

Well.

This is strange.

It seems we're back here again. Or maybe this is the first time we've been here. But if this is the first time, how would we remember it? Is it our memory? But if it is, how is it we could remember being here if it's wrong and this is the first time in this place? Maybe we're out of order. But that would mean you had an order to your journey, and is that really true? Maybe another version of you was here before, and you have that version's memories. But that would mean a chronological instabili-
WAAAAAIT A MINUTE, HOLD UP. JUST HOLD UP. I know where we are now, oh this is a bit of a predicament!

Okay so bear with me. There's a world out there where the Materium and Immaterium are separate, yet connected. Layers that seep into each other, as it were. This layer known as the 'Immaterium' is a vast and chaotic layer, an afterlife torn apart by the war and negative nature of mortals across an entire galaxy. As a result, creatures known as the Neverborn form from these negative emotions and natures, taking all manners of sizes and shapes and views as they seek to pour into the Materium. They have but one goal, to serve their mighty masters in murdering, subverting, or seducing the mortals. It ill matters whether their souls are taken willingly or by force, only that the souls are taken to the Immaterium.

...oh, I'm sorry. Am I being too vague? Then allow me to sum it up.

You're in the grimdark future of Warhammer 40,000. The Imperium of Man, along with various Xenos races, are in a constant struggle with each other and the daemonic forces of Chaos. You've been given the option to join the winning team.



PART 1: Rise of the Void Walker

BEGINNING

Okay okay, don't panic. We may or may not be in the Warp right now. Yes, the Warp itself, with chaotic energies running rampant and unimaginable horrors which tell all scientific and material law to go fornicate itself with a rusty, red-hot pole. With spikes. Normally this is the part where you get torn apart by daemons, have your soul be made a toy, be shown insanity-inducing images, murdered, or any combination of those options. Repeatedly.

So why aren't you getting any of those cruel and malefic fates?

Well I wasn't lying when I said you'll be given the option to join the winning team.

Your coming was foretold by ancient seers with flayed scrolls, sigils burning the skin as though it were carved anew, weaving tales of a Champion that hailed from the Void outside of this galaxy. Great things would be done in their name, and the galaxy would be changed forever by their hand.

It doesn't give exact details on how they'd do it. That's where our little agreement comes into play.

You will be able to build yourself to impressive heights, collect ancient tools and weapons, or amass zealous followers who will work to help you achieve your goals. Lesser men will quake at the sound of your name, fearful of what fates you could possibly have in store for them should you choose to inflict them. Be it for better or for worse, you are not a pawn in this world; rather a powerful player who's actions will affect entire worlds over time.

But we'll get to that eventually. After all, every legend must begin somehow... and for it to begin we must shape that beginning, starting with a decision that will affect the entirety of your time here. It will not be an easy choice, for it will grant you some options and lock others out. More importantly, it will be a reflection of who you are... and possibly reveal things you never knew about yourself.

It is time to decide who you throw your lot with for your stay here.

YOU MAY ONLY CHOOSE ONE PATRON



KHORNE THE BLOOD GOD, LORD OF SKULLS

When blood is spilled in the throes of combat, it is he who smiles with satisfaction. This is because blood can mean different things, and while most see it as a mere biological fluid... those who see beyond the mundane know this is a lie, a dishonor to blood as it is much, much more. Blood is energy, rage, endless fury. It is power. It is to know life and death when you cut a foe in two, their heart still pumping. To feel one's blood rushing in the heat of a fight is to touch something impossibly ancient and primal, from before humanity could speak its first words.

It is this bloodshed within endless combat that Khorne embodies, he within the Realm of Brass and Blood, surrounded by endless warriors engaged in slaughter everlasting.

Khorne represents conflict, pure and simple. When one disagrees with their neighbor and fights to prove his side, it is Khorne who watches with interest. When a country fights another for its resources and land, Khorne is the one who pushes this conflict with anticipation. These conflicts when they reach their logical conclusion only serve to empower him, the Blood God laughing as his power grows with each cut made within flesh and every drop of blood spilled. Yet it is not any mere conflict that Khorne is interested in, for much like a mortal might desire more than base foods, so too does Khorne desire more than petty squabbling.

Just like how a story requires conflict to have meaning in order to draw you in, so too does Khorne require conflict to be more than random genocides. Conflict can push one to greater heights, and conflict can put one on the path towards a power never thought possible. But for this to be possible, one must continually test themselves. Warriors of Khorne pay respect to this truth, refusing to fight those who cannot put up a fight and conducting themselves with martial honor. Of course, no one said this could not be used to protect the weak instead...

Surprised? You should not be. Khorne represents more than bloodshed and fighting, for he also represents the courage to fight, with honor in one's actions and achievement in one's own power. To create a powerful doomsday machine is using the strength of one's mind, fighting each other with mortal ingenuity. A swordsman who kills a thousand to protect his village is the same as the scientist who destroys a nation with a bomb to shape history; the ingenuity to destroy others efficiently, and the courage to see it through. So long as the blood flows.



TZEENTCH THE CHANGER OF WAYS, ARCHITECT OF FATE

Fate is a fickle thing, for it can take as quickly as it gives. Yet for some, Fate favors them more than it would favor an entire planet. This can be seen as unfair, cruel, a joke on an untold scale. After all, why should others benefit while you do not? What makes them so special, to be favored by forces unseen, by cosmic chance? For starters, they likely understand that there is no such thing as chance, or coincidence, or anything like that.

Fate is an intricate machine, wheels within wheels that ensure everything goes as intended. Those in tune with the universe understand Fate is never meaningless, nor is it random. There is always a Grand Scheme to everything, and in order for a Grand Scheme to exist, there must be a Grand Schemer. That is Tzeentch, and to those who follow him, Fate is known as the 'Will of Tzeentch' for he decides all things.

Yet for Fate to have an impact in changing one's life, the world must always be changing. This is his embodiment, to continually change things around him and the galaxy for the sake of change. The more that changes, the better. Yet he understands that even the smallest actions, the tiniest nudge can snowball into a cataclysmic event a hundred years later, for his sight is vast.

It can go without saying, that letting things stagnate or stay the same for too long is anathema to him, as can be attested by the ever-changing forms he takes and his domicile, the Shifting Maze.

Perhaps more tangibly, his desire for change means he will bring many gifts upon those he deems necessary to bring this change, such as some of the vast knowledge of the universe he possesses, the mental prowess to understand, the sharpness to scheme and plan in ways that leave everyone speechless... and the most potent tool of change, the psychic expression known as Sorcery. Terrible power that could rightly be called magick, Sorcery can be used to do many things and push many agendas... even guide a civilization to a new stage of evolution and prosperity, creating a culture that could be a utopia for eons while its people prosper for just as long.

That is right. Tzeentch represents change and Sorcery, but he also represents the ambition to succeed and the hope that drives one to that goal. To work towards a better tomorrow sees him shift with delight, and the insatiable intrigue one possesses for knowledge and understanding of the universe intrigues him in turn. It is not a sin to want to help others, nor is it a sin to hope to gain knowledge to achieve that goal. After all, knowledge changes you.



SLAANESH THE LORD OF SENSATION, SHE WHO THIRSTS

There is nothing wrong with wanting to be happy. There is no shame in truly letting your inner self out, to let your indulgences run wild and to lose yourself to unyielding bliss. After all, no one wants to be miserable all the time, and even the most hardened of acolytes need some kind of relief from the harsh world.

When those desires are realized, Slaanesh within their Palace of Pleasure experiences a thrill of delight, for the dimmed soul within that mortal burns bright with the experience. Likewise, when pain is experienced in the process of trying to reach those desires, it is met with approval from the Dark Prince, for it is a testament to the loyalty one has for their happiness in life.

To never feel sensation is to be dead to the world, unable to experience the joys or sufferings of what your life has to offer you. After all, what point is there in living if you simply deny yourself constantly for the sake of some code, or promise, or fear? What good is your life if you do not seek to find all that life can offer you? Everyone deserves to be happy, or suffer pain in the pursuit of happiness... or perhaps deliver pain to others in order to make yourself happy. The Lord of Sensation thrives in the primal passion that can be found in every living being.

The pain that comes from needle or blade, the euphoric rush from drugs that change the chemicals in your system, the thrill you get from achieving a goal, or the constant pain from a constant action... the very things that make you feel alive. Some would say that pursuing these thrills and sensations of life are debasing yourself, becoming little more than an animal. A slave to your whims and indulgences.

Followers of Slaanesh would retort that even men are animals. Men are simply able to appreciate things more.

Yet this overindulgence is not all that Slaanesh seeks. After all, doing the same thing over and over gets boring. This is why Slaanesh not only represents sensation and indulging your inner wishes, but they also represent the desire to improve oneself and the shaping of aesthetics. If one becomes better, then one can do and experience what lesser beings could not. If one possesses a look they are comfortable with, or are even proud of, then it allows them to enjoy life more and allow their inner desires out. This desire to improve could take the form of making oneself more beautiful, or perfecting a martial art, or practicing a craft until the skill reaches unnatural heights.



