Talons of the Emperor



It is the 31st millennium. The Emperor rose from the ashes of Terra, and cast his gaze to the stars. He seeks the unification of humanity, and to ensure their dominance of the Milky Way galaxy. To this end He has created an immense war machine. He crafted deadly weapons, and recruited immense armies to wield them. More than that, he designed genetically enhanced super soldiers, and brought the many useful human mutants under his control, including psykers and their opposite number called blanks.

But among these vast armies, only one serves Him personally.

They are called the Talons of the Emperor, a designation formed during the Great Crusade. They are the Emperor's personal troops, the men and women with the privilege to walk through His palace without question. The elite warriors He entrusts with carrying out His will. These are His Talons.

They are further separated into two organizations. The Custodians, gene-crafted supermen that have no equal within the material realm. And the Sisters of Silence, women whose very presence harms and weakens the unnatural powers of the empyrean realm. Fighting together, there are few foes that can withstand them.

For ten years, you will join them.

For Humanity! For the Emperor!

+1000 CP

Backgrounds:

The Custodes are the right arm of the Emperor, and the Sisters of Silence His left. Together they are His Talons, the men and women he trusts above all others. Both are highly honored, highly skilled, and highly lethal. Do you belong to the Custodes, His strong and gilded right hand? Or to the Sisters, His silent and inscrutable left?

Custodes (Free):

"*These men are my bodyguards, their lives forfeit to the guarantee of my physical safety. Of their loyalty to me there shall be no question nor doubt. I, and I alone, shall have the authority to stand in judgment over them. No other commander shall they have in battle nor in service. None shall bar them from me and none shall hamper or stall their mission. So it is decreed!*"

Clad in auramite power armor, and wielding the most deadly weaponry and war machines the Imperium has ever made, the Custodians are the Emperor's praetorian guard. They are supermen that stand at least nine feet tall, and are completely superior to even the gene-sons of the Primarchs, let alone unmodified humans. None save the Emperor Himself may command them.

Sister of Silence (+400 CP):

"Fools may call these women abominations, hags and freaks. Only the wise know the Sisters as the bravest of all Humanity's saviors- they who battle Chaos itself."

The Null-Maidens of Luna are the Emperor's witch hunters and daemon slayers. Perfectly silent, and wielding deadly weaponry while sheathed in vranite armor with voidsheen cloaks billowing behind them, many fear them for their skill in arms in conjunction with their mighty equipment. But the true threat comes from the secretive women behind those arms: each is a blank, capable of harming demons and rendering psykers helpless by their mere presence. They are tasked with collecting Psykers upon their black ships, to ensure they serve the Imperium instead of bringing it harm.

Location:

You start on Terra, within the Imperial Palace.

Skills & Abilities:

“A wise man draws his swords when the time is right to wield them. A fool dies with blades still sheathed, fearing that there might yet come a time of greater need. For the sake of Emperor and Imperium both, we must take the fight to our enemies.”

Age has little meaning to the Emperor’s chosen, but your age is 20+1d10 as a fresh recruit to the Talons. All Custodes are men, and all Sisters of Silence are women. Your gender matches whichever you selected as your background. All discounts are 50% off. Discounted items and perks that cost 100 CP or less are free. Discounts can’t be stacked.

Custodes Discounted: Custodians may select two perks at each price range to have a discount from the following.

Custodes Biology (Free and mandatory for Custodes): Perhaps the Imperium’s greatest strength lies in its genecrafted soldiers. The Astartes Legions made war across the galaxy. On ships and stations, on worlds and moons, they fought. Again and again, they won. They are impossibly swift, strong, and enduring. They can live for centuries, ignore injuries that would kill an unaugmented human a dozen times over, and move so quickly that a normal human would struggle to keep track of them with their eyes, let alone react to them. Their senses are sharp enough to keep track of the tiniest details, even in pitch darkness. They are geniuses one and all, their post human minds rivaling super computers.

But you are not an Astartes, surgically implanted with gene-seed to create a super human warrior in a rigorous process that few succeed, so that the strength of their Primarch might be carried on within them on a lesser scale.

You are a Custodes, and you have been remade right down to the cellular level in an unimaginably deadly process that far less than a single percent survive, using techniques and technology developed by the Emperor Himself from the Dark Age of Technology. And it is His might that flows in your veins.

As the Astartes are to mortal men, Custodes are to the Astartes. Single handedly slaying Astartes by the squad is not only possible, but the barest of expectations for a Custodes. An expectation you match easily. You are biologically immortal, at least nine feet tall, and your physical and mental abilities casually outclass anyone short of the Primarchs and the Emperor. Feats such as parrying bolt rounds, and tossing heavy metal cages filled with half a dozen men in full combat gear across a large room are far from being strenuous.

You also, not to put too fine a point on it, *look* like a demigod. You look like Humanity perfected; noble, proud, and strong. There are few who would consider your looks anything less than divine, let alone homely. So long as you evade serious combat damage at least.

Custodes Training (Free and mandatory for Custodes): The Custodes are the finest body of soldiers the Imperium has ever known. They are each and every one a masterful warrior, tactician, and strategist that make a mockery of even the mighty space marines. But more than that, they were meant to be the Emperor’s companions and advisers. They are the single most educated branch of the Imperium, dating back to even before the great Crusade, and they alone have kept their standards from slipping. Whether the subject is politics, philosophy, logistics, assassination, or any matter related to the Imperium, the Custodes have at least some theoretical knowledge. In many, they have practical experience as well as

mastery of the subject. Your mind is tested well past the breaking point during your education, rendering you immune to temptation and corruption, whether they be of Chaos or not.

You may also toggle your ability to feel boredom on and off.

Honored Title (50 CP, First free for Custodes): When a Custodes has finished being created and trained, they are given a name from Terran myth. Gods, heroes, monster slayers- this is done both to mark them as they hero they are, and to allow the nobility of Terra, from whom the Custodes are created, save face. As they fight and win battles in the Emperor's name, impressive deeds are rewarded with impressive names. Old and storied Custodes can have dozens and dozens of names. You may select a single name to address yourself by, and anytime you do something impressive you will receive another fitting title.

Magisterium Lex Ultima (Free during this jump for Custodes, 200 CP to keep): The Custodes are only answerable to the Emperor. No other may give them commands, and indeed, the Custodes can requisition any assistance, transport, or wargear they may need to fulfill their duties according to their own discretion. Not even the High Lords of Terra, the Primarchs, or the Lord Commander of the Imperium may give them orders.

So long as you remain in good standing within your faction, you may ignore orders without any ill consequences. So too, may you requisition assistance and gear as you see fit. Only the most outrageous of requests will be denied.

Ever Vigilant (100 CP): The Custodians are the most elite fighting force in the Imperium, but that is not their foremost purpose. Above all else, they are the Emperor's body guards. To maintain a vigil, focused so entirely upon their razor sharp senses for threats to their charge- this is in many ways the true essence of a custodes. But maintaining such a state of hyper awareness is taxing even upon the post humans of the Custodians. Some may only hold that state for months or years, some for decades. The record for maintaining such a vigil is one hundred years. A feat which you can match, and even surpass. You maintain this state as a matter of course, easily spotting all which is present whether it be an infinitesimally small flaw on a work of art, a would be assassin, or an ambush, all without ever feeling a moment's strain.

Unflinching (100 CP): Fear is not an emotion that the Custodes often experience. Certainly, they do not fear any enemy, nor what they might do to them. But it goes beyond that. A Custodian is unflinching, even if a blade is driven into their eye.

Pain doesn't effect you, nor does fear. In the face of your enemies, your quiet contempt allows you to more easily counter their blows, easily guiding theirs away while landing your own crippling strikes.

Unleash the Lions (100 CP): The Astartes, for all their skill, are meant to always fight beside their battle brothers. The Custodes are not. They are expected to be able to fight as part of a group, but also as individuals. Their combat style is reflective of this; they fight as singular, puissant warriors more often than not, thanks to nearly always being deployed in small numbers. Because of this they must be masters of fighting by themselves, and develop personalized styles of combat that suit them and their particular wargear.

And you are such a master. Your personal fighting style is confusing to most, and deadly to all. Even in the midst of a group, you retain your individual combat style, and fight as a one man army. When you

fight as a singular warrior, you feel yourself growing stronger with the Emperor's blessing, determined to cut down your enemies in His name. They will find surrounding you to be of no benefit, and their numbers to be as much a hindrance as a boon due to your skill.

This blessing will trigger if you're fighting alone or with others, but not if you were, say, to form a shield wall or serve as part of a firing line.

Eyes of the Emperor (100 CP): Custodians do not fear the ravages of time. But sometimes injury can slow them down, despite their access to the finest of augmetics. The decrease in ability would be negligible to even the elite Astartes, but the Custodians have higher standards. Perfection is expected, and demanded, of those who guard the golden throne. Those who feel themselves slip beneath this lofty standard voluntarily retire, surrendering their wargear back to their order and striking out amongst the stars.

But even then, they do not cease their duty.

They still serve their past order as spies and informants. Admittedly, it is not entirely a personal effort. There are places where being a more than three yard tall superhuman is not an advantage. Instead they cultivate contacts, using intimidation where loyalty and honor do not suffice. Their post human minds render them no less skilled in this less direct manner of service.

While you may not be one of the Eyes of the Emperor, you certainly have the skill set they need. You are a master at forming groups of spies, informants, and saboteurs. Weeding out the disloyal, the heretical, and the compromised from within in your ranks is done with casual skill whenever they appear, and far before they could leak information or feed you falsehoods. Your skill at compiling information, and making sure it is believed by those who need to believe it, is well beyond mortal means as well.

Piercing Strike (200 CP): Armor is an important aspect of war throughout the entire galaxy. It is no mistake that every fighting force worth the name clads their soldiers in some sort of armor, and far more upon their vehicles. But few armors are without flaw, and the Custodes are adept at exploiting them.

Finding the weaknesses of your enemy's armor and body is reflexive for you, as is guiding your weapons to them. Crippling the systems of super heavy vehicles, spilling the life's blood of terminators, spearing the sarcophagus of a dreadnought… these, and more, are all natural to you.

Sworn Guardian (200 CP): The preternatural abilities of the Custodians allow them to detect and respond to the threats with speed that is beyond breathtaking. You take this to a level beyond even the most of skilled of that elite group. So long as you're focusing on the defense of another, you can go beyond your already impressive abilities. Interposing your blade with another is child's play: shooting their weapon out of their hand in a melee of hundreds is par the course for one of your skill.
Others seem to recognize this as well. If you're not already part of the Custodes, you'll have nobles starting a bidding war to retain your services.

Plant the Vexilla (200 CP): The Emperor's guards are the best equipped army that Mankind has ever known. So is it any surprise that they've spent the effort to master the use of their wargear?

In your hands, the effective range of any item you use is doubled. This doesn't apply to equipment that requires touch sadly, but all else is fair game. Anything from a bolter to a flash light to a vox unit, their range is beyond what anyone else could coax from them so long as you make use of it yourself.

You're even capable of passing on these insights, that your comrades might enjoy the increased range themselves.

Inescapable Vengeance (200 CP): Custodians are renown for their perfection of accuracy. It is a freakish occurrence for one of the Ten Thousand to miss. But part of that is because they do not shoot at what they can not hit.

But the idea of a foe you can not strike is an indignity you will not have to suffer, though your enemies may still be able to dodge or deflect your attacks. Even firing a fully automatic weapon into a melee of your allies swarming a single enemy, you will not need to worry about friendly fire or missing your target. Cover is meaningless if it is not total. If it's possible for your weapon to hit a target, even technically, you can rest assured that you will not miss it. No matter the odds.

Radiant Mantle (400 CP): There are those who would call the Emperor a god. Though the Custodes know this to be false, in a fashion, it is an understandable position to take. He is a being of impossible might and wisdom, wearing golden auramite, and some would claim He Himself sheds golden light.

Those who see you, would liken you to one of His angels.

A golden halo rests behind your head, as some marines wear their iron halos. Normally it sheds a soft, golden light. But in the presence of enemies, it burns bright and fierce, warning you of their presence. While to you and your allies, the light it sheds is harmless illumination, to your enemies it is a blinding light that feels like something is stabbing them in the eyes. Your light will slowly burn away at the taint of Chaos and daemons, in this world and others. Simply standing near you will be a painful, though not debilitating or deadly, experience for them.

You may use this light to slowly cleanse the taint of the warp from items, places, or people, though it will not be something that can be done quickly enough for most combat, and living subjects must be willing though any corruption of their mind can be purged before hand.

You may turn your halo on and off as you will.

Aegis of the Emperor (400 CP): The Cellular alchemy that creates a Custodian leaves each of them forever touched by a spark of the Emperor's own greatness. This manifests as the Emperor's blessing. Your enemies attacks will be turned aside at the last moment. Projectiles that would have normally struck home missing by millimeters, blades that would have torn them asunder are harmlessly deflected by armor plate. Normally it is all, technically, within in the realm of possibility.

But with you, the Emperor's blessing is a palpable thing. Those attempting to harm you will suffer freak accidents. Stones turn under foot, reliable weapons jam, animals throw themselves at their faces just in time to throw off their aim. Your Sire's will turns fate and chance against all that would harm you, though determined foes or foolhardy decisions will see this protection overcome.

Avatar of the Emperor (400 CP): The Custodes are avatars of Him on Earth. They speak with His voice, and act out His will. All in the Imperium know this. Faithful servants of the Imperium draw

comfort at the sight of Auramite armor, knowing that He sees them, that He protects. The corrupt, the xeno, the traitor- they all feel the tremble of fear in their hearts, knowing that judgment is nigh.

Your allies will take inspiration in your heroic presence, fighting harder and refusing to give in. Despair and fear will crash against them, and find no purchase. Such is their faith in you, and what you represent.

Your enemies on the other hand… when they look upon you, they see their death, swift approaching and inevitable. Those without an inhuman amount of courage in their hearts will tremble at the mention of you, and flee at your sight. Those with more meager wills may well desert at the mere rumor of your impending arrival. And even those of steely eye and resolve will hesitate to cross you, and may well break at the sight of you cutting down their allies.

Avenge the Fallen (400 CP): The Custodes are protectors of the Emperor and His works first and foremost. To see man brought low by aliens, heretics, mutants, and far, far, far worse- it drives many to madness and worse. But the Custodes are not among that number. They feel only righteous fury at those that would attempt to pervert the destiny of Mankind.

But even in the depths of fury, a Custodian remains in complete control. Their strikes are lent strength by their rage, but still made as precisely as they are in a training hall. The more of your allies slain by your enemy, the greater the hurt they've done to your cause, the stronger you grow when you fight them. While your killing fury does grow with every unjust death caused by their hands, it scales far more quickly when you witness those deaths in person.

This also allows you retain your self awareness and control in spite of any and all circumstances. The buff to your ability is subject to diminishing returns after reaching three times your normal strength.

Impregnable Mind (400 CP): The taint of Chaos finds no purchase in a Custodian's mind or soul. They are taught every mnemonic and technique to resist deceit, warpcraft, and sorcery the Imperium knows of.

Through the blessing of the Emperor, you are even more resistant to such things. Illusions and mind manipulations, whether they come from technique, technology, or from supernatural powers slide off of you. Sadly, this provides no benefit against more physical means, other than your completely indomitable will. A bolt of warpfire will burn you just the same, though you can ignore any pain it causes you with the contempt it deserves.

Wisdom of the Ancients (600 CP): Even among the elite order of the Custodes where expectations are so high, there are those who exceed them. The sort of men whose breadth and depth of intelligence, creativity, and education are so great that they are legends for their mental acuity, even among the Custodes who are legendary for such things among the entirety of the Imperium.

You are one of those legends.

Your tactics and strategies will studied by officers for generations, struggling to understand the subtly of your plans, the intricate perfection of your maneuvers. Some among their number will earnestly believe you are possessed of precognition, such is the perfection of your orders. Leading an army, inferior in every way to your enemy, you could reasonably expect to achieve victory.

Perhaps your astounding ability to infiltrate even titans behind enemy lines has something to do with it.

But war is far from the only subject you've mastered.

Whether the subject is technology, philosophy, politics, rhetoric or logistics, your skill and knowledge of them is in no way inferior. You have the knowledge necessary to create the technology and society of the Imperium at its height. The Emperor himself is likely to keep you as a permanent member of his general staff should he have the chance, that he may benefit from your wisdom.

Victor of the Blood Games (600 CP): Some people might expect someone who is over nine feet tall that roams around in golden power armor to have problems with stealth. Breaching a fortress without being seen might seem impossible for such a person. Stealing a starship while going undetected seems ludicrous. Assassinating a highly guarded VIP without ever being noticed should be right out. But people who believe such things underestimate the custodians.

The most skilled at such things become the victors of the Blood Games, the war exercises that the Custodians use to test the defenses they've made around Terra. They pit their own members against their defenses, sometimes even releasing enemies of the Imperium within the Palaces walls.

Winning these games is an honor, and proof of your skill. You can move as swiftly and silently as a shadow, despite your size and your equipment. Even the most alert of superhuman guards are unlikely to spot you, so long as you take care. Fooling the senses of mechanical sentinels is equally easy for you, and this is all in spite of how large, noisy, and easy to spot you and your equipment should be. So long as you don't do something that will actively make noise of course; firing a bolter will alert anyone paying attention, despite your preternatural skill.

