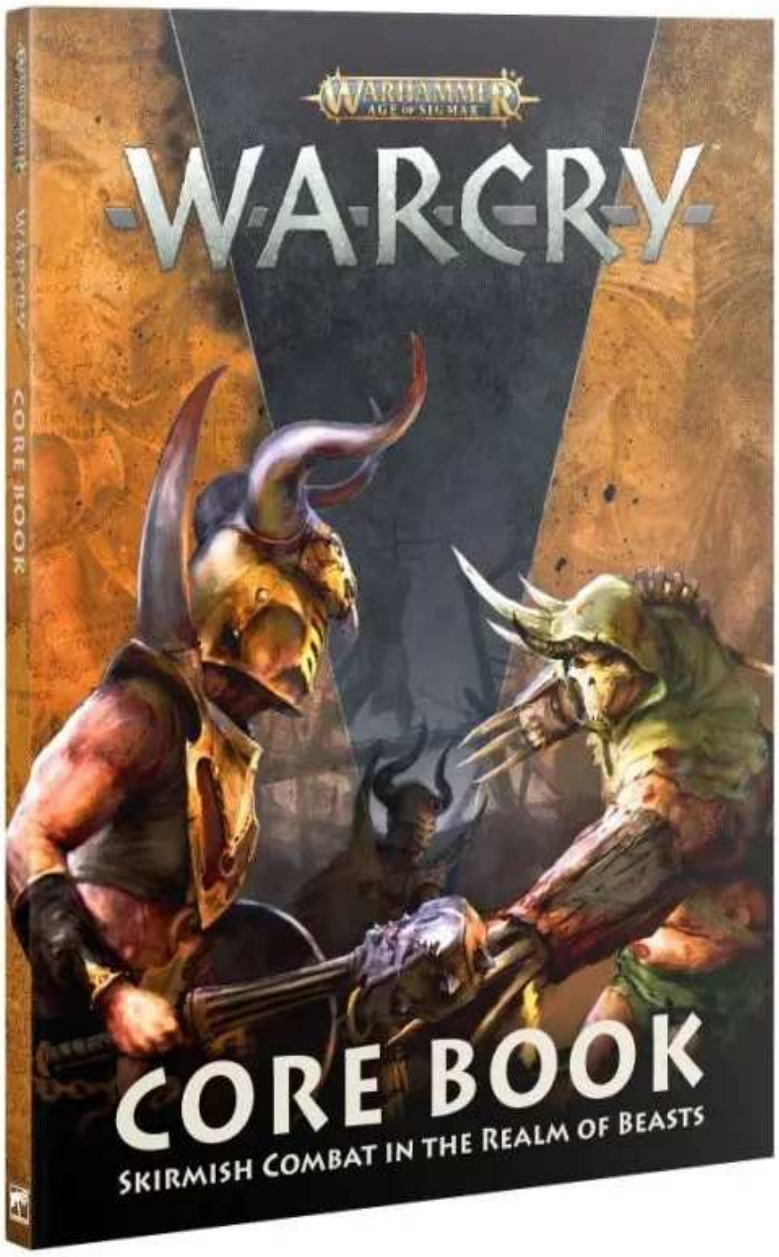
Warhammer AOS Warcry Chaos Allegiance Vol 4 0.1

By saiman010



Introduction:

Welcome, Jumper! The world of Warhammer Warcry is a brutal and savage battleground where Chaos reigns supreme. Set in the desolate and perilous Bloodwind Spoil—a treacherous region within the Eightpoints—you find yourself amidst a tumultuous war of survival, ambition, and devotion. The Bloodwind Spoil is the epicenter of Chaos, a land where the air crackles with dark energy and rivers flow with the blood of countless battles. Here, the archways leading to the Realm of Metal and the Realm of Beasts serve as gateways to opportunity, peril, and glory for those daring enough to stake their claim. You are one such soul, drawn to this unforgiving crucible where warriors seek the favor of Archaon, the Everchosen, or strive for their own shadowy purposes.

As a member of a Chaos warband, your path is fraught with danger and glory in equal measure. These warbands are not merely groups of marauders; they are tightly bound factions with their own distinct cultures, beliefs, and rituals. Whether you hail from the ironclad forges of the Iron Golems, the beast-hunting ranks of the Untamed Beasts, or any of the myriad warbands vying for dominance, your allegiance shapes your destiny. Life in the warband is harsh, but it is also thrilling—a constant test of your mettle, cunning, and devotion. Every skirmish fought, every relic claimed, and every rival slain is another step closer to your ultimate goal.

But survival alone is not enough in the Bloodwind Spoil. Ambition is the lifeblood of Chaos, and every warband member dreams of ascending to greater power. Perhaps you seek to earn the favor of the Dark Gods themselves, to rise as a champion of Chaos, or even to claim a place among Archaon's chosen. Or maybe your aspirations are more personal—revenge, conquest, or the pursuit of forbidden knowledge. The Eightpoints is a land of limitless potential, but only for those willing to seize it with bloodied hands. Here, alliances are as fleeting as the wind, and betrayal lurks in every shadow. Your loyalty, strength, and guile will be tested at every turn.

As you embark on this harrowing journey, you have 1,000 CP to shape your abilities, allies, and equipment. These points are your gateway to survival and success in a world where the weak perish and the strong carve their legacy into the annals of Chaos.

Location

Roll 1d6 or pay 50 CP to decide where in the mortal realm you start in.

1.Aqshy (Realm of Fire)
A land of scorching deserts and volcanic activity, The Great Parch is a harsh, unforgiving environment where only the strong survive. The sky is often filled with ash, and rivers of lava carve through the landscape. Where the Blades of Khorne tries to dominate the realm in the name of the blood god.

2.Ghyran (Realm of Life)
A lush, vibrant region filled with immense forests, thriving wildlife, and crystal-clear rivers. This realm is a paradise of greenery and natural beauty, constantly rejuvenated by life magic. And where Nurgle's Rotbringers seek to corrupt this realm with their plagues and decay.

3.Chamon (Realm of Metal)
An ever-shifting landscape of metallic mountains and quicksilver seas, the realm is rich with precious metals and minerals. The environment is constantly changing due to the magical flux inherent in the realm. Here the followers of Tzeentch try to seize control of the realm for its constant changes pleases their god.

4.Ulgu (Realm of Shadow)
Shrouded in perpetual twilight, the Realm of Shadow are a disorienting place of illusions and hidden dangers. Mist and fog cover the land, and shadows seem to have a life of their own.And for some reason and your brother and sister have gathered to this realm as prophecy of a gift from you absent god can been found here.

5.Ghur (Realm of Beasts)
A savage land where massive beasts roam and survival is a daily challenge. The Amber Steppes are vast plains where only the fiercest predators thrive, and nature is red in tooth and claw. And here is where the beastman ravage the realm destroying it in the name of Chaos Undivided.

6. Eightpoints

The Eightpoints is a nightmarish nexus of realms, a war-torn landscape where the influence of Chaos is overwhelming and omnipresent. Once a central hub known as the Allpoints, this land was a strategic crossroads linking all the Mortal Realms. After falling to the forces of Chaos, it was twisted into a hellscape reflecting the malice and madness of its conquerors.The Eightpoints is the domain of Archaon and his forces, encompassing all the major Chaos factions



Races

Here your very essence is a reflection of the Chaos-tainted lands you traverse. Choose your race wisely, for it shapes not only your appearance but also your strengths, weaknesses, and the role you play within your warband. Each race offers unique traits and challenges, ensuring that your journey is as perilous as it is rewarding.

Human

The most numerous and adaptable race within the warbands, you are a normal human drawn to the Bloodwind Spoil. Whether you are a seasoned warrior, a zealous cultist, or a desperate soul with nowhere else to turn, your strength lies in your resilience and ingenuity. While you lack the raw power or durability of other races, your ability to survive and thrive in this brutal landscape makes you a valuable member of any warband. Your future is unwritten, waiting to be carved out by your ambition and skill.

Duardin[100CP]

You are a Duardin, one of the stout and resilient folk whose ancestry is steeped in craftsmanship and stubborn defiance. While many Duardin remain loyal to their ancestral traditions, you have fallen under the sway of Chaos, twisting their craftsmanship into weapons of destruction and their stubborn will into unyielding devotion to the Dark Gods. As a Duardin, you are tough, durable, and possess an unparalleled talent for smithing and engineering. Your smaller stature belies your strength and endurance, making you a formidable opponent in battle and an invaluable asset to your warband.

