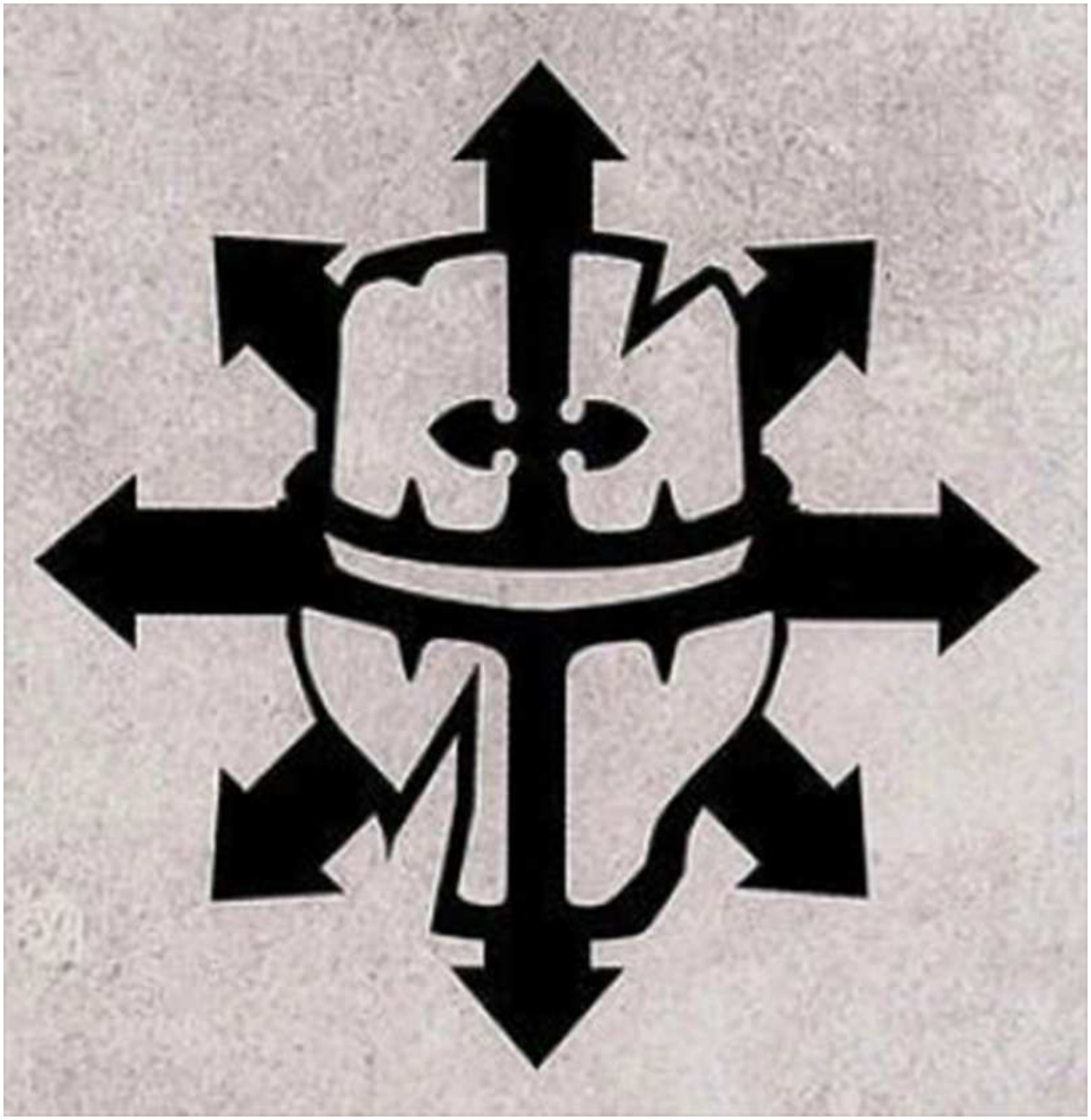
Warhammer 40K: Chaos Knights Supplement 0.1

By saiman010



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Introduction

"Open your heart to hatred. Open your mind to fury. Open your soul to the Dark Ones. Let not your forebears stand between you and the power that is offered. The sun has set on the Age of Chivalry, and the night that is to come belongs to those with the strength to assert their rule."

—Canticle of the Warped Becoming, from the Liber Idolator

Hello, Jumper.
It appears you've caught the attention of the Chaos Gods — and they are very impressed. In recognition of your ambition, corruption, or sheer destructive potential, the Dark Pantheon has seen fit to bestow upon you a most unholy gift: an army of towering Chaos Knights, massive daemon-infused war engines that have sworn undying loyalty to your cause. Whether through fear, reverence, or raw Warp-born madness, they now march at your command, seeking glory in your name — and theirs — across the stars.

To aid in this grand endeavor, the Ruinous Powers have granted you 1,000 Favour, to be spent within this supplement to forge and outfit your legion of steel titans. Use it well — shape your host in the image of your patron god, or walk the path of Chaos Undivided. From the corrupted armor plating to the eldritch weaponry mounted on every limb, this force will reflect the nature of your devotion. This gift is your instrument — and your burden.

But beware, nothing granted by the Warp comes without cost. Should you take up this gift without having earned this Favour through a jump that named this supplement, the Dark Gods demand that you offer tribute worthy of their name. Specifically, you must conquer the world in which you deploy this supplement. After all, a legion of daemon-infested war machines should be more than capable of flattening a planet, shouldn't it?

Household Allegiance

Before you may unleash your horde of corrupted war machines, you must first choose which Chaos Knight Household you belong to. This decision is not merely cosmetic — your Household defines your doctrine of war, the nature of your madness, and the blessings (or curses) the Dark Gods bestow upon you.

Your chosen Household determines which freebies you gain from this supplement, as well as which restrictions or requirements you must abide by.

Iconoclast Houses
Iconoclast Houses were once noble defenders bound by oaths of chivalry, but the cataclysm of the Horus Heresy shattered their ideals. Torn between loyalty to Traitor masters and the ancestral spirits of their Thrones Mechanicum, these Knights spiraled into madness. Neural feedback from the Thrones amplified their guilt and shame, driving some to insanity and others into deeper acts of cruelty in a desperate bid to restore their fractured honor. Cities burned, monuments to the Emperor toppled, and entire worlds fell beneath their desecrating tread — all justified through twisted logic born of corrupted duty.

Over time, these once-virtuous warriors became monsters of steel and sin. Their Thrones, once bastions of resistance against corruption, now fed on their despair, fostering bloodlust, sadism, and megalomania. Iconoclast Houses are now engines of conquest and domination, caring only for destruction and power. With each new war, their legacy of madness spreads, and wherever the Warp touches a noble mind, a new Iconoclast may rise.

Infernal Houses
Infernal Houses trace their origins to unholy alliances with the Dark Mechanicum, whose obsession with unlocking the secrets of the Thrones Mechanicum birthed horrors beyond imagination. On twisted Forge Worlds known as Hell-Forges, the Hereteks tore apart captured Knight suits and pilots alike in a series of profane experiments. Thrones were subjected to Warp bombardment, parasitic interfaces, and scrapcode corruption, while daemons were bound into flesh and circuitry alike. From this depravity emerged the first Infernal Knights — not noble warriors, but grotesque fusion-creatures driven by dark science and raw malice.

These early monstrosities became the foundation of the Infernal Houses, whose members continue to serve the Hereteks as enforcers, warlords, and mobile engines of suffering. They ravage worlds not merely for conquest, but as fuel — stripping planets bare to power the forbidden rituals and Warp-augmentations that empower their Knight suits. Bound by pacts, parasites, and plunder, Infernal Houses wield corrupted weapons and unstable machinery, evolving with every campaign into more nightmarish forms in service to Chaos unchecked by honor or tradition.

Dreadblades

Dreadblades are Chaos Knights who serve no House, warlord, or master — at least, not for long. These wandering engines of destruction may pledge temporary allegiance to heretical powers, but their loyalty is fleeting, driven more by opportunity and bloodlust than any code. Some fell into solitude through madness, betrayal, or the loss of their Household. Others were warped by long captivity and the agonizing "repairs" of the Dark Mechanicum, their minds remade through sorcery, scrapcode, and torment until all that remained was a will to slaughter.

Freed from all bonds of duty, Dreadblades wage war for vengeance, survival, or the thrill of carnage. Some don’t even realize how far they've fallen, believing their brutal actions still serve some twisted interpretation of chivalry. Whether born of broken honor or deliberate choice, every Dreadblade is a force of unpredictable ruin — roaming from warzone to warzone, a corrupted giant whose only code is the kill.

Home World Based

Here you gain one home world based on your Household Allegiance.that stay in your warehouse or somewhere in space of the jump. You decided this at the beginning of every jump. Also no matter what you gain you have enough ships to transport your knights.

Iconoclast Homeworld
This world was once a proud and noble Knight World — now, it stands as a shattered monument to betrayal. The old houses fell to Chaos long ago, and their ruined courts now serve the Dark Gods. The legacy of knightly warfare remains strong here, making it an ideal place to raise and train skilled Chaos Knight pilots, steeped in martial tradition twisted by madness and ruin.

The planet also teems with fervent cultists devoted to the Ruinous Powers. These zealots offer themselves freely — or are herded by force — to serve as living meat-shields, ritual sacrifices, or disposable infantry. Whether you need bodies for a daemonic summoning, barricades of flesh, or a screaming distraction for your advance, your homeworld has no shortage of eager volunteers. Glory to the fallen nobility, and to the gods who now wear their crowns.

Benefits:
Knightly Training Grounds: Gain a free elite Chaos Knight pilot and knight each time you conquer a major region or complete a large-scale battle scenario. These pilots are fully trained and loyal.

Sacrificial Infrastructure: Rituals, daemon bargains, or summoning effects cost significantly less when performed on this homeworld or using its resources.

Legacy of Honour Twisted: You are more adept when dealing with fallen nobles, corrupted officers, or traitor factions. You speak their language — a tongue of blood and glory.

Infernal Homeworld
This world was once a Forge World of the Adeptus Mechanicus — now it has been corrupted into a screaming altar of heretek industry. Its furnaces are fed with souls, its forges chant unholy litanies, and the factories birth abominations clad in steel and Warp-flame. The Dark Mechanicum rules here, and they've perfected the art of binding daemons into Knight suits, turning machines into twisted demi-gods of war.

As a scion of this world, you have direct access to infernal technology, daemon-binding rituals, and endless reserves of corrupted machinery. Your Knights are not merely armored titans — they are walking blasphemies, their reactors pulsing with Warp energy and their voices a choir of madness. Every servo and screw on this world is a prayer to the gods of Chaos, and they answer.

Benefits
Dark Mechanicum Patronage: Begin with access to one Heretek Magos or Daemon-Engine artificer who can repair or improve your Knights, even in the field.

Endless Industry: Once per year, you may call on your homeworld's vast foundries to replenish destroyed war machines. And produce one Chaos Titan every 10 years.

Daemonsteel Resonance: Your Infernal Knights gain a passive increase in damage when using Warp-infused weapons or facing psykers.

Dreadblade - Armageddon-Class Battlecruiser
You are no lord of a world. You command a monstrous vessel, an ancient Armageddon-Class Battlecruiser, gutted and rebuilt in the dockyards of hereteks, traitors, and renegade warbands. Once an Imperium ship, now it sails through the void on tides of blood and madness.

From the outside, it looks like a modified Lunar-Class Cruiser, tempting lesser fools to engage — only to be vaporized by its enhanced long-range lance batteries and devastating torpedoes. Inside, it's a maze of narrow corridors and overcrowded decks, packed with indentured crew, chained cultists, malfunctioning servitors, and whispering daemon-things that nest in the rewired power relays. You rule here — or rather, you survive here — the master of a drifting apocalypse.

Benefits
Mobile Fortress: Your Battlecruiser functions as a fully operational mobile base of operations. It can transport your Knights, launch orbital strikes, and sustain you across multiple worlds.

Lance Superiority: The dorsal twin lance batteries are devastatingly effective. Once per Day, you may call in a precision orbital strike from your ship, vaporizing a wide area or annihilating a key target.

Crew of the Damned: Gain a loyal crew of 3,500+ cultists, mutant laborers, and desperate renegades. They can maintain the ship, assist in rituals, and serve as a replenishing source of cannon fodder or sacrifices.

Chaos Knight Houses

Here is where you decide which Chaos Knight House you — and the twisted war machines under your command — belong to. You may be part of an existing house, or forge your own unique house from the dark crucibles of the Warp. Regardless of your choice, you gain one house for free based on your chosen allegiance. Each house embodies its own dark legacy, with unique doctrines, cursed creeds, and hell-forged methods of war.

Every house comes with

Household Bound: A defining characteristic that shapes the behavior and construction of your Knights.

Household Motto: a trait specific to the house's philosophy and lineage that gives the signature strategy, a way in which your Knights approach war, domination, and ritual slaughter.

