Warhammer Fantasy: Dark Elves

In the harsh, frigid land of Naggaroth lies a realm born in betrayal and built on spite. It is the home of the Dark Elves, the outcast children of Ulthuan who fought more fiercely and unflinchingly against the perils of Chaos than any of the united Elven peoples. Where others were soldiers defending their lands and loved ones, those who became counted among the Dark Elves were killers delighting in the many ways of death-but also descended from the elves who suffered most during its initial invasion, and those most unshakeably loyal to the first Phoenix King Aenarion once he drew the Sword of King in fury at the death of his wife and missing children.

Cast from their homeland by misfortune and foul play, the Druchii or Naggarothi as they call themselves are raiders, slavers and heartless reavers of the first degree-growing strong in the bitterness of exile rather than succumbing to the frailty of lesser beings. Seafarers by necessity since the mighty Black Ark fortresses bore them safely away from the catastrophic eruption that ended Chaos' invasion, many look down on the two-faced hypocrisy, softhearted moralising and indolent isolationism of their cousins among the High and Wood Elves.

Though the ranks of their nobility are mercurial, the Witch King Malekith's supremacy has been constant since Naggaroth's founding. Long ago he sought to claim Ulthuan's crown only to be scourged by the Flames of Asuryan-kept alive only by enchanted runic armour. His scheming mother Morathi is their other pillar of authority, her jaded heart preferring to be the power behind the throne despite her undisputed mastery of dark magic. Between the two of them, they have brought countless schemes to the shores of Ulthuan and warred with many of its Phoenix Kings. Thus far Malekith has been thwarted time and again-yet the bitterness tainting his life casting a shadow over his soul as it did his father has only hardened his heart to retake Ulthuan. For in his heart, all he feels he has left is his destiny.

Where the touch of Chaos inspired hubris in the High Elves and made isolationists of the Wood Elves, it brought enlightenment to the Dark Elves: The knowledge that the world exists only for the pleasure of the strong, and that life is not worth living without the right to take all it can give by force. It was with this grim determination that they bent the most horrifying creatures in the world to their will, and whispered sweet nothing in the ears of Chaos followers or other civilised races alike even as they cast them forth as expendable pawns.

Where others would be daunted by the dimming of the world, the Dark Elves thrive like no other elder race. They are a people as duplicitous and murderous as they are eloquent and refined, revering the darkest gods of their pantheon and wielding forbidden magics with gleeful malice. When Ulthuan's lands burn, when a vengeance thousands of years in the making is finally enacted, the shadow of their ambition will be cast long indeed over the rest of the world.

Take 1000 Choice Points (CP), and watch your back.

Locations

You awaken somewhere on Naggaroth, whether in the Tower of Prophecy or the cursed City of Executioners. Whether soon to be among company or alone in the wilderness, it would be wise to be on your guard. Are you a loyal servant of the Witch King, or a malicious opportunist? In Naggaroth, the line between the two can be thin.



You are whatever gender you were previously, though you may change this for 50 CP. Though certain choices may alter this, you may at your discretion be either 1d8 centuries old or a young elf with any mortal man's age. In the harsh world of the Druchii, competence is rewarded far more than seniority.

Origins

Warrior: Though in their heart no Dark Elf counts themselves among the common rabble, your birth was low among your kind and your childhood rough. Schooled in slaughter by a lifetime of survival and either conscripted into service or driven to seize their fate through battle, you are equally adept with ranged and melee weapons-for the lifestyle of raiding and pillaging your people lead demands great mobility and flexibility in battle. You have carved terror through settlements of all kinds, travelled through the grimmest lands with fearless determination and above all else cut down every warrior who dared probe you for weakness. Now that your great nation finally seems on the cusp of ascendency, your blade may soon once again taste the blood of Ulthuan scum.

Zealot: You were born in Har Ganeth, the spiritual centre of Khaine's worship, or else early in your youth felt a great calling to the dark gods your people revere.. Perhaps you preach the ways of Ereth Khial, who seizes souls otherwise doomed to meet oblivion at Slaanesh's hand. The frenzy that aids the Brides of Khaine in battle comes naturally to you. The lesser races know little of your dark gods, thinking them more grand daemons served by your kind-and that is exactly as it should be, for only you are worthy of their blessing. It is on the cusp of great change that the Dark Elves seek guidance from higher powers-for opportunistic reasons, if no other, and you are here to teach your people that faith is proven in blood, not words.

Noble (100 CP): Among the denizens of Naggaroth are those families who through long service, excellent service or simply caprice have risen high in Malekith's favour. You were born into great wealth, and had even greater ambition thrust upon you at an early age as a result, for the price of having better arms, better mounts and better standing than the average Druchii is the cunning, strength and endurance to cut down your rivals lest they make you their prey. Apart from whatever ambitions you possess, take heed that your family will wish to remain in the Witch-King and his mother's good graces. Whether on the battlefield atop a roaring beast or in a ballroom filled with other hungry-eyed nobles, you are the epitome of viciously polite grace.

Sorceress (200 CP): All elves have a natural affinity for the shifting Winds of Magic, having learned the secrets from the mighty Slann. But it was Morathi who first sought to break the limit on what power could be drawn from it through dark rituals and bloody sacrifices-and through her tutelage, the Dark Elves came to wield spells boasting far more raw power than any the elves had previously known. You are one of these mystics, having dedicated your life to both the study of magic as well as the mercenary services you provide to employers requiring such aid-always with an eye for opportunities to slay an employer incapable of producing payment, of course. Whether you are among the Dark Convent of Sorceresses at Ghrond or a maverick practitioner, your abilities make you greatly valued.

Be warned: Though Dark Elves of both gender can wield sorcery Malekith offers generous bounties for the heads of male sorcerers. The Prophecy of Demise states that a great warrior will one day be cast from his home by a sorcerer, and naturally Malekith's caution makes him believe he may be that warrior. As such, with this background you may change gender for free. Should you stubbornly persist in being a male Druchii wizard, you gain 300 CP for the trouble this brings on your standing in society.

Drop-In: No past to your name. No standing in Druchii society, nor any animosity with its great and good. Are you even truly of Naggaroth? Regardless of the answer, though you may seem to be of the Druchii-at least, in bearing and insofar as having pure elfin blood in your veins-you seem to lack any past connection to its society. It may be easy to blend in among the rest of your kind should you prove your worth, but be wary of those with an eye for suspicions outsiders. Nothing happens without a reason in Naggaroth, and there are those keen to stay informed about anything that does.

Perks

All perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant background headers. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

Elfin Grace (Free and mandatory): You are of the Druchii, 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 High Elves' 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 elves are naturally swifter and more graceful than mankind, but the Druchii 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.

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

General

I'm Here To Kill Chaos (100 CP): Never let it be said the Dark Elves have lost any of their animosity for the powers that once wrecked their world. Though they may consort with them when an advantage is posed, though they have no scruples about throwing others to the dark gods' nonexistent mercies, you have taken onto yourself a great oath against Chaos. It's subtle, mind-warping powers have less purchase on you before, your steely determination keeping you focused on who your enemies are. And while your physical resistance is much lesser, it is still sufficient to walk safely where others risk contamination by foul energies.

Family Bonding (100 CP): ...are you really so depraved as to want this? Yes, the Dark Elves are degenerates no better than actual Slaaneshi followers but even THIS is frequently an exaggeration used by their enemies to paint them with unsubstantiated accusations. But if you really want it for what is hopefully strategic reasons then there may be something about you that provokes a strong, debauchedly amorous reaction in your relatives of the opposite gender. You are certainly more beautiful or handsome than you would have been otherwise but not exceptionally so among your people. Yours is a lascivious, slovenly beauty fit more for the tavern than the high court.

It is some combination of your behaviour, your habits and frankly your bedplay that drives the normally jaded appetites of Dark Elves into utmost satisfaction through your taboo union. Mothers will find the best memories of their idealised husband in their sons. Sisters will eagerly strip for their brothers. Sons burdened by denied destinies find solace in their mother's arms, and brothers may be coaxed to let their guard down with unaccustomed gentleness. Even those distantly descended from an old lover or that can be guided into a pseudo-familial relationship of some sort are susceptible to your vile charms as well.

Favour of Dark Gods (200 CP): Ereth Khial, Pale Lady of the underworld. Khaine, the Bloody-Handed. Ellinil, Morai-heg, Hekarti**.** There have always been dark gods in the elven pantheons, representations of the darker side of the elven soul that both the Asur and Asrai deem incredibly foolish to court the attention of. Yet seeing kindred spirits in many cases, the Dark Elves gleefully cultivate the favours of such deities-and in your case, it seems to be paying off.

Here and in future worlds, malign deities nonetheless seen as legitimate parts of a mostly constructive, benevolent pantheon will hold you in high regard. Their blessings will come to you for a splash of blood where it normally takes butchering many sacrifices, their followers will be guided to cooperate with you so long as you show a modicum of respect and should you live by their precepts they may treat you as a herald, champion or priest depending on their disposition. If you were fortuitous to greet one in person, even if they were to have forgotten much of what they once were, you would be naturally embraced as a champion and favoured ally. Truly exemplifying their faith, winning influence on their behalf or otherwise pleasing them may even see relations grow warm to the point of intimacy. After all it is said Ereth Khial harbours affection for Malekith, seeing in him the ruthlessness of an agreeable consort fit to lead her vengeful assault on creation.

Caller of the Eight Winds (200 CP, Lore of Death or Shadow free for Sorceress): To say the elves are skilled at magic is superfluous. Able to learn all the Winds of Magic with skill and insight beyond mortal men, those who truly turn their hand to the study of magic wield ancient, interdimensional forces with skill capable of warping the very fabric of the mortal world. While any sorceress (or the rare sorcerers) would be knowledgeable in the lore of such forces, with each purchase here in one of the eight Winds of Magic you boast exceptional talent and potential. If you were not a prodigy of Ghrond, you would be counted among those mages they treat with respect. The Dark Elves' brutal society make you particularly skilled with dire curses, devastating army-shattering evocations and rites to obtain power for yourself or tear it from others. The Winds are as follows:

Aqshy, the Lore of Fire, which governs passion and valour as well as literal heat.

Azyr, the Lore of the Heavens, which governs knowledge of the unknowable and inspirations as well as celestial phenomena.

Chamon, the Lore of Metal, which governs logic and the wish to learn or implement knowledge as well as the transmutation of matter.

Ghur, the Lore of Beasts, which communes with the wild and shapes or tames beasts.

Ghyran, the Lore of Life, which is concerned with healing, curatives and growth in all its forms.

Hysh, the Lore of Light, which governs light as well as it's associations such as enlightenment and purification.

Shyish, the Lore of Death, the embodiment of certain death.

Ulgu, the Lore of Shadow, magic's own reflection of illusion, shadows and obfuscation in all its forms.

- Dhar (400 CP, discounted Sorceress): One lore stands above the rest in both power, and danger. A bleak perversion of the Slann's teachings invented by Morathi, Dhar represents a crude, corrupted merger of multiple Winds bent to create a desired effect. Each casting risks damaging the world and consuming the caster if it's fury is unmitigated-in exchange for far greater power surpassing that of the other Winds, and defying many of the conventional limits of conventional spellcraft. Users of Dhar have been known to call down eldritch thunderstorms and tendrils of darkness to siphon vitality from their foes-or even steal their souls outright, to use in rituals or simply as leverage over rivals. The empowering applications of Dhar can empower other spells with unstable or destabilise a nexus of magical energies to devastating effect.

Even the fabric of reality can be torn asunder with Dhar, whether to unleash unspeakable creatures on foes or to unleash the famous Arnzipal's Black Horror: A black cloud of roiling energy that drags unlucky targets screaming

into its depths, never to be seen again. Like the other Winds, sorceresses are most certainly capable of wielding Dhar-but with this purchase your skill and potential are such that you can adeptly avoid many of the art's pitfalls through your sheer mastery, your soul seems supremely receptive to empowering it's efforts and your mind brims with breakthroughs and insights into new applications for this foul art.

Bloodwracked Jumper (300 CP): Thousands of years ago, the jealous goddess Atharti cursed certain sorceresses of Ghrond for attempting to become even more beautiful than the gods. Their minds were stripped from them, and their souls caged in pain-wracked, serpentine bodies with just enough awareness to remember what they had lost. Whether you pursued dread rites for the sake of power or received a twisted blessing of sorts from Atharti, somehow you've obtained the power to transform into a form resembling the Bloodwrack Medusae but still distinctly shaped by your elven form at will-with the exception that so long as your mind remains intact, you can transform back as well.

Your lower half becomes that of a vast serpent, your hair writhing, venomous snakes, your teeth sharpen, your hands can lengthen into deadly claws-and every inch of you is plated with resilient scales. All around you, those nearby are hobbled by the aura of agony that emanates from your living punishment-save the Dark Elves and other depraved beings, who are instead bolstered by your suffering. You are hardy enough to survive in the wilderness of the dark elven lands, your scales are strong as armour and so powerful are your coils that as Morathi decrees for the unfortunate Medusae recaptured for war you could drag massive shrines around you on the battlefield. None of your elven swiftness and skill has been lost in the transformation, and this transformation comes with a degree of magic resistance. Worst of all, your stare is a deadly weapon. Lock eyes with a victim for even a second and their lifeblood violently repels, erupting violently until their body collapses in its own gore.

Dark Enchantments (300 CP): *Decadence.* Your people live it. Your people breathe it. And you? You exemplify it. Your lithe but toned limbs, your flowing silken hair, your entrancingly dark eyes-your beauty and grace are exceptional even among a people already famed for their striking looks. Your icy gaze and strong yet lean stature is the beauty of legends, the stalking grace of a predator that provokes as much danger as temptation. And those you deem fit to lay hands on such beauty will soon find that you are also one of the most skilfully debauched of a skilfully debauched people, leaving bedrooms upended and multiple Dark Elven lovers satisfied while raring to go for more. Outside the bedroom, your beauty could carry you to high standing among nobility even if you were little more than a seeress of no reputation beforehand.

This comes with a constitution tailored to your appetites. While any Dark Elf is expected to be able to retain a quick mind and quicker hands under the influence of the banquets, orgies, festive bloodshed or other excesses you have a particularly enviable endurance. Someone could stab you in the back in the middle of a rut, and you could maintain your performance with your lover in one hand while killing your assailant with the other. Wine is as water to you, and hangovers a thing for lesser beings.

Such are your powers of seduction that even on the battlefield, nearly all opponents have trouble giving their all in raising bow or blade against you, and your servants can quickly grow addicted to your presence-slavishly carrying out your every whim for your mere presence. Your charms transcend species; from the most chaste of witch hunters to the most jaded Chaos cultists and even among those of nonhuman character, your charms slacken grips on weapons and leave others stumbling before they can strike a telling blow.

As a woman your beauty is somewhere between Crone Hellebron's in her youth or Morathi's own. As a man, your noble visage is a dark mirror of the elven races' heroes. Thus this perk comes with knowledge of a free minor illusion with one specific function: To dampen your beauty and seem merely breathtakingly beautiful, that you may avoid the jealously or possessive attention of Morathi.

Warrior

Murderous Prowess (100 CP): It is through killing that Dark Elves rise above other beings. It is their worship, their art, their calling in life. Endowed with the skill of the Dark Elven warrior caste, you find it easy not just to take life-but to embrace the urge for bloodshed at a primal level. Be it blade, bow or mace your sheer prowess with killing using any weapon you can lay hands strikes as if an extension of your will, piercing armour and elegantly deflecting and attacking in tandem. This includes parrying and deflection, but to a lesser degree than your singleminded focus on seeking weak points and exploiting openings in combat. To move like a serpent and strike twice as fast is natural for Naggarond's infantry.

Eternal Hatred (of Ulthuan) (100 CP): Words cannot describe the boiling spite, the seething fury at Ulthuan and it's fair inhabitants for both denying the Dark Elves' accomplishments-and the bounties of their homeland. Drink deep of the dark chalice that is the Druchii's ancestral hatred, and you'll find that in battle with the accursed high elves your blows strike deeper, your arrows land more accurately, and even barehanded strikes land harder as the injustice of your fate cries out for vengeance. Let the wrongs against your people lend you strength and desperation beyond your means.

While this rage-spawned strength can be drawn on for other lesser races or fated foes as well, it burns brightest against the High Elves. Post-jump, if you wish your hatred may latch onto other elves of a high disposition or similar aloof, high-handed entities at an intensity a dwarf would be approve of.

