Age of Sigmar: Daughters of Khaine

In a flash of quicksilver speed, glinting blades shear through mortal flesh and steel with whirlwind speed. The Daughters of Khaine are a mysterious order, hated by many and feared by even their allies. For ages, aelves of any kind could not be found in the harshest parts of Ulgu in which they dwell-yet there they flourish, building shrines to Khaine the bloody-handed aelven god and worshipping him through battle-pilgrimages. To them the clash of arms and the shedding of blood is the highest religious devotion, inciting within them both a surging power and an ecstatic frenzy. Cold and aloof off the battlefield, the Daughters of Khaine lose themselves in the heat of slaughter until the last drop of blood is shed.

Once a fringe cult even among the shadowy denizens of Ulgu, the Daughters of Khaine owe their revival to a living legend of the old world: Morathi. An aelven sorceress whose eldritch powers rivals those of the gods, her otherworldly beauty is as famous as her fierce temper-and marred by a terrible fall from grace that brings unnatural fury to her eyes. Casting aside her old schemes and rededicating herself to the war god of her people, Morathi has proclaimed herself the High Oracle of Khaine-and indeed, done well to carve out such a powerful and influential sect from the bleak land her divine son Malerion accorded her.

Though their tongues are as sharp as their blades, none who have fought beside the Daughters of Khaine would dispute them being staunch enemies of Chaos. It was the Daughters of Khaine who rescued Ghyran from the diseased grip of Nurgle's plague legions with unerring zeal. It was the Daughters of Khaine who stood with the Stormcast Eternals to safeguard the newly raised city of Kurnothea from the orruk advance. Yet for all their achievements, many see them as little better than the horrors they slaughter in religious devotion.

Strange rumours dog their footsteps, that there is more than meets the eye to the cult. Hagg Nar began as a pitiful kingdom, yet Morathi's sorceries turned it's impenetrable gloaming to the faith's advantage. With her power, the Aelven gods bound the Chaos God Slaanesh and accorded her a tribute of souls with which to populate her ranks through her formidable magic. Tales of avian and serpentine distortions of the Aelven form haunt many civilised lands. It must *surely* be a coincidence that the men among the Daughters of Khaine are weak, shrivelled creatures good for little more than slavery while the women strive with such vitality that within a few generations the capital of Hagg Nar was soon overcrowded. And when God-King Sigmar's Pantheon of Order fractured, and the Gates of Azyr were sealed against all interlopers, it is said that in the heat of battle Morathi herself has been seen to transform into a raging, abominable serpent made in the image of the Dark Prince itself.

Surely all is well. What purpose could be dark and great enough to lay claim to the power of all those slain in Khaine's name? The High Oracle herself has given her reassurances after all-and make no mistake, *her word is law.*

Take 1000 Choice Points (CP), and spill the blood of your foes.

Location, Age and Gender

You awaken somewhere in the temple-city of Hagg Nar, likely having recently shed blood for one reason or another. It is the beginning of the Age of Sigmar, right as the God-King's Tempest rolls across the skies of Chamon. You may either be any mortal age or roll 1d9 centuries for your lifespan. For the sake of your wellbeing you may freely become female if you wish

Though if you prefer to remain male, gain 300 CP for the frailty and ignominy such a state imposes on you. The men of Hagg Nar are called *leathanam* or half-souled, made in such a way to be easily cowed. Created only from the weakest and most broken souls retrieved from Slaanesh, these wretches are worked hard, fed poorly, used solely for menial labours or worse and drained of blood in daily rituals. A weakness of spirit afflicts such men, wrought by a secret malediction that siphons off a portion of their soul-stuff to some ever-growing font of power. There is little hope for such beings; Khaine teaches that the weak should fear the strong, and it is true Daughters of Khaine who embody the cult's strength.

Drop-Ins, having no history with the Daughters of Khaine, may have the forms of Aelves with all their might and prowess but inexplicably none of the diminishment. They may still gain 300 CP for inflicting the same conditions on themselves.

It is almost as if a powerful misandrist with a great grudge over several men having scorned and even pitied her debased state deliberately tampered with your birth as a man out of petty revenge.

Origins

Hagg Nar (100 CP): Deep within the Umbral Veil, the darkest region of the Shadowlands, lies Hagg Nar: The first of the Daughters of Khaine's temples. The sisters of this temple hold the greatest authority, and worship Khaine in all his guises. Like your peers, you likely control several lesser temples elsewhere in Ulgu and even smaller shrines in the Cities of Sigmar. To your sect is given the greater portion of Morathi's blessings, and at the Caillich Covens where all sects gather none are shown greater deference. Be wary, for such privilege breeds envy too.

Draichi Ganeth: Your kind's name translates to the Bladed Killers, and your war pilgrimages have made your fierce visages known to the Cities of Sigmar. It is through the act of beheading that you most honour Khaine, and you have been trained to herald your approach to the enemy with gruesome triumphal processions-even eschewing poison entirely to shed blood with naught but poise and blade. Many of your sisters revel in the attention brought by the death you bring, yet exult most in the final blow to your foes.

The Kraith: The Crimson Cult are true disciplines of slaughter, feared as the least scrupulous among an already threatening cult of murder. They believe the battlefield is the only proper place to worship Khaine, and frequently travel between the temples of other sects or hire out their services clearing lands of monsters and fighting in gladiatorial arenas. Lacking the Draichi Ganeth's restraint, it is you kind's belief that blood was meant to be bathed in-not dabbed on bodies like a noblewoman's makeup. Nor is any means of death spared

Khailebron: This temple reveres the assassin and the unseen killer, striving to master the arts of concealment, stealth and obfuscation. The Khailebron war covens maintain a facade of performing troupes with bladed dancers and graceful pit fighters, but their true rituals are hidden well from prying eyes. You may not always strike first, but you have been trained to strike last. So dedicated to the principles of espionage is your sect that even the location of its lone temple is carefully hidden.

Khelt Nar: Bold and ambitious, this burgeoning sect will soon see great prominence in Sigmar's new age. It's master weaponsmiths excel in fashioning shadow-infused weapons that debilitate with each blow, guided by Morathi herself in forging the shadow-infused metal of their native mountains. Six times has Chaos located their hidden fortress, and six times they still stand. Their hatred of Chaos is strong even by the standards of the Daughters of Khaine. And curiously, it seems some of their members have a chocolatey complexion instead of the pallid flesh common to the Aelven peoples.

Drop-In: How odd. Even the High Oracle doesn't seem to have accounted for your entry here. Are you quite sure this is where you belong? Regardless you certainly seem to have the blades, the rather distinctive outfits and everything else that seems to fit in quite well with the Daughters of Khaine despite your lack of a history here. Kill well in Khaine's name, and few will question your membership in these trying times.

Perks

All perks are discounted under the appropriate background header. Discounted perks are 50% off, and discounted 100 CP perks become free.

General

Aelfin Grace (Free and mandatory): You are as much an Aelf as any in these lands, and with this comes some benefits setting you above others of your kind. You are gifted with a beauty as cold and feral as the Lumineth's is light and glamorous, breathtaking to most races. Though you still age, you live long enough to persist for several thousand years with only truly ancient specimens of your kind succumbing to the ravages of time-though for some of you, this may have been the results of dark magic. Slaanesh thirsts for the potential decadence your heightened experience of thoughts and emotions, and unlike your brethren across the seas your kind long ago resolved to live life to the fullest rather than cope with a meagre half-existence to protect their souls from death.

All aelves are naturally swifter and more graceful than mankind, but the Daughters of Khaine in particular have honed themselves through potentially lifetimes of vicious struggle to be able warriors capable of great willpower under duress, tolerance of pain and feats of battle simply as a result of their intense lifestyles. Their minds are swifter even than their blades, gifted with a silver tongue that lets them make and break alliances with casual disregard and sizing up an opponent's stance quickly to tell not just where and when the enemy intends to strike but how best to attack in a way that shears through the opponent's guard-among other valuable information. Resistant to disease and physical mutation by Chaos, it would still be unwise to take undue risks in these areas for you. Perhaps greatest of your gifts are your inherent magical talents and a lesser tendency to corruption by the Winds of Magic than humans, as well as longer lives to master the art making your people able students of all Winds of Magic rather than being limited to one for their safety.

Sadly if you are male, as mentioned above these traits are so greatly diminished as to be wan and sickly compared even to humans. **As mentioned before, having no prior history Drop-Ins are exempted from these conditions.**

After your time here, you may choose to have your aelven form become an alternate form to transform into.

Commanding Presence (100 CP): Gone are the days of legend when aelves traded on seduction as much as murderous threats. The Daughters of Khaine scorn such indulgences, and after a humiliating failure in which Nagash tore asunder the enchantments concealing her true form it is unsurprising Morathi herself can no longer stomach pretending at affection. Nevertheless, your aelven grace and beauty is notable among your kind, your severe features and svelte but toned stature radiating a regal presence that can stun others with its imposing intimidation. Even in the heat of battle, all manner of soldier and beast would flinch mid-strike from your piercing gaze. Once, Morathi might have envied

another sharing in her beauty-but now she is too frantically occupied with preserving what remains of her own.

Die in the Dark (100 CP): Though Chaos has laid siege to it time and again, not once has it managed to claim Ulgu. This owes as much to the Daughters of Khaine's insidious ruthlessness as it does to the dark god Malerion's conservation of his forces. All your powers over darkness and illusion are more damaging, resilient and overall effective against malign forces such as the beings of Chaos-quelling their evil might with the hollowing void at Ulgu's heart. Moreover, under cover of darkness such beings have a much harder time then they should keeping track of your position. Even esoteric features such as your soul's signature or minutiae like your scent and tracks seem to simply disappear into formless shadow.