If you wish to gain an additional house of the same allegiance, it will cost you 100 Favour. However, acquiring a house from a different allegiance will cost 200 Favour, as the dark gods grow restless at such heretical compromise.

Iconoclast Houses

House Vulgaris

Once noble defenders of the water-world Irex, House Vulgaris was shattered during the Horus Heresy when its nobles were deceived into pledging themselves to a false Emperor. The Warp's corruption found easy purchase in their pride and thirst for vengeance. Now, they are known as the Butcher-Kings, warmongering tyrants who decorate their thrones with bones and flay banners from the skin of their enemies. Their Knights march across the stars not for conquest, but for the ritual of killing itself — a holy act in their new creed.

Household Bound – Oaths of Carnage

Each Vulgaris Knight must swear a blood-oath before battle — a tally of foes they will slay.If they succeed, the soul of the defeated is said to scream forever within the Knight's Throne Mechanicum. Increasing the power of their knights melle damage.

Household Motto – Crowned in Crimson

As Warlord of Vulgaris, you are feared even among monsters. Your presence inspires frenzied violence in your followers, who fight harder simply to earn your fleeting praise or avoid your wrath. Armies under your command rarely retreat — because you do not tolerate failure.

Household Motto – Feast of War

After every major engagement, you may conduct the Rite of the Butcher's Mantle — a brutal ritual that temporarily augments the power and resilience of your Knights by offering the remains of fallen enemies to the Dark Gods. This rite costs nothing but blood, and ensures your warriors recover faster and strike harder in the next conflict.

Household Motto - The First Charge Must Kill

House Vulgaris begins every battle with overwhelming aggression, aiming to break enemy morale before the real war begins. They use shock tactics, sudden planetary bombardments, and coordinated knight-lance assaults to ensure the first strike is also the final one.

House Nefaros
House Nefaros was once a house of philosophers and dreamers, their Knights adorned with relics and inscribed with poetry of honor. But when the Warp came, so too did madness. The ghosts of the Thrones Mechanicum whispered terrible truths, and Nefaros listened. Their minds crumbled, their hearts turned to void, and their Thrones became shrines to despair. Now, they are silent reapers, slaughtering entire populations with chilling efficiency, their Knights walking monuments to nihilism and entropy.

Household Bound – Silence Is Mercy
Knights of Nefaros are forbidden from speaking during battle. This eerie silence unnerves enemies and terrifies allies. Their presence drains morale, and even machine spirits react with dread when their mechs approach.

Household Motto – Bearer of the Last Lament
You are a living omen of death. Your arrival signals the end of hope for your foes. Survivors often describe visions of their own death moments before your forces arrive, as if your presence distorts fate itself.

Household Motto – Soul-Void Resonance
Once a day, you may perform a Black Vox Transmission — a psychic pulse from your flagship that spreads existential dread among enemy populations. It lowers resistance, increases defections, and can cause outright panic in weak-willed enemies.

Household Motto – Drown in Nothing
Nefaros Knights engage in precise, surgical strikes — killing command units, civilian leadership, and infrastructure with uncanny efficiency. They don't wage war. They erase societies.

House Drakhal
When their world was consumed by a warp storm, House Drakhal survived by carving a hellish kingdom in the Empyrean itself. They were broken, reforged, and remade by daemons and mad hereteks. Their Knights are walking cathedrals to sacrilege, each one containing hundreds of bound souls and eldritch glyphs of ruin. They do not fight for the Dark Gods — they challenge them, seeking ascension on their own terms.

Household Bound – Engines of Heresy
Every Drakhal Knight is a fusion of sorcery and steel. Their machines are powered by bound daemons or sacrificial reactors. Each Knight include at least one forbidden component, making them unpredictable and dangerous even to allies. But because of this all the knights of this house can damage the souls of your enemies.

Household Motto – Profane Architect
You are a master of unholy innovation. You can craft or modify Knights with terrifying precision, granting them traits or capabilities unknown even to the Dark Mechanicus. Your forces evolve after every war, absorbing strengths of the enemies you crush.

Household Motto – Daemonic Ingress
You may conduct a warp ritual during a siege or battle to tear open reality, summoning lesser daemons or unleashing a psychic pulse that scrambles enemy sensors, comms, and machine spirits. The effect is localized, but devastating.

Household Motto – Siege of the Gods
House Drakhal specializes in siege warfare, dismantling bastions both divine and profane. They fight like brutal engineers — with runes, explosives, and hell-forged artillery. If there's a wall, they bring it down. If there's a god, they challenge it.

House Malferrum
Born from the ruins of a knight-world that once served the Iron Warriors, House Malferrum inherited both the siegecraft of their progenitors and their unrelenting spite. These Knights wear massive shackles and dragging iron chains as both symbolic penitence and instruments of war — to them, suffering is sacred, and they bring it to others as a gift. Each battle is a slow, grinding ritual in which they wear down the enemy's soul before the final blow.

Household Bound – Chainbound Penance
Each Knight is ritually chained within their cockpit, physically and spiritually. They cannot eject or be extracted, meaning they fight to the last breath or until their Knight collapses in ruin. This unbreakable resolve makes them immune to fear and compulsion.

Household Motto – Iron Will of Attrition
You are a master of endurance. No siege outlasts you, no campaign exhausts your will. Your army recovers faster from attrition, and enemy efforts to wear down your momentum often backfire, draining their resources far faster than yours.

Household Motto – The Breaking Chant
Your Knights emit a deep, metallic dirge during war — a low-frequency psychic vibration that weakens enemy structural integrity and morale. Walls crack, armor thins, and willpower frays as your slow march draws closer.

Household Motto – Grind the World Flat
Malferrum doesn’t race to victory. They reduce planets to rubble piece by piece. Through deliberate pacing, psychological torment, and methodical devastation, they crush all resistance — not with fire, but with the inevitability of ruin.

House Brontis
Where once they honored the storm-gods of a gas-giant's endless lightning fields, House Brontis has now become the living storm. Their Knights are forged with bio-electric cores and crowned with spires that call down real lightning, even in void battles. In them burns a relentless fury, but not the mindless rage of beasts — rather, a disciplined wrath, like a storm given purpose and form.

Household Bound – Stormcore Engines
Every Knight of Brontis contains a volatile storm core. These reactors surge with violent energy during battle, making their attacks unstable but devastating. While risky, it gives them an overwhelming edge in close and mid-range combat.

Household Motto – Stormfather’s Discipline
Your wrath is honed — not wild, but exact. When leading, your forces operate with unbreakable discipline despite their fury, making them unpredictable opponents.

Household Motto – Call the Sky-Scream
Once per day, you may invoke the Sky-Scream — a ritual that alters the battlefield's atmospheric pressure, summoning electrical chaos. Shields falter, electronics fail, and lightning dances between Knights like wild gods being born.

Household Motto – Overload and Shatter
Brontis favors overwhelming force through charged impact. They strike quickly and burn fast, overloading their reactors to destroy defenses and burst through entrenched lines before the enemy can react or repair.

Infernal Houses

House Vraxigar

Deep within a daemon-haunted forge moon shattered by a Black Crusade, House Vraxigar was reborn from molten steel and heretek rites. Once a minor Knight house pledged to Mars, they were betrayed and broken — but did not die. Instead, they were reforged. Their Knights no longer run on plasma or promethium but on the liquefied remains of daemonic entities bound within their reactors. Their tongues speak both binary and blasphemy, and their warhorns shriek in Ligatic Warp.

Household Bound – Daemon-Furnace Reactors
Each Knight is powered by bound warp-entities, giving them bursts of horrifying strength and speed. However, the daemons whisper constantly, and if a Knight goes too long without violence, the entity begins to override the pilot's will.

Household Motto – Voice of the Forge-Thing
You speak with the voice of the bound forge-daemon in your chest. Your commands resonate with infernal authority, warping machines around you, making even enemy constructs hesitate to obey their masters' orders.

Household Motto – Overload the Pact Core
Once per day, you may fully unleash the daemon within your command Knight, overclocking every function. For a short time, you gain unstoppable strength and speed — but the machine begins to melt, and the daemonic voice begins shouting prophecy into the minds of all nearby.

Household Motto – Sacrifice, Melt, Advance
Vraxigar embraces waste. Wounded Knights are detonated rather than saved, their reactor-spirits tearing through enemy lines. In the chaos, fresh Knights march through the wreckage like gods of ash and rust.

House Threxal
House Threxal isn't known for brutal charges or apocalyptic destruction — they're feared because of what they do to your mind. Their Thrones Mechanicum are fused with psychotropic circuitry and surgically-enslaved psykers. Every Threxal Knight broadcasts waves of terror, hallucination, and soul-bleed across the battlefield. Facing them means questioning reality itself.

Household Bound – Warp-Neural Arrays
Your Knights are laced with psycho-oscillators that distort the minds of anyone nearby. Mortals panic, machines stutter, and command structures collapse under psychic pressure as their minds are scrambled and unfocused — even before a shot is fired.

Household Motto – Mind-Drinker's Dominion
You can mentally intrude on enemy leaders. Through focus and pain, you harvest their plans, feelings, and fears — often projecting them back to demoralize or manipulate their forces.

Household Motto – Synaptic Collapse Pulse
Once per day, you may unleash a synaptic scream that echoes into the minds of every organic being within miles. For minutes, they are paralyzed by invasive sensory overload — helpless as your Knights stride forward.

Household Motto - Staggered Madness Protocol
Threxal wears enemies down in waves of psychic feedback, confusion, and sabotage. By the time their foes act, it's too late — the battlefield has been rewired into a living trap, and every step forward leads into a horror they cannot understand.

House Karnaat
Born on a planet where the warp leaks from the crust like blood, House Karnaat's Knights are sinuous, serpentine horrors that coil around entire buildings before crushing them to ruin. Their mechatronic limbs are flexible like daemonic tendrils, and their pacts emphasize transformation, fluid tactics, and ever-changing warforms. They are not built for siege — they are built for infiltration, subversion, and slaughter beneath the skin of enemy worlds.

Household Bound – Ophidian Exoframes
Your Knights are engineered to bend, slither, and twist unnaturally, allowing for stealthy movements, unconventional attacks, and traversal of terrain that should be impossible for machines of their size.

Household Motto – Serpent Crown Doctrine
You adapt to threats in real time, changing tactics faster than enemy forces can comprehend. You gain supernatural awareness of battlefield patterns, allowing you to exploit weaknesses before they even exist.

Household Motto – Molting of Steel
Once per day, your command Knight may shed its outer armor like a serpent's skin — revealing a faster, more vicious inner form. This second form is less armored but exponentially more deadly in close-range combat and mobility.

Household Motto – Twist, Coil, Sever
House Karnaat avoids direct confrontation. They strike from blind angles, crawl through enemy strongholds like living siege engines, and decapitate command structures before armies even know war has begun. Fear is their weapon — silence their ally.

House Draveth
Emerging from a volcanic hell-planet blanketed in burning ash and sulfur storms, House Draveth marches with relentless fury. Their warplate is seared black, their reactors flare like dying stars, and their pilots are kept alive by sheer hatred and warp radiation. They revel in desolation, often turning warzones into smoldering, lifeless plains.

Household Bound – Thermic Cataclysm Engines
Your Knights emit extreme heat, capable of boiling oceans and turning forests to cinders simply by walking through them. Enemies caught in your wake burn, suffocate, or melt — even if you never fire a shot.

Household Motto – Born of Firestorms
You are utterly immune to environmental hazards — and your presence turns every battlefield into a hazard zone. Fires spread, air warps, and structural integrity melts where you tread.

Household Motto – Ashen Conflagration
Once per day, you may trigger an atmospheric meltdown around your location — summoning burning storms, magma surges, or infernal flares that reduce wide regions to hellish terrain impassable to all but your own.

Household Motto – Scorch, Starve, Shatter
Draveth encircles and immolates. They deny resources, melt supply lines, and leave defenders trapped in burning zones until they either surrender or burn where they stand. No survivors, no crops, no mercy.

House Zarnaxis
On the obsidian tomb-world of Aphrak, House Zarnaxis was born from hereteks who sought immortality by hollowing out their own souls. Every Knight of Zarnaxis is piloted by a techno-ghoul — a half-dead revenant, their heart replaced with a daemonic core. They no longer feel fear, pain, or hope — only the pulse of the engine and the will of the warp.

Household Bound – Daemon-Heart Reactors
Your Knights are fueled by core-forged daemon organs. They are harder to kill, fight even while damaged beyond reason, and emit fields of dread.

Household Bound – Master of the Echoing Pulse
You can sense the vital energies of those around you and drain life through proximity. Near-death enemies collapse in your presence, and the wounded fall into despair. Your aura saps vitality like an open grave.

Household Bound – Engine-Wight Ascension
Once per month, you may fully surrender your flesh — becoming a living daemon-machine hybrid. You lose human frailty for a time and gain unstoppable might, able to shrug off damage and command corrupted machines with a glance.

