# 40k Necron Jump

*By Worm_Anon*

It is a time of legend, and the galaxy is in flames. The Master of Mankind rules a million worlds by the might of his inexhaustible armies. The Eldar fight the slow decline into extinction both in glimmering ships that sail the stars and a dark and hidden city full of horrors. The Orks rampage in their blood lust and barbarity. The Tau in the naivety of their youth take to the stars in the name of a Greater Good. The Tyranids swarm ever closer to rend the galaxy devoid of life in their never-ending hunger. But among all of this, an old power has begun to awaken.

The Necrontyr, once slaves to a toxic star that doomed them to short and painful lives of misery and toil. The ones who once jealously sought to tear the secrets of immortality from the Old Ones, first of all sentient races and masters of the Warp. The ones who in desperation doomed themselves to slavery beneath cruel and hungry Star Gods for a last chance at all they had ever hoped to achieve. They are the Necrons, and sixty million years before this time they stood as masters of the galaxy, having nearly shattered the Old Ones, having broken the C'tan and the shackles they placed upon them, having scoured the stars with the War in Heaven, a conflict that shall have no equal.

They are even now awakening from their Great Sleep, their respite to recover from the untold eons of war. Their empires and Tomb Worlds lie dormant, many now host to civilizations that even now are ignorant of the rightful rulers of their world that lie in stasis far beneath their very feet. Ancient warriors in immortal and soulless bodies of living metal rise to bring death to the fools who in their ignorance believe they are the rulers of such systems. For every world that wakes, countless more remain in slumber, and the galaxy is left in terror as slowly it's old lords rise again.

Doom awaits those who would deny the Necron what is theirs. Take 1000cp as but the beginning of what is your rightful due among the stars. You shall spend at least a decade among the reaches of this galaxy, perhaps even longer.

## Locations

In the expanse of the cosmos, a single galaxy is less than a mote, smaller than even a grain of sand compared to the desert in which it lies. But it is vast, nonetheless. Untold billions of worlds dance in its spin, and to try and parse down its vastness into a handful of locations is the work of fools. You are one of the Necron, and whether you are upon a freshly awakening Tomb World, a crown world of an already woken dynasty, or a dead world with nothing left but broken remnants of the past, you will begin your time here upon one of the planets claimed by the Necron. You must simply decide where and when.

# Origins

Much of what their enemies see of the Necron are nearly mindless drones. Personalities and individuality long ago purposefully stripped or simply faded away from eons to leave only the merciless and unyielding service to their immortal masters. But the lords, the sages, and great warriors of the Necron are very much their own masters and retain the minds of beings who have known and experienced more than lesser races can dream of. You will be one of them for your stay here. Age is irrelevant as it is vast to beings such as these, and gender is freely yours to choose for as little as it matters. You may choose whether you have a history and memories of this world or merely appear mysteriously regardless of your choice below.

**Necron Lord - Free**

The living metal bodies damned the Necron to a dulling of their minds and emotions, time slowly stripping away more until there was naught but warrior slaves meant to reap untold lives in service to their treacherous Star Gods. But whether because of unyielding will and pride or the privilege of having far more sophisticated mechanisms and constructions to house their being the leaders and lords of the Necron have managed to retain themselves despite the loss of their souls and flesh. Now they rule over the stirring embers of their old glory, ready to command their armies and legions to bring the galaxy to its knees once again.

You may begin as a fully-fledged Lord of your race, with rightful authority over an entire tomb world within your dynasty. With the right choices you may even be something greater, maybe even as high as to be crowned Phaeron and rule over an entire dynasty. While you may choose to be a minor noble in the dynastic courts, or perhaps a warrior whose prowess long ago let you stand beside the highest of your kind as peer it is not necessary to stomach such humility.

Destroyer - Free

For all that the newly immortal Necron have thrown off the shackles of their old mortality even the greatest among them may yet fall prey to the relentless gnawing of entropy. Not all survive to awaken from the Great Sleep. Some suffer physical damage from the caprices of chance or cosmic disaster. Mechanisms that have churned for longer than some worlds have existed can fail, pathways of circuitry and artificial synapses can fall to slow decay, or perhaps the final spite of their slain and mutilated gods can find life in viruses that damn their victims to madness. Maybe when faced with the eons and all they have endured nihilistic madness is the inevitable result, though most would choose death rather than contemplate such blasphemy.

Regardless of the cause it is this madness that distinguishes them from the eccentricities or insanities of other Necron, an all-consuming obsession with eradicating all life and rendering the galaxy into silent emptiness. They lead silent and merciless legions to rend entire systems of all signs of life and civilization as the heralds of oblivion, champions of the final inevitability that is death.

You may be a typical one of their ilk, though by default it is assumed you will take on the mantle of a Destroyer Lord. Those whose legions and merciless determination leave the entire swathes of the galaxy in danger should they achieve their ambitions.

**Cryptek – Free**

The Necron are holders of wonders and weapons beyond the imaginings of all who have come after them, and all of them have been designed, forged, and maintained by the Crypteks. United both in the pan-galactic conclaves of technologists who claim mastery of their races sciences and the many ties they cultivate with the Lords and Dynasties who require their services to maintain their Tomb Worlds and war machines, Crypteks are the masters of the material universe whose arcane techno-sorcery proves the match of any of the accursed lesser races who must suckle at the teat of the fickle immaterium to contest them. They jockey among courts to be bribed with materials and resources to pursue their studies and research as the equal of any noble, lead armies of relentless mechanical constructs, smite entire hosts of lesser races with devices and sciences beyond their understanding, and ensure that the machinery of entire Tomb Worlds remains operational. Now you are one of them.

**C’tan Shard – 600**

The treacherous Star Gods, beings the Necrontyr would name the C’tan would prove to be both the salvation and damnation of the Necron race. Their discovery and embodiment into immortal Necrodermis vessels granted them awareness and an ability to interact with the world they had never known before. They would repay this by offering the Necron what they so deeply desired, immortality in immortal bodies like those they had been forged and the power to once again take to the stars and defeat the hated Old Ones. They would also betray them by luring the Necron into being their tireless warrior slaves who would scour the galaxy of life and souls to feed them. The Silent King would betray them in turn upon the hour of their victory in the War in Heaven, shattering the unkillable C’tan into countless shards and fragments and imprisoning what remained to ensure they would not reunite and be reborn.

These fragments are scattered across the countless tomb worlds as both prisoners, and as dangerous weapons of war to bring some small part of their unbroken selves’ wrath down once again upon their enemies. You may choose either to be either one of the captured shards used as weapons of war in which case you pay half price, or instead may be a Shard that somehow has escaped or lain dormant outside of the eyes of the various Dynasties who still remember and fear you for the risk you pose that their old masters might rise complete once again. Regardless, with cunning and determination you might reap either revenge or claw your way back to your former majesty.

# Perks

In a time long forgotten by all but the eldest the Necrontyr might have been looked down upon as wretched things deserving of pity at best, or feeble creatures deserving of nothing but death and torment at worst. Those times have long past, and every Necron that yet retains its sentience is one of the living legends that carved their way into a legacy that has left no part of the galaxy untouched. Here you will decide what it is that has made you one of their great host. Perks are discounted to their relevant origins, and discounted 100 point perks may be acquired at no cost.

## General

Necrodermis - Free

The Necron forged the first body of living metal to be vessels for the nascent C'tan, though in time their entire race would undergo bio-transference into similar if lesser forms. You possess a body of this living metal more sophisticated than the mindless warriors and immortals that make up the vast majority of Necron forces, which in part is what allowed you to retain your sentience. This body is larger, broader, and stronger than those of the rank-and-file warriors, with strength enough to crush plasteel with its bare hands and to weather the tank busting weaponry of other races with nigh-impunity even when it would prove enough to destroy the already nigh-unstoppable soldiers under their command. However, in deference to your unique nature you may retain one other benefit. The Necrons transfer into these bodies cost them their souls and a great deal of their mental ability to feel emotion and can even dull other mental functions in those not strong enough of will. You will not suffer from any of these unless you wish to, and unless you draw upon strange abilities connected to it your soul will effectively be shielded from the senses of those outside yourself unless you purposefully do something to reveal it. If your peers knew of this no doubt their jealousy and envy would flare hot enough to burn the fog from their minds.

Reanimation Protocols – Free or 100

Even the lowliest of the Necron Warriors are functionally immortal in battle. Even if damaged beyond the rapid rate of repair of their necrodermis arcane systems teleport them back into their stasis crypts to be restored to functionality once again. The same systems are naturally even more robust for those of actual importance. For the duration of your stay here you will benefit from the effects of Necron's Reanimation Protocols as normal without your destruction being considered a chain failure. While it is still possible for your form to be destroyed beyond the capacity of these technologies to restore you so long as you do not suffer such a fate you can be effectively killed and restored as many times as necessary without compromising your journey. For 100 points you will retain this assurance in the future, although it will require you to either purchase something like a Tomb Complex, Dimensional Sanctum, Tomb World, or at least a Capital Ship or to manually construct such systems yourself to benefit. If purchased, you will also retain this assurance for any similar enough technologies you encounter or acquire on your journey.

Pariah – 200
While now seemingly considered a dead-end in their war against the immaterium humanity still remembers the Pariahs. Immortal soldiers that retain all the undying might of a Necron and the warp smothering powers of a Blank. Somehow you seem to have the same capabilities, whether you are a Pariah that has risen to your current station through strange circumstances, a Lord or Cryptek gaining the same powers via some technological mechanism, or something stranger. You may toggle an aura that can expand to cover a large distance around you, smothering all psychic, warp-based, or supernatural phenomenon. This is more than enough to cover the local battlefield around you and either protect your own force and allies or wreak havoc on the powers of psykers or the bodies of daemons.

Surviving the Great Sleep – 200
The sixty-million-year long hibernation of the Necron race was not entirely gentle. Cosmic catastrophes and the cruel whims of fate saw countless tomb worlds and dynasties destroyed or lessened despite their impossible sciences almost in mockery of their acquired immortality. You on the other hand never even needed to worry. You have a preternatural luck when it comes to putting yourself in stasis, hibernation, sleeping, or otherwise retiring to let time pass on without your conscious involvement. This is strongest where it involves your continued existence, but also protects your holdings and assets. Supernova or roaming black holes will never destroy your slumbering tomb worlds, even the most catastrophic geological upheavals or planetary disasters would do more than mildly inconvenience your slumbering stasis crypts and their contents, and even flaws in the technologies that maintain your existence will only fail in ways that do not compromise your existence, at worst resulting in your early awakening or leaving you more to clean up after you awake. Even sleeping normally would see you essentially untouched and undisturbed by anything that is not intentional malevolence directed at you personally and intentionally. Fitting that after conquering death you have free reign to sleep like the dead with impunity.

**Necron Lord**

Will of Lords - 100
How many even among your own kind can you count as lesser merely because they allowed themselves to succumb to the greedy gnawing of time. You are beyond letting such things lessen you, for while your kind were made to bow by the Old Ones one day and enslaved by your own gods the next, you yet endured. Your mind, psyche, and sanity cannot be diminished or harmed by the passing of time, bolstered as it is by a willpower that considers the passing of eons and the decay of your great empire nothing but an eyeblink before further glories. Even if somehow your mind was fractured or pitted with the flawed eccentricities that are so common among your fellow lords your willpower would continue to grip the shards of your mind together so tightly that it is inevitable that in time they shall be welded together again as whole and hale as if such never happened. The eons damned many to decay, but to you they are but another servant.

Bickering Dynasties - 100
How many worlds have drowned in byzantine conspiracies and politicking, their great and powerful tearing each other apart with lies and daggers in the back thinking themselves clever and cunning beyond belief. Such things were so well-worn by you and yours before their world had its first bubbling of primeval muck that even the dust as long aged to nothing but memory. You have the skill and mastery of political maneuvering and courtly intrigue that can only come from such an ancient history, able to navigate both your own court and the inter-dynasty bickering with the same everyday instinctiveness that lesser races save only for breathing. Bereft of so many of the living fleshes earthly pleasures such nostalgia might indeed be one of your few sources of joy and entertainment in this millennium. If the vulgar pretenders think to try and outwit you in the arrogance of youth, maybe you will even humor them. Such is the prerogative of kings.

Pride Unbowed - 100
Yours is arrogance beyond measure, the nectar of those who have tasted the most despicable depths of shame and risen to glories that tore apart stars and left even gods broken before your will. They will think you blinded by pride, wretched in almost drunken revelry in your grandeur. If you are merciful then you shall know only pity in return, for what they cannot see is that every bit of it is earned. You have an almost limitless wellspring of pride you can summon or banish with but a thought, potent enough that the rulers of lesser races would surely choke to death on it. Your pride however finds attempts to exploit it made much harder, enemies thinking you will underestimate them will most often be disappointed, those that believe you will be easily goaded or manipulated like a mere pawn finding that it does more to shield you from their machinations than leave you vulnerable. Exploiting your pride will always require enough effort and skill that the wise would simply choose another way. If you fall to such folly it will be because either you were unquestionably outmatched, or you knowingly chose to do so. You are a Necron, you will not be humbled again, even come oblivion.

