. Chaos Undivided's Origin – The Unifier:
It is true that the four Chaos Gods are great beings who rise above all others in the galaxy. However… it is also true that they are all only components of a greater whole, being pieces of Chaos itself. You number among those Daemons who do not originate from any individual god, but from the very essence of Chaos and the Immaterium.

> As a daemon of Chaos Undivided, you have a unique appearance shared by no other daemon. Perhaps you appear as a horned shadow, similar to Balphomael; maybe as a many-eyed and many-horned monstrosity like Madail; you could even be a cyborg abomination like Vashtorr the Arkifane. Your appearance alone will grant you no great powers beyond those expected of any Lesser Daemon of Chaos, although you can be reckoned to stand on equal ground in ability to Bloodletters, Plaguebearers, Pink Horrors, and Daemonettes.
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> Should you have taken the appropriate perk, you might instead be a Daemon Brute. A large monster of muscle and protruding bones, you are a towering figure that stands taller than even Space Marines, a hulking figure to whom bolter rounds are nothing but a nuisance. Alternatively, you may instead be a Fury. A winged beast with a terrible and bestial face, Furies are looked down upon by other Daemons for having been born from lost human souls, those fools who used Chaos for their own gain without ever pledging allegiance to a particular Chaos God. But your flight is quick, and your mobility and small size are advantages that very few Daemonic Beasts possess.

Choose your path, daemon. Will you serve your master with fervent devotion, or will you rise to carve your own legend in the shadow of the gods? The Warp awaits, and its gifts are both terrible and glorious.

Perks

As a daemon, you stand as a harbinger of Chaos, an embodiment of its unrelenting power. While mortals are bound by frailty, your essence is forged in the fires of the Warp, granting you unimaginable strength and resilience. Though you serve one master, you may draw upon the gifts of others by spending and additional 100 CP as a tax to the other gods; without this tax, you cannot access perks belonging to other factions. Perks are discounted by origin, and 100 CP perks are free if discounted, allowing you to shape your unholy arsenal of powers.

General Perks

Warp-Forged Physiology [Free]:
Your flesh is no longer bound by mortal constraints, for it is a vessel for the Warp's mutable power. You may twist your form into monstrous terrors, veil yourself in illusions, or adapt seamlessly to your surroundings. Whether to inspire fear or achieve perfection, your essence is a canvas for Chaos's dark artistry. Let no mortal folly bind you, for you are a living nightmare.

Daemonic Invulnerability [Free]:
In the searing crucible of Chaos, your form has been tempered into an indomitable fortress of power. Conventional weapons falter against your might, their damage more than halved; bullets are little more than pebbles against your body, energy weapons becoming only painful annoyances. Little other than the unwavering conviction of the truly faithful or the sinister rituals of Warp-craft can banish you, or the melee weaponry of a warrior mighty enough to stand against you. This perk is your testament to the resilience born of madness, a shield of pure malevolence that guards against all but the most determined foes. Let your enemies strike, for their efforts shall shatter like waves upon the rocks of your eternal strength.

Shrouded Daemonym [Free and Mandatory]:
A daemon's true name, their "daemonym", can give those who know it incredible power of the daemon in question. Someone who knows the true name can summon, banish, and control the daemon in question with ease, and that would be a miserable fate for a Jumper to experience, would it not? That's why your "true name" in any given setting is a secret known only to yourself. Even those who somehow discover it will find that they are incapable of conveying this secret to other people through any means, unless you give them permission of your own free will.

Sovereign of the Abyss [Free]:
You hold dominion over the barrier between the Warp and realspace. With this perk, you become the master of your manifestations, arriving in the material world with supreme precision and power. No force—mortal or divine—can prevent your emergence. When you step forth, the veil between dimensions trembles and tears, for you are the Sovereign of the Abyss, an unassailable emissary of Chaos's will. You can travel between realspace and the Warp freely—although be warned that this will not allow you to return to realspace any swifter after you have been banished from it.

This also ensures that you will always have a connection to the Warp, capable of manifesting your powers as a being of the Immaterium; the Tyranids' Shadow of the Warp will not have a negative effect upon you.

Well of Faith [Free]:
A number of the powers of daemons are not merely inherent to their being, but are born of their worship of the Chaos God from which they were born. It would be a shame to lose out from such abilities simply because of a lack of faith. You find that you hold within you a great, replenishing well of undefined "faith", which you can use to fuel any ability you possess that requires faith or worship on your part, without requiring you to actually have any belief in or positive feelings towards whatever you're supposed to be worshipping.

Unique and Free [Free]:
In truth, no daemon is really an independent entity. They are not merely born from the Chaos Gods, they are *extensions* of them. No Daemon can defy the god from whence they were born, and any Daemon can be reabsorbed into their god at a moment's notice. But you? You're different. You have genuine independence and the capacity to exist as a being apart from your god, and you cannot simply be absorbed should they desire it. Furthermore, nothing stands out as "wrong" about you from the perspective of daemons or other Warp entities; even as an independent being, your Chaos God will never notice that you aren't actually a part of them.

Touch of Malice [100 CP]:
There was a faction of Chaos missing from the origins; Malice, the wretched and hated fifth Chaos God, who represents the self-destructive nature of Chaos, and who stands in opposition to all of the Dark Gods. But make no mistake, Malice is not "good"—it is as much an enemy to mortals as the Four are, it simply happens to also oppose Chaos.

As a parasitic entity, Malice has suborned you; in the process of your creation, Malice attached to you and infected your essence, making you a daemon of Malice who simply appears to be a daemon of another faction. However, to hide you from the attentions of your chosen Chaos God, Malice imbued you with only a small portion of his being, and as such, this perk does not make you meaningfully stronger than another Daemon of your type. Your role has been to achieve a position of power and influence in the armies of the God you pretend to serve, that you might be in a better position to damage them with your sabotage.

You are, to all outward perception, the perfect subordinate. Your superiors will be more likely to promote you and reward you for tasks well done, and your failures (or "failures") will never be punished as harshly as they rightfully should be. Even the Chaos God you appear to be the servant of would believe you to be a loyal servant, no matter your true allegiance. At least, until you openly reveal where your loyalties lie.

Should you have any daemon subordinates from any jumps or supplements, you may likewise infect them with the presence of Malice, disconnecting them from the Chaos God from which they were created, leaving them loyal only to you.

In future jumps, you may assume the appearance of an “ordinary” demon, devil, or similar daemon-like entity, and in doing so, will by default be seen as an ally by any faction of daemon-like creatures until you prove otherwise.

Anarchy of Malice [100 CP, requires Touch of Malice]:
A deity of anarchy and vengeance, the Renegade God despises orderly systems and seeks to tear them down, and you do your part to assist. Whenever you remove someone in a leadership position from power, the fell influence of your patron god flows through the opening into their subordinates, inflaming their panic and uncertainty. Kill a general, and their legions will fall into disarray, or even outright infighting; kill a sergeant, and their team’s synergies will collapse.

To a lesser degree, this power even affects anyone unfortunate enough to be in your presence; while around you, cooperation becomes difficult to the point of near-impossibility. Well-trained teamwork becomes sloppy and disarrayed, and enemies who rely on horde tactics will stumble over one another as they never have before.

Ruination of Malice [300 CP, requires Touch of Malice]:
Malice bears unending hatred towards the forces of Chaos, and is the very incarnation of the self-destructive nature of societies built on war, disease, change, and hedonism. As an agent of this manifestation, you have become the doom of daemons, for no daemonic or hellish entity of otherwise equal power to you is capable of defeating you. Your swings move with terrible swiftness against daemons, and blows land with many times your normal level of force. Even attacks you suffer from daemons are less effective against you, allowing you to survive injuries that you otherwise couldn’t possibly endure

You gain additional benefits depending on your origin, which you may disable whenever you desire; they affect you, too, after all. You may pay another **100 CP** to gain each additional origin-specific benefits.

The Berserker:
Your presence makes violence difficult. Every attack near you moves as though surrounded by molasses, and lethal injuries are lessened to something survivable. Wounds heal faster in your presence and are quick to stop bleeding, and rage and madness ebb, leaving clarity in its wake. The war that Khorne so seeks will be denied to them.

The Rot-Blessed:
In your presence, filth is cleansed. Dirt is wiped away into nothingness, grime fades, rust disappears to leave healthy metal behind, and disease is quick to fade as immune systems are bolstered by unnatural power, allowing even ordinary humans to overcome malign daemonic plagues. Nurgle's plagues will be rendered unto naught.

The Warpweaver:
Simply by being present, you make magic fall apart. Spells cast by your enemies are rendered weak, and consume far more energy to cast than they rightfully should. Psykers find their powers running amok more easily, and even the most controlled or sorcerers will find their spells missing and targeting their own allies when they meant to attack their foes. Existing spells fade around you, and magical items decay. Take from Tzeentch their sorceries.

The Sensation Seeker:
In your presence, it is ludicrously easy to keep focused on the matter at hand. Temptations and distractions become a negligible feat to ignore, and even the most seductive of fragrances or appearances lose their luster. When you engage in battle, the people around you will find that they gain no pleasure from fighting, but likewise do not experience pain, no matter how great their wounds are. Let Slaanesh mourn the loss of sensation.

The Unifier:
In your presence, your allies will also benefit from the effects of Ruination of Malice, making them all the greater tools in your fight against the rest of the Warp. Your presence shall bring about the downfall of Chaos.

Invisible Machinations [200 CP]:
Schemes and plots are often associated with the fractal complexities of the conspiracies of Tzeentch, but make no mistake—all participants in the Great Game have their moments of subtlety, and oftentimes the subjects of their manipulations never even realize that they're a pawn. Even Be'lakor the first First-Damned is nothing more than a puppet in the conflict between the Dark Gods, and his own plots—which themselves can span eons and involve the manipulations of entire sectors of the galaxy—are little more than a tool in the arsenal of the Chaos Gods, and his free will is an illusion they permit him even as they twist him to their desires.

This perk does nothing to improve your ability to scheme. However, what it does permit is the knowledge, skill, and supernatural luck in hiding your influence upon others. Even as you manipulate people to fulfill your desires, they will never realize that it was you who drove them to commit atrocities, believing the entire time that they acted of their own free will. Whether you operate through clever machinations or by directly altering your victims' minds, the way you touch upon your targets' lives is all but invisible to anyone less brilliant than the Chaos Gods themselves.

Beast of Chaos [200 CP]:
It seems the Dark Gods have shaped your flesh in the image of one of the infamous Beasts of Chaos—those primal, twisted abominations that rend the veil between mortal and daemon. However, unlike your more feral kin, your mind remains sharp and your cognitive functions intact. You are not a mindless brute, but a cunning and self-aware entity cloaked in monstrous form. you're physically more powerful than a typical daemon of your tier, with enhanced strength, durability, and savage instincts that make you a nightmare in close combat.

Your exact appearance is shaped by your origin, which you may choose upon taking this perk. Whether you resemble a warped forest god, a horned abyssal terror, or some other chaotic amalgam, your body reflects the nature of your beginnings—feral yet distinct, a living testament to primal Chaos.

By taking this perk, you can choose the additional forms listed as potential daemonic forms in the origins section.

Warp Locus [300 CP]:
Your manifestation on the battlefield is nothing short of a cataclysmic, a dire event that signals the end for all who oppose you. Upon your arrival, reality itself bends and fractures, and the barrier between the material world and the Warp grows dangerously thin. This rift serves as a gateway, allowing hordes of daemons to pour forth, bringing chaos and destruction in their wake. Each moment you remain in the mortal realm strengthens the Warp's influence, transforming the battlefield into a hellscape teeming with infernal horrors.

Your mere presence is enough to unravel the courage of mortals, as waves of despair and terror radiate from you. Those who stand in your shadow are overwhelmed by a crushing sense of doom, their resolve disintegrating as they are consumed by the nightmare you bring. The ground splits, skies burn, and the air itself screams with the cacophony of daemonic laughter. Entire worlds tremble and fall to ruin under your malevolent gaze, for you are not simply a daemon—you are the harbinger of annihilation, an unrelenting tide of chaos that leaves only shattered reality in its wake.

Warpstorm Incarnate [300 CP]:
Your manifestation heralds the arrival of Chaos in its purest, most destructive form. Upon your arrival, the veil between realities tears asunder, unleashing a devastating warpstorm that engulfs the battlefield and beyond. This storm is no mere environmental hazard; it is a living, breathing maelstrom of Chaos, reshaping reality itself to reflect your unholy dominion. The landscape twists into grotesque parodies of its former self, with mountains melting into rivers of ichor and the air filled with the howling laughter of daemons.

Within the storm, the natural laws of the material realm crumble, leaving logic and physics as little more than fleeting memories. Mortals caught within are subjected to horrors beyond comprehension—some are grotesquely mutated, transformed into mindless abominations that serve your will, while others are obliterated entirely, their souls consumed by the storm's insatiable hunger. Their anguished screams merge with the cacophony of the warpstorm, amplifying its chaotic energy. In your presence, the battlefield becomes an extension of your malevolence, a realm where sanity falters and reality is but clay for your apocalyptic artistry.

But be warned—though your warpstorm may annihilate mortals by the legion, there exist champions among mortals who may not be so easily defeated.

Exalted [300 CP]:
You are not just a servant of Chaos; you are its chosen instrument, an exalted champion of your dark god's will. This title marks you as a being of immense power and prestige, standing head and shoulders above the daemonic masses. Your very essence radiates an aura of divine authority, compelling awe and terror from all who behold you. Lesser daemons kneel in reverence, and even your peers acknowledge your supremacy with grudging respect or envious fear.

In battle, your power is a reflection of your god's unholy virtues, a living embodiment of their desires and wrath. Your might is such that few can challenge you, and your every action reshapes the battlefield to your advantage. Beyond combat, your elevated status grants you great influence in the infernal politics of the Warp, allowing you to manipulate daemonic alliances and rivalries to further your god's dark designs. As an exalted one, you are the pinnacle of your kind.

Soulbound Juggernaut [300 CP]:
By forging a dark pact with Vashtorr the Arkifane, you undergo a grotesque transformation, becoming a Soul Grinder—a fusion of daemonic essence and unyielding machinery. This new form binds your soul to a towering, mechanical frame bristling with infernal weaponry and imbued with the dark ingenuity of Vashtorr himself. Your monstrous body is an unholy blend of Warp-forged steel and daemonic flesh, a relentless war engine designed for destruction.

As a Soul Grinder, you wield an array of devastating armaments: claws that can shear through the strongest armor, warp-cannons that unleash torrents of corrupted energy, and a massive, hell-forged chassis impervious to conventional attacks. Your mechanical limbs grant unparalleled strength and mobility, allowing you to crush entire regiments underfoot or obliterate fortifications with ease. Your allegiance to Vashtorr enhances your capabilities further, enabling you to channel his dark designs to repair and augment your form mid-battle, ensuring you remain an unstoppable force on the battlefield. Whether in the service of your master or as an independent engine of annihilation, your enemies will tremble before the grinding march of your inexorable advance.

By some twist of fate, you have not been bound to the Oaths of the Iron Pact, although people believe you to be; furthermore, you are at no risk of experiencing erosion of your self from the time you spend as a Soul Grinder. Post-jump, you will receive both your basic daemon form and your Soul Grinder body as separate alt-forms.

Daemon Prince [400 CP]:
Not all Daemons originate from the Chaos Gods. Some, such as the Daemon Princes, were once mortal Champions of Chaos—like you were. But you accomplished great, incredible deeds in the name of your Chaos God, and sacrificed at least a planet to them, and as such you were rewarded with an ascension to become a Daemon Prince (or Princess). As such, you are one of the greatest followers of your chosen god. Any warband aligned with your deity will submit to your commands. Your mere existence is a symbol in this universe of the powers Chaos offers to mortals who serve them, and more people will fall to Chaos worship simply by virtue of being a Daemon Prince.

But what's truly special about you is how easily you can exist outside of the Warp–you don't need a rift or to possess a mortal, but can easily traverse between the Warp and realspace as you desire. On a more strategic and tactical level, your experiences with mortality have given you greater insight into how mortals think, and your success at conquering a planet has proven your strategic and tactical prowess, making you a potent commander for whatever forces you command.

You are second to the Greater Daemons in the hierarchy of those who serve the Chaos Gods; this isn't only in rank, but in power, and even trained Astartes will die in droves if they're foolish enough to face your incredible daemonic might.

Should you possess Exalted, it will propel you to stand equal in power and rank to the Greater Daemons, and you will be accepted by them—no small feat, considering the disdain the Greater Daemons hold the formerly-mortal Daemon Princes in for their "impurity".

Should you take Bloodthirster, Great Unclean One, Lord of Change, Keeper of Secrets, or End of Empires, then you will remain a Daemon Prince—but you will find the powers of your chosen kind of Greater Daemon have been added to your own, propelling your might to be even greater than they.

Should you have taken a perk to become a Greater Daemon along with Exalted, then you will be far more than "merely" an Exalted Greater Daemon; in life, you were the Primarch of the II or XI Legion of Astartes, and you were elevated to the status of a Daemon Primarch, beings of such ludicrous and terrible power and prestige that they stand below only the gods themselves within the Warp; alternatively, you can be a clone of one of the existing Daemon Primarchs created by Fabius Bile, who escaped his laboratories. You will still receive the special benefits an Exalted Greater Daemon is provided. If you so desire, you can give up the special benefit from being an Exalted Greater Daemon to gain one of the special abilities unique to the Daemon Primarch you are a clone of.

Warlord of the Warp [600 CP]:
With this power, you ascend to a position of supreme influence within the hierarchy of Chaos. You command the allegiance of daemonic forces, gaining 1200 additional Daemon Points to summon legions from the Warhammer 40K: Daemon Legions supplement. Tailor your forces to your will, from swarms of bloodthirsty horrors to elite abominations that strike terror into the hearts of entire worlds.

However, with great power comes great responsibility. The loyalty of these forces must be maintained through acts of devotion and sacrifice. Neglect your obligations, and you risk rebellion or outright annihilation. But should you succeed, you shall wield an army capable of toppling the mightiest empires and reducing entire planets to ashes in the name of Chaos.

Daemon-King [2000 CP, Cannot be Discounted]:
Once, when the Dark Gods numbered only three, Tzeentch had a daemon entrusted as his second-in-command. However, Yssarile had learned well the nature of his creator, and the daemon-king betrayed the treacherous Changer of Ways, leading vast numbers of daemons in a war against the Chaos God in a war that lasted a billion years within the timeless expanse of the Immaterium. In the end, Tzeentch brought true and final death to his treasonous subordinate, and never again did any of the Chaos Gods ever imbue a servant with power that approached their own.

Until now.

You are a unique being, with rank second only to your chosen patron god. Your power has been brought to ludicrous heights equalled only by the Chaos Gods themselves. Suited to your nearly-divine might, you have gained the power to create your own daemons, formed in ways that you desire and designed to be extensions of your will as much as normal daemons are an extension of their god. These are Lesser Daemons by default, but you can also design a Greater Daemon, which you can create with a greater expenditure of energy; however, as you are not a *true* Chaos God, you cannot render any of your daemons Exalted.

If you wish, you may carve your own realm from the Formless Wastes, shaped to reflect you in much the same manner that the domains of the Chaos Gods reflect them. After this jump, your daemonic realm will accompany you as a Warehouse attachment.

However, by virtue of taking this perk, you must take the drawback Eternal Piece of the Great Game for no extra points.

Should you have taken the perk Warlord of the Warp, you will gain an extra 3000 Daemon Points to be spent on that supplement.

Khorne's Berserker

Khorne's Wrath Unleashed [Free, Khorne Daemons Only]:
Your weapons are more than tools of battle—they are manifestations of Khorne's boundless fury, forged in the fires of his eternal wrath. With this perk, your Hellblade, Hellblade Axe, or any weapon you summon becomes a force of devastation, cleaving through ordinary mortal defenses with terrifying ease. These weapons are extensions of your will, and each swing resonates with the Blood God's insatiable thirst for destruction to inflict grievous wounds that no mortal weapon could imitate.

Enemies facing you find no respite, for you can fight without cease and without mercy. The battlefield becomes your arena of carnage, where you unleash a symphony of slaughter that only vast numbers or heroic champions could hope to endure. When your foes realize the futility of resistance, their hope will fade, for they will know that mercy and escape are luxuries you do not permit.

Aspect of Death [100 CP]:
Your presence on the battlefield transcends physical menace, becoming an overwhelming force of terror that erodes the will of all but the bravest warriors. Those who stand before you are paralyzed by the aura of dread that radiates from your being. Your enemies feel an unrelenting weight pressing on their minds, their courage crumbling as your malevolent influence seeps into their souls. Even disciplined soldiers falter, their leadership shattered as cowardice takes root.

This effect spreads like a plague, sowing chaos among your enemies. Some may flee in blind panic, abandoning their comrades to save themselves, while others stand frozen, unable to act as their resolve is utterly broken. Your aura ensures that those who face you are defeated not only in body but in spirit, as they succumb to the crushing weight of fear.

Brazen Hide [100 CP]:
Your flesh is a testament to Khorne’s hatred of sorcery and the weakness of ranged combat. Infused with rune-wrought brass, your body becomes an indomitable fortress, defying the weapons of mortals and the spells of psykers alike. Mundane blades shatter against your hide, bullets ricochet harmlessly, and Warp-spawned energy fizzles into nothingness. Psykers find themselves powerless in your presence, their spells faltering before they can reach you, as Khorne's disdain for their craft manifests through you.

As you stride across the battlefield, the attacks of your enemies become laughable, their efforts futile against your daemonic resilience. Every strike that fails to harm you fuels your wrath, and your unyielding form becomes a symbol of Khorne's uncompromising might. Even those attacks mighty enough to inflict injury find that their damage is dulled, and whatever champion dares to wound you in such a fashion will soon find that they have only become the focus of your fury.

Crimson Carnage Conduit [200 CP]:
The essence of bloodshed courses through your veins, fueling a hunger for destruction that grows with every kill. In your presence, every drop of spilled blood becomes a source of unholy power, enhancing your speed, strength, and resilience. The battlefield becomes a feeding ground, where the carnage you create serves to amplify your already terrifying might.

As the slaughter intensifies, so does your frenzy. You become a whirlwind of violence, an abominable force that grows more formidable with each fallen foe. Every enemy you slay, no matter how great they are, is reduced to fuel for your unrelenting hunger. This insatiable thirst for destruction ensures that the longer you fight, the stronger you become, leaving no hope for those who dare to challenge you.

Rage Incarnate [200 CP]:
Your unbridled fury is a beacon of inspiration to your allies, igniting their own bloodlust and driving them to new heights of ferocity. As you hurl yourself into battle with reckless abandon, your actions serve as a rallying cry, drawing your brethren to your side with unwavering devotion. They fight with a renewed vigor, their violence amplified by your presence.

This surge of ferocity transforms the battlefield into a chaotic storm of slaughter. Your allies become extensions of your wrath, mirroring your relentless assault. The chaos you create is contagious, spreading through your forces and overwhelming your enemies with an unrelenting tide of violence. You are not just a warrior but a catalyst for Khorne's dominion, ensuring that the Blood God's will is carried out in full.

Herald of Khorne [200 CP, Khorne Daemons Only, Cannot Be Discounted]:
At times, Bloodletters who are favored in the eyes of Khorne are gathered in the Skullpit, where they slaughter one another until only one survives; this survivor is empowered with the energies of the fallen, and is declared a new Herald of Khorne; beneath Daemon Princes and Bloodthirsters, but far above normal Bloodletters, the Heralds of Khorne take up a position of leadership among their fellows, guiding them in the perpetual search for skulls. Select one of the following specializations; additionally, your free Hellblade may be upgraded into a Blade of Blood, regardless of what specialization you choose. You may optionally purchase this multiple times for more specializations.

Bloodmaster
You are a rampaging master of violence, a warrior of exceeding skill and might who earned Khorne's favor with spectacular displays of brutality. However, you also have self-control, for a Bloodmaster cannot simply surrender to their desire to kill; they must *lead*, and guide the bloodthirster hordes in their rampage. As such, you can infuse your allies with heightened bloodlust, a rage and hunger for killing that strengthens without detracting from skill. Even if the depths of murderous frenzies, your allies will still be able to follow your tactical commands.

Skullmaster/Rendmaster
Similar in function, these two forms of Herald are each mounted upon daemonic steeds; the Skullmaster upon a Juggernaut, and the Rendmaster upon a Blood Throne. Your ability to eke every last drop of combat potential out of your ride would be amazing, if it weren't so terrifying; injuries inflicted by your mount or vehicle are always far more terrible than the force behind the blow would indicate, and when you charge into battle astride your steed, those who behold your hellish approach cannot help but quake as terror seeps into their heart.

Sacred Executioner
Amongst the most favored of Khorne's Heralds, the Sacred Executioners have the duty of beheading worthy opponents and presenting their skulls to Khorne; these tributes hold high status in the Brass Citadel and are prominently displayed on the Skull Throne. Not only does your presence spur on your allies to greater skill at making decapitating blows, but you will find that you do not tire in combat; or at least, the weariness you feel is dispelled by the surge of energy you receive every time you kill.

Khorne's Infernal Wrath [400 CP]:
You are the living embodiment of Khorne's unrelenting fury, wielding his destructive power with apocalyptic force. With this perk, you gain the ability to summon torrents of hellfire and storms of blood that consume everything in their path. Entire squadrons are reduced to ash and ruin as you unleash the cataclysmic wrath of the Blood God upon your enemies.

The battlefield becomes a chaotic inferno under your command, a theater of annihilation where no foe can stand. Reality itself trembles as you tear through it, wielding the raw energies of the Warp with devastating precision. Your presence is a herald of annihilation, ensuring that none who oppose Khorne's will escape unscathed.

Malevolent Annihilation [400 CP]:
Every swing of your weapon is a force of nature, infused with hatred so pure that no defense can withstand it. Shields splinter, wards collapse, and barriers crumble before the overwhelming power of your strikes. Even the strongest fortifications are rendered meaningless as your blows shatter them into oblivion.

Your enemies are left utterly defenseless, their protections torn asunder by your relentless assault. Each strike you deliver is a death sentence, a cataclysmic event that leaves nothing but devastation in its wake. You are the harbinger of ruin, a force of pure destruction. Your malevolent power ensures that resistance is futile, and despair is the only option for those who oppose you.

From Whence It Flows [400 CP]:
It does not matter to Khorne who bleeds, only that blood is spilt. And as such, you have turned the shedding of your own blood into a ritual to Khorne; the more you are injured, the more powerful you become, infernal energies suffusing your body in response to the trauma your daemonic flesh endures. This allows you to ravage your opponents without heed for the wounds you suffer, assured that every blow that lands only makes you a greater warrior than you were before.

Skulltaker [600 CP]:
You possess an uncanny mastery over the art of dueling, becoming the bane of champions and heroes who dare to stand against you. With this ability, your every movement in combat is infused with your determination to slay your enemy, an unyielding focus that isolates your prey from their allies and exposes their weaknesses. When you lock eyes with your chosen target, the battlefield seems to fade, leaving only you and your victim in a deadly dance of blades and brutality; outsiders cannot interfere with your destined duels.

Your skill in battle is vast beyond the imagination of most mortals; your blows unerringly find the weaknesses and flaws in armor; your strength is such that artificial empowerments falter when faced with you. You can easily spot the tactics of your opponent and devastate their plans before they can ever realize them, and their protective wards fall apart when met with your attacks.