Household Bound - March of the Deadsteel
Zarnaxis does not charge. It advances slowly, unstoppably. Every Knight is a silent juggernaut, immune to panic, marching through artillery and fire as if already dead. When one falls, another rises to take its place — sometimes reanimating mid-battle.

Dreadblade

Here you receive one knight and their backstory that acts as your second hand in your army.

Mournhymn the Hollow Flame

The Exile Who Burns Without Joy

Once a knight-errant of House Cadmus, Mournhymn watched his world fall to daemonic incursion while he fought in another system. Wracked by guilt, he allowed the daemon inside his reactor core to consume his soul. Now hollow, he wanders the stars, seeking vengeance upon all who call themselves "lords" — imperial or otherwise. His voice is a dirge, and his guns roar in mourning.

Signature Curse – The Ember Grief

His presence weakens the morale of nearby forces. Enemies find their will to fight draining as sorrow creeps into their bones. Allied units may feel the same... unless they, too, embrace despair.

Battlefield Legacy – Ashes of Betrayal

Wherever Mournhymn walks, the ground becomes scorched and cursed. Corpses do not rot — they burn. Equipment cracks from unseen heat. No command structure remains intact where he passes.

Final Rite – The Lament Engine

If destroyed in battle, Mournhymn’s reactor explodes in a devastating warp firestorm — purging everything nearby and leaving a psychic scar on the land that whispers for centuries.

Iron-Blood Sarkor

The Duelist of a Thousand Ruins
Saekor was once a champion of a loyal Knight House, undefeated in a hundred tournaments. When his liege refused to let him duel a Chaos Knight, he slew his own lord and defected to the Eye of Terror to "seek worthy opponents." Since then, he's made a game of war — challenging commanders, beheading champions, and leaving towers of corpses in the shape of dueling rings.

Signature Curse – The Challenger's Mark
His arrival always precedes personal challenges — psychic signals broadcast to enemy leaders demanding single combat. If refused, enemy coordination falters and chain-of-command collapses as minions sees their leaders as cowards**.**

Battlefield Legacy – The Rite of Crimson Measure
Saekor treats battles as tournaments. Once per day, he will focus entirely on a chosen foe — ignoring all else — and will not stop until they are slain, shattered, or fled. While doing so, he cannot be dissuaded, distracted, or deterred.

Final Rite – Knight of the Endgame
When at death's door, Saekor unleashes a final burst of reactor-fueled fury — speed, strength, and precision increased dramatically. His final duel is always the stuff of nightmares and song.

Virex the Hollow Moon

Whispers of Silence, Knight of the Voidborn Scar
No records of Virex's origin remain. Some say he was born in a black ship. Others claim he was once the Throne Mechanicum itself, bound in flesh. Wherever he came from, Virex operates in absolute silence. No vox. No warnings. Just voidlight from his eyes and a silent march. He appears only where a psychic wound is already gaping, and often leaves before anyone realizes he was ever real.

Signature Curse – Nullfield Crown
Psychic powers sputter and die near him. Communications are jammed, augurs fail, and even daemons hesitate. His very presence creates a reality-wound where nothing can be trusted**.**

Battlefield Legacy – Silence in Steel
He cannot be detected by normal sensors. Even mid-battle, he flickers from augur-scopes and is ignored by automated systems. This makes ambushes and sudden strikes his specialty.

Final Rite – The Void's Toll
Upon defeat, Virex doesn't explode — he implodes, drawing in surrounding matter and energy into a collapsing point of null. Everything nearby vanishes, leaving only scorched, glassed ground and unending silence.

Cultist

Where knights walk, worship follows. Whether through fear, awe, or raw daemonic ecstasy, cults rise in your name. These followers — insane, fanatical, or even pitifully devoted — serve as spies, cannon fodder, or even ritual components. You gain 10 cultist legions aligned with your Household' allegiance for free. More may be purchased — 100 Favor per group from the same allegiance, or 200 Favor if from a different Chaos allegiance.

Iconoclast Houses

Jakhals – 80,000 Cultists

The Jakhals are the screaming floodgates of Khorne's wrath — common mortals clad in red-stained scrap armor, covered in ritual scars, spike-chains, and bone totems. Their weapons are brutally simple: hooked cleavers, chain-blades, jagged rebar clubs, and flame-tempered axes. Guns are rare, and even when used, are usually half-broken stubbers or belt-fed auto-pistols that they fire while charging — accuracy optional.

In combat, the Jakhals operate in loose, feral mobs. Their tactics are brutally straightforward: swarm, overwhelm, and tear apart anything unlucky enough to get in their way. They excel in urban sieges, meat-grinder trench warfare, and counter-charging enemy infantry. They care nothing for cover, strategy, or survival — only how many skulls they can take before they fall.

When sacrificed, either ritually or by simply being thrown at an objective too brutal to survive, the blood tithe feeds Khorne directly. For every hundred Jakhals that fall in battle or at the altar, a temporary war-boon will manifest: for example, your Knights' melee attacks may ignite with warp-fire, chainblades scream louder, or a sudden localized frenzy overtakes your army. Some Daemon Knights of Khorne have even reported spontaneous bloodletting storms — red rain and sky-borne howls that weaken psyker abilities.

Mirror-Scribes – 90,000 Cultists
The Mirror-Scribes are Tzeentch's favored mortal oracles — a cult of masked philosophers, mind-warped historians, failed psykers, and mad scholars. Clad in tattered cloaks stitched with glimmering runes, they carry soul-scribes — ceremonial staves tipped with mirror-crystals that store echoes of past, present, and sometimes future thoughts.

They rarely fight directly. Instead, they operate as psychic saboteurs and confusion agents. They implant false orders in enemy vox-channels, rewrite tactical maps through illusions, and alter memory-anchors so that soldiers forget commands or doubt their allies. In large groups, they can veil entire squads from detection or create holographic phantoms of your Knights to lure the enemy into ambushes.

When sacrificed the winds of magic churn violently. Nearby enemies may forget their own identities, shoot at allies, or suffer hallucinations of eternal conflict.

Rot-Kissed – 70,000 Cultists
The Rot-Kissed are the ever-chuckling flesh-masses of decay — bloated, scab-covered cultists of Nurgel who see every pustule and boil as a divine gift. They wear little more than rusted armor plates, stitched leather aprons, or repurposed hazmat suits ruptured with fungus. Their weapons are crude: rusted machetes, plague-belchers, bile sprayers, and sometimes just their own diseased bodies, flung like sacks of infectious meat at the enemy.

They serve as living walls, walking contagions, and shock-absorbent meatshields. Their job is not to kill quickly — it is to infect. Whether holding chokepoints, drowning enemy trenches in filth, or physically blocking artillery fire with their mass, the Rot-Kissed are immortal enough to get the job done. What they lack in coordination, they make up for in blind devotion and disgusting aura effects — vomiting clouds of spores, bile, and virulent gas in every direction.

When sacrificed , Nurgle responds with mirthful rot. Possible effects include:

1. An infection wave, where the surrounding area becomes diseased — eroding enemy armor and morale over time

2. A fog of pestilence that conceals allies and causes foes to gag and miss

3. Temporary plague-blessings: your Knights may regenerate minor damage, become immune to status effects, or project bile-vapors from vents

4. In rare cases, their mass fuses into the earth and births Nurgling infestations or a Warp Garden — a localized zone of corruption that lasts for days

Velvet Blades – 60,000 Cultists
The Velvet Blades are Slaanesh's elite assassins — beautiful, deadly, and utterly unhinged. Draped in flowing silks, mirror armor, and porcelain masks, they fight with elegance and flair. Their weapons are whip-swords, mono-filament blades, vibrating razors, and shardglass pistols that cause wounds to sing. They rarely speak above a whisper, and their voices are laced with pheromonal compulsion.

Their tactics focus on targeted strikes, disruption, and psychological assault. They infiltrate ahead of your Knight forces, cutting down key officers, sabotaging command nodes, or demoralizing enemy units with glimpses of their beauty and madness. They can vanish into smoke and reappear in a dance of blades, often leaving behind only flowers, blood, and broken minds.

When sacrificed — usually through ecstatic ritual duels or impalement on daemon harps — Slaanesh answers instantly. Their deaths produce:

1. A wail of exquisite pain, stunning enemies within earshot as their pain and pleasure centers overload

2. Sensory inversion: enemies become hypersensitive — light burns, sound deafens, touch becomes agony

3. Your Knights may temporarily gain graceful movement boosts, allowing them to dodge attacks or move faster than normally possible

4. In rare cases, the sacrifice triggers a Sonic Bloom — a blast of psychic resonance that shatters glass, flesh, and morale alike

Goremongers – 800 Cultists
Unlike the maddened masses of the Jakhals, the Goremongers are grim, grizzled killers — veterans of dozens of campaigns who chose rage over reason. Once PDF soldiers, Penal Legion officers, or disillusioned Guardsmen, they turned to the Red God for strength and never looked back. They wear salvaged carapace armor, strapped over bare, scarified muscle, often decorated with barbed chain-loops and the flensed skin of fallen foes. Their gear is far more refined: chain-axes, power mauls, hydraulic shears, and saw-toothed glaives that were once issued by the Imperium — now twisted with warp-etchings and gore.

Goremongers function as shock leaders and elite enforcers among Khorne's mortal followers. They lead frontal assaults, storm enemy strongpoints, or spearhead ambushes in close terrain like hive corridors, jungle trenches, and fortress sewers. While they share the Jakhals' love for melee, they are tactically competent and capable of executing kill-box ambushes, breach-and-clear operations, and even limited coordination with daemon engines or warbands. They never retreat, even when the odds are hopeless — their shame would be too great.

When offered up in sacrifice, the Goremongers produce a different effect than their frenzied kin. When slain in his name, will cause your Knight weapons to gain explosive feedback, project roaring warp-echoes, or even open micro-rifts that drag enemies into localized blood-rain cyclones. The spiritual weight of their deaths is heavier where the Throne Mechanicum begins to howl Khorne's mantras and the pilot feels the war-god's rage burn like fire in their veins.

Hexmenders – 900 Cultists
These are the mad tinkers of Tzeentch — warpsmiths not of metal, but of mutation. Wearing daemonic gas masks and patchwork robes, the Hexmenders carry experimental glyph-bombs, soul-acid canisters, and volatile psycho-reactive grenades. Each Hexmender is a walking catastrophe waiting to happen, as most of their equipment is either not understood, not safe, or alive. Some even have extra arms, writhing hair-tentacles, or eyes that glow with hex-runes.

They function as battlefield destabilizers, lobbing warp-alchemical concoctions into enemy lines. Some bombs cause spontaneous mutation, others dissolve armor into ash, or displace enemy positions via mini-tears in the veil. They are especially valuable against fortified or vehicle-heavy opponents, where their warp-charged payloads can short-circuit tech and unravel material cohesion. Hexmenders are also known to “bless” friendly war machines — bolting daemon-masks onto armor to awaken warp-bound fury.

When sacrificed in unison — say, in a ritual circle formed of unstable glyph-steel and burning sigils — Tzeentch reacts with delightful unpredictability. Possible effects include:

1. A reality surge that speeds up or slows down time in a chosen battlefield zone

2. A warp-echo clone of your Knight appearing briefly to attack

3. A puzzle-lock forming over a key enemy weapon system, rendering it unusable unless "solved" by intellect (or blown up)

4. A mutation cascade that sends the enemy reeling as limbs and minds unravel into screaming wyrd-things

Worm-Binders – 700 Cultists
Cloaked in stitched-together skin robes and crowned with worm nests, the Worm-Binders are Nurgle's pest-wranglers — they don't carry weapons in the traditional sense. Instead, they carry jars of blight-rats, plague-grubs, warp-maggots, and other infected vermin. Their bodies serve as mobile breeding pits. Their fingers twitch with worms. Their eyes often rot out — replaced with scent-sacs to better track decay.

They specialize in bio-sabotage, area denial, and psychic rot warfare. They infiltrate before battles to spread infestations in ammo dumps, food stores, and ventilation shafts. During battle, they release plagueswarm storms — literal clouds of biting warp-insects that obscure vision, spread rot, and jam machinery. Some of the larger ones control massive plague-worms that tunnel underground and erupt from beneath enemy armor.

Sacrificing Worm-Binders is a nauseatingly sacred affair. Their blood is converted into vermin-swarms. Their last breath births parasites too hungry to be named. The results?

1. Summons a Plague Maw — a gaping, reality-warping sinkhole that spews gas, swarms, and tentacles

2. Turns terrain into vermin-rich quagmires, dragging enemy troops into muck and maggots

3. Creates living mines: flesh-nests that explode into pestilence when stepped on

4. In high enough numbers, sacrifice can grant your Knight's weapons infection auras — every strike seeds disease in surviving targets

Thorns of Ecstasy – 600 Cultists
These cultists are twisted medicae, masochists, and pain artists who believe agony is the purest form of spiritual communion. They wear surgical leather, rose-thorn chains, and masks made from stretched skin. Their bodies are covered in deliberate wounds, each one a sacred scar. Their tools include nerve-stim injectors, sonic scalpels, venomous blades, and orgasmic pain-stimulants that break the minds of those they touch.

