Warhammer 40K: Chaos Space Marines 1.0

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Introduction:

I never wanted this.
I never wanted to unleash my legions.
Together, we banished the ignorance of Old Night.
You betrayed me.
You betrayed us all.
You stole power from the gods and lied to your sons.
Mankind has only one chance to prosper.
If you will not seize it, then I will.
So let it be war—from the skies of terror to the galactic rim.
Let the seas boil, let the stars fall.
Though it takes the last drop of my blood,
I will see the galaxy freed once more.
And if I cannot save it from your failure, Father,
then let the galaxy burn.

These were the words spoken by the Warmaster Horus as he turned the nine traitor legions against the Imperium of Man. Though Horus has fallen, his will—and the will of the Four Chaos Gods—endures. The corrupted legions remain, fierce and unyielding, poised to strike at the heart of the Imperium once more. They are hungry, relentless, prepared to rend and consume the decaying carcass of the once-great empire. Fueled by the fervor of their dark gods, these legions seek to shatter the grip of the so-called "Corpse Emperor," exposing the frailty and hypocrisy of his followers.

Now, take this 1,500 CP and see what mischief and corruption you can sow in the Imperium. With these dark resources, you hold the power to twist and reshape the fate of worlds, spreading chaos and discord in the name of the Four. Embrace the chaos, let it flow through you, and watch as the loyalists' carefully constructed reality crumbles under your influence.

Starting Location :

Roll 1d12 to see where you will start in this universe. Or pay 50 CP to choose any location in this list.

1.The Eye of Terror
A vast warp rift and the ultimate stronghold of Chaos, where daemons and traitor legions hold dominion. This is home to some of the most infamous Chaos Space Marine warbands, who emerge to raid, corrupt, and conquer in the name of the Dark Gods.

2.The Maelstrom
Another massive warp storm, smaller than the Eye of Terror but equally chaotic, where pirates, renegades, and heretics lurk. Many Chaos-aligned forces use this region as a staging ground for invasions into Imperial space.

3.Medrengard
The fortress world of the Iron Warriors within the Eye of Terror, it is an iron-bound hellscape of weapon forges and defenses. A Chaos Marine arriving here would have to prove themselves worthy among the legion's fortress-building masters.

4.Scintilla (Calixis Sector)
A hive world on the edge of Imperial space, where heretics and cultists run rampant beneath the surface. This location allows a Chaos Marine to incite rebellion, recruit cultists, and sabotage the Imperium from within.

5.Vraks Prime
Once a fortress world for the Imperium, it has since become a war-torn wasteland overrun with Chaos forces. A Chaos Marine beginning here would find plentiful opportunities to arm themselves and rally renegade Imperial Guard forces to their cause.

6.Gathalamor
A shrine world deep in Imperial territory, rich in religious fervor and zealotry. A Chaos Marine could exploit the faith of the inhabitants, turning the populace against each other in dark, ritualistic conflict.

7.The Screaming Vortex
A system-sized warp storm in the Koronus Expanse, this region teems with rogue traders, heretical cults, and minor xenos species. Here, Chaos Marines can amass resources and power while avoiding direct confrontation with the Imperium's primary forces.

8.Sicarus
The Daemon World of the Word Bearers, a place of grand cathedrals to Chaos and fields of sacrificial blood. This planet is ideal for Chaos Marines seeking the blessings of the Dark Gods, as it is a constant center for unholy rites and dark crusades.

9.Catachan's Death Jungles
A death world teeming with hostile flora and fauna, with rugged Imperial Guard forces and savage lifeforms. Here, a Chaos Marine could survive and build a ruthless, resilient force, turning the jungle's dangers against the Imperium.

10.Fenris' Shadowed Moons
The tainted moons around Fenris, corrupted by the warp over the millennia. While not fully Chaos-aligned, these moons hold enough influence for a Chaos Marine to secretly operate and prepare an invasion into the heart of Space Wolf territory.

11.Armageddon's Wastelands
A world marked by endless war between the Imperium and Orks, with some Chaos influence seeping into the battlefields. A Chaos Marine starting here can leverage the conflict to sow discord and find alliances among disillusioned or corrupted Imperial forces.

12.Any Location

Choose any location in the setting both canon and non canon as your starting location. This includes any fanmade locations you may have.



Determining Your Starting Point in the 41st Millennium :

As a Chaos Space Marine, your path to glory in the service of Chaos Undivided is marked by centuries of brutal warfare, dark alliances, and rebellion against the Imperium of Mankind. Though your origins trace back to the ancient Heresy, your journey is ever-changing, fueled by the hunger for power and the boundless chaos of the warp. To determine your starting point in this blood-soaked legacy, roll a 1d11 to select a significant event or conflict in the galaxy's dark history. Each roll represents a momentous war or upheaval, a battleground where you will prove your devotion to Chaos and unleash your fury, feeding the endless cycle of destruction and corruption.

1. **The Beast Arises [544.M31]**
   The emergence of The Beast marks one of the most cataclysmic moments in Imperial history. After a period of relative peace following the Horus Heresy, the Imperium is caught off guard by the rise of an immensely powerful Ork Warlord known only as The Beast. This warlord unites the Orks under his command, assembling the largest WAAAGH! ever recorded. The scale of this threat dwarfs all previous Ork incursions, posing an existential challenge to the Imperium of Mankind. Entire planets fall to the Greenskins, and even the Space Marines struggle to contain the invasion. The Imperial response is slow at first, leading to devastating losses. Eventually, desperate measures are taken, and after a series of intense campaigns, The Beast is defeated. However, this crisis leaves a lasting scar on the Imperium, exposing its vulnerabilities.

2. **The Nova Terra Interregnum [Late M34]**
   By the late 34th millennium, the Imperium faces another internal crisis: the Nova Terra Interregnum. During this period, the Imperium fractures into competing factions, with the Ur-Council of Nova Terra rejecting the authority of the High Lords of Terra. The Ur-Council controls the powerful Segmentum Pacificus, and their refusal to acknowledge Terra's rule throws the galaxy into chaos. For nearly 900 years, the Imperium is engulfed in civil war and constant skirmishes between loyalist forces and those aligned with Nova Terra. This long-standing conflict weakens the Imperium, leaving it vulnerable to external threats. The Ecclesiarchy and various military

forces vie for power, further destabilizing the galaxy. Eventually, the Ur-Council is overthrown, but the wounds of this conflict take centuries to heal, leaving deep divisions within the Imperium.

3. **The Moirae Schism [Early M35]**
   The Moirae Schism begins in the early 35th millennium, sowing discord within the Adeptus Mechanicus. The Forge World of Moirae claims that the Astronomicon—the light of the Emperor used for navigation—contains divine messages from the Omnissiah. These claims spark a theological rift within the Mechanicus, with some believing that these signals herald a new era of technological and spiritual enlightenment. However, others denounce the Moirae faction as heretical. This schism escalates into a full-blown civil war within the Mechanicus, as Forge Worlds take sides and titanic battles erupt across the galaxy. The conflict spills over to the Astartes and Titan Legions, threatening the stability of the Imperium itself. The war rages on until the Moirae faction is crushed, but it leaves the Adeptus Mechanicus in disarray, with lingering tensions that will persist for millennia.

4. **The Reign of Blood [200.M36]**
   The Reign of Blood is one of the darkest periods in the Imperium's history, marking the height of the Age of Apostasy. It begins when Goge Vandire, a ruthless and power-hungry individual, rises to power within the Imperium. Through manipulation, blackmail, and murder, Vandire secures control over both the Administratum and the Ecclesiarchy, declaring himself the absolute ruler of the Imperium. Vandire's reign is one of terror, as he uses the Ecclesiarchy's zeal to crush dissent and solidify his power. His Frateris Templar, fanatical warrior-priests, sweep across the galaxy, enforcing his brutal decrees. The Imperium descends into civil war as various factions rise up against Vandire's tyranny. Eventually, Vandire is overthrown by a coalition of loyalist forces, led by Sebastian Thor, after a brutal 70-year conflict. The aftermath leads to sweeping reforms in the Ecclesiarchy, but the scars of Vandire's tyranny leave the Imperium shaken.

5. **The Gothic War [139.M41]**
   The Gothic War begins in 139.M41 when Abaddon the Despoiler, the heir of Horus and one of the most dangerous champions of Chaos, launches his 12th Black Crusade. His target is the Gothic Sector, a vital region of the Imperium that houses powerful Blackstone Fortresses—ancient and mysterious weapons of immense power. Abaddon's forces, bolstered by Chaos Space Marines, heretic fleets, and daemonic allies, lay waste to Imperial worlds, aiming to seize control of the sector. In response, the Imperium mobilizes a vast array of Space Marine Chapters, Imperial Navy fleets, and Astra Militarum regiments. The war is long and bloody, with Abaddon using cunning strategies to outmaneuver Imperial forces. Ultimately, the war ends with the destruction of the Blackstone Fortresses, but the sector is left in ruins, and Abaddon's ambitions are far from over.

6. **The Macharian Crusade [392.M41]**
   The Macharian Crusade is one of the most successful Imperial campaigns in recent history, led by the brilliant tactician Lord Commander Solar Macharius. In 392.M41, Macharius embarks on a crusade to reclaim worlds in the Segmentum Pacificus that had fallen to darkness and heresy. His military genius, combined with an unshakable faith in the Emperor, allows him to conquer over a thousand worlds in just seven years. His forces sweep across the galaxy, bringing countless worlds back under Imperial rule. However, Macharius' death marks the beginning of the Macharian Heresy, as his former commanders turn against one another, each vying for control over his vast conquests. The crusade's initial successes are soon overshadowed by internal strife, and the Imperium is forced to intervene to prevent total collapse. Despite this, Macharius is remembered as one of the greatest heroes of the Imperium.

7. **The Damocles Gulf Crusade [742.M41]**
   The Damocles Gulf Crusade begins when the Imperium encounters the T'au, a new and highly advanced xenos species. The T'au, with their technologically superior weapons and vehicles, begin to encroach on Imperial territory in the Damocles Gulf, offering alliances to human worlds and promoting their philosophy of the Greater Good. The Imperium, viewing this as heresy, launches a crusade to purge the T'au and reclaim their worlds. The crusade is marked by fierce battles, with the Imperial forces struggling to match the T'au's sophisticated technology. Ultimately, the crusade is called off due to the emergence of the Tyranid threat (Hive Fleet Behemoth), and a truce is established between the Imperium and the T'au, though both sides remain wary of each other.

8. **The First Tyrannic War [745.M41]**
   The First Tyrannic War is the Imperium's first encounter with the terrifying Tyranids, a xenos species from beyond the galaxy. In 745.M41, Hive Fleet Behemoth descends upon the eastern fringe of the Imperium, devouring entire planets in its path. The Imperium is caught unprepared for this new threat, as the Tyranids' numbers and ferocity overwhelm Imperial defenses. The war culminates in the desperate defense of Macragge, the homeworld of the Ultramarines. The battle is brutal, with countless lives lost on both sides, but the Ultramarines, under the leadership of Marneus Calgar, manage to repel the Tyranids, though at great cost. This war marks the beginning of the Imperium's long struggle against the ever-growing Tyranid menace.

9. **The Badab War [901.M41]**
   The Badab War erupts when Lugft Huron, Chapter Master of the Astral Claws, declares independence from the Imperium. Huron, frustrated by what he perceives as the Imperium's neglect of the Maelstrom Zone, seizes control of the Badab Sector and declares himself the Tyrant of Badab. His actions spark a brutal civil war between loyalist Space Marines and the renegades who support Huron. The war is marked by intense battles, with Astartes fighting Astartes in some of the bloodiest engagements in Imperial history. Ultimately, Huron is defeated, but his legacy lives on as many of his followers escape into the Maelstrom to continue their rebellion against the Imperium.

10. **The Third War for Armageddon [757.998.M41]**

    The Third War for Armageddon is the latest in a series of titanic battles fought over the Hive World of Armageddon, one of the Imperium's most important industrial worlds. In 757.998.M41, the Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka, who had previously been driven off during the Second War for Armageddon, returns at the head of a massive WAAAGH! determined to finally conquer the world. Armageddon becomes the site of one of the largest battles in the Imperium's history, as millions of Imperial soldiers, including Space Marine Chapters, Titan Legions, and Astra Militarum regiments, clash with the Ork invaders. The war drags on for years, with the fate of Armageddon hanging in the balance, but the Imperium is determined to hold the world at all costs.

11. **The Indomitus Crusade [999.M41 - Unknown]**

    The Indomitus Crusade is launched in the aftermath of the 13th Black Crusade, during which the fortress world of Cadia is destroyed, and the galaxy is torn in two by the opening of the Great Rift. This massive warp storm plunges half the galaxy into darkness, isolating entire sectors from Imperial rule. In response, Roboute Guilliman, the resurrected Primarch of the Ultramarines, assumes command of the Imperium and launches the Indomitus Crusade to reunite the shattered Imperium. This crusade spans the galaxy, with Guilliman leading his forces through the warp-ravaged galaxy, fighting to restore order and defend the Imperium from threats both old and new. Due to the temporal distortions caused by the warp, the exact duration of the crusade is uncertain, but it is a period of great heroism and sacrifice as the Imperium fights for its very survival in a galaxy engulfed by chaos.

Origins :

Regardless of your other origins, you are always male here, as you are still an Astartes. Your age holds no meaning here, as the Warp and some of the processes involved in creating Chaos Space Marines make age nonconsequential. Choose an age between 18 and 200 years old.

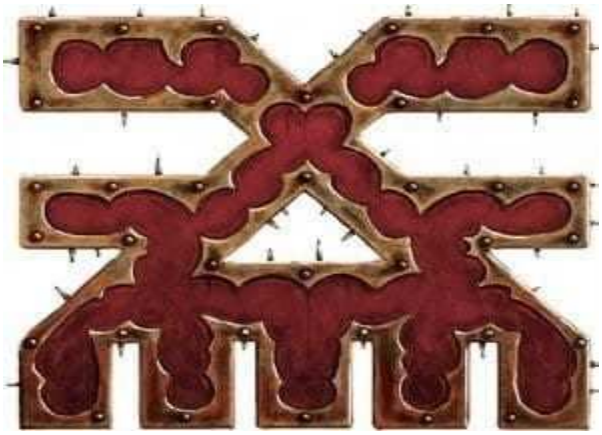
Alignment:

Choose one god you will serve while in this Jump.

Khorne [World Eaters must choose this Alignment]

To serve Khorne, the Blood God, is to devote yourself entirely to the raw, unyielding power of martial strength and honor in combat. Khorne despises the weak and scorns sorcery, seeing strength as the only true path to power. Those who serve him are granted unparalleled physical prowess and a relentless bloodlust, surging through every fiber of their being. The blood of enemies fuels their fervor, and each act of violence is an offering to Khorne's throne of skulls.

As a champion of Khorne, you will find yourself endlessly drawn to the frontlines, wielding brutal weapons and crushing any who dare to oppose you. Gifts of power may come in the form of blessings from Khorne himself, such as the power to ignore pain, increased durability, and an insatiable rage that grows stronger with each kill.



Tzeentch [Thousand Sons must choose this Alignment]

To pledge yourself to Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways, is to embrace the mysteries of magic, mutation, and manipulation. Tzeentch is the god of change, knowledge, and dark sorcery, always scheming and weaving intricate plots to advance his unknowable goals. Those who serve Tzeentch are granted access to eldritch powers beyond mortal comprehension, from the ability to cast devastating spells to glimpses of possible futures. You will become a wielder of arcane might and a pawn in a cosmic game, manipulating reality itself in ways that even you might not fully understand. Serving Tzeentch is as much about knowledge as it is about cunning, as he favors those who can think several steps ahead.

However, Tzeentch's gifts come at a price. His favor is as fickle as his nature, and every blessing could lead to unexpected consequences. You may find yourself transformed over time, physically or mentally, as Tzeentch warps his followers to reflect his ever-shifting nature. Your journey as a servant of Tzeentch will be one of constant adaptation, learning, and transformation. Loyalty is complex under his gaze, as even betrayal and manipulation can be expressions of devotion to the Changer of Ways.



Nurgle [Death Guard must choose this Alignment]

To serve Nurgle, the Plague Father, is to embrace the inevitability of decay, death, and rebirth. Nurgle is the god of disease, rot, and survival through endurance, offering his followers a twisted form of love and protection. Those who align with Nurgle are blessed with resilience beyond mortal limits, becoming immune to pain and fear as they spread his vile contagions across the galaxy. Nurgle's touch transforms them into grotesque beings, corrupted by disease yet filled with vitality and an infectious joy for their existence, despite their nightmarish forms. To Nurgle, suffering is merely a pathway to acceptance and strength.

Followers of Nurgle experience a peculiar form of contentment in the face of death, seeing it as part of life's natural cycle. Serving the Plague Father offers a paradoxical form of freedom; you will no longer fear decay or mortality, embracing each plague and affliction as a blessing. With his gifts, you will spread despair among the enemies of Chaos, wielding disease as both weapon and symbol of Nurgle's dominion. Your role is not only as a destroyer but as a reaper, nurturing life and death in a grotesque balance.



Slaanesh [Emperor's Children must choose this Alignment]

Slaanesh, the Prince of Pleasure, promises indulgence beyond imagination to those who pledge themselves to his service. As the god of excess, sensation, and desire, Slaanesh offers his followers a life of intoxicating freedom and hedonistic power. Warriors who fight for Slaanesh are driven by a relentless hunger for new experiences, pushing their bodies and minds to their limits to savor every sensation. In battle, they exhibit unmatched speed and precision, reveling in the thrill of combat as an ultimate expression of their devotion. For Slaanesh, pain, pleasure, and ecstasy are all one, a symphony that only his followers can fully appreciate.

Slaanesh's gifts come in many forms: enhanced agility, heightened senses, and a charisma that draws others toward you. Yet his blessings also demand sacrifice, as your spirit becomes bound to the endless pursuit of sensation and perfection. Each victory, each indulgence, fuels a desire for even greater extremes, blurring the lines between pleasure and suffering. As a servant of Slaanesh, you will walk a path of pure exhilaration, but beware—the Prince of Pleasure's gifts can consume you, and satisfaction may forever elude your grasp.



Chaos Undivided

To serve Chaos Undivided is to embrace all aspects of Chaos without aligning with a single god, balancing the ambitions and traits of each in pursuit of your own power and destiny. As a follower of Chaos Undivided, you may call upon the blessings of all four gods while avoiding the limitations of absolute loyalty to any one of them. This path allows you to draw upon Khorne's strength, Tzeentch's cunning, Nurgle's endurance, and Slaanesh's speed as needed, becoming a versatile and adaptable agent of Chaos. You serve Chaos as a cosmic force rather than any individual deity, reveling in the power that only this path can offer.

The path of Chaos Undivided is not without challenges. While you avoid the pitfalls of complete devotion to a single god, your existence is a constant struggle to balance their competing influences. This often means walking a fine line between freedom and conflict, as the gods may test your allegiance or attempt to sway you. However, your versatility as a champion of Chaos Undivided gives you a unique strength, enabling you to face a broader range of enemies and challenges. You are Chaos incarnate, a warrior who embraces the destructive potential of all the gods to carve your own path of conquest and corruption.



Legions:

Choose one Legion you originate from as a Chaos Space Marine. Additional origins can be found in the Warhammer 40K Chaos Space Marines Warband Supplement, taken in addition to your chosen Legion.

Black Legion, The XVI Legion

The Black Legion, once known as the Sons of Horus, is the most infamous of all Chaos Space Marine Legions, led by the Warmaster Abaddon the Despoiler. Abaddon rejects the blind servitude to any one Chaos God, instead embracing Chaos in all its forms, giving his followers both unity and freedom to pursue their own ambitions. This creed has drawn a vast array of renegade Space Marines to the Black Legion's ranks, making it the largest and most feared of the Chaos warbands.

The Black Legion's forces are highly organized, with a clear chain of command and an unyielding drive to break the Imperium. Abaddon has led the Black Legion in thirteen Black Crusades against the Imperium, each one a brutal testament to his relentless will and strategic genius. Under the banner of the Black Legion, you are driven to topple the Imperium and finally see the Emperor's light extinguished once and for all.



Word Bearers, The XVII Legion

The Word Bearers are the devoted zealots of Chaos, worshippers of the Dark Gods long before the Heresy even began. Led by their Primarch Lorgar, they were the first to fall to Chaos, seeing the Warp Gods as beings worthy of reverence and worship. The Word Bearers despise the Emperor's rejection of faith, viewing him as a false idol. They embrace Chaos in its entirety, dedicating themselves to spreading corruption and religious fervor across the galaxy. Known for their intricate dark rituals, they bring daemons to the battlefield, tearing reality itself open to unleash the fury of the warp upon their foes.

Word Bearers are known for their religious fanaticism and willingness to die for their beliefs. They often lead cults on Imperial worlds, using manipulation and corruption to rot the Imperium from within. Their ranks include Dark Apostles, the twisted priests of Chaos, who spread their blasphemous sermons, leading rituals and binding daemonic powers. As a Word Bearer, you are both warrior and prophet, driven to convert or destroy all in the name of Chaos, seeing every act of bloodshed as a holy sacrament to the Dark Gods.



Night Lords, The VIII Legion

The Night Lords Legion are the terror tactics experts of Chaos, using fear and psychological warfare as their primary weapons. Originally from the night-shrouded world of Nostramo, they were shaped by their brutal Primarch, Konrad Curze, who believed in enforcing order through fear. Unlike other legions, the Night Lords do not fight for Chaos out of devotion to the Dark Gods, but rather as a consequence of their own dark and cruel philosophy. They are ruthless hunters, preying upon the weak and reveling in the despair they inflict on their enemies.

As masters of ambush and guerilla tactics, the Night Lords often operate in smaller squads, spreading horror across enemy lines and targeting vulnerable locations. Their armor is decorated with macabre symbols and terrifying visages designed to unnerve their opponents. They have no loyalty to one another beyond what benefits their own survival, and are often fractured and divisive. Joining the Night Lords means embracing an existence in the shadows, using fear as your weapon, and finding glory not in honor or conquest, but in the despair and broken spirits of your enemies.



Alpha Legion, The XX Legion

The Alpha Legion is the most enigmatic of the Chaos Space Marine Legions, known for their intricate schemes, deception, and mastery of espionage. Led by their twin Primarchs, Alpharius and Omegon, they value subtlety and manipulation over brute strength, often working behind enemy lines to destabilize and sabotage the Imperium. The Alpha Legion is infamous for infiltrating their enemies, using agents, cultists, and even posing as loyalist forces to cause confusion and division. Their motto, “Hydra Dominatus,” speaks to their many-headed approach to warfare, attacking from countless angles at once.

The Alpha Legion’s tactics are often so complex that even their own allies in Chaos cannot always discern their motives. Their loyalty to Chaos itself is often questioned, as they seem driven by a more mysterious and inscrutable goal, sometimes fighting alongside Chaos, other times seemingly working against it. As an Alpha Legionnaire, your missions are shrouded in secrecy, your identity as fluid as the Hydra’s heads, and your purpose a mystery even to yourself. You fight not for glory or honor, but for objectives known only to your Legion.



Iron Warriors, The IV Legion

The Iron Warriors are the siege masters of Chaos, specializing in the brutal art of attrition warfare. Originating from the brutal and unforgiving world of Olympia, they were molded by their harsh Primarch, Perturabo, into relentless soldiers with an unparalleled knowledge of fortifications, heavy artillery, and siege tactics. They despise weakness and pity, and as such, they approach warfare with a cold, calculated ruthlessness that leaves no room for mercy. Known for their expertise with heavy weapons and siege engines, the Iron Warriors thrive on brutal, grinding battles where endurance and firepower are their greatest strengths.

The Iron Warriors have a fierce hatred for the Imperial Fists, their loyalist counterparts, and they carry a longstanding grudge against the Imperium, which they believe used them for the dirtiest, most grueling tasks without honor. Their warbands often employ daemonic engines, corrupted machinery, and siege constructs to devastate enemy defenses. As an Iron Warrior, you are part of a relentless machine of destruction, forging a path of ruin through the Imperium's defenses. You are here to break, burn, and reduce your enemies to rubble, embodying the cold, unfeeling fury of Chaos Undivided.



World Eaters, The XII Legion [200CP/ Requires Khorne Alignment]

There are none more devoted to the cause of blood and warfare than the World Eaters, the foremost followers of Khorne. Fitted with the cortical implants known as the Butcher's Nails, their aggression is heightened to unnatural and unheard of levels, as all capacity for pleasure is restricted to a rush felt only during spilling blood and taking lives. Even before falling to Chaos, the World Eaters' brutality was a thing of legends and nightmares, and after embracing Khorne, they have grown only more barbarous and violent.

The World Eaters utterly disdain psychic powers and magical means of warfare, and ranged combat holds little interest to them compared to the murderous joy they feel when mauling the enemy in close combat. As a World Eater, you live for combat, and any time spent not engaging in active warfare will be spent preparing for the next engagement. It does not matter who you fight, only that you kill for the Blood God. You may join the Brazen Beasts warband for free.



Thousand Sons, The XV Legion [200CP/ Requires Tzeentch Alignment and Psyker perk]

The tragedy of the Thousand Sons is that they never sought to betray the Emperor. They were loyal, only deviating from Imperial law to study the powers of psykers and the Warp. Yet, the actions of the Emperor—twisted into new meaning by Horus—forced them into a corner, and Magnus was forced to worship Chaos simply to keep his people alive… and once Tzeentch had hooks in him, there was no possibility of escape.

Now, the Thousand Sons are the greatest devotees of Tzeentch, studying magic, weaving plots, and bringing about change in the galaxy at their god's demand. Since the *Rubric of Ahriman* went wrong, all non-psykers in the Legion have been slain and their souls bound into suits of armor, now known as Rubric Marines. Only a small number of the Legion remains, and they are sorcerers all. As one of the Thousand Sons, you too are a psyker, learned in the ways of Warp sorcery to one degree or another. Your numbers are such that straightforward assaults are no longer an option; combat relies on magic and deception, the twist of illusion and the tactical and strategic brilliance expected of those who worship Tzeentch. You may join the Scourged warband for free.



Death Guard, The XIV Legion [200CP/ Requires Nurgle Alignment]

Marked by plague, scored by contagion, the Plague Companies of the Death Guard look like they should be dropping dead on the spot. Their bodies are bloated with pus and rotted organs, chunks of flesh fall from their bodies, and even their stomachs may burst open to reveal the entrails within. Yet, Nurgle has blessed with with a mighty constitution that allows them to not only survive being in such a state, but thrive in it. They are the foremost followers of the Plaguefather, and seek to spread his putrid decay across the entire galaxy.

The Death Guard draws upon the powers of plague and poison to advance in battle, using their unholy resilience to survive attacks that would slaughter even other Chaos Space Marines, and inexorably advance upon their enemies to bring them low with contagion and rot. As a member of the Death Guard, you bring forth life in the form of bacteria and viruses, in order to bring about the deaths of your enemies. In this manner, the cyclic nature of the world is maintained, and Nurgle glories in the plagues you spread. You may join the Purge warband for free.



Emperor's Children, The III Legion [200CP/ Requires Slaanesh Alignment]

Once, the Emperor's Children were the premier Astartes. They of all the Legions bore the Emperor's title in their name, and they alone were permitted to bear the symbol of the Emperor, the Palatine Aquila. But their desire to excel and seek perfect twisted them, and eventually they succumbed to the wiles of Slaanesh. Now, they keep their old name as an act of mockery, and as an insult to the Corpse Emperor of the Imperium that they so greatly disdain.

The Emperor's Children seek perfection and the greatest heights of excess imaginable—and many that none could ever have imagined in the first place. They wage war for the thrill of it, to exult in combat and to prove their superiority as they seek bloodshed and pain alike as yet another expression of hedonism and the search for entertainment. As one of the Emperor's Children, your life is one where you pursue senseless indulgence, seeking depravity and debauchery beyond the reckoning of normal men. You may join the Flawless Host warband for free.



Specialty:

Here choose one role you took as part of your legion and/or Warband.

Veterans of the Long War

As a Veteran of the Long War, you are one of the most experienced members of your warband, having fought countless battles since the days of the Horus Heresy. Clad in the formidable armor of a Terminator, you stride across the battlefield like a walking fortress, each step resonating with centuries of brutality and unholy might. Your role is to act as the elite guard, protecting your Chaos Lord and ensuring their survival against all odds. Your presence alone is enough to unnerve even the most hardened foes, for your acts of subjugation and merciless slaughter are the stuff of legends.

Serving as a Veteran of the Long War is a testament to your resilience, skill, and loyalty to Chaos. With every battle, you carry the weight of ancient grudges against the Imperium, channeling your hatred into powerful and precise strikes. In combat, you are a symbol of relentless wrath, embodying the eternal fury of those who have turned from the Emperor's light. Your mastery over brutal, uncompromising tactics ensures that no foe, no matter how fortified, is safe from your assault. Set your age to 1000 years.



Cult of the Damned

The Cult of the Damned is where Chaos's true zealots gather, those who have embraced the Dark Gods' power and forsaken all else. As a Dark Apostle within this cult, you are a fanatic preacher, spreading the vile gospel of Chaos and rallying your warband into a frenzy. In battle, your chants and invocations invoke blessings upon your allies, filling them with unholy fervor. Those under your command fight with the strength of believers who have glimpsed the impossible and now pursue it with deadly determination.

Taking on the role of Dark Apostle means you are both feared and revered among Chaos followers. You wield your words as weapons, inflaming passions and instilling dread in equal measure. The power of the gods flows through you, strengthening your comrades and striking terror into the hearts of your enemies. As part of the Cult of the Damned, you live in a state of religious ecstasy, forever devoted to spreading the dark gospel and watching as worlds crumble under Chaos's influence.



Daemonkin Ritualists

As a Daemonkin Ritualist, you serve as a bridge between the mortal realm and the Warp, calling upon daemonic powers to wreak havoc and destruction. You consort with daemons and perform dark rituals that warp reality itself, channeling the unholy energies of the Warp into the physical world. In battle, you transform warfare into a nightmarish ritual, summoning horrors and unleashing curses that fracture enemy lines. Each act of carnage brings you closer to the Dark Gods, and the daemonic entities you summon are bound to obey your twisted will.

This path is for those who crave power and have the will to bend the daemonic to their purposes. As a Daemonkin, you wield the terrifying forces of the Warp, your every incantation an invocation of Chaos's dark will. Every enemy slain and every ritual completed brings you one step closer to ascending within the ranks of the damned. To be a Daemonkin Ritualist is to become the hand of the Dark Gods, guiding the tides of battle through infernal rites and summoning daemons to wreak Chaos upon the galaxy.



Devastation Battery

The Devastation Battery is the sledgehammer of Chaos, called upon when stubborn foes hide behind walls and fortifications. You are a heavy weapons specialist, wielding firepower that can obliterate even the strongest defenses. When your Chaos Lord demands it, you reduce strongholds to rubble, leaving no corner untouched by devastation. Your skills in siege warfare allow you to shatter enemy lines, stripping them of any illusions of safety. Against a Devastation Battery, even the most fortified position is a deathtrap waiting to be sprung.

In this role, you are the executioner of the battlefield, your weapons dealing death on a massive scale. Your reputation precedes you, as no fortification can withstand the might of your arsenal. You are the embodiment of Chaos's wrath, laying waste to entire defenses with a storm of firepower. As a member of the Devastation Battery, you are relentless and unstoppable, dedicated to the total annihilation of anything that dares stand in your way.



Host Raptorial

Those who serve within the Host Raptorial are the terror from above, airborne killers who relish the thrill of striking from the sky. As part of this role, you belong to a force obsessed with flight and speed, a collective of Raptors and Warp Talons who dive onto their foes with unbridled savagery. Descending like a storm, you strike at your enemies with a terrifying swiftness, bringing close-quarters carnage to those unprepared for your fury. Each attack is executed with precision, and each strike is calculated to cause maximum terror.

Joining the Host Raptorial is to embrace the thrill of rapid, brutal assault, attacking with such ferocity that the enemy has little time to respond. Your methods are direct, your strikes lethal, and your allegiance to Chaos unquestioned. As a member of the Host Raptorial, you embody Chaos's unrestrained aggression, reveling in the rush of aerial attacks and the visceral satisfaction of close-quarters combat.



Soulforged Pack

The Soulforged Pack is made up of nightmarish creations, mechanized monstrosities given life by the twisted hands of Warpsmiths. You march into battle alongside infernal engines and daemonic war machines, each bound with the power of Chaos. Under the command of the Warpsmiths, these twisted constructs act as powerful shock troops, crashing through enemy lines with unstoppable force. The Pack's members are masters of maintaining and directing these infernal engines, finding glory in the destruction they unleash.

In the Soulforged Pack, you are both engineer and warrior, reveling in the clash of metal and the sight of crushed foes. Your creations are imbued with the essence of Chaos, blending flesh and metal in twisted harmony. As a member of this pack, you become a feared force on the battlefield, driving machines that embody the wrath and horror of Chaos. To serve in the Soulforged Pack is to wield the unholy power of daemon-forged technology, turning the machines of war into instruments of Chaos’s will.



Perks:

Perks with the same origin will be discounted unless mentioned with 100CP ones being free.

General

Grimdark Style [Free]
Now that you are part of the grimdark universe of Warhammer 40,000, your appearance has adapted to reflect the harsh and unyielding nature of the galaxy. Your face now carries a solemn, hardened expression, worn with the weight of centuries of war and duty. It is common for Astartes to have shaved or bald heads, emphasizing their focus on battle rather than vanity.This is a unique gift for your service to humanity.

Astartes Biology [Free]
The biological transformation of a human into a Chaos Space Marine involves the implantation of 19 specialized organs. Each of these organs plays a key role in enhancing the Space Marine's physical, mental, and combat capabilities. Here's a short description of each implant in order of implantation :

Secondary Heart (Biscopea): A second heart that boosts blood flow and helps ensure survival even if the primary heart is damaged. It also provides additional strength and endurance.

Ossmodula: An organ that strengthens and enhances the Space Marine's bones, causing them to grow denser and more resistant to damage. This organ also encourages the growth of larger, stronger bones.

Biscopea: Located near the heart, it releases hormones that regulate muscle growth, drastically increasing muscle mass and strength.

Haemastamen: Alters the Space Marine's blood, increasing oxygen and nutrient-carrying capacity. This allows for faster recovery, enhanced stamina, and greater resilience to toxins.

Larraman's Organ: Produces Larraman cells, which instantly seal wounds by forming a fibrous tissue, reducing the risk of infection and bleeding during injuries.

Catalepsean Node: Allows Space Marines to function without sleep. This organ puts parts of the brain into a resting state, enabling them to remain alert for days at a time without sleep.

Preomnor: A pre-stomach organ that neutralizes toxins and indigestible substances before they reach the stomach, allowing Space Marines to consume even poisonous or inedible materials.

Omophagea (Memory Eater): Allows Space Marines to absorb memories, knowledge, and experiences by eating the flesh of other creatures. This gives them tactical advantages or insights from consumed enemies.

Multi-lung (Immuno-lung): A third lung that filters out toxins and provides oxygen even in low-oxygen or toxic environments, allowing Space Marines to survive in hostile atmospheres.

Occulobe: Enhances the Space Marine's eyesight, enabling them to see in low-light conditions and giving them superior visual acuity compared to normal humans.

Lyman's Ear: An enhanced inner ear that improves balance and hearing. It also filters out harmful or deafening sounds and allows Space Marines to withstand disorienting sonic attacks.

Sus-an Membrane: Enables Space Marines to enter a suspended animation state. This allows them to survive critical injuries or conditions for extended periods, sometimes even centuries, until they can be rescued or healed.

Melanochrome: Regulates skin pigmentation, protecting Space Marines from harmful radiation and extreme sunlight by darkening the skin as needed.

Oolitic Kidney: Enhances filtration of the blood and body fluids, making Space Marines highly resistant to poisons, toxins, and radiation.

Neuroglottis: Grants an enhanced sense of taste, allowing Space Marines to identify the chemical composition of substances by taste alone. This ability also aids in survival and environmental awareness.

Mucranoid: This organ secretes a protective chemical that coats the skin, allowing Space Marines to survive in harsh environments such as extreme heat, cold, or even the vacuum of space for short periods.

Betcher's Gland: A set of glands that allow Space Marines to spit a highly corrosive acid, capable of breaking down metal and organic materials. This can be used as a weapon in close combat.

Progenoid Glands (Gene-seed): The most crucial organs for the survival of the Space Marine Chapters. These glands contain the genetic material necessary to create new Space Marines. They are harvested after the Marine's death to implant in future recruits.

Black Carapace: The final organ implanted, this is a layer of subdermal bio-material that interfaces with the Marine’s power armor. It allows for direct neural control of the armor’s systems, making the Space Marine far more agile and responsive in battle than normal humans.

These enhancements collectively transform an ordinary human into a superhuman warrior, enabling Chaos Space Marines to endure extreme conditions, heal rapidly, and fight far beyond the capacity of a regular soldier.

Rejection of Mutation [Free]
With this ability, you are protected from any negative or unwanted mutations, even as a Chaos Space Marine. This safeguard prevents the more debilitating effects of chaos from affecting your body and mind, preserving your performance in battle. You retain only the beneficial enhancements granted by the Chaos Gods or your own decisions, ensuring you remain as formidable as intended without unexpected drawbacks.

Basic Astartes Training [Free]
Your training as a Chaos Space Marine has prepared you to wield the standard weapons of your kind with skill and efficiency. This includes boltguns, chainswords, power weapons, and other armaments commonly used by the Chaos forces. Your combat prowess with these weapons is enhanced by your years of training and the experience accumulated through countless battles, making you a deadly opponent on the battlefield.

Common Sense [200 CP]
A rarity in the Warhammer 40k universe, this trait grants you a rational mind, allowing you to act with clear-headedness and forethought even amidst the chaos of battle. You can critically assess situations and recognize the flaws in fanaticism, which permeates both the Imperium and Chaos. This grants you an edge in decision-making, enabling you to avoid blind obedience to flawed ideologies or commanders. Additionally, you are resistant to the charismatic influences of others, allowing you to make informed choices and recognize manipulative tactics. This clarity of thought is a valuable asset in the chaotic universe, making you more resilient to the madness and manipulation that so often ensnare others.

Psyker [300 CP / Forbidden for Khorne / Free for Tzeentch]
You have awakened powerful psychic abilities, making you a conduit for warp energy. This power allows you to manipulate reality in various ways, such as telekinesis, pyromancy, and precognition. While being a Psyker opens you to the dangers of the warp, it also makes you a formidable warrior and spellcaster, capable of devastating foes and commanding dark magics in service of the Chaos Gods. Tzeentchian sorcerers are especially skilled, and this ability is a free boon to any who align themselves with the Changer of Ways. However, followers of Khorne, who despises sorcery, cannot access this power. You unlock the Psyker Section in the Chaos Space Marine Power Up supplement. .

The Flesh Is Weak [400 CP / Free for Iron Warriors or Soulforged Pack]
This upgrade reflects extensive cybernetic modifications, transforming your body into a vessel of enhanced resilience and capability. Under the hands of skilled Techmarines or Chaos-aligned Magi, your body is fitted with powerful augmetics. These include bionic limbs with immense strength, optical augmentations for perfect vision even in the darkest battlefields, and neural implants that process data with machine-like speed. This transhuman transformation not only bolsters your combat efficiency but also reduces your reliance on flesh alone, allowing you to withstand extreme conditions and physical damage. For Iron Warriors, who embrace machine over flesh, this upgrade is a perfect fit and is free to them.

For full details, refer to the Cyber Modification section in the Chaos Space Marine Power Up supplement. where you can explore the various enhancements available to strengthen yourWith each enhancement, you become a more lethal and durable weapon of war, trading the frailties of flesh for the unyielding strength of metal.



Chaos Lord [600 CP]
Congratulations, Jumper! You have ascended to the position of a Chaos Lord, one of the most feared and powerful leaders within the ranks of the Chaos Space Marines. Through centuries of relentless warfare, brutal cunning, and unwavering dedication to the Dark Gods, you have established yourself as a force of supreme power within the Warp's twisted hierarchy. As a Chaos Lord, you command immense respect and fear among the warriors of Chaos, and your very presence inspires dread across the galaxy.

In your role as Chaos Lord, you are equipped with an impressive array of wargear and artifacts, blessed (or cursed) by the favor of your patron Chaos God(s) or the dark machinations of the Warp. Your power armor is a master-crafted suit of Chaos Terminator Armor, twisted and enhanced by the forces of the Warp to provide unrivaled protection, with a terrifying aura that strikes fear into the hearts of your enemies. Wielding a powerful Daemon Weapon or Force Weapon, attuned to your dark psychic abilities (if you are a psyker), you are capable of unleashing devastating attacks that tear through the strongest armor and cut down even the mightiest foes.

As Chaos Lord, you have absolute command over your warband, an elite force of Chaos Space Marines, daemonic entities, and mortal cultists who follow your orders without question. Your warband is highly skilled in the brutal arts of Chaos warfare and is ready to execute your will on any battlefield across the galaxy. This warband, which could include various cultists, daemon engines, and traitor Astartes, can be customized to reflect your alignment with a particular Chaos God or to represent a powerful, undivided force that serves Chaos itself.

With access to specialized resources and allies, you gain an extra of points of 500 Favor Points for creating your warband within the Warhammer 40K Army Supplement: The Chaos Legion.These points enable you to tailor your forces with powerful warriors, unique wargear, and arcane artifacts, allowing you to build an army perfectly suited to your vision of Chaos.

Armed with these resources and driven by the boundless ambitions of a Chaos Lord, you are now primed to lead your warband to glory, pillaging and corrupting worlds in the name of Chaos. The galaxy will tremble before you as you spread the dark influence of the Warp, challenging both the forces of the Imperium and rival warbands in your quest for power, domination, and eternal damnation. Furthermore, if you are part of the World Eaters, Thousand Sons, Death Guard, or Emperor's Children legions, then any units you purchase will receive their respective Chaos God's Mark upgrade for free. However, you must still purchase the unit itself, and you may only purchase units that bear the same Mark as your legion’s patron god.



Daemon Prince [800 CP/ Requires Chaos Lord]
Daemonhood is considered the ultimate boon bestowed upon mortals by the Chaos Gods. It signifies ascension to a higher plane of existence—where one transcends the limitations of mortality and becomes a daemon, serving the laughing gods for eternity. You are now immortal, unaffected by the passage of time, always in peak physical and mental condition. Your memories remain perfectly intact, recalled with clarity no matter how much time has passed. Another effect of Daemonhood is that your body has grown to at least four times its original size. Additionally, when slain, you are not truly killed—instead, you are banished to the Warp and will reappear in the mortal plane after 1d3 years have passed. This effect happens once per jump.

Normally, a Daemon Prince is bound to the whims and plans of the Chaos God they have submitted to. However, in your case, you have retained your autonomy. Depending on your patron god, your form and power differ:

Khorne: Your form resembles a stereotypical demon from Christian mythology—hulking, horned, monstrous. Khorne's power runs deep within your very essence. As a result, any and all abilities granted by the Blood God are greatly enhanced . At minimum, you are capable of fighting a Bloodthirster to a standstill with brute strength alone.

Tzeentch: Your transformation manifests as the archetypal bird-like daemon—an avian figure of shifting colors, arcane brilliance, and monstrous intellect. You bear a beak for both sorcery and speech, talons sharpened for battle, and wings wide for flight. All abilities granted by Tzeentch have been vastly empowered, allowing you to match a Lord of Change in raw magical might.

Nurgle: You become a bloated, festering monstrosity—your body riddled with rot, parasites, and virulent filth. You may also choose to gain wings for free. All powers gifted by Grandfather Nurgle are amplified, and you now rival a Great Unclean One in resilience, pestilence, and brute force.

Slaanesh: Your form is either unnervingly beautiful beyond mortal comprehension, or a grotesque horror that sears the minds of those who gaze upon it. All abilities granted by the Dark Prince are dramatically. At minimum, you are the equal of a Keeper of Secrets in speed, power, and hypnotic terror.

Chaos Undivided: Your form is a blended amalgam of the four gods' influence. You gain a portion of each god's power—Khorne's might, Tzeentch's sorcery, Nurgle's resilience, and Slaanesh's speed—but each at a reduced strength compared to the full blessings of a single patron. However, you are more flexible and far less vulnerable to divine whim.

As a Daemon Prince, you gain 6 free mutations from the mutations section. All equipment and mounts previously available to you have been upscaled to match your new size. For example, if you once rode a Disk of Tzeentch, it now resembles a flying chariot the size of an elephant.

Your presence in the mortal realm becomes a beacon of corruption. Mortals who witness you are drawn toward damnation, inspired by your ascension and tempted by the promise of immortality. Because of this, you gain 500 extra Favor Points for any Supplement unlocked in this Jump, and 400 Daemon Points if you purchased the Daemon Weapon.



Clone of a Primach [800 CP/ Legion Origin only & Chaos Lord Perk]
Your origins are not humble nor mortal—you were not born from a mother's womb, but grown in a vat by the deranged genius of Fabius Bile. You are a clone of a Primarch, forged from the sacred (or defiled) gene-seed of your Legion's progenitor. This is no mere genetic tweak or enhancement; you are the perfected replica of a demigod of war. You stand between 12 to 14 feet tall, with a physique and mind surpassing even the greatest of Astartes. Your strength is beyond the limits of mortals, your intellect superhuman, and your presence mythic. Even without Chaos's blessings, you are a walking legend—immune to age, disease, and the failings of lesser men.

Your DNA ties you to your Legion's Primarch, granting you one of the following abilities based on your Legion's founder.Also all abilities mentioned here will enhance any abilities you may buy in the legion's perk line. :

Black Legion – Horus
You inherit Horus's unmatched tactical brilliance and natural charisma. You instinctively understand warfare at every level, from squad-level flanking to sector-wide campaigns. You can lead broken men to glory and convince rival warbands to bow before your vision. Your aura is overpowering—others either follow you or fear you.

Word Bearers – Lorgar
You possess Lorgar's profound connection to the Warp and unmatched talent for religious doctrine and dark oratory. Your very words stir daemons and mortals alike, and rituals conducted by you are amplified in both scale and effect. You are a prophet of ruin, and your voice brings entire worlds to their knees in devotion or despair.

Night Lords – Konrad Curze
You inherit the prophetic visions and terrifying psychological prowess of Curze. You can see glimpses of grim futures, shaping your tactics accordingly, and your presence radiates dread. Your strikes from the shadows are as much about breaking spirits as they are about ending lives, and fear itself becomes your greatest weapon.