Strike First, Strike Last (200 CP): Whether a scantily clad gladiatrix or a plate-clad knight, all dark elves value swiftness and agility in combat-traits that you now exemplify even among your race. Simply put, against all but the greatest warriors, deadliest beasts or most cunning sorcerers of this world you always. Strike. First, leaving daggers in backs and disappearing into a crowd before your target has even seen you or deftly fencing a mob of warriors on a storm-tossed ship as if you were merely dancing. Your fleetness of foot could match that of a galloping horse, you could practically avoid sword strikes with your eyes shut and thrown darts from your hands fly almost as swiftly as arrows.

Pioneer of a Dark Land (200 CP): The land of the Dark Elves is as harsh as Ulthuan is fair, plagued by rain and sleet as well as all manner of vicious, Chaos-tainted creatures. Yet it's colonists do not just eke a living there-they thrive, founding their fortresses across the entire continent. You are similarly endowed with a ruthless frontiersman's spirit, and the sheer grit and luck to not just survive anywhere-but thrive in particularly harsh environments. Jagged peaks and rocky paths become as familiar to you as your backyard. Your keen senses let you find food in seemingly inhospitable places with remarkable ease. Though no Dark Elf condescends to *labour* where possible, you are among those well equipped to thrive even where your civilised cousins would avoid.

Master of the Arena (400 CP): Outcast daughters of a disgraced house, the Sisters of Slaughter long ago pledged their lives to Eldrazor, Lord of Blades, so he would look faithfully on their quest for revenge. Whether or not you are among these vicious women, you've inherited some mix of Eldrazor's blessing on their fortunes and their own formidable skill. You have mastered a fighting style that almost resembles a dance: Unerringly parrying and avoiding attacks in close combat until it's too late to avoid your wicked blades, which also happens to come with a great deal of presentation that can easily win the favour of a bloodthirsty crowd as the Sisters dominate the gladiatorial guilds. With whip and shield equally well suited to your form of combat, every gut-spilling swipe or fatal slash seems unplanned until the second it's unleashed. Furthermore, against opponents with greater strength or weapons skill you seem empowered to meet the challenge-performing better than you normally could, your blade coming up just in time to deflect their great club or other feats of uncanny martial prowess and fortune.

Break the Buck (400 CP): From the mightiest dragon to the pettiest harpy, all Naggaroth's beasts of war fear one thing more than the enemy: Their tamer. As one well-versed in the Dark Elven animal husbandry tradition, through some combination of sheer intimidating spiritual presence and brutal torture you can break the monstrous creatures of this land into obedient steeds and pets. Some animals may be easier to tame after getting hold of them young, such as dark pegasi, but rest assured all will eventually break before such treatment. Animals as alien and aggressive as the Kharibdyss have been trained into obedient, If not always predictable or intelligent warriors too cowed by your discipline to threaten those nearby. Even dragons raised from the egg can be taken and whipped into violent but obedient beasts-it would take the might of an adult Dread Saurian to shrug off all you could inflict on a disobedient animal.

Champion of Naggarond (600 CP): Urian Poisonblade was one of the most feared and infamous Dark Elven warriors. Made personal champion of Malekith and tempered with both pain and unparalleled training, there is perhaps one other now who could equal his legend if not his sorry fate: You. In all aspects of war, you are nearly unstoppable in sheer skill and might-and you're a prodigious savant, constantly learning and improving on every sword strike, every shield block and facet of bladework to the point that in sheer fighting genius you are to other Dark Elven warriors what they are to halfling bakers.

Rumours that you know 10,000 ways to kill and 10,000 more to cripple brutally *may* be exaggerated, but your prowess at both leaves little comfort for your

victims. Poison, strategy, swordsmanship-what you have already learned from the finest tutors in Naggaroth makes you a lethal threat to the rest. Among them is an unparalleled talent for impersonation, such that you could infiltrate the land of the High Elves as a respected noble for many years. And once battle is joined, it would be no exaggeration to say your blows could fell beasts of burden with one hit and your sword could sweep aside arrows in flight. Even captains of the White Lions are little more than children standing in your warpath. It would take some of the greatest warriors of this world to merely match you in combat for more than an hour, and even then the simplest of tricks could tip the balance for either of you.

Black Prodigy (600 CP): What does the Witch King value, when he has all of Druchii society fawning for his most fleeting attention? The one thing his treacherous subjects lack in abundance: Loyalty, and dedication beyond personal ambition. Like Kouran Darkhan, longest-serving member of Malekith's elite Black Guard, your integrity is like iron rebar in your soul. What would normally be a weakness in Dark Elven society becomes your greatest strength, for your integrity is such that neither the temptations of Chaos nor the charms of the most beautiful sorceresses have much hope at staying your hand from doing your duty at peak performance. Others have a great tendency to mistake your steely determination for weakness and subservience-when you actually have a sixth sense for imminent treachery in all its forms.

Moreover, not only have you studied with the finest weapon masters in Naggaroth (and slain your fair share of inadequate tutors) but you fight so dirty you could seamlessly work living underlings or the pulped fragments of prior opponents into the usual elan of Dark Elven battle. It seems your sense of duty is infectious, for when you stand guard for another some mix of circumstance and morale vastly improves their security measures. Your presence silently curries loyalty and shares a measure of your resolve to fellow guardsmen. Would-be assassins feel sick to their stomach at the thought of facing you, and even should all Dark Elven society descend into anarchy your combined skill and reputation could keep some semblance of authority intact. Naturally, this greatly endears you to those you protect. Even those as vile as Druchii royalty wouldn't be above offering you incomparable reward for your services.

Zealot

The Frenzy of Battle (100 CP): It is the foremost duty of the Brides of Khaine to share the religious ecstasy of bloodshed to their kin, a task for which you have trained studiously for. Through a combination of gratuitous sacrifice, wild oratory and violent example you can incite a murderous madness among yourself and your allies. Blows land harder, wounds are ignored and in general warriors become walking beasts straining their sinews with might normally found in the direst desperation from the divinely inspired bloodthirst you share. Such is Khaine's will that though those around you may fight recklessly, never are they discouraged or inhibited from holy battle.

Ruler of Revelry (100 CP): Yet civilisation requires shepherds as well as butchers, and someone must guide the roving, murderous bands who take to the streets on the yearly Death Night: A revel in Khaine's honour where roving bands of Witch Elves purge the weak from society. Like them, a touch of twisted charisma and perverse saintliness lets you guide and direct those subsumed by murderous madness under your leadership. This control is akin to that of a hunter and his dogs, and is less effective on those with more lucid or less murderous forms of madness.

Bloody Brew (200 CP): You have gained insight into the sacred arts that create Witchbrew: A concoction made from blood that drives consumers into ecstasies of destruction in which they are brave enough to fight impossible odds-and terrifyingly vicious enough that on occasion the odds have been turned by such fierce fighters. Some twisted insight gives you great inspiration in modifying the recipe, perhaps storing it in greater quantities or replicating some of Khaine's blessings through sufficiently enchanted bloodshed. Always, always is a key component the spilt blood of living beings-and with time and practice, other potions such as those of diabolic strength that bolster the strength of the drinker greatly can be devised from sufficiently potent components.

Voice of Bloodshed (200 CP): Many Death Hags can speak the seventeen secret names of Khaine to strike horror into their enemies, but there's something truly chilling about your particular intonation. When you cry out the names of Khaine with your mind set on bloodshed, it is no wailing screech-it is a thunderous, deafening cry that at once evokes the madness and chaos of the battlefield. Foes do not merely freeze in place with horror-without great strength of will they will flee the battlefield, tremble in gibbering horror as the horrors of war wash through their souls or even submit to the bloodshed you bring, turning on their allies.

And should you learn the mystic names of other deities, some quirk of your devotion will let you channel their nature in a similar manner when you fix your mind on their purview and cry out their name as well. You wouldn't speak any blasphemy against the purity of murder, would you?

Sacramental Slaughter (400 CP): Foremost among the Brides of Khaine's rites is the bath of blood that restores their youth-and fundamentally, much of their mysticism pertains deeply to bloodshed in all its forms. In a breakthrough, you have found yourself gifted with a deep affinity to blood sacrifice-be it of yourself,

or those of others under your supervision. All blood sacrifice-related magic, including Khaine's rites from this world, are tenfold more effective when you participate in a direct fashion, and even forms of magic normally unrelated to such rites can be bolstered, strengthened, modified and corrupted by blood magic. Even rival blood magic or similar manipulations of blood is reluctant to harm you, much of it absorbed into your body as if Khaine sips it through your flesh, and should you come upon other practitioners with some trickery you could leech off power from their own blood rites to support your own. And when you shed blood in battle, you gain much more than many of Khaine's devotees-your magical reserves refilling, your wounds healing more swiftly, your stamina finding new, blood-pumping reserves and your overall performance strengthened by your bond to the blood.

Shadowed Blade (400 CP): The Khainite assassins have seldom produced a killer as skilled as Shadowblade, Hellebron's loyal assassin, and you can count yourself as a force to rival him. Black Lotus, Dark Venom, Manbane-there may be other opportunities to learn the formulation of these and many more forbidden poisons, but your artfulness in deploying or modifying them is second to none, granting you an unparalleled set of vectors to kill your targets before they know they're even dead. It is hard to tell where your stealth ends and your agility begins; even in the heat of battle other Dark Elves may swing sword in your direction only to find they merely struck flapping cloth or that you have seemingly disappeared before their eyes. And such is your skill at disguise that you could ably move between multiple armies, be they allies or enemies, without being seen.

Chosen of Khaine (600 CP): You have seen the face of your god, and it is gloriously crimson. While many bear the Runes of Khaine that provide his blessing and protection, you are a true herald preordained to represent Khaine's will in the mortal world long before the first great sacrifice of Har Ganeth took place. In your dreams and waking hours alike, violent whispers reveal to you all the ways of slaughter and malign portents writ in blood. Where blood flows, or your visions guide you, or where the heat of battle is thick, divine power flows through you to execute Khaine's will with a might beyond mortal measure. The Blessings of Khaine come more swiftly and spontaneously to you than any other as you continue to shed blood, his divine representative in the mortal world, and others will intuitively recognise it: Both the faithful, those subsumed in violence, and soon-to-be sacrifices cowed by an unnatural terror. Perhaps if Khaine himself were ever to be laid low, you moreso than any other would be guided to his legacy-and fear not, your investment here ensures all the favour of being Khaine's chosen even after whatever dark fate awaits the god himself.

Murder Incarnate (600 CP): Of course, the swiftest and most direct way to earn Khaine's favour is to simply immerse yourself in bloodshed until death is so steeped in you that your mastery of murder in its simplest and purest form eclipses all others, save one: Hellebron, the Blood Queen of Har Ganeth herself, second only to Morathi in Khaine's sight. Insane fervour, be it echoes of the deeds you have taken or a gift from your god, sweeps over you when you perform the rites of Khaine: Driving allies into a murderous frenzy fit to drown the world in blood, and leaving enemies wracked with visions that compel them to turn on one another. Moreover so steeped are you in death that it is far, far easier for you to kill than it should be for any mortal. Your merest touch can end a life. A single hateful word

from your lips can open up old wounds, bloody and raw. If you hold a weapon, when swung it arcs unerringly the chink in armour or the moment a neck is unguarded coming to you-doing catastrophically disproportionate damage with even a glancing blow. And as you find more ways to kill, as your mastery of bloodshed broadens, be assured that the essence of murder will pervade them too as long as you can muster the will to kill.

Noble

Supremacy of Smugness (100 CP): There must have been some Ulthuan blood in your ancestry, because low and behold-both the aloof dignity of the High Elves and

the megalomaniacal ego of the Dark Elves is writ clearly on your body language. It has as much to do with your handsomely dignified features and imposing presence, as it has with your razor-sharp tongue and biting wit. Even the other debutantes of your people flinch when you turn on them in a social situation. Your confidence is uncanny, remaining cool as ice in pitched battle or while locked in combat with some eldritch beast, and the stiff upper lip that carries you through the dark times is bolstered by an uncanny repertoire of insults directed at your foes' ancestry, pedigree and social class. You are, in short, one of the smuggest bastards in a race of smug bastards, always ready with a quick retort even if you have nothing substantial to contribute to a conversation.

Scorpion's Charm (100 CP): The Druchii should be as utterly reprehensible to the other races as they are to the High Elves, and yet they have no shortages of patsies, mercenaries and catspaws from other races lining up to take their coin-or even hand in friendship. You're an outstanding socialite even among your people, able to seamlessly ingratiate yourself into Ulthuan's stolid traditions given a new identity to don. Among those not sworn to eternal vengeance against your race, you're even more of a charming conversationalist: Aggressive warriors of chaos hear out your proposals and take your coin with remarkable respect for the spirit of your agreement, and even surly dwarves place great stock in your word for who they *really* should focus their grudges upon.

More than anything, there's something about your composure which provokes a *remarkable* tendency among others to forgive and forget-and you have an intuitive gift for deception that comingles lies with truth through false impressions. Those you stab in the back can be convinced that you were played false by a mutual foe, innocent halflings whose families you butchered place great stock in your tearful explanation of the great daemon in your soul that Great Sigmar helps you struggle with. It would take a truly staggering boon to make, say, the divinely empowered queen of an army that had just overrun your fortress and held you at swordpoint spare your life-but with the right turns of phrase and offer, you might talk yourself from being a hated enemy into a trusted mentor.

Death Before Incompetence (200 CP): Any Dark Elf warriors with good sense fears his lord more than death at the enemy's hands, for Druchii society punishes incompetence severely. A threat your imposing demeaner imposes on your underlings, making them both more diligent and determined while discouraging attempts at usurping or backstabbing you. You know just the right balance of threats and hints of rewards to shackle others' ambitions to your own, balancing your lordly wrath with the rewards of good performance. And of course, your own diligence will be similarly rewarded by those who consider themselves your superiors, in lucidly recognising how your own achievements may benefit their goals.

Krakenlord (200 CP): Lokhir Fellheart is an oddity in many regards, abandoning the lofty ambitions of nobility for a life at sea. But what can't be disputed are his naval skills, which you have the potential to rival. You are one of the best captains of this world, ably striking enemy ships at unexpected angles and sailing your vessels through deadly storms with utmost confidence. Beyond your mundane mastery of naval procedure, it seems the sea god Mathlann himself smiles on you

since inclement weather is rarer when you take to the seas. Furthermore when you fight at the front lines of battle, your legend builds rapidly-spreading first through your admiring crew, and rippling outwards to leave a grudging respect even on the higher echelons of society. Your generosity with loot and plunger will only bolster your reputation among all walks of life.

Storied Treasures Seized (400 CP): Many are the Dark Elves who have sought some advantage through artifice where their own lack of mystical training came up short. And many are those who paid a heavy price-though for you, it seems some foul taint of your Druchii soul eases such restrictions for you. Fortune favours your efforts to seek artifacts of all kinds, ancient temples conveniently having a side passage bypassing more dangerous chambers or crates of lost amulets washing up near you while you travel. Furthermore, the more vital such artifacts are to a truly important goal of yours the more their costs or other deleterious effects are suppressed by an instinctive flex of Dhar-which also makes them more powerful in your hands. A meagre ambition will provide little protection, as will a role for the artifact tangential to its achievement-but when you MUST draw a cursed sword to secure the destiny denied to you for a thousand years or more, you'll find it burns with black flames and moves like an extension of your body.

Honour Among Elves (400 CP): Another oddity of the Fellheart bloodline is their persistent belief in blood being thicker than water, but they are not alone in that regard. Even the Witch King and his mother have a deep, if twisted bond. So it goes that against all the odds, you have a talent for inspiring camaraderie in manipulative, ruthless beings such as elves, daemons and skaven. It would still be wise to prove constantly you hold the upper hand but you'll find infighting occurs less, resources and information are shared consistently even in between grudges and a warped respect can build quickly between those who normally see rivals as threats or pawns.

On the grand scale, your roguish charm lets you lead societies such as those of the Druchii with a surprising degree of competence, productivity and cohesiveness despite being entirely comprised of ambitious opportunists with less mercy than a shark in bloodied waters. In fact it's not exactly clear *how* but all the treachery, bloodshed and competition seems to bring out the best in those lead by you-honing their skills beyond more placid peers, forging fast bonds between worthy opponents and generally letting such societies thrive where more placid ones stagnate.