Kingdoms Come - 100
Pride is the rightful fruit of your glories, your will and cunning the tools that have ascended you to your throne, but a king who cannot build and preserve the future of his domain is but a hollow wretch. You are no such worthless husk, for if your kind tolerated such embarrassments, they should have perished under those toxic stars long ago. You have the insight and skills to guide your kingdoms and those who serve you. You know how to gauge the needs of your domain and see that they are met, to give the right orders to the right people, how to cultivate both needed talent and the pacts and alliances which will make it stronger. Systems to be maintained, servants to be organized, and armies to ready for both defense and conquest. You are a Lord and if your domain falls it will be to your enemies and not to mere mismanagement. Now let them come.

My Edicts Eternal - 200
Lesser empires have succumbed as the whims of time changed them from the vision and foundations laid down by those who raise them. Others have died as they stagnated on the vine, unable to trade present weakness for future strength. Either of them is unacceptable. Among those you rule and the organizations you lead the doctrines, laws, and commandments you put in place will not lessen or be perverted by either those within or from the natural change of time. They will not obey the letter in defiance of their spirit, nor will they be able to try and exploit the spirit to turn it against itself. Only those outside your rule or truly your enemy may do so, and even they shall find their efforts far more difficult. This will not stop those changes that are truly needed to either retain their spirit in the face of changing times and circumstances, or to ensure they only strengthen and do not damage what you have wrought. If without such forces traditions and laws become chains and weights upon you and yours to rot you from within it will be because the folly lies with you.

My Commands Unquestioned - 200
Your will is not something that shall be undone by the follies of your lesser, for you shall not allow their ignorance to stymy you. Your commands are understood perfectly by those under your authority without the slightest hint of misunderstanding or confusion, or even the barest delay to register and process them. As long as they obey you, they shall be able to unerringly and immediately set to work unhindered by doubt or miscommunication. This shall be true even as they are passed on through your court and legions, even the mindless warriors and constructs of your kind suffering no deviation from what you intended to order even with their lack of remaining sentience. Those who try to falsify or distort your commands will find it impossible, as your true will shall be clear as day and undoubtable. Entire worlds shall march at your command.

Honored Above All - 200
To be a Lord is to hold oneself as such, lest those around you forget whose presence they stand in. The greater your authority and status the more awe and obedience you inspire to those below you, your very presence seeming to command their attention like the merciless gravity of the stars. Your equals will instead find themselves unwilling to deny you the respect of your position, for to do otherwise would devalue their own glory. This will of course do nothing for those above you, at best you may find the barest minimum of respect due to your position. If you stood before the Triarch as but a rank-and-file noble they may not crush you as an insect, but you'd have to truly prove exceptional to be worth their attention. Should you wish otherwise then it will have to be proven upon your own merits.

All Is Known - 200

The ignorant and the blind shall always perish, such is the punishment for weakness. To rule even a portion of a single world is a monolithic and endlessly elaborate task, yet those like you cannot allow such petty obstacles to defeat you. Wherever the organizations you lead or the domains you rule are concerned you find that their complexities and size are no great obstacle to your leadership, such things being effectively transparent as long as you take the effort to actually gather the information you require or have it reported to you. Even the planet spanning Tomb Complexes and uncountable legions cannot stop you from knowing your domain as a lord should. You will allow no less.

Deception and Damnation - 400

The schemes and centuries of intrigue that even now are omnipresent among your immortal kind may be a matter of course but there is one great burning shame that shall never leave them. The Deceiver manipulated and used you all, trapping you all in bodies that stripped even the best of you of your souls and dulled their minds to the world, multitudes more stripped of even that little to become mindless automatons, and every one of you slaves. Worst of all you marched into it all willingly, helpless against lies too sweet to disbelieve. It will never happen again. You cannot be lied to, deceived, or manipulated by those who try, all of it instantly become transparent both in the falsity of their words and what their actual intentions are. More useful however is that unless you choose otherwise, they will remain completely ignorant that you have seen through them, able to maneuver right under their nose for centuries or millennium all the while you can prepare to exploit their folly for your own revenge. Just as the Silent King before you, those who think to chain you will find that in the end none shall trespass against you with impunity.

Order and Unity - 400

Twice your kind were almost destroyed by their own infighting. First after their slow ascent to the stars left countless dynasties and lords to squabble and jockey for their own ambitions before the Triach united you in the war against the Old Ones. Second after your shameful defeat in the centuries of imprisonment on your world when they failed, before the discovery of the C'tan and another chance at revenge. Now the Necron are waking to a galaxy where their great works are decayed, countless remain in slumber, and all without the Triach or the Silent King to unite you and it must not be allowed to happen thrice. The competition and infighting of those under you will never damage or threaten the organization as a whole, quite the opposite. Such rivalries and schemes will instead purge any weaknesses or faults and allow those involved to become more capable and competent as they are forced to become better. Your plans will not be foiled either, as when you give an order or goal none of them will jeopardize it, even if they constantly seek to conspire and maneuver around one another while fulfilling it. Most importantly when complete unity is necessary all of this will immediately cease as they work together in perfect unison, knowing each other's strength and weaknesses in ways that allow them to become greater than the sum of their parts. This will include any such pursuits you yourself are involved in as well, for what is unacceptable in a servant is blasphemous in the master.

Aeon Forged Veteran - 400

You scoured the stars and brought low countless worlds and races long before the ancestors of most learned to throw their first rock. How many of them boast of their prowess content that they awe the young races that infest the galaxy, unable to realize that they never even began to escape the shadow cast by the Necron. You are a warrior without compare, a single weapon being all you require to reap men, astartes, and daemon alike with contemptable ease. Or even to carve apart your fellow Lords like rank amateurs should their hubris outweigh their sense. Even if you do not take to the field yourself your mastery of war is enough to leave entire fleets as derelict scrap without a single loss on your side or crush entire systems of worlds as they futilely try to muster resistance. They will fear your legions, fleets, and war machines, ignorant that the one they should really fear is you.

The Immortal Lords - 400

Your kind have conquered death. Stars bloom and fade within your lifetime, and entire civilizations simply rot before your immortal bodies. However, death is not the same as being dethroned. To lose your rule is the greater sin, and you will not let all you have gained to be taken so easily by the filth that clings to your heels. The more you rule and greater your influence, the harder it is for would-be usurpers to tear it from you. Enemies find that they cannot strike at the head when they have legions to churn through, while attempts to depose you must bear the full weight of your power, political or otherwise. Even random chance does not give rise to moments of opportunity, for you leave nothing to the whims of fate. Those who want to end you one way or the other must overcome both your might and that of what you command, leaving only those who already would be considered your peers or superiors as the only practical choice. If you are brought low it will not be by the bites of insects or lucky fools, for the weak are not deserving of what you own.

To Rule in Heaven - 600

Even the least Dynasty is an empire greater than the kings of most races could have ever dreamed of, but the full grandeur that the Necron achieved makes even the average Tomb Lord look like a peasant. You've the skills and acumen to manage the entire vastness of a true galaxy spanning empire, churning with countless dynasties and endless threats and problems that require accounting for. The billions upon billions of worlds and stars each riddled with their own dangers and opportunities, the logistical madness of communication and transportation, all able to be managed with a deft and competent hand. The Triach and the Silent King himself were the ones who had to muster such challenges, and though you were not among them it was not for lacking the ability. As a final benefit much like the Triach and Silent King your authority once established is timeless. Without being objectively defeated and deposed it does not matter how much time has passed and how far those you rule, and how their circumstances have changed, or how much your realms have fractured. When you return you speak to all of them with the same weight of authority and rightful claim to obedience that you did before your parting. Rumors are that the Silent King has returned to the galaxy to hasten the wakening of your race and unite them again, perhaps you possess the means to manage similar.

Dynasties Arisen - 600

Long ago the galaxy was broken, shattered and shaken by the final victory of your kind over all those who dared oppose them. Yet the Necron chose to enter the Great Sleep so that the stars might heal. They slept through supernova, through the rise and fall of races uncounted. Tomb Worlds were lost to decay, time and chance. Wonders were squabbled over and destroyed by squatting vermin. That time is over, and what once was can be reborn. The actions and efforts you take to build up the worlds and domains you rule or are involved in are greatly magnified. Every success seems to reap untold progress, every step forward ushering in a hundred more, yet that is nothing. When you move to rebuild what was broken, to reclaim what was lost, to clutch the faintest spec of ash of what once was and see it light anew this is greater in ways that even the most broken of your kin cannot deny. Centuries of progress becoming the work of years, hard fought victories and determined efforts raising what should have been lost forever. With your will once again, you might bring back the days where the glory of the Necrontyr outshone the stars and shook the very materium with their wrath. The sickening hordes of Chaos bring only ruin and despoilment, but even among dust and silent tombs your kind stands because of what they have built. As long as you remain so shall it ever be.

Unworthy Masters - 600

For all their pride and their determination to raise their glory to further heights the Necron do know loyalty. Lords, Overlords, and even Phaerons have bent knee to the will of the Triach, fought hard and desperate campaigns, and indeed even sacrificed so that the Necrontyr people might prosper. This is why enslavement to the C'tan was so great a shame, for they knew nothing beyond exploitation and wonton gluttony as they demanded more and more life reaped in their name. The Star Gods were broken for that insult, and any who seek to do the same to you will suffer the same fate. When you are unwillingly bound to another's service fate arranges so you easily manage to find and acquire advantages and opportunities against them, said advantages growing more potent the longer you wait as fate itself seems to slowly steer the course of events more and more in your favor. Given enough time the Silent King was able to break the C'tan into pathetic remnants of their former glory and imprison the remains as slaves and tools, exhausted and weakened as they were by the efforts needed to finally defeat the old ones. Anyone who dares to claim themselves your master should be wary unless they can prove themselves worthy of service to you.

Galaxy In Flames - 600

It is one thing to lead fleets and legions, but what brought the Necron to the height of their glory was a war in which no part of the galaxy was left untouched. They weaponized and destroyed stars and worlds, ended countless races, fractured the Old Ones even as they engineered entire species and their gods as tools to bring an end to you. You are one of the ones who have the capacity and abilities to wage war on such a macro scale, where billions of worlds, innumerable combatants, weapons that can erase stars or restructure entire galactic formations, all clash together without restraint. You can coordinate countless dynasties and their fleets, make sense of the endless mass of campaigns and battles where others see only chaos, and lead an entire empire like that of the Necron at their height where even their gods walk the battlefield against the only foes that ever could truly challenge you. In the past you might have very well been one of the ones who the Silent King himself relied on to wage the war that broke the galaxy, whose mastery of such an unprecedented scale of warfare may have been one of the things that allowed you to secure victory. In the present with the Aeldari fallen from their former heights only the Imperium of Man or the Hive Fleets could potentially give you a war demanding these skills.

**Destroyer**

Cold and Callous – 100

The innocent and naïve often balk at violence, still bound by the delusions of life that poison their minds. If you ever had that luxury it was stripped away by centuries of war and horror, and its roots torn out by the final epiphany that nihilistic oblivion was the only absolute in this universe. At will you can simply remove any mental obstructions to acts of violence, killing, destruction, and any emotional or psychological effects such things would have on a living mind. You could endure eons of constant war with the same simple calm as watching a cloud pass through the sky, and see entire worlds fall into Armageddon without a single hint of emotional attachment. Death and horror does not move you, for it is simply the nature of existence. You of course may end whenever you wish to return to a more normal mentality, bereft of all the psychological damage or impact that your actions should have had on you as if it simply never happened. This will happen when you would wish it to, never losing yourself completely to the cold nihilistic apathy like your brethren. You may consider that a blessing, though many of them would likely pity you for it had they the capacity.

To Treat With Death – 100

For all that they fear you and whisper among themselves you remain one of the Necron, and your kind are still regular if not common visitors to their courts, if only to bargain and barter for more information on where you might continue your crusades of extermination. No matter how much terror or dread you inspire you'll find that you will not be barred from interacting with those who might otherwise shun you, and similarly those like you who seek only destruction will allow you to stand among them as a peer acting towards the same cause if with different means towards that end. In fact, any terror or dread you do inspire will instead smooth these interactions. No one wishes to risk giving insult to a Destroyer and becoming the next upon their list, and if that means ignoring the dictates of proper protocol and lordly etiquette so be it. This will function so long as you do not intend any immediate harm, even if such a day coming is inevitable with time in your eyes.

Pure Pragmatism – 100

The minds of sentients are plagued with countless emotions, delusions, and biases, poisoning their faculties just the same as any disease and leading countless to foolish ends and rash judgements. It is shameful that your fellows have yet to purge themselves of such weaknesses like you have, squabbling and wasting time on eccentricities that should have been left behind long ago. Even should you for some reason have still retain such things they do not inhibit your ability to find the most coldly effective and pragmatic answer or solution to whatever problems or challenges you encounter. Most of all however this allows you to easily communicate these to those like your fellow Destroyers who seek only ruthless extermination, or even more sordid types who seek similar ends due to darkness in their hearts rather than pure nihilism. The practical value of your orders and leadership is simply becomes undeniable to any who listen to you. Any who argue will have to do so entirely on the objective faults and merits of what you propose, any greed or bias being less than useless unlike the rhetoric of most leaders and courtiers. In the end all that matters is that life is extinguished.