Should you be a member of the Custodes, and should you start the jump at an appropriate time, you may hold the record for victories at the Blood Games should you desire.

Champion of the Imperium (600 CP): The Custodians have the Emperor's own golden light infused within them. They are not only superlative warriors, but also diplomats and leaders beyond comparison to mortals.

You inherited more of His light than most.

Your force of personality is so great it may seem to arrest reality itself at times, and carry all who hear you in the wake of your words. Those you lead would gladly follow you, even should you lead them to the eye of terror, that you might strike at the chaos gods themselves. Whether you painted the action as a necessary sacrifice, or as a sure victory… they would believe.

Any group you assume leadership of will rapidly take on your ideals. And most important of all, they will do so with the same unshakable loyalty in them and in you that the Custodes have in the Emperor. Such is the faith your faction has in you, personally, that any battlefield you take will immediately be classified as a victory of you and your troops.

Superior Creation (600 CP): The custodians are all spectacular, in both mind and body. The gene-craft and alchemy that goes into making them ensures this. But, very occasionally, this process creates something superior to even the exacting standards of the Custodes.

You are once such example. You are both faster and stronger than you rightly should be. Your raw physical ability is a half again more impressive than the baseline of what your form should give you. But in the realm of durability you shine even more. A normal man with this could survive multiple shots from an autogun, though it would be a near thing. A Custodian's gene enhanced hide would be proof against even bolter fire; it would be very nearly as resilient as the auramite armor they traditionally wear over it.

Peerless Warrior (800 CP): The skill of a custodian is sublime. Their will, insurmountable. Their mind sharper than any razor. Their body more powerful than a crowd of men. But even they have their undeniable betters; the primarchs, their first captain-general, and the Emperor himself.

Like Constantin Valdor before you, there is only the Emerpror whom you must admit is your better. The Primarchs? They are now your peers.

You are skilled, swift, and strong enough that others would compare you to a god. You have the strength to crush armies and topple mountains, and can cause localized earthquakes as collateral damage, should you be careless. Your senses are sharp enough that you can tell vehicles of the same pattern apart by the sound of their rumbling engines. Your body is resilient enough that you might catch a bloodthirster's axe with your bare hands, then shatter it with the same. Swift enough that you could move faster than a space marine can perceive.

It also magnifies your origin's free abilities. A Custodes will have superlative skill, physical, mental, and social acumen even in comparison to the "average" Primarch. While some may surpass you in their specialty, none can claim to match you over all. A Sister of Silence will instead be a Pariah without comparison, as Magnus is among psykers. She will find herself capable of killing daemons simply by drawing near, and even psykers on Magnus' level can be nearly crippled with a glance.

May your foes fall before you, child of Man.

Sisters of Silence Discounted:

Sisters of Silence may select two perks at each price range to have a discount from the following.

Psychic Null (Free and Mandatory for Sisters/+200 CP Sisters only): There are many traits which define a Sister of Silence. Her skill, her adamant will, her silence, her sex. But the one which sets them furthest apart from the other servants of the Imperium is their nature as Untouchables.

Whether they're called blacksouls, untouchables, nulls, pariahs, or blanks, they are those born without souls. Where normal humans are candle flames and psykers are bonfires, blanks are sucking voids. To normal humans this manifests as a vague sense of wrongness, which can change to downright incapacitating if the null in question is particularly powerful or focuses their aura of negative psychic energy upon such a person. But it isn't against normal men that blanks display their greatest powers. It is against psykers, sorcerers, daemons, and other supernaturally gifted beings.

Those beings are, at best, drastically weakened by the presence of such beings. Much more commonly, they're sent into seizures and are rendered helpless before such beings. The stronger such supernatural forces the being wields or is comprised of, the better they're able to resist these abilities, but even then there are very few beings which can entirely shake their aura off. And, of course, blanks have varying

levels of strength themselves, though only the strongest make the cut to be a part of the Silent Sisterhood.

Sisters, for **Free**, drastically weaken supernatural abilities around them as described above. Most psykers will be in agony and will be unable to effect the blank, and daemons will be severely weakened. Particularly weak daemonic specimens may even be banished directly back into the warp.

For **200 CP**, you are among the strongest blanks to have ever been born. Even the strongest of psykers will be unable wield their power around you, and your presence can be downright lethal to those who can wield the power of the warp. If within arms reach they're likely to be crushed under the combined weight of your power and their own. Even normal humans can stunned and scattered by such auras.

Silent Sisterhood Training (Free and Mandatory for Sisters of Silence): The Silent Sisterhood are put through harsh regimens of training, indoctrination and chemical therapy. The end result is some of the finest 'normal' human soldiers in the Imperium. They are taught to fight with several weapons and with their bodies, and are given some the most complete educations on the warp and that which wields it inside the Imperium. They are taught to track psykers to fulfill their duties as the mistresses of the black ships, whether they seek refuge in the wilderness or within crowded cities, and to move without being seen.

Fanatic Discipline (100 CP): The Silent Sisters are more than blanks. Even those who fulfill more clerical duties than combat actions are hardened through incredibly strict training regimens which leave them all but immune to the horrors of this galaxy. Pain means nothing to the Sisters; so great is their discipline that they do not cry aloud when injured. So hard is their will that they will not break before the charge of transhuman warriors, despite the natural dread they bring with them. Fear, pain, doubt; they should be beneath the Sisters, and they are certainly beneath you.

Your cold ferocity is found eerie by your enemies, and your will to do what must be done no matter the price insures your attacks are more lethal than they otherwise would be.

Feral Grace (100 CP): The Sisters are known for many things. Chief among them is their quiet, their aura of wrongness, and their potency against the empyrean. But these are far from the only things they're known for.

The first of these one is likely to notice is their swiftness, their economy of motion, their sheer, bestial grace. You move in swiftly, dancing away from your enemies' strikes. You easily slip in between ally and enemy alike, making it easier to mob larger foes beside your allies. Getting inside their comfortable reach then harassing them and robbing their strikes of power even as you drive your own home- these are your forte.

Infiltration (100CP): The Sisters of Silence, though they are deadly and elite troops in their own right, can't match the shock and awe value of the Imperium's transhuman warriors. They aren't capable of walking through hails of lasfire and throwing the men wielding them about like toys. But there are things those same transhumans can't match the Sisterhood in.

One of these is infiltration. After all, men seven feet tall and weighing seven hundred pounds have a hard time blending in to the populace. The Sisterhood, however, is tasked with combing through humanity and locating psykers and other blanks- and that means investigating without being noticed.

You know how to drift through crowds without a trace, how to ferret out information without drawing attention to yourself. Best of all, you are capable of masking the signature of your soul- or lack there of. You can hide any part of yourself that distinguishes you from normal, so long as you aren't actively using it and it's not obvious at a glance.

Defilade (100 CP): The Sisters are not the transhuman juggernauts that their fellow talons are. Charging through hails of bolter fire is occasionally necessary, but is far from their preferred tactic, for who would relish letting their sisters in arms die? After all, despite their power over the immaterium, despite their training, their bodies are only human.

While it is not the most glorious part of their work, the Sisters know how to present a hard target, particularly when operating with the other half of the Emperor's Talons. You have a nearly preternatural sense for incoming fire, and will find yourself diving for cover where others would be blown apart. This is particularly useful when fighting beside those in heavier armor than yourself. You find yourself working in tandem, their heavier plates interposing themselves just in the nick of time to deflect shots which would have claimed your life. While being careless will render this useless, a little caution and team work will ensure enemy fire is nearly harmless to you while your larger, more durable allies are yet functional.

Sinister Silence (200 CP): Normal humans feel an instinctive dread in the presence of nulls. Some part of them, no matter how small, understands that they are fundamentally *wrong*, that they are something which simply should not be. And yet they are.

That dread is something you can manipulate. Simply by willing it so, you can force visions of impossible horrors upon those who see you, as their mind now consciously interprets that you are something *other*. These sights will slowly erode even inhuman wills, until all they have left is fight or flight. In combat, this process is vastly sped up. While those with inhuman wills will no doubt stand firm, more normal troops are unlikely to withstand you.

Out of combat, there is very little the average person won't do simply to make you leave them alone. Using fear to make sure they spill secrets is simplicity itself.

Thoughtmark (200 CP): The Silent Sisters are exactly that; silent. And yet, they still need to communicate. They have no psychic powers after all. And so they learn thoughtmark, an immensely adaptable form of sign language that is capable of both rapid and subtle communication. But this is not the only manner in which they make use of this somatic language.

Many of them have taken these complicated gestures and use them to focus their inherent powers. You, too, can focus your power in this way. Even negligible powers can be made to be felt, though they will be far from overwhelming. Even a Pi class psychic or a Tau class negative psychic could force normal men and women into convulsions with a gesture, and greater talents would have greater power at greater range still. These gestures also render normally dangerous skills born from lack of control safe.

Overawe (200 CP): The most deadly weapon that the Sisters wield is their own aura, but it has limits. Most especially in range- and so they need to close the gap. But their problems do not end there, for despite their power armor and executioner swords, they are relatively normal women in the physical realm. But these relative limitations do not alter their duty, and so they adapt, and so they overcome.

When it comes to the charge, there is no one more skilled than you, and those you lead. You blitz forward like lightning, crushing your enemies beneath your tread, even as they're suppressed by covering fire. Even those who would normally defeat you will find themselves hard pressed by you, so long as you rush to meet them in close combat. Your strength increases during that brief moment, letting you deal savage wounds that even transhuman warriors would be lucky to survive.

Helm-less (200 CP): The sisters disdain helmets, despite their obvious advantages. And yet, they never seem to suffer for it. Should the majority of your body be covered in armor, then the entirety of your body will be as well protected as if they too, were covered by the full protection of your armor at its strongest point. No longer will you have to fear a lucky shot.

You also have the sort of good looks that might drive someone to the vanity of discarding a helmet when they march to war. Whatever wounds you receive will even heal in an aesthetically pleasing manner, whatever you define that to be.

Cadre Tactics (400 CP): When the Sisters leave their ships to prosecute those who defy the Emperor, they select their strike teams carefully. These carefully selected Sisters are nearly always specialists of a specific skill- some matter of stealth or combat that the Sister in command deems useful or necessary for the mission. Sadly, this is merely an ideal state of affairs- when an emergency arises, all hands must serve.

You, however, won't have to deal with that sad state of affairs. Your uncanny leadership skill allows you to share your own skills with your troops, albeit at a significantly lessened level. Still, if you're a master of swordsmanship you can expect peasant levies to be at least semi competent, and for the already skilled to become exceptional. Do note that this will never grant ability greater than your own.

Mistress of the Black Ships (400 CP): The Imperialis Armada is the designation for the fleets manned by unaugmented humans- save for the vast fleets under the Sisterhood's command. The black fleet is the second largest fleet in the Imperium, and is charged with rounding up every psyker and blank within its borders. These vast prison ships are heavily armed and armored, that they may keep their cargo of psykers under control and out of the grasp of any who would seek to sieze them. Running these ships is no small task. Void ships are complicated machines, as is using them. You, among all your sisters, are a master of these ships.

Such is your knowledge of them that you could build one from the ground up, given time and resources. Keeping them ship shape is a simple matter in comparison; you have a sixth sense for when something goes wrong. Warp jumps are safe and nearly reliable, you can coax near half again more speed from their thrusters than should be possible, as much fire from their guns, and power from their shields. So too are you a commander that the Imperalis Armada would salivate over- your ships glide into formation with near impossible ease, pounding your enemies to scrap with incredible accuracy, all the time maneuvering to protect one another. Your skill at providing support to air and ground forces is no less uncanny, orbital bombardments hammering down with nearly no scattering. There is no aspect of void ships which you have not mastered.

May your enemies howl their frustration into the void.

Excrutiatus (400 CP): Though the Sisters are deadly in battle, it is not their primary purpose. Their primary purpose is the locating, capture, and transport of psykers through out the Imperium. The most

experienced sisters with the sharpest and most inquisitive minds are excepted into the Excruciatus. They are the sisterhood's hunters, judges- and executioners.

You are an exemplar of the Excruciatus. Your senses are sharper than any normal humans should be, constantly searching for evidence of your quarry. No trace escapes you, and your wits are swift enough to process the information you collect all but instantly. It would be shameful to fall prey to an ambush or be unable to discern a lie, after all. And when you find them you are well versed in planning and carrying out infiltration, raids, and tactical assaults against even the most nightmarish and esoteric of enemies in order to secure your target.

In addition, you are frightfully skilled in the arts of torture, and few can refrain from spilling even their most tightly kept secrets to you for any appreciable length of time.

Raptor Guard (600 CP): The most elite martial sect within the Silent Sisterhood is that of the Oblivion Knights. Each are incredibly strong blanks, even by the lofty standards of their Sisters, and each is a masterful combatant in melee. So fierce are the Oblivion Knights that they are rarely deployed outside of truly dire circumstances, such as wide scale psychic rebellion or when Alpha level psykers need to be captured. But even among these women, there are those who aren't satisfied with merely becoming one of the most skilled warriors that unaugmented humans could aspire to match. They look at the skill of the Imperium's tanshuman warriors with envy.

These women strain against the limits of humanity, and in so doing they hone themselves to an edge that many would call impossible for unaugmented humans. And so they come to join the Raptor Guard, the most elite warriors of the elite Oblivion Knights. You have the skill to join the raptor guard, and more. Inside the Sisters of Silence, only Jenetia Krole herself could match blades with you.

Your skill with a melee weapon, though certainly not your body, is roughly comparable to a Custodes Shield Captain, post human men with centuries of experience. Your skill set is particularly well suited towards mitigating the advantages others might have over your body. Whether it be strength, speed, or simple height, you are adept at parrying, predicting, and attacking in ways that prevent such things from overwhelming you completely. Though it will still remain a very significant advantage over you, a normal person could match blades with an Astartes and have a reasonable expectation of victory.

Daemon Slayer (600 CP): The Sisterhood truly shine in their element. Against daemons and psykers, they are the most deadly and effective fighting force the Imperium can field. Massed ranks of blanks can render such foes nearly helpless. Then they easily tear them apart with blade and bolter, discipline and flame. When you face such entities, you will find your attacks drastically heightened and theirs equally lessened. Even facing a greater daemon, you may well be able to overcome it alone.

And yet... when Daemons are slain they go back to the Warp, back to their master, and can be summoned to trouble the galaxy again and again. There are very few ways to permanently end such entities, and they are frequently difficult to employ and astonishingly rare as well.

You no longer need fear the return of your enemies. When you slay something, it stays slain, annihilating it's mind and soul as you break it's body.

Right of Annulment (600 CP): Few things are more traumatizing than an entire army of pariahs working in tandem. The warp recoils, as do all that knows the Empyrean's touch. With every sister, the

arua grows in size and potency, crippling mystic and psychic powers across entire battlefields if enough Sisters are deployed.

Whenever you share a non physical ability with an ally, you may link your abilities together. This will increase the range and strength of that ability for all those linked, based on the number of people. This increase is noticeable between a mere handful. With an army of such, worlds will tremble under the tread of your feet.

Laurels of Victory (600 CP): The Sisters aren't known for their acceptance within the wider Imperium, nor are they known for their tactical or strategic acumen. All of them, save one. Two, now.

You were rewarded the Laurel Invictaris, one of the highest military honors within the Imerium. You have the ability to seize command from others, despite any stigma that may be attached to you. Such is your mastery of psychology and sheer force of will that you can rally troops who should hate you by instinct, deliver them orders against the normal chain of command, and they will obey. Even if you choose to execute their officers in front of them.

Once you have gained command of them, they respond fearlessly, and with machine like efficiency. As if there they felt neither fear or pain, and with more ferocity than any beast or xeno. Your troops will consider suicidal tactics perfectly acceptable, if it will bring them victory. Pulling pins from grenades and charging into enemy lines and fighting on through lethal wounds will be common place occurrences among your forces. They make war as if a madness gripped them, as if nothing but victory mattered. Even routed militia could be led to victory over heavily armed and battle-hardened xenos under your leadership. Imagine what you could do at the head of a true army.

What could possibly stand against you?

Companions:

Brotherhood of Demigods, Silent Sorority (50 CP each, 200 CP for eight): You may import or create someone you get along with and can trust. They receive a free background, and 600 CP to spend. They may take any drawbacks as you, or they, will.

Heroes of the Imperium (100 CP, can be purchased four times): You don't forget about your friends. Each purchase gives all companions imported or created in this jump another 100 CP to spend.

In His Majesty's Service (50/200 CP each): A canon Imperial character of your choice will become your companion. It costs **50 CP** for a normal human, Astartes, Sister of Silence, Custodes, or characters on or near that level of ability. It costs **200 CP** for those whose might rivals that of Malcador or the Primarchs. You may not take the Emperor as a companion with this option.

Items:

"Just as the warriors who protect the Golden Throne must be utterly without fault or weakness, so must be the equipment they rely upon to discharge their duties."

The Talons are the best armed military force in the Imperium. Take an additional **600 CP** to spend in this section, and select **four** discounts in addition to those granted by your Origin. Note that discounts

can’t stack. If an option costing **100 CP** or less is discounted, the option becomes **Free**. Go now, with the Emperor’s blessing.