NURGLE THE LORD OF DECAY, MASTER OF PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE

Death. Decay. Two inevitable aspects of the universe that cannot be stopped. Nothing is immune to the slow march of entropy and rot, for metal will rust, fabric will erode, and flesh will rot. The only difference among all of these is that some last longer than others, but all things eventually break down, stop working, or simply die. The existential dread of this realization is not meant to induce terror, for it should only be natural to accept what will come to pass. No one embodies this cold fact better than Nurgle, he who represents disease and filth and corruption.

No kingdom stands eternal against the test of time. No king rules forever. To live is to realize that one day you will succumb to filth and the disease that it brings and die, as do all others who live. After all, everything must end at some point. Every disease takes its toll, every machine falls to disrepair, and in time even the universe itself shall fester and die within its own tomb. The only question is what will happen, when the end comes.

Within the Garden of Nurgle and all that it cultivates, the Plaguefather continues to work, for he already knows the answer to that question.

With endings, come beginnings. When something ends, it is equally inevitable that something shall take its place. In short, while death arises from the flesh of the living, so too does life spring from the bones of the dead. When a contract is terminated, it offers room for new opportunities. At the same time, it is this knowledge of the end that brings out the strongest in others, to strive to persevere and become tough enough to go as far as one can. Nobody truly values their life until they realize how perilously close it is to fading, and the Plaguefather embraces all who understand this truth and take it to heart in order to become stronger.

Entropy may be the natural order of things, but who is to say you cannot use it to improve your view on life? To accept that it is the nature of things, and either make yourself strong enough to endure or prepare the world for what gifts you shall give them upon your own passing? Just because most fear this outcome does not mean you have to, and with the supernatural mastery over biological contagions and creatures, you could even offer others the reprieve that you have been granted, that one chance to enjoy life and be happy in knowing you accept what you can't change, and work to change what you can.

Also, who could possibly turn down a hug from a family who loves you?



CHAOS UNDIVIDED

I see. You do not wish to leave yourself beholden to any single individual. Brave... or foolish. I'm sure we'll find out which one it is in due time.

Of all the factions of Chaos that could exist, this faction follows Chaos in its purest form. They alone can interpret Chaos in a variety of ways that all have meaning, and even gain various powers from all four of the Chaos Gods, albeit spread out. While they are never likely to gain the full powers of any one entity, they effectively have a foot in all four camps. This can be dangerous as it means the gaze of all the Gods are upon them, but it can be very rewarding when they succeed in a scheme that pleases all four of them.

While you will never be specialized like a follower of Nurgle or Khorne, where you specialize in having a bigger bag of tricks. After all, quantity is a quality all its own, and there is nothing wrong with dabbling in a little bit of everything. Even better, you are in a prime position to become a natural leader of Chaos, understanding the needs of other followers and being able to cater and adjust your plans to fit whatever they require to satisfy their patron God.

For better or for worse, choosing this option ensures a different existence than one devoted to a single God. We will have to see where your path takes you.

OH! That's right, I forgot the most important thing! You're going to need this!

You now have +1000CP to use to make your decisions.

CHOSEN FORM

Oh good, you haven't been chased off. That's very good to hear, and very courageous of you. You will need that courage to survive and thrive in this world, for it will not cater to the whims of those who do not possess the strength to endure its hardships. But you won't merely endure, will you? No, you're going to thrive. Akin to a caterpillar beginning its metamorphosis into a butterfly, your journey will fill witnesses with awe and envy as they see you for the rising star you are. But even a star has physical form. Why not get yours out of the way? You've got two options, and can only choose one. You may roll for your age and start with the gender you entered this world in, or pay 50CP to decide both.

Human (Free) (Roll 1d8+20 for your age):

- +Can more easily fit into crowds, social gatherings, and other similar places
- +Enemies might end up underestimating you. The fools.
- Not as strong or intimidating as an Astartes
- Might be more difficult for Chaos-aligned Astartes to listen to you. Little weakling.

One of trillions of humans that wander the galaxy, you were expected to be another cog in the machine that is the vast Imperium of Man. Expected to live your life in service in the form of sixteen hour shifts, to pay your tithe, and to never, ever do anything heretical like betray the God-Emperor of Mankind. Needless to say, you decided that living your own life and pursuing your own goals without the bureaucratic tape tying you down. Taking the first ship you could off-world, you ended up running into pirates and crash-landing onto a desolate world... a world that had hidden, tainted artifacts. Thus began your rise to power.

Adeptus Astartes (200CP) (Roll 1d8 centuries for your age):

- +As a ten foot superhuman, you command respect wherever you go
- +More obviously, you have a great deal of extra strength and power to use for your ambitions
- Much more difficult to blend into a crowd, if not impossible thanks to your stature
- The Imperium will see you as a more important target, and warbands might try to test you

You were supposed to be one of the Emperor's Angels. A bastion of the Imperium, a testament to the true power Humanity could bring to bear upon any who would threaten it. But servitude never really sat well with you, did it? Why be beholden to a corpse on a chair, when the gods could promise you the galaxy? Whether it was through bloodshed or a quiet disappearance, you left the Imperium's service and threw your lot in with those who could offer you what the so-called God-Emperor could never hope to grant: Freedom, and the right to choose how you pursue it.

If you are somehow female as an Astartes... well. I'm sure there's a story behind that one. Make it a good one, won't you?

LOCATION

As I have said, every journey has its beginning. You can't just expect to pop up in the middle of nowhere, can you? No, we can't have that at all. I will be placing you somewhere special, a place where you can recruit all manners of denizens and cultists to start the beginnings of your base of power. But first, we should explain the actual sector you will be in:

The Screaming Vortex:

In the northern reaches of the galaxy known as the Segmentum Obscurus, there is a dangerous Warp Storm that separates the Calixis Sector, the Imperium-controlled space on the very edges of the sector from the Koronus Expanse and the Halo Stars beyond Imperium-controlled space, as well as the infamous Eye of Terror. This Warp Storm isn't as large as the Eye of Terror, but its empyreal energies are just as intense and deadly to those who would scoff its dangers. It is rumored that the Screaming Vortex was once home to a large nest of Eldar worlds, and that the Vortex was formed as one of many secondary Warp Storms that erupted when the Eye of Terror was torn open. But that is not why it has its current name.

The Screaming Vortex is unique in that it resonates with the countless voices of its slain residents, psykers and sorcerers alike being able to hear the endless wailing outside the Vortex. When one actually enters, all the living can hear this cacophony of misery, and when the storm wanes occasionally the voices scream louder and with greater desperation.

Within the Vortex, the laws of physics and reality are highly mutable as any location of the Immaterium would be. But what is unknown to the Imperium of Man is the vast amounts of worlds and civilizations that lay within the Vortex, teeming with life. This is because the denizens of the Screaming Vortex are either too busy fighting each other to survive, or making efforts simply to survive in general. But if one were to find a way to unite them, as unlikely as it would be, they could be a very powerful force against the Imperium. Almost enough to launch a Black Crusade at the behest of the one strong enough to command this force.

I don't think I have to tell you that this is where you can potentially come in.

Whether you find yourself dealing with the wretched maggots of the Writhing World, or struggling within the swamps of the Mire, or even at the whims of whichever God holds sway over the Crucible, one thing is certain within this place: Chaos shall reign forevermore.

Roll a 1d8 to decide your starting world, or you may pay 50CP to decide for yourself.

1- Kurse (Khorne Free): Once a thriving world with a prosperous civilization thanks to the wonders of the Dark Age of Technology, Kurse was a victim of its own success. As technology progressed, the planet eventually became embroiled in a firestorm of war. Unspeakable weapons were launched, countless lives taken in the pursuit of the ultimate victory. Now it lays a baleful, guttering ember of a world rife with lakes of toxic chemicals and seas of radiation which extend all the way to the planet's core. A ring of asteroids have been outfitted around the planet, and many of these serve as crude Gladiatorial Pits where many are thrown to each other for sport... and as such, serves as the perfect recruitment ground for an aspiring Chaos Champion to collect for their Warband. Of course, if you feel especially brave, the horrific wastelands of Kurse itself are a tempting place as resting grounds for potentially hidden Archaeotech...

2- Q'Sal (Tzeentch Free): A particularly persistent whorl of Warp energy surrounds this world of sorcery and technology. Three great cities have held sway over the planet for approximately eight hundred years... by their terms. To think of how long that would be in realspace time is almost unfathomable. Yet, this planet is different in the sense that the cities of Q'sal would not be out of place as a Civilized World of the Imperium, with shining glass cities and well-tended agricultural fields. Yet if one looks past initial views, they will see the deeply infested Warp-taint that permeates every inch of the city, from the daemon-engines to the technology to the very people themselves. Be wary, for outsiders are not treated kindly here, and their trade for souls is terrifying in every aspect.