Each blow is precise, calculated, and devastating, striking with the intent to decapitate or annihilate. For those who would call themselves the best, your presence becomes a harrowing reminder: there is always a greater predator. The skulls of the fallen are your trophies, immortalizing their defeat as a testament to your supremacy in combat.

Blessing of Khorne [600 CP]:
Khorne is well pleased with the path of slaughter you've carved in his name—the mountain of skulls you've raised to his brass throne echoes with eternal battle cries. It would be a shame, he thinks, for your journey through the Jumpchain to end prematurely. You gain eight charges of divine protection. In any jump where your death would be final—where your essence would be truly and permanently destroyed, despite being a daemon—you are instead spared.

Each time this happens, you are torn from the jaws of oblivion, and after exactly 88 days, you are resurrected on another battlefield. Hurled into glorious war, where your first breath is a roar and your first step is into blood.

Bloodthirster [600 CP]:
You are no longer bound by the limitations of ordinary daemonic form. In an explosion of violence and unholy power, you ascend to become a Bloodthirster, the pinnacle of Khorne's wrath. Your towering form is a monument to destruction, standing as a nightmare given flesh. Vast, leathery wings blot out the sun as you descend upon the battlefield, scattering armies with each beat. Your obsidian-tough skin is etched with infernal runes that glow with Khorne's burning fury, rendering you impervious to mortal weapons less potent than artifacts and most arcane sorceries.

Your might surpasses mortal comprehension. Wielding a colossal axe inscribed with runes of annihilation, you carve through entire regiments with a single swing, leaving nothing but devastation in your wake. No shield can withstand your blows, no barrier can halt your charge, and no soul can escape your wrath. You are Khorne's perfect engine of war, a force of slaughter and chaos. Wherever you tread, rivers of blood flow, mountains of skulls rise, and the galaxy trembles beneath the weight of your fury. If you have the Exalted perk, choose one exalted ability from the list below; you may purchase Bloodthirster multiple times for more exalted abilities.

- ***Indomitable Onslaught***
  You become the living definition of relentless. Your body can endure what others deem impossible, enabling you to fight ceaselessly for eight days and nights without faltering, even under unrelenting assaults and injuries that should be fatal. Enemy blades shatter against your skin, siege engines break trying to fell you, and spells fizzle against your infernal might. Your resilience is a force of nature, allowing you to sustain a brutal rampage while shrugging off fatigue and injury. Mortals and daemons alike are left in despair as their best efforts fail to even slow your inexorable advance. Every battlefield becomes a testament to your unyielding perseverance.

- ***Master of the Blood Tide***
  You are a master manipulator of blood, drawing power from every drop spilled in your presence. With this ability, blood becomes an extension of your will. You shape it into weapons, barriers, or streams of devastation that rend through enemies like liquid razors. As the carnage around you grows, your power becomes more potent. Each kill amplifies your control over the battlefield, creating a tide of destruction. Blood drenches the ground, forming rivers of death at your command, and enemies fall before the crimson storm you unleash.

- ***Rage Unchained***
  Injury is no limitation to your fury. This ability grants you the power to fight with unrelenting strength and ferocity, no matter how grievous your wounds. Severed limbs, broken bones, and mortal strikes are but minor inconveniences in the face of your rage. Your defiance of pain and death fuels terror in your enemies. They witness your broken body continuing to devastate their ranks, a horrifying display of Khorne’s favor. Each injury serves only to heighten your frenzy, making you a truly unstoppable force of nature.

- ***Oath Breakers***
  Khorne despises treachery, and with this ability, you become his ultimate enforcer. When you are tasked with hunting down those who break oaths, nothing can halt your pursuit. Even if you are banished or destroyed, you will return, time and again, until your quarry is obliterated. No distance is too great, no refuge secure enough to shield oath-breakers from your wrath. You become an inexorable force of vengeance, a relentless hunter whose mission is etched into the fabric of reality itself. Your mere presence strikes fear into those who dare to defy Khorne's decrees.

- ***Unfettered Fury***
  Your fury becomes a force of environmental destruction. With this ability, the land around you is corrupted by your presence. Lava bursts forth from the ground, transforming the terrain into molten wastelands, while daemonic portals tear open to unleash reinforcements. This transformation not only hinders your enemies' movements but also turns the battlefield into a living embodiment of Khorne's rage. The landscape itself fights for you, trapping, burning, and overwhelming your foes in an apocalyptic display of power.

- ***Insensate Rage***
  Your mastery of weapons reaches unparalleled heights, rivaling even the most cunning champions of Tzeentch. Swords, axes, whips, and spears are extensions of your body, wielded with a level of precision and skill that leaves enemies in awe. This ability ensures that skill alone can never best you in a duel, for you have reached the pinnacle of skill. You cut through your foes with flawless technique and devastating power, proving that martial prowess is unmatched when fueled by Khorne's fury.

- ***Insane Bloodlust***
  Warp-flames erupt from your body, forming volatile armor that burns with the raw essence of chaos. These flames not only shield you from harm but also serve as a weapon, incinerating those who come too close. Your breath becomes a torrent of destructive fire, engulfing enemies in a blaze of madness. This ability is especially potent against Nurgle's minions and other corruption-based foes, as the purity of your unrelenting rage purges their diseases and filth. You are a walking inferno of bloodlust, reducing all in your path to ash and ruin.

- ***Arcane Hatred***
  You are Khorne's ultimate weapon against magic. With this ability, you can disrupt and dispel spells with ease, tearing apart the sorcerous energies of even the most potent psykers and magicians. Your presence alone unravels magical constructs, nullifies enchantments, and sends Warp-craft spiraling out of control. In aerial combat, your hatred of magic grants you unparalleled speed and precision, allowing you to close the distance on spellcasters and tear them from the skies. Psykers and daemons alike are powerless against your unrelenting assault, making you a terror to all who rely on sorcery.

Nurgle’s Rot-Blessed

Wave of Sickness [Free, Nurgle Daemons Only]:
Your presence heralds a tide of corruption, spreading Nurgle's vile blessings with every step you take. The ground beneath you bubbles and decays, releasing waves of pestilent miasma that seep into the lungs of those who dare stand against you. This noxious aura saps the strength of your enemies, choking their vitality and weakening their defense against your relentless advance.

The sickness you wield is not merely physical but spiritual, gnawing at the very souls of the unworthy. Those caught in its grasp are wracked with fever and despair, their bodies succumbing to boils and rot as their minds fracture under the weight of Nurgle's love. To stand in your presence is to be immersed in decay, a prelude to the inevitable embrace of the Plaguefather.

Revolting Constitution [100 CP]:
Your body is a masterpiece of Nurgle’s grotesque artistry, designed to endure and regenerate from the most devastating of injuries. Blades that would cleave others in two merely embed themselves in your rotting flesh, only to be pushed out as your body knits itself back together with unnatural ease. Arrows and bullets are swallowed by suppurating wounds, their sting forgotten as you march on with unrelenting purpose. It would take truly astounding force to truly injure you, or powers beyond what most mortals can bring to bear.

This resilience is not merely physical; it is a testament to Nurgle’s boundless blessings. Pain is a fleeting memory, and fear of harm has no hold on you. As your enemies grow weary from futilely hacking at your form, you continue your advance, your oozing, decayed visage a horrifying reminder of the futility of opposing the Plaguefather’s will. In your presence, despair is as infectious as the rot that sustains you.

Your durability and unnatural health ensures that no matter what disease you contract, it will never kill you, nor will it impede your ability to function; indeed, instead of agony from whatever you contract, you will instead feel joy at the touch of Grandfather Nurgle.

Slime Trail [100 CP]:
Your movements leave a revolting path of mucus and decay, a sticky trail of corruption that lingers long after you pass. This slime is laced with paralytic toxins, numbing the limbs and sapping the will of any who stumble into its viscous embrace. Even the bravest of foes falter, their movements sluggish and their minds clouded with despair as they realize the futility of their resistance.

Beyond its physical effects, your slime trail embodies Nurgle's infectious nature. The corruption it spreads taints the battlefield, turning once-pristine ground into a festering swamp. Allies find renewed strength as they tread upon this unholy path, their bodies bolstered by the Plaguefather's blessings. Enemies, however, are overcome by dread and sickness, unable to escape the creeping tide of rot and ruin.

Plague of Rust [200 CP]:
Your mere presence causes metal to wither and corrode, as the blessings of Nurgle infect even lifeless constructs. Armor and weapons rust away to useless scrap, their strength dissolving like flesh rotting under the Plaguefather's touch. Shields buckle, blades crumble, and even war machines groan as they are rendered impotent against the relentless advance of decay.

This corruption spreads like an epidemic, infecting all metal objects in its vicinity. The once-proud weapons of war become fragile remnants, their bearers left defenseless against Nurgle's chosen. The battlefield becomes a graveyard of twisted metal, a testament to the inevitability of decay and the futility of resisting the Plague God's will.

But do not be consumed by pride and assume that all are equally susceptible to your plague of rust; divine blessings and special energies can provide a defense against your aura of decay, even if only a temporary one.

Plague Fly Hive [200 CP]:
Your flesh serves as a hive for Nurgle's most loathsome servants, a seething colony of plague flies that crawl in and out of your body. These grotesque creatures swarm forth at your command, overwhelming foes in a churning tide of disease and torment. Their buzzing fills the air, drowning out cries for mercy as they feast upon exposed flesh and spread pestilence with every bite.

The flies are not merely an annoyance; they are carriers of Nurgle's gifts, infecting those they touch with virulent diseases that sap strength and resolve. They fill the air with a miasma of despair, clouding the senses and breaking the spirit of even the most stalwart opponents. To face you is to be engulfed by a living storm of decay, where survival is not a victory but an invitation to further suffering under the Plaguefather's watchful gaze.

Herald of Nurgle [200 CP, Nurgle Daemons Only, Cannot Be Discounted]:
Those mortals who resist Nurgle's Rot the longest can delay becoming Plaguebearers; however, in the process they accrue greater daemonic energy than normal Plaguebearers, so when they finally transform they become something greater and more powerful than any normal Lesser Daemon; they become a Herald of Nurgle, beneath only the Daemon Princes and Great Unclean Ones in the hierarchy of power. Choose one specialization; you may purchase this perk multiple times for additional specializations.

Poxbringer
Your gifts as a Herald have largely served to simply make you more puissant. You are larger, you are stronger–to the point that you could cleave through multiple Bloodletters with a single blow–and grow a horn and set of antlers if you didn't possess them already; if you did, they grow greater and more twisted. Furthermore, your diseased virility is made even more horrific, to the point that you emit an aura of disease that weakens anyone you perceive as an enemy or opponent with its vile influence. You may optionally replace your free Plagueblade with a Balesword.

Sloppity Bilepiper
You have contracted the diseases known as the Chortling Murrain. You are imbued with feverish energy, and your sense of humor grows more acute. You get a quick wit and a talent for outlandish and nonsensical humor, and your antics are sure to arouse a laugh from the lighthearted Nurglings and Great Unclean Ones, while your allies will move with greater speed and vivacity when you're around.

Your laughter is contagious in the worst way, as you can infect others with this disease to cause them to laugh until their sides split open and their heart bursts; this will similarly spread when you play music. Unlike all other Bilepipers, you will never go into remission or be transformed into a set of gutpipes. You may optionally replace your free Plagueblade with a Marotter.

Spoilpox Scrivener
Your maw is horrendously distended, becoming something akin to a long, prehensile tube with a great mouth at the end. Your duty as a follower of Nurgle is to record the number of diseases tallied by the Plaguebearers to ensure that they meet their quotas. As such, you have developed great skill at insulting and browbeating your subordinates, and can keep them in line through threats and force; what's more, such exhortations are actually quite effective, and your allies will fight with greater speed, skill, and fervor with you around to keep them in line. You may optionally replace your free Plagueblade with a Plaguesword.

Warprot Discipline [400 CP, Forbidden For Khorne]:
You are a master of the dark sorceries that Nurgle's followers wield to spread his gifts and despair. Your mind is a conduit for the Plaguefather's power, bending the corruptive might of the Warp to unleash a tide of ruinous magic upon your enemies. With a thought, you conjure waves of pestilence that rot flesh, decay armor, and corrode spirits. Your spells twist the battlefield into a festering mire, where every breath is poison and every step drags your foes deeper into despair.

This discipline doesn't merely destroy; it transforms. Through your mastery, living foes are reduced to shambling husks, their bodies and souls claimed by the ceaseless decay of Nurgle's blessings. Reality itself warps in your presence, as your magic sows despair and spreads corruption to all corners of the battlefield. The Warprot Discipline makes you not just a sorcerer but an apocalyptic force, a herald of the Plaguefather's inevitable dominion.

Acidic Ichor [400 CP]:
Your body is a grotesque vessel of corrosive bile, a walking nightmare for those foolish enough to strike you. Each wound you endure erupts in a geyser of sizzling ichor, spraying enemies with a caustic substance that eats through armor, flesh, and bone alike. This bile is not merely a weapon; it is a contagion, spreading the Plaguefather's blessings as it melts its victims into unrecognizable sludge. Those who dare to wound you soon find themselves consumed by their own folly, their attacks turned into instruments of their destruction.

This acidic ichor is more than just a defense—it is a weapon of terror. The battlefield becomes a charnel house as the air fills with the acrid stench of burning flesh and the agonized screams of the afflicted. Armor corrodes into brittle fragments, weapons dissolve upon contact, and the ground itself sizzles with the residue of your unholy essence. You are a living embodiment of Nurgle's spite, where every injury you endure fuels the Plaguefather's victory.

Bilous Artiste [400 CP]:
Slaanesh styles himself as a connoisseur of art, but the followers of Nurgle are not without artistry of their own. For you, this craft is found in the brewing of plagues and contagion—not the mere modification of viral RNA strands and the biological alteration of bacteria, but in the infusion of daemonic energies into the disease to turn it into something truly foul and abominable, possessed of strange abilities and vectors of infection.

You can make plagues that cause people to grow hotter until they burst into flames; diseases that spread every time the infected smile; illnesses to grow teeth on the bones to gnaw their way out through the flesh; even viruses that can spread between mortal flesh and digital media.

Your skill in this is far below that of Grandfather Nurgle himself, but your lord and god smiles upon the talents you show, knowing that they will grow only greater with time and practice.

Bath In the Cauldron of the Great Grandfather [600 CP]:
Regardless of your origin or form, you were plucked—yes, lovingly scooped—by Papa Nurgle himself, much like Ku'gath once was, from the endless cauldron that simmers with his finest creations. In doing so, you were gifted with one of his most cherished diseases, a plague so special that even the Great Unclean Ones hum its praises through bubbling boils and phlegmy laughter.

Your body has since swelled to the size of a Great Unclean One, brimming with warp-touched filth and blessed resilience. But more importantly, your soul now radiates with the unfiltered affection of Nurgle himself. You are one of his most beloved children, a jolly icon of his ever-rotting garden. Your wide, joyous smile brings laughter and comfort to all who see it—even as they dissolve into disease-ridden sludge.

You also possess a unique and horrifyingly delightful ability: you may perform one of seven sacred plague songs, each one a virulent hymn that infects the souls of those who hear them. These songs do not merely spread disease—they unravel the spirit, gnawing at hope, strength, or sanity depending on which tune you play.

Tally of Pestilence [600 CP]:
You are the Plaguefather's ledger-keeper, a living monument to the endless toll of death and decay. Every act of pestilence and corruption, every life claimed by sickness, and every soul lost to despair feeds your power. With this ability, you draw strength from the suffering of others, your body becoming an ever-growing fount of Nurgle's blessings. Each death around you bolsters your resilience, your wounds knitting shut even as your enemies falter beneath the crushing weight of despair.

The Tally of Pestilence is not just a passive blessing—it is an active weapon of entropy. As the toll mounts, waves of pestilential energy ripple outward, spreading disease, blighting the land, and unraveling the fabric of mortal resistance. Armies falter, cities crumble, and the very air grows thick with plague as the count rises. The battlefield becomes a twisted garden of rot and ruin, with you at its heart, the grim accountant of decay. Those who oppose you soon find themselves as nothing more than another entry in the Plaguefather's endless tally.

Great Unclean One [600 CP]:
You ascend to the status of a Great Unclean One, a towering, corpulent embodiment of Nurgle’s boundless decay and enduring vitality. Your grotesque form is a testament to the Plaguefather's blessings, with oozing sores, rupturing boils, and pestilent fumes seeping from every pore. You are not a creature of mere destruction but of creation, birthing diseases and nurturing new pestilence with fatherly pride. Your hulking frame is both a fortress and a weapon, impervious to the strikes of mortals and dripping with vile fluids that corrode all they touch.

On the battlefield, your very presence reshapes the landscape into a hellish garden of rot and ruin. Clouds of filth swarm around you, choking and suffocating your enemies, while every step leaves a trail of fetid corruption. Your laughter—a guttural, phlegm-choked roar—echoes across the battlefield, spreading despair and dread. Armed with massive rusted weapons and a mastery of the Warp's most virulent diseases, you are a living apocalypse, a harbinger of Nurgle’s will. To face you is not merely to risk death but to succumb to the unrelenting embrace of decay eternal. If you have the Exalted perk, choose one exalted ability from the list below. You may purchase Great Unclean One multiple times for additional exalted abilities.

- ***Bountiful Gifts***
  Deep within your grotesque mass lies a singularity of pure Warp energy, a fetid gateway to an infinite ocean of supernatural corruption. This Warp rent saturates your body, oozing out in occasional bursts of invigorating foulness. For your allies, this miasma is a gift, amplifying their magical prowess, ensuring their spells surge with unholy power and devastating efficiency. For enemies, however, the atmosphere is suffocating—magic becomes treacherous, spells misfire, and casters are wracked with agony as their connection to the Warp falters. The battlefield becomes a microcosm of Nurgle's domain, where decay triumphs over precision, and the air hums with corrupted energy.

- ***Hideous Visage***
  The horrifying sight of your features is a glimpse into the destiny of all living flesh—decayed, maggot-ridden, and sloughing from the bone. Your visage is not just grotesque; it is an existential terror. Warriors, no matter how disciplined, are overcome with a primal horror, their bodies rebelling as bile rises in their throats, and their minds succumb to despair. The sight induces crippling fear, vomiting, and shrieking among non-Nurgle foes, rendering even the most stalwart commanders unable to focus. Entire armies falter, their cohesion crumbling under the sheer existential dread of facing such an abominable force.

- ***Revoltingly Resilient***
  The bloated, disease-riddled body you possess is a fortress of unyielding corruption. Every slash and thrust of an enemy blade is thwarted by layers of congealed pus, armor-like scabs, and the teeming swarms of plague-mites that feast upon intruders. Even those attacks that strike true are diminished, as your fever-slick hide and unholy resilience reduce them to mere nuisances. Poisoned barbs, blessed weapons, and even concentrated firepower falter against this bastion of filth, making you a nightmarish foe that seems to absorb punishment with malevolent joy.

- ***Great Father***
  As a father to all that festers, a Great Unclean One cherishes its Nurglings above all else, each one a treasured creation born from its own decaying flesh. You produce Nurglings at an astonishing rate, spawning great masses of these mischievous, pestilence-ridden imps with every step you take. Entire battlefields are quickly overrun as swarms of Nurglings spill forth in waves, overwhelming enemies with sheer numbers. The infestation is relentless, transforming once-pristine landscapes into crawling hives of unholy pestilence within seconds, as you gleefully nurture your revolting progeny.

- ***The Cycle of Life and Decay***
  You embody the paradoxical nature of Nurgle's philosophy: from the death and decay you spread, new life inevitably arises. Your presence turns vibrant lands into diseased wastelands, suffused with the stench of rot and the buzzing of flies. Yet, when you depart, the aftermath reveals an eerie transformation. The decayed earth becomes fertile with the emergence of mutant fungi, swarms of insects, and bizarrely twisted vegetation. What was once dead is now teeming with grotesque vitality, a vivid testament to the endless cycle of entropy and rebirth that defines Nurgle's domain.

- ***Locus of Foetid Regeneration***
  In the shadow of the bloated colossus you have become, your allies become nigh-immortal. A noxious aura of regenerative power emanates from you, knitting wounds with corrupted vigor and suffusing daemonic flesh with revitalizing pestilence. Severed limbs reattach, gaping wounds close, and mortal injuries are rendered inconsequential as the foul energies of decay pulse through nearby units. The battlefield becomes a crucible of attrition, where allied forces endure against overwhelming odds, bolstered by the rejuvenating touch of their master's unholy presence.

- ***Plague Father***
  Driven by an unrelenting obsession, you mirror the ingenuity of Ku'gath Plaguefather in its tireless quest to create ever more virulent diseases. With every battle, you can harvest ingredients from your surroundings—blood, flesh, and even the dying screams of its enemies—to concoct new plagues. These malevolent creations are unleashed upon foes with catastrophic results, ravaging armies and spreading pestilence across entire regions.

Tzeentch’s Warpweaver

Sorcerous Winds [Free, Tzeentch Daemons Only]:
The very air around you vibrates with the essence of the Warp, a chaotic, unending stream of multicolored energies that seem to dance in response to your will. With the Sorcerous Winds, you can manipulate these ethereal gusts to twist and shape reality itself, creating a battlefield that bends to your power and ensures your enemies’ despair. Enemies caught within these unnatural breezes find their vision clouded, their magical abilities suppressed, and their sense of control slipping into the grasp of chaotic madness. The winds carry whispers from the future and alternate timelines, sowing paranoia and fear as your enemies are unable to distinguish reality from prophecy.

With every manipulation of these winds, you can create illusions, alter perceptions, or even tear small rifts into the Warp to unleash bursts of eldritch fire or Warp-based destruction. The Sorcerous Winds are a reflection of Tzeentch's multifaceted domain—unpredictable, deceptive, and inescapable. Allies benefit from their presence as well, as the winds bolster their magical might, turning even the most desperate incantations into powerful, divine expressions of sorcery.

Deluge of Fire [100 CP]:
When you unleash the Deluge of Fire, you call forth a cascading torrent of ethereal flames from the Warp itself. These unholy fires pour onto the battlefield, igniting all they touch with a searing, unquenchable blaze that consumes the willpower of all enemies caught within their infernal grasp. The flames are not ordinary fire; they are manifestations of Tzeentch’s will, constantly shifting, flickering, and tearing at the fabric of reality, driven by malevolent intent and sorcerous power. Those struck by this attack find their bodies wracked by excruciating pain as they are burned and seared by reality itself unraveling under your influence.

Magical Boon [100 CP]:
Drawing from the infinite wellspring of Tzeentch's boundless arcane knowledge, the Magical Boon allows you to manifest blessings of unearthly power through forbidden sorcery and forbidden pacts. With this ability, you can grant yourself or allied units powerful enhancements drawn from the shifting tides of the Warp. These blessings include enhanced resilience against both physical and magical attacks, boosts to your sorcerous might, or the ability to manifest spells with increased potency. The Magical Boon acts as a powerful catalyst for victory, turning the tide of battle by empowering your forces through pure Warp-derived sorcery.

However, this power is not without its risks. Every use of the Magical Boon carries the tantalizing allure of forbidden knowledge and deeper sorceries, tempting even the most disciplined servants of Tzeentch toward the embrace of unchecked Warp power. The risk of corruption is ever-present, with every grant of power drawing you further into the schemes of fate and the endless cycles of chance and manipulation that define the Great Architect of Fate's plans. This is both a weapon and a curse, embodying the deceptive gifts of the Changing God.

Rampant Mutation [200 CP]:
The essence of Tzeentch is change, and with Rampant Mutation, you embody this unending transformation, bending your very form to the will of the Warp. Your body twists, reforms, and mutates in unpredictable and terrifying ways, gaining both monstrous physical advantages and potent new abilities. Bones lengthen, muscles shift, and appendages change as they grow into new forms of weaponry and defense, embodying the mutable, ever-changing nature of Chaos itself. These transformations are not just random—they respond to your will, allowing you to adapt your form to whatever combat situation or tactical scenario is at hand.

Your enemies are helpless against this transformation, as your body becomes an organic weapon of shifting might. Your flesh turns to durable chitin or writhing tentacles as you rend your foes apart, or manifest monstrous new appendages that lash out with devastating force. Every moment spent in battle grants the possibility for further mutations, and these changes allow you to transcend your enemies' expectations and defenses. This is not simply a weapon but a reflection

of your unyielding devotion to Tzeentch's vision of infinite possibility through change, evolution, and adaptation.

Pandaemoniac Discipline [200 CP, Forbidden Khorne]:
The Pandaemoniac Discipline represents a potent and esoteric path of psychic and magical mastery unique to the daemons of Tzeentch. It grants access to forbidden sorceries and Warp-infused powers that twist reality, bend time, and manipulate the very essence of fate to serve the inscrutable designs of the Changer of Ways. Practitioners of the Pandaemoniac Discipline channel the ever-changing tides of the Warp, weaving intricate spells that embody both creation and destruction, knowledge and manipulation. With this discipline, a daemon becomes both a conduit and an architect of change, embodying the essence of Tzeentch's will to weave endless possibilities into reality.

The powers granted by this discipline are not simply brute-force spells but subtle, layered rituals and psychic manifestations capable of altering destinies, reshaping landscapes, and twisting the threads of probability itself. Adepts of Pandaemoniac Discipline become formidable masters of foresight and sorcery, allowing them to outmaneuver their enemies, disrupt their plans, and shape the tides of reality through careful manipulation and raw psychic might. Those who wield these powers tread a fine line between madness and mastery, for the energies of the Warp can consume the unwary, reshaping their minds and bodies with each spell invoked. This discipline is a reflection of Tzeentch's grand purpose—controlling change, manipulation, and fate.

Herald of Tzeentch [200 CP, Tzeentch Daemons Only, Cannot Be Discounted]:
The most intelligent, devious, and magically skilled of Tzeentchian daemons are given special blessings, elevating them into being Heralds. This not only makes them even more intelligent than before, but amplifies their arcane potency to brand new heights. Furthermore, they are capable of inducing temporary mutations in nearby allies, making them stronger and improving their magical prowess. Due to this, they are elevated above their fellows, and stand only below Daemon Princes and Lords of Change in the legions of the Changer of Ways. Additionally, select one specialization below; you may purchase this multiple times for additional specializations. Furthermore, the magical strength of your Dagger of Tzeentch is amplified.

Changecaster
You are one of the most common varieties of Herald who serve Tzeentch, and are notable for your unparalleled prowess at mutating your enemies, able to project balls of arcane witchfire in dizzying flurries to twist your opponents until their forms become unrecognizable. Furthermore, your nearby allies will make attacks at an increased rate while in your presence.

Fluxmaster
Your kind are normally found riding atop Discs of Tzeentch, and you have special properties that allow you to modify reality; this isn't boundless in scope, nor something that can be rapidly repeated, but you are able to twist the fabric of existence so that attacks miss you, or your own attacks that miss are redirected back onto a target. Furthermore, your mere presence passively makes it harder to injure your nearby allies, as fate and fortune adjust to reduce the likelihood of your allies being harmed.