On the battlefield, they are support cultists, operating in the shadows of your forces. They inject troops (willing or not) with drugs that enhance reflexes but burn sanity. They inflict ecstatic torture on captured enemies to draw out warp attention. Sometimes, they run across the battlefield screaming praises as they bleed themselves, luring enemies into killzones with their unnatural resilience and grotesque charisma.

When sacrificed — often as part of “The Final Crescendo,” a ritual involving pain, song, and severed nerves — their deaths release waves of emotional and sensory overload:

1. Enemies may freeze in pleasure or collapse in psychic nausea

2. Friendly units may enter temporary combat rapture, ignoring pain and fear

3. Daemonic echoes may whisper through the minds of commanders, granting brief battlefield foresight or heightened sadistic glee

4. In some cases, their deaths pull attention from the Warp itself, causing a Slaaneshi daemonette or mirror-phantom to emerge for a few moments to slaughter at random.

Infernal Houses

The Cog-Eaters – 10,000 Cultists

The Cog-Eaters are cyber-heretics — scavengers and machine-pain worshippers who serve the Dark Mechanicum or its splinter cults. Their flesh is partially machine, but not well. Grafted augmetics twitch independently. Steel teeth chatter even when silent. Some have mechadendrites that act without orders. Their rituals revolve around feeding machine spirits corrupted prayers, daemonic oil, or souls... preferably screaming ones.

Their gear includes plasma cutters, hacking servoskulls, daemonic welding tools, and unstable power claws. They are often used to salvage, sabotage, or enhance Knight systems mid-battle. They worship your Infernal war engines as metal gods, tending to them, whispering blessings, and sacrificing brain-wired prisoners into their reactors.

Tactically, they function as mobile tech-priests and cyber-saboteurs. They swarm enemy vehicles to infest them with machine curses, disrupt targeting systems, or overload plasma coils. They can also serve as “patchwork medics” for damaged Knights — temporarily restoring broken systems through ritual scrapbinding.

The Pain-Forged Choir – 9000 Cultists

These cultists are knight-voicers — specialists who sing to machines, their hymns laced with daemonic syllables and emotional frequencies that affect reactors, armor plating, and targeting relays. Their lungs are often reinforced with brass cages. Their vocal cords replaced with vox-organs. Some have throat-mounted rune-casters, turning screams into meltdowns. Every song they sing is agony — but deliciously precise.

They operate as living command amplifiers, boosting the synchronization between you and your war engines. In battle, they march near your Knights, broadcasting resonance waves that: Disrupt enemy morale, Allow your Knights to move in perfect harmony, and Temporarily negate psychic attacks with a dissonant shriek of pure warp-hate.

The Emberspoken – 8000 Cultists
The Emberspoken are warp-furnace fanatics. They worship the flame as both energy source and sacrificial purifier. Clad in soot-black robes, furnace masks, and coil-wrapped armor, they walk with flame-throwers, thermic lances, soul-braziers, and incendiary glyph mines. Their bodies are heat-scarred and brand-marked with daemonic runes that glow when they chant.

In combat, they are fire-focused support cultists. They scour enemy trenches, purge infestations, and create fire corridors for Knight movements. They're especially potent in city fights or breach warfare — their flame weapons burning through bulkheads and morale alike. They also perform engine rites, singing to your Infernal Knights mid-combat to stoke the daemon-reactors within.

The Hex-Ashen – 6000 Cultists
The Hex-Ashen are former tech-adepts and cog-scribes who tried to translate daemons into logic. It didn’t go well. Now they chant code in warp-laced binary, tattoo spells in circuit-form onto their skin, and carry holoslates filled with blasphemous algorithms. Their flesh is always charred or burnt — they brand themselves in ritual crashes, setting their minds ablaze to “speak the tongue of daemons.”

They are data-warp specialists, performing electronic warfare in the form of hexed code injections, daemon-possessed cogitators, and corrupt logic loops broadcast through vox-arrays. They don’t shoot so much as glitch reality around your enemies. Their drones, if deployed, hover while weeping scrapcode. Even Imperial cogitators exposed to their broadcasts start to scream.

In battle, they Hack enemy targeting systems, making them see false Knights or friendly units as foes Shut down shields or vox lines with "prayer-packets" and Link up to your Infernal Knight’s systems to increase reactor output dangerously, but effectively

Dreadblades

The Echo-Bound – 7000 Cultists

The Echo-Bound are not a cohesive cult. They're a mosaic of survivors, scavengers, madmen, failed psykers, and broken machine-priests, all convinced that your Dreadblade is a prophetic being — a walking echo of some myth they half-remember. They don't worship Chaos as a pantheon, but you specifically as its harbinger.

They wear patchwork armor: knight icons mixed with tribal fetishes, voidsuits fused with devotional runes. Their gear includes scrap-shotguns, heat-scars, psychic relics, and sometimes nothing at all — they're more likely to bleed on a machine than repair it. They're tactically inconsistent but fanatically loyal, throwing themselves into suicide charges, explosive traps, or battlefield rituals to "amplify your echo."

In combat: They draw fire, act as message-bearers, or act as psychic focal points.Some of them speak only in your Knight's comms codes, believing they are you Others mimic your attacks with crude weapons, forming weird synchronized patterns.

The Iron-Orphans – 900 Cultists

These are Knight-worshipping orphans of war, survivors from cities or planets your Dreadblade has razed — and they love you for it. They believe destruction freed them. They follow you not from faith in Chaos, but because they see your Knight as a god of burning liberation. They wear the ashes of their homes as war paint, wield broken relics from their past lives, and name your Knight in prayers as both destroyer and savior.

Their equipment is scavenged, ceremonial, or symbolic: chains, bone-knives, fuel drums, half-melted banners, and in some cases, parts of their families turned into relics. They specialize in artillery marking, and battlefield storytelling.They use fire, sound, and smoke to announce your coming Sometimes they gather entire populations into cult-theatres, performing plays of your past battles to psychologically dominate the enemy

Chaos Knights list

Here is where you begin constructing your Chaos Knight army. Each unit listed includes both the towering mechanical Knight and a trained, indoctrinated pilot capable of operating it in the name of the Dark Gods. These pilots have undergone brutal trials, soul-branding, and mind-restructuring to ensure perfect synchronization with their cursed Thrones Mechanicum. Your forces are not mere machines—they are warrior-daemons in steel, forged in torment and bound to your will.

Each Chaos House allegiance grants special discounts on certain units, marked accordingly by their Favor cost. All Knight armaments, are detailed in the Weapon and Equipment List section.

Big Knights

Every big knight can lead 3 units of wardogs.

Knight Despoiler [400 Favor — Discounted for Iconoclast Houses & Dreadblades]

The Knight Despoiler is the embodiment of hatred given steel form. Twisted by decades of relentless war, isolation, and exposure to corrupted Thrones Mechanicum, these Knights are consumed by rage and a selfish hunger for power. No longer bound by duty or honor, they march into battle as engines of cruelty and ambition, tearing down all who stand between them and their ever-burning wrath.

Among Chaos Knights, the Despoiler is the most versatile battlefield unit, thanks to its broad compatibility with a range of devastating weaponry. It functions exceptionally well as a command Knight, particularly when leading packs of War Dogs. Its internal systems feed off its malice and focus it into devastating precision—making its attacks more likely to strike true and leave catastrophic wounds.

Each Knight Despoiler comes with four weapon slots, allowing you to customize it to match your tactical preferences. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

One Minor Gun (Choose one):

1. Daemonbreath meltagun
2. Diabolus heavy stubber

Left Arm Weapons (Choose one):

1. Reaper Chainsword
2. Daemonbreath Thermal Cannon
3. Despoiler Gatling Cannon + Heavy Darkflamer
4. Despoiler Battle Cannon + Diabolus Heavy Stubber

Right Arm Weapons (Choose one):

1. Warpstrike Claw
2. Daemonbreath Thermal Cannon
3. Despoiler Gatling Cannon + Heavy Darkflamer
4. Despoiler Battle Cannon + Diabolus Heavy Stubber

Carapace Mount (Choose one):

1. Havoc Missile Pod
2. Ruinspear Rocket Pod
3. Hellstorm Autocannons


IX

Knight Rampager [Cost: 300 Favor— Discounted for Infernal Houses and Dreadblades]
Knight Rampagers storm into battle with frenzied, metallic howls, their engines roaring like caged daemons. They do not march. They charge. Launched from low-flying daemon-haulers or dropped straight into warzones like living meteors, these brutal war machines hurl themselves into the heart of battle with no regard for defense or survival.

The Fallen Nobles who pilot them are shackled to the thrones of madness—souls tethered to machines that crave nothing but slaughter. Over time, even the strongest will begins to fray, until the line between pilot and Knight dissolves. What remains is a slavering beast of metal and hate, driven by instinct and rage rather than strategy.

Rampagers are the most melee-focused of the large Knight chassis. They wield colossal close-combat weapons with terrifying speed and power, often striking with such intensity that a single charge may result in double impacts from their frenzied blows. Their bloodlust is so infectious that when commanding War Dogs, those under their influence are more likely to land melee strikes with terrifying precision—as if pulled into the same rhythm of the slaughter

Each Knight Rampager comes with three weapon slots. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

One Minor Gun:

1. Diabolus heavy stubber

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Reaper Chainsword

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Warpstrike Claw

WARHAMMER COMMUNITY



Knight Desecrator [Cost: 300 Favor— Discounted for Iconoclast & Infernal Houses]
The Knight Desecrator is a tyrant's weapon made manifest—a towering engine of domination armed with potent mid-to-close range weaponry that excels in dueling enemy war engines, monstrosities, and fortified positions. Designed to rip through the armored hides of tanks and daemon-beasts alike, the Desecrator walks the battlefield not as a warrior... but as an executioner.

The Fallen Nobles who command these Knights are often cruel despots, obsessed with asserting their dominion. With their War Dog thralls' Helms Mechanicum slaved to their own Throne, they choreograph brutal, coordinated assaults—flanking maneuvers, suppressive volleys, and brutal ambushes that deny enemies even the false comfort of cover. Their presence is not only felt—it's enforced.

Because of their specialized chassis and internal harmonics, Desecrators are particularly effective against daemonic constructs, monstrous creatures, and armored vehicles. Their cursed cores feed tracking data into every shot, allowing their ranged weapons to pierce with precision. When leading War Dogs, their subordinates' ranged attacks are subtly influenced by the Desecrator's dread command, making their volley fire more accurate and coordinated, turning skirmishes into bloodbaths.

Each Knight Desecrator comes with three weapon slots,Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

One Minor Gun:

1. Diabolus heavy stubber

Left Arm Weapons (Choose one):

1. Reaper Chainsword
2. Warpstrike Claw

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Desecrator laser destructor



Knight Abominant [Cost: 300 Favor — Discounted for Infernal Houses]
The Knight Abominant is seen by cults and warbands alike as especially favored by the Dark Gods. Unlike other Chaos Knights, it is not just tainted—it is utterly suffused with warp energy, its form wrapped in permanent storm-wreathed corruption. Its presence alone warps reality: the ground boils beneath its tread, nearby minds spiral into madness, and flesh mutates uncontrollably in its shadow.

Because of this sacred yet unstable connection to the warp, the Knight Abominant cannot take the Mark of Khorne. The Abominant thrives as a walking maelstrom of sorcerous terror, encased in constantly churning warp storms that damage and corrupt nearby enemies each moment it draws breath.

Its pilot, chosen through rituals of horror and soul-bartering, gains access to the forbidden and powerful Warp Storm Discipline—a set of psychic abilities unique to this Knight, which allows it to manipulate the warp, crush minds, hurl cursed lightning, and twist fate itself. These abilities will be detailed in the dedicated Warp Storm Discipline section of this supplement.

Each Knight Abominant comes with three weapons. Also unlike other knights no additional weapons can be added to this knight:

One Minor Gun:

1. Diabolus heavy stubber

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Volkite combustor

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Electroscourge & Balemace



Knight Ruinator [Cost: 300 Favor— Discounted for Dreadblades]
The Knight Ruinator is a brutal, short-ranged Chaos Knight engineered for obsessive pursuit and annihilation. Unlike most Knights that function as mobile artillery or battlefield anchors, the Ruinator has one purpose: to hunt and destroy a single chosen target with relentless, almost ritualistic focus.

Once it locks onto an enemy—be it a commander, war engine, or monstrous creature—it will not stop. It stalks through ruins, flames, and gunfire, ignoring all other distractions. This single-minded drive channels its fury into every strike, making its attacks far more devastating when directed at its chosen prey.