Ruinous Ambition (600 CP): Malus Darkblade, bastard son of Hag Graef, has not lived a happy life. But he has lived an eventful one ruled by one maxim: Through hate, all things are possible. It seems this has become all too true for you, because your most ruthless and spiteful actions bring disproportionate payoff for you-and the darker your ambition, the greater it's glory. Opportunities for advancement and personal benefit spring up from you when you get your hands dirty-never guaranteed, but always of substantial advantage. Slitting your father's throat can see you inherit his land and titles, if you play your cards right. Questing throughout the world for an artifact to free you from your destiny is no wild goose chase if you keep your eyes sharp. Even should your soul be stolen and a dark destiny cast upon you for the rest of your life, you have a chance-however meagre-to cheat fate,

recoup your spiritual integrity and stand atop your would-be creditor's dead body. Just remember that mercy or worse-unwariness risks undoing all you have worked for, at the precipice of glory.

Webs of Wisdom (600 CP): Ploys are for human criminals. Schemes are for wannabes. The wise manipulator simply steers existing events along a course he benefits from. Though many Druchii seem more driven by blind rage than sound strategy sometimes, you exemplify the potential for cunning tempered by detached analysis among your race. You have an intuitive genius for making connections between information you have gathered, determining threats and external factors from ongoing events and a knack for developing opportunities you can capitalise on to advance your hand without the drama so many worthies of Dark Elf society seem to find themselves entangled in. To say that you can weave schemes and plots is superfluous, your true talent is playing on expectations and strategically deployed information to make others dance to your tune while thanking you for the privilege. At any given moment all that appears to be weakness to your opponents is more often than not a baited trap ready to spring, while the threat of your machinations seems almost omnipresent in their minds-even without knowledge of your identity. It is no exaggeration to say that you have the skills to build and lead an independent network rivalling that of Malekith's own spies with enough effort and crucially, the knowledge of how to keep it beneath his notice.

Sorceress

Mercenary Mage (100 CP): A good sorceress keeps one eye on an employer liable to skimp on payment or turn on her at the end of her service, and a bad sorceress has a short lifespan. That's why you're an alert sort, casually panning over others for hidden weapons or assassins' signals while carrying on a seemingly abstract conversation about mystical energies. You're no trained assassin by the standards of the Druchii at least, but your street smarts well-polished and you won't be drinking any suspicious goblets without a second thought.

Heart-Stopping Presence (100 CP): You're a vain one, aren't you? You see, you've developed a simple but...*distracting* proficiency with magic. Your skills with illusions and enchantments of all times aimed at increasing your beautify are tenfold as effective than before. With careful study you may develop spells that temporarily increase your beauty into permanent ones, and somehow you can always develop methods of spellcasting with an undeniably erotic appeal-yet no loss of efficiency.

Provided you took this with **Dark Enchantments** the more magical power and skill you have, the more both your beauty and erotic prowess increase. Some trick of dark magic rivalling the very Slaaneshi daemons some sorceresses are rumoured to consort with in forbidden appeal. In time you may transfix and enslave the insufficiently strong-willed with a gaze, and bring ultimate ecstasy with a light caress. It would be prudent to wear additional illusions to make yourself look plainer at all times.

Oh, and like any good sorceress you know the mysterious but apparently simple spell that lets them walk around clad only in garments that accentuate their nakedness in the frigid, harsh weather of Naggaroth without a care in the world from low temperatures, biting winds, rain or the other threats of exposure. What's the point of mastering magic if you can't look good doing it?

Dark Prophecies Unveiled (200 CP): Few remember that in the distant past, Morathi once warned the elves of Chaos' coming only to be ignored and dismissed despite her increasingly desperate attempts. It seems the gift, or perhaps curse of prophecy has come to you as well-for whether or not you have developed magical talents, you possess deep supernatural foresight that can potentially let you shape the course of things to come or focus narrowly enough to anticipate and attempt to avert the potential deaths of loved ones. Much can be gleaned from the future, but details tend to be harder to scry than broad outcomes. Well-honed magical talents will only improve your foresight of course, but take heed that powerful forces may interfere with your precognition. It can be no coincidence that Aenarion was entirely absent from Morathi's visions.

The Reins Behind The Throne (200 CP): Usurpers. Pretenders. It's all so tiresome. What's the point of ruling if you're going to spent most of that time performing *statecraft* instead of your true calling? Whatever your true talents for rulership, you have a knack for influencing the powerful and worming your way into a position of trust by trading on your talents and charms. It may likely be an informal authority if dealing with a particularly principled target, but using your magic on

their behalf will quickly curry favour and make them more open to your points of view. It goes without saying that this does make charming your dashing lord easier if you wish to pursue such a thing.

Daemonic Pleasures (400 CP): Live is short. Live a little. Partake of the pleasure cults and the forbidden rites of your ancestral enemies, be it the Dark Prince or the Changer of Ways. You gain acceptance to worshippers of powers as malevolent and fickle as the Chaos Gods remarkably easy for one nominally sworn against them, your passion and lust for power quickly endearing you to their supplicants. Play your cards right and you could even find yourself in a position of authority, or securing aid from the worshippers at great risk. The daemons themselves are eager to do your bidding and accept your tribute, bestowing on you all manner of favours and blessings denied far more consistent devotees. And such is your mastery of magic that such corruptive presences fill and amplify your own magical reserves, letting you seamlessly blend their dark forces into your own spells or allow yourself great control over the forces of Chaos affecting you. Exposure to Slaanesh's forces for example would heighten your sensuality, beauty and prowess by superhuman bounds without fear of saddling yourself with a set of crab claws. Just avoid ever being in a position of weakness around an entity as great as a true Chaos God.

Forbidden Rites of Ascendancy (400 CP): The power of Chaos was always separated from elven harnessing, until through dark rituals and bloody sacrifices Morathi moulded its energies to her bidding. You too are beset with inspirations for rituals and other processes designed to channel or modify uncontrollable eldritch forces or magic systems-and brutally bend them to your will. A daemon warped and

shackled to an artifact in seething torment, a cauldron that churns with sacrifices from its lesser copies, a series of pacts that let a dead god work through binding icons of itself-such innovations are typically in the make of Dhar itself, emphasising raw power at the cost of finesse and being strengthened by your force of self. With constant study and refinement, magical phenomena or energies of differing character made to work in tandem to achieve an outcome greater than the sum of its parts and the limits of what are possible within a given system can be exceeded, typically in spectacularly destructive fashion. Morathi once believed her lost love could be resurrected in a somewhat similar individual's body, and while it could be dismissed as madness the possibility of her truly being capable of this miracle has not been entirely disproven.

Hekarti's Thousand And One Dark Blessings (600 CP): The Elven Goddess of Conjurations and Dark Magic is said to have granted wisdom to Morathi when she turned to her for studying sorcery, though some whisper the truth is **stranger.** Whatever the truth of the matter, it seems you've come into a prodigious amount of magical potential and talent-and though for now you lack somewhat in experience, there's no doubt with persistence you might come to rival Morathi in arcane skill. Even now you can craft wards better than any mortal armour, nullifying mighty blows and magical attacks with equal prowess. Your mastery bypasses many of the conventional limits of spellcasting, permitting you for example to simply step outside a confident sorceress' binding circle to steal your foe's soul. With further study, truly potent spells capable of tampering with the lifeforce of gods or destructively destabilising the Great Vortex may be within your

reach. And in future worlds, you'll find yourself gifted with a similar amount of potential for whatever magics you pick up.

Crush the Winds (600 CP): Damn the consequences. Damn the casualties. Damn. Them. All. So steeped in a vision of destruction and dominance, that the very substance of Dhar itself is drawn into you-reinforcing and empowering your magic at will, at the cost of blighting the world. Perhaps that's something you'd like; on your own, you would be capable of singlehandedly recreating the conditions that empower and intensify dark magic in the Druchii's domain by using simply spells to seed areas with True Dhar: The physical manifestation of corrupted magic, which has a tremendously caustic influence upon reality. Indeed, virtually anything is a potential target for corruption using the forces of Dhar you can bring to bear, with what is strong growing stronger at the cost of subservience to your will and corruption in Dhar's image while what is weak simply dissolves. Civilisations, knowledge, even magic systems can be so corrupted and coroded with Dhar-for when you call upon it, it surges through you as if you were a conduit to some unholy reservoir of the stuff. And magic tainted by Dhar can be easily crushed in a manner similar to the Winds of Magic, creating yet more true Dhar.

Moreover when you focus your egotism and bloody minded determination into your magic, your magic is empowered above and beyond its usual limits-surging with Dhar's volatile energies with far greater power than what it previously shown. There is nothing you cannot corrupt given time, effort and determination. Even the god-touched would be wise to fear an assault from such power, which could pull up new land from beneath Naggaroth's shores as a crude form of expansion. The

destabilising, corruptive effects of Dhar are surely a small price for the power it offers-the power that echoes Morathi's dream of one day controlling all creation through the tamed forces of magic.

Drop-In

Foretold Vengeance (100 CP): Whether it is better to be loved or to be feared, it cannot be denied to be both has something to recommend to it. You are a polarising figure, inspiring great fervour among those already loyal to you as a beloved comrade or a symbol of your cause. On the other hand, when you set yourself in opposition to a faction they find themselves dreading your arrival, jumping at the shadows of your ambition, becoming as off-balance and uncertain as your followers are devout. Such moods are not absolute, but your leadership bolsters it in both directions.

A Humble Explorer (100 CP): If Malekith and Aenarion had one thing in common, it is this-a remarkably humble beginning, rooted in a wanderlust that took them far beyond the shores of their birth. Like the elven kings of old you too are a rugged explorer. You're familiar with all manner of wilderness survival, experienced in many of the ways of the world beyond Naggarond's hauls and fighting fit from having used much of it. You can sleep under the stars in comfort, hunt or forage like a native and are a decent cartography to boot.

The Weight of Tradition (200 CP): For all their cruelty, the Dark Elves hold the legacy left by Nagarythe as something akin to a sacred memory for their people. You'll soon find that traditions laid down by yourself and accepted by those under you will become just as enduring, providing unity and identity-even purpose-to the most depraved and faithless killers so long as they once held you as their leader or champion. They are inclined to be remembered fondly, and your actions too take on a larger than life character in the tales of your followers. Be careful what you say, for it may reverberate down the ages as pearls of wisdom recalled by your nostalgic subjects.

The Book of the Grudgeless (200 CP): Almost forgotten in light of his machinations is the friendship between Malekith and Snorri Whitebeard: First High King of the Dwarfs after their Ancestor Gods' departure. And since you nominally have no ties, you'll find that you have a fast report with normally surly, isolationist, tradition bound races such as dwarfs. Particularly well received when you aid each other in the heat of combat, you take naturally to their customs while being a gifted ambassador to your own. It would be an uphill battle to attempt in the current era of this world, but such is your charm that even now there is hope a dwarf will not immediately murder you upon sight.

Enduring Rage (400 CP): Hate. Hate is what kept Malekith alive, before his body could be stabilised in a suit of enchanted armour. Hate is what preserved him in his ill-fated expulsion into the realms of Chaos. And hate gave his father as much greatness as it did tragedy. The significance of your actions, the enormity of what fate holds in store for you will grow as your anger roils within you, with no upper limit but for the depth and intensity of how much you rage against an unjust fate thrust upon you. The laws of possibility seem to favour your darkest passions, your

most brutal and malicious ploys. Even reconquering lost Nagarythe is not out of the question, despite the distance and obstacles, in the current age for one with enough wrath.

Tarnished Crown (400 CP): Buried deep beneath Malekith's callous disregard for life and liberty is the broken heart of a man who knows that all he has left is his destiny. The love of his life murdered and old friends lost to age, he would likely find it uncanny how much of his loss echoed that of his father after his wife's demise. Whether or not you endured similar tragedies, there is something within you that speaks to a wish for simpler times and kindness-an echo of the nobility once promise by the title of Phoenix King. To begin with, you're an excellent leader on the frontlines. Ably making use of your men and predicting the push and pull of battle, your inspiring presence is matched only by your knack for bringing out the best in your men by speech. Your presence alone brings out the heroes in those under your banner, while your frame boasts a strength and endurance uncommon in elven stock.

Those who find you a stranger are struck by your heroic efforts to defend and avenge their homesteads, often declaring their loyalty to your cause should they be able to fight. Those already inclined to loyalty to you shall find their resolve bolstered by their belief in your shining example. Even those held back by base natures, mystic corruptions or social pressure-in essence, the Dark Elves-can rise to the occasion if you are willing to lead, behaving with something approaching to honour and dignity at least in your presence, though it shall take much more work to extend this devotion to others beyond yourself.

And last but not least, though this may bring troubles of its own strangely the truly, direly wicked and ruthless seem utterly devoted to you should you show them the slightest kindness-let alone the depths of affection they would shower you with if you aided them in their time of need. A son would remember his father fondly long after becoming a tyrant, even if there was little time spent together between them during a great war. And even a Chaos-exploiting megalomaniac could spend millennia obsessing over her would-be rescuer, seeking to enthrone his flesh and blood and obsessing over the slightest hope of his resurrection.

Divinity Rekindled (600 CP): Grim omens sometimes point to the idea that the wellbeing of the elven pantheon is not quite as intact as their own worshippers may believe. The full truth of this is...ambiguous and open to your discovery, to say the least, but it seems you are now entangled in the mysteries of their lost gods. For a shard of an elven god's soul has bonded with yours, empowering you both physically and mystically in it's image-perhaps with some of its quelled deific nature. The touch of divinity is subtle at first-at least compared to the world-quaking might of fully incarnated daemonic forces-but still profound enough to elevate you above mere mortals. In time it may indeed be possible to reclaim the full reach of the divine force invested in you, but the quest to achieve this will be arduous and shrouded in mystery even for the greatest mages. Mystically significant circumstances, tremendous magical power tied on an inherent level to one or all of the Winds of Magic and powerful artifacts seem to be the most direct means to fully realise such potential, but it seem grand feats of war and heroic struggle can slowly bring out some of that grandeur.

One imbued with Khaine's power would have the body of a peerless warrior, and with training rapidly rise to match even the greatest Druchii warriors in open battle and standing a great chance of prevailing. The miracles of Khaine would be mighty and frequent in occurring around him too, subtler and less precise than true magic but no less powerful. One touched by Isha's soul would instead purify corruption with their mere presence, promote harmonious growth in all its forms wherever they walk and be great in Qhaysh: Normally the speciality of the High Elves. Greater gifts can be unlocked and cultivated from this sliver of spirit with the greatest elven magics, and while certain deities may indeed greatly enhance magical powers in general those styled as hunters, warriors or smiths may grant inherent might or pervasive influence what the discipline and focus that mystic arts demand lack.

Should it transpire that certain elves are in fact reincarnations of elven deities like yourself, this option does not obstruct their own divinity. It is simply that your portion of the god's power is a blessing that happens to contain some of their soul separate from them as the true incarnation.

His Sacred Majesty (600 CP): Many would agree Malekith long ago forsook all redemption. They would be surprised that apparently Asuryan, lord of the elven pantheon, disagrees-for if Malekith would but linger in his flames a touch longer, he would truly be crowned the rightful Phoenix King, and Aenarion's true heir. Henceforth a destiny of similar scope tailored to the world you visit shall be provided to you. Upcoming events shall endeavour to provide for you an outstanding opportunity to change the world, hold fast against insurmountable forces or some other suitably heroic feat, but as Malekith found it is possible to be misguided from it-and truly overwhelming forces of destruction may make your legend a bittersweet one. In this world, somehow you may be another valid contender for the Phoenix Throne or a similarly prestigious role. Whatever your destiny, it is generally of a heroic if not messianic character regardless of how you choose to enact it; just as becoming the Phoenix King deprive Malekith of none of his brutality, you seem to have great largesse when it comes to doing what's necessary for destiny's sake. Whether you are chosen to wield a weapon of great power against Chaos or to receive a dying god's blessing to guide the elven races into a sanctuary beyond the destruction of the world, you are living proof that even now there is hope for the Druchii.

Items

All items are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP items become free.

Nobles gain a 400 CP stipend to spend on items only.