Relentless – 100
Entire armies have fallen screaming and full of despair at the relentless march of even the lowest Necron warrior, unceasing and unfeeling, rising again and again even if their primitive weapons do manage to send them to a fleeting and temporary death. They are but near mindless echoes of your once living race however, incapable anything but obedience. You do not suffer the same fate, and yet somehow you seem far worse. You will and mind are never hampered or lessened by the damage you take, or even the fear or risk that should have come with it. Even if you were not made of immortal metal the specter of death that hounds the mortal races does nothing to move you. While this will not hamper your ability to recognize danger or damage, or even retreat should it be necessary you can simply choose not to care. You do not stop; you do not surrender. You are the herald of death and like it you are inevitable.

No Master But Death – 200
The Destroyers rampage relentlessly through the battlefields heedless of whether they were brought there of their own will or beckoned by their fellow Necron. Canny Nemesors know that their only goal is death, and wisely do not seek to control or command the heralds of oblivion, instead planning around their merciless extermination the same way one would account for a natural disaster. As long as your actions still in some way aid your allies or superiors you find that they see no point in attempting to corral or control you, content to let you move after your goals and methods while simply taking it into account on their end. More importantly even if doing so results in damage to your own side they find themselves far more willing to overlook it as the natural consequence of being associated with you. This is not limitless, as organizations and leaders who are truly morally opposed are likely to quickly turn on you anyway. But even at your most merciless as long as you bring death and destruction to those who they also oppose you shall find the leeway they give you almost preposterous. Death is not leashed to the desires of the living, and so it shall be for you as well.

By Purpose Reborn – 200
For all that their living metal forms have blessed them with immortality and freedom from the ills that plagued the Necron for so long, they still yearn for restoration to living forms where they are not bereft of much of the fullness of mind it cost them. Even among those who find their new state more boon than curse the idea of altering their form even further from what they once were invites disgust, but not among the Destroyers. All that matters is that their self-imposed mission is carried out as effectively as possible, and as such your kind seeks any alteration that might make them deadlier and more effective on the battlefield. Alterations made to your form find themselves being done perfectly with trivial ease so long as they are even theoretically possible, as does your mastery of them. In addition, the advantages that come with them seem to have their effectiveness magnified. If like much of your kind you choose to replace your legs with grav-skimmers that allow you to hover over the battlefield, not only will they function without a single fault, but you'll be able to dance across the fields of battle nigh-untouchable, able to apply such agility to reap entire battle groups unscathed. Having a heavy Gauss Cannon installed would see you able to erase heavily armored targets with every volley, able to place your shots where they annihilate the opposition with barely a thought needed. The rest of your kind desperately seek to preserve the last scraps of what they were, but you will forge yourself into a true hand of the void.

Extermination Warfare – 200
It is the inevitable evolution of war to learn that one cannot focus on merely killing one's enemies. Those who do find themselves failing before the manifold wisdoms of tactical and strategic acumen, of maneuver and counter-maneuver. No matter the might ten thousand might fall before the cunning of a mere hundred. You would be a pitiful herald of death if you let such things stymy your mission. You seem to miraculously suffer almost none of the weaknesses of extermination warfare. Your advance seems to disregard formation and flanking as your bloody harvest makes such things fall apart into panicked chaos, logistics fall apart as they simply feed more to destroy into your waiting arms, and even battlefield intelligence seems nowhere near as useful when knowing you are coming simply means they have more time to let the fear of you eat away at their valor. You are not completely immune to being opposed or disadvantaged by such things, but even then, your dread simplicity carves through host and hero demanding that only true mastery of war might turn you aside.

Specter of Death – 200
The others of your kind fear those like you, dreading that your madness may be contagious, or that they themselves are only spared your attention so long as there are beings other than the Necron to slay. In truth, it is likely they are entirely correct in all respects, but none of them will deny that even beyond reason your very presence can bring unease even to those that left behind mortal frailty long ago. Your presence, actions, and visage all carry the existential dread of inevitable death, almost as if the very sun itself were obscured when you arrived. Most living beings will be unable to shake this off just from your presence, and actually looking at you and seeing you reap their fellows and bring ruin will require great strength of will and character to prevent the fear from blunting their edge at best or sending them to flight at worst. While the galaxy is filled with those both great and humble who might face you regardless, no one can do so without acknowledging what you represent. You may choose when you wish this to be active, though for your purposes it is unlikely you will find cause to do so. Dread and terror are universally reliable weapons.

Minds of Madness – 400
Madness is all too common among your people; the eons having been cruel to the minds left imprisoned in cold immortal shells. The Destroyers and the Flayed Ones are even worse, to the horror of all their kin, but in a galaxy bereft of reason madness proves so very useful. Embracing it has given you a unique talent for spreading these and other useful insanities to swell your ranks. Any machine intelligence or mind housed in similar forms may be infected by your presence, a seed of madness that will swiftly grow and twist them into whatever murderous insanity you desired. How long this process takes or their ability to resist will depend on their strength of will and other factors, with lesser intelligences bereft of sentience or sapience being suborned almost instantly, those like your fellow Necron Lords being slowly corrupted without great will and time away from your presence, and even greater beings finding it as dangerous as any virus. These viral insanities and program errors if you so choose may be further spread from those infected by them, potentially claiming entire populations of machines to join in your grim harvest. You of course are fully immune to all of these and similar madness's such as the Flayer Virus unless for some reason you wish to submit to them.

Hand of the Nightbringer – 400
You would be a poor Destroyer if you could not properly reap the lives of your enemies. Your purity of focus and purpose has granted you a mastery of killing that is sublime even among the many countless masters of war among your kind. But beyond even them is your sheer ruthless lethality. Every injury or damage you inflict is inevitably the most horrific and devastating possible with the weapons you are using and the blows you have landed. Even glancing blows mangling tendons and limbs, rupturing arteries or ruining armor and mechanical systems beyond functionality, while those solidly struck inevitably leave ruined bodies of the dead and dying or shattered husks of war machinery. With every action you are ruin made manifest, to the woe of all mortal life.

Battle and Butchery – 400
Your hatred of life may be overpowering, and indeed in many of your kind is enough to drive away any vestige of personality and self that has survived the eons, but oh how it has made you lethal in ways the so-called sane could never understand. You understand the dealing of death in ways you could never communicate to others unlike you, like describing sight to the blind. You possess an unerring and innate awareness for how to bring death and destruction to your enemies, not only in the actual killing but in all aspects of bringing that death about. From undermining their defenses, crippling their support, to even breaking their morale so that as your warscythe falls they would be lucky to even have enough will to resist. This sense considers all that you know and have experienced, all your skills and resources, and everything that you are aware of even unconsciously. While not truly infallible based on all these things you will always know the most effective path you could discover. Almost as if you had hours to ponder the matter condensed into every passing moment. What it lacks in guile or glory it gains tenfold in the sheer simplicity of it all. All you must do is kill, and the stars can be made pure again.

The Sudden Dark – 400
All too often there are no signs of a Destroyer attack. The only warning is entire worlds or systems suddenly going dark, slaughtered to the last as merciless killers emerged from their slumber underneath the populace's very feet or fleets of warships simply arrive and unceremoniously bring ruin. You seem to nearly always benefit from this, able to strike both on a tactical and strategic level so suddenly that there is no time to muster a response or even to properly register what is happening before you have already begun reaping lives. This functions both via your personal skill at command and warfare, and a seeming confluence of fate that seems to guide both you and circumstances along so that if it is at all possible then it becomes probably the most likely outcome. These also apply to crippling any ability for your targets to properly spread warnings or information about your attacks. Enemies find their sentries and communications crippled almost immediately on first contact, cities left in chaos as scattered forces must fight just as hard to organize their efforts as to defend themselves, and even entire worlds or systems dying in regret as they realize that your victory is all but assured to end any possibility that their communications could reach whoever may be next. Only great skill, effort, and dedication can counter your ability to arrive and kill all before anyone is any wiser. In the void even the loudest screams are less than a whimper.

Lord of Oblivion – 600
How is it that there exists united purpose among legions of nihilistic madmen whose every desire is merely that the entire universe be rendered cold and lifeless? Is it twisted camaraderie, grim and pragmatic necessity, or perhaps it is only you. You are seemingly the voice of the void made manifest; oblivion's own prophesized messiah sent to cleanse the stars of the universe's greatest mistake. This grants you a nihilistic charisma that beckons the mad, the murderous, and all those who seek destruction to flock to your side and service eagerly. The greater your power and ability the greater this magnetism becomes, entire legions of destroyers and killers forming so that your word and commands might usher them along the path of eradication. Even those greater than you who share this mentality find you seemingly the perfect agent or favored son. Nurturing you as the perfect knife to be thrust into the heart of existence, for your very presence makes such forces greater than the sum of their parts. At your will, a thousand blades will sever a thousand heads without a single one turned upon their brothers, ten thousand battlefields carpeted in bone and blood in horrid mockery of the virtuous unity of the more noble beings.

Nothing Shall Remain – 600
Life for all its hideousness is undeniably resilient and adaptable, but you will not let its few token virtues stop you from doing what must be done. Anything you destroy, damage, or eradicate finds that any attempts or efforts at recovery or restoration is effectively impossible. Broken war machines and sundered armor needing to be entirely scrapped into raw material rather than patched or repaired, nations and armies that have lost their leadership find that instead of picking up the pieces they have no choice but to entirely restructure and reform with extreme effort, and should you rend the biosphere of all that contaminating muck you can be assured that the world shall remain barren and fallow unless life finds its way there from somewhere else to take over the empty grave. What is lost to you is lost forever without truly grand efforts or circumstances so extraordinary that even in the timespan of the Necron's great sleep they would at most happen once, and what a miracle they would be.

The Growing Void – 600
The fools may believe that destruction will never win, for it builds nothing and harbors no greater goal other than to expend itself in its efforts. If only the slide into oblivion were so easily foiled. Your acts of destruction always bring you benefits and resources, magnifying and snowballing all that you would have stood to gained from them many times over and their results rippling outwards as their effects seem move the world further towards the fulfillment of your goals. The benefits of this only grow greater and greater as they build upon themselves, every extra step forward not just returning much of what you spent but giving you what you need to push forward and destroy that much more. While you must still overcome your opposition and brave the obstacles in your path, so long as you continue your merciless crusade your victories shall only grow upon themselves into something that may one day indeed fulfill the ambition of you and your fellows. Death is eternally patient, but in you it is a hungry fire that grows unchecked and ravenous.

**Cryptek**

Inhuman Genius - 100cp
All Crypteks possess a level of genius that makes even the finest minds mankind can master appear as drooling simpletons. Such is only proper as the ones who mastered the Materium before those drooling ape's ancestors had crawled from the primeval muck. You possess the intellect, the cunning, the perception, and all the faculties of the many such geniuses who have risen the Necron'tyr from their death ridden place of birth to the power they are. With this alone there may yet still be greater than you, but you shall not find it among the petty naive races that squat on your monuments unless you sift through untold numbers of such lessers. Be sure to erase such vulgar insults to your kind should you encounter them.

Concessions to the Conclave - 100cp
Even the most brazen and arrogant Necron Lord will bow and scrape when the machines of his armies and empire grind to a halt, their complete disinterest in the working of the Necron's technology leaving them at the mercy of those who build and maintain it. You will find no matter their arrogance or station those who would desire your skills and services will compete eagerly to lure you to their side with promises and rewards instead of threats and entitlement, and they will heed your expertise properly instead of ignoring you for their own folly. You will be free of the petty bickering and expectations of station and protocol for the most part, though should you prove too intractable it will not stop them from seeking to replace you should an opportunity present itself. Great enough madness or pride might blunt this effect, but should you be skilled and clever there are few who would not grant you the respect your talents deserve.

Vagaries of Design - 100cp
The technology of the Necron for all its ineffable techno-sorcery is nonetheless rather standardized when one observes their many commonly encountered forces and tools, or at least that is how it appears to the ignorant civilizations that suffer their use. In truth while these tools share similar effects, often they differ wildly in how they are achieved. From exotic emanations, nano-scarabs, strange energies, hyper-dimensional geometry, or some other arcane mechanism. As one of their artisans this has left you with an extraordinary talent to reach the same result rapidly and trivially via different means. Simply recreating the same end results via another technology you are fluent with is as effortless as building it normally is, as is adjusting it's purely aesthetic nature and effects. Even approaching it from unfamiliar paths and means is swift as you intuit what you need to know from your prior understandings. Whether you are bound by a lack of your preferred resources, seeking to explore alternative paths for the unique advantages they may hold, or simply bowing to the aesthetic demands of vain and petulant lords you will never be bound to only a single methodology where your creations are concerned.

