

Warhammer 40K: Chaos Cult Supplement 0.1

By saiman010



Introduction

"The greatest monster of all is Man. The Daemon does not choose to dwell outside the blessed Materium, nor does the xenos cast aside the holy form of Man to walk another path. Both are terrible and foul, it is true. But the heretic and the traitor were given every gift in the universe, and chose to cast them aside. There is no greater crime than this."— Inquisitor Malakai Wernhardt

Welcome, Jumper.

Your soul has been blessed by the baleful gazes of the Chaos Gods themselves. The realms beyond mortal perception have taken notice of you, and in their formless hunger, they have marked you as something... useful. Whether you stumbled upon an artifact of ruinous power, whispered the forbidden names in your sleep, or simply dared to reach too far, you have become a nexus of corruption. And now, your name spreads like a plague.

A cult has arisen—twisted zealots, frenzied preachers, and monstrous devotees gather beneath your banner. Not out of love. Not even out of fear. But because in their madness, they believe you are their messiah. Carved into your back is the sacred and damned symbol of the Eight-Pointed Star. It pulses with Warp-light, flickering with colors not meant for human eyes, beating in rhythm with your corrupted soul.

But such unholy power is never given freely. The Chaos Gods demand tribute. And should you fail to deliver, their gaze will turn from curious favor to ravenous wrath.

The dark terms are these: by the end of your time in this world, you must either dominate 90% of the criminal underworld or you must open a gate wide enough for a daemonic incursion one that will swallow this world whole, drowning it in nightmare, until reality weeps and the veil burns away, leaving only a Daemon World behind. If you have already earned Favor for this supplement from a jump, then this requirement is waived.

To that end, take this gift: 1000 Favor, raw Warp-touched essence, the currency of damnation.

Worlds:

This is where your unholy foundation begins. Here, you shall choose the world—or worlds—upon which your cult shall rise in shadows. You receive one world for free—a gift from the Dark Gods. Each additional world may be purchased for 200 Favor, and all chosen worlds will exist within the same solar system. Do not assume “habitable” limits you to planets alone—moons, hollowed asteroids, or Warp-tainted space hulks can serve just as well. Each world also determines what strengths your cultist manifests based on what world they grew up in.

Agri World

Your cult festers beneath endless skies of wheat, grox herds, and nutrient vats. This world was forged by the Imperium as a breadbasket—its entire purpose is agriculture, churning out enough food each month to sustain several Hive Worlds and Forge Worlds. It is vital. It is overlooked. It is perfect. Hidden among the fields, your followers have mastered self-sufficiency. They are skilled in handling livestock, cultivating crops, maintaining and modifying farming machinery—often to brutal ends. Nurgle’s followers find fertile ground here, both literally and spiritually, as disease and decay walk hand in hand with harvest and compost. A putrid smile blooms beneath every scarecrow.

Death World

This world hates life. Your cult took root on one of the deadliest planets in existence. Perhaps it is a volcanic hellscape with toxic air and acid rain, or a jungle world like Catachan, where every plant and creature exists solely to murder. Or perhaps it is a frost-cracked wasteland of ice and burning seasons, like Fenris. Regardless of form, this world breeds only the cunning, the ruthless, and the lucky. Your followers are hardened killers, experts in guerrilla warfare and ambush, capable of surviving what should be extinction. They are tough as ceramite and mad as Warpspawn. Here, worship of Chaos Undivided is most common—survival leaves little room for loyalty to just one god.

Feral World

Technology? Ha. Your cult rises from a world locked in primitive savagery. Life here is brutal and short, and tools are made of bone, wood, and sharpened metal. Fire is sacred, blood is currency, and survival is a daily rite. Your followers are unrefined but fierce—strong in body and spirit. They wield clubs, blades, and their bare fists, guided by oracles and blood-choked seers. Psykers emerge in greater numbers here, often mistaken for shamans or living gods. Such raw, untamed spiritual energy draws both Khorne and Tzeentch.

Fortress World

Your cult grew beneath the shadow of fortress walls and orbital guns. This world was forged to defend, to repel the xenos, the heretic, the traitor. Perhaps it once mirrored Cadia, a bastion world where every citizen was a soldier waiting to be activated. That discipline never left. Your cultists are militant, regimented, trained in the arts of war and obedience—like an army, not a mob. This makes your cult more dangerous than most; not because of sheer numbers or strength, but because of tactics, order, and terrifying efficiency. Chaos Undivided finds fertile worship here—where order and loyalty are perverted into disciplined blasphemy.

Hive World

Your cult festers in the underlayers of a Hive World—those nightmarish towers of steel and pollution that stretch from scorched bedrock to low orbit. Trillions dwell within these labyrinthine mega-arcologies, and your followers have adapted to the shadows that creep beneath civilization's rotting bones. Hidden within the rusted veins of industry and filth, your cult has mastered the art of remaining unseen. They can construct shrines and altars in plain sight, masquerading as machinery or waste facilities, while speaking poison-laced sermons in voices that stir hearts and break minds. Their charisma is surgical, their presence unnoticed until it is far too late. Chaos Undivided reigns supreme here, for in a hive's despair and anonymity, all Four Gods whisper in unison.

Standard Imperial World

Your cult has emerged on a world eerily similar to ancient Terra—moderate population, active trade, breathable air, and unspoiled terrain that still holds natural beauty. The Imperium considers these worlds stable, resource-rich, and relatively tame. This illusion of normalcy makes them the perfect breeding ground for corruption. Your cultists here are balanced—well-rounded in skill and temperament, with no great weaknesses but no overwhelming strengths either. They are adaptable, intelligent, and patient. The world offers ample materials, infrastructure, and cover. Here, all forms of Chaos may find a foothold, with no singular god dominating—the perfect melting pot of heresy.

Mining World

Your cult clawed its way to life deep beneath the surface of a Mining World. These are desolate places, consumed by industrial hunger, where men are little more than flesh-machines digging ore for the Emperor's war engines. Your followers live and die underground, their lungs thick with dust, their muscles hardened by years of labor and collapse. They are masters of the cavern labyrinths, wielding explosives, drills, and plasma cutters with terrifying familiarity. In these damp catacombs, where strange things prowl and tremors awaken buried horrors, your cult endures like a tumor wrapped around the planet's core. Blood is spilled often—and so it is Khorne who most often answers their prayers. His name is carved in rock and bone, echoed in the screams of cave-ins and dynamite blasts.

Shrine World

Your cult was born in the shadow of sanctity—on a world wholly dedicated to the veneration of a local Imperial saint. The entire surface is covered in cathedrals, reliquaries, pilgrimage roads, ossuaries, and sacred monuments. Such devotion, however, can curdle. Raised amidst constant sermons and incense-choked air, your cultists are deeply educated in Imperial theology, dogma, and the subtle mechanisms of bureaucratic power. They know how to work the system—requesting permits, forging sacred seals, navigating the labyrinthine archives, and whispering heresy disguised as hymns. They excel at infiltrating temples, holy institutions, and local governments, twisting them from within like a daemon in the shape of a prayer. It is little surprise that Tzeentch—the Architect of Fate, the Great Deceiver—finds fertile minds here. Every document sealed, every law subverted, is a victory for the Changer of Ways.

Pleasure World

This world is a palace on a planetary scale—a paradise sculpted for the elites of the Imperium. Designed solely for indulgence, it boasts the finest gardens, the most exquisite cuisine, the rarest wines, and every forbidden delight mortal senses can withstand. The cults that arise here are among the most refined and dangerous. Your followers are highly educated, masters of etiquette, art, performance, pharmaceuticals, and psychological manipulation. They create potent narcotics, euphoric poisons, and pleasures so intense they fray the soul. They move among nobles and highborns, spreading heresy like perfume—sweet, invisible, and irresistible. Naturally, Slaanesh is the god most revered here, as the Prince of Excess whispers behind every silk curtain and within every throbbing bassline of decadent symphony. In a world built on temptation, corruption needs no chains—it wears velvet gloves and smiles.



God Specific Cults:

This is where the true allegiance of your worlds takes form in blood, fire, and sacred betrayal. Each world you purchase comes with a default majority cult, naturally aligned to one of the Four Dark Gods—chosen based on that world's nature as detailed earlier. This initial god is free, a gift of corruption from the Warp.

However, should you wish to defy that predetermined bond and dedicate a world to a different god, the cost will be 100 Favor per altered world. The Dark Gods are jealous, and such apostasy—even among heretics—does not come cheap.

Blood Cult

This world bleeds for Khorne, the Lord of War, the Skull Throne's butcher-king. Your cultists here are monstrous in body—on average three to four times stronger than the typical human, their muscles hardened by rage and endless violence. They are masters of all manner of martial and brutal weapons—blades, axes, clubs, fists, chains, and fire. They abhor cowardice and schemes, preferring to announce their presence with a war cry and a severed head. These cultists demand battle constantly—if blood is not spilled, they will spill their own in madness. Discipline is for the weak. There is only the roar, the blade, and the red tide.

Cults of Change

Worshippers of Tzeentch, the Architect of Fate, dominate this world. Here, lies are gospel, and truth is a tool, not a virtue. These cultists are the most cunning, manipulative, and intellectually dangerous among the servants of Chaos. They survive by constant trickery, deception, theft, and sorcery. Their ambitions shift like sand in a Warp-storm, and the schemes they weave span decades, centuries—even lifetimes. Psykers are common among them, with many cultists awakening powers of foresight, fire, and illusion.

Plague Cults

This world stinks of rot, but it lives. Your cult here serves Nurgle, the Plaguefather, who grants joy in decay and love in disease. Unlike the fractured cells of other cults, plague cultists operate with uncanny unity—as if they were not many individuals, but organs of one vast, oozing body. Their cooperation yields unnerving precision during missions, spreading filth and death with a near-perfect success rate. From time to time, they birth new plagues, grotesque gifts of pestilence released into water supplies, air ducts, or even through touch. They do not fear death—they embrace it as family.

Pleasure Cults

In this world, the whispered name of Slaanesh stirs dreams and breaks minds. The cultists here are among the most selfish, beautiful, and horrifyingly skilled operatives of all the Chaos factions. They work best alone, pursuing solo missions of assassination, seduction, or sabotage with supernatural speed and finesse. Whether as dancers, drugmakers, assassins, or artists, their talents are a siren song that lures nobles, generals, and entire planets into the arms of the Prince of Excess.