Lore of Shadows (200 CP): The High Oracle of Khaine hordes her deepest magics from a previous reality jealously, but doles out the powers from the realm she holds sway over to strengthen her inner circle. Whether you were one such lucky beneficiary or not, you've attained a sorceress' training in Grey Magic: The art of illusion, elusive possibilities and shadows. Through Ulgu's power, wizards can manifest coal-black creatures with wings of night to bear them swiftly above the battlefield or open dimension rifts below terrified warriors-condemning the into a shadowy no-place filled with the wailing of 'those who dwell beyond'. By opening shadowpaths between two distant allies they can change their positions in a heartbeat. They can manifest numbing darkness on the battlefield or plant overwhelmingly vivid images of frailty and doubt in their foes' minds-but the faith and fear-honed spectral blades they can conjure into allies' hands are most certainly real enough to cut. You may discover other applications or deeper mysteries to be unlocked with further study of Ulgu, perhaps even the mystery of how Morathi casually supplanted her previous means of immortality simply by drawing on shadows for power instead.

Endless Sorceries (300 CP, requires Lore of Shadows): Deeper wells of magical talent awaken within you, and though you still lack the full breadth and depth of the High Oracle's knowledge your raw potential and talent are far closer to hers than most mortal magic users. Perhaps that is why you find yourself capable of a feat that should normally only become possible when the mighty Necroquake alters the very nature of magic across the realms. You can cast Endless Spells: Magics that have taken on a life of their own, roaming the realms and accumulating power by absorbing energy and souls. No physical blow or danger can fell such a spell, only other magic.

You have a particular talent for developing those aligned to the principles of Ulgu and the Daughters of Khaine's devotions. As indiscriminate and predatory as these spells can often prove, their devastating power on the battlefield is undisputed.

Already you have mastered the casting of two: The Bloodwrack Viper, an enormous serpent formed from boiling blood that crushes prey in a shower of gore to sustain itself before striking with is monstrous fangs. And the Bladewind: An airborne crimson tempest of blood full of gleaming falchions that carve through rock and masonry effortlessly, and whirl independently to take life.

Friendly Neighbourhood Blood Cultists (200 CP): You'd expect the Pantheons of Order to take umbrage against the Daughters of Khaine and their habitual sacrifice, their lack of scruples, their viciousness even to each other. But such is the threat of Chaos and Morathi's own silver tongue that thus far, these indiscretions have been overlooked in the interest of a unified alliance between the civilised peoples. This silver tongue can now be yours, and with it you can deftly turn ideological opponents into staunch allies with arguments appealing to the greater good. Even dire enemies who have not seen you for some time can be entreated into staunch allies should you aid them in your time of need, and even the morally righteous have an astounding amount of tolerance for you should you conquer their cities and annex their territory. You may still be greatly mistrusted and disapproved of, but your pawns-ahem, *trusted allies* seem intent on ascribing greater trust and value for your competencies, experience and utility than logic dictates a known opportunist and old enemy deserves.

Hate Leads To Power (300 CP): Spite. It is what binds together the Scathborn tighter than the agonies that wracked them in the bowels of Slaanesh. It is what has driven Morathi from destitution and madness into the heights of power, and it is what may let her claim the vaunted prize of godhood. No matter the humiliations and depredations heaped upon you, no matter how badly broken in body, mind and soul you may be, when you take the ruthless, underhanded path to sate your rage or selfishly reclaim what you feel is rightfully yours the winds of fortune blow in your favour. Spite alone focuses your mind, enabling you a terrific resistance against all corruptive forces and to a lesser degree even alterations of your form even if you have no innate magic talents.

Your good fortune is as present as the sheer incompetence of your enemies as opportunities provided for your advancement or fortuitous coincidences; you may find yourself scorned, exiled and mocked by the unsympathetic, but their contempt will breed complacency just long enough for some windfall or other relevant to pursuing your goals to come into your life. Success is never guaranteed of course, and you may yet suffer greatly or risk losing everything on a gamble. But should your path be long and bloody enough, even devouring souls to ascend to godhood and conquering cities could be overlooked by the local deities keen to include you in their grand united alliance of Order-provided there's a greater threat to be banded against. And such twists of fate will only be bolstered with every great milestone in your ambitions or the felling of truly worthy opposition. Perhaps in time it will be your name that defines this age rather than Sigmar.

Melusai (200/400 CP): Do you desire a closer communion with the High Oracle? With this you may be one of the Melusai: Those aelves who retained their burning hatred for being devoured by Slaanesh even as Morathi recovered their souls and mixed them with shadow magic and her own blood to rebirth them in her own image. You lower half is that of a serpent, though your upper torso is indistinguishable from that of a female aelf. Great strength and resilience empowers your whole body without compromising your aelven dexterity, allowing you to heft heavy polearms with enough prodigious grace to cleanly impale an enemy's heart through both their armour and ribs. The taint of shadow magic on your souls also lets you channel that power into strange arts such as the notorious scath touch: The meanest blow transforming a victim's flesh into an unmoving

crystal statue, though the cruellest slice out a foe's still-beating heart before beginning the transformation to condemn their enemies to a small sample of the pain they have endured. Though confined to the shadows to avoid sowing descent among her own followers for now, certain events coming

For an additional 200 CP, you may be counted among the Zainthar Kai: A new breed of Melusai created by Morathi as a weapons against Chaos, each with at least three drops of Khaine's cursed blood burning in their veins. Those who did not die horribly learned to call on its simmering power to strengthen their blows beyond even other Melusai. The vestiges of Khaine's power also let them grant this blessing to nearby allies, or boil nearby enemies' blood with the dead god's fury. Forget your old loyalties, you report directly to Morathi herself as a secret weapon posed in another sect. Or perhaps, you were an unusually successful prototype-or simply a truly anomalous byproduct of the friction between Chaos and the aelven souls crushed in its wake?

Should you also have **Lore of Shadows** with either option, optionally you may be further blessed with the form of a Bloodwrack Medusae. Having transformed further into Morathi's image after your flesh was pierced by the hissing serpents that crown her Shadow Queen-form's skull, you have gained your own deadly serpentine hair as well as claws sharp enough to sheer through armour. Moreover, the gaze of the Bloodwrack Medusae can violently rip lifeblood from those who meet their eyes for even a second at will.

Hagg Nar

Legacy of Blood (100 CP): Styling themselves the true inheritors of Khaine's power, the proud warriors of Hagg Nar believe themselves favoured by their god over all others-and the results are encouraging. Blood sacrifice in all its forms is just a tad more effective for you than for others, each shed drop nourishing your magic or vitality more than your peers. The cumulative blessings of bloodshed can make you better guarded than by any mundane armour with enough sacrifice.

Devotional Discipline (200 CP): In sheer intensity and ferocity, the aelves of Hag Nar outmatch other Khainite sects. In you it is particularly fierce, your faith in Khaine (or at least, the purity of bloodshed he represents) securing your mind against malign forces to a great degree. Even should you take wounds in battle, the ferocity of your fiery faith can hold further damage at bay better than most mundane salves. Those converted to your faith will find similar miracles of bodily preservation taking them, gradually attaining your degree of protection as their faith deepens.

First Among Covens (400 CP): It's no uncommon rumour that the covens of Hagg Nar receive more blessings than the rest, though few could credibly argue this honour is not deserved. Perhaps in recognition of your devotion, you'll find that divine blessings of all sorts find their ways to you with greater frequency and with better results simply for doing your holy duty. Already your mastery of the blood rites of this world exceeds those of the other sects, taught their nuances by Morathi herself, and in other worlds you will find similar propitiations will be more effective for both pleasing and supporting the deities you serve. Such efforts will

obviously endear you to most deities, making the question of whether you are blessed because you are an effective priest or an effective priest because you are blessed rather recursive.

Heart of Fury (600 CP): The most devout of Khaine's priestesses can summon a manifestation of the god's Iron Heart. As the skies turn crimson and the gauntlet-clenched icon descends upon the battlefield, those devout to the god's precepts will find their wounds simply failing to harm or even hinder them in battle-and often recovering from them swiftly after the fighting is done. You are one of the few with such devotion, and though the supernatural rage that paradoxically soothes it's worshippers with death-defying energies must be sustained by strong devotion you are also extremely gifted in creating constructs capable of inspiring such faith. You are also greatly talented at constructing the Avatars of Khaine, brazen statues given a semblance of life by sorcery and sacrifice, which both strike down unbelievers with their mighty blades and empower prayers near them.

In future worlds, you'll be able to adapt your techniques to build similar constructs dedicated to other deities.

Draichi Ganeth

Queen of the Arena (100 CP): Gladiatorial combat is at the heart of the Draichi Ganeth's culture, serving as both a means of proving worth and honing their natural skills. You are now a supremely talented duellist, with just the right amount of physiological talent and killer instinct to rapidly learn and adapt to a single opponent. You put on quite a show too, able to incorporate flashy moves with no loss in the effectiveness of your killing arts.

Victor of the Blood Games (200 CP): Yaith'ril, a sacred gladiatorial contest, sometimes occurs between the Kraith and the Draichi Ganeth as a proof of worth. The loser is bound to offer a punishing tithe of blood sacrifices, but what do outsiders know of your traditions? A blessing is laid upon you, such that when you challenge another to a duel to the death and they accept, whether the fight is to the surrender or death a decisive loss-casting their sword away, knocking them prone and so on will erupt a significant amount of blood from their body and leave them feeling cripplingly shamed for many days to come. Do know that for beings stronger than mere men, what constitutes a decisive loss may have a higher threshold.

Mother of Lashes (400 CP): Perfection in the gladiatrix's art is measured by few wounds she has taken. It is said Vindicarum's Mother of Lashes has never suffered so much as a single cut in over a thousand battles and your combat speed, mastery, reaction time and agility lends credence to your claims. In battle others seldom even see you coming before you are already elsewhere; you move like a flash of thunder in flesh and your capacity for evasion or parrying defies the limits of even aelven capability. It would not be surprising if you could swat arrows from the sky with a short sword, and though that shall take great focus you may dodge them even more easily.