Fateskimmer
If you don't have a Burning Chariot, it would be a surprise, for that is what most frequently defines the Fateskimmer Heralds. You are a potent addition to any group you may lead, for simply by being present, your allies will find their attacks rendered more puissant, piercing through defenses and inflicting critical blows onto your enemy that might otherwise have been only glancing hits. On the personal level, you are incredible at disengaging from combat; so long as you are not crowded with enemies, you will be able to rapidly retreat behind your allies, allowing you to ensure your survival to direct your allies in battle, as suits your incredible tactical brilliance.

Fractal Mind [400 CP]:
Your mind becomes a labyrinthine network of infinite complexities with Fractal Mind, allowing you to process and perceive the multitudes of the Warp with perfect clarity and overwhelming mental discipline. This ability grants you an almost godlike level of multitasking, as you can divide your thoughts, attention, and perception into countless separate strands of reality. The result is an ever-shifting web of thoughts and mental calculations that gives you control over magical energies and situational awareness in ways that no mortal or lesser daemon could ever achieve.

Your enemies would find their sanity slipping should they attempt to connect with your mind, as the fractal, branching paths of your thoughts are beyond mortal comprehension. You can watch multiple battlefields at once, track complex spells while performing feats of war, or predict enemy actions with unerring accuracy. This power makes you an unending enigma, as your mind is both a fortress of sorcerous cunning and an unrelenting storm of ideas and possibilities. Mortal and daemonic foes alike will find themselves driven mad by exposure to this mental storm unless they can somehow break through its infinite complexities.

Tyrant of the Warp [400 CP]:
Your very presence in the Warp is a force of dominance and defiance. With Tyrant of the Warp, you are no mere daemon but a living testament to Tzeentch's ensorcelled might and cosmic influence. Your presence in the metaphysical realm exudes power so overwhelming that rival daemons and predatory Warp entities hesitate to challenge you. You stand as an immovable pillar of change and magic, and your very essence warps the surrounding tides of the Warp itself.

Your power serves as a deterrent for enemies in the metaphysical plane, making rivals wary of attempting to assail you or encroach upon your domain. Daemonic entities sense your presence and are cowed by your raw might and cunning, knowing that engaging you would lead to ruin. The Tyrant of the Warp grants you dominance over astral winds and the ability to shift the tides of reality itself, ensuring that no rival can challenge your domain without significant risk. You are both a weapon and a ruler in this warping, unending plane—a living embodiment of Tzeentch's eternal vision of fate, destiny, and chaos. Your very will bends the Warp to your service, and your enemies must tread carefully in the presence of such overwhelming power.

In future worlds, you dominance over the Warp will allow you to achieve similar measures of influence over other realms and realities, with dimensions apart from the "baseline" world of mortals twisting to serve you.

Pink Jumper, Blue Jumper, Brimstone Jumper [400 CP]:
Tzeentch, in his infinite wisdom, created his Horrors to be a lasting threat, one where even striking them down only creates new problems to beguile those who dare oppose the Changer of Ways. You echo this principle; when you are killed, instead of dying you will split into two individuals, each at only half of your full power. Each you will be an independent entity, possessed of your mind and memories and goals; they are both truly “you”, just lesser, unlike how Blue Horrors are different beings from a Pink Horror.

Should one of your weaker duplicates be killed, it will in turn split into two more, even weaker versions of you, each possessed of only half the power of their forebear. They will still have your mind and memories, however, and will not be subject to any personality alterations like the Brimstone Horrors are.

So long as even a single version of yourself survives to the end of the jump, all of your components will merge together into the “full” Jumper again, possessed of all the memories your duplicates experienced and at your full power, even if only one single copy endured until the end.

With each duplication, the size of your components are divided in half. If you chose to be a Pink Horror, then dying once will split you into Blue Horrors, and their death will create Brimstone Horrors. Otherwise, there is no change in colors or appearance, apart from the lose of size.

From the Well of Eternity [600 CP]:
Just like Kairos Fateweaver, you were cast into the legendary Well of Eternity, a place where time frays and reality shatters beneath the weight of infinite knowledge. And, unlike most, you survived the ordeal.

Emerging from the well changed forever, your magical powers have been dramatically enhanced—your baseline arcane potency is now equal to that of a Lord of Change, one of the most powerful daemon sorcerers in existence.

However, should you be a daemon of Khorne—and thus not a wielder of magic—your blessing takes another form. Instead, you gain the supreme ability to dispel any magic around you with a mere act of will, regardless of the spell's origin or strength. Wards crack, enchantments shatter, and sorcery dies in your presence like embers snuffed out by a storm.

You have also developed a second head, much like Kairos himself. One head sees all past events—everything that has ever happened, in perfect detail. The other gazes into all possible futures, branching endlessly with every choice and consequence. You are now blind to the present, your vision always split between what has been and what may be.

And as a final mercy from fate, you do not suffer the fragmented madness and incoherent rants that Kairos is known for.

Lorekeeper of Tzeentch [600 CP]:
You are the living embodiment of Tzeentch's endless hunger for knowledge, a master of weaving the threads of fate and sorcery into a single, unbreakable web. As Lorekeeper of Tzeentch, you act as both archivist and predator, ensnaring mortal wisdom, forbidden truths, and ancient arcana with your vast psychic presence. Your mind operates as a living grimoire, and your mastery of magic allows you to consume and analyze the secrets of reality itself. Every whispered spell, ancient text, or forgotten truth becomes fuel for your own power as you absorb it, weaving it into your endless arcane tapestry.

Your very presence causes the veil of knowledge to grow thinner, allowing you to strip the secrets from the minds of mortals, psykers, and scholars with ease. As you weave through their memories and sorceries, you become an great mystical force, a predator in a sea of forbidden truths. Each time you manifest a psychic power from the Pandaemoniac Discipline, you devour fragments of the knowledge behind the incantations, allowing you to harness their essence to strengthen your spells or alter the course of reality itself. This ability transforms you into a cipher of wisdom and manipulation, a divine servant of Tzeentch with infinite pathways of arcane mastery at your disposal.

Lord of Change [600 CP]:
You ascend to the lofty heights of power as one of the most potent and terrifying champions of Tzeentch: a Lord of Change. As a Lord of Change, you embody the perfect synthesis of arcane power, cunning manipulation, and eldritch might, becoming a living testament to Tzeentch's boundless ambition and ever-shifting schemes. You stand as a harbinger of fate, your presence warping reality around you as you twist the threads of destiny in ways that only you can perceive. Your physical form radiates an aura of ancient sorcery, your wings shimmering with Warp-fire and the weight of countless potential futures.

You wield immense psychic might, summoning storms of warp energy and bending the reality around you to your will with effortless grace. As the Lord of Change, your mastery extends far beyond mortal comprehension, as you manipulate fate, weave reality, and control the arcane threads that define the fabric of the universe. Enemies who dare face you must reckon with your transcendent intellect and boundless willpower, as every action they take is foreseen by your arcane manipulations. You are not simply a daemon; you are a transcendent force, a cosmic manipulator, and a paragon of change and destiny in service to the Great Architect of Fate, Tzeentch himself. If you have the Exalted perk, choose one exalted ability from the list below. You may purchase Lord of Change multiple times for additional exalted abilities.

- ***Seer of Secrets***
  The Seer of Secrets, an enigmatic and revered title among the daemons of Tzeentch, embodies the essence of arcane knowledge and foresight. A master of divination and precognition, you are an ethereal entity who possesses an unparalleled ability to unveil the hidden truths of the universe. Your piercing gaze pierces through the veils of time and space, unraveling the mysteries of current present events with uncanny clarity. As custodian of forbidden lore and esoteric wisdom, upi navigate the labyrinthine currents of fate, steering the destinies of mortals and daemons alike towards your inscrutable designs.

- ***Weaver of Schemes***
  As the Weaver of Schemes, you are an intricate architect of chaos, spinning a web of intricate plots and machinations that entangle the fates of mortals and daemons alike. With cunning intellect and boundless

creativity, you are an enigmatic entity who orchestrates elaborate schemes that ripple through the fabric of reality, shaping destinies and altering the course of history. From the shadows of obscurity, you pull the strings of power, manipulating individuals and factions to serve the inscrutable designs of Tzeentch. Each thread woven into the tapestry of fate is imbued with layers of complexity, weaving together disparate elements into a cohesive whole that defies mortal comprehension.

- ***Harbinger of Change***
  You stand as an emissary of tumult and transformation, heralding the inexorable march of evolution in the wake of Tzeentch's inscrutable will. With every flutter of your ethereal wings, you whisper secrets of upheaval and renewal, sowing the seeds of change in the hearts and minds of mortals. Through your cryptic prophecies and enigmatic presence, you foretell the shifting tides of destiny, guiding the course of events towards an uncertain future. In your wake, the old order crumbles and new possibilities emerge, for you are the harbinger of revolution and rebirth, a force of renovation of the minds of individuals and the structure of societies.

- ***Architect of Reality***
  You are a being of boundless intellect and arcane mastery, wielding the power to shape the very fabric of existence according to your whims. With meticulous precision, you craft intricate webs of reality, weaving together threads of possibility to construct labyrinthine tapestries of existence. Through your manipulation of cosmic energies and esoteric forces, you bend the laws of physics and magic to your will, fashioning worlds within worlds and bending the very nature of reality to suit your desires. As an architect of existence, you transcend the boundaries of mortal comprehension, shaping portions of the universe itself into a manifestation of Tzeentch's grand design.

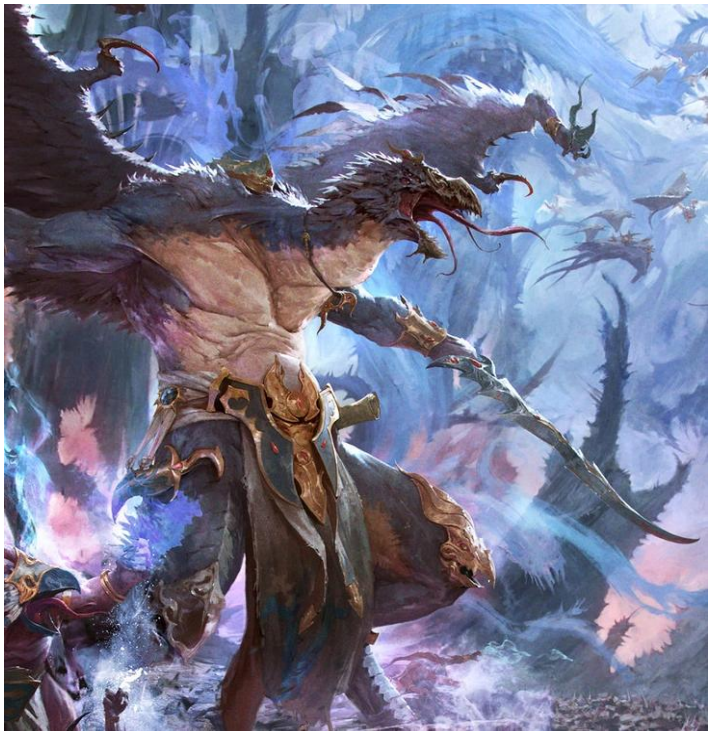
- ***Keeper of Arcane Lore***
  You are a venerable entity steeped in the ancient wisdom of the cosmos, safeguarding the mystical knowledge of Tzeentch's domain. Within the boundless libraries of the Warp, you preserve the secrets of aeons past, cataloging the ever-shifting tapestry of magical lore and esoteric wisdom. With your all-seeing gaze, you peer into the depths of forbidden tomes and decipher cryptic runes, unlocking the hidden truths of existence. As the custodian of arcane knowledge, you impart your wisdom to those who seek enlightenment, guiding them along the twisting paths of magic and revealing the mysteries of the universe. Yet, beneath your serene facade lies a mind teeming with unfathomable depths, your thoughts weaving intricate patterns of fate and possibility that shape the course of reality itself.

- ***Architect of Deception***
  You are a cunning and manipulative daemon who excels in weaving intricate webs of deceit and illusion. You possess the ability to create elaborate illusions, bending the perceptions of friend and foe alike to suit your purposes. Your mastery over deception allows you to sow confusion and discord among enemy ranks, turning allies against each other and concealing your true intentions with layers of lies and misdirection. In battle, you are elusive and enigmatic, appearing and disappearing at will, leaving behind only echoes of your presence.

- ***Master Mutator***
  You are a daemonic entity gifted with unparalleled control over mutation and transformation. You can warp the very fabric of reality, reshaping living beings and inanimate objects according to your whims. With a mere thought, you can imbue creatures with new forms and abilities, or twist them into grotesque abominations. Your powers of mutation are vast and unpredictable, capable of altering the course of battles and civilizations alike.

- ***Nexus of Fate***
  You are a Nexus of Fate, a mysterious and enigmatic entity, intricately linked to the threads of destiny woven by Tzeentch himself. You possess the ability to manipulate the very fabric of fate, altering the course of events to suit your whims. Like a spider at the center of its web, you exert your influence over the unfolding of history, guiding individuals and nations towards paths unknown to lesser minds. It is said that those who encounter you are forever changed, their destinies irrevocably intertwined with your own. In battle, you are an elusive and unpredictable foe, capable of foreseeing and countering enemy movements with uncanny precision.

- ***Herald of the Everchanging Tide***
  You stand as a beacon amidst the tumultuous currents of fate, your presence heralding the ebb and flow of cosmic energies. In the swirling chaos of existence, you serve as a conduit for the ever-shifting tides of change, guiding the forces of destiny towards their inexorable conclusion. With each twist and turn of the cosmic tide, you whisper secrets of transformation and renewal, beckoning forth new possibilities from the depths of the unknown. As the harbinger of change, you embody the fluidity of existence, adapting and evolving with each passing moment.



Slaanesh’s Sensation Seeker

Mesmerizing Dance of Lightning Speed [Free, Slaanesh's Daemons Only]: The Mesmerizing Dance of Lightning Speed is a supernatural ability unique to the daemons of Slaanesh, reflecting their dominion over sensory manipulation, beauty, and graceful speed. When activated, you move with otherworldly swiftness, your form a blurring, entrancing figure that leaves trails of ethereal light and sensation in your wake. Enemies are captivated by the graceful, serpentine movements of this dance, as they seem to step in time with the very rhythms of the Warp itself. This ability allows you to outmaneuver most foes with ease, weaving through the chaos of combat with unparalleled grace and fluidity.

Those who witness the Mesmerizing Dance of Lightning Speed experience disorienting waves of euphoric pleasure and fear, their minds struggling to focus as your daemonic figure dances. Enemies are compelled by these hypnotic movements, their reaction times slowed as they succumb to the sensory manipulation, unable to land effective blows or maintain cohesive strategies. This dance not only grants you unyielding mobility but also serves as both a tactical tool and a method of psychological warfare, breaking morale and sowing disarray among enemy ranks. The very act of dancing becomes an art form in combat—deadly, hypnotic, and utterly terrifying.

Fatal Caress [100 CP]:
With an elegant flick of you blade or razor-sharp claw, you deliver more than physical wounds. The Fatal Caress is an unholy amalgam of pain and pleasure, perfectly balanced to shatter the mind. Victims struck by this ability are overwhelmed by waves of exquisite agony interwoven with intoxicating euphoria, sensations so intense that they bypass the body and pierce directly into the psyche.

The result is an instantaneous collapse of mental defenses, driving the unfortunate target into madness. For some, this insanity manifests as a gibbering, trembling wreck; for others, as a frenzy of uncontrollable violence, lashing out at friend and foe alike.

Warp Mists [100 CP]:
A shroud of iridescent warp energy clings to you like a second skin, swirling and undulating in an otherworldly display of colors and textures. These Warp Mists obscure your form, making it nearly impossible for mortal eyes to focus on you. Enemies who gaze into the mists see fleeting visions of their deepest desires and fears, woven into the shifting patterns. The mist is not merely an illusion; it also warps the physical world around it, bending light, sound, and even the flow of time itself. Weapons miss their marks, strikes lose their momentum, and enemies find themselves disoriented and vulnerable.

The Murderdance [200 CP]:
You embody the epitome of slaughter as an art form, moving with a macabre grace that belies the sheer brutality of your actions. The Murderdance is a performance of unrelenting carnage, where you hack, slash, and pirouette through enemy ranks as though performing for an unseen audience. Each step is deliberate, each strike perfectly timed, as you weave death into a seamless choreography of violence. Blades whirl, claws rend, and enemies fall like marionettes whose strings have been cut, their final moments marked by the grotesque elegance of your performance.

But the Murderdance is more than an expression of skill; it is an aura of terror that disrupts the battlefield. Those who witness your dance are transfixed, their minds struggling to reconcile the beauty of your movements with the horrifying carnage you produce. Discipline breaks, and formations crumble as soldiers either flee or stand rooted in place, unable to look away. You thrive in this chaos, your steps becoming faster and deadlier as the blood flows, feeding your insatiable hunger for perfection in the dance of death.

Savage Hedonist [200 CP]:
You are a living embodiment of unchecked violence, driven by an insatiable hunger for the thrill of combat. As the battle rages, you grow ever more frenzied, your strikes increasing in power and precision with every blow you land. Each kill is a fleeting ecstasy, spurring you to ever greater feats of brutality. It is a tempest of violence, striking with unrelenting force as it seeks to prolong the euphoric high of slaughter.

Your thirst for carnage is infectious, affecting even allies who fight alongside you. Nearby daemons and mortal followers are swept up in your fervor, their own strikes growing more reckless and frenzied as they are drawn into your hedonistic spiral.

Herald of Slaanesh [200 CP, Slaanesh Daemons Only, Cannot Be Discounted]:
Unlike the Heralds of Khorne, Nurgle, or Tzeentch, the Heralds of Slaanesh are chosen purely by virtue of how much favor a daemon has earned in Slaanesh's eyes; those of particular quality are given greater privilege in the Dark Prince's court, and of those, some are made greater with an infusion of a greater portion of Slaanesh's power. This infuses the daemon with greater power, speed, and psychic prowess, but also gifts them with rare subtlety, and it is upon the Heralds that Slaanesh relies for their plots that require a more delicate touch, such as the seduction and manipulation of key mortals where the more brutish tactics Daemonettes normally rely upon would be counterproductive. Heralds of Tzeentch lie only beneath the Daemon Princes and the Keepers of Secrets in the hierarchy of the Legions of Excess. Select one of the specializations listed below; you may purchase this multiple times for additional specializations.

Infernal Enrapturess

You are one of the Muses of Agony, given supernatural skill at music… although what most would notice first would doubtless be the instrument you play. You may exchange your Whip of Slaanesh for a Heartstring Lyre; this living instrument is formed from the bodies of mortals, soul and flesh shaped into a stringed instrument that produces screams of pure elation and raw torment. These screams shake the body and soul, and you can direct the bodies of your foes to tear themselves apart by making each sinew and nerve fiber to start dancing independently of the rest of their flesh. Additionally, you can a focused blast that resounds within the souls of your victims, vivifying their emotions to such an extent that their joy cannot be contained, and it erupts from their flesh in an explosion of gore.

Tormentbringer

Normally, your kind are mounted upon the Seeker Chariots, but perhaps you are not? It doesn't matter; even on foot, you are a potent force multiplier, for your presence causes your nearby allies to move and strike with greater alacrity, every successful blow earning a second strike in the same span of time. Furthermore, your powers of bringing pain are so sublime that your allies know that even death would not let them escape you, so they must be sure that their dying moments are glorious enough to spare them your worst punishments; your allies are capable of continuing to fight even after sustaining mortal injuries, and will stand and do battle for some time after they should have died–although not forever. You may exchange your Whip of Slaanesh for a set of the hooked Lashes of Torment.

Tranceweaver

You are a manifestation of sensory excess and willful cruelty. You possess inhuman grace notably beyond even that of Daemonettes, and move with incredible alacrity in battle. You can emit piercing war cries that extort nearby allies to fight with skill and potency that they could not naturally reach, and at your command your cohort can deliver blows of unmatched lethality on anyone who dares show even the slightest weakness before your forces. You may exchange your Whip of Slaanesh in order to induce a mutation in your claws,

causing them to grow to greater size and gain an impossibly sharp edge to ravage your enemies.

Aura of Bewitchment [400 CP]:
Your mere presence is an assault on the senses, an intoxicating haze of allure and seduction that weaves through the minds of even the most disciplined warriors. Your aura is a symphony of desire, playing upon the deepest yearnings and weaknesses of all who come near. Colors seem brighter, scents sweeter, and the air itself hums with an otherworldly melody that seeks to pull victims into a trance-like stupor. Hallucinations of unparalleled pleasure and beauty cloud their minds, leaving them defenseless should they surrender to the beguiling sensations.

Caught within the Aura of Bewitchment, even the strongest-willed find their thoughts muddled and resolve crumbling. Friends and foes alike are reduced to pawns in your game, distracted or turning against one another in fits of confusion. Meanwhile, you move effortlessly through the battlefield, striking down enemies who gaze upon you with reverence rather than fear. The aura is both a weapon and a shield, making it unnaturally difficult to harm you while turning the battlefield into a stage for your seductive mastery.

Soulstain Discipline [400 CP, Forbidden for Khorne]:
The Soulstain Discipline is a manifestation of Slaanesh's dark sorcery, a repertoire of powers that reaches deep into the souls of the living, twisting them into reflections of their basest desires. With each spell cast, you blur the line between agony and ecstasy, ensnaring your victims in an unrelenting storm of overwhelming sensation. This discipline's powers can amplify pain into rapture, turn loyalty into obsession, and warp reality itself to reflect the daemon’s desires.

The magic of the Soulstain Discipline is insidious, leaving scars that persist long after the spells themselves have faded. Those caught in its thrall find their will subverted and their minds fractured, becoming little more than puppets in your games. Even the environment bends to the discipline’s influence, shifting into dreamlike landscapes that disorient and terrify. With this forbidden art, you

become a terrible force of manipulation and destruction, embodying the ultimate expression of Slaanesh’s dominion over sensation and desire.

Expression of Perfection [400 CP]:
You have always pursued greater acts of hedonism, for it is Slaanesh’s way to desire to experience more incredible highs of emotion. In search of this, you have devoted yourself to a specific form of art, creating works both beautiful and horrendous in the eternal search for stimulation. But the art of a daemon is no simple work of paint and canvas, and the music of a daemon is more than mere waves of sound. You can channel your daemonic nature through any form of artistic expression you engage in, to myriad effects.

A painting you make may drive men to violent insanity, or cause them to collapse, clawing at their eyes as their tears turn to acid. A song you compose may force those who hear it to weep, or it will produce a cacophony so terrible that even Space Marines can die from it. A dance you perform could push all who see it to join you in dancing until their body ceases to function, or it could invigorate your allies as daemonic energies suffuse them.

Quicksilver Duelist [600 CP]:
You are the living embodiment of Slaanesh's insatiable thirst for perfection and dominance, a master of combat whose every movement is an expression of lethal grace. When facing an enemy champion or warrior of renown, you become a whirlwind of speed and precision, each strike calculated to humiliate and destroy. Your attacks are impossibly fast, leaving afterimages that dazzle the eye and confuse the mind, while your movements are so fluid they seem to defy the laws of physics. In the heat of a duel, you thrive, weaving weaving blade or claws through the most formidable defenses as if mocking the opponent’s every effort.

You do not merely fight—you perform, turning the battlefield into a grand stage where you showcase the superiority of Slaanesh’s art of war. For every wound you inflict upon an opponent, you grow more radiant, feeding on their despair and rage. Champions who dare to oppose you are not only defeated but reduced to symbols of failure, their crushed pride becoming a tribute to the Dark Prince.

Essence Of Intoxication [600 CP]:
The followers and daemons of Slaanesh thrive on the usage of various drugs, and you are an excellent example as of why. From your body you can produce drugs, alcohol, stimulants, depressants, hallucinogens, and intoxicants of all kinds. These are not limited to the forms they come in within realspace; you could emit gaseous alcohol through your breath, make invisible wine pour from your fingertips… or you could get really dangerous.

Drugs have a variety of combat uses in this galaxy, but at its core, every drug is a poison that is simply being used in “safe” doses. You can manipulate this principle to allow your body to produce toxins of all sorts. They can kill, they can weaken, they can slow, they can paralyze, they can produce agony… their effects are multitudinous, and you can coat your skin in invisible layers of toxin to affect anyone you attack, or who dares to touch you—the toxins even eating their way through armor.

You can no longer be harmed by poison, nor suffer death or injury from overdosing. Oh, you’ll still feel the effects—what is the point of such things if not to experience the delightful sensations of agony and ecstasy?—but it will never have permanent consequences for you, nor will it impede your ability to function.

Keeper of Secrets [600 CP]:
Standing as one of the most powerful daemonic entities in Slaanesh’s arsenal, the Keeper of Secrets is the pinnacle of beauty, terror, and cunning. Towering over mortals with an almost godlike presence, you embody all aspects of Slaanesh’s domain: seduction, mastery, and carnage. Your every word drips with honeyed malice, your every gesture a hypnotic lure into ruin. With a predator’s cunning, you manipulate your foes into acts of betrayal or despair, weaving lies and promises that twist minds and hearts alike.

In battle, you are both a general and a living weapon, commanding lesser daemons with an iron will while dancing through the fray with unmatched speed and precision. Each strike of your claws or weapon is devastating, shattering armor and bodies with ease. But more than your physical prowess, you wield the powers of the Warp to perfection, bending reality to your will and unleashing waves of psychic energy that paralyze and enthrall.

Your presence is enough to turn the tide of almost any conflict, leaving your enemies broken in body and spirit, while your allies revel in the ecstasy of your unholy influence. If you have the Exalted perk, choose one exalted ability from the list below. You may purchase Keeper of Secrets multiple times for additional exalted abilities.

- ***Epicurean Of Agonies***
  Your eyes have been improved as now you can pierce through the veils of reality and delve into the deepest recesses of any being's soul. This includes the gods, and can't be blocked by any method. With a mere gaze, you inflict profound psychological torment upon your victims, unraveling their sanity and leaving them vulnerable to manipulation. This gaze sows seeds of desire and despair, weakening the resolve of your enemies and ensnaring them in a cycle of agony and ecstasy.

- ***Diaphanous Panoply***
  The Diaphanous Panoply is an ethereal ensemble, crafted from the fabric of nightmares and desire and affixed to your soul, allowing you to summon them around your form with but a moment’s thought. It grants you an elusive and ever-shifting form, allowing you to seamlessly blend into your surroundings like a specter of temptation. This shimmering cloak of shadows offers both protection and deception, rendering you nigh untouchable to mortal assailants while ensnaring their senses with visions of seduction and allure.

- ***The Insatiable Onslaught***
  The Insatiable Onslaught embodies the relentless hunger for gratification and the insatiable thirst for carnage that defines the essence of Slaanesh.

Fueled by the unquenchable desires of countless souls, you become an unstoppable force of destruction on the battlefield. With every strike, you are empowered by the ecstasy of inflicting pain and chaos, driving forward with unyielding ferocity until all opposition is obliterated in your wake.

- ***Echoes of Ecstasy***
  Each of your strikes resonates with the echoes of ecstasy, amplifying the sensations of pleasure and pain experienced by your victims to unbearable levels. Those struck by your blows are overwhelmed by a flood of euphoric agony, causing them to become disoriented and incapacitated as their senses are overloaded with conflicting sensations.