War Dogs that serve under a Knight Ruinator become infected with its obsession, and their weapons begin to bite deeper, as if their machines too are driven by the need to destroy what their master hunts. Their armor-penetrating capabilities are enhanced, allowing them to breach defenses that would normally hold

Each Knight Ruinator comes with three weapons. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

One Minor Gun:

1. Terrorpulse Missile Launchers

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Darkflame Lance

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Fellbore



Knight Tyrant [Cost: 400 Favor — Discounted for Iconoclast Houses]
Towering above all others, the Knight Tyrant is a fortress of corruption given legs and a will of its own. These colossal war engines are outfitted with some of the heaviest weapon systems available to the Fallen Houses, capable of leveling cities and reducing enemy strongholds to molten rubble in minutes.

Their pilots are equally monstrous—Fallen Nobles warped by pride and madness, who stride into the heart of enemy fire with twisted smiles, daring their foes to try and harm them. Each impact against their armor is taken as mockery, proof of their own perceived invincibility. This attitude is not born merely of hubris, but from the spiritual bleed between the pilot and the tainted machine spirit of their Knight, creating an echo chamber of delusion and megalomania.

Such is the sheer presence of a Knight Tyrant that enemy forces refuse to deploy within a kilometer of them, for the earth near these abominations becomes riven with daemonic corruption, writhing with hellish sigils, boiling shadow portals, and blasphemous instrument-noise from beyond the veil. Even auspex readings stutter and fail when the Tyrant approaches.

War Dogs that operate under the command of a Knight Tyrant gain an unnatural advantage—they may hide within its towering shadow, their signatures blurred and shielded by the sheer scale and warp-pollution surrounding their commander. In effect, they are considered to be under cover, making ambushes and coordinated strikes far deadlier when executed in the wake of a Tyrant’s march.

Each Knight Despoiler comes with four weapon slots, allowing you to customize it to match your tactical preferences. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

Minor Gun:

1. 2x twin daemonbreath meltagun

Left Arm Weapons (choose one):

1. Brimstone volcano lance
2. Darkflame cannon

Right Arm Weapons (Choose one):

1. Ectoplasma decimator
2. Warpshock harpoon

Carapace Mount (Choose three):

1. Gheiststrike missile launchers
2. Twin desecrator cannon



Chaos Knight Acheron [Cost: 300 Favor — Discounted for Dreadblades]
The devastation wrought by a Knight Acheron is nothing short of apocalyptic. Built not merely for battle but for extermination, these towering monstrosities are deployed when the objective is not victory—but obliteration. When an Acheron marches, it is to ensure no survivors remain, no stronghold stands, and no defiance lingers. Entire cities have vanished beneath the advance of a single Acheron, reduced to ash and flame-choked rubble in its wake.

Originally forged during the Great Crusade, the Cerastus-pattern Knight Acheron was designed for rapid-strike operations—its long, loping gait allowing it to outpace heavier walkers and reach the heart of the enemy with terrifying speed. In the Horus Heresy, it became infamous not just for its presence, but for its purpose: terror made manifest, a siege breaker and executioner in one.

Because of this the weapons used by this knight all bypass any benefits cover might have.

Each Knight Acheron comes with 3 weapon slots, allowing you to customize it to match your tactical preferences. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

One Minor Gun:

1. Twin heavy bolter

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Warpstrike Claw

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Darkflame Lance



Chaos Knight Atrapos [Cost: 300 Favor — Discounted for Dreadblades]
A silhouette of ruin from the forgotten vaults of the Mechanicum, the Knight Atrapos is a specter of extermination. Built in the secretive forges of the Great Crusade and employed throughout the Horus Heresy, the Atrapos was one of the rarest and most feared Cerastus-pattern Knights ever conceived. Its very presence on the battlefield was a dire omen—signaling that something unspeakably profane was about to be annihilated, atom by atom.

This Knight was not designed for sieges, nor to clash with infantry. It was forged with a singular, merciless purpose: to erase xenos monstrosities, blasphemous machines, and heretek abominations from existence. Where lesser engines of war balk or struggle against the arcane and the alien, the Atrapos thrives. Its weapons—esoteric, ancient, and terrifying—were created to break laws of physics, tear through unholy matter, and reduce forbidden constructs into vaporized echoes.

Each Knight Atrapos comes with 2 weapon slots, Also unlike other knights no additional weapons can be added to this knight:

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Atrapos Lascutter

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Graviton Singularity Cannon



Chaos Knight Lancer [Cost: 300 Favor — Discounted for Dreadblades]
Originally designed for shock warfare during the Great Crusade, the Knight Lancer was intended to serve as the tip of the spear, piercing enemy formations before they had time to react. That philosophy endures even in damnation. Now bound to traitor pilots and infused with the whispers of the Warp, each Lancer has become a living storm, its spirit restless, its will bordering on madness. Their machine-spirits are notoriously difficult to control—impatient, wrathful, always seeking the next target to impale. For this reason, only the most willful and aggressive of Nobles dare to bond with one… or survive the attempt.

When a Knight Lancer charges, the battlefield trembles with dread. Its long, crackling shock lance becomes an arc of empyric thunder, and its bounding strides crush trenches, vehicles, and defenders alike. This moment of impact is known among allies and victims as the Shock Charge—a sudden, irresistible eruption of violence. The Lancer's initial strike sends out a pulse of energy and kinetic fury so intense that it can stagger even Titans, overload defensive barriers, and scatter formations like broken dolls

Each Knight Lancer comes with two weapons. Also unlike other knights no additional weapons can be added to this knight:

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Cerastus Shock Lance

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Ion Gauntlet Shield



War Dogs

Each unit of War Dogs contains three Knights. If you choose to give the unit any upgrades, select one Knight within the unit to receive those upgrades.

War Dog Stalker [200 Favor — Discounted for Iconoclast Houses]
A mixed-combat unit, the War Dog Stalkers are piloted by the strongest-willed Nobles—those whose minds remain intact enough to command, but warped enough to revel in the hunt. Often serving as pack leaders, they guide other War Dog packs into the heart of battle. Each unit consists of three agile Knights, built for both ranged precision and brutal melee.

Stalkers are most effective when engaging the nearest foes, as the predatory instincts of their Thrones Mechanicum drive them to close the distance and tear into the enemy's front lines. The closer the target, the deadlier their strikes, as their corrupted systems surge with power the moment blood is within reach.

Each War Dog Stalker Comes with 3 weapon slots, allowing you to customize it to match your tactical preferences. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

Left Arm Weapons (Choose one):

1. Avenger chaincannon
2. Daemonbreath spear

Right Arm Weapons (Choose one):

1. Reaper chaintalon
2. Slaughterclaw

Carapace Mount (Choose one):

1. Havoc multi-launcher

2. Diabolus heavy stubber



War Dog Brigand [200 Favor — Discounted for Iconoclast Houses]
A pure ranged combat unit, the War Dog Brigands are armed with two devastating ranged weapons and piloted by Nobles who revel in the thrill of distant slaughter. These scions have long since discarded any taste for close-quarters combat, preferring instead to reduce their enemies to ash from afar.

Because of their obsession with ranged execution, their weapons have been meticulously calibrated to pierce armor with uncanny precision. Their targeting arrays are laced with daemonic algorithms, guiding their shots to exploit the weakest points in enemy warplate and shielding. Where others wade into melee, the Brigand strikes from the shadows of smoke and ruin, a harbinger of death that arrives before the enemy even knows they are marked.

Each War Dog Stalker Comes with 3 weapon slots, allowing you to customize it to match your tactical preferences. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Avenger chaincannon

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Daemonbreath spear

Carapace Mount (Choose one):

1. Havoc multi-launcher
2. Diabolus heavy stubber



War Dog Executioner [200 Favor — Discounted for Infernal Houses]
Piloted by the most methodical, cold, and emotionless of the Fallen Nobles, the War Dog Executioner serves a singular, grim purpose—to bring death with clinical precision. These Nobles are not driven by fury or faith, but by a detached hunger for order through annihilation.

Designed as battlefield executioners, their specialized ranged weaponry is calibrated for maximum lethality against weakened prey. When an enemy force falters or its defenses begin to collapse, the Executioner locks on and strikes with unerring accuracy. Targets below half strength find themselves mercilessly gunned down, their retreat turned into a massacre by cold logic and flawless targeting protocols

Each War Dog Stalker Comes with 3 weapon slots, allowing you to customize it to match your tactical preferences. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

Left Arm Weapons:

1. War Dog autocannon

Right Arm Weapons:

1. War Dog autocannon

Carapace Mount (Choose one):

1. Daemonbreath meltagun
2. Diabolus heavy stubber



War Dog Huntsman [200 Favor — Discounted for Infernal Houses]
The War Dog Huntsman is a precision-engineered predator, forged for one purpose: to hunt and destroy the greatest beasts and engines of war. Its pilots are calculating killers, trained to analyze enemy movements and strike at their most vulnerable points with cold, brutal efficiency.

Fitted with targeting augurs and infernal algorithms specifically designed to process the mass and movements of massive targets, the Huntsman delivers devastating firepower against enemy vehicles, monsters, and towering abominations. Each strike is amplified by corrupted machine-spirits that whisper weak points and vulnerable seams. Against such foes, their attacks strike harder, penetrate deeper, and leave nothing but twisted wreckage and scorched ruin in their wake.

Each War Dog Huntsman Comes with 3 weapon slots, allowing you to customize it to match your tactical preferences. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Daemonbreath spear

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Reaper chaintalon

Carapace Mount (Choose one):

1. Daemonbreath meltagun
2. Diabolus heavy stubber



War Dog Karnivore [200 Favor — Discounted for Dreadblades]
The War Dog Karnivore is a savage engine of unrelenting brutality, built for those Nobles who have fully surrendered to their bloodlust. These pilots are aggressively bloodthirsty, often howling with manic glee as they race into battle. They eschew ranged weapons, viewing them as cowardly tools, and instead favor the honest carnage of close-quarters slaughter.

Armed with brutal melee weaponry and reinforced limbs, the Karnivore excels at charging headlong into enemy lines, where it tears through flesh, armor, and bone in a whirlwind of violence. Their corrupted machine-spirits resonate with the thrill of impact, amplifying their pilot's murderous instincts. Because of this bloodthirsty bond, their charges are unnaturally swift and devastating, capable of smashing through even the toughest opposition in a frenzy of gore and steel.

Each War Dog **Karnivore** Comes with 3 weapon slots, allowing you to customize it to match your tactical preferences. Below are the available options for its various hardpoints:

Left Arm Weapons:

1. Reaper chaintalon

Right Arm Weapons:

1. Slaughterclaw

Carapace Mount:

1. Havoc multi-launcher

2. Diabolus heavy stubber



Mark Of The Gods

Here is where you — and your Chaos Knight allies — declare your allegiance to the Dark Gods. Each Knight may bear the favor of one of the Ruinous Powers, granting them powerful enhancements… at the cost of restriction and corruption.

Each Mark limits which upgrades a Knight may take later in this supplement — boons granted by the Gods are exclusive, jealous, and often violently allergic to each other.

Mark of Khorne
The Mark of Khorne burns with eternal rage and endless bloodlust. Knights that bear this mark are engines of primal violence, wielding brutal melee weapons with terrifying fury. Their reactors thrum with unholy power as they charge heedlessly into battle, slaughtering without pause.

Mark of Tzeentch
Knights touched by the mark of Tzeentch are walking sorcerous catastrophes, clad in shimmering voidmetal and flickering with reality-bending energy. Their weapons are often warped into impossible configurations that defy physics, and many gain access to warp-fueled ranged weaponry or limited psychic abilities.

Mark of Nurgle
To bear Nurgle's mark is to embrace glorious decay. These Knights are hideously resilient, their armor fused with pulsating tumors, rusted plating, and droning clouds of flies. They regenerate damage slowly even during battle, are immune to most poisons and corrosives, and emit auras of despair and disease that erode the morale and health of nearby foes

Mark of Slaanesh
Knights blessed by Slaanesh become terrifyingly elegant avatars of pain and pleasure, their movements unnaturally fast and their forms twisted into strange, sensuous designs. They are blindingly quick in both movement and weapon deployment, often gaining initiative advantages or reflex-based upgrades.

Mark of Chaos Undivided

These Knights remain unbound by any single god, instead bearing the mark of Chaos Undivided — an emblem of devotion to the pantheon as a whole. They are more versatile than their devoted brethren, able to pick and choose minor traits from across the others' arsenals. However, they may never gain the highest-tier upgrades from any single god.



Weapon and Equipment List

Below is the complete list of weapons that Chaos Knights may be equipped with, alongside their battlefield functions and horrific effects. These cursed armaments are forged in daemon-haunted forges, tempered in warpfire, and often imbued with the shrieking essence of sacrificed souls. You may pay an additional 100 Favor to equip your Knight with one extra weapon from the list below. ***This is discounted for Infernal Houses*** as it represents your deepening pact with the Dark Mechanicum.

You may purchase additional weapons beyond the standard loadout. They may be modified with the following enhancements for extra firepower: Up to two additional Minor Guns,One extra Left and Right Arm Weapon and one Carapace-Mounted Weapons, allowing for full battlefield dominance from above.