Beastman[100CP]

You are a Beastman, a savage and primal creature that embodies the raw and unrelenting power of Chaos. Beastmen are not merely corrupted animals; they are Chaos-born monstrosities, combining the feral instincts of beasts with the cunning of mortals. Your brutish strength, keen senses, and unshakable ferocity make you a terror on the battlefield. As a Beastman, you revel in the thrill of the hunt and the chaos of combat, seeking to prove yourself worthy in the eyes of the Dark Gods through bloodshed and dominance. You may lack the refinement of other races, but your raw power and animalistic cunning are unparalleled.

Origin

Roll **21 + 1d8** to determine your mental age. This represents the cumulative years of experience, trauma, and cunning you've amassed in the harsh world of Chaos. Whether you are a grizzled survivor with a wealth of battle-won wisdom or a younger, fiery upstart eager to prove yourself, your age affects how you approach the trials ahead. And any origin below can be a drop in Chaos.

Claws of Karanak

These cultists of Khorne devote their lives to worshipping the fragmented essence of the Flesh Hounds, Khorne's sacred and relentless hunters. Considered savage even among other Khornate devotees, the Claws of Karanak embody the brutal, instinct-driven fury of the beasts they revere. They are dispatched to hunt down those who draw Khorne's ire cowards, oath-breakers, or anyone who flees the path of righteous slaughter. Their rituals are marked by baying chants, frenzied pursuit, and blood offerings meant to attract the fleeting attention of Karanak himself.

Jade Obelisk

The Jade Obelisk is a fanatical cult whose sole purpose is to destroy and profane any sacred site, idol, or monument that does not honor their mysterious deity known as the Speaker in the Stone. Unbeknownst to them, this "speaker" is an aspect of Tzeentch, twisting their devotion into a weapon of chaos-fueled desecration. The cultists carve sigils into their own flesh, adorn themselves with fragments of green-veined stone, and carry enchanted chisels capable of cracking wards and shattering holy relics.

Rotmire Creed

The Rotmire Creed began as a group of swamp-dwelling alchemists who sought the elusive Philtre of Immortality—a cure that would free mortals from illness, rot, and decay. Their pursuit enraged Nurgle, who viewed their rejection of his gifts as an unforgivable insult. In retaliation, he slowly corrupted them from within, twisting their potions, bodies, and minds until they became living vessels of filth and disease. Now they serve him wholeheartedly, brewing corrosive toxins and virulent plagues that ooze from their warped flesh.

The Unmade
The Unmade are a warband defined by ritual pain, self-mutilation, and cannibalistic devotion. Though their grotesque traditions resemble the excesses of Slaanesh, they instead follow the Flayed Prince—a mysterious, near-mythic figure who first led their forgotten clan into the worship of Chaos. Legends claim the Flayed Prince saved their people from vengeful undead on the cursed Isle of Tzlid by teaching them to transcend mortality through agony and sacrifice.

Tarantulos Brood
The Tarantulos Brood worship the Eightfold Watcher, a monstrous aspect of Chaos they believe binds all life together in strands of fate and turmoil. Guided by analytical, emotionless doctrine, they pursue what they see as the “uplifting” of mortalkind—an evolution modeled after the spider. Through sacred venom, ritual mutation, and deliberate physical alteration, they reshape themselves into spider-like forms, believing eight limbs and eight eyes reflect the sacred number of Chaos.

Horns of Hashut
The Horns of Hashut serve as the ruthless vanguard of their dark master, Hashut, and the duardin tyrants who rule in his name. Acting as scouts and shock troops, they stride ahead of the infernal legions to burn settlements, enslave captives, and annihilate those who resist. Their devotion is rewarded not with glory but with survival, for to serve Hashut is to live—however briefly—under the gaze of a cruel god who demands absolute obedience.



Perks

You receive discounts based on your origin with 100 CP discounted ones being free.

General Perks

Bloodwind Survivor [Free]

The Eightpoints is a place of endless strife, but you have an uncanny knack for surviving its many dangers. This perk grants you an innate sense of danger and the ability to navigate treacherous terrain with ease. Whether it's avoiding ambushes, finding shelter in the unforgiving wilderness, or enduring harsh environments, you always seem to come out alive. Your instincts for survival make you a valuable asset to your warband.

Chaos-Touched Resilience [Free]

Exposure to the raw energies of Chaos has made you tougher than most. This perk enhances your endurance, allowing you to recover quickly from wounds and resist the effects of poison, fatigue, and even minor curses. Your body adapts to the chaos around you, making you more durable and capable of withstanding the relentless brutality of the Bloodwind Spoil.

Warband Camaraderie [Free]

Chaos warbands thrive on cooperation—at least until betrayal rears its head—and you've learned how to get along (and stay alive) in this cutthroat world. This perk grants you a natural charisma among your peers, allowing you to foster loyalty, inspire fear, or manipulate others within your warband. Your ability to read people and adapt your approach ensures you can secure allies—or at least avoid unnecessary conflicts.

Battle-Hardened [Free]

Endless skirmishes and brutal combat have sharpened your instincts and reflexes. This perk grants you enhanced awareness in battle, allowing you to react quickly to sudden attacks, spot openings in your opponent's defense, and maintain focus even in chaotic melees. Whether wielding a weapon or fighting barehanded, you are a force to be reckoned with on the battlefield.

Claws of Karanak

Blood for the Blood God [100 CP]
As a sworn servant of Khorne, you revel in the glorious carnage of the battlefield, where every spray of blood is both offering and ecstasy. Your unholy bond to the Blood God grants you the ability to recover vigor with each kill—your stamina replenishing and your wounds knitting shut ever so slightly with every life you claim.

Mark of Khorne [100 CP]
The blazing Mark of Khorne now scorches your flesh, declaring you beyond all doubt a chosen instrument of the Lord of Skulls. This symbol seethes with unnatural strength, swelling your muscles, sharpening your rage, and stoking an unquenchable desire for combat. All weapons—be they crude or masterfully forged—now feel unnervingly familiar in your hands, as though they had been crafted solely for you.

Hunting Instincts [100 CP]
As one of the Claws of Karanak, you serve not only Khorne's will but the savage stalking hunger of His Flesh Hounds. Your training has honed you into a relentless hunter capable of tracking quarry through broken landscapes, dense forests, or gore-slicked killing fields. Footprints, broken branches, disturbed soil, the faintest shift in the wind—nothing escapes your predatory attention. Once you have caught the scent of your prey, no distance, disguise, or barrier can save them, for your beast-born instincts guide you unerringly to those marked for Khorne's wrath.

Pack Hunters [200CP]
Unlike most followers of Khorne—who crave the glory of single combat—you and your warband have embraced a far more coordinated, predatory style of warfare. You fight as a tightly wound pack, striking in synchronized waves of brutality that overwhelm even the strongest foes. The more allies of Khorne that close in alongside you, the faster and more efficiently your group attacks become, turning your unit into a swirling storm of blades, fists, and bloodshed.

Flaming Breath [200CP]
Khorne has blessed you with the terrible visage and infernal tongue of a Flesh Hound, marking you as a vessel of his monstrous wrath. With this mutation, you can exhale roaring gouts of chaotic flame that scorch armor, flesh, and spirit alike. The fire you breathe is not mundane but a manifestation of Khorne's fury, burning hotter the more enraged you become.

Brutaliser [200CP]
You have risen from a lowly Blood Whelp to the rank of Brutaliser, a title earned only through relentless carnage and unwavering devotion You have achieved complete mastery over all melee weapons regardless of origin , turning even the simplest blade into an instrument of destruction. Choose one damage style in melle slashing, crushing, or piercing and your proficiency with it becomes so absolute that your attacks of that type ignore all resistance.

Bay for Coward's Blood [400CP]
In the eyes of Khorne, cowardice takes many forms—those who flee battle, those who rely on sorcery, oathbreakers, tormentors of the weak, and worshippers of the absent god. Against such foes, your weapons ignite with a deep crimson glow, marking them as worthy targets for righteous slaughter. When facing individuals who embody these traits, your strikes become unnervingly efficient, cutting deeper, landing truer, and making acts of decapitation nearly effortless, as though the Blood God Himself were guiding your hand. In future worlds, this effect extends to any followers of deities aligned with the same aspects as Slaanesh, ensuring your fury always finds its proper prey.