Chaos Cult

Why serve one when you can serve them all? This world bows not to a single god but to the entire Pantheon of Chaos. Your cult here does not fragment—it thrives on contradiction, absorbing the strengths of every other cult. Bloodlust, sorcery, disease, and indulgence all flow in equal measure. While this unity is powerful, it is also volatile—such a cult is prone to infighting and divine interference, as the gods often quarrel through their mortal servants. Still, a Chaos Undivided cult is a force of pure anarchy, capable of reshaping worlds when not tearing itself apart.

Cult Types:

Each world your cult infects may specialize in up to three distinct operations, representing the way that branch of heresy grows, survives, and slaughters. These specializations are purchased separately—100 Favor each, per world—and can make the difference between a mere nest of radicals and a planetary blight of damnation.

Apocalypts

Your cult has turned its gaze toward the end. The members here are driven by a prophetic, fire-eyed madness—they believe the collapse of all order is not only inevitable, but desirable. They specialize in undermining governments, burning institutions, and reducing civilization to ash. From sabotage of energy grids to mass uprisings and chaos rituals in the heart of planetary capitals, this cult fights to bring about the final days of any world they infect.

Cellular Cult

This world's cult has evolved with surgical precision. It functions like a virus—splitting itself into hundreds of seemingly unconnected sub-factions, cells, and fronts. Each segment is specialized: assassins, spies, preachers, summoners, forgers, bombers. Should one group be purged, two more rise to replace it. This structure makes your cult incredibly hard to destroy, since no cell knows the full scope of the whole. And when necessary, these fragments can unify again—rebuilding entire arms of the movement from the ashes.

Charismatic Cult

One of your most loyal subordinates has become something more—an apostle, a demagogue, a messiah. This cult now operates under their leadership without your direct guidance, functioning like a self-sufficient organism. With this figure at its center, the cult has structure, loyalty, and terrifying momentum. Morale never falters. Recruitment rises. Faith is absolute. As long as this leader breathes, your cult will never fracture, never turn against itself, and never grow stagnant.

Sanguinary Cult

Blood runs thick through the veins of this cult. Here, the focus is singular: death. But not just any death—the death of xenos. This cult specializes in xenocide, training obsessively in tactics, weapons, and rituals specifically tailored to annihilating alien species. Be it Eldar, Ork, T’au, or Tyranid, your cult knows how to kill them—and takes immense pleasure in doing so. They hoard xenotech to twist it against its creators, and their leaders often wear trophies of slain aliens like relics.

Necrophagic Cult

This cult dances too close to the Warp—and finds pleasure in the burn. Specializing in warpcraft, sorcery, and daemon-hosting, the Necrophagic Cult mutates more than any other. Their bodies twist with gifts both glorious and grotesque, and the line between possession and priesthood blurs entirely. Positive mutations—wings, claws, psychic growths—are common, and possessions by daemons are seen not as dangers, but as holy unions.

Revivicator Cult

Where other cults burn themselves out in flame and fury, the Revivicators endure. This specialization focuses entirely on longevity—through alchemy, forbidden sorcery, gene-therapy, or symbiosis with Warp-entities. Cult members in this cell live longer, age slower, and recover from injuries that would kill a Space Marine. A base-line cultist here has a minimum natural lifespan of 160 years, and many live centuries beyond through dark pacts and surgical blasphemies.

Abrial’s Claw

Your cult follows the rust-black gospel of the Iron Warriors, the siege masters of Olympia. Through worship of their tactical doctrine and cold hatred of weakness, your cult has become exceptionally proficient in siege warfare. They excel in dismantling fortifications, breaching city walls, and laying waste to armored bastions. Every structure is just a coffin waiting to fall. These cultists are trained to operate heavy weapons, deploy mines, entrench artillery, and break down any defense—physical, psychological, or spiritual. Where Abrial’s Claw digs in, empires crack open like rotting fruit.

Black Hand

Born in darkness, shaped by the teachings of the Night Lords, your cult has become the master of shadows and terror. They don't simply kill—they haunt. Operating almost exclusively at night or in unlit environments, the Black Hand turns fear itself into a weapon. They are adept at infiltration, sabotage, psychological warfare, and assassination. Their raids are often heralded by horrific displays: skinless corpses, cities drowned in vox-screams, and operatic executions. The Black Hand doesn't need an army—they need only fear. And fear, once planted, spreads like rot.

Sons of the Eye

Your cult follows the all-consuming path of the Black Legion, heirs to Horus and champions of Chaos Undivided. These cultists possess an iron sense of unity and ambition. Your cult here is marked by superior coordination, resilience, and tactical command. They fight not as rabble, but as an army. Recruitment is swift, indoctrination is absolute, and even planetary governors have been known to kneel under their boots.

Ash Priests of Serrion

Your cult walks the fire-slicked paths of the Word Bearers, masters of heretical scripture and infernal doctrine. This cult specializes in daemonology, religious corruption, and indoctrination-by-faith. Their words alone can turn preachers into summoners, and holy cities into daemon-spawning altars. They write in living blood and preach from corpses. When the Ash Priests come to a world, they do not need to fight—they convert, until there is no one left untainted.

The Thousand Faces

Oh yes—of course your cult has a face here. And another. And another. This faction is inspired by the Alpha Legion, and has become the undisputed master of covert warfare, deep infiltration, and disinformation. These cultists are spies, double agents, agitators, and saboteurs. Even your own forces might not be sure who's truly loyal—or if they themselves are. They specialize in turning Imperial systems against themselves: police forces hunt each other, military orders contradict, and rebellions spark in places you never touched. No one sees The Thousand Faces until it's too late... and even then, it may just be another mask.

Chem-Hunters of Messia

This cult has evolved from a world of speed and toxins, embracing the doctrine of mobile carnage. They are masters of mounted warfare, specializing in rapid-strike operations using bikes, vehicles, and chemical warfare. Their steeds may be metal, daemonic, or a grotesque mix of both. Their chemical cocktails turn their veins into fire and their enemies into puddles. These cultists strike fast, hit hard, and vanish before alarms even blare. Urban warfare, wasteland raids, high-speed ambushes—nothing is beyond their reach. The Chem-Hunters are the cavalry of the damned, and the wind behind them howls with laughter.

Cognitae

Your cult now serves the shadowy institution known as the Cognitae, an ancient and heretical organization dedicated to the creation, education, and deployment of highly-trained psykers. These cultists are not feral witches—they are sorcerous assassins, daemonic scholars, and Warp-weaponized thinkers. Their training includes summoning daemons, nullification wards, astral infiltration, and mind-bending indoctrination.



World Control:

At the beginning of the Jump, you must decide how much of each world you've purchased is already under your control. This determines how many agents, cells, and open worshippers you have access to from the start. The higher the percentage, the more entrenched your influence is—but beware, for such exposure also invites the full wrath of the Imperium... You may choose one Dominance Level for each world.

The Seeds of Discord (10%) [+200 Favor]

Your cult has only just begun to claw its way into the cracks of society. Barely a whisper in the hives, a secret fire in the woods, or a shadow in the shrine—just 10% of the population or infrastructure is under your sway, scattered in isolated cells or hidden networks. But this stage is the most insidious. You have the most freedom to infiltrate and infect from within, and the Imperium hasn't noticed you yet... but the price of patience is high, and survival is uncertain.

The Kindling Flame (25%) [+100 Favor]

A quarter of the world already bows before the Dark Gods, either knowingly or through subtle manipulation. Your cult is no longer just a rumor—it is a movement. Hidden shrines fester in the undercities, noble bloodlines whisper praise to powers unseen, and entire factory sectors unknowingly ship heretical goods to your growing network. The world still resists, but your fire is burning, and it spreads with every act of sabotage, sacrifice, or temptation.

The Crimson Balance (50%) [Free]

Your cult's influence is in perfect equilibrium with Imperial or native resistance. Half the world is yours, whether through force, faith, or fear. Civil war is either openly raging or bubbling just beneath the surface. Cities are split between heretical districts and loyalist fortresses. Prophets of Chaos and preachers of the Emperor shout rival sermons from the same streets

The World Below the Eye (100%) [200 Favor]

The entire world has already been conquered. Whether through stealthy conversion, violent insurrection, or a massive daemon incursion, every major power on the planet now serves your cult's will. Administratum offices now hold sacrificial altars, manufactorums churn out warp-tainted weapons, and the skies are permanently blood-red from ritual storms.



World Quirks:

Worlds that have the mandatory tag will not gain extra favor and cant buy other options in the same category.

World Quirks: Population

Here you will determine the population size of each world under your cult's control. The size of the population has a profound effect on your ability to recruit, influence, and ultimately conquer a world for your dark gods. Each world type has a default population tier it can access freely, while other levels may come at a cost in Favor. Keep in mind—larger populations offer more opportunities, but also bring greater risks, and resistance may rise with every heretical heartbeat.

The Scattered Few – 20 Million Souls

[Free for: Agri World, Mining World, Pleasure World | +200 Favor for all others]

This world is barely a whisper in the vast empire of man. Its population barely reaches twenty million. Perhaps this is an Agri-World of sweeping, endless farms, a barren Mining World where workers toil in isolation, or a Pleasure World reserved for only the richest elite. Whatever the case, the cult here thrives in small, tight-knit communities or secluded temples. While this world offers fewer bodies for war and worship, the secrecy and control afforded by the smaller populace is unmatched. The Inquisition might not even notice when it falls—until it's too late.

The Growing Flame – 500 Million Souls

[Free for: Death World, Feral World | +100 Favor for all others | Unavailable to: Agri, Mining, Pleasure Worlds]

This world teeters between insignificance and potential. With a population of around five hundred million, your cult has a fertile breeding ground for corruption—enough people to hide in plain sight, but not so many that resistance is overwhelming. On a Feral or Death World, this level of population is rare and hard-earned, and cultists are often tougher, more insular, and blood-soaked from birth. Though not an industrial powerhouse, this world may yet be shaped into something truly profane.

The Brooding Mass – 2 Billion Souls

[Free for: All except Agri, Feral, Death, Mining, Pleasure Worlds | 100 Favor for those five]

A true Imperial standard. With over two billion souls, this world is alive with potential for heresy. Urbanization is rampant, societal pressure has mounted, and vast infrastructure networks allow the cult to spread quickly—if carefully. The weight of this population begins to strain the world’s resources, creating unrest, desperation, and opportunity. Whether your cult works through politics, subversion, or open rebellion, the world stands as a perfect crucible of chaos.