A Thousand Bladeforms, A Single Cut (600 CP): So skilled are the warriors of Draichi Ganeth that their fighting style can be adapted to overwhelm any foe, and your skill stands at the pinnacle of even theirs. Your fighting skills are so polished, that each blow you deliver inflicts critical damage against all but the most resilient, well protected or uncanny enemies. Your capacity to seek the weaknesses in living things is uncanny, even supernatural beings like daemons showing you where to hit where it hurts with their body language. You go for the throat, or the deep muscle, as if guided by destiny and retracting your weapon from flesh always does just as much damage as the initial strike. Last but not least, you naturally coordinate with your allies so you can cover and create opening for each other with practiced ease.

The Kraith

Inspiring Carnage (100 CP): The post-battle rites of the Kraith have been known to alienate allies, and yet the sect persists by bending it's horrific feats to the betterment of the community. You'll find local authorities of all kinds are more amenable and open to your offers to commit brutal violence on their behalf or for their entertainment, even if they otherwise have little good reason to like you. With how many lands are plagued with monsters and how quickly turnover among gladiatorial warriors can be, you won't soon run out of chances to prove your worth throughout the Realms.

By Battle Sustained (200 CP): To incite a killing frenzy is not merely crucial to the Kraith's success, it is a sacred calling. A show of faith. It seems Khaine has truly blessed you, for with a few barked orders you can incite a berserk fury in your close allies that buoys their killing prowess. This is no mere flailing of disorganised lunatics, for the battle prowess of those now drunk on bloodshed is never diminished by their altered state of mind. All magic, and divine supplication to deities appeased by bloodshed is far more effective from participants subsumed into this holy warrior's mindset.

Venomous Insight (400 CP): The invention of the Venom of Nagendra was a great boon for the Kraith, gifting them a potent toxin that could cause their victims' blood to boil in their veins-killing in an explosive instant. Such is your skill with compounds of all kinds that you are a masterful poisoner, capable of taking seemingly mundane compounds and making unnaturally lethal substances with some combination of chemistry and your latest mystical talents. Having supernatural components on hand will only make your concoctions all the more deadly to those foolish enough to mistake you for a simpleminded thug.

Beauty of Bloodshed (600 CP): Scorn the fools who think bloodshed is the remit of lowborn butchers and thugs. There is an art to it! A glory, a holy reverence that has given you the following blessings. Wounds you deliberately inflict simply do not stop bleeding by natural means, the crimson substance flowing only faster and faster in ecstatically detailed trickles as if in love with your blade or fist. Even spiritual beings like daemons wither as if suffering blood loss, their power gushing from wounds scoured into their hide. The damage you inflict is also catastrophically more traumatic than it should be, a thin blade to the shoulder doing the work of disembowelment if you add your natural skill. Even supernatural

forms of regeneration offer only a buffer, and even the greatest forms of it can be severely weakened in withstanding your holy bloodletting. The Kraith do not stop until the last drop of blood is wrung from their victims, and nor shall you.

Khailebron

One With Shadows (100 CP): Born in Ulgu and fit to thrive in this harsh land, you have a particularly close bond to the Realm's principles of shadowy deception. All feats of stealth and evasiveness are instinctively easy for you to master, and should you acquire any illusion or darkness-based magics you'll find them intuitive to grasp. Even in corrosive regions such as the Umbral Veil filled with environmental hazards based on darkness, you could endure tenfold longer than your sister aelves.

Mistress of Misdirection (200 CP): Illusion and mundane stealth are inseparable to the Khailebron, using one or the other as circumstances dictate. Even among them you're an exceptional prodigy at going unseen, tenfold as ably at moving with stealth and skilled with illusory magics that leave your true status and actions a mystery. In dim lighting you could walk through a barracks of soldiers, kill several, and stroll into the streets before the men within could even take alarm at the licentious fashion the Daughters of Khaine favour.

Rolling Fog (400 CP): Banks of mist accompany the Khailebron when they must wage open war, and though generally provided by their sorcerers it seems you have a rather persistent blessing to keep you hidden as you do your dark work. At your will, enough banks of shadow to cover a football field issue around your position, making all light within strobe strangely such that you are almost impossible to strike at range by sight alone. Even hearing, scent or more unusual mundane senses are greatly inhibited while supernatural ones still face some resistance. You and your allies have no such problems, and can sense or avoid the blundering fools caught within with consummate ease.

Shadowpathfinder (600 CP): Few Khainites are as well versed in the shadowpaths, the interdimensional networks of shadow snaking through all the realms, as the Khailebron. And among them, few are as talented at walking them as you. You have a natural sense for direction in subspace planes such as the shadowpaths, unerringly finding the safe places or the shortcuts and never losing your sense of direction as you sprint through to where you wish to go. Moreover, your communion with the shadowpaths lets you continue to use them in other worlds, nimbly darting from shadow to shadow and bypassing great distances through the darkness as a medium. Only in places truly deprived of shadows, specifically warded against magical intrusion or otherwise equipped to prevent a pathway into darkness beyond mundane cartography can truly keep you out of where you want to go.

Khelt Nar

The Circling Flock (100 CP): Harpy-like Scathborn deployed as aerial harriers, the Khinerai frequently follow the forces of Khelt Nar and lend the aid from on high. Even if there are no such beings wherever you go, you'll find you have a deep

affinity for aerial predators or scavengers of the natural world around their size and sapience or lesser. Throwing a few gobbets of gore to them after battle may see them watch over you from on high, and with a simple signal you may sic them on your foes.

Stab and Fade (200 CP): At the heart of the Khelt Nar's stratagems is speed: The art of burying cursed blades into the flesh of foes and retreating before they can retaliate. In all such stratagems, you have a natural genius for orchestrating lightning-fast raids and withdrawals with what forces you have available to you. A sixth sense informs you how to approach your targets where they are most blind to your assaults, and the paths to take to evade their pursuit while doubling back for additional attacks or discerning escape routes. And though you lack the full breadth of Mother of Lashes, you are also an exceptional runner by aelven standards.

Bloodied Mind (400 CP): The greatest priestesses of Khelt Nar can empower the mind-fogging curse delivered by kuirath, leaving victims so disorientated they leave themselves open to a deadly riposte or even slashing themselves in their confusion. It seems your priestly powers are even stronger, for you can truly replicate the effects of kuirath in any weapons you hold, melee or ranged, and even your blows. The more magical energy you pour into your attacks, the more mind-numbing chill you can deliver with every blow-to the point even their muscles and flesh may be weighed down by the curse in your attacks, and even those with supernatural energies for their bodies like daemons may succumb with equal ease as mortals. With great power even foes who tower over castles could be made to kneel from a pinprick cut on their finger.

A Thousand Cuts (600 CP): Giants vast enough to wield statues and tree trunks as improvised weapons, gargants are terrifying foes. Gruntlefist the Great, a Mega-Gargant, was said to be unstoppable to even the mightiest blow. Yet it was a Khelt Nar war coven that tested this claim with ten thousand well-placed javelins and arcing blades, the great brute falling to no god or monster but the lattice of shallow cuts on his hide. And like them all your attacks leave persistent, deleterious aftereffects on your foes-never overshadowing the initial attack, but extremely persistent and stackable, potentially overwhelming opposition beyond your normal reach. A normal stab wound might inflict disproportionate, lingering pain until magical treatment is found. A bolt of caustic energy might ignite your foe instead of dispersing, meagre flames burning in their wounds. Even viciously dismantling someone in an argument can disproportionately turn the immediate flow of opinion against them, distract their mind with your sound arguments or piercing insults, and potentially shame their reputation. Others merely adopted attrition. You were born in it. Moulded by it.

Drop-In

Memories of the Old World (100 CP): This is all WRONG. Morathi is no high priestess, she is a schemer and a defiler of the highest degree! How is Malekith warped into draconic form? Why is Alarielle brutally sacrificing villages?! Somehow, memories of the Old World from which many of the gods originated have returned to you. Nothing truly mystical or of strategic value in the current age, but enough

that historians and scholars would be amazed by the cultures, histories and legacies you can remember of civilisations long consumed by the tide of Chaos. If nothing else, this knowledge gives you tremendous insight which parts of Khainite worship seem inconsistent with its previous practices.

Unbroken By Unholy Appetites (200 CP): Many of the souls languishing in Slaanesh's stomach were degraded and weakened, or else mutated into the image of their tormentor. Your lack of history here has spared you that torment, and given you a chance to endure such pain should it ever come to pass. Your mind and body are greatly resilient to corruptive forces thanks to your mightily resilient soul, rapidly restoring themselves from the taint of malign forces around you. Spells of corruption would have a great struggle to overcome your strength of spirit, and while corruptions as great as the gullet of Slaanesh might still overwhelm you your soul's resilience would never stop fighting to remain as it is, and restorative or resurrective effects will be much more effective on you.

Power Given Freely By (Insert Mortal Realm Here) (400 CP): The Doomfire Warlocks, those rare natural born wizards among the Daughters of Khaine, are among the luckiest of men. Though branded with cursed runes they are told protect them from Slaanesh even as they reign in their power, the mystical shadows of Ulgu nourish them with such talent and power that their talents are at least somewhat valued. And now, a similar dark miracle has occurred in you. A realm of this world has greatly nourished your magical abilities, giving you great raw magical potential such that your raw power alone would be a force to reckon with even among the aelves-and particularly great talent in the Lore associated with the Realm founded upon a certain Wind of Magic. Such growth has plateaued now, but your powers are great enough to carve your own path to power. Consider what power Doomfire Warlocks could wield without the hobbling of their souls or the shackles branded into their flesh.

As you lack a true history in this world, you need not have this bond with Ulgu. Hysh, Ghyran or even Azyr may call to your soul in a similar manner, though not all are as welcoming to the aelves you resemble. And yes, while such forces lack a relevant Realm for an extra 300 CP you may somehow be touched by the raw power of Dhar or Qhaysh in a similar manner.

Kingly Soul (600 CP): Ah, how radiantly you shine even in these troubled times. One could believe your soul has the sheen of a great king of old-or that it were somehow riven from the Everqueen's own. You are not merely resistant to Chaos and other corruptions now-when blighted by such forces the light of your soul blazes like a star, unwilling to be diminished by whatever the aeons may bring against it. Such is its strength that in wisdom, in beauty, in strength of both body and will you excel above and beyond your aelven kin.