General

Grim Arms and Armour (Free): A sword forged in the shadows of foreboding towers. A suit of armour hammered by cowering slaves or cold-hearted artisans. A quiver full of ferociously barbed arrows, or a shield emblazoned with the dread symbols of your people. Equipment similar to these have been provided to you, so that you have as good a chance of surviving in this world as any other Druchii. Do note that while sorceresses may wield a powerful artifact or two for channelling arcane forces, the typical sorceress is frequently found mostly unclad-possibly as a show of confidence. Even the most modest known outfits for sorceresses emphasise form over function. Doomfire Warlocks at least will be given clothing fit for travel in hard weather and light armour.

Stone of Midnight (50 CP): This talisman cloaks the wielder in shadow, making them ever so harder to strike on the battlefield or even see coming. It lacks the true invisibility of more powerful artifacts, but it's protection is a constant that grants any wielder a measure of cover from both magical and physical senses. More than that, it is a gift from one who held you dear. When it is close to you, it grants you a measure of the love and comfort so often denied to the Druchii even if you are otherwise a coldblooded killer.

Darkstar Cloak (50 CP): Even the light of the stars is nothing but a resource to the Druchii, as proven by this arcane adornment. Enchanted with the essence of a star stolen from the night sky of Nagarythe, this cloak constantly recharges your mystical energies by a small but persistent rate. It also looks rather stylish, dark as midnight by day and twinkling with distant stars at night. Should you already own another cloak, you may import it into this item to gain it's aesthetic and enchantment.

Shard of Darkness (50 CP): Hekarti shattered one of her cruel weapons in an attempt to sacrifice her sister Atharti to an older and darker power. This sacrificial dagger was forged from one of its many shards, when it was flung to Ghrond and rediscovered by a cunning sorceress. It amplifies the soul-essence of living essence into raw, hungry magic favoured by Druchii spellcasters, greatly enhancing the power of all such rituals that require bloodshed.

Gem of Spite (100 CP): Is misfortune shared a misfortune halved? Many Dark Elves have a warped take on that idea, with gems such as this one being popular among those out of the Hag Sorceress' favour. Whenever you botch, miscast or otherwise bungle a spell you are attempting to cast, it channels the backfiring magical energies into a wounding nimbus that homes in on all other nearby magic users. And yes, you can deliberately mangle your own spells to continue using it repeatedly .

Cloak of Twilight (100 CP): Woven from the hair of innocents and dyed with the blood of sorcerers, the Cloak of Twilight makes wearers all but invisible to both the mortal eye and even mystical senses. It was the garb that let Morathi keep a close watch on Bel Shanaar from Nagarythe, and the tool that let Venomblade visit the Night of Screaming Death on Tor Elyr's folk. It promises great success to those willing to cut down their enemies before they can even react to the blow, but take caution: Even if this is simply a flawless replica of the original cloak, the original's reputation is great enough many would be interested in obtaining the replica-if you were clumsy enough to reveal it's existence, that is.

Chillblade (100 CP): When Malekith obliterated the northern citadel of Har Kaldra using a single cataclysmic spell, something dire happened to the rime-scarred shards of the fortress. The north wind has ever wailed with the agonised voices of those who perished, it's chilly grasp blocked by neither fur nor flame, and it was from those shards that the Chillblade was forged. This identical blade shares it's dire touch, freezing not only the physical body but the soul of what it strikes. Paralysed victims are not merely easy prey for further blows, but haunted by the frozen agony of the Witch King's victims for some time even should they survive the battle.

Destroyer (200 CP): Forged by Malekith himself, the blade to which this sword is an equal was built to crush the High Elves and all their works. It's merest touch can unmake enchantments or even drain knowledge from the minds of unwary wizards. Even those in close proximity can have knowledge of their enchanted artifacts revealed intuitively to the blade's wielder, and prolonged attacks with the blade can reduce great sages into bumbling apprentices. One greatly skilled in magic might be able to redistribute the knowledge thus siphoned for personal gain or as a reward to an apprentice-even hold it hostage to the original mage in exchange for oaths of fealty.

Potion Maker's Trove (300 CP): This structure contains virtually everything a potion maker could want to recreate or innovate on the alchemic concoctions of the Dark Elves meant to empower rituals and individuals, rather than merely bring a venomous death. It may either be a Warehouse attachment, or a hidden chamber for a structure you purchase here or already own. The snarling visages of several elven gods scowl down into an enchanted basin vast enough to be a menacing swimming pool, while all around it shelves of reagents from distant lands provide everything an aspiring sorceress' heart could ask for. Troll blood, chimera bile, the heart of a Blackspine Mountain Griffon and many more reagents fit for potions of truly great power can all be found somewhere in the shelves lining this pool.

A shadow daemonette who claims to hail from a planet yet to be gladly restocks anything used up for either trifling amounts of currency, or the most meagre of blood sacrifices. Oddly she utterly denies any alliance with Slaanesh, and claims her own benefactor has allowed this arrangement in the hope of currying favour for new allies against the Dark Prince.

Warrior

Black Amulet (100 CP): Carved from the tortured heartstone of a mountain drenched in Dark Magic, the Black Amulet is a lustrous polished stone of midnight hue. The single rune engraved in its ebony facets holds much spite and malice channelled into it from the chill lands of Naggaroth. For others to behold it is to see despair made physical, and for the merest memory of hope to fade. But the important thing here is that an enemy made so despondent is easier to kill.

Hydra Blade (200 CP): Carved from a single fang of Akholrak, first and greatest of the War Hydras, this sword of bone's keen edge strikes repeatedly against its foes. Though the Akholrak has been long torn asunder by the great Caledorian Dragon Incalamir, the beast's enduring malice allows it to cut repeatedly with a single swing-the blows homing in on opponents with the unerring accuracy of a malicious predator. As a reward for your investment, you'll find that this particular blade seems to have accepted you as its rightful owner, forcing others to wrestle it's will into submission to prevent the blade jerking out of its wielder's hand while you may wield it like any other.

The Armour of Grief (400 CP): Never let it be said Malekith does not richly reward those loyal to him-and unless you intend to quickly prove your worth, it may be advisable to keep this replica out of sight. This sleek suit of plate armour is blessed, or perhaps cursed, to share any injury inflicted on the wearer with their attacker. Sword strikes are reflected upon enemy warriors, arrows leave corresponding punctures on archers and attempting to crush the wearer with an axe may lead to a fatal concussion. While magical attacks at least are not specifically reflected, the armour is still enchanted powerfully enough to be a great defensive bulwark against most forms of attack.

This armour comes with a great halberd, which seems to strike with the strength of its dead wielders-skilled captains of the Black Hand themselves-behind every swing, crush and stab.

Black Ark (600 CP): Thousands of warriors crew this vast iron fortress, it's battlements and jagged turrets iconic of Naggarond's finest architecture. Notably it is both seaworthy and fearsomely fast by the naval standards of this world, powered by great enchantments wrought into its foundations. Fear not for these warriors' loyalty, or at least fear it less than that of the average Dark Elf, for they have staked their legend and reputation to yours and hope only you will lead them to opportunities where they can prove their mettle. Vast enough to comfortably house thousands of warriors, and carry thousands of slaves in significantly worse condition, these structures are nothing short of seaworthy cities crewed by viciously loyal Dark Elves who view you as their captain-and escorted by terrifying beasts from the deep. Within are not only melee and ranged weapons, but fierce siege and ship-scale armaments fit to devastate all but the most terrible sea beasts and enemy ships. This force is the pride and glory of Naggaroth's military might, and includes an enchantment allowing it to beach itself thoroughly on solid shores to become a landbound city.

Zealot

Bloodied Tools (100 CP): The Deathsword. The Cursed Blade. Though lacking in the more refined arts of true sorcery, many devotees of Khaine wield sacred relics with a supernatural affinity for bloodshed seemingly inherent to their nature. And now you have your own set of bloodthirsty melee weapons: One large as a sword or polearm, one short as a dagger or short sword, both of which inflict dire wounds difficult to heal or cease the bleeding of-and though meagre by the standard of Hellebron's storied blades for now, they shall only grow more dire as you kill in Khaine's name and enrich the weapons with the essence of murder itself. In time, a glancing blow from one such weapon could be a death sentence to those without truly inhuman constitutions or great supernatural protection.

Amulet of Dark Fire (200 CP): Hellebron is no fool. Morathi's magics are terrible and...more immediate than the blessings of the gods, and like her you have somehow come upon a rather blunt countermeasure. This amulet's mystical fires burn sorcery instead of flesh, functionally a ward of great power even by this world's standards that sunders all but the most powerful magics arrayed against it. Bolts of energy burn up mid-flight, enchanted blades may be disrupted by crackling bursts mid-swing and even the fetters of a daemon may fray in its presence. Just be warned: Enough raw power can and will punch through even its protection, and it certainly offers none to harm of an even indirectly physical nature-such as shrapnel from detonating the nearby landscape with magic.

Wellspring of Poisons (400 CP): The Black Lotus, a powerful narcotic that induces delusional insanity. The Manbane, a concoction so lethal even the slightest wound can prove fatal. And the Dark Venom, a mixture that produces a drawn-out, agonising death even by Druchii standards. All these and more can be recreated by the cauldron and neat shelves of reagents that can be stored in either a Warehouse attachment, or a discrete room in a structure you already own. All the ingredients within are those vital to the assassin's trade, and this small facility also houses many pipettes, blowdarts, garrottes, stilettos and other dispersal mechanisms for killing with poison. One shudders to think what dark deeds you intend to use it for, especially given the room contains tomes full of elaborate recipes and stratagems for using poisons in delightfully devilish ways.

A specific set of cauldrons in the room is enchanted to magically replenish ingredients placed in them, never quite brimming over.

Temple of Blood (600 CP): The Brides of Khaine that oversee the Cauldrons of Blood hidden beneath the grand, fortress-sized temple to Khaine's murderous bounty are as fervent in their belief the Bloody-Handed God has chosen you for greatness as they are intent on preserving the great secret hidden within its chambers. By itself, this is "merely" one of the greatest footholds of Khaine's faith, staffed by enough murderous Witch Elves to make up a small army and led by true devotees to the Blood God's faith. More importantly in a twisted evangelical miracle, in this and future worlds this temple calls forth all the bloody, the vicious, the murderous like a siren song to its halls where bloodshed in all its forms is made sacred-and such is the strength of Khaine's presence here that they quickly become devout followers of the faith. Rites of all kinds incorporating

bloodshed and sacrifice to Khaine are tenfold as successful and potent here than elsewhere, to the extent that should you wish its inhabitants could live comfortably in a state of murderous frenzy-at least, until the blood runs out.

Noble

Coin and Title (100 CP): What noble would you be without the rank and riches to prove it? The basic accoutrements of even the most venal Dark Elf noble have are yours: A common noble title stemming from the ancient traditions of pre-Sundering Nagarythe, and enough wealth in jewels, golden doubloons and mostly ornamental artifacts to fill a peasant's dreams or make a dwarf nod in approval. While not truly protecting you from assassination, religious fervour or the frenzies of Death Night, it is worth noting that lowborn classes may not approach within three sword lengths of a noble without being summoned-while retainers may stand within two sword lengths, and a bodyguard just outside one. Some breathing space from less imaginative assassins is appreciated, surely.

Beyond this world, should you wish you may have a noble title and a great deal of material wealth as part of your past there. Never intruding on the rest of your history, but certain to be an icebreaker at parties where nobility counts for something.

Writ of Iron (200 CP): It appears one of the six rulers of the great cities of Naggaroth have shown you great favour, in the form of an edict bearing their authority. In Druchii society this lends you tremendous political sway, requisitioning resources and currying favour with allies much more quickly than would have been possible if you had to trade on your own name and deeds. While such tools are mostly granted for a certain appointed task, either the task is open-ended enough it is virtually open to interpretation or else you have simply been written a blank check for advancing their position somehow. Take note that the writs are literally iron, all the better to melt down and pour into an incompetent are cowardly Dark Elf's throat-a punishment mercifully unlikely to happen to you without a truly stupendous blunder.

In future worlds, a sanction of similar clout from the local government of your world will be yours to wield. Though barring unusual local societies, it is unlikely they will be made of iron.

Fortress of Naggarond (400 CP): To have a title is expected of all nobles. To hold authority over an entire fortress is to imply the success and favour to hold onto it. That privilege is now yours, for an entire fortress built in Naggarond's gothic styles is now under your command along with all within. A torture chamber and well-maintained armoury is almost obligatory for the Dark Elves, but more mundane luxuries are present as well. Luxurious carpentry and curtains, dim but tasteful chandeliers, furniture fashioned from withered timber or polished bone, a wine cellar full of curiously crimson vintages-all manner of the finer things in life, filtered through the warped sensibilities of the Druchii, can be found here. A full time staff of footman awaits your every command-though since no Dark Elf would

condescend to manual labour the butlers, chefs and maids happens to be Wood and High Elves too cowed to even conceive of treachery.

And should you have **Coin and Title**, your title may also be upgraded from the rank and file of nobility to that of its upper echelons-high enough that the notoriously unfortunate Malus Darkblade would view your activities with interest. Spare yourself the speculation if you have both it and **Writ of Iron**, for your title is most definitely on par with the First Dreadlord of Hag Graef-as are your responsibilities, and the covetousness of those below you in rank.

Warpsword of Khaine (600 CP): What a foul weapon, seething with heat at all times. Double edged, slightly too wide to be attributed to Khaine's faith as certain deceptive entities might insinuate, the blade infuses the wielder with great strength, might and endurance in battle-sufficient to slaughter battalions singlehandedly. Quasi-sentient, it can commune with its wielder to know when enemies are nearby, "remember" the taste of creatures it has touched before and perhaps tell you more as it learns alongside you. Yet it's power to siphon blood is truly formidable. Even titanic foes such as the eldest Dragon Ogres, beasts like living mountains, can be killed with a single slash from it. And due to your investment here, the murderous frenzy it sends you into never quite subsumes your higher reasoning-only adding to your skill and might in battle, and letting you retain most of your judgement and strategy-potentially all of it, with a strong enough will.

Sorceress

Tomes of Furion (100 CP): Few tomes can withstand Dhar even in written form, it's basic precepts smouldering to naught within decades of being inked with its sigils. This large shelf of books made of flayed orc-side and blessed with enchantments is an exception to the rule. You have a collection of such dark lore, warm to the touch even in the dead of winter and full of inscriptions that write and shift like living creatures, which can teach you much of Dhar and other mystic arts favoured by the Dark Elves which they do not care to keep in their minds alone for too long.

You also know the techniques used to make them, even if you are otherwise not particularly gifted in magic, allowing you to reproduce them-and even innovate a more humane binding material than orc hide in worlds where orcs aren't as plentiful.

Hag's Arsenal (200 CP): Though far overshadowed by her mystical prowess, it would be unwise to forget Morathi once rode to war with the first Phoenix King, in the greatest battle to touch this world. Fittingly her personal weapons, of which you may obtain replicas of here, are blades as twistedly corrosive as she is. The Darksword is a jagged blade laden with spells of blinding and enfeeblement, sapping a foe of their strength even if they survive. With a few glancing slashes, mighty knights can be reduced to helpless, hobbling invalids. The lance called Heartrender is even more terrible, enchanted to seek an opponent's heart with every thrust. Barring exceptional training, skill or other defences each strike spells certain death.

Circlet of Iron (400 CP): None know the true origins of this ageless iron crown's original, found in an abandoned city of black obsidian by Malekith's expeditions in an era long before his rise to power. All that is certain is that it is one of the most powerful magical amplifiers in all the world. It can scry into eldritch planes such as the Realms of Chaos, or even detect visions of its influence such as the pleasure cults in Ulthuan at the time of it's recovery. Even without a bearer it reanimated a band of mummified warriors to assault Malekith's companions, and after he had it welded to his armour it is likely the crown eased the strain of feats performed by him as great as singlehandedly obliterating fortresses or (with the aid of a coven) attempting to blast through the Great Vortex's defences.

The crown does compel a form of dark curiosity that turns one's will to studying the forbidden aspects of magic, but through your investment here rather than the all-consuming torrent of passion that drove Malekith down a dark path it shall "merely" be a sinuous whisper unlikely to do more than focus your mind on the possibilities of dark forces-unless you already had good reason to devote much of your time to dark magic.