3- Melancholia (Slaanesh Free): This windswept planet is continually beset by hailstorms and rains, forcing the people of this land to be in a state of constant misery as the very elements constantly assail them. Worse, as if by some unnatural law no stone can be set upon this planet, meaning no buildings or structures may be constructed here. This ensures those who live here can only make do with the barest necessities of life... yet appearances are deceiving, for the desires and lusts of these people are enough to make even the greatest of Slaanesh's champions turn a shade of red. Indeed, it is said that those recruited here and unleashed upon other worlds make for some of the most vile, bloodthirsty and unimaginatively vicious servants of Chaos to ever roam the galaxy. Choose any possible recruits wisely.

4- Mire (Nurgle Free): If there was a world that embodied the will to live, then it is the wretched, fetid swamp-world of Mire. Endless mud threatens to consume any who wander foolishly, and the sources for sustenance are so little here that even the smallest of grubs under layers of hard-packed filth is enough to make the tribes of this world go to war with each other. Whether it be by rock, by claw, or by mud, the savages of this world will stop at nothing to gain the delicious food denied them... even tearing into each other's bellies for even the hint of choice meats they have long since dreamed of tasting. Provided you could quell their savagery or withstand the harsh swamps, the people of this world would make warriors worthy of nightmares.

5- The Hollows: Upon first sight of this world, it becomes clear that the mutable nature of the Warp is the only reason this planet can even exist in the first place, much less in its current condition. Resembling something like a half-eaten fruit, this planet only exists as a single hemisphere with a rocky stem coming out the bottom of it. This is the result of its occupants, the Dark Mechanicus, and their expansive drilling operations. Currently the two Forges, Forge Castir and Forge Polix, are at war with each other and will stop at nothing to see the other annihilated. Yet, they will not be so brazen as to risk the loss of trade with other warbands and Warp Entities, their baleful technology quite the help for those who can afford it.

6- Mammon: The paradoxical nature of the Warp is obvious to those who have encountered it, even moreso for those who have spent time within it. But few things rival the strangeness that is Mammon and the tribes that call this planet 'home'. Two warring tribes that use anything from cudgels to lost Archaeotech weapons fight each other with no tactic nor organization. This would not normally be notable on another rubble-strewn wasteland, except both sides are dressed in ragged clergyman robes and holy seals... and both sides claim to be the true voice of the God-Emperor of Mankind. It truly is a cosmic joke all things considered, yet they still make superb fighters.

7- The Cat's Cradle: This world is one of the more dangerous worlds within the Screaming Vortex, for the effects of the Warp are more magnified and blatant that material laws are not just mutable... they break down completely. As a result this place is often driven by the whims of daemonic forces and skilled sorcerers, twisting reality akin to an artist changing a sculpture. Entire worlds drift here, some interconnected and some lost in space. Distant stars rise and fall, with illusionary civilizations appearing and fading away just as quickly like soap bubbles. It should be noted that it would be wise for you to leave or find a secure place when possible, as the petty sorcerers and daemonic forces within this place regularly contest each other for control of this playground.

8- Free Choice: Well, what fortune you possess. The blessing of Chaos is upon you, its eight-pointed star burning within the Warp as it grants you a gift many yearn for; the gift of choice. You may choose any of the worlds on this list as your starting planet, or even any other location within the Screaming Vortex. Opportunity awaits you!

...why aren't you cheering?

PERKS

Here we are, what I'm sure you've been waiting for. We've figured out who you were, where you started, even what you are. Not very easy things when you take the mutability of Chaos into account, even when personal freedom and choice are one of the big enticers it uses to bring in fresh recruits.

But we all know that you've got a leg up on *normal* recruits, don't you? You're not like them... and they're not like you. This is nothing to brag about, but a simple fact that should be quite apparent by now. Even so, I know how the concept of choice is so very important to you... so let's get to the meat of this.

-Chaotic Voice (Free): You'll note that a lot of the big names of Chaos tend to have... unique voices. Whether they sound like a box full of gravel, or sinister and sly like the most traitorous advisor, or even like a whispery, raspy aspect of death. The point is, Chaos does a job on the vocal chords for one reason or another, and now you have the option of having a peculiar voice of your own. Go ahead, show them how different you are from the moment you speak!

-Stylish Brooding (Free): Another thing you've likely noted about most of Chaos' followers is their tendency to look... kind of grimdark? The sunken faces, or the obscene amount of blackness around their eyes, or whatnot. Some of them even have their faces rotting right off! The changes the Warp can bring are terrifying indeed, but you may choose to pick this up if you want to preserve your visage or even have it manifest in ways you would prefer. Some would argue that this is more in the realm of Slaanesh, but... well, I doubt you'd want to join with someone just to have your flesh slough off or get pus-filled boils without asking for it. This effect works only for your time here, but consider it a gift.

-Sound of Silence (100CP) (Free: Human): Even though you've thrown your lot in with those considered to be more 'freeform' than the totalitarian Imperium of Man, the Milky Way galaxy can still be a rather rough place. Entire worlds made barren and desolate, billions in destitute conditions or worse... and let's not talk about how even other members of Chaos might decide that might makes right and attempt to practice it on you. The horrors these can all bring would drive lesser men to ruin. But you're not 'lesser', and you've gained a resistance to being broken by these atrocities. You're not ignoring them, but you can acknowledge the reality of the situation without the weight of its existence crushing you or driving you to do unsavory things to avoid being in the same position. In the grimdark future, you're a comfortable shade of grey.

-Beginner's Luck (100CP) (Free: Human): To survive, you must be able to adapt. In order to adapt, you must be able to learn. The Imperium of Man frowns on the common man learning too much and getting seduced by the powers of Chaos, but you? Learning is your gig. Skills you never knew before, you can now pick up with alarming speed to get a suitable level of competence with it. This won't instantly make you a master, but it can make you on average quite quickly... enough for you to take that skill and work on it yourself the rest of the way, and enough to learn how to dance for a party the very next night, for example.

-Perfectly Innocent (200CP) (50% off: Human): Well, it can be a stretch for how far you can be called 'innocent' when you're sided with the forces of Chaos, but damn if you can't play the part. Humans are a dime a million in the Imperium of Man, and so long as you remember your manners and hide the paraphernalia you may have collected over your time with your new friends, most totalitarian authorities will think you're just another downtrodden citizen like all the others in the herd. It might be more difficult if you have to hide horns or the like, but so long as you have a way to hide that then this effect will still apply. Of course if you're nobility or a high social position, then as long as you take steps to appear ordinary for someone in that role it will work just as well.

-The Lost and the Damned (200CP) (50% off: Human): Let's be honest. Aside from the occasional Paradise World, the Imperium is not a very happy place to live in. Harsh conditions, even harsher work demands, a conformist mindset that goes into the realm of insanity, and good luck if your local Imperium authorities start getting twitchy with their purges. With a significant amount of the Imperium like this, it's easy to understand why those who feel ostracized or confined would seek out those who would embrace their differences. As an agent of Chaos, you have been given the gift of not only being able to find those who are ostracized from society thanks to their physical or social differences, but also be able to gather them together under a glorious banner of acceptance and defiance against those who would see them put in their place or dead. Today, those seen as jokers will become kings under your guidance.

-Inquisitorial Subversion (400CP) (50% off: Human): The role of Inquisitor is a harsh one, traveler. Are you sure you seek this? Should you choose this, your origin story changes as you were once a member of an Inquisitor's cadre, or even an Inquisitor yourself. Inquisitors are a secret police force outside of the normal Imperium of Man's hierarchy, tasked with protecting it from the seductive ways of Chaos along with proclaimed heretics, mutants, or any other Xenos threat that lay within the galaxy. However, one can only encounter the other side for so long without seeing the strengths it can provide, how humanity could be saved if it embraced change instead of fighting it, and that is what you have done. As a result, you have a much higher knowledge of Chaos' inner workings than usual, along with a mindset that can understand the workings of Chaos artifacts or Xenotech faster than others would while your mind can handle alien truths more effectively. Fear the one whose mind is as strong as their body.

-Gothic Eternity (400CP) (50% off: Human): Say what you will about the oddity of all the baroque designs and the giant pauldrons, one thing that stands out is the durability of these items the Imperium has created. Even the followers of Chaos can't deny this, often looting the weapons and armor off the corpse-worshippers who happen to be using a better model compared to their own wargear. But you? You're about to become some warband's new best friend, for your own equipment and the equipment you create can stand the tests of time itself... ten thousand years could go by and it would function as effectively as it did the day it was made, if it was left alone this entire time. As a bonus, you can easily create gothic or baroque aesthetics for your equipment that will always be classy in this world.