No Claw Unbloodied [400CP]
Blood drips from you in battle as a sign of Khorne's approval, and through this blessing, none who flee your presence are spared retribution. Any enemy who attempts to escape directly before you is instantly exposed to a punishing strike, a divine punishment for their cowardice. Should you attack them with your bare hands, your flesh flushes crimson with Khorne's wrath, manifesting temporary claws that allow you to tear through armor and bodies alike. While this effect lasts, every enemy within reach of your melee swings becomes a valid target, enabling you to carve through groups with savage efficiency.

Packlord [400CP]
You have risen to the rank of Packlord, taking command of a warband within the Claws of Karanak and earning Khorne's recognition as a leader of killers. Under your command, your warriors grow even more ferocious, driven into heightened frenzy simply by fighting at your side. Their charges stretch farther, their bloodlust sharpens, and their coordinated pack tactics become brutally efficient. And if you have the mark of Khorne than your Mark of Khorne evolves in tandem with your station, hardening your flesh and aura against sorcery to an extreme degree—magical attacks lose strength as they approach you, their energy bleeding away as if devoured by your hatred of witchcraft.

Hound of Wrath [600CP]
You have achieved the ultimate triumph within the Claws of Karanak, rising from mere mortal fanatic to the warband's spiritual leader. By slaying a daemon of Khorne and consuming its flesh you initiated a brutal metamorphosis that tore your body apart and rebuilt it over eight days of unending torment.

When you rose again, you no longer resembled a simple servant of the Blood God; you had become a Flesh Hound in both form and might. Your stamina is bottomless, your strength easily surpasses many champions of Khorne, and your speed lets you outrun even the fastest mortal mounts. Your resilience rivaling the durability of a lesser daemon prince, and once per Jump you will always return eight days after being slain, reborn in your transformed state. Unlike true Flesh Hounds, however, you retain your mind and will, allowing you to command and lead rather than act on instinct alone. And you can use weapons in a bipedal stance if you wish.

Essence of Karanak [600CP]
You bear the sacred and terrible Essence of Karanak. This mutation gives you three heads, with each head mirroring one of Karnak's infamous predatory aspects. The first head tracks prey across space itself, locking onto targets no matter how far they flee or what realm they hide in. The second head peers through the flow of time, allowing you to hunt those who attempt to escape Khorne's wrath by hiding in the past or those who, in the future, will kindle His fury. The third head hunts through the battleground of the mind, following prey through dreams, delusions, and inner fears—only the utterly mad have any chance of escaping their own thoughts.

In addition to these gifts, you can unleash a terrifying Karanak-born howl that tears open a path to the Realm of Chaos, calling forth a pack of Flesh Hounds. Though you cannot command them, these beasts instinctively attack your enemies with relentless fury. This summoning can be used once every eight hours, calling anywhere from four to sixteen Flesh Hounds each time. They last 88 minutes per summon before fading back to the chaos realm.



Jade Obelisk

Curse of Jade [100 CP]
Struck by the same creeping petrification that afflicts the rest of your clan, your flesh has begun to shift into gleaming stone—yet unlike your kin, the curse halts before claiming your life. Your skin becomes as hard as carved jade, causing most non-magical attacks to rebound harmlessly or fail to pierce your body at all. Though you bear the outward mark of the Jade Obelisk's transformation, you alone stand immune to its final, fatal stage.

Tongue of Chaos [100 CP]
Gifted by Tzeentch's ever-changing favor, you can now speak, read, and understand every language in existence, from mortal dialects to the sigils of daemons and the cryptic scripts etched in forgotten ruins. This universal comprehension extends to symbols, gestures, and magical writing, allowing you to gather knowledge at an extraordinary rate. Every scrap of information you absorb feeds the Changer of Ways.

Idol Makers [100 CP]
As a devotee of the Jade Obelisk, you are both builder and destroyer: capable of crafting sacred monuments and idols in honor of the Speaker in the Stone, yet equally adept at defacing and dismantling the temples and holy symbols of rival faiths. Any icon you damage becomes spiritually weakened, its protective magic faltering and its restoration becoming far more difficult for enemy priests or mages. Your work ensures the Speaker's dominance is carved into the world itself.

Hammering Strikes [200 CP]
As someone who has spent countless battles swinging a hammer like it owes you money, you've become downright deadly with the thing. Whenever you strike an enemy you've already hit with the same hammer, the weapon seems to remember the damage it dealt and doubles down, delivering heavier, nastier blows as if the foe has already been softened up for another round.

Stonewarp [200 CP]
Having grown up speaking with stone like it's an old friend, you've learned how to channel its calming, ancient strength. When holding an icon of power, standing in a sacred place, or standing inside a shrine dedicated to the Speaker in the Stone, you can cast a unique healing spell that works not only on living allies made of stone but also on stone constructs, war machines, and buildings. On future worlds, your healing can extend to normal mortals as well.

Might of the Speaker [200 CP]
The voice of the stone whispers through your steps, and you've become skilled at passing that strength to your allies. While holding an icon of power, standing in a sacred site, or standing inside a temple of the Speaker in the Stone, your words ignite the morale of everyone around you. Fatigue fades, hesitation melts away, and your allies find themselves able to push forward without pause.

Gaze of the Idolarc [400CP]
Your eyes have been consumed by the Idolarcs and replaced with enchanted stone orbs. Though petrified, they move and see perfectly, glowing faintly with the malice of your patron. Any enemy that remains within your line of sight becomes vulnerable to your curse: you may choose to sap their durability, making them easier to wound, or mire their movement so they stagger and slow. The longer they stay in your gaze, the more punishing these debuffs become**.**

Mark of the Stone Bearer [400CP]
Bestowed with Tzeentch's twisting mark, you become a conduit for magical understanding itself. Arcane formulas, occult runes, and sorcerous techniques unfold before you with impossible clarity, allowing you to learn any spell in this world or any world you visit thereafter. Spells that would take years of study become effortless to you—your mind reshapes itself around magic as naturally as stone shaped by a sculptor's chisel.

Obelisk Bearer [400CP]
You have ascended to the highest honor within the Jade Obelisk, becoming a living shrine of the Speaker in the Stone. Carved into your back is the Nephricar, a rune-etched totem pulsing with restrained power and bound inseparably to your life-force; so long as you live, it cannot be broken, drained, or stolen. Because of this sacred bond, you automatically fulfill any requirement involving holding an icon of power, standing within a consecrated site, or channeling the might of a shrine dedicated to the Speaker—or to equivalent gods in future worlds. In those future worlds, the Nephricar will shrink and embed itself safely within your body,

Divine Sculpture [600CP]
As a devoted artisan of the Jade Obelisk, you have long shaped stone into icons worthy of the Speaker in the Stone—but now your craft has ascended beyond mortal workmanship. Whenever you create an idol, icon, or temple from stone. And the longer you spend shaping your creation and the deeper your devotion flows, the more potent its power becomes.the Stone remembers your touch, your intent, and the fury you hold for false gods—so your works never remain inert monuments. They awaken.

And what awakens within them is never predictable, but always in your favor. Each stone creation manifests a random ability infused with the raw essence of Tzeentch himself—positive boons that empower you and your allies, and curses that sabotage, weaken, or torment your enemies. An idol might strengthen your magic, warp enemy spells, cloak you in shifting stone-armor, or cause foes to decay simply by drawing near. A temple might ripple with reality-warping geometry, warping paths, shifting rooms, or emitting illusions that confuse intruders.

Nephrite Priestess [600CP]
As the newly risen Nephrite Priestess. Your chants now multiply the strength of any stone-born magic you wield. Whenever you call upon runes etched in jade, marble, or obsidian, the energy rebounds through your body supercharging your spells until they strike with nuclear power.

And within temples carved from solid rock, you can perform sacred sacrifices, turning captured foes into perfect stone statues with a single ritual . From these statues you are restored as your wounds knit shut, diseases are healed , fatigue leaves your body , and both mana and stamina refill.Once the ritual is complete, you may shape tools from these statues,chisels, mallets, and cutting stones that carry a holy potency for crafting idols, temples, monuments, and relics of unmatched quality. These divine tools last for decades before turning to harmless pebbles.