Alpha Legion – Alpharius Omegon
You have Alpharius's—or was it Omegon's?—skill in deception, subterfuge, and multi-layered thinking. You can shift identities, create false narratives, and operate a dozen levels ahead of your enemies. You can lead entire armies without anyone realizing you're present—or that they're being manipulated. No secret is safe from you.

Iron Warriors – Perturabo
You are a master of siege warfare and iron-willed calculation. Like Perturabo, your mind functions like a machine: cold, precise, brutally efficient. Fortifications crumble under your genius, and you can dismantle enemy strongholds with horrifying inevitability. You're also an engineering savant, able to create war engines and structures of terrifying design.

World Eaters – Angron
You inherit Angron's unquenchable fury and martial savagery. In melee, you are a hurricane of violence, shrugging off damage and tearing foes apart with sheer physicality. Pain is fuel, not a deterrent, and your wrath grows with every heartbeat. Few beings in the galaxy can withstand your full assault in single combat.

Death Guard – Mortarion
You gain Mortarion's unbreakable endurance and resistance to toxins, illness, and the Warp itself. You can stride through plagues, radiation, and even sorcerous storms without hesitation. No fatigue slows you, no sickness touches you, and your presence alone brings with it an aura of creeping decay and despair.

Thousand Sons – Magnus the Red
You inherit the prodigious psychic talent of Magnus. Warp energy bends to your will with ease, allowing you to cast spells with terrifying force and precision. Your mastery extends beyond battle magic—you can manipulate minds, tear apart reality, and read forbidden tomes as if they were children's books.

Emperor’s Children – Fulgrim
You possess Fulgrim’s perfection in all things martial and artistic. Your reflexes are impossibly fast, your strikes flawless, and your aesthetic sense overwhelming. You fight like a dancer and speak like a poet. Any art—whether in combat, creation, or seduction—is yours to master, and others will find it difficult not to be drawn into your orbit.

Additionally, as a clone of a Primarch, your presence is awe-inspiring. Your charisma is so potent that mortals require tremendous willpower to resist your influence. Because of this, you receive +1000 Favor Points for any Supplement you unlock in this jump and +600 Daemon Points if you’ve purchased the Daemon Weapon section.



Alignment:

You can only buy Perks with your associated God. Only one perk per tier can be discounted. Unless they have the Daemon Prince Perk then every perk is discounted and 200CP perks are also free.

Khorne

Mark of Khorne [Free Restricted to Khorne]

Khorne, the relentless god of war, slaughter, and martial supremacy, bestows his mark upon those who revel in the brutality of close-quarters combat. With the Mark of Khorne, you are filled with a primal rage that will never fade until this jump is completed. It is a ceaseless drive to spill blood and honor the god who thrives on destruction. This rage enhances your battlefield effectiveness, transforming you into a whirlwind of unyielding aggression. Khorne's mark channels his boundless wrath directly into your muscles and sinew, increasing your physical prowess to extraordinary levels.

With Khorne's blessing, your speed, strength, and resilience are amplified beyond mortal limits. Wounds that would incapacitate or kill a lesser warrior only fuel your frenzy, allowing you to press forward without faltering. Each kill you claim in his name adds to your bloodlust, which only intensifies your prowess in combat. Your strikes become brutally powerful, with your strength and rage compounding with every opponent that falls before you. This frenzied effect stacks with each kill, pushing you closer to a berserk state where pain is nothing more than fuel for Khorne's rage, allowing you to cleave through waves of enemies as a relentless avatar of slaughter.

Mastery of Melee Weapons [100 CP]

Unlike other chaos warriors , your mastery over melee combat is a finely honed skill, transcending the mere berserk rage common among the Blood God's worshippers. Your proficiency in close-quarters combat is exceptional, allowing you to wield weapons with deadly precision and unparalleled force. Where others may rely on sheer strength alone, you combine ferocity with technique, ensuring that each swing, thrust, and cut is perfectly executed to maximize damage.

Kill Counter [100 CP]
The Blood God counts every life you take, and so do you. A supernatural tally, etched invisibly upon your helmet or armor, keeps a precise count of each life claimed by your hands . This tally is not just a passive reminder but a source of dark pride and motivation, spurring you to increase it with each battle. The ever-growing count serves as a testament to your dedication to the bloodshed that Khorne craves, and your enemies can feel its ominous weight bearing down upon them.

The Glory of the Charge [200 CP]
Khorne's favor imbues you with a furious strength that is most apparent when you charge into battle. In these moments, your strikes become unnaturally potent, imbued with an unstoppable momentum that makes them difficult to block or deflect. When you launch a full assault, your attacks have a supernatural edge that cuts through even the most fortified defenses, allowing you to break enemy lines with sheer force and rage.

Your charge becomes a fearsome sight on the battlefield, inspiring terror in foes who witness the unrelenting fury of Khorne unleashed. Enemies are more likely to falter, hesitate, or flee, knowing that your onslaught is not something they can withstand.

The Anger of Khorne [200 CP]
Upon entering the battlefield, you carry with you an aura of raw, infectious rage that permeates the air around you. This aura intensifies with each kill you claim, creating a palpable bloodlust that affects all who come near. Allies and enemies alike may find themselves succumbing to this frenzy, losing their composure and becoming driven by an almost uncontrollable urge to fight, kill, and shed blood. The closer you are to them, the more potent this effect becomes, amplifying their aggression.

The aura of Khorne's fury draws others into your bloodlust, compelling them to abandon caution and plunge headlong into battle. This infectious rage ensures that those around you fight harder and more recklessly, creating a chaotic, blood-soaked battlefield where order and strategy dissolve. The bloodlust only dissipates once you leave the field, but until then, your presence guarantees a savage, unrestrained battle.

Hatred of Sorcery [400 CP]
Khorne despises all forms of sorcery and psykers, and this hatred is passed down to you. This perk suppresses any psychic or magic abilities you might possess while in this jump only , allowing you to channel Khorne's wrath as a shield against hostile psychic attacks. Psychic powers aimed at you often fizzle out, misfire, or dissipate, as Khorne's disdain for the arcane fortifies your mental defenses and disrupts enemy sorcery.

In battle, psykers view you as their worst nightmare—a force that actively repels their powers and neutralizes their spells. Not only are you resistant to psychic attacks, but you also radiate an aura that causes psychic energies to recoil in your presence, making it difficult for enemies to concentrate on casting.

That Is Mine! [400 CP]
As a follower of Khorne, you have embraced the rule that might makes right, a principle that grants you the spoils of each victory. Any weapon, armor, or item you claim from a fallen enemy becomes soaked in their blood and marked as yours by Khorne's blessing. This mark ensures that only you can wield these trophies effectively; anyone else attempting to use them suffers immediate harm, as the blood magic of Khorne rejects them.

Items marked as your own are imbued with a unique, blood-soaked power, allowing you to draw strength from the rage and suffering of those who owned them. Over time, these items become powerful symbols of your victories, bearing both the blood of your enemies and the favor of Khorne himself.

The Glory of Battle [600 CP]
In Khorne's eyes, every kill you make in his name is a tribute, and he rewards you accordingly. With each enemy slain in melee combat, your body, and stamina are rejuvenated, as Khorne's blessing restores your strength. This effect also extends to your gear, repairing damaged equipment and refilling your ammunition, ensuring you remain fully prepared for continued slaughter.

As blood and lifeforce flow into you from fallen enemies, you become an unstoppable force, able to withstand seemingly endless waves of foes. This self-sustaining power enables you to fight on as long as there are opponents to kill, making you a nightmare on the battlefield and a living testament to Khorne's

glory. With each kill, you grow stronger and more relentless, thriving in the blood-soaked frenzy of war.

The Red Angel [600 CP]
Khorne has recognized your prowess and loyalty, granting you the rare gift of resurrection in his name, similar to his favored champion, Angron. You are now capable of returning from death up to eight times per ten years or per jump, whichever is shorter, though each resurrection is a grueling ordeal.
Though resurrection grants you new strength, it comes at the price of unbridled rage, which compels you to slaughter without rest for 8 days. Each resurrection places you directly into chaotic, high-stakes battles, ensuring you are surrounded by bloodshed. Khorne's gift of resurrection is both a blessing and a trial, demanding that you prove yourself repeatedly as one of his most dedicated warriors.



Tzeentch

Mark of Tzeentch [Restricted to Tzeentch]

Tzeentch, the god of sorcery, manipulation, and knowledge, blesses his followers with unparalleled intelligence, cunning, and potent psychic abilities. Bearing the Mark of Tzeentch transforms you into a conduit of dark wisdom and arcane power. Your mind expands to fathom secrets and strategies that would bewilder others, granting you the ability to manipulate events to your favor and foresee outcomes with an eerie accuracy. The mark bestows you with a vastly enhanced intellect, helping you navigate complex plots and adjust them to your will, making you both a formidable psyker and a tactician of unmatched skill.

With Tzeentch's blessing, your psychic powers increase in versatility and potency, allowing you to wield sorcery that surpasses the average psyker by orders of magnitude. You can manifest your will with deadly precision, bending reality and time to suit your needs. This enhanced prowess in the warp allows you to access deeper layers of knowledge that grant insights into other realms and access to powers that rival the greatest spellcasters in existence. As a bearer of the Mark of Tzeentch, you become an agent of change, your every action influencing the grand tapestry of fate.

Strategic Mind [100CP]

You have been granted one of the most valuable assets on the battlefield: a mind sharpened by Tzeentch's influence, capable of discerning the most effective strategies and plans. With this skill, you become an expert in evaluating situations, exploiting weaknesses, and coordinating attacks to ensure your enemies are outwitted and outmaneuvered at every turn. Your ability to plan and strategize not only makes you valuable in large-scale battles but also grants you an edge in personal duels, where your foresight and adaptability allow you to respond to threats with incredible speed and accuracy.

Silver Tongue [100CP]
Tzeentch has gifted you with the charm and cunning of a master manipulator, allowing you to sway others to your cause with ease. With this silver tongue, you can convince others to trust you, bending their perceptions to align with your goals. Your words carry a subtle influence, enabling you to deceive even the most wary listeners, planting seeds of doubt or loyalty where you see fit. This ability makes it far easier for you to gain information, allies, or even powerful favors by simply talking your way into people's confidence.

Magical Tattoos [200CP]
As a follower of Tzeentch, you can now engrave powerful chaos inscriptions directly onto the skin of yourself or others. These magical tattoos, etched in chaotic script, allow the bearer to activate them at will to receive a random but beneficial mutation. Unlike many of Tzeentch's chaotic gifts, these mutations are always advantageous, enhancing the bearer's abilities, whether through increased strength, durability, or sensory enhancements. This power can be used once every nine days, giving the bearer an ongoing source of unpredictable yet helpful transformation.

These tattoos are not merely physical adornments but conduits of chaos energy that flow through their bearer's body. They respond to the user's will, activating whenever they desire and providing a new strength or resilience that aids them in battle. Each tattoo is an inscription of Tzeentch's will, making it both a mark of loyalty and a weapon of change. Those who wear these tattoos are granted both strength and the respect of fellow followers, as they bear visible signs of the god's favor.

Lucky One [200CP]
Tzeentch, in his capricious wisdom, has granted you an increased measure of fortune. Circumstances tend to favor you, and you find yourself in the right place at the right time more often than mere coincidence would allow. This enhanced luck affects all aspects of your life, from narrowly avoiding enemy strikes to finding crucial resources or allies exactly when needed. Your increased luck often ensures favorable outcomes in dangerous situations, giving you a substantial advantage in the chaos of battle or intricate plots.

Your enhanced luck manifests in ways that feel almost supernatural; you find yourself anticipating enemy actions, catching sight of hidden traps, or stumbling upon hidden paths and treasures. Tzeentch's favor subtly twists the threads of fate to your advantage, ensuring that you're a step ahead. This blessing doesn't guarantee success but tilts odds in your favor enough to make you a survivor and victor even in dire circumstances, subtly weaving the tapestry of events to benefit you.

The Unlucky One [400CP]
With this twisted blessing from Tzeentch, you gain the ability to sap the luck of a chosen individual every nine days, leaving them to suffer a series of misfortunes. Over the course of the next nine days, their bad luck gradually escalates, beginning with minor inconveniences and culminating in severe accidents or even madness. Your target will face increasing obstacles that hinder their goals, disrupt their peace, and eventually bring them to ruin or despair if they cannot escape the curse.

As the one wielding this ability, you can witness the slow unraveling of your victim's fate, enjoying the spectacle as they stumble through a gauntlet of ill fortune. This power allows you to manipulate situations and people indirectly, destabilizing potential threats or influencing events by turning their champions into disasters waiting to happen. This power makes you a feared presence among your enemies, as they know that opposing you could bring ruin to even the most fortunate among them.

Chaos Spawn Creation [400CP]
Tzeentch has granted you the ability to create chaos spawns—grotesque creatures that embody the chaotic mutations of the warp. Once every nine days, you can transform a mortal into a chaos spawn, an unfortunate soul twisted and warped beyond recognition by dozens of mutations. This monstrosity serves as a powerful and resilient meat shield, following your commands without question, its only purpose now to obey its creator. The creature, while a tragic figure, is a terrifying force on the battlefield, able to absorb damage and strike fear into those who face it.

These chaos spawns are disturbing creations, as they remind all who witness them of the price of chaos's gifts. Their minds are shattered, but their loyalty is absolute, making them effective tools for both offense and defense. You can use them as shields or unleash them upon your enemies, letting the warped creature inflict both physical and psychological terror. Their grotesque forms are a constant reminder of the unpredictable nature of Tzeentch's gifts and the twisted power you wield in his name.

Incantation Skip [600CP]
Your prowess as a psyker is unmatched, allowing you to bypass traditional requirements for casting spells. With Incantation Skip, you can cast any spell without the need for verbal chants, material components, or somatic gestures. This ability significantly enhances your combat efficiency, as you can summon spells almost instantaneously, catching foes off-guard with rapid-fire sorcery. However, this skill demands an increased draw from the warp, requiring more magic or mana to perform each spell, but the benefit of speed and stealth often outweighs this cost.

With Incantation Skip, you gain a new level of versatility in combat and other situations, as your enemies can no longer predict your actions based on common casting cues. You become an unpredictable threat, capable of unleashing powerful spells without warning. This ability reflects Tzeentch's desire for change and flexibility, making you a feared caster in any realm and giving you the power to reshape battles with your mind alone. Every spell you cast becomes a testament to the god of sorcery's favor, marking you as a master of chaotic magic.

Arc Sorcerer [600CP]
As an Arc Sorcerer, you ascend to one of the highest levels of power in Tzeentch's service, becoming one of the most potent psykers in your warband. This enhancement amplifies your abilities, granting you mastery over all types of magic in both your world and others. With no restrictions on the spells you can learn or cast, you have a limitless capacity to grow as a sorcerer, adapting and absorbing knowledge from any source you encounter, bypassing all boundaries typically set by magic systems.

This gift not only marks you as a supreme wielder of the warp but also as a living embodiment of Tzeentch's will, with powers that rival the greatest spellcasters in existence. You can now influence reality itself, bending the warp and magic to suit your ambitions. With your expanded powers, you become a force feared and respected by all who know of Tzeentch, a herald of change and chaos whose reach extends across realms and dimensions.



Nurgle

Mark of Nurgle [Free Restricted to Nurgle]

The Mark of Nurgle signifies your allegiance to the god of decay, disease, and endurance. This blessing grants you a near-unnatural resilience, allowing you to endure extreme pain and suffering with an eerie calm. Your body becomes a vessel of pestilence, fortified with unnatural tolerance and immunity to the effects of most poisons and plagues. Wounds that would cripple or kill others are mere inconveniences, and you can withstand the ravages of illness without falling. Time itself seems to have limited power over you, as the effects of aging and physical decay slow dramatically, preserving your form even as it mutates in grotesque ways under Nurgle's influence.

As a harbinger of pestilence, your presence is tainted with an aura of rot and corruption, drawing living things toward decay. Enemies sense a creeping dread in your presence, as if an unseen sickness emanates from your core, weakening those around you. This mark molds you into a formidable and haunting figure, spreading despair and dread as a faithful servant of Nurgle, unyielding and eternally resilient**.**

Joyous Nature [100CP]

Contrary to the dark and grim associations with Nurgle, you possess an unusually jovial and amiable disposition. There's an eerie charisma in your lighthearted attitude, which shines through even in dire circumstances. This joy becomes infectious, lulling those around you into a false sense of comfort, as if the plague itself has a benevolent side. Friend and foe alike may find your positive demeanor disarming, making them less wary of your true, pestilent nature. This strange charm is your greatest weapon, drawing others in before the inevitable spread of Nurgle's gifts begins to take hold.

Your joyful presence contrasts with your grotesque appearance, and this contradiction only deepens your unsettling allure. People are drawn to you, unaware of the dangers until it's too late. As a servant of Nurgle, you embody the paradox of cheerful decay—a harbinger of ruin who greets all with a smile.

Unholy Regeneration [100CP]
Your flesh regenerates at an unnaturally rapid pace, making you an almost indestructible force on the battlefield. Wounds that would cripple others heal over mere minutes, and even lost limbs can grow back over time, though this healing is not without side effects. New growths emerge as boils, tumors, or other grotesque forms, giving you a constantly shifting, nightmarish appearance. Your body thrives on corruption, making each wound an opportunity to embrace the gifts of decay even further.

Aura of Pestilence [200CP]
An unseen miasma surrounds you, infecting those who draw too close. This aura, a gift from Nurgle, spreads disease to anyone within your vicinity. Enemies caught within this field feel their strength sapped and their movements dulled, as sickness takes root in their bodies. The festering infections you spread weaken even the strongest foes, making it harder for them to evade your attacks or mount a defense. Over time, prolonged exposure to your presence can lead to severe illness, reducing combatants to feeble husks struggling to stay on their feet.

In addition to weakening enemies, this aura marks you as a true harbinger of Nurgle. The smell of rot lingers around you, and the very air grows thick and oppressive, as if nature itself bends under your corrupting influence. Your foes will come to fear your approach, knowing that facing you means battling not only your strength but also the relentless diseases you carry.

Slime of Life [200CP]
Your steps leave behind a continuous trail of slime, a testament to Nurgle’s influence. From this fetid ooze, countless small pests—maggots, worms, and insects—emerge, filling your surroundings with living reminders of Nurgle's embrace. Over time, this trail of life-giving rot transforms any environment, capable of turning a barren wasteland into a twisted, thriving ecosystem of fungal growths and overgrown, rotting vegetation. Life and decay are inseparable for you, each step a reminder that rot breeds life in strange and unnatural forms.

This ability becomes especially potent in battle, where the pests that spawn from your slime swarm enemies, biting, stinging, and spreading illness. Enemies will find themselves overwhelmed, battling both you and the crawling, writhing creatures that emerge wherever you tread. This sickly fertility is both a tool of corruption and a symbol of Nurgle's peculiar cycle of life and death.

Immunity to Disease [400CP]
You are now immune to all diseases, not merely in the way a normal person might resist illness, but in a more insidious, empowered way. Any disease that enters your body enhances you, making you a more potent vector for infection. Each illness you carry becomes more virulent and deadly, mutating into a plague unlike any other. Your enemies who make contact with you risk exposure to these newly mutated, lethal strains, becoming unwitting carriers to spread Nurgle's gifts further.

You are no longer merely resistant; you are a conduit through which Nurgle's most potent creations may flow. Illness only strengthens you, adding new layers to your resilience and spreading fear in all who dare approach. Each sickness empowers you, as you embody Nurgle's eternal plague.

House of Flies [400CP]
Your body becomes a breeding ground for a chosen insect you choose, acting as a hive that can unleash swarms at your command. These insects obey your every thought, forming defensive barriers, attacking enemies, or simply creating an atmosphere of dread around you. Whether it's a swarm of flies, bees, or wasps, these creatures are an extension of Nurgle's will and replenish after a rest period, ensuring you always have an army of insects at your disposal.

The buzzing, crawling masses that surround you add to your aura of horror, demoralizing enemies and providing a formidable, mobile defense. When commanded, they can cloud your foes' vision, overwhelm them with stings and bites, or devour them entirely if given time. Your enemies will come to dread the droning hum that heralds your arrival.

The Decay [600CP]
With a single touch, you can reduce any material to dust. Metal, flesh, and bone alike succumb to the power of decay, disintegrating in moments. This effect is as devastating as it is terrifying, as weapons, armor, and even living beings crumble at your fingertips. Those you touch are not merely injured—they are consumed by rot, the essence of their being dissolved by the power of Nurgle.

This ability makes you a terror in close quarters, as even a glancing touch can mean death for your foes. Walls, obstacles, and fortifications are no barrier, as your hands reduce them to nothing. To face you is to court death in its most primal form, as anything you will to decay falls to ruin.

The Source of Despair [600CP]
Your very presence extinguishes hope, snuffing out any joy or courage in those around you. Those who see you are consumed by despair, their spirits breaking before your gaze. For those who succumb to this despair, the effects are lethal; their bodies begin to wither, tumors sprouting as they fall into an abyss of hopelessness.

The dust left from their disintegration becomes a potent weapon, spreading terror and corruption further. Should this dust touch another, it spreads its malign influence, bringing forth grotesque growths and despair in turn. This chain of despair and rot expands your influence exponentially, turning hope itself into an agent of decay under your control.



Slaanesh

Mark of Slaanesh [Free Restricted to Slaanesh]
Those blessed by Slaanesh, the god of pleasure, excess, and perfection, experience enhancements that transcend the limits of mortal abilities, amplifying both their physical prowess and seductive allure. Every one of your senses is sharpened to an unnatural degree, making the world around you feel vivid and profoundly detailed. You can perceive subtle shifts in the environment, hear whispers from afar, and detect faint changes in light, scent, or temperature. This acute sensory awareness allows you to spot hidden dangers, sense the emotions of others, and react to the faintest hints of movement. This enhancement not only makes you a master of perception but allows you to immerse yourself deeply in all experiences.

Exquisite Grace[100CP]
You possess a supernatural poise and elegance, moving with the grace of a dancer in even the most chaotic of situations. Your agility and coordination improve drastically, allowing you to dodge attacks with ease and strike with precise accuracy. Enemies find it nearly impossible to anticipate your movements, giving you a natural advantage in any conflict.

Alluring Presence [100CP]
Your mere presence draws others to you like moths to a flame, radiating an aura that makes people fascinated or even infatuated with you. This charm is subtle yet potent, affecting individuals to whom you speak or simply stand near. Allies are more willing to heed your commands, while enemies may hesitate to attack. In social settings, your allure allows you to influence and manipulate those around you with little effort, enhancing your persuasiveness in any scenario.

Euphoria of Pain [200CP]
With Slaanesh's blessing, pain no longer holds you back; instead, it becomes an exhilarating source of power. When you are injured, what would be agony to others fuels you with an electric surge of energy, granting heightened endurance and determination. Each wound you receive becomes a catalyst that ignites your senses, allowing you to surpass physical limits with ease. The sensation sharpens your focus, making your movements more fluid and powerful as you harness the rush of euphoria that pain provides.

The transformation is both mental and physical, allowing you to view battle in a twisted ecstasy that fuels relentless determination. In the heat of combat, wounds that would stagger others only drive you forward with even more fervor. This newfound relationship with pain enables you to push through challenges that would break the spirits of those around you. Fearless and unyielding, you are a daunting presence on the battlefield, reveling in the intensity of the fight, invigorated by the very injuries that others would flee from.

Bewitching Beauty [200CP]
Your appearance transcends normal standards, drawing on Slaanesh's favor to create an allure that is both mesmerizing and otherworldly. This is more than mere physical beauty; it’s an enchantment that radiates from your very being, captivating those around you almost against their will. People find themselves irresistibly drawn to you, enchanted by your every glance, gesture, and word. This allure is hypnotic, making others more vulnerable to your influence, as their minds become ensnared by your presence. Friends become fiercely loyal, while foes often find it difficult to strike, distracted by the magnetic charm that surrounds you.

In combat, this beauty is a weapon in its own right, causing hesitation and confusion among those who would challenge you. Opponents struggle to focus, entranced by the ethereal quality that surrounds you. They may falter, allowing you openings to strike, or even begin to doubt their own resolve to harm you. Outside of battle, your appearance grants you a persuasive edge, allowing you to sway opinions, charm adversaries, and manipulate others with far greater ease. The allure of your presence lingers, haunting those who encounter you and making your words difficult to ignore or forget.

Blissful Resilience [400CP]
The gifts of Slaanesh have strengthened your mind against the turmoil and chaos that would break lesser souls. Negative emotions like fear, despair, and doubt slide off you like water, leaving your thoughts sharp and unclouded. This mental fortitude grants you a sense of calm under pressure that is unnerving to behold. In the face of terror or hopelessness, you stand resolute, immune to the fear that plagues those around you. This resilience also shields you from mental manipulation, making it nearly impossible for others to charm, deceive, or control you.

Beyond mere resistance, your mind now operates with a clarity that cuts through even the most insidious attacks on your psyche. The whispers of doubt that would poison others' minds have no hold on you, and dark powers that attempt to sow confusion or despair in your soul are thwarted. Your connection to Slaanesh has fortified your spirit, allowing you to navigate through the darkest of challenges with confidence and grace. This unbreakable composure becomes a source of inspiration for allies, who see in you a beacon of strength in chaotic and tumultuous times.

Sonic Shriek [400CP]
Your voice, a gift of Slaanesh, has become a powerful weapon in itself. With a scream that reverberates through the air, you unleash a piercing sonic shockwave that disorients and stuns all those within its reach. Enemies caught in its path feel an overwhelming, painful vibration that causes confusion, nausea, and temporary loss of balance. This scream is devastating in combat, able to shatter enemy formations and leave foes vulnerable, staggering under the impact. With careful modulation, you can amplify this shriek to instill fear, rally allies, or even subdue chaotic crowds.

Beyond its offensive capabilities, your voice can be wielded to soothe and inspire allies, easing their pain or granting them renewed strength. You can shift your tone to calm and reassure, boosting morale and focus, making your scream a versatile tool in any situation. This sonic ability resonates with the essence of Slaanesh, blending beauty and horror to awe and manipulate those who hear it. In both battle and diplomacy, your voice is a testament to your mastery over sound and sensation, leaving a lasting impact on all who experience it.

Aura of Excess [600CP]
You exude a powerful aura of hedonistic energy that amplifies sensations for all who fall within its influence. Under your presence, every feeling—whether pleasure, pain, or desire—intensifies, enveloping allies in euphoria and pushing enemies into states of overwhelming sensation. Allies near you find themselves invigorated, their senses sharpened, and their resolve bolstered, making them more focused and eager to fight for you. Conversely, enemies become distracted, thrown off balance by sensations they cannot control, and find it difficult to resist the intoxicating pull of your influence.

This aura does more than just affect individuals; it can sway entire crowds, turning bystanders into loyal followers or driving enemies to the edge of insanity. Emotions are amplified to such extremes that those under its sway may succumb to fervent devotion, frenzied abandon, or debilitating lust, depending on your intent. With this power, you can manipulate masses to your will, instigating riots, inspiring fanatical devotion, or sowing chaos in enemy ranks. Your aura becomes a living manifestation of Slaanesh's gifts, reshaping the emotions and desires of all within your vicinity and leaving a lasting impact on those who fall under its spell.

Unholy Perfection [600CP]
In the eyes of Slaanesh, you have been sculpted into the very embodiment of divine beauty and perfection, transcending mortal standards. Your appearance radiates a flawless, hypnotic allure that commands attention and admiration, drawing people to you with an irresistible pull. Every movement, every word, and every glance exudes grace and power, captivating all who witness it. Those who look upon you are left breathless, finding it nearly impossible to turn away, and feel compelled to listen to you, obey your commands, and fulfill your desires.

In combat, this physical perfection translates to unerring precision and agility, allowing you to move with effortless elegance, dodging attacks and delivering strikes with deadly accuracy. Your form is both a weapon and a shield, enhancing your reflexes and balance to the point where you can perform feats that would be impossible for any ordinary being. You are a vision of lethal grace, your flawless appearance instilling awe and fear alike in allies and foes. Slaanesh's touch has made you a living masterpiece, a blend of beauty and brutality that few can resist and even fewer can survive.

Chaos Undivided

Choosing Chaos Undivided offers two distinct paths for those who wish to embrace the essence of all Chaos gods, rather than pledging allegiance to just one. Here are the two options:

Path of Devotion to Chaos Undivided: You may only select perks from the Chaos Undivided section. This exclusive path embodies a balance of each god's attributes without leaning into any one's domain, granting you a unique blend of powers rooted in pure, undivided Chaos. The perks in this section allow you to wield a broader, but more neutral, form of Chaos energy that doesn't focus on any single god's gifts.

Path of Diverse Patronage: By choosing this option, you accept the Mark of Chaos Undivided and gain the ability to buy perks from each of the four Chaos gods, but with a restriction. You can only purchase one perk from each god's list, and each perk must come from a different tier (100, 200, 400, or 600 CP). This allows you to experience a diverse array of powers, gaining a taste of each god's gifts while maintaining the balance of Chaos Undivided. All perks will be at the standard discounted cost.

Mark of Chaos Undivided[Free Restricted for Chaos Undivided]
Chaos Undivided represents loyalty to Chaos as a whole rather than any one specific god. Bearing this mark shows your devotion to the collective will of Chaos, drawing power from all of its dark lords.While lacking the extreme specialization of individual Marks, you receive moderate boosts to strength, endurance, reflexes, and resilience, embodying the raw, primal power of also Your willpower is fortified, giving you the strength to endure pain and suffering while maintaining focus and clarity in chaotic situations. This makes you harder to demoralize and more resilient against fear-based attacks.

Warped Insight [100CP]
Your connection to the Warp grants you flashes of insight and glimpses into hidden truths. This gift is not always consistent, but when it activates, it offers valuable revelations about situations, people, or even the future. You may suddenly sense weaknesses in an opponent, discern someone's hidden intentions, or gain knowledge of a potential threat. This insight isn't fully under your control and doesn't provide detailed visions, but it offers enough to give you an edge, allowing you to act with uncanny awareness when you need it most.

Unyielding Presence [100CP]
Your very presence exudes an aura of unshakable authority and fearlessness. Allies feel bolstered by your mere proximity, finding courage in your presence, while enemies are subtly intimidated, feeling a sense of impending doom. This aura is subtle but constant, making it difficult for enemies to rally against you and helping allies resist fear or despair. In situations of intense conflict, this aura can make a critical difference, especially when morale or willpower is at risk.

Shadow of Chaos [200CP]
Your presence is imbued with the raw, chaotic energy of the Warp, casting an unsettling aura that disrupts the senses and minds of those around you. In combat or tense situations, this aura generates an atmosphere of unpredictable fear, affecting foes by distorting their perceptions and subtly eroding their confidence. Enemies near you may experience illusions, phantom sounds, or glimpses of horrors beyond comprehension, making it harder for them to coordinate attacks or maintain morale. Outside of battle, this chaotic presence can cause others to act with hesitation or uncertainty, giving you the upper hand in confrontations or negotiations.

This power allows you to harness Chaos itself as a weapon, manipulating the minds of those around you with the formless, terrifying nature of the Warp. As your influence grows, so does the intensity of the aura, turning it into an oppressive field that even hardened warriors struggle to endure.

Chaos Hardened [200CP]
Exposure to the power of Chaos has toughened your body and spirit, making you resistant to most forms of corruption, fear, and mental influence. Even the terrifying effects of otherworldly horrors and eldritch forces are muted for you, allowing you to remain calm and clear-headed in situations that would shatter others' resolve. Physical endurance is also enhanced, allowing you to shrug off injuries or extreme environments with an unnatural resilience. This perk doesn't make you immune to corruption or damage, but it gives you a much greater resistance, allowing you to operate effectively in even the most hostile conditions.

Warp Infusion [400CP]
Chaos flows through you, infusing your very being with the chaotic energies of the Warp, granting you a powerful adaptability in battle and beyond. This infusion allows you to draw upon raw Warp energy at will, strengthening yourself in ways that suit the situation. Your body and mind can adapt, granting enhanced strength, speed, resilience, or even heightened senses as needed. This power doesn't make you a master in any one area, but rather a formidable all-rounder who can change to meet the demands of each fight or challenge.

Dark Bargains [400CP]
You possess a unique affinity for making pacts with minor Warp entities, drawing on their power without the usual risk of losing control or succumbing to corruption. By channeling their energy, you can temporarily boost your abilities, gain a specific skill, or even receive protection against certain dangers. These bargains are limited, requiring caution and clever negotiation, but they allow you to quickly adapt to unforeseen challenges. The powers granted may vary based on the entity's nature, allowing you to leverage the specific strengths of your otherworldly allies.

Blessing of Discord [600CP]
Chaos Undivided grants you the power to spread anarchy and discord effortlessly wherever you go. Your mere presence destabilizes organized structures, disrupting enemies' ranks, creating confusion among leaders, and instilling disobedience and rebellion in otherwise loyal subjects. This power amplifies the chaotic tendencies already present in any group, driving them to self-destructive behaviors over time. In battle, it makes enemy formations break apart, as soldiers turn on one another or lose discipline. Outside of combat, it sows seeds

of long-term discord, weakening enemy factions or causing social unrest that plays to your advantage. Also you can control who's the target of this discourse

Master of Corruption [600CP]
You wield the power to spread Chaos corruption with ease, causing instability and mutation in both people and the environment. By merely focusing on a location or touching an individual, you can accelerate the spread of the Warp, warping minds, bodies, and even the fabric of reality around you. Structures may twist and decay, plants grow monstrous, and animals mutate into strange forms. This corruption lingers and spreads over time, creating a zone of chaos in your wake. In war, this power can devastate enemy morale and disrupt strategies, while in other settings, it can create footholds for Chaos influence.



Legions:

You can still buy perks for legions you are not part of.

Black Legion

Confluence of Traitors [100CP]
Your capacity for teamwork has reached a level that even your most fickle allies cannot deny. When entering a group, no matter how disparate or volatile, you quickly establish a sense of unity, trust, and coordination. You intuitively know how to build rapport and inspire cooperation even among rivals and those you've only just met. Whether planning an assault or preparing for a long campaign, your presence inspires focus and cohesion. Your knack for bringing together even the most chaotic personalities allows you to turn any team into a formidable force in record time.

Bringers of Despair [100CP]
Your presence now exudes an aura of despair and dread, causing those weaker than you to falter and question their will to fight. The mere sight of you fills opponents with doubt, slowly eroding their courage and resolve until they are too demoralized to stand against you. This effect works on an instinctual level; your enemies can sense a darkness about you, a grim inevitability that you bring wherever you go. In battle, those with less power than you are unnerved, often hesitating or fighting at a diminished capacity, effectively neutralizing threats without needing to lift a finger.

Veteran Raider [200CP]
You are a master of striking from the shadows, waiting for the perfect moment to unleash havoc on unsuspecting foes. Years of raiding have sharpened your instincts to near perfection; you know precisely when to attack and when to withdraw to avoid retaliation. Whether launching ambushes, conducting hit-and-run assaults, or slipping through enemy defenses, your timing is impeccable. In these situations, you and your allies seem to hit first, catching opponents off-guard and minimizing the chance of a counterattack. This ensures that every strike lands where it will have the most devastating impact.

Indomitable [200CP]
Your experience in countless battles has left you almost impervious to pain and damage. With each conflict, your resilience has grown, turning the scars you bear into a second armor of hardened resolve. Now, you instinctively endure punishment that would cripple lesser beings, absorbing attacks with minimal harm. Weapons and assaults that would tear others apart seem to be repelled by your indomitable spirit, leaving you virtually unscathed. Your body has become a fortress of willpower, capable of withstanding nearly anything thrown your way.

Soul-Eater [400CP]
With each enemy you slay, you consume a piece of their very essence, absorbing their strength and memories into your own. This ability grants you fragments of their skills, knowledge, and combat expertise, gradually accumulating their power as you take down more foes. Over time, these pieces coalesce within you, enhancing your capabilities and allowing you to adopt new tactics, strategies, or even magical knowledge. It is as if you carry a legion of conquered souls within you, each adding to your growing might.

Your consumption of souls is not merely a physical act; it affects you on a deeper, almost spiritual level. Each foe you vanquish adds to your own experiences and instincts, creating an arsenal of memories you can draw upon in combat. Your knowledge grows with every kill, making you a more dangerous and cunning adversary. However, this power comes at a price, as the memories of your foes occasionally intrude upon your thoughts, blurring the line between yourself and the souls you've consumed.

Paragon of Hatred [400CP]
Fueled by an unquenchable hatred for the Imperium, your every action is driven by a relentless desire to see it destroyed. In combat, this manifests in an almost supernatural accuracy, allowing your shots to hit multiple targets with a single round when directed at imperial forces. Your ranged attacks are imbued with an energy born from your hatred, doubling their impact and ensuring each bullet, bolt, or laser shot strikes true. Against imperial or human-led forces, your attacks become twice as effective, cutting through their defenses with unnerving precision.

Beyond combat, this hatred gives you a ruthless focus and drive, allowing you to carry out plans with fanatical zeal. Your every move is calculated to bring about the downfall of your enemies, and your fury is infectious, inspiring allies to join in your cause with equal fervor. You have become a living weapon against the Imperium, and even in non-combat scenarios, your very presence strikes fear into the hearts of its loyalists, knowing that you will stop at nothing to see them fall.

Trusted War Leader [600CP]
As a high-ranking member of the Black Legion, you are counted among Abaddon's most trusted advisors and can summon his forces when needed. This authority grants you unparalleled influence, allowing you to rally warbands, command legions, and even initiate campaigns of destruction. Your voice carries the weight of the Despoiler himself, capable of uniting disparate factions under a single banner. With this power, you can call forth an unstoppable tide of Chaos forces, rallying them under your command with a single proclamation.

Once per jump, you have the authority to designate a target for a Chaos Crusade, marking a planet or individual for annihilation. When invoked, the Warp itself trembles, and the forces of the Black Legion descend upon the target, unleashing utter devastation. These campaigns leave nothing but ruin in their wake, as the Black Legion obliterates every trace of resistance. This power ensures that your enemies know they face not just you, but the full might of Chaos itself.



Let the Galaxy Burn [600CP]
As a veteran Chaos Space Marine of Horus' original legions, you embody the raw, destructive fury that has plagued the galaxy for millennia. In battle, you and your allies unleash unparalleled carnage, wielding weapons with a ferocity that annihilates entire civilizations. Your weapons hit harder, with explosions larger and more devastating than ever before, turning battles into scenes of total annihilation. Even the most advanced technology and fortified defenses crumble before your onslaught, as your attacks are imbued with the raw power of Chaos.

Your expertise extends beyond combat tactics, allowing you to destabilize entire worlds with surgical precision. You know precisely where to strike to bring entire planets to their knees, disrupting infrastructure, demoralizing populations, and leaving nothing but ruin. Civilizations that dare to stand against you find themselves facing a living nightmare, as your knowledge of destruction ensures no system remains intact. In your wake, only scorched earth and ashes remain, a grim reminder of Chaos' dominance over all.



Word Bearers

Voice of The Dark Gods [Free for Word Bearers/ other Legions 200CP]
Your voice now carries an undeniable authority granted by the dark gods themselves. As one of their chosen priests, your words resonate with supernatural influence, compelling fellow zealots and allies to heed your commands without hesitation. Your presence alone brings unwavering obedience, and your orders carry the weight of divine purpose. In future worlds, this effect will transfer to any deity you may choose to follow, allowing you to sway the minds of followers with a conviction that defies reason. Those under your guidance fight with a fervor as though they were divinely inspired, turning you into a trusted leader among cultists, warriors, and the faithful alike.

Additionally, your role as a priest provides you with access to the sacred rituals, prayers, and lore associated with your god's following, enabling you to conduct ceremonies, summon powers, and further bind your allies to your cause. Which is represented by your access to the Priest Section for free. Your knowledge and charisma make you a revered figure, seen as a bridge between mortals and the gods. Whether on the battlefield or in whispered council, your influence weaves through your forces, shaping their faith and fortitude for the glory of Chaos or any other divine power you might serve.

Diabolist [100CP]
Your body is now marked with diabolical incantations, etched into your armor and skin as conduits for the protective forces of the warp. These sigils bolster your resilience, making attacks more likely to miss or deflect harmlessly. The intricate runes seem to twist and writhe when you're in combat, channeling dark energy to shield you from harm. Unlike ordinary Chaos Marines, your endurance and resistance to physical damage are vastly enhanced, and you recover from injuries far faster than your peers.

This warp-blessed resilience is even more potent if you bear the mark of Nurgle, as it allows you to regenerate lost limbs and heal from grievous wounds with startling ease. Such regeneration borders on the miraculous, enabling you to return to battle swiftly and in full strength. The symbols and runes across your form are both a mark of status and a deadly advantage, making you a living embodiment of chaos-fueled fortitude.

Master Of The Union [200CP]
You possess the rare ability to command respect from even the denizens of the warp, bridging the gap between mortal and daemon with surprising ease. Where others might be dismissed or disregarded, your presence and authority compel daemons and possessed beings to heed your directives willingly, as though they recognize a shared purpose. This respect extends to combat, where your commands invigorate them, lending a sharpness and strength to their attacks that few mortal commanders could inspire.

In future worlds, this influence translates to any chaos-aligned creature, allowing you to lead armies of infernal or dark creatures with ease. These beings will not only listen but also fight more effectively under your leadership, channeling the destructive power of Chaos with unparalleled ferocity. Your unique bond with the chaotic forces around you transforms your warband into a highly coordinated and devastatingly effective force, unified by a dark and unbreakable purpose.

Hate-fueled Demagogue [200CP]
With every word you utter, raw vitriol and malice spill forth, igniting the hearts of your followers with hatred and zeal. Your speeches are infused with a venomous rhetoric that is almost impossible to ignore, compelling those who listen to despise their enemies with a fervor that transcends reason. This influence spreads like wildfire, bolstering your allies with a relentless drive to destroy, and even the most hesitant warriors find themselves incited to rage under your command.

Moreover, your oratory skill serves as a foundation to spread the dark gods' influence, giving you the ability to sway crowds and establish a foothold in new territories. In future worlds, this persuasive power extends to other belief systems or deities you might champion, allowing you to become a mouthpiece for any dark force you align with. Whether inspiring recruits or whipping veteran warriors into a frenzy, your words make you a powerful and dangerous figure on any battlefield.

Dark Pact [400CP]
You have the ability to channel divine blessings from the dark god you follow, drawing upon their power in times of need. Once a day, through fervent prayer, you receive boons aligned with your chosen Chaos Mark, each with unique and terrifying effects that last for a number of hours determined by your god's sacred number. The blessings are potent and shape you into a formidable instrument of your god's will. See notes:

Mark of Khorne: Your melee weapons become wreathed in flames and blood, making it nearly impossible for enemies to defend against your attacks. Each strike inflicts wounds that resist healing, turning you into a ruthless barbarian on the battlefield. His Lucky number is 8.

Mark of Tzeentch: A brilliant blue hue surrounds your eyes, and your ranged attacks emit blue warp fire, which may split into nine projectiles that strike randomly but retain full power, embodying the chaos of Tzeentch's unpredictable nature. His Lucky number is 9.

Mark of Nurgle: Your armor fuses with your decaying flesh, making you immune to physical harm and highly resistant to warp-based attacks, though you move at half speed. This effect extends to any mounts or vehicles you occupy. His Lucky number is 7.

Mark of Slaanesh: Your melee weapons gain a vibrant, purple glow, leaving after-images that cause each strike to hit multiple times. However, the power of these attacks is slightly reduced to balance their rapidity. Her Lucky number is 6.

Mark Of Chaos Undivided: You can summon a mount aligned with one of the Chaos gods, such as a Bloodcrusher, Disc of Tzeentch, Blight Fly, or Seeker Chariot. These mounts amplify your destructive power, making you a deadly combatant on any battlefield. The Mount last for 12 Terran Hours.

Vengeance For Monarchia [400CP]
The memory of Monarchia's destruction fuels your every action, burning within you as an eternal hatred for the Ultramarines and all they represent. This grudge against Roboute Guilliman and his successors grants you heightened abilities when confronting them or any force tied to his legacy. You strike harder, react faster, and seem to anticipate their every move, making you a deadly opponent to those who dare wear the colors of Ultramar.

In future worlds, this vendetta allows you to choose a faction or group that represents a similarly deep-seated rivalry. Against this chosen foe, your skills are sharpened, and your instincts honed, making you a formidable adversary capable of exploiting every weakness. This perk ensures that no slight is forgotten, and that your wrath can span both time and space, turning you into a relentless force of vengeance.



Icons Of Chaos [600CP]
Your power enables you to create sacred Chaos Icons, potent symbols that represent the dark god you serve. These icons can be mounted to the backpacks of Chaos Space Marines or placed in strategic locations, radiating a potent aura that emboldens your allies. Each icon can be crafted once per year, and its presence on the battlefield is a rallying point that reinforces your warband's strength and morale.

Khorne Icon of Wrath
The Khorne Icon of Wrath radiates an aura of bloodlust, pushing all nearby allies into a violent frenzy, amplifying their attacks and driving them into relentless close combat. Under its influence, warriors lose themselves in the thrill of battle, unleashing strikes with greater speed and power. This overwhelming rage blinds them to fear and pain, forging each fighter into a berserk force.

Those in proximity to the icon also gain a supernatural resilience, shrugging off wounds as their bloodlust deepens, turning pain into raw energy that sustains them. The aura seems to close their injuries and dull their agony, fortifying their bodies against attacks that would otherwise be debilitating. As they engage, their hatred drives them to battle on, only falling when their bodies can fight no longer.

Finally, the Icon of Wrath instills fear in the hearts of enemies, creating an oppressive aura that saps the courage of any who dare oppose Khorne's chosen. The bloody icon radiates an aura that unnerves foes, making their movements clumsy and uncertain. As fear festers in their ranks, enemies falter, overwhelmed by the savage determination of the warriors under Khorne's dark blessing.

Tzeentch Icon of Hope
The Tzeentch Icon of Hope grants those near it an uncanny foresight, sharpening their reflexes and allowing them to predict enemy movements before they happen. This heightened perception enables allies to dodge incoming strikes and respond to threats with supernatural agility, as if guided by an unseen hand. Together, they act with a fluidity and coordination that leaves enemies struggling to keep up.

The icon also imbues its followers' attacks with warpfire, an eldritch energy that crackles with chaotic power. This warpfire coats their projectiles, enhancing their

damage and granting them unpredictability, often splintering mid-air to strike multiple foes. The flames consume not only flesh and metal but the very essence of those they touch, leaving enemy defenses in ruins as they're engulfed in Tzeentch's shifting power.