If you focused on developing your martial traits, you could fight a greater daemon on your lonesome and win. If you honed your mystical powers you could breathe life into the realm of death, set the sky ablaze with celestial power and otherwise hold the potential to rival the Slann Starmasters in mystical power. Nothing stops you from pursuing both paths of course, only your time and immediate ambitions, and whichever path you choose a more intuitive and mighty technique: The power

to project weapons of sunlight, conjure weapons of azure magic or other displays of radiant power that sear your enemies with purifying heat and force. Even transformations are possible, granting yourself eagles' wings and heat-honed talons to rake at your enemies' eyes.

This power cannot possibly be the power of the Phoenix King, for all but the first claimant and his son were frauds sustained by conniving wizards. Perhaps this power is simply the strength of a true hero's spirit forged in battle, then tempered by the attention of thirsting gods.

Be wary with this gift. In this world many desire the power of strong souls, and your raw power comes short of a true god's.

Items

All backgrounds gain a 300 CP stipend for items except for Hagg Nar, which gains a 600 CP stipend for items. Items lack discounts unless indicated, in which case they become 50% off.

Pre-Commemorative Deluxe Morathi-Khaine Statue Collection (50 CP): It may seem a bit early to celebrate, but there's a beautifully crafted selection of gigantic statues of Morathi over here. One with her defiantly arrogant glare, another with her sneering derisively at some foolish sacrifice. Some are glad in a ceremonial crimson outfit that goes to great lengths to show off the High Oracle of Khaine's chiselled abs, others are depicted in states of undress that…resemble Morathi's preferred clothing back in the Old World. They're stored in a Warehouse attachment behind a door that also happens to have a full-length mosaic of Morathi on it, and while it's roughly the size of a small temple you never quite seem to run out of Morathi statues! Each is about the size of an Avatar of Khaine and interestingly, seems to be receptive to the same magics that animate them. And come to think of it, all these statues of Morathi seem bedecked in apparel that associate her with Khaine. But surely this is just a particularly fanatical artist's exercise in admiration, and not a portent of things to come…right?

Also, all of them seem to have Morathi's signature on them in burning shadowfire. Make of that what you will.

Morathi Here, Morathi There, Morathi Morathi Everywhere (50 CP): But *why stop there?* Seeing how insidiously Morathi seems to be inserting her influence in everyone and everything absolutely everywhere in the Mortal Realms. So why should your inventory and Warehouse be left out? With this investment absolutely everything you own, every object, vehicle and structure, can be given a stylish aesthetic makeover to correspond with the aesthetics and appearance of Morathi. Your Warehouse shall be covered in fabulous red drapes, while fountains of blood and creeping, serpentine shadows decorate it's elegantly organised interior as numerous paintings of the High Oracle in either or both of her forms hang everywhere. That plane you own can have a risqué Morathi illustrated on it in a languid pose. Your sword can be given a red-gold sheen and have intricate carvings on its hilt with the enigmatically smiling face of the High Oracle and the bared fangs of the Shadow Queen urging you onwards, to battle. You may exclude

anything you like from this makeover, but why would you deny yourself the fashionable presence of a would-be goddess? Even your clothes shall be coloured-and optionally, cut to resemble-the High Oracle's apparel and glorified with her wondrous body if you wish. This could be your one chance to stock up on Morathi-brand propane, Morathi dakimuras and Morathi brand tampons.

Implement of Shadow (50 CP): A black stone. An ebony wand. Perhaps even a rune marked somewhere on your body. Whatever the case, you have a small trinket that acts as a focus and amplifier for the Lore of Shadow's magics. Nothing truly exceptional, but it's always nice to have an edge when mastering the magic of the unseen.

Icon of Khaine (50 CP): A rune-etched medallion. A shard of an old sword. A simple knife, forever stained crimson. This trinket is ritually significant in the rites to appease Khaine-or at least, any sufficiently divine force capable of wielding his power. Rituals made to appease this unknown force are far more effective for all parties involved.

Hagbrew (50 CP): The recipe for this draught is normally reserved for the priestesses, but somehow you have come into it on your own. Before battle, imbibing it will let you enter a berserker trance in which you fight harder and longer but less smarter despite your elevated bloodlust. While it is up to you to distil more, you are at least guaranteed that in subsequent worlds the necessary ingredients to make more will be available, somewhere.

Shade Claw (100 CP): Dipped in the stygian depths of a gloom lake, this claw slips in and out of reality. It can pierce a man's heart through armour as if it were nothing, or eviscerate with the slightest of blows. Let those who sneer at the Khainite faith have no shelter from its vengeance.

Amulet of Dark Fire (100 CP): Rather similar to the trinket of a certain Khainite priestess from an older world, this amulet bathes the wearer in magic-burning flames that harm no flesh. Curses spark and ignite, bolts of mystic energy are blunted by spontaneous ignition and blades conjured from pure magical energy may be shattered before impact. Yet beware, even these defences can be overwhelmed by powerful and refined casting-and of course physical damage completely bypasses it.

The Mirror Glaive (100 CP): Polished realmglass makes up the blade of this brilliant glaive, as functional as it is decorative. In skilled hands, it can absorb and reflect the energy of enemy sorceries. Stab at a binding circle with the blade, wrap its energies around the haft and blast a bolt into a surprised wizard. While merely an adequate weapon otherwise, the glaive is a terror to all cautious casters.

Crone Blade (200 CP): Treasure this weapon, for through Khaine's rites it has become as attuned to life as death. Let it drink deep of a victim's lifeblood and your vigour and bloodlust will be restored at such speeds that even your own wounds and other ailments may close up before their eyes. Should you be ravaged by age you would even grow visibly younger from the life bled into your veins, and

should you be in the prime of your youth your beauty and liveliness would be further bolstered.

The Ulfuri (200 CP, discounted Hagg Nar): This blade burns crimson, it's edge even more intense as it feeds upon the spilled gore of slain victims. Though it never so much as singes your own grip, in the heat of battle it will cleave your foes with sublime ease, parting flesh and metal like soft wood. Let Khaine's fury dance in your hands.

Death's Kiss (200 CP, discounted Draichi Ganeth): This blade moves like an extension of your arm. So sublime is it's balance that it practically dances while swung, and it's cutting edge is just as perfect. It may hold no true magic, but do not underestimate the feats you can do with a blade that parries and strikes almost as fast as you think it. Such weapons can save lives as easily as end them.

Venom of Nagendra (200 CP, discounted The Kraith): The lethality of this foul brew cannot be underestimated. With a single drop, the slightest caress, a victim's blood will erupt explosively-certain death to most. A room attached to your warehouse contains vats full of the stuff, which are enchanted to gradually refill. An insidious weapon, for a dark age.

Whisperdeath (200 CP, discounted Khailebron): The blade of this weapon seems fashioned from a wisp of smoke, slipping through most armours without magical protection. Yet at the moment of contact is solidifies into the blade it was forged to be, dealing grievous damage from having bypassed much of the outer defences. Practically weightless compared to most weapons but all too deadly when swung against the living, few others bring such sublime death.

Gaisa's Falx (200 CP, discounted Khelt Nar): Once the favoured weapon of a long-dead Hag Queen, this slightly hooked blade cleaves metal and bone with equal ease. But it's true power lies in the mind-shredding enchantments laid upon it, it's slightest touch reducing wise men to babbling idiots-and likely spelling their grave. At least you enemies will die in something approaching peace.

Crimson Talisman (200 CP, discounted Zainthar Kai): You wouldn't think Morathi would let her inner circle go on their missions unprotected, would you? This treasure emits a crimson glow that protects the bearer from would-be assailants. Swords are turned by invisible force, clubs deflected and fists can find no purchase. By the time they realise you have friends in high places, it is often far too late.

Thousand and One Dark Blessings (200 CP, discounted Drop-In): Did some cunning sorceress deep in your debt try to replicate Morathi's mystical protections? Or did the High Oracle herself grant you some special favour? Whatever the reason, somehow you have the same blessings of shadow-woven preservation normally bestowed on champions expected to brave the greatest dangers of this world. Harm of all kinds is greatly nullified by the comprehensive layers of protection these seals afford.

Sevenfold Shadow (300 CP): Your shadow has come to life, though it remains quite obedient to you. At your command, it envelops you and transports itself across other places of darkness-moving near instantly anywhere within a mile. Though not very precise and dependent on you for direction, such mobility is greatly valued for those in pitched battle or on urgent missions.

Rothtor's Sibling (300 CP): A great mountain looms before you, ominous and foreboding in ways that defy rational analysis. In truth it lies at a centre of a powerful spiral of shadow magic, and can be considered a chunk of Ulgu's realm under your claim. It's slopes are rich with shadow-touched ore, it's wilderness conceals your paths to pursuers. But best of all, the surging shadow magic within greatly enhances all spells pertaining to it. Any sorceress worth her salt would have the means and desire to harness it's power for all manner of dark rites.

Daughter Cauldron (300 CP): A great cauldron of cursed iron, the Mathcoir or Mother Cauldron is the font of Morathi's power. So steeped in dark magic is it that truly stupendous rituals of cosmic scope can be channelled through it's surface. But it's true power comes from its ability to absorb power across vast distances-even other Mortal Realms, or universes in other worlds-to fuel the churning energies it primes for all manner of spellcraft, converting the blood shed into them as magical energy without ever spilling over itself. This is not the Mathcoir. But it could be its equal, one day. The actual cauldron before you is certainly every bit the equal in terms of the central Mathcoir, but it lacks the network of Blood Cauldrons supplying it with additional magic. But with magical experimentation to recreate it in lesser form, one day it too may prove an engine for rites that even gods would dread to behold.

Companions

Bound in Blood (50-400 CP): When so many are eager to shed blood for their elusive god, it pays to travel in numbers. For 50 CP apiece you may import up to 8 companions into a background of their choice, along with 600 CP to spend on whatever they wish. Alternatively, you may use this option to create new companions.