Rotmire Creed

Mark Of Nurgle [100CP]
Granted the festering blessing of Grandfather Nurgle, your body becomes a living shrine to rot and decay. Disease no longer harms you—instead it thickens your flesh, bolsters your endurance, and makes you monstrously difficult to kill. Poisons curdle harmlessly within your veins, wounds close with sluggish but unstoppable resilience, and every breath you take carries the faint echo of Nurgle's generosity.

Gruesome Harvest [100CP]
Having lived and thrived among the foul swamps, you've grown adept at gathering the rotting remains that fester there. Followers of Nurgle use these gruesome materials to craft idols that eternally decay yet never fully collapse, each one radiating stagnant, infectious power. The harvested flesh, bile, and sludge also serve as valuable components for your corrupted alchemy, allowing you to create revolting mixtures suited for plaguecraft.

Alchemist [100CP]
You have inherited the foundational knowledge once held by the purified alchemists who sought immortality. Though their quest ended in corruption, you have retained their craft—now twisted to Nurgle's service. You can brew toxic potions lethal to unbelievers, restorative brews for Nurgle's children, gas bombs filled with flesh-eating bacteria, and a wide array of basic concoctions useful for battle or disease-craft.

Blow Pipe Mastery [200CP]
Years of surviving and hunting within the swamp have honed your skill with the blowpipe to an expert level, turning what most would consider a humble tool into a terrifying vector of Nurgle's gifts. Your aim is now unnervingly precise, allowing you to strike the most vulnerable points of your targets—the eyes, the throat, the gaps between armor plates—ensuring your poisons, venoms, and vile alchemical brews are delivered directly into their bloodstream.

Permeena Idols [200CP]

You have mastered the creation of rotting flesh idols—festering effigies of Nurgle that never fully decay but instead exist in a perpetual state of slimy, putrid decomposition. When planted in an area, these idols radiate corruption, causing the environment around them to rot, sour, and degrade: wood molds, metal rusts, plants wither, and animals grow sickly or warped. More importantly, these idols amplify any gifts of pestilence, disease, or decay you possess, as well as any future Nurgle-aligned abilities you may gain in other worlds.

Swamp Affinity [200CP]
Having spent your life wading through thick mud, brackish waters, and choking fog, you've developed an innate understanding of how to maneuver, survive, and fight in swamp environments better than most beings ever could. This familiarity also allows you to construct ambushes and snares using the swamp's natural features, crafting pitfalls, bog traps, collapsing mud shelves, or poison-laced hazards that turn the terrain itself into an ally. Anyone foolish enough to fight you in your domain.

Bile Blood [400CP]
Your blood has been transformed by Nurgle's corruptive blessings into a super-acidic ichor that melts steel and sears flesh. Any weapon that pierces you begins to rot and corrode instantly, and any splash of your blood harms enemies as if they were struck with burning venom. This mutation also grants you hyper-regeneration making you vastly more difficult to kill.

Leech Avatar [400CP]
Your head has warped into the shape of a monstrous leech, granting you the ability to drain blood directly from foes to rapidly heal yourself. You can also spit concentrated, flesh-melting acid capable of corroding armor and dissolving organic matter, and you may coat any ammunition or weapon-tips with this corrosive fluid to enhance their lethality. A slick layer of mucus constantly coats your head, making it extremely difficult to sever, as most cutting blows simply slide off harmlessly.

Lord of Flies [400CP]

Your body has become the living hive of a vast swarm of plague-flies that darken the air whenever you approach. These insects carry every disease Nurgle has gifted you, allowing you to spread infection effortlessly, gather samples and fluids from the environment, or overwhelm foes by having the flies burrow into their flesh and hatch larvae that begin devouring them from within. The swarm is immune to mundane toxins and fire, requiring magic to disperse or destroy them.

Witherlord [600CP]
As a Witherlord, you stand as the undisputed master of the Rotmire Creed, the crowned alchemical tyrant of the swamp and the chosen host of Grandfather Nurgle's most beloved plagues. Your body is no longer merely mortal flesh but a living archive of pestilence, carrying within it the divine contagions known as Headsman's Grippe, Clot-throat, and Crimson Weep.

Headsman's Grippe is a brutal disease that rots muscle from bone with horrifying speed—victims feel their limbs grow heavy, stiff, and then suddenly give out as if hacked apart by an executioner's axe. Clot-throat fills the victim's lungs and neck with thick, tar-like congealed fluids, choking them slowly as every breath becomes a desperate gurgle for survival. Crimson Weep forces blood to seep from the pores, eyes, gums, and nails in a continuous crimson drizzle that stains the earth and weakens the body until collapse. These plagues reside in you in perfect harmony—painful to behold, but nurturing and invigorating to your own corrupted form.

you are also now able to alter, mutate, and refine any known ailment across any world you visit.You can combine diseases, accelerate their symptoms, reverse their vectors, or reforge them entirely to suit Grandfather's whims.

Bloated One [600CP]

You stand among the greatest horrors of the Rotmire Creed, your body swollen and warped into a grotesque monument of Nurgle’s favor. Your flesh has thickened into a natural suit of armor rubbery, swollen, and layered with decay capable of absorbing blows Weapons sink into your body only to be swallowed by layers of corrupted tissue, making each strike against you feel futile and sluggish.

But this physical mutation is only the beginning, for your body carries Nurgle’s greatest blessing true biological immortality. Should you be dismembered, burned, crushed, or torn apart, every scrap of remaining flesh will writhe and regrow, knitting itself back into your full form within 7 days.Your only vulnerability lies in attacks that target your soul directly, bypassing your body entirely.



The Unmade

Glory of Pain [100CP]
Your flesh has learned a lesson most mortals never dare approach: pain is not an enemy, but a source of joy. Every stab, cut, bruise, and emotional meltdown becomes ecstasy that feeds your faith in the Flayed Prince. Instead of weakening you, agony sharpens your senses, steadies your resolve, and fills you with a grotesque, joyful vigor that makes you fight harder the worse things look.

Vessel of Torment [100CP]
Your skin has become a reusable crafting resource practical and disturbingly high-quality. You can peel it off cleanly in perfect sheets without suffering harm but still feels the pain , and within a week it regrows smooth and ready for the next harvest. Tools, charms, bindings, and ritual instruments made from your own flesh are tougher and more potent.

Marked of the Flayed Prince [100CP]
By surrendering the skin of your own head and ritually defacing your visage, you have been fully claimed by the Flayed Prince. This mark fills you with an instinctive hatred for the undead, sharpening your skill at rending these abominations with brutal efficiency. Every strike rings with the ancestral fury of your warband's origins, making you a natural predator of ghosts, ghouls, revenants, and anything that dares mock true life.

Fast Killer [200CP]
Years of agony worship have honed your body into a weapon of pure violent grace. Your movements are sudden, twitch-fast, and disturbingly fluid, letting you sprint, dodge, and strike with a speed far beyond what your emaciated, scar-webbed form suggests. Whenever your eyes fall upon a fresh target to harvest, adrenaline and divine torment fuse into a euphoric surge, propelling you forward like a screaming blade of sinew and devotion.

Living Tools [200CP]
Your artistry in creating your tools, idols, scriptures, and ceremonial instruments are all carved from living flesh, pliant skin, and bleached, whispering bone. You can shape these grisly materials with instinctive ease. Items created from living or tortured donors carry the Flayed Prince's manic blessing the greater their agony, the more potent and vicious the enchantments stored within.

Flaying Frenzy [200CP]
You have mastered the sacred art of peeling life from bone. Whether in ritual chambers or the chaos of battle, your hands move with surgical confidence cutting, stripping, and carving flesh with horrifying speed and precision. You can flay a living creature clean in moments, leaving behind immaculate trophies and shrieking offerings to the Flayed Prince.

Nightmarish Visage [400CP]
Your body has twisted into something so hideous through your shredded face, and ritual scars radiate the pure terror of the Flayed Prince, inflicting paralyzing fear and stabbing phantom-pain on any creature unfortunate enough to witness you. Even the undead are not immune which is impressive considering they are normally immune to fear and pain . Anything that is not your ally trembles, spasms, and recoils as your presence forces them to understand agony in its truest form.