- ***Ascendant Dominion***
  You exude an aura of supreme authority and dominance, compelling all those in your presence to submit to your will. Enemies within a certain radius find their resolve wavering, their movements slowing, and their attacks weakening as they are overwhelmed by an instinctive urge to bow before you. This oppressive dominance can even cause lesser beings to fall to their knees in worship or terror, completely incapacitated by your overwhelming presence.

- ***Resilience of Excess***
  You are infused with the unholy vitality of Slaanesh, granting you unparalleled durability and regeneration. Wounds that would cripple or kill lesser beings are mere inconveniences to you, as your flesh knits together with unnatural speed. You can endure relentless punishment on the battlefield, your resilience bolstered by the excessive indulgence of Slaanesh's dark energies, making you a nearly unstoppable force in combat.

Chaos Undivided's Unifier

United. Unified. Undivided. [Free, Chaos Undivided Daemons Only]:
You embody the greatest strength of Chaos Undivided; the ability to get the fractious and squabbling forces of Chaos to work together towards a common goal—even those as deeply opposed to one another as Khorne and Slaanesh, or Nurgle and Tzeentch.

As long as you do not openly demonstrate blatant favoritism towards one side, you will find that you are capable of getting even the most stringent of enemies to work together, so long as you can provide a goal that they can all agree is worth fighting towards. People thusly united will not fight one another, even if it is fundamentally a part of their nature to do so; they will not betray one another for personal glory, and will work together in unison towards your shared goal. And should that goal not be immediately within reach… you are skilled there, as well, and can keep these argumentative and violent opposites from clashing with one another.

This is even more effective when they are your actual subordinates, and you will find that your minions and followers will never quarrel with one another while they are in your service.

Additionally, you receive the blessings of all four of the Chaos Gods; however, you do not have their full support, which is reserved only for those who solely worship the god in question. You receive the perks Khorne's Wrath Unleashed, Wave of Sickness, Sorcerous Winds, and Mesmerizing Dance of Lightning Speed; however, they only function at roughly 25% of their full power.

Dallying in Possession [100 CP]:
All Daemons are capable of possessing others; however, many instances of daemonic possession are the result of a mortal sorcerer summoning a daemon into someone to create a Daemonhost—which also traps the daemon in a mortal form until released. At other times, a daemon may be bound into a weapon or artifact, or even transformed into a Daemon Engine. You, though, find that such experiences are only temporary.

Whenever your being is trapped within another individual or within an object, you will always be able to escape within a matter of weeks, at most (although you can stay longer, should you have reason to). Furthermore, you can choose how your escape functions; perhaps you see value in exploiting your host in the future, and so you leave without harming their body and consuming their soul; perhaps you become them, transforming their body into your own and devouring their essence in the process; perhaps you burst free in an explosion of gore as your true body manifests within the erstwhile Daemonhost.

Whenever you possess a person or item, upon winning your freedom you will gain that individual or item as an alt-form, regardless of whether or not they were destroyed in the process of freeing yourself.

This also applies if your spiritual body happens to be reforged into some manner of artifact, as sometimes happens to daemons; you will eventually return to your true form.

Burning Souls [100 CP]:

In the Forge of Souls, the very spirits of mortals are used as fuel for the hellfire forges, condemned to burn for eternity. And from that sacrifice, masterful tools and weapons meant to be wielded by Daemon hands are forged, great Daemon Engines are built, and vast numbers of weapons are crafted for the Lost and the Damned.

You find that the more people are harmed in the process of creating, researching, or inventing something, the more effective the end result becomes. If you were to sacrifice entire souls in the process of forging an item, the result would be considered a masterwork even if you had only middling skill as a smith.

Chaotic Compatibility [200 CP]:
Although a strength of Chaos Undivided is its diversity, this can also pose logistical and strategic difficulties. How do you employ both Khornate and Tzeentchian daemons on the same battlefield, when the Pink Horrors rely on magic, but there are daemons of Khorne who emit fields that disrupt all manner of Warp sorcery? How do you prevent your forces from falling prey to the plagues of your Nurglite allies? When your Slaaneshi Daemonettes dance to mesmerize your foes, what do you do to keep your forces from coming under their spell as well?

By the grace of Chaos Undivided, you are freed from such concerns, for a piece of your essence is imbued into your allies and subordinates for so long as you work together. This piece of Empyreal power ensures that your allies are incapable of harming one another through anything short of deliberate violence directed towards each other. Even if a Plaguebearer coated a large area in disease, your fellows would not succumb to their plagues; were a Tzeentchian sorcerer aligned to your cause to bombard your Bloodletter forces as they engaged the foe in melee, they would emerge unharmed. This allows you to field

forces that would normally interfere with one another, or that would otherwise be incompatible, giving you versatility as a commander that no one else can match.

Noctic Discipline [200 CP, Forbidden for Khorne]:
You have learned and mastered the tenebrous sorceries that are used by those who follow Be'lakor the First-Damned, and have learned how to turn the shadows to your advantage. With a wave of your hand, you can summon black fumes to conceal your allies, which then rapidly travels across the battlefield to reveal your minions in another location entirely. You can crystallize slivers of terror, loss, and misery, and transform them into razor-sharp shards that shred the soul but leave the body untouched. Calling forth the shades of the damned is a simple feat, turning the souls into a shroud that both conceals and protects you. You can draw upon all the fear and dreadful imaginings your enemies have ever experienced, and force them to experience it all at once until they feel so miserable they can scarcely bring themselves to breath. Even the weapons of your enemies can be turned into nothing more than shadow for a short time, incapable of harming anyone.

Your mastery of the Noctic Discipline doesn't only allow you to damage your enemies; it allows nothing less than battlefield control, letting you guard and reposition your allies with the same ease that you crush your enemies beneath their own fears. Weakening your enemies is the core trait of this discipline, one you can wield strength and passion deserving of one who has learned the same sorceries as the First-Damned.

Dataparasite Manifestation [200 CP]:
You have learned the same arts as Vashtorr, and are capable of creating the gibbering dataparasites known as Imps from your own daemonic essence. They are capable of turning themselves into data to insert into machinery and electronics, where they create data-daemonic walls of binharic gibberish that fouls any form of digital or mechanical communication, making many machines become little more than useless lumps of metal unless they have a particularly potent machine spirit.

But they aren't just useful for sabotage; these data-parasites can be placed in a network to secretly spy on any information transferred within it. While doing so, they become all but undetectable to security programs until they send the

information elsewhere, or finally act to sabotage the system. They are also known as Gremlins and Cakosparks, and are famed as spirits of mechanical malice.

Forge Master [400 CP]:
You have mastered each and every one of the crafting arts utilized in the Forge of Souls, and have even improved upon them. Since time immemorial, the daemon smiths of the Forge have crafted the weapons and armor utilized by the servants of the Chaos Gods as they war against one another and against the mortals of the Materium. Not merely the tools of the rank-and-file Lesser Daemons, but such grand and blasphemous weapons as the Great Axes of Khorne, the Doomsday Bells, the Baleful Swords, and the Witstealer Swords. You have even mastered the fine art of sealing daemons away within your implements to transform them into Daemon Weapons, giving them terrible powers based on the daemon locked within.

But more than just the creation of weapons and armors, you have learned the complex mechanics that go into creating vehicles and great machines, allowing you to create the perfect vessels for daemons to possess—or even to outright make a Daemon Engine. A step beyond a merely possessed vehicle, a Daemon Engine is a fusion of daemon and machine, possessed of impossible durability, limitless ammunition, the ability to bypass invulnerability, and the capacity to heal from damage over time like a regenerating living being, a process hastened by devouring fresh meat. You even know how to reforge Daemons into Soul Grinders.

But just because you have locked a daemon away within a prison of arcane metals does not mean you will not wish to call upon them in their original form. You have learned how to extract a daemon from whatever they have possessed or merged with to free them and restore them to their true form. Daemons are ungrateful, but you are assured at least the temporary servitude of any Daemon whom you set loose in such a manner.

In future settings, you will know how to create Daemon Weapons and Daemon Engines from daemon-like or spiritual entities. But if you have a particular need for the daemons from this setting, you will know a ritual to summon forth a

daemon; part of the ritual includes imprisoning them within a Daemon Weapon or Engine in the process of the summoning.

Balance of Undivided [400 CP, Chaos Undivided Daemons Only, Cannot Be Discounted]:
Normally, a scion of Chaos Undivided receives blessings from all four of the Chaos Gods, but they are lessened in potency. But you? You have learned to take powers that might normally be incompatible or in opposition, and can not only use them together, but use each to strengthen the other. Regardless of where your powers come from, you will always be able to use them in a way that compliments your other abilities.

The perks you received from the free perk of the Chaos Undivided perkline are now amplified to their full power, equal to any daemon of Khorne, Nurgle, Tzeentch, or Slaanesh. This allows you to be more effective a servant of Chaos, and to lead mortals to destruction all the better.

Cyberdaemon [600 CP]:
You aren't merely a creature of daemonic flesh, but a cyborg monstrosity like unto Vashtorr the Arkifane. You are not a demigod like him, not from this purpose, but the nature of your form is similar; spiritual flesh fused with the eldritch metals harvested from the Warp, a complex working of cybernetic machinery with diabolical complexity. The details of what components of your body are cybernetic are up to you, but even considering how mighty the hellforged body of a daemon is, rest assured that your mechanical components will be mightier still—for they are not pure machinery, but closer in nature to a Daemon Engine forged of your own self, merged into your natural daemonic form to create a composite being of terrible and profane might.

The abilities of your cybernetic body are manifold; to represent this, and your ability to personalize your components, you now receive special access to the Daemon Engine Customization section of this document; however, instead of using it to create a Daemon Engine servant, you will receive the stipend of 1000 CP to use on creating your own body, to be spent in that section only.

Should you possess Soulbound Juggernaut, then you are not truly a Soul Grinder (although you gain all the benefits of being one); instead, you can custom-design

your mechanical body to a greater extent, receiving an additional 300 CP to spend on the Daemon Engine Customization section. Many Daemon Engines of custom design come from the Forge of Souls, and you are one of their most magnificent works

Demigod of Chaos [600 CP]:
You are no mere Greater Daemon, but, like Vashtorr the Arkifane, are something that could be considered a demigod—not in the mythological sense of the offspring of a god and mortal, but as a being that is almost, but not quite, a full-fledged god of the Warp. You must select two traits of mortal races to be your "domain", that have not already been claimed by another Chaos God or by Vashtorr. Khorne is the god of war and murder; Nurgle of mortality and despair; Tzeentch of hope and lies; Slaanesh of excess and hedonism; Vashtorr himself, although still only a demigod, is empowered by curiosity and innovation.

You are now partially divine, and are mildly strengthened by all instances of your chosen domains that are expressed within the realm of mortals; this also applies to the worship people perform and the sacrifices they make to you. Furthermore, you become aware of all such instances as they occur, and have the mental processing power to comprehend the massive and constant influx of information without it detracting from your ability to function and rest.

Should you possess the perk Daemon-King, you will become a truly divine being, equal to a Chaos God in every way, gaining an additional two "domains". Not only are you able to make a certain small proportion of your created daemons into Exalted versions of themselves, but you will also have the power to spawn more divinity. Once per jump, or once every 100 years (whichever comes first), you can create a brand new minor Chaos God; at first no stronger than an Exalted Greater Daemon, this minor deity will eventually grow in power to equal one of the gods or goddesses of the Aeldari, becoming a potent ally to your cause.

The Dark Master [Free, Requires Daemon Prince, Demigod of Chaos, and the Chaos Unidivided Origin]:
Be'lakor was the first Daemon Prince, the First-Damned, and for a time he was the favored child of the Dark Gods, for he bore the gifts of all of the Four. But

they ultimately decided that he was too independent and uncontrollable without careful manipulations, and ultimately never empowered another Daemon Prince to the same degree as he… until now.

You, the most unholy and wretched of Chaos Champions, have been empowered by all four of the Chaos Gods into a Daemon Prince equal to the greatest of your ilk, and now possess a host of powers similar in kind to Be'lakor, although not necessarily exactly the same. You have a degree of freedom in designing the powers you receive from this, but they must be in the same category of strength as Be'lakor's.

Be'lakor possessed an accursed aura of shadows that protected both himself and his nearby allies from being targeted by any ranged attack, and he had the power to turn his body into shadows to phase through attacks, providing a blasphemous and tenebrous defense that turned the tide of many a battle. Be'lakor's presence emitted a terrible aura that pushed those who were in any way injured or weakened to fall into despair, and in so doing their hopelessness would restore his body and heal his wounds. He could warp the fabric of reality through shadows to re-direct the missed attacks of nearby minions, and possessed the power to animate the shadows of his enemies to force them to make a single attack against their masters, a treacherous blow that inflicted damage equal to what the target would be able to do of their own accord. With power such as this, you will be nearly unstoppable, a juggernaut to lead the armies of Chaos to victory over the mortal races, mowing them down like wheat, as all things must fall before the might of Chaos.

End of Empires [600 CP]:
Everything in realspace has a reflection in the Warp, and terrible events are known to result in the spontaneous creation of daemons from the very fabric of the Immaterium. This can even occur before the event in question ever happened, for the Warp exists outside of time and space and is not bound by the linear flow of time. And you… you were born from a particularly terrible tragedy

indeed, for you are a Greater Daemon like in kind to Drach'nyen, the Echo of the First Murder—the daemon created from the first time a human willingly killed his brother (although you do not have influence over the collective mind of humanity, and unless you have Exalted, you are not so strong as he).

Your form is what you chose it to be—but even if you were to appear frail and weak, the power in your daemonic body matches that of any Chaos God's Greater Daemons, and exceeds that of many. It is within your power to tear apart Land Raiders with a mere touch… but you can be greater still, against a specific type of enemy. Much like Drach'nyen is the conceptual doom to humanity by virtue of being born from humanity's first act of murder, you too are a conceptual enemy to a specific species from which you were born (this species may be changed at the beginning of each new jump). Against members of this species, you are a killing machine; Drach'nyen was capable of ripping through Custodes and deeply wounding the Emperor of Mankind, and in this regard you are not less than it.
If you have the Exalted perk, you came from a truly terrible deed that could only occur once in the timeline of an entire species; choose one exalted ability from the list below to represent the wretched act that spawned you. You may purchase End of Empires multiple times to obtain additional exalted abilities. Even if you were born from an action that seems to fall under the purview of one of the Chaos Gods, you are not aligned with them unless you choose to be, for you were not born from them, but from the actions of mortals.

- ***The First Murder***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own kill its fellow for reasons other than survival. Your blows tear through reality itself to ensure that every swing of your claws or weapons will rip through any material, no matter its makeup or power, such that any and all defenses are as dross before you. You can even split the fabric of space to allow yourself to travel short distances in an instant. For this jump, you cannot be the First Murder of humanity.

- ***The First Violation***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own violate someone against their will. Your very presence is an impossible distraction that makes focusing an effort only the most

dedicated could achieve, for the echo of that ancient debasement has allowed you to molest the souls of those around you. This causes no harm, but is a sensation that almost no one is experienced with. The very body and spirits of your victims betrays them at your spiritual touch, and there is no avoiding the sensation of defilement that is now woven into their very soul. Your presence alters the battlefield as your enemies are no longer capable of keeping focused on the conflict at hand.

- ***The First Theft***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own take something that belonged to someone else for its own benefit. You are now a being of stealth and subtlety, and regardless of your size you are as capable of hiding your form as any Aeldari Ranger, and you move with such silence that the finest machines of the Adeptus Mechanicus would fail to register the sound. But you are more than merely sneaky, you are a robber; with a touch, you can steal an individual's strength to take it for your own, although you can only "keep" the strength of one person at a time before it flows back to its original master… or their corpse.

- ***The First Lie***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own deceive someone else for their own benefit. The nature of "deceit" fills you to the point that truth and lies become the same, and it is impossible for even the most observant and prescient of beings to tell when you are being deceptive. To any test, even supernatural powers, you are always considered to be telling the truth. You are a masterful manipulator, always realizing what falsehoods to say to sway someone into thinking the way you want them to, and can subtly influence being to

take actions that you desire. It is impossible for any being to predict the actions you might take in the future, for any attempt to divine it, or even subject you to prediction algorithms, will have a false result.

- ***The First Betrayal***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own betray someone whom they should have been loyal to. No matter how obviously daemonic you are, people cannot help but trust you. Even if a culture that holds daemons as a blight upon reality, people will tend to be willing to converse with you, and even form alliances, never believing that you would betray them. But when you do turn traitor, the consequences are always far more terrible than they naturally would be, as your blows strike your erstwhile allies more grievously, and the armies you brought to their gate make greater headway than they ought to.

- ***The First Sacrifice***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own sacrifice a living being to the gods—be they true gods or false ones, it does not matter, only that the act was performed. You can reenact this sacrifice; by killing someone in a ritualistic manner, you can produce acts of Warp sorcery in excess of your actual abilities in magic. By sacrificing large enough numbers of people, you can perform feats that would shame the sorcerous talents of even a Lord of Change, and it will only grow greater as you sacrifice more and more people. Eventually, you will need to have your minions conduct the sacrifices for you, for you will need to reap so many lives that you can no longer do it all yourself. These secondhand sacrifices are less effective, but do still benefit you in increasing the power of your spells.

- ***The First Vandalism***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own destroying the property belonging to another. You excel at bringing destruction to the nonliving. With a touch, you can kill a machine-spirit and make a device stop functioning; with a single blow, you could fell a Titan, or cause a mountain to collapse into a landslide. You gain no additional

abilities for harming living beings, but your power to devastate and destroy that which does not live is beyond compare.

- ***The First Torture***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own inflict pain on someone else for just the sake of hurting them. You can see how much pain someone has experienced in their life at a glance, and by pointing your finger at them, you may return that agony to them in part or in full. This isn't merely physical suffering, either; emotional pain, spiritual ailments… anything that could be called "pain", in some sense, may be drawn upon to inflict them. This causes no injury, and it cannot kill. But that doesn't mean that they can't *wish* they could die.

- ***The First Pestilence***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own knowingly expose someone else to a disease. You gain no power to spread disease, but you are capable of empowering existing ailments to terrifying levels, disease or otherwise. You can turn a mild headache into an unstoppable migraine, make shortness of breath into exhaustion that could collapse a Custodian, or instantly force a poisoned individual to experience the full agonies of the toxin all at once. But with contagion, it is worse; you can super-power a disease or virus to the point that even a cold becomes an immediate danger, and you can rapidly cause an illness to manifest symptoms, bypassing its incubation period.

- ***The First Suicide***
  You were born from the very first time a species ever experienced one of its own intentionally take their own life. You have become like a daemonic personification of depression. Your very presence saps away at people's will to fight and resist, slowing their blows and making the struggle to survive far harder than it has any right to be. Every advantage you get seems to become an insurmountable obstacle, and every failing of theirs becomes an unforgivable sin. Self-hatred abounds in your presence, and

with mere words you could convince entire regiments to turn their guns on themselves.

Items

You can import similar items, and all items of the same origin are discounted.

General

Warpforged Weapons [Free]:
You receive one weapon based on your origins, perfectly attuned to your chosen Chaos God. These weapons are imbued with the essence of the Warp and tailored to the destructive purposes of their wielder. If you ascend to the status of a Greater Daemon, you will receive the iconic arsenal associated with your form, granting you unparalleled might in battle though only the one matching your origin.

***Khorne - Hellblade*:**
As a servant of the Blood God, you wield the fearsome Hellblade. This daemonic weapon is forged from the molten essence of hatred itself, a blade that cleaves through armor, flesh, and soul with equal ease. The Hellblade grows stronger

with every life it claims, its edge perpetually sharp and thirsting for blood. If you are a Bloodthirster, you gain access to its colossal Great Axe of Khorne, a weapon so massive and destructive that it can split tanks and fortresses in twain with a single swing. Additionally, you may wield the Lash of Khorne, a barbed whip that tears through swathes of enemies, and the Doom Glaive, a devastating polearm that channels Khorne's boundless rage.

***Tzeentch - Dagger of Tzeentch*:**
As a servant of the Changer of Ways, you are granted the sinister Dagger of Tzeentch. This intricate weapon is inscribed with ever-shifting runes of sorcery, capable of inflicting wounds that unravel the very fabric of reality. Each strike curses the victim with spells of mutation and entropy, twisting them into grotesque forms or annihilating them outright. If you are a Lord of Change, you are gifted both the Staff of Tzeentch and the Blade of Tzeentch. The Staff channels raw Warp energy into devastating sorcerous blasts, while the Blade is a manifestation of Tzeentch's cunning, a weapon that cuts through both body and destiny, reshaping reality with every stroke.

***Nurgle - Plagueblade*:**
Followers of the Plague God are armed with the grotesque Plagueblade, a weapon corroded by rust and dripping with virulent toxins. Each wound inflicted spreads a pestilential rot that consumes flesh and spirit alike, leaving nothing but decay in its wake. If you are a Great Unclean One, you wield the Bileblade, a foul sword that exudes noxious fumes, and the Doom Bell, a macabre instrument that tolls to summon plague and despair. You may also carry the Flail of Corruption, a bludgeoning weapon whose spiked heads spread contagion with every swing, and the Rotspitter, a ranged armament that hurls putrid bile at distant foes.

***Slaanesh - Whip of Slaanesh*:**
Devotees of the Dark Prince are armed with the seductive and deadly Whip of Slaanesh. This elegant weapon moves with a mind of its own, lashing out in hypnotic arcs that ensnare, maim, and beguile all who behold it. Each strike delivers both exquisite agony and intoxicating pleasure, leaving foes entranced and helpless. If you are a Keeper of Secrets, you gain the Ritual Knife, perfect for precise and devastating strikes, and the Living Whip, which moves like an extension of your will. You may also wield the Shining Aegis, a shield of reflective

splendor that deflects attacks with grace, and the Sinistrous Hand, a claw imbued with Slaanesh's hunger that drains the life force of those it touches.

***Chaos Undivided - Infernal Armaments*:**
The Daemon Brutes wield weapons forged in the depths of the Forge of Souls, crafted of fine Warp-touched metals to create weapons capable of enduring their great strength; you receive either a hammer, an axe, or a sword. If you possess the perk End of Empires, you will gain an Etherblade designed in a crude attempt to replicate the power of The Blade of Shadows; even flawed, it remains capable of flickering through armor to pierce the flesh within. You will also gain a facsimile of the Hammer of the Soul Forges; it lacks the true extent of abilities to construction or destroy as the original, but it is still a versatile tool for crafting, as tool-tipped mechadendrite-esque tentacles emerge from one end of the hammer.

Each weapon reflects the nature of its Chaos God, serving as both a tool of destruction and a symbol of your allegiance. Choose wisely, for these armaments will shape your path to ascension and conquest.

Instruments of Chaos [Free]:
Even daemons do not discount the effects of quality music on the morale of an army, although their definitions of “quality” and “music” may in many cases be quite divorced from mortal standards. This is a set of instruments, one for each of the Ruinous Powers; for Khorne, a curved brass horn, to let loose a clarion call over the clamor of battle to direct the berserk hordes of Bloodletters; for Nurgle, a set of pipes formed from bones, to best entertain the merry armies of Nurglite daemons as they march; for Tzeentch, a strange instrument in the form of the symbol of that Dark God, which is waved through the air to produce strange sounds the delight their daemons; and finally, for Slaanesh, a sinuous, tubular instrument with outstretched tongue, blown into to produce sounds of ecstasy and torment.

However… not all instruments are played purely for their musical merits. Sloppity Bilepipers, for instance, possess Jolly Gutpipes to produce music that inspires their allies to move faster than they naturally could, and induces a laughter-disease in their enemies that drives those who cannot resist to chortle themselves to death in howling convulsions of laughter. Meanwhile, Infernal

Enrapturesses use the Heartstring Lyre to produce lethal sonic waves and inspire injured allies to keep fighting with passion that cannot be matched.

To gain an additional instruments capable of producing mystical effects of equal potency, you must pay 200 CP each. You may customize such instruments as you desire, so long as they are not stronger than the Jolly Gutpipes or the Heartstring Lyre.

Dreadaxe [200 CP]:
A Daemon Weapon believed by some to bear a daemon of Malice, this double-bladed axe is the very incarnation of death to daemons, and bears a roaring hatred towards them. When facing daemonic flesh, daemonic metals, or indeed any defenses born of daemonic origin, the Dreadaxe will cleave through it with no more resistance than a blade encounters from a cloud. Indeed, its blows leave massive gashes even greater in size than the blade itself should allow, and daemons that could normally resist death or banishment will find that this weapon does not permit such protections. Its wrath and malice and desire to smite daemons cannot be underestimated, and it even normally-survivable injures will turn out to be fatal when experieced by a daemon.

In future jumps, this will apply to any hellish or spiritual creature, not merely daemons.

Khorne’s Berserker

Armour Of Scorn [100 CP]:
This hulking mass of jagged iron plates reeks of hatred so thick it scorches the air. The moment it clads a daemon, it fuses with their flesh, not as a protection, but as an iron shell of pure contempt—at the world, at weakness, at even the daemon itself. The wearer is incapable of fear or hesitation; they cannot flee, for the armour simply will not allow it. Mortals feel their confidence erode when they see it, for the Armour of Scorn reflects not light, but judgment. It casts no shadow—only the sensation of being watched and found unworthy. And should anyone try to beg, reason, or cry for mercy, their words burn away in their throats. The armour hears, and it scorns.

Its contempt is such that you will never truly be rid of it; even after the jump is complete, it will merge into your daemon alt-form.

The Crimson Crown [100 CP]:
A cruel circlet of barbed brass and glistening red, the Crimson Crown pulses with a heartbeat that’s not your own. When worn, it latches into the skull. All beings of hellish or daemonic persuasion in the presence of the wearer feel it too—not through words, but through instinct. They know who wears it. They feel their rage

sharpen, their minds strip down to instinct and precision. The wearer gains no control over others, but becomes a symbol, a lodestone of fury.

Mortals who are not allied with the bearer who see the Crown in person often collapse from the sheer pressure in their skulls—as if something ancient and angry is trying to burst out of their brains just to scream.

Rune Of Brass [200 CP]:
Carved deep into blackened armor or burned like a brand into flesh that never heals, the Rune of Brass isn't just a symbol—it's a curse made solid. It glows with molten rage, never cooling, never dulling, always oozing that shimmer you get when metal forgets it's not supposed to burn forever.

Witches, sorcerers, and anyone even thinking about the arcane can feel it before they even see it, and for any who are weaker in magic than a Lord of Change, that is all it takes for the Rune to take effect. Their thoughts unravel. Spells twist in their throats like snakes eating themselves. The Rune doesn't dispel magic—it hates it, and in its hate, it breaks it into screaming, fractal pain. Those who get too close to it hear the sound of wood snapping in fire. That's not the rune. That's their mind.

Blood-Drinker Talisman [200 CP]:
The Blood-Drinker Talisman—a throbbing, living gemstone the size of a clenched fist. It hungers. Each drop of blood that touches its bearer in battle seeps into the daemon's body, drawn by invisible veins that did not exist a moment before. The talisman hums when it feeds, a low, wet sound like someone whispering into raw meat. And with every kill, the daemon seems to heal, not by mending, but by reshaping—bone grows harder, flesh gets thicker, eyes gleam brighter.