The Overcrowded Abyss – 8 Billion Souls

[200 Favor | 300 Favor for: Agri, Feral, Death, Mining, Pleasure Worlds]

Now we teeter into madness. With eight billion souls crammed into cities, slums, and spires, the world groans beneath the weight of its own existence. Food riots, collapsing infrastructure, endless bureaucracies, and ecological degradation plague the planet daily—and yet, these are but tools for the devoted. This population is a buffet of corruption. Cults can rise overnight here, bolstered by millions.

The Hive Furnace – 10 Trillion Souls

[Mandatory for: Hive Worlds | 200 Favor each to double the population]

You walk among the gods now. Ten trillion souls—all crammed within continent-sized hive cities that rise into the stratosphere and plunge deep beneath the earth. Life here is a constant grind of labor, faith, despair, and pain. For a cult, it is paradise. Every second, someone somewhere is born into suffering, desperate for purpose. From the sump gangs to the ruling Spire families, all are ripe for conversion. Choose this path, and you command a heretical metropolis where even the warp itself cannot look away. For +200 Favor, you may add another Hive City, doubling the population to an unimaginable 20 trillion and another if you so please.

World Quirks: Education Level

Here you will define the level of education your population possesses on each world. A more educated populace allows for greater efficiency in completing high-level cult tasks—such as managing logistics, handling forbidden tech, operating infiltration networks, or summoning daemons correctly (most of the time). However, education also makes people more likely to ask questions... and inquisitive minds tend to make poor heretics if not properly guided.

Each world has its default available tier, while others must pay Favor to upgrade or access forbidden knowledge.

Savage Simplicity – No Education

[Mandatory for: Feral Worlds | +200 Favor for all others]

These people cannot read. They cannot write. They do not know of stars, of machines, or even the Emperor—except as a vaguely angry sky-father who wants blood. But they do know how to fight. The population here survives through tribal lore, oral tradition, and raw instinct. While incapable of complex tasks, these cultists are ferocious, deeply spiritual, and shockingly receptive to psychic corruption and chaos mysticism. For more advanced worlds, having a population this uneducated is a dangerous liability, hence the high cost.

Functional Herd – Grade School Education

[Free for all Worlds]

The baseline of the Imperium's indoctrination machine. Your population has received enough education to read and write Low Gothic, understand simple machinery, and know that thinking too much is heresy. This is the minimum requirement for most laborers, factory workers, and Administratum drones. They are loyal, malleable, and easy to control—especially through fear and religious fervor. Good for growing a stable cult foundation, but don't expect them to perform advanced rituals without someone smarter pointing and screaming.

Obedient Cog – Middle School Equivalent

[100 Favor for all Worlds]

These citizens are competent. They can calculate, maintain complex machines, understand the value of rations, and even begin to question... quietly. This level of education allows your cult to perform more elaborate tasks such as coordinating trade, manufacturing arms, or planting double agents. While still not clever enough to rebel on their own, they're clever enough to follow orders correctly. If your cult has grand plans, this tier is a solid stepping stone.

Useful Thinkers – High School Equivalent

[200 Favor for all Worlds]

Here, the population starts to dream. With a high-school level education, your people are capable of understanding advanced technology, navigating bureaucracies, performing minor surgery, or coordinating secret societies with precision. They are also more prone to existential dread, which makes them excellent candidates for Chaos conversion. A cult on such a world can coordinate across continents and remain hidden for decades—until it decides to strike.

The Enlightened Few – Bachelors-Level Education

[Free for Pleasure Worlds | 300 Favor for Standard Imperial and Shrine Worlds | Unavailable to all other Worlds]

You now deal with a population that understands the warp, ancient philosophy, logistical theory, medicine, and—perhaps worst of all—ethics. This level of education is incredibly rare and dangerous in the Imperium, as it breeds innovators, heretics, and visionaries. For cults, however, this is a goldmine. With a population like this, your cult can produce engineers, researchers, warp-theorists, and dark philosophers. Summoning daemons, managing infiltration across entire sectors, and constructing dark technology becomes not only possible—but routine.

World Quirks: Life Expectancy

Here you determine the average lifespan of the population on each of your worlds. This value affects how long a cultist will remain active in the service of your dark faith, how quickly your world replenishes its numbers, and how likely they are to survive the sheer horror of existence in a decaying universe. Longer-lived populations can accumulate more skill and experience.

Each tier has certain world restrictions, and buying outside those defaults costs additional Favor due to strain on infrastructure, genetic meddling, or warp-born miracle.

“Fleeting Sparks” – 10-Year Life Expectancy

[Mandatory for Hive Worlds | +200 Favor for all other worlds]

Life is brutal, short, and almost entirely devoid of meaning. In the teeming spires and depths of a Hive World, death comes from starvation, violence, machine malfunction, chemical exposure, or good old-fashioned plague. Here, the average person dies before their second decade, and no one really notices. These cultists are born, broken, and burned quickly—but they are endlessly replaceable.

“Burn Bright, Die Fast” – 30-Year Life Expectancy

[Mandatory for Feral Worlds | +100 Favor for all others]

On harsh, untamed worlds where every beast has fangs and every cloud is made of acid, people don't last long. These cultists are tough, yes—but tough does not equal long-lived. Death usually comes from battle, exposure, or childbirth gone wrong. However, thirty years is still long enough to develop tribal legends, establish family ties, and raise the next generation of beast-blooded fanatics. Just don't expect anyone to survive long enough to see your grand plans reach fruition.

“The Standard Struggle” – 70-Year Life Expectancy

[Free for All Worlds]

This is the Imperium’s so-called ideal. A life of servitude ending just shy of true wisdom. Most citizens are lucky to reach 70, assuming they don’t anger an officer, fall into a reactor shaft, or get eaten by a psyker mid-meltdown. At this tier, your cult has time to develop multi-generational plots, train reliable operatives, and bury the weak. It is a safe, balanced choice for long-term control of a planet—long enough to matter, short enough to remain desperate.

“Whispers of Immortality” – 100-Year Life Expectancy

[Mandatory for Pleasure Worlds | 300 Favor for all other worlds]

A full century of decadent heresy? Why, yes please~. On Pleasure Worlds and a rare few shrine-worlds of exceptional stability, people live long, beautiful lives filled with luxury and temptation. These long-lived cultists become artisans, alchemists, and demon-conversing degenerates, passing on generational wisdom and forbidden techniques. This expectancy also allows for the creation of truly legendary figures within your cult—prophets who shape destinies across centuries. The cost is high, but the reward is civilization-spanning influence... or madness.



World Quirks: Technology Level

Here you determine the baseline level of technological advancement available to the general population of each world under your sway. This determines not only what kinds of tools, weapons, and infrastructure they have access to—but also how deep your heresy may hide. The more advanced the world, the easier it is to manipulate data networks, summon daemons through hololithic sigils, or insert machine-spirits into weaponry. The less advanced? The easier it is to confuse people into thinking you're a god by turning on a flashlight.

“Clubs, Stones, and Screaming” – Stone Age

[Mandatory for Feral Worlds | +300 Favor for all other worlds]

No metalworking, no electricity, not even basic machines. These worlds are little more than sprawling wildernesses filled with howling tribes, bonfires, and primitive gods. Your cult must operate via shamans, blood-rites, and fire dances under the twin moons. Expect your followers to wield bone spears, howl in tongues, and attempt to appease the Chaos Gods with mud dolls. But make no mistake—fear and devotion are far stronger than logic. A single daemon might rule this world as a living god. Just... don't expect them to know what a boltgun is.

“Smog and Steel” – Industrial Age

[+100 Favor for all worlds]

Your cult's world has reached the age of factories, coal, steam, and crude internal combustion. The masses work in soot-stained refineries, steelworks, and rail systems. Basic chemistry and radio transmission exist, but artificial intelligence is centuries away. The cults here are artisans of the flesh and machine—steam-powered heretek monstrosities, ritual-plated locomotives, and plague-ridden factory towns. Technology is growing, but religion still holds strong... until your operatives arrive with a whisper and a wrench.

“Silicon and Sin” – Digital Age

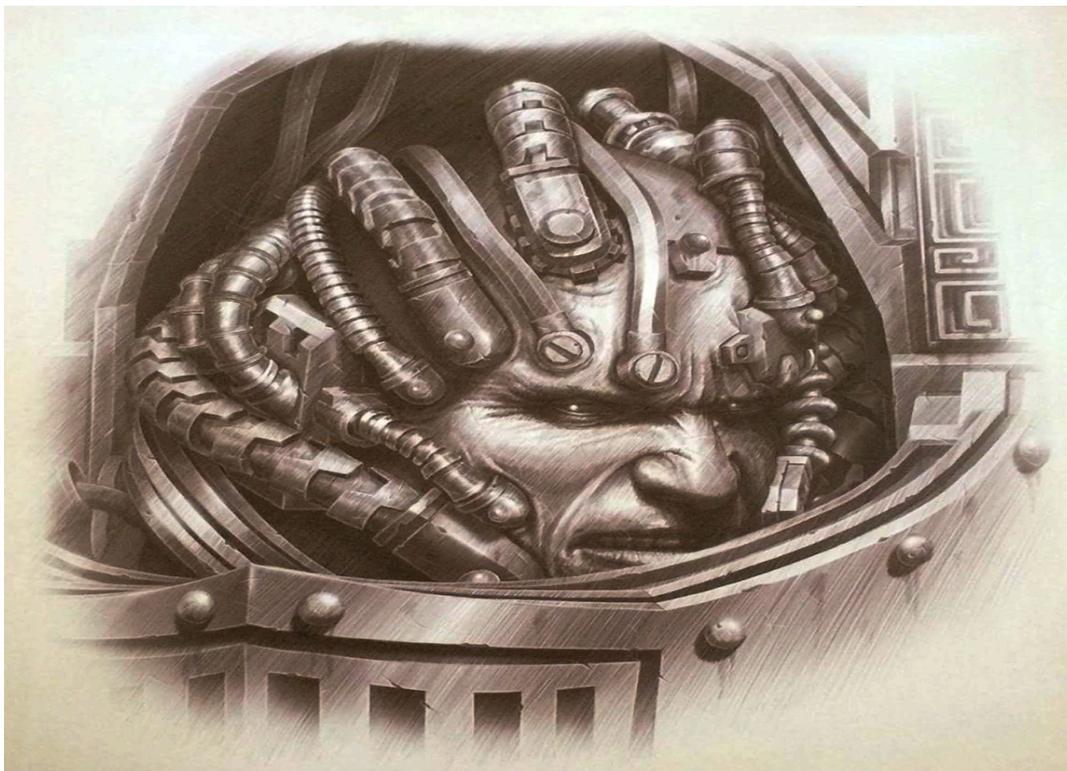
[Free for all worlds]

A more balanced, advanced world, comparable to the later stages 21 century before it forgot how to plug in a toaster. Here, the cult operates in data, encryption, and subversion. Surveillance exists, but so do countermeasures. Artificial intelligence is heretical but rudimentary, but enough to be possessed. Your cult has access to global communication, vehicles, basic space travel, and real cyber-warfare. It's a fertile playground for Tzeentchian manipulation, Slaaneshi temptation, or even Nurgle-based viral warfare.