The Gift of Agony [400CP]
Your voice now carries the divine torment of the Flayed Prince himself—every word you speak about his glory becomes a sermon of shared pain. For your allies, this agony is invigorating, knitting wounds together, sharpening instincts, and filling them with the vicious clarity needed to slaughter undead. For enemies, however, your words hit like being flayed alive, multiplied by ten, dipped in lemon juice, and then set ablaze. Most foes collapse screaming as their nerves ignite with unbearable torment, unable to withstand the pain.

The Joyous One [400CP]

You have risen to become one of the champions of your warband, you are now a living celebration of slaughter whose sole purpose is to hunt heroes, champions, and anyone important enough that leads man. Your mastery over your chosen weapon is beyond excessive , honed to the point where most champions fall to you in single combat. Deep in your mind whispers an aspect of the Flayed Prince that alerts you whenever a worthy foe is nearby, urging you forward with the hungry glee of a predator that knows exactly what kind of trophy it wants next.

Shared Pain [600CP]
Pain is your gospel, your weapon, your communion with the Flayed Prince. Now, whenever an enemy harms you, or even your own willing self-mutilation the agony you experience does not stay contained. It radiates outward in a brutal, invisible shockwave, lashing into every enemy within 30 meters. They feel your suffering as if it were carved directly into their own flesh, their nerves screaming in mirrored torment as your pain becomes theirs to carry.

Every shred of agony you inflict upon those caught in your radius feeds directly back into your body, knitting your wounds with unnatural speed. The more enemies caught in your shared torment, the faster your flesh closes, regenerates, and hardens. At the same time, the pleasure you draw from this communion sharpens your instincts your strikes grow faster, cleaner, more precise with every heartbeat of mutual suffering.

Blissful One [600CP]

You have reached a form closest to the Flayed Prince's ideal. Both your arms and legs have been replaced with hooked limbs, lance-like appendages. As long as you remain in this blessedly broken shape, your body moves with supernatural speed that rivals winged daemon princes of Slaanesh, and your combat abilities to the same horrifying heights as you hunt weeklings. The hooked weapons fused into your limbs glow with eerie, shifting colors that pulse in time with your heartbeat, each movement accompanied by a whisper of ecstatic torment.

As when you strike, pain bleeds inside the enemy's essence, ignoring resistances, immunities, and any attempt to dull suffering. In future worlds, as long as you maintain this holy disfigurement—keeping all four limbs replaced—you may continue to enjoy these blessings. You may even exchange your mutilated limbs for other forms of augmentation, such as cybernetic replacements or biomechanical constructs, and the effects of the Blissful One will remain.



Tarantulos Brood

Scuttling Symbiosis [100CP]
Your initiation into the Tarantulos Brood has forged a permanent, instinctive bond with all arachnid life. Spiders, scorpions, and stranger warp-touched arachnids recognize you as kin, responding to your presence with uncanny trust rather than hostility. You can communicate with them through subtle clicks, gestures, and psychic impressions, allowing you to locate hidden nests, and rally a skittering wave of fangs and venom in battle.

Mark of the Eightfold [100CP]
You bear the Mark of the Eightfold—also known as the Mark of Chaos Undivided—a sacred sigil that binds you to all four major Ruinous Powers without swearing yourself entirely to any single god. This mark resonates with raw, undivided Chaos, granting your voice an authority that even daemons and champions of the Dark Gods instinctively acknowledge. While it does not make you their ruler, it ensures that you are respected by other servants of Chaos.

Arachnid Craftsman [100CP]
You have mastered the ancient craft traditions of the Tarantulos Brood, shaping weapons and armor from the chitin, silk, venom glands, and hardened carapace plates of arachnid creatures. Through ritual techniques and secret rites, you refine these materials into gear of remarkable potency—blades with venom-soaked edges, armor as flexible as silk yet as resilient as steel, and tools threaded with the latent predatory instincts of the spider. Equipment forged by your hands rivals the craftsmanship of Chaos Duardin, both in durability and in the sinister, supernatural qualities.

Skittering Ascent [200CP]
Your body has adapted to mirror the supernatural climbing prowess of the great arachnids your brood reveres. Every surface—be it crumbling stone, slick metal, shifting wood, or even polished glass—offers you effortless purchase, allowing you to glide upward with fluid, silent steps with ease.

Creeping Summons [200CP]
A strange, instinctive pulse now beats within your soul to call upon the arachnids wherever they hide. With a deliberate breath and a moment of focused will, you can summon swarms from shadowed cracks, treetops, burrows, and unseen corners of the terrain. They surge forth in waves, driven not by spoken command but by a primal link between you and the Eightfold. This can be done once per day.

Defensive Blades [200CP]
Through relentless training and the guidance of the brood's martial traditions, you have mastered the complex dance of multi-limbed, multi-weapon combat. With every blade in your grasp, your defense sharpens; you can intercept attacks from multiple angles, redirect enemy strikes with uncanny precision, and punish any opening with sudden, slicing counterattacks. The more weapons you wield, the deadlier and more fluid your style becomes.

Eightfold Form [400CP]
The Eightfold Watcher has reshaped your body into a form more fitting its favor. You now possess two additional pairs of arms each grown through potent warp-born mutation. These limbs are immensely strong, capable of lifting a grown man with ease and smashing boulders with a single blow. This transformation also enhances all aspects of your physicality: strength, endurance, reflexes, and resilience rise to monstrous levels. In this form, you can contend with creatures as powerful as minotaurs without strain.

Eightfold Unity [400CP]
Your connection with your allies has deepened into something uncanny. In battle, your movements and intentions align seamlessly with theirs, creating the terrifying illusion that you share a single guiding mind. Enemies often hesitate or falter under the pressure of such perfect coordination. This supernatural unity extends beyond your current warband—in all future worlds, this instinctive teamwork manifests with any allies who stand with you, regardless of their origin or allegiance.

Eightfold Silk [400CP]
Your head has mutated into that of a spider, granting you a venomous bite capable of killing or crippling even the hardened foes of Chaos. You also gain the ability to spit threads of warp-infused spider silk. This silk is far stronger than anything found in nature—durable, flexible, and resistant to mundane damage. It can be woven into nets, restraints, traps, garments, and specialized equipment, all carrying the corruptive strength of Chaos.

Avatar of the Eightfold Watcher [600CP]
You have been chosen as the living vessel of the Eightfold Watcher, and through this ascension you gain the terrifying ability to transform into a colossal arachnid abomination—an apex predator shaped by Chaos itself. In this monstrous form your body becomes a towering fusion of chitin, muscle, and shadowed divinity, with limbs sharp enough to pierce stone and weight powerful enough to crush cavalry in a single step. Your venom evolves into a battlefield-ending toxin, capable of dissolving armor, rotting flesh in seconds, and corrupting the land it touches. Every movement you make is a blur of lethal precision, your many eyes tracking prey with perfect clarity while your massive fangs strike faster than a thrown spear.

Uplifting Mortal [600CP]
Your devotion to the Eightfold Watcher has reached a point where you are no longer merely a recipient of its blessings—you have become a vessel through which its power spreads. Each day, you may uplift up to eight mortals, granting them mutations inspired by the great spider-gods. These transformations are permanent and irrevocable, altering flesh, mind, or spirit to align with the Eightfold Path. You may bestow the same mutations you yourself possess, or choose to gift them with any arachnid-themed mutation suited to their role, temperament, or your design.

However, this gift is not one to be given lightly. A mortal can only receive such a blessing once every eight years, as their body and spirit require time to stabilize under the weight of the mutation. Those you uplift tend to become fiercely loyal—some out of reverence, others out of sheer survival—knowing that you have drawn them into the cosmic web of the Eightfold Watcher.

Horns of Hashut

Vanguard [100CP]
You are counted among the Vanguard of a Chaos Duardin warhost—those brutal, unyielding advance troops who strike first and break the enemy's will long before the main force arrives. As part of this expendaple front line, you have been shaped into a shock-trooper. You excel at seizing ground, breaching fortifications, overwhelming defenses, and sowing panic through sudden, overwhelming force.

Mark of Hashut [100CP]
The burning sigil of Hashut—the Father of Darkness—has been branded into your flesh, forever marking you as one of the chosen of the Chaos Duardin god. This mark fills your body with volcanic endurance and a cruel, ironbound will, granting resistance to fire, heat, and the burning energies of dark sorcery. Duardin who serve Hashut instinctively recognize your authority, while lesser beings feel the oppressive presence of the Father of Darkness radiating from you.