Even wounds that should be fatal—craters in the chest, heads split open—are swallowed by a red tide from within, drawing upon the supply of absorbed blood to heal until that supply runs out. And the more it drinks, the more the daemon laughs, as if each stolen life is a joke only it can hear.

Cuirass Of Rage [400 CP]:
This heavy breastplate isn't crafted. It's congealed. Brass bled from the depths of Khorne's domain, cooled in the breath of war beasts, and hammered into shape on an anvil made of skulls.The moment an enemy strikes, even with all their strength, the surface of the cuirass erupts in glowing rune-light. The attacker feels the recoil not just in their arm, but in their soul. Warriors speak of their strikes being "reflected with contempt." Some feel their muscles seize. Others feel nothing at all—until they realize they've dropped their blade and can't remember why. And some have their mind broken as their repeated attacks wounds their soul. Only the strongest in spirit can hope to truly land a strike, and even then they are still affected by this armor.

The Cuirass of Rage is not passive protection. It is an accusation. It does not merely resist attacks—it judges them, and in doing so, shames them. The stronger the fury of the wearer, the more absolute its defiance becomes. And the more often it is struck, the louder it hums, as if feeding on aggression and turning it into indifference.

A'RGATH, The King of Blades [400 CP]:
There is no story more blasphemous, more revered, or more whispered in the warp than that of A'rgath—a mortal warlord of Khorne who was offered the throne of a Daemon Prince and spat upon it, choosing instead to become a weapon. Not metaphorically. Literally. A'rgath's body melted into steel and his soul locked itself into an impossibly cruel blade: long, jagged, curved like a crescent grin, and forever warm with the thrill of war.

When grasped, A'rgath's presence floods the mind with centuries of slaughter giving the user the centuries of experience to even the most novices of users. Every swing carries not only strength, but intent—a will behind the strike that refuses to miss, refuses to stop, and refuses to accept any outcome less than a kill. Champions, kings, and god-touched warriors have all fallen to this blade, their final thought not of fear, but of awe: "Something wanted me dead." A'rgath does not serve. It hunts through you.

It is only by exhibiting great strength and willpower that the wielder can hope to retain full mastery of themselves during battle, for in their mind they must defeat A'rgath, or risk succumbing to its control.

Skullreaver [600 CP]:
Locked within the brutal, jagged head of this colossal axe is a being that should never have been imprisoned—a Bloodthirster, one of Khorne's apex war-fiends, brought low in combat and sealed into iron and hate. The weapon itself looks like it was forged from volcanic rock and the bones of something extinct. Runes glow along its edges, not carved, but scarred into its surface. They pulse with searing light, and every swing sends embers flying like a forge mid-eruption.

To hold Skullreaver is to feel a wild, furious heartbeat that is not your own. The axe demands carnage.The Bloodthirster within gives you its skills as one of the most powerful Bloodthirsters, where it rages against its bonds, and that rage sharpens the weapon to a supernatural edge. Entire rows of men can be torn apart with a single, sweeping strike.

And when the wielder falters or shows mercy, the runes grow hotter—a warning. Because Skullreaver remembers losing once… and it refuses to do so again. Even if it has to take control. And he will if you let him infuse you, into a walking, raging barbarian that wont stop until every single enemy's skull has been presented to the skull throne.

Khartoth the Bloodhunger [600]:
The Bloodhunger is a Daemon Weapon that holds great favor in the eyes of Khorne, and is prized by those who serve him. He periodically holds a tournament to determine who is worthy to wield it, wherein the blade is hidden inside of a Flesh Hound, and legions of daemons are set loose to hunt it down and kill each other in the process. The one to claim the sword is proclaimed the Lord of Slaughter, and is permitted to wield it until such time as Khorne grows bored with them and sends a Flesh Hound to kill them, eat the daemonsword, and start the tournament anew.

The edge of this weapon is terrible and twisted, resembling claws or teeth emerging from the blade. But despite its unwieldy appearance, it can be used with deftness and precision, and its cutting power could be considered incredible even by the standards of Daemon Weapons. It slices not only through matter, but through time itself. When the bearer of this weapon kill someone with it, they also die up to 88 minutes into the past. This undoes every action they have taken in that time; it opens up wounds that they stitched shut, it revives people they killed, and it opens doors that they closed. Because of the connection the sword makes between “then” and “now”, this is not a separate timeline, nor are people’s memories replaced by those of a world where they were struck down up to 88 minutes prior.

Rest assured, Khorne will never send a Flesh Hound to reclaim this weapon from you; at least, not until the jump has ended and you are far beyond his reach.

Nurgle’s Rot-Blessed

Horn Of Nurgle Rot [100 CP]:
Crooked and crusted with layers of filth and fungal overgrowth, this horn juts grotesquely from the daemon’s head like a twisted trophy of disease, and will be a part of your alt-form post-jump. This horn pulses with infectious intent, each vein within it thick with bubbling bile that smells of old graves and unwashed regrets. This essence of rot and plague can be channeled through the daemon’s body, turning its very touch into the harbinger of doom for any who have not embraced the truths of Nurgle.

The infection is instant, but the journey is not. The body doesn’t simply die—it surrenders, limb by limb, breath by breath. Skin blooms with sores. Organs begin to hum. Eyes weep pus instead of tears. And all the while, the soul twists in tandem, unraveling into something both less and more than it was. Despair does not break them—it welcomes them. By the time their final breath wheezes out, they are already smiling.

Then they rise. Not as what they were—but as Plaguebearers. Gleeful, grotesque, and eager to march with their new family, freshly formed from what was once a screaming soldier.

The Entropic Knell [100 CP]:
This immense, rusted bell is too large for mortals to carry, and too sacred to ring by hand. It is borne aloft by bloated daemons whose bodies barely hold together,

yet never truly finish decaying. The sound of the Entropic Knell is not heard so much as it is felt, like a deep, wet ache inside the marrow.

One peal and entire battalions find their thoughts clouded, their hope thinning like old skin. Voices falter. Feet drag. Orders are forgotten. Weapons feel heavier. Men find themselves crying without knowing why, choking on the sheer weight of inevitable loss. The bell does not command—it warns. It whispers, with every long, drawn-out ring: you have already failed.

And when its bearers come into view, it is not in a charge, but a slow, lumbering procession. The bell still tolls. And those who hear it know: there is no outrunning what rots all things.

Weapon Of Corruption [200 CP]:
This weapon was grown—a living extension of rot and ruin, pulled from the diseased heart of a bloated god-thought that whispered only of betrayal. It pulses gently in the hand like a fevered organ, and its blade—if you can call it that—is more wound than weapon: jagged, wet-edged, and ever-dripping with a viscous ooze that bubbles like a swamp gas sighing in the dark. Here you choose one type of weapon to be the Weapon of Corruption.

This weapon does not cleave limbs or shatter skulls. It scratches. Barely. It leaves behind no grand wounds—just a thin, inconspicuous line. And yet, from that hairline nick, the rot blooms. The smallest contact is enough. Moments later, skin blisters. Blood blackens. Thoughts begin to itch. Flesh rebels. The victim's own body betrays them with joyless efficiency, breaking down while they scream for help no one dares give.

Shroud Of Corruption [200 CP]:
Legends say the Shroud was once used to catch a god's sneeze—a terrible, nuclear-sounding blast of sickness from Grandfather Nurgle himself. Whether that's true or not, one thing is certain: the cloth is drenched in warp-borne contagions that can't be named by any sane tongue. It doesn't just carry disease—it exudes it. Wherever the wearer walks, the air thickens with damp, invisible filth. Flu spreads like rumors. Coughs echo long after people stop breathing.

And in close quarters? The shroud pulses. Victims report the sensation of a warm, mucous-drenched breath on their necks—just before their lungs give out in a bubbling, joyous sputter. Yet the wearer, and those allied with them? Perfectly fine. The shroud loves them. It needs them.

Tome Of a Thousand Poxes [400 CP]:
Bound in the cured skin of scholars who begged to forget what they learned, this bloated, spine-cracking tome wheezes when opened, as if breathing through congested lungs.

To read it is to infect the mind with knowledge. There are no clear instructions—only riddles, rituals, and ghastly poems scrawled in the dialect of despair. But those with the stomach to decipher even one incantation can twist the most trivial disease—a cough, a zit, a rash—into something legendary. A blister that spreads through thoughts. A sneeze that births slugs. A fever that melts the names from family trees.

Effluvior [400 CP]:
This flail is a blasphemous plumbing accident from the Garden of Nurgle, a weapon that should not exist, yet gleefully does. At the end of each rusted chain dangles a grinning skull—split open, hollowed out, and humming with a low, sickening gurgle. But they are not simply ornaments. Inside each is a roiling portal, a warp-wound that leaks the liquified rot of Nurgle's own cesspools—fluid too foul to name, bubbling with the slurry of forgotten things.

Every swing is a disaster. When Effluvior arcs through the air, it does not slice—it erupts. The impact sprays jets of warp-filth in all directions, boiling through armor and soaking into skin with the intimacy of betrayal. Victims are not slain, but unmade. Flesh weeps off bones. Eyes dissolve into sludge. Metal rusts before it hits the ground. And worse—those not instantly killed are absorbed, their remains slurping back into the skull-holes, digested by reality's leaking ulcer.

The Endless Gift [600 CP]:

The Endless Gift is not an object, nor a blessing, nor even a parasite. It is a process, eternally ongoing—a living, shifting plague of divine intention, stitched into the very being of a chosen daemon like you.

It has no stable form. One moment, it manifests as fat, intelligent bacteria that breed by the thousands in seconds, rushing to fill torn muscle and shattered bone with pulsing, meaty replacements. The next, the daemon might hack up a fog so thick with warp-malaise that it hangs in the air like a curtain of despair—only to part moments later, revealing them whole once more, every wound erased, every injury mocked by its sudden absence.

And the longer the battle goes on—the more flesh is ripped, burnt, shredded, or cursed—the more vigorous the Gift becomes. Each failed attempt to kill the daemon doesn't just heal it. It empowers the cycle. Flesh regrows faster. Bones mend cleaner. Eyes that burst reappear brighter. Even the foe's despair becomes medicine, soaked into the Gift and repurposed into resilience. By the end, the daemon seems less a being of flesh than an idea of endurance, held together by hope curdled into ruin.

Nurgle’s Cauldron [600 CP]:
Deep within the Garden of Nurgle, inside of the Blighted Mansion of Misery and Mirth, bloated Nurgle works tirelessly to created new plagues to blight mortality with, mixing together ingredients foul beyond the measures of men to make contagions unlike any seen before. It is in this cauldron that Nurgle has brewed innumerable diseases, mundane and daemonic alike, and it is a potent tool for anyone who would seek to imitate his works.

The Cauldron itself is not bound to physical limitations of space, and can shrink or expand in size at the whim of its user. It can contain any volume within its depths, and no matter how much you fill it, nothing will ever spill out. But don’t think this makes it safe to use as a storage container; its insides are inundated with the essence of countless plagues and toxins of all sorts, and is immediately corrosive to anything apart from the great wooden spoon that comes with the purchase, made from trees born in the Garden, and the only thing other than a

Daemon of Nurgle that can remain the Cauldron without corroding, save for your designated Contagion Blade(s).

Crafting a disease within the Cauldron is not like the work of a virologist, carefully arranging DNA or RNA strands until they've made their disease. No, it is much more down-to-earth; all you need to do is find ingredients, and throw them into the cauldron, where they will be melted into a slurry that will eventually become a liquid form of plague, virus, or toxin. The ingredients can be… just about anything, really, but not everything makes an equally effective disease. Anything already touched by illness, by foulness, by wretched smells and disgusting nature, anything magical, anything hellish, anything with conceptual weight, anything divine… these are the ingredients of the greatest contagions.

In a similar process, the Cauldron can be used to make fungal life, or the diseased slurry can be fed to a daemon of Nurgle (or similarly entity infused with the essence of contagion) to enhance their power according to the potency of the plague itself; it would take something like Nurgle's absolute finest work to elevate a Nurgling into a Great Unclean One, however.

In addition to the Cauldron itself and its spoon, there is another secret to the Cauldron. The legendary Contagion Blade gained its power by soaking in the diseases of the Cauldron for aeons before being removed. A single cut will cause a victim to be filled with hundreds of contagions and fungal parasites, and in moments the daemonic bacteria and viruses and spores will multiply at such a rate that the victim will explode, infecting everyone nearby. These secondary infections don't progress at such a super-charged speed, however.

You do not receive the Contagion Blade; however, you do gain the ability to designate a weapon to be a new "Contagion Blade"; by marking it with the sigil of Nurgle to let it survive immersion, and letting it soak in the diseases of this cauldron for a length of time equal to one jump (or 10 years, whichever comes first), it will gain the properties of the Contagion Blade. However, only soaking it for the minimum amount of time will result in a much weaker weapon; its only by letting it soak in a multitude of contagions over at least a hundred years that you would create a weapon on part with the original Contagion Blade.

You may create as many new Contagion Blades as you like; each will hold a unique combination of poisons, filth, and disease. However, if you have more than 10 weapons in the Cauldron at once, each weapon will absorb less of the contagion, and it will take far longer for them to finish transforming.

Tzeentch's Warpweaver

The Endless Grimoire [100 CP]:
This impossibly ancient tome contains more than words—it holds everything. To open the Grimoire is to step into the infinite. Its pages do not end; they unfold like a living maze. It contains spells from every world you visited , each spell a thread tugging the reader deeper. With every turn, the bearer is granted the power to manipulate reality in increasingly subtle and terrifying ways—bending light, snaring time, unmaking lies, conjuring truths never spoken.

But with knowledge comes danger. The tome wants to be read. It wants to be finished.The deeper one dives, the more the world seems like a distraction—until the bearer's body sits slumped, eyes wide, page-turning hands trembling, as their mind wanders forever through a labyrinth of spells too vast to ever leave.

The Everstave [100 CP]:
The Everstave is a staff of sheer arcane audacity. It is not wielded—it possesses. As soon as the bearer touches it, a wreath of vibrant, flickering warpflame bursts into life around them, bathing them in a constant storm of magenta inferno.

But this flame does not burn the bearer—it becomes them, the warpflame now an extension of the wearer's body for so long as they wield the Everstave. Eyes flicker with violet sparks. Their skin glows like stained glass set ablaze. They speak in tongues that rearrange minds. Every gesture becomes an invocation, every breath a possible catastrophe.

The Impossible Robe [200 CP]:
Not so much a garment as a dimensional condition, the Impossible Robe is stitched from threads of probability and lined with paradox.

For enemies, striking the daemon is like trying to stab a dream: the blow connects, then doesn't, then happens in reverse. A blade may pass through their chest only to hit their past self in a different place and time, with no bearing on their current health. Magic falters as it tries to lock onto something that refuses to exist in just one now.

But the Robe is fickle. Control must be constant, focus unwavering—because the Robe wants to wander. It will only protect against a single attack at a time, but more damningly, should the wearer's focus falter, the Robe will travel elsewhere and elsewhen with its wearer, to other dimensions and timelines… even to timelines where the wearer doesn't exist at all, unmaking them upon arrival. Or, it would; by some strange means, the traveling of this particular Robe has been constrained; it is unable to independently leave its dimension, planet, and timeline, and seems incapable of jumping to places that would pose significant risk to its bearer.

Crystal Tome [200 CP]:
This translucent, razor-edged tome pulses like a heart carved from starlight. No ink stains its pages—its contents reveal themselves only to those who deserve to know. And within its glittering depths is whispered to reside the True Names—not just of what is, but what might have been. The unborn, the forgotten, the erased. All those possibilities, etched in glyphs that shimmer with smug omniscience.

To speak a being's True Name is to peel them open. You know their wants, their fears, their endings. With a whisper, you can unravel their will, command their obedience, or shatter their destiny like cheap porcelain. Even daemons tremble at the thought of their name being read aloud from the Tome.

But this Tome is not some cheap path to power over everyone. All names are contained within, and finding what you want is no small task… especially when the consciousness of the Tome seems to sort information by some ineffable pattern that even the greatest of minds cannot truly fathom.

How long it takes to find someone's name isn't determined by any standard system, but by how powerful the target is in relation to the reader, and how deeply entwined with fate–that is, how narratively significant–that target is. Finding the name of a common human farmer would take seconds, while someone like Ciaphas Cain might take years; and the name of one of the Dark Gods? That could take a Lord of Change millions of years of study to find.

Tome Of Endless Dimensions [400 CP]:
The Tome of Endless Dimensions is a grimoire not bound by time, logic, or even grammar. Its crystalline pages do not turn—they rotate, flicker, and sometimes vanish altogether only to reappear somewhere else entirely before returning, humming with dissonant harmonics that seem to speak in ideas rather than words.

To a daemon, however, the Tome is a boundless source of information. Its endless reality-fractures sync with their unstable consciousness, feeding them knowledge from across infinite variant timelines. One page might explain how to end a war before it begins. Another might reveal the exact thought a foe will think three minutes from now—in a version of the world where they were never born. Each revelation holds both truth and lie, layered so intricately that only a truly maddened intellect can put them to use. However, with time, wisdom, and a frighteningly clever mind, one could eventually figure out how to tell the truth from the lies, and even direct the Tome to focus on timelines relevant to their line of inquiry.

But every answer comes paired with five questions. And the more you read, the less sure you become which version of you is holding the book. Or whether any of you were meant to.

Soul Bane [400 CP]:

It is a blade that simply is, drifting between realities like a curse looking for a throat.

It does not cut flesh. It slides silently through armor, muscle, bone—all of it ignored. Instead, Soulbane burrows straight into a victim's essence. It shears through the intangible soul with surgical malice, leaving no wound upon the body… at first. Victims crumple, their mouths opened wide in screams they themselves don't understand, as if reliving every moment of pain they were ever destined to feel.

The damage lingers. The soul frays. Fractures in identity begin to form—memories rot, emotions flicker, and joy becomes a foreign language. Some victims lose their ability to recognize themselves in reflections. Others weep blood as the mind unravels and their very being leaks away into the immaterium.

Soul-Eater Stave [600 CP]:
To mortal eyes, the Soul-Eater Stave is a twisted rod of dark iron, scorched and warped by unseen fires, its surface etched with glyphs that shift and twitch like something breathing just beneath the metal. But to those with witch-sight—or to the unfortunate soul about to become lunch—it is far, far more. Invisible pseudopods slither and grasp through the air around the staff, sprouting like translucent barnacles of hungering unreality. In battle, they become a frenzy of action, seizing the ephemeral essence of the dead and dying before it can slip into the Warp's great screaming tide.

These vampiric parasites don't devour out of spite—they deliver. Like carrion crows in service to a gluttonous god, they funnel their captured energies through the staff itself, which pulses like a great artery of ruinous hunger. That stolen vitality doesn't just vanish—it flows. It flows into the daemon that wields the stave, feeding their form, stitching torn muscle and shattered bone, sharpening their mind with stolen thought, even fusing severed limbs with strands of soul-thread so fine they shimmer like dew on spider silk. Each consumed life bolsters

the daemon's own presence in reality, thickening their spiritual footprint until they stand like a blazing monolith of baleful strength.

Emblem of Tzeentch [600 CP]:
This large amulet bears the ever-shifting symbol of Tzeentch, and is carved from the very structure of the Shifting Labyrinth itself. It forces all who behold it to understand Chaos, to *really* understand it. Mortal minds can't, but the Emblem forces them to anyways.

It is easy to say that the Warp exists outside of time and space. It is easy to say it is infinitely vast, and that it comes in layers with are each more infinite than the others. It is easy to say that daemons are created as an echo of the deeds and thoughts of mortals, yet are utterly beyond mortality. There is so much that is easy to say about the Warp. But actually *understanding* it? Knowing all the true and false equations that make it up, comprehending in full the anti-physics behind it that defy any mathematics comprehensible to any breed of mortal… something that is beyond human minds, but forced inside of that feeble mind anyways?

Simply possessing this knowledge will make the power of the Warp overflow from their brains, either twisting them into Chaos Spawn on the spot, or turning them into a daemonhost as their body is possessed by a daemon. These daemons will always be loyal to the one who allowed them to manifest in physical reality.

It is, technically, possible to survive this. A truly disciplined and focused mind can twist their thoughts away from this dreadful revelation before it can fully take root in their thoughts, and in so doing suffer nothing more than a sharp headache. But

such minds are few and far between, and simply by raising the sigil aloft in front of a crowd, the bearer of the Emblem can instantly create an army.

Slaanesh's Sensation Seeker

The Forbidden Gem [100 CP]:
In the ancient Aeldari Empire, there was no gemstone so pure as this diamond, a great source of pride to its possessive and jealous owner, who would spend hours staring into it, admiring its beauty and purity. When the unbridled decadence and depravity the majority of the empire had succumbed to finally birthed Slaanesh, one of the Dark Prince's first deeds was to steal the soul of this noble and lock it away with his own precious gemstone.

Now, enemies who look upon the stone cannot help but be filled with greed and jealousy towards the one fortunate enough to bear it. Even those strong enough of will to resist trying to take it for themselves are still influenced by its malign touch, and any beneficial effects they may provide to their allies are rendered null and void–be it the courage their men feel by watching them stand against impossible odds, the tactical advice they would normally provide, or even supernatural auras. All is fleeting, compared to the desire the sight of this jewel evokes.

The Mark of Excess [100 CP]:
A mark imbued with Slaanesh's favor, this serves as both a potent gift and a terrible curse. Whenever the daemon spills the lifeblood of a foe who was worth fighting, a great rush of pleasure and ecstasy will rush through their body. This fills the daemon with the desire to fight harder to experience that rush again, and

they will push their bodies to ever greater levels to achieve it; every success only makes the daemon a better warrior, until the battle finally ends and the rush fades completely.

A normal daemon would risk such addiction that they would eventually turn to battling anything they could find, but you will find that, exquisite though the experience is, it will never suborn your will with its addictive properties.

Slothful Claws [200 CP]:
This is no mere item to be picked up and wielded, but an infusion into your very daemonic body, becoming a part of your alt-form once the jump is complete. Many daemons have obtained the essence of the Slothful Claws in the past, and each put it to terrible and glorious use. The Slothful Claws imbues the body with fell and malign lethargy; not felt by the daemon themselves, but inflicted upon those they injure with their own claws, pincers, or whatever dangerous anatomy they possess.

This slothful energy bears down upon the victim; not only in body, but in mind and spirit as well, every strike that hits making it harder and harder for the target to muster the will and energy to fight.

Soulstealer [200 CP]:
Once, there was a Keeper of Secrets who stole many Aeldari souls for themself, hoping to become strong enough to challenge Slaanesh. But She Who Thirsts saw this meagre attempt and punished them for their transgressions, binding them within a daemonsword. The daemon within perpetually starves, and attempts to drink the soul of anyone slain with the blade.

But such is the design of its prison that the very act of hungering is enough to redirect souls away from the Keeper of Secrets, and to instead infuse whoever

wields this blade. This devouring of souls will heal the one who uses Soulstealer, every life taken closing wounds and mending broken limbs.

Cloak of Constriction [400 CP]:
A favored garment of the Keeper of Secrets known as Shalaxi Helbane, it is a potent tool in combat. Worn on the waist, it most noticeably resembles a set of four tentacles that extend nearly to the floor. However, it possesses an intellect of its own, and when it senses an enemy attack it will lash out, extending far further than its original length to wrap around the attacking limb and redirect the attack away from its master. The tendrils will even reach out of their own accord to strangle any attackers, and have enough strength in their misleadingly thin forms to redirect the blows of a Bloodthirster.

Whip of Agony [400 CP]:
This weapon is a terrible one indeed, filled with its own intellect and malice. It twitches and moves lazily of its own accord, dancing slowly and lightly across its master's limbs until called upon to strike, when it lashes out like a serpent. The Whip of Agony exudes a psychic poison into those it injures, which doesn't directly cause harm; instead, it links its own consciousness to the nerves of its victims, after which it will play with their sensations, making them experience all the pain and suffering its febrile mind can concoct.

Silverstrike [600 CP]:
One of the mightiest weapons available to the servants of Slaanesh, this blade is not one of raw power or brute force, but supreme skill and deceptive speed. When swinging this weapon, the arm and blade move at such speeds that it simply appears to be in a new location, passing through the intervening space so quickly that its movement cannot be traced.

But it doesn't only have impossible speed on its side; every blow that lands inflicts a strange languor upon its foe, making them ever-slower in comparison to the blinding speed of the weilder of Silverstrike, the discrepancy between the two soon becoming nauseatingly grotesque as a strange lassitude fills the victim, who may even smile as they die.

Tears of Asuryan [600 CP]:
In Slaanesh's birth, she destroyed the Aeldari, and proceeded to slaughter and devour the majority of their gods. The Phoenix King, Asuryan, shed these tears as he beheld everything he held dear be consumed, before he too was dragged into the maw of She Who Thirsts. His tears, which crystallized into rainbow-hued gems, she kept, and would occasionally gift them to a favored daemon.

When consumed in ritual imitation of Slaanesh's devouring of the Aeldari and their gods, a daemon will find themselves filled with apocalyptic power. This power will not last forever; it will last for 6 hours , but for its duration, a mere Daemonette would find themselves mighty enough to take on the armies of an entire world and could reasonably be expected to come out the victor.

You receive one Tear of Asuryan at the start of each jump or every 10 years, whichever comes sooner.

Chaos Undivided's Unifier

Ring of Retribution [100 CP]:
This nose ring is bejeweled with strangely-colored gemstones mined in the depths of the Warp, and is marked with sigils of protection and destruction in the Dark Tongue. It's presence makes its bearer stand out from the crowd, marking them as special beyond their peers.

This would be dangerous, as it makes them stand out more in combat… however, attacking them is a mistake. Any ranged weapon that fires upon this daemon will have a good chance of catastrophically exploding simply from the attempt to injure them, even if the shot misses.

Throne of Darkness [100 CP]:
This throne, carved of onyx, obsidian, and raw shadows, is perpetually shrouded in darkness, the details of its form difficult to make out, but the small fragments that can be seen at a time are of exquisite craftsmanship and harrowingly monstrous design. When seated upon this throne, it grants the one who sits upon it a regal aura, marking them as a natural leader of daemonkind and similar hellish beings. Befitting such a ruler, interfighting and mischief among their subordinates will be markedly low even amongst opposed types of daemons, and the aura will remain with it owner even after rising from the throne.

However, guard well this throne, for the aura will be given to any who sit upon it, stealing it from whoever currently bore it.

While sitting on this throne, the owner of the throne can see out of the shadows of any of their subordinates.

Daemon Gate [200 CP]:
The spines and skulls of psykers that make up the boundaries of this portal constantly glow with an eerie, light, seeming to still be aware and suffering as they observe both the Materium and the Immaterium. This skeletal framework binds and surrounds a portal between realspace and the Warp, one that is easily responsive to any attempts to relocate it. This portal is vast in size, easily able to transport even a Bloodthirster with outstretched wings with room to spare.

This provides unparalleled mobility between the dimensions, and whoever has control over this gate will hold a great deal of influence amongst their fellows beneath their daemonic patron.

At the moment, its aperture in the Materium is located on a planet that has fallen to the worship of your patron god.

Twilight Orb of Kharaxiis [200 CP]:
A perfectly smooth orb, this hollow sphere contains an ever-roiling swirl of energy, made of innumerable shades of grey. The Empyric energy within reaches out to embrace its bearer, shrouding their form to such an extent that to an outside observer, they seem little more tangible than a mirage, and are nearly

as difficult to strike. This is more effective in protecting from ranged attacks, as the hazing of the bearer's form makes aiming more difficult.