“The Omnissiah’s Envy” – 41st Millennium Tech Level

[200 Favor for all worlds]

The sacred artifact of the Adeptus Mechanicus, stolen or reclaimed for the glory of your gods. Plasma weapons, void ships, servitors, lasguns, cybernetics, reactor cores, grav-tanks, and relics powered by forgotten sciences beyond mortal comprehension. But beware: access does not mean understanding. Your cultists might operate void shields without knowing what a capacitor is. Regardless, on such a world, your heresy grows as deep and complex as the STCs you're desecrating.



World Quirks: Abhumans

Here you decide which mutated offshoots of humanity, known as Abhumans, exist naturally on the worlds you control. These populations are not only physically distinct from baseline humans but often fill specific roles within your cult's ranks—ranging from shock troops to infiltrators and beyond. Each abhuman species added to your world will cost 100 Favor.

Beastmen

A savage blend of human and animal, beastmen are braying, horned monstrosities cast out of Imperial society and hunted on sight. On your world, they are not only tolerated—they are revered. Living in tribal packs and frothing with instinctual rage, they make ideal frontline shock troops, particularly for Khorne-worshipping warbands. Their twisted faith often takes the form of totemic Chaos worship, marked by sacrifices, war dances, and glyphs carved into flesh. While difficult to control, their sheer brutality and bloodlust make them horrifyingly effective in battle. They thrive in Death Worlds and Feral Worlds alike, where the line between man and monster is blurred by necessity.

Ogryns

Massive, lumbering giants of muscle and simplicity, Ogryns were bred for war—and on your world, they serve your cult with childlike loyalty and terrifying strength. While they lack intelligence, they are perfect for enforcing cult law, cracking skulls, and carrying heavy weapons or altars alike. They often become living bodyguards for dark prophets, crushing dissenters with ease. On Mining or Fortress Worlds, they thrive as enforcers and laborers. In the name of Khorne or even undivided Chaos, they wear heavy armor etched with runes they cannot read, serving as near-unstoppable juggernauts of heretical will.

Ratlings

Small, nimble, and deeply underestimated, the Ratlings of your world are more than just tiny gluttons—they're perfect spies and assassins. Masters of stealth, poisons, marksmanship, and theft, these abhumans are ideal for infiltration cells and cultist black operations. Operating in the underhives or agricultural zones, they often serve Tzeentch-worshipping cabals who value cunning over brute strength. Despite their size, their presence can turn the tide of a conflict—just one well-placed sniper shot or stolen document can unravel an entire PDF regiment. Their loyalty is often secured with food, flattery, and whispered promises of forbidden luxuries.

Squats

Though the Imperium insists they're extinct, your cult knows better. These short, stocky descendants of humans adapted to high-gravity mining worlds are very much alive—and filled with ancient grudges. Fiercely independent and mechanically gifted, Squats in your world have aligned themselves with Chaos out of spite, practicality, or a thirst for vengeance against a galaxy that forgot them. On Mining and Forge Worlds, they are unparalleled engineers, capable of building war machines, forging daemon engines, or restoring lost technology. While stubborn and proud, they make terrifying allies when properly motivated—and are known to build entire underground cities loyal to the Dark Gods.

Felinids

A controversial and often hushed-up abhuman strain, Felinids are agile, sharp-eyed, and faster than baseline humans. On your world, they've found not only acceptance—but cultic adoration. Blending into society with ease, these catlike mutants excel as assassins, scouts, and even psykers—often worshipping Slaanesh or Tzeentch, depending on their disposition. Sleek, seductive, and deadly, they are experts at infiltration, and are often used to subvert local rulers through charm, drugs, or dreams. Rumors swirl that entire noble houses have fallen under their spell. You'll find them prowling Hive Worlds, Pleasure Worlds, or anywhere darkness and beauty are valued in equal measure.

World Quirks: Resources

This is where you define the resource quality, availability, and output of each world in your cult's possession. These values reflect how sustainable, profitable, or dependent your world is—ranging from polluted husks to galactic breadbaskets. You may choose one option per world. Some are restricted to specific world types or come with Favor costs, as marked.

None & Polluted [Mandatory for Hive Worlds & Shrine Worlds | +300 Favor for others]

Your world is a decaying husk. Centuries—if not millennia—of industrial excess, war, overpopulation, and bureaucratic mismanagement have utterly stripped this planet of all usable natural resources. The air is choked with toxins, the oceans are sludge, and any remaining soil is sterile. Your world is entirely dependent on imports for survival—be it food, water, or raw materials. On the bright side, this desolation makes it easy to hide cult activities under mountains of paperwork and corruption.

Barely Producing [+200 Favor]

Your world is only just able to maintain its own infrastructure. Crops barely grow, ore veins are nearly tapped, and there's not enough clean water to go around. Without frequent trade and imports, even the most basic systems—sanitation, manufacturing, power—begin to falter. These worlds make excellent fronts for cultists because of the instability and desperation of the population, though your logistics will be stretched thin.

Self-Sufficient [Free]

Your world is capable of sustaining itself under normal circumstances. Food, power, and materials are just enough to keep the population healthy and the lights on—but any increase in population, industry, or warfare will push it into deficit. This is the default state for most Standard Imperial, Fortress, or Digital-age planets. Cults here can operate steadily, though resources must be carefully balanced.

Exporting Powerhouse

[Free for Agri Worlds & Mining Worlds | +100 Favor for others]

Your world produces vast quantities of excess resources and exports them to at least three neighboring world . These might include staple foods, metals, promethium, chemicals, livestock, or industrial-grade materials. These worlds are typically targets for conquest or sabotage—but for your cult? They're the perfect launching grounds for economic infiltration, manipulation, and corruption through supply chains.

Land of Fertile Soil & Plenty

[Agri Worlds Only | 300 Favor]

Your world is a verdant paradise, teeming with agricultural abundance. Blessed (or perhaps blighted) with unusually rich soil and perfect weather cycles, this planet can support ten other worlds' food demands simultaneously. Massive fields of grain, fruit, livestock, and exotic flora stretch across its surface. While the Imperium may believe this is divine providence, you know it's the perfect ground for Nurgle's gifts... or the sweet narcotic bounty of Slaanesh. And once your cult controls the food? You control the sector.

Land of Rich Ore

[Mining Worlds Only | 300 Favor]

Beneath your world's surface lies an untapped treasure trove of minerals, rare earth elements, and industrial-grade metals. Enough to keep ten Forge Worlds or Hive Cities running at full capacity for decades. The mining efforts have transformed the planet into a labyrinth of shafts, tunnels, and refining plants. Cults here can harness the output to craft weapons, bribe allies, or power massive warp rituals. Just be wary—the deeper you dig, the closer you get to what should remain buried...

World Quirks: Unique Buildings

Here you decide which unique buildings exist on each of your cult-controlled worlds. Each world may have up to three unique buildings. Buildings tied to a Chaos God may only be chosen if that god is the dominant patron of the cult on that world or if the cult follows Chaos Undivided. Each building costs 300 Favor, unless stated otherwise.

None God Specific

Import

By selecting this, your world gains the unique properties and quirks of another world you already control. This allows you to “import” bonuses like population traits or environmental advantages. This does not count toward your limit of three unique buildings and is always free.

Ship Yard

Your world now has the infrastructure, expertise, and raw industrial power to construct starships capable of warp travel. The number and type of ships your world can build depends on your population size and the amount of raw material available on your world. With time and investment, your fleet can become a real threat in any sector.

Ship Ports

Your world now has a specialized port that allows for secure and regular warp travel. More importantly, it creates a stable connection with three other worlds of your choice. Travel between these worlds becomes immune to the warp's usual madness and delays. The worlds linked by this port can be changed once per month. Great for trade, invasion, or heretical tourism.

Daemon Gate

This world is home to a dormant daemon gate buried beneath its surface. With the right blood sacrifices and rituals, you may open it to summon daemonic aid or send your cultists through the warp to distant enemy-held worlds. It is both a powerful tool and a terrifying liability—misuse or overuse may invite something... too large to control.

Chaos Space Marine Warband Fortress

A powerful Chaos Space Marine warband has made this world their home base. The fortress is heavily defended by up to a thousand veteran traitor marines. They will fight to the death to defend this planet. Additionally, they will occasionally share their war spoils and relics with your cult. Having them here deters nearly all forms of invasion.

Khorne

Blood Warsmith

This brutal Khorne-aligned forge specializes in crafting close combat weaponry and heavy armor. Its weapons are incredibly effective in melee and are mass-produced for use by your cultists. These weapons are forged in the blood of slaves and hammered into shape with hate.

Eightbound Chamber

On this world, a heretical ritual site exists where chosen mortals may attempt to fuse themselves with daemons and become Eightbound—semi-daemonic berserkers. While dangerous, successful transformations result in some of the most fearsome warriors in your cult. Most explode. Four daemons per person is a bit much.

Skull Coliseum

This towering gladiatorial arena is the heart of bloodsport on the planet. Warriors of Khorne gather here to prove their strength, and cultists gain prestige by surviving. Because of this building, your world spawns more elite melee champions than others. It also satisfies Khorne's need for constant battle.

Tzeentch

Chaos Spawn Pit

Tzeentch's unpredictable gifts often lead to hideous mutations and failed transformations—but not here. In this specially constructed pit, chaos spawn can live for decades without decaying. They can be studied, weaponized, or used as tools of terror. A very hands-on way to experiment with fate.

Library of Knowledge

This massive, otherworldly archive drastically boosts the learning speed and education of your population. Texts, scrolls, and forbidden tomes of every subject—especially the arcane—fill this place. The library acts as a constant source of new information and makes your world a beacon for scholars, heretics, and aspiring psykers.