To Destroy, Not Build [100CP]
As a true Horn of Hashut, you embody the creed of destruction rather than creation. Your hands now possess a supernatural instinct for breaking, shattering, and corrupting works of mortal artifice. Magical items in your grip you can twist captured treasures into warped "blessings" of Hashut—corrupted relics that radiate oppressive heat, poisonous fumes, and cursed energies that weaken or torture those who dare oppose the Father of Darkness.

Stampede of Iron [200CP]
When you hurl yourself into battle clad in iron, steel, or any heavy metal plating. The momentum you build turns every step and every strike hits with the force of a runaway war-bull. If your armor carries horned motifs true to the brutal image of the Horns of Hashut your impact becomes even more devastating, ripping through enemy lines as if they wet paper.

Breath of Cinder and Smoke [200CP]
Whenever enemies attempt to rush you, you may conjure or manipulate any smoke, soot, embers, or residue of burning materials around you—be it from alchemical bombs, magical fire, or simple battlefield carnage—to lash out at your foes. This choking haze scours exposed flesh, sears lungs, and corrodes the metal of the weapons they carry, weakening blades and dulling armor before combat even begins.

Hashut Craft [200CP]
You now possess the sacred smithing secrets of the duardin of Hashut, allowing you to forge weapons and armor with the same brutal beauty and cruel efficiency as the infamous Hellsmiths.Your craftsmanship whether axes, helms, shields, or Fire arms —carry the unmistakable harshness and resilience of Hashut's forge-blessings.That withstands blazing heat, demonic energies, and battlefield abuse without cracking.

Merciless Cruelty [400CP]
Your cruelty knows no bounds, as is expected from a follower of Hashut, and because of this you now know how to summon demons of other pantheons and seal those demons into weapons or constructs. Also, this process is extremely painful for the demons. Infacts the more the bound spirit suffers, the more vicious and unpredictable its power becomes.

Lay to Waste [400CP]
You now, whenever you start fires, destroy buildings, or even crush boulders of any civilization's non-military structures, will always find your destruction super effective especially on them making the populace of the enemies you fight descend into despair and riotous panic. Each act of devastation spreads like a psychic shockwave, sowing dread deeper than simple ruin ever could; the enemy sees your approach as the coming of a calamity.

A Realm of Fire and Ash [400CP]
Now whenever you fight in a realm that was destroyed by you or your allies' bombardment, fire, or any other spells that use gunpowder, ash, or flame. The embers guide your steps, smoke conceals you, and scorched earth amplifies your strikes—turning every battlefield you've reduced to ruin into a hunting ground where you become the unstoppable predator amidst the wreckage.
As you will need to clean up to ensure the main force doesn't need to fight such weak and useless enemies.

Unleash the Raging Taurus!! [600CP]
You have been given the rare and jealously-guarded knowledge that allows you to act as a pseudo-demon smith within the forges of Hashut's most brutal artisans, granting you the terrifying honor of shaping weapons that blend infernal craft with demonic agony. With this privilege, you can now assemble Death Striker rocket batteries, Tormentor Bombardment Engines, and Dominator Engines—each a grotesque fusion of metal, daemon-flesh, and raw hatred. Every strike of your hammer pulls screaming sparks from imprisoned entities who definitely did not sign up for this arrangement, infusing each war machine with a snarling, volatile personality that makes them far more destructive than anything crafted by mortal hands.

But the greatest honor—and the most dangerous temptation—lies in your newfound ability to prepare and ultimately ride the sacred Infernal Taurus, a monstrous, flame-vomiting behemoth of brass and burning muscle. Few are ever permitted to even look at such a creature, let alone command it, and doing so marks you as someone both revered and feared within the hierarchy. The Taurus responds only to those whose will is so intense it can smother a demon's rebellion into sulking obedience, and riding it into battle turns you into a living comet of destruction.

Ashen Elder [600CP]

Excuse me, but you were never some low-ranking follower toiling at the edge of the Horns of Hashut. In truth, you were one of the most revered leaders among the Helsmith of Hashut — an Ashen Elder, a title granted only to those whose mastery burns hotter than any forge. Whether you were born human, beastman, or something stranger entirely has long ceased to matter. Your authority is absolute, and every forge-priest, daemon-wright, and war-engine keeper bows their head when you pass. Across any world you walk into, the title clings to you like smoke, ensuring you are always recognized as the highest-ranking figure of your faction or organization.

Because of your status and experience,You can draw strength from anything that naturally or unnaturally pulses with magical energy—ley lines, volcanic vents, cursed ruins, captured spirits, or even the lingering fury of battlefields scorched by war. This gathered power instantly enhances your chants and invocations as a priest of Hashut.Moreover, once every four minutes, you can completely ignore a single source of harm for each ally within 30 meters, turning your presence into a fortress of burning resolve. Armies grow bold simply by marching at your side.

In addition to these overwhelming gifts, you've been granted full access to the player lore of the Scorched Sect—knowledge usually locked behind trials of fire, secrecy, and loyalty. This lore reveals the faction's deepest rituals, forbidden scriptures, and ancient doctrines. Of damaging enemies with fire and obsidian shards but also enhance your allies weapons to cut deeper into the flesh of your enemies.



Items

You receive discounts based on your origin with 100 CP discounted ones being free. Also you can import items of similar nature for free.

Claws of Karanak

Blood Soaked Weapon [100CP]

You now hold in your hands a melee weapon of your choosing that has been blessed—or cursed—by the blood of Khorne himself. This weapon will never break, rust, or require maintenance, for its very essence rejects weakness. Its hunger for battle is almost alive, and each time it spills blood, the weapon drinks deeply, soaking itself in the lifeforce of the fallen. With every kill, the weapon subtly shifts and grinds, resharpening its edges or reinforcing its structure, ensuring it grows even more efficient at ending lives.

Mask of the Flesh Hounds [200CP]

You now possess a full set of Khorne-forged plate armor paired with the helm of a Flesh Hound. Beyond the immense durability and natural regeneration granted by such armor, the helm itself carries an unsettling presence that manifests the moment an enemy lays eyes on it. Something in the snarling visage and warped craftsmanship stirs a primal reaction in others—not fear, but a reckless courage, as though Khorne himself whispers for them to confront their fate head-on. When you pursue or hunt foes, those who see your mask become far more likely to abandon caution, charge you directly, or stand their ground in futile defiance.

Collar of Khorne [400CP]

You now wear the same type of collar granted to the Flesh Hounds themselves, a sacred and terrible symbol of Khorne's approval. While worn, the collar renders you utterly immune to all forms of magic and sorcery—hostile spells break around you like waves against red-iron cliffs, and enchantments simply refuse to take hold. However, this blessing comes with the same price paid by the Hounds: the collar cannot be removed by any means until the start of your next jump, and while it rests against your neck you are unable to cast spells or benefit from magical effects of any sort.

Giant Flesh Hound [600CP]
Khorne has recognized your devotion and deemed you worthy of a companion unlike any other. Instead of the usual Flesh Hound—already fearsome beasts the size of lions or tigers—you are granted a monstrous specimen the size of an African elephant, towering and powerful enough for you to ride into battle. Despite its immense size, the creature retains every ability of a standard Flesh Hound: hellfire-breathing fury, supernatural tracking instincts, endless stamina, total immunity to magic, and the relentless drive to hunt and tear down sorcerers and cowards alike. Even death offers little reprieve to your enemies, for if your Flesh Hound is slain, it will reform and return to your side after eight days, once per jump, eager to resume the hunt with renewed rage.



Jade Obelisk

Jade Mask [100CP]

You are given a mask that most members of the Jade Obelisk wear when joining the warband, and beyond its role of hiding the petrified faces of its kin, this mysterious artifact grants a deeper, more supernatural concealment. The mask doesn't merely obscure your expression—it suppresses every tell, every flicker of emotion, and every subtle cue that might betray your intent, radiating an almost arcane "static" that muddles divination, intuition, and attempts to read your thoughts. Anyone looking at you finds it difficult to determine who you are, what you feel, or what you plan, making the mask an invaluable shield against manipulation, interrogation, or magical probing.