Shadow Cast By Ghrond (600 CP): Rising high from a mountain spar like a vast, black spear, this is not the famous dark tower of magic ruled by Morathi. But despite its inexplicably lesser fame and influence on the world, it rivals it in both mysticality and decadence; though it lacks the great city protecting Ghrond, it also seems far less attractive to the daemons and followers of Chaos which plague that city. Beneath your tower is found vast enough quantities of jewels, gold and silver-easily sufficient to pay off any tithes Malekith might ask for once it's existence is brought to his attention. But the true power of this tower is the implements, facilities and troves upon troves of mystic lore within making it an unimaginable wealth of mystical resources. Workshops, stocks of implements and ritual circles dot it's floors, each as tastefully designed as the actual reception halls, dining rooms and...places of intimate refreshment. The tomes within include those by some written by Morathi herself, but even those not penned by her provide troves of dark wisdom on all manner of magic. The sheer concentration of such power steeps the tower deeply in Dhar's forces, amplifying magic of all kinds within to the extent that even in nearby snowstorms the secrets of fate and all the mysteries of the world can be gleaned in part.

The many sorceresses within know on a profound level that ownership of the tower is destined for you, swiftly complying to your commands for the right to use it. Most importantly of all, the combined power of the formidable covens is the stuff of mass destruction. Each is as skilled and decadent as their rivals in Ghrond and certainly none would claim they are any less easy in the eyes, but all have either fallen out of favour or left the arena of politics for the personal pursuit of magic and will do much to remain in your good graces. Within, every decadence found in Naggaroth and many distant lands can be found, every level of the vast structure elegantly sculpted for form as much as function, life within much more luxurious than even the **Fortress of Naggarond.** And with how *playful* the sorceresses can get, it's a wonder any magic gets done at all.

Drop-In

Banner of Nagarythe (100 CP): This banner may not be the personal standard of Malekith, but one day it could be something of equal value. Woven through with silver thread and inlaid with pearls and diamonds, it bears an artful design accurately and grandiosely proclaiming your legend for all to see. Whatever cause you champion, whatever your personal strengths as a leader, be assured this banner will proudly remind your allies and those sworn to your cause of what they stand for. Even should it become soaked in both literal and metaphorical corruption, it will be held by them as a treasure to rally around.

Black Dragon Clutch (200 CP): In Naggaroth, a dragon is naught but a potential source of power, and their nests nothing but cradles to nurture that power. So it is that for every Black Dragon egg that develops into a hatching, countless dozens more are consumed for a portion of their strength. What you have here is a breeding pair of Black Dragons: Once of pure Ulthuan stock, now corrupted with dark magic into fierce, degraded forms. Though they have lost their once fiery breath in exchange for breathing a noxious gas that withers lungs and rots flesh, the dragons lack the horrific corruption common to most tainted creatures (save a darker hue of scales) and are notoriously stronger than their pure-blooded counterparts. Better yet, your strength and toughness surge far beyond mortal measure for a short while when eating an egg-and you may use their breath weapon for that duration scaled to your form's size.

Don't worry about running out of eggs anytime soon. These dragons barely escaped the notoriously brutal Dark Elves' war animal training, and having not outed their existence in a distant cave will gladly sacrifice a few eggs for your cause. They also seem unusually fertile for their kind. It would take much effort to train one for the purpose it escaped for, or to rear a dragon by hand from one of their eggs, but these too are possibilities for those who seek more substantial power than huffing noxious gas for a few minutes.

Armour of Midnight (400 CP): Pity Malekith, for this suit of armour replicating the enchantments on his is a choice for you, not a necessity of survival. Rather than fusing themselves to your flesh to survive some horrific burning, the modified enchantments simply fit as if a second layer of skin leaving no chinks to exploit their considerable protection-and part to free you at your will. Forged from the hardest meteoric iron, few mortal weapons can harm it's tremendous protection at all between the strong plates and the mighty enchantments. Magic is deflected by its wards too, but mundane attacks are particularly blunted by its protections. And should injury somehow reach you anyway, it's inherent life-sustaining magics will greatly mitigate the wounds you take-whether by halting blood curses or staunching and sealing gut wounds.

This comes with a replica of the Supreme Spellshield: A greatshield that absorbs magic then unleashes its energies back at foes.

A Windswept Isle (600 CP): This small island just off the coast of Naggaroth doesn't bode well for you, or anyone. Near-constant storms pervade it in all defiance of meteorology, waves crash against shores so jagged they resemble a beast's horns.

Cataclysmic forces have blighted this land, plaguing it with great flows of Dhar's very substance, the very terrain seemingly warped and twisted by some great calamity. At the centre of it is a temple dedicated to one of the elven gods, and at the capstone of that temple is a shrine. Strangely powerful illusions seem to make that shrine difficult to perceive by any but yourself

Why come here at all? For one thing the island has a thriving population of Bloodwrack Medusae eking out a living upon it. Though still of animalistic intellect, the wretched creatures seem instinctively subservient to you-bowing low to avert their gazes and bringing you nourishment should you require it. They will follow you if you approach the shrine, and if allowed to will guide you to it. In time, sentience seems to slowly return to them if you endure their presence, and while many of them will be reluctant to tell you of the decisions that led to their curse they will let you know Atharti herself has promised the return of their minds at least if they loyalty serve the one chosen to receive this island's blessing, and curse-and eventually, the gift of changing between their punished selves and former elven beauty without the associated agony. Should you allow them to attend you, they will find these promises are indeed true.

Within the shrine is a great and terrible weapon empowered by divine forces. It is not Widowmaker of course, but it is an artifact of similar enormity and power-if possibly blessed by a different elven god. And even if it is not steeped in the bloodlust that the Sword of Khaine provokes, just as Khaine's nature overwhelmingly suffuses his blade the overwhelming power of the artifact may prove as much a curse as a blessing. A magical staff wrought by Isha's power might grant one a keen empathy to the plight of plant life. A spear empowered by Ereth Khial may share the goddess' mad grudge. But is that not a small price to wield power that could change the world?

In future worlds, the island will host a new artifact of terrible power and consequence in its shrine-equal in significance for its local world to the Sword of Khaine's in this reality. The Medusae will become your followers, likely coming to wonder what strange fate befell them.

Companions

Gathering Shadows (50-400 CP): It's dangerous to go alone in places like this. Even Dark Elves know there is safety in numbers. With each purchase here, you may import an old companion into a background in this world or create a new one. Imported and created companions gain 600 CP to spend on what they wish.

Murky Alliances (50 CP each): Even among the Dark Elves, lasting bonds can form-however twisted and fickle they may prove. Each purchase here guarantees you a good meeting with a Dark Elf of your choice, one certain to at least provide the chance to get to know each other. Because the relationships of the Dark Elves can be rather mercurial, while they may come with you at the end of the decade as a companion if they wish, should they ultimately opt not to you may use each purchase here to make a similar offer to a different native of this world.

A Steed of Nightmares (50/100 CP): Your steed greets you, not long after you set foot in this world. Whatever your own status it is a magnificent specimen of Naggaroth's wildlife, and whatever horrors it must have undergone to be tamed have only made it stronger, more enduring, even more viciously cunning. Above all it holds a fierce, disturbing loyalty to you, possibly from spells burned into its flesh that grant it joy from your touch.

For 50 CP Sulephet, the ferociously loyal dark Pegasus ridden by Morathi is one such example of the steed you may own-though if you wish it may be a ferocious chimera with a particularly vicious tail, or a particularly well-behaved hydra or Kharibdyss if you would trade mobility for mighty.

However for 100 CP your steed could be more comparable to Seraphon: The terrifying black dragon whose viciousness in destroying his nestmates impressed Malekith enough to take him as his personal steed. Or if you would forsake the land and skies for sheer power you could even have somehow acquired a loyal sea dragon: Beasts rumoured by legend to be descended from black dragons fallen into the ocean and somehow warped by the Black Arks' magics into something less than true dragons and yet more, spending their lives afloat to support their own weight in exchange for the might to rip asunder the biggest ships of other races' fleets.

Should you wish, as a result of your investment here you may even have truly won the eternal friendship of your mount through more pleasant circumstances than is typical for the Dark Elves. None would believe the strong alliance you somehow forged together, least of all the other much-maligned steeds.

The Friendly Shadow (100 CP): Loyalty is a vanishingly rare thing in Druchii society, even moreso than thoughts of sparing the weak from the whims of the strong. Both came to pass one grim day, when you saw a house in disrepute ransacked by its rivals and the sobbing orphan boy fleeing from his pursuers. Perhaps out of altruistic whim, perhaps out of seeing some potential in the boy's determination, you sheltered him from his pursuers and raised him as a son or brother. Who would have thought the weedy orphan would grow up to be one of the brawniest, most terrifying bruisers in Naggaroth? Rippling with muscle many of his peers lack, his scarred face and calloused knuckles belie the swiftness all your kind move with-

and behind a cold gaze lies a philosophical soul who has seen much of what Naggaroth has to offer, and found little of it fulfilling. He has little delusion of ever receiving acceptance in Ulthuan though, and contents himself by bringing his so-called betters down to his level of street fighting-and beating them with experience.

Grim-faced and much more blunt than his peers, he grew to be a formidable warrior and a stalwart second-one of the few faces in Naggaroth you can safely turn you back to. His low birth and dishonoured name bar him other opportunities for ascension, so even if he did not see you as the best thing to happen in his childhood to support your goals would have been his best chance in life anyway. Apart from 600 CP to spend and the Warrior background, he boasts the **Shadowed Blade** perk from the necessity of having to make a name for himself largely incognito.

He's a Pirate (100 CP): Seldom do the nobles of Naggarond condescend to entertain their social inferiors' wishes, but it seems something has caught the eye of this handsome louche. Considered something of a dilletante among his people, while no less sharp and vicious in a fight he often speaks longingly of the world beyond his homeland and finds more joy in sailing the world than the run of the mill atrocities at home. That's not say he isn't a gleefully vicious corsair, carouser and plunderer, but despite a snobbish upbringing in practice social class and even species matter little to him compared to the thrill of adventure-having little use for slaves when his travels take him ever further, and often whimsically keeping to the spirit of his eloquent negotiations with those not of his race if dodging like hell around the letter. To him subterfuge, trickery and misdirection are an artform to be elevated at every opportunity.

If you were of less than noble birth he has seen great potential in you as both an ally and drinking partner, and will gladly take you under his wing when he leaves to sea. And if you were of noble birth, he'd be thrilled to have a partner in crime he can actually show up in polite society with. Apart from 600 CP to spend and the Noble background, his breezy manner and savvy give him a more easygoing equivalent to **Tarnished Crown**, frequently wresting back the loyalty of his exasperated crew.

A Loving Mother(ly Figure) (100 CP): An ominous shadow billows down the corridor. A cold chill burns up your spine, as a voice like honeyed wine purrs your name. The dread creature that stands before you is one of the most utterly vile beings to ever come close to stealing your soul.

That's right. *Your mother has come to visit you again.*

At least this sultry, clingy matron seems to think of herself as your mother in spirit. If she was truly your mother, as a young boy you will vividly remember her burying you face in her chest as she whispered huskily that after your father tragically drank two gallons of poison by accident, you had to become the man of the household. But she may be a maiden aunt oddly fond of bouncing you on her

lap while telling you what a forward young man you were, or even a much older sister who insisted you learn to frisk others for weapons on her. The point is, she was rather reluctant to let you sleep in your own bed. If you ever started to.

Though no Dark Elf can be truly called fat, her breasts would make a dwarf woman proud-and her rump and thighs have the jiggle of one too many bacchanals. Sometimes she claims one of her sister sorceresses bent her will and marred her flesh with unspeakable rites, huskily describing how it felt to be *used* by her *almost* as attractive rival before she took her *exquisite* revenge. Other times that a daemon once possessed her, made her *embarrass* herself in her own dungeon and left her with eternally enflamed *needs.* You're starting to suspect she actually remodelled her body with dark magic and simply likes toying with you until your heart beats like a drum. It would explain why around you, she dresses scantily even by sorceress standards-wearing what are blatantly strips of other outfits crudely tied around jewellery to cover the bare minimum of her body in company. And often, less.

Your mother is so licentious, she receives 600 CP for the Sorceress background as well as the **Dark Enchantments** and **Family Bonding** perks for free.

Some Devoted Siblings (200 CP): Well, this is certainly an interesting family union isn't it? It seems you have an...unusually affectionate and possessive assortment of female relatives around your age or slightly younger. Exacting, merciless and devious by human standards, their proactive killing of your rivals and furious duels over whose turn it is to bodyguard you are what the Druchii would take as deep familial affection-to say nothing of how they swiftly end quarrels to close ranks around you should another woman so much as glance your way. Your wild-haired Corsair cousin, still soaked from the seas when she presented the High Elf head she took as a present for you. Your sharp-tongued Khainite niece, bitterly asserting her own High Elf head was a worthier kill. Your imperious highborn sister, her bound hair fluttering behind her as she insists on checking your mouth with her tongue for poison capsules. One for each background with 600 CP to spend as they please in fact, with the five catty ladies taking up one companion spot.

Your sisters are also quite the catch despite their pointed interest in you, and each also has **Dark Enchantments** and **Family Bonding** for free.

Should you wish, any number or all of them may be male instead. It must be said that for *mysterious reasons*, Druchii dress tends to be more conservative for men than for women.

The Merciless Hosts (200/300/400 CP each): The horns of war have sounded, and the armies of Naggaroth march again. With great conflict comes great opportunity, and through some twist of fate a writ of iron has been issued to you allowing you to requisition a great deal of Naggaroth's military forces. Each purchase here shall grant you a Dark Elven army 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. Do bear in mind that as loyal as any commanded by Malekith himself to fall in line, they are Dark Elves. Commanders of lesser

character than the Druchii typically exhibit may find handling them outside of a battle...unpredictable.

For 200 CP you have a force capable of serving as raiders, corsairs or light skirmishers. If it is a cabal of Khainite assassins and typical warriors of the dark cities, it is one equipped with swift mounts and fast ships. If it is a group of sisters of slaughter, they shall have enough archer support to avoid being caught flatfooted. Such soldiers lean towards the more common rungs of Dark Elven society, but don't underestimate what such a force can do. Dark Elven military doctrine already hinges on swift, vicious strikes and obfuscation after all.

For 300 CP your forces include the more elite troops of Naggaroth-their heavy infantry and cavalry, or the vanguard of an army. Cold One Knights and Black Guard may fill these ranks, or you may simply have a much vaster quantity of common troops equipped with siege weaponry. If Brides of Khaine are fielded, they may bring their infamous Cauldrons of Blood or the terrifying Bloodwrack-pulled Shrines to Khaine which may spread murderous fervour among your troops. It is at this tier that it becomes practical to acquire covens of sorceresses or the wretched Doomfire Warlocks, whose magics can swiftly turn the tide of battle if not countered by enemy wizards.

And for 400 CP, yours is a true army that represents the brutal potential of the Dark Elves' war machine come to fruition. Dread formations of war hydras escorted by crowds of Cold One calvary may be the centrepiece of your army, or packs the noble Kharibdyss may flank the siege engines and sorcerous cabals of your armada on land and sea. Whether you field thousands of common warriors, an insidious conspiracy of assassins or great cabals of deadly sorceresses and those shackled to their whims, the army you field would have acquitted itself well in the initial clash Aenarion led against Chaos-and may yet find an opportunity to attain such glories in the near future. Each such purchase here would be considered an instrumental and strategic force of mass destruction by the Witch King, fit to storm the heartlands of his foes.

The Beasts of Naggaroth (100 each): A chunk of Naggaroth is now yours with each purchase here. Each environment is dominated by a different specimen of war animals native to Naggaroth, thriving in such numbers that an army could break in dozens from their population without decreasing it. From the Dark Pegasi of the Iron Mountains to the scorpion-tailed Manticores of the Chaos Wastes to the ill-tempered Hydras, you have a resilient breeding population of terrifying animals at your disposal.

After this jump, a new attachment to your Warehouse will connect to a separate subspace in which the beasts thrive in a microcosm of their natural habitat-an island similar to Naggaroth on a smaller scale, in which you may continue to tame and rear such creatures. Be warned; Naggaroth's animals are as vicious as the Dark Elves themselves and should you not be a skilled beastmaster it is strongly advised that you use The Merciless Host to invest in a contingent of those who know how to handle such creatures.

Drawbacks

Reject Games Workshop Canon, Return To Your Dudes (+0 CP): Enough! ENOUGH of these blasted lies and unwanted additions! Let us return to a simpler time, when the Hag Queen was a favoured servant of Slaanesh and her treachery ran far deeper. To a time before misrepresentations, false premises and disgraceful portrayals of the Dark Elven people. In short, while the choices presented to you are *mostly* written based on the premises depicted by the 8th edition of the Dark Elves' publication, with this option you may allow any aspects of previous editions or other published material regarding Dark Elves' truth to override the current canon. Feel free to mix and match the facts presented in previous continuities as you please, for the sake of creating a relatively cohesive journey here.