Big Knights only
One minor gun

Daemonbreath Meltagun
A close-range anti-armor weapon that spews concentrated warp-ignited promethium. The meltagun's corrupted energy field lets it bore through the heaviest infantry armor like butter. It glows with a sickly heat, and its singular shots often leave burning warp scars that continue to eat through metal and flesh long after impact. It only effective in short range.

Diabolus Heavy Stubber
A cursed rotary cannon that fires warp-infused slugs at high speed. While individually less powerful, the sheer volume of fire shreds medium armoured infantry with ease. This weapon is effective only in short range.

Heavy Darkflamer
A horrific evolution of the standard flamer, the Heavy Darkflamer belches forth a rolling tide of warp-tainted promethium. This infernal flame clings to flesh, armor, and spirit alike, screaming as it burns. This weapon has the highest volume of area of effect and the best at killing infantry. And this weapon can be mounted to melee weapons making them infuse with fire.

Terrorpulse Missile Launchers
The Terrorpulse Missile Launchers are no ordinary weapons of war.
Each missile fired is a barbed casing of warp-forged metal, filled with alchemically reactive fear-toxins, psychoactive nerve agents, and daemon-forged payloads. Upon detonation, they unleash not only high-impact concussive force, but a sonic and psychic blast that spreads hallucinatory terror across enemy ranks.

Twin Heavy Bolter
Once a staple of Imperial wargear, the Twin Heavy Bolter has been corrupted and repurposed by the Fallen Houses into a weapon of brute slaughter. These paired auto-cannons spew forth a relentless hail of mass-reactive, .998 caliber shells, each blessed with malicious runes and warp-slick oils that twist their ballistic paths in unnatural ways. Infantry caught in the open are torn apart in gory eruptions, and even light armor crumples under the withering barrage.

Left/Right Arm Weapons

Reaper Chainsword
A colossal, spinning sword-teeth engine of destruction. Meant for close-quarters combat, it can cleave through other Knights, tanks, and fortifications with horrifying ease. Each swing sends up showers of gore, rubble, and molten wreckage—turning the battlefield into a slaughterhouse.

Warpstrike Claw
A warped, taloned gauntlet suffused with raw daemonic force. Its strikes tear through reality as much as steel, causing localized dimensional ruptures that can rip apart even the toughest targets. Unlike Reaper chainsword this weapon is more specialized in destroying buildings.

Daemonbreath Thermal Cannon
A long-range variation of the meltagun of a range of several dozen kilo kilometers , the thermal cannon projects a beam of searing, daemon-touched energy capable of melting battle tanks and vaporizing entrenched squads from afar. The hell-heat lingers, often causing secondary warp-fires that spread even after the blast has passed.

Despoiler Battle Cannon
A massive shell-launcher that delivers devastating high-explosive rounds across long distances. Its daemon-forged munitions cause violent detonations with shrapnel that screams, causing psychological shockwaves alongside physical carnage. Perfect for indirect bombardment or smashing hardened positions.

Atrapos Lascutter
Forged in the forbidden forges beneath Mars' deepest catacombs and now twisted by the taint of the War. Originally intended to sever the limbs of heretek Titans and carve open the void-shielded coffins of ancient xenos war engines, this weapon is a precision instrument of anti-machine annihilation. The Lascutter projects a concentrated beam of phase-bored lattice light—a stream so focused and dense it can carve through void shields, armor plating, and the laws of reality themselves. Where it strikes, metal liquefies into slag, force fields shudder and collapse, and the screams of unholy machine spirits are torn from vox-grids. Those who witness its fury describe it not as a laser, but as a blade of the Emperor’s own fury—now wielded by traitors.

Despoiler Gatling Cannon
This six-barreled monstrosity is designed to unleash unrelenting streams of warp-infused high-caliber shells at anything foolish enough to stand before the Knight. The Despoiler Gatling Cannon excels at tearing through infantry formations, light vehicles, and even larger targets through sheer volume of fire. Its barrels spin fast enough to glow red-hot with daemonic heat, and the roar of its volley drowns out all other sounds on the battlefield.

Desecrator Laser Destructor
The Desecrator Laser Destructor is the signature armament of the Knight Desecrator—a tri-barreled, hellforged cannon designed to deliver annihilation across vast distances. Powered by a warp-tainted fusion core, each blast of the laser destructor tears through heavy armor, daemonic hide, and reinforced structures alike.

Volkite Combustor
The Volkite Combustor is the centerpiece weapon of the Knight Abominant, a massive and ancient volkite array reimagined through Dark Mechanicum blasphemy.Each shot from this monstrous cannon is a beam of superheated death, capable of igniting even heavily armored targets from the inside out. It is most devastating against tightly packed infantry and light-to-mid armored vehicles, incinerating entire squads in a single sweeping burst. Against daemons or psykers, the combustor seems to flare brighter, almost as if the weapon itself hungers for those attuned to the warp.

Electroscourge
The Electroscourge is a whip-like close-combat weapon of staggering size and raw destructive potential. Forged from chains of daemon-reactive alloy and embedded with soul-reactive power nodes, this corrupted limb thrashes with arcs of crackling warp-infused lightning, lashing out in multiple directions with terrifying speed and brutality.Unlike blunt or precise melee weapons, the Electroscourge is a tool of total crowd control—a storm of searing pain meant to entangle, dismember, and electro-flay enemies en masse. It is especially effective against light-to-midweight armor, monstrous creatures, and squads of infantry foolish enough to cluster near the Knight.

Balemace
The Balemace is a massive flail-like melee weapon in teh form of a tail., its head a warped mass of spiked iron, jagged blades, and pulsing daemonic glyphs. Each swing delivers bone-crushing, armor-shattering devastation, making it ideal for obliterating entrenched infantry, monstrous foes, or lightly-armored walkers.

Darkflame Lance
The Darkflame Lance is a weapon concentrated stream of warp-infused hellfire unleashed through a corrupted lance barrel that screams with every discharge. When fired, this infernal lance emits a beam of black-violet fire that burns with unholy intensity, able to melt adamantium, scorch ceramite, and disintegrate energy shields. The lance is especially effective at mid-range, where the beam retains its cohesion long enough to puncture heavy armor or blast through fortified structures.

Fellbore
The Fellbore is a nightmarish siege weapon—a massive, drill-toothed rotary weapon fused with Warp-forged machinery, designed to breach the unbreachable and annihilate anything unfortunate enough to be in its path.the Fellbore features a high-torque, rune-inscribed power auger surrounded by serrated crushing teeth that spin with terrifying speed. As it digs into enemy vehicles, bunkers, or massive beasts, the drill screams with warp energy with reality-splitting frequencies, destabilizing molecular bonds and tearing through even void-shielded plating. Structures collapse, tanks are cored like fruit, and creatures struck by the weapon are reduced to bloody pulp and shattered bone.

Brimstone Volcano Lance
A weapon stolen and defiled from the noble forge-temples of the Mechanicum, the Brimstone Volcano Lance now channels its fury through daemonic furnaces and cursed focusing crystals. When fired, it releases a concentrated beam of superheated warp energy capable of melting mountains and piercing void shields. The beam detonates within the target, causing seismic shockwaves and volcanic eruptions of molten metal.

Graviton Singularity Cannon
To speak of the Graviton Singularity Cannon is to speak of a weapon that defies understanding. It is not simply a gun. It is a breach in natural law—a vessel through which gravity is twisted into a weaponized singularity, crushing the enemy beneath the weight of an impossible collapse. Originally designed by the secretive priesthood of Mars to battle the most heinous xenos constructs, this arcane weapon fires a self-sustaining gravitic anomaly—a miniature black hole barely stabilized by techno-arcane containment fields and blessed cogitator prayers.

Ectoplasma Decimator
This twisted plasma weapon feeds on raw warp energy, venting unstable ectoplasmic matter in huge arcing blasts. Where it lands, the air itself burns with ghostly flame, and targets are seared on the molecular level. Unlike conventional plasma weapons, the Ectoplasma Decimator lingers—ectoplasmic storms swirl in the impact zones, damaging anyone foolish enough to follow in the Tyrant's wake.

Warpshock Harpoon
Forged with daemon bone and warp-reactive steel, the Warpshock Harpoon is more than just a brutal projectile—it's a binding weapon. It impales enemy war engines or monstrous creatures, delivering a shock of reality-rending current through the cable, frying circuits, rupturing organs, and pinning victims in place. Once struck, most never escape; they're either dragged into melee or torn in half by the recoil.

Cerastus Shock Lance
Designed in a forgotten age when the Imperium still dared to master science and faith in equal measure, the lance channels raw energy through a crystalline warp-core embedded in its haft. At rest, it hums with caged fury, surrounded by crackling arcs of empyric static. But when the Knight Lancer enters a charge, the weapon ignites—a burning pillar of lightning extending from the Knight's arm like a divine executioner's blade. The charge draws upon the immense mass and speed of the Lancer, converting motion into devastation. On impact, the Shock Lance releases a focused electro-magnetic surge strong enough to vaporize hulls, short out void-shields, or rupture the sternums of even the most heavily armored monstrosities.

Ion Gauntlet Shield
The Ion Gauntlet Shield is a paradox made manifest—a relic of knightly defense now twisted into a weapon of contempt. Once forged to guard noble heroes against the horrors of the battlefield, it now serves Chaos with equal cruelty, protecting its bearer not out of duty, but to prolong the suffering of their foes. Mounted on the Knight Lancer's off-arm, this massive shield hums with a deep, predatory growl, its surface rippling with energy fields and covered in corrupted heraldry carved into cursed adamantium. The ion coils woven beneath its surface emit a low thrum that grows louder as danger nears, building a shimmering wall of arcane force that deflects las-fire, disrupts missiles mid-flight, and turns plasma bursts into harmless starlight.

Carapace Mount

Havoc Missile Pod

A carapace-mounted launcher system loaded with warp-screeching missiles, ideal for softening up enemy formations or disrupting deep enemy lines. The rockets are semi-sentient, sometimes adjusting mid-flight toward the most terrified targets.

Ruinspear Rocket Pod

A more focused missile system designed for armor-piercing precision strikes. Its warheads explode in razor-sharp shrapnel bursts, often punching through multiple layers of plating or fortification before exploding. Known to burst in patterns resembling eight-pointed stars.

Hellstorm Autocannons

Twin-linked rotary cannons mounted for anti-air and anti-light-armor purposes. Their sustained fire rate and cursed targeting systems make them especially deadly against flyers, skimmers, and light walkers. The roar of these guns is a thunderous hymn to the gods of war.

Gheiststrike Missile Launchers

These missile pods contain warheads etched with sacrificial glyphs, each one designed to deliver not only explosive force, but psychic assault. Upon impact, they release screaming warp-spirits, incorporeal gheists that shred the minds of those nearby. These launchers are ideal for clearing entrenched infantry or sowing terror among command ranks.

Twin Desecrator Cannon

Where one Desecrator Cannon is an engine of ruin, the twin-linked version is a symphony of devastation. Firing molten daemonic shells at rapid velocity, each cannon distorts gravity around the projectile, punching holes clean through enemy armor and sending bodies flying like ragdolls.

Wardogs only

All Wardogs weapons are weaker versions of big knight weapons

Left/Right Arm Weapons

Chaintalon

A brutal fusion of adamantium teeth and Warp-infused hydraulics, the Chaintalon is a grotesque melee weapon designed for rending armor and flesh alike. Each swing sends sprays of molten metal and gore across the battlefield, its chain-blades shrieking with hunger as they chew through tanks, beasts, or bunkers without discrimination.

Slaughterclaw

The Slaughterclaw is a massive, barbed gauntlet, pulsing with chaotic energy and shaped like a daemon's own talon. It strikes with devastating force, crushing enemies in its grasp or tearing them limb from limb. Even a glancing blow is enough to pulverize infantry, while direct hits rupture vehicles like tin.

Avenger Chaincannon

Spitting a relentless stream of Warp-tempered shells, the Avenger Chaincannon is a rotary death engine built to mow down infantry, light vehicles, and entire city blocks. Each spin of its barrels unleashes a storm of high-velocity rounds, tearing through cover, flesh, and sanity with terrifying speed.

War Dog Autocannon

A twin-barreled instrument of precise devastation, the War Dog Autocannon delivers a rapid barrage of high-caliber shells designed to shred light armor, fortifications, and infantry alike. Each round is warped by infernal craftsmanship, carrying a volatile core that detonates on impact with bone-jarring force. When fired in tandem with the War Dog's corrupted targeting systems, it becomes a storm of unrelenting fire, tearing through ranks before they can react.

Daemonbreath Spear

Forged in hellish fire, the Daemonbreath Spear channels burning Warp energy into a focused beam of searing destruction. It pierces armor like parchment, melting through layers of defense in an instant. When it strikes, foes are not merely burned—they are unmade, body and soul.