Shaman School of Tzeentch

Here, your cultists are trained to unlock their psychic potential. Those with the gift of the warp are nurtured and refined. Success rates for new psykers are far higher here, and the resulting psykers are more powerful than average. It's like Hogwarts, if the library occasionally ate students.

Nurgle

Plague Hives

Massive hives filled with insects bred by Nurgle swarm across the planet. These creatures are not only excellent at pollinating the local plant life but also serve as a potent protein source for animals and livestock. Food production is boosted, and the entire ecosystem benefits... assuming you're okay with your crops oozing.

Theatres of Despair and Joy

Across the world, plague-ridden but oddly jovial theaters perform tragicomedy plays for the masses. These performances are drenched in themes of death, decay, and hopelessness—but they're surprisingly funny to Nurgle's children. Watching them lowers unrest and increases compliance among the general population.

Garden of Nurgle

This rotting yet fertile expanse covers a large part of your world. Its diseased plants emit spores that boost immunity in your population while also acting as passive disease vectors for future plague outbreaks. Your cultists are healthier in a horrifying way, and your enemies will be... less so.

Slaanesh

Red Light District

This Slaaneshi wonder is both carnal and strategic. Massive entertainment districts filled with exotic pleasures ensure that your population breeds at a far faster rate. Additionally, loyalty to your cult is often guaranteed through addiction and indulgence. Morale is high, discipline is low, and everyone's... busy.

Flower Chamber

This decadent and sacred greenhouse grows rare, mutated flowers that produce alchemical compounds. Each citizen receives two vials of performance-enhancing essence per month, improving productivity, pleasure, or resilience. The scent alone is intoxicating. Just don't ask what's fertilizing them.

Sonic Factory

This industrial facility is a tribute to Slaanesh's love of music and pain. It mass-produces sonic weapons—perfect for disabling enemies with agonizing frequencies. Local bands often test experimental soundwaves here, and the factory's output equips your cultists with some of the loudest tools in the galaxy.

Chaos Guard [200 favor]:

By spending 200 Favor, you gain access to the Chaos Guard—an elite and corrupted counterpart of the Astra Militarum. These are no mere cultist rabble. The Chaos Guard are organized, trained, and equipped remnants or renegades of Imperial Guard regiments that have wholly devoted themselves to Chaos. Once purchased, this elite force becomes a permanent and integral part of your dominion.

For every world you control in this supplement, 10% of that world's population is conscripted into your Chaos Guard. These troops remain stationed on their home worlds unless called upon, where they can be rapidly redeployed via a dedicated transport fleet provided by this option. This fleet is capable of carrying your entire Chaos Guard force across the stars, ensuring you're always one war away from total domination. Unlike other troop types, the Chaos Guard are considered a standing force—present, armed, and ready on every single world you rule.

Chaos Regiment Companies

With your Chaos Guard now in place, it's time to determine what kind of regiments comprise their core strength. You receive one regiment for free, representing the foundation of your army. Each additional regiment type added to your Chaos Guard costs 100 Favor. Also for vehicle regiments your army has 1:10 ratio of vehicles compared to infantry population in your chaos guards

These regiments will shape the identity and warfare specialties of your Chaos Guard. You may mix and match different types, creating a diverse and tactically flexible army across your worlds.

Vehicle Regiment – Air Corps

This regiment transforms your Chaos Guard into a flying death machine. Comprised of hundreds of thousands of aircraft, your forces now command the skies with precision and overwhelming firepower. The following vehicles form the backbone of your Air Corps:

Valkyries

These versatile support aircraft are designed to lift infantry into battle and deploy them into hot zones. Armed for defense and short-range fire support, they are agile enough to deliver troops and then retreat quickly. They're excellent for fast-response units and planetary insertions.

Vendetta Gunships

An upgraded and heavily armed version of the Valkyrie, the Vendetta is equipped with three twin-linked Lascannons and serves as an anti-tank gunship. It is still capable of limited troop transport but focuses on punching through enemy armor lines before retreating into the skies.

Vulture Gunships

These are specialized attack aircraft built exclusively for air-to-ground assaults. Unlike the Valkyrie or Vendetta, Vultures cannot carry troops—they're flying death platforms meant to rain fire upon the battlefield with high-speed strafing runs.

Manticore Interceptors

These anti-air variants are converted from the base Valkyrie frame and mounted with long-range missile systems. They excel at hunting enemy aircraft and defending key airspace over your territories.

Behemoth Heavy Bombers

These enormous bombers are true engines of devastation. While incapable of operating in space, they are fearsome in atmosphere, carrying payloads capable of reducing entire cities to rubble. Their presence is a psychological and tactical deterrent to any planetary defense.

Also all aircraft in this regiment are atmospheric in function only. While they may deploy from orbit, they cannot participate in battles taking place in space. Their strength lies in dominating the skies of planets, not the void of the warp.

Armoured Tank Regiment

This regiment is composed almost entirely of heavy and super-heavy armored vehicles. Built for siege warfare, mobile assaults, and overwhelming armored superiority, your Armoured Regiment is the hammer of Chaos—rolling inexorably across the battlefield, immune to fear and flame alike. If infantry regiments are the blade, this is the war engine that drives it forward.

Your Armoured Regiment includes:

Leman Russ Battle Tank

The mainstay of your armored force, the Leman Russ is a time-tested and brutally efficient tank. Designed for rugged reliability and battlefield versatility, it can operate in virtually any environment. It can be fitted with a wide array of primary weapons, including Battle Cannons, Plasma Cannons, Executioner Cannons, or Punisher Gatling Cannons. With thick armor plating and a reputation for never breaking down, it forms the core of your armored spearhead.

Carnodon Battle Tank

A sleek and ancient design from the days of the Great Crusade, the Carnodon is a highly adaptable medium battle tank. It is faster than the Leman Russ and can be customized with twin Lascannons, Multi-lasers, Autocannons, or even a Volkite Culverin. Its sponsons can mount anything from Heavy Flamers to Volkite Calivers, making it the perfect support tank or flanking unit.

Destroyer Tank Hunter

This tank is built for one job: kill other tanks. Armed with a hull-mounted Laser Destroyer—a long-ranged, extremely precise anti-tank energy weapon—it can take out even super-heavy armor before the enemy gets within striking distance. It lacks a turret, but its deadly shot compensates for its limited field of fire.

Thunderer Siege Tank

Another turretless design, the Thunderer is equipped with a hull-mounted Demolisher Cannon. While its short range limits its flexibility, anything it hits is reduced to molten slag. Perfect for blasting bunkers, walls, or anything foolish enough to be stationary.

Crassus Armoured Transport

This enormous transport is capable of ferrying large squads of infantry under the protection of reinforced ceramite armor. It is designed to drive straight into fortified zones, deploying troops into the heart of enemy lines. It can also mount several heavy weapon systems for suppressive fire during disembarkment.

Gorgon Armoured Assault Transport

Even larger than the Crassus, the Gorgon is a literal fortress on treads. Capable of carrying entire platoons into battle, it is used for high-risk, front-line assaults. It's slow, monstrous, and hard to kill—perfect for crashing through barricades while disgorging berserkers.

Macharius Tank

This super-heavy tank is a battlefield juggernaut. Available in several variants—Vanquisher, Vulcan, Omega—it fills the gap between the Leman Russ and true titanic armor like the Baneblade. Each is armed with devastating twin-linked heavy weapons that can level buildings and vehicles alike.

Malcador Tank

An ancient and often unreliable design, the Malcador nonetheless has immense firepower and thick armor. It's slower and more volatile than the Macharius, but when it works, it's a rolling death machine. Often used for specialist variants like flame projectors or twin autocannon turrets.

Valdor Tank Hunter

This ultra-heavy vehicle is equipped with a massive Neutron Laser designed to pierce even titan-grade armor. The Valdor has limited mobility, but it functions as a long-range, siege-level sniper, making it perfect for planetary defense or battlefield supremacy.

Artillery Regiment

This regiment is built entirely around long-ranged fire support. Designed to annihilate fortifications, bombard entrenched positions, and soften up entire battlefields before a single footstep hits the mud, these vehicles are not for subtlety—they're for obliteration. Every artillery company in this regiment rains destruction from the safety of the rear lines, or from atop fortified bastions on your worlds. Costs 100 Favor unless selected as your free starting regiment.

Your Artillery Regiment includes:

Wyvern Suppression Tank

Armed with twin-linked multiple mortar systems, the Wyvern is designed to annihilate infantry hiding in cover. Its quad-barreled stormshard mortars ignore line of sight and carpet areas with a deluge of high-explosive shells. Perfect for flushing out resistance or silencing sniper nests before an advance.

Griffon Mortar Carrier

The Griffon is a small but brutally effective self-propelled mortar platform. Its powerful heavy mortar fires indirect, short-ranged bombardments that can be adjusted quickly for mobile warzones. A staple for any force focused on trench-clearing or support fire.

Basilisk Artillery Tank

One of the most iconic artillery platforms of the Imperial Guard, the Basilisk carries the Earthshaker Cannon—a long-range gun that can shell targets dozens of kilometers away. It is the backbone of any artillery battery, able to flatten buildings or enemy armor alike from safely behind your lines.

Bombard/Colossus Siege Mortar

These heavy, slow tanks carry siege-grade mortars intended to destroy bunkers, cities, and other reinforced targets. The Colossus Mortar fires chemical-filled shells, devastating infantry and biological targets, while the Bombard focuses on brute force to crack enemy fortresses. Their low mobility is balanced by sheer destructive force.

Manticore Rocket Launcher

This tracked artillery piece launches a full spread of Storm Eagle rockets that rain down in salvos across a wide area. The Manticore can level enemy formations in a single volley and is terrifyingly effective against both vehicles and massed troops. Best used early to break an enemy's will before they reach your lines.

Medusa Siege Gun

The Medusa is a close-range siege weapon, hurling massive high-explosive shells with terrifying force. Though its range is shorter than the Basilisk, its firepower is unmatched—capable of reducing enemy tanks to slag or burying entire squads under collapsed terrain.

Deathstrike Missile Launcher

A rare and terrifying weapon system, the Deathstrike fires a single, massive intercontinental missile loaded with plasma warheads, vortex payloads, or viral bombs. Its activation takes time, and once fired it must be reloaded at great effort—but its effect is usually to erase a section of the battlefield completely.