Anything that gets stolen, used up, damaged or broken will find its way back to you in perfect condition and completely full within a day unless gifted away, if you’re incapacitated, or otherwise noted. Any item or follower you make changes too will retain them, unless you desire those changes to revert. In which case it will.

You can import any item or property of a fitting type into an item selection here, gaining its properties in addition to what it already had. A gun for a gun, a melee weapon for a melee weapon, a ship for a ship, etc. Any item will retain any alterations made to it unless you don’t desire it to. While you will likely have to worry about reloading, you will always be able to find more ammo for any purchase you make here in your warehouse, and any you take will be immediately replaced.

If a discount would leave you with a cost that isn’t divisible by fifty, round it down to the nearest such number.

Followers: Any followers you gain will receive regular shipments of supplies so they may function at full efficiency. Any followers who are slain will be replenished every ten years. They will be absolutely loyal to you. You’ll be granted sufficient ships to ferry them across space in relative comfort, and are capable of providing fire support and fending off most threats.

Shield Captain (200 CP, Discount Custodes): Shield Captain is the first official rank in the Custodes which routinely leads their brothers in arms into combat, though it bears many differing titles depending on what section of the Custodians they’re in. They know neither fear nor self doubt, and this makes them appear aloof and arrogant to outsiders. But they regard themselves with ruthless practicality due to the immense weight of their duty, always selecting the best of their number to lead particular operations.

As a shield captain yourself, you are conferred the duty of leading a force of Custodians into combat. These one hundred twenty five custodians will join you as followers. They come with auramite power armor, and combi power weapons. They are divided as you will between the different troops fielded by the Custodes: Standard custodian guards armed with power combi weapons. The slightly less swift and far more bulky but also far more heavily armored and armed terminators. Agamatus Custodians riding their incredibly swift and heavily armed and armored jet bikes while wielding power lances. Venatari Custodians who are equipped with sophisticated jump packs and archeotech pistols or combi weapons that are both power weapon and archeotech repeaters.

You will also have receive a handful of vehicles and dreadnoughts: Venerable Contemptor Dreadnoughts, armed with massive power combi weapons or powerful ranged weaponry. Venerable land raiders as heavily armed transports and support units. Orion Assault drop-ships are swift and deadly aerial transports. Pallas Grav-Attacks, which are swift tank hunters that can still ably engage infantry.

Should you purchase this rank as a Sister of Silence, you will instead merely be given the detachment as allies and will not receive the rank. They will still count as followers, follow your orders, and function exactly as the purchase above lines out.

Tribune (400 CP, Discount Custodes): Tribunes are the highest ranking Custodes other than the captain-general himself. During the Great Cursade, they are a cadre of ten elite officers who serve as a council responsible for setting policy, as well as advisors to the Captain-General. But when times call for it, they are expected to lead the demigods of the Custodes into battle.

As a Tribune of the Custodes, you will be granted the right and duty to lead a full tenth of the Custodians into battle. These thousand Custodians will join you as followers. You will also receive a full tenth of the vehicles and dreadnoughts that the Custodes can field. You may otherwise select them as a purchase of shield captain does.

You also gain access to further vehicles: Ares Gunships which are incredibly destructive multi role attack craft. Caladius grav-tanks which have powerful main guns and secondary anti infantry guns. Telemon Heavy Dreadnoughts, equipped with either heavy power weapons and plasma castors or powerful ranged weaponry, in addition to a back mounted missile launcher.

It also comes with ten free purchases of Honored Title, as only those with minimum of ten titles may be considered for appointment to the Tribunate.

Should you purchase this rank as a Sister of Silence, you will instead merely be given the detachment as allies and will not receive the rank. They will still count as followers, follow your orders, and function exactly as the purchase above lines out.

Captain General (800 CP, Discount Custodes): The Captain-General is the commander of the Custodes, the chief of Security for the Emperor’s palace. Only the Emperor himself can gainsay him; to all others in the Imperium, he is aloof. Sovereign.

The entirety of Ten Thousand will become your followers alongside all their war machines. They will regularly be resupplied, and any who fall will be replaced every decade.

This also comes with ten free purchases of Honored Title and additional **300 CP** to spend on weapons and armor. No captain general has been expected to fight with anything less than the best arms and armor the Imperium can provide him.

Should you purchase this rank as a Sister of Silence, you will instead merely be given the detachment as allies and will not receive the rank. They will still count as followers, follow your orders, and function exactly as the purchase above lines out.

Officio Assassinorum Detatchment (200 CP, Discount Custodes): *“For those that defy the Imperium, only the Emperor can judge your crimes. Only in death can you receive the Emperor's judgment."*

When the Malcador the Sigillite first made the Imperial Assassins, he attempted to hide them from the Imperium at large, the space marines, and even the Emperor Himself. They were formed in that manner to give the Emperor plausible deniability over the methods some would call dishonorable- but the Custodes have ever been practical. Before anyone else, they cooperated with Malcador, and they had their help in matters of defense of the Imperial Palace and in the elimination of threats to the Imperium at large.

The Officio Assassinorum has seen fit to assign several execution forces to serve you. You get a few dozen or so from each of the different clades. If you purchased a rank, the Officio has seen fit to assign further assassins to follow your orders, equivalent to your prior purchase. For an example, the Captain General or Knight-Commander will have been made the Grand Master of Assassins, given full control of the officio by Malcador so he can focus elsewhere.

The different Temples you may select your Assassins from the temples that follow: Vindicare, stealthy snipers armed with some of the longest ranged and most deadly rifles in the Imperium. Callidus, shape shifters that are unparalleled infiltrators wielding poisoned blades or weapons that ignore armor. Erversors, psychotic heavily armed killing machines fueled by drugs that explode when killed if the implant responsible isn't destroyed. Cullexus, blanks armed with helms that devour souls. Venenum, masters of chemical and biological weapons which they can apply subtly or blatantly, against single targets, entire populations or anything in between. Vanus, infocytes that use bionic implants and tiny mechanical wonders to help them find ever increasing amounts of data by hacking, spying, and analyzing it to make the perfect plan.

Oblivion Knight (150 CP, Discount Sisters): Oblivion Knights are the elite of the Sisters' combat forces. Rarely are they deployed outside of the most dire circumstances- such as when Alpha psykers throw entire planets into war and madness. It is they who are placed in command of formations of their sisters when they aren't deployed in entire cadres, and it is they who lead their sisters to triumph.

You have been entrusted with a large combat formation of the Sisterhood. Seven hundred fifty sisters follow you, divided between the different chambers as you see fit. Seekers, wielding flamers and needlers, Prosecuters with bolters of quality normally seen in the hands of Astartes, or Vigilators armed with Execution Blades for close combat. All will be clad in Vranite power armor, and have more than a modest supply of grenades.

You will also receive enough Kharon Pattern Acquistors to transport your sisters with speed, safety, and subtelty. Heavily armed, and protected by a spectra-distortion field, these vehicles are difficult to target and adept and slaying or capturing opposition.

Should you purchase this rank as a Custodes, you will instead merely be given the detachment as allies and will not receive the rank. They will still count as followers, follow your orders, and function exactly as the purchase above lines out.

Knight-Centura (300 CP, Discount Sisters): Each Knight-Centura is among the most experienced Oblivion Knights that serve the order. They are entrusted with command of their sisters across an entire battlefield, for across many battlefields have they marched, emerging victorious.

You will be entrusted with a true host of the Sisterhood. Thousands of the Sisterhood march behind your banner, following the same selection process as an Oblivion Knight. In addition, more elite members will follow you. You will have cadres from the Chamber of Judgment and Oblivion, expert witch hunters and investigators and some of the finest swordswomen and strongest blanks in the Imperium, respectively.

Should you purchase this rank as a Custodes, you will instead merely be given the detachment as allies and will not receive the rank. They will still count as followers, follow your orders, and function exactly as the purchase above lines out.

Knight-Commander (600 CP, Discount Sisters): There are three senior most ranks within the Sisterhood. The Knight-Commander is the sister who commands all the Sisterhood's forces upon land, sky, or sea. At the head of the elite army, few can claim greater responsibility than her, and none save the Emperor Himself may give her orders and be certain of obedience.

The entirety of the Sisterhood's planet side forces are now under your command. They are a massive army, capable of combing an entire galaxy for psykers and fighting on dozens of fronts at once.

The Emperor would never send the Sisterhood's leader into battle with anything but the best wargear. Take an additional **200 CP** to spend on weapons and armor.

Should you purchase this rank as a Custodes, you will instead merely be given the detachment as allies and will not receive the rank. They will still count as followers, follow your orders, and function exactly as the purchase above lines out.

Mistress of the Black Ships (200 CP, Discount Sisters): The Silent Sisterhood's command structure is divided by purpose. One is for planet side forces, another for their space assets. You have been in put in charge of a number of ships in accordance with your rank.

If you purchase this by itself, you command a handful of the Black Ships. A small flotilla of cruisers and escort ships, more than capable of stripping a planet of its unsanctioned psykers and protecting itself from most raiders.

Purchased alongside Oblivion Knight, then you command a more impressive group. You receive a battle ship and several grand cruisers, making you a credible threat against most enemies. So too are they are fully capable of enacting Exterminatus, and leaving planets shattered and dead.

Bought with Knight-Centura, you have ships of all classes, and in sufficient numbers to patrol an entire segmentum, five of which form the Imperium in its entirety. A vast armada follows your orders, and few foes are capable of challenging your forces in a straight fight.

Taken with Knight-Commander, you receive the rank of Mistress of the Black Ships, and control of all their void assets as their grand admiral. Only the Imperialis Armada surpasses your fleet in size, and only they would be capable of challenging your hegemony of the void. You now command fleets large enough to comb the entirety of the galaxy, and shatter any enemy that dares to cross them.

Ordo Sinister Detachment (400 CP, Discount Sisters): *"...I am Become Death, Destroyer of Worlds."*

There are technologies not allowed to exist within the Imperium. Merely knowing that they do, can see you silenced- permanently. And never mind what would be done to those who built or possess them. The Ordo Sinister is composed of Psi-Titans, one of the most terrible of these technologies. Any who would dare create such a thing would be slain- except for the Emperor. Who would dare raise their hand against Him?

The Ordo Sinister directly serves the Emperor, and it was His hand that is responsible for their creation. Though small in number, each Warlord Titan is an immensely powerful warmachine- so much so that Titans are often called God Machines. And Psi-Titans are even more terrible weapons.

Standing roughly thirty three meters tall and weighing more than a thousand tons, Warlord Psi-Titans are massive and roughly human shaped walkers. They're equipped with six voidshields that would require the sustained bombardment of dozens of tanks or artillery platforms to overcome, half a dozen hull mounted weapons that are normally the main armaments of super heavy vehicles, then there are the two hardpoints where hands would be on a human. It's right is given over to normal titan weaponry; a massively scaled up version of normal Imperial las, solid projectile, plasma, or power weaponry. But these are simply what makes a Warlord Titan so dangerous.

What makes it a Psi-Titan are two systems: the Sinistramanus Tenebrae mounted on it's remaining arm hardpoint and the Ciricrux Anima.

The Sinistramanus Tenebrae is a nightmarishly powerful vortex energy weapon. Anything struck directly by its void black blasts are torn a asunder and sucked into the warp. Anything outside of the immediate blast simply falls over dead, it's soul shorn from it's body. Capable of firing at extremely long ranges and destroying nearly anything, the Sinistramanus Tenebrae is one of the most deadly weapons fielded by the Imperium.

Despite this, the Ciricrux Anima is the more important system. It is through this baleful technology that the power of multiple alpha-grade psykers are enslaved and used to power the Psi-Titan. This is why the machines must be piloted by psychic blanks, that the bound psykers don't drive the pilot to insanity. This pilot, called a Preceptor-Intendant, is able to make use of their immense powers to do things such as repair their Titan, cast cataclysmic storms upon entire battle fields, and shatter the souls of it's enemies. Simply being near a Psi-Titan is enough to send all but the strongest willed of soldiers fleeing in panic from the psychic dread they project.

The Ordo Sinister has seen fit to assign a single Warlord Sinister Psi-Titan to serve you. If you purchased a rank, the Ordo has seen fit to assign further Psi-Titans to follow your orders, equivalent to your prior purchase. For an example, the Captain General or Knight Commander will have been made the Master of the Ordo Sinister, given full control of it's entire complement; twenty five Warlord-Sinister Psi-Titans.

Templates: The following purchases may be applied to any item you purchase, save for followers, obviously.

Aesthetics (Free): Through a painstaking and costly process the accouterments of the Emperor's guard can be changed in appearance, right down to the molecular level. This is far more appropriate for the Emperor's personal troops than simple painting. So to is their equipment, built, engraved, inlaid with gems, and ornamented with each personal soldier in mind. You may freely choose the appearance of your equipment.

Autorepair Protocols (50 CP): This is a set of ancient protocols rarely seen outside of the greatest and most venerable of the Mechanicus's works. It will slowly, but visibly, repair the machines it is properly installed inside of. So long as what it's installed in isn't catastrophically destroyed, such as being blown to bits, it will fix itself over the course of a short period of time. Though that is in comparison to it's size. A bolter may only take a few minutes to repair itself, while a titan would take a couple hours, and a ship would take at least day to repair major damage.

Artifact (100 CP): The standards of the Emperor's personal troops are exacting. Every piece of armor, every blade, and every bolt intended for their use would be considered an artifact by even the most elite forces of the space marines should they be lucky enough to use one. But there is what the Talons consider to be artifacts as well, and it is of nearly unsurpassed ability. Armor is made more resilient, bolt shells fly further and strike harder, blades carve through ever greater defenses with ever greater ease. It is simply superior to more mundane equipment in every way.

Emperor Forged (300 CP): But, there are works that surpass even their standard of masterwork equipment. The artifacts granted them by the Emperor. These are things of impossible quality, weapons that could change the course of battles or inspire a crusade to reclaim them. A power weapon might have a disruption field so strong it unmakes great swaths of matter from even a yard or more away. Bolters may strike like artillery. These are the things of myth, believed to be exaggeration until one witnesses their use first hand. These items are the golden standard for the Emperor himself.

If you buy Emperor Forged and Artifact your purchase will be suffused with the Emperor's light. It will be of such quality and display abilities that equal or even surpass even those born of the Dark Age of Technology, abilities that should be outright impossible. A psyk-out weapon that devours the souls of those you slay to slightly but permanently strengthen itself and it's wielder as well as put a permanent end to daemons, or an armor that is able to restore itself and you back to the way you were a few seconds ago are examples. Fanwank responsibly.

Weapons:

The weapons used by the Emperor's champions are often custom made for their hand, that they might fight at the very limits of their ability. You will be granted an opportunity to have one made for your personal use. You may choose to take one basic melee or ranged weapon as a free purchase.

You may import the weapons in this jump as well, including vehicle weapons, to further customize them. If you do so, wave the basic weapon type charge as is appropriate, whether the weapon would be considered melee, ranged, or both. Should you choose to run a vehicle with multiple weapons through this section, you may apply the purchases you make to as many weapons as you like.

Size does matter. A sister's weapons are unlikely to do as much damage as a weapon of the same kind meant for a Custodes. A Custdoes' weapon will be far out stripped by one meant for a tank, which will be vastly outclassed by one meant for a titan, which in turn will be casually surpassed by a ship's weapon and so on.

You can decide how they look and function, in line with your purchases and reason. If you want aruamite armor that is colored black and inset with eagles or a silver transonic blade that sings hymns, it is perfectly acceptable.

All:

Combi-weapon (50 CP, free Custodes): A simple concept, though complicated in practice. Combi-weapons are, quite simply, weapons which are combined. Weather it's a melta gun worked into a spear's haft, an adrathic weapon under slung on a bolter, or an axe that is also a flamer…. If it combines the functions of two weapons, it's a combi-weapon.

Armor Mounted (50 CP): In combat, keeping your hands free can be a matter of life and death. And so making a modification to a weapon to mount it upon one's wrist or shoulder was born. Though useless to those outside of power armor, it's a useful upgrade to those with that privilege. Your weapon's ammo can also be stored internally in your armor if size will allow it, quite likely rendering them more durable. And, of course, you can always carry additional weapons in your now empty hands.

You will be able to aim your weapons through linkage to your armor, and may assume you're familiar enough with the process to be just as skilled with them as you are with hand held weapons.

Dual (50 CP): The skill of the Talons isn't limited to wielding a single weapon, though that is most common. But there is nothing to stop them from dual wielding a second weapon. Purchasing this will essentially clone the weapon it's purchased for, allowing you to exploit all the inherent advantages of all having two weapons. This can be purchased multiple times, with each time doubling the number of weapons it creates.

Psyk-Out (200 CP, Discount Sister): Your weapon was heavily impregnated with negative psychic energy during its forging. While no more effective against physical targets, save perhaps instinctively unnerving them, against psykers, sorcerers and witches it's another matter entirely. Against the unnatural it causes horrible wounds, prevents them from using their powers and most likely shatters their psyches even as you do the same to their bodies. If you get in a solid hit there's an equally solid chance they'll lose control of their own powers and tear themselves apart. Such weapons can be further enhanced through the powers of a blank or psyker.

Melee (50 CP):

Sometimes there is an advantage in meeting your enemy blade to blade. You can choose any form for your purchases to take. Spears, swords, whips, fists, claws, axes and even shields are quite common, but more esoteric weapons are far from unheard of. You may freely import any melee weapon through this process, including the artifacts down below.