Bloodstained Pacts (50 CP each): Little holds the Daughters of Khaine together except for devotion, ambition and a burning need for vengeance against Chaos' depredations. With each purchase here, an opportunity that will convey a good impression to a local of this world will be provided. Should they agree, at the end of your stay here they may come with you as a companion. Fickle and treacherous as alliances are in this world, should they refuse you may invest your purchase in another willing fellow traveller instead.

For Khaine And The High Oracle (200/300/400 CP each): The Khainites stand posed to challenge rival gods and their followers, mistrusted and ill-understood by all those around them (or perhaps, too well understood). In these times all warriors are precious, but it seems a decree as strong as Morathi's own has given command of some of their forces to you regardless of your stature among them-or lack thereof. Each purchase here provides a set of military forces from the Daughters of Khaine commensurate to the price paid, who will join you as followers. Note that

you can purchase multiple instances of the same tier or even varied amounts of each tier if you wish, and once purchased may combine or separate your forces as you wish. It should go without saying that many of the Daughters are nominally loyal to Morathi through Khaine beyond all other considerations, and that those who are not often count as ruthlessly deceptive beings in their own right.

For 200 CP your forces count among the Daughters' scouts, light infantry and other mobile forces. Witch Aelves and Sisters of Slaughter from any of the Covens could comprise such forces, generally one or two hunting parties' worth. Accompanying them may be a few Melusai of common quality, or a flock of Khinerai Harpies.

For 300 CP, your forces are either the more deadly specimens of the Daughters' mobile infantry or a great host including those among their sisters more thoroughly steeped in Khaine's power. It is at this level that it becomes feasible to field whole battalions of Melusai, captained by Zainthar Kai and including the Bloodwrack Medusae sorceresses capable of devastating the battlefield with Ulgu's power, or great armies of Witch Aelves and Sisters of Slaughter who can coordinate sabotage spanning multiple realms with almost rehearsed precision.

And at 400 CP, the composition of your forces does not meaningfully differ so much as the sheer numbers of them do. It is almost unthinkable to field great masses of Witch Aelves or Melusai given the relatively small dominion Morathi holds court over, but to see the rapaciously bloodthirsty hordes before you will leave no doubt in your mind that this is a force worthy of laying siege to any other city in any other Mortal Realm. While less is known of Ulgu's beasts, black dragons resembling those of the old world have been known pets of non-Melusai sorceresses and such powerful creatures may take roles as living siege weapons among your army. What is certain is that only the truly great among the Daughters have the privilege of serving under you, and managing such vast mobilisations of Ulgu's forces.

Drawbacks

An Age of Myth (+0 CP): Would you know more of this world's history? By taking this you may start further back in this world's history, all the way up to a few days before Morathi's fateful escape from Slaanesh's gullet. Be warned: The turmoil of today is as nothing compared to the early clashes between Chaos and those who stand for Order.

An Age of Chaos (+0 CP): You may have taken at least one other Age of Sigmar or Warhammer Fantasy jump before this one, without necessarily resorting to being an actual wizard now that more than one or two of the former actually exist. Should you wish, the consequences of those jumps may persist into this one. The flow of time can get rather strange where Chaos is concerned.

A Storm-Cast Age (+0 CP): A decade is a fleeting moment in the lifespan of an aelf. Surely there is more for you to do before all the Mortal Realms exult in Khaine's ways? With this, no matter your starting date you are guaranteed a significant extension to your stay. At minimum, you may add another decade to explore this

world. At maximum you may stay until just a little while after the final fate of the Mortal Realms is revealed.

Artistic Incompetence (100 CP): Oh dear. You...don't look very aelflike at all. Your skin an unhealthy shade, your face scrunched up into a bitter expression, your bulging eyes or flabby paunch likely making others wish you wore more clothes, not less. It would be no exaggeration to compare you more to a goblin than an aelf, really. You're no less devious or good at killing which is really what matters not beauty for your sect, but expect much unflattering backtalk from those who can look good AND kill well.

Sword of the Smug (100 CP): Oh, you're an arrogant one aren't you? They say pride goeth before a fall, but who would have known they were being so literal? You're one of those fighters who takes combat as performance as much as a warfare. It's not enough to decapitate someone, you have to do it with a twirling robe blade trick or at least jump at them THEN attack. Even if you're the stealthy kind, expect to be tempted heavily to do trick shots or acrobatically silent assassinations. Aelves are truly agile, but there's a limit to how much showboating you can do before some dullard with a sword can run you through.

"Promoted" (100 CP): Either you botched an assignment in a way that inconvenienced your superiors without it *technically* being your fault, or worse you came to Morathi's own attention as that rarity among rarities: A Daughter of Khaine who can play nice with other races without demanding their blood. Whichever the case, you find yourself frequently tasked with diplomatic and ambassadorial missions to the other Mortal Realms-where the Daughters of Khaine suffer much more mistrust and apprehension than in their own domain.

Again, don't get cocky if you showed up early. Events will occur such that many of your goals and ambitions will require social interaction with other factions, and that somehow your name will be heavily associated with the Khainite faiths.

A Distaste For Blood (200 CP): What do you mean, the red stuff makes you flinch? That the smell of iron makes your stomach empty itself? You're no pacifist of course, THAT would be a death sentence in this world, but some astoundingly specific mental compulsion makes all aspects of blood intolerably repulsive for you. Even a small amount of it splashing on the ground will be akin to an arachnophobe seeing two tarantulas mating atop the happy couple's egg sac. Heaven help you if you wind up in the thick of a battlefield or are asked to perform a libation to Khaine, though at least the disgust caused by seeing your own is much lesser than others'. It may be wise to take up work as an assassin, or at least go to war with a club and shield.

No Love Between Sisters (200 CP): The unthinkable has happened-rumours that the High Oracle is a fraud, that Khaine lies on the brink of death while she gorges from his heart like a bloated leech have taken route among your sect-blasphemy, of course! Quickly and brutally suppressed by those with a vested interest in the Khainite faith as an institution, expect far greater mistrust and turmoil between the Daughters of Khaine than before. Worse, whether correctly or not you have

been pinpointed as a possible speaker of dissent and the Melusai's eyes will judge you carefully.

Even should you arrive before the Khainite faith truly takes root in this world, know that gathering the faithful will prove far harder than before and that persistent dissent of one form or another will spring up soon.

Crystalised Heart (200 CP): It is said that Morathi once inflicted punishments on this on wizards she became envious of. But surely the High Oracle is a changed woman? This must be righteous judgement from Khaine! You see, your heart has been change to living crystal. While it is indeed full of great magic, each time you tax your magical reserves significantly-potentially including Khainite rites, or other less codified mystical effects-a crack appears in the heart. A tiny crack, a minor chipping, but on and on they shall build. When you least expect it the heart will break, and wracked with pain beyond mortal measure you will collapse. It is not necessarily the end for you; Morathi has less use for dead servants than living ones so even broken the heart will keep you at the brink of life and Khaine's blessings can restore it back to peak performance, but no matter how great you are the heart's breaking will do the proportionate harm of a normal aelf lacerated by her own heart.

Fractured Mind, Gaping Soul (300 CP): It seems that the process for rebirthing your soul went awry in ways even the most tormented Melusai would since at. For while you may not necessarily have their physical and magical advantages, your mind is tormented with gibbering madness. It shall wear and tear at your concentration, make you unalert and demotivated by day, and the price for relaxation the iron effort of will it takes to function is succumbing to fits of gibbering and ranting at yourself as you sense something inexpressibly *wrong* is breaking within you. Worse, some of your soul has spilt into your shadow-and you don't like what you see. For its intangible form has been warped into an image that inspires such great primal violation and repulsion that seeing it greatly worsens your madness.

I Like It Rough (300 CP): In a truly horrific stroke of luck, while locked in combat with a daemon you somehow made contact with the mind of Slaanesh himself. The Dark Prince has taken a good look at you. And *he likes what he sees.* His mortal followers shall be commanded to hunt you down, and though they have other duties, passions and ambitions be assured your name will be widely known. And while this may incite infighting for the prize of bringing you before the Chaos God, make no mistake: Even if bound, Slaanesh will not stop thinking about you until you're made well and ready to taste what he has to offer.

Hag Queen Begone (300 CP): The true depth of suffering that Morathi endures is not the caress of a thirsting god or abandonment in Ulgu's wastelands. It is the never ending scorn, belittlement and misfortune brought about by her own decisions, that you may now have a taste of too. Simply put, your luck has turned so foul that circumstances will arrange themselves so that all your achievements will only heap additional conflict, agony or humiliation upon you that will have lasting consequences going forward. While this won't guarantee your demise and nothing prevents you from seeking to address these consequences or even manipulate them to your advantage with some creativity, it is those skills or

abilities you hold most dear that have the greatest tendency to fail or come up short when you need them most. To make matters worse, all your failures way tremendously on your ego and not only are you much more reluctant to take criticism now, but your suffering will deeply skew your judgement over time. Hope that your companions and other allies have the influence and good sense to bring you what you need during your few second winds.

God-Beast's Quarry (600 CP): Deific entities born from the energies of the mortal realms, Godbeasts are mighty, (mostly) animalistic titans beyond mortal reckoning. Though more atavistic and primal in nature and temperament than the gods, it would be no exaggeration to say they are entities of similar scope. In a faraway realm, one such titan has developed a similar grudge against you as the one that Kharybtar, the Father of Kharibdyss has against Morathi. It will take time for the titan to track you down, but it needs no mortal sustenance and knows no more urgent priority. And do not think to know the nature of your enemy; it may be an animal, or it may be a living avalanche of primordial amber or a monstrous constellation. Nothing short of a god, or perhaps an army of their mightiest followers, could hope to stop a Godbeast. Pray one looks favourably on your quest.

The Resurrection of Common Sense (600 CP): With how irreconcilable the traditions of the Daughters of Khaine's beliefs are with the values of other civilisations, the tolerance God-King Sigmar and the twin gods of Hysh have for them is quite astounding. Over time, one may get the impression it is plot arm-excuse me, *the unknowable whims of Chaos* that safeguards the Khainites from violent retribution. But what if enough was enough? Not long after your stay here one god-led faction will look upon the Daughters of Khaine's practices, and decide enough is enough. It may be the Stormforged, or Lumineth, or even Nagash. It may even be an isolationist faction like the Sylvaneth, before the Daughters have a chance to forge stronger bonds with them in defence of their homeland. Regardless that faction will declare war, weakening the unity of the others against whatever schemes Chaos engineers concurrently, and spelling doom for all those associated with the Khainite faith.