Lastly, the icon's aura creates illusions that confound enemies, filling the battlefield with phantom warriors, false terrain, and decoy targets. These illusions mislead opponents, drawing their attention away from real threats and creating openings for devastating strikes. The chaos and confusion woven by Tzeentch's blessing turn the tide of battle, leaving foes struggling to discern illusion from reality.

Nurgle Icon of Rebirth

The Nurgle Icon of Rebirth imbues nearby allies with morbid resilience, allowing them to endure grievous wounds and shrug off effects that would cripple others. Protected by the icon's aura, warriors feel a surge of vitality even as they fight, with wounds closing over and poisons rendered harmless by Nurgle's strength. No matter how damaged, they rise again to continue their assault.

The icon's power extends beyond its allies to corrupt the weapons, armor, and equipment of its enemies. An aura of decay radiates from the icon, corroding enemy defenses and rendering them increasingly vulnerable with each passing moment. This rot spreads through enemy gear, sapping their combat effectiveness and leaving them increasingly defenseless against Nurgle's undying warriors.

Lastly, the icon spreads a pestilential aura that saps the life and energy of nearby foes, weakening their stamina and willpower. Opponents feel sluggish and drained, fighting against a sense of sickness that eats away at their strength. The debilitating effects wear down even the most resilient enemies, reducing them to weakened shells unable to resist Nurgle's relentless advance.

Slaanesh Icon of Beauty

The Slaanesh Icon of Beauty drives allies into a rapturous frenzy, enhancing their speed and precision in battle. Fueled by an ecstasy that blurs the line between pleasure and pain, warriors near the icon move with an almost dance-like grace, delivering strikes that blend power with elegance. This captivating fervor leaves them eager to press on, ignoring injuries as they revel in the ecstasy of combat.

This icon also grants warriors a mesmeric afterimage effect, creating ghostly echoes of their movements that confuse and disorient their enemies. As they fight, these illusions make it appear as though they're attacking from multiple directions, leaving foes struggling to discern real strikes from phantoms. This illusionary effect overwhelms and distracts, allowing Slaanesh's warriors to gain the upper hand with deadly finesse.

Lastly, the icon heightens warriors' senses to the point where pain fuels their desire to fight harder, transforming wounds into sources of twisted inspiration. Each injury intensifies their fervor, numbing their fear and bolstering their determination. With Slaanesh's blessing, these soldiers revel in the thrill of battle, becoming almost unstoppable as they gain strength from every strike they suffer and deliver.

Chaos Undivided Icon of Darkness

The Icon of Darkness instills unwavering resolve in all who fight beneath it, protecting allies from fear and morale-breaking effects. Warriors become steadfast and unyielding, fighting on with unbreakable spirits that render them immune to mind-altering powers or psychological tactics. This aura keeps them focused and determined, allowing them to resist even the most harrowing threats without wavering.

The icon's power also enhances unity among allies, amplifying their coordination and teamwork. When fighting together, their attacks become stronger, each strike harmonizing with the efforts of their comrades. This synergy turns them into a cohesive force, creating a wave of organized destruction as they fight with one shared purpose: absolute victory.

Finally, the icon occasionally bestows boons upon its allies, gifting them with a fleeting blessing from one of the Chaos gods. Warriors may find themselves

imbued with Khorne's rage, Nurgle's endurance, Tzeentch's cunning, or Slaanesh's fervor, each power amplifying their abilities unpredictably. These dark gifts make those near the icon formidable and unpredictable forces on the battlefield, blessed with Chaos' strength and versatility.

Profane Zeal [600CP]
As a Word Bearer infused with fanatical devotion, you become an unstoppable force on the battlefield, your strikes landing with brutal precision as though guided by Chaos itself. When charging into combat, your fervor enables you to cut through enemies with relentless focus and raw intensity. This unholy zeal inspires nearby allies , spurring them into their own bloodthirsty frenzy, and together, you fight with a terrifying unity that few can withstand. Your unbreakable faith radiates outward in a protective aura, bolstering the resolve of allies and providing a tangible resistance against psychic assaults. Mortal wounds inflicted upon you or your brothers often fail to have their full effect, as if the dark gods themselves intervene to protect their chosen.

In battle,your mere existence amplify this fanaticism, driving nearby allies into a heightened state of aggression, transforming each blow into a merciless assault that rends through armor and flesh alike. Should one of your brothers fall, they embrace blasphemous martyrdom, unleashing a wave of dark energy that sears enemies in a final act of devotion. The presence of an Infernal Icon deepens this zealous state, rendering your allies immune to fear and imbuing them with an unholy resilience. Fighting with relentless purpose, the Word Bearers become living symbols of unyielding chaos, wielding faith as both a shield against harm and a weapon that shatters all in their path.



Night Lords

Night Haunters Curse [100CP]
Just as your Primarch, Konrad Curze of the Night Lords, was cursed with prophetic visions, you too are gifted with a form of foresight. However, unlike the haunting premonitions that revealed his own death, your vision is limited to seeing only a few seconds into the future. This brief foresight grants you a tactical advantage in battle, allowing you to anticipate your enemy's next move and evade attacks just before they land. In close combat, this heightened awareness means you are always one step ahead, making you nearly untouchable.

One With The Shadows [100CP]
Like many of the Night Lords, you possess an extraordinary ability to blend seamlessly into darkness, making it difficult to discern where you end and the shadows begin. This skill has been honed through years of experience, allowing you to almost become part of the darkness itself. You can move silently and unnoticed, striking from the shadows with ease and then vanishing just as quickly. Your mastery over stealth makes you a formidable infiltrator, capable of sowing terror and confusion among your foes before they even realize you were there.

One Piece at a Time [200CP]
Your sadistic nature reflects that of the Night Lords and their Primarch, who reveled in toying with their prey. You have learned to strike with precision, inflicting just enough damage to cause maximum pain without delivering a killing blow. This cruel approach enables you to prolong the suffering of your victims, allowing them to experience the fear and agony of knowing their end is inevitable. Your attacks are designed to cripple and maim, ensuring that your foes are rendered helpless before finally being dispatched.

On the battlefield, this terrifying skill makes you a figure of horror, as you slip through enemy lines, striking and retreating to create an atmosphere of unending dread. Those who witness your sadistic methods are often paralyzed with fear, too broken to defend themselves against your relentless assault. Your calculated cruelty not only demoralizes your enemies but also serves as a powerful psychological weapon, spreading terror and weakening the resolve of anyone who dares to oppose you.

Murderous Reputation[200CP]
Even among the brutal ranks of the Night Lords, you are known as a master of the killing arts. Your skill in dispatching foes is so infamous that it alone is enough to strike fear into the hearts of your enemies. Whether true or exaggerated, tales of your bloody deeds have spread far and wide, eroding the courage of even the most stalwart foes. Those who face you on the battlefield feel their will to fight drain away, their minds gripped by terror at the mere thought of being your next victim.

Your reputation precedes you, and it is not uncommon for enemies to flee upon realizing who they face. Your presence alone can destabilize entire enemy formations, as soldiers begin to question whether they are prepared to face the horrors you represent. This aura of fear weakens your opponents' resolve, making them more susceptible to defeat as they falter under the weight of their own dread.

Dirty Fighter [400CP]
To you, the concept of fighting fair is completely foreign. You have mastered every dirty trick and underhanded tactic imaginable, from employing poisons and drugs to using any other means to ensure victory. Just as your Primarch used similar tactics to rule over the broken world of Nostramo, you adopt every ruthless method at your disposal to defeat your enemies. Your skills include setting traps, creating distractions, and utilizing every resource available, making you a force to be reckoned with in any combat scenario.

This disregard for honor makes you an unpredictable opponent, as your enemies can never anticipate your next move. Whether it's lacing weapons with venom or using psychological tactics to break your foes, you are willing to cross any line to secure victory. Such tactics are particularly effective against honorable foes who hesitate in the face of such unscrupulous methods, giving you the upper hand in situations where others might balk.

Killing Fury [400CP]
Sometimes, as a Night Lord, you simply need to dispatch your enemies quickly and mercilessly. When the shadows of the battlefield are on your side, you move with a fury that leaves no trace not even the terrified screams of your victims. Striking swiftly and silently, you pick off your enemies one by one, never alerting others to your presence until it's too late for that particular individual. Not even the most advanced sensors can detect you.

This lethal rage allows you to efficiently thin enemy ranks, particularly in environments where shadows conceal your movements. Your ability to silence your enemies, both literally and figuratively, makes you a nightmare to any unit caught in your sights. As you eliminate opponents with swift brutality, you embody the terror for which the Night Lords are feared across the galaxy.

Criminal Mastermind [600CP]
In the realm of crime and deception, you are a true genius, capable of manipulating the underworld with a mastery that few can rival. In just a few years, you can seize control over the criminal networks of any world, weaving a web of followers and loyalists who bend to your will. Through cunning and careful planning, you establish yourself as a force within the underworld, commanding resources and influence that few others can claim.

Your followers are fiercely loyal, often willing to go to extreme lengths to serve you and carry out your will. This network of subordinates grants you unparalleled power within any territory you claim, providing you with resources, intelligence, and muscle whenever you need it. Your control over the underworld extends your influence far beyond the battlefield, allowing you to spread your terror even when you are unseen.

Terror Tactics [600CP]
You have become a true master of terror, wielding fear itself as a weapon to demoralize and dismantle your enemies. Your methods of spreading horror are as effective as they are brutal, with techniques designed to shatter the morale of even the most disciplined soldiers. Torture, psychological warfare, and grisly displays of your victims become tools to instill fear and weaken the will of entire armies. Through these terrifying methods, you erode enemy cohesion and create an atmosphere of helpless dread.

Your expertise also extends to torture and grotesque displays, as you flay flesh from bone and create shrines to terrorize entire regiments. By isolating the weakest enemies, you systematically dismantle opposing forces, savoring the fearful cries of those you've left alive. Your approach to warfare is as much psychological as it is physical, leaving your enemies scattered, afraid, and entirely at your mercy.



Alpha Legion

Clandastine [100CP]
As a member of the Alpha Legion, you have mastered the art of blending seamlessly into your surroundings, even as a towering Space Marine. Your ability to remain hidden is unparalleled, making you nearly invisible and undetectable to most physical senses. This skill goes beyond mere stealth; you can manipulate your surroundings and move in complete silence, slipping through enemy lines without a trace. Whether in a dense jungle or an urban war zone, you can adapt to the terrain, becoming as elusive as a ghost.

This heightened skill in camouflage and concealment allows you to function as a silent predator on the battlefield. Your presence goes undetected even under intense scrutiny, enabling you to gather intelligence, sabotage enemy operations, and strike without warning.

Head Hunter [100CP]
No target is beyond your reach. You have honed your skills as a master assassin, specializing in the tools and techniques used by the Imperium's deadliest agents. Your expertise with sniper rifles and other precision weapons has turned you into a force to be reckoned with, capable of eliminating high-value targets from extreme distances. Every shot you take is deadly accurate, and each weapon you wield is an extension of your deadly intent, allowing you to neutralize foes with a single, well-placed strike.

Beyond the weapon itself, your knowledge of assassination tactics is unmatched. You understand the importance of timing, positioning, and patience, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

Master Of Diversion [200CP]
As a skilled tactician, you excel in the art of misdirection and deception on the battlefield. Using feints, false signals, holo-projectors, and a variety of other deceptive tactics, you create illusions that bewilder and disorient the enemy. Each diversion is meticulously planned, designed to manipulate opponents into reacting to threats that aren't real, leaving them vulnerable and open to attack. By controlling the flow of information and creating false narratives, you can turn the tide of battle before a single shot is fired.

Your mastery of diversion allows you to dictate the battlefield's rhythm, controlling where and when conflicts occur. The enemy is led into traps, cut off from reinforcements, or convinced to retreat when there's no actual threat. As a result, you are able to guide your forces toward decisive victories with minimal losses, showcasing your brilliance in strategic warfare and your ability to manipulate even the sharpest of foes.

Covert Control [200CP]
A veteran of countless covert operations, you've led secret missions in every conceivable war zone, from urban sprawls to desolate wastelands. Your expertise in clandestine maneuvers has honed your ability to operate undetected, moving unseen behind enemy lines and seizing control without drawing attention. Whether it's gathering intelligence, dismantling supply chains, or sabotaging defenses, you're a master of turning the tide from the shadows, influencing the course of battle without the enemy ever knowing you were there.

Your presence in any covert action ensures that operations go smoothly, with minimal exposure and maximum impact. You've developed a keen sense for assessing risks and exploiting weaknesses, knowing precisely when to strike and how to exit unseen. Your methods are a blend of patience and precision, making you an invaluable asset in any scenario where subtlety is key. With your skill in covert control, you are a true architect of unseen victories, turning entire battles with a whisper rather than a roar.

Scramble Coordinates [400CP]
With unmatched skill in sabotage, you are able to infiltrate and disrupt enemy communication networks, tampering with landing coordinates, teleport beacons, and signal emitters. By accessing and corrupting their vox and data channels, you throw the enemy's forces into disarray, causing teleporting units to appear in unintended, often hostile, locations. This power isn't limited to a specific technology; even magical teleportation rituals are disrupted when your targets attempt to warp into this world. Such interference leaves foes vulnerable to ambushes, misaligned for their objectives, or even stranded far from the battlefield.

Cult Leader [400CP]
Through years of cultivating local rebellions and guiding insurgencies, you have become an expert in rallying the faithless and the desperate to your cause. You possess the unique ability to command and inspire cultists, turning local populations into fervent followers willing to disrupt the existing power structures. Under your leadership, these cultists become effective agents, carrying out your plans with zeal and loyalty, their loyalty forged through your skill in indoctrination and subterfuge.

As a cult leader, you manage cells that operate independently yet remain unified under your strategic direction. With your guidance, they become specialists in spreading discord, gathering intelligence, and weakening local defenses. Your mere presence inspires fanaticism among your followers, transforming scattered civilians into a covert force capable of bringing entire regions to their knees.

I am Alpharius [600CP]
The Alpha Legion’s legacy of deception reaches its pinnacle in you, a master of disguise and anonymity who embodies the motto "I am Alpharius." Your very identity is fluid; you can seamlessly impersonate anyone, whether through subtle physical changes or an uncanny mimicry of their voice and mannerisms. This ability goes beyond mere deception, allowing you to create confusion among foes, who can never be sure of your true identity or location. Each of your allies you can train in this art, further clouding the enemy's intelligence as every warrior they face might bear the name of Alpharius, making it nearly impossible for enemies to track or anticipate your movements accurately.

Your skills extend to manipulating entire enemy forces by sowing seeds of distrust and misinformation. By leveraging your disguise, you infiltrate their ranks, planting doubts, giving false orders, or even staging events to fracture their unity. This ability elevates you from a mere warrior to a force that destabilizes entire battle plans, where your presence becomes a psychological weapon that forces your foes to question every ally and order. In the chaos, your true intentions remain hidden, and your plans proceed unhindered.



Master of Duplicity [600CP]
Now whenever you lead a group they now have gained the traits of sowing deception on a massive scale, weaving an intricate web of feints, diversions, and ambushes that mislead even the most vigilant opponents. Your tactical prowess in misdirection means that enemies are consistently drawn into traps of your making, as every step they take aligns with your plans. Whether through carefully coordinated false attacks, stealthy deployments, or hidden signal manipulation, you orchestrate battles where your true intentions are concealed until the last, fatal moment.

This mastery of duplicity turns the battlefield into a deadly puzzle for your enemies, who are forced to guess which threats are real and which are illusions. Your forces are adept at exploiting this confusion, moving unseen, striking hard, and vanishing before retaliation is possible. By the time the enemy realizes they've been deceived, their forces are divided, their morale shattered, and the killing blow is ready to fall. Under your command, the Alpha Legion becomes an unseen hand that pulls the strings, turning each battle into a deadly spectacle of manipulation and betrayal.



Iron Warriors

Iron Within, Iron Without [100CP]
Forged in the crucible of relentless warfare, you embody the Iron Warriors' hardened resilience, making you a tireless combatant who continues to press forward when others would fall back. You endure through the deadliest of battles, trained to break even the most fortified strongholds with sheer will and calculated strikes. This brutal determination, combined with your experience in siege warfare, allows you to identify and exploit weaknesses in enemy defenses, driving through entrenched foes with a relentlessness that exemplifies the Iron Warriors' creed.

Cannon Fodder [100CP]
In the grim and ruthless mindset of the Iron Warriors, lives are expendable tools to achieve victory. You have a skill for identifying and utilizing thrall-servants—those deemed unworthy of glory but useful as distractions and obstacles to the enemy. These loyal, but largely disposable, servants are put to use as living shields, drawing enemy fire and soaking up ammunition that would otherwise threaten your more valuable warriors. Their sacrifice buys precious time and resources, allowing you and your forces to advance strategically with minimal losses to your elite soldiers.

Whether on the frontlines or as support, you direct these thrall-servants with an unflinching detachment, positioning them where they will do the most to disrupt enemy lines or lure foes into ambushes.

Bastion [200CP]
Your very presence strengthens defenses, inspiring your warriors to hold their ground with unmatched tenacity. Like an iron bastion, you can anchor a defensive position, empowering your allies to withstand even the fiercest assaults. Under your command, each fortification becomes a nearly impenetrable hold, as your iron gaze and iron will drive your troops to resist until the last breath. Your mastery of defensive strategy means you know exactly where to fortify and where to focus fire to blunt enemy assaults. No matter the strength of the enemy's counter-attack, you and your warriors will hold fast, unbreakable against any assault. With you as their leader, defenses don't simply hold—they become walls of iron that crush the enemy's resolve.

Task Master[200CP]
As a commander, you demand absolute discipline and unrelenting resolve, pushing your troops forward with bitter determination. Your example drives them to feats of endurance and strength that they would not otherwise achieve, instilling a grim resolve that mirrors your own. Your iron-willed leadership ensures that every warrior under your command fights with cold efficiency, advancing through any resistance with an unbreakable spirit.

Your relentless discipline permeates your forces, ensuring that every soldier, from the newest recruit to the most seasoned veteran, follows orders with unwavering obedience. Your presence alone strengthens the resolve of your warriors, turning them into a brutal, implacable force that presses forward despite any hardship, until every objective is achieved.

Architect Of Destruction [400CP]
You excel in siege warfare and the ruthless destruction of enemy fortifications. When you mark a target for annihilation, you unleash a relentless storm of firepower, reducing it to ruins without hesitation. Your strategic mind identifies weak points in defenses, coordinating ceaseless artillery and weapons fire that wears down even the toughest barricades until they collapse under your onslaught.

With a keen eye for destructive efficiency, you command your forces to obliterate enemy positions with precision and totality. Your expertise in siege tactics turns you into a living engine of war, a calculating force that ensures no enemy stronghold can withstand the Iron Warriors' wrath. Once you've set your sights on a target, its destruction is inevitable.

Vehicle Destroyer [400CP]
As an Iron Warrior, you possess a lethal expertise in anti-armor tactics. When an enemy vehicle or war engine is targeted, its destruction becomes a foregone conclusion. Your have an acute knowledge of weak points, allowing you to decimate even the most heavily armored foes. No tank or fortress on wheels is safe from your cold, calculating gaze.

Your proficiency extends to anticipating the weaknesses of enemy vehicles, coordinating strikes that cripple engines, shatter armor, and disable weapons systems. Your specialized tactics allow you to dismantle an enemy's armored forces with ruthless efficiency, creating openings that your troops exploit to dominate the battlefield.

Symbiotic Arsenal [600CP]
Your expertise in manipulating hybrid lifeforms has granted you the extraordinary ability to craft living weapons—symbiotic entities that integrate seamlessly with the user. These bio-mechanical symbiotes bond directly to their host, creating a fusion of flesh, metal, and warp-infused life. Once attached, they adapt and respond to the user's needs, shifting effortlessly between forms: brutal melee weapons, precise ranged guns, or powerful explosives. This fluid transformation provides unparalleled versatility in combat, allowing you to respond to any threat or tactical demand. These symbiotic weapons, connected to the user's nervous system, can respond almost instantly, matching the speed and reflexes of thought itself.

Bonded to the user's life force and fueled by ambient warp energy, these symbiotic weapons mutate and evolve as the battle unfolds. Their organic nature allows them to regenerate and adapt to resistances encountered, ensuring they remain potent even in prolonged engagements. This ability to generate and switch between a range of weaponry makes it possible to create Obliterator-like beings—warriors armed with an entire armory of weaponry within their own bodies, drawing from a constantly shifting arsenal. Through careful training and synchronization, you can harness the full potential of these living weapons, becoming a walking siege engine capable of unleashing a relentless variety of deadly attacks that overwhelm even the most fortified foes.

Daemon-Cursed Weapons [600CP]
Your mastery of the warp and dark craftsmanship has enabled you to create weapons that go beyond mere steel and ceramite, tapping into the raw power of the warp itself. Every weapon you carry can now be infused with warp energy, granting them the ability to tear through fortified armor, disrupt energy fields, and strike with devastating force against both flesh and machine. These daemonically enhanced weapons hum with malevolent energy, resonating with a hunger for destruction that mirrors your own. They are imbued with an unnatural sharpness and durability, allowing them to cleave through obstacles and defensive structures that would normally halt even the heaviest ordnance.

But your skill does not stop at simple infusion. You possess the ability to bind lesser daemons directly into your weapons, giving them a sinister sentience that responds to your will. These daemon-bound weapons are a cut above typical chaos-forged armaments, possessing qualities unique to the entity contained within them. For example, a daemon of flame may grant your weapon fiery strikes, while one of shadow could allow it to phase through defenses. With sufficient power and dominance, you can even attempt to bind stronger daemons, though they may resist, requiring you to make them submit to your control. Each weapon bound with a daemon pulses with the creature's ferocity and desire for bloodshed, making them exceptionally effective against heavily armored enemies and war engines. These cursed weapons make you a living siege engine, capable of shattering defenses and sowing terror in fortified lines.



World Eaters

Nails and Rage [100CP]
As a member of the World Eater's, it's only appropriate that you receive the same implant that all your fellows have. However, it appears that your steadfast refusal to accept defeat has allowed you to achieve a form of victory over even the Butcher's Nails. Where once you may have fallen prey to the cognitive damage inflicted by the Nails, now you find that your mentality is untouched by physical changes other than those you allow. Be they cybernetic implants that replace large portions of your brain, or drugs that would change the chemicals in your head, your mind will remain unharmed by anything short of death. This does nothing to protect you from supernatural influences.

But such a guard also serves to keep from you the delicious rage and killing fervor that the Nails would endow upon you; this is unacceptable for a disciple of the Blood God, and as such you have been imbued with an ember of Khorne's own fury. By stoking the heat of this hatred, you can draw upon a nearly limitless well of rage at a moment's notice, a blazing furnace that matches and even overcomes the wrath of World Eaters who have fully succumbed to the Butcher's Nails. When combined with the Mark of Khorne, your fury will be such that even hardened daemons might quail before you.

Gladiatorial Origins [100CP]
There are a wide variety of weapons available of Astartes, Imperial- and Chaos-aligned alike. However, no other Legion utilizes quite as widely varied a collection of melee weapons than the World Eaters, owed largely to their Primarch introducing the caedere weapons used in the cyber-augmetic gladiator arenas of Nuceria.

Your training has taught the fundamental principles of weapon use, and in such detail that you can now use any melee weapon with the same expert levels of skill as whatever implement you are most skilled with. This is most effective with tools that are actually designed to be weapons in the first place, but when it comes to utilizing improvised weapons, there are none who can match you, as you can turn even the simplest of farmer's tools into fine implements of murder, in the rare event that you are disarmed or your weapons are destroyed.

Brazen Charge [200CP]
As a devotee of Khorne, is there anything so close to your heart as the desire to rush headlong into battle, to exult in the glory of melee combat and experience the warmth of the enemy's blood spilling across your armor? Surely not. But you are no fool—you know well the dangers of approaching an enemy for close combat when you are exposed to ranged attacks, and how can you spill the enemy's blood if you are shot down before you can kill anyone? Khorne does not care who does the dying, but the Blood God does recognize that his favored followers can spill more gore if they survive to fight longer, and as such has gifted you with a special blessing.

When you rush at an enemy without trying to evade attacks—run headlong into glorious battle to savage your enemy at close range—you will find your armor and your very body taking on the properties of the Brass Citadel, becoming as durable as that hellforged brass and allowing you to endure even attacks from anti-armor weaponry without serious damage. However, this protection only applies to attacks that would harm you at a distance; in close combat, your flesh and armor are no tougher than they would already be, and regardless of whether you are struck by a chainsword or a bolter fired at point blank range, once range is no longer a factor, you are as vulnerable as you were before.

After all, Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows, only that it flows.

The Fires of Hatred [200CP]
Khorne is known to gift his favor to those who fight in his name in the form of blazing weapons, and his great Bloodthirsters are known to disgorge gouts of hellfire to immolate their foes. Indeed, the fires of war burn most literally for the Lord of Rage… and also for you, for in your soul has been placed a coal from the ever-burning furnaces that forge the war-machines of the Blood God. Heat inundates you, raising your temperature to levels that your own sweat evaporates on your skin, yet never truly harms you or damages your equipment.

With this heat in your soul, the harshest freezing environments mean nothing to you—and compared to the hellflames of Khorne, no other heat matters. Deserts of such heat that other Space Marines collapse would pose no problem to you, and even the promethium-fueled blaze of a Loyalist flamer would fail to injure you. But that does not mean you do not burn—no, the hellish flame in your soul

takes hold the fires that burn on your weapons and armor and flesh, and sustains them for the duration of battle to ensure that you become a living holocaust, rising to unholy temperatures to sear through your enemies' bodies. Naturally, this amplification applies to any fire-based weaponry you may use, turning them into an armageddon of flame.

Blood for the Blood God [400CP]
The first commandment of Khorne is to kill, to shed blood in battle in Khorne's name and paint the world red with your enemies—or your allies, for Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows. But you… the bloodshed you bring is glorious, and the favor of your god is clear. When you kill an enemy, their body is infused with a rush of Warp energies, causing all of their soft tissues to spontaneously explode outwards in a great shower of gore. To you and your allies, this is a potent boon; blood that covers your flesh or armor hardens it and strengthens the muscles beneath, allowing you to fight ever-harder. Furthermore, blood can never interfere with your functioning; when it sprays in your eyes, you will still see clearly; when it coats your hands, your grip on your weapon will not falter; and when it gathers in the chains of your chainblade, no degree of gore will ever clog up its mechanisms.

But to your enemies, this rain of blood is an unholy terror, for it is superheated to temperatures that would have evaporated it and turned the gas into plasma, if meagre material physics mattered at all in the face of the power of Chaos. The gore will destroy weapons, armor, and flesh alike, eating through it faster than the strongest of acids.

Naturally, this explosion of blood leaves the skull completely unharmed.

Skulls for the Skull Throne [400CP]
Your prowess in battle is a marvel and a horror to behold, as you render every battle into a slaughterfest, a horror story where you're the monster and the heroes try and fail to overcome you as you mow them down. Your martial expertise is superb, equal to the greatest warriors the World Eaters have ever produced, and the exertions of battle only serve to reinvigorate rather than tire you.

But just like war breeds more conflict, your killing serves to allow you to murder better than ever before. Every time you take a life you can make an exertion of will to cause Chaos energies to boil the flesh, blood, and soft organs off their head, leaving a pristine skull behind. For every skull you have created in this manner, you grow a tiny bit stronger than you were before. This amount is miniscule—even a large battle would increase your strength by only a fraction. But over an entire war? Over countless wars, repeated over the millennia, as you kill and kill and kill in the name of Khorne? As you gather enough skulls to make a throne of your own, it will make a difference.

Crush the Sorcerer [600CP]
Magic. Psychic powers. These are the tools of the weak and tricksters, of cowards who can't fight and who rely on their sorcery to do their fighting for them. It's pathetic, and you will play no part in kowtowing to the spells of the magician. You share in the same protections as Khârn the Betrayer, and bear the blessings of the Blood God.

Whether it be the magic of the sorcerer or the powers of the psyker, you have an immunity to such cowardly tricks. Spells fail to influence you and psychic abilities cannot touch you, allowing you to stride through the battlefield without concern for spell-born lightning or psychic flames or malign mental influences.

The Blood Angel [600 CP/Restricted to Mark of Khorne and have Chaos Lord perk]

Victory is no reason for the slaughter to end. When you kill someone in a position of military command—be it the general of an army of an officer in charge of a single squadron—the rage and fury and madness of Khorne will be channeled through that death into everyone they hold command over. A blood red haze will cloud their mind, and their thoughts will be overcome with urges of murder and bloodlust. Without control of themselves, all of that leader's subordinates will be driven to violent rages, and will attempt to kill every living being that they can perceive. Brother will turn on brother, pacifists will burst into murderous fury, and chefs will assault armored terminators, heedless of the risk. There is no sane thought or tactics to be found in such madness, only relentless brutality as all semblance of order and unity evaporates.

But be warned; although the enemy will cease to exist as a unified force, they will still attack everyone they can, so your own forces are still valid targets. But of course, is that not as it should be?



Thousand Sons

Combat Casting [100CP]
As a member of the Thousands Sons, you are naturally a potent psyker. However, you remain an Astartes, and are no frail spellcaster who shirks from entering combat. You are able to seamlessly combine melee or ranged fighting with your magic or other powers.

When it comes to your supernatural abilities, you are capable of running a separate train of thought, allowing you to simultaneously focus on both the battle at hand and concentrating on your magic. You are easily able to speak during combat, the exertions of moving and fighting failing to interrupt your speech, and any motions you may need to make to spellcast are easily adapted to function while holding weapons.

In short, you are a smoothly-functioning combat machine, able to fend off an enemy with a sword in one hand, while the other readies lightning to blast them away.

Arcane Safeguards [100CP]
Many are the forms of magic across the multiverse that pose a hazard to the user, and the sorcery born of the Warp is no exception. Careless psykers are known to spontaneously explode, or get possessed, or have a portal to the Immaterium form inside their skull, or face a thousand other awful deaths.

Such accidents are for lesser sorcerers than you, however. You never need to worry about the consequences of a failed spell, or facing backlash for the magic you utilize. This does not protect you from abilities with an established cost for using them—a psychic power that damages you to fuel a powerful blast of energy will still be harmful—but other than that, this allows you to use magic with impunity, without fear of the consequences of your spellcasting.

Guiding the Scarab Occult [200CP]
When Ahriman attempted a great ritual to cleanse the Thousand Sons of mutation, his failure ended up reducing every non-psychic member of the Legion to ash, binding their souls into their armor. They are now mindless Rubric Marines, without will or self-awareness; only through the approach of combat does their battle-hunger rise again, and only through the powers of a Chaos Sorcerer do they regain some semblance of consciousness.

You have a surpassing affinity for guiding such near-automatons, and would make a skill sorcerer to guide even the Scarab Occult Terminators themselves. In your presence, allied but effectively-mindless forces are able to behave as though they had something resembling awareness and consciousness; stiff movements become fluid, and they are capable of responding to threats independently; in ways you would approve of, but without requiring you to micromanage each individual. Furthermore, you know the sorcery used to direct the actions of the Rubricae, and can guide a squadron of them at a time.

Truth and Lies [200CP]
Within your soul, truths and deceptions, lies and honesty, all blend together into a singularity where neither can be distinguished from the other. No being or force is capable of telling when you are telling falsehoods or being dishonest. Furthermore, your lies and your truths seem to buttress one another; when you are honest, it makes your lies more believable; when you lie, people become more likely to accept that your truths are, in fact, true, even if they're so unbelievable that anyone else would consider them to be a trick.

What's more, people are bizarrely accepting of your dishonesty. Unlike other people, where lying results in them being believed in less and less, you can lie to anyone, and it will be believed to the same extent that it would have been if you had never lied at all. Or rather, they'll believe that *you believe* that you're telling the truth. This won't make people accept something that they wouldn't believe in the first place.

Intricate Plots [400CP]
Your mind is a thing of horrible beauty, an intricate network of fractal thoughts and concepts that is capable of computations, theorizing, and scheming on a scale that even Tzeentchian daemons are forced to admire. Your intellect dwarfs that of your contemporaries, and rare is the cogitator capable of surpassing your calculation speed. But although your mind is truly superb in all aspects, where it truly shines is in your ability to plan, conspire, and strategize.

You can create plans that extend for hundreds or thousands of years—or even longer—and your ability to account for potential variables is such that even the arrival of unknown threats from completely outside the galaxy can be easily accommodated. Your ability to directly or indirectly manipulate organizations and entire societies would be ludicrous to lesser minds, but you possess an uncanny accuracy in predicting how individuals and groups alike will respond to your actions. You easily navigate the tangled web of allegiances and social influences that make up any society, and can pinpoint weak points to twist others into serving your desires without them ever realizing they are simply someone else's tool.

Conquering Death [400CP]
It is difficult for the Thousand Sons to keep up their numbers. Any recruit that is not a psyker will be rapidly plagued by uncontrollable mutation; as such, only potential sorcerers are suitable to be initiated into the Legion, and psykers are not so common that the Thousand Sons can easily keep up their numbers. In lieu of finding the number of recruits they need, the sorcerers of the Legion have created a morbid alternative.

You have been trained in the rituals needed to resurrect a fallen Thousand Son, and have further studied until you discovered methods to adapt this ritual to revive anyone, even those whose souls do not go to the Warp. With this ritual, the spirit of the deceased will enter the body—living or dead—of anyone of the same species. Once the spirit of the slain is returned, it will twist and deform the body, subconsciously altering it atom by atom until it is the same as the body they once held in life—and then their soul will merge with it, expelling the spirit to whom the body once belonged.

In this manner, you can ensure that your allies will continue to exist long after the point they should have died, and that mortality will not touch those who are still useful to you. But be warned—the body is returned to the condition it was in when it died, simply absent wounds or sickness. If they died due to age, then their life would no doubt come to an end soon after you resurrect them.

Exalted Sorcerer [600CP]
By your own hard work, and by the favor of Tzeentch, your magical and psychic powers have soared to levels unmatched by lesser sorcerers. You name among your magical peers the likes of Ahzek Ahriman, standing out as the best of a Legion whose sorcery is already superlative. Your knowledge of the magic of the Warp is likewise of the highest caliber, and rare are the sorceries that you could not immediately identify… but perhaps you would exult in such opportunities, for whenever you encounter a spell you do not already know, your keen magical mind is able to dissect how it functions and recreate how to perform it yourself.

Reality bends to your whims, and your magic distorts entire battlefields to suit your desires. The greatest feats of lesser psykers are but a casual exertion for you, and your knowledge of rituals is such that you can easily alter, sabotage, or even take over those few rituals you are not already aware of.

Finally, you are capable of extending ordinary spells and powers into rituals. By adding chants, somatic motions, an expenditure of time, and even sacrifices of blood or material goods, you are able to amplify such supernatural feats to previously-unheard of scales, allowing for great deeds that would be sung of in legend, such as when Magnus sent the entire city of Tizca travelling through the Warp onto a new planet. Also if you have the Arc Sorcerer perk than your psychic might would be equal to that of Magnus the red before his ascension to the daemon primach.

All is Dust [600 CP/Restricted to Mark of Tzeentch and have Chaos Lord perk]
You have studied the *Rubric of Ahriman*, and inquired deeply into the nature of the Rubric Marines; now your research has reached its fruition, and you are capable of creating Rubric Marines with far greater ease than the original ritual.

Rubric Marines are the remains of the mutated non-psykers of the Thousand Sons; in an attempt to purge them of corruption, the sorcerer Ahriman cast a spell meant to purify them… but in truth, all the spell did was turn them into dust, turn their Power Armor into a walking coffin, and bind their souls into mindless and perpetual servitude within the dust-filled shells. The Rubricae, as they are properly known, can fight without fear of injury, for they have no body to harm; it is only by overwhelming and extensive damage to their armor that it is at all possible for their dust to disperse, causing the armor to collapse.

Even the lost of their legs is not an issue, as Rubricae who have had their lower limbs torn off form into Rubric Marine Genies, a swirling funnel of dust holding up the remains of their armor and continuing to fight. And when their armor is finally ruined to the point that their dust disperses, it is still not the end, for you know the spells needed to gather the spread dust back into ruined armor, repair even the most tenuous scraps of Power Armor into a functioning whole once again, and reanimate the deceased once more.

By garbing individuals—alive or dead—with armor, you can cast a spell that simultaneously hermetically seals the armor shut, and converts the entire body within to dust. Power Armor is not required for this, but the use of it will result in stronger Rubricae; however, even plain armor becomes a dangerous threat when animated by the spirit of the dusted.

Rubricae hold the souls of their former bodies, but these spirits are trapped in a perpetual fever-dream, and are unaware of the events around them or the passing of time. Instead of functioning on their own, they must obey a sorcerer such as yourself; they behave robotically and stiffly, completely lacking motivation or personal will. The only variance to this is in battle, when the battle-rage once more overtakes them, and they are able to fight and act almost—but not quite—as though they were self-aware.

Your sorcerous might is such that even when the jump begins you are already able to control a hundred Rubric Marines at once, and this number will only grow as your power increases. Rubric Marines you are not currently controlling will simply stand still, perpetually awaiting further orders.



Death Guard

Eternal Putrescence [100CP]
It is the nature of the Death Guard, as the foremost followers of Nurgle, to rot. Your body is an example of this, eternally caught in slow decay, filled with packets of pus and bile, as disease-ridden blood moves sluggishly through your veins. And yet, no servant of Nurgle is ever inconvenienced by such decomposition. When a part of your body rots off, new flesh grows in its place. When your form is bulky and bloated from plague and putrefied flesh, you can move as quickly and as strongly as you could before. When your stomach splits open, exposing your intestines to the air, you can still eat as well as you ever did.

In short, damage to your physical form does nothing to impede your ability to function, so long as it is less severe than a complete absence of a part of your body (or actual death). Having chunks of your muscles rot off is easily ignored, having your legs cut away is still an issue. Or at least, it will only be an issue for a while, as you are capable of regenerating from any injury, given time. This doesn't allow you to heal any faster, but the assurance that even dismemberment won't be a permanent disfigurement allows you to march into the most dangerous of battles with the surety that you will endure.

Inured to Rot [100CP]
The armies of Nurgle are the most revolting force in the galaxy. Their appearances are rotting and malformed, with hideous bloating and great boils of pus. Their weapons churn with bile and foul effluvia, and everywhere is inundated with the wretched scent of pestilence and decay. Flesh gurgles and weeps unholy discharge as it stretches and tears, and the noxious odor is so potent you can taste it on your tongue. It is a disgusting affront to every sense, and many enemies are unable to stand and fight when confronted with such an unwholesome motley of sensation, and are cut down like wheat before a thresher without being able to defend themselves as they gag and vomit before the forces of Nurgle ever even touch them.

But you bear the blessing of the Plaguefather, and can see the beauty where others see only revolting monstrosities. The taste of plague-ridden air is sweet to you, the scent of bile and pus a delight. Where others retch and hurl, you stand confidently, the odor of death and decay invigorating you. No matter how horrendous the sight, how devastating the smell, or how disgusting the taste,

exposure to such occurrences will never harm you or have ill effects on you, and will in fact be viewed positively in your eyes. This doesn't prevent you from understanding that other people would dislike such things, but you can always find something to enjoy in them.

Inescapable Ailment [200CP]
Although "ordinary" weapons are still common among the Death Guard, it can't be denied that your primary weapons as a devotee of Nurgle is plague and contagion. Unfortunately, as you venture out into the multiverse, you will discover that some beings are not susceptible to the favored creations of the Plaguefather. There are those immune to poisons, to disease, to corrosive acid, to radiation… there are a host of beings that the greatest weapon of Nurgle would be useless against.

This is an insult, and cannot stand. For you and your forces, there is no such thing as an absolute protection against your contagions. The contagions you inflict can affect beings against whom disease should be useless. The viruses you wield shall inflict terrible symptoms even on those who should be immune, or to whom diseases could be carried without being harmful. Your toxins pierce all immunities, and your acids and bases corrode with a potency that is not reduced by any protections the enemy may possess. Any effect that could be considered a "status ailment", including being afflicted by radiation, is something that you and those who serve you are able to inflict upon your enemies should you have the means, even if they're supposed to be protected from such effects.

The sole exception to this is your allies, who are protected from the malign spread of your plagues and afflictions.

Effluvial Blessings [200CP]
The rot-infused blood in your body, the weeping pus, the rancorous bile… all these bodily fluids and more have been blessed by Nurgle. Not only do they serve as a vector of disease to afflict your enemy, but exposure to these fluids as a healing and bolstering effect on your allies.

If one of your bloated zits popped and sprayed pus across an area, it would melt through your enemies' armor and expose them to terrible contagions, while restoring the health of your compatriots and invigorating them with newfound

strength and speed. To help you apply these effects, you are now capable of vomiting at will, with a surprising degree of pressure that can allow it to travel several meters at a time. Your stomach seems to hold seven times the fluids it should, without making you appear any different or interfering with your bodily functions in any way.

***Integer Infectum* [400CP]**
Seven is the sacred integer, the number of Nurgle and the digit of disease. By counting the woes of battle, always tallying to the number seven, you can invoke blessings upon your allies. These woes can be manifold. The Tallymen count the bolter rounds expended and the wounds inflicted, they count the flies that blot out the sky and the enemies that flee, they count the bodies of the slain and the number of diseases gifted unto the foes of Nurgle.

Through counting these woes and adding them up to the *integer infectum* through sacred numerology, you can call forth the infectious yet generous power of Nurgle to surge around you. Your allies' wounds will seal shut and rapidly heal. Their muscles will surge with power, and sickening, bloated flies will pour through the air, birthed from the power of the number you have tallied.

From Death Comes Life [400CP]
When you kill an enemy, you can cause a surge of unholy Warp-born power to rush through their body, turning it into a miniature factory of disease and contagion. The unholy life born from this dead body will rapidly cause it to bloat and burst, scattering pus, bile, and plague-ridden fluids across a wide area. Furthermore, these liquids are considered to be your own body fluids, for purposes of perks that would interact with such things.

Through this, you are able to spread the gift of bacteria wherever you go, ensuring that the most numerous of Nurgle's beloved life forms continues to flourish.

Alchemist of Affliction [600CP]
You have learned the techniques of the Foul Blightspawn, of the Biologus Putrifier, and of the Plague Surgeon. You now have the knowledge needed to craft plagues and diseases of your own, be they viral or bacterial in nature. But these aren't purely physical plagues (although you can create those as well); rather, they are born of the Warp, and infused with empyreal energies that allow it to accomplish feats that no disease should be able to do.

You can craft plagues that spread by the written word. You can make contagions that cause the victim to mutate into a tree of weeping pus that attempts to devour the living. You can make viruses that leech the fluids from those infected, turning them into desiccated husks. All these things and more are possible, requiring only time for you to brew and refine the disease in question.

Furthermore, you know how to work with existing diseases, and with your expertise are able to alter them or amplify their effects. You gain power over diseases, and are able to manipulate them; this can allow a plague with a long incubation period to take effect immediately, or make the symptoms of a disease far worse in someone who is already afflicted.

Those who have been afflicted with a plague you have modified come under your influence, regardless of if they are friend or foe. You cannot control them or anything so blatant, but you can use the disease within them to bolster their strength, heal them, or inflict them with weakness even apart from what the illness already forces upon them.

Lord of Filth [600 CP/Restricted to Mark of Nurgle and have Chaos Lord perk]
Your physical form, even as a Chaos Space Marine, has proven to small and too limited for you. You grew bloated with the plagues and infections of Nurgle, until eventually your skin burst open and a cloud of lies emerged from the empty shell of your body. But this was not the end of you—for now, you *are* the flies. You are made up of a swarm of hellish flies, your mind now in control of each and every one of them, with multitasking abilities that put to shame the most advanced Abominable Intelligence.

But, should the form of a swarm not be of immediate use, you can coalesce your flies together, creating skin and flesh and blood as a form of camouflage. In this disguise, you are just as physically capable as you were before, but are far harder to kill. For death will only take hold of you once every fly in your great swarm has been slain.

This is not purely a perk of defense, however; these flies are all vectors of contagion, and can spread any disease you have ever suffered, created, or afflicted upon another being. What's more, if one of your flies lands in someone's nose or ear, it will crawl into their brain, and will take control of their bodies for you to use.

The flies that compose your body will be renewed every seven hours.



Emperor's Children

Epicurean Delights [100CP]

To those who follow Slaanesh, the greatest goal in life is the pursuit of sensation. They know no moderation, and seek to expose themselves to ever-greater heights of feeling, to experience things they haven't before. They take this pursuit of excess to impossible and often self-destructive lengths. Many die from it… yet others survive doses of drugs that should have killed them, listen to songs of such volume that their hearing should no longer function. And yet, there are those who continue to live, not made lesser from the experience.

No matter what extremes of sensation you face, you will never be impaired by it, allowing you to luxuriate in the sensation and enjoy it to its fullest. Your mind can endure the greatest of agonies, tortures that would destroy lesser minds a thousand times over, and come out the other side asking for more. You could be exposed to scents that would make a Nurglite retch, and still appreciate its aroma as something new. You could experience the impossible and soul-destroying levels of pleasure that She-Who-Thirsts can gift onto others, and wish to experience still-greater pleasures on the other end.

Note that this does not make you view pain as pleasure; rather, you can appreciate pain for what it is, and cannot be harmed by the extremes of it.

Furthermore, acts of excess no longer harm you—oh, they might give you pain, but they are something you can survive. No amount of food that you eat will cause your stomach to burst, and no volume of drugs will cause you to overdose. You are similarly immune to the negative effects of mixing together different types of drugs.

Art Critic [100CP]

The Emperor's Children, like many followers of Slaanesh, often style themselves as artists. Slaanesh holds the pursuit of perfect in high regard, and as a symbol of their devotion to this, they look to the arts. Paintings, sculptures, songs, and great feats of craftsmanship are common among the Emperor's Children. Of course, many of those paintings use human flesh as canvas, the sculptures might be made of still-living children, the songs might result in internal hemorrhaging, and the craftsmanship on display is of daemonic arms and

armor… but despite the horror they may display, they are nonetheless made to the highest standards and exhibit high artistic merit.

This perk does not give you skill in art; rather, it allows you to clearly see the flaws and strengths of any creation you observe. You can see the imperfections, but also what the creator did properly, and know how to convey your understanding in such a way that people can clearly see the positives and negatives of the piece in question. You can tell what emotions an artist was feeling as they created a work of art; you know what they felt about the art, what they felt about the *subject* of the art, and what emotions they intended their work to evoke.

You do get one particular ability that would be helpful in creating your own works; any human body part or fluid that you use in a piece of art or work of craftsmanship will remain perpetually fresh. Now you don't have to worry about that delightful shade of red drying up into an ugly ruddish brown.