Mono edged (Free): The most basic of standards for a weapon used by the Imperium's elite. Your weapon's edge is a single molecule thick, and will not dull through even centuries of hard use. Though more than enough to cut through most forms of armor in the galaxy, more impressive suits will stop it cold.

Toxic (50 CP, Free Sisters): Not all weapons were originally meant for the battlefield. Some were meant to wring information from the recalcitrant. But improperly applied, they can prove quite deadly. But whether a deadly application is a mistake or a boon is a question of intent. Your weapon has been created with that principle in mind, being made to inject toxins into the wounds it creates. These toxins are almost immediately fatal to those with unaugmented physiologies, and even those with transhuman immune systems will have difficulty overcoming it. And even they can be weakened or slain by a large enough dose.

Chain (50 CP): Chain weaponry isn't traditionally fielded by the Talons, but it's certainly traditional amongst the rest of the Imperium, and it is simple for them to gain access to such. With a flip of a switch, these weapons emit an angry buzz, then rip and tear at whatever their revving blades reach. While most are largely ineffective against well armored foes, these intimidating weapons leave grisly wounds on anything their whirling chains can pierce at the slightest touch.

Flame (50/100 CP): Mastery of fire was the first step on humanity's road to ascension. It was a way to push back the dark, to keep one safe and fed. It allowed them to forge weapons, and eventually, seize control of their world and their destiny. Even now, tens of thousands of years later, man still reaches to flame to protect themselves. Much like the Emperor's own sword, your weapon can light itself aflame. Its searing heat makes light and leaves grizzly and agonizing wounds upon those you strike.

For **100 CP**, your weapon becomes heliothermic. When thrust inside your enemy it will briefly burn bright as the sun. It will no longer leave horrifying burns behind; it will leave only vapor and ash, and is likely to reduce their entire body to such.

Lightning (50/100 CP): Leashing lightning was another major advancement for mankind. It gave them the ability to communicate vast distances, and let them build cities that glimmer in the dark. Your weapon is run through with conductive materials, and with the flip of a switch, becomes wreathed in crackling lightning. It can paralyze both man and unshielded machine with its coursing electricity, as well as cause electrical burns. It can be set to both lethal and non lethal levels.

For **100 CP**, your weapon is remade into a neuro-lash. The power within directly hooks into nervous systems, causing unimaginable agony. Even posthumans will be unable function while in direct contact with your weapon, and likely for sometime after. Sadly, it does need to directly touch your foe's body before rendering them helpless.

Chill (50/100 CP): Cold struck down many through the ages. It was the bitter cold void that kept humanity confined to its home world for so long. So it's only natural that humanity would weaponize such a provably deadly force. Your weapon devours heat. Your weapon is so cold it burns, leaving behind frostbite where it touches your enemies, and sending most into shock.

For **100 CP**, your weapon eats more than heat. It now feasts on all forms of energy, deadening your foot falls and appearing as a black void as an unintended consequence. Its true use is draining not just heat, light, and sound, but also the energies powering enemy weapon and armor systems, leaving your victims numb and helpless.

Executioner (100 CP, Free Sister): These weapons were forged to the specifications of ancient dueling societies from the Age of Strife. They are press folded and stamped scores of times before being micro-serrated with silica glass to leave its edge impossibly sharp. Weapons such as these leave hideous wounds which heal poorly in those rare instances they don't prove lethal. Though they aren't quite as good at cutting through armor as power weaponry, they are lighter and more graceful. This allows their wielder to strike with a duelist's speed and an executioner's might, and target weak points more easily.

Power (100 CP, Free Custodes): These deadly weapons most typically appear indistinguishable from more common weapons, until the generator in its haft or hilt is activated. When activated it emits a low hum and is wreathed in a hazy field of energy which is traditionally blue, though you may select another color should you wish. This field disrupts the molecular bonds of that which it strikes, destroying nearly anything it collides with.

You may adjust the strength of your weapon's disruption field as many power mauls do, in case you feel the need to take someone alive. You may also reconfigure your weapon to only release energy upon impact, slightly strengthening the field, but also preventing near misses from causing damage.

Transonic (100 CP): Emitting a low drone that turns the stomach, transonic weapons are deadly, constantly vibrating to generate a sonic field. Whenever the deadly weapon makes contact with something, the sonic field shifts in pitch, adapting itself into the perfect resonance to slice through without resistance.

Graviton (100 CP): The Imperium manipulates even the fundamental forces of the universe, for nothing is outside of Man's reach. Graviton weaponry can make use of gravitational forces to effect the weapon's weight in it's wielder's favor; rendering them weightless in maneuver, and incredibly heavy when striking. But their true use is in emitting brief but intense gravitational forces when striking, pulverizing even heavy tanks and dreadnoughts.

Phasic (200 CP): Phasic weapons are one of the rarest types employed by the Imperium. Forged from an unknown metal of Xenos origin, these weapons shimmer out of phase with this dimension and others. They simply phase through defenses. Impossibly hard materials, high tech shielding, and psychic and mystical wards, all are passed through as though they were not there at all before the weapon strikes vulnerable internals beneath. Only a specific type of Xenos deity, whom are the source of this technology, have any defense against it. Thankfully, you will not need to worry about anything absorbing your weapon at least.

Divining (300 CP): There are ancient and terrible things in this galaxy, and divining blades are one of them. Forged from unimaginably rare Nightmare Steel, these weapons are far beyond the understanding of the Imperium. Their ever sharp edges exist across multiple dimensions, and slice through both matter and spirit with frightening ease. They are believed to oscillate in synchronicity with the universe itself, and it is speculated to be this nature which renders them so deadly. Xenos, tranhumans, daemons- before these weapons all are equal, for none survive their passing. Even the slightest of cuts are likely to leave your foes dead, and that which it kills remains so.

Ranged (50 CP):

Other times, your enemies stay out of reach, by chance or choice. You can choose any form for it to take; pistol, rifle, archaic weaponry such as crossbows, or more exotic shapes still. You may freely import any ranged weapon through this process, including the artifacts down below.

Spread (Free): Clearing fortifications is tough work, even for the Emperor's champions. And so many sorts of weapon were made to fling death over a wide area, without ruining the fortifications themselves. This kind of weapon give up the majority of it's range for spread; shotguns, flamers, and plasma castors all fall in this category.

Bayonet (50 CP): The advent of bayonets are nearly as ancient as that of firearms. In essence, a bayonet is merely a long knife or short sword secured to your gun to allow it to serve as a melee weapon, perfect for repelling a charge or driving one home.

Optics (50CP): There are many different problems in warfare. And when that problem is striking at range under inadvisable conditions, specialized targeting optics are an excellent solution. Purchasing this will give you any sort of optics you'd like. A set that enhances ambient light levels, has a night vision option, possesses adjustable magnification, and holographic sights to help with quick target acquisition would be an example purchase.

It may also securely link up to any helmet or armor sensors you posses.

Long-Ranged (50 CP): Sometimes you need to reach out and touch something, just to let it know it's not beyond the Emperor's reach. This is typically accomplished via strengthening and lengthening the barrel and then slapping a scope on top of it, and possibly increasing the charge and or propellant. But while the procedure is simple, the results are effective. Your weapon will be able to more than treble it's effective range.

Stealth (50 CP): Noise is a near inevitable part of violence- but it's not always desired. In ambushes, in assassination, in infiltration, unnecessary noise can be the difference between life and death. And even more importantly, the difference between success and failure. And so these modifications were designed to make sure that death was both swift and subtle. Your weapon makes no noise when fired, and it has no muzzle flash. If it's an energy weapon, then it's visible signature will be both vastly minimized and be entirely outside of the visible spectrum of light.

Twinned/Multi or Storm/Hurricane (50/100): The more shots you take, the more punishment you dish out, the quicker the Imperium's enemies fall. For **50 CP** your weapon will have two barrels and two ammo sources, doubling its firing rate. For **100 CP**, you may add up to five more barrels and ammo sources instead, letting you scythe down entire hordes with casual ease.

CQC Pattern (50 CP): Not all fights are duels between artillery or snipers. In the close confines of shipboard and urban combat, a weapon that that can't be maneuvered is one that is useless. Enter CQC weapons; compact derivatives made to be of full use indoors. Made to exacting standards so that stopping power isn't lost, this weapon type is sure to serve you well in caves, ships, and buildings.

Combined with the Heavy and/or Cannon upgrade will result in a normal sized weapon, but it will hit just as hard as normal heavy and/or cannon variants.

Digital (50 CP): Digital weapons are impossibly tiny weapons made by Jokaero weapon smiths, often fitted into jewlery, armor, or augmetics, but still retaining the full power of their full sized counterparts. While both their ammo capacity and effective range is equally tiny, the ability to surprise an enemy by killing them with your signet ring is a significant advantage.

One more thing- while it wouldn't be impossible to make a tiny bolter or autogun, their ammo would be equally small and do little damage. It'd be best to select a weapon which doesn't rely heavily on size to cause damage. An energy weapon or needler would be a safe choice.

Suspensor Studs (50 CP): Though personal anti-gravity tech is rare, it's not unheard of, and can be immensely useful. When engaged, these suspensor disks render a weapon weightless, which is particularly useful when fitted upon heavy weaponry. At the very least, setting such weapons up will take far less time, and firing from the hip becomes possible. They can also be used to minimize recoil.

Heavy/Canon (50/100 CP): Sometimes you're up against highly durable enemies, and your weapons are only inflicting superficial wounds. So enters heavy patterned weaponry- scaled up weapons that most use as direct fire support. Far larger and doing far more damage per shot, heavy weaponry is capable of putting down far more heavily armored targets, but it also slows its wielder down. For **50 CP**, this is what you get.

For **100 CP** you get something even larger. A cannon. Typically mounted on vehicles or serving as crew weapons, these weapons can put down tanks in short order, and reduce infantry into an unrecognizable mess. Thankfully, power armor will let you operate it on your own, though it will be encumbering even then.

Either purchase comes with a free bi or tripod, should you wish it. You may purchase both for a truly huge beast of a weapon.

Enhanced Capacity (50/100 CP): When facing many enemies, you will need many shots. So larger magazines and better power cells are made. For **50 CP** you have received a back mounted unit that will supply you with a vast quantity of shots before running dry, though it will slow you down somewhat. For **100 CP** your back unit will either contain an archeotech micro-printer for physical ammo or be hooked up to your armors' power source to charge itself for energy weapons. You won't have to worry about running out of ammo either way.

Warp (200 CP): For countless eons, Mankind looked up at the night sky. For countless eons reaching those glimmering stars was only a dream. But Man has ever overcome the obstacles before them. When they finally reached out from Terra to lay claim to the stars, it was through the Warp they traveled. It is the dimension of souls, and it has only a loose relationship with time and distance, and an even looser one with physical reality. And though they are rare, the Imperium has made weapons that travel through this dimension.

Your shots will travel through the warp for a tiny, tiny fraction of a second. They can bypass shielding, armor, allies, cover and anything else to deposit themselves directly into your enemy.

Vortex (200 CP): Despite being immensely useful, the Warp is also immensely dangerous. It is a place that the laws of reality frequently shift, often in ways that can't be survived. So too do the worst parts of souls manifest there; daemons, ever happy to rip apart and devour all that they can, and that is a best case scenario. It can't be understated that there are far, far worse fates than death. This is why Vortex weaponry is so feared.

Vortex weaponry creates black slashes in the fabric of reality connected to the warp, sucking in all that comes into contact with them. If its victims are lucky, it simply unmakes what it strikes, turning it into pure energy and then dumping it into the Warp. Simply being unmade is a mercy compared to other potential outcomes of this weapon. The rifts made by these will sometimes randomly traverse the battlefield for brief periods, still as deadly as when they were first deployed.

The effectiveness of a weapon that simply removes all it strikes from reality, like it was simply deleting it, can't be understated.

Solid Projectile:

So long as the weapons fire some sort of solid projectile, whether it be a missile launcher or a bolter, it falls under this category.

Bolter (Free): Bolt guns are the favored ballistic weapons of Mankind, for they are nearly as adaptable as the race who created them. Boltguns fire the eponymous bolts, mass reactive, armor piercing ammo that detonates like a tiny grenades almost immediately after piercing it's targets. Bolts tear gaping holes in anything they manage to penetrate, be it flesh or metal. They're capable of full automatic fire, burst, bolt, and semi automatic fire.

Explosive (50 or Free): There can be satisfaction in the marksman's work. A single shot can be like a scalpel, slicing away only what must go. But a scalpel is little help against a screaming horde. Luckily, explosives don't share that problem. Grenade launchers, missiles, artillery. If it's built around the core idea of its munitions exploding over a wide area, this is the option for it.

For free, so long as you purchased a ranged weapon, you get hand held grenades and demo charges in this and any specialized munitions you purchase.

Magnetic Accelerator (100 CP): Magnetically accelerated weapons are rare, and usually mounted on vehicles, though a few have been made for personal use. These advanced weapons have two primary advantages over chemically powered weaponry: range and penetration. The velocity generated by these weapons are far in excess of what any chemically propelled munitions can reach. This gives them both their famed range and their superior armor penetrating abilities.

Specialized Munitions (Varies): The Imperium has faced, and still faces, many foes. They made specialized munitions so that Mankind will always have the proper tool to crush their varied enemies. You have equal access to these specialized rounds as you do to more general ones. They may also be combined.

Armor Piercing (50 CP): Armor is arguably the most common type of wargear among professional armies across the galaxy. And why wouldn't it be? Increasing the odds your troops will survive an attack is never a bad idea. But Humanity's foes shall not be allowed to limp home after opposing mankind's destiny. Typically made from denser materials, armor piercing munitions are purpose made to penetrate armor, and they fulfill that purpose ably.

Toxic (50 CP): Not all weapons were originally meant for the battlefield. Some were meant to wring information from the recalcitrant. But improperly applied, they can prove quite deadly. But whether a deadly application is a mistake or a boon is a question of intent. Your weapon has been created with that principle in mind, being made to inject toxins into your foes. These toxins are almost immediately fatal to those with unaugmented physiologies, and even those with transhuman immune systems will have difficulty overcoming it. And even they can be weakened or slain by a large enough dose.

Purchased alongside Las, this becomes a needler: a weapon that shoots both a laser to punch a hole through armor and a crystallized needle of deadly poison to ensure the death of any biological target. This is also what weapons like hellfire bolts, which use mutagenic acid to dissolve flesh, chitin, and bone, and would fall under. So would weapons that make use of radioactive materials to retard regeneration.

Electro-Magnetic (50 CP): But not all the enemies are biological in nature. There are many varieties of mechanical monstrosity that Man has faced, from the familiar to the eldritch. And so enters this kind of ammo, incorporating Electro-magnetic energies, they fry electronics and send machines into helpless seizures.

Incendiary (Free, 50/100 +50 CP): These kinds of munitions are made to burn your foes to a crisp. For **50 CP** you receive normal incendiary munitions. Though typically less able at penetrating armor than standard munitions, their ability as terror weapons and at area denial prove them a deadly addition to Mankind's arsenal. If taken with a spread weapon, this level of muntion is **free**, creating a flamer.

For **100 CP** these become heliothermic; immensely deadly flame based weapons that burn hotter than the sun's heart, reducing nearly anything they touch to ash and vapor. Ceramite and even adamantium, are not proof against these deadly weapons.

For **50 more CP**, they incorporate phosphex in their design. It is a horrid compound, capable of burning in sub zero temperatures, in vacuum, of burning even water as its fuel. The green substance is attracted towards movement, can burn through even materials such as adamantium with a little time, and are considered to have a worse fallout than nuclear weaponry.

Fragmentation (50 CP): For relatively soft targets, conveying the entirety of your weapon's fury can be pointless overkill. So, why not spread it over multiple targets and slay the lot in one burst? Your weapons will explode into a hail of deadly shards, shredding your enemies in a wide area.

Flash (100 CP): Sometimes a distraction for a quick advance or retreat is more valuable than blasting a foe to pieces. Enter these scarce rounds, which detonate into an overwhelming amounts of electroexorcist chaff, sound, and light. The cocktail will temporarily send anything in close proximity into helpless, blind agony, whether man, xenos, or machine. Sadly it will only last for a short while.

Seeking (100 CP): While extremely rare and expensive, the Imperium does have specialized rounds capable of correcting themselves mid flight. They're capable of steering themselves around corners and cover, of anticipating and overcoming dodges, as well as changes in wind or any other environmental factors that may arise. While still possible to miss, it's unlikely to happen outside of impossibility or extreme foolishness.

Antimatter (200 CP): Typically contained within splinterglass, weaponized anti matter is a weapon that is as terrible and deadly as it is rare. When the relatively fragile splinterglass shatters the antimatter boils out in a void black blast, unmaking what it strikes in an eruption of nothingness.

Energy:

Weapons which fire beams and bolts of energy rather than solid projectiles fall under the category of energy weapons.

Las (Free/100 CP): Laser weaponry is one of the most common kinds within the Imperium. The immense armies of the Solar Auxilia field these as their main armament with deadly efficiency. These weapon's power packs are easily rechargeable through simple heat, nearly eliminating concerns over ammunition, and the highly focused beams of light produce no recoil and are quite capable of piercing armor as well. They may fire bolts or unwavering beams of light, changeable with a fire selector.