To avoid an extremely unfavourable matchup against a god who already occupies more of Ulgu and wields greater sway over its darkness, while you do not know which faction will be provoked you are at least guaranteed Malerion and his much vaster nation of shadowy aelves will not be those who move against your kind. Though his hateful heart leaves little care for his mother being in danger.

The odds are overwhelmingly stacked against the Daughters of Khaine, having alienated many with their practices and holding only a minority of territory in their own Realm, but on the other hand time and again they have triumphed against greater forces through sheer viciousness and cunning. Nevertheless, this likely spells the end for many of their ambitions beyond immediate survival-and make no mistake, somehow you will be associated with the faction sufficiently for your face to be unwelcome in their lands. Perhaps in others' too, for do not think you merely face armies and divine wrath-their diplomats will make their cause heard to any allies or potential allies, and there is a significant chance other factions may soon turn on the Daughters as well.

Scenarios

Why Can't We Be Friends?

Can't we all just get along? We're all just trying to make a living without being subsumed by the hordes of Chaos right? What's a little blood sacrifice between friends? These are not sentiments you should air to, frankly, anyone. Be they Daughters of Khaine or any of the many, many factions that for good reason distrust the bloodthirsty, murder-obsessed, Ulgu-warped warrior women and their elusive serpentine enforcers.

But if the Daughters of Khaine's tentative alliance with the other factions has proven anything, it's that where there's a will there's a way. Why not go further? It's not like most of the other civilisations have clean hands. Surely the Daughters of Khaine are merely more honest about being willing to wade through oceans of blood for their ideals?

Your goal is simple on paper, and indescribably complex in execution: Found a settlement the size of a large city in which both Daughters of Khaine and one or more other cultures live in harmony. A bastion of cooperation where the majority of the population can accept them for who they are, and preferably one where the killing of citizens is kept to a minimum, focused on outsiders and national threats or even outright replaced. It must be autonomous and sustainable to the point of being a viable, cohesive society even should you cease to directly manage it. No methods, system of governance or spellcraft is off the table for this outcome. You have the total duration of your stay to accomplish this feat.

Any society is valid for this union, though it must be in quantities at least a third as numerous as the total number of Daughters of Khaine present. Perhaps deepening bonds with the Sylvaneth against Nurgle's hordes would work well? Or perhaps the mysterious denizens of Malerion's realm could be persuaded to come together in defence against further Chaos incursions? A sufficiently desperate Freeguild outpost might even welcome those willing to defend them.

Remain too far in the extreme of the Daughters of Khaine's sacraments, and other Realms may intervene if they see their citizens as being abused. On the other hand while Morathi likely appreciates having a somewhat respectable veneer to further her schemes through, spreading sedition which casts doubt on her authority over it is likely to provoke swift and violent retaliation.

Your reward is the right to keep this nascent civilisation, and a small portion of whatever Realm it settles in's wilderness stretching out for many thousands of miles in every direction. In future worlds, even if you are otherwise magically inept you will gain a spell capable of opening a portal to your realm that can be widened with concentration and effort-and any magic users or supernatural beings within capable of creating or using interdimensional effects may also bring their population in and out similarly. The wilderness will be rich in wildlife and resources of all kinds-mundane and supernatural-befitting the Realm it's based on, but lack the threat of Godbeasts or the presence of Chaos.]

The Tell-Tale Heart (Requires An Age of Myth, A Storm-Cast Age and the Drop-In Origin)

In another world Kaela Mensha Khaine was the Bloody Handed God, the Lord of Murder, the elven god of war, destruction and murder. His creed taught that conflict was necessary for peace to reign, that only slaughter gave the promise of life any meaning and that love is meaningless unless tempered by the blackest of hatred. Perhaps the ancient god would find it bitterly ironic that she who he once favoured above all applied these principles directly to him, then.

Oh yes. If it hasn't been spelt out for you yet: The Daughters of Khaine are unknowingly deceived by their so-called High Oracle. Morathi worships nothing but herself in this brave new world. Eons ago, she located the last remember of Khaine after it was cast from Khorne's grasp: His iron heart, guarded by the Godbeast Kharybtar. Both seduction and force failed to slay the creature, but her magic let her draw on the heart for power long enough to outlast it and abscond with her prize. Ever since then every drop of blood, every rite and sacrament has offered power and called down power not from Khaine, but from Morathi's own near-deific mastery of magic. And soon that delineation may disappear entirely-for all that bloodshed, all her plots are centred on one thing:

To attain true godhood, standing as an equal to the likes of Tyrion, Teclis and Malerion (formerly Malekith), and take her revenge on all who have scorned her from the pantheons of Order.

What if Khaine wasn't the only deity of Order who left behind a remnant of his power? What if there was another? What price would you pay for such an opportunity? Would you dare the bowels of Slaanesh, undergo the same hurdles and indignities Morathi herself did to seize the power you feel is rightfully yours?

If so, then prepare for sensation beyond reason and a violation that trespasses on your very soul. For your journey begins in the depths of Slaanesh's gullet, on the day Morathi finally manages to force the Chaos God to eject her.

There will be pain.
There will be pleasure.
There will be colours no mortal has ever seen.
There will be ENDLESS CACOPHONY and exquisite Harmony
You will suffer.
You will be pleasured.
You will be subjugated.
You will be digested.

On, and on through the roiling thunder of Slaanesh's digestive process you must hold dear to everything you are, amidst an ever-shifting un-scape of pure lust. There is one other wakeful soul, battered here and there by the Dark Prince's pleasure.

You witness the unimaginably complex and *desperate* surges of dark magic as she frantically gestures at you. It is Morathi, once-Hag Queen of the Druuchii. Now nothing more than another rapidly mutating, agonised and tormented victim-fighting to keep her mind, body and soul in one piece yet unravelling and twisting before your very eyes. Yet unlike the Dark Prince's other victims she retains a frantic awareness, screaming to be overheard-and locking eyes with the other awake non-Chaos being in there with her.

No words need be spoken. The cacophony rages on around you. Her gestures, her wailing are beyond sanity. But in this place where desire is all, her needs are clear: Help me, give me the strength or support to escape, and I will take you with me. If you are a mage of considerable power, you may be able to assist her efforts. If you are not, reach for her and she will use some of your soul to fuel her escape. If you have some other means, you may begin deploying it to the focal point of Slaanesh where Morathi aims her efforts. If you're powerful enough, you may simply leave her to make her own escape. Or take her with you, as you please.

Either way soon, Morathi will aggravate the Dark Prince into spitting her out-along with you, where you shall fall inconceivable distances out of the sky towards an ocean. If you are exhausted by these efforts or unskilled in the ways of magic, Morathi's last efforts will save both your lives with a bubble of force.

The trauma and the journey across the seas will destroy the last of Morathi's sanity, leaving her to wander aimlessly on the beach. It should go without saying she would be deeply grateful for help, for comfort, for *company* if nothing else once she returns to her senses but it is not necessary to lend any. There are many who would say that this fate is what one of the most evil and treacherous beings to walk the old world deserves. But at this point you may wish to take into account what your stay in Slaanesh's gullet has done to both of you.

Despair, for even if you should retain your sanity your body has been warped into a misshapen serpentine monster. Like the Bloodwrack Medusae writ large you have a vast serpentine body in place of legs, a crown of venomous serpents in place of hair that bite at your command, functional bat-like wings and strength enough to cleanly thrust a polearm through a pillar of solid stone. Your raw might could stand against some Godbeasts, and while you may not necessarily win such battles could last days. All your fangs, and the stinger upon your tail, boasts venom strong enough to slay the mightiest warrior in moments. Most deadly of all, some daemonic corruption lets you focus all the self-loathing and spite in your soul into a transfixing gaze that boils the blood of those whose eyes you meet, bursting them apart unless they truly have a will of iron.

(Are you the cruel, fickle sort? Or perhaps, do you believe the sins of the old world should not be forgiven in the new? Morathi has seldom been more vulnerable in the world proper than she is now-a ranting, crazed monster bereft of all her wits. Many would say killing her here would be a great service. It may not be easy; she is furious with madness and has all the powers described above, but is also too unstable and exhausted to use her great gift over magic well-if at all)

(Kill her here if you wish. If you do not care for certain options that may become available. For the cold, bleak truth is that there are none left in this world who would mourn her)

It would take great mastery of magic to disguise and compact your form back to something resembling your previous state of being. Be warned: While you may always transform back willingly intense rage, spite or self-loathing will unwillingly reveal your true form for all to see-and so intensified are those it may take hours, even days, to restore yourself. Unless you possess powers far beyond those of Morathi.

A wretched fate, but not one without it's upsides. For whether you accompanied Morathi on her journeys or explored on your own, at some point strange omens will begin to haunt your dreams. Recollections of a dying god, frantically reaching out to fling a light into the future for its supplicants. It is not Khaine, but rather the fractured memories of another god of the old aelven pantheon. The signs may be difficult to follow even with great guile and arcane skill, but the dreams will persist for a great while until you uncover a true holy of holies.

A god's heart. And guarded by a Godbeast.

What sacrosanct fortune! What power! You must recover the heart by whatever means are available to you, by overcoming the Godbeast before you-and not necessarily through force of arms. While the creature has the might of a god and an instinctive protectiveness of the holy relic, it has the mind of an animal. Those near-divinely skilled in the magic of life or beasts or otherwise deeply attuned to nature may be able to soothe it enough to willingly hand over its prize, those gifted in illusions may be able to distract it. If you wish to fight the creature, know that unless the Godbeast is remarkably weak for its kind your serpentine form may hold its own but is unlikely to triumph by itself unless you have the mystic talent to draw power from the heart to sustain yourself during the fight.