-Beefy McLargeHuge (100CP) (Free: Astartes): You were engineered and modified to be a bulwark against the Emperor's enemies. Even though you have left his service for greater rewards than mere duty, those modifications still stay with you, a testament to the prowess of bio-enhancement techniques devised by the Emperor himself. Your strength is great enough that you could wear incredibly thick armor that would weigh down any mortal man, and run around with no loss of movement or speed even if the armor design appeared to be impractical for such tasks. You are meant to be strong, after all... it would do ill if you could not even move around with a shield as thick as tank armor.

-Dominant Dedication (100CP) (Free: Astartes): The loyalty your average Astartes has for the Emperor of Mankind, and by extension the Imperium of Man, is much like everything else about them. That is, above and beyond what mere humans are capable of on average. This is because of the various psychosurgeries and mental conditionings done to ensure that any Astartes is a perfect soldier in not only body, but in mind. As an aspirant member of Chaos, that dedication can be turned elsewhere, allowing an unparalleled honing of skill and talent as you continue to practice and improve them in the lifestyle you have been denied for so long. The Imperium has done a fine job with rebuilding you... and Chaos has allowed you to use the Imperium's gifts to their fullest.

-Hunt of the Wyld (200CP) (50% off: Astartes): The trials of an Aspirant are gruesome and arduous, meant to weed out promising recruits to ensure only the most capable are chosen to become Space Marines. Your trial was a Trial of the Hunt, where you had to find an apex predator on a world that to call 'hellishly dangerous' would be softening the blow. As a survivor, you learned how to track prey in these conditions with no equipment or gear, while being articulately aware of your enemy's vitals and anatomy with minimal study of their movements in order to slay them or even capture them. Along with the expert foraging and myriad ways of using an animal for cloth or materials, there is almost no environment you aren't dangerous in.

-Strength of the Body (200CP) (50% off: Astartes): Chaos can be very forward with its gifts, and while this would normally not be a bad thing, the minds of the Gods are fickle indeed. The gifts in question could be neutral, or detrimental in nature. For aspiring Champions, this is a great risk in of itself. But it doesn't have to be this way. The biology of an Astartes is sturdy as is, but with this it's altered just a tiny bit so that you can better resist the detrimental mutations of Chaos or other sources, and outright shrug off any of the life-threatening ones. So you won't get a mutation that kills you, but an arm made of bees or tails made of warpfire might still be within the realm of possibility.

-Might of a Legion (400CP) (50% off: Astartes): Are you sure you want this? Well... alright then. This changes your origin story, being a part of one of the Nine Traitor Legions that originally decided the Emperor did not have their best interests at heart, and rebelled to be the masters of their own fate. Along with the history that comes with it and the ability to raise Warbands far easier, you find your combat prowess having increased a tremendous amount, being hardened by the Horus Heresy and the combat that followed. On top of that, you'll find you gained the specialty that the Traitor Legion in question was known for. How are you still alive, then? The Warp has many unusual properties, and such things as time are quite malleable. Choose your story wisely.

-Profaned Use (400CP) (50% off: Astartes): The Ruinous Forces, your new backers, realize that there's a certain thing to be said about wargear that is custom tailored to your needs in order to complete tasks you may have ahead of you. But what about gear you've looted off of someone, such as equipment from the corpse of a corpse-worshiper or a Xenos who didn't know better? Your wargear, such as your weapons and armor, will be slowly changed as you use them more. They will be transformed to suit your needs, changed by the Warp to become better conduits for your abilities and to fit your style of combat. This could mean that the armor becomes unnaturally light, or that your weapon starts to corrupt anything you use it on. Regardless, one thing remains clear: Chaos Reigns.

-Leatherworker (50CP): An unsettling aspect of Chaos to most is that they tend to use human skin for a lot of things. They'll use it to bind their books, or create strange banners, or even wear it as clothing. In fact, there is a contractual obligation to remind you that Fabius Bile wears a coat made of Astartes skin. If you seek it, by purchasing this option you will be able to prepare and treat human skin for a myriad of uses, with having enough durability to last a very long time and take significant punishment thanks to Warptaint. Any Human Resources department would be proud of your achievements. Really, they would.

-Daemonic Name (50CP): There are names granted in the Materium. Names meant to identify oneself to others, names meant to be an expression of who the person is. But names are much more important in the Immaterium, more than means of identification. They are tools of power which can be held over other daemons. Upon purchase, you gain a daemonic name that you are known by in the Immaterium, granting you a degree of infamy among the forces of Chaos as your reputation grows. This reputation can be used to gain leverage over Chaos forces, and can be bought multiple times to increase what you possess.

-Aesthetical Integrity (100CP): If there's one thing you've likely noticed about the forces of Chaos... it's that they really like their odd aesthetics. Lots of spikes, lots of grungy looks, the kind of thing that looks badass and scary but by all rights shouldn't be functioning. Why not join in on the fun and pick this up? This option will let you change up the design of your weapons and armor, putting on spikes or wicked-looking appearances, or even just embellished designs and aesthetics in general while suffering no loss of effectiveness. Demonstrate your freedom to look how you want to look!

-Mechanicus Hereticus (100CP): The flesh is weak. There is only so far it can go, so much it can accomplish on its own. More must be done to ensure that the person survives. What is weak must be replaced. Whether by choice or by force, you have opted to undergo cybernetic modification under the guidance of the Dark Mechanicus and its cult of Heretekks, giving you upgrades and abilities that you alone could never achieve on your own. Warp-tainted machinery and Xenos-related sources are utilized as well, a blasphemy against the sanctity of humanity if there ever was any. This purchase will grant you access to the 'Grafting Modification' table.

-Psyker Surprise (100CP) (Banned: Khorne): In a galaxy where mankind considers themselves to be supreme and any mutation to be abhorrent, this particular mutation may be the most contested one of all. Why so? Well, psykers are connected to the Immaterium, which grants many opportunities and normally just as many dangers. After all, daemons are creatures of the Immaterium and that makes psykers very valuable to them for many reasons. Upon purchase, you won't have to worry about most of those dangers, being granted a powerful protection... that is, as long as you don't get too full of yourself and willingly do something stupid. Stupidity can't be protected against. This purchase grants access to the 'Psyker Powers' table.

-Common Sense (200CP): Why is this an option, you ask? Well, I'm sure you've heard so many stories on how common sense... isn't common. With Chaos, it also has a habit of drawing in people with mutations, disorders, or really just assholes. Which means it's up to someone to keep them in line. I'm not saying you don't have it, but picking this up will bolster that common sense while giving you the mannerisms and skills to articulate yourself to others so they can understand the advantages of thinking and acting rationally. Yes, sometimes sanity does have its advantages. As a result, your mind is also significantly less likely to be open to corruption, by the simple reasoning of looking at their ideas and realizing just how stupid it sounds. If you willingly give into those things... well, that's on you.

-Artificer (200CP): Rare is the soldier who understands the full functions of their own equipment. Oh sure there's cleaning it and making sure it runs, but such knowledge as actually repairing it has become more and more rare, being left to beings like the Dark Mechanicus while the majority of Chaos focuses on their rituals and their eternal war. You are different, and have chosen to go above and beyond. You're skilled in not only maintaining equipment like Lasguns, Lascannons, Bolters, Chain Weapons and Power Armor, but also in actually repairing and upgrading it as needed, slowly turning them into masterwork Artificer equipment over time. Should you pick up 'Aesthetical Integrity', you can also reshape the designs of the weapons and armor as needed... even making Astartes Armor that wasn't as bulky with no loss in effectiveness, as one example.

-Warpsmith (400CP): I see. You were not satisfied with merely collecting warbands, or collecting your power, or even dealing with the flesh in general. You seek a different path, one rife with machinery and wires, racing with the power of those who roam the Immaterium... and through forbidden alchemy and corrupt rituals, you have begun walking that path. You possess the secrets to creating fearsome Daemon Engines, a realspace vehicle or combat walker that has been infused with the power of a Daemon forcefully made to possess the vehicle in question. The creation of dreadful Soul Forges are at your disposal, as well as the runes needed to bind these Daemons to the machine and force them into submission, to be used as you see fit. It will be hard, it will be arduous, but the might these Engines bring is a force that even Astartes would be hesitant to fight.

-Black Pariah (400CP): Are you sure you want this? Are you sure you really know what you're asking for? It's more than just being a Blank, with leaving no presence in the Warp and effectively leaving you soulless. The process of being a Black Pariah, an aberration beyond aberrations, involves a profane ritual which leaves a minor daemon bound to you in order to create what is known as a 'counter-psyker', a being which can redirect psyker abilities back at the target so long as they have a sample of the target's blood. You are advocating binding a daemon to yourself, even if its mind is dormant, to fill the void within you for the purpose of power. Is this truly something you would desire with yourself? Are these lengths truly acceptable to you?