Forge of Souls [400 CP]:
This is a realm of your own within the Formless Wastes, one equal in size and majesty to Vashtorr's own Forge of Souls. Within your great forge are a host of daemons whose only purpose and desire is to continue to create; they are craftsdaemons born from concepts of creation. The Forge is more than just a forge; it contains laboratories and manufactorums, serving as a center not just for crafting, but for learning and progress, earned at the expense of morality and ethics.

The fires of this forge are fueled with the souls of the damned, and you seem to have an endless supply of these tortured souls to use both as materials for crafting, and for the fuel. The production facilities of this complex is vast, capable of producing daemon engines, daemon weapons, and hell-touched machines of all sorts.

In future jumps, you will find that you are still able to find daemons to be crafted into daemon engines and daemon weapons available within the Forge.

The Blade of Shadows [400 CP]:
The personal sword of Be'lakor, it is as much the pinnacle of Etherblades as the First-Damned himself is the pinnacle of Daemon Princes. Constantly transient in shape and shadow, shifting between silhouette and solidity, this weapon can fade to shadow to become perfectly two-dimensional, slicing through absolutely anything it encounters. Its size and shape shift at its wielder's demand, making it a potent ranged threat, even as it envelopes through struck in dreadful shadow-flames.

Hammer of the Soul Forges [600 CP]:
This long-handled hammer has a single head; from the other end emerge robotic tentacles tipped with a variety of tools, reminiscent of the mechadendrites favored by the Dark Mechanicum. It is, of course, a potent tool of destruction, capable of shattering tanks with a single blow. However, it may be even more valuable as a tool of creation, for from its touch, daemonic energies can be imbued into anything this hammer is used to craft.

Even if the project is already daemonic in nature, the influence of the hammer will make anything it helps to create be even stronger and more effective than it already would be; a sword might cut more deeply, a machine might operate longer on less fuel, and a gun might fire bullets with greater speed, force, and accuracy. What this benefit is will never be clear beforehand, but it will always be advantageous.

Furthermore, any powers the wielder possesses relating to destruction or creation will be bolstered in effectiveness simply by holding this hammer.

Drach'nyen [600 CP]:
The daemon known as Drach'nyen was born from the first time a human committed murder, and as such became the conceptual doom of humanity. Such was the power of this daemon that it pierced its arm straight through the Emperor of Mankind himself; however, the Anathema responded by sealing it into the form of a sword, and bid his loyal Custodes to carry it as far into the Webway as possible. But it could not remain hidden, for it was destined to bring ruination.

Drach'nyen might be limited to the form of a melee weapon, but within that limit it can freely shapeshift itself; it can appear as a light fencing blade, a massive two-handed sword, an axe, a spear, a whip… what does not change its is sheer lethality. Known as the Echo of the First Murder, its cutting power is so great that it sheers through reality itself to perfectly split through anything its blade touches. Should you impale an enemy, the sword will erupt into hundreds of tiny mouths to tear at their flesh and suck at their blood.

But this is ultimately simply the sword's lust for blood; its very touch annihilates the unprotected souls of its opponents. A single swing can destroy even a Land Raider, and being a daemon is no defense, for the sword greedily drinks of the energies of the Immaterium within a daemon, draining them dry in but a moment.

Mounts

The daemons of the Warp are not given to using vehicles–other than the occasional Daemon Engine, at least–but that doesn't mean they can't find something to ride. Daemons at times make use of a form of daemon known as a Daemonic Steed, using their mounts for increased mobility and to direct the mighty daemonic powers of their rides in battle. Normally, the use of Daemonic Steeds is limited to Lesser Daemons (and the occasional Chaos Champion among the mortals); however, should you purchase a mount here, you will find that it will always scale to fit you so that you can ride it without worry for the size difference. Should your mount be slain or banished, it will return to you after only three days time.

If you so desire, you can import an existing mount to gain the qualities, powers, and alt-form of a Daemonic Steed; if you do so, the normal behavior of a Daemonic Steed will not apply to them.

Juggernaut, Daemonic Steed of Khorne [200 CP, Discounted to Khorne's Berserker]:
Made of flesh, living brass, and burning blood, these massive and partially-mechanical Daemonic Beasts are the embodiment of battle, where only the strongest and toughest beings can survive. Resembling a giant rhinoceros from ancient Terra, it bears a mouthful of fangs and a massive razor-sharp blade that

protrudes from its skull. It looks to be clad in heavy plate armor, spikes jutting forth in places, but that is in truth its natural appearance. Their charge is tremendously powerful, and normal weapons are all but useless in the face of their armored hides; only something on the level of anti-tank weaponry could even hope to injure them.

Normally training a Juggernaut would be a long and exhaustive task, but yours appears to already be broken to your will and follows you loyally.

Blood Throne, Daemon Engine of Khorne [300 CP, Free for Khorne's Berserker]:
A monstrous Daemon Engine forged of hellish brass carved from the Blood God's own throne, this takes the form of a chariot that is pulled by no beast; instead, its wheels provide motion on their own, and it carries forth its bearer to crush the enemy in close combat, its fanged maw eagerly tearing into any opponent it brings within reach. It is dreadfully fast, but its true military value doesn't come from its personall combat ability; instead, it serves as a focus for Khorne's wrath, which emanates outward from the Blood Throne to imbue all nearby allies with strength born from the Blood God's fury.

Molluscoid, Daemonic Steed of Nurgle [50 CP, Free for Nurgle's Rot-Blessed]:
The least of the Daemonic Steeds, the Molluscoid is also the slowest. Resembling a massive snail borne on a number of stubby legs, it crawls around on the ground, leaving a trail of repulsive slime that is imbued with contagions of such virulence that merely touching it would be fatal to ordinary mortals. They're incredibly stupid and almost impossible to train, to the point that most handlers just dangle a Nurgling in front of it to make it move, as it vainly tries to eat the morsel placed before it. Your Molluscoid, however, is smarter than most, and has been thoroughly educated in being a proper mount. This does nothing to resolve its slowness, however.

Rot Fly, Daemonic Steed of Nurgle [200 CP, Discounted to Nurgle's Rot-Blessed]:
There exists a daemonic creature known as the Beast of Nurgle, which is so disgusting and so revolting that no mortal outside the cults of the Plaguefather could ever bear to be around it. These friendly creatures just want to make friends (which inevitably result in accidentally killing their new "friends"); however, when faced with rejection time and time again, a seed of malice grows that will eventually turn them into a Rot Fly. They bear an incredibly venomous sting, and are capable of spewing a corrosive acid that can melt down even the most durable of mortals into a putrid puddle the Rot Fly can then slurp up.

They enjoy ripping off the skulls of mortals and devouring them, dissolving all the meat from it before pumping it full of plague to create the almost grenade-like weapon called a Death's Head, which they then vomit up for other minions of Nurgle to utilize.

Although they are normally borne swiftly through the air on four ragged wings, some Rot Flies are known to have hellish engines in their place.

Disc of Tzeentch, Daemonic Steed of Tzeentch [200 CP, Discounted to Tzeentch's Warpweaver]:
Screamers are the primary Daemonic Beasts of the Changer of Ways, and resemble creatures that once dwelled in the waters of old Terra, known as manta rays. However, large spines protrude form their body, and their spiked tail can easily impale their targets, if they don't kill them will spellfire first. Their mouth is located on the front of their body, and their Warp Jaws can chew through any material, no matter how durable. However, when the servants of Tzeentch desires a mount, they take a Screamer and bind it in magnificent bands and blades to create a circular disc. The rider of the Disc is kept in place upon its back no matter how fast it goes, and has no need of reins to direct it; these steeds respond to their rider's thoughts, instantly moving however is required in defiance of the laws of momentum.

Your Disc of Tzeentch can transform back and forth between being a Screamer and a Disc as you desire.

For an additional 100 CP, you may instead purchase a Burning Chariot; a Disc of Tzeentch pulled by two Screamers, it can produce hellish fires of Tzeentch with with to assail your enemies, and moves at speeds that shame ordinary Discs and Screamers.

Steed of Slaanesh, Daemonic Steed of Slaanesh [100 CP, Discounted to Slaanesh's Sensation Seeker]:
Born on two powerful legs, the body of the Steed is serpentine in nature. It's narrow head holds a tongue that can stretch out for meters, and which tastes the desires of mortals. They are preternaturally vicious in combat, their sharp tongue lashing out like a whip, while their clawed feet easily disembowel any enemies who approach. They never tire, and can easily run for eternity.

Normally, one who rides a Steed of Slaanesh can never dismount or their Steed will flee, but yours is impossibly tamed to your will and shall never abandon you.

For an additional 100 CP, you may instead purchase a Seeker Chariot, a vehicle whose Fleshshredders work to tear apart any enemy they strike, leaving nothing but a slurry of torn flesh. They are pulled by two Steeds of Slaanesh.

For another 100 CP on top of that, you can instead purchase either an Exalted Seeker Chariot (a larger, more heavily-bladed Seeker Chariot puled by three Steeds, that is capable of tearing apart even the soul of the enemy), or a Hellflayer (a variety of Seeker Chariot where the two Steeds are widely spaced apart, and the large combine-harvester-like machinery of the chariot is used to mow down enemies in large numbers).

Daemon Engine [200 CP]:

A mechanical daemonic monstrosity, Daemon Engines are beings infused with a roiling hatred for their confinement, but bound to obey the whim of their master… until such time as they can break free, at least.

There are a host of common designs for Daemon Engines, from the Blood Thrones of Khorne to the Tzeentchian Æther Rays. However, there are also a vast number of Daemon Engines that are custom-designed, and it is one of those that you have obtained. You receive 200 CP to spend on the Daemon Engine Customization section. Should you desire a pre-existing Daemon Engine, simply pay for the options that best represent it.

The daemon within your Engine is surprisingly accepting of its new role, and will never rebel against you or defy your authority.

The purchase of a Daemon Engine is not discounted to any origin; however, if you have the origin of Chaos Undivided's Unifier, then when you purchase the Daemon Engine, you receive an additional 100 CP to spend on the Daemon Engine Customization section.

Daemon Engine Customization

Within the Forge of Souls, the minions of Vashtorr work tireless to produce Daemon Engines for the daemonic war machine, providing these creatures of destruction to all four Chaos Gods, along with the tools and weapons they use in their wars against one another. A Daemon Engine is what happens when a daemon is bound into a machine, but not in the same fashion as a mere possessed vehicle. Possessed vehicles are originally used for other purposes, and just happen to have a daemon inhabiting them. Daemon Engines, on the other hand, are built from the ground up to be a host to daemon, and as a result the daemon actually merges with it, resulting in a monstrosity of mechanical components and daemonic flesh.

You only gain access to this section if you purchase the Daemon Engine mount, or if you've taken the Cyberdaemon perk; in the former case, you are designing your own custom Daemon Engine; in the latter, you are designing your cybernetic components, which are functionally similar in nature to a Daemon Engine. If you have the Soulbound Juggernaut perk, you also get access to this section, but cannot spend any points here (unless you also possess Cyberdaemon); as a Soul Grinder, your options are free, but limited.

Mobility

How does your Daemon Engine move? Choose one; you can pay an additional 50 CP each to make further choices, representing your Engine having multiple means of movement at its disposal.

Immobile [+200 CP]:
Your Daemon Engine is more like a stationary possessed turret than a proper Daemon Engine, and is incapable of independent movement. If you wish to relocate it, you will need to gather workers or machines to move it for you. It may be capable of some movement on its own, but even moving 10 meters in a single day would be a herculean task.

Wheels [Free]:
Like the Death Wheel or the Skull Cannon, your Daemon Engine locomotes through the use of one or more wheels. This gives it incredible speed and good maneuverability, but there are many terrains that it won't be able to easily cross.

Tracked Treads [Free]:
Like the Doom Blaster or the Lord of Skulls, your Daemon Engine gets around through the use of a continuous track such as you may be used to seeing on tanks. The speed is quite good, but where it truly excels is in its traction and ability to navigate different terrains.

Legs [Free, Mandatory for Soulbound Juggernaut]:
Like the Soul Grinder and the Brass Scorpion, your Daemon Engine is mobile through the use of legs. Whether it walks on two legs like a Kytan, or gets around on many like the Blood Slaughterer, your Engine is possessed of unmatched ground mobility in uneven terrain. However, it isn't as fast as some of the other options here, and can more easily be knocked down.

Jumping [50 CP]:
You now possess the ability to jump ridiculously high—far beyond the clunky bounds of most daemon engines. From a resting position, you can leap as high as a 10-story building with ease. For every additional 50 CP spent on this perk, you can increase your maximum jump height by another 10 stories. The more you invest, the higher you soar—until even aircraft might start looking nervously over their shoulders.

Climber [100 CP]:
Whether you move on wheels, legs, or some unholy combination of both, your daemonic frame has been outfitted with specialized climbing adaptations. Tiny retractable claws, barbed limbs, or warp-sticky traction pads now allow you to scale vertical surfaces—and even traverse ceilings—with supernatural ease.

You can move along walls and upside down without losing speed, stability, or grace. No terrain is too treacherous, no surface too sheer. Your enemies may flee to the high ground... but now, the high ground belongs to you.

Swimming [200 CP]:
Most daemon engines sink like screaming anvils the moment they touch water—but not you. Through foul sorcery and grim mechanical adaptation, you have gained an amphibious mode that allows you to move underwater with ease. Whether cruising through inky black trenches or weaving between sunken ruins, you suffer no loss in mobility, buoyancy, or control.

Your hull reshapes and shifts as needed—propulsion systems, ballast controls, or eldritch fins allow you to glide through the depths like a daemon-crafted submarine or even skim the waves like a cursed battleship.

Want to do both? For an additional 100 CP, you gain full dual-mode capability: slipping beneath the surface like a submarine and roaring across it like a hell-powered warship.

Flight [200 CP]:
Like the Fire Lord or the Heldrake, your Daemon Engine soars over the field of battle. Perhaps it has wings that are paradoxically able to maintain its great mass, perhaps it features turbines to keep it aloft, or maybe it jets around on bursts of warpflame; it doesn’t matter. The Engine is unbound by terrain or environment, able to fly in space as easily as in atmosphere, and is not slowed down by the friction of the ground, letting it travel faster than most other Daemon Engines.

Your Daemon Engine does not, by default, need forward motion to stay aloft and is able to hover; however, you can discount the price of this option by 50 CP in order to force it to keep in motion in order to stay airborne.

Size

How big is your Daemon Engine? Choose only one category. This accounts for both height and mass; a Daemon Engine might be shorter than others in its category, but its bulk would place it in a higher tier than its height suggests. Cyberdaemons ignore this section; your cybernetics will not make a significant increase to your size.

Medium [Free]:
Like the lesser depictions of Blight Drones, your Daemon Engine is smaller than a Chaos Dreadnought, but larger than a Space Marine. It benefits from excellent mobility, but won't be able to take a hit as well as a larger Engine could.

Heavy [200 CP]:
Your Daemon Engine is like the Foetid Bloat-Drone or the Plagueburst Crawler, and is larger than a Chaos Dreadnought, but smaller than a Chaos Knight in size. Your daemonic machine isn't as agile as a Medium Engine, but it is stronger and can take more hits.

Superheavy [400 CP, Free and Mandatory for Soulbound Juggernaut]:
At least the size of a Chaos Knight in size, this is the point where you start seeing Daemon Engines such as the Plague Centurion or the Brass Scorpion. Unless other purchases improve their mobility by sorcerous means, at this point they can't be considered graceful at all, but the sheer force such an Engine can exert is truly monstrous.

Titanic [600 CP]:
Now your Daemon Engine has gone beyond the pale, and is now on the level of the Auruntaur and the Slaanesh Subjugator, able to compete with Chaos Titans. By itself, it completely changes the battlefield, and unless the enemy is equipped to fight enemies at this scale, they will find that victory is all but hopeless in the face of its might.

Colossal [800 CP]:
Your Daemon Engine can't be compared to mere Titans anymore. Like the Warp Palace of Tzeentch or the largest of the Æther Rays, the size of this Daemon Engine is better compared to entire palaces and fortresses than it is any vehicle. Such Daemon Engines surge with such levels of daemonic energy that they can single-handedly turn the tides of entire wars.

Weapons

Here you will decide what weapons that your demon engine has implanted into its body. Weapons purchased here are able to replenish their fuel or ammunition on a daily basis. Weapons that are normally smaller will scale in size to suit the mass of the Daemon Engine; however, you can alternatively take a larger number of smaller weapons instead of scaling up in size. If an option offers multiple weapons, then at your discretion you may take only a single instance of that weapon, moderately empowering that single weapon beyond what it would have previously been capable of. Unless stated otherwise, you can buy any weapon here multiple times at full price.

Harvester Cannon [50 CP, One purchase free and mandatory for Soulbound Juggernaut]:
These cannons protrude form the flesh of the Daemon Engine, and rapidly fire solid projectiles with sufficient force to destroy light vehicles. With an act of will, they can switch out their slug projectiles with flak, letting them more effectively counter aircraft.

Impaler Harpoon [50 CP]:
Utilized by the Blood Slaughterers, this weapon consists of a cannon designed to fire a large harpoon that is strong enough to pierce through the armor of large vehicles. Its savagely barbed hooks dig in after penetration, and its connecting cable rapidly retracts, pulling the enemy to the Daemon Engine so it can properly engage them at close range.

Melee Weapon [50 CP, One basic purchase free, One purchase mandatory for Soulbound Juggernaut]:
The majority of Daemon Engines feature a weapon built into their chassis to take care of melee combat. These can be anything from tendrils of daemonic bone and flesh that lash out to bifurcate enemies in the blink of an eye, to piston-powered crab-like claws capable of crushing tanks with ease. Your Daemon Engine receives a single melee weapon for free (in the event of it having limbs, you can designate two limbs as melee weapons with a single purchase).

Alternatively, the Daemon Engine can be provided with a physical weapon to hold, such as the Great Cleavers of Khorne wielded by the Lord of Skulls or the massive Chain Scythes wielded by the Plague Centurion; these weapons may be mundane, or full-fledged Chain Weapons, should that be desires instead.

Soul Grinders gain an Iron Claw for free, and may optionally take a second Iron Claw *or* a Warp Sword for free.

For an additional 50 CP, you can upgrade your purchase to be made of Power Weapons, such as the Power Scourge utilized by Helbrutes or the claw-like Power Fists seen on the Maulerfiend.

Battle Cannon [100 CP]:
The Battle Cannon is a standard-issue ballistic weapon, typically mounted as the primary turret armament on the Leman Russ Battle Tank and the Rogal Dorn Battle Tank… or, to more horrific effect, aboard the torso of a Defiler. It fires high-explosive shells capable of obliterating infantry, light vehicles, fortifications, and whatever poor fool thought cover was a good idea.

Reaper Autocannon [100 CP]:
You gain two of these bad boys with each purchase. The Reaper Autocannon is a double-barreled variant of the standard Autocannon, featuring a terrifyingly high rate of fire that shreds infantry like wet paper in a warp storm. Each cannon

comes with a brutal combat blade mounted beneath the barrels—perfect for turning the desperate into decorative meat sculptures when they get too close.

You may alternatively select another kind of Autocannon in use by the forces of Chaos, such as the Butcher Cannon or the Hades Autocannon.

For an additional 50 CP, this can be upgraded into the Hades Gatling Gun, a larger weapon featuring four times as many barrels that can fill the air with bullets that are significantly increased in size in comparison to those of the Reaper Autocannon.

Heavy Flamer [100 CP]:
You gain a pair of these bad boys with each purchase.The Heavy Flamer is the larger, meaner cousin of the standard flamer, capable of unleashing thicker, hotter, and crueler gouts of fire across the battlefield. It doesn’t care about precision. It doesn’t need to. What it lacks in accuracy, it makes up for in sheer volume of burning promethium, sprayed in wide, sweeping arcs that turn cover into cinders and flesh into screaming, melting ruin.

Dodging it is almost impossible—if you're in range, you're already on fire.Perfect for clearing bunkers, trenches, and hives.

Instead of a mundane promethium-based Heavy Flamer, you may alternatively wield a Baleflamer, which directly calls upon the Daemon Engine’s hellish nature to unleash gouts of daemonic flame.

For an additional 50 CP, the Heavy Flamers can be improved into a Warpflame Weapon, letting loose terrifying torrents of multi-colored flame, imbued with the transmogrifying powers of the Warp to distort and transform everything it touches from the touch of Chaos.

Heavy Bolter [100 CP]:
This weapon comes in pairs, and is a bigger and even more destructive version of the standard Bolter, that fires at speeds the normal Boltgun can’t hope to

match. The rounds it fires have their own propulsion, like miniature rockets, and have an explosive payload that detonates after penetrating the enemy, ensuring maximum destructive potential.

Multi-Melta [100 CP]:
You receive a pair of Multi-Meltas with each purchase, which is a heavy Meltagun with multiple barrels. Useful against both infantry and armor, it unleashes a short-ranged beam by inducing a sub-molecular reaction with a pressurized pyrum-petrol fuel mix, and ejecting beams of incredible heat capable of melting even the most heavily-armored of vehicles into slag, and only its small range prevents it from being even more devastating.

Alternatively, you can obtain a Magma Cutter such as that seen on the Maulerfiend, which fires pressurized streams of superheated molten material to similar effect.

Boiling Blood [100 CP]:
Your Daemon Engine is implanted with one of three weapons. The first is the Gorestorm Cannon, which unleashes large gouts of blood on your enemies, heated to such an extent that flesh instantly melts from bone.

The second option is the Daemongore Cannon, which consists of four smaller barrels that can fire arcs of boiling blood in rapid succession.

The third option is the Ichor Cannon, which fires a large globule of super-heated blood that burst upon impact, which has greater range than the other options.

Vomit Cannon [100 CP]:
With vast internal reserves of filth, your Daemon Engine is equipped with the means to project a deluge of surpassing disgustingness and unmitigated foulness, a collection of acid, poison, and disease of such horrific virulence that even heavily-armored vehicles would be destroyed in mere moments, and simply being present by its effluvia would result in coming down with some hideous illness of Nurgle’s creation.

You can alternatively equip your Daemon Engine with a Pus Cannon, Bile Spurt, or similar weapon of filth and pestilence as favored by Nurgle.

Tormentor Cannon [150 CP]:
This weapon concentrates psychic powers to unleash a beam composed of pure agony. Those struck by it are tortured in countless ways over a short span of time; they die almost instantly, but from their perspective suffered extensively, and the burnt husk of their body is grotesquely contorted to serve as a symbol of fear of the power this cannon can bring to bear.

Sonic Weaponry [150 CP]:
Whether it is the Sonic Scream of a Heldrake or the Blastmaster of a Debaser, your Daemon Engine is equipped with weaponry that utilized hellish sounds for combat. The frequency and intensity of these noises can be so great as to liquidize flesh, or blast straight through the hull of a Land Raider. They are even capable of using eldritch frequencies that interfere with the functioning of electronics, as Two-Headed Heldrakes have been known to stun thes systems of Thunderhawks with their screeches.

Plasma Cannon [150 CP]:
Utilizing plasma technology to deliver a blast of superheated matter to a target, the Plasma Cannon is one of the most powerful weapons available to both the Imperium and the forces of Chaos. It has good range and astounding destructive potential, able to fell vehicles with ease as its projectiles explode with the heat of a small sun. Its only flaw is its tendency to explode, which will never be a problem for your Daemon Engine, leaving this as only an incredibly potent weapon without downsides. You receive two Plasma Cannons with each purchase.

Alternatively, you can purchase the Ectoplasma Cannon often seen on Forgefiends. These are identical in effect to Plasma Cannons, but utterly different in methodology; they fire the tortured, screaming souls of the damned, imbued with daemonic energy to cause devastation similar to that of a Plasma Cannon, and resembling a tortured beam of energy in usage.

Warp Sword [150 CP, Optionally Free to Soulbound Juggernaut]:
Built from the pure energies of the Warp, this blade is composed of Empyreal energies that are powerful enough to effortlessly shear through flesh and vehicle alike, and is further empowered by the hatred of the Daemon Engine. Should you possess Soulbound Juggernaut, you may optionally take a Warp Sword for free, instead of having a second Iron Claw Melee Weapon. The Warp Sword is not built into the Daemon Engine, but is instead grasped in an arm, which this purchase ensures you will have at least one of.

Alternatively, you can obtain a Warp Claw for the same price, which is functionally identical to the Warp Sword, but in the form of a massive claw.

Skull Hurler [150 CP]:
A large cannon featuring a giant skull on its end, it fires smaller skulls from the maw of the large one. Each skull is imbued with hellish energy to animate it, biting and gnawing upon its enemies; when the skulls are destroyed, they become a devastating explosive weapon, unleashing bursts of daemonic flame in every direction as it shatters. However, it has a special attack, as well; the large skull, itself full of the explosive skulls, can be fired as well, to titanically greater effect. However, it will take some time to replenish the supply of skulls after such usage.

Plagueburst Mortar [150 CP]:
With a parabolic arc and extreme range, this is one of the most potent artillery weapons a Daemon Engine could possess. Its shells unleash clouds of corrosive gas and disease of such vile potency that its destructive effects are equal to the damage inflicted by an Imperial Demolisher Cannon.

Butcher Cannon [200 CP]:
A weapon of sheer brutality and malevolent intent, the Butcher Cannon is a heavy-calibre, rapid-firing rotary gun wielded by the monstrous war engines of the Forces of Chaos.

Its rounds are massive shells, each inscribed with blasphemous runes of Chaos anathema, spite, and bloodletting—every shot tears not just through armor and flesh, but sanity itself. Where it strikes, there is no clean wound: only ragged ruin, psychic backlash, and a rising chorus of screams that echo from the Warp.

Survivors (if any) are often left cursed, their wounds refusing to heal, their minds haunted by the whispers of daemons etched into every shell.

Mawcannon [200 CP, One purchase free and mandatory to Soulbound Juggernaut]:
A weapon built into the mouth of the Daemon Engine, it allows the Engine to unleash a blast of burning Warpfire known as a "Baleful Torrent", able to engulf entire structures or full squads of the enemy in a single blast of blazing ethereal energy. Alternatively, you can use the variant seen in the Plague Hulk, where you can vomit forth a wave of unspeakable foulness and vile effluvia that can rot flesh instantly and corrode even teh strongest metals.

Either version may be purchased for only 100 CP, resulting in a weaker attack that covers a smaller area, such as seen in the Blight Drone.

Chaos Soul Burner Petard [200 CP]:
A favorite of the Chaos Decimator Daemon Engine, the Soul Burner Petard is a medium-range ballistic weapon that trades in destruction for pure, unfiltered corruption.

On the surface, it resembles a short-range mortar—lobbing large, arcing shells across the battlefield. But that’s where the similarities end. Because the Soul Burner Petard doesn’t fire explosives. Oh no. It fires Warp-charged horrors sealed in rune-etched casings, bound with shrieking souls and unstable daemonfire.

When the shell lands, it doesn’t simply explode—it detonates with a burst of raw warp energy, bathing the area in reality-warping corruption. Flesh warps. Steel bleeds. Stone weeps. Victims caught in the blast aren’t obliterated—they’re transformed.