For **Free** you get a las weapon equivalent to what the Solar Auxilia wield. They are superior to the lasguns of the future; few would call them mere flashlights, though they will struggle against heavily armored targets. For **100 CP**, it is one of the Arachnus Blaze weapons the Custodes field. Made from rare and esoteric components, they're capable of devastation at exceedingly long range against both heavily armored targets and lightly armored hordes.

Plasma (50/100 CP): Plasma weaponry are deadly in the extreme, shooting out blasts hot enough to rival the hearts of stars. Capable of reducing even the hardiest armor to molten slag, plasma weapons only drawbacks are the cost of their manufacture and the fact that most other weapons of equivalent

size beat them out in accuracy at long ranges. In the days of the Emperor, plasma is a well understood technology. Between the short pause between each shot charging, the cooling systems, and their durability, over heating is extremely unlikely to become a concern. This is the standard model of plasma weaponry, and costs **50 CP**.

For **100 CP** you instead get a barrage model, which has been upgraded to fire not only hotter plasma, but to do so without delay. Your weapon can be fired on full as well as semi auto now.

Melta 50 CP: Melta weapons function by directly agitating atoms in the air, and in the targets you fire at. With only a brief hiss, all in front of their muzzle is reduced to vapor. Though an extremely short ranged weapon, they have a wide spread area of effect, allowing them to reduce heavily armored vehicles to half slagged hulks in a single shot. Infantry caught in it's blasts simply disappear in a puff of vapor.

Volkite (100 CP): Volkite weapons were the first weapons issued to the Astartes Legions, and though eventually replaced by the more adaptable and easily manufactured bolter, it was not because these weapons were anything less than absolutely lethal. Firing a thermal ray, these weapons cause deflagrtion on organic matter. Flesh and bone burst into ash and flame, the entire target combusting, and destroying anything near them as they go.

Graviton (100 CP): The manipulation of gravity isn't just used for mobility. It is also used to crush Mankind's enemies. Literally. These weapons have multiple settings; they fire exotic particles that can be used increase or decrease the effects of gravity on an area or target. They're capable of slowing, immobilizing, or even crushing most targets. At its highest settings however, it's effects are far more lethal. Turning a target's mass against it, they can cause even the most heavily shielded enemies to implode.

Neural Shredder (100 CP): Though inaccurate, Neural Shredders are some of the most feared weapons in the Imperium. They produce a wave of directed electromagnetic energy that is the perfect frequency to interfere with nervous systems. These energy fields overload the nervous systems of those within it's area of effect, causing seizures, convulsions, unconsciousness and quite probably death. This energy passes though objects, such as buildings, vehicles and armor as if they weren't there, making it an extremely effective weapon against any biological enemy.

It is, however, of little use when used on purely mechanical foes.

Kinetic (100 CP, Discount Custodes): Kintetic weapons are ancient pieces of archeotech, originally discovered in the shattered remains of a crashed voidship where Terra's oceans once were. They fire energy shells that release a huge amount of raw kinetic force. Kinetic weapons have massive recoil for their size and have a steep learning curve, but their shells cause massive damage. Among the Custodes, this is seen as a challenge, and wielding them is a mark of pride and proof of their wielder's martial skill.

Adrathic (200 CP, discount Custodes): Adrathic weapons are all relics from the Dark Age of Technology, and are entirely unique to Terra. Upon the conclusion of the Unification Wars, the Emperor forcibly collected each and every one of these deadly weapons, and declared that only His Talons shall have access to them. Not even the Mechanicum have access to this technology.

These disintegration weapons fire powerful energy beams that sever the internal bonds of matter, and the only thing it leaves behind its passage is a brief afterimage of what it has simply unmade.

Armor (50 CP):

The Talons are hardly expected to go into combat unarmored and vulnerable. Their suits of armor, though sharing common elements, are nearly as varied as their weapons.

You may freely import any armor or vehicle through this process, including the artifacts down below. Vehicles may not take the power armor freebie, unless they are dreadnoughts or otherwise humanoid. You get one suit of armor for free. Assume they all have sufficient communications equipment to send and receive orders and information.

Power Armor (Free): The armor designed for the Emperor's finest is made to enhance their already considerable natural abilities even further. Sensor arrays which grant a HUD as well as additional ways to detect your surroundings, a respirator, communications equipment, temperature regulation, lenses to help one see well outside the visible spectrum of light and prevent the harmful effects of abrupt light changes, fiber bundles to vastly increase their user's strength… and let's not forget the defensive armor plating it's coated in. Few weapons will be able to present a serious threat to someone wearing a suit of power armor.

Aruamite (100 CP, Free Custodes, +200/300 CP, discounted Custodes): The custodians wear customized power armor forged from the incredibly rare, light, and resilient material called auramite. The Emperor's own armor is made from the same material, such is its greatness. Its natural color is a shining gold, and renders its wearer near immune to most personal weapons fielded in the galaxy. So finely is it crafted that its actuators are silent, and it grants an unbelievable amount of strength to its wearer without hindering his movement in the slightest. It is, like most suits of power armor, atmosphere sealed so that it might protect its wearer from hostile environments such as outer space.

For an additional **200 CP**, discounted to Custodes, you gain a suit of Allarus Terminator plate as well. Crafted from layered auramite and adamantium and driven by magnatomic generator shrines, Allarus Terminator armor is one of the most advanced forms of personal protection ever produced by mankind. Unlike most suits of heavy plate, it doesn't restrict its occupant's range of motion, and its negative effect on speed is nearly negligible. The strength it grants is titanic, and its resilience so incredible that its wearer can stride unharmed from the blast of a macrocannon shell meant to destroy star ships.

For an additional **300 CP**, you receive a suit of Aquilion Terminator armor. Its specs are roughly equivalent to the Allarus pattern, but they also incorporate shield generators into its design, rendering you all all but invincible upon the field of battle.

Vranite (100 CP, Free Sisters): When a Sister-apirant of the Silent sisterhood takes her final vows, she is presented a suit of this advanced power armor. Built with elements of both the power armor of the Astartes and the silicate mesh of Senelinte void mail, this armor provides significant durability and strength. Impressively, this armor allows its wearers to not only retain their full range of motion but to even enhance their reaction speeds.

Traditionally, suits of Vranite armor aren't environmentally sealed without additional equipment. You may freely assume you have this equipment or have modified your suit to be so.

Jump Pack (50): Jump packs are lightweight harnesses fitted with rocket thrusters to enable flight. The Talons' jump packs are modeled after the Raptora Imperialis, taking the shape of a great pair of wings. Capable of being manipulated independently, they allow for spectacular speed and mobility and can be used as shields.

Cameleoline Coating (50 CP): Cameleoline is an artificial substance used by the Imperium when stealth is necessary. The refractive chemical compound automatically takes on the colors surrounding it. The result being that staying still for a second or two will result in the wearer fading into the background, offering a a rapidly shifting camouflage that would make a chameleon envious.

Adamantine Weave/Voidsheen (50 CP Free Custodes / 100 CP Free Sisters): Both organizations comprising the Talons make use of cloth for cloaks, pteruges, tabards and other articles of clothing. Woven through with threads of adamantine, they are incredibly difficult to damage, providing a small but respectable boost to one's defenses. For **100 CP**, you instead receive voidsheen garments. Made from a micro-vitrious mesh, these garments aren't just difficult to damage, they absorb and diffract energy. This softens the blows immensely, from blade, bludgeon, and blast.

Both sets of cloth tend to make their wearer look dashing, dangerous, and heroic. And quite possibly sinister, though few would say that where they might be heard.

Refractor (50/100 /200 CP): Refractor field generators are small pieces of advanced technology that project a field of protective energy around their wearer. Attacks that strike the wielder are dissipated over the entirety of the field, then converted into a flash of blinding, multi-spectral light. Capable of protecting their wielder even from canon and plasma fire, they are significant protections that are rare among the Imperium, but common among the ranks of the Emperor's Talons.

For **50 CP**, you gain a standard such device, granting a significant amount of protection. Small arms fire won't be a worry, and they will rob power from more deadly weapons.

For **100 CP**, you gain a particularly strong refractor, equivalent to the Iron and Auramite halos wielded by the Imperium's champions. Even powerful attacks will be dissipated into harmless light; lascannon and plasma fire are now mild inconveniences

For **200 CP**, you gain a multilayered refractor field. Normally such care is only taken for vehicles, and only the mightiest of them. The multiple fields will be synced together, offering nearly unsurpassed protection to their wearer.

Teleporter (50/200 CP): Many suits of power armor have been fitted with teleportation homers to help aim massive teleportation arrays, machines that send people directly through the warp instead of real space, traveling the distance in an instant. Common in terminator armor, these give and receive coordinates and prevent their users from accidentally being teleported directly inside of solid materials, a process that would surely kill them. For **50 CP**, free with purchase of a set of terminator armor, you receive such a homing device.

For **200 CP**, you instead receive an empyric beacon and teleport shunter, two pieces of irreplaceable acrheo-tech that allows personal teleportation without the use of a ship board or building set teleportation array. Leaping directly through the warp, there will be few places you can't go- but you must be wary of teleporting to somewhere you can't detect without coordinates, or somewhere too far a distance away. Even these pieces of Dark Age technology have limits.

Spectra-Distortion (100 CP, Discount Sisters): Spectra-distortion fields are created by highly sophisticated generators to conceal and protect their wearers. Capable of baffling sensors as well as natural senses, spectra-distortion fields can shift and adapt to show its surroundings, or bleed darkness around its wearer, masking them from view and providing protection from las weaponry as well. Either way, ranged attacks become significantly more difficult against anyone protected by this technology.

Grav-Assisted (100/150 CP): For **100 CP**, your armor will be fitted with anti-gravity technology, rendering it effectively weightless at your discretion. This will speed you up immensely, and even allow unmodified humans to move around freely within heavy armor- even tactical dreadnought variants.

For an **150 CP**, your anti-gravity technology is far stronger, meant to be used as a manner of locomotion, similar to grav-skimmers. Swift, and capable of maneuvers no jet engine could dream of, you will be unbelievably mobile on the field of battle.

Chogorian Dreamplate (100 CP): Dreamplate is a potent layer of additional protection against the supernatural, that its wearer might stand against darkest beasts of the warp. Hand crafted by the Storm Seers of the White Scars, these are granted to only the greatest heroes, and their greatest allies. Those lucky enough to be favored by the Great Khan and his chapter will find themselves extremely resistant to the attacks of Daemons and unnatural energies.

Armatus Necrotechnica (100 CP): The Armatus Necrotechnica is piece of dark techno-heresy unknown outside of the Iron Hands and the Imperial Household, and for good reason. It is a foul device of necro-technic engineering which feeds upon deaths of sentient life. Though its range is relatively short, any who die near its beneficiary will feed the piece of tech, and it will knit the armor back together.

Icon of the Blazing Sun (100 CP): The Aquilla, the Raptora Imperialis, the Lightning Totem; these are symbols of the Emperor. And belief in them, in Him, and in Mankind has granted them great power. The power of His title will provide protection against the depredations of both hostile psykers and the denizens of the warp. Beware though; if your faith in Him and His purpose is found wanting, the power which you have summoned will course through your body, burning you for your hubris.

Psi-Resonant (200 CP): A class of artifact recovered the Vrant cluster, Psi-resonant artifacts are a poorly understood means of protection. Poorly understood they may be, but they remain potent. Covered in runes and sigils of warding, psi-resonant equipment project an aura around themselves, one that can slow the passage of time and project waves of raw force. Even more, they blind supernatural senses with turmoil in the aether, greatly hampering the actions that psykers and the like take against the wearer.

Void Shield (200 CP): Void shields are one of the most powerful defensive artifacts of the Imperium. They’re mounted on void ships, Titans, important military buildings, the occasional vehicle, and even extremely rarely, upon personal suits of armor. They operate by simply shunting the energy that strikes them into the warp. Though they can be overwhelmed, even the smallest of these devices resist heavy anti armor weaponry with little strain. Once overwhelmed they will drop for a time, cooling down and renewing the shield, though they can be kept up longer at the risk of permanent damage.

You may calibrate your void shield for personal protection, in which case it deploys right over your armor or vehicle, or for support, in which it projects a fair way outwards to protect your allies. Note that if you spread the protection, it won't appreciably weaken, but people can walk through it and it provides no defense to things fired from within. You may switch from one mode to the other, but it isn't something that can be done without a few minutes of tinkering.

Supplemntary:

Color-Bonding Order (50 CP): The processes which changes the coloration of the Custodes' equipment right down to the molecule is an expensive and secretive process. Nonetheless, it's considered far more appropriate than mere paint for the Emperor's household. This simple booklet, which never seems to run out of tickets, are orders for this process to take place. Simply tear a ticket out and leave it resting on a piece of equipment that's not in use. In a few minutes, both it and the equipment will vanish. A few minutes more and it will be returned, now matching whatever color and ornamentation scheme you desired for it.

Misericordia (100 CP, Free Custodes): These power weapons serve as long knives and side arms for the Custodes. Masterfully wrought for each individual Custodian, these weapons are large enough to serve as swords for normal men, and their power fields are strong enough to carve through the thickest armor with ease. But they are more than incredibly deadly side arms- they are a symbol of the Custodes' authority.

All who see this weapon in your possession will know you are the Emperor's sanctioned adjudicator and executioner, and that you speak with His voice and confidence. In future worlds people who see it will believe you hold a nebulous but very real authority. You will be trusted to adjudicate even the most delicate of matters, and be seen as the perfect candidate for positions of authority by the movers and shakers of the world.

Auramite (100 CP): Auramite is the golden material that the God Emperor himself uses in his personal projects. His ships, his armor, his weapons- and that of the Custodes as well. It requires rare materials to produce and is ruinously expensive- but Auramite's incredible resilience makes the cost more than worth it. Resistant to nearly every type of energy and impact you care to name, this material has myriad uses.

You will receive shipments equal to any project you care to use it for. Simply order it, and within a day it will appear, either in your warehouse or at a location of your choosing.

Vexilla (100 CP each, discounted Custodes): Vexilla are the golden standards of the Custodes, but they are far more than simple poles. Crafted over the course of a century by dedicated artisans, vexilla contain sets of incredible technology meant to assist the faithful troops of the Emperor and hamper His enemies. They constantly beam data-ident codes in order to convey tactical and strategic data to Imperial forces, aiding in coordination. They incorporate a teleport homer, and inspire all Imperials who lay eyes upon them. They come in three variants, each with abilities in addition to those already listed.

Imperius vexilla fill your nearby allies with an inviolable determination and lends additional strength to their limbs. Whether this effect is born from purely psychological or crypto-technological means, its effects are obvious to all.

Defensor vexilla incorporate a massive refractor field generator allowing you to extend the benefits of such to any allies within a good distance of the standard. Such is the strength of the refractor field that many who witness the effects of these Vexilla believe its effects to be born from a direct act of the Emperor, as it swallows incoming attacks and spits out flashes of gold.

Magnifica Vexilla make use of photophantasmic fluctuators and psychoapmilifactor clarions to blunt assaults. The Vexilla launches psychic and physical assault on your enemies' senses, burning out optic nerves, forcing technological sensors to rebel, and smashing minds to flinders.

You can make a combination of any two or all three in a single Vexilla if you spend the CP.

Arae-Shrike (100/150 CP): For **100 CP**, you receive an Arae-Shrike, an ancient device from the Dark Age of Technology that is designed for counter intelligence warfare. Considered blasphemous by the Mechanicum for their devastating effects on technology, they make use of malifica-djinn and blight code to to pervert the data of enemy systems. Even those that are heavily shielded are rendered useless by a shrieking multi-frequency cacophony. These devices are small enough to easily be concealed.

For **150 CP**, you receive a Macro Arae-Shrike. It functions similarly to its smaller cousin, but can drown entire battlefields worth of technology under its baleful influence, rather than a few dozen meters worth.

Artifacts: If you import an artifact or vehicle through the appropriate table and purchase an ability which it already has, it will instead be vastly increased.

Admonimortis (200 CP): The Admonimortis is a true colossus of a weapon, even by the standards of the giant custodians who wield it. It is a relic castellan axe traditionally wielded by the dread host; those Custodes who choose to embody the Emperor's wrath. And this weapon suits their purpose well, its massive size and terribly powerful disruption field pierce nearly any defense with ease, leaving behind hideous wounds that even posthumans such as the Custodians caouldn't hope to survive them.

Stasis Oubliette (200 CP): The Stasis Oubliette is a seemingly simple thing. Small enough to be held in a single hand and covered in plain runes, few would think it a powerful artifact of the Shadowkeepers, but it is. The Shadowkeepers keep dangerous technology and beings locked away so that they may never trouble mankind, and the Stasis Oubliette is the piece of technology used to bring in the most dangerous of them. It is a simple process to use its power to lock a being into unthinking, unfeeling, unending, and completely helpless stasis. Sadly, even it has limits; it may only hold a single being at a time.

Praesidius (200 CP): Created by a master Terran armorer, the Praesidius was the magnum opus of a much lauded career. This storm shield is both beautiful and functional, for it is forged of auramite in so exacting a manner that each molecule is precisely where its creator planned it to be. But they did not stop at mere perfection down to the molecular level; they also labored to create a a unique network of displacer field generators within it. The result is that anything that would strike the shield is shifted harmlessly away by localized but incredibly powerful displacement fields as the network focuses all it's power on the exact point of impact.