BOONS OF CHAOS

Choices are fun, are they not? The 'what-ifs' and 'maybes' that permeate the mind when a crossroad is encountered, the weighing of pros and cons of each route... in many ways it can be a gamble, with all the rushes and regrets that are associated with it. Of course, some decisions are petty and minor, with only having immediate consequences while other choices are long-reaching and reveal how we might think and act.

Why are such things being brought up? Simple. It is because it is time to see the results of your choices.

You see, the Ruinous Powers are very strong. Strong enough that they cannot manifest in the Materium, such is their nature. As Gods, they must rely on those that follow them in order to have more of a lasting impact beyond the occasional act or altercation of the Material Plane. But in order to leave said impact, there must be incentive for their followers to continue in their faith, and it is because of this that Chaos will bestow powers and boons in order to have a supply of powerful agents to carry out their will. After all, you cannot get something for nothing, and those who fight the Imperium of Man need a fair amount of 'something' to push forward.

But this does not mean the Gods of Chaos are in agreement with how the galaxy should be affected, or even that they like each other. Each of the Gods despise each other to some extent, and they do not appreciate sharing the Immaterium with each other, much less the Materium itself. This has led to constant power struggles and endless internal conflict that tends to take up more of the Gods' attention than even the realspace of the Materium does. This constant struggle is referred to as 'The Great Game', an eternal fight that will never have a winner due to the nature of the Gods themselves.

This little history lesson is being brought up to you because the gifts you are allowed to obtain are directly dependent on the Patron you have allied yourself with.

That's right, the Gods of Chaos do not share what is theirs, and you are no exception. It would be akin to letting one of your regular baseball players join the other team when it is convenient for them, your coach would not appreciate the fraternization with a potential enemy. It is this outlook the Ruinous Powers have taken to heart, an outlook that you will recognize firsthand. This is not a bad thing overall, as it means your Patron will ensure there is enough incentive for you to stay with them for the long haul.

Let us see what kind of Champion will sprout from these seeds of choice you have laid out before you.



KHORNE THE BLOOD GOD, LORD OF SKULLS

-Psyker Bane (**Khornate Only**): The strength of flesh and the power of blood are things that the Lord of Skulls cherishes immensely, and to deny these strengths by using powers not yours are a sin to his magnificence. It is one thing to replace flesh with machine... but to use the power of the Immaterium for your own, to forsake your flesh for easy power? Blasphemy. While you have been barred from using Psyker abilities, this has been turned into a boon; any attempt to directly use Psyker abilities on you mostly wash right off, their stolen power being of little use to you while their attempts to use the environment against you will have a partially reduced effect. Outside of this world, it will work just as well against any ability that is psychic in nature. Let them cower in their weakness, for you are strong.

-Painless Ignorance (**Khornate Only**): How quickly men turn into cowards, once their flesh rends and the concept of pain hits their senses like a truck crashing into a wall. This pain keeps the weak from pursuing their goals and returning the favor tenfold upon the enemy, as they should against those who fight against them. This pain shall never be your foe anymore, any pain taken in battle nearly faded entirely so that you may focus on the defeat and destruction of any who would be foolish to face you. This does not make you ignore any damage you have, in fact it makes you more acutely aware of the condition your body is in. But if your opponent thinks a gash across the chest will make you cry... they will wish they were wrong, for it is a cry of vengeance you will shout instead.

-Red Lust (**Khornate Only**): To mere mortals, those without the blessing of the Gods to show them the way... blood is simply that. Just blood, something that so happens to be in our bodies. To those of battle, who walk with Khorne's guidance and wisdom of countless conflicts, it is far more than that. Blood is a medium, a conduit to life force one possesses... it is power. Power that you shall take from others in glorious combat. So long as you are fighting and spilling blood, you shall be nourished and have no need for things like food, water, or even sleep, for it is their blood that shall help you in these endeavors. Even better, should you find yourself coated in the blood of your enemies from your actions, then you will find wounds closing and lost strength slowly returning, as though their life force becomes yours. Let the blood flow.

-Visage of Skulls (50CP): Long have mortals viewed the idea of a skull picked clean of meat to be a sign of death, something to fear and avoid lest they be caught in its grasp. Why focus on death when it is life they should be worried about? But death is always an outcome of intense battle, countless skulls littering the battlefields which wars have taken place on. Where there is war, there is death. This concept of death, and the fear it represents, are yours for the taking. So long as you use authentic skulls in trinkets or design of your equipment, your enemies will find themselves more prone to fear and the gripping thoughts of death that walk alongside you. Whether this means they will run, or beg for mercy, or fight in hopes of vanquishing this fear... it matters little. Their fear will end by your hand. ...on a more positive note, this lets you clean the meat off of skulls more easily!

-Martial Mastery (50CP): To hold a weapon, to use it against one's enemies upon picking it up is one thing, for anyone can grab a weapon and attempt to slay their fellow man as part of their base instincts. It is another entirely to be proficient with the weapon, to move with the form of a warrior and strike with experience. Just because one goes for a straightforward approach of combat does not mean that they are stupid, that they do not have the cleverness of technique and the mastery of form. Khorne has blessed you, allowing you to wield weapons you've never seen with a basic level of competence with increased ability to master it, while weapons you are familiar with shall be used as though you have practiced for thousands of years. Ride forth, warrior, and let them see what you can do.

-Heart of Ice (50CP): When an enemy is weakened and on the brink of defeat, it will vary on how they react. They might accept their defeat with grace, as opponents defeated by a greater force rightly should. They could attempt to lash out, attempting to strike back... admirable, but mistaken. Then you have the cowards, the weaklings who beg for mercy and to stay your hand. They can cry all they wish, but should you pick this up you may choose to have your feelings untouched by their pleas. Choose to do what needs to be done, and strike them down deservingly and without remorse. Whether it is because they were a monster who deserved it, or whether the blood must flow, is your choice.

-Coagulant Sense (50CP): For blood to be shed, it must be found. For blood to be found, you must seek the source of blood... the lifeforms with which said blood flows through their veins. It is this blood you can now track someone by, being able to sense the best sources of blood for miles around you. Even better, should you have a bit of their blood you can sense their wounds and how far they are from you, along with other traits... like if they are huge, because they had huge guts. Follow the blood, find their sources. Rip and tear.

-Reign of the Hounds (50CP): Did you know Khorne has an appreciation for wolves and hunting hounds? It's true! They help seek prey, tearing at flesh with fang and claw and spilling blood just as effectively as the followers of the Lord of Skulls. They also make loyal companions as well, making them favored under his gaze. As a token of his favor, you have been granted the knowledge and skill to train and breed faithful hounds of your own. They will never betray you, will always grow strong and especially large for their species, and will quickly adapt to your style of combat to compliment you. ...should you wish it, if their species allows it their fur can be luxurious and soft as well.

-Mark of Khorne (100CP): Reserved for those who have been noticed and favored by the God of War himself, this mark is often branded onto the chosen's flesh, to serve as a symbol of favor and power for the rest of their days. This symbol, and the power it grants, now belongs to you. You will find your strength increased significantly, enough that even Astartes would seem like children to you and for weapons within your hands to be capable of withstanding the force your strength provides. Even more, the damage you deal during a charge is significantly increased while the damage you could take is significantly reduced. Go forth, and let them break under your might.

-Rage Everlasting (100CP): The cold, efficient slaughter of simply ripping metal into flesh is sufficient enough to give thanks to Khorne in sufficient amounts, but it's so... distant. There is no embroiled emotion, there is no thrill, there is no hate. The hatred of seeing one's enemies alive, the hatred of seeing them last even one moment longer without dying by your hand. That hatred can be channeled, my friend. Should your bloodlust be allowed to consume your mind, to drive you to horrible heights of conflict, you can find that any skill with ranged weapons you possess effectively gets shifted, all pouring to increase your melee skills by the amount of skill you had with those ranged weapons. New heights will be unleashed, and the mastery you possess will be akin to an oncoming train bearing down upon your victims; terrifying and nigh impossible to stop. Give in to your anger.

-Storm of Iron (100CP): Glorious combat against strong opponents is always to be sought after, to be cherished and pursued in the pursuit of ever-growing martial heights and the spilled blood of powerful champions. But there may be times when there are... undesirables who do not, nay, will *not* move. Their insistence on fighting you off is admirable, but ultimately as combatants they are to be cut down as well. Against large groups of enemies who would normally be little to no challenge, if you do large cutting swathes or simply pour down a hail of gunfire, your damage to them will rise catastrophically, seeing them fall like wheat during harvest season. No ammo shall be used, no damage shall befall your weapons... the blood of those who gave their lives seeing to this as long as it is from them. After all, should you not be at your prime for the real fight?

-Thunderous Charge (100CP): Choo choo, motherfucker! It's time for the Pain Train to leave the station! After all, Khorne encourages all weapons at your disposal to be used in the art of combat, and technically your body is a weapon. By building up a charge and rushing towards the enemy with the intent to slam them away or two the ground, there will be greater momentum than normal to strike the enemy harder than they normally would... and allows you to instantly follow up with an attack with your weapons. None shall stop you, even if you must go through them.