Hide the heart somewhere well, somewhere truly well protected and preferably rich in magic. For both the forces of Chaos and the more malign allies of Sigmar would be highly interested in a relic of this power. If you truly have no further ambition for this item, then **consider the heart your prize. Apart from being the literal, beating heart of a god with all that entails it is a formidable font of power. A mere drop of blood from it could greatly empower others into beings shaped by the god's nature-and the owner's as well if they were deeply skilled in magic. It is a great wellspring of magical power, constantly trying to fully resurrect itself by spreading the nature of the god through visions, inspiration and other meagre miracles throughout the world unless thoroughly sealed. With experimentation, both great power and rites or spells associated with the god may be drawn from the heart.**

But that may not necessarily be enough. Not for someone with your ambition.

Win Condition A: Madmen Know Nothing

Morathi will soon be setting up her little cult to make her own bid for godhood, so why not follow in her footsteps? You need not do so in Ulgu if the local energies are not agreeable to the god's nature, but faith can move mountains.

You must set up a religion dedicated to the god, and devise a mystic means of channelling all the faith and worship directed at them into yourself. By default worship sent to the god will reside as a kind of magical energy in the heart, so some means of magic capable of siphoning such power would be highly useful. Remember that not all gods are as bloodthirsty as Khaine; the nature of some may be at odds to sacrifice, yet respond much more positively to less intense forms of worship. It will take centuries, perhaps even thousands of years depending on the scope of your faith to gather sufficient energy to make an attempt at apotheosis but once you do, you may attempt to devise a rite incorporating the god's heart that lets you make the attempt. That is assuming your faith is as niche as that of the Daughters of Khaine of course; faith is power, and Morathi will go far even with a greatly marginalised and disliked sect.

The nature of this rite will be left open-ended, but it is at least guaranteed to be possible and guaranteed to require spiritual energies of a powerful and unique nature at least somewhat related to the god. Some reagent capable of blurring the delineation between concepts would be vital too. Consuming a number of extremely powerful souls, binding and amplifying an Endless Spell for power, siphoning a magical nexus in a Mortal Realm aligned with the god-all these may be valid paths to power.

Should you have parted with Morathi on good terms or even continued to aid her cause, her dark wisdom may be able to provide your efforts. Make no mistake: Morathi is far from softhearted or trusting and has a vested interest in silencing you to ensure none know of her secrets, to say nothing of her moments of weakness, but she is also a pragmatist-and likely deeply scorned against the pantheons of Order. She can certainly see the value in a fellow deity as an ally, when she is on such poor terms with the rest. If you have won her trust, she may slyly deign to gift you a few of the Khainite rites or shadow magics she uses to siphon worship or preserve her immortality, and advise upon the feasibility of your own schemes. It would take far greater levels of trust for her to reveal the details of her own ploy for ascension, though.

Your reward is, quite simply, godhood. Your means of ascension will greatly determine the overall level of power you wield compared to the rest of the pantheon, but at the bare minimum you would be at least on par with Morathi (though not necessarily having the deep depths of magical experience she has from the old world that gave her godlike power even before her ascension, or whatever new advantages she may gain after her own apotheosis).

No mortal can challenge such power; at a glance, you could vaporise armies and sunder mountains. Naturally, you are strongest in the phenomena the god you subsumed embodied. Even daemons cannot stand before you in a direct contest of

power, though being as powerful as they may be able to wield more indirect rites the line between daemons and a true extrusion of the Chaos Gods.

In sheer power, the gods of this world have sundered moons and destroyed mountain ranges as shows of force. Only the Godbeasts can stand against deities in anything resembling a fair fight, and the mightiest deities such as God-King Sigmar have slain them in spite of that-while Gorkamorka's volatile nature has actually created Godbeasts said to be subdivided aspects of himself. In mystic puissance Teclis, who was once a mortal archmage, has created artifacts capable of granting wisdom beyond mortal ken to the masses and a powerful lantern that could revive and entice the souls hidden in Slaanesh's gullet to its presence. With more ambition and preparation, the likes of Nagash were able to perform a great rite called the Necroquake: An implosion, then explosion of Shyish magic that rippled out through the Mortal Realms against their gods' wishes and gave him a claim on all of them in death-though not necessarily one unchallenged, as Sigmar's chosen proved. In truth you represent power so great that all the united pantheons of this world were capable of driving the hosts of Chaos back into retreat.

Optionally, provided your ascension was successful and there were no, say, soul-cleaving mishaps then you may utterly obliterate your appalling serpentine form. If you wish to keep it, such is your mastery of it that it effectively becomes an altform you may change into. You may also incorporate it's various traits into your divine form, at will.

Regardless, you may also **take those of your followers deeply marked by your power with you**, so that in future worlds the faith that empowers you will continue to prosper. How your mark your followers does not matter, only that they are deeply steeped in the power you control. Morathi will give her trusted Melusai some of Khaine's blood, Sigmar's Stormcast are forged by him into an undying army and of course the servants of Nagash have a rather distinctive look.

Win Condition B: A Low, Dull, Quick Sound

Perhaps like Morathi herself once thought, you prefer to let others rule on your behalf. Perhaps you simply feel a great faith in, or pity for, the fallen deity. In either case, while in many ways this echoes the first win condition the main difference is that you will simply *not* attempt to sabotage the heart's attempt to revive the god it represents. You will simply preach the faith of the deity, and spread it, and even if you resort to some white lie about being chosen by the deity you at least won't disrupt the heart's healing process. Being the natural course the heart is inclined to take, this ensures the process of revival happens much quicker without external forces constantly depleting it's reserves. It will only take centuries at most, maybe merely decades if faith for the god is truly prevalent and devout.

But if you succeed, then the survivor of two apocalypses will open their eyes and look upon a world with new gods.

Your reward is the grateful resurrected deity, who may follow you as a companion into future worlds, and may also take along their followers to ensure the promulgation of their faith.

Precisely how powerful they are overall again depends on which deity was revived, though it is safe to say all may do things within their purview that others may not. Be wary about the gratitude of a Cytharai deity. Where most of the Cadai, the elven gods of the heavens, are noble or at least distant but generally benevolent beings (save treacherous Lileath), the Cytharai are often defined by their darker passions. Khaine's idea of gratitude may be empowering you to ever-greater heights of murder, while Ereth Khial's may be the right to lead her forces in battle.

And as for the last outcome, well.

To begin with, while Win Conditions A and B are mutually exclusive to each other, either may be achieved with ending C.

Win Condition C: Stranger By Far Than The Love of Those Older Than We (Requires the scenario Better To Be Ashes Than Dust to have been completed in the Dark Elves jump)

Let us wind the clock back, to the moment of your appearance into Slaanesh's gullet. Even if you should have no other great powers not from this world or its predecessor, the excruciating sights and sounds all around you are far, far easier to endure. Shining with the sacred light of Asuryan, your very soul shines like a star undiminished by whatever torturous bondage Slaanesh can bring to bear. It's almost easy now. Your thoughts are well and fully your own, your motion constant if directionless as if you were floating in a pool while narcoleptic. If you attained deific power in the past, you might even be able to escape on your own with great difficulty .

As such, you do not have the gorgon form you would have otherwise been shaped into. **Instead, you are considered to have a stronger form of Kingly Soul for free. You may manifest a blazing sword of fire and blood, and with your will swing it or send it flying with blinding speed and unerring accuracy. Such is this power that a sure strike could cleave even the soul of a god.** If you wish, you may still take the perk to have another great spiritual power. Perhaps one patterned after other facets of your legend?

There are, you perceive in the depths of Slaanesh, others. Other elven kings of your, dimmer but just as constant as you are. You are drifting away from them now. Conscious of the currents that whorl in every direction and none, you suddenly find yourself before what is likely the last woman you wish to see right now.

Morathi. Her jaw dropping open in speechless shock, and yearning, and horror at you seeing her like this. Even through the haze of madness and desperation tainting her mind, your appearance provides clarity. The spells she weaves threatening to dissipate as she sees you eye to eye after so long-and then gritting

her teeth as she redoubles her efforts. No help is needed. Your mere presence wrings out new strength in her once she realises she is, for the first time in a long while, fighting for something other than herself.

(If Morathi herself had previously attained godhood, her escape is all but guaranteed and she may even have forced a portal through Slaanesh's substance into the realm of Ulgu-though her relief on seeing you is no less poignant and while she would be better equipped to endure the agonies inflicted on her, her humiliation at her dark glory being warped with Slaaneshi traits after achieving so much will be even more intense. Although the great power you may have amassed together may provide additional context for her fallen state)

(Perhaps her power was such that more of the old world persisted than the core which Sigmar clung to as he gained divinity, but in trying to save her conquests while fighting off the full brunt of Chaos Morathi found herself overstretched)

(Perhaps she grew complacent, overconfident and corruptible in her power, making unwise deals after thinking herself above their consequences. Perhaps she was tricked into such extreme excesses that she was left incapacitated by her own joys-ironically just as Slaanesh himself has been made vulnerable by his consumption of aelven souls. Chaos' power remains vast after all, and without truly extreme measures it is not out of the question they could have mustered an Everchosen of truly unprecedented might)

(Perhaps in the end, it was simply in the nature of Dhar to corrode even its own foundations. And that after straying from the warmth of your light once too often, it was Morathi's own insatiable want for more that left her pinned like a fly in the sticky, crumbling edifice of her own world as it all slowly transmuted into the pitch of True Dhar. That ironically, it was the embodiment of Morathi's own absolutism of purpose that swallowed up her thrashing soul in an oubliette of the very suffering she visited on others, and that by the time her world was inchoate enough for the Chaos Gods to invade Slaanesh found her already made helpless by her own self-destructive nature.

Either way, the power she wields is as agonising as it is succulent for the Dark Prince, and whatever stroke of misfortune led to your present circumstances Slaanesh is likely to be wounded grievously upon your escape)

The fall and drift across the ocean will be a cascade of exhilaration, panic and finally utter despair and shame for her. Ranting and raving while frantically mustering the sphere needed to save you both, she will be torn apart by the urge to cling to you and the shame of seeing what she has been twisted into.