Hammer and Chisel [200CP]

You now possess a hammer, chisel, and an assortment of sacred trinkets gifted to you by a Nephrite Priestess—tools not merely crafted but consecrated by the stone-born rites of the Jade Obelisk. When you use these tools to carve idols, sculpt icons, or raise temples, the stone seems to yield to you willingly: your work takes half the usual time, the material resonates under your touch, and the level of detail you can achieve increases by a full quarter compared to any mundane method.

Idolarc Familiar [400CP]

Tzeentch has granted you an Idolarc familiar—perhaps as a twisted reward, perhaps as a test, or perhaps simply as amusement—and this creature embodies the strange, deceptive powers of its kind. Your familiar can warp its form, slip through cracks in reality, and peer into futures that have not yet decided to exist, whispering warnings or riddles into your ear as it pleases. It can amplify your spellcasting, manipulate stone and magic in small but significant ways.

Stone Quarry [600CP]
The Speaker in the Stone has bestowed upon you a miraculous quarry that contains an infinite supply of stone—an ever-regenerating trove of every type of stone native to the world you currently inhabit. These stones are deceptively light, making them easy to transport, yet retain their full density, hardness, and structural integrity, allowing grand constructions without the burden of weight. Each stone is saturated with raw chaos energy, perfect as a catalyst for rituals, spells, or the fueling of icons and temples. In future worlds, the quarry adapts to include all native stone types of that realm, and it even retains stones from past worlds you have visited, giving you an ever-growing archive of supernatural building material. Only true ores that produce metal are excluded.







GARFY TALE PAINTERS

Rotmire Creed

Rotmire Clothes [100CP]

You are now equipped with the traditional garb of the Rotmire Creed, crafted from the hides and materials gathered in the foul swamps of the Eight Realms. This attire includes sturdy wooden stilts that allow you to move effortlessly over deep mud and sinking terrain, a thick leather coat that shields you from the biting cold, swamp filth, and razor-sharp reeds, and a woven underlayer that keeps you insulated against the harsh elements. Its design naturally blends into murky surroundings, granting you reliable camouflage in any bog, mire, or fetid marsh.

Rotmire Blow Pipes [200CP]

You now possess the concealed blowpipe weapon of the Rotmire Creed — a tool that can easily be mistaken for a simple walking stick unless examined by someone who knows exactly what to look for. Its construction allows for rapid and silent use, and the mechanism within can automatically load any toxin-tipped darts you carry. Should you run out, the blowpipe can draw upon the Realm of Nurgle itself, creating fresh darts infused with pestilent corruption.

Nurgle Philtre of Immortality [400CP]

You now own the corrupted counterpart to the legendary elixir sought by the ancient purifiers. Rather than granting clean immortality, this version reflects the will of Nurgle: every dose grants the drinker a form of eternal life intertwined with decay. Anyone who consumes it becomes immortal, but their body enters a state of perpetual rot, sustained by resilience instead of vitality. Each phial also inflicts seven random plagues from Nurgle's vast catalogue, ensuring the drinker becomes a walking engine of corruption.

Nurgle Swamp [600CP]

You have gained ownership of a personal swamp transplanted directly from the Garden of Nurgle. This foul domain teems with twisted beasts, carnivorous plants, repulsive carrion, and a nearly endless array of diseases — all perfect ingredients for alchemy, plaguecraft, or experimentation. Every specimen harvested from the swamp regenerates after seven days, ensuring your supply of raw materials never runs dry. This land is a living cauldron of rot and rebirth, shaped to support your craft and empower your pestilent pursuits in every world you visit.

The Unmade

The Cloth [100 CP]

You possess a simple cloth garment that covers your face and, at minimum, your private areas. Pants are optional—your culture leaves that choice to you. Despite being little more than thin layers, this clothing serves an important purpose: your people use it to conceal their faces and scars from outsiders while ensuring they carry almost no baggage. Wearing it never slows you down or impairs flexibility, and it offers basic protection from the elements.

The Flayed Weapons [200 CP]

You gain a whip and a short sword—or any equivalent melee slashing weapon. These weapons are blessed by the Flayed Princess herself. The whip inflicts agonizing pain even with the lightest strike, while your slashing weapon can peel flesh from bone far more easily than any mundane blade. They are instruments of suffering crafted for efficiency.

Book of the Flayed Princess [400 CP]

You now carry a tome crafted entirely from human flesh, its pages warm to the touch and stitched together with sinew. Within it are the rituals required to train and create the Joyous Ones and Blissful Ones—warriors transformed through agony into zealots of unparalleled devotion. The book also contains the secrets of an occult Ursula-lore known as the Flayed Lore, a grim art focused on manipulating Mortal skin and inflicting overwhelming pain.

Island of the Unmade [600 CP]

You now possess a perfect replica of the island from which the Unmade once emerged. On this island dwell four tribes who worship the Flayed Prince as fervently as you do. They recognize you as the avatar of the Flayed Prince and will pledge themselves to your banner without hesitation. At any time, you may recruit up to fifty individuals, and these tribes will continuously provide clothing and crude weapons for your growing warband, each crafted according to the doctrine of the Flayed Prince.

Tarantulos Brood

Metrail of the Eightfold [100CP]
You now have a collection of high-level material that originates from arachnid creatures, like carapaces, fang-silk, and venom glands, perfect for creating armor, weapons, or any other crafted item. Anything created from this pile will be high-tier in durability and function, and easily fixable using material from the pile, which always regenerates weekly. In addition, these materials naturally carry residual arachnid enchantments: armor automatically adjusts to your body to remove weight strain, weapons gain sharper edges the more they're used, and crafted tools instinctively repel decay.

Weapons of the Eightfold [200CP]
You now have 3 pairs of single-handed weapons, 3 two-handed weapons, or any combination of both. Regardless of the loadout, these weapons are built for individuals with multiple limbs and become extraordinarily deadly when wielded by such beings. All weapons are coated in a potent venom that liquefies a victim from the inside out. Beyond their venomous lethality, these weapons also resonate with the instinctive hunting patterns of arachnids. When used in combat, they subtly guide your strikes toward weak points, bypassing armor plates and natural defenses.

Varanite [400CP]
You now have a stash of Varanite that replenishes weekly, and when used on individuals, it gives them one random mutation aligned with the form of the Eightfold Arachnid. These mutations can give nothing if they are unlucky, or turn them into chaos-warped spawn if they are extremely unlucky. You can also use Varanite in crafting to supercharge any weapon, allowing it to bypass resistances and immunities to poison, or apply it to armor to make the armor weightless — perfect for dangling from ceilings without discomfort. Additionally, Varanite acts as a catalyst for ritual growth: creatures, plants, and even inorganic constructs exposed to it may develop additional limbs, enhanced sensory organs, or venom sacs.

Arachnarok Spider [600CP]
The Eightfold Arachnid has bestowed upon you one of the most powerful spiders found in the Eight Realms the Arachnarok Spider. This colossal beast stands several stories tall, its leg span wide enough to crush siege engines beneath its weight, and its chitin thick enough to deflect arrows, blades, and lesser magic. You are the absolute master of this creature, and it obeys your commands with unwavering loyalty.

The Arachnarok possesses eight massive legs tipped with hooked claws capable of scaling sheer cliffs or hanging effortlessly from cavern ceilings. Its abdomen houses venom sacs that can produce several types of toxin — from paralyzing venom to corrosive acid capable of melting metal. Four rows of eyes grant it perfect low-light vision and near-complete awareness of its surroundings. It can spin massive webs strong enough to restrain giants, entangle cavalry charges, or form bridge-like structures.



Horns of Hashut

Horns of Hashut Vanguard Equipment [100CP]

You are now given full plate armour of the highest level of quality made by the Chaos duardin; because of this, this armour gives you the biggest defense possible and is fully ordained with a massive Hashut war-helmet complete with curling, brutal horns perfect for goring enemies that get too close. You also gain the usage of either two maces, two picks, or a two-handed maul, each forged to the highest standard and capable of cracking open shields, bone and even lesser-grade enchanted armour. In addition to this, the armour itself radiates a faint metallic heat, as if Hashut's forge-fire is constantly burning inside it.