Swiftsilver Talon (200 CP): This guardian spear is crafted from nearly impossibly light and strong zephyrgeldt alloys and is inhabited by a particularly swift and predatory machine spirit. Working in

conjunction with its unique construction, this spear can lend speed to its wielder, allowing them to advance rapidly and launch devastating assaults, only to fall back firing thanks to the weapons incredibly light weight.

Vexilla Dominatus (200 CP): This vexilla burns with a golden light to rival Sol itself. Under the rays of the Vexilla Dominatus, those loyal to Him on Earth stand tall and stalwart as the spires of the Imperial Palace, refusing to yield before fear, and fighting as if they were an army unto them self. Typically carried by the Emissaries Imperatus, bathed in the splendor of this Vexilla the mighty are humbled, the weak emboldened, none can doubt the authority of its bearer.

Auric Shackles (200 CP): Created in the Dark Age of Technology, these archeotech restraints adapt themselves to the neural nets of sentient beings. The end result; even the thought of escape becomes impossible. So great is its power of suppression that hostile beings are debilitated from their mere presence. They are issued to Custodians tasked with bringing in the Imperium's most dangerous enemies, secure in the knowledge that they will be unable to overcome them no matter how mighty they are.

Gatekeeper (200 CP): The Gatekeeper is a master-crafted guardian spear, thrumming with barely contained power. This weapon is capable of an utterly freakish rate of fire, scything down the Emperor's enemies in an utterly withering hail of bolts. But more than that, it's machine spirit is capable of near prescient predictive targeting, allowing no escape from its wielder's wrath.

Eagles Eye (200 CP): This magnificent golden helm is studded with internal micro-reliqueries, each containing a sensorium-gheist. When danger nears, they give warning on the threat, its nature, direction, and most of all, how best to avoid it. Those who heed the warnings will see themselves slipping away from strikes like smoke, weaving in between them with casual ease and given the opportunity to counter with ferocity.

Emperor's Light (200 CP): This misericordia is acrystallized shard of the Emperor's aureus light, and traditionally born into battle by the Captain-General. In addition to being able to carve through armor with ease, this long fighting dagger floods the heart of its victims with the same Light it was made from, making it an object of dread to the forces of Chaos.

Wrath Angelis (200 CP): This vexilla was crafted with war against the orcish empires that rose in the aftermath of the fall of the eldar in mind. These brutish creatures are hardy and numerous; rare is the conflict where the Talons fought them in any manner but vastly out numbered. This vexilla is meant to help overcome such odds; it incorporates a multi-spectral targeting shrine that links to allied forces, particularly to fire support. Even warships in orbit can use this data to rain down trans-atmospheric strikes with unbelievable accuracy.

Fuliminarus Aggressor (300 CP): This vexilla was crafted to honor the Emperor's wrath, and how He punishes traitor and tyrant alike. Installed within this magnificent standard is a micro-thundercoil generatorum, its intense energies are capable of lashing out and arcing between foes, leaving them charred husks in short order.

Faith Absolute (300): This ominous vexilla was crafted for use against psychic enemies, the one sort of foe the Custodes don't have an overwhelming natural advantage against. This vexilla unleashes blasts of contra-empyric energy that can instantly unravel on rushing psychic manifestations, covering

the one chink in their armor. However, it can be overwhelmed by sufficiently powerful or numerous psychic abilities and needs a short moment to recharge.

Obliteratum (300 CP): This heavy brace mounted explosive launcher makes use of several technologies forbidden to all save the Custodes upon pain of death. It fires canisters of splinterglass stuffed with heavily compressed antimatter. They shatter upon impact, erupting into night black clouds of nothingness, devouring all it touches. Nothing can withstand the Obliteratum, and nothingness is left in the wake of its fire.

Moment Shackle (300 CP): The moment shackle is a relic from the Dark Age of Technology that is normally stored within the vaults beneath the Imperial Palace. This ancient device is capable of trapping moments of time and using them to slow or speed the flow of time in its immediate environs, allowing its user to avoid attacks that would normally strike them or to attack with blinding speed. It can even excise split second events from history, perhaps deleting the moment its wielder was wounded, for example. Some even claim this artifact can be used to peer into the future.

Castellan Plate (300 CP): The Castellan Plate is a particularly elaborate suit of auramite power armor, and it incorporates a number of powerful defensive measures: an auramite halo, a heraldic tilting shield, and a magnificent cloak woven with adamantine thread. Breaching this suit of armor is a herculean task in itself, even ignoring the immense boost it grants to its wearer's physical abilities.

The Watcher's Axe and the Eagle's Scream (300 CP): The Watcher's Axe is an immense, and immensely powerful, power axe that crackles with golden lightning. It is fully capable of bisecting dreadnoughts in a single swing. Mounted along its spine is the Eagle's Scream, a master-crafted bolt weapon that fires adamantium-tipped penetrator bolts with spectacular accuracy, range, and with overwhelming rapidity.

The Veiled Blade (300): Like all sentinel blades, this ancient weapon has a combi CQC bolter worked into its hilt, but uniquely, it burns with a bitterly cold and void black energy. Its ominous strength is lent to only to one who has sworn to recover something stolen or escaped from the Dark Cells. To those who would reclaim that which must remain hidden from Man the Veiled Blade is given, that they may destroy all that would hinder their duty.

The Somnus Blade (300 CP): A truly ancient weapon, the Somnus Blade is an Executioner sword forged to the same exacting standards as they all are with the word 'Somnus' inscribed along its fuller. But its ancient creator did not stop there- they fitted it with a powerful disruptor field generator. So mighty is the combination that it can sheer through other, lesser, power weapons, despite their own activated power fields.

The Sword of Oblivion (300 CP): This highly ornate Execution blade is a symbol of the Knight-Commander of the Silent Sisters. This blade is wickedly, impossibly sharp. It can cut through nearly anything, more easily than nearly any power weapon- but it has no disruption field. Instead its absurd cutting ability lies within its incredibly precise construction and the mysterious substance which it was forged from. Only the Emperor Himself knows the origins of this hoary blade, and it is He who granted this blade to the first Knight-Commander of the Sisters of Silence.

The Apollonian Spear (400 CP): This spectacular guardian spear was created by, and first saw service in, the Emperor's own hands. He wielded this deadly weapon during the long years of the unification

wars, and it never failed Him. He only parted with it when the first Captain-General was granted that immense honor, granting it to his most trusted guardian.

Its disruptor field is so immensely powerful that no armor may withstand it. So powerful is it that it can unmake entire enemies whole with a single well placed strike. Its haft has a hyper-velocity bolter worked into it, capable of punishing even heavily armored of foes at extreme range. So great is the force of these bolts that they often leave foes dizzy, slow, and disoriented- *if* they're lucky enough to survive the initial impact.

But this blade has another ability: as its edge meets flesh it will fill its wielder's minds with revelations about those it reaves from life. This spear tells only truth, pitiless and cold. All that enemies once knew will become your knowledge in the same instant they die. Though this can be a gift, it can also be a heavy burden, to know all the life of one's enemies. To know them as they knew themselves, and to know the imperfections which lead to their folly.

Perhaps it will make you less eager to spill blood, as He once intended.

Should you wish it, you may instead receive the Dionsyian spear. Its abilities in combat are identical, but it doesn't enlighten you with visions of your enemies and their failings. Instead it enlightens your enemies on what they could have been, on what they could still become if they make different choices. It will drive away their madness and corruption even as you spill their blood. Should you take care with the wounds you place upon them, they may well seek to follow you instead of their old ways.

Vehicles: If you import an artifact or vehicle through the appropriate table and purchase an ability which it already has, it will instead be vastly increased.

Gyrfalcon Jetbike (150 CP): The gyrfalcon pattern jetbike is one of the few models preferred by the Custodians, and it's little wonder why. These plasma motor boosted bikes are a far hardier breed than the classes typically fielded by the Astartes, as they need to be in order to bear the Emperor's own into battle. Large enough to be compared to a grav speeder, these swift auramite steeds mount refractor fields, and either a bolt cannon, adrathic devestator, or a twin linked las-pulser.

In addition, you will be granted a lance with this jet bike, that you may strike down your enemies more personally. It will be a free melee weapon with whatever amenities you purchase from the table, or you may give it the same purchases as a melee weapon you have already used the table upon. Either option is free.

Dawneagle Jetbike (150 CP): The dawneagle jetbike is the other pattern widely issued to the Custodes. Like its peer, this fast attack grav-skimmer is the size of a small fighter aircraft, though the dawneagle pattern is smaller than the gyrfalcon. They are equally swift, equally hardy, but bear either hurricane bolters or salvo launchers equipped with both flakk burst and melta missiles. These machines are more responsive than the gyrfalcon, jinking effortlessly through incoming fire, and though lacking a refractor field, they're still tough enough to bull through most walls and enemies without effort or damage.

In addition, you will be granted a lance with this jet bike, that you may strike down your enemies more personally. It will be a free melee weapon with whatever amenities you purchase from the table, or you

may give it the same purchases as a melee weapon you have already used the table upon. Either option is free.

Auric Aquilas (200 CP): The Auric Aquilas is a dawneagle jetbike of exquisite craftsmanship, but that is not what truly sets it apart. Its use of forbidden archeotech is. It is swift as thought and protected by an immensely powerful golden force field. Its rider enjoys the sort of protection that would cause most tank crews to feel envy, especially when coupled with its incredible mobility.

Venerable Contemptor Dreadnought (200 CP, discounted Custodes): These dreadnoughts are marvels of technology, above and beyond any other dreadnought fielded by the Imperium. Its expertly crafted and lovingly maintained sensors, fibre-bundles, and servo-motors allow the machine to move with the same grace and precision a Custodes is accustomed to having, but with far, far more power. Its heavily armored auramite hull is sheathed in a crackling atomantic shield that can reduces artillery slavos into flashes of light. Its auto-repair protocols and multiple backup systems allow the machine to shrug off what would be total destruction for lesser machines.

It is fitted with a combi-bolter, smoke launchers, a search light, a refractor field and has two further weapon hard points in the form of its hands. Typically these are occupied by either one or two massive powerfists with inbuilt heliothermic storm bolters or one such fist and either a multi-melta or a kheres-pattern assault cannon. But the spectacular grace of these mighty machines also allows them to effectively wield massively scaled up models of the normal custodes weaponry- popularly a dreadspear mounted with either a corvae las-pulsar, infernus incinerator (which are powerful though short ranged flame weaponry), or a twin-linked adrathic destructor. Or else a Galatus warblade, which is a massive powersword mounted with twin-linked infernus incinerators and a massive storm shield. Any of these load outs may be selected for free. If you choose to have a scaled up custodes weapon, you may opt for a scaled up copy of any weapon you ran through the weapon crafting system in this document. This too, will be free.

While dreadnoughts normally function via a sarcophagus in which a mortally wounded Custodes is interred, yours may have this replaced with a cockpit. You may also use your dreadnought as a one up- upon receiving a mortal injury you will awaken within your dreadnought, preserved by its systems but unable to leave its cold confines until the end of that current jump, or ten years, whichever comes first. At the point, you will emerge, whole and hale once more.

Telemon Heavy Dreadnought (300 CP Disctount Custodes): Fewer than a handful of these immensely powerful and immensely expensive machines were ever created, and each and every one of them bears at least one armor plate personally crafted by the Emperor Himself. Rarer still is a Custodes judged to be worthy of internment.

These massive machines have all the features of the Venerable Conetemptor, but its increased size and complexity makes them far superior to even those deadly machines. There are two departures from that design- its refractor field is multilayered, and it bears different weapons into battle. It replaces the hull mounted combi-bolter with a back mounted spiculus bolt launcher, a powerful rapid fire missile launcher. On its massive powerfists it mounts proteus plasma projectors, short ranged plasma weaponry that can melt entire terminator squads with ease. One or both of those fists can be replaced with Arachnus Blaze Cannons or Illiastus Accelerator Culverins. You may select any of these loadouts for free, and though it’s not usual, the Telemon are just as capable of precision as their smaller cousins. You may have a copy of any weapon you ran through this document be wielded by the Telemon in replacement of one or both its hand hardpoints, depending on its size.

While dreadnoughts normally function via a sarcophagus in which a mortally wounded Custodes is interred, yours may have this replaced with a cockpit. You may also use your dreadnought as a one up- upon receiving a mortal injury you will awaken within your dreadnought, preserved by its systems but unable to leave its cold confines until the end of that current jump, or ten years, whichever comes first. At the point, you will emerge, whole and hale once more.

Coronus Grav-Carrier (100 CP, discount Custodes): These swift anti-grav skimmers are the one of the most favored forms of transport among the custodes. They are armed with hull mounted heliothermic twin-linked bolt cannons, turret mounted twin-linked Arachnus blaze cannons, and searchlights, all guided by a powerful machine spirit make sure these vehicles are capable of laying down heavy fire support for their passengers. Their anti-grav units are powerful enough to suppress charging infantry, and in conjunction with its auramite hull and flareshield they are very difficult to put down. But these are all secondary considerations compared to its use as a transport. These machines are blindingly swift, allowing Custodes to out flank their enemies with ease and to avoid counter attacks so long as this enduring vehicle still operates.

Kharon Acquisitor (100, discount Sisters): These unique paramilitary vehicles are the transport of choice for the Silent Sisterhood, designed with breaking opposition as a secondary concern over the capture of targets, specifically psykers. Though less capable of taking direct fire than the Coronus preferred by the Custodes, the Kharon's extensive stealth systems ensures it doesn't need to. Its powerful spectra-distortion field allows it to baffle sight and sensors while not interfering with its own overpowered battle auspex. In cases where fire power is needed it posses a heavy cannon array slaved to a cogitator and two twin-linked missile launchers armed with frag, krak and psych-out missiles.

To aid in its true purpose of capturing targets it has been fitted with a capture-grid. Made from massive numbers of neural-disruptors, web-nets and retractable wire snares, the grid makes capture and incapacitation of its prey nigh unavoidable. So to does it drag it's victims within the vehicles ceramite hull to make certain the crew isn't vulnerable during the capture process.

Venerable Land Raider (150 CP): These battle tanks cum transports are some of the most versatile vehicles deployed by the Imperium, and the Venerable masterworks deployed by the Talons are the most potent of them. Molded from auramite and adamantine, these hyper resilient vehicles possess machine spirits of incredible potency, which are fully capable of controlling both the auto-repair protocols and imparting incredible accuracy to the weapon systems of the land raider. There exists more than one account of a venerable land raider's bold and aggressive machine spirit wreaking bloody vengeance upon foes that have slain its crew.

The land raider posses significant armaments: a twin heavy bolter, two twin lascannons, a pintle mounted storm bolter, a hunter killer missile, and smoke launchers. There are few foes capable of enduring this fury, and fewer still capable of damaging its heavy armor.

Pallas Grav-Attack (100 CP): Using the same anti-gravity technology as the Coronus, these fulfill the role of lightning fast tank hunters. They are most useful for reconnaissance, skirmishing, and hit and run tactics in part due to its powerful machine spirit. Nonetheless these agile skimmers are capable of stand up fights thanks to its auramite armor and flare shields. Its primary armament is a twin-linked Arachnus blaze cannon, though some are mounted with adrathic devastators instead. You may choose which of these armaments is mounted on your grav-attack for free.

Caladius Grav-Tank/Annihilator (200 CP): The Caladius grav-tank is the mainline battle tank of the Talons, and uses the same anti-grav technology of the Coronus. Dedicating the space that normally would contain Custodes in the transport to weapons systems, the Caladius has the heaviest punch among all the vehicles of its size. Covered in heavy auramite plating, a flare shield, and possessing the same rate of machine spirit as its brothers in design, this grav-tank is incredibly swift and heavily armored. It's armed with a hull mounted twin-linked heliothermic bolt cannon and a turret that contains either twin-linked Iliastus Accelerator canons or, more rarely, twin-linked Arachnus heavy blaze cannons. In the latter case it is called a Caladius-Annihilator.

Orion Assault Dropship (250CP): This super heavy dropship was created with the needs of the Custodes in mind. It is capable of ferrying two dozen custodes in their full panoply of war and even has lift enough for heavier warmachines such as Contemptor dreadnoughts. It makes use of anti-grav technology similar to the Coronus line of vehicles to increase its ability to maneuverability and enable it to hover in place while blunting assaults. In defiance of its immense speed, these dropships are extremely heavily armored with auramite and bear a macro Arae-Shrike to give it startlingly effective defenses. In conjunction with those defensive measures it has also possesses an eclipse shield- a flare shield that incorporates Selenite technology. Where normal flare shields convert incoming fire into harmless flashes of light, the eclipse shield also absorbs photons; the result is a midnight black energy field, leaving clouds of darkness behind it to obscure itself and its passage as it hurtles towards the drop zone.

But while its primary use is as an extremely swift and survivable transport ship, it also has many deadly weapons; two Arachnus pattern heavy blaze cannons, two nose mounted twin-linked heliothermic bolt cannons, and two heavy spiculus bolt launchers, which are rapid fire missile launchers.

Ares Gunship (250 CP): While the Custodes primary duty is the protection of the Emperor, they have marched beside Him into battle, and carried out wars in His name when He turned His gaze elsewhere. The Ares Gunship is one of the first such tools of war they used, and they earned a deadly reputation in both the Unification Wars and the early years of the Great Crusade. They have identical mobility and defensive measures as the Orion Dropship, but their weaponry is superior in exchange for a lack of room for passengers.