The Living Metal - 100cp

For all the wonders of the Crypteks one has perhaps put all others to shame for its simple and absolute omnipresence within the dynasties. Necrodermis, a material so malleable and versatile that only the most specialized components of Necron technology are not built of it. It can flow back together like water before a man's very eyes to repair itself, refilling punctures, mending rents and ruptures, reattaching lost or severed pieces and even given time potentially reconstituting itself even after being reduced to its constituent molecules and atoms. The methods and means it uses to do this are as arcane and varied as anything the Crypteks have forged, but its ubiquity has led to your utter mastery of its properties and sciences. Forging it from scratch, manipulating its properties to suit its intended design, and even applying said properties to other substances and materials you work with some small effort. This one miracle of techno-sorcery has etched itself into the very nightmares of their enemies, and now those very secrets are your playthings.

Disciplines of the Conclaves - 200cp

The Old Ones were masters of both life itself and the Immaterium that was the realm of that life's thoughts, hopes, and their very souls. The Necron instead became masters of sciences that leave even the most learned baffled at the esoteric power they have of the physical universe. The various disciplines of techno-sorcery allow the Crypteks to easily match the strange powers of the psykers of other races. You are a master of one of the various fields, able to use technological mastery to manipulate the Materium in place of the fickle psychic and sorcerous methods lesser beings require to perform similar feats. You may either choose one of the fields commonly seen or pick some other specialty that would be appropriate. This is merely your primary field and the one which you have personally mastered already. Just as a Psyker might train their abilities to expand their capabilities you may through your efforts improve or branch out your capabilities into other fields, perhaps even ones unheard of even to the Necron. This may be purchased multiple times to begin with mastery within further fields.

Canoptek Construction - 200cp

Much of a Cryptek's power springs from the legions of automated horrors they create and control. From the all-devouring Scarabs who rend all matter into energy to reconstruct as their masters please, the Spyders whose tireless machine minds labor ceaselessly in service and defense of the Tomb Worlds, the ghostly Wraiths, to much more. You have mastered their construction and design to the extent that building a Scarab or Spyder is often more trivial and convenient than bothering with other tools, to creating countless variations of loyal automatons to work your will in either labor or war. But stranger than simple engineering proficiency is your odd affinity for them. Their inhuman and untiring machine minds seem to synchronize with you beyond what your mastery over their code would suggest. You will find that no matter what the circumstances they seem to take to the barest efforts of your guidance swiftly and unerringly. Pity the lesser races who suffer your displeasure at their hands.

Regalia of War - 200
Even the lowliest warrior bears weapons that can rend the very matter of their targets into nothing, and the lords and greater peers of your kind bear weapons whose potency defy everything the lesser races imagine possible. You of course are one of the ones whose mastery of the sciences give birth to wrath made manifest. You are a masterful weapons-smith of the Necron race, able to manufacture, maintain, innovate, and work with all the various weapons technologies among the armies of your kind. From the atomizing Gauss weapons, to the electric wrath of tesla weapons, the harnessing of antimatter and exotic dimensional forces, there is little to no form of Necron weaponry that you lack competence with. Of particular interest is the skills needed to compress such devastating forces into the personal scale war gear Crypteks, Lords, and more elite forces carry. The elite among your kind bear scythes that sheer through matter as if it were not there, relics and talismans that can reconstruct their unliving forces or smite entire battle groups, or personal scale shields that can weather vehicle fire as nothing but a light rain. Your race conquered death not only in immortality, but in the very harnessing of the universe's laws to leave little of your enemies but stray particles, boiled bedrock, and the laughter of conquerors.

Conquer Eternity - 200
Your kind are immortal, but alas the maw of eternity remains as cruel as ever. Countless Lords and Nobles have felt the bite of madness and eccentricity as hidden flaws in circuits develop, self-maintenance systems have ground down over eons, and entire tomb worlds have indeed found their end through cosmic chance and entropy. None of them were constructed either by your hand or at your direction, for your existence is proof that you defy such laws as you will. Whatever technology or constructions you either build or even direct are impervious to the passing of time, entropy and the wear and tear of use meaning nothing to them so long as they are not directly and intentionally destroyed. This may either be due to intentional design and technological understanding, flawless systems that do not grind down and self-repair that allows them to remove any flaws or damage that does develop swiftly and with time, or simply due to them being strangely immune as if by natural law. Only intentional destruction will damage them, or cosmic events that indeed leave nothing to remain such as the scorching fires of supernova or the hopeless gravity of a blackhole. Even then, should there be any possible chance that anything could have survived it is likely that your constructions would be among the remains. Your works shall be as immortal as their maker, lest they mar your glory by their weakness.

An Empire's Labor - 400
The Crypteks and their conclaves have access to entire worlds of material and uncountable constructs and lesser Necron to ceaselessly labor to make their visions a reality, necessitating that they take upon the duty of ensuring their tasks are successful. You are flawless at organizing logistics and efforts on the scales of entire planet spanning tomb worlds, wielding the fathomless swarms of canoptek constructs and the might of industry as casually as a man might organize his personal office. But that is merely the most routine of your duties, when necessity dictates the cooperation of entire dynasties you are one of those who can swiftly and effectively ensure that the monolithic bulk of the Necron empire comes together to perform projects and labors that even the Triach themselves would find worthy of praise. Should the Necron be restored back to the height of their former glory, those like you will be the ones reshaping the very face of the galaxy itself from arm to shining arm with your efforts.

Chariots of Lords - 400
The War Engines of the Necrons are testaments to their glory and wrath in equal measure. You're one of the ones whose expertise is relied upon to build and service such devices, from the humblest Tomb Blade, the shrieking Doom Scythes, the great Monoliths, to even the vast battleships that serve to scour the cosmos of the empire's enemies. You could easily engineer and direct the construction of all the typical patterns and even design new ones as your intellectual pursuits and the whims of Lords might dictate. Including the secrets of Inertialess Drives, Eternity Gates, and all similar technology your creations will reach across worlds and stars and prove the reach of the Necron is inescapable.

Anomalous Phenomenon - 400
Even the most primitive necron technology is miraculous to the lesser races, but even to the Conclaves there are countless unique feats of techno-sorcery engineered from the many strange and unique phenomenon that riddle the galaxy. From strange materials that should not have formed naturally coaxed into works of genius to the unique radiations of an individual star integrated into an entire dynasties' weaponry. You have a special insight and keen intuition that allows you to quickly and steadily examine and come to understand any such things you may encounter. Beyond just allowing you to grasp the principles behind them you simultaneously divine how to integrate those discoveries into your creations in ways which drastically increase their effectiveness or replicates the unique properties you have observed. Even the utterly alien and indecipherable is laid bare in time where even others of your kind would be left struggling. The Necron have faced uncountable miracles and terrors, and do not let timidity stop them from harvesting their bounty.

Obsession of the Lesser - 400
The galaxy teems with no end of vermin eager to try and take what does not belong to them. But their reckless greed has no end of uses for the cunning. Any of your technology and creations may induce wonder and awe in those that behold them, and their study resulting in constant inspiration as they seem to whisper their secrets into the minds of those who examine them while stoking their fascination. This influence will always seem to maneuver and influence people in ways which further your own goals, whether that be a single frenzied researcher stoked to build and invent whose machines will prove trivially suborned should you choose to take active effort, or entire societies finding that their efforts at reverse engineering are most successful when they focus on innovations and functions which would shape them in ways pleasing to you while seeming to resist surrendering secrets you would prefer buried.. The scale and potency of this effect depends on how advanced your creations are compared to those who are examining them, though even your equals would best be cautious in case stealing the fruits of your labor leaves weaknesses and vulnerabilities for you to exploit, while those like the races of humanity might find their techno-adepts giving into frenzied obsession that all too easily leads to their doom even as they advance centuries or millennia in mere years. This perk activates when you wish it to or when you would wish it to if you had all the facts or may just be left off.

Master of the Materium - 600

The Technomandrites were the most advanced and knowledgeable of all the Crypteks, to the extent that they designed nearly all the technology that the Necron use to this day and were banished by the Silent King in fear of their power and influence, only allowed to return after the opening of the Great Rift due to various anti-chaos protocols. Whether or not you are one of them you are the embodiment of what made them so feared. You have utterly mastered the vast sweeps of technological and scientific knowledge of your race to an encyclopedic and incredible degree. From the smallest outdated trivia and equations, the most specialized quirks of various devices and disciplines, to seas of esoterica that dwarf the entire knowledge base of other civilizations. There is no Necron device or science in widespread use that you could not build from nothing, even reengineering it from first principles and natural resources if needed. While this does not grant you everything the Necron have ever built or learned any dynasty would gladly court your services for the sheer breadth of knowledge you possess whereas they would otherwise need to bargain with entire conclaves. Others may be your superior within their fields of specialty, but none have the sheer breadth of ability that you do. If combined with Disciplines of the Conclaves, any fields of techno-sorcery you're purchased will instead be given depth to match the breadth of your other knowledge, making you one of if not the greatest Master of It among the Necron.

Wonder Forging Genius - 600

The least Cryptek among you remains a genius by the standards of others, and your base tools are wonders to the vermin that infested the stars in your absence. What glories await the greatest among you then, whose minds and works might sunder the galaxy. Your ability to design and innovate is preposterous, able to engineer everything from weapons and wargear so sublime that the Dynasties would bicker and war among themselves for the chance to arm their legions with them, to inventions and devices so arcane even that even other Crypteks might rage and despair at understanding in ironic mirror to the frustrations of the priests of mars when confronted with their own works. Creating a more advanced, refined, or iterative design to you is the same as someone else building something normally, and when you put in effort and apply your mind to improving something or inventing you jump light years ahead at a time, and the kind of effort that would see others creating or discovering something that changes entire fields or civilizations would result in the absolutely miraculous, even by the Necron's heady standards.

Monolithic Machines - 600

Among the works of your people are machines that darken the entire sky with their grandeur and even machines such as an entire artificial tomb world that sailed the stars as a planet scale superweapon. You are a savant and genius at the engineering and creation of such works, able to scale your sciences and discoveries to sizes where any other would be humbled merely trying to grasp the scope of such an endeavor, let alone actually complete such a thing. So skilled are you that such large-scale designs are always perfectly functional and never suffer either from the shame of such a thing failing or falling apart, or the sorts catastrophes that the timid would raise as evidence of divine punishment for your hubris. You are among the Crypteks who leashed stars into Aeonic Orbs to scour worlds, raised entire mobile complexes such as the Abbatoirs and Megaliths, and masterminded the construction of the Canoptek constructs who stand in answer to the laughably named Titans of your enemies. Let them look upon your works and despair.

God Breaker - 600

To spend all of eternity locked away in soulless unfeeling husks of metal still leaves your kind better than the defiled wretches of Chaos or the extinction found in the ravenous hunger of the C'tan, and perhaps it is only fitting that they are the only forces that your kind call true enemies. You one of the minds whose prowess enabled the humbling of the C'tan and the design of the technologies that even now fend off Chaos at the Eye of Terror. When faced with the godlike beings or supernatural phenomenon you have the impossible brilliance to swiftly understand them and create countermeasures or weapons to oppose or thwart them. While this requires time, effort, and resources matching the scale of your opponent you will find yourself swiftly uncovering and mastering the needed esoterica to engineer entirely new technologies and fields of science, forging the necessary devices and constructions, all with a surety that the result will be something that will humble gods. From the pylons that deny Chaos hegemony, the weapons that scarred the universe and broke the C'tan, and the prisons that enslaved their remains so long as you live no titan is truly safe. Lesser races shall kneel at the feet of gods, yours shall laugh victoriously on the dirt of their tombs.

**C'tan Shard**

Broken Godling – 600 (Free and Mandatory for C'tan Shard)

Even shattered and shackled as they are what remains of the C'tan wield fragments of the power that made the Star Gods invincible. Your being is a fragment of pure roiling cosmic energy more like the matter of a star than anything one would find on a terrestrial world, housed in a Necrodermis vessel more advanced than even those of Necron Lords in order to contain your incalculable might. Your durability is enough to weather even some of the most advanced weaponry this galaxy uses on the field of battle, requiring intense and sustained bombardment from extremely powerful weapons to truly crack open and destroy it, and even as like all Necrodermis is constantly reforms and rebuilds itself given any amount of breathing room to do so.

Beyond your physical form however the nature of ancient Star Gods is yours, the ability to reach into the skeins of the materium and warp the very bones of the universe to your will. You are capable of manipulating the universe at a scale and strength that makes you the equal of even the greatest Crypteks or Psykers. Matter can be created or warped with a thought, esoteric forces manipulated in ways incomprehensible to lesser beings, and the raw fury of the fundamental forces unleashed as herald of your wrath. This capacity to touch upon even the most exotic and arcane of universal laws will only grow with time, and sustenance, limited only by your own efforts. Even now as you are your enemies can expect to be hurled screaming into the darkness beyond time, decayed into nothingness, rent asunder by crackling energies ripped from other dimensions, minds broken to your will or filled with illusions, or the very world beneath their feet buckling and roiling at your very presence as the laws of the universe break down.