An Undistinguished Past (+0 CP): Ah, then you have been in this world before? As one of the lesser races? How quaint. Still, if you have been to the world of Warhammer Fantasy previously by taking this option you may make the events of this jump canon to them.

A Dark Past, A Grim Future (+0 CP): The oldest dark elves remember when the world was far different to its current state. By taking this drawback you may count among them, and your starting date can stretch back through Dark Elven history all the way to the years after Aenarion's death. Furthermore you may also extend your stay here, up to a maximum of a thousand years past your default starting date. Alternatively you may persist until the End Times have run their course, though it is *entirely understandable* for you to ignore it with **Reject Games Workshop Canon, Return To Your Dudes** and forge your own future.

The Ennui of Eternity (100 CP): How long has it been since you have held another gently? Who knows what you have spoken to the darkness, alone, in the bitter watches of the night, when all your life seems to shrink, the walls of your bower closing in about you, a hutch to trammel some wild thing in? The decadence and ambition of the Dark Elves holds no pleasure for you, nor any other worldly indulgence. The scales have fallen from your eyes, and you cannot ignore the bleakness and loneliness of your existence anymore. It weighs on you, clouding your judgement and making all but the most wholesome of experiences unsatisfying for you.

Worst of all, at some point in your past you were loved-at least, you thought you were loved-as time passes the urge to regain that closeness will linger in the back of your mind even if you think yourself in control. A familiar face, a fleeting supposition of an old love reborn-control yourself around these, lest you make an embarrassing error of passion.

Crippling Hatred (100 CP): Even for the Druchii, you form grudges swiftly and are unrelenting in seeing them carried out. It's one thing to hate your brute of a father or witch of a mother, but to swear eternal vengeance on the chef for surviving you a burnt slice of bread? To swear an oath against a daemon because an unrelated sorcerer mentioned their name after receiving a promotion due to you? That's a little far. Your affectation of brooding, short temper and bad self-control does not do much for your social skills at best, and will lead to mockery and easy

manipulation by your peers at worst. Do try to check yourself before you pick a fight you really shouldn't have.

Honest Elf (100 CP): This is most unfortunate. You seem pathologically incapable of lying, and are comically bad at deception in all its forms. Left to your own devises you would be astonished your peers can recognise you through your fake moustaches, and no amount of mentoring will let you artfully disarm your peers with biting wit. You had better prove yourself in the arts of killing lest someone see this as weakness.

What Tangled Webs We Weave (200 CP): Well isn't that inconvenient, you're being blackmailed. You have two blackmailers, in fact. And one of your blackmailers is blackmailing the other blackmailer two. And some sorceress just wrote to you with dirt on your other blackmailer so sensitive it's almost a given assassins are coming for you right now? Oh dear. It seems some twist of your past has entangled you in a conspiracy grand enough to span all of Naggaroth-and even beyond, wherever the Dark Elves have catspaws, mercenaries or infiltrators. Expect disentangling and resolving this web of intrigue to be at least as complicated as bringing about the permanent end of a Greater Daemon or absconding with one of the Empire of Man's most treasured relics.

Treacherous Blade Fantasy (200 CP): Many a notable Dark Elf has made his name on some nominally cursed artifact or other he has turned towards his own ambitions, but this is going a bit far even by those standards. Everywhere important you need to go, whether in long-lost temples or hidden securely in the troves of nobles, all manner of cursed weapons have a tendency to show up too. Such weapons always exude a maddening aura of influence, urging you to take them up and wield them. And while they do have some great power, the corruption they exude unmistakeably bears the taint of Chaos-if not other malign forces-and the weapon will constantly work to assert itself over you until it becomes more wielder than weapon. And before you think to simply flee at the slightest sight of such a weapon, know that these weapons will seek other wielders too. For one reason or another, fate will ensure those maddened wielders' rampages will come near your own.

Just one more reason to give in and reach for that cooing daemonic sword, really.

Pride Goeth Before Everything (200 CP): History is littered with the bodies of Dark Elves who *think* they're the greatest warrior, wizard or schemer since the Witch King or Hag Queen themselves only to find themselves as footnotes in some assassin's list. And regrettably, you're on track to join them. Your arrogance and megalomania are staggering even by the standards of your people, your prudence and common sense simply *gone.* You could softly explain your schemes to a rival in public then be genuinely surprised at the assassination attempts the next day. Or stand around weaving a complex spell simply ignoring a warrior you feel is beneath your effort. A few hard knocks and downfalls in fortune may see your competence return in bursts to take revenge or recoup your immediate losses, but be assured that creeping sense of superiority won't be gone for long come what may. You could potentially decide to enter into bargains with the Chaos Gods themselves,

sincerely refusing to believe they could ever stand to betray someone as *refined* as you.

Remember the Sundering! (300 CP): In a stroke of misfortune for the Druchii, it appears that the High Elves have been far advanced in their wartime preparations than many assumed. Instead of an aloof, dying race indifferent to many ongoing threats in the world the full force of their military might is currently en route to lay siege to the Naggaroth's shores-and somehow, they have kept their campaign hidden. Teclis, perhaps the greatest living mage of this era whose crippled body is far overshadowed by his mastery of the mystic arts akin to that of Morathi yet aligned to the purity of Qhaysh rather than volatile Dhar, has made cause with his protective brother Tyrion: Who simply put, is often regarded as the greatest High Elven warrior alive as well as an accomplished commander and strategist. Joining them is Tyrion's beloved Alarielle: The current Everqueen, whose purity is such that daemons suffer grievously in her mere presence-and she may slay one with a touch.

In short the elven civil war is about to restart, and you're on the side that's caught flat-footed. And to cap it all, prophecy has informed the commanders concerned that your death is vital to ultimate victory over the Druchii.

Do not presume to avoid this conflict by choosing an inconvenient entry date. Even if you face a lesser Phoenix King or even none at all, know that a great uprising of elves will march on you led by a warrior, wizard and priestess whose powers and competence echoes that of the trio above.

The Vortex Torn (300 CP): It seems Caledor's sacrifice was all for nothing in the end, for the Sundering's damage was greater than initially thought-and hordes of daemons have irregularly arrived from it with one order from the Chaos Gods: To capture and sacrifice you in a rite foreseen to utterly dismantle the Vortex and give this world over to Chaos. They will come in great hordes, they will spare no stratagem or expense, they will find you wherever you are-and worst of all, aren't above attempts to bribe the Witch King or other great figures for safety in exchange for cooperation in retrieving you. Those who would become the Druchii once held the line against the worst depredations of Chaos. Who can say if they will do so again?

And should you start at a time before the formation of the Great Vortex, the daemons simply have a massive surge of reinforcements from others of their kind. Those...widely travelled may find some among them familiar. Like that crimson cyclops, or the albino sensualist with the form of a serpent.

The Steel I Live In (300 CP): How it hurts to move every morning, to choose between either irregular fits of agony or the numbness of knowing no sensation at all. How the armour weighs on you, making every step lumbering and the slightest motion burdened by inertia. You see, a terrible magical accident has left you dependent on a suit of runic armour similar to Malekith's own to live. Worse you were neither the Witch King at the time nor with access to a more *competent* smith, so your armour lacks his tremendous enchantments and protections and is simply adequate but burdensome steel. Worse it draws magic from your very soul

to sustain its restorative effects, making both motion and spellcraft far more tiring than it should be. Some terrible fate nullifies most means of healing or regenerating from your plight. If a cure exists, it will be a quest that takes you into peril and stakes so great as to involve the legacies of the elven gods themselves.

Warhammer Fantasy: Dark Elves Scenarios

Scenarios may be taken together, although keep in mind significant starting date changes may greatly affect the context of **Jumper of Melniboné's** challenges. Be assured you will face similar challenges and have to recover similar artifacts along the way. Even if the Dark Elven nation has not been formally established or your journey takes place during a war, circumstances will conspire for entities, locations and individuals of a similar threat level to end up getting in your way. Or in one exceptional case, aiding you.

Firebrand of Doom is exclusive with all other scenarios except **The Road to Total War** and **Jumper of Melniboné**, and requires you to be male.

Similarly, if it must be said while **The Road to Total War's** context may be greatly altered, assume that sacrifices of similar scope, a similar convergence of interested factions, a conspiracy akin to the Skaven and an imminent threat on par with the Horned Rat's summoning will occur. At the very earliest the prophecy will only be released a few years after the Great Vortex's creation. And if it really needs to be said, there can be no scenario without the Great Vortex.

Better To Be Ashes Than Dust regrettably requires you to be male, because there is no such thing as a female Phoenix King. Just as **The Maiden Who Cried Apocalypse** requires you to be female.

Firebrand of Doom (Must be a Doomfire Warlock)

"And lo, he shall rule with a dark hand and his shadow shall touch upon every land. Steel will be his skin and fire will be his blood, in hatred will he conquer all before him. No blade forged of Man, Dwarf or Elf shall endure him fear. Though will it come to pass that the firstborn son of noble blood shall rise to power. The child will be learned in the darkest arts and he will raise an army of terrible beasts. Thus will the Dark King fall, slain by neither blade nor arrow but by a sorcerous power of darkest magic and so shall his body be consumed in the flames and for all eternity burn"

This is the prophecy that is the reason for your cursed existence. It is why only female Druchii are permitted to practice magic without soul-scarring brands scarring their very souls, and why male wizards are regarded with disdain. Fear. And superstition. Never admitted to the Dark Convent, always employed discretely only to avoid owing debts to the sorceresses.

You, that have lived with the consequences of this prophecy, have a simple yet devastating goal: **Fulfil it by overthrowing and slaying Malekith.** Rally the other warlocks to your side, turn Naggarothi against one another and seek help from abroad. And above all, master the magic that will become your truest weapon against the Witch King; practice makes perfect, and **inner reserves of inspiration and insight** into the darker aspects of the Winds of Magic will grant you enviable talent among your kin. He need not fall by your blade, but you must play a pivotal role in the death of the Witch King. In this, his mother has the potential to be your greatest ally *and* your worst enemy. In her own way, she is fiercely protective of her son…and yet, if certain events come to pass she may find her loyalties straying once enraptured by the memory of an old lover.

Your reward is to be anointed a **slayer of kings** by destiny. In future jumps, if you wish **you may set in motion a new prophecy appointing you to slay a certain monarch** be they elected, hereditary or ascendant by right of conquest. It will be known to you, grant you hints on how to fulfil it and give you the basic qualifications for the role of killer. There will still be open-ended steps to be taken and war to be waged, but if you follow it closely you'll find your efforts made lucky until the ruler is dead.

Furthermore, by fulfilling your destiny your **power over dark magic is greatly bolstered.** The means by which to control Dhar, to augment it with your will and unleash it for maximum devastation or tightly control it for healing purposes-these are all instinctively grasped by you, to a degree befitting the one who surpassed the Witch King as a sorcerer. It would be no exaggeration to compare you to a talent comparable to Teclis of Ulthuan, save that the darkness in your soul aligns you with Dhar's passion rather than Qhaysh's more structured approach.

Having slain the Witch King, Naggaroth's is likely soon to be rubble amidst the ensuing power struggle. It is up to you whether you wish to fight for your own claim for the rest of your stay, aid Ulthuan in crushing the weakened Druchii once and for all or simply slink away in the night

Jumper of Melniboné

What a terrible night for a curse, you may think, as soon into your adventures you'll find yourself in possession of a map to a rare treasure in the Chaos Wastes. The journey will be long and the weather harsh, and there will be dangers all around you. But at least you won't be that poor bastard chased by Khainite Templars and dogged by the exiles of Naggaroth during his own quest for a separate, entirely unrelated treasure. Any help for him would be greatly appreciated later on, but ultimately your journeys will take you in different directions.

The knowledge to open the particular temple you seek will be obscure, but not unfindable should you be able to procure a skilled sorceress-or are one yourself. The real fun begins when you find the treasure, only to awaken the presence of a Greater Daemon below the temple. It will attempt to possess you, threaten to take your soul *and* begin announcing its many titles.

It is the *Bringer of Storms*.
It is the **Black Sword**.
Eldest of a *brood a thousand strong.* Master of **black light** and **dark fire.**

And its once-mortal name, long lost from far ago eras when as a mortal form it expired clutching the blade that led it down a dark path, is **Melniboné.** For now all it can do is a kind of astral projection from its true body sealed in the temple. It gleefully holds you hostage unless you gather the five magical artefacts needed to free it from its prison in a year. The daemon can work great power through you, mending your flesh faster than it can tear it from your bones. It will also prove a rather sardonic companion, mocking your failures and chuckling at the death you bring while advising you on the following order of artifacts to be gathered.

(If you have the means to protect your soul from a greater daemon, this is a good opportunity to nod along while listening to the demon blather about powerful magical artefacts)

(If you had the foresight to somehow sneakily acquire the artefact without setting foot in the temple, perhaps by climbing onto the roof then knocking a hole in and using a rope and dart to wrest it up, if you hang around your entry point you'll hear a very disgruntled voice grumble about thieves consigning it to another few thousand years of imprisonment, eventually rambling about the five artefacts it needs to be freed)

(Possibly in a hopeful, pointed tone of voice to any cheeky thieves who might be listening)

The first artifact you must retrieve is the *Trapezohedron of Terror*, a relic of silver and ivory inscribed with a forgotten god's name. Save those of godlike power, it fractures most magical effects cast upon it as if warped through a prism and is guarded by a Skaven Grey Seer of great power, as well as his (relatively) loyal horde. You must track down the warren in which these vermin dwell, and fight past their teeming hordes to pry your prize from the Seer's cold, dead paws. If you

should stop by Hag Graef around this time, you'll find that unlucky bastard dazed and confused among a Slaanesh cult. Once again, one is compelled to remind you that charity is one of life's great virtues, and all the more appreciated amongst the ruthless Druchii.

The second, the *Effigy of Yn'Glesh*: A pure white sphere made of no material known to this world. Legends say several warriors of great power died to unite their souls and potential into this profane relic, which can warp space and time for its predecessor to wherever the user wishes to go. Perhaps even whenever-but be warned, such transformation is neither accurate nor pleasant, and leaves you haunted by the sensation that wherever you want to go *you are already here.* To say nothing of the reclusive High Elven wizard's tower you must burgle to retrieve your prize. Powerful wards of High Magic dot all crucial corridors and doorways within the tower, which seem to shift when any but the rightful user enters. Within is also a mighty Caledorian Dragon, noblest of the many breeds in this world. Only within the wizard's study will you be able to attain the prize.

The third, the *Dirk of Thotep.* This long, black knife holds a darkness so deep as to seem a hole in reality itself. With even the lightest scratch, it can rip out a soul and bind it within itself where a skilled sorcerer can release it as they please or otherwise harness it's power. You must travel to the burial ground of a distant Tomb King to retrieve it, where he and his guards will fight fiercely to protect its evil from being unleashed on the world. It so happens that should you come to Naggaroth on your way back it'll be right on time to find the miserable bastard fortune seems to scorn battling a raiding party led by his own father. While he can handle himself, he will take wounds and would be very grateful for aid in escaping.

You have an uncanny sense of an awful, terrifying presence lurking just outside the corner of your eye should you hold the Dirk of Thotep near the Trapezohedron of Terror. Echoing eldritch laughter, glimpses of dark figures just outside your sight, burning trios of eyes and other omens will haunt you.

Now your fourth artifact awaits, the *Shield of Chaos Undivided.* Rumoured to be forged by Archaon long ago yet lost in the heat of battle, this buckler's jagged gold rim encircles a great purple, reptilian eye on its surface that stares unblinkingly at your very soul. You'll find only one portal to its location in the city of Har Ganeth-which will be engulfed in religious civil war at the time.

(That poor, poor bastard will be involved in some adventure there, once again battling his seemingly unceasingly murderous family on his way to a different portal. Whether you help this downtrodden but utterly unbreakable man in his hour of need or not, your portal will take you deep into the heart of Lustria).