-Murderous Precision (100CP): There is a time for a sea of blood, then there is a time to go for the real prize. After all, there is plenty of blood from soldiers and armies to be spilled, but the blood of a champion? The very life force of their best and most skilled, who can provide real challenge and test your martial skills? That is something to pursue, and to do that you need more than just to know how to swing a weapon or to practice shooting a gun. You need to know exactly where to place that blade or bullet, and it is this choice that will do just that, increasing your ability significantly to control where you place your attacks. Aiming becomes preternatural and sword placement something of instinct, knowing just where to strike for gruesome damage the longer combat is drawn out, and by proxy the capabilities of the fighter is revealed. Strike hard, and most importantly, strike true.

-Tides of Blood (200CP): You are no stranger to the unbridled might that flows through the veins of warriors... of gods. Blood carries the strength of such beings, and it is blood that can potentially unmake them. You will encourage that unmaking, through a dark ritual that will bring forth a crimson sea that seeks to devour all in its wake. By finding a place embroiled in violence or about to become witness to such acts, and then using an altar of bone to beckon the blood sacrifice to pool, the dread energies of Ka'jagga'nath will surge in a single direction of your choosing... devouring or corrupting those who are not true warriors of blood and blade. Worse, the more people devoured by this swarming mass, the larger the Bloodtide will grow, ensuring its destination is one of great peril and death.

-Furnace of Eternal War (200CP): When man discovered Fire, it was a sign of the future. Great works could be created, sickness could be spread away, and purity would soon be brought into the lives of those who harnessed it. Alas, when man discovered Fire it was also a new age of warfare and slaughter. This fiery gift, this blessing granted by the Gods, has been one you have taken pains to harness, and it shows in your mastery. On a whim, your blood may ignite in the air and spread a flame that cannot be extinguished by mundane means, making fights with you a costly endeavor. Even more so, the Blood God's favor is upon you... blades may be coated in this pure flame, ranged weapons spreading a volatile fire, and your mastery so great that your fire is much stronger than average... to say nothing of how this might will be reflected in weapons you forge using this flame. Let man's might reflect itself in what they have found.

-Speed of Battle (200CP): There are times when combat must be relished like fine wine, to savor the thrill of the fight and the challenge laden in fighting opponents that can test your strength. But then there are times that such fights must be finished quickly, to move to the next one. After all, combat must be pursued; it will not come to you. Your blades are capable of being drawn and sheathed within heartbeats, your hands a blur when reloading weapons to such a point one might think your gun had eternal ammunition. Even the speed which you swing your swords is dramatically increased, making blenders seem slow with no loss of accuracy or precision. With such haste at your call, the flow of battle will be decided by your pace, not theirs.

-Sinew for Slaughter (200CP): The Lord of Skulls is not content with warriors simply sitting down and lazing about in between battles and wars. No, that does not get the blood pumping. That does not make the flesh strong. You will be strong because you will work to be strong. So long as you are training or practicing on a regular basis, you will see not only do your combat skills fail to diminish, but you will learn and improve at a significantly accelerated rate to ensure you are a true Lord of War. ...wait, it's warlord? Thank you, but I think I prefer it my way. As a bonus, your physique is nothing less than a sculpted example of muscle and form capable of throwing tanks, and your increases of strength from training shall likewise be significantly improved.

-Martial Pride (200CP): Warriors have a code. Many may see it as foolish to not use every available resource, but how can you become stronger if you rely on power that is not your own? You cannot. Therefore, the code shall guide you. Should you fight in combat without using magic, psionics, or similar supernatural powers, your strength and speed along with your combat prowess shall increase an astronomical degree. Even better, you will find the blood of challenging foes you've slain will impart a small piece of their strength unto you, while leaving behind their skull as a trophy. Seek strength... the rest will follow.

-House of Brass and Bones (300CP): The Hellbrass collars of Khorne's prized champions are rare indeed, even more so because of the Blood God's penchant for calling these collars back should a champion fall. But you? Khorne has seen great potential in you, and is willing to make a risk if it means great slaughter to his enemies. Within your mind and your mind alone, is the secret and technique to creating and forging Hellbrass. This should be plain in how much of a boon it is, as the hell-forged material is strong enough to remain completely unaffected by powers of a psionic nature and even possess a small aura that prevents it from affecting a rather tiny area around it, to say nothing of being a material that could make Astartes armor look like wet tissue paper. Beware however, for you will never be able to use powers or supernatural workarounds to replicate this material; without focusing your strength and tempering the metal in blood it will always be doomed to fail. As such, you will always need to personally forge the material yourself, by your own hands and your own might. Khorne does not grant his boons to those who would cheat, and what you create should be a testament to your own strength.

-Temple of Blood (300CP): By now it should be no surprise that your blood is more than just a carrier of nutrients and cells in your system. Your blood is your life, your strength, your power. It is a potent piece of you that is sacred and should not be spilled without proper cause... like when you wish to use that strength. By enacting a ritual and sufficiently coating a weapon or vehicle in your blood with a chalice made from the skull and spine of a great enemy, you may create a ghastly transformation where it is augmented and changed, given a piece of your own strength to lay waste to those who would stand in your way. The larger the item, the more blood you will need to ritually spill to imbue that additional strength onto the equipment or vehicles. Such expressions of strength could include larger ordnance that deals tremendous damage, the ability to self-repair using the blood of slain foes, growing in might and complexity with bones devoured from the battlefield, or other similar combat-related feats. Let blood be your strength... let it be your power.

-Lord of War (300CP): Enemies are to be toppled. Thrones are to be conquered. Tyrants are to be slaughtered. Of course, one's definition of 'tyrant' may differ from person to person, but the sentiment remains the same. But then the question remains: Why should you be the only one to have all the fun? Hate and rage make perfect motivators for warriors, just as much as honor and preservation of justice. After all, they all share a common thread... the existence of an enemy. It is child's play to gather such beings under your banner in the name of defense or conquest, for blood shall be spilled all the same. Acquisition, direction, and execution of violent movements are easy, and those who fight under you shall fight with the fury of a storm and the strength of a wild animal. In time this could be the beginning of a warband, or even a grand army. Be warned, though, for it is conflict and the existence of enemies that allow this to happen. It would be wise for you to continue finding enemies to ensure the train does not run out of steam, so to speak.



TZEENTCH THE CHANGER OF WAYS, ARCHITECT OF FATE

-Eye for Mutation (Tzeentch Only): The Great Conspirator's methods and machinations are as varied as they are many, and there is no telling what will truly come about when his baleful gaze is turned upon those who attempt to follow his ways. Yet for those who are steeped into the rivers of Fate, there is a method to the madness to be gleaned if one simply pays attention. For instance, deviations from the human norm upon a mere second's glance can be gauged in effectiveness and purpose, and a few seconds more could tell the curious party how this deviation came to be. It ill matters whether it was from serum, evolution, or a gift of the Gods... you will understand how the guilty party gained this change. It might even be possible to replicate the deviation, should you detain the subject long enough and your knowledge of the method in question is of sufficient depth or turn this gaze upon non-human species if you know them like you know humans.

-Mind for Sorcery (Tzeentch Only): The direful energies of the Warp are not for the faint of heart to master, for it is the home of the Gods and they do not take kindly to fools who play with their toys without control. But Tzeentch has plans for you, and so the first step to Sorcery, the manipulation of dark arts and rituals to harness the psychic energies within the Warp, has been granted to you. Knowledge of how to engage in many of these rituals and the ability to comprehend what you're doing are yours for the taking, from summoning daemons to creating terrestrial storms, and other such things. Your psychic mastery and understanding of forbidden knowledge will only grow, but take heed: Do not call up that which you cannot put down.

-Plans Within Plans (Tzeentch Only): The complexity with which Tzeentch lays out his schemes and his desires can be nearly impossible to figure out, driving all but the most capable of his followers to an incurable madness in the vain attempt to follow along. In this aspect, the Lord of Change reigns. But it does not have to leave you baffled, and so your mind has been altered as a boon for your loyalty to him. Your ability to scheme and make plans is incredible, going from forging a scheme to take advantage of a situation within a single heartbeat to turning even minor seemingly unassuming pieces into critical aspects of a plan that could span centuries. Unexpected developments can easily be recovered from as well, adapting them into your endgame. It's a mite complex... but what proper reward doesn't require some footwork?

-Hunt for the Unknown (50CP): It is said that knowledge is power, and to wield that power is to be greater than others. Yet power is meant for everyone, and in pursuit of that power countless have become lost and directionless; victims of their own short-sighted ambitions. But you are not like that, and have gained an unnatural aptitude for tracking down ancient relics of lost times. Whether it's discerning false rumors from actual ones, finding the one scroll in a library from thousands, or figuring out the breadcrumb trail to a lost temple, your mind is sharp enough to pick these things out and prove that you are among those few who have the means to take power where others could not.