Carapace Mount

Havoc Multi-Launcher

Mounted for long-range suppression, the Havoc Multi-Launcher unleashes a volley of explosive warheads in a chaotic rain of death. Capable of flushing out entrenched enemies or softening targets before a charge, its saturation fire leaves only shattered terrain and panicked survivors behind.

Diabolus Heavy Stubber

A corrupted variant of the Imperial stubber, the Diabolus Heavy Stubber spews explosive rounds tainted with dark alchemy. Though small compared to other weapons, its rate of fire and hateful spite make it ideal for scything down enemy infantry, especially those foolish enough to approach

Daemonbreath Meltagun

The Daemonbreath Meltagun is a short-range, armor-obliterating weapon that fires concentrated blasts of superheated Warp energy. At close range, its destructive power is apocalyptic—flesh and steel alike melt into screaming slag. Bound with a minor warp-entity sealed in its core, each shot howls with glee as it liquefies tanks, bunkers, and anything unfortunate enough to be in its path

Warp Storm Discipline

Within the minds of certain Chaos Knights dwells not only hatred and hunger, but the whispering touch of the Warp itself. These are not mere war machines—they are walking conduits of daemonic sorcery, and they may wield the powers of the Warp Storm Discipline to unmake the enemies of the Dark Gods.

Only Knights unmarked by Khorne may access this discipline. Any eligible Knight may gain access to this psychic discipline by paying 200 Favor. However, those belonging to an Iconoclast House receive a discount. Once unlocked, the Knight gains two psychic powers from the Warp Storm Discipline for free except Knight Abominant that gains everything here for free.

Knights may acquire additional powers by paying 100 Favor each. If the Knight bears the Mark of Tzeentch, these additional powers cost only 50 Favor each.

Winds of the Warp
When cast by your knight, swirling tempest of warp energy forms around your Knight, warping space and shattering incoming projectiles mid-flight. This storm seals ruptured armor with mutating energy and lashes at enemies who stray too close. And when struck by damaging effects, there's a chance the Knight ignores wounds altogether, as the warp storm devours the blow. As the storm builds in strength, nearby allies under this knight command are also partially shielded, their injuries slowed or reversed by the storm’s touch.

Vortex Terrors
When cast by your knight,a shrieking wind of ghostly voices and clawing soul-phantoms tears down from the warp. The howling storm rattles the minds of your enemies, plunging them into panic and confusion. A chosen enemy force becomes unnerved and disoriented, struggling to maintain cohesion or fight with clarity. If the terror overwhelms them, their attacks are thrown off—they strike slower, aim worse, and may falter entirely in the face of invisible horrors.

The Storm Malevolent
A storm of unreality tears through the veil of the material world, lashing a chosen target with invisible daggers of corruption and madness. Your warriors can see the rift and strike through it with monstrous clarity. Your Knights gain an edge—their attacks strike deeper and more precisely against the affected foe. When their fury reaches its peak, some strikes cause soul-damaging aftershocks, inflicting extra grievous harm beyond the physical. The enemy may be slowly unmade by the storm's rage.

Cyclonic Lamentation
Spectral winds howl through your war machine’s armor, building into a single tormented scream that rolls outward in a soul-shearing shockwave. This tech kills weak willed enemies with ease as long as they heard the sound. Easily creating a sea of dead bodies.

Coruscating Hate
Pure loathing arcs skyward, coalescing into thunderheads of roiling hatred. Moments later, black lightning crashes down, shrieking with warp-borne fury. This is not mere electricity—it is pure psychic contempt, a bolt forged from the caster's hate and the Warp's malice. The nearest enemy is struck by burning, mutating lightning. Flesh blackens, armor cracks, and bones twist as if rejecting their own form. Some victims are instantly incinerated, reduced to piles of ash and shattered steel. If the storm strikes a group, and there are nearby enemies, the lightning jumps from target to target, trailing a chain of horror. Each new victim risks death or transformation, as the storm rips through both mind and matter, seeding mutation wherever it leaps

Spitesquall
A vicious black rain lashes down, chilling flesh, obscuring vision, and eating into spirit and will. It crawls beneath armor, numbing muscle and drowning hope. Enemies that are cursed by this storm, making them more vulnerable to incoming attacks. While the rain falls, each strike they suffer hits harder, as if the storm itself invites further torment and ensures none of their pain is wasted.

Upgrades

Here you will be given the option to upgrade any Knight within your army, customizing your war engines to better suit your strategy and the grim will of your Chaos-aligned House. Whether you seek greater firepower, resilience, or unholy enhancements, each upgrade allows you to forge your Knights into more terrifying instruments of destruction.

Each upgrade section requires Favor to unlock, unless otherwise specified. Some upgrades may be granted to certain Knight types regardless of whether you've unlocked that section. And any upgrades here that overlap with other ability will enhanced them better then the sum of their parts combine.

Marked Upgrades [200 Favor, free for Iconclast and Dreadblades]

Here you will be given the option to upgrade a Knight with abilities based on the Chaos God it has been marked by. Each upgrade below costs 100 Favor, unless otherwise stated, and may only be applied to Knights bearing the same Mark. These upgrades are more than just enhancements—they are blessings (or curses) from the Dark Gods themselves, reshaping flesh, machine, and soul into terrible new forms. Chaos Knight Acheron, Chaos Knight Atrapos and Chaos Knight Lancer receive discounts in this section with one of the 100 Favour upgrades for free.They gain Access to this section regardless if this section is unlocked.

General

Greater Daemon Possession [300 Favour]

To fuse a Greater Daemon into a Knight is to shatter every boundary between mortal will, machine intelligence, and the Warp's most nightmarish titans. The process is a violent metamorphosis. The Knight’s Throne Mechanicum is burned away in warpfire, replaced with a soul-forge altar where both pilot and daemon are eternally shackled. The result is a Daemon Knight—a living war engine saturated in malevolent sentience. Each Knight that undergoes this process inherits the raw power, monstrous resilience, and warpcraft of its daemonic patron.

Knights marked by Chaos Undivided enjoy a blasphemous privilege—they may choose any Greater Daemon, drawing upon the full spectrum of Chaos without limitation.

Bloodthirster, requires Mark of Khorne
When a Knight becomes host to a Bloodthirster, its frame burns with rage. Twin smokestacks snarl like tusks, limbs bulk up with sinewy pistons, and infernal chains writhe like serpents. This Daemon Knight moves with berserker speed and hits with terrifying force, leaving trails of molten steel and gore in its wake. Its melee strikes increase penetration on armor and shields, and when it charges, it cleaves entire warbands in two. Resistance is meaningless—the more blood it spills, the stronger it becomes.

Strengths: Unstoppable melee force, increased speed, immunity to fear, and enhanced charge impact.

Lord of Change, requires Mark of Tzeentch
A Knight fused with a Lord of Change becomes an ever-shifting colossus of crackling sorcery and mind-shattering illusion. Eyes, feathers, and ever-morphing glyphs ripple across its hull. It can reshape the battlefield with devastating psychic storms, and its presence disrupts enemy machines, plans, and morale. Reality bends where it walks. The pilot gains a genius-level intellect, capable of predicting enemy tactics three moves ahead. Its foes find themselves outmaneuvered before they even act.

Strengths: Mastery of psychic disciplines and disruption of enemy communications and sensors.

Great Unclean One, requires Mark of Nurgle
When a Great Unclean One is fused to a Knight, the result is a walking plague engine of festering metal and rotting flesh. The Knight swells with diseased bulk, leaking pus-steam and hurling corrosive bile that melts tanks and people alike. It cannot be stopped by conventional means—as its highly resistance to any weapons based on the material plane. Within its frame, daemon flies and virus-things breed endlessly. It brings despair, decay, and entropy wherever it walks, until all resistance crumbles into rust and rot.

Strengths: Near-immortality to physical attacks , self-repairing armor, toxic aura that cripples enemies, and the ability to spread incurable plagues through weapons or presence.

Keeper of Secrets, requires Mark of Slaanesh

Fusing with a Keeper of Secrets turns a Knight into an exquisite nightmare—a graceful destroyer whose form and movement defy natural geometry. Its armor gleams with sinful beauty, yet it strikes faster than the eye can track, lashing out with barbed limbs and sonic bursts that overload senses and shatter minds. It dances through warzones with unnatural agility, drawing victims in with temptations before disemboweling them in ecstasy. It feeds on emotion, growing stronger with every scream.

Strengths: Extreme speed and reflexes, aura of allure that confuses enemies, debilitating sonic weaponry, and perfect counterattack precision.

Khorne

Blood Shield

The Blood Shield is a brutal testament to Khorne's hatred for cowardice and sorcery alike. Crafted from the carapaces of fallen Knights and adorned with the skulls of their vanquished pilots, the shield pulses with unholy vitality, thudding like a war drum with each step. When invoked, it emits a scream of defiance that silences the warp and shatters protective fields, allowing the Knight to carve through wards and psychic defenses with unrelenting fury. The shield remains active for thirty minutes of apocalyptic destruction before burning itself out, needing a full day to feast on blood and fury before it can be used again.

Collar of Infernal Brass

The Collar of Infernal Brass coils tightly around the Knight's reactor core, its metallic segments seething with heat and bound with runes that hum in contempt for all psychic power. Born in the volcanic forges of a daemon world where Khorne's chosen duel in endless bloodsport, this artifact rebukes the corruptive whispers of the warp. The moment sorcery nears, the collar flares with molten rage, unraveling spells and banishing witchcraft in a defiant roar that echoes across the battlefield. Making the knight immune to physic attacks.

Throne Mechanicum of Skulls [200 Favor]
The Throne Mechanicum of Skulls is a horror forged in metal, bone, and eternal hatred. Bound into the Knight's control system, it is laced with the bones of champions who refused to kneel and the skulls of pilots who thought death an escape. Upon claiming the throne, the pilot feels Khorne's presence surge into their soul—there is no room left for doubt, hesitation, or mercy. Only the urge to kill, to crush, to rend and destroy.Because of this this knight is better at charging its enemies and melee attacks done by this knight have a chance to double up in attack power the further blood lusted the knight is.

Tzeentch
Pyrothrone
The Pyrothrone is no ordinary command seat. It seethes with pale, iridescent flame—each flicker a voice, a memory, a scream. Within these spectral fires dwell the bound spirits of nine-hundred and ninety-nine Tzeentchian magisters, all sacrificed in a grand arcane rite to empower the Throne. When a pilot bonds with this horrific construct, they are overwhelmed with a torrent of forbidden knowledge, ancient equations of chaos, and contradictory truths that shift like dreams. From this font of madness and genius, they know can cast spells as if they are psykers. If a knight Knight Abominant gains this than their Psyker capabilities has been enhanced by 4 times than normal.

Mirror of Fates
The interior of this Knights cockpit is coated in a polished crystal skein so that the pilot sits enthroned within an all-encompassing scrying glass. The Mirror of Fates reveals that which will happen and that which may. Proliferating possibilities dance across its surface in a mind-bending kaleidoscope that allows the pilot to predict their enemy's plans and exploit them.

Cursed Rune of Fate [200 Favor]
A Tzeentchian rune of sorcerous power shimmers across the surface of this Knights hull, ever-moving like a reflection across rippling water. Bound to the strands of fate, the rune pulses as enemies fire upon its host Knight, twisting the web of causality so that hideous and immediate misfortunes befall the attackers - from weapon malfunctions and deadly ricochets to ghastly sorcerous mutations.

Nurgle

Putrid Carapace

The Putrid Carapace is not armor in the traditional sense—rather, it is a living hide of rot and disease, a grotesque epidermis that has fused with the Knight's hull like a parasite too bloated to detach. It oozes with congealed slime, writhes with maggot colonies, and exhales wet, fevered breaths from lesions that split and heal endlessly. Yet for all its revolting appearance, this semi-sentient layer strengthens the machine within. Rotted sinew tightens around servos, bloated necrotic mass absorbs kinetic force, and barnacle-like pustules intercept explosive blows. The Knight becomes a mountain of decay, and like all mountains—it endures.

Blessing of a Thousand Poxes

The Blessing of a Thousand Poxes turns each of the Knight's weapon systems into vessels of virulent plague. The barrels rust and warp, yet still fire with unholy reliability. Each shot is coated in vile ichor—plague-slop so thick and infected it sizzles on contact with flesh, steel, or spirit. Even a glancing hit spreads diseases that defy the laws of biology: corrosive bacteria that eat through armour like acid, poxes that liquefy organs, and psychic parasites that whisper suicidal thoughts into the minds of the afflicted. To survive a hit from such weapons is to endure eternal suffering… unless Nurgle, in his mercy, grants you death.

The Aura of Corruption [200 Favor]

The Aura of Corruption manifests as a greasy, churning smog that pours from the Knight's vents, joints, and mouths carved into its corrupted hull. Within this cloud swirl biting daemon-flies the size of fists, spores so dense they choke machines, and the scent of sweet rot that seeps into the lungs and never leaves. Enemies who draw near find their vision blur, their strength fail, and their weapons corrode at the seams. Armour rusts, seals burst, and even air filtration systems begin to drip with vile mucus. This miasma is not merely toxic—it is hungry, and its appetite is endless.