Remnant of the Brotherhood of the Palatine Blades [200CP]
Are you perhaps a veteran of the original rebellion against the Emperor? This warrior fraternity of the Emperor's Children has long since faded away, although a number of its members (most notably Lucius the Eternal) survive to this day. The Palatine Blades were the elite blademasters of the Legion, and strove to prove their superiority by finding the greatest enemy combatants and slaying them in battle. When their enemy utilized a particularly fine weapon, the marine who slew them would claim the weapon as their own, and would practice with it until they could wield it with more skill than their enemy ever did. They would bring these trophy-weapons into battle with them, resulting in members of the fraternity wielding a wide variety of weapons from the Legion's many campaigns against foreign civilizations during the Great Crusade.

Whenever you claim a weapon from an enemy you have felled, you will find that you can learn to wield the weapon at an increased pace. The speed of your learning is based upon the skill of its previous wielder; if taken from a true master, you could learn to wield a completely unfamiliar weapon in a matter of weeks, at levels of skill surpassing even its previous owner even if you yourself had not previously been talented enough to approach such levels.

Furthermore, you will find that there is no such thing as a weapon you cannot wield; even if designed for people of a different size or body type, as long as you are physically capable of lifting and using a weapon, you can learn to use it with as much precision and finesse as the finest Charnabal Sabre.

Claim the strength of your enemy as your own, and perfect the use of their own tools beyond what they were ever capable of reaching.

The Symphony of Song and Screams [200CP]
Music is very important to the culture of the Emperor's Children. Even before turning to Slaanesh, they held themselves as the "cultured" Legion, and had a fondness for art. In the modern age, they wield sound as one of their most dangerous weapons. Even their fall to Chaos was finalized by the performance of a tainted concert known as the *Maraviglia*.

Sound and music has worked its way into your soul. Your sense of hearing is now greater; you don't merely hear in a far greater range than other Astartes can, your hearing can pinpoint even the faintest of sounds, to the point that you're capable of echolocation. You'd think this would make you more sensitive to sonic attacks, but this is not the case; no degree of noise is capable of harming you. It doesn't matter if the vibrations are so intense that it instantly liquifies your surroundings; if it's a sound, it cannot harm you. This also applies to secondary effects of music; magical or ensorcelled music or sound that carries negative aftereffects fail to find purchase with you.

But you do not hoard your gift of song to yourself. By harming another living thing, you can force them to scream. However, the noise they produce will not be the natural sound of their own screams; instead, they will scream with *your* voice. This will allow you to channel any manner of sonic- or music-based attacks you possess using them as a medium… and they won't have your protection against sound. However, even if you could produce music so loud and powerful that the faintest snippet of it would kill them, you can still force the full sound through their bodies, even if they dissolve in the process of producing it.

Flawless Blade [400CP]
You are one of the Flawless Blades, a dark mirror to the Palatine Blades of yesteryear. Your kind are obsessed with mastering your weapons and proving your superiority; you eschew the very notion of economical killing and the grace of ending a fight with a single blow. No, to fight is to prove your superiority, to rub your enemy's failure in their face and leave them to die slowly, bleeding from a thousand cuts without ever landing a blow on you.

As is common among the Flawless Blades, you may leave parts of your body unarmored. By exposing parts of your body to your enemy, you mock their skill and exalt yourself as untouchable; in doing so, you will find that your speed and talent in combat will rise in proportion to how much of your body you leave unarmored, as the greater risk thrills your daemonic patrons.

Flawless Blades may be arrogant, but they–and you–see no need to play fair. You find that the positive effects of all drugs and stimms that you use are amplified, allowing you to get more use out of such tools. The ill effects such drugs would have on your health never seem to manifest, allowing you to make use of them to a greater degree than any of your fellows.

Eternal [400CP]
Pride cometh before the fall, and you ensure that the sin of pride is punished mightily indeed. You have a peculiar and horrific form of immortality; whenever you are slain, you will slowly reincarnate into the body of the one who killed you, so long as they felt even the slightest pride in the deed. But this isn't something that is easily avoided; pride in placing a trap that unknowingly killed you will still attract your spirit, as will pride in creating the weapon that would eventually be used to kill you, even if the craftsmen never knew about the purposes to which the weapon would be put. Any pride involved in your death will result in your eventual return.

This process of returning is gradual and horrible, but inescapable, as their mind, soul, and body are transformed into your own. It is your choice if this process is complete, utterly erasing the body's former inhabitant, or if a portion of them will remain, a face of skin in which their soul is trapped in perpetual torment. Neither option has a negative effect on you.

Your immortality is less perfect than Lucius' own, and will only be perfected upon earning your Spark at the conclusion of your jumpchain. Until then, you can only return to life in this fashion once every six years.

Rapidity and Alacrity [600CP]
You have been blessed by Slaanesh with a great boon of speed. This enhances all forms of movement, from how fast you can swing your sword to the speed at which you can run. Even your reflexes are improved; dodging bullets is not out of the question, and your swordsmanship is so fast that it leaves afterimages behind as you strike your foe at least twice for every time they're able to swing their sword. In this fashion, you prove your excellence and superiority, and become an unstoppable tempest of destruction on the battlefield.

Body of the God [600CP]
To call you beautiful would fail to encapsulate your splendor. To call you handsome would be an insult. To call you gorgeous falls utterly short of the sheer glory of your appearance. Your attractiveness is refined beyond all conception, the sort of beauty that can only be fantasized about because reality could never hope to contain such a lovely form. And yet, you have forced your countenance upon the galaxy anyway, and your superlative alluring form will influence all you might.

It is not a matter of mind control. Your beauty is simply so extreme, so far beyond what mundane reality can hope to offer, that those who view you cannot help but fall in love you—at least, for those with weaker willpower. Only a strong or truly devoted mind could hope not to fall for your fairest of features, and you are destined to be beloved by those who behold you. Finding people who would die for your sake is only a matter of walking through the street with your helmet off—and these devotees are more than simply more bodies to throw in the grinder. For every person who loves you, you find your power and speed increasing, allowing you to triumph in battles that might otherwise have ended in your defeat.



Specialty:

Veterans of the Long War

Eternal Warrior [100CP]
Millennia of unending war have forged you into an unyielding juggernaut. Wounds that would kill even other Chaos Space Marines are nothing more than inconveniences to you. Whether pierced by bolter rounds, sliced by power weapons, or scorched by flames, you endure with a fortitude that borders on the supernatural. Your enhanced resilience allows you to keep fighting even when critically injured, your body recovering from injuries at a pace that would astound even Apothecaries. Each scar you bear tells the tale of a battle survived, a testament to your enduring existence amidst eternal conflict.

Champion's Arsenal [100CP]
You have been granted access to the rarest and most potent weapons and armor Chaos has to offer. Among these treasures is the revered Terminator Armor, a symbol of your status as an elite warrior of the Long War. You are highly proficient in its use, able to move with surprising agility despite its bulk and employ its formidable protective capabilities to devastating effect. Your mastery extends beyond the armor itself to the deadly weapons often paired with it: power fists, lightning claws, or heavy flamers, among others.

Daemonic Fervor [200CP]
Your devotion to the dark gods fuels an unshakable resolve, transforming you into a fearless avatar of Chaos. Fear and hesitation are alien concepts, replaced by an unwavering drive to annihilate your enemies. Whether facing insurmountable odds, towering war machines, or the horrors of the Warp itself, you charge forward with unrelenting zeal.

This fervor is infectious, spreading to your allies and inspiring them to feats of courage and brutality they would not have thought possible. Under your command, warbands hold their ground against overwhelming forces, pressing forward even in the face of certain death. With Daemonic Fervor coursing through your veins, you are the embodiment of Chaos' relentless will, an icon of destruction whose presence turns the tide of battle.

Blood-Soaked Instinct [200CP]
Your instincts have been honed to a razor's edge, granting you an uncanny ability to read the flow of battle with a near-supernatural precision. Every subtle shift in your enemies' movements, the cadence of their attacks, or the smallest change in their formation feeds into your mind like an unholy symphony of violence. This heightened awareness allows you to anticipate fatal strikes and evade them with fluid grace, counter with devastating force, and exploit weaknesses before your foes even realize they exist.

Relentless Butcher [400CP]
Battle is your element, and you excel at prolonged engagements where endurance and efficiency are paramount. Through years of combat, you have mastered the art of pacing yourself, allowing you to fight with peak effectiveness for days on end without faltering. While others tire or lose focus, you maintain a relentless pace, wearing down your enemies with sheer persistence.

This ability makes you particularly deadly in grinding wars of attrition, where your stamina outlasts even the most durable opponents. Whether in close combat or ranged engagements, you thrive in the chaos of extended conflict, striking with methodical precision while conserving your energy for decisive moments. As the Relentless Butcher, your tenacity ensures that no matter how long the battle rages, you will be the last one standing.

The Scarred Colossus [400CP]
Any armor you now don becomes a living extension of your indomitable will, fused with daemonic power to magnify your presence and strength on the battlefield. This unholy symbiosis grants you monstrous physical power, allowing you to wield massive weapons with effortless precision and crush enemies with devastating force. Each strike you deliver carries the fury of Chaos, capable of shattering fortifications, obliterating vehicles, and reducing even the most heavily armored foes to ruin. Your enemies quake at the sight of your daemonic form, knowing no defense is sufficient against your might.

Beyond its immense strength, the armor offers unparalleled protection. Runes of Chaos carved into its plates ward off psychic assaults, while its daemonic essence absorbs the fury of the Warp and reflects it outward. The reinforced structure can withstand the most devastating blows, ensuring you remain

standing where lesser warriors would fall. Your presence becomes a terrifying spectacle of unyielding resilience, an unbreakable fortress of dark power.

Chaos Tactician [600CP]
Centuries of warfare and exposure to the ever-changing nature of Chaos have made you a master strategist, capable of crafting intricate plans that seamlessly integrate daemons, Warp powers, and unorthodox tactics. You excel at turning the unpredictable into a weapon, adapting your strategies to exploit the chaos of the battlefield. Even when plans fall apart, you can swiftly adjust, turning setbacks into opportunities for victory.

Your skill extends to leading warbands, daemonic hosts, and cultist armies, blending their strengths into a cohesive and deadly force. Your ability to anticipate enemy movements and counter their strategies makes you a nightmare for Imperial commanders. As a Chaos Tactician, you are the architect of countless victories, embodying the dark brilliance of Chaos in its unrelenting pursuit of domination.

The Infernal Reaper [600CP]
You are the living embodiment of devastation, a harbinger of annihilation whose presence leaves battlefields soaked in blood. In melee combat, your strikes cleave through enemies with terrifying efficiency, each swing capable of cutting down multiple foes. Your skill and power allow you to move through ranks of enemies like a scythe through wheat, leaving only death in your wake.

Your ranged prowess is no less formidable. Every shot you fire finds its mark, exploiting weak points in enemy defenses with unerring precision. Against tightly packed forces, your firepower breaks their lines, and against armored targets, your shots punch through with devastating force. As the Infernal Reaper, you are a force of pure destruction, embodying Chaos' relentless thirst for conquest and slaughter.

Cult of the Damned

Corrupted Relics [100CP]

Your expertise lies in uncovering and harnessing the chaotic potential of corrupted artifacts. These objects, tainted by the energies of Chaos, possess abilities far beyond ordinary relics, and you have mastered the art of unlocking their full potential. Whether it's an ancient weapon, an arcane tome, or a seemingly mundane object imbued with dark power, you can draw out their latent abilities, enhancing your own strength and granting you unique advantages in battle. This ability allows you to wield such items without succumbing to their dangerous side effects, turning the corruption into a source of power rather than a liability.

In future jumps, similarly fell and corrupt power can be drawn from items sourced from dark powers.

Aura of Chaos Devotion [100CP]

Your very presence carries a subtle, insidious influence, softening resistance to your words and ideas. When you speak of heretical doctrines, such as the worship of Chaos or similar forbidden ideologies, your audience finds it difficult to reject you outright. This aura subtly reshapes perceptions, making even the most steadfast followers of conventional beliefs pause and consider the allure of Chaos. Over time, this influence can plant seeds of doubt or curiosity, leading others down the path of corruption without even realizing it.
This ability is especially potent in settings where ideological control is paramount, such as religious societies or authoritarian regimes.

Master of Blasphemy [200CP]

Your unparalleled skill in twisting faith enables you to identify those most susceptible to corruption. With a mere glance, you can discern individuals who harbor doubts, grievances, or ambitions that make them prime candidates for Chaos worship. Your natural charisma and cunning allow you to exploit these weaknesses, drawing them into the fold with promises of power, freedom, or fulfillment. Additionally, you have a knack for finding individuals of influence or wealth who can accelerate the spread of Chaos, turning their resources and status to your advantage.Once these individuals are in your grasp, your mastery over blasphemy allows you to manipulate their beliefs further, ensuring their loyalty and devotion.

Warp Speaker [200CP]
The Warp's chaotic whispers are no longer an indecipherable cacophony to you. You possess the unique ability to interpret its messages, gaining insight into its cryptic instructions and forbidden knowledge. This skill allows you to construct shrines, altars, and places of power that attract and concentrate the energies of the Warp, creating sanctuaries for Chaos worship. These sites become focal points for your cult, drawing in more followers and solidifying your influence.

The guidance of the Warp not only aids in physical construction but also in spiritual manipulation. It reveals the rituals, chants, and rites needed to empower these locations, making them hubs of dark power.

Rites of Damnation [400CP]
Your mastery of Chaos rituals enables you to perform grand ceremonies capable of opening portals to the Warp itself. These rituals, requiring two years of meticulous preparation, have the power to envelop an entire world, dragging it into the realm of Chaos. Once a world is consumed, it becomes a twisted extension of the Warp, a bastion of corruption where the rules of reality are permanently altered. This ability represents the pinnacle of Chaos's destructive potential, granting you unparalleled influence over the fate of worlds.

For smaller-scale operations, you can adapt these rituals to target specific locations such as cities, towns, or even individual buildings. These scaled-down versions require significantly less preparation, making them practical tools for disrupting societies or creating footholds for Chaos. With these rites, you can destabilize entire regions, convert them into chaotic havens, and pave the way for larger incursions into the mortal plane.

Dark Channeler [400CP]
Your voice carries the power of the Warp, allowing you to channel its energies into those who follow you. When you preach the dark doctrines of the Chaos gods, your words resonate with raw power, inspiring your allies and infusing them with strength beyond mortal limits. This channeling enhances their physical abilities, sharpens their instincts, and grants them a glimpse of the Warp's chaotic might. Whether in battle or ritual, your followers become vessels of destruction under your influence.

Beyond empowering allies, you can unleash devastating bursts of raw Warp energy against your enemies. These chaotic blasts can obliterate foes, shatter defenses, and sow terror on the battlefield. This ability ensures that your presence is both a rallying point for your followers and a nightmare for your adversaries, solidifying your role as a conduit of Chaos's destructive power.

Unbreakable Devotion [600CP]
Your faith in Chaos is absolute and unshakable if you want this is toggable at any point. No mortal or divine force can break your allegiance or sway your convictions. Attempts to purge the corruption within you or convert you to another faith result in the opposite effect—those who try are consumed by doubt in their own beliefs or corrupted by the Warp's insidious influence. This ability ensures your resilience in the face of even the most powerful adversaries, making you a beacon of unwavering devotion to Chaos.

This unyielding faith extends to your followers, who draw strength from your example. Your presence fortifies their loyalty, ensuring that your cult remains united and steadfast even under extreme pressure. In the face of opposition, your unbreakable conviction becomes a weapon, turning attempts at conversion or purification into opportunities to spread Chaos's influence further.

Cult Builder [600CP/Requires Chaos Lord Perk]
As a master of Chaos, you command an active cult devoted to spreading its influence across the mortal realm. Your cult is a well-organized and fanatically loyal group, equipped with resources, knowledge, and the unwavering dedication needed to carry out your will. With this perk, you gain an additional 1000 Favor Points to enhance your cult within the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Cult supplement, allowing you to expand its size, influence, and capabilities.

Your cult is more than a collection of followers—it is a thriving network of operatives, rituals, and Warp-infused sanctuaries. Through your leadership, it becomes a formidable force capable of destabilizing governments, converting populations, and waging war in the name of Chaos. This perk ensures that your influence extends far beyond your immediate presence, allowing you to shape the future of entire worlds through the might of your devoted cult.



Daemonkin Ritualists

Blood Sacrifices [100CP]
You are a master of blood rites, understanding the dark and ancient principles that make blood the ultimate conduit for Chaos's power. By offering blood sacrifices in your name, you amplify the potency of your rituals and summonings, ensuring they are more effective and devastating. The blood of the willing and the unwilling alike serves as fuel for your dark invocations, each drop resonating with the unholy energies of the Warp. These sacrifices not only enhance your abilities but also earn the favor of the Dark Gods, who delight in your willingness to spill blood in their honor.

Infernal Scholar [100CP]
You possess an unrivaled understanding of the forbidden lore of Chaos, making you a living library of profane knowledge. Ancient texts written in esoteric languages and Warp glyphs incomprehensible to most are second nature to you. Your encyclopedic knowledge encompasses everything from minor rites to apocalyptic rituals, granting you a deep understanding of the workings of Chaos and the Warp. This mastery allows you to quickly identify the purpose and requirements of any Chaos-related ritual, making you invaluable to any warband or cult.

This knowledge extends beyond mere theory; it includes the history and nature of Chaos itself. You know the weaknesses and strengths of the Ruinous Powers, the behavior of daemons, and the intricate politics of the Warp. While this knowledge makes you a formidable ritualist, it also marks you as a potential target for rival Chaos worshippers or daemons seeking to use your expertise for their own ends. Nonetheless, your mastery of Chaos's arcane intricacies ensures that no ritual or rite is beyond your grasp, and ensures that they will continue to work in future settings.

Unholy Binding [200CP]
Your skill in binding fragments of daemons into physical vessels is unparalleled, creating potent tools of Chaos. By capturing a daemon's essence and fusing it into a weapon, suit of armor, or even a construct, you create artifacts of immense power. These vessels retain a fraction of the bound daemon's abilities, such as enhanced durability, raw destructive force, or psychic capabilities. While these

creations fall short of the power found in true daemon engines, they are still formidable tools on the battlefield.

However, the process is fraught with danger. The daemon fragments are not entirely subservient and may resist your control, requiring constant vigilance to prevent their rebellion. Additionally, each binding weakens the essence of the daemon, ensuring that while the artifacts are powerful, they cannot achieve the full potential of their source. These limitations ensure that while you may wield tools of great power, you cannot yet rival the infernal creations of the Dark Mechanicum.

Blasphemous Ward [200CP]
Your rituals can conjure protective wards infused with chaotic energy, creating a barrier that repels psychic assaults and reduces Warp disturbances. These wards shield your allies from harm, providing a critical edge in battles where the Warp is as much a threat as the enemy. However, performing this ritual requires your complete focus; you must remain stationary and fully immersed in the rite from start to finish. Until the ritual is complete, you cannot move or defend yourself, leaving you vulnerable to physical attacks.

The wards you create are powerful but impermanent, dissipating once the ritual ends or after sustaining a certain amount of damage. Despite this limitation, they can turn the tide of battle by creating safe zones where your allies can regroup and recover. The ritual's effectiveness depends on the time and resources you invest in it, with longer preparations resulting in stronger and more resilient wards.

These wards will be similarly effective against chaotic forces and higher dimensions in future settings.

Greater Summoning [400CP]
Your mastery of summoning rituals now extends to Greater Daemons, allowing you to call upon the mightiest servants of the Dark Gods. However, summoning one of these entities requires immense preparation—at least two years of meticulous planning, gathering resources, and performing preliminary rites. The reward for this effort is the presence of a Greater Daemon whose power can decimate armies and lay waste to entire worlds.

While your ritual guarantees success, controlling the summoned daemon is another matter entirely. If your allegiance aligns with the daemon's patron god, you have a better chance of commanding its obedience. However, summoning a daemon of another god increases the risk of rebellion and betrayal. Chaos Undivided followers find these risks somewhat mitigated, but even they must tread carefully. Once the daemon completes its purpose—whether destroying your enemies or conquering a world—it will return to the Warp, leaving you to face the consequences of your actions.

Daemonic Catalyst [400CP]
Your rituals now serve as amplifiers for the Warp-based abilities of those around you, enhancing the powers of psykers and Chaos entities in your vicinity. By acting as a conduit for the raw energies of the Warp, you magnify their capabilities, allowing them to unleash devastating attacks and perform feats that would otherwise be impossible. Your presence turns the battlefield into a theater of chaos, where allies fight with the full force of the Warp at their command.

This amplification comes at a cost, as channeling such immense energy can strain your body and mind. Prolonged use risks attracting the attention of the Warp's denizens, who may seek to exploit or consume you. Despite these dangers, your ability to empower others makes you an invaluable asset to any Chaos warband, ensuring their dominion over both the physical and immaterial realms.

Warpstorm Conductor [600CP]
Once every decade—or at the beginning of a new jump—you can summon and control a localized Warpstorm, unleashing devastation on an apocalyptic scale. These storms can envelop entire worlds, tearing apart armies, obliterating fortresses, and rewriting reality itself. The Warpstorm's chaotic energies wreak havoc on anything they touch, spreading corruption and destruction in equal measure.

While immensely powerful, this ability is not without its limitations. Controlling a Warpstorm requires intense focus and can only be sustained for a limited time before the storm dissipates. Additionally, the storm's chaotic nature makes it difficult to predict its effects, potentially endangering allies caught within its reach.

Despite these risks, your ability to summon such cataclysmic forces cements your status as a harbinger of Chaos, feared and revered across the galaxy.

Daemons of the Warp [600CP/Requires Chaos Lord Perk]
You now command the allegiance of daemonic forces within the Warp, gaining access to a pool of an extra 500 Favor Points to spend in the Warhammer 40K: Daemon Legions supplement. These points allow you to summon and command various types of daemons, tailoring your forces to suit your needs. Whether you require swarms of lesser daemons to overwhelm your enemies or elite entities to strike with precision, your control over these infernal legions ensures your dominance on the battlefield.

This power elevates you to a position of immense influence within Chaos's hierarchy, as few can boast such a vast array of daemonic servants. However, maintaining their loyalty requires constant acts of devotion and offerings to the Dark Gods. Failure to appease them risks rebellion within your ranks or even outright destruction. With careful planning and unwavering faith, you wield an army of daemons capable of bringing entire worlds to their knees.



Devastation Battery

Heavy Weapons Proficiency [100CP]

Your mastery over heavy weaponry is unparalleled. Whether handling the intricate mechanisms of a lascannon or the explosive payloads of a missile launcher, you operate them with unmatched precision and ease. You know the quirks of each weapon system, from managing heat buildup in plasma cannons to compensating for recoil in rotary autocannons. Every shot you fire strikes true, making you a terrifying presence on the battlefield. Fortifications, armored vehicles, and infantry formations crumble before your unerring aim and devastating firepower.

Relentless Bombardier [100CP]

You are the embodiment of sustained firepower, capable of unleashing continuous barrages that would wear down lesser soldiers. Recoil is a minor inconvenience, easily managed by your exceptional strength and control. Weapon overheating is rarely an issue, as you instinctively adjust firing patterns to keep your equipment running smoothly. This relentless onslaught allows you to pin down enemies, overwhelm defensive positions, and ensure no reprieve for those who dare to oppose you.

Ammo Alchemist [200CP]

You possess the knowledge and skill to modify and enhance your ammunition, turning standard munitions into instruments of unparalleled devastation. Your shells hit with greater impact, shredding through armor and leaving craters in their wake. Missiles you prepare are not only more accurate but often imbued with homing capabilities, ensuring they reach their targets regardless of evasive maneuvers. Energy weapons fire faster, with bolts of plasma or las energy burning hotter and brighter than ever before.

Your modifications are not limited to damage output; you can also imbue munitions with specialized effects. Explosive rounds scatter incendiary shrapnel, energy blasts destabilize shields, and armor-piercing rounds burrow deep before detonating. In battle, this expertise allows you to adapt to any scenario, always having the perfect ammunition for the job. Your enemies quickly learn that no cover or defense is sufficient against your enhanced arsenal.

Shatter the Line [200CP]
Your weapons are designed to break enemy formations, and your expertise ensures that every salvo you unleash causes maximum chaos. A well-placed shot from you can turn a disciplined enemy advance into a panicked retreat. Infantry scatter under your withering fire, tanks grind to a halt as their support falters, and defensive lines crumble into disarray. Your presence on the battlefield is a tactical nightmare for opposing commanders, as you systematically dismantle their carefully arranged forces.

Walking Arsenal [400CP]
You are a one-person war machine, capable of wielding and managing multiple heavy weapons with ease. Whether carrying a missile launcher, a plasma cannon, and a heavy bolter all at once or mounting weapons directly onto your armor, you are prepared for any scenario. Switching between weapons is seamless, allowing you to adapt to the battlefield's changing needs in an instant. Infantry, vehicles, and fortifications alike are helpless against your overwhelming firepower.

Your presence on the battlefield is akin to that of an entire artillery unit. The versatility of your arsenal makes you invaluable to any Chaos warband, as you can engage multiple types of targets without missing a beat. Enemies quickly learn that no matter their strategy, you have the tools to dismantle it. To face you is to face the unrelenting fury of Chaos itself, delivered through a storm of destruction.

Infinite Barrage [400CP]
You are never without ammunition, no matter how prolonged or intense the engagement. Whether through scavenging, crafting, or Warp-infused ingenuity, you always find a way to keep firing. Your weapons seem to draw from an endless supply, and you instinctively manage resources to ensure no shot is wasted. This reliability allows you to maintain a constant presence on the battlefield, outlasting foes who are forced to retreat or surrender when their own supplies run dry.

The infinite nature of your barrages is a tactical boon to your allies and a nightmare for your enemies. They know that while their ammunition depletes, your firepower remains unyielding. Whether in a siege, a prolonged battle, or an ambush, your ability to keep firing turns the tide in favor of Chaos. You are the unrelenting storm that grinds all resistance into dust.

Warpquake Generator [600CP]
When you unleash your weapons, the battlefield itself quakes under their fury. Each shot sends ripples through the fabric of reality, destabilizing the ground and causing localized Warpquakes. Fortifications crack, psykers falter, and daemons are scattered as the Warp's chaotic energies erupt around your targets. The destructive potential of your attacks is amplified by this reality-bending effect, making you a nightmare for both mortal and daemonic foes.

The Warpquakes are more than a physical phenomenon; they disrupt the very essence of the battlefield. Enemies find their movements hindered as the terrain shifts beneath their feet, and their morale crumbles under the unnatural forces at play. Psykers attempting to counter you find their powers twisted or nullified by the chaotic energies you unleash. To face you is to face not just a soldier but a force of nature, wielding the raw fury of the Warp.

Unstoppable Onslaught [600CP]
The longer you fight, the more terrifying you become. With each salvo, your firepower grows stronger, overwhelming even the most durable defenses. Walls that initially withstand your attacks soon crumble, and enemies that resist are eventually obliterated. This escalation of power makes you an unstoppable force, ensuring that no opposition can endure for long.

Your growing strength is a manifestation of Chaos's boundless power. The battlefield becomes your domain, where every shot reverberates with increasing fury. Enemies learn that their only chance of survival is to flee before you gain unstoppable momentum. As the battle rages on, you become the embodiment of Chaos's relentless might, a juggernaut whose presence guarantees absolute devastation.

Host Raptorial

Master of Descent [100CP]
Your mastery of aerial strikes is unparalleled. Every leap and dive is executed with flawless precision, allowing you to strike with devastating force. Whether you are descending on an unsuspecting foe or breaching an enemy stronghold, you use gravity and momentum to amplify the impact of your attacks. Your landings are perfectly timed, allowing you to maintain control and quickly recover, minimizing any opportunity for retaliation from enemies. This skill ensures that every descent is a calculated act of devastation, leaving enemies scrambling in chaos.

Raptor Reflexes [100CP]
Your reflexes are honed to perfection, granting you an uncanny ability to react to threats in high-speed, chaotic combat. Incoming projectiles, melee strikes, and environmental hazards seem to slow down in your perception, allowing you to dodge and counter with exceptional precision. In mid-flight, you can adjust your trajectory effortlessly, avoiding enemy fire or pursuing a fleeing target. This agility makes you a terror in the skies, as even the most skilled marksmen struggle to land a hit on you.

Your enhanced reflexes also provide you with a unique advantage in melee combat. Engaging enemies at close range, you can anticipate and counter their movements, turning even the most frantic battles into a display of calculated carnage. This quick-thinking and nimble adaptability ensures you always have the upper hand, whether you're engaging a single foe or evading a hailstorm of incoming fire.

Sonic Impact [200CP]
When you descend upon the battlefield, you do so with earth-shaking force. Your landings create powerful shockwaves that ripple outward, throwing enemies off their feet and disrupting their formations. These concussive impacts stun and disorient foes within a wide radius, leaving them vulnerable to follow-up attacks from you or your allies. Even heavily armored opponents struggle to maintain their footing under the sheer force of your arrival.

The destructive potential of your shockwaves extends beyond enemy troops. Light fortifications and barricades crumble under the impact, while vehicles and war machines are thrown off balance, rendering them temporarily inoperable. This ability makes you a walking siege weapon, capable of turning the tide of battle with a single, well-placed landing.

Sky Hunter [200CP]
You are the ultimate predator of the skies, a relentless force that dominates aerial combat. Your expertise allows you to track and engage flying targets with unmatched precision, whether they be aircraft, flying creatures, or other airborne warriors. Your strikes are calculated to exploit weaknesses, crippling wings, engines, or propulsion systems to send your enemies plummeting to their doom.

Your relentless tenacity makes you a nightmare for any who dare challenge you in the air. Opponents find it nearly impossible to escape your pursuit, as you adapt to their movements and anticipate their evasive maneuvers. Whether in one-on-one duels or large-scale aerial engagements, you are the undisputed master of the skies, a force of Chaos that cannot be outflown or outmatched.

Wings of the Warp [400CP]
Your flight capabilities have been enhanced by the unholy power of the Warp, granting you speed and maneuverability far beyond natural limits. You move like a blur through the air, outpacing projectiles and enemy combatants alike. Tight turns, sudden dives, and rapid ascents are effortless, making you an untouchable force in aerial combat.

The Warp's influence also imbues your movements with an eerie, otherworldly quality. Your speed and grace in flight are unnerving to enemies, who often struggle to comprehend or react to your attacks. This augmentation ensures that no foe can escape your wrath, and no obstacle can hinder your path to devastation.

Shadow of Death [400CP]
You possess the ability to blend into your surroundings mid-flight, shrouding yourself in an aura of near-invisibility. Whether through advanced stealth techniques or Warp-born cloaking, you become almost undetectable to the naked eye and most technological or psychic sensors. This ability allows you to bypass enemy defenses with ease, striking at vulnerable targets from unexpected angles.

Your stealth extends beyond mere invisibility; it creates an atmosphere of dread among your foes. The silence of your approach and the suddenness of your attacks leave enemies terrified and disoriented. You can infiltrate the most secure positions, assassinate key targets, or escape overwhelming odds with your spectral presence. In the eyes of your enemies, you are a ghostly harbinger of Chaos, striking without warning and leaving only devastation in your wake.

Unrelenting Predator [600CP]
You are an unstoppable force of aerial dominance, with a fuel source that seems limitless. Whether you're piloting a jetpack, soaring on wings, or controlling an airborne craft, you never have to worry about running out of energy mid-flight. This ensures you can remain in the skies for as long as needed, maintaining pressure on your enemies and executing complex maneuvers without interruption. Your unending fuel supply allows for extended patrols, prolonged dogfights, and ceaseless aerial bombardments, granting you a decisive advantage in any engagement.

This capability ensures your presence in the air is unshakable, a looming shadow that never retreats or falters. No enemy can wait you out, and no battle can drain your capacity to dominate the skies. Whether you are chasing down fleeing enemies, outmaneuvering interceptors, or providing relentless fire support, your infinite fuel reserves make you the apex predator of aerial warfare, an enduring embodiment of Chaos's unrelenting fury.

Warp Talon Ascension [600CP]
The Warp has blessed you with the ability to partially phase into its otherworldly dimension during flight. This power allows you to bypass obstacles, rendering walls, barriers, and even certain energy shields meaningless. Enemies are left confounded as you slip through their defenses, striking from unexpected angles.

While phased, you are immune to most conventional attacks, as weapons pass harmlessly through your ethereal form. This temporary invulnerability provides you with unparalleled tactical flexibility, enabling you to evade lethal strikes, ambush foes, or escape dangerous situations. This gift from the Warp solidifies your status as a supernatural terror, an assassin whose movements defy the natural laws of reality.

Soulforged Pack

Infernal Mechanic [100CP]
The Dark Mechanicus has taught you well—your skill in maintaining daemonic war machines is unparalleled. You can repair even the most mangled constructs under battlefield conditions, instinctively understanding the grotesque fusion of flesh and machine. Your touch restores corrupted circuits, rebinds warped plating, and calms the shrieking spirits within, ensuring your infernal engines remain at peak, blood-drenched efficiency.

Unholy Reinforcement [100CP]
You have been blessed by Vashtorr the Arkifane, allowing you to fortify machines with whatever materials are on hand—even battlefield scrap becomes potent under your touch. These makeshift upgrades temporarily boost the durability and efficiency of your infernal engines, granting them the resilience to endure prolonged engagements. Your battlefield improvisation turns wreckage into reinforcement, ensuring your daemon-forged creations fight long past their expected limits.

Daemon Core Stabilization [200CP]
You now have the capability to create Deaemon cores. An almost infinite source of energy for vehicles fed by a daemon's eternal suffering. Your understanding of Warp reactors and daemon cores is so refined that any warp-engine you construct or fine-tune operates with remarkable stability. Catastrophic Warp surges, possession spirals, and implosive feedback loops are drastically reduced—even under intense stress or battlefield damage. This makes your daemon-infused constructs far more reliable and less likely to explode or betray their riders mid-charge. Of course, should you want to provoke such volatile outbursts, you can bypass your stabilizing protocols and unleash Warp-chaos in full, turning "malfunction" into a weapon.

Soulforged Attachment [200CP]
You've mastered the art of binding infernal power directly into vehicle-mounted weapons. These daemonically-enhanced armaments might spew Warpflame that melts reality, emit pulses that shatter psyches, or ooze corrosive ichor that eats through armor and flesh alike. Over time, these cursed modifications corrupt the spirit of the machine, slowly warping it toward daemonhood. What begins as a

mere battle tank may eventually rise as a snarling Daemon Engine, thanks to your vile craft.

Imperium Replicator [400CP]
Through forbidden knowledge imparted by the Dark Mechanicum, you have mastered the heretical art of replicating and corrupting Imperial technology. Rhinos, Predators, Vindicators—even revered Land Raiders—can now be twisted into Chaos-fueled war machines under your guidance. These corrupted versions retain all the strengths of their Loyalist origins but are further augmented by daemonic enhancements, warped machine spirits, and blasphemous iconography. Your ability to reproduce and improve upon Imperial vehicles makes your warband's armory a terrifying reflection of the Imperium's might—now bent to the Dark Gods.

Warp-ION Shielding [400CP]
You can now craft warp-based ion shielding systems that can be mounted onto your daemon-forged vehicles. These shields shimmer with unholy energies, forming a semi-visible barrier that deflects both conventional weaponry and psychic attacks. While active, enemy fire glances off or disintegrates before impact, and incoming Warp-based powers are refracted or wholly nullified. This makes your creations terrifyingly resilient, often enduring sieges and ambushes that would destroy lesser machines. In battle, they advance through fire and sorcery alike—unstoppable engines clad in daemonic protection.

Debt to the Soul Forge [600CP]
You have caught the attention of Vashtorr the Arkifane, the Daemon Prince of the Soul Forge, and in his twisted generosity, he has blessed you with a portion of his own craft. Your skills as a Warpsmith have been enhanced beyond mortal limits—you can now forge the bodies of daemon engines with unnatural speed and precision. Summoning daemonic entities and binding them into your infernal creations becomes second nature. At baseline, you are capable of constructing Venomcrawlers, Forgefiends, and Maulerfiends, each brought to life with Warp-forged might and terrible intelligence.

Thanks to your connection to Vashtorr, all daemon engines you create are completely loyal to you, bound not only by summoning rituals but by the forgemaster's dark authority. These engines operate with disturbing efficiency in your presence, becoming faster, more coordinated, and far more destructive. Your own attacks—and those of your creations—become especially effective at destroying vehicles and war machines, tearing through armor and circuitry with ease. As a final blasphemous boon, you can now harvest the souls of those slain by you or your daemon engines, using them as fuel or material for new Warp-forged monstrosities.

Owner of the Iconoclast Houses [600CP/ Requires Chaos Lord Perk]
You now command the allegiance of Chaos Knights, a terrifying extension of your growing dominion. This grants you access to an additional 500 Favor Points to be used exclusively in the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Knight supplement. With this power, you can field armies that include a devastating combination of Knight-class war machines—whether it be swarms of nimble War Dogs to harry and flank your foes, or a core of massive, elite Knight Engines that act as your armored hammer, striking with surgical brutality. Each war machine under your control is a corrupted engine of destruction, eager to crush the Imperium beneath its adamantium feet.

Your ascension to commander of the Iconoclast Houses cements your influence in the greater hierarchy of Chaos. As a Chaos Space Marine, you may only select Iconoclast-aligned Houses allegiance within the supplement, whose violent, unrestrained nature perfectly mirrors your warband's anarchic zeal. Even so, with the Knights at your back, your dominion spreads further, your war grows larger, and your enemies face the wrath of towering, daemonic engines of war.

Items:

Items with the same origin will be discounted unless mentioned with 100CP ones being free. And you can import items of the same nature for free. Also you receive +1000CP to be used in this section. This stipend may also be used for purchases from the Warhammer 40K Chaos Space Marines Vehicle Supplement

Armour:

General Armour

Chaos Power Armour [Free]
As part of your role in the Chaos Legions, you are granted a suit of Mark VI "Corvus" Power Armor—a relic of the Horus Heresy, now corrupted and bound to you by the dark will of Chaos. Originally designed for stealth and mobility, the Mark VI is the lightest and most agile of the power armor variants. It enhances your strength tenfold through powerful servos and synthetic muscle fibers, while maintaining full mobility. Its integrated helmet features a distinct beak-like design and autosenses that amplify your perception, targeting reticules, and real-time battlefield data. The internal systems include a sealed rebreather, combat stims, pain suppressors, and even an emergency nutrient supply, all controlled via your Black Carapace—the neural interface that links you to the machine as if it were a second skin.

However, this is no ordinary armor. Twisted by the warp and the hands of the Dark Mechanicum, your suit over time grows and mutates to match your evolving form, adapting to any changes—including those brought on by Chaos mutations. It now possesses regenerative properties, healing both armor and flesh in tandem. While it still serves as a powerful defense against most threats, it has become something more—a living shell of daemon-warped ceramite and plasteel, as much a part of you as your own bones. In future worlds this Armour will separate from your body and can be removed and equipped with ease.

Chaos Terminator Armor [300 CP/Free for Chaos Lord or Veteran Of the Long War]
A rare prize among the damned, your Chaos Terminator Armor marks you as either a chosen champion of your Warband—or the one strong enough to kill its last bearer and pry it from their broken corpse. Once a relic of the Horus Heresy, this suit was forged for the most brutal theatres of war, where raw strength and unbreakable defense mattered more than agility. Heavily reinforced with Warp-forged ceramite and enhanced with shield generators, it can withstand weapons capable of punching through tanks. Its reinforced servo-muscles grant you immense strength, enough to smash through meter-thick walls, rip enemy war machines apart, or crush a power-armored foe with a single blow. What's more, they are capable of utilizing the teleport homer built into the suit to rapidly transit across the battlefield, teleporting to advantageous positions to make the enemy regret leaving any opening in their defenses.

Tartaros Pattern in particular offers superior mobility compared to other Terminator suits, allowing surprising agility for such a monstrous frame—though its bulk still makes sprinting unlikely.Its shell pulses with dark energy, its plating adorned with ever-shifting runes and daemonic faces that leer from the armor's surface. It not only protects you from physical harm, but also resists psychic attacks and hostile Warp energies. In future worlds this Terminator Armor will separate from your body and can be removed and equipped with ease.

Alternatively, you can obtain a Cataphractii Pattern Terminator Armor instead. With larger shoulder pauldrons, additional plating, and extra shield generators, it provided incredible defensive prowess. However, it was notable for decreasing the speed and mobility of its wearer, unlike the more agile Tartaros Pattern.

If you so desire, you can instead have the Indomitus Pattern Terminator Armor, but it has no special advantages like the Tartaros or Cataphractii Patterns do.

If you spend an additional 200 CP on this purchase, however, you can obtain the astonishingly rare Saturnine Terminator Armor. The tallest, heaviest, and most technologically advanced form of Terminator Armor to exist, it possesses an additional exoskeletal frame to which slanted reinforced armor plates were attached. Although slow in comparison to other forms of Terminator Armor, their thicker armor and Thermal Diffraction Fields made them nearly impenetrable to

most forms of armor, and the targeting systems within allowed the user to aim and fire multiple weapons at once. However, this advanced machine can only be utilized by a warrior with sufficient mental strength and discipline.

Chaos Combat Shield [100 CP]
You now wield a corrupted Astartes Combat Shield, a twisted relic of once-loyal craftsmanship now warped by the touch of Chaos. Unlike the bulkier Storm Shield, this lighter variant straps securely to your forearm, leaving one hand free to deliver carnage or cast sorcerous rites. The shield's generator, once imperial-standard, now pulses with Warp-tainted energy. When activated, it projects a crackling daemon-forged barrier of disruptive force around its wielder—capable of deflecting gunfire, absorbing psychic strikes, and turning lethal blows into minor scrapes. The shield's surface is covered in writhing glyphs and a screaming face that moans praises to the Dark Gods. In combat, its edge can be used to bash skulls and shatter bones, all while laughing at enemy fire ricocheting uselessly off its cursed field.



Legion Armour Upgrades

Here is a list of upgrades that your armor may have. One set of armour can have multiple upgrades. Also non Power and terminator upgrades can be used on any armour type.

Chaos Power Armour

Warp-Flux Grav Amplifier [300 CP]
This Chaos-twisted relic takes the refined, precise gravitic lensing arrays of a loyalist Grav-Amp and ruins them in all the right ways..

When attached to any gravitic weapon—be it a grav-gun, grav-cannon, or something more exotic it increase the weapon's power. And it distorts local spacetime in nightmarish ways. Shots ripple outward like collapsing stars, crushing targets into paste, folding them inside-out, or pinning them in pockets of slowed time where they can do nothing but suffocate under their own weight.

Astartes Grav Chutes [300 CP/Free for Host Raptorial]
Astartes Grav Chutes are specialized descent devices used by Space Marine Scout Squads for situations where a stealthy insertion is required and traditional deployment methods such as teleportation or drop pods would draw too much attention. Instead of brute-force propulsion, these devices utilize finely tuned suspensor fields to counteract gravitational pull, allowing the wearer to perform a slow, controlled descent from high altitudes. The grav chute's low power output means it is designed solely for safe, guided falls—such as a precision combat drop from an aircraft or transport—rather than for powered leaps or aerial maneuvering like a jump pack. This makes it an ideal tool for infiltration operations, enabling Astartes to silently arrive on the battlefield and strike from unexpected angles without alerting enemy forces.

Panoply of the Void [200 CP / Free for Black Legion]
Forged in the forgotten forges of Cthonia, the Panoply of the Void is a suit of power armor steeped in darkness—literally. Once worn by Captain Vheren Ashurhaddon of the Sons of Horus, this armor represents the cutting edge of heretical stealth warfare developed during the Horus Heresy.

This armor is woven from exotic alloys and rare minerals mined from Cthonia's hollowed corpse, materials that are no longer found anywhere in the galaxy. Its dull, matte finish drinks in light rather than reflecting it, and its surface disperses energy signatures in such a way that even the most advanced augurs, targeting arrays, or psychic scanners are left with static and confusion.

Whether it's under auspex scan, auto-sense target locks, or warp scrying—this armor renders the wearer as a phantom to all but the most persistent observers. Those who don it will find themselves fading from battlefield awareness, only noticed when it's far too late.

Armour Diabolus [200 CP / Free for Word Bearers]
The Armour Diabolus is an ancient suit of battle plate inscribed with a thousand and one runes of vengeance, each a compact curse coiled like a serpent, waiting to strike. When the wearer is wounded and their blood touches any of the sigils, the glyphs ignite, flaring with molten light as if the armor itself is enraged. The assailant is then marked—should their will falter, they spontaneously erupt into balefire, shrieking as they burn from the inside out. Even those strong enough to resist the full curse find themselves stricken, suffering a backlash of searing pain equal to roughly a quarter of the damage dealt. This armor does not forgive. It does not protect in silence. It retaliates. Every blow landed against its bearer risks inviting the wrath of the dark runes, and their eerie light is often the last thing a foe sees before they are devoured by spectral flame.

Armour of the Word [600 CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
Forged in blasphemous reverence, the Armour of the Word is a hallowed replica of the war-plate once worn by Primarch Lorgar Aurelian himself during the Great Crusade and Horus Heresy. Built upon the Maximus Pattern, this sacred armor is infused with a defensive field generator, allowing it to shimmer with a protective energy that deflects both blade and bolt. Every inch of the plate is etched with ancient Colchisian sigils, hand-inscribed rites of warding that protect the wearer

from the warping backlash and spiritual erosion often suffered by those steeped in the powers of Chaos. But this is no shield of resistance—it is a conduit of corruption. Those who don the Armour of the Word find their presence magnifies the spread of Chaos, twisting the world around them with greater ease. Dark sermons carry deeper, psychic echoes; warp-taint spreads like wildfire; and the whispers of the gods reach farther through their voice.

Night Lords Power Armour [200 CP / Free for Night Lords]
This ancient suit of Power Armour is tailored exclusively for the murderous angels of Nostramo—the Night Lords Legion. Far more than just a shell of ceramite and adamantium, this armour is a living extension of psychological warfare, built not only for battle but for cultivating dread.
The armour is etched with flayed faces, charred trophies, and symbols of torment, each one a totem of a past atrocity. More than decoration, these grim relics radiate despair through subtle warp-laced frequencies that gnaw at the minds of those nearby. Machine spirits within the suit are conditioned to play back audio records of suffering on external channels—screams, pleas, and final gasps—just to unsettle opponents and delight their wearer.