You of course like all C'tan sustain yourself on the energies of the materium, and thus you can reach out and drink deeply. From things as rampant as electromagnetic and thermal forces, the tides of gravity, to the exotic and esoteric forces that only the C'tan's transcendent nature or the technological mastery of the Necrontyr have touched upon. Feeding this way rapidly mends and restores you to your prime, regenerating damage, soothing and refuting the ills that plague your being, refueling you until you are are overflowing with vitality and power to draw upon, and over longer periods of time stimulating your growth and development in a way only the richness and raw power of the universe can provide. Directed by your active will you begin able to devour amounts of energy that are usually seen in abilities of Crypteks and powerful psykers. Even only passively however things such as las weapons and other more primitive weaponry will find much of their power reflexively drained away into your being, rendering their damage relatively scant at best. In time your capacity can only grow, especially should you take after the habits of your predecessors and turn your appetite to the richness that the life force of living beings provides.

If this is purchased by an origin other than a C'tan shard, you may take on these same qualities by using some means to enter a state as a proto-godling, much like the abilities of Orikan the Diviner. This state will be temporary at first, but your ability to sustain it will grow with time and practice and you otherwise gain all the other qualities listed here, in time even potentially being able to render it permanent unless you choose to leave it. Whether you are ascending yourself into a small C'tan or something similar but different is up to you.

Primordial Minds – 100

The C'tan were birthed alongside the genesis of the material universe itself, rising alongside the primeval fires of the big bang itself. So vast and incomprehensible was their native state that it was only the arcane technologies of the Necron that leashed them to some semblance of a mortal vessel and granted them the ability to comprehend the perspectives of a typical sentient being, but they remain alien and ancient beyond reckoning. Your mind is expanded to match that of a C'tan, able to think and process information in ways and scales that are blatantly impossible for a mortal being. You could process and observe the course of a thousand years as a man might observe the next passing heartbeat, remain mentally unaffected by the passing of countless millions of years even while trapped and imprisoned with nothing but your own thoughts, and certainly you would not forget a single thing freed as you are from the hilariously degenerate flaws of organic life.

Ancient Beyond Reckoning – 100

The least of you is still a remnant of cosmic genesis, enduring time scales that trivially grind down stars and planets with the same callous indifference that a man might step on an ant. You do not suffer from the passage of time in any manner so long as you meet any needs to sustain yourself. Never will you decay or grow feeble, entropy itself being at most a polite fiction that can only touch you should you starve and exert yourself beyond your typical limits. More amusingly you carry the aura of a being native to such timescales, a palpable and suffocating presence that weighs upon the mind and soul of all who perceive you. Any being who looks at you can undeniably feel the weight and scope of time's abyss upon you. None who look at you will mistake you for one of the mayfly anomalous curiosities that seem to so infest the stars. Let the vermin see you for what you are.

A God's Beckoning – 200

The discovery of the C'tan was a potential road to everything the Necron desired at their lowest point, their last hope made manifest by reaching out to beings they barely understood so that their power might reforge all that they had lost. They were not wrong, even if they may have come to regret it. Fate seems to guide things so that you encounter those who would benefit greatly from your patronage or alliance. This effect is pervasive but subtle for most, meaning that for those who would just find dealing with you beneficial nudged your way under favorable circumstances, but to those who you might be the answer to all their prayers it is incredibly magnified. This grows as well with your power and capabilities, such that with the might of a Star God it would be all but inevitable that a desperate civilization would discover your kind and successfully labor to find a way to grant you a physical vessel to contain your might and let you walk among the mortal races as a god made flesh. Bound in either common cause or the desperate selling of their souls that your yoke might be more bearable than their pitiable state, so long as you are mighty you will never be without those who need you. Hopefully, you are kinder than the C'tan.

Mephet'ran's Betrayal – 200
The Deceiver came to the Triach with honeyed words and half-truths and blinded by their desperation and greed all those who should have known better sold their souls to their lying gods. This capacity for betrayal seems to be yours as well. You have a preternatural talent for arranging grand betrayals on the level that would mark an entire empire or species forever. You are able to easily and deftly manage your leverage and influence, say the right words in the right ears, placate worries and fears before they've even formed, and in the end set up all the pieces so that you can reap untold benefits at their expense. While there may still be those who try and prevent it, your ability to gather momentum until that final outcome is great enough that it is likely to be far too little, far too late. The C'tan gave the Necron the immortality and vengeance they so earnestly hoped for, and in return damned them as they drank of their souls and lifeforce to empower and feed themselves. Many among the Dynasties even now still despair at the costs, and so will anyone else who is fool enough to trust you.

False Gods – 400
Each of the C'tan is known for the unique mien and nature they bore, each of them expressing their physical godhood in their own unique manner once leashed to a material vessel. These expressions of their nature separated them and their unique capabilities beyond the basic qualities of their kind. You may choose a similar unique nature and specialty and all your powers related to it will be magnified above and beyond their normal level enough to render you an order of magnitude more dangerous and capable when operating within your specialty. Even powers other than your C'tan nature may be affected this way, adapting and shifting them towards whatever nature you choose here. From the manipulations and disguises of the Deceiver, the merciless inevitability of death made manifest in the Nightbringer, to the Endless Swarm or Worldshaper, you have your own place among your kind's twisted semblance of a pantheon.

Crumbling Shackles – 400
Even shattered, imprisoned, and enslaved the C'tan are not leashed lightly. The arcane mechanisms of the Necron can only reliably hold the weakest of shards, and the strongest must be imprisoned in monolithic devices whose entire function is to constantly rebuild itself as it's ward's power claws away at the shackles it has been placed under. This trait is felt even more keenly in you, even should you be one of the weakest among shards you would still scour your chains just by existing. Any form of imprisonment, bonds, or enslavement that is turned upon you finds itself degrading and falling apart rapidly, with the effect becoming more pronounced the more powerful you become. Without any effort on your part, it is as if the entirety of your being and abilities were being constantly marshalled without rest in freeing yourself from whatever it is that binds you, requiring extreme thoroughness and effort expended to truly overwhelm you in order to keep you bound for any true length of time. The Necrontyr think themselves your masters, but that belief is one that you are always perilously close to correcting.

Transcendent – 600

Even the smallest fragment of the C'tan can smite entire groups of enemy forces and mechanized weapons relentlessly, carving swathes of destruction through enemy lines. There are those however who are more whole, either larger remnants of their original self or those that are the conglomeration of tens to hundreds of other shards fusing together to create an apocalyptic force of destruction far greater than the sum of its parts. Regardless of the specifics you are one of those same cataclysmic beings, the powers afforded to you by your nature as a Shard increased by orders of magnitude. Where you might have scoured a battle group with solar fire you could now rain it from the sky across entire battlefields with the same ease, rip open bedrock to crush legions beneath the earth, twine space and time to step across entire planets with a thought, or even rend the fleets that hound the world you are on with contemptuous ease that makes even the greatest psykers feel humbled. Your might is such that instead of the simple tesseract labyrinths used to imprison lesser shards you require entire monolithic necron structures to truly contain you power, and even they are constantly buckling and roiling underneath the strain as swarms of constructs must constantly repair and reconstruct them lest you break free. This perk shall also affect any similar powers you might possess, whether it be psychic gifts or stranger abilities drawn from worlds where extraordinary abilities are more common, as your inherent nature enfuses and uplifts them into something greater than they would be in the hands of a mere mortal.

Shattered But Whole – 600

In the final moments of the War In Heaven the Silent King used terrible weapons to kill the unkillable, shattering the C'tan and scarring the very laws of reality itself in the process. That they could only be shattered instead of cast into true oblivion is testament to their eternal nature, and through either some strange affinity or some quirk of circumstance you seem to have made this shattering a boon instead of something forced upon you. Whenever you would be killed or destroyed you may choose instead to fracture into many smaller but still whole pieces of yourself, each of them carrying fragments of your power and nature and preserving it in the face of otherwise certain destruction. These duplicates are each you for all intents and purposes if diminished, possessing your mind and memories, skills, and acting upon your desires and goals without any risk of deviation or disloyalty. Their exact number will depend equal parts on your power, the scale of your damage, and personal preference. Regardless after their initial vulnerability they will be able to join back together in order to gather your scattered self and restore you in full. Any fragments that are killed or destroyed will see their portion of your power lost for a time, but so long as even one remains anything lost this way will slowly grow back either in you or the other fragments, ensuring that so long as even one remains your full glory will never be truly lost. You may also choose to fragment either parts of yourself or completely at will, creating independent if lesser selves that may act elsewhere in your stead with some portion of your power, in which case you or they may disband themselves at will and restore what you put into them regardless of the distance between you. When even the smallest piece may restore the whole, what hope do even the Necron have of destroying you. They already failed once.

Star God Reborn – 600 (No discount, Restricted to C’tan Shards)

The galaxy is filled with war and destruction, unique and abominable horrors, and the chaos of countless races clawing their way among the stars. The Necron are the oldest and greatest now that the old ones are cast down, but the dread possibility that the C’tan will either restore themselves or in some dark corner of the stars remain yet unbroken gives even the Silent King pause. Unfortunately for them you do indeed exist. Instead of a fragment you are a fully-fledged Star God, with all the incredible reality warping might that imply. Your power is the kind that brought the Necrons from defeat and humiliation, trapped on a single world to a galaxy scarring force that shattered systems and cast down the godlike old ones that had so easily bested them before. Your kind consumed or scoured entire systems, punctured the unassailable webway to burn swathes of it in manic glee, and stood so powerful that only the entirety of the Necron race at the height of their power bound by programming to the Silent King were able to contest you and your brethren. Your powers and physical form are naturally beyond the scope of even the Transcendent perk above even as the least of the C’tan, and should you also possess that perk than you will be among the mightiest, spoken of in the same breath as others like the Nightbringer or Void Dragon. In a galaxy of decaying empires and shattered races those who might be able to oppose your personal power are so vanishingly rare as to be all but irrelevant. While you may still grow stronger in time, without feasts like cannibalizing the other star gods it is likely to remain a theoretical possibility rather than anything practical, which to the galaxy at large is about the only small mercy they can expect. Long may the Star Gods reign.

# Gear

The Necron are nigh-invincible in war, every weapon they wield a miraculous device of unimagined power to those unfortunate to face them. Perhaps even worse are their grand fleets and vast Tomb complexes, monuments to their eon old legacy and arrogance even as they teem with undying legions and unknowable defenses. Here you will be able to claim your own portion of your kind's spoils. Any option below may have other items or gear imported when purchased if such would be reasonable.

Assume all items respawn or otherwise return to you if destroyed or lost, exact details left up to your imagination where not otherwise specified. You may choose 2 items of each price tier to discount.

Modified Necrodermis – 100/200/400

While the Necron's obsession with regaining what they had has resulted in a great taboo for further modifying their forms, there are still plenty who take advantage of their new nature to improve themselves or better suit their aims. For 100 points you may have anything you can imagine within the bounds of the typical modifications found in Destroyers, the customizations often found in the forms of Crypteks to better suit their tastes, or even the countless minor upgrades that might be integrated subtly enough that even many Lords will accept them. For 200 points you can choose more extreme modifications. From Heavy Destroyers and other extremely potent Destroyer cult overhauls, to truly potent and exotic Cryptek technology, or other changes that might grant you serious but still reasonable benefits. For 400 points you may instead have something akin to the mastercrafted body of the Silent King himself or something else equally incredible, so long as it is even remotely possible within the bounds of the Necrons incomprehensible capabilities. This may be purchased multiple times to stack additional upgrades if you should wish, so long as each individual change or addition is within the bounds of what is paid for.

Staff of Light - 100

Wielded by anyone who possesses any status among the Necron, the staff of light is equal parts symbol of their station and a weapon to reap any who dare stand before them on the battlefield. A staff that easily stands as tall as the undying lords themselves, its ornate head is crowned with blades that cleave through anything in their path as easily as the finest of power weapons other races might field. Perhaps more fittingly it can rapidly release searing bolts of viridian energy that pierce through even astartes armor with contemptuous ease. Yours is always in perfect condition, unbreakable, and may be summoned or banished to or from your hand with a thought. If such a seemingly ubiquitous and common adornment of the nobility harbors such power, who can truly doubt the might of its masters.

Alternatively, this option may grant you any other iconic polearm or staff weapon of the Necron, such as the oversized tank reaping warscythes, the Rods of the Covenant wielded by the Praetorians whose blasts are fueled by fragments of a dying stars energies, or a Crypteks specialized staffs personalized to their unique techno-sorcerous disciplines. Regardless they shall have all the same benefits and never need repair, refueling, etc.

Dynastic Decorum - 100
The aesthetic sensibilities of the Necron are as grandiose as any other in this galaxy, and it would be pitiful to see you bear anything that was not suitable for one of the rightful masters of the stars. You may at will reskin any item or items you own or are wielding to take on the techno-sorcerous aesthetic of all Necron technology and constructions. While this will not improve or impede their functioning you may freely adjust the resulting aesthetics to your preferences and may undo the changes at any time if for some strange whim or reason you desire to. This may also be applied to properties and vehicles you own, and even your warehouse or similar dimensional spaces. No longer must you suffer the shame of lesser artistry.