Some become hideous Chaos Spawn, writhing and gibbering, twisted beyond recognition. Others erupt in daemonic possession, becoming shrieking puppets of the Warp.

Storm Laser [200 CP]:

Also known as the Decimator Storm Laser, this weapon is a precision-guided hate beam deployed by Chaos Decimator Daemon Engines most effective in facing swarms of infantry or hordes of lightly armored foes. Unlike more brutish ballistic options, the Storm Laser offers terrifying efficiency. Each blast is a concentrated lance of warp-infused light, moving at such incomprehensible speed that targets are vaporized before they even realize they've been targeted. The weapon emits a scream of reality being sliced in half as it fires,.What remains in the aftermath is usually nothing but a scorch mark, a charred shadow, or in truly lucky cases—a pile of steaming boots.

Alternatively, you can purchase a Laser Destructor, with a range of more than a thousand yards and fully capable of blasting a wide hole in feet of solid adamantium.
By reducing the price to only 100 CP, you can instead purchase a more typical Lascannon such as you might see equipped on a Helbrute.

Excruciator Cannon [300 CP]:
You receive a pair of these monstrous weapons with each purchase. They draw upon the energies of the Empyrean to unleash ear-splitting blasts that shred armor. But the fearsomeness of this weapon doesn't come from its method of attack, but its method of fuel. The energies they use don't come from the Warp, but from captured daemons. Your Daemon Engine is now capable of devouring hellish, daemonic, and spiritual beings and turning them into raw energy, its form gradually bloating as it consumes more and more. This energy can be used to fuel blasts of the Excruciator Cannon, or drawn upon to produce raw material for creating more Daemon Engines.

Without a Daemon to charge it, the Cannons can only be fired once every couple of minutes.

Conversion Beam Projector [600 CP/Cannot be purchased multiple times]:
A relic of unspeakable devastation, the Conversion Beam Projector is an archeotech weapon of pre-Horus Heresy design, likely born during the twilight of the Age of Technology—when humanity still toyed with the secrets of the stars and stared unblinking into the abyss.

This monstrous weapon unleashes a beam of concentrated antimatter particles, projected with terrifying precision. Upon impact, the beam initiates a matter-antimatter reaction, triggering a localized explosion of catastrophic power that unmakes the target at a molecular level.
No screaming. No flames. Just sudden, annihilating silence—and then nothing.

Its most infamous trait? The farther away your target is, the stronger the reaction becomes. At longer distances, the beam achieves its maximum destabilization, building to a crescendo of obliteration just before the limits of its coherence.

Special Features

Here, you will find additional options for customizing your Daemon Engine, such as additional abilities, or options to help decide its form.

Import [Only One — Free]:
You may import one machine—of equal size to the daemon engine form you've chosen—to serve as the base of your transformation. This can be anything from a towering Gundam to a Zord from Power Rangers, so long as it fits within your chosen size limits.Once imported, the machine will be fused and reshaped into your daemonic body, its functions twisted by the Warp, and its soul (if any) irrevocably tainted. Whether it was once noble, heroic, or merely utilitarian—now it serves the Dark Gods.

Vehicle [Free, Exclusive to Daemon Engine Mount option]:
This Daemon Engine is designed to have a rider, and possibly passengers. How many people can mount this Daemon Engine at a time is limited by its size. A smaller Daemon Engine might have a seat for a single rider, or it may have a large internal cavity capable of ferrying many allied units about the battlefield. The Daemon Engine will permit you to drive it and direct it in battle (when you don't simply allow it to act on its own, that is), but it is not guaranteed that anyone else will survive the attempt to do the same.

Deadly Demise Protocol [Free]:
Whenever your Engine's body is destroyed and it is banished back to the Warp, its shattered form detonates in a massive warp-fueled explosion. This blast deals

Warp damage to everything within a 3 km radius, even at minimum size. The explosion is completely safe for any allies it chooses to spare (which by default will be all of your minions, servants, and companions… unless it has a personal grudge against them)—its malice is selective, after all.

Grasping Limbs x2 [50 CP, Can be purchased multiple times]:
Your Daemon Engine has appendages that allow it to grap hold of and manipulate objects, such as the large limbs of the Plague Centurian or the Warp Sword-clutching hand of the Soul Grinder. You may optionally take only a single Grasping Limb, if you so desire, but the price remains the same.

Fights First System [100 CP]:
Your Daemon Engine's CPU is hardwired to its consciousness and tuned for combat. In melee engagements, this system maximizes its reaction speed to its absolute limit, ensuring that they always land the first blow before the enemy's attack can connect.

Note: This does not override the laws of physics. Enemies moving at light speed can still strike them first—but anything slower is fair game.

Anti-[X] [100 CP]:
One of its weapons becomes specialized to annihilate a specific type of enemy. The more precise the type (e.g., "Necron Overlords" instead of just "robots"), the more devastating its effects.

This trait can be purchased multiple times, each time applying to a new weapon or a new enemy category. Should you go to a jump where that category does not exist, it will affect whatever is closest to its original category, but at a vastly reduced degree of effectiveness.

Assault [100 CP]:
One of your Daemon Engine's weapons now functions with perfect accuracy while it is moving, no matter how fast they're going. Whether sprinting, skidding, flying, or smashing through walls at top speed, this weapon's precision won't falter.

This trait can be purchased multiple times for additional weapon

Blast [100 CP]:
One of the Engine's weapons now deals splash damage when it strikes, sending out a brutal shockwave or explosion. The larger the enemy group, the greater the area of devastation.

This trait can be purchased multiple times, each time upgrading a different weapon.

Ignore Cover [100 CP]:
One of the weapons of your Daemon Engine now ignores enemy cover, bypassing obstacles like walls, barricades, or terrain—as long as it can still see the enemy's position. If the target is completely obscured, the cover still offers protection.

This can be purchased multiple times for additional weapons.

Twin-Linked [100 CP, Requires two weapons of the same type]:
Two of the Engine's ranged weapons are now twin-linked, sharing targeting data and firing in perfect synchronization. The result is enhanced accuracy, greater firepower, and synchronized devastation.

This can be purchased multiple times for additional weapons.

Hyper Regeneration [100 CP]:
The shell of your Daemonic Engine now possesses a vastly enhanced regenerative capability. So long as its core systems or host consciousness remain intact, its body will begin to reknit itself—crushed armor plating, shattered limbs, melted servos, ruptured flesh—all will restore themselves over time..

In addition, any ammunition or munitions required to power the weapon systems are now replenished hourly, regenerated through warp-fed forges buried deep within its frame. No matter how prolonged the war or how many millennia the

bloodshed continues, you'll never have to worry about your Engine run dry of firepower.

Psychic Shield [100 CP]:
Like the Warp Palace of Tzeentch, your Daemon Engine is psychically potent and capable of mentally reaching out to protect your allies. It can only protect one ally at a time, but that ally will gain a potent layer of defense that any attackers will need to break through before being able to damage them. This defense is only temporary, but can be rapidly reassigned to other people as circumstances vary.

For another 150 CP, the Daemon Engine is itself protected by a powerful barrier, and can extend this barrier to also cover nearby infantry and vehicles. This barrier must be independently penetrated for each of your allies, giving them a potent defense against almost any attack.

Sorcerous Flames [100 CP]:
This is no weapon the Daemon Engine possesses; instead, it can harnes psychic energy to directly make attacks, unleashing gouts of blue or pink fire to decimate the enemy.

For another 100 CP, your Engine can additionally unleash great storms of flame, and those who die beneath this conflagration have a chance to be used as raw materials to summon a Pink Horror. Even should you not be a follow of Tzeentch, these daemons will not attack you and will focus only on destroying your enemy before they return to the Warp once the fight is complete.

Sorcerous Focus [150 CP]:
Like the Silver Towers and Warp Palaces of Tzeentch, your Daemon Engine is capable of focusing and directing the sorcerous powers of your allies, allowing them to produce attacks outside the normal reach of what they may be capable of.

Teleportation [200 CP]:
There are a variety of means by which a Daemon Engine might teleport, from equipment built into it by the Dark Mechanicum to a utilization of psychic powers.

Regardless of the means, your Daemon Engine is able to rapidly move large distances in the blink of an eye through means of teleportation.

Factory [600 CP, Size Requirement: Minimum Superheavy]:
Your Daemon Engine is no longer just a vehicle—it are a foundry, a hellish manufactorum given violent life. Deep within its body, blazing warp-furnaces, corrupted servo-fabricators, and chittering assembly daemons work tirelessly. Every day, it can produce one medium-sized daemon engine from within your twisted form, birthed screaming into battle like a mechanical abomination. Alternatively, it may instead create up to ten small daemon engines, each no larger than a cat—though don't be fooled by their size, for they are fast, vicious, and utterly disposable.

As your Engine's size increases, so too does the magnitude of itsproduction. Titanic and Colossal will yield even more engines, or larger ones, scaling in proportion to its warped mass and available warp-energy. Regardless of the scale, every engine created by your Daemon Engine is utterly loyal to you—or at least loyal enough to turn on your enemies first.

Companions

Companions in Chaos [50 CP]:
You may import companions into the jump to accompany you; each is 50 CP, although you can get a batch of 8 for only 300 CP. You may alternatively create new companions, if you so desire. Each companion receives an origin and 600 CP with which to purchase perks and items. They may not take drawbacks, but you can give them more points by spending 100 CP to grant them 200 CP to spend how they desire.

New Recruits [50 CP]:
If you encounter anyone you'd like to bring with you, and can convince them to accompany you, you may take them with you on your chain as a companion; should they have features or powers that are normally depending upon traits in this setting specifically in order to function (such as powers that draw upon the Warp), they will be backed by fiat to function in future settings.

Culture Killer [50 CP, Free to Khorne's Berserker]:
A highborn noble of a Pleasure World in the Imperium, they are the last person anyone would expect to harbor murderous tendencies. But after a kidnapping attempt on their person went wrong, they got a taste of killing. And they had never felt more alive. Captured by the magnificence of taking lives, they studied all they could on slaughter and warfare, until they enventually discovered the texts of the Blood God. Every day, the customs and rituals of high society grate on them more heavily, and they ceaselessly yearn to cast aside the trappings of civilization and murder freely, as the barbarous impulses within everyone sings at them to do.

They have created a small but influential Chaos Cult on their planet that runs bloodsport and gladiatorial arenas as they gather the resources needed to actively revolt. They have gathered some small degree of fame for their brutal killings in the arena, but do not care for their fame; their heart only desires the freedom to kill. Their most deeply-held desire is to make the idyllic cities of their world run red with blood. They are sufficiently studied in the lore of Chaos to summon you, in the hopes that you can engulf their planet in a maelstrom of war and bloodshed.

Disciple of Decay [50 CP, Free to Nurgle's Rot-Blessed]:
They were born on an Industrial World that was stricken by plague after plague. They saw everyone they knew and cared for fall to illness, and despaired at the pointlessness of it all. But then, they encountered books written by priests of Nurgle, and they were enlightened as to the beauty of contagion.

Where once they saw only horror, they now knew that spreading viral infection was only a way of showing love, and they embraced their new duty with passion. They are sufficiently studied in the lore of Chaos to summon you.

Student of Sorcery [50 CP, Free to Tzeentch's Warpweaver]:
Originally a Thrall-Wizard in service to the Thousand Sons, this child of the Planet of the Sorcerers has since left the Daemon World to go undercover in an Imperial Hive World. They are patient and cunning, but grievously miss their home. Still, they were called upon to spread the cult of Tzeentch, and they would not dare to fail to follow orders.

Their deepest desire in life is to study the magic of the Warp, and they silently fume over the time they waste hiding their activities in Imperium-controlled territory. Still, they are very good, to the point that they are even capable of summoning you.

Agonized Artiste [50 CP, Free to Slaanesh's Sensation Seeker]:
A simple member of their world's Planetary Defense Force, in their personal time they have devoted themselves to art. But not merely copying images and landscapes; they paint their dreams, for they were long ago visited by a Daemonette who put such wondrous and terrible sights into their head.

Their attempts to exorcize the images from their dreams by putting them to paper have only slowly corrupted everyone who sees them, and they do not realize that they have created an entire cult to Slaanesh as a result of their pictures. They do not know any Chaos lore, but if they draw an accurate picture of a daemon, that daemon can use the artwork as a one-time portal into realspace, and of late their dreams have been filled with images of you.

Geriatric Judge [50 CP, Free to Chaos Undivided's Unifier]:
This member of the Adeptus Arbites has refused to quit despite their advanced age, which is often mistakenly attributed to their zeal for justice. In truth, it is curiosity. Long ago, they helped bust a Chaos cult, and in the process were exposed to some of their teachings. They have spent their decades since then hunting down every whiff of information relating to Chaos, seeking to sate their endless interest in the Dark Gods, and disguising their interest as passion for their job.

Although old, their experienced career has afforded them the money to take treatments that ensure that they are as fit as a fiddle, and their cybernetic augmentations combined with the skills honed over a long career make them a force to be reckoned with. They have recently obtained enough information regarding Chaos to be able to summon daemons, even those as puissant as you.

Corrupted Cardinal [50 CP, Free to Touch of Malice]:
Long ago, a terrible event shattered their faith in the Emperor, and they retained their position as Cardinal due only to precarious circumstances and an unwillingness to let others know their belief had wavered. But soon, with their eyes cleared of the blindness born from the Emperor's light, they behold the flaws of the Imperium, and the seeds of desire to overthrow its tyranny and let anarchy rule grew in their heart. And so too did Malice take note of them, and subtly twist them into following the Renegade God.

Now, they are thoroughly in the grips of the Hierarch of Anarchy and Terror, and have created multiple small cults to Malice throughout their diocese without

drawing attention to themselves. They have enough favor in the eyes of Malice to be able to summon daemons, including you.

A Bloodied Fist [100 CP, Discounted to Khorne's Berserker]:
Typically, Bloodletters are armed with large weapons such as the infamous Hellblade, all the better for cleaving through their enemies and harvesting skulls. However, this Exalted Bloodletter feels that it's too… impersonal. They want to rip open the enemy with their own hands, feel their blood gush down their arms. Towards that end, they have obtained spiked, clawed gauntlets, forged in the same fashion as Hellblades, with which to tear apart their opponents.

They are unusually armored for a Bloodletter; not from fear, but simply because they have an almost childlike enthusiasm for implements of war of all types, even if they prefer to fight with their fists. They possess a large collection of weapons and armor taken from mighty warriors of all cultures, and have an uncommon interest in the finer details of military strategy.

A Fanged Maw [100 CP, Discounted to Nurgle's Rot-Blessed]:
Normally, one would never find a Nurgling that has been Exalted; the little fellows just never stand out enough to earn the favors of the Plaguefather, beyond the love Nurgle has for all his children. But this Nurgling happened to be present for the ascension of Ku'gath from a mere Nurgling into the greatest of the Great Unclean Ones, and ever since then has been obsessed with repeating that incredible feat. But Nurgle has never since created a plague as potent as the one Ku'gath consumed, and has not been so careless as to allow a Nurgling to consume their lesser plagues. So they have set out to devour as many contagions as they can by slurping up the remains of plague victims.

It has taken them eons, but they have finally become the first example of an Exalted Nurgling, and are giddy at the prospect of further growth. Their bite is instantly lethal to almost all living things, for it is a festering breeding ground for more plagues and diseases than even many Heralds of Nurgle are capable of naming, and they have ingested so many venoms and chemicals that even those resistant to disease would likely still fall from the other effects on their biology.

An Endless Spell [100 CP, Discounted to Tzeentch's Warpweaver]:
This Pink Horror has a long and storied history serving Tzeentch. This isn't because they're particularly capable, or that they have come up with great plots of their own; no, instead, they are utterly, unreasonably *lucky*, and the by-products of their actions, the results of their accidents, and the consequences of their failures, have almost uniformly served to advance the interest of their superiors and Tzeentch themself, even when their actions weren't actually a component of any greater plot. Their luck is so extreme that it warranted Tzeentch blessing them with a spell of particular potency and the status of being Exalted, to ensure they would continue to exist and continue to provide for his cause (aka, Tzeentch's entertainment).

When killed, they are always reduced to a pair of Blue Horrors, should a Horror die, then they will be reduced to a pair of Brimstone Horrors. Should even one Brimstone Horror exist, then after 9 hours, another Brimstone Horror will appear. Additionally, even while reduced to mere Brimstone Horrors, they will retain their Exalted status. But they won't remain as feeble as a Brimstone Horror for long; long as two Brimstone Horrors have been alive for 9 hours, they will spontaneously re-fuse into a Blue Horror; should both Blue Horrors have lived for 9 hours, they will join together to become a Pink Horror again. They consistently have four arms, and wield a magical staff and a single dagger, leaving one hand open for spellcasting and whatever other purposes they may need.

A Desirous Caress [100 CP, Discounted to Slaanesh's Sensation Seeker]:

From time to time, one finds a Daemonette who becomes uncommonly attached to those that they are meant to lead into damnation. Rather than simply ruining lives, this Exalted Daemonette tends to latch onto a mortal and guide them to ever-greater heights, turning mere artists with vision into unparalleled masters, and making warriors into engines of destruction, as they inspire them to pursue ever-greater heights of skill and perfection.

Inevitably, however, their patronage leads their charge into the worship of Slaanesh, and eventually into self-destructive degrees of hedonism. This also hurts them, because they are always certain that *this* mortal would be able to reach even greater heights, and perhaps even ascend into a Daemon Prince… but none ever has, and they quietly despair over their perceived failure in this regard. They wield a pair of spiked whips, seeking to torment their enemies physically with the same anguish they feel inside over the failure of their chosen champions.

A Silent Claw [100 CP, Discounted to Chaos Undivided's Unifier]:
This is a rare find in the modern era; an Infernus Abomination, such as those once fielded in the Horus Heresy against the Imperium. An unparalleled daemonic assassin, the Infernus Abomination is humanoid in form, and clad in a unique armor known as a Wraithskin Suit; the Infernus Abomination itself is a shadow that is darker than mere blackness, so the Wraithskin Suit not only gives it stability, it also allows it to shapeshift into any form appearance it likes. They transmute their own flesh into weapons, even able to fire poisonous shards of bone at incredible distances.

They are fully capable of matching and exceeding the abilities of the assassins of the Officio Assassinorum, and their own neural impulses are overridden by the suit to push them to feats of physicality matched by few other daemons. Of particular note is their interaction with the biology of mortals; their touch absorbs and consumes the flesh of the living or the deceased, invigorating them, while

consuming cerebral matter actively heals their bodies and lets them see the thoughts and memories of the dead.

Anarchic Sagittary [200 CP, Discounted to Touch of Malice]:
Daemons such as this should not exist in today's age, for they fell when Warmaster Horus died at the Emperor's hands; however, Malice had already subverted this one by that time, and like a protective parasite, guarded it from destruction that it might continue to carry out Malice's will. This is a Dreadful Sagittary, a daemonic black centaur that bore the face of Horus Lupercal.

They lack the Warmaster's might as a primarch, nor do they possess his strategic acumen; however, they still have his memories of long campaigns, countless victories, and battle experience, making them far more potent in both battle and command than any normal Lesser Daemon could hope to be. They are a perfect expert with the bow, using long Bloodlight Arrows composed of pure warp energy, and a scythe to engage in melee.

The Lady of Chains [300 CP, Discounted to Khorne's Berserker]:
Once she was a simple blacksmith in a peaceful tribe on a Feral World that had long been lost to humanity. But she smithed weapons, and grew upset that in her peaceful culture, there was no true use for her weaponry. So she started to change things, inciting anger and tribalism and xenophobia until she eventually drove her tribe to war with another. And then another, and another, until eventually the entire planet was engulfed in bloodshed, and she could finally see her weapons put to proper use.

Khorne saw her, and elevated her to a Daemon Princess, where she could forge all the weapons she desired from infernal brass, and where she garbed herself in chains that she could control with her will and her hatred.

The Great Clean One [300 CP, Discounted to Nurgle's Rot-Blessed]:
Fastidiousness is not often associated with the followers of Nurgle, but this Daemon Prince is an exception. They were originally a Magos Biologis, with a focus on pathology and virology. They weren't interested in curing them, however, but in creating ever-more creative methods of spreading disease, even

designing viruses that could interact with computers. They were nearly killed for tech-heresy, but managed to escape. Their work eventually led to the destruction of a Fortress World, and Nurgle granted them the status of a Daemon Prince.

But they were thoroughly grounded in scientific methods, and although they were happy to brew new contagious, they always insisted in doing so in a scientific manner–which required working in a clean room, to ensure nothing disrupted their work. Sure, getting some germs in the mix might end up with a stronger disease, but it wouldn't be the same disease they had been painstakingly constructing towards a specific goal, so they keep themselves and their work environment spotless. Their attitude doesn't earn them many favors among their fellow Nurglites, but the plagues they have created have received widespread acclaim, and they have something of a reputation as a strange and eccentric artist of contagion.

The Lord of Ill-Fortune [300 CP, Discounted to Tzeentch's Warpweaver]: No one is actually certain how this fellow became a Daemon Prince. He was a psyker who followed Tzeentch, certainly, and he served faithfully. But he never accomplished any great deeds, or made great sacrifices in the name of the Changer of Ways. Even so, Tzeentch saw fit to turn him into a Daemon Prince, and he himself doesn't know why. As far as anyone can figure out, he either accidentally made great contributions towards Tzeentch's plots without ever realizing it, or his becoming a Daemon Prince is to use him in some specific role in the Chaos God's infinitely labyrinthine schemes.

Regardless of how he took on the role, he has been moderately successful as a Daemon Prince, running a number of conspiracies in the mortal world and having managed to vex several chapters of Astartes. His particular talent is negatively impacting the fortunes of his opponents, which he can accomplish even through his minions, without ever showing himself.

The Thrill Harvester [300 CP, Discounted to Slaanesh's Sensation Seeker]:
As a mortal, she was always obsessed with getting a new fix. More drugs, more hedonism, more good food… but she especially loved new experiences. Racing exotic vehicles, hunting monsters on Death Worlds… anything and everything she could experience, she did.

Eventually, Slaanesh took notice of her devotion to excess, and blessed her with an ascension to Daemon Princess. Now, she feasts on experiences in a whole new way, for her touch can drain people of their memories–specifically, their memories of interesting or exciting things in their life.

The Snake-Eater [300 CP, Discounted to Chaos Undivided's Unifier]:
This is an ancient Daemon Prince, one far older than the Imperium, or even humanity's ascension into a galactic power. They aren't as old as Be'lakor, but they've been around long enough to understand the ebbs and flows of the Great Game, and have stayed alive by selling their services to whichever side they predicted would be most successful at the time.

They have little loyalty to the Chaos Gods themselves, but are a fervent believer in Chaos Undivided, believing the Dark Gods to be but pieces of a single, greater Warp entity that was divided long ago. They have little proof, but it is their belief. They are able to disgorge shadowy serpentine creatures to serve them and attack their enemies, and by devouring these daemonic entities they can heal themselves and briefly boost their power.

The Two-Faced Pergurer [300 CP, Discounted to Touch of Malice]:
A rare Daemon Prince of Malice, they were once a mortal who bore a dreadful grudge against Chaos. They would hunt down Chaos cults–not for the sake of protecting the Imperium, but out of pure, unmitigated hatred for the Dark Gods that killed their children. They were not kind to the Imperium either, who had abandoned his family in their hour of need, and they cut a brutal path through anything that stood in their way. After cutting down numerous cults to all four of the great gods of Chaos, Malice took notice, and elevated them into being a Daemon Prince.

They accepted only because they were told it would allow them to keep hunting the minions of Khorne, Nurgle, Tzeentch, and Slaanesh for the rest of time, and

they have led numerous raids into the domains of the Chaos Gods. They have a peculiar ability that allows them to disguise themselves as any daemonic being of less power than a Greater Daemon, which they have put to excellent use spying on the Ruinous Powers and ruining countless plans.

Ripper of Spines [400 CP, Discounted to Khorne's Berserker]:
Khornates are known for their obsession with skulls, but this Bloodthirster finds the entire skeletal structure quite fascinating. They have taken to collecting bones from particularly impressive champions they have slain, and have formed a suit of armor from them, complete with a cape made of bones and sinew.

They claim to take power from the hatred and resentment of those they have felled, and there may be something to this claim, for every bone added to their armor only seems to increase their combat prowess. For an additional 200 CP, discounted to Khorne's Berserker, they can be upgraded into an Exalted Bloodthirster.

Gardener of Pestilence [400 CP, Discounted to Nurgle's Rot-Blessed]:
This Great Unclean One cares as greatly for life as their fellows, but their affections focus less on viral and bacterial lifeforms and more on floral ones. They have taken to breeding daemonic trees, flowers, and fungi in Nurgle's Garden, making a small fiefdom for themselves where their plants reign supreme.

Of course, being born of Nurgle's home, they are ridden with filth and disease, and are conscious, malevolent entities that can be directed in battle, and the Gardener of Pestilence has learned how to summon the daemon-plants into mundane greenery, making temporarily possessed trees and bushes to beleaguer their enemies. For an additional 200 CP, discounted to Nurgle's Rot-Blessed, they can be upgraded into an Exalted Great Unclean One.

Fractal of Truths [400 CP, Discounted to Tzeentch's Warpweaver]:
The Lords of Change are infamous for their deceptive nature, and this one is no less a schemer and trickster than one would expect from one of the Tzeentchian Greater Daemons. However, they resolutely avoid telling lies–lies, in their experience, fall apart too easily once exposed to the truth.

But a true statement, carefully phrased to mislead? That is far harder to counter, far easier to believe, and the powers they have developed over the truth as a result of their dedication has allowed them to expose people to knowledge and truths their minds cannot bear to comprehend. For an additional 200 CP, discounted to Tzeentch's Warpweaver, they can be upgraded into an Exalted Lord of Change.

Passion of Blades [400 CP, Discounted to Slaanesh's Sensation Seeker]:
The Slaaneshi Greater Daemons known as the Keepers of Secrets are well-known for their pursuit of excess, but this takes different forms for each, and often results in an excessive pursuit of perfection. In the instance of this Keeper, this resulted in an obsessive love for swordplay, and the expenditure of eons of time spent doing nothing but practicing the blade.

Additionally, they are capable of enflaming the passion of those around them, particularly in the form of obsessions over a specific pursuit or craft. The title of "Keeper of Secrets" is honestly a bit of a misnomer for them, for they are also an incorrigible gossip. For an additional 200 CP, discounted to Slaanesh's Sensation Seeker, they can be upgraded into na Exalted Keeper of Secrets.

Feast Colossalof Terror [400 CP, Discounted to Chaos Undivided's Unifier]:
A rare Greater Daemons of Chaos Undivided, this daemon's true appearance is entirely unknown. They always take the form of whatever one of their observer's fears most, even taking immaterial forms; in front of one group, they may appear as a daemonically-empowered swarm of spiders, whereas for a general, they might appear in the form of incompetencies and failures on the part of their

subordinates. For those who truly fear nothing–not even failure–they cannot be perceived at all, nor can they influence or affect them directly.

For an additional 200 CP, discounted to Chaos Undivided's Unifier, they can become an Exalted Greater Daemon. They will be able to take on any form they have previously possessed, and will gain the ability to fill even those who are immune to fear with the seeds of terror; indeed, unused to handling fear, such beings may even be more affected by the fright they experience than someone "more susceptible" to fear would be, giving this daemon a sharp advantage over those who were once immune to their predations.