Flamehurler [200CP]

You now have in your hands the usage of a flamehurler. This infernal device functions like a pressurized daemon-furnace fitted with rune-etched pipes, allowing you to unleash long streams of alchemical fire. The flamehurler consumes a special mixture of daemon-oil, ash fuel and powdered brass, igniting into thick, slow-burning flame that clings to targets and continues devouring them long after impact. Furthermore, the flamehurler can be charged by feeding small offerings of metal or coal into its furnace mouth, causing it to roar louder and produce hotter flame that melts armour, stone and even magical barriers.

Dominator Engine with Bane Maces [400CP]

You now command a towering Dominator Engine, a nightmarish bipedal construct shaped in the likeness of a colossal iron-forged bull. Its frame is plated in rune-etched metal plates that glow with volcanic heat, each step shaking the ground like distant thunder. Two massive Bane Maces are equip on its hands brutal, spiked weapons forged to pulverize anything foolish enough to stand before it.

On the battlefield, the Dominator Engine acts as a mobile siege breaker and terror engine, clearing paths for your forces by smashing through defensive lines with unstoppable momentum. Its maces can trigger shockwaves upon impact, knocking enemies back in waves, while its furnace-like core vents bursts of blistering heat that melt armor and scorch troops at close range.

Blood of Hashut Deposit [600CP]
You now have a small mining cavern that weekly gives you yields of the most sacred material in your warband's religion: the Blood of Hashut. This substance appears as glowing, molten metal that never cools, always bubbling and shifting as though alive. It is used in rituals, forging, sacrifices, and in the creation of relics meant to honour the Father of Darkness.

In its raw state, the Blood of Hashut behaves like a mixture of magma and liquid iron, but with a will of its own. When applied to weapons, it hardens into a dark-red sheen that increases cutting power, adds fire-aspected damage, or grants the weapon a faint, rumbling voice that growls at foes. Armour treated with the substance resists heat, magic, and brute force far better than untreated metal. Your mining cavern produces just enough each week to empower your elite warriors or fuel one major ritual, ensuring your warband never runs dry of its holiest resource.



Companions

My Old Team 50
You may import or create companions you have brought with you, 50 CP each, or 8 for 300CP. Each one gains a free background. and 600 CP to spend. They may not take drawbacks, but you may give them CP, spending 100 each time to give them each an additional 200.

My New Team 100
Sometimes having friends would be nice. Buying this once will allow you to add any allies you've made here as companions.You may buy this multiple times.



Drawbacks

You are limited to +1000 Cp from drawbacks.

Fickle Fate [+100CP]
You might find yourself at the mercy of fate, with events turning against you in the most unexpected ways. Whether it's a sudden change in fortune, an unexpected betrayal, or a catastrophic failure in the middle of a plan, things often seem to spiral out of control at crucial moments. Your attempts to predict or manipulate outcomes often end in chaos, and even the most straightforward tasks can quickly become far more complicated than anticipated.

Weight of Legacy[+100CP]
No matter how much you succeed, you will constantly feel the pressure of your predecessors' deeds and the shadows of those who came before you. This weight can be paralyzing, causing you to second-guess your every move or feel obligated to repeat history. The constant pull of the past limits your freedom and makes you a mere puppet to the legacy of your faction, trapped in a cycle of repetition where your true self can hardly be found.

Addiction [+100CP]
You have a debilitating addiction to one substance, either alcohol or drugs, making you intoxicated around 90% of the day. Unfortunately, you cannot control your urges.

Burnout [+200CP]
The constant use of your faction's powers comes at a great cost to your energy reserves. While initially invigorating, over time, the toll on your body and mind becomes overwhelming. You may experience periods of extreme exhaustion, loss of motivation, or complete mental and physical burnout. The more you push yourself to use your powers or further your faction's goals, the harder it becomes to maintain even a semblance of stability. Your performance drops during these episodes, and it becomes harder to recover from each successive burnout.

Chronic Instability[+200CP]
While your faction grants you incredible power, it also makes your very existence unstable. Your mind and body often experience unpredictable fluctuations that render you unreliable. You might find yourself suddenly weakened, physically or mentally, without explanation, or even suffer from dangerous mood swings. This instability makes it difficult to maintain consistency in your abilities, and it's hard to know when you'll be able to perform at your best. You are often haunted by the idea that at any moment, everything could come crashing down—your abilities, your health, your stability.

Physical Deterioration[+200CP]
While your abilities might provide immense power, they come at a great cost to your physical health. Whether it's the constant strain of controlling intense forces or the wear-and-tear from engaging in brutal combat, your body suffers from chronic pain, stiffness, and fatigue. Your movements are slower, and you find it more difficult to recover after exertion, making long-term battles or strenuous tasks significantly harder to endure. Over time, you may begin to feel the effects more intensely, eventually causing your body to become a fragile shell of its former self.

Isolation of the Strong [+300CP]
As your abilities grow, so too does the gap between you and those around you. People find it difficult to relate to you, and the very strength that has helped you rise to power becomes the thing that pushes others away. You may find it harder to form lasting bonds or keep allies who once stood by your side. Your faction, though powerful, may only add to this isolation, as you're expected to take on more and more responsibility, leaving less time for personal connections or free time. In the end, you might find yourself at the top of a mountain of power, but with no one to share it with.

Unending Vulnerability[+300CP]
Your enemies, both within and outside of your faction, begin to target you more directly. Assassins, traitors, and even rogue factions will seek to exploit your weaknesses, turning even minor flaws into life-threatening threats. You will never truly feel safe, always looking over your shoulder as those around you plot your downfall. Your survival becomes less about your strength and more about your ability to stay one step ahead.

Unstable Power[+300CP]
The abilities you wield are volatile and unpredictable, often leading to unintended consequences. Spells might backfire, physical abilities might overextend, or your mind could slip into an uncontrollable frenzy. This instability leads to unpredictable bursts of uncontrollable energy, leaving you vulnerable or harming allies in the process. It becomes a game of constant caution, as every action carries the risk of catastrophic failure.

Endless Conflict [+400CP]
Your life becomes one of endless battle, and even moments of victory are fleeting. You might win a skirmish, but another threat is already looming. This constant state of warfare chips away at your peace of mind, and the lack of respite wears you down mentally and emotionally. There is no peace—only the never-ending grind of conflict.

No Outside Power [+400CP]
All powers and resources gained outside of this jump, including your warehouse, have been sealed away.

Easily mutated [+400CP]
Your body is now susceptible to daily mutations. Every day, you will receive a new mutation that replaces the previous day's. These mutations will consistently hinder your daily life, and no countermeasures will be effective against them.

Chaos Spawn [+600CP]
Your body has now been heavily mutated, making you a Chaos Spawn. Covered in grotesque growths and lacking much intelligence, you are treated as one of the expendable minions in battle.

Sealed Away [+600 CP]
It seems you're facing a challenging situation where you're confined to one location due to the other factions , and your usual perks and abilities from outside this scenario are inaccessible. However, you're not alone in this predicament, and your companions and followers can provide support and assistance as you work together to find a solution and break free from these constraints

Targeted by Belakor [+600 CP]
It appears you've drawn the attention of Be'lakor. He will continuously send armies to challenge you throughout your entire tenure in this jump, armed with potent weaponry and magic specifically designed to counter your abilities. As the 10-year period draws to a close, the leader of the faction—whether it be the Queen of Fairies, the most elite magical girls, or even the demon lord—will personally confront you in a final showdown. This ultimate battle will push you to your limits, demanding the full extent of your strength, intelligence, and determination to emerge victorious. Choose wisely, for the fate of this world hangs in the balance.

Ten Years Later:

Go Home: What, you finished? Here? Well, we won't ask. Whatever it is you gained here, we hope you enjoy it. You return home with all that you have accrued over your chain, and time resumes in all the worlds you visited.

Stay Here: This world does have a certain... allure, hmm? Don't worry, we won't judge. Add 1000CP as a bonus

Move On: Ah, but of course. The journey never ends, does it? Go forth and have fun. Make some new friends.

notes:

1. **This jumpchain is going the last Warcry Jumpchain I will make. For the other warbands of Chaos I decide that they will not be worthy of being made here as I plan to make Warhammer AOS Underwold based on those factions and I found out that i will be mostly just double dip with the same abilities if i do that.**

2. **The next Jumpchain I will make will be either about the Hellsmith Of Hashut Army or Age Of sigmar Soul bound Chaos Alligance.**