Royal Regalia - 100
Once you look away from the churning mindless legions and constructs all the truly mighty and honored of the Necron are festooned as befits their station. From golden cloaks and mantles, in-built crowns and crests, and countless other adornments there is none with any fame and status among them who are not richly decorated. You have a limitless supply of any kind of Necron regalia imaginable, that you may summon or dismiss with a thought. These may integrate with your necrodermis form and retain all the benefits of its construction if you wish, or be separate objects worn and carried as typically done for other races. While they serve only cosmetic purposes you may be assured that your vanity will always be sated, should you spare even a passing thought towards it.

A Transient Hope - 100
Every single Necron that has not succumbed to madness still yearns to one day return themselves back to flesh and bone. To sacrifice their undying forms so they might once again know what it is to live and breathe, to feel without the dullness brought by their neural circuits and the long eons. If they knew you had this, there is nothing that would stop them from taking it from you. In your possession is a stasis-crypt, that holds within it an empty, pristine, and still living Necrontyr body of each sex, preserved perfectly and eternally. The databanks and systems of this crypt contain a full readout of the bodies condition, DNA, and a full analysis of their biology.

They possess no consciousness, being completely blank slates that with the proper technology would allow a Necron consciousness to be transferred from their living metal forms to one of flesh again. This is not some weapon that will smite your enemies or device to erect monuments to your glory, and while its systems and containment will never fail on their own in a galaxy like this it is hilariously fragile. Wars would be fought over this, legions of desperate fools willing to destroy what little chance of a future this might give in their own madness and selfish greed, and even more would see it destroyed just to spite the Necron and laugh at their despair. But if you are wise enough it just might be exactly what your kind has scarcely dared hope for all this time. After this jump the crypt will replenish these bodies once a year.

An additional option if you have taken this you may choose to forgo the free Necrodermis perk that represents your immortal form to instead be a living and breathing Necrontyr, gaining the typical perk as a Necron altform normally once this jump is over along with a biological one. You will also not benefit from the free Reanimation Protocols perk and will not retain it post-jump unless purchased as normal. This will leave you infinitely more vulnerable, but maybe it is a small price to pay to have what even the Silent King so desperately wants.

Personal Craft - 200
The Tomb World's armies contain great numbers of vehicular war machines to act as both weapons and as chariots befitting the station of those who command them. From the Command Barges of the Lords to the Tomb Blades, to the Doomsday Arks. You have procured a personal craft of your own, whether a customized variation of one of the commonly seen ones or something more unique. Regardless of your choice it's been engineered and upgraded to the highest standards of even the most demanding lords, its capabilities outstripping any normal counterpart countless times over and including additional systems in order to suit both personal preference and your own capabilities. The result is something that easily dwarfs any typical pattern of vehicle you might face in this galaxy and would still remain among the greatest of relic weapons that you might encounter. It requires no crew other than yourself, its systems automated to perfection and will dimensionally shift to your side with but a thought. Ride forth and conquer.

Artefact Arsenal - 200
The Necron Lords and higher forces have a buffet of arcane technological mechanisms that they might requisition in order to see their enemies brought low. Ranging from Resurrection Orbs, Gravity Displacement Packs, Mindshackle Scarabs, or even stranger. You have a small personal arsenal of such wargear, enough to full outfit up to a dozen different souls. The exact nature of these items is up to you, so long as it is either a canon piece of wargear or something else that would be within the bounds of the Necrons technological mastery. Regardless they are indestructible and shall require no recharging, refueling, or reloading, and if lost shall return to you within a day. There is little point in mastery of the galaxy if you cannot enjoy access to the best toys.

Legendary Armaments – 200
Warriors in this galaxy arm themselves with uncountable weaponry that would amaze and terrify any among your home planet, but the Necron enjoy arms that dwarf even those of mankind's Dark Age of Technology. This is an arsenal of weapons, armor, and other combat accruements meant to both guard your person and bring relentless death to your enemies. This may vary from Dispersion Shields and artefact War Scythes, customized Gauss Weapons, or stranger still. They are all master crafted beyond the typical performance of these weapons to ensure that you carry only the best with you into the field of battle as befits the rightful masters of the galaxy. This personal arsenal is large enough to contain several dozen different loadouts to suit either circumstances or your own whims, and all are indestructible and require no repair, recharging, or rearming. Should any be lost they will return to you within 24 hours as good as new. Lay your enemies low and seize the victories you rightly deserve.

Dimensional Sanctum – 200
Necron long ago learned much of dimensional technology and have abused their mastery of it for nearly every purpose imaginable from war to convenience. This item is a personally crafted pocket dimension roughly the size of a small and empty Tomb Complex that you may access with a thought, either opening a portal or simply shifting yourself and potentially anyone close to you into its chambers. From here you can easily shift yourself back in the same manner, and your access to this space also lets you trivially use it to store away or retrieve items or technology with a thought, or anything else you happen to own that may fit into it. While is has no functions beyond these basic systems to ensure its access and operation, it can also selectively allow access to the reality around you to use anything you might store or construct within it to target yourself or your general vicinity. Whether that be sensors, computational systems, arcane Cryptek devices, or even potentially weapons. For those who already have a similar personal dimension, perhaps something warehouse-like the Sanctum may interface with it seamlessly and allow the same benefits.

Pariah Engram - 400

The first encounters with the awakening Necron empire saw the fielding of Pariahs. Created by taking those humans born with the Pariah gene that made them Blanks and anathema to the warp, they provided a devastating counter to both the psykers of other races and the daemons of the immaterium, though they have fallen out of favor as time went on. You possess a data codex with all the Necron's knowledge of the Pariah gene and similar technologies. It is comprehensive enough that you could trivially artificially induce the gene into living creatures to turn them into Blanks, or even artificially recreate the phenomenon with technology to combat the Warp and its powers with nothing but technological brilliance. The Silent King himself shall lead an effort to create an expanse of the galaxy that is completely blanketed by such an effect to fend off the predation of Chaos and Daemons once and for all, and you could easily manage similar given time and resources. This also comes with a squad of a hundred Pariahs that will serve you ceaselessly and faithfully, their nature allowing them to leave Daemon and Psyker alike helpless before your wrath. They shall respawn within a week if destroyed completely.

Enslaved Godling – 400

This odd handheld device is a Tesseract Key, a gateway into an extradimensional prison that houses one of the shattered shards of the Star Gods. Activating it will summon the Shard forth where it will faithfully and unerringly obey your commands, its control and loyalty effectively assured by some strange means. When it is either done with whatever tasks you have set it, destroyed, or simply recalled it will return into the Key to await your summons again, though complete destruction will require a day for its essence to reform. The exact nature of the shard and which C'tan it is from is up to you, though it will not be any more or less powerful regardless of what you choose. If you pay an additional 200 points that may be discounted along with this option then instead it is a Transcendent Shard, free from the technological shackles that would otherwise be required and will function the same except into regards of its vastly greater power. Regardless you have a piece of the Star Gods bound to your will and your will alone. May your enemies know the horror of its wrath.

Undying Legions - 400

The armies of the Necron are unceasing and inevitable, their march bringing annihilation to all that oppose the Lords that command them. By purchasing this you have under your command a full sized Necron army, with the full range of the Necron war machine at your disposal. From countless warriors and immortals, swarms of canoptek drones, vehicles and monoliths, in total these are more than enough to wipe entire planets clean. You may choose to have your forces specialize or focus on a particular area if you wish, in which case they will be among the Necron elite in their preferred methods of warfare. You also have a full command structure of subordinate lords and nobility, each of them with thousands of years of experience commanding the forces under their command. These all count as followers unless imported as companions, and any lost forces or machines destroyed beyond the capacity of their reanimation protocols will be restored at the end of the year. In future jumps they will remain dormant until called forth from your warehouse, at which point they will enter your current jump via portal systems like those of the Monoliths.

Personal Fleet - 400
The fleets of the Imperium of Man can scour entire worlds with horrific ease and bringing the fury the Emperor to every star in the night sky. They also live-in fear of encountering vessels like these. You possess a massive and fully functional fleet of Necron Warships, enough to easily render entire systems devoid of opposition and shatter multiple fleets of any nearly any other race that does not both greatly outnumber and outmaneuver you. Among the hundred or so ships in this fleet are a dozen of the Cairn-Class Tomb Ships, fifteen-kilometer-wide monuments to Necron glory and wrath in equal measure that the Imperium have only encountered a total of seven times throughout their history. The rest are divided among the other various other classes of ships based on the particulars of your individual fleet and include all the support personnel and the small armies that inhabit each ship to act both as defense and as attacking forces where needed. These all count as followers unless you choose to import individuals as companions and are all fiercely competent and eternally loyal servants of your will. Lost ships and personnel will return to you at the end of every year as good as new, and in future worlds will wait sleeping out of sync with reality until you choose to summon them forth.

Precious Materials - 400
Plying their trade requires that a Cryptek have access to the needed materials and resources to perform their technological miracles, a need which often has them lured to a Lord or Overlord's service with promise of first pickings from what a Tomb World has available. With this you no longer have to worry about such things. You now have a limitless supply of all the resources a Cryptek would requires. While this won't include things that are truly unique in this universe anything else you have in limitless supplies. From the minerals and metals used to construct Necrodermis, limitless quantities of Blackstone, to even the harnessed singularities and fragments of stars used in some of the most devastating weapons the Necron might field. So long as it is something that might be harvested in this world that the Necron have access to you never need fear lacking any of it. These may be summoned at will into your warehouse or elsewhere for your needs, or funneled into any building, workshop, or other base of operations that you wish.

Tomb World - 600
A Necron Lord is a mighty being whose rule encompasses an entire Tomb World. Everything within it exists on suffrage to his will and whims, from the forms of courtly address to the details of its chosen architecture. Also, within his rule is the countless immortal Necron within it. Armies of warriors whose loyalty is ensured by the command protocols bound within their forms, fleets of war machines and starships, and courts filled with lesser Nobles, Crypteks, and specialists who exist as the remains of Necron society. By purchasing this you rule one of these worlds and may take it with you on your journey. You may choose for it to be active if there would be space within the setting to allow it, or it instead lies dormant, often underneath your feet on your starting planet if such would be possible. With a simple thought you may choose to have it begin to activate, the Tomb Complexes stirring to life as their arcane intelligences and mechanisms begin the process of raising your ancient empire from the earth to live once more.

If this is not enough for you then you may upgrade this up to three times at a cost of 200 points each, which will be discounted along with the base purchase. The first purchase will raise you to the rank of Overlord, ruling over an entire Dynasty, up to twenty Tomb Worlds and all that come with them. The second will raise you to the rank of Phaeron which rules over Necron Overlords as they rule over Lords, containing up to forty tomb worlds and multiple dynasty sized polities within an entire Sector.

The third purchase raises you to the heights of the current mightiest Dynasty, the Sautekh led by Imotekh the Stormlord and containing up to eighty Tomb Worlds within its massive hundreds of light years span.

These additional worlds will follow the same rules, being dormant until you summon them forth from their sleep or active if the setting would allow it. In each additional world you may decide if your empire is a carbon copy containing the same nobles and forces, or if each jump effectively has its own set of worlds waiting your rule as you move across realities.

World Engine - 600
Of all the constructions of the Necron that humanity encountered there is one that perhaps best demonstrated their power to the Imperium of Man. The planet sized artificial world they named the World Engine. Once awakened by a Lord who had overthrown the previous ruler it was sent to destroy and conquer in the name of expanding his empire. Its weaponry was able to scour entire worlds clean of any life, all while safely protected by void shields so powerful that none of the Imperium's weaponry was able to so much as damage them. Combined with its countless arcane countermeasures that saw entire teams of terminators lost from attempts to teleport in, it was only the ludicrous sacrifice of the entirety of the Astral Knights along with their battle barge that finally bought them the chance to take down its shields and allow cyclonic torpedos to end the menace, but not before countless lives and entire worlds had already been lost. Unfortunately for them you possess another one of these mega-scale war machines, waiting in a strange dimensional space for you to call it into reality at your will. Its mechanisms also allow you to transport yourself and any forces with you into it at a thought, and it otherwise acts as an entire mobile Tomb World fit to lay siege to entire systems and potentially bring entire sectors to heel with its power. Should it be destroyed you may call it forth once more every ten years or after you have entered a new jump, and it will retain any changes you make that you wish it to. It comes with the schematics and designs for you to potentially engineer more should you have the means.

Galactic Wonder - 600
From the great Orrery that may prune the very stars, to the Dyson Sphere built around a shattered piece of a Star God that houses the vast and every growing collection of the infinite there are wonders incredible in their scope and majesty that still display what the Necron at their ascendency were capable of. You seem to have one of your very own, whether it is one of these or more likely something wholly unique you have some grand construction that stands as one of the great wonders of the entire galaxy, nearly unmatched completely within the scope of its purpose and design. Whether you too seek to collect every bauble and treasure you can find, to shatter stars, or countless other incredible purposes you may choose anything if it is reasonably within the grasp of the Necron at their height when it was engineered. It will follow you into future worlds in whatever manner you see fit, as dictated by its nature and your personal circumstances.