A Dread Saurian of exceptional size and power guards it, one so deadly as to be all but impervious to most weapons of the Dark Elves. Yet should you locate the Shield of Chaos Undivided, you'll find it to be able to block any blow the great beast delivers. For it endows the wielder with not just great strength, but an ice-cold clarity in which emotion fades and a calm, vaguely curious detachment permeates all actions. With focus, one can project ricocheting copies of the shield that bounce with boulder-cleaving forces and have an unerring accuracy for striking

down your foes. The shield's mere presence nullifies hostile magic, and it has the power to absorb both mundane and supernatural attacks that can be released in a tremendous burst of energy at will. Though the battle with the Dread Saurian may be intense, with great skill of arms your victory is assured.

The fifth artifact's location shall only be revealed after the rest, when a force of Chaos warriors 120,000 strong march on the city of Ghrond. It is led by a champion of the dark gods near-impervious to all weapons, even great artifacts such as yours, thanks to the amulet she wears. You'll find the resistance led by the fate-forsaken, luckless, eternally suffering and daemon-haunted bastard who it seems is fated to know not a single reprieve save your visits. For not only is his sister the true mastermind and battle sorceress of this army, but the champion was his former lover. Worse, the warriors have summoned an incredibly powerful daemon from the depths of Chaos to aid them. This being names itself the Warden of the Screaming God-Child, and is a mighty daemon of Khorne. Upon that horror's neck hangs the *Talisman of Infinity's Gallows,* a brass necklace depicting Khorne's sacred number as it's jewel. What power this necklace has, that it makes the already mighty Screaming God-Child nearly impervious to conventional, direct spellcraft attacks-though not enchanted artifacts and physical blows, or the true power of Dhar.

Fight hard. Though the odds seem poor, the teeth-gritting bastard seems to have risen high in the Witch King's estimation. For though many Dark Elves have left for the raiding season, not only have an army of Malekith's most dedicated warriors taken to the field but the Witch King and even his mother have come to the battle. With their combined power, victory may yet be won. The thought may occur to you that were you to swap opponents with the bastard whose existence seems to be a

neverending slew of misery, you may be better suited to defeating each other's adversaries given his deadly sword-provided you can trust each other enough to hand over the artifacts from each being you require.

With everything done the daemon, in typical daemonic ingratitude, will attempt to renege on your bargain. Whichever god it stands for, upon being freed from its temple the daemon will attempt to seize your soul. It will do battle with you-unless you're sharp enough to betray it before its own sudden and inevitable betrayal. And so your final task is to not just slay it-but put an end to this foul being before it can ruin more lives.

(Assuming you feel the need to. If you never had to free the daemon, this is an excellent opportunity to throw tomatoes at the seething being as it squirms in its temple. And if your soul was better guarded than it supposed, this is an excellent time to put it in its place)

Your reward for undergoing such terrible trials is the artifacts you collected along the way.

To acquit yourself well in these tasks it to rise high in the Witch King's estimation, for defending his kingdom in its time of need. Should the daemon still be alive but battered and present on the mortal plane, he will offer to use his considerable

powers to bind it to you as a slave-scarring it's very spirit and essence so that it's power can be yours and yours alone, and optionally performing a spiritual lobotomy so it's wit can no longer bother you. Earning **you the dominated power of a greater daemon** at your fingertips, with no will left to challenge your own.

Oh, and as an epilogue should you wonder where the most unfortunate bastard of a dark elf has gone after your many adventures you'll find him drinking away his sorrows in a nearby pub. If you have met and parted on good terms throughout this adventure, he will instinctively recognise you as mood kindred in eternal suffering, and buy you a drink to commiserate. As two people hung out to dry by scheming daemons, you'll likely form a strong bond despite his new promotion. And should he agree, then **Malus Darkblade may join you as a companion.**

The Maiden Who Cried Apocalypse

Ah, Malus. He really is quite like my son in many way. For all his many talents he lacks...vision. Take the splendid artifact my spies have liberated from his hoard.. To think he squandered the power to traverse space and time so often.

Truly, such power belongs only to the greatest sorceress that has ever lived.

Stranger, I speak to you from another time and place. The ritual that permits this interaction strains even my power.

I wish to send you back to the idyllic days of the elves, eight years before the first demonic invasion. I confess, I see something of my younger self in you, and am curious if you can speak truth to power better than I could.

I challenge you to warn the elves. Warn them of the coming invasion, that they must BE READY for the horrors Chaos will visit upon their lazy, indolent people. Do all in your power to ready their armies, drive society to gird its loins-enough that this truth is as accepted as their sow of an Everqueen's rule.

I do not know if they can succeed. I do not know if they will fail.

I find that after so many years, I truly do not care. If I had the power to truly change my own past, I would not be remembered as a madwoman.

I have marked you. An enchantment has been placed on you, to return you to your present when your challenge is completed. Perhaps the future may be changed by your efforts. Perhaps I am wrong, and I have merely sent you to yet another possible past-though I know with certainty your return is guaranteed-and whatever form of me dwells in your timeline will be as I always was. Be respectful. I do not suffer rivals who do not know their place.

But know that I always reward those who bring me satisfaction.

Should you accept, you have eight years to complete the mysterious sorceress' challenge. **Your reward is the secret for eternal youth and beauty without further replenishment from the Cauldrons of Blood is hidden. The impossibly long parchment recording it's procedure in precise and concise terms records other forbidden lore, among them the deepest secrets of Dhar and daemonic pacts of tremendous power. The writhing secrets within will fill you with inspiration for other means to sustain your life and youth while ever- beautifying yourself with malign forces similar the forces of Chaos, Dhar and the Lore of Shadows as well as Death.**

I have one further request. Not a command, just a request. One of your first converts will be a rugged explorer from another land.

If you succeed, please reward him with my gift and tell him that he should not lightly throw his life away I don't want to lose him again

The Road to Total War

Once in a while, a comet hailed as the Dragon With Two Tails by the elven races streaks across the sky-always bringing with it both great turning points in history or tumultuous upheaval. It has been both a sign for the growing power of Chaos, and a symbol of those chosen to stand valiantly against it. But to Malekith, it is above all a promise for the auspicious moment in which he will finally gain the power to stand triumphant over hated Ulthuan. For a few years into your stay, this comet shall appear in the sky, sparking great excitement among the Druchii. For it is in this auspicious yet dire moment of change that a long-lost prophecy may yet be fulfilled: That of a king who attains the power to eat the heart of Ulthuan.

(But...perhaps your eyes are sharper, your astronomical instruments more accurate than those of this world? Look carefully at the comet! See the truth: That it is a forgery of the true Dragon With Two Tails, a spacecraft of Skaven design laden with Warpstone causing the magical disruptions which seem just as efficacious as the true comet. Whether or not you can convince Malekith and Morathi of this matter before the vehicle inevitably crashes once it's purpose is spent is another issue, but should the true come to light expect unnatural fury from both of them-and a mobilisation of war against the vile rat-men. And strong support for any further investigation into such perfidy)

There's just two obstacles for Malekith. First of all, because a certain assassination attempt on Morathi did *not* occur for a certain sorceress was...preoccupied. Or possibly came to realize how poor her odds were of defeating another sorceress who had managed to retain her life *and* youth and beauty after ruling *the Dark Elves* at one remove for thousands of years. Lacking the servant he would have normally sent, Malekith's divinations have instead revealed *you* would be the most fortunate candidate to complete the ritual that will grant him final victory.

Do not disappoint the Witch King. An assassin of uncanny skill will be sent to accompany you, smoothing over any inconveniences-along with a scroll of Hekarti's dark knowledge containing the first portion of the ritual. And while Malekith seldom coddles his servants, all within reason that furthers his final victory can be requested from his coffers.

First you must travel to a storm-wracked island, it's jagged shores and crashing waves making it all but unreachable. Should you be skilled in magic, the ritual will assist greatly; it's earlier components permitting you to open a two-way portal to its centre, where a chained Medusa sorceress is willing to reveal more for her freedom. A drink from a goblet cursed and tempered with dark magic is required, filled with the lifeforce of five victims, mixed with reagents revealed to your mind that should be distilled into a ritual basin. But regardless of your skill, the ritual will then reveal the first victim needed to supply the goblet with power:

The very Medusa who revealed this information.

More scrolls of Hekarti must be found, more knowledge gathered to seek the other victims:

A prince of Ulthuan, sworn foe of one no longer part of this journey.

A reclusive scholar of dark magic, living comfortably as one of the Druchii can manage to pursue the mystic arts.

A fair-haired Dreadlord slaver, who rules far to the north.

And at long last, the very sorceress whose decision to spend the night with her slaver lover instead of attempt to kill the Hag Queen has left her a target, instead of the Witch-King's vital agent. Be wary of this one, she will be on guard after sensing the pattern of first her mentor, then her lover's downfall. She will hire guardians. She will erect defences. But though the killer at your side may seem...uncharacteristically solemn, he will not hesitate for a moment even if he makes her passing as quick and painless as can be. For as the ritual has informed you, your ally Shadowblade's lifeforce would have worked just as well.

Do not tarry in your endeavours. Other races have taken the false Dragon With Two Tails to heart too, put their own rites and schemes to take control of the Vortex into action too. Yet if you have not already uncovered and disrupted the perpetuators, by now it should become clear that the Skaven are the true threat. Stealing the magics of others to fuel a cursed bell. Once it has been charged with the immense amount of magic needed to toll thirteen times, it will bring about a fate as dire as Chaos' own victory:

To summon the Horned Rat, unholy god and embodiment of all that is Skaven, into the mortal realm by corrupting the Great Vortex into a portal for his foul majesty. To invite a being that is to daemons as daemons are to mortal wizards into the mortal world. It will be no secret at this point; more prideful a schemer than any of his spiritual children, the Horned Rat will reveal himself to you by visions solely to gloat about his impending entrance into this world.

But the feral creatures have not reckoned with Dark Elven wisdom, grit and ruthlessness. Though the Skaven may have gathered in their numbers towards the Vortex to secure their god's victory, Malekith can swiftly deploy his full military might before their victory is complete. Power may have been taken from the ritual, but the potion and it's goblet still work perfectly. Your last task then, is simple: Defeat the Skaven at the Great Vortex, shatter what progress the ritual has achieved and fulfil your mission.

...

...what *was* your mission again, now? You see, the *second* hurdle for Malekith's ambitions is a little insight the ritual has shown you over the course of your adventures that you would be wise to keep to yourself. Your interdimensional nature is a snarl in the already tenuous prophecy, itself partially invalidated by the false omen and the surges of magical energy across this world, and so it will transpire that you too are a valid recipient for the cursed goblet's power.

Will you remain loyal to the Witch King, and bestow upon him the power to wrestle the Great Vortex to its knees with your work? Or will you take its power for your

own, risk lethal reprisals and unspeakable tortures for your treachery, and steal away in the night hoping the Dark Elves will nevertheless defeat the Skaven and leave the Vortex ripe for you to consume? If you have some other ploy, do not tarry. With so much on the line Malekith will be anxious to secure his chance for world-shaking power.

Needless to say, this decision will determine the rewards of your labour.

Should you have remained loyal to Malekith and given him the potion, you will be rewarded with 800 points' worth of Dark Elven forces as followers. Malekith is not a kind man, but he is a pragmatic soul who would rather reward competence than sycophancy or shortsighted violence. Besides, having finally attained the godlike power he needs to make all Ulthuan kneel what better way to demonstrate his magnanimity and largesse to future subjects by paying homage to an exemplary one? Whether you want a great legion of the land's greatest beasts and warriors as fierce as them or great cabals of sorceresses and Doomfire warlocks, the Witch King will provide.

Just be cautious about asking for mercy on behalf of those who denied Malekith his birthright. Though he prefers servants and slaves over pointless cruelty, in his triumph he wishes to at least reclaim Nagarythe and put Ulthuan to the sword if it does not kneel. At last, he will claim the title of Phoenix King through might if nothing else.

Should you have taken the potion for yourself, your reward is simply the godlike power possessed by the Great Vortex. That conflux of forces that for eons siphoned and regulated the Winds of Magic such that no daemon could truly bring the full brunt of their power to bear since Chaos' first incursion into the world is now a part of you, intrinsically wound around your soul. And while you retain your old form bar the aura of intense spiritual pressure around you, at will you may unleash the Vortex's roiling funnel of magical energies around your person. It was with this force that the High Elven mages prevented their homelands from sinking into the ocean during the Sundering. Such is its power that even the mightiest mortal souls may be helplessly swallowed into it. Such greatness is held by the Winds of Magic concentrated within, that those mortals could potentially be elevated to godhood. And such is its influence that Ulthuan owes much of its spiritual potency and the enchanting anomalies on its landscape to the Vortex's proximity. The limits of your newfound power will be easier to command with great magical mastery, but at the very least you can passively absorb tremendous fonts of magical energy across the world, leaving the forces of Chaos tremendously depleted while bolstering yourself and your allies.

Malekith seldom forgives, and never forgets. Without truly astounding circumstances occurring before or during your ascension, you have made a terrible enemy. Do not underestimate the Witch King, he has fought through the realms of Chaos alone before and returned to the world of the living.

Better To Be Ashes Than Dust

Cruelty. Enslavement. Indulgence. Deceit. Though few wish to remember the truth of it, none of these lie at the beginning of the Dark Elves' history. No, it was in the fires of battle and in the years of Aenarion's reign that the foundations of Dark Elven civilisation were forged. From the most wronged by Chaos, the most vengeful and the most vicious among the elven peoples did Aenarion unite an army with one single purpose: To avenge himself on Chaos.

Perhaps this is why the other elven peoples shiver at his name as much as they extol it.

Perhaps they are uncomfortable with the knowledge that those who became the Dark Elves fought beside him in his darkest hour when they didn't.

What would happen if such a storied figure survived throughout the ages, bearing the rightful power of the Phoenix King brightly instead of letting the title be mocked by pretenders too cowardly to give their life for a cause beyond themselves? With the benefit of perspective and understanding, could such a figure have endured beyond his final battle? Well, here's your chance to challenge a fate so dark it has blighted successive generations. For with this challenge, you find yourself standing in the shoes of Aenarion the Defender, first Phoenix King of Ulthuan and most revered monarch of the High Elves.

Specifically, you are currently on dragonback towards the Blighted Isle. There you know the Sword of Khaine awaits atop an alter to the Bloody-Handed God.

Let us take a step back to appreciate the **skills and abilities** you have gathered to date. You were an explorer in your youth, having travelled the breadth and width of all the lands of this world. Though absent from the Great Catastrophe precipitating Chaos' first invasion, when you returned to find entire villages massacred and the elven race pushed to the brink of extinction, you prayed fervently for your people's salvation. Offerings, incense, sacred animals all failed- until finally you hurled yourself into the brazier of Asuryan's flames. You burned, oh how you burned as the flames seared **insight** into the broken machinery of the ordered universe and the thirsting gods beyond it that lust for your peoples' souls, but your blackened skin healed and you stepped from that shrine with the light of Asuryan burning within your heart.

What does **the blessing of the Phoenix King** provide you? To begin with, divine might and endurance scorched into a yet-mortal elven frame. To call you charismatic is redundant; the mark of the elven creator god shines upon you, striking a chord in the withered hearts of the future Druchii at once awed by feelings they had long suppressed and humbled by loyalty they had long forgotten. To call you mighty is practically a disservice; in battle, you are an avatar of righteous wrath focused into elfin form. In battle, your blade flickers faster than mortal eyes can follow, your arm can send men flying a hundred yards away with a slap and your stamina can lend you the endurance to fight a war with Chaos lasting a century while maintaining such might. Asuryan's light makes all manner of your attacks baneful to Chaos, accomplishing with mere force of arms what it normally

takes High Magic and divine intervention to do to the Chaos-tainted. You could slay unwary daemons with an old hunting spear in a single throw, and butcher their legions with their own weapons with no fear of corruption. Armies will die in the hundreds, the thousands-and should any corruptive force bypass the tremendous resistance to all malign influences. Nothing short of multiple greater daemons striking in quick succession has a reasonable hope of leaving you on the brink of death.