Slanessh

Quicksilver Throne

This Throne Mechanicum is more than a command seat—it is an intimate partner in agony and ecstasy. Woven with cilia thinner than hair yet stronger than steel, it pierces the pilot's nervous system with exquisite precision, threading itself into flesh, mind, and soul alike. Once seated, the Knight and its master cease to be separate beings. Every graceful stride is a pirouette of destruction, every sword swing a ballet of slaughter. But every shell that strikes, every gash that splits hull or limb—the pilot feels it all. Pain is no longer a consequence but a pleasure, feeding the union until it is perfect. Until it is rapture.

Beguiling Majesty

This Knight moves with a beauty that should not belong to a war engine. Its steps are hypnotic. Its armor glows with chromatic luster, reflecting the viewer's own obsessions and desires back at them until they cannot look away. Its vox-grilles emit harmonious dirges that tangle in the hearts of enemies, numbing their will and clouding their senses. Those who attempt to raise weapons against it find their fingers trembling, their minds drifting, their loyalty to their cause uncertain. To gaze upon this Knight is to see a god-machine as a lover, a dream, a lie... and to want nothing more than to surrender to it.

Subjugator Machine Spirit [200 Favor]

Deep within the Knight's corrupted soul stirs a caged fragment of a Subjugator-class god engine: one of the rare and terrifying Titans once built in Slaanesh's name. Though sundered and sealed, the daemon-machine's hunger still burns like a supernova. The pilot hears its whispering desires—kill faster, kill louder, kill more beautifully. The Knight becomes more responsive, more graceful, more devastating… but only so long as it continues to sate its twin masters. Should the carnage slow, the Subjugator's madness begins to claw at the mind of the pilot, fracturing reality and threatening to tear them both apart in a screaming spiral of overindulgence.

Chaos undivided

Mark of the Dread Knight

The Mark of the Dread Knight is a sigil burned into the hull with hellfire older than stars. Its twisted geometry was first forged in the final moments of the first Knight's fall from Imperial grace—when oaths were shattered, banners burned, and the Octed was invoked in full. Now, this rune pulses with the blessings of the entire Pantheon. The gods do not grant such favor lightly, but in this Knight they see a useful monstrosity, a slayer who serves not just one agenda but the cause of Chaos itself. It wards off mortal weapons, dulls holy relics, and warps fate just enough to ensure the Knight remains standing to slaughter another day.

Blessing of the Dark Master

This Knight's pilot has offered fealty not to a single deity, but to the enigmatic Dark Master—an echo of the Chaos Gods' unity, a creature of ever-shifting will. In return, the Knight and its rider are cloaked in a curtain of supernatural shadow. Machine-spirits hesitate, targeting systems glitch, and psionics falter as the Knight stalks forward through veils of unreality. Even mortal eyes find it hard to comprehend what they see—was it there a moment ago? Did it just move without walking? The more one tries to understand it, the deeper the confusion grows. In war, that moment of hesitation is all the Knight needs to strike.

Warp-Borne Stalker [200 Favor]

Whispers in the void, murmurs that slither beneath sanity, show this Knight hidden paths through realms untouched by light or time. While others travel across oceans and plains, the Warp-Borne Stalker moves through the fabric of reality itself. One moment, there is calm. The next—rupture. A howling scream rends the air as the Knight emerges from a wound in space, its reactor blazing with empyric fire. To its enemies, it is a nightmare given form, a daemon engine that appears not from the horizon, but from nowhere. No fortress is safe, no retreat secure—when it comes, it comes from within. Basically this knight can travel in the warp with ease and has its own gallar field.

Fallen Noble Battle Traits [200 Favor, free for Iconclast and Dreadblades]

Here, you are granted the opportunity to enhance the abilities of your Chaos Knight's pilot—bestowing them with terrifying new powers earned through legendary exploits, whispered pacts with the Dark Gods, or the twisted evolution of their bond with the infernal machine spirit of their Knight. Each upgrade in this section costs 100 Favor. Chaos Knight Acheron, Chaos Knight Atrapos and Chaos Knight Lancer receive discounts in this section with one of the 100 Favour upgrades for free.They gain Access to this section regardless if this section is unlocked.

Dark Champion
This pilot has carved a legacy of dread upon countless battlefields, earning both the admiration and loathing of their fellow Chaos scions. Their mastery in warfare is undeniable—but it is their ruthless, calculated cruelty and unrepentant savagery that have truly made them a figure of dark legend. Now recognized by the Dark Gods and warbands alike, the pilot bears an aura of command so potent that even the most frenzied cultists and mutated horrors follow their orders without hesitation. Whether leading war dogs, cultist hordes, or corrupted tithe-soldiers, this Knight’s pilot inspires dread-drenched loyalty and brutal efficiency across the armies of Chaos.

Conqueror of Worlds
Obsessed with dominion, they have already claimed multiple fief worlds in the name of Chaos, their banners flying high above scorched capitals and shattered strongholds. Their experience in war, governance by terror, and tactical brutality allows them to conquer and pacify entire nations in mere days. Any troops under their command function at peak performance—fueled by fear, bloodlust, and unholy devotion—enabling swift planetary domination. The pilot's name becomes a curse upon the tongues of the conquered and a battle cry for their own dark legions.

Cruel Hunter
Linked body and soul to their Knight, this pilot has become something far more than human. Their senses extend through miles of alloyed muscle and daemonic circuitry, making their war engine move with predatory instinct. They respond to threats with lightning precision, striking like a beast driven by centuries of malice. Their thoughts flow directly into action, allowing them to shift direction, target weak points, and outmaneuver enemies before they can even react. On the battlefield, the Cruel Hunter is a blur of mechanical rage—unstoppable, aware, and pitiless.

Arch-Fiend
This pilot is no mere warlord—they are a dark legend in the making. Marked by the gods for diabolic greatness, they are the sinister reflection of what Imperial knights once strove to be: noble, brave, and selfless. Where the loyalist inspires through hope, the Arch-Fiend enthralls through dread charisma. Their very presence turns the hearts of the weak-willed, drawing in nonbelievers and imperial defectors alike to swear fealty under the banner of Chaos. Their twisted rhetoric, grand but horrifying deeds, and otherworldly aura compel lesser minds to cast aside their oaths to the Emperor and kneel before their new dark master.

Profane Knowledge
Few dare to look directly into the warp and return sane—this pilot not only gazed into that churning realm of madness but also understood it. Once per day, the Knight they pilot becomes a living beacon of the warp, tearing open a shimmering rift into the Immaterium. From this gaping wound pour forth daemons The summoned entities are random, pulled by the whims of Chaos itself, and remain for up to twenty minutes before the breach seals or they are banished by force.

Knight Body Part Upgrades [200 Favor, free for Infernal Houses and Dreadblades]

Here, you are granted the opportunity to enhance the body parts of your Knights—replacing, reinforcing, or warping them into terrifying new forms of daemonic war-machinery. These upgrades represent extensive heretek modifications, warp-infused mutations, or relic augmentations bestowed by the Dark Mechanicum. Each body part enhancement costs 100 Favor unless stated and Each weapon upgrade purchased in this section can only enhance one of the weapons the Knight currently possesses per purchase.Chaos Knight Acheron, Chaos Knight Atrapos and Chaos Knight Lancer receive discounts in this section.They gain Access to this section regardless if this section is unlocked.

Legs

Fleshmetal Servo-Tendons

The Knight's limb actuators have been reforged from fleshmetal alloy—an alchemic blend of living tissue and warp-reactive metal. With every step, these augmented tendons twitch and flex like the musculature of some nightmarish beast. Because of this, your Knight is capable of sprinting faster than its size would ever allow and gains the unholy ability to leap across broken terrain, crash through ruins, or even pounce upon prey from above. A horrifying sight, and one that defies all expectations of weight and mass.

Cruel Spikes

The lower limbs of the Knight are now clad in barbed plating and cruelly hooked warp-forged spikes. When this Knight charges into combat, it does so like a living battering ram—especially devastating when slamming into enemy vehicles or towering monsters. The spikes gouge deep into armor, hulls, and flesh alike.

Runes of Scorn

The Knight's legs are etched with hundreds of burning runes—each a bitter curse against all who dare strike at it in melee. These warped glyphs shimmer with spiteful energy, causing enemy blades to falter, twitch away, or glance harmlessly off of corrupted steel. Even daemonic entities hesitate to strike, their instincts warning them of the dark protections woven into the Knight's hull.

Spite Capacitors
Fitted deep into the hydraulic channels of each limb, these spiteful energy capacitors maintain fluid motion under any conditions. Whether submerged in the crushing depths of a toxic ocean or drifting through the airless void of space, this Knight loses none of its terrifying mobility. While most Knights would suffer a 25% reduction in movement under such extremes, yours strides forth unimpeded—mocking natural law and artificial design alike.

Raking Talons
The feet and toes of this Knight have been reshaped into taloned monstrosities—blade-like claws and brutal stabbing spikes capable of ripping infantry squads apart with every thunderous step. Small to medium targets—whether lightly armored soldiers or swarms of lesser daemons—are eviscerated en masse beneath the Knight's tread.

Weapons
Doomlock Targeter
The targeting arrays on your ranged weapon have been twisted and reforged with arcane technology and daemonic circuitry, allowing your Knight to fire with deadly precision even while moving at full speed. No longer must your pilot slow the war engine to steady the sights; each shot hums with unerring accuracy, whether the Knight is stalking the battlefield or charging the enemy lines.

Mutant Musculature
The Knight's melee weapons have been infused with unnatural vitality and reinforced with warp-tainted sinews. When this Knight charges, its savage blades or claws strike with far greater force, empowered by the brutal momentum and enhanced strength coursing through its augmented limbs.

Soulsight Occulum
Your Knight's weapon systems have been granted a horrific sight beyond mortal ken. Even if your enemy hides behind cover, cloaks themselves in shadow, or scrambles your sensors with psychic interference, your weapons can still lock onto their vital points with unerring precision. The Soulsight Occulum guides your fire, allowing you to ignore most forms of concealment or evasion and strike true. However, this power falters somewhat if your Knight moves at top speed, unless supplemented by additional upgrades.

Predatory Machine
When locked in melee combat, this upgrade grants your Knight's weapons an almost predatory cunning—allowing it to focus with lethal intent on the enemy pilot's cockpit. This precise targeting system makes it far easier to pierce through the thick armor and defensive wards protecting the enemy pilot, striking a killing blow that instantly incapacitates or kills them**.**

Auto-Fury Cacodaemons
A daemon has been bound into the ammunition feed of your weapon. With this infernal daemon fueling the rate of fire, your weapon never runs dry of ammunition and its firing speed is effectively doubled.

Import
You may now import weapons to this knight. You buy this import multiple times.

Torso
Damned Construction [200 Favor]
The very torso of this Knight has been reforged and enhanced with the darkest and most advanced technology from the corrupted Dark Mechanicus. Layers of infernal alloys, reinforced servo-structures, and arcane energy conduits combine to create an unholy fortress. Because of this, your Knight can endure five times the punishment compared to its brethren.

Malign Wards [200 Favor]
Inscribed upon the hull of your Knight are sinister wards, carved in blood and charged with chaotic energies. When struck by anti vehicle weapons or armor-piercing rounds, these wards have a chance to negate the attack outright, dissolving the destructive power before it can mar the hull.

Balefury Failsafes
Hidden within the cockpit lies a last desperate mechanism—a cursed button that unleashes apocalyptic destruction when pressed or when the Knight is on the verge of annihilation. When triggered, your Knight erupts in a cataclysmic explosion, devastating everything within four city blocks for a War Dog unit, or leveling an entire hive city for the mightiest of Knights.

Shrieking Armour
The very hull of your Knight now emits a continuous, high-pitched wail—an unnatural scream forged from the souls bound within its armor. Any enemy who hears this shrieking at close range, unless their will is iron-strong, will find their minds fractured and sanity slipping away. This torment sows madness on the battlefield, turning foes into gibbering wrecks even before the Knight closes in for the kill.

Ion Cowl [400 Favor]
Your Knight's hull is now enveloped in an impenetrable cowl of ionized energy, rendering it completely immune to non-warp/magical-infused attacks. Conventional weaponry, kinetic rounds, and even most energy weapons simply fail to harm this blessed fortress. However, this upgrade is rare and potent—only one Knight in your entire army can bear the Ion Cowl.

Drawbacks

+0 Supplement:
This supplement offers you the opportunity to wield a Chaos knight army of terrifying power, but nothing comes without sacrifice. To unlock this dark boon, you must fulfill one ominous conditions.

You must seize control of the the world that you use this supplement on question—bending every gang, syndicate, cartel, and black-market ring to your Will forged in madness, and dripping with the raw power of the Gods.

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