(Or perhaps if you are both gods, the Mortal Realms will tremble at your coming as you shake Ulgu with your landing)

She may scream at you not to look at her, hurtling to the other end of the sphere.
She may cling to you like driftwood, sobbing into your shoulder.
She may howl out her grudges from the old world.
She may simply stare at you with the horrified despair of a hag who can no longer

hide the twisted monster she has always been behind beauty to the one man whose opinion has ever mattered to her.

At the shore it is simple: Wherever you go, she goes. If asked where she wishes to go, she will grimly plot a course while frantically trying to cover up her unsightly form from you. With her old ambitions in tatters and desperate for anything resembling comfort after what she has endured, she will fight tooth and nail to remain at your side if you show the slightest wish to dismiss her.

In your travels together she will cling to you like a beaten child, refusing to meet your gaze and turning all talk of the present into talk of better times. Frantically trying to remind you of the good, skimming over the bad and jumping at the slightest reminder of the present. She may often be found cursing up a storm as she frantically swallows coils of penumbral magic until she figures out how to regain a beautiful form once more. Cheering slightly when successfully calling upon shadow daemons for aid; generously sharing them with you if you wish. Cursing yet more once she realizes her old ties to Khaine are lost, and draws on power from the shadows instead. But such is her yearning for you and misery that however badly she is hurting, you need but ask to see her leap into your arms.

Her horrified self-loathing upon realising she transforms into her true shape in the throes of *passion* as well as rage will be **intense.**

It is ironic that for all it shames her, your regal presence is also something of an emotional crutch for Morathi. She will be less keen to offer quite as much to the other gods, knowing her once-rescuer is at her side. Exile at the hands of her son will sting less when she knows she has another to rely on apart from him. It is no longer just burning spite and ambition that drive her; having something, *someone* who once protected her and is therefore worth protecting after having lost so much will see her throw herself into her new schemes with far greater determination than before. Knowing her physical appeal to you is...limited while her magical gifts will be useful in the new world, she wishes to obtain godhood not just for her ego-

-but having been marked irrevocably by Slaanesh, to prove to you *your relationship and the legacy it left behind was not a mistake.*

This is all, of course, complicated if and when you discover the god-heart.

Morathi will demand it for her rituals. She will rant. She will rave. Having finally mustered enough bravado she will rail at you endlessly if denied, screaming how she wishes to line the nest for both of you and how you need to focus on war while she ensures you are both able to stand on even footing with the gods of this world. What she may do if you put your foot down is unpredictable; her love for you is great enough to give pause even to her egomania, but she is also very, very

desperate for any means of revenging herself on Slaanesh and all who looked down upon her.

(If she is already a goddess, she will be far less desperate but still quite keen to "line the nest" with any resources she feels will be useful to her. While still wielding godly power she is badly hurt from what she has endured, not helped by the far greater corruption it took to corrupt a goddess down to her soul and her jealousy of your immaculate state. She will regain her full power in months, but that time will be shortened greatly by her rituals or worship-and the heart may be the gateway to both. She may be more devious and patient about requesting the heart, but no less determined)

Some form of compromise may tilt things towards cooperation. Morathi will be assuaged by being allowed to draw from the heart's power only rarely. Discussing the possibility of Khorne's survival, arguing that the deity whose remnant you have may be *beneath* her dignity or at least not conducive for her goals might work too. Explaining you wish to consume the heart's power yourself will actually make a great deal of sense to Morathi, and she would compliment your ruthlessness if nothing else. Though above all else proving the location of Khaine's heart will strike a chord with her, for the war god's destructive power made him truly mighty among his pantheon.

(Of course, being a goddess already will make her much less attached to the necessity of keeping up with the other gods and more possessive of what she feels she rightfully deserves. Instead of attaining greater power, she merely wishes to siphon the greatest vestiges of the old world to bolster her existing reserves and broaden her divine nature from a sorceress to a warrior)

Either way, so long as you can reach an agreement on the heart **your reward is the Daughters of Khaine as a faction, commanded by their High Oracle and soon-to-be goddess to accompany you both on your journey.** They may be ready and waiting for your orders in each world you visit, or based out of any realms of existence you own. If you are much as she remembered, Morathi will be bitterly aware her spite reflects on the vicious society she has created and though dependent on it for her goals as well as to vent her spite at the world, will be open to directing it's deadly practices as you please. She will defend herself by pointing out that for all their flaws, the Daughters are some of Chaos' deadliest and most persistent enemies, and single out the Lumineth's own flaws or later try to convince Alarielle to vouch for her. On the other hand, she will be very pleased if you are indifferent or approving of the Daughters' activities-assuring you that as the embodiment of a *god* not a man you are clearly above their misandrist laws.

Should Morathi settle on finding Khaine's heart, events will largely proceed as they would have otherwise-save that with your (even tacit) support, Morathi's mind and heart will be much more at ease and determined than when she had only herself to rely on. It might even be possible to convince her to show leniency to the menfolk of her people, being her king and all. Morathi keenly wishes for your support in her ambitions, though bitterly understands if your first instinct is to turn your back on her work and pursue daemons to hunt or somesuch.

Be it an acknowledgement of her High Oracle status in public or simply intervening on behalf of her forces, any support for her cause *will* be richly rewarded with what little she can muster from her humble kingdom. Weapons, any loyal witch

aelves she can spare, the blessings of Khaine if you can stomach such things- Morathi knows your actions may greatly affect the world, and that loudly proclaiming her support in public may once again tie her success to yours. Of course, her door is always open to you in private. Even if you should shun the Khainite faith in disgust, she will entreat you to rest a while at her quarters, let her soothe your wounds with her magic and protect you on your adventures with her new powers. She already all but worshipped you in her heart before your ascension, after all.

Should Morathi lay claim to the other deity's heart, with two fonts of power to draw from her already formidable power will increase further. She will still focus on the Heart of Khaine once she locates it, but who knows what she could accomplish with the hearts of two gods at her fingertips? Nagash, after all, was once just a human fumbling with elven magics.

Hundreds, if not thousands of years will pass unless great events change the outcome drastically until Morathi has gathered enough power and an opportunity will present itself. The mining of varanite, an eldritch metal that is the mutagenic blood of the Chaos Gods, by Archaon and the Mathcoir's immense power will give Morathi the power she needs to enact her plan: To enter Slaanesh's bowels, and devour the souls of the Phoenix Kings within for power. She is aware of how this action may offend your senses, and depending on your awareness of her ambitions and how well you've made that awareness known either she may simply try to deceive you and claim Slaanesh holds some great energy. If pressed she will make other arguments.

That the kings were enemies to her and your son, and release from Slaanesh's grip is more mercy than they deserved.

That they were to a man pretenders to the Phoenix Throne protected by treacherous mages from flames they had no right to endure, and it is time they paid back their stolen embers of power.

That you and she deserve better than to be cast as the villains of history.

It is not impossible to convince her the plan is folly-especially if she retains her old godhood. The risks are great after all, and she would manipulate then betray erstwhile allies to achieve it.

But should she go through it with your approval, the Mathcoir will shatter with the birth throes of a new goddess born into this world. Whole, sound of mind and beautiful as a blood-red sunset. For were things otherwise than Morathi's soul might be wounded forever by your blade-split irrevocably into her aspects as a beautiful but deadly iron-winged goddess and a serpentine manifestation of spite, leaving her wracked with perpetual madness and a wound in her godly soul that may never heal.



But not now.

Perfectly balanced as all things should be, **Morathi may transform into the serpentine Shadow Queen as she wishes, or her radiant aelven self.**

(Should she already have had deific power, she may even split off those aspects of herself in a less traumatic fashion than what would otherwise occurred. **Her shadow will be given life to become the Shadow Queen, and some of her blood will be used to kindle a new mind and body representing herself as the beautiful Morathi-Khaine-representing what would have been her warlike mortal incarnation in this world)**

Three bodies and three minds commanded by one soul, Morathi's euphoria at her newfound power is matched only by one thing. The knowledge that when the rest of the world is scoured by her wrath, you will be there at her side through all eternity.

Notes

Yes, Age of Sigmar is an utter mess. I know.

For those less familiar with the game, here is a list of known Lore of Shadows spells: https://ageofsigmar.lexicanum.com/wiki/Lore_of_Shadows

On **The Tell-Tale Heart:** It is generally assumed that, you know, *you're not very happy* about being Slaanesh chow. If for whatever reason you're somehow okay with being eaten by Slaanesh I guess you can project a mechanically identical gaze powered by pleasure and lust instead since it's the Slaanesh way. Which I suppose you would logically transform into after feeling too many Slaaneshi feelings, and wrack you with Slaaneshi feelings for the duration of the transformation. It can even have a different attack effect, though it may be no deadlier than boiling blood hard enough to explode a man. Which is pretty damn deadly.

On that subject, while suggestions are provided for what may have happened if you *truly* derailed the timeline sufficiently that there was absolutely, positively no chance of Slaanesh eating the both of you i.e. killed him or let the Great Horned Rat entirely usurp him or something else that would tear asunder Games Workshop's precious status quo, it may turn out that that you are simply dealing with a different Morathi in another timeline. Alternatively, as certain gods like Nagash and Gorkamorka are known to have separate aspects of themselves independent from their main consciousness it may be that Slaanesh merely managed to consume a fragment of the true Morathi (who is likely furiously searching for the Chaos God's location to rescue you) now riven off into an independent being. Expect...considerable tension if your Morathi encounters this one. As you should if you discover the heart you have found is that of **Hekarti**. I really shouldn't have to say this but *filling the timeline with multiple Morathis is a terrible idea.*

And yes, if you did have Malekith as your son in Dark Elves it can be assumed your relationship will greatly colour your strategic position in Ulgu. As will Ulgu's political situation if Malekith was somehow never born. Alternatively, as above if this is truly another timeline then it may be this Malekith is an entirely different person than any child you had.

Also the Godbeast you may encounter is a separate one from the Godbeast pursuing you because of God-Beast's Quarry.