The Nightmare Mantle [600 CP / Discounted for Night Lords & Clone Of Primach]
The Nightmare Mantle is a masterwork of despair—a customized artificer warplate once worn by the Primarch Konrad Curze himself. Its blackened ceramite shell is veiled in the flensed skins of condemned tyrants, the screaming souls of whose flesh still linger like smoke in the wake of its passage. Hooks and glyphs of Nostraman judgment adorn its surface, each a statement: You were seen. You were found guilty. This armor is not merely a defense, but a manifestation of absolute terror. It possesses the full protection expected of Primarch-level artificer armor, rendering its wearer nearly impervious to conventional strikes. But its true power lies in the psychological and sensory battlefield. The Mantle utterly silences its bearer—no sound is made by footsteps, movement, or even the discharge of weapons. Screams seem to vanish before they form, turning assassination into sacred ritual. Even battlefield sensors and augurs struggle to register the wearer's presence, as if reality itself conspires to avert its eyes. To gaze upon the Nightmare Mantle is to feel your last secrets torn from your soul, your sins laid bare, and your spine itch with ancient fear. Those who face the wearer feel a creeping pressure on their

thoughts—a rising dread that builds until rational thought collapses and panic rules. Few foes stand their ground. Even fewer survive their flight.

The Drakescale Plate [200 CP / Free for Alpha Legion]
Forged in secrecy by a Dark Mechanicum savant whose name was erased even from scrapcode, the Drakescale Plate is a masterpiece of heretek alchemy and biological metallurgy. This Corvus-Alpha-pattern Power Armour bears no chapter marks, no purity seals, only the gleaming scales of a long-dead Mica Skydrake fused seamlessly into its form.

The Drakescale Plate shrugs off flame as if it were mist, rendering weapons like Flamestorm Cannons impotent against its wearer. In the heat of battle. For the Alpha Legion, such protection is not simply a defense—it's another layer of misdirection. After all, who would believe that a mere footsoldier could withstand a direct strike from weapons meant to immolate tanks?

The Pythian Scales [600 CP /Discounted for for Alpha Legion & Clone Of Primach]
A relic of forgotten alchemy and warp-twisted metallurgy, the Pythian Scales is no ordinary suit of Power Armour—it is a second skin of the hydra itself, coiled in secrecy and venomous resilience. Worn by Alpharius—or one of the many who bore his likeness—this reptilian-styled panoply marks the threshold where deception becomes dominance.

Functionally, the Pythian Scales is a masterpiece of defense, capable of absorbing and deflecting all manner of attacks—from monomolecular blades to gravitic pulses, from plasma blasts to psychoactive toxins. Its serpent-scale layers shift and reconfigure on instinct, anticipating strikes and nullifying harm with terrifying efficiency. As the battle rages, the wearer remains untouched—less a man in armour and more a concept of inevitability.

It is said that those who try to trace the power of the Pythian Scales find their thoughts muddled, their identities doubted, and their memories rewritten. For this armour does not merely protect the body—it protects the legend, wrapping it in illusion, history, and the endless coils of the Hydra.

Fleshmetal Exoskeleton [200 CP / Free for Iron Warriors]
More than armor. More than flesh. The Fleshmetal Exoskeleton is a grotesque union of man and machine, forged by the flesh-crafters of the Eye of Terror and bestowed upon Iron Warriors who have long since ceased to fear the line between steel and sinew.

Warp-welded to bone and muscle, the armor becomes the warrior's second skin—and third skeleton. Blades that pierce the outer carapace find no weakness beneath, only silver-threaded musculature and metallic tendons that refuse to yield. Even grievous injuries are undone in moments as the exoskeleton's living circuits reknit torn limbs and shattered ribs, rebuilding the body like a forge-wraith reassembling a broken weapon.

The result is a combat form that does not flinch, falter, or fall. Pain is reduced to static. Regret is a ghost. The enemy's strongest blow is only the precursor to their ruin. When the Iron Warrior rises from the smoke, cables twitching, eyes glowing with cold fury.

Burning Plate [200 CP / Free for World Eaters]
Forged deep within the daemon-forges of the Brass Citadel and worn by the World Eaters' fanatical Disciples of the Red Angel. The armor is resistant to roughly 70% of all melee attacks, its outer layers layered with daemon-tempered metals and psycho-reactive brass that turns aside blades, axes, and even power weapons with contemptuous ease. As if sheer durability wasn't enough, the Burning Plate constantly weeps streams of molten brass, cascading like lava over its surface and forming deadly pools and splashes around the wearer.

Armour of Mars [600 CP / Discounted for World Eaters & Clone Of Primach]
The Armour of Mars is a relic of brutal legacy, a fusion of the blood-soaked gladiatorial harness Angron once wore in the slave pits of Nuceria and the infernal craftsmanship of the Dark Mechanicum. Forged in rage and quenched in the screams of the dying, this armor wraps its wearer in an aura of unstoppable ferocity. It augments the user's strength to inhuman levels, allowing them to tear through steel and bone alike as if they were paper. Its daemonic plating is near-impenetrable, capable of withstanding the heaviest of blows and shrugging off torrents of fire. Most dreadfully, the Armour of Mars thrums with a resonance that scatters and nullifies warp-borne sorceries, granting its bearer an unnatural

resistance to psychic assaults. Those who wear it stride the battlefield as avatars of unbroken wrath—unstoppable, unyielding, and forever drenched in the blood of their foes.

Armour of Amon [600 CP / Psyker Only / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
The Armour of Amon is a set of Daemonically-infused Power Armour, once belonging to Amon, First Captain of the Thousand Sons. Forged in the ancient days of Prospero and later defiled through treachery, murder, and ritual, it now serves as a vessel of bitter memory and arcane resilience. When Ahriman slew Amon in a battle of twisted fate, he claimed this relic—and it changed forever.

The armor hums with psychic static, reinforcing the wearer's soul against intrusion. Attempts to read thoughts, influence emotions, or invade the mind fail spectacularly, often resulting in feedback that causes pain or unconsciousness in the would-be psyker. A shifting veil of warp-imbued energy surrounds the wearer, subtly distorting trajectories. Incoming fire, whether bolter rounds or las-beams, may swerve mid-air or simply vanish into ripples of light—absorbed and reflected into the immaterium.

Horned Raiment [600 CP / Psyker Only / Discounted for Thousand Sons & Clone Of Primach]
Wrought from equal parts warp-stuff and esoteric artifice, the Horned Raiment is the primordial armor once worn by the Primarch Magnus the Red himself. To the mortal eye, it appears as a mix of archaic ritual regalia and feral savagery, crowned with curling horns and shimmering with sorcerous light. Yet beneath this primal facade lies a suit of power armor forged from dreams, thoughts, and godlike will—a living mantle of psychic dominion.

The Horned Raiment can change shape at the user's whim. It can extend spikes, grow extra plating, or morph into flowing robes to deceive or impress. In battle, it adapts dynamically, thickening where blows are aimed or flowing like liquid to absorb kinetic impacts or redirect heat and force. Despite its often deceptively ceremonial or bestial look, the armor provides immense protection. Weapons that should punch through ceramite are instead repelled by rippling fields of psychic backlash, or halted entirely by momentary flashes of runic energy. And rather than being worn, the Horned Raiment binds to the user's soul, wrapping around their essence like a second skin. This grants heightened reaction speed,

immunity to disarmament, and the ability to will the armor to vanish or reappear in a flash of warpfire.

Armour of Shrieking Souls [400 CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
The Armour of Shrieking Souls is the dreaded daemonic warplate of Lucius the Eternal, its surface alive with the tormented spirits of those he has taken over but for you for each enemy you have slain. Each captured soul writhes in eternal agony, their despair feeding the armour's strength and shielding its wearer from harm. The wails of these damned echoes through the warp and realspace alike, a constant reminder of Lucius's centuries-long legacy of sadistic triumphs.

Also the armour's imprisoned spirits can be unleashed in a psychic scream of anguish, lashing out to shatter the will of those nearby. This blast of raw torment overwhelms mortal minds and shakes even the resolve of hardened warriors, leaving them open to your merciless assault. In battle, the Armour of Shrieking Souls is as much a weapon as any blade.

The Gilded Panoply [600 CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children & Clone Of Primach]
The Gilded Panoply is an exquisitely wrought suit of artificer armour once worn by the Primarch Fulgrim himself. Crafted with the precision and artistry befitting the III Legion's obsession with perfection, it offers supreme protection without hindering the wearer's natural grace. Its construction balances defense and mobility so finely that it allows for unrestrained acrobatics, swift blade work, and flawless combat form—even amidst the chaos of battle.

The Gilded Panoply also radiates an aura of pride and beauty, its surface gleaming with ornate filigree and flawless craftsmanship. Each plate sings of Fulgrim's pursuit of martial and aesthetic perfection, making it not just armor, but a living testament to the Emperor's Children's creed: that battle can be both deadly and beautiful.

Chaos Terminator Armor

Veilbreaker Plate [200 CP / Free for Black Legion]

This thrice-cursed suit of enhanced Terminator Armour is modeled after the dark legacy of the Justaerin—the elite of the Sons of Horus—and bears the malevolent blessings of the Warp itself. Drenched in sorcerous energies and forged in daemonforges long since lost to sanity, the Veilbreaker Plate turns its bearer into a walking engine of planetary violations.

Functionally? It's lighter and tougher than standard Terminator Armour, as though the laws of inertia politely got out of its way. But its true horror lies in its namesake: the Veilbreaker.

Once per day (or whenever the Chaos Gods smile juuuust enough), the wearer can rip open a miniature Warp Rift, a swirling rend in reality itself. This breach is just large enough for the bearer and their warband to pass through—perfect for launching sudden ambushes, escaping impossible odds, or appearing exactly where the loyalists don't want you to be.

The Serpent's Scales [600 CP / Discounted for Black Legion]

Fashioned at the dawn of the Horus Heresy by the greatest minds of the Mechanicum—including Kelbor-Hal himself—this suit of Terminator Armour was not just wargear; it was a monument to the ascendance of Horus Lupercal. Known as The Serpent's Scales, it was one of the first and most refined Cataphractii-pattern prototypes ever made, layered with secrets, shielding, and sinister symbolism.

This panoply is reinforced with armaplas ridges and reactive hex-weave plating, granting it protection on par with super-heavy vehicles. It shrugs off lascannons, ignores bolter fire entirely, and allows the user to stride into melta blasts with grim impunity. The inner workings are tuned to a your biology, but thanks to Mechanicum retroengineering, it now syncs with the wearer's own anatomy, even if they're merely transhuman... or worse.

It incorporates double-redundant void shielding, which flares like ghostly scales when struck by energy-based attacks. These projective layers act as a miniaturized conversion field, deflecting not just physical strikes but psychic

blasts and daemonfire—crucial when facing the likes of Grey Knights or warp-spawned horrors.

Finally, the wolf pelt draped over the shoulders—ripped from a monstrous beast Horus hunted on Davin—is more than mere decoration. It is warded with tribal totems, engraved with unholy sigils, and whispers in a long-dead language when blood is spilled. It has a subtle but constant psychic effect: undermining enemy morale, seeding disobedience in mortal foes, and emboldening nearby traitors.

Stormbolt Plate [200 CP / Free for Night Lords]
The Stormbolt Plate is an ominous relic of the Night Lords—a suit of Chaos Terminator Armour forged from a lost alloy quarried in the lightless depths beneath Nostramo's ruined cities. Hardened in the heart of ancient catacombs and anointed in the blood of the unjust, the Stormbolt Plate is as much a sarcophagus of terror as it is a fortress of war.

With this armor, a Night Lord may slip between shadows, even in open ground, their form smeared into obscurity by the encroaching blackness that constantly coils around the plating. Victims only realize the horror too late—when talons pierce their backs and the whisper of breathless laughter fills their ears.

And yet, despite its ghostly traits, the Stormbolt Plate sacrifices nothing of protection. It retains all the indomitable strength of Terminator-class armor while being infused with arcane alloys and warp-reactive sigils that make it even more durable than its Imperial counterparts.

Terminus Consolaris [600 CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
The Terminus Consolaris is a corrupted marvel—an upgraded Terminator Armour once sanctified for imperial duty, now defiled and perfected in service to the Word Bearers. At its core is the Consolaris system, a complex and unholy life-support and augmentation array, allowing the wearer to survive catastrophic wounds and remain fully operational in even the most Warp-scarred warzones. Integrated into the suit are the Patriarch's Claws—a pair of masterwork Lightning Claws, each wreathed in energy fields etched with heretical hexagrammic circuitry—and a Digi-Flamer, cleverly hidden within the armor's gauntlet, capable of spitting Warp-tainted promethium in bursts of soul-searing flame.

But the true blasphemy lies in its daemonological integration. Originating from the vaults of the Word Bearers' most unholy sanctuaries, this armor is attuned to the summoning and domination of Warp entities. It enhances the wearer's ability to conjure daemons, tethering them more tightly to the material world, and allows for greater command and control over their actions. On the battlefield, this armor is not just a bastion—it is a daemon gate, and its bearer a conductor of Warp-born annihilation.

The Logos [600 CP / Discounted for Iron Warriors]
Originally designed and worn by Perturabo himself, The Logos was a masterwork of brutal functionality and overwhelming battlefield dominance. Now, you wear a perfect replica—crafted in the grim forges of the Iron Warriors, echoing with the intellect and fury of the Primarch who made it.

This suit of Terminator Armour is forged from adamantine and clad in pain. It houses a command-and-control nexus that cybernetically links you to every Iron Warriors war engine, artillery emplacement, and infantry movement under your command. With a thought, you can direct orbital strikes. With a gesture, you can reroute entire formations.

Hidden in its armored bulk is the Logos Array: twin wrist-mounted Shrapnel Bolter cannons that can unleash a storm of high-velocity metal into anything foolish enough to approach.

The Logos is alive with algorithms and logic-daemons written by Perturabo himself. It shifts, refines, and calculates—the suit learning your style, your enemies, and even your thoughts.

Brazen Skin [400 CP / / Discounted for World Eaters]
Brazen Skin is the unholy armor worn by the Eightbound, its surface fused with the brass of Khorne's own infernal domain. This armor is far lighter than both standard power armor and the cumbersome terminator plate, allowing the wearer to move with unnerving speed despite its supernatural resilience. Each plate pulses faintly with the heartbeat of the warp, its metallic sheen slick with the essence of the Blood God. When it drinks the blood of enemies slain in its presence, the wounds and dents upon its surface begin to knit and reform, as though feeding on the gore it absorbs.

Pentakairic Armour [600 CP / Psyker Only / Discounted forThousand Sons]
Forged deep within the flux-chambers of Sortiarius and sealed with the tears of bound daemonhosts, the Pentakairic Armour is a masterpiece of arcane craftsmanship, reserved only for those Infernal Masters who have completed the 999 Rites of Ascension—a series of rituals so mind-shattering and soul-scouring that few even survive the first ten. Set into the heart of the armor is a warded prison, housing a lesser Daemon whose essence constantly writhes within its rune-bound cage. This creature does not grant boons willingly—instead, the armor forces its power into service, turning its torment into fuel for devastating psychic output. With the daemon's power forcibly drawn into the wearer's soul, the Pentakairic Armour lets a sorcerer safely wield their full psychic might without the usual risks of Perils of the Warp. Psychic phenomena are suppressed, spells do not backfire, and even catastrophic miscasts are absorbed into the daemon's suffering.

The armor's surfaces are etched with the five-fold wards of binding—a blend of Tzeentchian script, sorcerous glyphs, and the personal sigil of the Infernal Master. These glyphs shimmer and shift to confound targeting systems and enemy psykers alike. +50% resistance to all anti-psychic effects. The armor resonates with the warpsong of the daemon inside, creating a static field of psychic amplification. Allies within a short radius gain increased power when casting their spells

Also in moments of ritual or negotiation, the armor allows the Infernal Master to speak with five voices simultaneously—one of which is always the imprisoned daemon's howling rage, another a perfect mirror of the listener's own subconscious fears. This makes the wearer nearly irresistible in all psychic or social conflicts.

The Barbaran Plate [600 CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
Forged by Mortarion himself, the Barbaran Plate is a masterwork of grim resilience—a fusion of archaic Death Guard lore and advanced Power Armour systems. Its core feature is the internal synthesis engine, which recreates the toxic atmosphere of Barbarus—allowing Mortarion, and now the wearer, to breathe in the noxious vapors that once defined his cursed homeworld. Within this gas-choked cocoon, the wearer thrives, while others choke.

Designed to support Mortarion's mutated physiology and grim fighting style, the Plate enhances endurance and toughness to supernatural levels. Its systems are imbued with daemonic resilience, shrugging off all but the most cataclysmic strikes. The armor’s bulk carries a presence of despair and rot, infecting the minds of those who look upon it with nausea and fear.

Even as a Daemon Primarch, Mortarion still dons the Barbaran Plate—unchanged in its purpose, but swollen with Warp-spawned power. In the Thirteenth Black Crusade, its silhouette still looms among the mists, a plague-ridden echo of a grim legacy that has endured for ten thousand years of unrelenting war.

ChaosShields

Castigatus Combat Shield [100 CP / Free for Black Legion]
Developed during the brutal heart of the Horus Heresy, the Castigatus Combat Shield embodies the Sons of Horus' doctrine of ruthless, close-quarters domination.

The Castigatus is forged from reinforced ceramite layered over a dark adamantium lattice, but its true power lies in the compact force-blast generator built into its core. When activated, this mechanism unleashes a short-ranged kinetic pulse, flinging enemies back with violent suddenness—shattering charge formations, disrupting heavy melee swings, and opening critical moments to strike with killing efficiency.

Over the Heresy, these shields became more brutal—some versions laced the force pulse with shrapnel, others added monomolecular edgework for shield-bashes that cracked skulls outright. Choose one for your shield.

Other Upgrades

Helm of Lorgar [200 CP / Free for Word Bearers]

This replica helm, once gracing the brow of the Primarch Lorgar Aurelian during the Great Crusade, is a sacred relic of damnation. When donned, the helm pierces illusions, reveals cloaked or hidden enemies, and allows the wearer to see the aura of faith—or the lack thereof—burning in every soul. Those who are exposed by the Helm's gaze are afflicted by agonizing psychic backlash, a burst of searing pain that courses through their minds and nerves, wracking them with guilt, fear, or pure existential torment. For psykers and the faithful, this pain is often amplified tenfold, tearing through their concentration and defenses.

Vox Daemonicus [200 CP / Free for Night Lords]

The Vox Daemonicus is no ordinary communication device—it is a blasphemous symbiosis of corrupted machine spirit and whispering warp-entity, hardwired into the helm of a Night Lord's armour. Once activated, the Vox Daemonicus begins transmitting across all enemy vox channels simultaneously, regardless of encryption. What follows is not mere noise—it is a psychic assault in audio form: sibilant voices, mocking laughter, and taunting predictions of death, all laced with subtle warp-tone frequencies that unnerve even hardened officers.

Veteran commanders have been known to panic mid-order, soldiers have broken ranks and fired blindly at shadows, and in more extreme cases, the whispers even begin to mimic the voices of fallen comrades, twisting the mind toward suspicion and madness.

Mindveil [200 CP / Free for Alpha Legion]

Woven in the shadowed forges beneath the ruins of Dostoy Prime, the Mindveil is no simple cloak Its fibers are soaked in warp-laced dyes and stitched with the transparent teeth of the chameleonic Hydrasharks, each one humming with latent psychic residue. At a glance, it flickers like a heat haze. At a second glance, the wearer is already somewhere else.

The enchantments bound into the cloak sow chaos across the battlefield. Mirages shimmer and twist, each a perfect copy of the wearer. With a whisper in the Dark Tongue, these illusions don't just confuse—they become. The true Alpha Legionnaire swaps places with his reflection in an eyeblink, appearing where none expected, vanishing from danger before bullets can bite.

Blind Helm of the Black Judges [200 CP / Free for Iron Warriors]
Forged in horror and reclaimed in spite, the Blind Helm of the Black Judges is a grim relic torn from the shattered remains of a forgotten enforcer order long since erased—the Black Judges. This helmet is fully compatible with Imperial Power Armour thanks to its shared STC ancestry, it houses a compact resonator core that generates a reactive dielectric corona—a crackling halo of electric discharge that lashes out against any who dare strike the wearer.

The harder the blow, the fiercer the storm it unleashes. Those who strike the Iron Warrior clad in this helm often find themselves stunned, seared, or slain by their own hand's ambition.

Helm of Furore [200 CP / Free for World Eaters]
A twisted relic of forgotten wars and dark tech-heresy, the Helm of Furore is a World Eaters artifact fused with a spiteful, battle-hungry Machine Spirit that howls for nothing but carnage. Any who don it are consumed by the helm's violent intent. It amplifies neural implants and cranial augmentations used in melee combat, increasing the wearer's reflexes, aggression, and pain threshold to superhuman levels. The wearer becomes a blur of wrath, their mind tuned to the thrum of war like a bloodthirsty metronome.

Bloodstorm Helm [200 CP / Free for World Eaters]
The Bloodstorm Helm is a Daemon-bound relic of Khorne, forged for a warrior worthy of being named the Blood God's personal huntsman. Worn by the infamous Chaos Lord Invocatus of the Fire Riders, the helm is fashioned from the skull of the once-mighty Khorne Daemon G'kor, whose wrathful essence remains sealed within. It grants the bearer a crimson-tinged, empyrean sight that pierces all deception. Beating hearts, fearful thoughts, and hidden intentions glow like flares in the warp, letting the wearer perceive ambushes and cloaked foes before they strike. Even the most skillfully laid traps or psychic concealments crumble under its gaze. Also you are more likely to ride and command Juggernauts that would tear lesser mortals to shreds. This is due to the presence of G'kor, whose spectral essence compels even the most stubborn daemon-steeds to obey.
Also the helm creates a psychic link with the bearer's Juggernaut, allowing the wearer to feel what their steed feels—pain, rage, motion, direction—all as one seamless battleform.

Brass Collar of Bhorghaster [600 CP / Discounted for World Eaters]
The Brass Collar of Bhorghaster is no mere trinket of war; it is bound to the rage of the mighty Bloodthirster Bhorghaster, this relic radiates a palpable, suffocating loathing toward all things psychic or magic.

When a psyker attempts to wield their powers near the Collar, they are instantly assaulted by a wave of searing, skull-splitting agony, as if a barbed hook were being driven into the soft tissue of their mind. Blood pours from eyes, ears, and nose as the psychic connection collapses under a tide of fury. Moments later, the powers they tried to unleash turn against them in a blaze of ethereal fire, igniting the very soul they were meant to control. These flames are not just heat—they are vengeance, fueled by Bhorghaster's endless disdain, and they burn mind, body, and spirit in tandem.

If the psyker is consumed by this fire, their essence is not allowed to die peacefully. Instead, the Collar tears a hole in the veil of reality and drags their screaming soul directly into Khorne's domain, where Bhorghaster awaits. There, the unfortunate wretch is slaughtered again and again by the Greater Daemon's twin axes.



Weapons:

Generic Close Combat Weapons

You gain two 100 CP or lower weapons for free in this section. You can also buy any weapon multiple times except for the daemon weapon.

Chaos Battle Claws[50CP]
Chaos Battle Claws are hidden blades that can be installed within the boots of Chaos Space Marines. When they are unleashed, the chaos infused Battle Claws emit a loud sink sound and, with the strength of a Chaos Space Marine behind them, the blades are capable of eviscerating an Ork with ease.

Chaos Combat Knife [50CP]
You now possess a standard-issue Astartes combat knife, a weapon used by both Loyalist and Chaos forces alike. The blade is honed to a monomolecular edge, meaning it will never require sharpening and can cut through nearly anything with ease. However, this version bears engraved Chaos runes that pulse with warp energy, making each strike slightly more potent than its mundane counterpart. It's a simple but effective tool of murder—made far more sinister in your hands.

Chain Weapon [50CP]
The standard melee weapon of the Adeptus Astartes—an unholy fusion of chainsaw and any weapon you wish. Originally built to serve the Imperium, yours has long since been defiled and repurposed to butcher its former masters. The roaring teeth of the blade tear through flesh and armor with terrifying brutality. Whether wielded one-handed or two, it serves as a terrifying symbol of your allegiance to Chaos and your hatred for the Corpse Emperor’s lapdogs.

Power Weapons [100CP / 200CP]
You may choose any melee weapon in your arsenal to be reforged into a Power Weapon. When activated, a disruptive energy field envelops the weapon in a hue of your choosing—glowing plasma, crackling lightning, or a flickering Warp-born aura. This field destabilizes the molecular bonds of anything it touches, allowing your weapon to carve through armor, flesh, and even reinforced materials with ease. Even a glancing blow can cause catastrophic damage, making Power Weapons a terrifying presence on the battlefield.

For 200CP, your weapon becomes a Chaos Power Weapon, infused not only with disruptive physical energy but with raw Warp corruption. It now tears through both the material and immaterial planes—sundering not just flesh and armor, but also souls, wards, and spiritual bindings. Striking a psyker or daemon causes excruciating disruption as their essence is torn apart from within. Blessed by the Dark Gods, your weapon leaves behind shimmering wounds that resist healing and radiate unholy power.

Shock Weapon [100CP / 200CP]
You may now choose any melee weapon you possess, which becomes fitted with conductive coils and a power source that channels raw electricity into each strike. Upon impact, this weapon releases a powerful electric surge that arcs through enemy bodies, causing spasms, muscle failure, and—in many cases—death by electrocution.

At 200CP, your weapon gains a secondary capacitor core, allowing it to unleash tactical-grade voltage arcs powerful enough to burn through the corrupted flesh of even a Plague Marine or short out advanced machine spirits. Few foes will stand tall after a hit from this electrified monstrosity.

Inferno Weapon [100CP / 200CP]
Select any melee weapon you own—now, it has been outfitted with an infernal flame field generator. This device envelops your weapon in searing fire, allowing it to ignite flesh, boil blood, and leave scorched craters in its wake with every swing.

At 200CP, the fire becomes far more than mere heat—it transforms into Warpflame, a supernatural blaze drawn from the Immaterium itself. These flames are resistant to water and conventional extinguishing methods, and they burn mind, soul, and body alike. The screams of the damned echo in your wake, and only those with the strongest protections survive even a single touch.

Dreadaxe [200CP]

The Dreadaxe is a dreaded relic of ancient Chaos, a Daemon Weapon bound with a soul-hungry entity that lives only to consume the essence of other Warp-born beings. Forged in the unholy crucibles of the Eye of Terror, the weapon takes the form of a massive, double-bladed axe etched with symbols of domination and layered in ornate, cruel ornamentation. Its edge is a blur of savage power, but its true lethality is spiritual—this axe does not merely cleave flesh and bone; it rends the soul from its host. In particular, it finds exquisite pleasure in tearing apart other daemonic entities, its vampiric hunger ignited to a frenzy when in the presence of such prey.

Those struck by the Dreadaxe rarely survive for long. Even if they resist the physical blow, the soul-consuming daemon within begins its work instantly, latching onto their spirit and draining it with horrifying speed.

Ether Lance [200CP]
The Ether Lance serves as a conduit between the raw, unpredictable energies of the Warp and the physical realm, unleashing devastating power with every strike. As the weapon channels this chaotic force, bolts of crackling warp energy arc from its tip in wide, sweeping arcs, capable of ravaging multiple foes at once. Enemies caught within its reach find themselves ensnared by spectral tendrils of energy, lured helplessly towards the lance as if drawn by an unseen force. Those unfortunate enough to be touched by the lance's charge are consumed in a violent eruption of Warp power, their bodies and souls unraveling in a blaze of arcane destruction.

Force Weapon [300CP / Psyker Only]
Choose any melee weapon you own—it is now transformed into a Force Weapon, a sacred (or profane) instrument of psychic wrath. When wielded by a psyker, this weapon becomes attuned to their mind and Warp-energy signature, allowing it to act as a seamless extension of their will. Through this conduit, you may channel destructive psychic energy directly into each strike, magnifying the weapon's lethality to devastating levels. Even a glancing blow from a Force Weapon can rupture armor, tear apart nerve systems, or simply overload a target's essence with raw psychic force.

Against supernatural enemies—especially daemons, spirits, psykers, and Warp-touched beings—Force Weapons are especially catastrophic. Their

Warp-infused strikes bypass mundane defenses entirely, cleaving through soul and flesh alike. Even the strongest daemonic entities feel pain when struck by your empowered blade, axe, hammer, or claw.

Accursed Maul [200CP / Free for Chaos Lord]
This brutal two-handed weapon is the favored tool of Chaos Lords who wish to make an example out of their enemies—by smashing them into a screaming, pulverized smear. The Accursed Maul is a corrupted relic of ancient wars, its heavy, rune-etched head radiating baleful Warp energy. Fused with the power of the Warp, each impact carries with it a violent surge of chaotic corruption. Enemies struck by the Accursed Maul may find their bones shatter inward, their limbs convulse uncontrollably, or their souls momentarily torn from their bodies in screaming torment.

Daemon Weapon [600CP/Free for Clone of a Primach]
You have been given a daemonic weapon by your patron god or gods without receiving any of the complications or costs shown in the AOS Daemon Weapons of Chaos Supplement, or in the WH40k Daemon Weapons Supplement. Pick which one you want to use. Additionally, you receive an extra 600 DP to use only in the supplement that you choose.



Marked Close Combat Weapons

You can only buy weapons here based on your marks. ***Daemon Prince or Veterans of the long war receive a discount in this section.***

Axe of Khorne [300CP / Mark of Khorne Only]
Forged in the hellforges of the Blood God's realm, the Axe of Khorne is no ordinary weapon—it is a wrathful relic soaked in the essence of countless wars and the screams of the slain. This brutal two-handed weapon is a sacred icon of slaughter, known to roar with barely restrained rage when blood is spilled nearby. It hungers for violence, and in your hands, that hunger is never left wanting.

The axe is blessed with a permanent Warp-infused edge that can cleave through the armor of tanks and the bodies of Daemon Princes alike. Every time you slay a worthy foe in battle, the axe momentarily glows with a crimson light, bolstering your strength and speed for a brief time—pushing you deeper into the killing frenzy.

Kirn-Knives of Hataxis [100 CP / Mark of Tzeentch Only]
Forged in the shifting madness of the Warp and infused with cruel irony only Tzeentch could devise, the Kirn-Knives of Hataxis are a matched pair of impossibly sharp, daemonic flensing blades. Each knife is inhabited by a Blue Horror—twin halves of a single Pink Horror, severed during a particularly theatrical ritual of betrayal. Bound into separate blades, the two daemons are forever denied the chance to recombine, their shared agony channeled into the weapons themselves. The blades shiver with malevolent Warp energy, eager to carve flesh from bone and reality from sanity.

Oracle Stave [200 CP / Mark of Tzeentch Only]
The Oracle Stave is a potent daemon-forged weapon gifted by the Changer of Ways to his most favored sorcerers. Bound with strands of fate and imbued with the essence of raw Warp potential, this weapon is far more than a mere melee implement. In combat, the stave augments the wielder’s physical and psychic prowess—each strike carries not only brute force, but the chaotic echoes of a dozen possible futures collapsing violently into the present. It is said that to be struck by the Oracle Stave is to be unmade not only in flesh, but in destiny.

Staff of Tzeentch [300 CP / Mark of Tzeentch Only]
A potent artifact crafted in the forges of sorcerous madness, the Staff of Tzeentch is no mere walking stick—it is a powerful Force Staff infused with the chaotic essence of the Changer of Ways. Wielded by only the most gifted Chaos Sorcerers and Lords of Change, it serves as both a devastating weapon and a conduit for impossible Warp manipulation.

The staff allows its wielder to bend space and reality, tearing rifts through the veil between realms. With but a thought, you may teleport across the battlefield in a flash of multi-colored light, vanishing into the Immaterium and reappearing where the enemy least expects.

Cataclysmic Hellblade [300CP / Mark of Tzeentch Only]
The Cataclysmic Hellblade is a paradox given form—a weapon of raw destruction born from Khorne's fury but now wielded by the cunning hands of a Tzeentch-marked sorcerer. This blade, forged in the heart of a Warp-storm and stolen (or perhaps traded) by a Lord of Change, hums with uncontrollable power. Covered in jagged glyphs that shift when viewed, it exudes a malice that defies comprehension. It is said to hunger for fate itself, twisting outcomes and leaving ruin in its wake. The blade inflicts devastating cataclysms upon enemy psykers upon the battlefield—shattering defenses, sundered warp-wards, and setting ablaze the fabric of reality itself with each swing.

Sword of Spite [100 CP / Mark of Nurgle]
The Sword of Spite is a warped Force Sword tainted with rot, malice, and the blood of ten thousand fallen enemies, each drop soaking into the blade and feeding the daemon bound within. A gift to particularly vengeful Sorcerers of Nurgle, this foul weapon is not only a channel for psychic might but a vessel for pure, festering spite—corrosive hatred transformed into a weaponized curse.

When wielded, the sword allows its master to release a Radial Doom Blast: a wave of Warp energy infused with disease, decay, and seething contempt.

Pandemic Staff [200 CP / Mark of Nurgle Only]
The Pandemic Staff is a vile daemon weapon sacred to Grandfather Nurgle, crafted from rotting bone, rusted iron, and the calcified essence of long-dead plague saints. Within its corrupted core festers a multitude of Warp-borne

diseases—each one a unique strain of pestilence that hungers for fresh hosts. This staff does not merely bludgeon or cut—it spreads, releasing foul spores and virulent plagues with every swing or thrust, seeping into the air, earth, and bodies of the unworthy.

Allwyther [600CP / Mark of Nurgle Only]
A terrible Balesword—a daemonic Plague Weapon of Nurgle—that is imbued with suce a baleful and hellish aura that everything that it approaches, save for its wielder, withers away. Even reality itself is not exempt from this, and as the fabric of reality around it is in a perpetual state of death, this allows it to cleave through any substance, and tear through wardings and arcane effects that might stymie lesser weapons.

Lash of Torment [200 CP / Mark of Slaanesh Only]
The Lash of Torment is a cruel, sinuous daemon weapon—a living whip that writhes in anticipation of pain, stitched from the flayed nerves and desire of a hundred tormented souls. Its length is ever-shifting, able to extend with unnatural speed or curl in tight spirals, always eager to strike. When wielded by one marked by Slaanesh, it becomes an instrument of exquisite suffering, delivering blows that shatter bone, rend armor, and scramble the senses with euphoric agony. Each crack of the lash echoes with a sound only the damned can truly understand—a mixture of laughter, moans, and screams.

Sword of Flame [100 CP / Mark of Chaos Undivided Only]
The Sword of Flame is a daemon-infused blade often wielded by Chaos Sorcerers who serve no singular god, but instead draw upon the raw, undivided power of the Warp. This weapon burns with unholy flame, its fire licking across the edge like a living, hungry presence. The sword's hilt pulses with energy, and its strikes are accompanied by the sound of distant screams echoing from beyond the veil.

Staff of Daemonic Flame [300 CP / Mark of Chaos Undivided Only]
The Staff of Daemonic Flame is a dread relic of Chaos Undivided, forged in screaming Warp-fire and bound with the essence of a lesser daemon who eternally burns within it. Though it functions as a Force Staff—enhancing the psychic might of its wielder—it possesses a unique and terrifying ability: the projection of bolts of empyreal flame, conjured directly from the raw immaterium.

When unleashed, these daemonic firebolts explode on impact with searing, soul-scorching force, incinerating flesh, melting armor, and consuming the very essence of those they strike.

Dark Blade [300CP / Mark of Chaos Undivided Only]
The Dark Blade is a weapon of myth and terror, a flawless obsidian edge that reflects no light and casts no shadow. Unadorned save for its embellished hilt and pommel, this jet-black blade seems to drink in all warmth and color from its surroundings. Each swing leaves behind bloodless, cauterized wounds, the flesh sealed as though seared by void-fire. But the true horror lies not in its edge—but in its appetite. Bound within the weapon is a daemon of insatiable hunger, one that consumes the souls of those slain by the blade. Their essence is devoured in silence, their final scream absorbed into the steel. With every death, the daemon grows more restless, its thirst greater, its whispers louder.



Legion Close Combat Weapons

Any weapon from the same legion is discounted. Chaos lord receive +300 CP in this section.

Foecleaver [100 CP / Free for Black Legion]
A monstrous Power Axe of ancient pedigree, Foecleaver has served the Black Legion since the blood-soaked days of the Great Crusade. Wielded by traitors, champions, and warlords alike, this weapon is a brutal reminder of the Legion's enduring hatred. The axe itself is stained with the remnants of a thousand conquests—power armor, alien exoskeletons, and the bones of Imperial heroes. The weapon carries a deep resonance with the Long War, its crackling edge infused with malice and memory.

Culling Blade [200CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
Once wielded by Captain Tybalt Marr of the Sons of Horus during the Horus Heresy, the Culling Blade is a darkly elegant and alien-looking weapon, whispered to have been forged using xenos-forged principles—though such claims were never confirmed by Marr or the Warmaster himself.

This long, curved blade hums with an unnatural resonance when unsheathed, vibrating at a frequency that disrupts matter on a molecular level. Ceramite splits, augmetics fail, and flesh sloughs apart beneath its strikes. It is a weapon designed not just to kill, but to humiliate. Marr wielded it to cut down fleeing Shattered Legion survivors, executing them with brutal precision in a campaign that turned entire star systems into graveyards.

Mourn-It-All [200CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
Forged from Cthonic blue steel, Mourn-It-All is a double-edged longsword steeped in the pain and tragedy of the Horus Heresy. It was once the favored weapon of Horus Aximand, the melancholic captain known as Little Horus.

In your hands, Mourn-It-All becomes a blade of regret and reckoning. It is preternaturally balanced, able to parry even the mightiest blows and strike with ghostlike speed. Its edge carries the sorrow of brotherhood sundered, granting it a unique psychic resonance: those wounded by it are wracked with flash visions of betrayal, loss, and despair, weakening their will to fight. Against former allies or corrupted brethren, it becomes even more potent.

Helspear [400CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
A weapon of grim prophecy and ceremonial slaughter, the Helspear is the Warp-forged Daemon spear wielded by Haarken Worldclaimer, herald of the Thirteenth Black Crusade.

In battle, Helspear can be thrown with devastating accuracy, piercing through force fields, armored hulls, and psychic barriers alike. Upon impact, the spear explodes with a shriek of damned souls, sending enemy formations into chaos. When wielded in melee, it drives Haarken—or the new bearer—into a whirl of slaughter, allowing follow-up strikes to come faster as the weapon hungers for worthy kills. Its daemon-bound core yearns for the blood of powerful leaders, and when it drinks deep, it howls in joy, bolstering its wielder's strength and dark presence.

Ghorisvex's Teeth [400CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
This unholy Chainsword is no mere relic—it is a ravenous artifact bound with the essence of the Daemon Ghorisvex, trapped within its grinding, gore-slicked teeth by the infamous Chaos Lord Voraddon.

Ghorisvex still lives within the weapon, ever-hungry, ever-raging. When this Chainsword bites into flesh, it does not merely tear—it devours, ripping through armor, bone, and even the soul itself. Those slain by the weapon do not pass into the afterlife; their spirits are dragged screaming into the weapon's gnashing maw, feeding the daemon within and stoking its hate further.

Worldbreaker [600CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
Worldbreaker was once the legendary power mace of Horus Lupercal, forged by the Emperor as a symbol of trust and dominion when naming him Warmaster. With it, Horus broke cities, fortresses, and even spirits—it was more than a weapon; it was a banner of conquest.

Now, through the arcane efforts of techno-sorcerers, the fragments of Worldbreaker have been reforged into a replica, humming with lingering echoes of its original might. Though not the original, this weapon channels a terrifyingly similar presence. Its mass-reactive cores and gravitic amplifiers allow it to flatten tanks with a swing and send shockwaves capable of toppling Titans' escorts.

When wielded, Worldbreaker can be slammed into the ground to create a localized seismic pulse, stunning all enemies in a wide radius and shattering nearby terrain. Against enemies of great power—Primarchs, Greater Daemons, or champions of renown—it vibrates with a resonance that seeks to break their will before it breaks their bones.

The weapon also retains a psychic imprint of Horus' ambition. If the wielder is of strong enough mind and force of will, this imprint can be harnessed—granting a temporary boon of unrelenting strength, strategic clarity, and presence, enough to command legions or lead a crusade.

Drach'nyen [600CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
Drach'nyen is no ordinary weapon—it is the first murder given shape, a primordial blade drawn from the darkest pits of the Immaterium. This dreaded daemonic sword is bound to Abaddon the Despoiler himself, and to merely possess a relic copy of it is to wield a shadow of pure, undiluted horror. This replica, forged in the heart of a soul furnace, channels a fragment of Drach'nyen's essence. It pulses with malice, whispers promises of genocide, and cuts through reality itself like parchment.

In combat, this weapon is absolute. The blade is capable of severing matter and spirit with equal ease. Armor, psy-shields, even time-warped protections mean nothing before its unmaking touch. The daemonic echo within snarls for slaughter and drives your strikes with terrifying speed and precision. Against foes like the Emperor, the blade grows more eager still, its edge burning with the hatred of the Long War. But beware: even as a relic, Drach'nyen's hunger is insatiable.

Litany of Wrath [100CP / Free for Word Bearers]
The Litany of Wrath is a brutal Power Mace steeped in the dark dogma of the Word Bearers Legion. First wielded during the Horus Heresy by the most fervent zealots of Lorgar, these weapons were not merely tools of war—they were instruments of sacred murder. Each mace is engraved with burning scripture and profane litanies praising the Dark Gods, turning every blow into a sermon of annihilation. When the power field activates, it hums with unholy resonance, shattering bone and faith alike with each swing.

Anakatis Blades [200CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
Forged long before the Age of Man, the Anakatis Blades are a pair of impossibly ancient daemonic weapons, rumored to predate even the first human civilizations. Each blade is sentient and bound with a spirit older and far more bitter than most daemons you'll ever encounter. They do not like each other, and they barely like you. But if you prove strong enough to dominate their endless bickering and ravenous will… well, you're in for a treat.

These blades grant the bearer a 1.5x baseline boost to all physical combat stats, reflecting the warlike strength and savage cunning of the beasts within. Reflexes snap like whipcords, strikes hit with warp-fed precision, and durability pushes beyond mortal limits.

Accursed Crozius [200CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
The Accursed Crozius is a corrupted relic once modeled after the Crozius Arcanum wielded by loyalist Chaplains. Now twisted by the dark powers of the Warp, this brutal weapon has become a blasphemous icon of devotion and destruction. A large, mace-like weapon adorned with daemonic runes and bound spirits, it serves as both a symbol of your authority as a Dark Apostle and an instrument of divine execution. Its mere presence stirs zealotry in your followers and dread in your enemies. When raised in battle, it inspires your allies with unholy fervor—empowering their strikes and feeding their faith with every skull you crack.

In melee, the Accursed Crozius strikes with the weight of the Warp itself. Empowered by the blessings of the Dark Gods, each blow bypasses mundane armor, burns with corrupted energy, and howls with the voices of the damned. Against daemons or servants of order, it becomes even deadlier—striking at their essence rather than their flesh.

Ashen Axe [400CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
Once an honored tool of compliance during the Great Crusade, the Ashen Axe was soaked in the blood of defiance and scorched in the fires of the Word Bearers' fall from grace. After their corruption, the axe was offered in sacrifice during a dark ritual to the Warp—becoming a nexus of daemonic torment, its every tooth now a fang of malice sharpened on despair.

But the true horror lies in its cursed effect: those struck by the Ashen Axe cannot flee. Not due to physical paralysis—but because their souls are gripped by the axe's spirits, dragged down in nightmare loops of guilt, suffering, and damnation. Every swing is not just an attack—it's a sermon of slaughter.

Illuminarum [600CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
A legendary war-scepter once wielded by Lorgar himself, crafted in an act of rare and bitterly ironic kinship by Ferrus Manus, Illuminarum was more than a weapon—it was a testament. It sang with the sound of sermons made manifest, every strike a parable in pain, each blow a homily of hatred.

Now, you possess a replica, forged by the twisted genius of daemon-bound artisans and fanatical forge-priests.When wielded in battle, Illuminarum counts as both a Power Maul and a Crozius Arcanum, bolstering morale among nearby daemon-worshipping allies while bludgeoning heretics and false-sons into piles of sanctified pulp. It counts as a holy relic for dark rituals, can channel unholy sermons directly into the minds of the faithless, and may even briefly open rifts to the Warp on a killing blow, where the victim is dragged away screaming by "choir spirits."

Nostraman Chainglaive [100CP / Free for Night Lords]
The Nostraman Chainglaive is the signature weapon of the Night Lords Legion—an elegant yet savage fusion of a curved blade and a roaring chain-edge. Forged on the dark world of Nostramo, this weapon reflects the terrifying philosophy of its creators: fear as a weapon, brutality as art. The chainglaive is designed for precision and carnage, able to cleave through ceramite, sinew, and bone in a single, sweeping motion. It strikes with the speed of a duelist and the ferocity of a butcher, leaving mangled corpses in its wake.

Killer's Blade [100CP / Free for Night Lords]
The Killer's Blade is a brutal hybrid weapon—part combat knife, part breaching tool—designed not only to kill, but to indoctrinate. First issued to the Inductii of the Night Lords during the Horus Heresy, these weapons were a rite of passage: if you could survive long enough to bloody it, you earned your place.

Crafted from salvaged ceramite and adamantium scraps, the Killer's Blade has a toothed inner edge, allowing it to both carve through armour plating and saw through bone. It was not made for clean kills, but for leaving a message—one that splatters across walls, floors, and corpses alike.

When wielded by a true Night Lord, it excels in close-quarters ambushes and executions. The weapon resonates with fear, growing sharper and more savage in the presence of terrified prey. Veterans claim the blade "sings" when its target is most afraid—a high, metallic hum like a predator's purr.

Flayer [200CP / Discounted for Night Lords]
Flayer is a brutal chainsword-relic steeped in blood and infamy. It has been used in the most depraved and foul acts committed by the Night Lords—interrogations, executions, and ritual skinnings—and its terrible legacy is whispered through the warbands like a curse. The weapon's growl has become a death knell for countless foes, for to hear it is to know that your fate will be drawn out, loud, and slow.

The teeth of Flayer are serrated in a fashion that causes them to snag in flesh, ripping rather than slicing, prolonging agony and ensuring maximum suffering. The weapon is also known to emit a psychic aura of dread, one that claws at the minds of nearby enemies, weakening their resolve and slowing their reactions—a perfect setup for the killing blow.