Primarch of Anarchy [600 CP, Discounted to Touch of Malice]:
Before being exalted into the position of Daemon Primarch by Malice, what was he the primarch of? Was it the II Legion, or was it the XI? He won't say, but only a short exposure to him is sufficient to reveal that he possesses a burning hatred for the Emperor of Man–but there is no risk of him joining his fellow rebellious primarchs under the auspice of the Ruinous Powers, for in his eyes they are equally to blame for the fate of his beloved Legion.

He wishes he could command the forces of Malice in a great army to crush his enemies, but his is forced to exert is immense abilities in tactics, subtlety, and infiltration instead, for the forces of Malice are by far the smallest of all the gods of Chaos, and he himself was among the physically weakest of the Primarchs. His form is remarkably similar to what he bore as a human–if any primarch could be considered "human"–as it is only his overly-long limbs and absence of a face that expose his true nature. He secretly intends to turn on the Renegade God itself once he achieves his vengeance against the Dark Gods and the Corpse-Emperor.

Scenarios

Some scenarios may have a value of points assigned to them; you receive these points before beginning the scenario, as they may be necessary in order to complete the scenario in the first place. Should you fail the scenario, you will forfeit all the purchases you made with the CP the scenario provided. Taking a scenario will extend the duration of your stay in this world until you either succeed, fail, or give up.

Finishing the Game [Incompatible with Chaos Undivided Origin]:
Your chosen Chaos God has decided that it is finally time to achieve supremacy over its fellows, and that it is time to more directly wage war. Although they themselves will not take to the battlefield unless absolutely necessary, you have been sent as part of the armies that will be invading the realm of one of the other gods. You will achieve victory in this scenario by slaying the Chaos God of that realm.

This scenario may be taken up to three times, for each of the other gods of the Warp. If taken with the scenario The Traitor, then your chosen Chaos God is instead called upon to aid the god you betrayed, and you will have to kill both of them.

> **Rewards:**
> Each time you defeat a Chaos God, you will be provided with a Greater Daemon of your faction, who will evolve into minor Chaos God to serve as your companion by absorbing some of the powers of the god you defeated, giving them might far in excess of what any meagre Exalted Greater Daemon could hope to achieve. You will additionally receive 1000 Daemon Points to be spent on the Warhammer 40K: Daemon Legions supplement.

The Final Black Crusade [Exclusive to Chaos Undivided Origin]:
The Chaos Gods have long yearned to rule over the realm of mortals; the Immaterium is shaped by events, thoughts, and feelings from the material world, and by having control over it, the Chaos Gods will thus have greater control over the Warp itself—to say nothing of the sacrifices they would receive and the worship they would gather. And the Despoiler has done well enough in his attempts to plunge the galaxy into Chaos—but the Chaos Gods are fickle, and believe that Abaddon has failed to follow through after creating the Great Rift, and as such have tasked you with leading the forces of Chaos towards ultimate victory in this galaxy.

This scenario is considered complete once there is no longer any interstellar force in the galaxy capable of resisting your rule. Should you take The Traitor scenario, you are still required to conquer the galaxy, but will not have assistance from the Black Crusade.

Rewards:
Upon conquering the galaxy, you will be rewarded with 3000 Daemon Points to be spent on the Warhammer 40K: Daemon Legions supplement to represent your honor guard.

If you also took The Traitor scenario, then you will receive the entire galaxy featured in Warhammer 40K as an attachment to your Warehouse, as well as gaining a warband as your favored personal forces, obtaining all of the following, without needing to fulfill the normal requirements of these supplements:

- Gain for 400 Favor for the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Space Fleet Supplement.

- Gain 1,000 Favor in the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Knights Supplement.
- Gain 4,000 Favor in the Warhammer 40K Army Supplement: The Chaos Legion.
- Gain 10,000 Favor in the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Cult Supplement.

The Traitor [+2000 CP, You gain CP when taking this Scenario]:
Long ago, Yssarile was a daemon-king who rebelled against his god and creator, Tzeentch, seeking to supplant him as a Chaos God. You have decided to follow in his footsteps, and you have rebelled against your daemonic patron god.

Unfortunately, doing so has cut you off from the free perks of your origin; you will need to pay 50 CP for the perks ordinarily priced at 100 CP, while you will entirely lose access to the free exclusive perk of your origin unless you pay 200 CP in order to keep it. The powers of your perks that once drew from your patron deity now comes from your own energy (or that of an outside source you have brought with you into this setting).

Do not expect defeating your chosen enemy god to be easy. Yssarile was so evenly matched with Tzeentch that the war between them raged on for a billion years inside the Warp (although substantially less time passed in realspace), and even then Yssarile was killed by the god he once called his master. Do not forget, when fighting a Chaos God, you are not fighting them alone; each has countless billions of Lesser Daemons and Daemonic Beasts serving them, along with hundreds of thousands of Greater Daemons, if not an even larger number than that.

Nothing in this jump allows you to match that. Even should you take the Daemon-King perk, you won’t have had as much time as the established Chaos Gods to build up armies of equal size; you might be as strong as a Chaos God, but you lack their support, their infrastructure, and the additional power they may be able to harness from fighting you in the seat of their power. You will be at a major disadvantage in this, and will almost certainly require the assistance of powerful companions, perks, or items from other jumps.

Should you have the origin of Chaos Undivided, you will need to defeat all four Chaos Gods; thankfully, they are still as opposed to one another as ever. Should you have the Touch of Malice perk, you will need to defeat Malice instead of the god of your origin; but be warned, Malice is strong enough to survive having made an enemy of all four of the Dark Gods, and is clever enough to have evaded their attempts to kill him for eons. Do not think it will be a lesser challenge simply because he lacks the numerical advantage of the other gods of the Warp.

Your time in this jump will be extended to a million years in order to allow you to complete this task. Should you fail to do so in time, you will fail the scenario, but you will not fail your chain, simply moving on to the next world and forfeiting the scenario rewards.

Rewards:
Should you achieve victory in this tremendous conflict, you will possess everything that made up your defeated enemy. You will receive their power as a supreme entity of the Warp, their divine domains as gods, the daemons that follow them and their mortal cults as followers, and their territory in the Warp as an attachment to your Warehouse.

Should you have taken the Finishing the Game scenario, you will also gain everything belonging to the Chaos Gods that you killed, in addition to the god you rebelled against.

If you chose to fight all four Chaos Gods, you will gain everything that belongs to all four of them.

If you chose to fight Malice, you will gain everything that the parasitic god possessed, which is rather less than the other deities; to make up for this, you will receive +600 CP extra to spend on this jump.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode [0 CP]:
Select a setting other than that of Warhammer 40,000. You will arrive at a version of that setting where the Warp also exists, and cultists to the Chaos Gods will start to summon daemons, allowing you access to that setting. If the setting has a jump document already, you may use it in conjunction with this one; keep track of all points separately. Any “race” or “origin” options will only be taken for the purpose of determining what discounts you receive, they will not change your history or make your species anything other than a daemon. However, if you do choose a race option, you will gain that species as a separate alt-form.

Daemonic Self-Insert [0 CP]:
Normally you would enter as yourself-as-a-daemon, but perhaps you would instead prefer to become a daemon who already exists? With this, you can select any known daemon or daemon prince whom you at least equal in rank and power, and who serves the same deity as your origin; you replace them wholly and entirely, gaining all of their memories and abilities. However, you do not gain whatever curses may have been placed upon them; for instance, should you replace The Masque, you may still face Slaanesh’s ire, but you would not bear her curse to dance forever. Should your chosen daemon be sealed into the form of a Daemon Weapon, you will gain both the form of that daemon and the form of the Daemon Weapon as separate alt-forms, and can switch between them freely.

Chaotic Canon [0 CP]:
Games Workshop is infamously fickle as to the inconsistency of “canon”, and it seems that every new edition–and sometimes books within the same edition!–produces something that retcons part of the setting’s history or turns some piece of established lore into something non-canonical. And there’re almost as many details that are completely up in the air. With this, you can (within reason!) decide

what is canon to the setting, and what is not. Does Malice exist at all? Did Slaaneshi daemons somehow exist before Slaanesh was born in the first place? Are Genestealers entirely unconnected to the Tyranids? Are Living Saints technically a form of daemon? Is the Alpha Legion secretly loyal to the Emperor, or actually traitors? Are Space Marines religious worshippers of the God-Emperor, or simply highly spiritual atheists who exalt the Emperor as the greatest human?

You cannot change current canon in a way that directly benefits you–for instance, in older versions of Warhammer, daemons used to be completely immune to mundane weaponry, which is no longer the case.

Carry On [0 CP]:
It is entirely possible that you have been to the universe of Warhammer 40k before. If you have, you may, instead of going to an entirely new instance of this galaxy, go to one of the same ones you have been to before, maintaining whatever changes you may have made to the setting. No matter what you do, you will be entirely incapable of interacting with your past self from the previous jump(s). Should you have somehow fundamentally changed the nature of Chaos, or changed the lineup of the Chaos Gods, then you will still pick your origin and perks as normal, but may opt to be connected to the closest approximate to whatever deity you chose instead of the exact Chaos God that is described in your origin.

Horus Heresy [0 CP]:
Rather than starting in the 41st Millennium, you begin in the 31st, soon before the opening blows of Horus's rebellion against the Imperium of Man. Should any drawbacks mention people or threats that would occur in the future, you will still be faced with those dangers; the Warp distorts time, so things from the future or past appearing where they don't belong are not unheard of.

Warhammer 50,000 [+100 CP]:
Chaos has existed for a long time, and will surely exist for far longer. And that's without taking into account the twisted progression of time within the Warp, where years can take days and seconds can take hours. You will remain in this setting for an additional 2,000 years for each time you take this drawback, for a

maximum of 10,000 years. Time in this oft-timeless place is determined by your subjective experience of its passing.

Touch of Kharneth [+100 CP]:
The influence of the Blood God upon your life has ensured that you will never forget the sweet feeling of blood upon your flesh. Whenever you do not have some measure of blood on your skin (or hide, or fur, or whathaveyou), you will feel itchy, dry, and uncomfortable. When on your body it will not crust, dry, or cool down, and you are incapable of feeling comfortable in your own skin unless you are smeared with blood.

Touch of Nurgleth [+100 CP]:
The influence of the Plaguefather upon your life has marked you as a source of illness and unpleasantness. You have a spectacularly foul odor, resembling a wretched mix of rotting flesh, disgusting bodily fluids, and decaying offal. It will never be so foul as to incapacitate or actually harm others, but all but other minions of Nurgle will find you utterly unpleasant to be around. And even they won't be able to stand your reek for long periods of time.

Touch of Tzeeneth [+100 CP]:
The influence of the Changer of Ways upon your life guarantees that you will never be able to trust others again. Oh, you may believe them to be telling the truth, and may even think that they aren't *intentionally* trying to mislead you, but you now see plots and schemes in everything. Even if someone is telling the truth and wishes you no harm, you may still believe them to be influenced by some greater intellect that wishes you act against you. People are either scheming against you, are the minions of those who scheme, or are the unwitting pawns of those selfsame plotters.

Touch of Slaaneth [+100 CP]:
The influence of She Who Thirsts upon your life has twisted your mind in unwholesome directions. It's like everything is filtered through a lens of

perversion for you; you desire lewd things, and see sexual undertones in everything other people say or do. You may be aware that they aren't intentional, but you'll see them nonetheless.

Hated in the Eyes of Khorne [+100 CP]:
Your ability to produce violence is highly curtailed, and you have earned Khorne's disfavor. Any perks you possess from other jumps that directly improve your skill in combat, or that provide you with combat-based abilities, will fail to function.

Pitied in the Eyes of Nurgle [+100 CP]:
Your ability to resist plague is stricken from you, and you have drawn the attention of Nurgle. Any perks you possess from other jumps that provide you with protections against disease, parasites, poisons, or acids, or that ensure your cleanliness and attractiveness, will fail to function.

Mocked in the Eyes of Tzeentch [+100 CP]:
Your ability to use magic is lost to you, and you have garnered the distaste of Tzeentch. Any perks you possess from other jumps that provide you with magic, or a sufficiently magic-like power such as psychic abilities, will fail to function.

Loathed in the Eyes of Slaanesh [+100 CP]:
Your ability to perform lewdity is reduced, and you have become an unseemly blight in the opinion of Slaanesh. Any perks you possess that allow you to seduce people, charm them, or utilize charisma beyond what you naturally possess, will fail to function.

Blood for the Blood God [+200 CP]:
You believe in the cause of Khorne. It is hard for you to feel joy outside of battle, and it is only when taking life that you feel actually complete. Bloodshed calls to you, and the desire to perpetuate violence is something that is ever-present. But it isn't enough for you simply to kill–no, you must drive others to commit acts of

violence as well, spreading the endless war that the Lord of Skulls so greatly desires.

Call of Contagion [+200 CP]:
You believe in the cause of Nurgle. You belief that true happiness can only be found through succumbing to disease, and that it is only through eternal decay that sentient life will be able to endure the horrors that are to come, in some shape or form. You will wholeheartedly infect and infest others with sickness and parasites, seeking to spread plague throughout the galaxy.

Intricate Intrigues [+200 CP]:
You believe in the cause of Tzeentch. There are plans and schemes that have been laid out for millions of years–perhaps longer, in the strange timeflow of the Warp–and you have devoted yourself to furthering the goals of Tzeentch. Unfortunately, Tzeentch's plots, although always aimed at furthering their goals, often oppose one another, fur such is the way of the Father of Lies and Deception. You will invest your entire time here to furthering the strange plots and schemes that the Changer of Ways has concocted, regardless of the consequences.

Endless Excess [+200 CP]:
You believe in the cause of Slaanesh. The greatest pursuit in life is doing what you enjoy, and then taking that thing to its furthest possible extent–and then going beyond that. It isn't enough for you to simply take a drug, you must take multiple. It isn't enough for you to simply eat good food, you must glut yourself. It isn't enough to simply enjoy a pleasurable activity, you must do so in excess. This will consume a great deal of time, and eventually you will find your current levels of excess become unfulfilling. So you will need to go to further extremes, again and again and again, ever in pursuit of satisfaction that never fully comes.

Powerful PDF [+200 CP]:
The Planetary Defense Force is the first line of defense for most planets, but in many cases simply enacts a desperate holding measure to last until more powerful Imperial forces can arrive. But now, it seems that whenever you face the PDF, they are better trained, better armed, and better prepared than all but the most exalted regiments of the Astra Militarum, capable of holding the line

against the average daemon army more than long enough for reinforcements to support them.

Furthermore, the Imperium's response time to daemonic threats against it is vastly improved.

Malicious [+400 CP, Requires Touch of Malice]:
You are a devoted servant of Malice–but not secretly, as you were before. No, you have engaged in open rebellion against the Chaos God you chose as your origin–and due to the widespread hatred of Malice, word has spread to the servants of the other Dark Gods, as well. You might not be actively hunted, but any daemon not similarly in league with Malice will seek to kill you on sight.

Debtor to the Soul Forge [+400 CP]:
Even if you have not been reforged into a Soul Grinder, you nonetheless owe a debt to Vashtorr, and he demands you pay up. The mortal souls of those you kill will all be stolen by the Soul Forge, and you will not be able to leave the jump until you have given them at least a billion mortal souls (be it from directly killing mortals or obtaining the souls in another manner, such as tithing the souls collected by your subordinates).

Skulls for the Skull Throne [+400 CP]:
You need to gather skulls for Khorne, so there's no reason to waste time with ranged attacks; each hour you have a quota to meet, requiring you to claim 8 skulls to offer to the Skull Throne, or the chain will end. Furthermore, you find that you are entirely incapable of attacking an enemy unless it is in melee combat.

Fly Lord's Favorite [+400 CP]:
Disease is the chosen weapon of Nurgle, and you find that you are incapable of killing with anything else. No matter what means you use, you will find that absolutely no one can be killed by your hands by any means, unless they die of

disease, poison, parasites, contagion, viruses, or some other form of sickness. Furthermore, you (or your subordinates) are required to spread Nurgle's love; each year you need to infect 7,000,000 mortal souls with disease. Or the chain will end.

Dictates of the Lord of Sorcery [+400 CP]:
Tzeentch is god of many things, but one of the most notable is magic. You find yourself unable to fight or directly harm other people, unless you do so via the means of magic, psychic power, or some similar magic-like system. Furthermore, you must also serve the obscure schemes of your master, interfering in the success of other daemons; you will need to prevent 900,000 mortal souls from being claimed by other daemons, be it through direct intervention or through your schemes and underlings, or your chain ends.

Entertaining the Dark Prince [+400 CP]:
In the lives of the worshippers of Slaanesh, it is important to take pursuits to their greatest extremes–including skill in combat. You find that you are only able to defeat enemies in combat if your battle goes perfectly in your favor. If you duel someone and they can't land a blow on you, you can kill them just fine; but if they so much as leave a scratch on you, you will never be able to win in that engagement. You will need assistance, or you'll need to flee and return at a later date. To prove that you have this prowess, you will need to demonstrate it in battle; you need to personally win 600 Duels at minimum every year or your chain ends.

Well-Known [+400 CP]:
It seems that your name has spread. Information about you and your powers is widely available (well, insofar as ANY information about daemons is "widely available"), and your enemies will often have counters to your most frequently used powers and tactics. Furthermore, a number of tomes of Chaos feature

instructions on how to summon you, and you can expect to be summoned on at least a monthly matter to perform some task for some cultist who figured out how to bind you. You will only ever be given a single task, and it will never be something that will take longer than a month to perform, but it will happen often.

Rage of the Ruinous Powers [+400 CP]:
Select one of the Chaos Gods. This deity now personally considers you an enemy, and all of their followers will echo this feeling. Expect common attacks; the god themselves will be unwilling to leave their home to assault you, but their forces will harrass you and yours with great frequency. You can expect to fight their Greater Daemons on a frequent basis. Even should you kill the god they originate from, the daemons and minions that once served them will continue to attack you, spawning from the Warp itself in lieu of a god creating them.

You may take this multiple times, once for each of the Dark Gods.

The Incorruptible [+400 CP]:
It seems that you have earned the attention of Kaldor Draigo, and he has managed to direct the war machine of the Grey Knights against you despite being locked in the Warp. Kaldor Draigo has been trapped in the Warp for an age, yet has never even begun to succumb to corruption; thousands upon thousands of daemons fell to his *Titansword* before they decided he was best left alone. He tore down the walls of the Inevitable City, and set fire to the Garden of Nurgle. He has slain a number of Greater Daemons without any form of assistance, and is a strong contender for the position of being the mightiest Space Marine to have ever lived.

As for the Grey Knights, they are all psykers of remarkable potency, and are put through training that shames even the harshest trials of any Chapter of Astartes.

All to create warriors who exist solely to fight against the daemonic threat, who can never fall to corruption or possession from the daemon.

And now, they raise high the banner of war once more, and come for you. They possess the means to inflict upon you True Death, and no matter how many you kill, there always seems to be more. Kaldor Draigo in particular will somehow survive any attempts you make to kill him, and will endure in this manner until your last year in this setting, when you might at last be able to end his life for good.

Fabius Bile Convert [400 CP]:
Some cursed logic led you to believe that converting Fabius Bile to worship the Chaos Gods was a good idea. He doesn't believe in them—at all—and worse, his very presence sears your soul like a thousand heretical suns. You must spend at least 80% of your time near him, enduring this constant agony while trying to convince him of Chaos' truth. If he dies before you succeed, or if you fail to convert him before the jump is over, your chain will come to an end, and your essence will be rent apart by the Ruinous Powers.

Daemonic Purity [+600 CP]:
All a Daemon needs in this universe is their patron and the powers they provide. You have lost access to all of your out-of-jump perks, powers, and items, and your companions have been similarly curtailed.

If you have Hated in the Eyes of Khorne, Pitied in the Eyes of Nurgle, Mocked in the Eyes of Tzeentch, or Loathed in the Eyes of Slaanesh, then you wil also lose access to any perks listed in that drawback that originates from this jump, as well as any part of your Body Mod that provides such benefits.

Daemon Weapon [+600 CP]:
You were at some point bound into the form of a weapon. You are unable to take a different form, nor escape from your physical prison by any means. Your actions are limited, and although you can possess your wielder, doing so too often will surely drive people to avoid wielding you in order to avoid this fate. You

can take no actions, and will not grow in power while you are imprisoned. Even methods that might ordinarily unseal a daemon such as you will fail to take effect. You are able to exert your powers, in a limited sense; only those abilities which would be suitable for a weapon, and only for purposes of battle.

The form of a daemon weapon will become an alt-form once the jump is completed.

The Shards of Tzeentch [600 CP]:
Congratulations! You've inherited the duty of the Blue Scribes. You are now cursed to travel endlessly in search of no fewer than 999,999,999 unique spells or powers of Tzeentch. You must learn, record, and catalogue each one, and are unable to leave this setting until you have archived every last spell. If you give up? Your chain ends in a shrieking blast of warpfire and regret.

As a reward for your devotion, you will be permitted to bring a copy of each spell with you on your chain once this jump is completed.

The Perfect Host [600 CP]:
Grandfather Nurgle has chosen you—yes, you—as the perfect host for his latest concoctions. Just like poor Aisha before you, your body is the ideal testing ground. You are already captured and now spend 90% of your time being subjected to Nurgle's endless plague experiments. The rot, the bile, the endless fever dreams... you may not even remember who you are by the time you leave—if you leave.

Extinction of the Eldar [600 CP]:
Slaanesh has whispered a divine command directly into your corrupted mind: destroy one of the Eldar factions utterly. Choose now—Craftworlds, Drukhari, Exodites, or Harlequins. You must work toward the total annihilation of that group for the duration of your stay. Should they survive and remain even remotely whole, your chain ends with Slaanesh reclaiming your soul in a song of eternal

torment. You need not kill each individual, but there must be no possibility of them reforming or existing as a group.

Angron's Daily Duels [600 CP]:
Every single day, the Daemon Primarch Angron—the Red Angel—will return for one reason: to duel you, resurrecting from death for the purpose of glorious battle. You cannot run, cannot hide, and cannot skip a day. In the gladiatorial arenas of Chaos, you must face him with whatever weapons you have equipped. He cannot be truly killed, and neither can you, but oh, you'll feel every break, every scream, every bloody second. Again. And again. And again...

Ravenlord [+600 CP]:
After the Horus Heresy, the primarch of the Raven Guard, Corvus Corax was overcome with the need for vengeance against his traitorous brothers. He traveled into the Warp, alone, and in the process the human, mortal shell that hid the true nature of the Emperor's gene-sons was stripped away, revealing a being partially made of the nature of the Warp. Now a being of shadows and blades, capable of transforming into a flock of murderous rage, Corvus Corax would go on a singlehanded crusade against his corrupted brothers.

But in the course of seeking his revenge, he has discovered you, and has determined that you are too great a threat to the Imperium to be permitted to live. This is a man willing to spend ten thousand years pursuing his foes, and who, in shedding his humanity, has become mighty enough to contend with a Daemon Primarch and even overpower him. You will never see him, hear him, or sense him at all, until the moment the stealthiest of the primarchs actually begins his attack against you.

Chaos Spawn [800 CP]:
You've fallen. The warp has overtaken your essence, and you've been reduced to a mindless Chaos Spawn. You retain no personality, no memories, and no higher reasoning until the end of the jump. You are a writhing mass of mutation and agony, good for little more than flailing and screaming across the battlefield like some overcooked tentacle casserole. You'll be like this for your entire stay. Have fun!

Anathema's Wrath [+1000 CP]:
The Emperor of Mankind is known to the daemons of the Warp as the Anathema, a being whose power counters their own and who exists as an enemy to all the forces of Chaos by simple virtue of his existence. He has fed upon the worship of countless humans across millions of worlds, and even raised those who have fallen in his name as beings similar in nature to Daemon Princes–the Living Saints, given new life and power by the Anathema to contend against even Greater Daemons.

Now, you have earned the fury of the God-Emperor. He cannot fight you himself, but his boundless psychic prowess will descend upon any battlefield you enter to empower your opponent–even should they not be part of the Imperium, or even human at all. Only daemons will he not make greater. The fallen shall rise at least once more in every battle, the most meagre of lasguns will sear deep into tough daemonic flesh, and ordinary guardsmen will fight with passion and zeal enough that they become an actual danger to Lesser Daemons that might encounter them.

Furthermore, every battle you wage will find itself intruded upon by the daemon-like Astartes known as the Legion of the Damned, supported by at least one Living Saint. They will focus on you, but have no problem waging a war on multiple sides should your opponent be hostile to them as well. Even should you put the Legionnaires and Saints to True Death, the will of the Emperor will still revive them to challenge you again in the next battle.

Eternal Piece of the Great Game [+2000 CP]:
The god you worship has come to the conclusion that you are the most important battle piece they can play in the Great Game, the eternal conflict between the forces of Chaos over which Dark God will rule over the others. Because of this, you will be relentlessly pushed to lead armies of the damned, forced to conquer vast swathes of the Materium and Immaterium alike. In order to do this, your stay in this world has been extend to last for 1,000 years.

Over the course of your millennium-long stay, you will need to conquer 1,000 worlds in realspace and surrender them to the god(s) that you worship. Should you be a daemon of Malice, then you will secretly consecrate them to Malice first, then to the patron deity you chose for your origin; this will turn the world into a hotbed of activity for undercover agents of Malice, while nominally serving the Chaos God(s) to which you openly offered the world.

However, in addition to your activities in realspace, you must also wage war in the Warp, and conquer an amount of space equal to 1/4th of the territories held by any of the four Chaos Gods. Should you follow a Chaos God, this space must be taken from the other gods; should you be a servant of Chaos Undivided, you will need to expand the realms of all four of the Chaos Gods outwards into the Formless Wastes, where you are sure to make enemies of the strange and powerful daemons (and stranger Warp entities) that lay beyond the realms of the Chaos Gods. Each individual realm of the Chaos Gods will need to expand by 1/8th of their total size. Should you be a daemon of Malice, then you must perform secret rituals that your god will teach you to infect the conquered areas with the corruption of Malice, which will infect daemons created there.

Furthermore, once you have conquered this area, you must retain control of it for another 300 years. Should you fail to accomplish these deeds within 1,000 years, you will fail the jump. Should you happen to have a perk that allows you to bring conquered territories with you on your chain, the parts of the Warp you have conquered will not count towards that effect.

If you take the scenario The Traitor, then this drawback works a little differently. You must still conquer a thousand worlds, but you must keep them for yourself, not offer them to any other god; you additionally must claim at least 1/4th of the territories belonging to the Chaos God that you have betrayed. If you formerly followed Chaos Undivided, you must conquer at least 1/8th of the territories of each of the four Dark Gods; if you conquer the Forge of Souls, it can replace the portion of any single Chaos God in this regard. If you are a daemon of Malice

and elect to betray him, but still follow the god of your origin, then you will need to claim land for your Chaos God as per the original effects of this drawback, but will be actively opposed by Malice all the while.

Notes

This jump was made as a collaboration between saiman010 and dragonjek. But mostly with dragonjek edits. [I think I did maybe a fourth of it? It's mostly saiman010's jump]