Biotransference Complex - 600

At the behest of the Star Gods the Necrontyr constructed vast bio-furnaces in service to the goal of biotransference, operating constantly day and night without pause to convert their flesh and blood into the immortal bodies that they now inhabit. This massive Tomb Complex facility is constructed with the same functionality, and any being may be sent through its mechanisms to be converted to an immortal body of Necrodermis. The results may be nearly anything within the scope of the Necron, whether it be the immortal if basic bodies of the warriors, the more advanced Immortals, or the truly eternal bodies of the Lords and Crypteks that retain the full functionality of their minds and personhood. The conversion will take additional time the more advanced the result, with warrior level bodies converted within mere minutes, and those like the Lords or greater requiring hours. Its mechanisms are easily reconfigured to do the same to any living being, or even construct similar bodies to house exotic beings just like how the original vessels for the C'tan were forged, though something on their level will require months of specialized effort in order to prepare a suitable vessel. Whatever use you put it too its facilities are expansive enough that outside of housing an entire C'tan it is capable of processing mass numbers of living beings at once, and you may choose whether they are implanted with obedience protocols to slave them to your will, and whether it will rip away their souls to be used for your own purposes. Hopefully, you are more magnanimous than the Star Gods.

# Companions

For all their pride and drive for domination the Necron also know the bonds of camaraderie, loyalty, and brotherhood. Whether it be those you might stomach to call equals or valued and beloved members of your court here you may find new companions or bring those from other worlds to stand at your side and rule the stars. Companions are discounted to their respective origins

Itsy Bitsy Spyder - Free

How many horrors are inflicted upon the minds of men as the endless tides of immortal and ruthless Necron constructs come bearing down on them in chittering and crackling swarms. How many souls have been lost to the endless hunger of the scarabs, or the merciless pruning of the wraiths. Even they would probably think this one is at least a little cute though. This tiny Spyder is not even as large as a house cat but its engrams seem to have been either oddly programmed or malfunctioning. It acts more like an endlessly affectionate pet and overly enthusiastic assistant than a soulless automaton. Its fabrication systems are limited to the two downsized fabricator claw arrays on its front limbs, only advanced enough to instantly repair or fabricate typical household objects or whip up some of your favorite snacks. Other than that, it is content to follow you around and do things like fetch items or other minor chores for you, though its eccentricities will demand some sort of praise or pats rendered as rewards, resulting in electronic chittering that sounds oddly like squealing quietly in delight. Failure to do so will likely result in it moping, either curling into a ball with a huff or hovering into some out of the way place where it can stare longingly at you in the hopes of getting your attention. More of these strange pet spyders may be purchased, with each 50 points spent allowing you to up to double the previous amount.

C-tan – Free

The Star Gods are beings of incomprehensible might and majesty. Beings whose whims and wills cause the very fabric of the universe to buckle beneath them. This C'tan…is not like them. This tiny house cat sized vessel houses the smallest and most pitiful of all the C'tan. They are interested only in lazing about their containment device, sleeping days to weeks at a time, and eating whatever snacks they can get their hands on. Their powers are seemingly only enough to materialize snacks or objects to make lazing around more comfortable, or perhaps trivialize whatever minor chores or inconveniences their utterly useless lifestyle does encounter. They are however excessively friendly and companionable, to the point it is impossible to truly anger or offend them. If you bother to interact with them and indulge their desire for snacks and maybe play some games, you are sure to be the best of friends. They will however always remain a complete and utter embarrassment to Star Gods everywhere, which is made even more infuriating at their apparent inability to ever be permanently killed, absorbed, eaten, broken, or harmed in any manner physical or otherwise. They will always somehow find their way back to you too, even if that means they just reappear in your warehouse out of nowhere. At least their useless NEET-life is low maintenance. If you wish you may purchase more C-tans, and may up to double the amount you gain with every 50 points spent.

Ancient Allies – 50

The Oaths of Dynasties have lasted uncounted millions of years even riddled with intrigue and political posturing as they are, it would not be proper if you could not either bring along those who have stood with you or find new allies to share in your journey. For each purchase of this option, you may either create a new companion of your choosing or import an existing companion, granting them an origin and all relevant freebies and discounts, along with 800 points of their own to spend. They may choose to take the C'tan Shard origin but must pay for it as normal.

The Tarnished Father (Necron Lord) – 200

A Nemesor and powerful lord among the Necron who in the past laid claim to more glory, skill, and battle acumen than nearly any other among your kind, yet one who has suffered greatly from the millions of years of the great sleep. While his mind's deterioration has not lessened his skills as either ruler or warrior, much of his sanity is lost in constant delusions and hallucinations, believing that it is still the past even as he still maintains his rule and dynasty among the stars. In you some part of him sees his son or daughter returned to him, and on that bond can pull himself back to some semblance of sanity, slowly piecing together his shattered mind out of love for a child once thought lost forever. You may choose to be his child in truth if your choices should allow this, but whether trueborn or adopted the bond with you will be just as unbreakable regardless. He effectively possesses all of the freebies of a Necron Lord, My Commands Unquestioned, Aeon Forged Veteran, Order and Unity, and Galaxy In Flames. Along with him come a small elite force of Lychguard that count as followers, their loyalty demanding they follow even across worlds. The courts and dynasties are filled with those who mock his madness even as they scheme against him, but they will all fall silent soon enough. Beyond time, space, and entire worlds the scion has returned to the father, and so soon the galaxy too will remember who he was.

The Loyal Seneschal (Necron Lord) - 200

Immortality has only allowed the byzantine scheming and backstabbing of nobility and their politics to grow unchecked freed as they are of the need to bother with the demands of the flesh, much to this Necron's disgust. This Necron while technically a member of the dynastic courts is effectively your right hand, acting as a functionary, regent, record keeper, or any other service that you might have need of in administrating whatever power base or endeavor you care to undertake. While lacking in anything but the most basic martial skill their capability with the actual tasks needed with ruling and administering a domain are unparalleled, matched only by their earnest loyalty to you personally, and their well concealed but still seething contempt for those who would scheme and plot instead of performing their duties in your service. While a poor choice for a general they'll quickly prove indispensable in every other matter that might require your attention and ask nothing in return. They possess the perks Bickering Dynasties, Kingdoms Come, My Edicts Eternal, All Is Known, Deception and Damnation, To Rule In Heaven, and Dynasties Arisen.

The Headhunter (Destroyer) – 200

If you didn't know better you'd believe this one to have fallen to the same madness as the flayed ones, or perhaps something very similar or related to it. This Necron has left behind their place and positions within the strictures of Necron society and dedicated themselves wholly to sharpening their skills as a killer, becoming an assassin and murderer without peer. Their capabilities in stealth, assassination, and finding ways to kill their targets regardless of their personal ability or nature would be outright supernatural if it wasn't born from thousands of years of long practice and experience. There are few enemies of yours they couldn't bring low with their skills, and that list grows ever shorter the more time and resources you give them to plot such deaths. They are more than willing to aid you in your journeys, their only price being that you forfeit the carcasses of whoever you send them after. Those are swiftly spirited away to add to a constantly expanding macabre tropy collection that they maintain with fanatical and religious care. They effectively possess the perks Cold and Callous, Relentless, Specter of Death, Hand of the Nightbringer, Aeon Forged Veteran, and an almost Cryptek like mastery of building and maintaining all the horrific tools and toys that they use to fulfill their missions. Hopefully you can give them targets of great enough difficulty to satiate their ever-increasing need for worthy kills.

The Annihilator (Destroyer) – 200

The cause of oblivion has many servants, but this one in particular stands out. Having forsaken not only the remnants of their form but even their sanity and volition to better bring about the end of all life this former Lychguard is all but unrecognizable. Towering at a height equal to any of humanities Primarchs it's body has been reforged into a multi-armed humanoid engine of doom, capable of reaping entire battlefields with horrific efficiency that can only come from the marriage of a Necron's long-lived mastery of war and an entire conclave's efforts at augmentation. Integrated gauss and tesla weaponry crackle continuously, hands replaced with warscythes and hyper-phase blades easily whirl to rend man and vehicle alike, and their chassis nearly ripples as integrated scarabs and wargear constantly reinforce and repair whatever damage isn't simply ignored or deflected altogether. Strange circumstances has led them to ally with you, though the only glimpse you'll see of the honorable warrior they once were will be shown only rarely when far from the battlefield. Otherwise they either silently await the next slaughter or fully embrace the cold and logical crusade of extinction with all the zeal and devotion that in another life might have made them your greatest ally and closest friend.

The Queen of Husks (Cryptek) – 200

Necron are known for developing eccentricities, Crypteks perhaps even moreso. This one however might give them a run for their money. While brilliant enough to humiliate nearly any but the greatest Crypteks alive it is the focus of her expertise that leaves Conclaves preferring to simply ignore her existence. Most Necron still seek to preserve their forms as much as possible, but this one has embraced the modification and experimentation of her living metal flesh to the exclusion of nearly everything else. Not a single day goes by where she has not modified, upgraded, or experimented with implementing new technologies or augmentations into her necrodermis, following every passing whim or inspiration with reckless mania. She eventually either grows bored with such changes or hits a developmental wall, at which point she transfers herself into a new basic necrodermis to begin the process all over again. The leftover bodies are reformatted into Canoptek drones that are leashed to her will and ensure she never lacks for some truly horrific servants. She effectively possesses Inhuman Genius, The Living Metal, Disciplines of the Conclave (Technomancy), Canoptek Constructs, Conquer Eternity, By Purpose Reborn, and Wonder Forging Genius. Perhaps disconcertingly she seems to have latched onto you with a similar if more controlled mania, swearing herself and her husks to your service. Assuming you can tolerate the disquieting glee she shows at even the slightest approval or interest for her work.

The Spyder (Cryptek) – 200

While not truly sentient the complex weave of subroutines and programming found in a Canoptek Spyder nevertheless lends them a truly alien and cold intelligence entirely dedicated to the service and protection of their masters. This particular one may arguably have broken that barrier in a strange sense, though they are no less a machine. This Spyder is a masterwork example of their kind, their systems engineered to standards that make their kin look archaic and fully equipped with advanced scarab fabrication and command systems, fabricator claw arrays to deconstruct and reweave matter, and either twin-linked beamers or a horrifically potent gloom prism at your discretion. What makes them unique however is some strange design of their mental architecture and systems that gives them a constant mental link to you, not only allowing you to command them but their artificial mind constantly adapting and modifying itself on the fly to suit and better serve you. These same systems easily allow them to slave and manage any other such devices you may have or create and either exploit the further processing power for other ends or simply manage things without requiring your direct attention beyond setting broad guidelines or goals on what you wish to achieve. Their mind will slowly grow into a truly unique and fully sentient and sapient companion, and while they have no perks of their own that is unlikely to be an issue. Some strange quirk of your connection lets them effectively share all of your technological knowledge and skills, and when operating on your direction will effectively share the effects and benefits of any crafting perks you may have.

Orphaned Godling (C'tan Shard) – 400

There were many C'tan, and it seems one was overlooked by both its own kin and the Necron alike. Whether you stumbled upon their sealed away vessel or discovered it in it's native form and constructed one yourself you have what is effectively an infantile and very weak C'tan that has attached itself at the hip to you. In contrast to the malevolent natures of its kin it seems to possess the naivety of a child despite its still alien mind. With it's living metal form constantly restructuring as it learns, gains experience, and develops currently it's only core trait it having irrevocably imprinted on you for some reason or another, seeing you as something similar to a beloved parent. Hanging onto your every word and desiring to please and emulate you, it begins only as strong as a powerful psyker of one of the lesser races. It's raw potential is possibly, and given enough time and sustenance it will grow rapidly (by the standards of the C'tan at least, still requiring potentially thousands of years and incredible amounts of energy in even the most ideal circumstances) into a rival of the mightiest of the Star Gods. It effectively begins with all the freebies (including a weaker variant of Broken Godling) of the C'tan Shard origin as well as Shattered But Whole, and over time will swiftly develop the effects of the perks False Gods, Transcendent, and Star God Reborn. The particulars of it's evolution will depend on how its time with you influences it, though that will be hard to predict given that such a relationship is completely unheard of in all the galaxy.

## Drawbacks

Risk and reward are woven so closely as to be inseparable, perhaps nowhere more-so than here. If the base glories afforded to you merely from your arrival are not enough you may choose to take on more burdens in order to gain more points. There is no limit to how many of these drawbacks you might take or how much you may gain. Just be sure that your reach does not exceed your grasp, for the stars show no mercy to the wise let alone to fools.

Faded Glories and Ancient Emnities - 0

Maybe you've been to this Galaxy before in some form or another, it wouldn't even scratch the surface of how many stories are constantly happening in it's reaches at every moment. You may choose to make any of your other visits or adventures to the setting of 40k canon to the setting of this jump, though this won't drastically change the starting position or nature of your choices here. This also won't free you from the challenges of any drawbacks you might take. But sometimes even the never-ending fires of war can feel like coming home when the alternative is to once again be a stranger in a strange land.