-Soul Sight (50CP): The Immaterium is referred to as the 'Sea of Souls' for a reason. It is a reflection of those who live in this galaxy, and everything that they are. When a person dies, their soul flies into the Immaterium, to become part of the churning currents that are born from every living thing. Your understanding of these facts is greater than most, and you can see the light of the souls of those you gaze upon. Along with judging whether someone has enough potential to be a Psyker or Sorcerer, this ability's true purpose can be found in applications of knowledge. If you can perceive something, then you can study it. Who knows what you could accomplish from there?

-Eternal Mind (50CP): They say that 'hope springs eternal', but you'll rarely find those outside of the Architect of Fate's followers who feel like his reign should last that long. Yet by his will he shall remain, and as long as you follow the Fates' design then by some respects you should too. Your mind has been augmented, gifted with a perfect memory that will never falter and will not overwhelm you with the weight of the ages. As a bonus, you are also able to recall memories very quickly and sort through them as though you were sorting through a series of chapters in a book. So long as you have your mind, the galaxy shall never be safe.

-Hopeful View (50CP): It is not enough to possess the might of Sorcery, or an overabundance of knowledge to apply in the pursuit of completing one's ambitions. No, one must also have hope that their plans will come to fruition. Even Magnus the Red had great hope that his Thousand Sons would be better off with serving the Changer of Ways, and that hope has led him down a mighty path. Should you obtain this, you will find yourself able to find hope in the bleakest of situations, even if the world is coming down all around you. Maybe it's the hope of what will happen should you succeed, or the hope of a brighter tomorrow. ...maybe it's the hope of seeing home again. Whatever it may be, you will always be able to find hope in your situation, even if it is diminished.

-Wings of the Ravens (50CP): It should come as no surprise that Tzeentch seems to favor those of the avian persuasion. Collecting all manners of interesting things, seen as having freedom of movement, and perceived as being devilishly intelligent has seen them fall under his favor. As a token of favor, not only will you be able to train and breed various birds of your own but they will understand your commands and carry them out faithfully. Birds you own will be smarter and faster than usual, and tend to adapt to your mannerisms well. As a bonus, you can choose to breed them to have their feathers be top quality in softness.

-Mark of Tzeentch (100CP): Whether it is branded upon the bearer's flesh or a hidden mark upon one's soul, this emblem glimmers as though Tzeentch himself was gazing upon those who have gained his favor. Those who bear it will find that their psionic might has been amplified significantly, enough to make a single bolt of lightning become a torrent of electricity. They will also find the uncovering and deciphering of secrets to be easier as well, for knowledge cannot be hidden from Tzeentch's watchful eyes. Let the power be yours.

-Sindri's Apprentice (100CP): All power demands sacrifice... and pain. The universe rewards those willing to spill their life's blood for the promise of power. But why should it be yours that is spilled, when there are others you could blind with ambition to pay the price? Your ability to manipulate other people has seen a dramatic spike in effectiveness, letting you figure out how to string someone along to place them in a position to use them or discard them as needed. So long as you are not overt in your treacherous ways, things should go fairly smoothly. Optionally, you may have a voice that just oozes with ambition as well.

-Warped Foresight (100CP): The schemes and ambitions of those in pursuit of knowledge cannot be achieved by clever wordplay and ancient texts, nor can it rely on manipulation alone. The Materium is a place which relies on the resources one possesses in order to advance, and you have learned to keep quite an eye out for it. This means the moment you walk into a room, or read on what ancient artifacts can do, or even see the weapons that your enemies wield, you can immediately discern ways to use them in your own machinations. Of course, their consent is not a factor provided you have the skill to trick the enemy into doing what you wish.

-Ritual Aesthetics (100CP): In the life of a sorcerer, rituals are a very important part of the culture and power that is Chaos. Rituals can act as force multipliers to achieve greater effects, and by their very nature they give thanks to the Gods who watch over them and impart their blessing. Rituals are important, but it is due to this importance that they are also somewhat twitchy with their composition. A crystal pointed the wrong way or a syllable pronounced wrong, and the whole thing could combust on itself or worse. But you're better than that, aren't you? With this, not only will you never make a mistake when using and composing a ritual so long as you don't have outside interference (and even then you'll note if something's different), but you can even get some more 'oomph' out of your rituals in terms of power and effectiveness. Praise be to Tzeentch.

-Mind of the Abyss (100CP): The Lord of Fate is not always one to care too much for the comfort and sensibility of his followers. As the patron of Change and Transformation, one must adapt to the myriad of unknowns thrown their way or succumb to the madness of infinity. It is why the followers of Tzeentch stand above the rest when it comes to comprehending maddening eldritch truths, being able to gaze upon what would drive most to becoming mewling mounds of flesh. It's not quite an immunity, but it is a significant resistance that would be noticed. Incidentally, this strength of the mind also lets you resist attempts to manipulate you by others, leaving yourself the sole master of your fate.

-Gifts of the Xanatos (200CP): It will be clear by now that Tzeentch is never satisfied with only one scheme that is going at any time. No, he runs on concurrent schedules. Wheels within wheels, with a mind-boggling amount of avenues towards success. It is not a matter of whether Tzeentch will succeed or not, merely a matter of how he succeeds and who reaps the rewards. A fraction of his great mind has been imparted onto you, and now you can create many plans occurring at the same time rather than one. Sure, the Loyalists destroyed your convoy, the Librarian resisted your corruption, the planetary governor engaged his crackdown and Sally down the street rescued the cat. But the increased security and scrutiny has given you a perfect environment to recruit and set the stage for an infiltration. Just as planned.

-Pyre of the Warp (200CP): It's strange how so many things become that much more dangerous when you put 'warp' in front of the word. For instance, how regular fire pales in comparison to Warpfire. It can take a myriad of colors that reflects the person who uses it, going through Terminator armor as though it were cardboard, and has a nasty habit of doing terrible things to those it afflicts like death... or worse. Yet somehow you have managed to escape many of the dangers of using Warpfire, being able to call upon it and use it as though you had lifetimes of experience with it while never harming you. As a side benefit, if you wish you can have eyes made of Warpfire which could leave quite an impression.

-Ambitious Gaze (200CP): It is said that manipulators are liars and weavers of falsehoods. It is true, if you are thinking of two-bit beginners who think they're clever by doing something that anyone can do. It is truth that is the weapon of the most skilled manipulators, for denying the truth is to deny oneself. Not only are you able to see the truth of those within your physical presence and understand their greatest ambitions, but you can also use these truths to induce visions within them... visions of their desires being achieved, visions of them getting everything they want. You can even alter these visions to show you have the power to give them their desire, should you truly possess such means. What you do with this power is up to you, but the best strings are often ones that the puppet ties upon themselves.

-Altered Consciousness (200CP): The Warp does many things to those who come into contact with it. More common than not, the first thing that comes to mind for most is the visage of a Chaos Spawn, a creature of twisted and mutated flesh that is little more than a grim reminder of what happens to the unfaithful. But few consider what it can do to the soul, or the mind. Many go mad or turn into something else, but you are not so unfortunate. Your intellectual and cognitive capabilities have been dramatically increased, easily making you clever enough that even an Eldar might give pause. Even better, with a little dabbling in Warp energy you can 'bless' others to slowly make them as clever as you are.

-Eye of Evolution (200CP): The Lord of Change cares not if a mutation is beneficial or detrimental when he hands them out to his followers, only that it creates change. After all, change is its own reward, and the idea of evolution states that change either helps them or they fail to continue living. Yet that's hardly satisfactory, and you have sought to ensure evolution serves your needs by using the Warp to divine the kind of mutations and changes that might come about with factors you might induce. Even better, you could look at one mutation and figure out a way to cause it to become a more preferable mutation. Let change mingle with ambition.

-Storm of Change (300CP): In the days of ancient human history, there were tales of a vengeful god who brought plagues to a city. Plagues involving fire raining down from the heavens and scorching the city and those who lay within. If they only knew how lucky they were, to be facing simple fire rather than this horrific storm. Upon activation, a broiling storm forms above the ritualist which proceed to rain down reality-warping flames around them. Along with being able to burn through tanks, these flames have a high chance of inducing mutations upon those who are afflicted by the fire. This can include beneficial mutations, guided mutations, empowering and augmenting any mutations that already exist, or simply turning any into gibbering Chaos Spawn... all depends on your intent.