Nostraman Flay-whip [200CP / Discounted for Night Lords]
The Nostraman Flay-whip is a cruel and ancient chain weapon, first forged in the murder-drenched forges of Nostramo before its destruction. Each whip is a masterpiece of pain—a segmented coil of tempered black steel, with razor-hooked barbs that pierce flesh, catch bone, and rip skin away in long, agonizing ribbons. To wield a Flay-whip is to embody the cruel discipline of the old Night Lords, a dying art among the Legion. Its segments are coiled with

high-voltage filaments, allowing the user to release searing arcs of warp-charged electricity upon striking or ensnaring a foe. These lashes disrupt energy shielding, stun armored targets, and force neural overloads in those unaugmented.

Maelstrom Axe [400CP / Discounted for Night Lords Weapon]
The Maelstrom Axe is a brutal and unpredictable Force Weapon wielded by Chaos Sorcerers of the Night Lords. Its thin, razor-edged blade is poorly suited for defense, offering little in the way of blocking or parrying. However, it excels in delivering swift, savage strikes—perfectly aligning with the Night Lords' love for fear and sudden violence. The blade crackles with warp energy that lashes out unpredictably, creating chaotic bursts of force with each swing.

In exchange for its fragility in defense, the Maelstrom Axe enhances the Sorcerer's offensive capabilities significantly. When used in surprise or stealth attacks, it becomes a terrifying instrument of precision murder, channeling warp power directly into flesh and bones.

Escaton Power Claw [400CP / Discounted for Night Lords]
A prototyped weapon of annihilation, the Escaton Power Claw fuses the blunt-force devastation of a power fist with the rending precision of lightning talons. Born from forbidden archaeotech uncovered on the scorched husk-world of Elemghast during the twilight of the Great Crusade, this weapon was a failed experiment… in the same way a black hole is a failed campfire.

This claw's internal frame contains miniaturized mass accelerators, granting its strikes a momentum that can pulverize ceramite like soft clay, while the vibro-charged talons slice through flesh, armor, and even shielding fields with terrifying ease. When energized, the claw's field creates a localized tremor with every impact, often leaving shockwaves that topple weaker foes nearby.

Though tested by several Legions, it was the Night Lords who thrived with its savagery. The weapon found its perfect home among their terror tactics—too crude for finesse, too refined for simple brutality.

Mercy & Forgiveness [600CP / Discounted for Night Lords]
“They called them by gentle names. He called them justice.”
Mercy and Forgiveness were the twin artificer Lightning Claws wielded by Primarch Konrad Curze, each mounted to a gauntlet, their origins shrouded in as much mystery as their wielder's fractured psyche. These claws tore through armour, bone, and hope itself with terrifying precision. When you deemed someone guilty, they would be flayed not only physically, but morally, their sins laid bare as their flesh was peeled away. The claws also tear through physical and psychic wards alike, and against those who believe themselves just, they cut even deeper. They are powered not by electricity, but by conviction twisted into wrath.

Power Dagger [100CP / Free for Alpha Legion]
The Power Dagger is the signature surgical fang of the Alpha Legion—elegant, compact, and insidiously lethal.

These wickedly sharp blades are sheathed in a flickering disruption field that can bypass even reinforced power armor with a well-placed thrust. While small in size, the weapon is perfect for assassination, infiltration, or ending a duel with one final treacherous jab

Shadeblade [200CP / Discounted for Alpha Legion]
The Shadeblade is an enigma forged for those who thrive in deception. Said to be of Xenos origin, its sleek form hides more than just a monomolecular edge—it houses within its hilt a strange cloaking technology that defies Mechanicus understanding. When unsheathed in darkness or low light, the wielder seems to melt into shadow itself, becoming an intangible blur of motion and intent. Under this shroud, the blade dances through the air like whispered death, allowing Alpha Legion operatives to strike unseen, and vanish before their prey even realizes they were ever there. Whether it phases through matter, light, or perception is unknown. What is known is that by the time it is felt, it is far too late.

Shadesword [200CP / Discounted for Alpha Legion]
The Shadesword is more shadow than steel, a relic of the Alpha Legion whose true origin is obscured beneath layers of myth and misdirection. In the hands of its wielder, the blade shimmers and dissolves into an umbral silhouette, allowing it to slip cleanly through armour, shielding, and even reality itself—leaving no

mark on ceramite or plasteel. Yet the moment it touches flesh, it becomes agonizingly solid, rending open wounds that seem to bleed not just blood, but memory and presence. Victims often don't realize they've been struck until they collapse, bleeding out into shadows that shouldn't be there.

Blade of the Hydra [600CP / Discounted for Alpha Legion]
Once a mere ceremonial chainsword of impressive scale, the Blade of the Hydra became infamous after a blasphemous ritual saw the Daemon Prince Gharual of the Nine Sundered Souls bound within its brutal steel. T

In battle, the Blade of the Hydra splits—its singular form splintering into multiple translucent phantom chainswords, each snarling and grinding independently, circling the wielder in a whirling storm of teeth and void-fire. These spectral blades are insubstantial while idle—ghostly, hovering like a Hydra's heads poised—but when blood is near, they snap into brutal physicality, tearing into enemies from unexpected angles.

The wielder, should they master Gharual's fractious voices, gains unnatural combat fluency: feints made real, illusions with bite, and strikes that seem to come from nowhere. Disorienting, dismembering, and demoralizing in equal measure.

Karceri Battle Shield [100CP / Free for Iron Warriors]
Normally only wielded by the robots of the Iron Circle, you have obtained one of these powerful shields. It projects a specialized power field that provides even stronger protective value when other Karceri Battle Shields are in close proximity. The matter-disruptive effects of this barrier also mean that it makes for a potent weapon in melee combat.

Siegebreaker Mace [200CP / Discounted for Iron Warriors]
Although the Iron Warriors prefer to destroy fortifications through carefully calculated artillery strikes, there is something to be said for a more straightforward approach. Consisting of a sphere of dense starmetal, marked with sigils of shattering and destruction and mounted upon the pole of a captured Astartes standard, this weapon strikes with unstoppable force capable of reducing rockcrete walls to rubble.

Axe of the Forgemaster [400CP / Discounted for Iron Warriors]
The Axe of the Forgemaster, brutal and precise, crackles with the bound essence of machine-spirits long since broken and repurposed for war.

Forged in daemon-wracked forges and tempered in the blood-oil of sacrificed engines, this cog-toothed power axe grants its wielder unnatural command over daemon engines and mechanical constructs. Its very presence causes corrupted war machines to hesitate—a flicker of obedience flickering across their daemon-bound minds. A single cleave into adamantium plating becomes a funeral dirge for tanks, dreadnoughts, and titanic engines of war. The energies within unravel machine logic, strip plating at the molecular level, and reduce proud war constructs to ruin in an instant. Even xenos technology, no matter how alien or advanced, reacts the same way: shattering with shrieks that sound disturbingly like pain.

Forgebreaker Desecrated [600CP / Discounted for Iron Warriors]
Once the promise of brotherhood, now the echo of contempt. Forgebreaker was crafted by the finest artisans of the Emperor's Children, intended as a gift from Fulgrim to Ferrus Manus—a weapon worthy of a Primarch, a hammer to shape the galaxy itself. Yet pride turned to rivalry, and reverence into ruin. When the galaxy burned and the brothers fell to war, the hammer was lost... then found again—by the Iron Warriors. Now it is Forgebreaker Desecrated.

The weapon has been twisted by dark industry and hatred—its elegant design marred with brutal augmetics, its beauty defiled by the rites of the Dark Mechanicum. Yet its power has only grown. When this hammer strikes the ground, it does not merely crack stone. It shatters the earth, sending tectonic shockwaves that carve craters the size of warzones. Mountain ranges tumble. Bastions disintegrate. Titans stumble.

Berzerker Glaive [100CP / Free for World Eaters]
This fearsome polearm is a sacred instrument of Khorne's favored, a relic of carnage passed down through generations of blood-mad warriors. The Berzerker Glaive is a massive two-handed weapon, its blade forged from daemon-tempered adamantium and bound with brass runes that pulse with an unholy red glow. Its edge is eternally sharp, tearing through flesh, armor, and even the essence of daemons with equal ease. While wielding it, you are seized

by a bloodthirsty trance—a state of perfect focus where hesitation is impossible and mercy does not exist,entering a berserker state that enhances your speed, durability, and power. You shrug off wounds that would cripple lesser Astartes, driven by the call of Khorne himself.

Skullsmasher [100 CP / Free for World Eaters]
This brutal spiked mace, favored by the Jakhal Dishonoured Champions, carries the crude elegance of pure destruction. Every swing sends a shockwave of force through flesh, armour, and skull alike, splattering gore in a glorious tribute to Khorne. Its weight is punishing, its balance cruel, forcing its wielder to embrace relentless aggression rather than finesse. When the Skullsmasher strikes, it leaving nothing behind but mangled remains to feed the Blood God's insatiable hunger.

Axe of Dismemberment [200CP / Discounted for World Eaters]
A savage relic of bloodshed, the Axe of Dismemberment is a fearsome weapon forged for only one purpose: to carve enemies into screaming, twitching chunks. Massive, jagged, and perpetually slick with gore—even when freshly cleaned—this axe seems to thirst for violence. Every swing is a brutal act of mutilation, cleaving through armor, limbs, and psyches alike with gleeful brutality.

Infused with the favor of Khorne and countless souls torn from the bodies of its victims, this weapon carries with it a hunger for carnage. Wounds caused by the Axe of Dismemberment refuse to clot, bleeding endlessly and weakening even the mightiest foes.

Black Blade [400CP / Discounted for World Eaters]
Forged on Sarum by the Dark Mechanicum for the Primarch Angron, the great daemonic sword grows stronger by absorbing other swords, as well as by consuming souls. It has consumed over a million souls by this point, and is strong enough that a single swing is powerful enough to completely annihilate five Grey Knights Terminators. The original weapon was shattered to pieces, but yours is intact.

Earth Breaking Trident [400 CP / Discounted for World Eaters]
A brutal relic from the long-forgotten Dark Age of Technology, the Earth Breaking Trident was unearthed during the Great Crusade and soon fell into the bloodstained hands of the World Eaters. This massive weapon, more polearm than spear, houses within its haft a seismic accumulator of ancient design—still perfectly functional, and horrifyingly powerful.

When the trident is slammed into the ground, it unleashes a thunderous shockwave of seismic energy, sending tremors and jagged fissures across the battlefield in all directions. Enemy formations are broken, bunkers collapse, and even towering war engines can be unbalanced or toppled outright.

Spinegrinder [600CP / Discounted for World Eaters]
On the Dark Mechanicum world of Persiax, tens of thousands of lives were expended to mine the rare indomteite used to make this weapon. But when Angron was presented with Spinegrinder, he was so enraged that the adepts of the Dark Mechanicum had wasted their time on something other than slaughter that he murdered all the tech-priests on the planet. As such, this weapon is also known as Persiax's Folly. As a weapon, it is superb, and worthy of a Daemon Primarch; a massive chain axe with two rows of teeth, supported by a supremely potent power field. Its sheer might allows it to tear through even Titans, even when wielded by someone without the strength of a Primarch.

Bloodfeeder [600 CP / Discounted for World Eaters]
The Bloodfeeder is not simply a weapon—it is a living hunger forged into steel, an unholy axe thrumming with the bound fury of a Bloodthirster. Every swing tears through flesh and armor alike, and those struck by its daemon-forged edge are not merely slain—they are violently drained of every drop of blood in their bodies. Victims collapse into brittle husks as their lifeblood is ripped screaming into the warp, feeding the Juggernauts of Khorne and the weapon's imprisoned daemon alike.

Achea Pattern Force Weapon [100CP / Free for Thousand Sons]
These are a type of Force Weapon utilized by the Thousand Sons. They possess a mesh of psycho-conductive filament to channel the psychic fury of the wielder... but only in part; they function as a spiritual circuit-breaker that utilizes only a portion of a Psyker's will, so that they can be safely employed in large numbers. To make up for the mildly reduced effectiveness in comparison to normal Force Weapons, the Achea Pattern is constructed from adamantine.

Staff of Warpfire [200CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
Forged in the cursed flames of the Immaterium and steeped in the ancient rites of Prospero, the Staff of Warpfire is a daemon-bound Force Staff uniquely attuned to the destructive essence of Warpflame. This weapon is favored by Chaos Sorcerers of the Thousand Sons.

When wielded in battle, the staff channels writhing streams of baleful Warp fire that crawl through terrain, around cover, and into the hearts of your enemies, detonating in sudden bursts of chaotic energy. This flame is no mere combustion—it clings, it corrupts, and it burns the soul as much as the flesh.

Bedlam Staves [200CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
Forged in the arcane furnaces of Prospero and later corrupted in the name of Tzeentch, Bedlam Staves are rare and terrifying melee weapons used by the psykers of the Thousand Sons. Steeped in the psychic echoes of their previous wielders—sorcerers slain, betrayed, or lost to the Warp—each staff is saturated with the tormented thoughts and memories of countless minds. When a Bedlam Staff strikes, it doesn’t merely inflict physical harm—it rends thought itself. Victims hit by it experience momentary mental collapse, their minds going blank as if erased, rendering them immobile and confused for a precious few seconds.

Wielded in the hands of a trained psyker, it enhances the strength and precision of psychic powers, allowing you to channel warp energies with razor focus.

Sword of Fate [300CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
The Sword of Fate is a revered Force Sword, its surface etched with shifting runes and constantly reordering glyphs that defy rational comprehension. Forged with the guidance of the Changer of Ways, this blade embodies the inevitability of destiny twisted by Chaos.

When wielded by a Chaos Sorcerer, the Sword of Fate channels both psychic power and the malevolent will of Tzeentch. With a strike, the blade does more than wound the flesh—it brands the soul with a curse of entropy and doom, marking the target for unraveling. This curse may cause enemies to falter at critical moments, suffer warped misfortune, or find their defenses inexplicably failing just when they need them most.

Dagger of Reflections [400 CP / Psyker Only / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
A jagged, whisper-thin blade that shimmers like a mirror surface, the Dagger of Reflections is far more than a weapon—it's a metaphysical trap, an arcane countermeasure designed to catch the fury of the Immaterium and hurl it back with catastrophic effectForged in the hidden vaults of the Thousand Sons and ritually awakened by Magister Hasophet during his rise to Daemonhood, this dagger has an affinity for psychic warfare.

When wielded by a psyker, the dagger passively absorbs incoming psychic assaults—whether bolts of Warp lightning, hexes, telekinetic strikes, or mind-scouring blasts—and stores a portion of their power within its soul-bound crystal core. The wielder can then release this stored energy in one of two terrifying ways first In the same moment or shortly after absorbing an attack, the dagger can unleash a thunderous counterblast, hurling the stolen energy back at the attacker—or a new target—with even greater force than it arrived, magnified by the dagger’s chaotic bindings. The air splits open with the crack of thunder, and the backlash can level psy-shields, rupture armor, and splinter stone with raw Warp force.and secodnly Alternatively, the user can channel the absorbed energy into their next psychic power, supercharging it with the extra resonance. This can punch through wards, overwhelm resistance, or allow spells to achieve effects far beyond their usual scale—for example, a flame spell might erupt into a city-consuming firestorm, or a minor illusion may momentarily warp reality itself.

Black Staff of Ahriman [400CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
Bearing the horns of the Daemon Prince Vaddh'akar, imbedded with the Stone of Hidden Truths recovered from the ruins of Tizca, formed from the charred fragments of his old hequa staff, bearing a blade that is a remnant of the desecrated Spear of Shadows, with sacred fetishes containing ashes of Prospero and crushed psychneuein wings and the soulbound skull of the last Chamylidryth prophet, every fragment of this staff is in and of itself an artifact of potent power. When it was created, cries of pain and horror swept through the Immaterium, and it is as a blazing scar of darkness to those with witch-sight. It is a Force Weapon of unsurpassed might–while the Blade of Magnus may be a better weapon overall, in its function as a Force Weapon, even that mighty blade is second to the Black Staf, as it amplifies any Warp energies used through it tremendously.

The Blade of Magnus [600CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
Once known as the Blade of Ahn-Nunurta, this Force Weapon has since been transformed through ancient Warp sorceries. Now, the weapon is a fluid thing; although often returning the staff-like khopesh weapon preferred by Magnus, its size and shape can be reformed in but a moment according to the will of its wielder. This same control is established over anyone injured by this weapon, allowing you to shapeshift them freely

Manreaper [100CP / Free for Death Guard]
The Manreaper is a towering Power Scythe used by champions of the Death Guard. Favored by the servants of Nurgle, this weapon is designed not just for death—but for decay. The Manreaper’s blade is unnaturally long and curved, perfect for wide, sweeping strikes that cut through infantry ranks like wheat before the scythe. Infused with warp-touched corrosion and powered by an ancient disruptor field, each stroke rends both flesh and soul.

Barbaran Thurible [200CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
This heavy iron haft ends in a chain, from which hangs a perforated metal sphere. Dating back to the Dark Age of Technology, this flail gathers even the most minute of toxins from the air, and concentrates it within the flail. When activated, it releases a cloud of hyper-focused toxins that slays anyone not protected from such toxins in a slow and hideous manner, a lingering death that makes its victims beg for the pain to end.

Bubotic Axe [200 CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
A vile fusion of corrupted power field and diseased metal, the Bubotic Axe is a favored weapon of Death Guard Blightlords and Plague Marines. Its jagged edge bites deep, not to kill cleanly, but to open flesh for rot and filth to take root.

Each wound it inflicts becomes a festering plague-vessel, as the axe's tainted energies infuse the victim with a cocktail of poxes, spores, and warp-borne contagions, ensuring their decay continues long after the blow is struck.

Sword of Undeath [400CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
The Sword of Undeath is a gruesome Power Sword gifted to Plague Champions favored by Grandfather Nurgle. Coated with a vile concoction of the Plague God's most virulent and soul-rotting diseases, this blade doesn't simply kill—it unravels the boundary between life and death with every strike. Its edge is etched with rusted runes of necrotic power, and it hums with a low, gurgling chant as it cuts through flesh and spirit alike.

What makes the Sword of Undeath truly horrifying is the lingering curse it leaves behind. Enemies struck down by this weapon don't die cleanly—they rise again mere moments after death, now twisted mockeries of their former selves, temporarily shackled to the will of the Plague Champion. These undead wretches fight alongside their killer, lashing out at former allies in a short-lived frenzy before finally collapsing into pestilent rot.

Silence [600CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
Once wielded by the xenos who the Primarch Mortarion called father, this weapon was not forged by human hands, but some manner of alien. When Mortarion fell to Chaos, so too was his weapon imbued with a Daemon—specifically, in the censer atop its haft. Now, this mighty scythe drips with the most lethal and terrible poisons imaginable, while the smog the weapon emits is laced with countless horrific diseases that wither flesh and rust metal at its merest touch. Naturally, your allies are not subject to the effects of this smog, nor are you.

Blissblade [100 CP / Free for Emperor's Children]
Blissblades are the signature weapons of the Emperor's Children elite known as the Flawless Blades, forged to be as elegant and deadly as their wielders. Each one is a masterpiece of craftsmanship, coming in either one-handed or two-handed forms, and tailored to perfectly match the style, balance, and aesthetic tastes of its owner.

Lucid Blade [200 CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
The Lucid Blade is an exceedingly rare weapon, with only a few ever forged, and all finding their way—by honorable claim or ruthless theft—into the hands of the Emperor's Children's most distinguished champions. Each blade is a flawless fusion of artistry and lethality, perfectly balanced and masterfully wrought to respond as an extension of the wielder's own will.

Housing an advanced machine-spirit that skirts dangerously close to forbidden self-awareness, the Lucid Blade synchronizes with its bearer's power armour through auto-sensory integration.

Phoenix Power Spear [200 CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
The Phoenix Power Spear is an elegant polearm of the Phoenix pattern, wielded by the Emperor's Children's elite Phoenix Guard. Inspired by the legendary power halberds of the Adeptus Custodes, these weapons are pale imitations of their golden counterparts—yet remain fearsome armaments, marrying reach, precision, and the brutal efficiency of a power field.

Even in the modern era, the Phoenix Power Spear remains a symbol of authority and prestige, still carried into battle by the Lords Exultant of the Emperor's Children. Its graceful design belies the deadly force it can unleash, making it a weapon as beautiful as it is lethal.

Silver Blade of the Laer [400CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
This weapon is a potent Daemon Weapon, one containing a Daemon so skilled in possession and corruption that it, more than any other influence, was responsible for turning Fulgrim to Chaos. It will never act against you—however, if you gift it to someone else, it will twist and corrupt them until they turn to worship the Dark Gods. More immediately, it is capable of possessing anyone who wields it other than you, with access to their memory, skills, and abilities.

Blissgiver [400CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
Formed from the tongue of a Daemon Beast and tipped with a sharp spike, this weapon isn't dangerous for its cutting power—which is significant—but for the pleasure it inflicts. Those injured don't feel pain, but indescribable pleasure. This pleasure grows and grows, until their mind is completely wiped away and their soul is fed to Slaanesh.

Fireblade [600CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
Once, before the days of the Horus Heresy, Ferrus Manus and Fulgrim competed as craftsmen. Each proclaimed the other the victor of their competition, and they exchanged their crafted weapons as gifts symbolizing their brotherhood. Fulgrim received Fireblade, and would one day kill his sworn brother with it. It was forged with the greatest craftsmanship that the most skilled smith of the Primarchs could muster; a peerless Power Sword capable of heating up to such temperatures that vast swathes of the enemy's flesh is incinerated upon contact. What makes this weapon unique, is that it, alone among the weapons wielded by the Daemon Primarchs, has not succumbed to the corruption of Chaos, and remains pure. So too will this weapon remain pure and unsullied from all influences apart from your own; no one can control it with psychic powers, possess it, or twist it to ends you do not approve of. Finally, though it may be untouched by Chaos, it is not unsullied by treachery; any attack you make with it against people you love, or whom you have loved in the past, is made vastly more lethal.



Close Combat Weapon Upgrades

Here any Melee weapon can be upgraded if you so wish. Daemon weapons can't be upgraded.

Combi-Weapon [50 CP]
Why limit yourself to a single method of slaughter when the blessings of Chaos demand innovation? The Combi-Weapon allows you to merge two melee or one melee and one range weapons into a single unholy creation, blending their properties into one terrifying hybrid. You may choose whether the end result is symmetrical like a double-bladed weapon or a fusion of function and fury in one jagged instrument of annihilation.

The exact form is yours to imagine: like a twisted dual-blade with opposing effects—one half humming with warp-charged energy, the other roaring with chain-teeth. Each weapon retains its individual strength but now operates in tandem with its fused counterpart. This option may be purchased multiple times, allowing you to create several unique weapon combinations that suit your brutal style of war.

Monoblade [50CP]
Through dark metallurgy and heretical precision, your chosen melee weapon has been refined into a Monoblade—its edge honed to a single molecule in width, making it unnaturally sharp and terrifyingly efficient. In the hands of a capable warrior, it can cleave through ceramite, flesh, and bone in a single fluid stroke, slicing through even Astartes power armor like parchment. Whether forged by traitor Tech-Priests, gifted by your Warband's forge master, or scavenged from a forgotten alien relic, the result is the same: a weapon that turns every swing into a surgical execution.

Master-Crafted [100 CP]
Your weapon is a masterpiece of destruction, forged by the hand of a true artisan—whether it was a corrupted Techmarine, a twisted Dark Mechanicum fabricator, or a Warpsmith who sang daemonic praises into the metal as it was shaped. Every inch is expertly balanced, engraved with infernal runes or sacred geometry, and constructed with obsessive precision. Compared to standard weaponry, it strikes faster, hits harder, and resists wear and malfunction even under the most brutal conditions.

A master-crafted weapon not only looks imposing, it performs flawlessly in your hands, responding as though it were an extension of your own will. Parrying with it is effortless, killing blows come easier, and even brutal swings feel controlled and exact. Its edge never dulls, its mechanisms never jam, and its aim never wavers.

Adamantium [100 CP]
Your weapon has been reforged with a core or edge of pure Adamantium, one of the rarest and hardest substances in the galaxy. The sheer durability of this blackened metal makes the weapon nigh-unbreakable, immune to the ravages of time, battle, or even the Warp's corrosive influence. It can block the force of thunder hammers, parry power weapons, and smash through ceramite plate without so much as a chip. Against vehicles or fortifications, it grinds and punches through armor with relentless ease.

Naturally, its improved weight and density also lend greater power to each swing or thrust, multiplying the weapon's cutting or crushing strength. Many foes will assume their gear or flesh will withstand a glancing hit—until their shield splits in two or their ribcage implodes from a single blow

Poison [100 CP]
Your melee weapon now drips with a permanent, alchemically-sealed coating of deadly poison, a gift from the twisted chem-sorcerers of the Dark Mechanicum. Even better, you may choose the exact nature of the poison.

It could be a corrosive bile that eats through armor and bone, a nerve agent that paralyzes with a single scratch, a Warp-tainted venom that torments the soul, or a mutagenic ichor that turns flesh against itself. Whatever form it takes, the poison bypasses most resistances and ignores conventional inoculations. With every cut, your enemy suffers not only steel—but a slow, agonizing death.

Tainted [150CP]
A significant step below a full-fledged Daemon Weapon, a Tainted Weapon is one steeped in the Warp's influence, becoming more hostile to the living and inflicting more terrible wounds. They are known to whisper dark secrets and convey dark urgings onto their user, but they do serve to make you more potent in battle.

Calibanite Charge-Blade [150CP / Requires Power Weapon]
Are you perhaps one of the Fallen, or did you obtain it from one? Or did you loot it from the corpse of a Dark Angel? Regardless, your Power Weapon is specifically a Calibanite Charge-Blade, woven with charge conduits and linked to a particularly strong power cell. When activated, its power field heats the weapon to the point of melting through armor, all without damaging your weapon.

Relic Blade [200CP / Requires Power Weapon]
This upgrade transforms your chosen Power Weapon into a Relic Blade, a towering and ancient artifact forged during the Dark Age of Technology. Surrounded by a crackling energy field, the blade hums with barely-contained fury, its edge capable of slicing clean through ceramite, plasteel, and even the hulls of light vehicles. Unlike standard power weapons, a Relic Blade must be wielded with both hands due to its massive size and weight—but what it lacks in speed, it more than makes up for in unstoppable cutting power. This weapon is no mere tool of war—it is a legacy of a forgotten time, and a brutal reminder of what true power once was.

What truly sets the Relic Blade apart is its core: a self-sustaining energy matrix that never needs to recharge. Powered by forgotten technologies and blessed by the Warp or machine-spirits now long corrupted, the blade contains an infinite power reserve. This allows the weapon to function at full strength for eternity, never faltering, never weakening.

Carsoran Power Weapon [200 CP / Incompatible with Power Weapons / Discounted for Black Legion]
A shard of an extinct empire, the Carsoran Power Weapon is a savage relic from the lost world of Cthonia, dredged from the last functioning factoriums and born of a Standard Template Construct long since atomized by war.
Unlike standard Imperial power weapons, the Carsoran variant pulses with an unstable energy field tuned not to clean incisions, but to tear and vaporize on contact. The edge burns, rips, and annihilates with each swing, the weapon's power field snarling like a chained beast every time it connects with flesh or armor.

Graviton Weapon [200 CP / Free For Iron Warriors]
Your weapon has been fused with forbidden technologies from the Dark Age of Technology—lost knowledge only the Dark Mechanicum dares to wield. Upon striking a target, it releases a localized gravitational pulse of immense force, crushing armor, crumpling vehicles, and pulping organic matter with terrifying ease. Even tanks and Dreadnoughts are not safe, as the crushing pressure of this arcane tech renders their reinforced hulls into twisted scrap with enough hits.

Caedere Weapon [200 CP / Mark of Khorne Only / Discounted for World Eaters]
Forged in the image of the vicious tools once wielded in the blood-soaked arenas of Nuceria, the Caedere Weapon is not just an instrument of war—it is an extension of rage itself. Each blade is a masterpiece of brutality, jagged and weighted to tear flesh as much as it cuts it, demanding not just strength but the willingness to revel in carnage. In battle, the weapon sings with the echoes of countless gladiators who bled and died in the name of Khorne, driving its bearer into a frenzy that blurs the line between warrior and beast. Those who face it are not merely cut down—they are unmade, their deaths offered up as a hymn to the Blood God.

Achea Pattern Force Weapon [200 CP / Psyker Only / Incompatible with Power Weapons / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
The Achea Pattern Force Weapon is a refined expression of psychic warfare, developed in the occult workshops of Prospero. The Achea design incorporates an elegant control mechanism: a web of psycho-conductive filaments, embedded with painstaking care along the core of an adamantine blade. The result is a weapon that can be safely and precisely wielded even during massed operations involving multiple psykers. Rather than overwhelming its user—or those nearby—with feedback from excess Warp energy.The Thousand Sons, with their relentless pursuit of arcane perfection, often field entire cadres of warriors equipped with these weapons, allowing them to cut through armored foes with clean, soul-scorching precision without fear of destabilizing their own minds or surroundings. While this weapon sacrifices the overwhelming bursts of raw power common to other powerc weapon designs, it gains in consistency, finesse, and safety, enabling long-term sustained usage in the heat of battle. The blade still strikes with supernatural force, cleaving through not only flesh and armor but also the spiritual essence of its target, leaving behind lifeless husks as their souls are scorched away by controlled Warp fire.

Plague Weapon [200 CP / Mark of Nurgle Only / Discounted for Death Guard]
This upgrade allows you to transform any weapon you wield into a Plague Weapon, a horrific tool of rot and entropy blessed by the Grandfather Nurgle himself. Once sanctified in filth, your weapon becomes a vector of infection, disease, and corruption—its strikes carry far more than just physical trauma.

Plague Weapons ignore traditional resistance, as even the smallest wound inflicted can fester into a life-ending blight. Armor rusts, flesh withers, and machines seize as the corrupted energies eat away at their structure. Each blow you deliver has a chance to unleash virulent plagues, clouds of toxic gas, or parasitic infestations that can spread among enemy ranks. Whether it’s a sword, axe, firearm, or staff, once it bears Nurgle’s mark, it becomes a putrid extension of his will—turning every strike into an offering of decay.

Charnabal Blade [200CP /Mark of Slanessh Only / Discounted for Emperor's Children]

These weapons upgrades were favored amongst the Emperor's Children for their reliance on technique and precision over brute force; these weapons are exquisitely forged, made of the purest of metals and crafted with the utmost care to create a weapon with an edge that can cut as well as any Power Sword… if wielded with sufficient skill. Without the minor vibrations of an activated Power Sword, it is slightly more precise than a wielder of a Power Sword could hope to be, but only a masterful wielder would ever tell the difference. Should you prefer one-handed weapons, it is recommended you purchase the Charnabal Sabre; if two-handed is your preference, go for the Charnabal Broadsword.



General Pistols

You gain two 100 CP or lower weapons for free in this section. You can also buy any weapon multiple times.

Bolt Pistol [50CP]
Although it may be the weakest ranged weapon used by the heretic Astartes, the Bolt Pistol is nonetheless an incredibly lethal weapon for its size. They are fired via standard explosive propellant, before the rocket thrusters in the bolt itself are activated to urge it onto greater speed and range. The round itself is tipped with diamantine, and after penetrating the target a sensor within the bolt will detonate the explosive charge in the round itself, inflicting devastating wounds.

Being the smallest of the Bolter family of weaponry, when sized for Space Marines this weapon only fires a .75mm round. ***Your first Bolt Pistol is free, but further purchases will by 50CP each.***

Shard-Bolt Pistol [100CP]
Normally, these remnants of the Selenite weaponsmiths of Luna would be closely guarded by the Dark Angels, but it appears that at least one was liberated by the Fallen Angels of that former Legion. A normal Bolt Pistol in function, it is imbued with special technologies and materials that make it an exceptionally potent weapon against those who use Warp-sorcery, inhibiting their use of magic after they are injured.

Helfrost Pistol [200CP]
Before their Primaris Marine reinforcements, the Space Wolves only had a single Successor Chapter; the Wolf Brothers, who swiftly succumbed to mutation, and a significant number of them abandoned the Imperium to go renegade. Perhaps it was from such a renegade that you obtained this weapon, which would normally be restricted to the Space Wolves? This weapon fires dispersed or focused beams of sub-zero energy that can freeze enemies alive.

Graviton Shredder Pistol [200CP]
Taken from one of the Iron Hands' Successor Chapters, this weapon is capable of emitting a salvo of highly precise graviton pulses, which excel at pinpoint destruction of enemy vehicles.

Volkite Serpenta [200CP]
One of the smaller Volkite Weapons, the Volkite Serpenta is capable of deflagrating organic material, rapidly converting it to ash and flame. It can fire precise shots at great range, or unleash rapid volleys of incinerating beams. It's destructive power is far out of proportion to its size; although less effective against armored components, it also has range that most anti-armor weaponry, such as Melta Weapons, simply don't have.

Disintegration Pistol [200CP]
Developed during the Dark Age of Technology, these weapons were capable of disrupting the molecular bonds of a target, making anything it hit tear itself to pieces, regardless of if it was flesh or armor. However, their range was lacking compared to Volkite Weapons.

Inferno Pistol [200CP]
The smallest form of Melta Weapon, these are incredibly rare. Like all Melta Weapons, they are most effective at close range, where the focused beams of heat are capable of rapidly shearing through heavy tank armor. They lack ranged penetration, however.

Plasma Pistol [200CP / 300CP]
The Plasma Pistol is the smallest of the plasma-based weaponry used by the forces of Chaos, but retains all the destructive power of a standard Plasma Gun. Liquid hydrogen is energized into plasma and held in magnetic containment fields; when fired, these fields turn into an electromagnetic accelerator to fire plasma with incredible force and power, sufficient to destroy tanks and reduce flesh to ash, the bright flash of light looking like a tiny sun. Unfortunately, a Plasma Pistol, although not inferior in terms of damage, takes longer to charge the next shot and has reduced range.

Normally a Plasma Weapon such as this would pose an incredible hazard to the user, with significant risk of exploding. Yours, however, is modified such that it can be fired normally without concern. If you feel like taking a risk, you can supercharge a shot using your hydrogen fuel in a higher quantum state, returning the chance of exploding in exchange for inflicting even greater damage.

By increasing the price to 300CP, you can supercharge your Plasma Pistol without creating the risk of catastrophic detonation.

Optionally, your Plasma Pistol may have been stolen from the Jericho Reach Deathwatch, in which case it is a Barrage Plasma Pistol; it bears a higher rate of fire, but consumes energy faster and has a risk of overheating.

Grav-Pistol [300CP]
An ancient weapon from the Dark Age of Technology, the grav-pistol works by firing a stream of particles that affects the local gravitational field of a target area, making it either far lighter or far heavier; this is crippling to most living beings, but to something sufficiently massive, the effects will be heavily magnified.

Neural Shredder [300CP]
This weapon does not conventionally damage victims, nor does it target specific enemies. This weapon, no doubt obtained from one of the Fallen of the Dark Angels, projects a wave of electromagnetic energy in the direction it is aimed, of the same frequency as the central nervous system. It overloads the brain and nerve receptors, causing seizures and convulsions that typically end in death, or at the very least unconsciousness. It is useless against objects without a nervous system, but it travels through such materials without stopping, allowing it to easily affect everyone within a vehicle.

Gemynd Blasters [300CP]
This weapon was taken from one of the rebellious Fallen of the Dark Angels (or perhaps you simply took it from a Dark Angel's corpse?), and is utterly devastating against anything with a soul. Used with the finest sciences of the Dark Age of Technology, this weapon is extremely agonizing for any psyker or psychic entity, as the weapon attacks the mind and soul. Each shot punches deeper into the world of the unreal; no mental barrier can block them, nor sorcery protect against them. They annihilate the mind and soul utterly, to the point that the location in the Materium where they are fired is saturated in a Blank-like effect for years afterward.

Atomantic Pulse Pistol [300CP]
These are rare relics indeed—simply owning it is likely to earn you the enmity of Dark Angels and Iron Hands alike, for you no doubt took it from the corpse of one of their own. These weapons possess workings that none among humanity understand—a mystery even to the Dark Mechanicum, who have abandoned the restrictive prescripts of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Their atomic blasts can pierce through any armor, no matter how heavily protected the vehicle.

Archaeotech Pistol [300 CP]
What does the Archaeotech Pistol do? That is a very good question. There is no single model of Archaeotech Pistols—rather, the term refers to any pistol-sized weapon from the Dark Age of Technology. Their effects can be varied and horrific; some release micro-atomic munitions, others let loose kill rays formed from the planet's own magnetosphere, and others fire bolts of emerald energy that sear whatever they touch.

Design the effect of your Archaeotech Pistol to your own desire, but it cannot be more damaging than a Plasma Pistol.



Legion Pistol

Any weapon from the same legion is discounted.

Rage Spitter [200CP /Discounted for Black Legion]
More than just a boltgun—Rage Spitter is a battlefield promotion made manifest. Issued only to Aspiring Champions of the Black Legion, these brutal, oversized bolt weapons are a badge of both favor and expectation. Their appearance within a warband signifies that the bearer is being watched—closely—by the Dark Lords above and perhaps even by Abaddon himself.

Each Rage Spitter fires higher-caliber, daemon-tempered bolt rounds—ammunition that boasts enhanced armor-piercing capabilities and explosive force. Loyalist Astartes helmets have been split in two by their fusillades, while Sororitas power armor has burst like overripe fruit under its merciless volleys.

Banestrike Fusilade [400CP /Discounted for Black Legion]
Wielded once by Captain Vheren Ashurhaddon of the Sons of Horus, the Banestrike Fusilade is a matched set of bolt pistols that redefine close-range carnage.

Each pistol in the Fusilade has been painstakingly modified to chamber Banestrike rounds, the infamous anti-Astartes munitions once loosed at the Drop Site Massacre. These twin instruments of execution fire with unnatural speed and violent precision, unleashing a hail of armor-splitting rounds that can turn even Terminator-clad foes into ragged meat and splintered ceramite.

Stylish, savage, and soaked in the blood of brotherhood—just the way Abaddon likes it.

Hand Flamer [100CP / Free for Word Bearers]
A weapon enjoyed by the Ashen Circle of the Word Bearers, where once these weapons burned the religions the Emperor of Man found offensive, they now torch the symbols of the Emperium such that glorious Chaos iconography can be risen in their place. Utilizing flaming gouts of Prometheum, this weapon can inflict vicious wounds on any enemy who tries to close the distance.

Warpfire Pistol [200CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
Not to be confused with the Warpflame Pistol, which is a weapon of the Thousand Sons, the Warpfire Pistol is a tool of violence favored by the Word Bearers. Aesthetically, they look completely impractical and don't appear to be functional weapons—however, they nonetheless emit bursts of Warpflame with a terrible scream, making them potent weapons. This spurt of Warpflame is more focused than that of the torrent of flames born from a Warpflame Pistol to allow it to reach longer ranges, and when it strikes the target, the Warpflame explodes in a detonation like a blast of plasma.

The Drakaina [100CP / Free for Alpha Legion]
A sleek, elegant pistol of unknown make—possibly xenos, possibly Dark Age, possibly Alpha Legion's idea of a joke—this deadly device operates similarly to a Needler, but that's like saying a scalpel and a chainsword are both "cutting tools."

Firing hyper-accelerated virulent hybrid toxins. Victims collapse in moments, their organs liquefying as a secondary airborne vector of the toxin leaps to those nearby. If the first target dies within line of sight of another, that one's next. If the second screams, everyone in earshot is marked.

Despite its horrifying lethality, the Drakaina is silent, recoil-free, and nearly impossible to trace. The toxin it delivers mutates upon exposure, leaving no stable chemical signature.

Hydra's Spite [300CP /Discounted for Alpha Legion]
A masterwork Plasma Pistol of questionable origin, the Hydra's Spite was wielded by Alpharius, not-Alpharius, and probably some guy named Fred who just looked convincing in power armor.

Unlike standard Imperial plasma weapons—overheating, dangerous, prone to reducing their users to sizzling goo—the Hydra's Spite is cool, controlled, and unnervingly precise, firing blistering plasma bolts in mathematically impossible arcs that seem to anticipate where a foe will be. There are strong whispers (or internal memos) that it was built with xenos tech, and functions via non-Newtonian field dynamics. Whatever that means.

Shrapnel Pistol [50CP / Free for Iron Warriors]
An incredibly vicious weapon found in the armories of the Iron Warriors, they superficially resemble Bolt Pistols. However, rather than detonating their ammunition inside the target, they do so outside, with specialized ammunition designed to spray the target with a cloud of shrapnel. Although less effective at piercing armor, it is devastating against lightly-armored and fleshy enemies.

Inferno Bolt Pistol [100CP / Free for Thousand Sons]
Favored by the Thousand Sons, the Inferno Bolt Pistol is a weapon that has been magically augmented to fire sorcerous projectiles that melt flesh and ceramite alike with ease. For experienced psykers, they can use their own power to fuel the weapon's shots; those with less ability must make do with physical rounds that are ensorcelled in the process of firing them.

Æther-Fire Pistol [300CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
Drawing upon occult knowledge and ancient tech-lore, the Pyrae Cult Techmarines of the Thousand Sons, based out of the Forge World of Zhao-Arkhad, have produced a fusion of magic and plasma. Utilizing arcane symbols and magic into the process of creating the plasma, it is imbued with the foul power of the Warp, resulting in an even more damaging blast. In function, however, it simply acts like the advanced purchase of Plasma Pistol, save for the application of a spiritual ailment that slowly burns the very soul of its victims.

Incaladion's Cry [300CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
When the Cult of Knowledge of the Thousand Sons slew the population of the Forge World Incaladion, they bound the collective souls of the population into this Warpflame Pistol. Upon striking a foe, the dying psychic screams of those unfortunates will be impressed upon them, forcing boundless pain and anguish upon the psyche of anyone burned by this weapon.

Psyfire Serpenta [300 CP / Psyker Only / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
The Psyfire Serpenta is a weapon of such uncertain nature that even the most erudite archivists of the Thousand Sons debate whether it was a true plasma gun or merely a recurring dream given form. Wielded by Magnus the Red, it would appear in his hands as effortlessly as a thought, The Serpenta fires blasts of superheated warp-infused plasma, their color closer to spectral violet than any known hue, burning not only the body but also leaving psychic echoes behind in

the space where the target once stood. The wielder may summon or dismiss the weapon as though it were an extension of their psyche—no holster, no sling. One moment, empty hand. The next, a glowing serpentine weapon crackling with otherworldly fire.

The Crimson Killer[300 CP / Discounted for World Eaters]
The Crimson Killer is no mere plasma pistol—it is a snarling daemon bound within a weapon of ancient, forbidden design. Its casing is etched with the sigils of Khorne, and its barrel weeps molten blood that sizzles on the ground. When fired, the weapon unleashes a torrent of incandescent plasma so intense it burns not only through armor and bone but scorches the very soul of its target. Those struck by its fury die screaming, their bodies consumed in a split-second blaze while their essence is dragged screaming into the warp as an offering to the Blood God.

Alchem Pistol [100CP / Free For Death Guard]
Used by the Death Guard before, during, and after the Horus Heresy, Alchem Weapons were gradually replaced with more virus- and bacteria-friendly Chem Weapons in the time afterwards. Still, you seem to have gotten your hands on one of the Alchem Pistols that saw use during that time period. They are functionally similar to Flamers, but instead of utilizing Prometheum gel, they utilize a toxic, caustic compound that both poisons, melts, and burns your enemies, reducing them to a mass of toxic flesh. Although normally this substance is so corrosive that it eventually destroys the weapon, yours is immune to such damage.

Plaguespurter Gauntlet [100CP / Free For Death Guard]
Eventually, the influence of Nurgle's particular brand of Chaos would change most Alchem Pistols into Plaguespurter Gauntlets. It is effectively a tube and nozzle connected to a small vat of disease-ridden filth, so horrific and caustic that mere contact with it not only inflicts contagion, but causes the flesh to rot and armor to dissolve. It's range is almost the same as a Hand Flamer, but how it functions is drastically different.

Injector Pistol [100CP / Free For Death Guard]
A tool used by the Death Guard's Biologis Putrifiers, it fires injector needles containing highly concentrated samples of horrific daemonic plagues. It has limited armor-penetrating abilities, but when it does injure an opponent, they are almost instantly slain as their organs are transmuted into flies or their blood congeals into vomit.

Worm Spitter [200CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
This bloated bolt Pistol transforms any ammunition fired from it; instead of exploding normally, the bolts burst into a number of daemonic maggots that spread diseases and eat their way through flesh with horrific glee, leaving vile trails of slime and putrid infestations of corrosive Rustpox.

Screamer Pistol [100CP / Free For Emperor's Children]
Used by high-ranking Noise Marines, this is a sonic weapon that can be easily wielded in a single hand. It might be less dangerous than a Sonic Blaster, but don't underestimate it, as it remains more than capable of killing even armored opponents, the concentrated sound waves punching through flesh and ceramite alike.

Xyclos Needler [300CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
This gun fires virulent poison darts capable of piercing armor. It defaults to three kinds of poisons; a hyper-venom, a hallucinogen, and a pyroclasmite that causes enemies to burst into flames. However, this weapon comes with the tools to synthesize serums from your victims, and additional capsules that can be attached to the gun as a replacement for the typical three attached to it. For instance, by harvesting genetic material from a Blank, you could create a poison that was hyper-effective against Daemons, even managing to banish Greater Daemons.

Short Range Weapons

Those with the Devastation Battery origin gain a discount in this section. If you are part of a legion that discount is free.

Astartes Assault Shotgun [100CP]
A much more powerful and versatile version of the shotgun, these bulky weapons are impossible to use for anyone without the extensive gene modification of an Astartes due to sheer size and incredible recoil. They are designed to fire a variety of ammunition, from powerful man-stopping rounds to armor-piercing penetrator rounds, and come in both semi- and fully-automatic modes.

Flamer [150CP]
A common weapon amongst those who expect firefights at closer ranges, the Flamer is essentially a souped-up flamethrower that uses the intensely-burning chemical known as promethium as fuel, unleashing a torrent of flames so hot that most enemies die within moments of exposure.

Warpflamer [200CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
A short-ranged firearm that vomits concentrated gouts of warpflame with each pull of the trigger. It's like someone stuffed a flamethrower with screaming daemons. Ideal for turning tight corridors into shrieking bonfires of immolated sanity.

Alchem Flamer [200CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
Resembling the standard pattern of Flamer used in the Great Crusade, these weapons were once common amongst the Death Guard, but have largely been phased out in favor of less immolating chemical weaponry. Instead of Promethium, these special flamers let loose spouts of a substance of extreme acidity and toxicity that ignites upon release. Normally they would be subject to degeneration due to the sheer corrosive nature of their fuel, but yours do not experience such degeneration.