Dominus Siege Bombard

This artillery piece is a twin-barreled titan of war, lobbing massive high-yield shells in rapid succession. It can flatten fortresses, wreck armor columns, and leave scorched craters where cities once stood. Heavier than most other artillery, the Dominus needs a secure position to operate effectively.

Minotaur Artillery Tank

A twin Earthshaker Cannon platform, the Minotaur is a massive, slow-moving artillery tank that can level wide zones of the battlefield with saturation bombardment. While less mobile, its output can replace an entire squadron of Basilisks in sheer firepower.

Praetor Armoured Assault Launcher

This tracked monster fires clusters of surface-to-surface missiles in a continuous barrage. Designed to function like a mobile artillery strike platform, the Praetor doesn't just fire a missile—it blots out the sky with dozens. It's especially effective when breaking sieges or turning an entrenched enemy position into a crater field.

Cavalry Regiment

This is your swift hammer, your mad charge, your shock troops breaking through the lines while chaos screams follow close behind. Cavalry regiments are composed of elite, mounted Chaos Guard forces—each member paired with a terrifying mount drawn from the Warp, gene-cursed stables, or daemon-forged birthing pits. The ratio of cavalry is 1 cavalry unit per 5 infantry soldiers in your total Chaos Guard population, and they fight as elite rapid-response shock troops or savage outriders, depending on your will.

Your mounts can be chosen from the following options, depending on your world's dominant cult alignment. You may mix mounts if you control multiple worlds with different cult majorities.

Chaos Steeds

These monstrous, corrupted horses are the default mount for any Chaos cavalry. Larger and stronger than normal steeds, they have armored hides, glowing eyes, and snorting maws that drip warp-slime. Some gallop across sheer cliffs, others trample through fire. They are bred for war, pain-tolerant and loyal only to their twisted masters. Their speed and durability make them a terrifying force in hit-and-run warfare or full-frontal charges.

Flesh Hounds of Khorne [Khorne or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Flesh Hounds are blood-hungry daemonic beasts, granted to the faithful by Khorne himself. Fast, relentless, and immune to psychic trickery, these mounts are more predator than steed. Riders on Flesh Hounds become terrifying berserker lancers—unstoppable once they charge, impossible to intimidate, and frothing with bloodlust. Where they ride, no psyker is safe.

Tzeentch Chaos Spawn [Tzeentch or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Mutated and unstable, these writhing Chaos Spawn are tethered by arcane bindings to serve as grotesque mounts. No two look alike—some slither, others crawl or glide, their bodies covered in glimmering eyes, tongues, or wings. Their forms warp constantly, and their presence is enough to cause reality to flicker. Riders of these spawn often act as mobile sorcerer-cavalry, riding into battle on

tides of mutation and madness, hurling witchfire as their mounts twist unpredictably beneath them.

Plague Toads of Nurgle [Nurgle or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Bloated, warty, and oozing infectious bile, these daemoniac beasts lumber forward with surprising power. Their tongues lash out to drag enemies into their dripping maws, and their very presence spreads rot across the battlefield. Riders of Plague Toads are notoriously hard to kill—plagues crawl on their armor like armor plates, and most small arms fire just bounces off their bloated hides. They are used as death-bringers in siege lines and attrition battles.

Steeds of Slaanesh [Slaanesh or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Long-limbed and serpentine, these beasts move with hypnotic grace, and leave trails of perfume-laced mist and glittering rot behind them. Their riders move faster than the eye can follow, each charge punctuated by laughing screams and the scent of crushed roses. Steeds of Slaanesh have razor teeth and claws, and their presence induces a blend of ecstasy and terror that cripples enemy morale. Cavalry riding these mounts are used for psychological warfare, precision strikes, and lightning raids.



Drop Infantry Regiment

These troops are the elite of the elite—trained for high-risk, high-impact operations launched from orbit or low-flying warships. They specialize in rapid planetary entry via drop pods, grav-chutes, or daemonically infused atmospheric incursion tech. Whether they're breaching a city in seconds or landing in the heart of a fortress, Drop Infantry hit hard, fast, and with zero mercy.

Drop Infantry are often the first wave of planetary invasions or deep-strike sabotage missions. Their equipment is compact, hardened, and optimized for mobility and violence. Every regiment includes specialists in breaching, demolition, and psychic disruption.

Your Drop Infantry variance can be chosen from the following options, depending on your world's dominant cult alignment.

The Crimson Rain [Khorne or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Khorne's drop troops are violence incarnate. They don't use grav-chutes—they slam into the battlefield in daemon-forged drop-pods, causing shockwaves of blood and flame upon impact. Every soldier is a berserker in armor, wielding chainaxes or blood-forged glaives, immediately charging from the craters they land in. They live for frontal assault, refuse cover, and kill until they can't breathe.

Their war cry is simple and unending: "SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!"

The Falling Prophets [Tzeentch or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Tzeentch's drop soldiers descend wrapped in glowing sigils, reality-warping parachutes, or daemoniac wings. They land not with noise, but with sudden transformation. Hostile machine spirits turn against their users, walls twist open to let them pass, and gravity itself distorts to cushion their arrival.

They use warptech weaponry, like warpfire rifles, reality-splitting blades, and stormcaller staves. Each trooper may also possess latent psychic abilities—some speak riddles that cause madness mid-battle.

They chant in reverse tongues, and you always hear them before you see them.

The Bloomfallers [Nurgle or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

The drop infantry of Grandfather Nurgle arrive in massive, rotting spore-pods or slowly descending corpse blimps bloated with toxic gas. When they hit, the pods burst into clouds of sickness and corruption, birthing squads of plague-masked shock troopers who march out, immune to pain, dripping with alchemical slime and diseases that erode armor and bone alike.

Each shot from their rot-cannons is a biological curse, each step they take infects the soil beneath them. Their arrival smells like rot, wet soil, and home.

The Symphony of Descent [Slaanesh or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

They fall like shooting stars, leaving streaks of color and song in their wake. Wrapped in living armor that pulses with sensation, these drop troops thrive in chaos. Some arrive on gliders that scream arias, others ride slender, shrieking grav-skiffs lined with gold filigree and living speakers.

Their weapons are elegant and deadly—razor-wire whips, sonic rifles, and toxin-glass blades. Every movement is a dance; every scream is music. Enemies report hallucinations, ecstasy, and terror before death. They demoralize armies before the first shot is fired.



Light Infantry Regiment

Light Infantry Regiments are composed of agile, low-profile soldiers trained in infiltration, ambush, guerrilla warfare, and terrain manipulation. They carry minimal heavy equipment, focusing instead on mobility, camouflage, and battlefield adaptability. Whether it's jungle warfare, urban stalking, or desert ghost operations, these troops are ghostlike reapers—seen only after the blade has been drawn.

Here's how they twist depending on which Chaos God they're pledged to from their original worlds:

The Whispering Gore [Khorne or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Yes, Khorne gets stealth troops—because silent killing is still killing. These warriors move like hungry wolves through ruins, forests, and mountain trails. They wield silent axes, garrote-wire chainblades, and custom silenced slug rifles—all designed for maximum arterial disruption.

They're utterly silent during movement but let loose with unholy roars after the kill, often sending enemy squads into a panic when they realize their comrades are already dead. Every soldier collects tongues or fingers as trophies—because Khorne cares not how the blood flows, just that it does.

The Dawnwalkers [Tzeentch or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Their armor changes color like a chameleon. Their steps make no sound. Their presence distorts probability itself. The Dawnwalkers never attack head-on—instead, they unhappen you. Every unit is a cabal of saboteurs, psyker-snipers, and temporal ghost-ops capable of flipping the battlefield with tricks, illusions, and invisible strikes.

They carry rifles that fire psychic residue and blades that warp into serpents mid-swing. You'll swear they're on your flank—until you turn and realize they're already inside your command center.

The Blight Creepers [Nurgle or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Nurgle's light infantry consists of camouflaged, spore-coated rot-stalkers who blend in with dead brush and crumbling infrastructure. They move slow, never hurry, and leave behind clouds of disease that linger for days.

Every wound they inflict festers instantly. Their knives are rusted but too effective, and their rifles have no sound suppressors—because by the time you hear it, you're already coughing blood. They often arrive weeks before an invasion, poisoning food, sabotaging supply lines, and making entire battalions sick before the main force even lands.

The Murmurers [Slaanesh or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

These troops flow like silk across battlefields, whispering maddening poetry through hidden vox-speakers, giggling behind every wall, and baiting enemies into traps with illusions and pheromone trails.

Their cloaks shimmer like oil, their blades whisper when unsheathed, and their rifles moan softly when fired. Half the time, the enemy dies before ever seeing them. The other half, they see them just long enough to want them—and then the knife goes in.



Line Infantry Regiment

The bread and butter (or blood and pus) of any Chaos-aligned force. These are your standard infantry units, organized into massive waves of rifle-carrying, bayonet-stabbing, bomb-throwing maniacs with more numbers than common sense. They are deployed en masse, sometimes with armor support, sometimes just with guts and a prayer to the Ruinous Powers. Often both.

Your Line Infantry variance can be chosen from the following options, depending on your world's dominant cult alignment.

The Red Host [Khorne or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Line? More like bloodline. These Khorne-worshipping infantry are violent, loud, and constantly charging. They have lasguns—sure—but those are mostly for throwing at people after they've closed the gap. Every soldier is equipped with chainblades, blood-drenched bayonets, and combat drugs that explode their adrenaline levels.

They march in formation—but only until someone gives the signal to scream and rush forward like a screaming tide of war-hungry lunatics. They live for close quarters, die in close quarters, and are happiest buried under corpses (theirs or others).

The Thousandfold March [Tzeentch or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

At first glance, they look like a normal regiment. And then something shifts. One step becomes two. A squad multiplies into a dozen. The whole front line bends at impossible angles. Welcome to the Thousandfold March, where every soldier is part of a psychic illusion, a calculated misdirection, or a literal time-warped clone of themselves.

These soldiers wear mirrored helmets and chant weird math riddles. Some squads appear where they shouldn't. Others are just fake. Their weapons phase between solid and plasma and they always seem to know exactly when and where to shoot.

The Rotworn [Nurgle or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

The Rotworn are slow. Very slow. But you can't kill what's already half-dead. These infantry march across battlefields while coughing up spore clouds, shrugging off bullets, and laughing as grenades explode in their pus-filled bellies.

They carry rusty rifles with bayonets made of bone and nail. Every step they take leaves behind a disease vector. If you manage to shoot them down? Congratulations—you just burst them like a piñata of infectious bad decisions.