-Rubric of Ahriman (300CP): In the days following the Horus Heresy, the Thousand Sons was afflicted with a horrific, increasingly debilitating set of mutations that simply kept piling on. While Magnus the Red had a temporary solution, it was Ahzek Ahriman that managed to figure out a means to accomplish what he needed. He created the Rubric of Ahriman, and while it did solve the issue of mutations it had other side effects. Those with latent or active Psyker potential had their abilities tremendously magnified, but those who had no such talent were sealed within their armor and turned to dust, effectively made automatons to serve as mindless minions. For better or for worse, you have gained the knowledge of this ritual with a little bit of a caveat; you can choose to use this complex ritual to turn others into Rubric soldiers, or to grant the abilities of a Psyker into others. All is not yet Dust.

-Destiny of Tzeentch (300CP): While it is the Eldar who are often attributed to the skills of divination and seeing the strings of Fate, Tzeentch is without a doubt the reigning lord of this useful skill. It is a skill that has been blessed upon you, a splinter of his great being thrust into your eyes to show you futures that may yet come. Many times what you see is obvious, acting like a danger sense that allows you a chance to avoid danger. But by concentrating, you may truly see farther out and see major events along with how they may change should you attempt to alter the tapestry to your own design. In this way, it is a method to help you shape the future. Just be wary, for Fate has a habit of noticing when interlopers are too obvious and brutish in their machinations.



SLAANESH THE LORD OF SENSATION, SHE WHO THIRSTS

-Sensational Factory (**Slaanesh Only**): The Prince of Excess is all about trying new things to experience pleasures of the senses and the flesh. It ill matters how these things are procured or what form they take, only that it grants a great amount of these feelings. Of course, as time goes on and the senses of Slaanesh's followers burn out, they must indulge in greater and greater acts in order to feel anything at all, and this can come with its own effects. In your case, it is a mixture of what happens naturally and something unique. Firstly, should you take a significant amount of drugs then you might find that your body will start producing those very things naturally. The more drugs you take and produce, the more likely that you could start figuring out mixtures to create new kinds of drugs. Secondly, you seem to uniquely be able to experience a much greater amount of positives from what you take while reducing any negative side effect to nearly nothing at all while having little to no tolerance build-up should you desire it. The party never stops.

-Lord of Aesthetics (**Slaanesh Only**): To follow in the footsteps of Slaanesh is to chase the definition of perfection. It is a goal that seems to never be reached, but the pursuit of that goal is capable of transforming even the most unkempt and disgusting mortal into a being that is as terrifying as they are hauntingly beautiful. This even extends to the wargear that followers of Slaanesh possess, meticulously altering and shaping their equipment until it is as beautiful as they are. You share in this pursuit, finding that methods to hone your body or your equipment are tremendously increased in effectiveness and also seems to naturally lend itself to what you consider to be beautiful. This has the benefit of making the equipment effectively change to suit your fighting style over time, as well as creating a perfect tool to bring others to your fold. After all, pleasure and beauty is meant to be shared with others so all may experience it.

-Temptation (**Slaanesh Only**): The more pure and wonderful something is, the more satisfying it is to corrupt that very thing. The act of exposing someone to an entirely new level of pleasure or pain, to show them an entire side of life that could be theirs if they only take the plunge... it is something that few words can describe. Not only does it make you feel rather good when you manage to convince someone to indulge in acts of intense pleasure or uproot their own life to pursue perfection, but the importance of it directly impacts how much power you can get from it. A single mortal who sees the light of perfection may see little to no change, but entire groups or beings with much more significance or power would see a fairly noticeable increase in your chaotic might. Take joy in showing others what they could experience.

-Drug Synthesis (50CP): When one thinks of narcotics and drugs, they often think of powders or crystals or liquids. It's all fun and games get that heightened experience, but it begs the question of where those drugs come from. For some, it's from the plantlife. For others, it's from varying chemicals mixed in a laboratory. But should you really be so limited if there's no labs or plants around? No, and so you have learned to break organic beings (or their parts) down into varying kinds of drugs thanks to the compounds and chemicals they might produce. It's amazing how an organic being has so many different chemicals in their body, so in a way they make for great harvesting. As a caveat, any drugs you end up making will be noticeably increased in effectiveness.

-Skillful Acquisition (50CP): The pursuit of perfection takes many forms, and just as many paths. Perfection to one might be the most breathtaking sculpture, or the most bountiful of farms. It's hard to say, for perfection is a matter of the mind. Yet the one unifying trait that is shared among the followers of Slaanesh is the determination to reach that perfection. You may choose one mundane hobby such as engraving, or drawing, or fencing, or cooking, anything like that in order to see that skill elevated to significantly increased heights. You may take this option multiple times, to demonstrate the sheer obsession you have with this skill and how far you have taken it.

-Collected Nerves (50CP): As the old adage goes, 'what comes up must always come down'. There's a reason they call it a drug high, and when it comes to the heights that Slaaneshi attempt to reach it just makes the crash that much harder. It's enough to drive others mad in their own way, and that's why you've had to adapt to this lifestyle. When taking drugs or doing anything that gives heightened experiences or senses, you'll find that you can handle the sudden boost easier while reducing the withdrawal symptoms to negligible levels. One might be wondering what the point of that is, but imagine drinking gallons of alcohol and waking up with no hangover if you want to see the benefit.

-Heightened Sense (50CP): A common side effect of going into the Prince of Excess' service is the changes it has on one's perception of the world. Where a loyalist may only see a slab of gray, a Slaaneshi may see the cracks of red and black that lay underneath. Where a loyalist may hear a simple song, a Slaaneshi may hear more subtle noises of the instruments creaking to create that music. In short, their senses end up increasing significantly to keep up with their pursuits of perfection and pleasure. You may purchase this to give a decent, all-around boost to your senses or instead crank a single sense to a more noticeable level. This can be purchased multiple times.

-Slithering Friends (50CP): It's almost fitting, that the Lord of Temptation is fond of snakes. For a considerable length of human history, the visage of the snake has been seen as one of corruption and temptation, one that turns others from the light and into the fires of passion. As such, the visage of the snake shall be yours. You are capable of training and breeding snakes to be faithful allies, going where you need them to be and assisting in mesmerizing those you come across to help your honeyed words reach their ears. As a beneficial side-bonus, not only can these snakes be made quite large if you wish but their scales can take on a colorful, almost luxurious shine to them that makes it difficult to look away.

-Mark of Slaanesh (100CP): Taking the form of a perfectly formed mark upon the body or hidden upon the soul, this mark shows the favor of She Who Thirsts and all the benefits that come with. Along with a powerful Warp Scream which can disorient foes as you shriek in their direction, this mark also imbues the bearer with a supernatural visage that can distract your enemies and leave them ripe for the culling. Unnerving to many but no less alluring, this amplification of appearance aligns itself to what the bearer feels is an example of beauty, then implements it to a much greater height. If that does not please you, it can instead make you eerily androgynous to the point of uncertainty, which is a beauty all in itself.

-Going in Loud (100CP): The quiet offends Slaanesh. Quiet means nothing is happening, quiet means the joys of pleasure and indulging senses are not being achieved. Therefore, things need to become loud, and you shall be the one to make it loud. Your body has become quite resistant to powerful soundwaves and makes it so you will never go deaf from the noises that you make. As a bonus, you have very high skill in the weaponization and projection of soundwaves in such force that you could liquidize organic beings or shred tanks in front of you. Give praise to Slaanesh through sound.

-Speeding Along (100CP): It is not enough for beauty to be cultivated and honed over the course of years, nor is it enough to show that beauty to others so that they may see what is but a fraction of the Lord of Sensation's ways. The beauty must be protected, and so you have taken a page from the Eldar race that Slaanesh was born from and have honed your reflexes to a disturbing level. Dance around like a ghost on the battlefield, with such speed as to dodge bullets coming your way. Or engage in swordplay that could see four swings for every one of the enemy. Let beauty be protected.

-Aura of Lust (100CP): There are unfortunately some people in the galaxy that do not take kindly to the base urge of wanting to be happy, who try to bury everything down that they could indulge in. They contain these base desires and wants, their curiosities of the flesh and the sense. If only they had someone who could help them. Someone like you. You can create an aura around you that can slowly erode away these mental barriers, coaxing them into admitting what it is they want or even having them give in to the impulse of wanting to engage in what would make them happy. Whether it's that one last shot of alcohol, or finally caving in to stabbing themselves with that syringe to partake of its contents, you can help them get there. It's only a matter of time.

-Euphoric Rush (100CP): What's the point of pursuing perfection and pleasure if you're the only one who feels it? What's the point of being the only one who enjoys things at a party? There is no point, it's akin to a candle in an open room. Better to turn it into a blaze and let the fires of passion consume everyone. You can do this by making it so those around you get a much greater rush or high when they're around you, making a drug that gives a slight boost in pleasure become a high so great they could swear they were seeing the faces of the gods. You could turn just about any pleasurable act into a higher form of itself, and even imbue someone with that heightened sense of pleasure for a period of time. Just be prepared for when it fades and they come crawling back to you, seeking that pleasure again. Unless of course, that is what you want...

-Shifting Pleasures (200CP): Can shift flesh.

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