Bile Spewer / Plague Belcher [200CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
These wretched weapons are distinguished only by their appearance; both are favored by the Death Guard for their use in unleashing torrents of plague-ridden filth so disgusting and so concentrated in foulness that they can even wearing armor or being in a light vehicle is insufficient to protect the enemy from it. The

Bile Spewer is almost identical in profile to a Flamer, while the Plague Belcher has a larger tank for fuel, a shorter barrel, and the disease-spewing end is shaped more like a flared nozzle. With each purchase, decide which of these weapons you'd like to obtain.

Particle Shredder [300CP]
Although typically found mounted on Saturnine Terminators, that isn't a requirement for their use; these weapons release a spray of supercharged particles that strip away the enemy atom by atom.



Generic Medium Range Weapons

Those with the Devastation Battery origin gain a discount in this section. If you are part of a legion that discount is free.

Boltgun [Free]
Also known as the Bolter, it is the quintessential weapon of the Space Marines, Loyalist and Heretic alike. Firing .75 caliber diamantine-tipped projectiles that explode upon entering a target, it is amongst the most devastating arms to be wielded by any infantry in the galaxy.

Daemon Eye Bolter [150CP]
This weapon is a Bolter that has foul Warp creatures bound into it; they warp space along the bolts' trajectory to ensure greater accuracy than could naturally be achieved, even by Space Marines.

Storm Bolter [200CP]
Resembling two bolters strapped together, it is also designed to be more compact than a normal boltgun is. Its weight and the sheer force of firing two bolts at once means that it is most frequently used by Space Marines wearing Terminator armor, or else mounted on vehicles.

Spore Caster [200CP / Discounted to Mark of Slaanesh]
This weapon projects bursts of wind intermixed with light fungal bulbs. These bulbs readily explode upon contact, releasing intense hallucinogens that induce psychopathic and delusional episodes of mental illness in those who inhale its spores.

Meltagun [300CP]
One of the most effective anti-armor weapons available to infantry, melta weapons project beams of intense heat that can melt through the hulls of tanks in a single blast. In addition to straightforward destruction, it can also be used to manipulate the battlefield, carving holes through walls, damaging caves to cause collapses, and making clouds of steam in frozen environments.

Disintegration Rifle [300CP]
These weapons were capable of dissolving the molecular bonds maintaining matter, releasing actinic bolts that completely destroyed whatever they struck. However, they lacked the range of volkite weaponry, despite being more effective on vehicles.

Instead of the Disintegration Rifle, you may obtain the twin-barreled Disintegration Blaster for an additional 50CP surcharge.

Volkite Charger / Volkite Caliver [300CP]
Those struck by this rifle-like weapon simply combusted on the spot. Volkite energy beams deflagrate organic matter, explosively burning flesh into ash with jets of flames; but make no mistake, armor was not immune to the effects of volkite energies, and the rapid-fire pace of the assault meant that whatever protection armor provided was rapidly eaten away.

Instead of a Volkite Charger, you can instead opt to purchase the Volkite Caliver; like all volkite weapons, it possesses higher accuracy and power compared to a Bolter, and fires at a blistering pace. However, it is heavier than a Volkite Charger, and is unable to fire on the move, which is partially made up for with its increased range.

You may naturally purchase this twice to obtain each weapon.

Graviton Shredder / Graviton Bolter [300CP]
Effectively the same weapon, the Graviton Shredder and the Graviton Bolter were both created by the Iron Hands to serve as a more focused version of the Graviton Gun, emitting salvos of more precise gravitic pulses to shred apart heavy vehicles and disrupt enemy advances, having more offensive power at the cost of losing the versatility of normal graviton weapons. The Iron Hands, or their Successor Chapters, probably want to kill you for stealing this.

Hellkiss [350CP]
A Meltagun decorated with the skin of those servants of Chaos who have failed the Dark gods, this weapon has trapped their souls eternally. As the weapon heats up with use, the eyes adorning it weep tears of molten slag that fly along the path of the melta beam to stick to enemies and inflict damage over time. Unfortunately, the skin wrapping causes it to overheat faster.

Plasma Gun [400CP]
A larger, more rifle-like plasma weapon, this device emits a burst of plasma that explodes like a small sun, inflicting utterly ruinous damage to anything unfortunate enough to be struck; such is its destructive potential that armor and vehicle plating are all but meaningless before it, to say nothing of what it does to mere flesh.

Grav-Gun [400CP]
More accurately known as the Graviton Gun, this rifle-like weapon alters the gravity of its target. This can be used to move things around easier, but for Space Marines it is more frequently used to massively amplify gravity, causing larger and heavier targets to collapse under their own weight. But even a target that survives will be slowed and weakened under this pressure, leaving them easy victims for other weapons.

Lucidiron Arc Rifle [400CP]
This form of Psyarkana Weapon is usually kept close to the secretive Dark Angels—but the Fallen have long since abandoned their kin, and any Loyalist Astartes who dies at the hands of the Chaos Space Marines is liable to have his gear looted. These weapons, the pinnacle of human engineering at its historical height, are capable of attacking not only the mind, but the very soul, completely obliterating the individual's very essence to the point that the location in realspace is affected by a Blank-like effect, negating and repulsing psykers, Daemons, and supernatural powers.

Legion Medium Range Weapons

Those with the Devastation Battery origin gain a discount in this section. If you are part of a legion that discount is free.

Angelsbane [200CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
Forged in the fires of the Long War and baptized in the blood of loyalists, Angelsbane is an ancient and ornate twin-barreled boltgun that has become a feared relic of the Black Legion.Bound within its core is a Daemon-infused machine spirit, a wrathful intelligence that delights in nothing more than tearing through the faithful. Against the servants of the Emperor—Adeptus Astartes, Sisters of Battle, and Imperial zealots—the weapon grows eager, its recoil lessened and its roar thunderous.

Banestrike Bolter [200CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
Simple. Efficient. Deadly. The Banestrike Bolter is a weapon that makes no pretense of mysticism or warp-fueled malice. Unlike the more exotic or daemon-infested firearms of other Legions, this relic from the days of the Long War speaks only in gunmetal pragmatism and precision lethality.

Outfitted with enhanced magazine capacity and an accelerated rate of fire, the Banestrike Bolter is optimized for the brutal reality of short-to-mid range engagements. The weapon excels in urban slaughterfields, trench runs, and boarding actions—anywhere proximity means survival, and hesitation is death.

Loyalty's Reward [400CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
Twisted by a Daemon-infused Machine Spirit, it now exists as a snarling, wrathful relic of the Black Legion. Though its origin lies in Imperial design, it has long since become something else—something alive, hateful, and ravenous. This weapon is especially effective against heavily armored targets—its bolts tear through ceramite and adamantium like parchment, detonating within with malicious glee. Its Daemonic spirit howls with savage joy at the slaughter of the Emperor's lapdogs, and when turned upon loyalist champions or vehicles, it amplifies its rate of fire and armor-piercing power.

Boltspitter [200CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
This grotesque, bio-mechanical abomination resembles a Bolter only in function—barely. Twisted flesh melds with rusted ceramite, veins pulse beneath daemon-warped plating, and its "muzzle" is more akin to a gaping, toothy maw than any conventional gun barrel. The Boltspitter vomits blessed Bolter shells in rapid-fire sermons of annihilation, each round howling with memetic heresies as they spiral through the air.

What truly sets the Boltspitter apart is its spiritual targeting—its rounds gain unnatural penetration, homing, and willpower-seeking lethality when fired upon atheists, doubters, and those who mock the divine, whether loyalist, xenos, or traitor. The more faithless the enemy, the harder the weapon hits, as if the Warp itself is punishing blasphemy with every thunderous shot.

Warpfire Blaster [400CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
These weapons unleash congealed bursts of warp flame with a terrifying scream, while the warpflame itself functions like a hell-forged shot fired from a plasma gun, causing a devastating explosion that ruins flesh and vehicles with equal lack of discrimination.

Viper's Bite [400CP / Discounted for Alpha Legion]
Viper's Bite is an ornate and heretical Boltgun whose origins are as obscured as the rest of the Legion’s arsenal. Wreathed in coils shaped like serpents and engraved with sigils only the Hydra understands, it never requires reloading—its magazine an impossibility, constantly full. When it fires, the bolts streak forth trailing a caustic green fire, whispering curses in languages no mortal should hear. These rounds melt, hiss, and bore through even the sanctified plate of Terminator armour, leaving behind trails of venomous ruin that no apothecary can cleanse.

Spitespitter [400CP / Discounted for Iron Warriors]
Forged in the deepest forges of Olympia and steeped in millennia of bitterness, the Spitespitter is a Combi-Bolter—it's a long-held grudge made manifest. Its Machine Spirit has fermented in resentment for over ten thousand years, and that loathing has tainted every circuit, barrel groove, and bolt casing.

Each round fired from Spitespitter carries not just explosive death, but raw emotional malice. Wounds caused by the Spitespitter often bubble with unnatural corrosion, and there's no known alchemical reason for the unnatural burning scream its targets emit on impact.

Shrapnel Bolter [100CP / Free for Iron Warriors]
This alteration to the default bolter has modified it to excel in a single area. Rather than an omnidirectional explosion after penetrating an enemy, as seen in the standard bolter, the Shrapnel Bolter is designed around using rounds with special charges that detonate a short distance away from an enemy, unleashed a directed cone of shrapnel that absolutely decimates lightly armored forces grouped together, at a greater range than many other weapons that focus on light infantry can hope to match.

Inferno Bolter [200CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
This Bolter infuses sorcerous power into the rounds as it fires them, turning them into hellish projectiles that bring magical ruination unto that which it strikes. Those who know Warp sorcery well, however, don't need ammunition, but can create this attack simply by channeling Warp energy through the weapon itself.

Æther-Fire Blaster [400CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
Made by the techmarines of the Pyrae Cult, and infused with the sorcery of the Forge World of Zhao-Arkhad, these weapons are essentially magical plasma guns, generating plasma through sorcerous means to produce a weapon that is far more stable than any of the plasma weapons created by the Imperium, while sacrificing none of its power. It also inflicts what is known as "Soul Blaze", a spiritual ailment that slowly burns the very soul of those afflicted by it, unless their spirit is strong enough to shake free of its effects.

Sonic Blaster [300CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
This weapon produces waves of devastating sound that rips its targets apart. Despite what you might expect from a sonic weapon, the sonic weaponry used by the Emperor's Children, although painfully loud, does not have a particularly destructive effect outside of a focused area in front of it, with about the same range as a regular Bolter. It can release a single annihilating sound, or many smaller, destructive pulses. The effects of a single Sonic Blaster are enough to flay flesh and pulverize organs, but if you stack up the attacks from multiple sonic weapons, the effect is exponentially increased; just two Sonic Blasters is enough to shatter the skeleton of anyone struck by the attack. They contain exotic ammunition formed from the screams of all manner of beings, and can be used to destroy the flesh or annihilate the soul.



Long Range Weapons

Those with the Devastation Battery origin gain a discount in this section. If you are part of a legion that discount is free.

Space Marine Sniper Rifle [150CP]
A unique model of Sniper Rifle is used by Space Marines. Unique first for its size, they funciton similarly to Needlers, firing slivers of crystallized toxins that melt in the body while delivering its toxic payload. They have powerful telescopic sights to target with extreme accuracy.

Stalker Bolter [250CP]
This variant on the standard boltgun possesses a longer barrel and an advanced range-finding scope to ensure that no target is able to escape from you, serving as a more destructive alternative to the basic design of the sniper rifle.

The Instrument [600CP / Discounted for Alpha Legion]
The Instrument is no mere sniper rifle—it's a statement, a declaration that somewhere, somehow, the Alpha Legion was watching. And now, someone is no longer breathing.

Wielded by the assassin known only as Exodus, the Instrument is a weapon shrouded in so many lies, misinformation, and conflicting reports that not even the Alpha Legion agree on where it came from. Some say it’s an ancient Dark Age prototype, others claim it's a fragment of a weapon designed to kill Primarchs, and a few even whisper that the Instrument is a warp-forged thought-beam, masked as a gun for aesthetic effect.

What’s known is this: the Instrument fires with perfect silence, leaves no muzzle flash, and hits with devastating precision. Its rounds appear to combine bolt weapon ballistics with gravitic acceleration, allowing them to bend subtly in mid-air, ignore environmental interference, and hit with the force of a railgun.

Walls? Doesn’t matter.
Cover? Useless.
Atmospheric conditions? Please.

More unsettling, the Instrument has demonstrated what some believe to be limited autonomous targeting intelligence—able to detect false doubles, void shields, or even preemptively kill decoys before they move. Exodus never speaks of it. And when questioned, the rifle seems to… vanish.

Heavy/Special Weapons

Those with the Devastation Battery origin gain a discount in this section. They also gain one weapon for free that costs 300 CP or lower.

Autocannon [300CP]
A weapon typically used by Terminators, these weapons are large and require great strength to wield. The version wielded by Astartes fire armor-piercing sabot rounds at incredible rates, significantly in excess of bolt weapons in terms of bullets per second, even if they aren't their equal in penetrating force and explosive power.

For an additional 100CP, you can improve this weapon into being a Reaper Autocannon, which fires mass-reactive explosive rounds.

Assault Cannon [300CP]
Created after the Horus Heresy, if you possess this you are either a Space Marine who betrayed the Imperium later in its history, or killed a Space Marine who possessed it. Created to replace the Autocannon, it is essentially a stub weapon capable of firing hundreds of bullets per second, a gatling-type cannon that would normally need to be fired from a fixed emplacement for anyone smaller than a Space Marine.

Grenade Launchers [300CP]
These weapons are designed to fire grenades further than even the transhuman physiques of the Astartes can throw them. They are incredibly versatile weapons capable of firing any sort of grenade you place inside them.

Heavy Bolter [300CP]
This giant weapon fires fist-sized bolts that explode upon piercing the enemy, and at ludicrous rates; this weapon is one of the premier long-range anti-infantry weapons, while the large size (and larger stores of propellant and greater range) of its ammunition make it incredibly lethal even to light vehicles.

Lascannon [300CP]
One of the few laser weapons used by Space Marine infantry, the Lascannon has greater range than meltas do, and inflicts terrible damage even on heavy armor; however, it has a poor fire rate and is quite focused in its damage, making it a poor option when fighting against any but the heaviest infantry.

Kai Gun / Kai Hellspear [400CP]
These massive, bolter-like weapons were created by the machine-smiths of Kai when their world was swallowed by a Warpstorm. At first they used them to barter for safety from the Daemons, but the deal inevitably fell apart, leaving only these daemonic weapons as the legacy of that world. They harness the hatred malice of its wielder and converts it into blasts of energy; these weapons are as large as Heavy Bolters, but should you have the malignant mindset required to use them, they can be even more destructive, to say nothing of their impact on the spirit of those struck by these weapons.

Alternatively, you can purchase the Kai Hellspear, which functions more like a lascannon in that it fires a beam of searing Warp energy that cuts body and soul alike. You may purchase this twice for both weapons.

Heavy Disintegrator [400CP]
The heaviest handheld disintegration weapon, these devices were originally in use during the Unification Wars, and afterwards were only found in the hands of elite Space Marines. They emit massive and devastating beams that rip apart molecular bonds to make things simply cease to exist as a coherent object.

Volkite Culverin [400CP]
This massive volkite weapon has an insane rate of fire, capable of deflagrating entire squads in a single salvo. This heavy weapon is specialized in taking out large numbers of enemies at a time, rather than focusing on larger, more powerful enemies; it is a tool for reducing the enemy to ash and ruin.

Missile Launcher [400CP]
This tubular weapon has the ability to lock onto a target so that when it fires its missiles, they are guided to chase down its target and explode with force sufficient to cause serious damage even to large tanks.

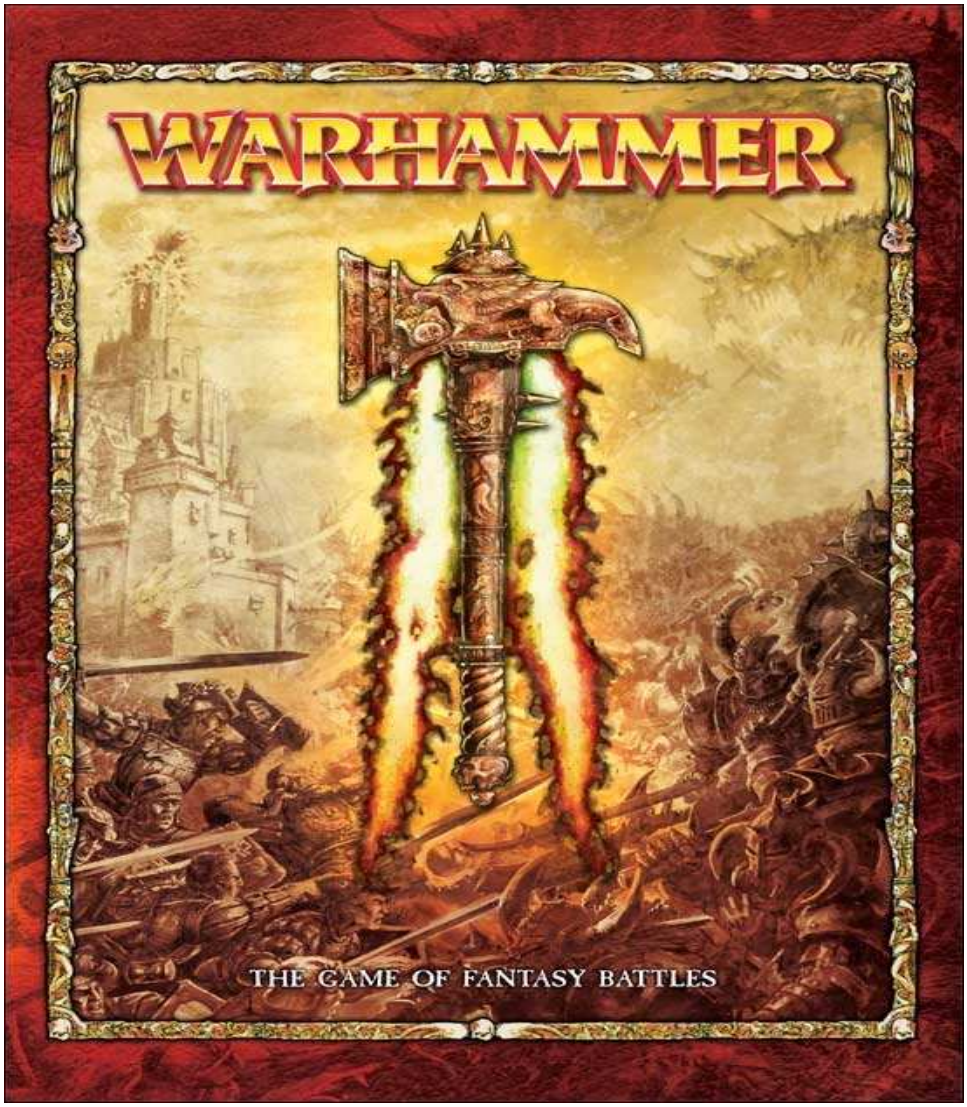
Multi-Melta [400CP]
The principle behind the Multi-Melta is simple; make a meltagun bigger, and add another barrel. It is stunningly effective, being a weapon capable of reducing a fortified bunker to molten slag in a matter of seconds, but suffers from limited effectiveness at further distances.

Phosphex Incinerator Cannon [400CP]
Phosphex is a terrible substance, able to burn without oxygen and with only the barest amount of fuel. It can burn underwater--even setting the water aflime--and incinerates adamantium, rock, and ceramite alike. It is attracted to movement, and burns at even sub-zero temperatures with terrible green flames, and spreads exponentially. The taint of phosphex lingers even more than radiation, and anything it touches becomes totally uninhabitable. This weapon can annihilate entire squads in moments, but becomes a danger to the entire battlefield afterwards. As such, it is best used in space battles, or on worlds you wish to ruin without truly conquering. The only known instances of this weapon reside with the Dark Angels… are you perhaps one of the Fallen?

Graviton Cannon [500CP]
A weapon used to manipulate gravity, its most common usage is to vastly increase the force of gravity upon a target. On a living creature, this ruptures organs and cracks bones; on vehicles and buildings, it can result in a complete collapse.

Plasma Cannon [500CP]
Also known as the Heavy Plasma Gun, this is the largest plasma weapon to be used by infantry (even if only by those wearing Power Armor), and is more often found mounted on vehicles. The plasma it releases detonates like a small sun, giving them the nickname “sun guns”, and it is effective against almost any target.

Conversion Beamer [500CP]
A weapon of pure aggression, the conversion beam projector fires an energy beam that rapidly converts matter into pure energy, with explosive results. What makes it truly dangerous is that its process converts the air around it into energy, meaning that as the beam travels further, it collects more and more force, resulting in an attack that is more devastating the further it travels (up to its maximum range, at least). While tremendously destructive and capable of ignoring almost all armor, it suffers from several drawbacks; making notable movements while firing it will negate the energy build-up, wasting the shot; it requires about a second of charging before it can fire; finally, it is easily evaded by any mobile enemy, as you can't follow their movements with it as its charging. But when it hits, it inflicts horrific levels of damage.



Legion Heavy/Special Weapons

Those with the Devastation Battery origin gain a discount in this section. If you are part of a legion that discount is free.

Banestrike Bolt Cannon [400CP / Discounted for Black Legion]
When subtlety fails—and it will—the Black Legion answers with overwhelming, explosive firepower. The Banestrike Bolt Cannon is the brutal older sibling of the famed Banestrike Bolter, an anti-infantry juggernaut of a weapon originally developed for the armored vehicles and bastions of the Sons of Horus.

Chambered to fire Banestrike rounds of grotesque size, each shell from this cannon is a miniature warhead honed to tear through Power Armour and turn entire squads into shredded ruin. So destructive is its payload that a single volley is often enough to halt a charging force of Astartes mid-stride, leaving only smoke and molten ceramite behind.

Due to its size and recoil, this weapon is not handheld—it must be mounted onto tanks, walkers, or fixed emplacements, turning whatever carries it into a mobile death engine.

Heavy Warpflamer [400CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
The big sibling to the Warpflamer, this heavy weapon fires torrents of soul-searing Warp flame in wide arcs, incinerating swathes of enemies while also melting the minds of survivors. It's bulky and often fused to the limbs of daemon engines or Chaos Dreadnoughts—because nothing says love like multi-directional immolation.

Hellfyre Missile Rack [400CP / Discounted forThousand Sons]
This weapon rack is typically affixed to the back of Terminator Armor, and arches over the shoulders of the Heretic Astartes who bear it. Filled with rows of missiles, at the mental command of the Terminator bearing them, they can launch small salvos of rockets at their enemies.

Warpfire Cannon [500CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
The largest of the Warpfire weapons intended for use by infantry, this weapon appears ungainly, with excessive ornamentation that should make it useless as a weapon; nonetheless, it works with the same degree of practical functionality a less-decorated weapon might possess, letting loose a scream as it launches bursts of warp flame that explode with the force of a plasma gun.

Warpfire Plasma Cannon [600CP / Discounted for Word Bearers]
A nightmarish fusion of plasma tech and Warp corruption, this cannon doesn't just fire high-energy blasts—it tears at the barrier between realms, causing superheated plasma and raw Warp essence to explode violently upon impact. Highly unstable, mind-breakingly deadly, and likely to cause spontaneous reality hiccups wherever it lands. Not meant for even the hands of Space Marines to wield, these are typically found wielded by the tainted and corrupted dreadnoughts known as the Mhara Gal, but yours has been modified to be used as a particularly-unwieldy heavy weapon.

Alchem Heavy Flamer [400CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
Unleashing great gouts of a wretched substance that is both highly corrosive and highly flammable, the Alchem Heavy Flamer melts, burns, and poisons all at once, making it the bane of all flesh. The substance is so terrible that the weapon itself will start to deteriorate with continuous use, and as such yours has been specially modified to be immune to such degradation. Such weapons were primarily in use during the Great Crusade and the Horus Heresy, and fell into disuse in later years.

Plague Spewer [400CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
This weapon reeks of filth and disease, and sprays forth such a concentrated mass of foulness that it instantly melts through flesh, and armor isn't much slower to fall before it. Those who are slain become wretched mounds of filth to spread the rot further, while those unfortunate enough to live through the first attack, likely won't for long; the diseases bound up within the rotted fluids the Plague Spewer projects will end the lives of those who survive the initial torrent.

Plague Sprayer [400CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
Rather than looking like a gun, the Plague Sprayer looks like nothing more than a massive spherical backpack filled with disgusting effluvia and slime, connected to a hose. Controlling this spray from a nozzle at the end, you wield it as one might a firefighter's water hose, it unleashes a terrible vomit of the most wretched concoctions the plague masters of the Death Guard can come up with.

Blight Launcher [400CP / Discounted forDeath Guard]
A massive grenade launcher sized to be wielded by Terminators, this weapon launches armor-piercing shells that contain grenades on the inside, piercing into the enemy before letting loose its cargo of corrosive Ironblight, a disease that infects even metal.

Assault Grenade Launcher [400 CP /Discounted for Death Guard]
Standard weaponry for the dread Grave Wardens, the Assault Grenade Launcher is a brutal relic of the Death Guard's pre-Heresy arsenal, modified and corrupted over millennia to suit the Legion's toxic warfare doctrine. Chunky, rugged, and often paired for maximum saturation, these launchers vomit forth barrages of alchemical death, saturating the battlefield in clouds of noxious despair.

Volkite Cavitor [400CP / Discounted for Night Lords]
The Volkite Cavitor is a rare and repulsive fusion of brute violence and lost Nostraman techno-heresy. Wielded exclusively by Contekar Terminators—the executioners of the Night Lords Legion—this devastating heavy weapon is a Volkite projector fused with a buzzing chainblade, built for close-range annihilation and gruesome mutilation.

Unlike standard volkite arms, the Cavitor is a bastardized relic, stripped of every conceivable safety mechanism. The result is a wide, unstable beam that superheats flesh and armor, causing victims to spontaneously combust, rupture internally, or simply melt into bubbling paste. The chainblade, mounted underneath the barrel like a cruel bayonet, is used to finish off anything left alive, turning battlefield cleanup into a blood-slick ritual.

Cavitors are notoriously volatile, bleeding heat and radiation with each shot. Those who wield them care little, wrapped as they are in corrupted Terminator

plate and contempt for anything soft and living. Few tech-priests would even approach a Cavitor for repair—fewer still live long enough to finish the job.

Shrapnel Cannon [300CP / Discounted for Iron Warriors]
Born in the industrial forges of Olympia and perfected in the slaughterhouses of ten thousand sieges, Shrapnel Cannons are the Iron Warriors' answer to overengineered elegance: brutal, crude, and disgustingly effective.

These weapons don't bother with pinpoint penetration or armor-piercing glory. Instead, they rely on detonation just before impact—mass reactive rounds fragment mid-air, blanketing the enemy in red-hot metal splinters and capable of devastating entire squads. What they lack in sheer punch, they more than compensate for in visceral, flesh-rending chaos.

Gravis Shrapnel Cannon [400CP / Discounted for Iron Warriors]
The biggest and meanest of the shrapnel weapons. Designed for Dreadnoughts or heavy terminator harnesses, this monster turns fortifications and flesh into identical piles of mulch, using gravitational acceleration to launch shrapnel at utterly horrific speeds.

Soulreaper Cannon [400 CP / Psyker Only / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
The Soulreaper Cannon is a massive, snarling warp-forged weapon—its form reminiscent of a conventional gatling cannon. Created by the Thousand Sons during their long descent into the sorceries of Tzeentch, it is not just a tool of destruction, but a metaphysical meat grinder that churns through the veil between life and death. Rather than firing through physical means, the rotating barrels of the Soulreaper are powered by the wielder's own psychic force.

As the barrels spin, they howl—not mechanically, but spiritually, like a choir of tormented ghosts drawn into the gears. And It fires Inferno bolts—rounds drenched in aetheric fire and threaded with hexed runes—that melt armor and flesh alike, while simultaneously scouring the target's soul. Those struck are often left screaming even after death, their spirits caught in looping agony.

Æther-Fire Cannon [400CP / Discounted for Thousand Sons]
The heaviest of the Æther-Fire weapons favored by the Legion of Tzeentch, it is a stable weapon that uses arcane means to generate plasma, which in practice is applied similarly to a more standard Plasma Cannon. However, this is no ordinary plasma; its eldritch origins apply a wicked status ailment onto those who survive the initial blast, which slowly burns their soul.

Death Cloud Projector [200 CP / Discounted for Death Guard]
A relic of the Legion's foul past, the Death Cloud Projector emits dense, reeking fogs of hypertoxic gas. Originally deployed by Grave Wardens, it turns any battlefield into a choking mire of rot and despair.

These vapors cling to lungs, armor, and even the Warp itself, dissolving flesh, warping metal, and dragging the living into suffocating delirium—all while the Death Guard wade through untouched, like plague-draped wraiths.

Doom Siren [300CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
Heavy not because it requires multiple hands to use, but because of its size and bulkiness as it is attached to the shoulders, the Doom Siren consists of one or more sonic amplifiers. These enhance the scream of the Space Marine (who, as a reminder, possess three lungs) to devastating levels, resulting in a short-range sonic blast that shreds enemies to bits; unlike the Sonic Blaster or Screamer Pistol, this is not a focused attack, but one that hits a wide area for intense damage, while also having the benefit of not requiring ammunition, fuel, or occupying your hands.

Blastmaster [400CP / Discounted for Emperor's Children]
A long weapon resembling a rifle tipped with a screaming maw, this emits sounds so destructive that they tear apart the enemy. Like all sonic weapons of the Emperor's Children, this weapon has many settings on it to alter the frequency, pitch, and other acoustic details of the weapon. For the Blastmaster, these changes can allow it to devastate an entire squad of enemies, or emit a focused beam in pitches no one but a Noise Marine could hear, but that is strong enough to punch through the hull of a Land Raider.

Ranged Weapon Upgrades

Combi-Weapon [50 CP]
Why limit yourself to a single method of slaughter when the blessings of Chaos demand innovation? The Combi-Weapon allows you to merge two ranged weapons or one melee and one range weapons into a single unholy creation, blending their properties into one terrifying hybrid. You may choose whether the end result is symmetrical like a double-bladed weapon or a fusion of function and fury in one jagged instrument of annihilation. ***Daemon weapons are forbidden from taking this upgrade.***

Assault Weapon [50 CP]
Your weapon is no longer hindered by your movement speed. Even at a dead sprint, your aim remains steady and unshaken, letting you pour firepower into your foes without pause.

Rapid Fire [50 CP]
When firing at targets within half your weapon's maximum range, the warp twists fate to your advantage—granting you +2 additional regular shots. This upgrade can be purchased multiple times, with each purchase increasing the bonus by +2 shots.

Ignores Cover [50 CP]
Your weapon's projectiles bypass the false safety of cover entirely. Whether by supernatural trajectory correction or warp-infused penetration, enemies cannot hide from your wrath.

Lethal Hits [50 CP]
Your shots strike with uncanny precision, finding critical weak points in armor, flesh, and spirit with unnerving regularity more likely.

Precision [50 CP]
Your weapon can pick out high-value targets even when they're buried deep in a crowd. No matter the chaos of the battlefield, your chosen mark will not escape your sights.

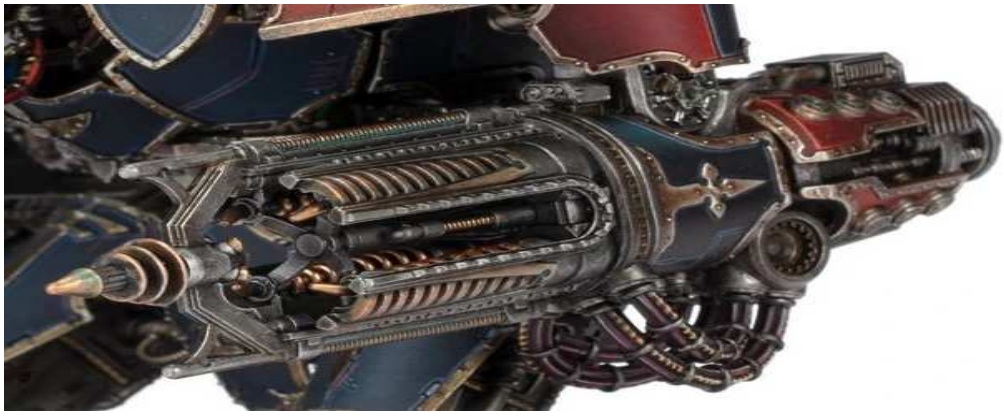
Anti [50 CP]
Your weapon gains the Anti- property against a specific target type of your choosing. The narrower and more specific the focus, the deadlier the result. This can be purchased multiple times to target different foes or further refine the effect. Note: This upgrade cannot permanently kill gods or truly immortal beings.

Increase Ammo Capacity [50 CP]
Through modifications both technological and heretical, your weapon's ammunition capacity increases by +25%. This upgrade can be purchased multiple times, each time compounding the increase by another 25%.

Increase Range [50 CP]
Warp blessings or forbidden engineering push your weapon's effective maximum range +25% farther. This can be purchased multiple times, each stacking an additional 25% range increase.

Ammo Regeneration [100 CP]
By the will of the Warp, your weapon now regenerates ammunition over time. While the rate is not instant, it is fast enough to keep you in the fight for days without resupply—assuming you survive that long.

Parry [100 CP]
Your weapon is now perfectly balanced for close-quarters defense, allowing you to easily deflect or redirect enemy strikes in melee. Even at point-blank range, you can continue firing without hindrance, turning desperate grapples into one-sided executions



Ammunition

Ammunition will change to suit the weapon it is applied to, as long as the general category is correct; Standard Bolter Rounds, for instance, can be applied to both Boltguns and Heavy Bolters.

Standard Bolter Rounds [Free]
These feature an outer casing with a propellant base, a main charge, a mass-reactive detonator cap, a depleted deuterium core, and a diamantine tip,

Dread Missile [200CP / Free for Night Lords]
At its core, the Dread Missile contains coils of stitched-together neural tissue, each one made from the still-living brain stems of terrified psykers, wired together in circuits of suffering. These coils share and amplify one another's deepest fears until the missile becomes a concentrated beacon of dread. When launched, its psychic pressure can be felt long before detonation—a howling gale of mental anguish that rattles even seasoned soldiers.

Upon impact, the missile erupts not in fire and shrapnel, but in waves of maddening terror, viral Scrapcode, and hallucinatory horror pulses that ravage the minds of anyone within range. Unaugmented humans collapse screaming, clawing their eyes out. Even hardened warriors may find their grip on sanity slip as the world becomes a churning blur of their own worst nightmares.

Banestrike Rounds [200CP / Free for Alpha Legion & Black Legion]
Banestrike Rounds are a brutal testament to the Alpha Legion's philosophy: precision, purpose, and overwhelming effect. Developed far from the prying eyes of Terra, these shells were never meant for mass warfare—they were engineered for a single, traitorous purpose: to kill Astartes.

Each round is a surgical execution in metallic form, laced with core-rupturing penetrators and micro-detonators that blossom like poisoned thorns within ceramite. Fired from modified bolters, the Banestrike doesn't just pierce armor—it violates the sanctity of a transhuman frame, unraveling gene-forged muscle and igniting organs with calculated malice.

Hydra's Teeth [200CP / Free for Alpha Legion]
Every shell of Hydra's Teeth is a whisper of madness forged into a casing—etched with profane runes, oiled in sacrificial blood, and coiled with the promise of exquisite destruction.

Slick and volatile, each round pulses faintly with a mind of its own. . Once discharged, it doesn't merely follow a ballistic path—it seeks, bending unnaturally through alleyways, trenches, and barricades like a beast sniffing out fear. No barricade is safe. No concealment remains hidden. And when it finds you?
It bursts not with fire, but with agony—a choking, corroding vapor that clings to skin, seeps into lungs, and turns living beings into sludge-black smears across reality.

Hullbreaker Missile [200CP / Free for Iron Warriors]
Designed by bitter hands and deployed from gunmetal skies, the Hullbreaker Missile is a brutish miracle of siegecraft, favoured by the Iron Warriors' most ruthless pilots during the Great Crusade and Horus Heresy.

Each missile is packed with a grotesque excess of high-yield explosives, the kind that makes Tech-Priests wince and strategists smile grimly. The Hullbreaker just punch through armor rendering Land Raiders into scrap and fortress battlements into cascading ruin. Even void-hardened hulls and bastion-grade bunkers have been reduced to burning slag under its explosive wrath.

Brazen Skull [100 CP / Free for World Eaters]
Forged from the severed heads of vanquished foes and infused with the hellfire hatred of Khorne's own daemons. Each skull is a vessel of wrath, burning with unholy flames that sear both flesh and soul. When loaded into a rocket launcher or hurled from a vehicle-mounted weapon, the Brazen Skull streaks through the air like a comet of blood and fire, screaming with the voices of the damned. Upon impact, it erupts in an explosion of daemonic fury, incinerating armor and scattering the enemy into cinders and gore. Even the survivors of its blast are cursed, their blood boiling as Khorne's rage courses through their veins. Every detonation is not merely destruction—it is an offering, a fiery tribute that echoes the roar of the Blood God across the battlefield.

Asphyx Shells [100CP / Free for Thousand Sons]
Developed on Prospero to defend against the Psychneuein, Asphyx Shells are tainted with a psycho-reactive toxin; it affects anything with a mind, but any being that is active in the Warp (including both Daemons and the psychically aware) will succumb to this poison far more rapidly.

Bolts of Ecstatic Vexation [100CP / Free for Emperor's Children]
These strangely-shaped mass-reactive bolts don't contain explosive charges; instead, they release a deep red gas, and let loose a shrill howl when fired. Anyone who smells this gas is driven into a hallucinatory fugue state, their dreams and nightmares muddling together into a sensational smorgasboard which only time allows you to wake from; feeling pain in your dreams is very much possible under this effect. As long as even the smallest crack is open to the air, this gas will actively seek it out to reach for sane minds to twist.

Hellfire Rounds [100CP]
Hellfire Rounds were developed by the Imperium to fight the Tyranids, but they are useful enough that it's little surprise that the Heretic Astartes would seek to obtain them themselves. The core and tip of the bolt are replaced with a vial of mutagenic acid filled with thousands of needles that fire into the target upon the shattering of the vial. These tailored bio-corrosives dissolve biological matter from the inside out, and are especially useful on chitin such as that of the Tyranids.

Stalker Silenced Rounds [50CP]
These bolter rounds possess low sound signatures, and are intended for covert action and sniping. They utilize a solidified mercury slug, replacing the mass-reactive warhead for maximum lethality at subsonic projectile speeds. A gas cartridge replaces both the propellant base and main charge, for a far quieter method of firing.

"Imperial" Inferno Bolts [50CP]
Designed to ignite enemies and burn them to death from the inside, the dense core of the standard bolt is replaced with an oxy-phosphorous gel derived from promethium. Although designated as "Imperial", its usage is not restricted to the Imperium; many Space Marine Chapters have turned to Chaos in the days since the Horus Heresy, and have brought their armaments with them.

Chaos Inferno Bolts [50CP / Free to Thousand Sons]
Charged with fell Warp sorceries, these bolts explode with psychic energies upon piercing a target. In function, they are identical to bolts fired from an Inferno Bolter, and merely serve as a means to provide the same effect to regular Bolters; there is no benefit to using these rounds in conjunction with an Inferno Bolter.

Ulysses Bolts [50CP]
These bolts contain a tracking beacon; purchasing these bolts provides you with a hand-held tracking device to which they transmit their location, ensuring that no prey will ever be able to escape from you again.

Metal Storm Frag Rounds [50CP]
These bolts replace the mass-reactive cap of the bolt with a proximity detector, and the diamantine tip and metallic core are replaced with an increased charge and fragmentation casing. As a result, when they approach a target they will detonate to shower your enemy with shrapnel, utterly shredding groups of lightly-armored opponents. Although similar in function to those bolts fired from Shrapnel Bolters, they are somewhat less efficient, as they are fired from normal Bolters that haven't been designed from the ground up for the express purpose of delivering shrapnel.

Kraken Penetrator Rounds [100CP]
The normal dense metallic core of the bolt is replaced by solid adamantium, and a heavier main detonator charge and increased propellant are both added to the bolt. As a result, upon hitting a target, a second detonation goes off to blast the adamantium needle into the enemy at high velocity. As such, they are some of the premier armor-piercing rounds found amongst the Astartes, be they Loyalist or Heretic.

Bloodshard Shells [50CP]
Obtained from a Successor Chapter of the Blood Angels that turned rogue, these large rounds contain a payload of razor filament that shreds most forms of armor upon impact. Although designed to be fired only from the Angelus Pattern bolters, yours are perfectly compatible with any form of bolt weapon.

Dragonfire Bolts [100CP]
Did you loot these from Sternguard Veterans, or did you for some reason enter combat with the Deathwatch, despite their focus on xenos rather than Chaos? Regardless, you have obtained these hollow-shelled bolts that contain a volatile gas that is released in superheated form, only to explode a moment later. This violently combustible gas detonates powerfully enough to slaughter groups of lightly-armored foes all at once, and its gaseous nature means that it penetrates cover with ease.

Scorpius Bolts [100CP]
These specialized shells were hand-crafted by Techmarines of Loyalist and Traitor Legions alike during the Horus Heresy; they utilize a two-stage warhead with a micro-guidance system and a needle-like sabot dart, which vaporise upon striking an armored target. As a result, they possess nearly unparalleled armor penetrating abilities.

Shrapnel Bolts [50CP / Free to Iron Warriors]
Unlike the Shrapnel *Bolter*, which released flechettes before impact, the Shrapnel *Bolt* is specifically designed to be used with ordinary Bolters (well, Heavy Bolters, but yours works with any bolt weapon), and releases its flechettes upon impact with the target, spraying both the victim and everything nearby with shrapnel from the flechette cluster in the bolt.

Tempest Bolts [100CP]
The Dark Mechanicum would never accept that Mars could do anything better than they could; replicating Mars' signature Tempest Bolts was no easy task, but it was accomplished. These bolts seeth with voltaic wrath, and detonate in a burst of electrical energy that causes utter ruination against machines and electronic devices, destroying their every delicate system.

Implosion Rounds [200CP]
These are intended as an alternative to krak technology; the explosive core of the bolt is replaced with a minute quantity of antimatter, which creates a violently decompressing vacuum when exposed to matter. They still activate via teh mass-reactive core, which means they're embedded in the target before the implosion takes effect, collapsing the poor victim's body from the inside out.

Inertial Fusion Bolts [200CP]
A number of micro vacuum wells collapse upon the detonation of this bolt, resulting in violent implosion on whatever they penetrate. These wounds are particularly difficult to regenerate.

Thermic Penetrator Rounds [150CP]
Thermic acceleration causes these bolts to release at hyper-velocities that result in them hitting the target nearly instantaneously, with increased accuracy and superior armor-penetration capabilities.

Ferromag Shell [50CP]
Are you perhaps from an Imperial Fist Successor Chapter turned traitor? Or did you merely obtain it from the corpse of an Imperial Fist? Regardless, you now possess a collection of this shotgun ammunition; instead of firing a spread, it shoots a single charged shell that attaches to surfaces, then explodes with devastating impact.

Gatebreaker Bolts [100CP]
An Imperial Fist bolter round you have somehow obtained, they are designed for blasting open reinforced doors. They hold an unstable reservoir of the hyper-dense liquid known as theldrite. This substance launches forward and solidifies upon hitting a target, add the force of a battering ram and a Land Raider's worth of weight to the impact of the shell.

Hyper-Growth Bolts [100CP]
A favorite of the Creation Fabius Bile, these Bolter rounds contain the most unstable growth-inducing serums that he could concoct. Victims will rapidly explode into outgrowths of swelling flesh, rapidly becoming utterly deformed before the unholy serums of the Primogenitor.

Korvidari Bolts [50CP]
Taken from a fallen squad of the Raven Guard (or their Successor Chapters), these bolts are etched with raven-feather charms, and sport an abnormally long range. They have extra propellant for superior range and accuracy, and each bolt possesses a hyper-sensitive targeting and flight correction relay, allowing for astounding accuracy at terrific ranges.

Quake Bolts [50CP]
These bolts contain a warhead that emits a pulsed shock wave that not only damages those nearby, but pushes them back with concussive force.

Vortex Bolts [300CP]
Crafted before the Emperor ever began the Unification Wars, these rounds create miniature Warp portals within the target upon detonation. This not only inflicts catastrophic damage, but those who survive are driven mad by the creatures that pour in through the tear in reality.

Helfrost Bolts [50CP]
Did you get these from the Space Wolves? These bolts are tipped with Helfrost warheads, which hold a freezing payload that explodes inside of your victims due to the freezing glimmerfrost crystal that tips each bolt.

Haywire Bolts [100CP]
These bolts have implosive cores refined from Medusa's electro-conductive sagatellum ore; you must have killed one of the Iron Hands to obtain this, or perhaps come from one of their Successor Chapters that turned to Chaos? Regardless, these bolts release a blast that damages electronics and burns out cogitator circuitry, similar to an EMP blast.

Stormwrath Bolts [50CP]
Are you a traitor from one of the White Scars' Successor Chapters? These bolter rounds are otherwise unique to the White Scars and those descended from them. These acid-etched bolt shells possess a secret alchemical propellant formula, and their explosive cores are laced with fulgurite that strikes like a bolt of lightning when it hits a target.

Grenades

Smoke Grenades [Free]
These canisters release thick clouds of obscuring smoke to cloud vision in an area, allowing you to tactically hide your movements from enemy observation.

Astartes Anti-Plant Grenades [50CP]
These grenades are filled with a volatile mix of toxins, viral agents, defoliants, and anti-fungal chemicals that utterly devastated flora, reducing even the most voracious Death World murder-tree to a pile of foul-smelling muck in a matter of minutes. They are commonly used to clear landing zones and travel through heavily-forested regions that would be impassable to normal vehicles—and for some worlds, too dangerous for even a Space Marine to simply try to brute-force a path through.

Photon Flash Flare [50CP]
These grenades emit a blinding burst of light, like a second sun blooming on the battlefield. However, because Space Marine eyes rapidly adjust to changing levels of light, Astartes are able to fight normally despite the otherwise-blinding flash, allowing them to utilize it for an advantage in close-range combat against almost anything other than another Space Marine.

Frag Grenade [100CP]
One of the most widespread forms of grenade in use by any faction of humanity, the Frag Grenade detonates to release thousands of shards of metal at incredible speeds, utterly shredding anything in its vicinity and maiming anything that survives.

Krak Grenade [100CP]
Where the Frag Grenade is focused on killing many enemies at once, the Krak Grenade focuses on a single target, having only half the radius of its cousin. This targeted explosion is more powerful, designed to “crack” open vehicles.