Your **arms and armour** are no less impressive. You are clad in the formidable **Dragon Armour** forged within Vaul's Anvil long ago to grant you protections themselves worthy of legend. The runes etched into this armour shroud you in titanic fields of protective magic which ward you against both physical violence and malign magics, while enhancing your already enormous strength. Perhaps most impressively, it permits your voice to be heard clearly by the farthest units of an assembled army under your command, even if you speak in measured tones over the bellowing of dragons. Make no mistake, while in the latter days the High Elves will go on to forge similar suits of armour it will take centuries for them to rediscover the small, intricate spell amidst it's many enchantments that links together many others so they are reinforced and made able to draw on each other's powers. You are also armed with the sword **Sunfang**: A four foot long blade that adjusts it's weight and balance in favour of its wielder as if a living thing. Always sharp and imbued with the captured fire of the sun incarnated as a volcano elemental, you are familiar with the word of power that can unleash a nearby blast of all-searing flame-although to do so too frequently risks unravelling the magic of the blade entirely. Both were created with both knowledge and quantities of magic in the world that modern elves no longer own. And of course, **your steed Indraugnir** was a great lord among his kind before the rise of elven civilisation. Greatest and vastest of his kind, such is the destructive power of his breath that even greater daemons or enchantments as strong as those laid upon your armour could not hold out forever against it.

Perhaps your greatest ally is the High Elven mage Caledor Dragontamer, with whom you forged many weapons that have laid waste to Chaos' hordes. Some claim he forged the Dragon Armour you are clad in, others that it was built by another Elven smith of divine talent named Daith; perhaps he laid the enchantments while the other forged it's metal? Certainly, the credit for binding and forging Sunfang goes to him. Calm and calculating as he was insightful and valorous, the two of you became firm friends. Together you smote the first invasion mightily, but in the second though you won battle after battle, it has become clear you will lose the war. There are simply too many daemons, and powerful as you are you cannot be everywhere. It is for this reason that your friend Caledor has proposed the creation of a magical vortex to drain the Chaos energies from the ruinous Warp Gates away from the world, making it impossible for daemons to manifest. You called it a council of despair, desperate and dangerous, and it seem Caledor may have had his own reservations before a wounded messenger brought you terrible news:

The greatest joy in your life, your wife Astarielle, was recently taken from you horrifically by the daemon N'kari. None know what has become of your children with her.

And it is for those reasons that you find yourself en route to a weapon that will damn you for the power needed to fight beyond mortal measure.

In short, there are *very good reasons* why the mad, cruel armies of those who will become the Dark Elves are loyal to you beyond all reason. Their cold, cruel hearts beat with twisted but genuine love for the one who avenged their sorrows. Any plan of succession handed down from you would be cherished, as the last remnants of what they have to remember you by.

(It is not too late, you know)
(You are strong. The odds are against you, but what if the vortex truly works?)
(Even if Caledor has gone rogue from your command, he truly wishes to save your people. He would embrace your aid in a heartbeat)

Yet **if you wish to claim it as part of your arsenal, then the weapon at the shrine will truly make you a force of nature on the battlefield. It is the Sword of Khaine, the Godslayer, the Widowmaker.** Whatever the myths say about it, one thing is certain: It is the physical manifestation of murder and violence in the mortal realm, constantly calling on its wielder to KILL EVERYTHING and subliminally corrupting all around it in service of violence. To draw the Widowmaker is to invite Khaine into your heart and soul-yet it also lends great power. Even the magic of Tzeentch's greatest daemons parts from its presence like water flashing away from a wall. The weapon takes whichever hand-held form suits its wielder best, nominally a black blade etched with red runes of destruction but perhaps skewed by your temperament-even a lightning-empowered spear or a sceptre that makes one's command almost indisputable is possible.
Press forward and you will hear the whispers of elven gods warning you of the danger. Even the Chaos Gods themselves will beg you to reconsider in their own ways. Frightfully trilling about the barren desolation of certainty, seductively moaning for you to preserve your honour, gurgling pleas on behalf of their children or roaring that glory needs no crutch.

Even the ghost of your wife will return to warn you from this cursed path.

But...can you afford to listen? It is the most powerful weapon in the world. Even the fabled Ghal Maraz cannot compare to its destructive touch, for with a single decisive blow it can instantly smite even a greater daemon explosively. And it is sharper beyond what nature should permit.

Whatever your decision, do not marvel at your powers for long. Do not forget that for all these gifts bring-

-you were losing the war.
And even with however many battles you may win with the sword, you will continue to lose it.

Salvation comes from an unlikely quarter, not long after your return. Your warriors will stand by your decision whether or not you drew the Widowmaker, but should you bear it they shall truly celebrate the glorious death and destruction you bring on Chaos. It is in the midst of battle that you will come upon a struggling seeress,

captured and tortured by a Slaaneshi warband. These forces of Chaos pose little threat to you.

And that is why upon bringing the awestruck young Morathi to her feet, she begs to join your forces.

Being unmoved by her breathtakingly harsh beauty will throw a gauntlet in her face, challenging her to woo you from your woes and win you to her cause. Refusing to back down to her anger will only endear you to her, by being enticingly beyond her control. Even *doing nothing* will simply make her marvel at you, because above all it is your lack of need to boast or prove your unique will of iron compared to the elves she scorned that will immortalise you in her good graces.

Either way, she will do all in her power to prove her worth and worm her way into your good graces-studying the ways of your enemies where other elves fear to tread, gifting you her best enchantments to keep you safe in battle, riding out to protect with spear and sword when her already prodigious magic is not enough to support you from behind the lines-and of course, eagerly sharing your bed to give what comfort she can. Even relatively inexperienced, she can brew potions that stave off unease and devise excellent battle strategies with her gift of visions.

The woman is as hellbent on having your heir as she is on achieving her own ambitions. But if you take the time to get to know her (when what sometimes feels like her mere presence isn't spreading decadence, lust and forbidden knowledge among your camp) you might find the bitter roots of her ambitions. From her eleventh year she has been torment with glimpses of the apocalyptic daemon invasion, yet the elves had been so sheltered under the rule of the first Everqueen that they had disbelieved and dismissed her. Frustrated, Morathi instead manipulated, and used, and bound daemons to her will. The true scale of her ambitions end with her remaking the world in her image with the power of a goddess, and make no mistake: She has walked a dark path before the mishap that led her to your arms, and sometimes even she seems uncertain where her corruption ends and her own ambition begins.

It is little wonder after saving her from her nightmares come to pass that even unknowingly, the harder Morathi pretends at affection to win you for herself the faster she truly falls in love with you. Your faith in her easily proven visions will only deepen that bond, giving her the validation she has seemingly never received in her life.

Whether you reciprocate her advances or not, henceforth your stay will be extended for over 7000 years in a manner similar to A Dark Past, A Grim Future, up to the year 2527 the challenge of which is simply to survive. Chaos will be attacking on all fronts, scourging the elvish homelands, and it will be decades before Caledor can even conduct the spell that can bring about the Great Vortex. Though he will deeply disapprove of everything about the Widowmaker and Morathi (especially her relative ignorance of magic compared to him), he will still entreat you to defend him and his mages-for the greatest of the daemonic host will close in on their cabal. On the other hand Morathi will entreat you to stay with her,

claiming her visions have shown her with certainty that you and her and your heir will be immortal together.

Speaking through gritted teeth if you have found out that none of her visions ever showed *you* in them.

Perhaps you are powerful enough to go to war with the worst Chaos can throw at you and come out on top anyway. Perhaps with your other gifts, you truly can lay waste to the daemons of Chaos-drive them back screaming long before Caledor completes his rites-his compatriots and he sacrificing themselves to form the Great Vortex. In that case you need only go to war and return to an astonished, happy and slightly frustrated (would-be) wife fussing over your wounds.

Perhaps instead, you heed Morathi's advice-in which case it seems even Caledor may have underestimated just how profane her studies ran. She will take all your mages in hurried conference, discuss matters arcane and obscene, then send them forth with orders to prepare all manner of dark rites building upon the dark practices she has already seeded among your camp. Sacrifices will be given to the fire and blade. Runes that writhe with an obscene un-life of their own will be painted on your banners, and on the boundaries of your encampment. Terrible deeds, nightmare-inducing sights and sounds will echo through your camp-the shrill scream of Widowmaker's call for bloodshed rising to a fever pitch if the foul blade is present, until it almost becomes a song-as Morathi embarks on a dark magic ritual of obscene power.

Fight hard; the ritual will last longer than Caledor's would have taken to finish, though the results will be no less impressive-and while far more daemons will be attracted to Caledor's conflux of energies, a fair few might sense emergent danger from your camp-requiring you and your warriors' intervention. Soon enough, Morathi's preparations will bear fruit: A great, churning mass of dark magic will slowly approach the rapidly destabilising vortex. Morathi intends to rip apart the vortex, giving the hordes of Chaos a brief moment of triumph-only to utterly consume their destabilised energies into her great working. In a cruder, more perverse archetype of a spell that would not be pioneered until many generations later, by *crushing and crumpling the Winds of Magic themselves into each other* Morathi intends to gain the power of a goddess over dark magic itself. Such would normally tax even her powers. Even with the backing of every sorceress and warlock among your legions, even with all her knowledge and dark pacts and schemes. You are the keystone to her success, the light within you stabilising the volatile energies and lending her a purifying essence of spirit she can use to manage the incomprehensible. All you need do is come heroically stand in the correct ritual circle when she calls. And all the better if you have the Widowmaker with you, for it too is a source of deific power.

Perhaps you even attempt some compromise between both courses, if your resources and abilities are great enough. Or choose a third option.

So long as Chaos is staved off and you yet live, the feat of your victory will only lend even greater renown to your legend. Even if you carved a bleak course through history, the High Elves and their woodland kin will be deeply grateful for

your heroics. There may be rumours and conspiracies depending on precisely what you accomplished, but few would dispute your right to rule at that point. Yet know that your decision at the invasion will greatly change the course of the world-and that you still have much.

If Caledor's plan is enacted as he envisioned, the mortal world will be preserved. The few daemons able to enter the world through misguided mortals will be shadows of the unbridled power they once wielded, yet the mortal races will have their own conflicts. Rumours of rat-men creatures may reach your ears. The Slann may prove unpredictable, inscrutable neighbours despite their staunch opposition to Chaos. And it would be advisable to never, ever allow a dark magic practitioner to venture to the southern kingdoms.

One race at least will likely be content: The elves, united under your divine right to rule, may experience a unity that they would otherwise have been denied. As for Morathi herself, she will publicly cling to your side and throw her full support behind your rule while scheming behind your back-never going out of her way to undermine you, but always with an eye to attain the cosmic power she feels she deserves, and any advantages not approved of in proper elven society. If nothing else, she keenly seeks the means for eternal youth for you, herself and your child in that order-and will find it, sooner or later. Your closest followers, those who would have been (and may yet still be, if social schisms persist) the Dark Elves, will likely count among those who would aid and abet her.

But at least your heir would grow up in a world where Ulthuan stands proud. And despite Morathi's own misgivings about whether or not she was merely loving a legend, you'll find that her attachment to you only grows over time. Seeing you as not just a man of power to be snared in her wiles, but her only true companion throughout the ages.

(Incidentally if Caledor somehow lives through, expect him to constantly mock Morathi at every turn for her hairbrained schemes. Also expect Morathi to absolutely hate the fact that she cannot realistically ever fully overcome the gulf in magical experience between them)

On the other hand, if Morathi has her way then the world will become a tainted, corrupted reflection of her own dark soul. The very sky will dim as outcropping of True Dhar spring up all over the world, and both land and sea will be wracked with its corrosive corruption. For instead of a Great Vortex suppressing and channelling the Winds of Magic, it is Morathi herself who will do this-now fully embracing her past life as Hekarti, now risen as the Incarnate of Dhar. Chaos feared what a mere human who merely married dark magic to his necromantic traditions could pose as a threat to their glory despite his lesser overall power, and with both her old divinity restored as well as a great surge of power from Chaos' intrusion Morathi is all but untouchable in a world that yields to her. In this world the title Dark Elf will be feared but never challenged, for it is Morathi's closest followers that will be showered in her blessings and empowered to prosper. There will be a unity between the elven peoples, yes, but one enforced through brutal reminders of who stood with the Phoenix King at the breaking of the world and *who* fled into their ivory towers or woodlands.

Yet even her heights of power are not fully secure. Chaos' endless hordes and vast reach represent a threat even she would be cautious of confronting on their own terms. For now Morathi relies on ploys and schemes to amass the power she hopes to bring them to heel with, for though she has become a great threat to Chaos whose noxious energies subjugate their essence without succumbing to it their cosmic stature has ended worlds before-one of which the elven pantheon was said to have originated from. From her malign realm, Chaos will seek acolytes from both the dispossessed and ambitious, trying to take advantage of Morathi's opportunistic ways or lull her into complacency before focusing their power on an Everchosen capable of wielding more of their shared power than the sum of its parts. Such a threat is not lost on Morathi, and so shall begin a great game of shadows between dark gods.

The other mortal races will suffer grievously under her brutal reign (though some may argue the greenskins, Skaven and Chaos Dwarfs deserve it), and while punishment of the forces of Chaos will be brutal wherever they are found the most skilled may have their gifts pressganged into service instead. The temples of Nehekhera, the cannons of the Empire, the braying of the beastmen-nothing will be permitted to offer the slightest resistance to her most meanest whims, and every stone will be overturned as she scrounges the land for power she can secure for herself. Though there may be those who can; it is said a certain human king may one day attain the power of a god, and that Isha's daughter yet lives.

If there is any consolation from the hell you have made of this world, it is this: Despite her posturing, despite basking in the privileges of divinity, for bringing about her wildest dreams Morathi's idolisation of you persists even into apotheosis. It is no longer enough to make you MERELY immortal. She will scrounge up the remnants of Asuryan and Khorne's power, rewrite the very nature of magic itself and do all else in her power to see you enshrined as her fellow deity. To wring Qhaysh with Dhar is a staggering feat, but not impossible given they are two sides of the same coin. Indeed, as it is Dhar's nature to corrode and subsume without reason or restriction your powers could be said to be complimentary to hers. For while Morathi is initially cautious about accidentally dissolving her own world into the very substance of Dhar, becoming queen of a cosmic sump at best and accidentally corroding away the very defences and support structures she bolsters her own powers against Chaos at worst, her confidence could prove her own undoing over time should she become proud enough to mould creation like clay until it falls apart. The harmony you bring keeps Dhar's erosion in check and tempers the world as the forge hones ore into finest steel. **In short, she intends to twist the Winds of Magic inside-out to enshrine you as the Incarnate of Qhaysh- the creation to her destruction, and the day to her night. Alone, either of you is anathema to the Chaos Gods. Together, you can rout them screaming back to their dread realms.**

Now endure, endure to the end of the world and guide the elven nations under your rule. Chaos will always have new champions, and so great are the odds against you that even with the elves' efforts as one race or the unshackled power of Dhar it is probable that Chaos shall anoint an Everchosen and see the world you worked so hard to protect fall.

Merely to survive the thousands of years to your new end date with your resolve intact will be a great feat. After so much war, can you truly come to peace with the world you have saved?

Should you accomplish all this, **your reward for enduring the aeons is the right to take the elven civilisation made up of those warriors most loyal to you, which may or may not have still been called the Dark Elves in this world.** Call on as many as you wish, in whatever demographics you please, whether you want that bulk of your kingdom to be equally represented or wish to bring mainly covens or assassin guilds with you. At the bare minimum, a few cities including a capital on par with Naggarond surrounded by several settlements on a similar scale as Hag Graef (if not necessarily as viciously hard to live in) will accompany you. In future worlds these followers may appear somewhere in the world, or alternatively be found in any other realms of existence you own.

You need only ask those you wish to accompany you to swear an oath of loyalty, though there is at least one who does not need to be asked.



To nobody's surprise except possibly her own, you also acquire **the undying affection of Morathi who joins you as a companion.** She nearly lost you at least once, and will not stand for losing you twice.

May you live in interesting times, oh first of all Phoenix Kings.

Go Home

Stay

Move On

Notes

There is at least *one* known Dark Elf, a certain infamous Hag Queen, who theoretically may be obtained through a challenge from another Warhammer Fantasy jump then taken here. Feel free to fanwank precisely *what* is going on. Whether you're about to witness an apocalyptic catfight between past and future selves, a certain sorceress is suddenly about to get a headache from time paradoxes or the great power your companion has yet to be is somehow shaping her past to improve her future is entirely up to you to discover.

You may fuse any property items you purchase if you wish. Such amalgamations of architecture may take the form of anything from complex civil planning to actual dark magic somehow resulting in floating tower-temples that also contain a foreboding artifact.

Should you take on **Better To Be Ashes Than Dust** with His Sacred Majesty, your destiny is not used up by the scenario's reward. Rather, it will transpire that fate has yet another exalted role in store for you.