Sometimes their wounds heal backward, turning into extra limbs or twitching mouths that sing praise to Grandfather Nurgle.

The Pleasure Corps [Slaanesh or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

These are not your average meat-grinder troops. These are performance artists of death. Their uniforms are tight, flashy, and a little too shiny. Their lasguns have been modified to fire in hypnotic rhythm. Their voices are like velvet chainsaws.

They fight in perfect sync—movements choreographed like a war ballet. And when they kill? Oh, they savor it. They whisper sweet things into their enemies' ears just before the stab, moan when bullets fly past, and giggle when covered in gore.

Half their kills come from the enemy hesitating, entranced. The other half come from sonic grenades, strobe mines, and combat stims that make them faster than sanity allows.

Chaos Regiment Basic Equipment

Chaos Regiment Basic Equipment

Here you decide the equipment used by your regiments. Every Chaos Guard here will receive their standard gear and potentially an additional weapon of your choosing. Each individual Chaos Guardsman can be equipped with any weapon you have purchased here. Each soldier is allowed to carry one main weapon, one set of armor, one melee weapon, and two sidearms. This does not include any extra weapons or gear they may receive from their specific regiment type or home world.

Main Weapon

Lasgun [Free]

Ah, the classic. The old reliable. The “flashlight of death”... if the batteries aren’t dead. The Lasgun is the basic weapon for all guardsmen across the galaxy, including Chaos Guard. Light, rapid-fire, and easy to mass-produce, it doesn’t exactly win in power but it makes up for it in sheer quantity.

The Bolter [50 Favor]

The Bolter—once the sacred weapon of the Adeptus Astartes—is a big, brutal boomstick that fires explosive .75-caliber bolts. It shreds anything soft, squishy, or covered in “loyalist” prayers. However, due to its size, recoil, and cost, only 1 out of every 3 Chaos Guard can be equipped with a Bolter.

Hellgun [50 Favor]

The Hellgun, a.k.a. the Hot-Shot Lasgun, is the Hellfire upgrade to the classic Las. It fires with much higher energy, capable of piercing Power Armour like it’s warm jelly. Because it drains energy cells like a psyker on warp-crack, only 1 out of 3 Chaos Guardsmen can carry this beaut.

Flamer Weapon [100 Favor]

You want fire? You want fire that licks through walls and fills bunkers with screams? The Flamer is the weapon of the faithless. This includes all variants—handheld flamethrowers, wrist-mounted sprayers, and promethium backpacks that tend to explode very spectacularly when shot.

It's less about precision and more about holy barbecue. Everyone in the vicinity will remember the smell. For better or worse.

Grenade Launcher [100 Favor]

Boom goes the heresy. Grenade Launchers give your guardsmen a semi-lobbed solution to crowded cover, vehicle weak points, or just "that one annoying sniper." Due to the clunky weight and explosive nature, only 1 out of every 10 Chaos Guardsmen may be equipped with this weapon. Recommended for mobile support squads. Launches frag, krak, or daemonic warp grenades if you're feeling spicy.

Missile Launcher [100 Favor]

Because sometimes you need a war crime delivered by one guy and a really long tube. Missile Launchers give your troops the ability to knock aircraft out of the sky or reduce tanks to smoking art pieces. Only 1 in every 10 Guardsmen can wield this weapon. Expect flexible ammunition types: anti-tank, anti-infantry, even warp-screamer warheads if your local demon-smith is feeling generous.

Meltagun [200 Favor]

The godkiller in your pocket. The Meltagun is the personal thermal nuclear option. Designed for up-close horror, this weapon melts tanks. Like, literally melts them. It fires a focused beam that burns so hot it can vaporize ceramite in seconds. But because of how volatile and rare they are, only 1 out of every 20 Chaos Guardsmen may carry one. Give these to your shock troops. Or your most unhinged cultists. Just make sure they don't aim it backwards.

Chaincannon [100 Favor] [Khorne or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

A brutally heavy and roaring instrument of death, the Chaincannon tears through enemy lines with a ceaseless roar of metal grinding metal. Linked to a massive drum magazine and designed to spew high-caliber slugs at insane speeds, it's the favored choice of those who serve Khorne with an unrelenting thirst for blood. It has no subtlety, no finesse—just pure, unfiltered murder that paints the battlefield in arterial red. Only one in every 10 guardsmen can equip this.

Gore Repeater [100 Favor] [Khorne or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

A modified autogun crafted in the forges of rage, the Gore Repeater fires three-shot bursts of flesh-shredding ammunition soaked in the blood of sacrificial offerings. Each volley seems to scream through the air, driven by the hatred of its god. While less accurate than a lasgun, it delivers so much overkill per trigger pull that anything in front of it turns into mist. Only one in every 10 guardsman can equip this.

Bloodfire Spitter [100 Favor] [Khorne or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

This unholy flamethrower shoots out a stream of alchemically enhanced promethium mixed with daemon ichor, turning it into a caustic, searing liquid fire. The flames it produces stick to everything, eating through armor, flesh, and bone alike. Once it touches someone, all that remains is screaming and a pool of molten meat. Praise Khorne! Only one in every 10 guardsmen can equip this.

Warpflash Rifle [100 Favor] [Tzeentch or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

A weapon forged from impossible geometries and infused with raw warp energy, the Warpflash Rifle fires beams that don't travel straight—they decide where to hit. When fired, the air cracks with a piercing screech as multicolored light twists toward its victim. It ignores traditional armor and sometimes even hits targets that aren't quite in this dimension yet. The results are gloriously unpredictable. Only one in every 100 guardsmen can equip this.

Hexblaster Coilgun [100 Favor] [Tzeentch or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

This arcane weapon charges glowing energy coils that, when discharged, send out a high-velocity spike of kinetic sorcery. Victims hit by a Hexblaster tend to detonate from the inside out, or worse, get folded into themselves and vanish into the warp with a satisfied pop. Only one in every 1000 guardsmen can equip this.

Prismatic Shardcaster [100 Favor] [Tzeentch or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

A crystalline weapon that fires jagged shards of enchanted glass that refract warp energy mid-flight. When they strike, they release bursts of volatile psychic feedback that can fry the nervous system or fill the mind with horrifying illusions. It's as beautiful as it is nightmarish, just like Tzeentch would want. Only one in every 20 guardsmen can equip this

Rot Vomiter [100 Favor] [Nurgle or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

This disgusting biomechanical rifle releases globs of semi-liquid plague bile with every shot. The bile is loaded with a random disease known (and unknown) to mortals, bubbling and hissing as it eats through armor and into flesh. Victims rarely die quickly—instead, they scream, melt, and eventually join the Garden. A true blessing of Papa Nurgle. Only one in every 20 guardsmen can equip this.

Blightneedle Spitter [100 Favor] [Nurgle or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Shaped like a grotesque hybrid of an insect and a gun, the Blightneedle Spitter launches toxic spines coated in paralytic venom. Once lodged in flesh, the needles dissolve and release spores that cause slow necrosis from the inside out. The afflicted often try to claw the spines out themselves, which only spreads the infection further. Only one in every 20 guardsmen can equip this.

Mucus Reaver [100 Favor] [Nurgle or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

A heavy sludge-firing weapon that shoots explosive sacs of pestilent goo. When these sacs land, they detonate into a choking fog of rot that clings to surfaces and people alike. It's the ideal weapon for denying space or blanketing a trench in grandfather's blessings. Soldiers who die in its cloud often rise again... but not as themselves. Only one in every 20 guardsmen can equip this.

Sonic Blaster [100 Favor] [Slaanesh or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

One of the most infamous weapons of the Dark Prince's arsenal, the Sonic Blaster uses vibrating soundwaves so intense they rupture organs and shatter bones from the inside. The wielder can change the frequency to make it a tool of torture or slaughter. Victims don't just die—they feel every part of their body collapse in a painful symphony of agony and ecstasy. Only one in every 20 guardsmen can equip this.

Needle Launcher [100 Favor] [Slaanesh or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

This elegant yet terrifying weapon fires thin, hyper-accelerated needles laced with exotic hallucinogens and pain-amplifying toxins. Victims hit are often left writhing in ecstasy, unable to tell if they're dying or being reborn. Its cruel design leaves bodies twitching with euphoria even as their hearts stop. It's not about efficiency—it's about art. Only one in every 20 guardsmen can equip this.

Lashgun [100 Favor] [Slaanesh or Chaos Undivided cult worlds only]

Looking more like a whip made of light than a rifle, the Lashgun fires energized plasma lashes that lash and coil through the air before slicing into flesh. With each crack, it sears the soul as well as the skin. Some soldiers carry them just for the sound alone—like a scream wrapped in thunder. Slaanesh approves. Only one in every 20 guardsmen can equip this.

Armor

Flak Armour [Free]

A paper-thin nod to protection in a galaxy drowning in superweapons, Flak Armour is the pitiful baseline worn by your average Chaos Guard. Cobwebbed together from scavenged Imperial stockpiles and ritually stitched with heretical runes, it's just good enough to stop a lasgun shot if the gods are smiling—though the wearer may still need a new ribcage afterward. Better than a bare chest, worse than wearing a dead cultist as a shield. Praise be to the minimum standard.

Carapace Armour [100 Favor]

Forged in dark manufactorums blessed by daemon-smiths and oozing with the residual warp-stink of the Warp, Carapace Armour is what happens when mortals dare to dream of not dying instantly. Thicker than flak and etched with chaos sigils, this heavy, cumbersome shell turns your grunts into walking shrines of attrition. Yes, it's hot. Yes, it chafes. Yes, it might occasionally whisper in your ear and demand blood tithes. But it also makes your Guardsmen much more likely to survive long enough to suffer gloriously horrific deaths later on.

Bloodforged Plate [100 Favor] [Khorne cult worlds only]

This brutal red-black armour is hammered from the melted remains of fallen foes and quenched in the blood of champions. It offers immense physical protection, especially in melee, and often enhances the wearer's aggression and reflexes. While wearing it, your Guardsmen gain resistance to pain, fear, and ranged suppression—but don't expect them to retreat, even when they probably should.

Warpwoven Aegis [100 Favor] [Tzeentch cult worlds only]

Woven from impossible filaments of fate and laced with shimmering aetheric circuitry, this armour does not block attacks so much as redirects probability. Bolts curve away, melta shots dissipate, and lasfire scorches empty air. Of course, such armor is deeply unpredictable—sometimes your Guardsman is nigh untouchable, other times his boots melt off for no reason. Psykers wearing this armour often find their powers amplified, though they may also hear whispering libraries judging them from beyond the veil.