It has two Arachnus heavy blaze cannons, two infernus firebomb clusters, and a nose mounted Arachnus magna-blaze cannon. The latter is the weapon this gunship was designed around, and the creation of a single example of this incredibly powerful and massive cannon can beggar a noble family of Terra. It is fully capable of punching through even titans, and annihilating infantry and lesser vehicles en mass.

Psi-Titan (350/500/700 CP, +50 /+100 Discount Sisters): The god-machines can break armies. Like all titans, the warlord-sinister class is heavily armed and armored, and granted further protection by void shields. But Psi-titans are far more terrible weapons than other titans. It is created with technology that even the rumor of its possession would sign a death warrant for any outside of the Imperial household.

Through the Ciricrux Anima, multiple alpha class psykers are slaved to the will of the machine's master. They have the power to heal the titan, and smite its foes on a colossal scale; it can ravage entire battlefields with tides of empyrean power. Enemies who approach the psi-titan feel dread from the shrieking of the enslaved psykers, breaking the wills of even supposedly 'fearless' warriors and sending them running.

Its major weapons hardpoints are its arms. One is occupied by the Sinistramanus Tenebrae, a massively powerful vortex weapon that renders its victims into pure energy and then dumps it into the warp. Those who are unlucky enough to be standing just outside the immediate blast radius have their souls ripped from their body and cast into the warp, a fate most would consider to be far worse than death. Outside of that area, people are left sluggish and weakened- *if* they are lucky enough to survive.

Its remaining arm is occupied by a vast titan class weapon; a gigantic cannon of las, plasma, or one which fires more traditional solid projectiles. Or else an immense rapid fire rotary weapon or a massive power weapon.

On its carapace are mounted two mauler bolt cannon turrets, two twin-linked lascannon turrets, and two apocalypse missile launchers, any of which are more than large enough to serve as a super heavy tank's main armament. For free the apocalypse missile launchers can be replaced with double barreled turbo laser destructors, twin-linked vulcan mega bolters, or plasma blastguns. For **50 CP,** they may be replaced with reaver class titan weaponry- laser blasters, melta cannons, or gatling blasters and the missiles can be exchanged for incinerator missiles. For **100 CP**, they can be replaced with vortex missiles.

For **350 CP**, you will receive a Scout class psi-titan instead of a warlord class. It will have fewer hull mounted armaments and void shields, lighter armor, fewer psykers, and its weaponry won't be as large or hit as hard, but it will be more mobile. It will be a unique creation within the Imperium.

For **700 CP**, you will receive an Emperor class psi-titan. It will be slower, but it will also have far more armor, double the hull mounted weapons and void shields, more psykers, and all its weapons will be far larger and harder hitting. Once again, this will be a truly unique god machine.

Though this class of titan normally requires a blank to pilot it, yours can be modified with a sufficient amount of psi-supressors that being inside of it won't drive anyone insane. Or you can have a vast amount of personal psi-supressors to wear and hand out to your allies, but if you do- don't forget to keep one on if you plan on boarding your titan. Your titan also comes with free guards matching your background, in numbers enough to hold off nearly any boarding party- if there ever was one that could over come the terror caused by the psychic maelstrom formed by its captive psykers.

Properties: You may place any property you buy wherever you like so long as there's enough room for it, merge it with another property, or have it become an add on to your warehouse. You may freely assume they have enough staff to operate at full efficiency, and that they are incapable of betraying you and will be replaced within a week should they be slain.

God-Strike Teleportarium (200 CP): The Imperium's teleportation technology is highly advanced, rare, and often unreliable. But the Godstrike Pattern used by the Talons is an even more advanced teleportarium, with few equals within the Imperium. With incredible range and reliability, these vast machines can instantly transport even super heavy vehicles in perfect safety.

You may place your teleportarium upon a property, place, or ship of your choice. You may purchase this a second time and will receive a discount doing so. If you do, you will be able to place these machines upon every property and ship you own that is large enough to accommodate them.

Training Facilities (200 CP): The Emperor's Talons are very well trained. In war and in peace, as assassins, diplomats and investigators. They are famously disciplined, deadly, and wise. Achieving this level of education and skill is no small challenge, especially on the scale necessary to match the Emperor's aims.

And so He created tools for them to achieve such highs.

Hallucinariums, great labyrinths that can show impossible and terrible vistas, that they may practice against any foe in any condition imaginable are among the most simple of these. Hypno-indoctrination, to directly implant skills in a targets mind, fractal thought exercises, strategic cogitators and far, far more. This is everything you need to make the elitist of the elite of the elite soldiers and scholars by the standards of the Imperium at its height. It can also make those subjected to the curriculum absolutely loyal to any person or cause you'd care to name. You may also add or subtract from its curriculum if there's something particular you'd like to teach.

Library Sanctus (400 CP): The Library Sanctus is a repository of knowledge, and unlike nearly all others in the Imperium, it is completely uncensored. Within its halls you can find tomes and cogitators on myriad subjects. Upon matters of Xenos biology, culture, and technology, upon chaos, upon archeotech- here you can find references and honest information on them all. While many things are fragmentary, due to Humanity simply not ever having or managing to fully recover the knowledge, it is all accurately written, and a sufficiently clever person could piece most things together given enough time. There are a great many who would kill to have access to this hidden library- and just as many who have to make sure none do.

Use its knowledge well.

You will find blueprints for any item your purchase within its halls, though xenos or archeotech beyond your faction's knowledge base will be scattered and fragmented, requiring a not inconsiderable amount of research to piece together.

Gene-Lab (600 CP): The Imperium's greatest strength does not lie in war machines, despite their vast power- it lies within Humanity itself. And this Lab will help you make Humanity greater still.

These labs are guaranteed to produce genetic sequences and abilities without error, so long as they are properly sequenced and used upon a proper recipient, though it can be applied at any time in their lives. Even when used upon adults. This is something beyond even the personal gene-labs of the Emperor Himself. It also houses the extensive equipment needed to create new sequences and reverse engineer sequences from samples, though it will require a highly skilled user for highly advanced sequences. If you load in an improper sequence it simply won't work- this lab has a zero percent rate of failure and an equal mortality rate in procedures. It has twenty one tubes, each of which can hold a single individual.

It comes with two preloaded sequences- that of blanks, which the Imperium has never managed to successfully bring about with gene-craft, and that of Custodians. Simply shove someone into the proper station and they'll walk out a veritable super human within a week. The lab can do the work itself once it has the proper information stored within in it, though skilled supervision can speed up even its unreal pace.

You may also use your gene-lab to grow subjects from the ground up, should you desire it.

A truly, spectacularly, ridiculously overpowered Gellar field is built into the lab's center. It is inscribed with two words: *NUNQUAM ITERUM*. The field covers the entirety of the lab, and is guarenteed to never fail. Even should every god and daemon to ever exsist join forces in an attempt to breach it, it will hold.

Luna, the Somnus Citadel (600 CP, discounted Sisters): The Somnus Citadel is the headquarters of the Sisters of Silence. It is a massive fortification, bristling with weaponry and attack drones and craft. It holds the habs, armories, and void docks that can house the entirety of the Sisters should the need arise. The vast majority of the structures can be sunk within Luna itself, even further augmenting the defenses that most would consider to be over kill. There are few fortresses in the Galaxy to equal this citadel, either as a bastion to break enemies upon, a prison beyond compare, or as a command and control center.

Any ships docked at the citadel will be repaired, rearmed, and retrofitted almost instantly, so long as you have the supplies to do it. And given the massive stores it has, which restocks every decade, that's unlikely to ever be a problem. Unless you need to furnish a far larger fleet than that of the Black Ships, which are vast enough in number to scour the entire galaxy for psykers. These massive docks are fully capable of creating new ships, so long as they aren't overly taxed with maintenance and are supplied sufficient resources.

Its prison complexes are meant to hold psykers of every rank when necessary- the prisons will suppress the supernatural powers of any you deem hostile within its halls. Disregarding blatant negligence or idiocy, you will never need to worry about your prisoner's escaping unless an army has managed to break open you defenses.

And speaking of armies, you now have one. Thousands of Sisters and servitors dwell within the Somnus Citadel, serving as wardens ready to man the defenses at a moment's notice.

If you travel to other universes, the Somnus Citadel will follow you, to be placed wherever you please, still astride Luna if you so wish.

Terra, the Imperial Palace (800 CP discounted Custodes): The Imperial Palace was built as a monument of the unification of Mankind and of the Imperium's power, sprawling over the Himalayan mountains. It was built by the finest masons of Terra, and designed in part by the Primarch Rogal Dorn. It is surrounded by empty plains which are circled by massive walls which are studded with massive gun citadels every hundred meters and manned by some of the most elite troops in the Imperium, the Imperial Palace is a fortress beyond comparison.

Within those massive walls there are endless barracks, generators, ammunition stores, manufactorum, and hangars, all defended by the most sophisticated and powerful void shield array ever constructed within the Imperium, named the Ageis. The Aegis is self repairing, and impenetrable by bombardment; only relatively slow moving aircraft can penetrate it, and even then only in certain areas. Areas which are heavily defended by triple A. The ruling body of the Imperium and their many staff reside here, and it makes one of the best C&C centers within the Imperium.

But that is the outer palace.

The Inner Palace are where none but the Emperor and His household may tread without permission. The inner palace houses the command center, barracks, and armories of the Custodes, gardens, listening devices, a monument to every army loyal to the Imperium, the Emperor's personal living quarters and spectacular labs, a museum with some of the Man's greatest technological achievements, the dark cells that hold back ancient and alien horrors, the beginnings of the Imperial Webway, many, many defenses, and, most spectacularly of all, that Astronomicon and the Golden Throne.

The Golden Throne require an immensely powerful psyker to function, but it heightens their powers further still. Capable of powering the Astronomicon and shielding the Webway are among its feats, but it is quite likely it can do even more. Though its other potential uses will remain dormant without a psyker, it will be able to maintain the Astronomicon and maintain nigh impenetrable wards against demons and the like despite not having a wielder.

Alongside tens of thousands of Imperial armsmen, and a thousand Custodes, you will be granted access to the Doomscryers. They are an order of powerful, though not infallible, precogs who will help you plan out your actions and detect threats to you and yours.

You may place this massive city-fortress upon a world and place of your choice if you travel to other universes, or have it come still seated upon Terra's war ravaged soil should you so choose.

Void Ships: You can safely assume your craft receive a complement of crew and anti boarding troops, suitable to your background and or troop purchases.

Black Ship (100/200/300 CP, discount Sisters): The black ships are the void worthy vessels controlled by the Silent Sisterhood. They are immense in number, made from psychically resistant materials as black as the night they sail through, and charged with collecting the psykers produced by humanity. They come in many classes, but they all have a few similarities: they're covered in anti-psychic wards, contain psi-shielded holds to keep psykers safely within, and they also have heavy arms, armor, and an out sized ship crew to prevent successful attacks upon them.

They come in every ship class, and this how they are priced. **100 CP** for an escort class ship such as a frigate, **200 CP** for a cruiser or grand cruiser, and **300 CP** for a battleship or other flagship . They will have increasingly powerful armaments, armor, voidshields, and larger banks of attack craft as their class increases, but will grow less agile as well.

Purchasing the same class twice doubles the number of custom ships of that class at your command.

Moiraides (500 CP, Discount Custodes): The Moirades are a trio of crusade era battle barges- a catch all term for command ships. Their hulls are black and gold, and bristling with weaponry. The ships of the Custodes are typically capable of threatening ships far above their tonnage, and the Moirades are no exception to this rule. So great is their strength that no more than two of these ships have ever been deployed to a single battlefield, for no more than two have ever been necessary to achieve victory.

Purchasing this twice will leave you in command of all three Moirades.

Bucephelus (700 CP): The Bucephalus was the first flagship of the Emperor, serving him during the early years of the great crusade. It was a work of martial artistry, every micro meter designed to make a

warship of unsurpassed beauty and power. So massive it had its own gravity gradient, this ship flew unopposed across the galaxy, crushing all enemies of Mankind it came across.

Imperator Somnium (800 CP): The Bucephalus was finally supplanted in the late years of the Crusade, and though many thought it would never be surpassed, they were proven wrong when the Emperor created the Imperator Somnium. The Imperator Somnium, the Emperor's Dream- it became his flagship, and it a thing of such impossible quality the name the Master of Mankind granted it is fitting. Dwarfing all other ships produced by mankind, including the massive Bucephalus, in size and firepower the Imperator Somnium is so large it can't be compared to other human ships. Only the Orbital plates of Terra itself can compare to its size. It is a massive command carrier, capable of launching fleets of space and sky superiority fighter and bomber craft, despite its terrifying main guns.

Drawbacks:

Take as many as you'd like. They will leave you as your mandated time here comes to a close, unless you decide you want to keep them.

Psycho-Indoctrination (0 CP & Mandatory): Part of the Talons' induction into the Emperor's service is of the mind. Those who can't hold up under the strain are cast away. Those who come out have absolute loyalty in Him and His cause- faith that you will have during your time here. You can expect to confront many dangers in His name.

Canon Conflicts (0 CP): The Warhammer universe is an expansive one, built over the course of decades by scores of people. At times the sprawling lore conflicts with itself. Taking this drawback allows you to resolve these issues as you see fit. Do note that anything that reduces the danger of the setting is likely to do the same to your own strength.

41st Millennium/Time period (0 CP): You may start this in any time period you like. During the Unification Wars, the Heresy, after the heresy, during or after Cadia's fall- it's your choice. The Talons have ever fought in Terra's service, though not always openly.

TTS (+0 CP): You will spend your time here in the Text to Speech universe- The Custodes are fabulous, the Emperor arrogant and snarky, and the Primarchs have many character flaws among many other changes. Comes with a lifetime supply of body oil.

Fanwork (+0 CP): You may instead pick a fan fiction to visit, so long as the Talons exist within it. Any power this takes or adds to you and yours will be reduced or increased to that of canon levels.

Continuity (+0 CP): Have you been here before? The acts you've done in this universe can carry over, in whole or in part, as you wish.

Vow of Tranquility (+100 CP): When a blank of the Silent Sisterhood graduates into the full sisterhood she makes the Vow of Tranquility. It is a solemn occasion, a declaration that she will let her actions in the Throne's service speak for her. So she speaks the last words she ever will in this vow- and you have done the same. While the closest servants of the Emperor, and He himself, will know the complicated handspeak you use to communicate, it isn't always convenient. And, of course, many beings in the galaxy won't know a form a sign language you do, making communication a problem.

Emperor Obsession (+100 CP): The Talons are dedicated to the Master of Mankind. So have they always been, so will they always be. You take it to another level. Your pedantic obsession with Him is

considered cause for concern by your friends, and everyone else finds it extremely annoying and creepy. Especially to the man himself. The cringe may not be on His face, but you know it's there.

Ultra Smurfs (+100 CP): Some have accused the writers at Games Workshop of playing favorites. Of fluffing particular factions within this universe as flawless and the best, even when it's stupid and makes no sense. Of writing them as far, far more powerful than they should be. Anyone taking part in your time here would be forced to agree. For every victory you achieve, the Ultramarines will either swoop in at the last moment to steal your glory, or else be off doing something that makes your accomplishment seem pointless.

Autismus (+100 CP): Some of the Talons are cold and calculating. At all times. And, as they come off that way to others, they aren't the most charismatic. Your social skills are the thing of legends- for all the wrong reasons. You will drive nearly anyone you meet into frothing rage due to your lack of basic consideration of emotions. You'll have a hard time connecting with others.

Bananas Custard (+100 CP): The Emperor, in His infinite wisdom, has decided to give the organization you belong to a very silly name. Because He thought it was funny. Expect everyone outside of your organization to smirk and struggle to stifle laughter whenever they see you or or one of your comrades in arms. Your authority, on paper at least, is the same, but people have a hard time respecting someone who they're supposed to call 'Lord Banana Custard'.

Soulless (+100 CP mandatory Sisters of Silence, or +200 CP): Blanks have another common name: pariah. It is by no accident. In this universe they are born without souls, and any who have one find them wrong, and regard them with mild disgust and nausea at the very least. For your time in this world you will suffer the same baseless disgust and isolation they do for you have no soul. Simply laying your hand on those with souls will leave them shuddering in revulsion and probably physically ill. This will net you **+100 CP,** and is mandatory for all Sisters of Silence.

For **+200 CP** Others reaction towards you will be of instinctive loathing- if you remain in mixed company over long you will face murderous rage and quite likely spontaneous lynch mobs. Thankfully this doesn't apply to your companions, blanks, Custodians, or the Emperor. They will all react normally to you.

After your time here, you will regain your soul, and no longer be a pariah, but will retain all your abilities. This also applies to any blank companions you take as well, should you wish it. Neither of these levels will effect your companions.

Extended time (+100/+200+300 CP): This is a dangerous universe, and the Emperor's service, while worthy, makes it even more so. Every **100 CP** you gain from this will see you spend ten times as much time in this galaxy of war, ending at ten thousand years. If you'd like to stay longer in the Emperor's service, you may do so, but decide how long you will stay here and now. You won't be able to cut it short.

Thankfully, you won't have to worry about the deleterious effects of age. But so many years of war… Be careful. The enemies of Mankind need to get lucky only once.