Venom Sphere [200CP / Free for Alpha Legion]
Small, smooth, and innocuous—until thrown. The Venom Sphere is an instrument of grotesque finality masked in simplicity. Once armed, it releases a shriek too high for human ears, followed by a burst that is anything but silent. What erupts is razor-thin crystalline splinters soaked in an engineered toxin that bonds instantly with organic tissue. Victims inhale agony. Muscles seize. Blood thickens into tar. Even brief contact leads to spasms, seizures, and a twitching, twitching silence.The crystalline payload is rumored to have been harvested from a long-extinct xeno species whose natural defenses were too exquisite not to weaponize.

Blight Grenade [200CP / Free for Death Guard]
Also known as the Death-Heads of Nurgle, these grenades are filled to bloating with plague and infection; upon detonation it produces a cloud of shrapnel that almost intelligently seeks out gaps and chinks in armor to seep through, causing the flesh of those within to slough away, even as it fills the air with blinding spores. All the while, the victim is alive, even as they are rendered helpless in their own body, up until the very end. When they aren't outright created from the heads of once-living people, they are designed in the shape of skulls.

Melta Bomb [200CP]
Not technically a grenade, this device is typically affixed to its target before detonation. It can be exploded remotely, or you can set a timer on it for up to an hour. They are used either to destroy vehicles, or to burst through walls, buildings, and other heavily-armored targets.

Rad Grenade [200CP]
This grenade detonates to release a shower of fragmented metal, each shard of which is imbued with a terribly dangerous form of radiation. The radiation itself has only a millisecond half-life, ensuring that the user of this deadly weapon can safely close the distance to melee range without worrying about radiation; however, it is just long enough to inflict deadly radiation poisoning on the victims of this grenade, which does not rely on continued radioactive material to cause degenerative and often-lethal ailments on those exposed to it.

Cluster Mine[200CP]
Favored by Chaos Space Marines from Chapters that abandoned the Imperium of Man later in its history, these mines hold clusters of tiny anti-personnel grenades. Activated by tripwires or pressure sensors, they are used to lay traps for enemies and devastate supply chains—the sheer number of grenades means that they are useful against even vehicles, despite being designed for anti-personnel purposes.



Other General Items

Photon Beam Searchlight [100 CP]
The Photon Beam Searchlight is a compact but immensely powerful illumination device, capable of projecting searing bursts of light intense enough to dazzle or temporarily blind unprotected targets. By overdriving its magnesium-phosphor core, the beam can cut through smoke, darkness, or even light-obscuring warp phenomena, making it invaluable for revealing hidden foes or disorienting ambushers.

Warp-Eye Auspex [100 CP]
A profane parody of Imperial scanning technology, the Warp-Eye Auspex has been corrupted until it no longer merely detects energy emissions—it feels for the psychic scars left on reality. Its display flickers with runes in a language not meant for mortal comprehension, and the device occasionally whispers the locations of “things best left unseen.”

Instead of simply spotting heat or radiation, the Warp-Eye senses the soul-flame of living beings, the stench of fear, and the faint echoes of entities phasing in from the Immaterium. It is especially attuned to detecting the tell-tale distortions caused by incoming teleporters, drop pods, or daemonic manifestations.

Augury Scanner [100 CP]
A compact, advanced energy-detection unit designed to give its wielder a decisive edge in anticipating enemy movements. With a sweep of its sensors, the augury scanner can detect concealed enemy forces, pick up the tell-tale signatures of approaching troops, and even warn of teleportation or drop-pod incursions before they occur.

Warp-Eye Omniscope [100 CP]
A blasphemous twist on the loyalist Omniscope, this device has been corrupted by the Eye of Terror’s influence until it has grown almost alive. The Warp-Eye’s lenses twitch and dilate like a predator’s pupil, whispering in the user’s mind about movements they shouldn’t be able to detect. It predicts where prey will move before they’ve even thought of it, as if the scope is peering a few heartbeats into possible futures.

Unfortunately—or delightfully, depending on your sense of humor—it sometimes whispers things you shouldn't shoot at… like allies, civilians, or that one daemon who "looks at you funny."

Soul-Ripper [100 CP]
This vile relic masquerades as a grotesque parody of the loyalist Carnifex, its frame forged from blackened daemon-bone and bound in chains etched with runes of unmaking. Instead of delivering a clean and merciful death, the Soul-Ripper drives a jagged, Warp-infused spike into the victim's skull, bypassing mere flesh to hook into the spirit itself.

Once triggered, the spike tears the soul free in a burst of balefire, feeding it directly into the Warp—or to whatever daemonic patron the wielder serves. The body is left a shriveled husk, the brain charred from the inside, with a faint echo of the victim's last scream still hanging in the air.

Warpflare Lanterns [100 CP]
Born from the unholy fusion of grav-plate technology and warp-fed chem-light alchemy, these corrupted grav-flares hang in the air like baleful stars, suspended unnaturally no matter how the wind rages. When fired from their launcher, they ascend on a sputtering rocket trail of shimmering, wrong-colored flame before locking into an eerie stillness high above the battlefield.

Unlike the loyalist versions their "light" bleeds into the minds of all beneath them. Colors shift in impossible spectrums—crimson that smells of copper, gold that tastes of incense, green that hums discordant choirs—and enemy troops find their senses subtly warped: distances seem wrong, shadows crawl, and every glint of movement might be an ambush.

Beyond their psychological havoc, each flare burns for an unnervingly long time—up to an entire day—and their grav-suspension means they can drift across the battlefield in defiance of normal winds, often choosing ominous positions of their own accord.

In future worlds, these flares can be tuned for different effects:

Khorne-flare: Stirs bloodlust in all who see it, friend and foe alike.

Nurgle-flare: Sheds spores instead of light, seeding disease far below.

Tzeentch-flare: Scrambles navigation systems and makes maps useless.

Slaanesh-flare: Projects alluring mirages that draw prey into ambushes.

Warp-Snare Omni-Scrambler [200 CP]
A foul parody of the loyalist Omni-Scrambler,crafted by the Dark Mechanicum, its runed casing hums with whispers from bound data-daemons, each eager to sink their claws into enemy vox traffic, sensor pings, and targeting feeds.

When activated, the enemy units hear orders they *never received*, see false images of phantom allies or foes, and are guided into kill-zones they think are safe. The effect grows worse the longer the device is active, as reality itself starts to “misremember” which orders were real.

Warpweave Shroud [200 CP]
These blasphemous tarpaulins are woven from the hair of daemonhosts and threads spun from crystallized Warp-lightning. At first glance, they behave like loyalist cameleoline—shifting colors to match their surroundings—but the Warpweave goes much further A five-by-five metre sheet can hide anything from a lone cultist to a warband’s forward base, but under its cover, those inside often hear muffled whispers or glimpse fleeting shapes that aren’t really there… probably.

Warp-Flesh Reliquary [200 CP]
A warped and blasphemous counterpart to the Cryo-Box, the Warp-Flesh Reliquary is a compact, rune-etched stasis vault that hums with a steady, unnatural heartbeat. Crafted from a blend of wraithbone, daemon bone, and corrupted ceramite, it preserves biological material—not through sterile refrigeration, but by suspending it in a pocket of frozen, whispering Warp-space.

Anything placed inside—gene-seed, tissue, blood, entire organs, even whole severed heads—remains perfectly viable for eternity, no matter how many centuries pass or how alien the environment. Each piece of genetic matter is tagged with psychic echoes of its owner’s last moments. A skilled sorcerer can

draw on these imprints to learn skills, knowledge, or secrets from the dead… at the cost of letting their lingering soul-fragments brush against your mind.

In future worlds, this device can preserve any genetic or biological material indefinitely, regardless of origin—even alien DNA, daemon ichor, or extinct species—making it invaluable to heretics, biomancers, and mad scientists alike.

Binder Fungus [200 CP]
A grotesque bio-weapon birthed in the blasphemous gardens of the Dark Mechanicum and nurtured by the blessings of the Dark Gods. When sown upon fertile soil, this unnatural fungus blossoms into sprawling Chaos runes and symbols, their very shapes seething with warp-taint. The corruption is not merely decorative—its growth spreads madness, weakens the will, and marks the land as a dominion of the Ruinous Powers.

Warp-Scream Beacon [200 CP]
A blasphemous mockery of the Imperial Jamming Beacon, this daemon-warped device doesn't just spit out crude electromagnetic interference—it vomits raw, reality-distorting signals ripped from the screaming echoes of the Immaterium. Instead of merely scrambling comms, the Warp-Scream Beacon floods enemy augurs, auspexes, and navigation systems with howling, impossible data: coordinates that shift every heartbeat, phantom pings of non-existent armies, and the psychic impression of something huge, hungry, and right behind them. Enemy reserves find their routes twisting into dead ends, their reinforcements arriving hopelessly off-course—or worse, delivered straight into daemon-held kill zones. Prolonged exposure risks madness in mortal crews and system failure in even the most hardened machine spirits, as the beacon's influence bleeds through into their minds. Unlike its loyalist cousin, this chaos-born relic can function even in the deepest void or most warded fortress, its signal carried on whispers from beyond the veil.

Mechatendril [200 CP/10 free for Soulforged Pack]
A blasphemous counterpart to the loyalist Techmarine's servo-harness, the Mechatendril is a writhing cluster of warp-tainted mechanical tentacles grafted into the spine and armour of a Chaos Warpsmith. Each tendril is tipped with tools, weapons, or cruel implements—welding torches that burn with unnatural flame, clawed manipulators for brutal repairs or vivisection, and arcane interfaces for coaxing machine-spirits into obedience… or madness. You can buy this tendril multiple times.

Servo-Arm [400 CP / Two Free for Soulforged Pack]
A Servo-Arm is a powerful mechanized appendage mounted to a backpack frame or integrated harness, most often wielded by Techmarines and other machine-masters. Built from dense adamantium and powered by industrial-grade servos, it is capable of feats of immense strength—lifting or shifting the bulk of entire battle tanks with ease—yet also possesses the precision to perform delicate mechanical work, repairing damaged systems or replacing intricate components in the chaos of battle.

When turned to combat, the Servo-Arm becomes a brutal weapon, able to crush armor plating, tear through bulkheads, or pulverize foes in a single strike. Its reach and mechanical power make it both a versatile battlefield tool and a fearsome deterrent in melee.

This upgrade may be purchased multiple times.

Pesthecium [400 CP/Discount for Death Guard]
A foul parody of the Apothecarion's noble Narthecium, the Pesthecium is the plague-warped field kit of a Chaos Plague Apothecary, blessed by the Garden of Nurgle itself. Instead of sterile tools and clean medicae gear, its compartments brim with rusted needles, bone drills crusted with verdigris, and vials of virulent plague cultures writhing like living things. The saw-disc and apothecarion drill are still here—but they hum with the song of rot, able to cut through armor with unnatural ease as flies swarm from the wound.

The Pesthecium's main use is not healing—it is conversion. Its injections don't just close wounds; they flood the victim's bloodstream with warp-borne contagions that warp flesh into resilient, disease-bloated vitality. To the faithful,

this is a “blessing” that allows them to keep fighting through mortal injuries, their pain drowned in euphoric rot. To enemies… well, a few minutes after the “treatment,” they’re either dead, or shambling forward as plague-thralls, their souls bubbling away into Papa Nurgle’s embrace.

Warpveil Hood [400 CP/ Psyker Only]
A Warpveil Hood is an arcane psychic defense apparatus, designed to shield the wearer’s mind from hostile warp intrusion. Rising from the backplate of the user’s armor, the hood contains a lattice of impossibly aligned psycho-reactive crystals and sigil-etched conductor filaments. When active, the Warpveil projects a rippling barrier of null-ward energies that can blunt, deflect, or unravel enemy psychic powers before they can reach the wearer.

While formidable, the device is not infallible—sufficiently potent psykers, sudden warp surges, or attacks from entities beyond conventional comprehension can still breach its defenses. The hood’s protection extends only to the wearer, though with precise focus it can be used to shelter allies in close proximity.

Teleport Homer [400 CP]
An ancient and precise piece of battlefield technology, the Teleport Homer emits a powerful, stable signal that can be locked onto by Terminator Armour suits or other teleport-capable units. This allows them to arrive on the battlefield with pinpoint accuracy—no scattering, no misplacement, just a perfect insertion exactly where you need them.

Naturally, the device must be physically carried into position, often deep into hostile territory. That means the bearer is essentially painting a massive “drop here” sign right on their location—making it as dangerous as it is valuable.

Infiltriol Enamel [400 CP]
Originally brewed up by the oh-so-clever Magos Genetus Iyrzek for the Achilus Crusade, Infiltriol is a delightfully sneaky concoction made from the pheromones of Tyranid gaunts—basically Eau de Bug, if “perfume” meant “don’t get eaten.” This enamel, painted over an environmentally sealed suit like Astartes power armour, tricks the chem-sensing noses of any Hive Fleet into thinking you’re just another part of the swarm. That means you can stroll right through a writhing sea of chitin and claws without raising a single mandible… at least until you blunder

too close to one of the smarter beasties, like a synapse creature, or some suspicious vanguard organism with extra brain wrinkles.In future worlds, with enough cunning and maybe a little warp magic, you could brew up custom blends for any swarm like entity so that you meet.

Rosarius [400 CP]
The Rosarius is a revered protective device, often crafted as an ornate amulet, pendant, or clasp, set with sacred iconography—wings, crosses, or gemstones signifying devotion and authority. Within its beautiful exterior lies a compact but potent conversion field generator, capable of surrounding the bearer in a shimmering, invisible barrier that flares with blinding light upon intercepting hostile fire.

When activated, the Rosarius can deflect or completely negate attacks that would fell even the most heavily armored warriors, its field capable of turning aside high-caliber rounds, lasbursts, and even the incandescent fury of plasma weapons This force field can only sustain continuous hits for 12 seconds or one life threatening hit for once a day.

Accursed Idol [400 CP]
An unholy talisman radiating the spite of the Warp itself. Any foe who dares strike at you—whether with blade, bullet, or bare hands—will find their aggression repaid in kind. Wounds blossom on their flesh, their strength falters, and unseen agony courses through their body, as if the gods themselves punish their insolence. This idol will protect you from one fatal attack once per jump .

Dark Halo [400 CP/Free for Chaos Lord]
A relic of fell craftsmanship, the Dark Halo is the blasphemous twin of the loyalist Iron Halo. When its profane circuits awaken, a shield of swirling, warp-touched energy surrounds the bearer, deflecting blows, absorbing gunfire, and twisting reality itself to spare its master from harm. The shimmering with daemonic faces and whispers that mock incoming attacks. Loyalist weapons falter, the air warps, and even lascannon beams shatter harmlessly upon its unholy veil.

Dimensional Key [400 CP]
Fashioned from the bleached thighbones of fallen Daemon Princes, these relics hum with the echoes of damnation. When driven into the flesh of a dying warrior, the Dimensional Key tears a wound in reality itself, prying open the veil between realspace and the Warp. The breach spews forth a gale of roiling, blasphemous energy, staggering and disorienting all mortals not sworn to Chaos. More than a weapon, the Key is a guide—those within its influence can be drawn through the breach, traversing the Immaterium to emerge in another place entirely. To use it is to risk the attention of the horrors that dwell within… but such dangers are a small price for unfettered passage.

Castellax-Achea Class Robot [400 CP/Optional discount for Thousand Sons]
This variety of the Castellax class robot is modified to be piloted by a psyker's powers; rather than cybernetic brains or cognis-wafer blocks, this model instead uses a psi-sensitive crystal matrix made by the Thousand-Sons-aligned hereteks of Zhao-Arkhad, letting them be piloted like puppets far more seamlessly than the usual control methods of the Legio Cybernetica.

They possess a pair of Power Claws for melee weaponry, and for ranged assaults they utilize either a shoulder-mounted Mauler Bolt Cannon (resembling a Heavy Bolter scaled up to even greater size) or a shoulder-mounted Æther Flame Cannon, which lets loose great streams of etheric flame in terrible arcs.

Either the Castellax-Achea Class Robot *or* the Sekhetar Robot is discounted to a member of the Thousand Sons, but not both.

Sekhetar Robot [600 CP/Optional discount for Thousand Sons]
Although originating from the Castellax-Achea Battle Automata, the design of the Sekhetar Robot is far more lithe and mobile, personalized to the image of the ancient spirits of Prospero and imbued with even greater sorcerous might suitable for a war machine so emblematic of the sons of Magnus. They are saturated in runes of illusion and misdirection, and threaded with prophetic spells allowing them to foresee attacks. Although of great size, they are made for stealth, and magical shrouds hide their true nature from all but the most advanced of augurs. They are the most widespread attempt on the part of the Thousand Sons to replace their lost organic warriors, and their arms are

equipped with two of Heavy Warpflamers, Pyreflux Meltaguns, or Power Claws, while a pair of arches rise over its shoulders containing a set of Hellfyre Missiles.

Either the Sekhetar Robot *or* the Castellax-Achea Class Robot is discounted to a member of the Thousand Sons, but not both.

Circle of Iron [600 CP/Discount for Iron Warrior]
From iron, cometh strength. This is a set of six Battle-Automata of the Domitar-Ferrum class, similar in make to the ones that once formed Perturabo's shield breakers and honor guard known as the Iron Circle, mighty machines capable of overwhelming even Space Marines in combat. Like the Iron Circle, your Battle-Automata are telepathically connected to you; they possess no consciousness, but will receive whatever orders you think at them and will follow commands without hesitation–such mindless and absolute loyalty suited Perturabo after the failure of the Tyranthikos that once served as his honor guard.

They are equipped with Karceri Battle Shields, which emit a power field for increased defensive ability (one that increases in power the more Karceri Battle Shields are present), a long-handled Graviton Maul, and a shoulder-mounted Olympia Bolt Cannon.

The Twin [600CP]
Through the twisted genius of Fabius Bile, you have gained an exact duplicate of yourself, a twin who mirrors your every ability. This twin possesses a complete copy of all perks you currently hold though only as half as powerful, and in future worlds, they will automatically acquire any new perks you gain. They act not as a mere companion but as an extension of yourself, fully synchronized with your capabilities and purpose.

Should your twin fall in battle, they are drawn back to life, and once they have exhausted any “extra lives” or regenerative perks they have copied from you. They will be resurrected at the start of the next jump. This unique bond ensures that, no matter what, your twin is always by your side, sharing in every conquest and challenge, effectively doubling your presence—and your power—on any battlefield.

Jump Pack [600 CP/Free for Host Raptorial]
A roaring engine of ancient, near-forgotten Standard Template Construct design, the Jump Pack is a back-mounted marvel of brute force and savage mobility. Twin turbines or daemonic jet-vents tear the air asunder, lifting even a fully-armoured warrior of Chaos into the sky. Vents draw in air to feed the engines, while the pack's own fuel supply—augmented by warp-forged energy coils—unleashes enough thrust to propel a power-armoured giant in great, bounding arcs over the battlefield.

A standard pack can deliver a dozen powerful leaps before requiring refueling or replacement, but some hereteks have bound daemons within the turbines to remove such petty limitations—at the cost of the user's sanity.

Skull Mask of Ang'grath [600 CP]
A rare and dreaded artefact, the Skull Mask of Ang'grath is said to be forged in the likeness of the Lord of All Bloodthirsters himself. Each one radiates a palpable aura of rage and slaughter, its hollow eyes burning with the reflection of endless battlefields.

When worn, the mask grants its bearer a fraction of the Daemon Lord's own unmatched combat skill. For those marked by Khorne, this power intensifies into a terrifying, unstoppable frenzy—turning them into a whirling maelstrom of steel, gore, and destruction. Every strike becomes swifter, every blow heavier, and hesitation is utterly erased, replaced with the unyielding drive to kill until nothing remains standing.

Companions:

Companions in Chaos [50 CP]:
You may import companions into the jump to accompany you; each is 50 CP, although you can get a batch of 8 for only 300 CP. You may alternatively create new companions, if you so desire. Each companion receives an origin and 600 CP with which to purchase perks and items. They may not take drawbacks, but you can give them more points by spending 100 CP to grant them 200 CP to spend how they desire.

New Recruits [50 CP]:
If you encounter anyone you'd like to bring with you, and can convince them to accompany you, you may take them with you on your chain as a companion; should they have features or powers that are normally depending upon traits in this setting specifically in order to function (such as powers that draw upon the Warp), they will be backed by fiat to function in future settings.

Scenarios

Some scenarios may have a value of points assigned to them; you receive these points before beginning the scenario, as they may be necessary in order to complete the scenario in the first place. Should you fail the scenario, you will forfeit all the purchases you made with the CP the scenario provided. Taking a scenario will extend the duration of your stay in this world until you either succeed, fail, or give up.

Finishing the Game [Incompatible with Chaos Undivided Origin]:
Your chosen Chaos God has decided that it is finally time to achieve supremacy over its fellows, and that it is time to more directly wage war. Although they themselves will not take to the battlefield unless absolutely necessary, you have been sent as part of the armies that will be invading the realm of one of the other gods. You will achieve victory in this scenario by slaying the Chaos God of that realm.

This scenario may be taken up to three times, for each of the other gods of the Warp. If taken with the scenario The Traitor, then your chosen Chaos God is instead called upon to aid the god you betrayed, and you will have to kill both of them.

> **Rewards:**
> Each time you defeat a Chaos God, you will be provided with a Greater Daemon of your faction, who will evolve into minor Chaos God to serve as your companion by absorbing some of the powers of the god you defeated, giving them might far in excess of what any meagre Exalted Greater Daemon could hope to achieve. You will additionally receive 2000 favour Points to be spent on the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Legion Supplement.

The Final Black Crusade [Exclusive to Chaos Undivided Origin]:
The Chaos Gods have long yearned to rule over the realm of mortals; the Immaterium is shaped by events, thoughts, and feelings from the material world, and by having control over it, the Chaos Gods will thus have greater control over the Warp itself—to say nothing of the sacrifices they would receive and the worship they would gather. And the Despoiler has done well enough in his attempts to plunge the galaxy into Chaos—but the Chaos Gods are fickle, and believe that Abaddon has failed to follow through after creating the Great Rift, and as such have tasked you with leading the forces of Chaos towards ultimate victory in this galaxy.

This scenario is considered complete once there is no longer any interstellar force in the galaxy capable of resisting your rule. Should you take The Traitor scenario, you are still required to conquer the galaxy, but will not have assistance from the Black Crusade.

Rewards:
Upon conquering the galaxy, you will be rewarded with 5000 favour Points to be spent on the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Legion Supplement represents your honor guard.

If you also took The Traitor scenario, then you will receive the entire galaxy featured in Warhammer 40K as an attachment to your Warehouse, as well as gaining a warband as your favored personal forces, obtaining all of the following, without needing to fulfill the normal requirements of these supplements:

- Gain for 400 Favor for the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Space Fleet Supplement.
- Gain 1,000 Favor in the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Knights Supplement.
- Gain 4,000 Favor in the Warhammer 40K Army Supplement: The Daemon Legion.
- Gain 10,000 Favor in the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Cult Supplement.

Drawbacks

Carry On [0 CP]:
It is entirely possible that you have been to the universe of Warhammer 40k before. If you have, you may, instead of going to an entirely new instance of this galaxy, go to one of the same ones you have been to before, maintaining whatever changes you may have made to the setting. No matter what you do, you will be entirely incapable of interacting with your past self from the previous jump(s). Should you have somehow fundamentally changed the nature of Chaos, or changed the lineup of the Chaos Gods, then you will still pick your origin and perks as normal, but may opt to be connected to the closest approximate to whatever deity you chose instead of the exact Chaos God that is described in your origin.

Horus Heresy [0 CP]:
Rather than starting in the 41st Millennium, you begin in the 31st, soon before the opening blows of Horus's rebellion against the Imperium of Man. Should any drawbacks mention people or threats that would occur in the future, you will still be faced with those dangers; the Warp distorts time, so things from the future or past appearing where they don't belong are not unheard of.

What is Canon, Anyways? [0 CP]:
Did you know that the state of the Necrons in the modern day used to be as all-but-mindless automatons that loyally served the C'tan, and it was only later changed to make them into rebels against their C'tan who operated in a system of dynasties, with individual personalities? Did you know that the original 40k rulebook didn't even include the forces of Chaos? Did you know it used to be possible for Space Marines to be half-eldar?

Sometimes entire chapters have been wiped out to the last man, only to be alive and active in a book published only a year or two later. Sometimes authors decide that the Eldar worship Slaanesh, despite how doing so should result in an Eldar's soul being instantly consumed. Sometimes characters are killed, then re-written as not dead. Sometimes the Imperium's Emperor is a well-meaning man pushed to extremism by a cruel galaxy, and sometimes he makes the most horrific tyrants and war criminals in history look like kindly moderates.

The rules and facts that make up accepted canon of the universe of Warhammer 40k have been changed many times over the 10 editions there've been of the game, and writers don't always consult one another before deciding on new details, resulting in contradictory information. Not knowing what's "real" would naturally not let you know what to do in the jump, so you may decide which debatable aspects of "canon" are true, and which are not. Somehow, this never makes the setting any safer.

Renegades and Traitors [0 CP]:
Although the Traitor Legions are certainly the most well-known of those Astartes who have turned against the Imperium, they are far from the only ones. Chaos is, after all, most corruptive, and has long worked its whiles on the Loyalist Space Marines, turning chapter after chapter of Imperium dogs into devoted followers of the Dark Gods.

You may, at your discretion, opt to have originated from any of the chapters of loyalist or once-loyalist Space Marines, rather than being a member of the original Traitor Legions; you have since abandoned your chapter and joined a warband. You must still select a Legion Origin from Chaos that will serve as the source of your discounts, and represents which one you most closely identify with.

Warhammer 50,000 [+100 CP]:
Chaos has existed for a long time, and will surely exist for far longer. And that's without taking into account the twisted progression of time within the Warp, where years can take days and seconds can take hours. You will remain in this setting for an additional 2,000 years for each time you take this drawback, for a maximum of 10,000 years. Time in this oft-timeless place is determined by your subjective experience of its passing.

Touch of Kharneth [+100 CP]:
The influence of the Blood God upon your life has ensured that you will never forget the sweet feeling of blood upon your flesh. Whenever you do not have some measure of blood on your skin (or hide, or fur, or whathaveyou), you will feel itchy, dry, and uncomfortable. When on your body it will not crust, dry, or cool down, and you are incapable of feeling comfortable in your own skin unless you are smeared with blood.

Touch of Nurgleth [+100 CP]:
The influence of the Plaguefather upon your life has marked you as a source of illness and unpleasantness. You have a spectacularly foul odor, resembling a wretched mix of rotting flesh, disgusting bodily fluids, and decaying offal. It will never be so foul as to incapacitate or actually harm others, but all but other minions of Nurgle will find you utterly unpleasant to be around. And even they won't be able to stand your reek for long periods of time.

Touch of Tzeeneth [+100 CP]:
The influence of the Changer of Ways upon your life guarantees that you will never be able to trust others again. Oh, you may believe them to be telling the truth, and may even think that they aren't *intentionally* trying to mislead you, but you now see plots and schemes in everything. Even if someone is telling the truth and wishes you no harm, you may still believe them to be influenced by some greater intellect that wishes you act against you. People are either scheming against you, are the minions of those who scheme, or are the unwitting pawns of those selfsame plotters.

Touch of Slaaneth [+100 CP]:
The influence of She Who Thirsts upon your life has twisted your mind in unwholesome directions. It's like everything is filtered through a lens of perversion for you; you desire lewd things, and see sexual undertones in everything other people say or do. You may be aware that they aren't intentional, but you'll see them nonetheless.

Hated in the Eyes of Khorne [+100 CP]:
Your ability to produce violence is highly curtailed, and you have earned Khorne's disfavor. Any perks you possess from other jumps that directly improve your skill in combat, or that provide you with combat-based abilities, will fail to function.

Pitied in the Eyes of Nurgle [+100 CP]:
Your ability to resist plague is stricken from you, and you have drawn the attention of Nurgle. Any perks you possess from other jumps that provide you with protections against disease, parasites, poisons, or acids, or that ensure your cleanliness and attractiveness, will fail to function.

Mocked in the Eyes of Tzeentch [+100 CP]:
Your ability to use magic is lost to you, and you have garnered the distaste of Tzeentch. Any perks you possess from other jumps that provide you with magic, or a sufficiently magic-like power such as psychic abilities, will fail to function.

Loathed in the Eyes of Slaanesh [+100 CP]:
Your ability to perform lewdity is reduced, and you have become an unseemly blight in the opinion of Slaanesh. Any perks you possess that allow you to seduce people, charm them, or utilize charisma beyond what you naturally possess, will fail to function.

Blood for the Blood God [+200 CP]:
You believe in the cause of Khorne. It is hard for you to feel joy outside of battle, and it is only when taking life that you feel actually complete. Bloodshed calls to you, and the desire to perpetuate violence is something that is ever-present. But it isn't enough for you simply to kill–no, you must drive others to commit acts of violence as well, spreading the endless war that the Lord of Skulls so greatly desires.

Call of Contagion [+200 CP]:
You believe in the cause of Nurgle. You believe that true happiness can only be found through succumbing to disease, and that it is only through eternal decay that sentient life will be able to endure the horrors that are to come, in some shape or form. You will wholeheartedly infect and infest others with sickness and parasites, seeking to spread plague throughout the galaxy.

Intricate Intrigues [+200 CP]:
You believe in the cause of Tzeentch. There are plans and schemes that have been laid out for millions of years–perhaps longer, in the strange timeflow of the Warp–and you have devoted yourself to furthering the goals of Tzeentch. Unfortunately, Tzeentch's plots, although always aimed at furthering their goals, often oppose one another, fur such is the way of the Father of Lies and Deception. You will invest your entire time here to furthering the strange plots and schemes that the Changer of Ways has concocted, regardless of the consequences.

Endless Excess [+200 CP]:
You believe in the cause of Slaanesh. The greatest pursuit in life is doing what you enjoy, and then taking that thing to its furthest possible extent–and then going beyond that. It isn't enough for you to simply take a drug, you must take multiple. It isn't enough for you to simply eat good food, you must glut yourself. It isn't enough to simply enjoy a pleasurable activity, you must do so in excess. This will consume a great deal of time, and eventually you will find your current levels of excess become unfulfilling. So you will need to go to further extremes, again and again and again, ever in pursuit of satisfaction that never fully comes.

Powerful PDF [+200 CP]:
The Planetary Defense Force is the first line of defense for most planets, but in many cases simply enacts a desperate holding measure to last until more powerful Imperial forces can arrive. But now, it seems that whenever you face the PDF, they are better trained, better armed, and better prepared than all but the most exalted regiments of the Astra Militarum, capable of holding the line against the average daemon army more than long enough for reinforcements to support them.

Furthermore, the Imperium's response time to chaos threats against it is vastly improved.

Malicious [+400 CP]:
You are a devoted servant of Malice–but not secretly, as you were before. No, you have engaged in open rebellion against the Chaos God you chose as your origin–and due to the widespread hatred of Malice, word has spread to the servants of the other Dark Gods, as well. You might not be actively hunted, but any force of chaos not similarly in league with Malice will seek to kill you on sight.

Debtor to the Soul Forge [+400 CP]:
You owe a debt to Vashtorr, and he demands you pay up. The mortal souls of those you kill will all be stolen by the Soul Forge, and you will not be able to leave the jump until you have given them at least a billion mortal souls (be it from directly killing mortals or obtaining the souls in another manner, such as tithing the souls collected by your subordinates).

Skulls for the Skull Throne [+400 CP]:
You need to gather skulls for Khorne, so there's no reason to waste time with ranged attacks; each hour you have a quota to meet, requiring you to claim 8 skulls to offer to the Skull Throne, or the chain will end. Furthermore, you find that you are entirely incapable of attacking an enemy unless it is in melee combat.

Fly Lord's Favorite [+400 CP]:
Disease is the chosen weapon of Nurgle, and you find that you are incapable of killing with anything else. No matter what means you use, you will find that absolutely no one can be killed by your hands by any means, unless they die of disease, poison, parasites, contagion, viruses, or some other form of sickness. Furthermore, you (or your subordinates) are required to spread Nurgle's love; each year you need to infect 7,000,000 mortal souls with disease. Or the chain will end.

Dictates of the Lord of Sorcery [+400 CP]:
Tzeentch is god of many things, but one of the most notable is magic. You find yourself unable to fight or directly harm other people, unless you do so via the means of magic, psychic power, or some similar magic-like system. Furthermore, you must also serve the obscure schemes of your master, interfering in the success of other daemons; you will need to prevent 900,000 mortal souls from being claimed by other daemons, be it through direct intervention or through your schemes and underlings, or your chain ends.

Entertaining the Dark Prince [+400 CP]:
In the lives of the worshippers of Slaanesh, it is important to take pursuits to their greatest extremes–including skill in combat. You find that you are only able to defeat enemies in combat if your battle goes perfectly in your favor. If you duel someone and they can't land a blow on you, you can kill them just fine; but if they so much as leave a scratch on you, you will never be able to win in that engagement. You will need assistance, or you'll need to flee and return at a later date. To prove that you have this prowess, you will need to demonstrate it in battle; you need to personally win 600 Duels at minimum every year or your chain ends.

Well-Known [+400 CP]:
It seems that your name has spread. Information about you and your powers is widely available (well, insofar as ANY information about daemons is “widely available”), and your enemies will often have counters to your most frequently used powers and tactics. Furthermore, a number of tomes of Chaos feature instructions on how to summon you, and you can expect to be summoned on at least a monthly matter to perform some task for some cultist who figured out how to bind you. You will only ever be given a single task, and it will never be something that will take longer than a month to perform, but it will happen often.

Rage of the Ruinous Powers [+400 CP]:
Select one of the Chaos Gods. This deity now personally considers you an enemy, and all of their followers will echo this feeling. Expect common attacks; the god themselves will be unwilling to leave their home to assault you, but their forces will harass you and yours with great frequency. You can expect to fight their Greater Daemons on a frequent basis. Even should you kill the god they originate from, the daemons and minions that once served them will continue to attack you, spawning from the Warp itself in lieu of a god creating them.

You may take this multiple times, once for each of the Dark Gods.

The Incorruptible [+400 CP]:
It seems that you have earned the attention of Kaldor Draigo, and he has managed to direct the war machine of the Grey Knights against you despite being locked in the Warp. Kaldor Draigo has been trapped in the Warp for an age, yet has never even begun to succumb to corruption; thousands upon thousands of daemons fell to his *Titansword* before they decided he was best left alone. He tore down the walls of the Inevitable City, and set fire to the Garden of Nurgle. He has slain a number of Greater Daemons without any form of assistance, and is a strong contender for the position of being the mightiest Space Marine to have ever lived.

As for the Grey Knights, they are all psykers of remarkable potency, and are put through training that shames even the harshest trials of any Chapter of Astartes.

All to create warriors who exist solely to fight against the daemonic threat, who can never fall to corruption or possession from the daemon.
And now, they raise high the banner of war once more, and come for you. They possess the means to inflict upon you True Death, and no matter how many you kill, there always seems to be more. Kaldor Draigo in particular will somehow survive any attempts you make to kill him, and will endure in this manner until your last year in this setting, when you might at last be able to end his life for good.

Daemonic Purity [+600 CP]:
All a servant of chaos needs in this universe is their patron and the powers they provide. You have lost access to all of your out-of-jump perks, powers, and items, and your companions have been similarly curtailed.

If you have Hated in the Eyes of Khorne, Pitied in the Eyes of Nurgle, Mocked in the Eyes of Tzeentch, or Loathed in the Eyes of Slaanesh, then you wil also lose access to any perks listed in that drawback that originates from this jump, as well as any part of your Body Mod that provides such benefits.

Daemon Weapon [+600 CP]:
You were at some point bound into the form of a weapon. You are unable to take a different form, nor escape from your physical prison by any means. Your actions are limited, and although you can possess your wielder, doing so too often will surely drive people to avoid wielding you in order to avoid this fate. You can take no actions, and will not grow in power while you are imprisoned. Even methods that might ordinarily unseal a daemon such as you will fail to take effect. You are able to exert your powers, in a limited sense; only those abilities which would be suitable for a weapon, and only for purposes of battle.

The form of a daemon weapon will become an alt-form once the jump is completed.

The Shards of Tzeentch [600 CP]:
Congratulations! You've inherited the duty of the Blue Scribes. You are now cursed to travel endlessly in search of no fewer than 999,999,999 unique spells or powers of Tzeentch. You must learn, record, and catalogue each one, and are unable to leave this setting until you have archived every last spell. If you give up? Your chain ends in a shrieking blast of warpfire and regret.

As a reward for your devotion, you will be permitted to bring a copy of each spell with you on your chain once this jump is completed.

The Perfect Host [600 CP]:
Grandfather Nurgle has chosen you—yes, you—as the perfect host for his latest concoctions. Just like poor Isha before you, your body is the ideal testing ground. You are already captured and now spend 90% of your time being subjected to Nurgle's endless plague experiments. The rot, the bile, the endless fever dreams... you may not even remember who you are by the time you leave—if you leave.

Extinction of the Eldar [600 CP]:
Slaanesh has whispered a divine command directly into your corrupted mind: destroy one of the Eldar factions utterly. Choose now—Craftworlds, Drukhari, Exodites, or Harlequins. You must work toward the total annihilation of that group for the duration of your stay. Should they survive and remain even remotely whole, your chain ends with Slaanesh reclaiming your soul in a song of eternal torment. You need not kill each individual, but there must be no possibility of them reforming or existing as a group.

Angron's Daily Duels [600 CP]:
Every single day, the Daemon Primarch Angron—the Red Angel—will return for one reason: to duel you, resurrecting from death for the purpose of glorious battle. You cannot run, cannot hide, and cannot skip a day. In the gladiatorial arenas of Chaos, you must face him with whatever weapons you have equipped. He cannot be truly killed, and neither can you, but oh, you'll feel every break, every scream, every bloody second. Again. And again. And again...

Ravenlord [+600 CP]:
After the Horus Heresy, the primarch of the Raven Guard, Corvus Corax was overcome with the need for vengeance against his traitorous brothers. He traveled into the Warp, alone, and in the process the human, mortal shell that hid the true nature of the Emperor's gene-sons was stripped away, revealing a being partially made of the nature of the Warp. Now a being of shadows and blades, capable of transforming into a flock of murderous rage, Corvus Corax would go on a singlehanded crusade against his corrupted brothers.

But in the course of seeking his revenge, he has discovered you, and has determined that you are too great a threat to the Imperium to be permitted to live. This is a man willing to spend ten thousand years pursuing his foes, and who, in shedding his humanity, has become mighty enough to contend with a Daemon Primarch and even overpower him. You will never see him, hear him, or sense him at all, until the moment the stealthiest of the primarchs actually begins his attack against you.

Chaos Spawn [800 CP]:
You've fallen. The warp has overtaken your essence, and you've been reduced to a mindless Chaos Spawn. You retain no personality, no memories, and no higher reasoning until the end of the jump. You are a writhing mass of mutation and agony, good for little more than flailing and screaming across the battlefield like some overcooked tentacle casserole. You'll be like this for your entire stay. Have fun!

Anathema's Wrath [+1000 CP]:
The Emperor of Mankind is known to the daemons of the Warp as the Anathema, a being whose power counters their own and who exists as an enemy to all the forces of Chaos by simple virtue of his existence. He has fed upon the worship of countless humans across millions of worlds, and even raised those who have fallen in his name as beings similar in nature to Daemon Princes–the Living Saints, given new life and power by the Anathema to contend against even Greater Daemons.

Now, you have earned the fury of the God-Emperor. He cannot fight you himself, but his boundless psychic prowess will descend upon any battlefield you enter to empower your opponent–even should they not be part of the Imperium, or even human at all. Only daemons will he not make greater. The fallen shall rise at least once more in every battle, the most meagre of lasguns will sear deep into tough daemonic flesh, and ordinary guardsmen will fight with passion and zeal enough that they become an actual danger to Lesser Daemons that might encounter them.

Furthermore, every battle you wage will find itself intruded upon by the daemon-like Astartes known as the Legion of the Damned, supported by at least one Living Saint. They will focus on you, but have no problem waging a war on multiple sides should your opponent be hostile to them as well. Even should you put the Legionnaires and Saints to True Death, the will of the Emperor will still revive them to challenge you again in the next battle.

Eternal Piece of the Great Game [+2000 CP]:
The god you worship has come to the conclusion that you are the most important battle piece they can play in the Great Game, the eternal conflict between the forces of Chaos over which Dark God will rule over the others. Because of this, you will be relentlessly pushed to lead armies of the damned, forced to conquer vast swathes of the Materium and Immaterium alike. In order to do this, your stay in this world has been extended to last for 1,000 years.

Over the course of your millennium-long stay, you will need to conquer 1,000 worlds in realspace and surrender them to the god(s) that you worship. Should you be a daemon of Malice, then you will secretly consecrate them to Malice first, then to the patron deity you chose for your origin; this will turn the world into a hotbed of activity for undercover agents of Malice, while nominally serving the Chaos God(s) to which you openly offered the world.

However, in addition to your activities in realspace, you must also wage war in the Warp, and conquer an amount of space equal to 1/4th of the territories held by any of the four Chaos Gods. Should you follow a Chaos God, this space must be taken from the other gods; should you be a servant of Chaos Undivided, you will need to expand the realms of all four of the Chaos Gods outwards into the Formless Wastes, where you are sure to make enemies of the strange and powerful daemons (and stranger Warp entities) that lay beyond the realms of the Chaos Gods. Each individual realm of the Chaos Gods will need to expand by 1/8th of their total size. Should you be a daemon of Malice, then you must perform secret rituals that your god will teach you to infect the conquered areas with the corruption of Malice, which will infect daemons created there.

Furthermore, once you have conquered this area, you must retain control of it for another 300 years. Should you fail to accomplish these deeds within 1,000 years, you will fail the jump. Should you happen to have a perk that allows you to bring conquered territories with you on your chain, the parts of the Warp you have conquered will not count towards that effect.

Notes

This jump was made as a collaboration between saiman010 and dragonjek. But mostly with edits on dragonjek's part (although I did do the perks for the World Eaters, Thousand Sons, Emperor's Children, and Death Guard. I also did a portion of the weapons and vehicles, which is why they can be rather dry compared to saiman's ability to describe things).

Also if you guys think this jump is absurdly long I apologize as i did not expect this jump doc to be almost 400 pages long!! (It's now closer to 250, a lot was offloaded to supplements)

Also what each Daemon does :

Bloodletter
A Bloodletter is a lesser daemon of Khorne, the god of war and slaughter. Bloodletters are red-skinned, horned humanoid warriors created purely for close combat. Their primary weapon is a Hellblade, a daemonic sword that can cut through armor and even damage souls. They possess immense physical strength, supernatural durability, and complete fearlessness. Bloodletters have no psychic or magical powers because Khorne despises sorcery; instead, their power comes from raw martial fury and skill. They excel in direct charges, relentless melee assaults, and overwhelming enemies through disciplined brutality.

Pink Horror
A Pink Horror is a daemon of Tzeentch, the god of change, fate, and sorcery. Unlike Bloodletters, Pink Horrors specialize in magic. They can hurl warp-fire blasts, cast destructive spells, and manipulate chaotic energy. One of their most iconic abilities is splitting into two smaller Blue Horrors when killed, making them difficult to eliminate completely. Pink Horrors are unpredictable, often chattering constantly and behaving erratically, reflecting Tzeentch's ever-changing nature. Their strength lies in ranged magical attacks, reality-warping effects, and battlefield disruption rather than physical combat.

Daemonette
A Daemonette serves Slaanesh, the god of excess, obsession, and sensation. Daemonettes are lithe, unnaturally graceful beings with clawed hands capable of slicing through armor. Their abilities focus on extreme speed, agility, and precision. They can move faster than most mortals can react, striking with surgical lethality. Beyond physical combat, they often radiate an unsettling aura that distracts or unnerves enemies, exploiting psychological weaknesses. Their power lies in finesse rather than brute strength — they overwhelm opponents with speed and calculated strikes.

Nurgling
A Nurgling is a small daemon of Nurgle, the god of decay and disease. Individually they are weak, but they appear in swarms. Their primary ability is spreading supernatural plagues and corruption. They are incredibly resilient for their size and feel little to no pain. Nurglings often cling to enemies, biting and scratching while infecting them with warp-born diseases. Despite their grotesque appearance, they are strangely cheerful and playful, reflecting Nurgle's twisted view of decay as a natural and even joyful cycle. Their strength comes from numbers, infection, and durability rather than direct combat power.

Bloodthirster
A Bloodthirster is the Greater Daemon of Khorne. These are towering, winged engines of destruction with immense physical strength. They wield gigantic axes or whips forged from warp energy and can cleave tanks, fortifications, and elite warriors apart with ease. Bloodthirsters radiate an aura of rage that drives nearby allies into greater fury. They possess supernatural durability, flight, and immense combat skill. Unlike psychic entities, they rely purely on martial dominance and brute force, embodying absolute battlefield supremacy.

Lord of Change
The Lord of Change is the Greater Daemon of Tzeentch. These towering, avian-like beings are master sorcerers capable of manipulating reality itself. They cast devastating warp spells, summon storms of mutation, and twist fate to their

advantage. Lords of Change can see strands of possible futures, allowing them to plan with near-omniscient foresight. They are physically strong but rely primarily on psychic and magical superiority, battlefield manipulation, and strategic deception.

Keeper of Secrets
A Keeper of Secrets serves as the Greater Daemon of Slaanesh. These tall, elegant yet terrifying beings combine extreme speed, psychic influence, and lethal precision. They are masters of psychological warfare, capable of exploiting desires, fears, and weaknesses. In combat, they move with unnatural grace, striking with bladed claws or elegant weapons. Many possess psychic abilities that can stun, charm, or mentally overwhelm opponents. Their power lies in combining mental domination with deadly melee skill.

Great Unclean One
The Great Unclean One is the Greater Daemon of Nurgle. Massive, bloated, and seemingly slow, they are incredibly durable and almost impossible to kill. They spread plagues simply by existing, radiating toxic clouds and summoning swarms of lesser daemons like Nurglings. Despite their grotesque appearance, they often act in a strangely jovial and grandfatherly manner. In battle, they rely on overwhelming resilience, corruption, and attrition rather than speed.

Change Log 0.1 to 1.0

1. Removing several sections of this jump and created 3 supplement jumps to reduce the complexity of this jump reducing page count from 400 pages to 248 pages.
2. Besides any minor updates any adding of items and perks maybe added by creating additional supplements or updating current ones. As this main Document is only for a generalist build of how a chaos space marine should be.