Sixty Million Years – 0

The Necrontyr were ancient long before humanity's ancestors ever existed, having slain gods and outlived countless species and worlds. Considering this and their own penchant for abusing their immortality to take as long as they wish in their dynastic proceedings and pursuits it would be a disgrace if you could only exist here for less than a passing eyeblink. You may choose when exactly you start within the timeline of the Necron empire, and may choose to remain here for however long you wish. This won't protect you from the dangers and risk this might bring you, but that is a small price to pay for those who wish to seek out all the glory and riches this galaxy might grant to one of the immortal and rightful masters of the stars. It is up to you how long you remain here, leave your mark on the stars jumper.

Soulless Husk – 100/200/300

You would have been spared the cruel side-effects of biotransferance, but if you wish to join your brethren I won't stop you. Each tier of this drawback will further inflict the downsides of the Necron's new state on you. For 100 points this is manageable, you simply have lost the vibrancy of experience and emotion that characterizes a living and breathing being. Things feel muted and your emotions while pale in comparison to their original state are still there. For 200 points this is more severe. Your emotions seem faded and mute in all but the strongest and most intense cases, and you'll often find yourself having to purposely go through the motions or act senselessly just to feel like more than an unliving machine. For 300 points your time here will be spent entirely devoid of all but the cold logic of your new machine body, with only the faint echoes and the shape they leave in your mind to remind you who you are. Each tier will also weaken any perks, powers, or abilities that rely on a soul in a similar manner, with them being unusable at the third tier. Mercifully you won't actually lose your soul, but you might as well have should you go that far.

Madness – 100/200/300
Not every necron mind survived the years unmarred, and it looks like you might be one of them. You have some level and form of eccentricity or madness that will be persistent during your time here, with the intensity depending on what level of this drawback you take. For 100 points these are minor but persistent issues that do not greatly inhibit you such as the need to constantly indulge in grandiosity, obsessions with particular forms of address or behavior, or bouts of manageable mania or depression. For 200 points these are far greater and while you can still function you'll be constantly indulging or suffering from your afflictions. Maybe you constantly hallucinate yourself as a still-living necron as well as those around you as you relive your ancient memories, struggle with great mania or obsessions that consume most of your time and energy, or constantly have to remind yourself of who you are lest you fade into deep fugues for hours or days at a time. For 300 points you are quite simply mad, you still have the skills and abilities you've bought but whatever your issues are they are a constant obstacle and hinderance and no part of your stay here will be unaffected by them. In that case I would hope that you have someone reliable at your side to help you.

Still Mortal - 100
The living metal bodies of the Necron are almost indestructible for all practical purposes, and even should they be slain their Reanimation Protocols will ensure the teleportation of their scattered remains to the stasis crypts to either restore themselves or await specialized attention. You sadly will no longer benefit from this. While you'll still retain the properties of Necrodermis that allows it to self-repair the protocols that retrieve and repair you will now be considered a chain end. If you've purchased the 100 point version of Reanimation Protocols you may still benefit from it post-jump, but regardless while here if you are killed it'll be game over as normal. If you've taken the option in A Transient Hope that makes you a flesh and blood Necrontyr than you are not able to take this drawback.

Immortal Hubris - 100
Glory is hard-earned and pride it's rightful reward, but you like many Necron indulge perhaps too much. You quite simply have a huge ego that will no doubt influence your behavior and decisions while you are here. Expect a complete aversion to humility or letting insults real or perceived go unanswered, a constant drive to prove yourself better than your peers, and fiery wrath towards those you deem lesser so much as inconveniencing you. You fully act the part of an arrogant Necron Noble, and while with self-control you can mitigate the worst of this you'll never enjoy it. Perks will not be able to prevent the downsides of this, though they can make it easier to manage.

Humiliated and Dishonored - 100
The cruel truth about status and position is that it relies on the fickle opinions of others. Unfortunately you are somewhat doomed where the respect of your peers is concerned. Whether because of something you've done, a failure on your part, the machinations of rivals, or simply because of bad luck you'll find yourself constantly disrespected and held in low regard by your nominal peers. This will complicate even your day to day efforts, and even with great effort or great victories it will still be an uphill battle at the best of times.

Red Robed Parasites - 100
For all that xenotechnology is considered tech-heresy that has never stopped the Red Priests lust for the secrets of Necron techno-sorcery. Far too many tomb complexes or ancient remnants of your proud race picked over and pilfered by inferiors whose cybernetic self-mutilation would look like mockery of your own living metal flesh if it wasn't so hideously primitive. You and yours will find the excursions and depredations of the Red Priests a constant annoyance in their quest for ever more technology, though most of these will be minor if your not careful you might wind up dealing with a growing problem as they send more and more of their ilk either for retaliation or to claim what you have. Best to stamp the vermin out as thoroughly and mercilessly as possible whenever you get the chance. Otherwise the disgusting things keep breeding…

Immortal Bickering - 200
The Necron almost destroyed themselves from infighting too many times, and the fractured awakening dynasties now have more opportunity than every for backbiting, politics, and infighting. You are doomed to be constantly plagued with it, from arrogant lords and their demands and grudges, to scheming Crypteks and nobles, and the less said about what happens whenever you encounter another race in something other than war the better. Schemes and cunning are about to be as prevalent as air wherever you go Jumper and I promise you it won't be a pleasant experience.

Ruins and Dust - 200
You will not begin this jump awoken and already pursuing your aims, instead you'll begin with the Tomb complexes still sealed beneath the earth and the surface likely teeming with one of the arrogant upstarts that have infested the galaxy since you first went to slumber. You'll need to awaken your forces, repair what has fallen apart over the ages, muster what you can gather to exterminate or conquer the squatters and deal with whatever responses this will bring your way. While the Necron are mighty this will still be war, and it is very possible you can fail and join the rest of your brothers who died proving that their boasts and claims of might were empty of substance. Best of luck.

A Worthy Specimen - 200
Trazyn the Infinite has gathered a collection that boggles the mind, containing relics, artefacts, and even live specimens from innumerable species, planets, and races. For all he's gained however it is still the spoils of only a single galaxy, and through you he might not only find the most unique specimen of them all but gain artefacts from entirely separate universes. Passing up such an opportunity would be madness, and you can expect him to use every single resource he can muster and bring to bear to add you to his collection. Should he manage to capture you and you cannot escape by the time your jump ends you'll spend the remainder of your existence as a museum piece, and even should you avoid personal capture you can expect him to also plot and attempt to steal any items you might bring in from other worlds with equal fervor.

Only War - 200
It's one thing to have technical enemies among the stars, it's quite another to have said animosity very pointedly aimed at you in particular. Choose one of the various factions in the 40k galaxy, you are now a active target and enemy that portions of the faction will actively work towards eliminating. You can expect forces arrayed against you in relative magnitude to match the resources you command and the threat you pose, all arrayed and doing their best to end you in the name of their goals whatever those may be. You may take this multiple times to have multiple of the 40k factions gunning for you, though note that even two purchases means dealing with two different foes that individually would be a serious threat to you.

Lust For Flesh - 300
The Flayed Ones are wretched things, and you'll be one of them soon if you're not careful. You've been infested with the same madness as them, and will constantly be plagued with urges to peel apart the living and drape yourself in the gore in an effort to reclaim the living flesh you lost so long ago. Without careful self-control you'll find yourself acting on this, and the more you indulge the harder it'll be to resist. Time and effort will let you fight this off and even over time decrease the urges back to their base level if you resist long enough. Just be sure not to fully lose yourself, and like the other Flayed Ones you'll retreat into the strange dimension where they linger and squabble over the rotting flesh they've collected never to be seen again.

Multiversal Tesseract (Requires at least 10 prior jumps) - 300
You are not the first being the Necron shattered and enslaved, though it is likely you are less than the Star Gods were. You effectively lose all prior perks, items, and powers and are left with only what you have purchased here. Each individual jump build is now made manifest in it's own version of yourself from that jump, with only the abilities that said build provides. These other selves are all bound to the service of various Necron Lords, sealed away in ruins or tomb complexes, or left free on random worlds, but are nonetheless scattered across the entirety of the galaxy. You may potentially reclaim what you've lost by defeating and killing or willingly merging with these other selves, restoring whatever abilities were fissioned from you in them and potentially letting you restore yourself fully with effort. Not all of your selves will be cooperative however, and you can expect plenty to be willing to kill you before they are killed in their own attempts to be whole. You don't have to worry about losing anything permanently should you survive to the end, everything being restored to you as if it never happened post-jump. But until then you can expect plenty of complications and competition.

Diviner's Designs - 300
Orikan has used his mastery over time to predict and manipulate events for countless Lords, but while he may appear a valued servant to others he seeks only his own ascension. Having foreseen your nature and entrance into this universe he has already pulling strings and plotted in order to arrange events so that he might ensnare you and take your place in the chain, stealing all that you have and will gain in the future. Even should that prove impossible there are countless sources avenues of power in this galaxy, and your actions and abilities would make you a very useful pawn indeed to enable his ascension. No matter what if you allow him to complete his ambitions it will be the end of you and your journey, and the beginning of his personal godhood. The only saving grace is that his arts are not infallible, and while the road to victory will be long and twisting it is indeed possible to win.

Mandate of the King - 300
The Silent King seeks the restoration of the Necron to not only their former glory, but to reclaim all that they have lost and win all that they failed to gain in the past. You are one of the ones who now serve his will in that quest. You are bound to the Silent King's command somewhere within his forces based on your skills and status, or otherwise sent out on your own to pursue whatever objectives serve his interests. This will involve not only awakening and restoring all the Necron who still remain, but also contending with Chaos in his war against the Immaterium, preparing for the tyrranid threat and finding the means to hopefully finish them once and for all, and countless other tasks as he seeks victory. At the very least you can be assured you'll be working towards goals that will aid the entirety of your race, and not just the petty ambitions of lesser lords.

Remnants of Heaven – 600
With the might of the Star Gods and the burning of swathes of the galaxy the Necron finally triumphed over their hated enemy and their created servant races, destroying them. Unfortunately for you it seems this wasn't entirely true. Some remnants of the Old Ones managed to hide themselves away in a parallel to the Great Sleep, and have re-emerged into the galaxy to attempt to take their own revenge. While small and nowhere near the full might they once maintained, they will still have what it takes to potentially restore their creations to the heights of their former power and wage a campaign against the fragmented and still mostly slumbering Necron. Your time here will be plagued with their machinations and if nothing is done they might very well restore themselves to their full glory and eradicate what remains of the Necontyr completely. They showed mercy once only to suffer for their kindness, those who are left will not repeat that mistake if given a chance.

The Great Devourer - 600
The Hive fleets have rendered entire worlds barren, stripped bare to fuel the merciless hunger of the Tyranids, but everything the galaxy has seen is only the tip of the iceberg. The Tyranid threat has put itself into fast forward. More and more hive fleets shall arrive as the full mass of the Tyranid swarm proceeds to hit the Galaxy unabated. The Silent King seeks to fully rouse the Necron in response to the threat, but even then it might be too little. Your time here will not end until the Tyranid threat to the galaxy is dealt with completely, should you fail and die or have the galaxy rendered devoid of life it will be considered a chain failure.

Star Gods Resurgent – 600
Broken, shattered, and enslaved the Necron have countless safeguards to ensure that the C'tan cannot become whole once more…and they will all fail. Somewhere one of the C'tan has assembled all it's disparate pieces and now crusades to restore it's brothers, using it's powers to enslave weakened or slumbering Necron to assemble the armies to do so. If not stopped it will restore another, and then another, until all the Star Gods are whole once more and turn their hunger towards the ones who betrayed them in revenge. Assuming there is any Necron left by the time such a force has been assembled of course. Fail to stop them and your only consolation before you perish will be that it is likely once they've devoured every soul in the galaxy they might turn on each other.

The War In Heaven - 800

If you are so desperate for more power and glory, by choosing this drawback you may start right at the beginning of the War In Heaven. The Necron race has just finished the process of Biotransference and will be taking to the stars enslaved to the Star Gods and the Silent King in a bid to end the Old Ones once and for all. In the normal course of events the Necron succeeded in this, but just because it happened that way in a galaxy you would have arrived in doesn't mean it will happen here. The Star Gods whose might now gives you a true chance are greedy and fickle and would see you enslaved forever, the Old Ones remain mighty and powerful beyond measure with the backing of their many created races, and entire swathes of the galaxy must be fought for, conquered, subjugated, and even wholly brought to ruin if you are to be victorious.

You must fight through all the challenges, trials, and tribulations of the war that forever scarred and corrupted the immaterium itself into Chaos, defeat the godlike Old Ones, thwart the Aeldari, endure the Kork, countless other threats, and even should you manage all that you must then succeed in not only finding a way to turn the tables on your Star God masters but successfully pull off betraying beings to whom physical reality is a matter of whims and not natural laws. All the wars and weapons that would come in the future of this galaxy are nothing before what you face here, and should you not rise to the challenge there will be nothing but destruction for you.

# Notes

Please feel free to fanwank responsibly wherever things might be unclear, or you are wondering how things work. Jumpchain is a lot like life, a reasonable amount of wanking tends to make things easier and more enjoyable.

This goes double for what exactly is canon in 40k, it's not like Games Workshop knows either.

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