Fit to be Tied (+150 CP): Are you sure you serve the Emperor and not Khorne? You're angry. Really, really, *really* angry, damn near all the time. You treat others in as insulting a manner as you possibly can short of striking them directly, unless they are both your fellow Sisters or Custodes, depending on

which you are. And even then, you'll only be able to barely manage something resembling civility if they agree with you completely. Only the Emperor himself is exempt from your lack of respect and near endless resentment and rage. You're not going to be pleasant company, nor be having pleasant times outside those brief moments where you are allowed to vent your rage upon the enemies of Mankind.

In this age of great heroes, there are many beings within and without the Imperium which equal or even exceed the Talons' might. Needless to say, their titanic egos aren't going to be pleased by your constant abrasion. And even lesser beings have their ways of wreaking revenge.

Disgrace (+200 CP): You have failed in your duty. Some critical assignment you were put in charge of came crashing down due to your action or inaction, and all the Imperium knows it. Perhaps you were sent to guard a primarch and slew him. Perhaps you were sent to hold a massively important forgeworld that supplied war materiel for an entire sector, and now xenos and traitors are snapping up systems left and right. Whatever the case, there is now a dark mark over your service. Few will trust you, and when dangerous or unpleasant grunt work becomes necessary, it will be assigned to you. Your allies and comrades will also think very poorly of you, and will behave accordingly.

The Emperor's BFF Club (+200 CP): You're the Emperor's favorite. He, quite simply, likes you. Far more than His Primarchs, the rest of His Talons, or even Malcador. While among the Talons this is unlikely to grow beyond a general surliness when dealing with you, this is due to their extreme professionalism in His service… other groups are far less so. Certain Primarchs may well retreat their forces and leave you to die, or even attack you outright. Supplies may be misplaced, allied forces may 'mistime' their operations, and in general the allies you should be able to rely upon will be as petty and jealous towards you as they possibly can be.

At least the Emperor and Malcador think you're the greatest person in the Imperium. Expect to be taken into their counsel and under their wing whenever they have the chance.

1st Edition(+200 CP): In the original, and now retconned, source the Custodes didn't have proper armor. They had helmets and pants. Or loincloths. For your time here you'll be following their example; you'll simply be unable to don or wear armor. Or even proper shirts. Not having power armor will make sure you're at a severe disadvantage when it comes to a fight.

Moritoi (+200 CP): It happened. In your Service to the Throne you were grievously injured. Crippled. Death was certain- but your comrades reached you in time. You were interred within a dreadnought. Your body is now forged of cold, unfeeling metal, sight, smell, and sound filtered in through the augers of your artificial body. For your time here you will be interred in a dreadnought, either a standard Venerable contemptor dreadnought or one you have purchased. If removed from this dreadnought you will die, and your chain will be broken.

Bureaucratic Mislabeling (+300 CP): The Talons are specialized troops. The Custodians are supremely dangerous against the material universe; so much so that many argue they have no equal within it. Their only weakness is the immaterium. The Silent Sisters are the opposite; though they can crush nearly anything that relies upon the immaterium, there are many beings within the material universe that can best them. And so they cover each others' weaknesses, and are sent upon missions with their specialties in mind.

You will be sent upon the opposite of your origin's specialty. While both are capable of defending themselves against things outside their specialty, they are far, far less so than their opposite. A Custodes would be hard pressed to do battle against an alpha level psyker, and a Sister would be equally unlikely to overcome a dozen space marines.

Degeneration (+300 CP): The Thunder Warriors were mighty. Far more so than the space marines, though their minds were in no way superior to a normal human's. But their bodies, either through design or accident, began weakening. They began to go insane with aggression as their bodies broke down around them. You will suffer the same fate; you abilities will gradually weaken during your time here until you are barely more than a normal man. So to will you find your temper becoming more brittle; try not to pick any fights your now weakened self will be unable to win.

The Emperor's Least Fave (+300 CP): The Talons normally enjoy the Emperor's favor. They are rarely forced to fight without ample supply and support, nor are they sent on suicide missions, though they are often forced to confront danger. This will remain true of everyone but you. You will frequently be forced to fight against completely unreasonable odds. Frequently you will be forced to do so with a dearth of ammunition and spare parts; your equipment will rarely operate at peak performance and will occasionally break down entirely.

The Second Culling (+300 CP): At the end of the unification war, the Thunder Warriors were all killed. The official records state they all died in the final battle, the last one dying while planting the last flag of victory on the last hill to hold out against the Emperor. The Talons know better; they had gone insane, their bodies decaying around them. The Custodians hunted them down one by one, slaying them to the last man so they couldn't damage the fledgling Imperium in their madness. Some say that a few escaped, and found a way to prevent their eventual death by old age, if not cure their madness. Some say they managed to escape Terra, and hide within the wider Imperium. Perhaps they are right.

Now, they will be proven so. They will have found a way to fix their bodies, and to mass produce more of their kind. Their minds will be twisted with bloodlust, and they will come in numbers greater than all the Space Marine Legions combined. And they will attack the Imperium in all their strength. You will be tasked with their defeat, but between the Xenos and these Thunder Warriors, the Imperium will be hard pressed. If they aren't pushed back before they start crushing the Imperium's production capabilities, the Imperium may well fall, and you will certainly be slain.

Fight well, Talon, or this galaxy will burn.

Heresy Most Foul (+400 CP per hostile Primarch): The Horus Heresy is coming, unless you prevent it. It will ravage the Imperium, perhaps badly enough that it will slowly burn it down and see Mankind falter in their destiny. For every **400 CP** you gain from this drawback one Primarch, determined at random, will rebel against the Emperor alongside their legion, and they will hate you personally. They will stop at nothing to see you die, and then Imperium burn. And for all their might, the Talons are not invincible. A foe mightier than you and willing to die to see you slain and all Mankind broken by Chaos will not be easily overcome.

You are guaranteed to be forced to personally fight any Primarch that is turned by Chaos, though possibly through a naval battle. You will not be forced to fight them alone, but that goes both ways; be careful lest you are forced to confront them alone and outnumbered.

Mortal (+600 CP): You are no Custodes, no demigod that can crush humans as easily as they crush ants. Nor are you a Sister of Silence, who are immune to the warp and weaken all that relies upon its power or leave them screaming and insensate by your mere presence. Instead you are a normal mortal, and while no doubt skilled, you will have none of their special abilities. In no way but skill are you differentiated from normal men and women. But nonetheless you will be expected to fight beside the Talons- against abominations that can drive you mad at their very sight and great armies whose every member is mightier than you by orders of magnitude and outnumber you to boot. Your duties will be in no way lessened; but go. Show them them there is nothing *mere* about a man, and crush them with might of Mankind.

Scenarios: Take as many as makes sense to you.

War in the Webway: The Imperial Webway was meant to do many things. To lend further speed Humanity's travels, to render it safer and more reliable, to break the monopoly of the Navis Nobilite, to unite Humanity as it never has been before… It was meant to change the face of the Imperium for the better. But now, one way or another, the wards surrounding it have been broken and hordes of warp spawn are flooding in. It is up to the Talons to drive back these abominations- and you have been selected for the vanguard of this assault.

Working together with a massive mixed force of Talons you must strike forth into the Imperial Webway. You must prevent the daemons from reaching Terra's soil. You must find the many tears within the Imperial Webway, and hold off the daemonic hordes as the Mechanicus works to seal them behind you. Your overall goal is to restore the Imperial Webway to normal within five years, that He may rise up from His Throne once more.

You must find all these rifts, fighting off nigh constant daemonic assault, and guard the Mechanicus as it seals the rifts. If you manage this titanic feat then you will be forced to beat back one final assault led by one of the mightiest of the Neverborn: Drach'nyen, the Echo of the First Murder.

At the head of the a massive daemonic army liberally studded with Titans and any traitor forces which exsist will Drach'nyen attack you as you attempt to seal the last rift. If you are slain, your forces broken, or the Mechanicus repair crews killed, then your efforts will be undone and the Emperor will remain on His Throne for Humanty's safety. But succeed and your rewards will be many: The esteem of your Emperor, the adulation of the masses for His return to them, and the personal attention of a truly ancient spirit.

Long ago mankind turned their mind from the present to the future. When the first man sacrificed time and toil in the present for the hope of a better future, this spirit was born. But when it truly coalesced into a discrete warp entity was roughly eight thousand B.C. It was at this time every living human psyker, once called shamans, gathered together inside Antolia. As one they realized what was necessary to protect Humanity from the depredations of Chaos. As one they took poison and died, channeling all their souls and psychic energies into a single point, purging the nascent daemons that threatened Terra. And a year later, their power gave birth to the Emperor, the greatest hope for Mankind.

And so this being was born. And in risking your life for Humanity's future, this ancient and benevolent warp entity came to you, and fused itself to your weapon.

This being will lend you its counsel, its strength, and all it has in the service of Humanity that you might bring them further hope. It has watched Humanity rise from the age of stone until now, and it knows much of what they've done in those long eons. It knows much of what Humanity has hung its hope upon- works of politics, science, art and war. It knows what has succeeded and what has failed, and why. All you need do is ask, and it will answer. It may draw your eyes to parallels if it detects a threat in these matters.

But it offers more than knowledge. Its unnatural senses will help you avoid ambush and anticipate the movements your enemies make. It will use its power to strengthen the function of any purchases the weapon has from this document. It will channel immaterial energies to tear your enemies apart and even more than that in can purify what is corrupted. Forcing daemons which possess others out, undoing the mutations of Chaos and restoring the minds of who have been broken, and leaving horrible wounds on all that is daemonic.

But its greatest ability is simple: it can store energy. Any amount of it, and any kind. By sacrificing energy you have now, you can call on those reserves later in anyway appropriate. It can heal wounds, lend your body strength and speed, or launch bolts of blazing golden light. It can even sip away at the energy of those you wound with it to be used in this way, though it will be small compared to the willing sacrifice of you and your allies, given that you might hope for a better future.

This being will be absolutely loyal to you, and, uniquely for a spirit of the warp, be able to function normally even in the presence of blanks. If brought into the presence of the Emperor, He will congratulate you on claiming its service. It seems like He's known the spirit for a long, long time and is quite pleased to see it in your hand.

Tides of Chaos: Chaos is weak in this age. But it is seeking to subvert or destroy Humanity's greatest heroes, and find a champion to make it the dominant force in the galaxy.

Chaos will find a champion, and empower them to be the Emperor's equal in power, if not His equal in knowledge. Normally this figure would be the Warmaster Horus, one of the Emperor's most favored sons. Perhaps you will change this. But Chaos will find away, even if you prevent the corruption of every Primarch and even every human in the galaxy. And they will come to Terra at the head of a massive war fleet, using warp storms to isolate the Sol system. They will arrive to slay the Emperor and submerge all of Humanity into Chaos's grip.

The Emperor will put together an elite strike force, containing the most powerful warriors he has access to, creating a spearhead meant to pierce the heart of Chaos and ensure Humanity's future. The chance to decapitate this terrible threat will come. Unfortunately, He will be unavoidably detained, and it will be up to you and the forces He assembled to slay the Champion of Chaos.

You are by no means even guaranteed to set eyes on this champion. You will be badly outnumbered, and some among the Chaotic ranks will be every bit as mighty as the Primarchs, and the forces equaling the Astartes will be legion. If you manage to fight through this army you will find yourself confronting the general with little if any support as the Chaotic forces redouble their efforts to rejoin their master. Most, if not all, of your allies will be forced to fight a rearguard action to keep you from being overwhelmed by reinforcements. And even that paints an optimistic picture, for if you have do not have enough forces left to hold back the tide they will flood in to assist their leader.

And then there will be Chaos' Champion itself. Made mighty as the Emperor Himself by its master and given daemonic weaponry of immense power, victory would be far from certain for the Master of Mankind himself. For a Talon, or even a Primarch, defeat will be all but guaranteed. But if you and forces can overcome these terrible odds your reward will be equal to the task's difficulty.

The Emperor himself will look at you with disbelief when you return to the Imperial palace. He had thought you doomed, and thought the lack of His presence had meant the certain downfall of all Mankind. But now, the few forces of Chaos that yet survive will be in panicked flight, making them easy targets for Imperial forces across the galaxy. Soon they will be crushed, and Humanity's ultimate victory over them is only a matter of time.

The Emperor will be joyous at Humanity's salvation, and know that He has you to thank. He will bring you to his personal gene-labs beneath His palace, and there you shall rest. The day You awaken You will come to realize multiple things. The first comes as You exit a massive armorcrys tank. The Emperor stands before You, no longer seeming as large as when You first came down here at His request. You've grown head and shoulders above Your previous height. Second is that Your equipment has been upgraded- You can feel the thrum of power within them from across the room. All Your item purchases have been upgraded with both the Artifact and Emperor Forged templates. If You'd already bought them, then they've been even further enhanced.

As You climb the stairs with Him he explains Your new duties. From this day on You will serve directly at His side. You will rapidly discover several more things during this time. You are superior to Your old self in every single way You were before. You are faster, stronger, smarter. Slowly, You will find Yourself awakening psychic abilities that grow until You match the Emperor Himself. And the Emperor prioritizes You learning all He knows over the duties one would expect from one of His Talons.

Over the years of service as the Emperor's hand You will grow in ability and knowledge until You rival the Master of Mankind Himself. It will be made clear to all the Imperium that You are His protege, and if something should ever happen to Him, You will be His heir. You are now the Child of the Emperor, more so than even the Primarchs themselves.

Go forth and lay claim to the stars, as is Your birthright.

Should You decide to go to another universe, You may take Your Father with You.

End: Your term of service to the Emperor is through. But there is always more to do. What choice will you make, child of man?

Stay: Only in death does duty end. This war torn galaxy is ever in need of heroes to stave off the myriad threats to humanity. Despite the terrible threats, despite the cost it takes to protect humanity, the Emperor will gladly fight for their sake forever. And you may stay here to help him. Take an additional **1000 CP** alongside His gratitude. Your affairs back where you were born will be put to order.

Leave: Your time here is through. There are more than a thousand times a thousand worlds in this galaxy, but there is far more to see, isn't there? Remember your time as His hand, and go forth with His blessing.

Home: Have you had your fill of traveling foreign worlds, of facing horrors, your fill of blood and flame? Then return to your home, and rest warrior. May you know peace once more.

Notes:

Any Origin can be taken as de facto drop in. Talons don't really have much of lives before they finish their training.

Wisdom of the Ancients doesn't make you smarter than the Big E. However, the knowledge base and intelligence increase it gives you would make you very useful to Him as a sounding board and advisor.

Peerless Warrior gives you similar physical, mental, and social abilities as well as the skill of a Primarch, but not their psychic abilities, latent or otherwise.

If you buy a trait for an item which it already posses, that trait is greatly enhanced. And if you buy traits that conflict, it works anyway; fanwank it. For example, a flame and frost weapon would leave behind both burns and frostbite. Perhaps it would do so by draining away the heat into itself then sending it right back, enhanced by the weapon. Don't worry about wasting CP, it will all just work. This includes ammo types, of course. If you don't think something should work in conjunction with another purchase and can't think of a way that seems plausible to you, just don't buy them.

Eclipse shields are possible; buy a refractor and Spectra distortion. Other such upgrades are possible by buying multiple options under weapons and armor; if it makes sense to you and you have the CP for it, assume it works. Buy the plasma upgrade for a bolter; maybe your bolts explode into plasma. Fanwank it.

If you're buying weapons for a ship or vehicle and it has multiples of the same type, you can choose to have your purchases on the weapon table apply to all of them. If you have a tank with four las weapons on it, then a single purchase could turn them all into Arachnus weaponry, for example.

Operating your items won't have any long or short term negative consequences unless otherwise noted, so long as you take sensible precautions. You don't have worry about your mind being broken by a machine spirit or anything of the sort. Just don't shoot yourself and you'll be fine.

If you're a Custodes, your giant form will be an altform post jump. You'll also get a normal sized form with their biology, if you wish, and though you won't be as strong due to your size loss, you'll still be far stronger than a normal man. Any equipment you have will resize with you. Post jump you can also reclaim the entire gamut of human emotions, or keep any amount of that training and gene-science wrought absence that you'd prefer. The books are pretty inconsistent on the emotion loss- sometimes you get emotionless robots, other times it's a fairly subtle deadening of specific emotions like fear. It may be a result of the customized creation process. Either way, fanwank it.

The gene-lab can't give mutually exclusive genetic abilities, but it's free game other than that. If you had a diagram on an Alpha level psyker's abilities, you could grant those abilities to others. If you had the Emperor's full plans on the Primarchs, you could recreate them, too. Figuring you have a similar skill level in gene-crafting as Big E, you might just need a few pointers. Creating a blank *or* a psyker is possible, but making someone into both a blank and a psyker hybrid is an example of what it can't do. You still have to fulfill all the requirements of the end result as well, but those are the only

requirements. Any blanks you create with it won’t have the drawbacks of such after this jump, just as if they had received the ability within this jump itself.

If a Sister buys a piece of equipment normally meant for a Custodian, it’ll be tailored to fit them and vice versa.

You may replace or upgrade any vehicle weapon with one purchased from the weapon table if you choose, and it’s hull can be modified with the armor table.

The books are extremely vague on the capabilities of their ships, and contradict fairly frequently. Fanwank it.

Fanwank responsibly.