Rotsteel Carapace [100 Favor] [Nurgle cult worlds only]

A bloated, corroded mass of rusted metal and pulsating blubber-like padding, this armour is less worn and more grown onto the body. Stinking of decay and strangely warm to the touch, the Rotsteel Carapace turns your Guardsmen into walking bulwarks of filth. Bullets squelch into layers of diseased flesh-metal, and poisons only make them stronger. The downside? They leave puddles wherever they stand and develop an irresistible urge to hum nursery rhymes about plague flies.

Sensory Meshweave [100 Favor] [Slaanesh cult worlds only]

This exotic armour made from living silk and flexible psycho-reactive plates, it grants unparalleled agility, heightened reflexes, and tactile sensitivity. While offering less raw protection, it allows Slaaneshi Guardsmen to dodge attacks with ballet-like grace, flowing across the battlefield like fevered dreams. Wearing it too long, however, may result in soldiers forming emotional relationships with their armour.

Melee weapon

Chainsword [Free]

The Chainsword is essentially a brutal sword with powered teeth that spin along the edge like a chainsaw. Subtlety? Absolutely none. Wielding a Chainsword is an open declaration of carnage, terror, and glorious noise. These savage tools are horrifying in combat, spraying blood and oil in all directions and howling like metal wolves in the hands of your Chaos Guard. Bonus: terrifying to civilians.

Power Sword [100 Favor]

Power Swords are elegant instruments of destruction, their shimmering energy fields cutting through armor and flesh with little resistance. They are the most popular battlefield power weapon, capable of punching through ceramite and shielding alike. When raised by a chaos-tainted Guardsman, the blade's humming field pulses to a tune only the mad can enjoy. Only one in every 5 guardsmen can equip this.

Power Maul [100 Favor]

More refined than it appears, the Power Maul is a baton encased in a variable power field. Its disruption settings allow your Guard to adjust its effects—from bashing down ferrocrete doors to simply knocking out unworthy foes with precise concussive blasts. The hum it emits is oddly satisfying, and it's favored by enforcers who want a little flair with their brutality. Only one in every 10 guardsmen can equip this.

Power Fist [100 Favor]

A massive gauntlet engulfed in a destructive energy field, the Power Fist is slow, heavy, and unforgiving. Those who wield it must accept that they will take damage before dishing it out—but when they do, it's catastrophic. Entire tanks have been caved in by a single swing. Few things survive a hit from this weapon, and fewer still stay in one piece afterward. Only one in every 50 guardsmen can equip this.

Monomolecular Blade [100 Favor]

Monomolecular weapons are forged with impossibly sharp edges—blades honed down to a single molecule. They slice through metal, bone, and ego with chilling ease. Only a few Guardsmen are honored (or cursed) to wield such rare relics, their edges remaining razor-sharp even after enduring entire campaigns. Just don't try shaving with one unless you have backup clones. Only one in every 10000 guardsmen can equip this.

Master-Crafted Weapon [200 Favor]

Some weapons in your Chaos Guard's arsenal were forged by true artisans—masters of war and craft alike. These master-crafted tools are the pride of their bearers: honed to inhuman perfection, exquisitely balanced, and often decorated with unholy symbols or cursed metal. They slice smoother, strike faster, and survive the apocalypse with grace. Each swing sings a song of glory... or at least stylish violence. Only one in every 20000 guardsmen can equip this.

Gorecleaver [100 Favor] [Khorne cult worlds only]

A cleaver-like blade etched with brass runes, the Gorecleaver is unnaturally heavy and thirsts for arterial sprays. Each strike it makes leaves trails of burning red light, and its wielder grows stronger with every kill. Its edge never dulls, and even glancing blows often sever limbs. Guardsmen who carry them tend to scream a lot—not in fear, but in blood-drunk ecstasy. Only one in every 8 guardsmen can equip this.

Blood Chainaxe [100 Favor] [Khorne cult worlds only]

A fusion of a brutal axe and chainsword technology, the Blood Chainaxe is designed for maximum carnage. It roars like a beast when swung and sprays gore in arcs so wide it's practically a performance. Excellent for cleaving through enemy squads, buildings, or anything that can bleed. Side effect: you may hear it chanting "skulls" when left alone. Only one in every 8 guardsmen can equip this.

Aether-Saber [100 Favor] [Tzeentch cult worlds only]

A sleek, sorcerous blade that seems to shift between dimensions, the Aether-Saber phases through armour and solid matter alike. It leaves trails of blue and gold fire with every swing, and occasionally whispers secrets to its wielder—some useful, some... deeply concerning. Only one in every 9 guardsmen can equip this.

Wandstaff of Flux [100 Favor] [Tzeentch cult worlds only]

A staff-weapon that blends melee and magical amplification. When used in combat, it strikes like a mace of coiling energy, and amplifies any psychic potential the wielder has. Even untrained guardsmen can accidentally trigger warp ripples with a good swing. Side effect: sometimes teleports your arm... somewhere else. It'll come back. Probably. Only one in every 9 guardsmen can equip this.

Rotfang Mace [100 Favor] [Nurgle cult worlds only]

A mace whose head is a fossilized Plaguebearer skull, surrounded by ever-dripping mucus and chitin spikes. When it strikes, the blow isn't fatal at first—it's what grows afterward. Wounds caused by this weapon rapidly fester into pus-filled sores that explode into clouds of flies. Even a graze is lethal... eventually. Only one in every 7 guardsmen can equip this.

Blight Cleaver [100 Favor] [Nurgle cult worlds only]

A rusted cleaver made of corroded ceramite, this weapon infects anything it touches. It can slice through steel plating and leave behind writhing infestations of maggots. Guardsmen wielding these have an unnerving smell, and enemy forces often flee before the fight starts just to avoid the stench. It's not a weapon—it's an environmental hazard. Only one in every 7 guardsmen can equip this.

Passion Blade [100 Favor][Slaanesh cult worlds only]

A thin dueling sword that vibrates with euphoric energy, causing nerve overloads on contact. Even a shallow cut causes unbearable pleasure or pain—sometimes both—and can incapacitate foes without outright killing them. Often used by officers who like to make a show out of it. Prolonged exposure may make users too enthusiastic about stabbing. Only one in every 6 guardsmen can equip this.

Ecstasy Talons [100 Favor][Slaanesh cult worlds only]

Twin crystalline blades worn like rings that grow into curved claws when activated. They are feather-light, move with the wielder's thoughts, and emit a harmonic hum that resonates with the beating of hearts. Every strike causes sensory overload, both for the victim and the user. Half a dance, half a massacre—fully Slaaneshi. Only one in every 6 guardsmen can equip this.

Daemon Weapon [500 Favor]

Upon claiming dominion over a planet, one of your Chaos Guardsmen becomes worthy—or perhaps reckless—enough to be gifted a daemon weapon. These are not mere blades or axes. They are souls bound in steel, artifacts of rage, whisper, plague, and pleasure—crafted by the maddest daemons and forged in the forges of the Realms themselves.

Each time you conquer a new world, one such weapon becomes available to your army. These weapons are designed using the rules and heretical delights found within Supplement: Age of Sigmar – Grand Alliance of Chaos: Daemon Weapons of Chaos. However, the might of your mortal frame places limitations: no single daemon weapon may exceed 300 Daemon Points in construction, and the dreaded “Greater Daemon” option is strictly forbidden—lest the weapon consume its bearer from the inside out within seconds.

Side Arms

Laspistol [Free]

A standard-issue sidearm of the Chaos Guard, the Laspistol mirrors its larger lasgun sibling in function and design. Its unlimited power pack allows for continued use without pause, though it lacks stopping power. It's not impressive, but it's dependable—and often enough to finish off what your main weapon started.

Bolt Pistol [100 Favor]

A scaled-down variant of the fearsome Space Marine weapon, the Bolt Pistol still fires .60 caliber mass-reactive rounds that explode inside their target. While it lacks the full power of its Astartes version, it's devastating in close quarters, and easily capable of reducing unarmored foes to mulch.. Only one in every 3 guardsmen can equip this and only one can be equipped to the same guardsman

Hot-Shot Laspistol [100 Favor]

A more refined, armor-piercing pistol designed for elite troops. Despite its small size, this laspistol punches far above its weight class. Normally requiring a full backpack battery, your version uses a compact, high-capacity pack—though you'll still need to be careful not to burn through it too quickly. A favorite among shock troops and assassins. Only one in every 3 guardsmen can equip this and only one can be equipped to the same guardsman

Plasma Pistol [200 Favor]

This volatile sidearm offers the destructive power of a star's heart in the palm of your hand. The Plasma Pistol vaporizes armor, flesh, and cover alike with bursts of incandescent doom. Of course, overcharging it risks venting that star's heart into your face—but that's the price of true power. Only one in every 10 guardsmen can equip this and only one can be equipped to the same guardsman

Ripper Pistol [200 Favor]

This deadly and exotic stub pistol fires high-caliber shells laced with a cocktail of armor-piercing cores and alchemical poisons. A single shot can punch through even artificer armor, and if that doesn't kill the target, the toxin will. Unfortunately, this ammunition is ruinously expensive—and highly addictive for some users, who crave the whispered promises in each toxic breath. Only one in every 20 guardsmen can equip this and only one can be equipped to the same guardsman

Drawbacks:

+0 Supplement:

This supplement offers you the opportunity to wield a Chaos Cult Weapon of terrifying power, but nothing comes without sacrifice. To unlock this dark boon, you must fulfill one of two ominous conditions.

You must either seize control of 90% of the criminal underworld on the world in question—bending every gang, syndicate, cartel, and black-market ring to your will—or you must rend open the veil of reality itself. This latter path demands the opening of a Warp rift wide enough to bring about a full-scale daemonic incursion, one so massive that the world will become a permanent Daemon World. Oceans will boil, the sky will bleed, and sanity itself will rot as the Warp consumes everything. In either case, your reward is a weapon shaped by heresy, forged in madness, and dripping with the raw power of the Gods.

+200 Favour Exchange:

By spending 100 CP from your jumpchain, you may gain 200 Favour to be used within this supplement. This transaction is one-way only. Favour obtained in this way cannot be converted back into CP under any circumstance. This option exists solely for those willing to sacrifice long-term power elsewhere for immediate gain among the legions of the damned.